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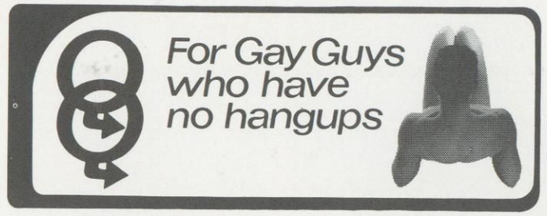

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Editorial

Closing The Gay Generation Gap

WE live in a decadent age. Young people no longer respect their parents. They are rude and impatient. They inhabit taverns and have no self-control.

This statement could have been made yesterday. It was not. It comes from a plaintive epitaph on a 6,000 year-old Egyptian tomb.

While it has nothing whatsoever to do with homosexuality, it does prove that people never change, and that there always has been a generation gap.

But for straights that gap is essentially mental, and involves comprehension only. For gay guys it is compounded by the physical.

The New Homosexual is a unique individual. Suddenly, after centuries of bearing a cross, he has flung it off and is standing tall among his straight peers. No longer will he tolerate ridicule and oppression, or remain silent and secretive about his life.

The older homosexual is dismayed by this. He has learned to lead a double life, departmentalizing the hours of the day into (straight) work time and (gay) fun time. *A time and place* . . . is his motto.

He cannot comprehend why the New Homosexual fails to understand or at least tolerate this double standard if only not to make waves. In his opinion society must function as a whole, and one must conform to established norms if it is to survive.

Younger homosexuals consider this false and refuse to build tenuous lives. And rightly so—for the past has taught us that condescension to the enemy breeds contempt and defeat.

In any case, a mental generation gap does exist as much for gays as straights, except that values differ. But among straights the physical gap is minimal. That old age comes quickly is readily accepted; ideas only are important, and if a straight fellow keeps abreast of the times the gap can be easily and successfully bridged.

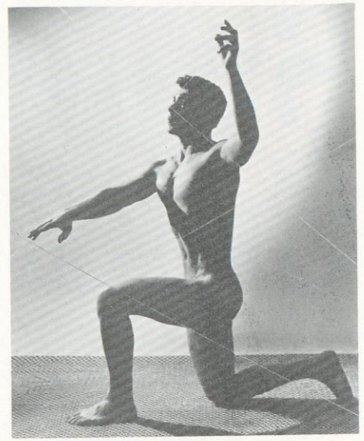
We homosexuals have succeeded in bridging the mental gap fairly well, because we 'stay with it'—motivated perhaps by an intense desire to communicate (and fornicate) with the young. Nevertheless, if only on that one platform concerning our place in society, a mental gap does exist among ourselves. In time it will be closed. The physical gap is something else.

Gay guys over 30 have always placed a high premium on a physical appearance. Youngsters today—gay and straight—pay little attention to cultivating the body and do in fact abuse it severely; faulty eating habits are taking their toll. Strip the average youngster and more often than not there is a lack of muscle tone and too much flab. Given time, the condition only worsens.

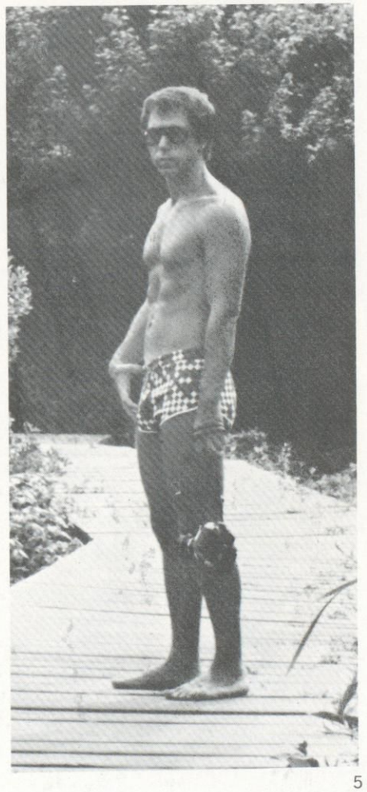
Natural beauty is *in,* and one cannot deny that by present standards the Now Generation *is* beautiful. But that beauty is inherent in youth and time passes all too quickly.

While it is quite true that there are sloppy exceptions among those past 30, physical condition—on the whole—is good, primarily because older gays have always considered looks essential to survival on the sexual battlefield, and have cultivated the body. One can only wonder what the present generation will look like 5, 10, 15 years from now—after having ignored the body by not exercising or eating properly.

Our plea is simple yet vital, for all ages but mainly for the young: Your body is a shrine and should be worshipped. It is a sacred possession. Exercise it properly. Feed it adequately. Don't abuse it with drugs. Its beauty will bring you years of joy and sensual pleasure. Remember: Being young is only once, but being youthful is forever.



ABOVE: QQ publisher George Desantis at 18, in 1954. The photo was taken by Togof, when George modeled under the name of Buddy Dean. BELOW: Photographed this summer, George will be 34 in November. While it may appear that he is taking an 'ego trip' by publishing his own photos, George's only purpose is to show by self example that sensible dieting and moderate exercise—in which he is a firm believer—go a long way in closing the physical generation gap. He considers himself typical of gay guys past 30 who are more concerned with physical culture than the younger generation—and laments their attitude.



Supermarket Sex
a basket full of frigoodies

By Walter Norris

DID you dig *Variations On A Sexual Theme* in the Winter edition of QQ? And were you teased into trying some of its ingenious 'sex-gestions'? Many must have tried them all because ever since we have been bombarded with "give us more" letters . . . which is what our report is concerned with this month.

Our primary objective was to help you make your sex life a groovier gig with some uniquely inventive techniques, and particularly through a change of scene . . . to shoo you out of the same old bedroom and off the same old Simmons into more challenging arenas. And so, after a dually-exciting 'soap-a-rub-a-dub', we whirled out of the bath into a sybaritic sex-in on the fur rug of your living room . . . continuing with ever-mounting surprises, until later at the beach where—under the unseeing gaze of a thousand eyes—sex became a cliff-hanging thriller!

Things grew even wilder as we ran the gamut from *Sex With A Chocolate Mousse,* through a bizarre seance with *Chiquita, The Banana Queen,* to that ultimate tongues-of-fire bit with *The Cantaloupe Caper.* Seemingly it was this 'gourmet' approach that inspired most of your letters asking for a second helping, so why not try these on for size?

Although these new revelations should prove equally titillating, there is here the advantage of a greater practicality—you can stock up on all the materials you will need during a single shopping trip to your local supermarket. Since it'll be simpler to stock up first and stake out later . . . let's go shopping!

'HORN OF PLENTY' . . . FRUITS OF LOVE

At the supermarket perhaps your first stop will be at the fruit stand. Here you should be on the lookout for . . .

Succulent 'finger' grapes. Pluck one of these very long finger-like dessert grapes and make this test: if you can press out a gentle tear with just your tongue, buy the bunch. Otherwise pass them by . . . they are of no value for the purpose which we shall reveal.

'Fucculent' papayas. To determine whether the papaya is ripe, thump its uterus. No matter that it has that nice mod 'wet look' . . . if it goes 'blip' it's uptight . . . forget it. If it goes 'blop' . . . take it home!

Teen-age uncircumcised bananas. The bananas should be ripe but excitingly firm to the touch. The foreskin should be intact at the time of purchase. If the banana is too mushy it will be a sexual disaster, and if too young to have reached puberty it won't be *plastique* enough sex-ologically.

NEXT STOP—THE VEGETABLE COUNTER

Here you should select . . .

Cucumbers without the 'arthritis syndrome'. They should be young, easily bendable, and of an anally-complementing size. Since this must be largely a matter of guesswork, choose several graduated sizes.

Tawny young carrots on the prowl. No size problem here. Carrots, coming in bunches, offer quite a choice. With several sizes in a bunch you will find many compatible selections. But even here you should select the younger ones. No matter how horny they may be, the older ones just can't cut the mustard!

NOW ON TO THE DAIRY DEPARTMENT

So many sex-appeteasers here! You should lay in a supply of

Mayonnaise . . . that gentle, sexy lubricant which is also a cleanser. Remember, you're doing the gourmet bit and it's dirty pool to use lubricants like Vaseline or K-Y on your lively fruits and vegetables!

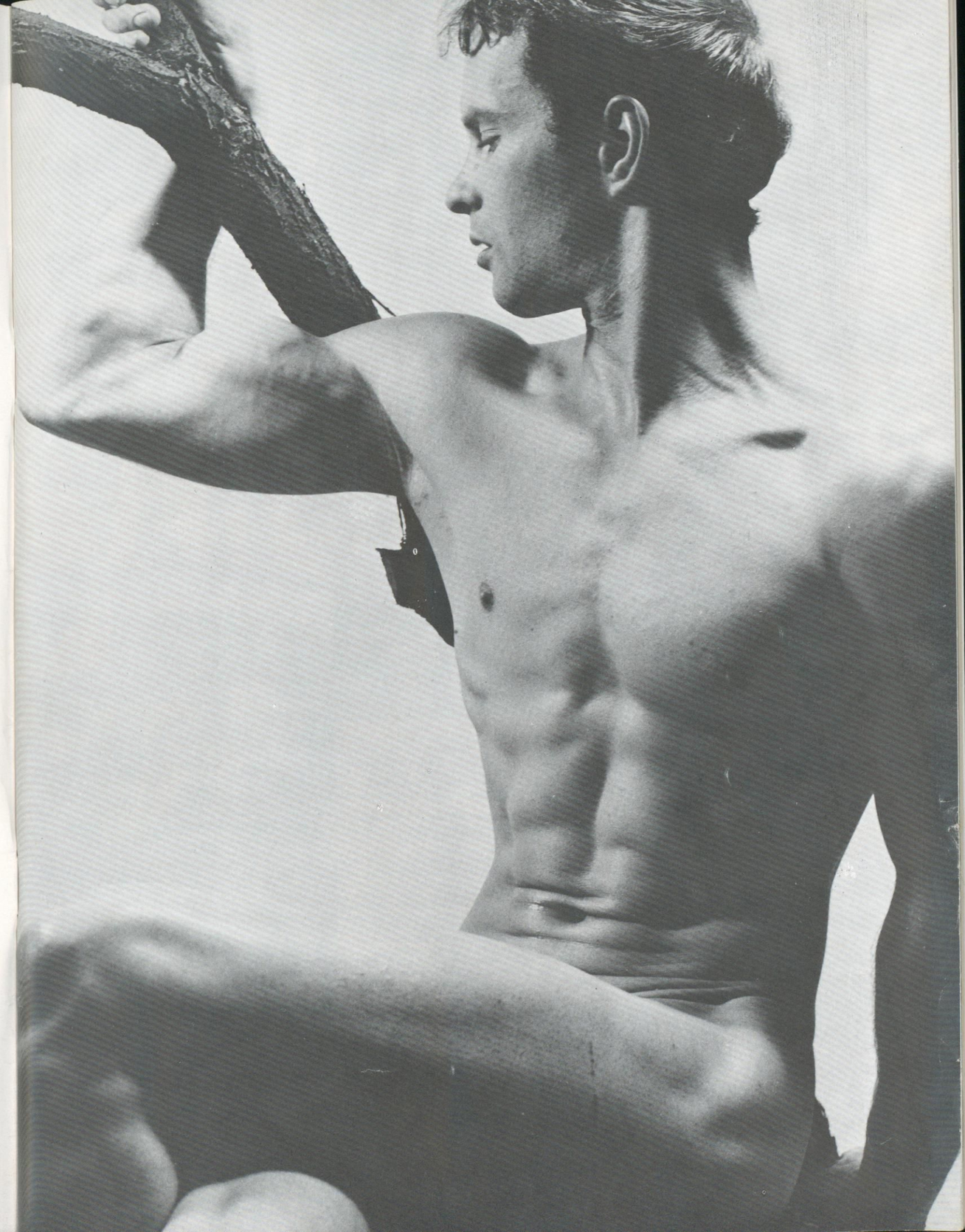
Fresh eggs. The albumen of a really fresh egg is a sublime, almost semen-like lubricant, and why not? It's as close to nature as nature itself. Be sure to select giant Grade A eggs . . . double the egg-white, double the fun!

Whipped diet-margarin. Counting calories? Stay in character. Choose as your lubricant some low-calorie whipped diet-margarin. It is more adaptable than the harder, hydrogenated kind—or solid butter. (Also, a small tub of whipped diet-margarin makes one helluva lay itself!)

Reddi-wip. For fellatio *a la mode* this makes an ambrosial phallic topping . . . while anally it is a luxuriously elegant lubricant. Kitchen-made whipped cream is delicious, but messy to work with sexually, because you must continually stop to lick your finger—an articulation better reserved for a more exciting member. Of course you *can* apply it phallically and anally with a cake decorator, but this looks so silly your trick may crack up and break into 'Happy Birthday', and start blowing out imaginary birthday candles! However, with the pressurized container of *Reddi-wip* you can spray 'n lick . . . lick 'n spray . . . and have a simply marvelous time!

Soft Cheese. This should bring out the true gourmet in you. Some prefer a simple, tasty spread like cream cheese. Borden's is great . . . leave it at room temperature for an hour and it spreads easily and is so-o-o good!

Or if your trick is French—sustain the patriotic *motif.* Feed his phallus a ripe *(Continued on page 40)*





June 28, 1970 marked the First Anniversary of the Christopher Street Uprisings, which were sparked by a raid on the Stonewall Bar in New York City. The incident gave rise to the Gay Liberation Movement in America, as discussed by Craig Rodwell in "1970" (opposite page).

The anniversary was celebrated by numerous events throughout the country, the most notable being the Christopher Street Liberation Day March in New York City. Thousands of homosexuals paraded up the Avenue of the Americas for a distance of about 3 miles, to Central Park for a "gay-in." QQ shares with its readers the event through its photographs.

Craig Rodwell and Fred Sargeant (photo at right; Fred is on the left) were instrumental in organizing the 1970 march. Contributions are needed to help promote next year's event. No amount too small. Make checks payable to "Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee," and mail to Foster Gunnison, Jr., CSLDC, Central Post Office, P.O. Box 3417, Hartford, Conn. 06103.

PHOTOS FROM "GAY FREEDOM 1970"—A PICTORIAL ESSAY ADVERTISED ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE

50 Years Of Gay Life In America

1940

How It Was
THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

By Nate Beal

BACK when *hip* just meant a place to rest your hand; when *pot* was merely what you made a tuna casserole in; when *groove* was where you put the needle to hear your favorite Jane Froman record; when *the bomb* was understood by precious few . . . those were the days, my friend . . . or were they? Times of incredible innocence . . . and ignorance:

In this Freedom Now age, with all shades of printed information—ranging from mild 'skin classics' to hard porno—freely sold by your local dirtybookseller and even by mail, it's hard to imagine a time when the only available reading matter on the subject of homosexuality was Krafft-Ebbing, and "The Well of Loneliness" (and these had to be requested from a special shelf locked away from the general reader).

To think we got our little thrills from watching Jon Hall on the screen, and by pouring over pictures of Tony Sansone in the physical culture magazines!

Curiously, the armed services were a lot less touchy about a little deviation in the ranks in those days —mainly because no one was really conscious *(Continued on page 37)*

1970

How It Is
GAY LIBERATION

By Craig Rodwell

GAY power is at best a nebulous concept. To some it signifies the coming of a new day, when homosexuals will no longer bear distinctive labels or be signaled out as being significantly different from society at large—when homosexuality will be just one more sexual expression. To others gay power means liberation within an establishment framework, freedom to live freely as a society within a society, with its own rules and on its own terms. Still others are not as concerned with social acceptance as they are with sexual freedom; this group is primarily concerned with the elimination of laws forbidding sex between "consenting adults of the same sex."

The means of achieving these goals vary widely, ranging from passive dialogue in intellectual circles to Marxism to militant violence on the streets. Collectively, individuals and groups actively engaged in accomplishing the abovementioned goals are known as the Gay Liberation Movement—and it all started in New York late one Friday evening in June of 1969.

When I arrived on the scene the police were raiding the Stonewall, at that *(Continued on page 52)*

1990

How It Might Be
GAY TIMES ARE COMING

By Richard Young

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1990 (UPU)—A hardcore band of militant heterosexuals, chanting "Straight is superior!" today momentarily seized control of the national convention of the American Social Psychiatry Organization.

Their leader, Spirochete Gagnews, identified the group as members of SCOF, Straights Combatting Offensive Fairies. Seizing the speaker's platform, Gagnews presented a list of non-negotiable demands which included $69,000 in reparations for alleged suffering for the last 10 years at the hands of homosexuals.

"We're not saying that gay is bad," Gagnews told the startled convention, "it's just that we feel laws prohibiting heterosexual activity in private between consenting adults should be repealed."

Another SCOF spokesman, Tricia Vixen, told newsmen the protest was sparked by presentation of a scientific paper by the organization's president, Dr. Harry Chest of the Oscar Wilde School of Psychiatry in Cherry Grove, N. Y. Dr. Chest's paper called for electric shock treatment for known heterosexuals.

Wearing baggy pants and pinafores, the protesters burst into the auditorium *(Continued on page 52)*

"TO have and to hold from this day forward; for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Gay guys never say these words. The mothers do not dab at tears, the Ladies Aid does not coo over nuts and mints, the car does not pull away with tin cans clattering from the bumper.

Yet millions of homosexuals across the country lead lives as closely intertwined as if they had, indeed, taken wedding vows "for better, for worse." Their relationship is as solid and binding as if it had been launched with all the pomp and circumstance of a huge church wedding.

Marriage Gay Style

Till death do us part ...or until I catch you with a trick!

By Edwin Gordon

In fact, Jim McConnell and Jack Baker, a librarian and University of Minnesota law student, respectively, last spring applied for a marriage license in Minneapolis, and many clergymen are now officiating at informal blessings of gay couples who want to signify that they are lovers.

With most gay guys, however, the relationship begins on a note no more dramatic or legally binding than a decision to move in with the other guy and set up housekeeping. It is, in any event, a time of joy, hope and love.

But what happens when the honeymoon is over? Sam and Pete have been lovers for 20 years and it works for them. What about Joe and Jim who find after only 20 days that a gay marriage is about as gay as the Monday morning blahs?

Not all guys want—or should have—a lover. Some keep telling themselves they'll wait until they're older and can slip into a sort of comfortable retirement regimen with a mellow fellow of like mind. Others become hysterically elated after the first time in bed and whip out the wash-and-wear wedding gown, only to find that Lover No. 4,369 has just jilted them at the altar.

Some guys go into a relationship assuming that the other guy is going to change his bad habits or that his own personality will be transformed by some kind of osmosis. Others expect, and get, too little out of having a lover.

Probably the biggest hangup is the attitude of each partner towards promiscuity—shall we be faithful to each other "till death do us part," or shall we write a tricking clause into the marriage contract?

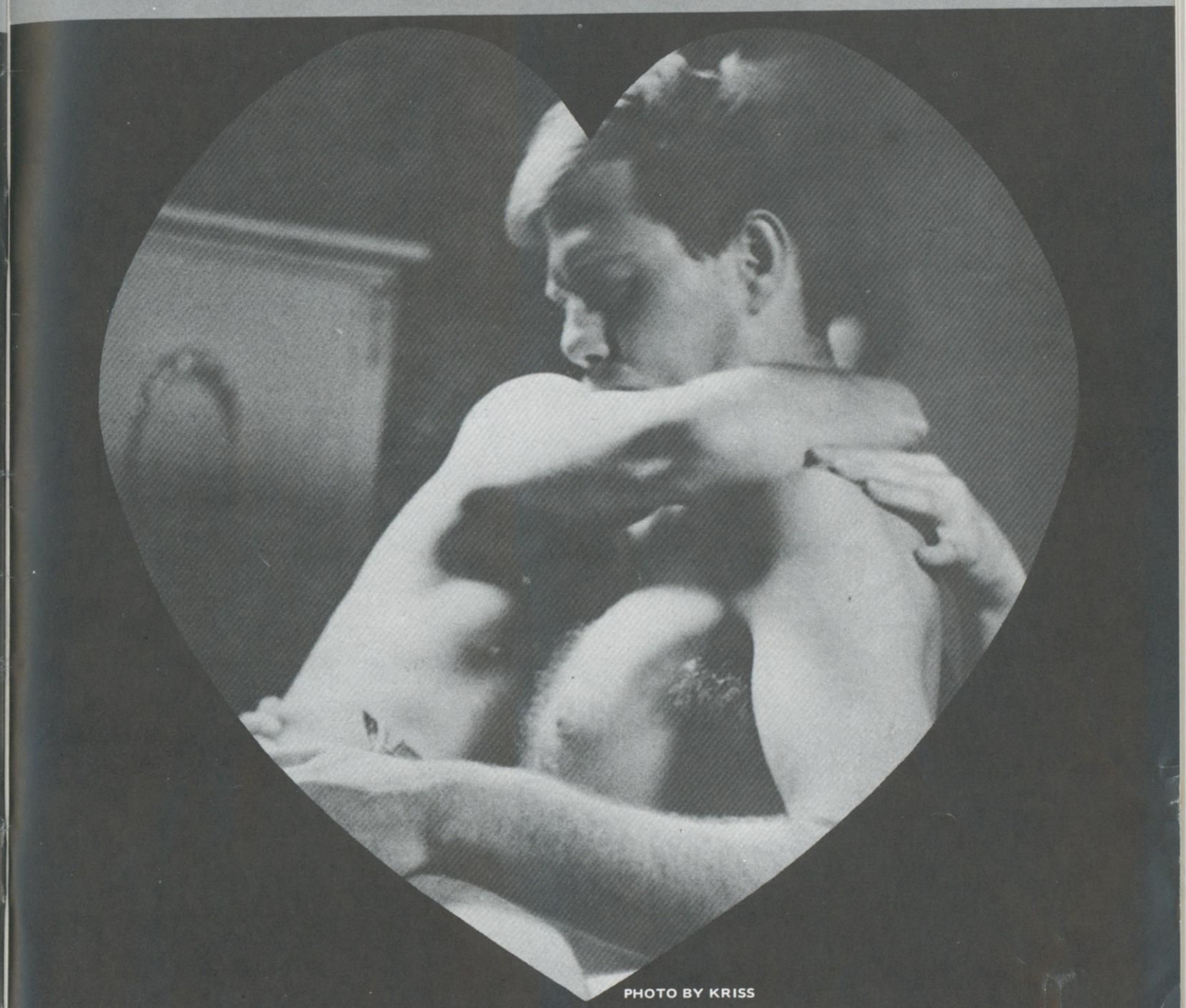


PHOTO BY KRISS

Circumstances vary. What's right for the goose may be just another goose, leaving the ganders to shack up in some other hen house. The distinctions among homosexual relationships and the old one-to-one ratio of heterosexual marriages is as notable as the difference between men and women. And *vive la difference!* If we all had the same bag, what a dreary world this would be.

Nonetheless, there are similarities in the pattern of successful gay marriages. Some practical hints can be offered that are valid for a couple of guys just entering a relationship or for two others with a long-established *(Continued on page 42)*



QUEEN BEE

GALS GAY GUYS LOVE: THE PSYCHOLOGY BEHIND STAR WORSHIP

BY ALAN HENNING, PH.D.

MAE West recently had this to say about homosexuals: "They are generally witty and talented, so I am interested in them." Homosexuals have this to say about Mae West: "She is generally witty and talented, so we are interested in her."

That pretty well sums up why gay guys groove on movie queens. However, if you want to bestir the murky waters of the subconscious, there are deeper emotional currents below the surface of the tides of adulation flowing from gay guys to such stars as Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwick, Ava Gardner, Judy Garland, Carol Channing, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, Mae West and others.



Mae West on homosexuals: "They are generally witty and talented, so I am interested in them." Homosexuals on Mae West: "She is generally witty and talented, so we are interested in her." This mutual respect, combined with Miss West's perennial beauty (something all gay guys admire), rate her a Queen Bee.



Beatrice Lillie was once being interviewed when a pigeon flew in and lit on her window sill. She stopped what she was saying, turned to the pigeon, and asked, "Any messages?" Her mind is quick, her wit keen, and such trademark songs as "There are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden" and "I'm a Camp, I'm a Camp, I'm a Campfire Girl" have won her gay hearts everywhere.

We homosexuals tend to identify with the more mature, forceful personalities of movie queens because they remind many of us of our mothers with whom we may have been too closely aligned in childhood. As Freud noted, a boy eventually must cut the apron strings. Whether accomplished successfully or not, this represents a trauma and may lead to arrested emotional development. The residue of affection for the mother, thwarted by a jealous father or social mores, may be sublimated later to be projected onto the movie screen along with images of the actresses. The unreality of the theater —the willing suspension of disbelief— shields like an ancient Greek actor's mask the homosexual from the stress of an approach-avoidance conflict, sometimes with castration complex overtones, while permitting him the emotional security of reliving uncomplicated childhood fantasies.

To which Tallulah would have growled, "Bullshit!"

The simple fact is, whether gay or straight, audiences all over the world, from time immemorial, seem instinctively to know a star when they see one. Admittedly complex, the process of identification with a star is related



Beloved Judy Garland melted gay hearts when she came skipping down the Yellow Brick Road in "Wizard of Oz"–symbolic of escaping from harsh reality and emerging in a new life, i.e., a gay guy leaving a small town for a gay mecca. Her ups and downs career paralleled the difficulties so many homosexuals experience in living openly.

to a sort of Jungian tribal worship, a hunger for spectacle, a gut-level desire to escape the banality of everyday life. If this process includes gay gays clapping their bejeweled hands off for a one-more-time Pearl Bailey encore, it is no less unusual than throngs cheering for royalty, a ticky-tacky housewife wringing her hands over an afternoon



Margaret Rutherford is pure camp. This great talent combines brilliance with a kind of hilarious sophistication (not to mention her plastic face and masculine gear!) that draws hordes of homosexuals to her Agatha Christie-type flicks.

TV soap opera or a stevedore whistling in admiration of a Playboy center spread.

In other words, gay guys may indeed have complicated psychological reasons for relating to movie queens, just as everyone has his own hangups reflected in whatever he values highly. On the other hand, when homosexuals flock to see Lauren Bacall in "Applause" or Mae West in "Myra Breckinridge," it may be nothing more than an acknowledgment of interest, the fact that these persons are, in Miss West's phrase, "generally witty and talented."

Aside from this simple acknowledgment of sheer talent, another reason gay guys dig movie queens is the finely-honed appreciation, on both sides, of camp. As belabored as the definitions of camp can get, it is obvious that both homosexuals and movie stars tend to relish that which is dramatic, colorful, sometimes absurd, distinguished, larger than life. All these comic-and-tragic aspects are embodied nowhere else as vividly as in show business. Thus the performance of Bea Lillie singing about "fairies at the bottom of my garden" is a natural winner among gay guys, whereas the dumb-blonde image of so many pouting, big-breasted Hollywood nymphet starlets is as appealing as having sex on a bed of nails.

The Little Orphan Fanny type of cinemorsel does have one thing in common with acknowledged movie queens –they're easy to mimic. In fact, imitation of some stars' mannerisms is a popular if somewhat shopworn pastime at any gathering of homosexuals. What gay party hasn't been treated to someone puffing on a cigarette, waving a hand and exclaiming, "What to do, what to do?" Michael, in "Boys in the Band," observes there is nothing so tiresome as a queen doing an imitation of Bette Davis unless it is an imitation of a queen doing an imitation of Bette Davis.

Still, who can resist mimicing Butterfly McQueen in "Gone With the Wind" widening her eyes, shaking her hands and exclaiming, "Miss Scarlet, Miss Scarlet, de Yankees is comin'!" or "Lawsey, Miss Scarlet, I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies!" Actresses must get tired of doing the same routine and being locked into one casting part (Miss McQueen later played on the old Beulah radio show), but the public, as it were, must be served. Recently, for example, Miss McQueen was spotted at a New York restaurant on the East Side popular with well-to-



Pearl Bailey's super talent and raunchy delivery make her a winner among gay guys. She combines femininity with a masculine punch–and is easily mimicked.

do gay guys. A QQ writer approached her table and was greeted warmly. He requested to hear the famous line about the Yankees coming, and instead of remaining seated, the actress stood up, belted it out and brought down the house.

Some stars, like Miss McQueen, achieve an immortality of sorts with just one line. Others have a whole career, in real life as well as on-camera,



Joan Crawford's ultra sophistication and her ability to play bitchy roles are trademarks too many gay guys can identify with. She is beautiful–and in her roles she often flaunts her own attractiveness much as we gay folk do.

which lends itself to imitation. Bette Davis claims she never said it–that a critic stuck the line into a review–but her well-known use of plosive "p" and "t" sounds is delightfully captured in the line, "Pee-tah, where's the leh-tah?" Miss Davis is so legendarily imitable that Elizabeth Taylor's mimic of her "What a dum-PPP!" in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" became in itself the subject of imitations.

Tallulah Bankhead's masculine voice, her drawn-out "dahling," was typical of the distinctive vocal delivery associated with many movie queens. Carol Channing's gravelly coo, Ethel Merman's belting voice, Pearl Bailey's raunchy overtones, Barbra Streisand's whine, Marlene Dietrich's German accent–all are easily imitated and are as much their trademarks as MGM's roaring lion.

Other stars are envied because of their seeming agelessness–Gloria Swanson, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West and others. Every aging homosexual wishes he could do as well.

Joan Crawford's high-heeled strapped pumps are her trademark, but who can forget her crocodile tears or ability to project genuine bitchiness. An example was in the movie "Torch Song" when a struggling male dancer

encountered difficulty swinging around her right leg which was stuck out dramatically. She retorted, "You're getting paid to dance around that leg!" In the film "The Queen Bee," Miss Crawford struck a responsive chord with gay guys when she looked into a mirror, patted her hair and turned to another woman questioning, "You must think me terribly vain, always looking in mirrors."

Among lesbians there is an obvious attraction to the somewhat masculine image frequently projected by stars like Miss Stanwick, Miss Dietrich and Miss Davis with which the Women's Liberation Front could not begin to compete.

Probably the zenith in the relationship of gay guys with stars came during Judy Garland's ups and downs career. It was a symbiotic relationship which did not escape the notice of dozens of critics and journalists who tartly observed that because the gay guys suffered so much, they could identify with Judy's tribulations, forgive her transgressions and cheer her on down the Yellow Brick Road. While this patronizing analysis may have some truth in it, there was much more than a neurotic, simpering escapism in the way homosexuals felt (and still feel) about Judy.

For example, a popular gay bar here in Hollywood, the Klondike, was



Margaret Hamilton's single line, "I'll get you my Pretty . . . and your little dog, too!" in "Wizard of Oz" won her instant acclaim by the gay community. Her role as the Wicked Witch of The West epitomized the strain of evil bitchiness that runs through oh-so-many homosexuals we all know.

jammed one Sunday afternoon last winter for the showing of "A Star Is



Michael, in "Boys in the Band," observes there is nothing so tiresome as a queen doing an imitation of Bette Davis unless it is an imitation of a queen doing an imitation of Bette Davis. Miss Davis' style lends itself to mimicry–something all gay guys enjoy.

Born." This is the classic in which Judy is shown singing her way to the top while James Mason is hitting the booze route to the bottom. The Hollywood clientele, in particular, could appreciate that this was a gutsy, realistic role as opposed to the simple fantasy of "Wizard of Oz," and Judy played it to the hilt. Ordinarily, in a crowded, cruisy bar on Sunday afternoon, more eyes are going to be on the baskets of the guys next to you than on the screen. But for "A Star Is Born," the Klondike was reverently quiet, and spontaneous applause followed each dramatic moment, each song.

Asked about this reaction to "A Star Is Born," a local psychologist noted that the movie ends with Judy mustering the courage to make a concert appearance despite the suicide of the character played by Mason. Aside from the element of melodrama, the movie's denouement represents an example of the will to survive triumphing over adversity. He said this theme, recurrent in Judy's off-stage life as well, holds special appeal for homosexuals concerned about growing old and losing their own sex appeal. The problem, he observed pointedly, is acute in Hollywood.

The antidote, according to the psychologist, is to develop a more appreciative understanding of one's own self worth–in other words, to be a sufficiently mature personality so that reality at any age can be dealt with intelligently and constructively. A shallow, unintegrated, self-pitying personality will identify with the fantasies of movies rather than risk the rejection of reality. In pathological cases, this identity becomes a mimicry of an entire life style, whereas mature persons realize that spending a couple of hours in a movie theater can represent nothing more than wholesome, but limited, escape from day-to-day problems. (The psychologist also noted that it is not only the stereotype little drag queen who fantasizes about being a Garbo or Mae West; sado-masochistic homosexuals who indulge in far-out sexual tortures frequently are identifying with movie villians). He stressed that engaging in movie-inspired sexual fantasies of either the lace or leather extreme is not per se neurotic and indeed can be psychologically useful. The key is to know what one is doing, why, and not to let it get out of hand, he said.

In any event, Judy Garland, Marilyn



Marlene Dietrich has a gutsy delivery which has masculine overtones–attractive to gay guys . . . and gals. Sometimes butch in her roles, she is always ravishingly beautiful–a rare combination we homosexuals admire.

Monroe and some of the other movie queens are gone, and there are many prophets of doom who predict the demise of the entire Hollywood star system. The trend was illustrated at this year's Academy Awards presentation when a big, studio costume epic like "Hello, Dolly!" lost out to a low-budget, earthy-gutsy realism picture like "Midnight Cowboy." Do the Jane Fondas leading protest demonstrations on behalf of Indians mean that the Mae Wests cooing *(Continued on page 38)*



PHOTO FERRERO

Introduction

Shape Up And Make Out

Roger Watson

I thought I saw a beautiful boy today. He wore blue bells, faded in the right places, and showing the curve of his buttocks. His open sandals revealed strong feet. His face was classic, a straight nose and full lips. His hair was wheat-colored and cut like *David's*.

I saw him from the side at first. His clothing was beautifully tailored to accentuate his best parts. Then I saw him from the front, through his unbuttoned shirt. His skin tone was bad, and his pasty, doughy-white, flabby belly hung over his belt. Illusion utterly destroyed!

Today's fashions are a big cover-up. In fact, you've got to be pretty sloppy not to look good in tailored bells and body shirts; they are made to hide the worst and bring out the best. Before these styles came into vogue a guy had to sell himself on physical appearance alone. Now a guy worries about selling a beautiful wrapping, and pays less attention to the actual goods. It's like buying sour grapes under sparkling cellophane at the supermarket. Pity is that everyone actually seems more concerned with clothing these days than what's holding it up.

I regard the human body as a shrine to be worshipped. Hasn't it always been true that success at sex (at least for homosexuals, who are so body-conscious) is directly proportionate to one's physical appearance? What happens, then, when styles change and give way to more-revealing fashions? No longer will pants flare out, to hide shapeless legs, or tight T-shirts loosen at the waist to disguise a roll of fat.

What a disappointment it is today (and it happens too frequently) to meet a seemingly beautiful guy and find he's a slob when you get him undressed. Gobs of flab (not necessarily fat; today's 'beautiful people' are thin, but have absolutely no skin tone for the most part, caused by faulty dieting and lack of exercise). What *instant uglies* some 'beauties' make as soon as they strip at the beach!

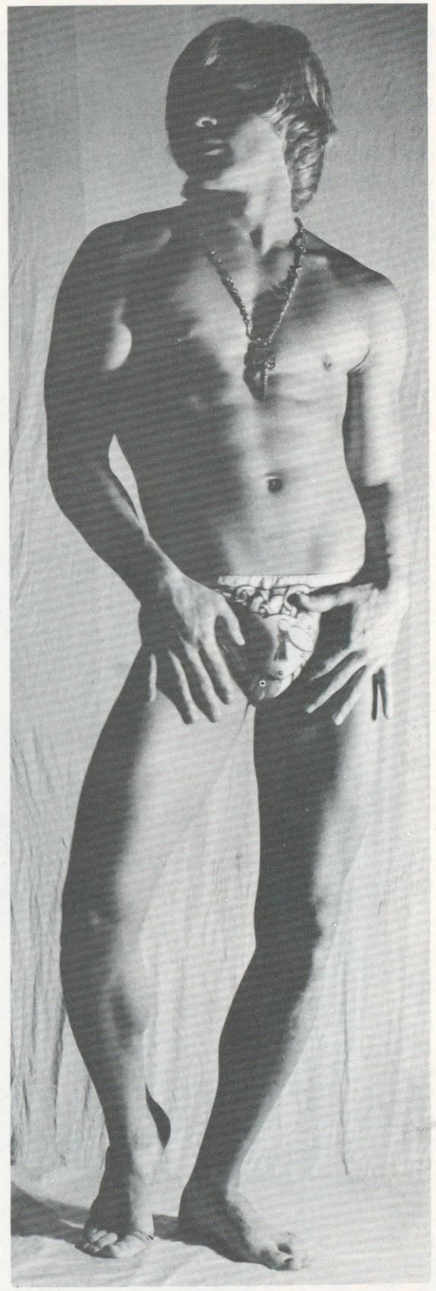
Perhaps it is the result of at least a generation of TV dining. Or, out of laziness, it is simply easier for most guys to rely on clothes to do the selling, rather than keep fit and rely on solid muscles (not necessarily of the huge variety). Fashions come and go, but the human body will always be in style–and unless we homosexuals learn to groove on some sort of futuristic mind-sex, those of us who neglect our bodies will inevitably face a sad reckoning if and when designers bring back tight jeans and form-fitting T-shirts.

Gay guys–who are so beautifully hung up on beautifully hung bodies –should pay more attention to staying in shape. Not just staying thin, but staying firm as well. Muscles are optional, but a lithe physique is always a winner (for most, anyway). This special shape-up section can be used by everyone–by those who are in shape and want to stay that way; by those who are thin yet flabby and want to tighten up; by those who are fat and would like to join the beautiful guys.

SECTION 1 ("Waiter, there's a boy in my soup (yum).") deals with the problems of the fat gay guy–who consciously or subconsciously is crippling his sex life. It bares the problem and offers a solution. If you are fat it might be the turning point in your life. If you are thin it will serve as a warning to stay that way.

SECTION 2 (Shed Pounds this Easy Way and Join the Beautiful Guys), written by health authority Bud Parker, presents a sensible approach to weight control, as well as exercising for shape rather than muscular size.

SECTION 3 (The Gay Gourmet Dieter) offers a new approach to dieting, to make it easier and more enjoyable than ever.



Applesauce (1 cup) 185	Beef, ground lean chuck (4 ozs.) 300	Bologna (1/8" sl.) 86
Avocado (½ med.) 185	Beef, lean sirloin steak (8 ozs.) 500	Bread, French (1 sl.) 54
Bacon, fried (2 strips) 100	Beer, lager (8 ozs.) 114	Bread, rye (1 sl.) 60
Bagel (1 med.) 125	Biscuit (1 med.) 130	Bread, white (1 sl.) 60
Beans, baked w/pork (1 cup) 325	Blueberries, fresh (1 cup) 85	Butter or margarin (1 pat) 50

Part 1

"Waiter, there's a boy in my soup (yum)."

by Ed Bear

ORAL CRAVINGS MUST BE SATISFIED AND TOO OFTEN FOOD SUBSTITUTES SEX . . . OVEREATING CAUSES REJECTION WHICH CAUSES DEPRESSION WHICH CAUSES OVEREATING WHICH CAUSES . . . .



THERE she lies on her chaise longue, flabby white body wrapped in some tacky peignoir, the TV set bleating out a tear-jerker soap opera as she pops one bon-bon after another into her double-chinned mouth and sighs with remorse at the woman she might have been.

That's Plump Prunella, the stereotype slob that American housewives are warned they will become if they don't eat Brand X breakfast food or wear Brand Z girdles. Poor Plump Prunella, she is always a bridesmaid but herself never receives so much as an obscene phone call. She is regarded by others as slightly ridiculous or faintly repugnant, and her own self-concept is enough to make marshmallow meatballs sound appetizing.

But some gay guys shouldn't laugh, for obesity in a homosexual can be the most damning torture since medieval homosexuals literally were tossed on the fire. It can make life more empty of enjoyment, self-respect and companionship than Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

There is, however, hope for the really obese homosexual, providing he is willing to scrutinize not so much the what or how of being fat as the *why*. Self-knowledge is the first step toward corrective action, and psychologists can offer insights which cut through the public myths and personal deceptions to get right down to the nitty gritty—not of that layer of blubber—but rather of the underlying self concept.

Obviously, it isn't the function of QQ to prescribe a specific regimen to overcome obesity. What some guys regard as grotesquely fat, others consider merely pleasingly plump. The causes of obesity vary, and of course some cases are due to genetic or glandular problems. All that this article attempts is a suggestion that psychological hangups may account for some instances of overeating. If sex is related to the cause of obesity, it also can be a very groovy motivation to shape up.

But QQ is not—like so many printed ads and television commercials—going to promise you instant enlightenment and superficial popularity. That takes a little more exercise than running your eyeballs across this line of type. If you succeed, however, your sex life is bound to improve as dramatically as if Plump Prunella were suddenly to turn into Raquel Welch.

In fact, Prunella has a counterpart in the gay world, Fat Freddie. He's everybody's favorite schwester down at the neighborhood gay bar because everybody knows that if you're fat, you're automatically jolly. Fat Freddie always has some gossip to dish with the girls, always provides a campy imitation of a movie queen, always leaves 'em laughing.

And Fat Freddie always goes home alone. That's because just as it's convenient to think of people as stereotypes, it's equally easy to overlook the basic emotional need that Freddie shares with every other person in the world—gay or straight, fat or thin—the need to be loved.

"Dirty old men need love, too," the signs in the poster shop proclaim, but what about fat gay guys? The straight world looks down on homosexuals with a patronizing attitude that we are neurotic, ridiculous or the objects of pity. Except for dotty old closet queens who *want* to believe this, gay guys today realize that straight prejudice is based upon fear and misunderstanding. The counter-reactions range from benign neglect ("So who needs them?") to Gay Liberation Front militancy ("Up yours, straight world!").

But the fat homosexual has an added strike against him because he also suffers the scorn, secret or overt, of his fellow gay guys. The Fat Freddies automatically are spurned as bed partners because homosexuality unfortunately is based in large measure upon simple physical attraction. Oh sure, the rest of the gang may enjoy the company of Fat Freddie, but that's the extent of it—unless you're some kind of fetishist, who wants to make the scene with someone so fat he can't even see his penis because the stomach sticks out so far. As cruel as it may be, homosexuals may have as patronizing an attitude toward Fat Freddie—that he is neurotic, ridiculous or the object of pity—as some straights have toward gays.

Yet, whereas other gay guys can react with disdain or anger to the prejudice of the straight world, Fat Freddie knows very well that to be assertive about his obesity in addition to his homosexuality would be like inviting a slapstick comedian to throw a cream pie in his face. A fat man is supposed to be jolly, to take a lot of ribbing; if otherwise, he's mean and a poor sport. Many gay guys today are working successfully through homophile organizations of various shades of militancy to change the attitudes of the straight world. But whoever heard of a picket line waddling around city hall demanding equal rights for *heavy* homosexuals?

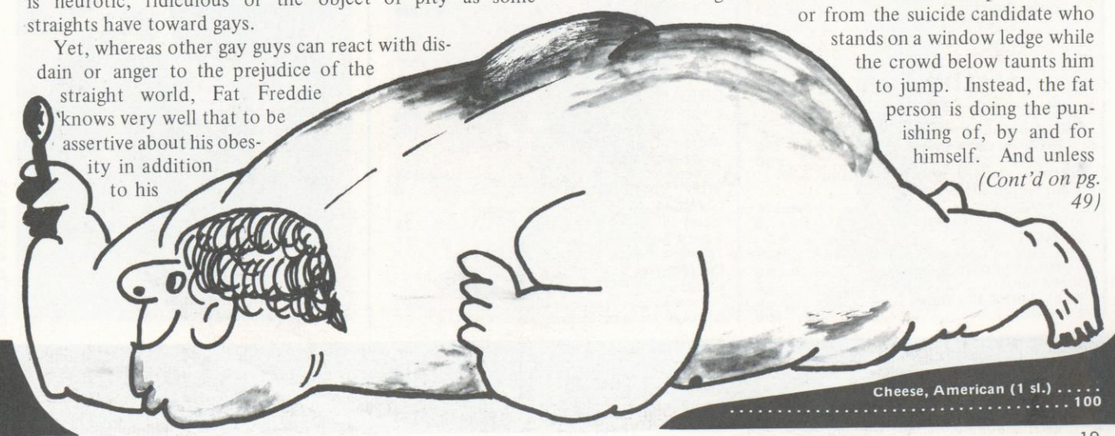
Fat Freddie, alas, is like Sammy Davis Jr. who kids himself about being a one-eyed, black Jew, a combination not calculated to appease the bigotry of the yahoos and rednecks. Yet Davis, by virtue of talent and guts, has detoured these pitfalls and endeared himself to millions. Given sufficient insight and motivation, Fat Freddie, likewise, could turn his liability into an asset.

The first step is to get angry—angry about how others treat you, angry about how you treat yourself, angry enough to do something about it. But getting angry is a very dangerous thing for a fat person to do, because the stereotype says you're supposed to be the jolly green giant with a stomach jiggling when you laugh like a bowl full of jelly. To get angry is like the difference between a slap-on-the-back friendly drunk and a mean-tempered bar-room brawler.

Instead, the anger has to be inwardly directed. Surprisingly, that isn't very difficult, because anger is the flip side of depression. And depression is no stranger to obese persons. "Oh," Fat Freddie will exclaim, "I felt so depressed when that good-looking guy at the bar turned me down, I just went home and ate a whole box of chocolate cookies." The syndrome is as familiar to psychologists as to any heavy-set persons who really have thought about it: overeating causes rejection which causes depression (inwardly-directed anger) which causes overeating which causes . . . .

Psychologists may label this a fixation with oral gratification; counselors, a crutch as deadly as the alcoholic's bottle. And most genuinely obese persons acknowledge this: that stuffing themselves with food is an egregiously hurtful way of punishing themselves for lack of self-restraint. It is only a shade removed from the masochist who begs the sadist to administer discipline to him, or from the suicide candidate who stands on a window ledge while the crowd below taunts him to jump. Instead, the fat person is doing the punishing of, by and for himself. And unless

(Cont'd on pg. 49)



Cake, plain (1 sl.) . 150
Cake, chocolate icing (1 piece) 356
Candy bar (av. piece) 300
Cantaloupe (½ melon) 37

Carrot (1) 21
Catsup (1 T.) 15
Celery (1 stalk) 5
Cereal, dry (1 cup) 100
Champagne (3½ ozs.) 90

Cheese, American (1 sl.) 100

PART 2

SHED POUNDS THIS EASY WAY...AND JOIN THE BEAUTIFUL GUYS

BY BUD PARKER
Famous Health Authority

YOU CAN LOSE UP TO ½ POUND A DAY . . . 3½ POUNDS A WEEK . . . 15 POUNDS A MONTH WITH THESE MENUS

MEALS WHICH PROVIDE LESS THAN 1,000 CALORIES DAILY–TO HELP YOU TRIM DOWN OR LOSE POUNDS OF FAT–EASILY . . . QUICKLY . . . SAFELY (REFER TO ARTICLE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
2 cups orange juice 216
Vitamin pill 0

LUNCH
Cheese omelet (2 eggs, 3 slices American cheese, parsley, spices, fried in butter and blotted dry) 300
Water or club soda 0

DINNER
Chicken breast (split, fried in Crisco oil, skinned, blotted dry, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 200
Spinach (frozen, entire package cooked as directed, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 50
10 oz. glass whole milk 150
½ large canteloupe melon 35
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . (max.)25

Total calories 976

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
2 slices lightly buttered toast 200
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . (max.)25
Vitamin pill (with water) 0

LUNCH
1 cup vegetable soup 100
2 hard-boiled eggs 150
10 oz. glass whole milk 150

DINNER
4 oz. haddock (broiled, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 100
1 cup cottage cheese (uncreamed) 200
Cucumber salad (1 cucumber sliced, diet salad dressing) 35
Water or club soda 0
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25

Total calories 985

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Half grapefruit (medium) with artificial sweetener if desired 50
1 corn muffin lightly buttered 200
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25
Vitamin pill (with water) 0

LUNCH
4 oz. salmon (canned, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 200
Sliced tomato 25
16 oz. bottle diet soda 8
2 cookies 100

DINNER
15 shrimp (medium size, boiled, sprinkled with lemon if desired) . . . 150
Asparagus (frozen, entire package cooked as directed, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 50
10 oz. glass whole milk 150
1 serving diet jello 10
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25

Total calories 993

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
1 serving Carnation Instant Breakfast (prepared as directed) 209
Vitamin pill (with water) 0

LUNCH
Onion omelet (2 eggs, 1 small onion minced, spices, fried in butter and blotted dry) 200
Sliced tomato 25
16 oz. diet soda 8

DINNER
1/3 lb. ground chuck (broiled, spiced) . 400
Corn (1 piece) 130
16 oz. bottle diet soda 8
1 serving diet jello 10

Total calories 990

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
1 slice lightly buttered toast 100
2 strips bacon (fried and blotted dry) . . 100
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25
Vitamin pill (with water) 0

LUNCH
Spanish omelet (2 eggs, onion/pepper/tomato mixture, spices, fried in butter and blotted dry) 300
16 oz. bottle diet soda 8

DINNER
Chicken breast (split, fried in Crisco oil, skinned, blotted dry, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 200
Green beans (frozen, entire package cooked as directed, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 50
1 baked or boiled potato with pat of butter 150
16 oz. bottle diet soda 8
1 serving diet jello 10
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25

Total calories 976

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
2 eggs (fried or scrambled in butter) . . . 200
1 slice lightly buttered toast 100
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25
Vitamin pill (with water) 0

LUNCH
1 cup chicken noodle soup 75
1 hard-boiled egg 75
16 oz. bottle diet soda 8

DINNER
4 oz. halibut (broiled, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 200
Broccoli (frozen, entire package cooked as directed, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 50
Small roll lightly buttered 125
Water or club soda 0
1 apple 100
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25

Total calories 983

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
1 cup tomato juice (with lemon if desired) 50
1 English muffin lightly buttered (both halves) 175
2 strips bacon (fried and blotted dry) . . 100
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25
Vitamin pill 0

LUNCH
1 cup onion soup 50
3 oz. tuna (canned, drained, sprinkled with lemon if desired) 175
Sliced tomato 25
Water or club soda 0

DINNER
Chicken breast (sprinkled with lemon juice and roasted, then skinned) . . . 200
Spinach (frozen, entire package cooked as directed, sprinkled with lemon juice if desired) 50
Water or club soda 0
1 banana 100
Coffee or tea with milk (not cream) or lemon and artificial sweetener . . . . . (max.)25

Total calories 975

FIGURES SHOWN HERE AND BELOW BASED ON DATA PUBLISHED BY THE U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE



PHOTO BY KRISS

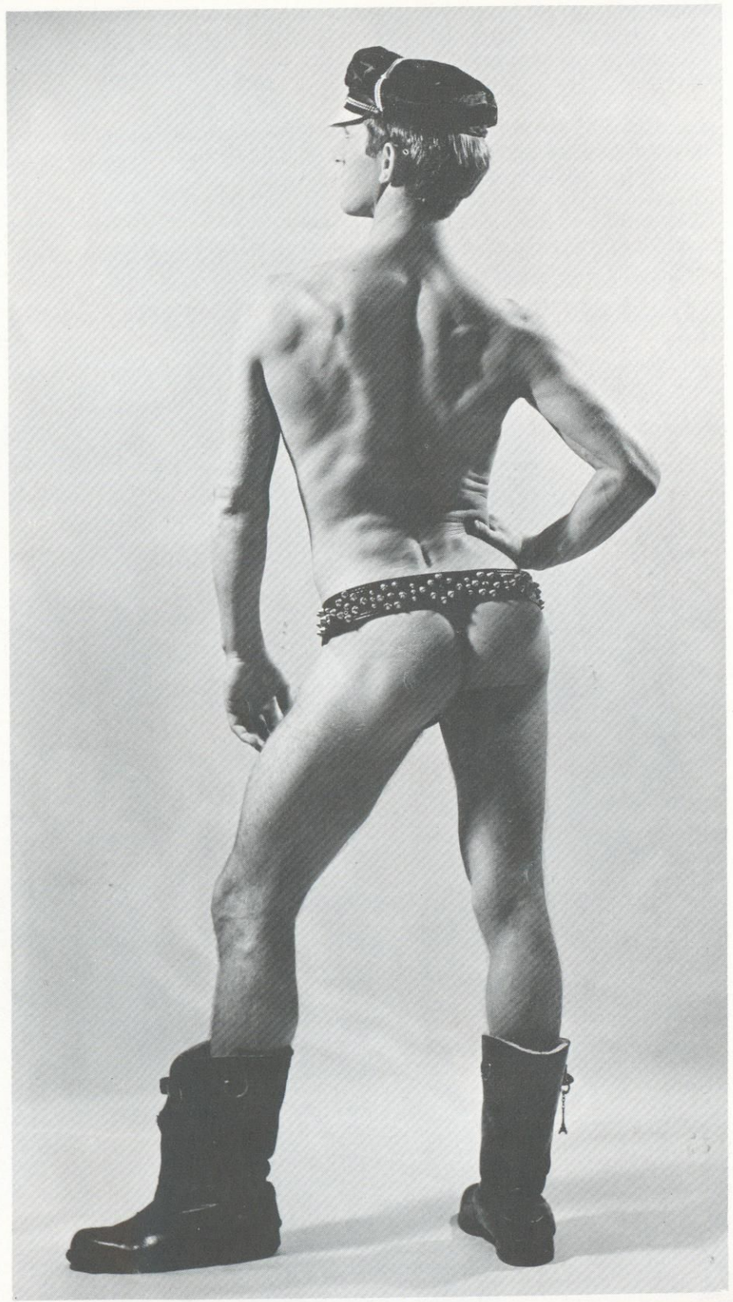
LOSING weight can be reduced to simple arithmetic. Man, in his complexity, declines acceptance of this truism and permits himself to be victimized by charlatans and their fantastic schemes. Out of laziness and a refusal to curb a gluttonous appetite, he falls for any gimmick which promises no effort and instant results.

Perhaps the most bizarre weight loss scheme I've ever heard of was that which was put over by a phony doctor a few years ago. Patients were given a capsule on their first visit, and the promise that they would shed many pounds over a period of time. They were instructed to report back later on, for medication which would halt reduction. It worked beautifully and made the doctor rich–until it was discovered that the capsule contained tape worm eggs which hatched in the patient. The worms grew fatter and the patient got thinner. Later medication was a vermifuge, which killed the worms, thus arresting weight loss. Ugh!

THE CARBOHYDRATE GRAM METHOD OF WEIGHT REDUCTION

Promoted by believers as "the diet for people who hate to diet," the carbohydrate gram method of weight reduction permits you to eat great quantities of certain foods and still lose weight. In short, proteins (meats, fish, fowl, and eggs, particularly; there are restrictions on other protein foods, such as beans, nuts, and most dairy products, because they are high in carbohydrates) and, to a lesser extent, fats (oils, butter, etc.), may be eaten freely, whereas carbohydrates (sugars, breadstuffs and other starches, vegetables, fruits and their juices, etc.) must be restricted greatly.

Proteins are the muscle-builders and do in fact help burn body fat. Consequently, when following this diet you are given *carte blanche* on meats, fish, fowl, eggs and some dairy products (cheeses, mainly). Energy is assured by eating limited quantities of fats–and (herein lies the key to success) up to 56 *(Continued on page 36)*



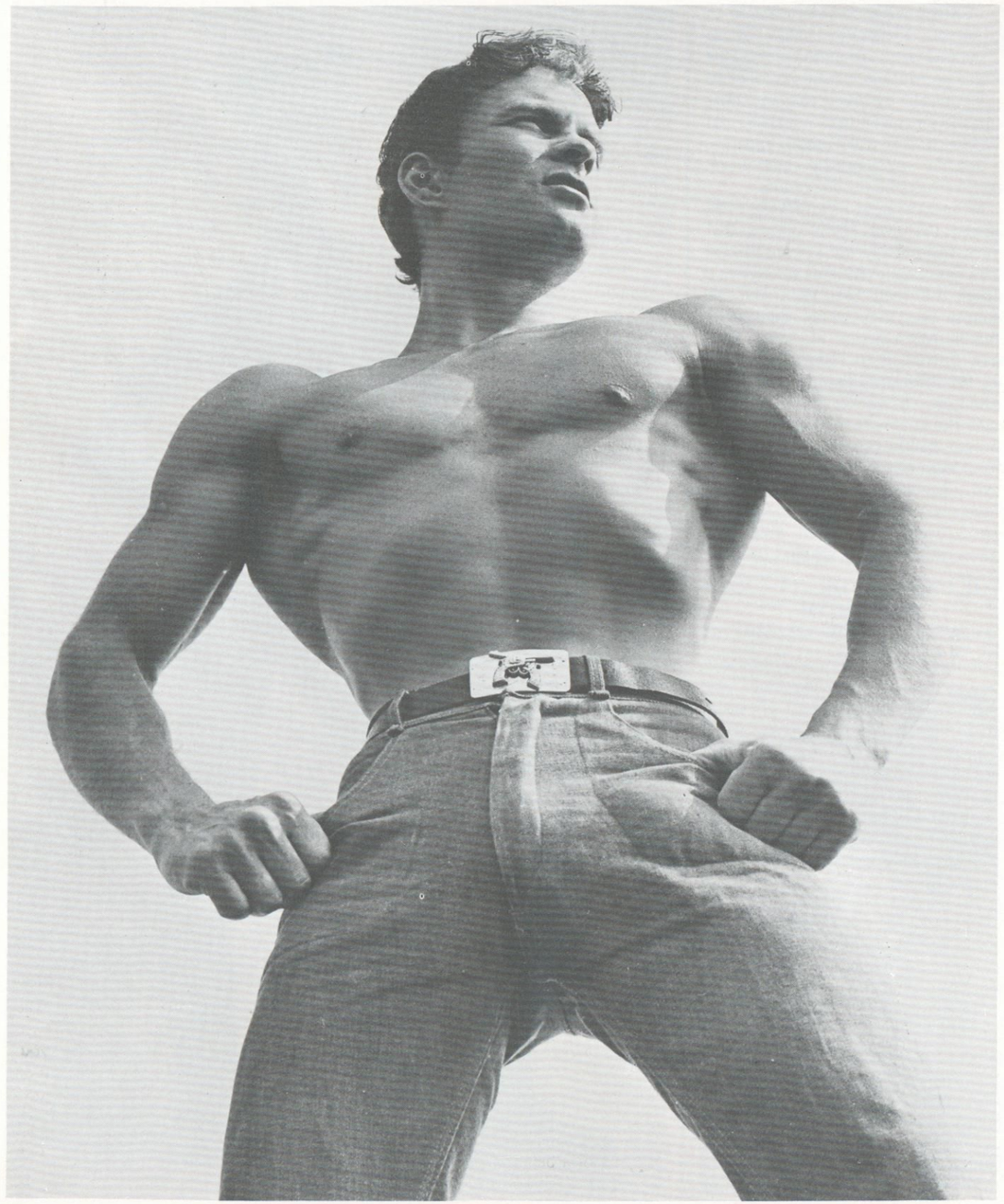
Cheese, cottage (1 cup) 215	Chow mein (½ cup) 200	Cola, diet (16 ozs.) 8
Chewing gum (1 stick) 25	Clams (5) 50	Cookie (1 av.) 50
Chicken breast, skinned 200	Cocktail (1) 200	Corn (1 piece) 130
Chicken pot pie (1 sml.) 460	Coffee, black 0	Cream, heavy (1 T.) 50
Chili con carne/beans (1 cup) 300	Cola (8 ozs.) 100	Cucumber (1 med.) 25

Dates (3 or 4) 95	Fruit (av. piece) 100	Jam (av. T.) 50
Doughnut (1 av.) 150	Gelatin, fruit flavor (½ cup) 78	Juice, orange (1 cup) 108
Egg (1) 75	Gravy (3 T.) 100	Liver, beef (2 ozs.) 118
Egg roll (1) 200	Ham, baked (3 ozs.) 338	Macaroni (1 cup cooked) 200
Fish (4 ozs. av.) 200	Ice cream, chocolate (¼ pt.) 200	Macaroni & cheese (1 cup) 475

Part 3

The Gay Gourmet Dieter...losing weight with a try for elegance

By Frank Samuels



Malted milk, chocolate (10 ozs.) 450	Oil, olive (1 T.) 124	Potato, baked or boiled (1 med.) 100
Mayonnaise (1 T.) 110	Pie (1 av. piece) 350	Pudding, chocolate (½ cup) 175
Meatball (1) 150	Pizza pie (1 sl.) 250	Ravioli, cheese filling/sauce (4) 362
Milk, whole (10 ozs.) 150	Popcorn, no butter (1 cup) 54	Rice, white (1 cup cooked) 170
Nuts (6 av.) 60	Pork chop, lean (2.4 ozs.) 295	Roll (1 av.) 125

IT may surprise you to find a discussion of diet in QQ because gay guys, particularly those active in the Cruise Corps, are figure-conscious to the point of being food-finicky. To be at their cruising best in bells or bikinis the merest hint of plumpness, poochiness (heaven forfend!) or a protuberance, except where it's 'meaningful', sends them reeling to the foot of the cross for a week of penitential fasting on black coffee and Melba toast.

Most GG's find the constant vigil of figure watching to be enough to keep them in trim because they balance a smidgin of *this* against a dollop of *that* and rarely vary more than a few ounces from figure norm. Yet there are those whose metabolism is so sluggish that every little goodie (even from a quickie) heads straight for the waistline. And so to compete with sexy 'movers and shakers' they must be eternal 'watchers and starvers'. Maybe until *now,* that is.

For those who must exercise strict figure control the unpleasant fact of dieting is that it is so relentlessly 'no-no'. In time it becomes such a drag it is no wonder that few continue it once past their sexy-cruisy salad days. Yet this needn't be so, for if you will change the more Spartan aspect of 'dieting' to the more glamorous image of 'gourmet dining' and carry it off with *panache,* you can accomplish some truly beautiful things figure-wise and have the most delightful time doing it!

Now this doesn't mean that you must go in for icky-uggy foods like 'hummingbird loaf' or 'galantine of preserved kumquats'. The effectiveness of the gay gourmet way to figure trimness depends less on the foods you eat and more on the elegance with which you serve them. This is why few suggestions are made herein to actual foods because with QQ's Gay Gourmet Plan you may eat pretty much what you want. It's the problem of how to eat *less* of it that we are concerned with here.

First, some suggestions about things *external* which strongly affect things *internally.* The success of the Plan is predicated on cutting down food intake with a concomitant try for elegance. With that as our take-off point let's always observe these important (to the diet) rules:

BREAKFAST AT THE 'WHITE HOUSE'

No matter that you live alone and prepare your own meals, each morning pretend you've been invited to the White House for breakfast with the presidential family and other guests (you just may run into George Hamilton!). So naturally you want to be at your most elegant in matters both of dress and table etiquette. Perish the thought of arriving in your old terry-cloth wraparound and worn bedroom shoes! So before you reach the table be sure you've completed your primp 'n prink ritual . . . that you're fresh from shorts outward and wearing an impeccably-tailored suit or ensemble.

This is important because if you are sloppily (or merely too casually) dressed you lack the snug support of a belt which shuts off the ringing of your 'hunger bell'. In such a case you will inevitably loll around the table for 'another cup of coffee' and/or nibble on an extra piece of toast or sweet roll 'just to keep it company' thereby consuming 200 calories more than your basic need. See what we've saved you already?

Your table at the 'White House' should be set with fresh napery, your prettiest breakfast china and sparkling silver. A small floral centerpiece will add much to your 'presidential' mood. Even a single rose lying near your plate can produce a happy warmth that will tame your hunger pangs before you even begin to eat.

COFFEE WITH A TOUCH OF ELEGANCE

Before breakfast is served begin with a *demi-tasse* of Gay Gourmet coffee. Sip it slowly. It will so enslave your taste buds they couldn't care less what's coming next—if anything! Here's how: prepare coffee in your usual manner, but just before pouring put the tiniest pinch of saffron in the cup (or steep a bit more in the pot before pouring). You may use cardamom seed if saffron—an expensive Spanish import—is unavailable at your spice store. It is best served without cream or sugar, and though you use one of the cheapest super-market coffee blends (even freeze dried or 'de-caffs') by putting in a pinch of saffron you have ambrosia for the gods . . . without costing a single calorie! And the beauty of it is that it 'de-stimulates' your appetite, and so for this purpose you may wish to use it as a prelude to other meals.

A BEAUTIFUL WAY TO SERVE ORANGE JUICE

Many a well-intentioned diet goes haywire with orange juice. It's calorie-high and a cup of it each morning can create dietary havoc at the belt-line. So instead of bringing out that same old juice glass each morning and diving for the Tropicana, try this: chill a beautiful four-ounce wine glass in your refrigerator. Then pour freshly-squeezed orange juice in it. The elegance of the glass and the beauty of the service will give you pause . . . you'll *sip* instead of drink . . . while saving a whopping 54 calories! If you don't have a four-ounce wine glass, use a larger one, but fill it only half-way, and pretend you're serving a heady Bordeaux!

MORE BREAKFAST CALORIE CUTTERS

There are many ways of cutting breakfast calories (so far you've consumed only 54!) through elegance in serving rather than through choice of depressing foods. The ubiquitous English muffin is a good example. Even without a trace of butter on it you have 125 calories staring at you. Because there are those who simply don't know what to do with the other half of an English muffin (like a sixth rose) once it's split—and are therefore constrained to eat it—here's the Gay Gourmet way of serving it as part of a calorie-low breakfast.

Slice your muffin. Place *(Continued on page 38)*

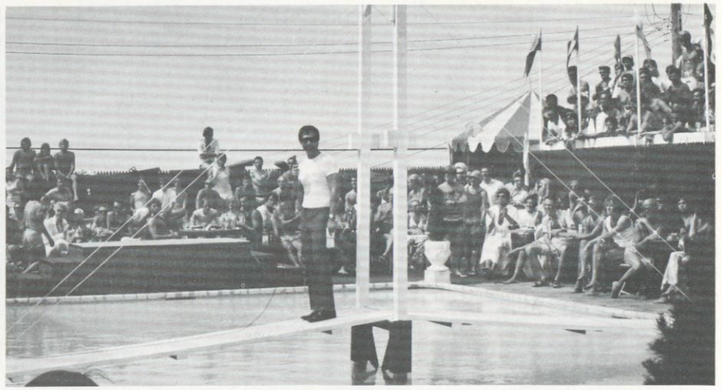
Salad dressing (av. T.) 100	Stew, beef/vegetables (1 cup) 252	Vegetable, green (av. serving) 25
Sandwich (1 av.) 350	Sugar (1 t.) 17	Whiskey, straight (1½ ozs.) 125
Sausage, pork (4 ozs.) 510	Syrup, chocolate (1 T.) 40	Wine (av. 3½ ozs.) 150
Shrimp, boiled (1 med.) 10	Tea, plain 0	Yogurt, plain (1 cup) 130
Spaghetti (1 cup cooked) 155	Tomato sauce, Italian style/meat (1 cup) . 200	Yogurt, fruit (1 cup) 260





Left: **The contestants arrive at Cherry Grove.** Right: **QQ publisher George Desantis (white shirt) registers the contestants, as the Marquis de Suede (extreme left) and Dimitri (dungaree jacket), representing the Beach Hotel & Club, look on.**





Left: **QQ publisher George Desantis gives the contestants a rundown on posing facilities before the show.** Right: **Speaking from the bridge over the pool, George welcomes the capacity crowd to Fire Island's first physique contest.**

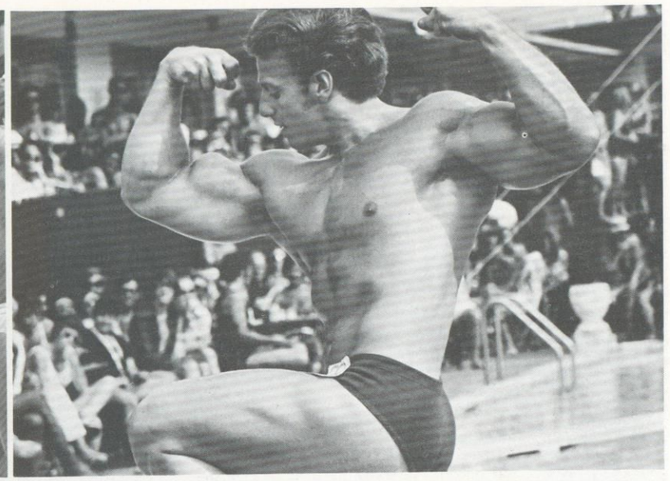




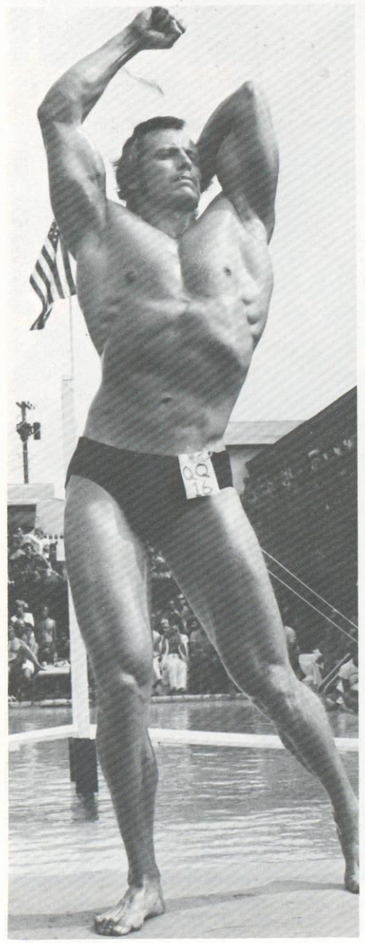


Left: **Michael Fesco, manager of the Beach Hotel & Club, welcomes the audience of more than 950.** Center: **Fabulous Katie of St. Thomas, who spends her summers at the Grove, belted out a few songs.** Right: **Gypsy's camp act was a show-stopper.**





Top left: **Beautifully developed Rick Wayne won the contest.** Top right: **Handsome Johnny Ianno won Best Arms and Best Back.** Bottom: **David Sigloch's symmetrical physique went over big. He placed 3rd.**



MR. FIRE ISLAND

ON July 19th QQ Magazine and Bud Parker (American Director of the International Federation of Bodybuilders) joined forces with the Beach Hotel & Club at Cherry Grove to pull off the most successful entertainment spectacular Fire Island has ever seen—the *First Annual 1970 Mr. Fire Island Body Beautiful Contest.*

The SRO crowd was estimated at 950, making this—in terms of drawing power—Cherry Grove's most successful *happening* of this or any season. In fact, Beach Hotel manager Michael Fesco felt that QQ's show actually created a second Fourth of July, attracting more than the Island's usual run of fun-seeking weekenders, because of the extra contest bonus.

There were 27 contestants, some famous musclemen. Interspersed among them as 'surprise posers' were 8 gagsters, including 6 female impersonators. This, and the entertainment provided by George, Gypsy, Rose, Yetta, Johnny Pool, Judy Sexton, and none other than Katie of St. Thomas, resulted in a perfect blending of sensual muscle posing and a decidedly gay brand of fun.

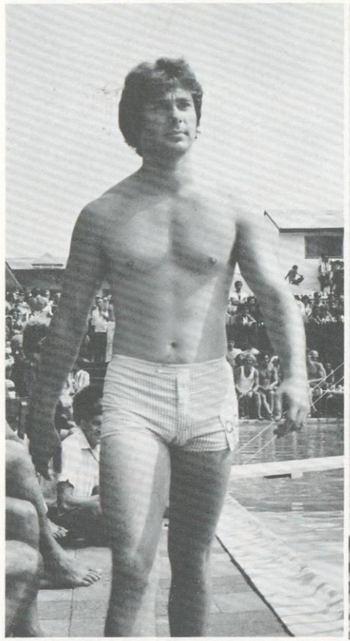
The responsive audience especially enjoyed selecting by applause the *Most Promising* winner, who received QQ's special $100 cash prize. The choice was between Dennis Lyster, a beautiful guy who is *Numero Uno* at Fire Island this season, and Louis Romano, a young bodybuilder who has just the right amount of muscle. Louis won, but Dennis received a special Colt Studio prize of $25 cash and title of *Groovy Guy.*

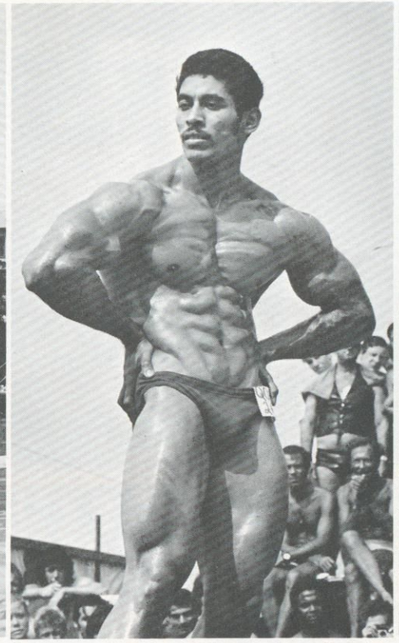
Among the judges were Lou Thomas, representing Colt Studio; physique photographer George Hester; leather craftsman Marquis de Suede; and QQ publisher George Desantis. The Hotel provided some beautiful trophies and cash prizes, and lunch and dinner for all the contestants.

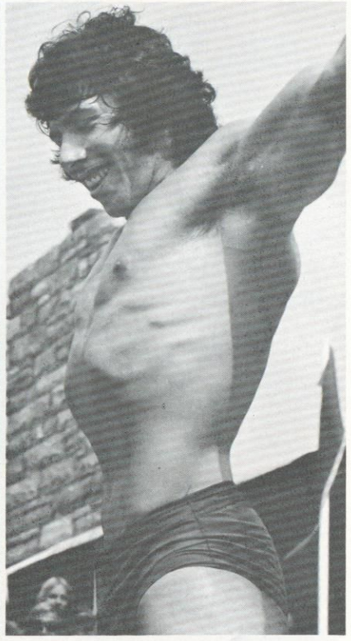
Rick Wayne (*Mr. World*) won the title and $250 cash prize. Gordon Babb was 2nd ($100), and David Sigloch (an audience favorite who resembles Charlton Heston) was 3rd ($50). The body part awards ($25 each) went to: Johnny Ianno (*Best Arms* and *Best Back*); David Sheppard (*Best Chest*); Gordon Babb (*Best Abdominals*); and Tony Carroll (*Best Legs*).

QQ is grateful to everyone who played a part in making the event successful. We especially thank those members of the press who so generously publicized the contest, and particularly *GAY* for its centerspread feature on the show.

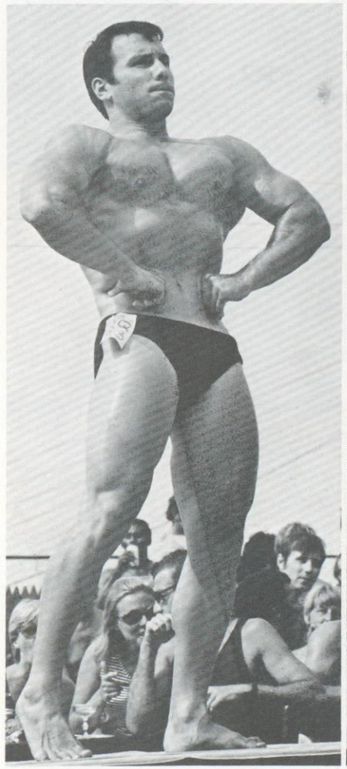
But enough. The photographs on these and the following pages speak for themselves. In our next issue we will present a big picture story on Fire Island, a kind of guided tour by George Desantis and Dennis Lyster, so that you may come to know Our Island and perhaps join us there next summer.





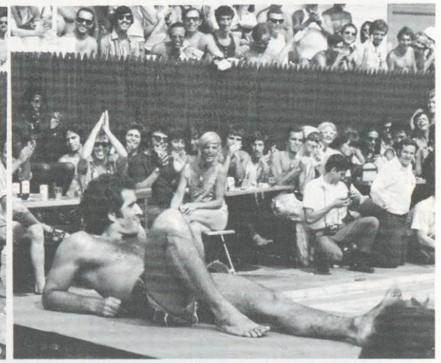


Left: Craig Dudley, star of "Sticks & Stones," was a popular entrant. Center: Josue Rivera's muscular perfection amazed everyone. He will be in the Mr. America contest this fall. Right: Howard Weisner threw some unusual poses.



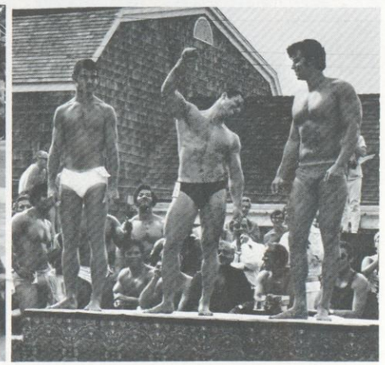






Top left: Doug Lowinger had lots of sex appeal. Center: Big Tony Carroll blows minds wherever he goes. Right: Danny DiCioccio's antics got plenty of laughs.





Left: Louis Romano was selected by audience applause as the Most Promising winner (QQ's special $100 prize). Center and right: Rear and front views of the finalists, left to right–Dennis Lyster; Louis Romano; Don Dominick.





Left: Glenn McMahan came across like WOW. Right: During intermission QQ publisher George Desantis took time out to pose with the female impersonators. Left to right–George; Tommy; Suzy; Robin; Terri. They're pros and come on great.











Prizes were awarded by the female impersonators. The contestants were such great sports that they went right along with the fun, thereby providing an unusually colorful windup of a great show. Left to right: Gordon Babb (2nd and Best Abdominals) and Suzy; Johnny Ianno (Best Arms and Best Back) and Robin; David Sheppard (Best Chest) and Tommy; Tony Carroll (Best Legs) and Terri; David Sigloch (2nd) and Rose.





Left: Amidst squeaks and squeals, winner Rick Wayne is congratulated by the female impersonators. Right: QQ publisher George Desantis congratulates Rick on his Mr. Fire Island victory, and invites him back to defend his title next year.

"a hair-razing" story about skin power



By Terry McWaters

LEWD LEATHER AND
HIS CREATOR, A. JAY

THE SKINHEAD REVOLUTION



LEWD LEATHER'S NEPHEWS, LEWEY, DEWEY, AND BLEWEY

WHEN *Hair* blockbusted Broadway three years ago the tribal rocksters belted out *"Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it . . . my hair!"* and it became the Battle Hymn of the *New* Republic. Then the revolutionary symbolism of a man's shoulder-length hair seemed radical to the extreme. Defiantly long, rebelliously wild, contemptuously daring, its lack of discipline and style (some looked like female 'imposters' in fright wigs!) reflected their reckless insubordination to The Establishment. Had Captain Bligh's crew suddenly appeared on deck in drag the effect could not have been more shocking and not-to-be-believed!

Gay guys greeted this phenomenon with open arms—hairstylists especially. Long bored with doing brushcuts, crewcuts and ducktails they welcomed it as a fascinating challenge. At last here was something they could get their fingers into! But, many complain, they haven't taken their fingers *out* and their artistic excesses are diluting that appealing Song-of-the-Loon ruggedness that gives long hair such a savage sex-appeal.

'SKIN POWER'

In London where the long-hair movement began as a protest, and then came to symbolize the vigor of the New Left movement—while expressing both commitment to a freer life-style and alienation from the closely-cropped heads of The Establishment—the trend has now come full circle and—notably among about 8000 London gay guys—the Skinhead Revolution is on.

But this time they're protesting the protesters, the hippies and flower children. Psychologically there's always a time limit for a pattern of behavior and it is almost always superseded by an opposition cult. So this time it's 'skin power' against 'hair power' . . . a kind of gay internecine war in which everyone chooses sides, and you are a 'hairy' or a 'skin'. Either you flaunt the elegance of your Edwardian hair style or go to the opposite extreme of scissoring-clipping-shaving every vestige of hair from your head. Of course the S/M boys—ever out to prove their super-ruggedness—do it the hard way with broken bottles . . . and their scalps now have the lifetime scars to prove it!

BALDNESS NOW A GROOVY 'DO'

But in the United States the shaved-head movement, while definitely on, is not so much a revolution as a delightful *evolution!* It has crept silently upon us, and its protagonists—far from violent—are making it a thing of wit, color, high personal drama and elegance . . . and they're carrying it off with style!

Some like to trace the beginning of the skin cult to that handsomely hairless actor Yul Brynner, but while the famous Brynner head may have served as touchstone, others are making it excitingly relevant to gay life. For the first time the naturally bald man has come into his own and he hopes it will be forever thus. Maybe it will, through process of evolution, for scientists predict that cranial hair, being unnecessary to man's survival, will diminish with time and ultimately vanish. Certainly the gay guy need no longer feel inhibited or self-conscious because of any lack of hair, for with baldness now chic he has a built-in status hitherto undreamed of, and his cruising rating can zoom to astronomical heights, as it did for a well-known New York character.

THE PIED PIPER OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

Danny had come to the Village a few years before from an impossibly conservative and unsympathetic hometown. Ever since he had haunted the gay bars from opening to closing but he simply couldn't connect. No one ever gave him more than a passing glance and this was usually one of utter revulsion. In this world where there is a 'someone' for everyone this may seem incredible, yet in Danny's case it was somehow embarrassingly understandable.

He seemed to have only two things going for him: he was tall and obviously quite muscular. But his features were uncertain—like blobs of varicolored Jello—and none seemed related. He had a noticeable ocular defect . . . one eye fo-used unremittingly to the right. His very high cheek bones were covered by mounds of crimson flesh which looked like nothing so much as two apples in search of a pie crust. His nose was good—long and straight—but this perfection resting in the midst of so much awry seemed in itself quite odd. To make it worse his face was almost hidden in an enormous bearskin of thick, wiry, curly hair . . . such masses of hair would have made a sheepdog bite himself in a rage of envy. Worse still, this excess of unattractiveness had made him so self-conscious he had developed a pronounced stammer.

One afternoon in the depths of despair Danny sat at his usual bar drinking too much. Nearby, unnoticed, a well-known Village sculptor stood quietly studying him. After some minutes he came over and said "I'd like to see you . . . stripped." As though struck by lightning Danny fell off the barstool with a stammered *"Wh-wh-what?"*

The sculptor quickly assured Danny that he had no sexual designs on him *(Ed: Ha!)* but had discerned many unusual qualities that would make him a good model. Now having regained his composure to some degree Danny agreed to go with the sculptor to his studio. And it was there that this talented man who—like all artists—can see beauties that mortal men cannot, took Danny under his wing *(Ed: Yeah!),* for when he had stripped and the sculptor had studied his very handsome body, he said:

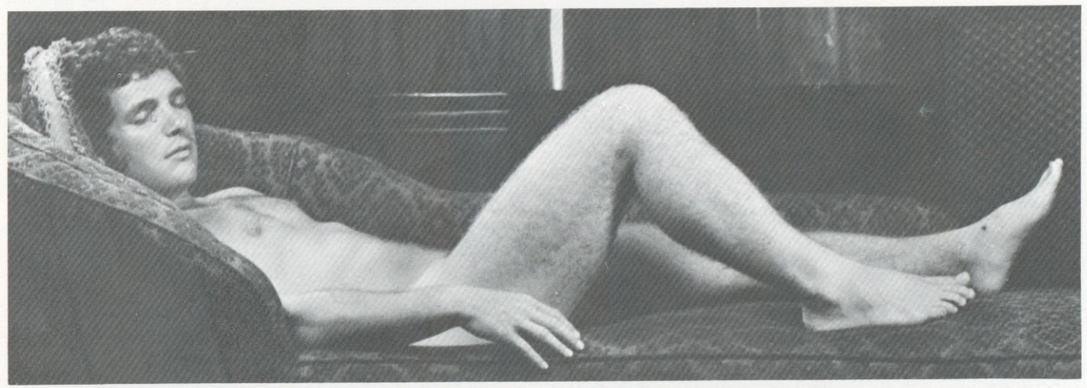
"Shave every hair from your head, for this will mark the turning point of your life. Everything that is physically attractive has been too long hidden by a too-muchness of something else, and this must be cleared away. Shaving your head will do much in this respect. Your eye, far from being a distraction, will be all the more a part of the 'you' picture. Your nose will take command . . . your chin will look stronger . . . everything will fall into place and you'll look bold . . . invincible . . . a born leader.

"Also change your image by a change in dress. Forget Ivy League. Make leather your thing. Dress in leather . . . leather gloves, leather boots . . . carry a short riding quirt for added emphasis and occasionally snap it. But don't overdo it or it becomes a bit ridiculous. Wear an earring or ear stud. All this will put you together persuasively and give you a challenging sex-appeal that others will find irresistible."

Today along Village byways it is common to see the dashing *new* Danny, a confident smile wreathing his now-handsome face, followed by a gaggle of gay guys. "My God . . . he's the Pied Piper!" blurted a newcomer recently. "Who is he, and where are they going?"

"Oh, that's Danny," explained his friend. "And they're off to his pad to *(Continued on page 39)*

GOING DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME



SHOOTING UP AND POPPING PILLS ON THE GAY SCENE

BY GERRY WALDROP

"SOME (drug abusers) have a character disorder that permits deviant behavior without guilt feelings."

Oh my goodness, gracious sakes alive. Run for cover, everybody, the federal government has got our number!

The reference to "character disorder" obviously is a euphemism for the gay life, and no less an authority than Uncle Sam is saying, in effect, that homosexuals may tend to have "addictive personalities." It comes from an otherwise sensible "Federal Source Book: Answers to the Most Asked Questions About Drug Abuse." To quote:

". . . certain kinds of people are more likely to become involved with heroin than others under similar life situations. These individuals have a low frustration tolerance and great dependency needs. Impulsive, immature, inadequate individuals are likely candidates. Many are 'now' oriented, seeking the immediate 'high' without regard to future consequences. Some have a character disorder that permits deviant behavior without guilt feelings."

That reads like the preachy kind of drivel that J. Edgar Hoover and Billy Graham like to turn out, and in that context it's almost comical. Unfortunately, genuine addiction is no laughing matter. The shoe may well fit some homosexuals and there is a ring of truth to the assertion that drug abuse can be a factor in gay life.

For example, kids sexually straight as an arrow can get hooked on speed and turn to hustling to finance their habit. In many big city gay bars it's not uncommon to see guys nodding or otherwise exhibiting signs of being turned on. Gay guys knew about and *(Continued on page 44)*

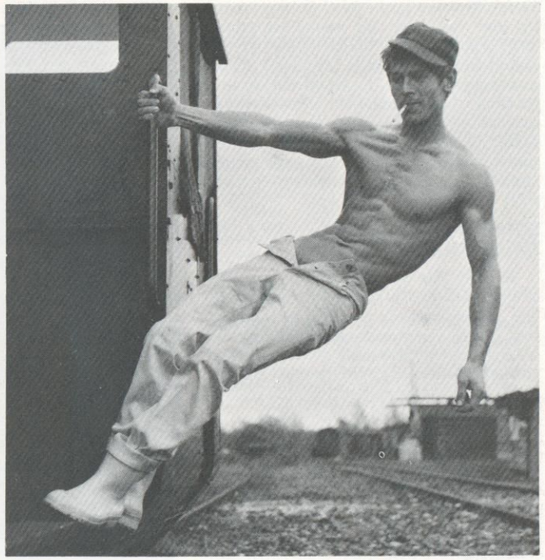
VAGABOND

QUEBEC: WHERE WINTER COMES TO TEA AND STAYS FOR THE ORGY

BY DAVID BARTEL







IF you took QQ's Winter-edition tip and zoned in on Montreal you found its delightful culture and language about 60% French and 40% English—a quirky combination that accelerates its already frenetic life-style. Montreal is a big town that grooves to a big-band sound with an international beat.

But 170 miles northeast in lovely, idyllic Quebec the tempo is *lento* and the heart's in the highlands. Here the culture is more deeply French and the *élan* even more so. But while sex—as in Montreal—is still the *joie de vivre,* the language is gayer.

Here is that best of all possible worlds—a vacation spot perfect for winter and summer. In Quebec winter comes to tea and stays for the orgy, with *carnaval* being the way of life. Some say it's like a perpetual *Mardi-Gras* with snow. And it drives the Quebeckers a little mad. Not content with their 600 sensational ski hills they try to do everything in winter that everyone else does in summer—like racing cars on ice . . . canoeing through ice . . . scaling icebergs on motorcycles. *Quelle audace!* So comes that first heavenly day of spring when young Canadian bucks—all a-tingle with animalurge 'long in testes pent' . . . muscles that moo . . . spermatazoa for the Hundred Neediest Cases, and with cockateaser at the ready—have to work all their jollies off on someone, so why not on lucky, lucky *y-o-u?*

How do you reach this sexual Elysium? Well, if you're already turned-on and just can't wait, unfurl your Sunday parasol this very instant and make like Mary Poppins . . . or maybe do the witchy bit with your broomstick. But Quebec is well-served by air routes and —depending on the intervening distance—why not let your travel agent whisk you there in a trice?

SO NOW YOU'RE THERE . . . WHERE CAN YOU STAY?

If your loot is lavish you'll love the *Château Frontenac,* one of the great hotels. Some find it a trifle austere but it is *trés élégant* and *trés chic,* and has the virtue of fronting along the boardwalk (Dufferin Terrace) which is the cruisiest, trickingest, never-fail-to-make-out *(Continued on page 34)*

QUEBEC

(Continued from page 33)

rendezvous in Quebec. You can almost harpoon a trick from your window!

But if you're a bit budget-conscious you will find the *Hotel Clarendon* also excellent. Located at 57 St. Anne Street this congenial hotel has a mixed-to-gay tavern in its basement, as well as an upstairs cocktail lounge especially gay after midnight. A good bet. Even less expensive, but quite good, is the *Hotel Victoria* on St. Jean Street.

Now let's put you in clear cruising focus. The gay area of Quebec is largely self-contained. It extends along St. Jean Street from d'Youville Square (*Carré d'Youville*) on past the Basilica and up the boardwalk on the side of the *Château Frontenac. All gay clubs, bars, and the three hotels listed here are within easy walking distance from each other.*

This area really swings, and along the boardwalk–even in the dead of snowy winter–you can hear the sound of cruisy tongues going slickety-slickety-slick like the scissors-lady in *Barbarella.* Moreover, many gayounguys cruising the boardwalk wear a goodluck charm around the neck to assure tricking success. It's called John The Conqueror (many say it should be called the 'john conqueror') . . . a herbal-root aphrodisiac that sends off a fascinating telegraphic scent . . . just so you'll *know*!

QUEBEC, NEW LEADER IN THE SEXUAL AVANT-GARDE

In early November Quebec became one of the few cities in North America permitting dancing between members of the same sex. This is even more remarkable when one reflects that Quebec has always been devoutly religious, observing even the most obscure saint's day, and hewing to the ultra-conservative line in teachings of the Church.

In casting off the penitential sackcloth, gay life in Quebec has acquired not only a validity, but a new vitality quickly noted in the spate of gay bars and clubs being built. One of the best is

L'Alouette, 1169 St. Jean Street. Like so many clubs in Montreal and Quebec this is a kind of 'storied' *ménage à trois*, having a mixed-to-gay restaurant on the ground floor . . . a second-story gay bar with jukebox (evenings) . . . and a third-floor piano bar (evenings), *very* gay. (As you see the place is an ascending spiral of iniquity!) A small combo makes the sambas sizzle on Saturday and Sunday. Open until 2:00, except Sunday (midnight). It gets crowded after 11:00 on Friday and Saturday and it's the best place to go after 11:00. Also, *don't miss the gay cocktail hour each Sunday afternoon!*

On leaving *L'Alouette* everyone stops in at the *Restaurant Les 7 Freres*, 1080 St. Jean Street, and also the *Esplanade Restaurant* a few doors away. Though mixed, these restaurants are popular with gay guys on the way home. And if you haven't scored by now there is always St. Jean Street, which can be very rewarding when it isn't cold.

Many Quebec restaurants and clubs are paradoxically unique in that they are frequented by a mixed crowd at dinner, changing to an all-gay one later in the evening. One of these is

Restaurant Dante, 17 St. Stanislas Street, which has a cocktail lounge in the basement that's 'lately' gay. Very popular on weekends. Nice crowd.

Quebec distinguishes between 'taverns' and 'clubs'. Taverns are open only to men, sell beer, and close at midnight and on Sundays. Clubs also sell liquor, are open to all, and stay open until 2:00 a.m. except Sunday when they close at midnight. The tavern makes it ideal for many gay guys who don't travel the cocktail circuit, but prefer quiet cruising in a quiet spot with a quiet beer. Thus you should like

Taverne de Vieux Québec on Marche-Finlay Place. This is Quebec's most popular gay *tavern* and the best place to go *before* midnight any evening. Or if you'd like a tavern where you can also get a good inexpensive dinner (especially good steaks) try

Taverne Foyer on St. Jean Street. This is not overtly gay but it draws a handsome and lively young crowd from among the thousands of students at Laval University and there is much signaling with eyes and wig-wagging with hands, and if you still haven't got the message you'll note that the scent of John The Conqueror upstages those of oregano and thyme from the kitchen!

EN GARDE!

There is, in every city, the club or clubs with a trace of the sinister. Quebec is no different. However, if your penchant is for rough trade you will find it at

Chez Paul Cocktail Lounge, 28/30 St. Nicholas Street near the railway station. Our warning is this: *Chez Paul* is quite popular after 10:30 p.m. It is inexpensive (beer is 65¢ . . . same as in taverns). Also it gets plenty of rough trade. But the sinister aspect is that it is located in a rough neighborhood so don't take much money with you (and that only in dollar bills), remembering to tuckabuckaway in your shoe in case you forget to be alert and wind up getting mugged. It will also help if you've mastered a few lessons in basic Karate and can take care of yourself. If you groove to psychedelic music we highly recommend

Le Temple Discothèque at 24 St. Stanislas Street, just off St. Jean Street. There's lots of atmosphere here and well worth dropping in for a drink. Excellent music, with a good psychedelic orchestra every Monday night. It closes at 2:00 a.m. except on Sunday (midnight).

GAY BATHS

Don't look in the Yellow Pages for a likely-sounding bath. Forget what appears there and choose between these:

Service Santé Physique, 2796 *Chemin St. Foy* (6 miles from the center of town). Telephone: 651-6925. Open 24 hours a day . . . sauna, massage . . . 50% gay (college students from nearby Laval University with gorgeous muscles and rarin' to go!). New, clean, modern, lots of room. By bus until midnight, then by cab ($3.25). In town there is the sauna at

Hotel Paul Ballargeon, 638 St. Valier Street West. Mixed crowd (some women), open from 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m. Monday through Saturday . . . Sunday from noon to midnight. A dollar taxi ride from any gay club.

AU CINÉMA

For those who prefer cruising movie theatres (especially when it's cold and the streets are bare) try

Cinéma de Paris, St. Jean Street in the heart of the upper town. It is popular with students and especially good on weekends.

Pigaille Theatre, in the lower town. Always good, but if you're class conscious you might not be pleased with the somewhat earthy crowd.

We've tried to provide both an impetus to go and a brief guided tour of gay life in this quaint and beautiful city, but very likely you'll want to explore it in depth. However, you won't go wrong in selecting from any of the places listed.

GRAND LUXE CUISINE

But it would be unchivalrous not to mention the *grand luxe* cuisine of Quebec. It should really be a reason in itself for going. *Grand luxe* it is, having no superior in North America, and far less expensive than in Montreal or any large city in the United States. Let us recommend some of the very best places. Try at least one before trekking back home from your vacation or *le weekend.* It should be noted that portions of food in Quebec restaurants are man-sized, so if you've lately been fed intravenously, or eat like a hummingbird with lockjaw, settle for a hamburger or a sandwich (although there are some restaurants in Quebec where a 'sandwich' means some kind of hearty filling between two veal cutlets, instead of bread!).

Le Vendôme, 36 *Côte de la Montagne* (just below the *Château Frontenac*). This is one of the most respected restaurants in Quebec. Two others within a five-minute walk from the *Château Frontenac* are

Chez Guido, 73 St. Anne Street. Incomparable Italian food . . . the *gnocchi* is a gnocchout! And–

Chalet Suisse, 26 St. Anne Street. Yodelin' food even the Swiss can't top. Their fondues are sheer fantasy.

Two other gastronomic havens you shouldn't miss are–

La Traite du Roi, 25 1/4 Notre Dame Street. Their *tranche de jambon Val David* is a slab of meaty Canadian ham with a taste of maple syrup in every bite. Wil-l-d! And–

La Grenouille et le Boeuf, 68 1/2 St. Louis Street. Fantastic frogs' legs done in mysterious and miraculous ways . . . and the steakiest steaks.

In visiting Quebec you'll be impressed not only with the majesty, 'Frenchness' and quaintness of this 200 year-old city, but with the enormous vitality of its people, particularly its handsome university students. They're friendly, eager to meet someone nice like you, and so warm and understanding that just talking to them is like having a refreshing cocktail!

However, as in Montreal, the 'overture' is better made by you. Although they respond with enthusiasm, *les Québecois* are initially shy with strangers. But you should not hesitate to speak to anyone, anywhere. Whatever your greeting it will be returned with a torrent of words, and–if in French–like the restoration of Niagara! Strangers no more.

Come on up!

QQ

SEX BYWAYS OF THE U.S.A.

STREET SCENE

By Peter Denicourt

EYES meet. Follow the leader. Fear of rejection. Stop for a cigarette. That first difficult word. It's said. You smile. He smiles. "Your place or mine?"

Street cruising is fast, inexpensive and exciting–mainly because it involves *total discovery* of a new person before he reveals too much about himself by talking. It's entirely physical.

It is no more dangerous than meeting a stranger at a bar; the usual precautions should be taken. Streets that are patroled by the police require extra caution.

The following directory is by no means complete; we have chosen to list only those streets which are well-established gay cruising grounds. Every town, no matter how small, has its meeting places, usually a main thoroughfare or plaza, or streets bordering a railroad station or bus depot, a university campus, a courthouse or library, a YMCA, and wherever there are gay bars.

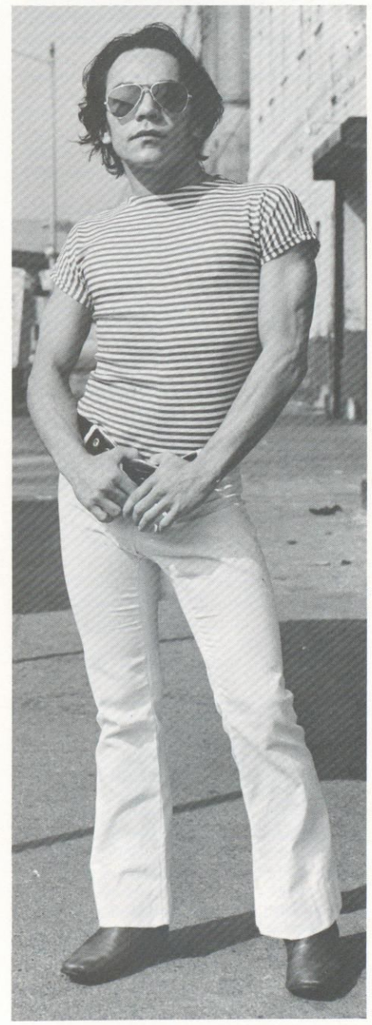
Best time of day varies. In big cities street cruising is usually an all-day affair, but in small towns it is done late at night, particularly after the bars close. Always on foot, sometimes by car–if at first you don't succeed . . . because you're bound to score here:

ALABAMA: BIRMINGHAM—No. 20th, near Woodrow Wilson Park.

CALIFORNIA: EUREKA—2nd St. . . . LOS ANGELES—"The Square," Hollywood Blvd. to Las Palmas, to Selma, to McCadden Pl., to Hollywood Blvd. . . . POMONA—300 block of So. Garey . . . SAN FRANCISCO—Market St., from Powell to Jones; Polk St., between Bush and Lombard; Union Square area . . . STUDIO CITY—Main St., Huntington Beach.

COLORADO: DENVER—State Capitol area.

CONNECTICUT: HARTFORD—Constitution Plaza; Asylum St.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: 14th & Thomas Circle to 14th & F Sts., NW; area of 12th & New York Ave., NW; Capitol Hill, 6th, 7th, 8th Sts. & Pennsylvania Ave.; 30th and Dumbarton.

FLORIDA: COCONUT GROVE—area surrounding Florida Pharmacy (3401 Main Hw'y) . . . GAINSVILLE—City Yacht Basin . . . JACKSONVILLE—downtown area between Lauta & Hogan Sts. . . . MIAMI—block behind the Warehouse VIII bar (3600 SW 8th) . . . MIAMI BEACH—23rd St. Beach parking area (late) . . . ORLANDO—parking lot behind the Cactus Room bar (60 No. Orange) . . . PALM BEACH—Ocean Dr.; Palm Beach Mall.

GEORGIA: ATLANTA—Cypress & 5th St., NE.

HAWAII: HONOLULU—Ala Moana Beach area (late); Ala Wai Yacht Harbor; walkway, from Surfride to Kapiolani Park; sections of Kalakaua Ave.; International Market Place.

ILLINOIS: CHICAGO—Washington ("Bughouse") Square; Dearborn & Delaware; area of Riverside Plaza Bldg.; area of Chicago & Northwestern Station; the lake, from Ohio Ave. to Diversey Harbor; Civic Center Plaza; Randolph & Michigan Ave. entrances to Illinois Central Commuter Station; area of No. Clark & Diversey . . . JOLIET—Jefferson & Scott . . . ROCKFORD—No. Main St. (Bordering river).

INDIANA: HAMMOND—600 thru 800 blocks of State Line Ave. . . . INDIANAPOLIS—"On the Circle."

LOUISIANA: BATON ROUGE—Lafayette St. & 3rd Ave. . . . NEW ORLEANS—Jackson Square; French Quarter, notably Bourbon & Royal Sts. (hustlers, corner of Royal & Iberville); Esplanade St. between Dauphine & Royal Sts.

MARYLAND: BALTIMORE—Art Museum Dr., vicinity of Charles & 29th Sts.; block bounded by Park Ave., Madison, Monument, and Cathedral Sts.; Eastern Ave. along Patterson Park.

MASSACHUSETTS: BOSTON—"The Block," Arlington St. to Commonwealth Ave., to Berkeley, to Marlboro; area of Back Bay Fens (opposite Boylston St.); Storrow Embankment (near Hatch Bandshell) . . . PROVINCETOWN—Commercial St., between Standish & Masonic (season only).

MISSOURI: ST. LOUIS—Confederate Circle; corner of Grand & Olive; area of YMCA (15th & St. Louis Sts.).

NEW JERSEY: TRENTON—Peachtree St., from 6th to 14th.

NEW YORK: ALBANY—"The Square," State & Broadway; area outside Main Post Office (car cruising) . . . BROOKLYN (NYC)—Brooklyn Heights Promenade (rough trade) . . . MANHATTAN (NYC)—W. 8th St., from 5th to 6th Aves.; (Continued on page 41)

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SHED POUNDS THIS EASY WAY

(Continued from page 21)

carbohydrate grams daily (which can be determined by referring to a gram counter; a good pocket-sized directory is published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York, N. Y., sold at most drug counters for 25¢, or available by mail . . . enclose 12¢ additional for postage and specify booklet No. 1057). You will find, for example, that a beef steak, no matter how large, contains .0 grams, whereas a piece of layer cake contains 54.4 grams (there goes your daily allowance!).

I'm not too fond of this diet as I've had little success with it–because, in restricting carbohydrates (I have a sweet tooth and find it difficult) I find myself rationalizing, telling myself fats are all right (and they are, in connection with the carbo diet, but in *limited* quantities) and overeat; I use too much butter, cream, mayonaise–in a vain attempt to satisfy my craving for something sweet. A cup of orange juice yields 26 carbo grams, well within the allowance, but do you have any idea how difficult it is–if you like orange juice–to stop at one cup? Consequently, you end up cheating yourself; a dabble more here, a couple of drops there and that can sneak right past the 'magic number', making the diet ineffective. When the scale doesn't show a loss, frustration occurs and you dive right in again.

Whenever I commence dieting, however, I find using the carbo method the first few days invaluable in lessening my desire for sweets–because the great quantity of proteins I am allowed serves as a compensation of sorts. Then, once used to restricting sweets, I switch to counting calories–which I believe to be an absolute method of weight reduction.

THE CALORIC INTAKE METHOD OF WEIGHT REDUCTION

To some extent, the caloric reduction theory enters into the carbo gram method–in that foods high in protein (consequently, low in carbohydrates) usually yield few calories. Hence, one wonders just how efficient the carbo method is, when, in fact, weight losses might actually be caused by restricting calories–though one is not immediately aware of this when concentrating on reducing carbo grams. Here's how the caloric method works:

Liken the body's need of food to a stove's need of coal and the process will be easily understood. If you feed a stove adequate amounts of coal it will function efficiently. Feed it too much and some of the coal will not burn; a pileup will occur. The body needs a certain amount of 'fuel' to function efficiently. Overfeed it and that fuel which is not 'burned' as energy will be stored, mainly, as fatty deposits. A stove is made of iron, and while too much fuel may cause malfunctions, its unyielding body will not reveal its contents. But we humans are plastic and fatty deposits will show up, first by interlarding the outer tissues and causing a smooth look where once muscular separation was visible, then by collecting in areas which receive little exercise, i.e., the midsection, and finally, by collecting in and around vital organs.

The body requires fuel constantly. Even when you sleep your vital organs must be nourished in order to function properly. To determine how much fuel you need; that is, how many calories daily, multiply your ideal weight (not necessarily your present weight, or what the insurance charts dictate, but that poundage at which you look best) by the figure 20. For example, if your ideal weight is 150 pounds, you will require 3,000 calories daily in order to *maintain* that weight. If your metabolism (rate at which your body burns calories for energy) is high, or if you are unusually active, raise the figure to 25 or 30, or whatever, as a means of determining caloric intake required to maintain body weight. Conversely, if your metabolism is low, or if you are sloth-like, reduce the figure to learn what it takes to maintain your weight level.

If you are heavy and want to lose, then reduce caloric intake to, say, 1,000 daily until you reach your desired poundage. For every 3,500 calories consumed over maintenance calories you consume, you will gain a pound–whether accomplished in a single day or over a period of time. Similarly, for 3,500 less eaten, in a few days or many weeks, you will lose a pound (I suggest 1,000 daily when reducing because losses show up quickly and afford incentive to keep going–whether you're trying to lose a lot or just enough to acquire muscle tone).

Caloric values can be determined by consulting a listing. Dell publishes a good one (address and price same as above). Ask for booklet No. 1532. The listing which appears across the bottom of this special QQ spread on shaping up is not complete but does provide essential information.

WISE FOOD SELECTION HELPS

Choose foods wisely, striving for balance; that is, consume 70 per cent proteins, 20 per cent carbohydrates, and 10 per cent fats. Even after achieving an ideal weight you should pay attention to balanced meals, always concentrating on proteins. Imbalanced diets can cause problems, as different foods contain different essential nutrients (vitamins, minerals, etc.).

Moreover, reducing can be a hardship no matter what nutritive value foods have–if you choose unwisely. For example, chicken and fish are high protein foods but contain considerably less calories than beef and pork. Let's say you're determined to lose and decide to limit calories to 1,000 daily. For breakfast you drink a large glass of orange juice (about 2 cups), 200 calories. For lunch, two hotdogs, 700 calories. That's 900 and you haven't even thought of dinner. By dinnertime you're starving. Rationalizing, you 'think solid' and dig into a big steak, 1,000 calories. A wasted diet day; the loss will not show up, even if you did eat less than your maintenance calories. Having chosen unwisely you'll feel 'empty' and effort with no reward is frustrating and defeating.

I am not heavy, but strive for muscular definition and frequently diet in order to maintain a certain weight level. The menus accompanying this article have helped me lose as much as 3½ pounds a week. But even if you use one of the daily menus only once or twice weekly–provided you eat normally on 'between days' (according to individual maintenance levels, discussed above)–you will lose at least a third of a pound every day you diet. My menus, by the way, have been planned carefully to include some sweets, roughage, an abundance of proteins, and–most importantly–volume; by including 'bulk foods' you will feel satisfied and be less apt to cheat. Moreover, the menus afford variety, and permit you to substitute other foods which contain the same caloric count. For example, after each serving you will find the calories contained therein. A breast of chicken is 'worth' the same as a 4-ounce serving of halibut, and both are high protein foods; hence, switching will not affect the diet.

DIET AIDS MAKE IT EASY

The Alternate Plan helps me lose without enduring starvation. I adhere to a 1,000 calorie (or less) diet three or four times a week. On alternate days I eat normally, never exceeding my maintenance count. Thus, I lose steadily and normal eating days seem like gluttonous feasts.

Eliminating Salt helps. Salt causes body tissue to retain water, thus promoting a puffy look. Cutting down speeds weight loss (water is heavy) and the visual effect serves as added incentive to keep going.

Weighing Yourself Twice Weekly (preferably in the morning, after relieving yourself) instead of every day is encouraging as losses are more easily discernible. Always weigh yourself before dieting, and never weigh yourself during the first week–as body weight sometimes fluctuates greatly while the body is in the initial stages of adjusting to smaller meals.

Avoid Restaurants when dieting. Food values are hard to determine in restaurants and calorie counting is difficult. You have no control over preparation (use of fats, etc.).

Borrow Calories whenever necessary. For example, if you're invited to dinner and don't want to reveal your diet, eat normally but make a mental note of calories consumed. Count this as a normal day–and subtract the excess the next day, whether it's a diet day or another normal one. In this way progress won't be affected.

Nibble if you must–but choose carefully. Avoid high calorie snacks. Utilize diet foods, such as low calorie deserts if you like sweets, as well as diet sodas. (Diet foods can be of great value–if you cannot bear to eat a salad without a creamy dressing, for example.) Sweet pickles are good, too; they appease your hunger tantrums and satisfy your desire for sweets–without providing lots of calories. Chewing gum also helps satisfy your craving for sweets and provides fewer than 10 calories–which can keep you from eating between meals.

Stock Up On 'Ugly Foods' if you can't stay away from your refrigerator between meals. *One man's meat is another's poison* . . . and it's quite true that while some guys like pigs' knuckles you might not. Stock your shelves with whatever you find revolting–brains, tongue (preferably a whole one), calves' heads, tripe, and other gory victuals. Just seeing them will cause you to slam the door shut.

Take Vitamins not only to safeguard general health, but also as insurance against fatigue, which frequently causes depression and, consequently, increases a desire for food.

HOW DOES EXERCISE FIT IN?

Exercise in itself will not cause a considerable weight loss. On the contrary, it usually stimulates appetite and makes dieting more difficult–and often helps a thin fellow gain weight. A loss in weight will help bring out shape, but for muscle tone and a limited amount of muscular development exercise is invaluable.

If you want big muscles you'll have to train hard with heavy weights (and this is not the purpose of this article), but for what I term a "hint of muscle" all you need do is exercise freehand (without weights) or with moderate poundages (light dumbbells) three times weekly. Nine simple exercises, chosen wisely to affect your major muscles, will suffice. For example, combining some freehand movements with some light dumbbell exercises, you might do overhead dumbbell presses (for the shoulders); dumbbell curls (arms); pushups (shoulders, arms, and chest); dumbbell prones (chest); chins (upper back); bend-overs (lower back); situps (abdominals); squats (thighs); and heel raises (calves). Dumbbells which weigh 15 pounds each will do, and a chinning bar can be rigged up easily. Doing one or two 'sets' (complete units of repetitions) of 15 to 20 repetitions per set every other day with two days off on the weekend will give you that hint of muscle Michelangelo's David shows with no danger of ever becoming another Hercules.

Exercise requires energy–and that means additional calories are burned. Thus, on exercise days you may consume up to 500 extra calories, depending on the severity of your workout–to replace what has been spent. If, however, you are attempting to reduce quickly, by not replacing them you will lose even more weight.

Incentive is so important. You'll reach your goal only if you want to improve badly enough–for personal satisfaction, to make a special someone happy, or to give your competition a good run. There can be no doubt that most of us seek those who are slim and shapely–and what wonders you can do with a little knowledge and self-restraint . . . what wonders you will reap when you shape up and join the beautiful guys!

Note: Only if you are in good health should you undertake dieting. If special conditions exist follow your doctor's advice.

1940

(Continued from page 9)

of gay life. In World War II–once it started, and which almost everyone agreed was necessary–gay guys fought alongside their straight buddies in roughly the same proportion as they held down civilian jobs. Often, a couple might become lovers, and any gay guy could make out with all his horny square buddies; almost everybody did . . . we just didn't talk about it.

We had gay bars, at least in the larger cities, but most of us were big on anonymous cruising; we just couldn't afford to

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give ourselves away. Consequently, there were more opportunities for impersonal sex; a closety existence forced us into railroad station johns, movie houses, hotels, restaurants across the nation which featured huge glory holes big enough to get your head through, where any guy–from a blushing school kid to a married truck driver could quickly relieve his urge . . . and no questions asked.

Every young male was scared to death of contracting venereal disease, what with the slow and painful treatment involved and social disgrace. And of getting his girl pregnant, so a lot of straight guys were willing to swing our way–and not just to experiment, but for their day-by-day relief right up until they married, and often afterwards.

Social pressures were so great that lovers were ashamed to live together, afraid of being exposed. Many fellows stayed at home with Mother rather than face the temptation of having a room where they might invite the one wrong guy who'd tell. It was easier to go out to a john for a quickie, perhaps on your knees under a partition and not even risk exposure. Today's kids don't seem to have quite the same need for this anonymous 'instant sex'; they've lost that furtiveness. If they see someone they'd like to make out with–gay or straight–they ask, or, if the occasion presents itself, grope him for a positive or negative response, seldom receiving the belt on the jaw a gay guy might have gotten for his trouble 30 years ago.

Life was strictly departmentalized: work; straight social life; and gay social life–and each department had its rules, what to wear, what to say and do . . . except, of course, the gay part of it had a hysterical sense of freedom even as it rather rigidly conformed to its own rules. There were overlapping areas, but only in certain strata of society. A gay entertainer might become the darling of the supper club set, a decorator or a dress designer, sought after by wealthy ladies–but these occupations were exceptional, and acceptance was limited.

For the most part, a gay guy lived in an underworld. It was little wonder that gay kids often thought, "I must be the only one like me in the world." If we were lucky enough to live in a town with a gay bar we could at least relax for a few hours, not necessarily making out, but 'dishing' with our friends. Bars like that, where we could meet and just socialize, are gone except for an occasional one here and there referred to by the young as 'wrinkle rooms' where stiff fags look bored and unattainable while a juke box plays Judy Garland records.

We wore whatever was in vogue with *all* guys; we just didn't want to stand out, to look different (in those days every young guy wore his shirt tail out, over khakis with rolled-up cuffs, and white socks and loafers). Our hair was worn short, to be inconspicuous.

We had few compensations for the loneliness and alienation of square society–a deep feeling of belonging when we were with out own kind, a sort of camaraderie, a chance to use a secret jargon which made us feel elite. (Is there anyone who recalls the expressions *jam*, which meant straight, or *belle*, meaning femme?) We even had our bitchy 'in' humor which was kept a jealously guarded secret right up until Susan Sontag.

Perhaps it was the social pressure, but in spite of our secret brotherhood, as individuals we seldom lifted a hand to help another gay fellow in trouble. There was talk about reforming unjust laws, about educating the public to our problems, talk that never got far. Our fear of exposure, of losing our jobs and what little freedom we had, kept us from standing together in a cause, kept us suspicious and self-seeking.

In those days they called us *fruits*. The term *gay* seems to have come to us out of a dubious inheritance, *camp*. Usually credited to the homosexual in show business, it was a brittle and shallow kind of 'in' vocabulary, a kind of "it only hurts when I laugh" humor that was to yesterday's young homosexual what *soul* is to a Black today. Camp has for the most part been rejected by our 1970 brothers, unless some of the broadly parodied historical costumes we see on the streets today are an unconscious expression of it. If we must use labels–and I suspect we must as a means of communicating quickly–I have to admit I like *gay* as youngsters now use the term, simply as a means of identifying a young (masculine) guy who grooves on his gender. Nothing more, nothing less. It should be that way–for we have at long last outgrown a sadness and kind of hysterical giddiness. We have indeed come a long way.

Ed: It should be noted that the writer is a city dweller, and while his comments concerning our advancement are generally applicable to gay life everywhere in America, much of what existed in 1940 still exists today in small hamlets across the country–in spite of society's enlightened attitudes, and the great strides homosexuals have made in recent times.

MOVIE QUEENS

(Continued from page 15)



Glamorous Gloria Swanson is admired for her perennial beauty, her charm and dignity . . . at least by older homosexuals. Now gay guys are turning off on movie queens and looking up to the new breed of virile male stars.

"Come up and see me sometime!" are doomed to the cutting room floor? Will realism replace fantasy? That depends on the fickle taste of American movie audiences and if any producer were able to predict that accurately, Hollywood would give him a gold-plated Oscar ten feet tall.

If the old-time movie queens appear to be riding off into the sunset, gay guys at least can take comfort in the new crop of more easily identifiable male stars like Jon Voight, Steve McQueen and Peter Fonda. But then, that's show biz!

THE GAY GOURMET DIETER

(Continued from page 23)

one half in the toaster and discard the other. Once toasted, 'diet-margarin' it very lightly and divide into four quarters. Place on a large plate and make a pretty picture by 'intersticing' thin tendrils of broiled ham or Canadian bacon (about 2 ounces, no more) and/or thin slices of half a hard-cooked egg. Garnish . . . even with a rose if you're feeling especially elegant! What you have is not just plebeian 'ham 'n eggs' but a truly gourmet dish. The crispy ruffles of meat, the sunshine smile of egg, the garnish and the golden slices of muffin entrance your eye and satisfy your appetite at a cost of less than 200 calories . . . and with your orange juice-in-a-wine glass the total meal yields but 254!

LUNCH WITH THE 'SONG OF THE LOON'

The gourmet breakfast should keep you humming with energy all morning. But if at noon you are tempted to 'eat lightly' with 'something tuna' or 'something cottage-cheesy', don't. Eat even more lightly and elegantly the Gourmet Dieter way. Make your lunch either *one* 'Song Of The Loon' cocktail (Ephraim's way), or *two* of same and feel like Bear Who Dreams! Here's how:

Keep a little vodka in your office and either a hot-plate or one of those ingenious little heaters you insert in liquid. Into a sparkling Old Fashioned glass, mull 3 ounces of boiling water and 1 bouillon cube. Then stir in 1½ ounces of vodka and *sip* slowly. Ah . . . what heart it puts into you! The bouillon supplies needed protein and the vodka effectively silences your hunger bell. And so you groove to a new sound for the rest of your work day.

However, if you are at home, and are really hungry, why not try serving yourself (with the same morning elegance) a beautiful crystal dish of cold crispy-rosy radishes and toasted bread crusts kissed by a wisp of garlic diet margarin? Or, make it prettier, and more vitamin A-filled, with rosettes of carrots? It does make a bit of noise, true . . . but carry it off with elegance and you'll be well satisfied. Or, if you wish something equally calorie low, do this: make a gourmet dish and call it

LEMON-CRUMB ASPARAGUS
1 10-ounce package of frozen asparagus spears
3 tablespoons of diet margarin
2 teaspoons lemon juice, freshly squeezed
¼ teaspoon of grated peel from the lemon just squoze
¼ cup of dry bread crumbs, preferably crusts

Cook as directed on package. Arrange some spears on serving dish and keep warm. In the meantime, melt margarin and add lemon juice and peel. Pour 3 tablespoons over asparagus and cook crumbs in remaining liquid. Sprinkle over asparagus. Yum-m-my! How many calories for lunch? About 60!

DINNER A LA RITZ

Cocktail(s) before dinner? Try this which costs you only 80 calories per cocktail instead of the near-200 of a Martini.

CHABLIS CASSIS
4 ounces chilled Chablis (if for one cocktail)
½ ounce *creme de cassis*

Combine and serve in a very tall wine glass. If you run to beautiful, colored Baccarat, fine . . . if not, the five 'n dime store can often surprise you in this respect.

Dinner should be your most elegant meal. For one thing it is a festive time of day, and for another you have more, and more-varied, foods to select from. All this can cause you to relax your vigilance and overeat. Don't! Make dinner a super-occasion, but keep it calorie-moderate and at a high elegance.

Again, primp 'n prink as before and put on a different suit. You can even 'black tie' it and make it even more festive and elegant. But dinner poses a special problem and we give you the Gay Gourmet way of solving it. It concerns meat (a lovely thought, of course, at any time!). Here's how to eat less of it.

'Julienne' all meats like boiled ham, corned beef or any other meat served cold. Cut into the thinnest strips. If you're having steak or *filet de boeuf* slice it. Try to effect the thinnest slices. By so-called 'julienning', the palate is satisfied by what pleases the eye. Because the eye reacts warmly to the tastefulness of a geometrically-patterned (and elegant) serving, the appetite is appeased, the stomach is satisfied, and metabolism proceeds on its merry way. Thus a 4-ounce steak, thinly sliced and harmoniously arranged, eaten slowly–with all the elegance at your command–produces the same dietary satisfaction as a *full-pound* steak served as an *entity*.

And the calories saved? Approximately 800! But the important thing is that your body is completely nourished with the 4-ounce steak–equally as much as with the full pound–because *the digestive system will accept and utilize only about 40 to 50 grams of protein at any one feeding, and this your 4-ounce steak supplies*–without waste, and without adding calories to your waistline.

Now here are a few other little tips that will help you cut still more calories from dinner:

1) Use a shrimp fork instead of a dinner fork when eating the meat course because its smaller-sized tines prevent you from cutting bigger bites, and thus you will not only be satisfied with smaller amounts of your steak, but you will find yourself actually leaving some of it on your plate!

2) When sugaring coffee or tea, don't use a teaspoon but a *demi-tasse* spoon! At once you cut calories by half. And you will make a beautiful discovery . . . the less sugar you use from time to time, the more you come to not using it at all. Of course you can use saccharin which has no calories, but many persons do not wish to use it for many reasons. Generally this comes about because of using a particularly bad-tasting brand. Try Lilly's. It is bitter-free, has no metallic taste, dissolves instantaneously and has a real sugar taste–when you have used it for a while you will find you have developed an aversion to pure sugar. Because Lilly's is expensive–and not every drug store carries it–ask your druggist to order it for you.

The Gay Gourmet Plan is especially effective for gay guys who need to lose only a few pounds quickly. If you are quite obese it is most advisable to see your doctor before beginning any diet–even ours. There may be very special things you should eat, as well as omit, and only he is qualified to determine this.

But whenever you have 'Christmas pounds' or 'New Year's pounds' to lose, or when you have grown just a bit careless about how much food you eat, this Plan works wonders in a very short time. And sooner than you think your only protuberance will be that one south of the border which tells the cruising world that the swallow has once again come back to Capistrano!

Note: Only if you are in good health should you undertake dieting. Even with this safe QQ plan, if special conditions exist follow your doctor's advice.

THE SKINHEAD REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 30)

play 'Swallow The Leader' or maybe 'The Kiss Of The Whip'. Come to think of it . . . wonder if Danny gives S & M Black-and-Blue Stamps?"

Of course a transformation to leather is not everyone's style, but a shaved head almost dictates a bold or flamboyant approach. Maybe you dig the 'sexy pirate' bit . . . or go in for chains . . . or do the Harlequin thing. Or, if your head has a long, classical bone structure you may want to go to the other extreme and dress severely conservatively. This, too, can make you equally dramatic. But experiment before you decide.

If your sex life to date has been something less than orgiastic even with (or because of) your long hair . . . and if it seems further circumscribed by the expensive elegance of your mustn't-let-a-hair-get-out-of-place coiffure . . . and having decided that shaving your head might vastly improve the sexuation–fine. But proceed with caution. It is not advisable to shave your head if you have

A DEEPLY RECEDING CHIN

If your chin is noticeably recessed, then shaving your head will produce an unbroken line of nudity right down to your Adam's apple, re-creating Andy Gump, or a friendly Schmoo (remember the Schmoos?), or a lefthanded question mark. But if it recedes only slightly . . . no problem. In fact it can prove such a distinction you may wind up being crowned Numbers Queen For A Day because your recessed chin provides a more extended theater of sexpertise . . . more 'ballroom' . . . and you don't have to worry

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about 'things that go bump in the night'.

A JUTTING JAW

Popeye with muscles *and* hair may be sexily rugged or ruggedly sexy, but shave his head and he is neither, the strength of his face being weakened as it takes on the blurred outlines of the man in the moon (First Quarter, of course). The bold protrusion of his chin forces him to groove more to the *phallus maximus* than *minimus.*

However, cruising *La Stupenda* (see preceding issue) is difficult at best (they're in short supply), and to settle for anything lesser is unsatisfactory, as a minnow to a shark (or vice versa). So in shaving his head Popeye creates a *grotesquerie* that renders him unattractive to everyone . . . and all that spinach won't help.

PROTRUDING EARS

If you have widely-flaring ears you may be ill-advised to shave your head. The combined visual effect can be bizarre, to say the least. It may be that sometimes during sex an unfamiliar lover may be driven up the wall and throw caution to the winds:

In his efforts to heighten sensation or prolong climax to infinity, if he has forgotten his 'poppers' he may instinctively reach out for something to press, grasp or manipulate. Should it be your head and his hands find no tractional hair, but slide glippety-goo over your passion-oiled scalp, so that he must grasp your protruding ears instead . . . exit orgy, enter laugh-in. Sex with a Toby jug is an hilarious thought in print . . . the livin' end. But in the bedroom it is the end . . . *period!*

SUPERMARKET SEX

(Continued from page 6)

Camembert and watch it stand at attention and salute the tricolor! (This also has a high nutritive value. If you were busy cruising and missed lunch, now's the time to get in your licks . . . if you'll forgive the expression.)

Should he be German he'll consider it *sehr gemütlich* if you make a tempting phallic spread of rich *Liederkranz.* However, if you're playing Siegmund, The Smegma Queen, and you're driven up a wall because the trick you cruised turned out to be circumcised, don't despair. Bed him and spread him with fire-breathing ripe *Limberger.* Savage! . . . like riding a dragon . . . and it will make up for any absence of Roman Roll.

THE MEAT RACK

As you pass the meat counter check the sausages, many of which are excellent for anal self-indulgence and twosome, threesome or 'moresome' sex.

Big-big hot Italian sausages. They're penisized for instant anal action and are straight out of hell. However, you or your lover may be rectally sensitive. If so, try . . .

Big-big sweet Italian sausages. Of the same size as the hot variety they are both filling and comforting. Or you may like . . .

Tubular or 'ring' Hungarian salami (or bologna) . . . also penisized, but almost never-ending in length (it whirls and curls as it wheels and deals) and is especially favored by Richard, The Roto-rooter Queen.

One last-minute purchase. Take along some chocolate syrup in a jar with an attached pump (most important). Then head for home . . . you're in business!

EXPLORING YOUR TREASURE TROVE

Beginning in reverse order, here is how to get the most from your jar of chocolate syrup: attach one end of a length of rubber or plastic tubing to the pump (the tubing may be purchased in drugstores or pet shops . . . it's the kind used for aquarium pumps). Insert the other end in your own or some other breathlessly-waiting anus. Here are two exciting variations:

(1) If alone, masturbate while lying comfortably in a position which permits the free flow of the syrup. One hand mans the pump, the other pumps the man. The buildup from the increased pressure of the syrup produces an irresistible erotic effect, while—with the simultaneous stimulation of the phallus—the oddest sensation of dual climax is mind-blowingly reached! Or . . .

(2) While applying fellatio to your partner, keep the pump going either in yourself or in him. (Or you can have two pumps going simultaneously . . . why be selfish? You can both ride the dragon!) Another variation is to plug him with chocolate while he is plugging you with . . . !

A corollary to this: some gay guys like to live super-dangerously. They save an empty chocolate-syrup jar and fill it with a hot mustard of the Dijon type. *Diablo* (literally 'hell-fire') is popular. Pump it in . . . you're on a trip! But *holy hemorrhoids* . . . caution is urged if you have a sensitive anorectal area!

Lubricate any vegetable such as the carrot or cucumber, and any kind of sizable sausage, with mayonnaise or soft, whipped diet-margarin. When you and your lover properly lubricate them and insert them anorectally, the communal squeezing-writhing-gyrating movement of passionate buttocks and thighs—while he is applying fellatio to you, or you to him—will cause an intense erotic sensation. Or try pumping him with a cuc while he pumps you (in order to maneuver properly you will have to lie on your back, legs overhead). And it goes without saying that it works equally well in solitary self-sex.

If you groove as Richard, The Rimmer Queen, you may delight your lover and yourself by an anorectal insertion of succulent 'finger' grapes. A gentle pressure of your tongue during intercourse will release 'the gentle tears of mercy that casteth out wrath', making anal-oral sex both lovable and 'lavable' at the same time.

THE FRUITS OF VERSATILITY

If you delight in self-sex you should frequently have a teen-age uncircumcized banana at hand. It should be just ripe enough to handle well. Cleanly chop off one inch from the top. Then with finger pressure at the base, press the fruit entirely out. If it doesn't slide out at first, tease it a bit with a spoon. Just be sure you do not break open the 'foreskin', nor split the sides . . . the peel should remain intact. Then lubricate the interior with pure mayonnaise and proceed in your usual (or unusual) fantasexual way!

The 'fucculent' papaya mentioned earlier should be very ripe. First, lightly warm the papaya in a low oven for a few minutes just to take the chill from without and within (never, but *never* hot!). Then either . . .

a) Cut the papaya in half lengthwise, remove seeds and membrane, and enclose the halves around the phallus, securing them with an elastic band or two. Or . . .
b) Make a slot or trajectory for insertion of the phallus . . . do this with a grapefruit knife from the base of the papaya.

As the seeds and membrane are cleared, the knife rounds-out the pulp for easy entry and a perfect fit.

You may hold the papaya in your hand(s) during self-sex, or grasp it between your upraised thighs. Either way the rich meat and tropical juice of the papaya will provide a sexual thrill you've never experienced!

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON SAY



"Boy who rape chicken engage in fowl play."

SOME IMPORTANT 'DON'TS'

Please do not make the grievous mistake of inserting anorectally anything made of glass. Also do not use anything that is too short. Here the danger arises when the anal sphincter closes on the too-short snub end and locks it in! The danger in glass objects is, of course, breakage which can cause hemorrhage, peritonitis and death. Liquor shot-glasses inserted anorectally often send the unlucky victims to the hospital. Removal is painful, embarrassing and difficult, and may keep you out of cruising range for weeks!

Never use any kind of bottle. Although it may look sturdy, if one flaw exists in the bottle it can trigger an explosive chain-reaction too horrible to contemplate!

There is a certain wry humor to this true story. Recently a New York hospital surgeon performed an emergency operation on a gayounguy whose love had playfully plunged a pottery object into his rectum. It broke off in chunks. The surgeon retrieved the pieces, stanched the bleeding, and in a few weeks the man was fortunately back in circulation.

But the physician, being of that curious type who likes to repair broken objects, pieced the pottery chunks together. He enjoyed a hearty chuckle at the result . . . a drinking mug complete with the graven image of the late Sir Winston Churchill smoking his usual big cigar!

Have fun . . . play it by ear . . . but play it *safe!*

STREET SCENE

(Continued from page 35)

Greenwich Ave., from 6th to 7th Aves.; Christopher St., from Greenwich Ave. to the Hudson River; Bleecker St., between 7th & 8th Aves.; Third Ave., from 50th to 72nd Sts. ("elite hustlers"); Riverside Dr., from 79th to 96th Sts.; Central Park West (8th Ave.), from 72nd to 80th Sts.; W. 42nd St. between 7th & 8th Aves. (tough hustlers).

NORTH CAROLINA: CHARLOTTE—2nd block on Trade St.; area of Main Square . . . FAYETTEVILLE—Hay St. & Bragg Blvd.

OHIO: CINCINNATI—Fourth St., between Main & Sycamore . . . COLUMBUS—area of Greyhound Bus Station; High St., from 11th Ave. north to Patterson St.; area of Ohio University . . . LORAIN—Broadway . . . TOLEDO—Ontario St., between Washington & Adams (Monroe to Jefferson especially active); YOUNGSTOWN— Commerce & Federal Sts., between Phelps & 5th Ave.

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TILL DEATH DO US PART

(Continued from page 11)

one that is faltering. Whether it's a guide on how to do it or an Rx on how to mend it, it's obvious that a gay relationship succeeds only to the extent that the partners want it to.

If there is a genuine desire to create or maintain a harmonious homosexual relationship, much of the bright promise can be made to flare; if not, each person can be burned instead of burnished.

Changing the pronouns as you read a marriage manual is all that's required to get sound advice on such matters as finances. Common sense suggests that it's unwise to own property jointly, because if you ever break up, how do you divide a refrigerator?

It is sex, however, that is the rock upon which most marital ships crash, whether male-male, male-female or female-female. And it is here that homosexuals are a big fat jump ahead of their straight counterparts. No two gay guys have ever decided to become lovers without first finding out what the other is like in bed.

Nowadays, the same usually can be said of straight couples. With the possible exception of Tiny Tim, most straight guys have sampled the merchandise before buying. Even so, more than one bride has seemed to be a real hot-pants in the back seat of a car but has turned into the Virgin Queen once she put a wedding ring on.

Gay guys, ever in the social vanguard, practiced pre-marital intercourse long before the free-love advocates or women's liberation groups picked up the fad!

Still, there continue to be young gay guys who hop into the sack with a groovy guy and wake up the next morning with stars in their eyes and those three magic words on their lips. This is charming, sweet . . . and an invitation to disaster. Older and wiser gays know that a hell of a lot more than good sex is involved. In fact, it's a good idea not even to say "I love you" to the other guy until you've been tricking with him more or less regularly for, say, six months.

During that six-month period, whether you live together or not, each guy ought to spend as much time exploring the other's personality as he does his body. By that time you'll know whether he's a fetish freak who gets his jollies crushing cigarettes out in your navel or a sweet little domestic type who grooves on wearing a panty girdle and polishing your boots with his tongue. Either extreme may be just what you dig in a guy, but it's better to know his idiosyncracies in advance of telling all your friends that you have found Mr. Right.

Such advice is hard to accept, because when you're young you want it all. As indeed you should. It is the very nature of youth to want to risk everything in an impetuous gesture of devotion.

So for a week you have mad, passionate sex; talk about God, politics and your taste in clothes; and conclude that you were meant for each other forever and ever amen. By the end of the second week you discover that he belches, farts and sweats; eats crackers in bed; and already is cruising the bus boys when you go out together to a restaurant.

So you split. He takes his Beatles albums, popper inhaler and that sweater he gave you and walks out the door. You vow never to have a lover again. It has been easy come, easy go–except that it'll take a while for the scar tissue on your heart to heal.

Actually, this is all part of growing up, and no one ever said that growing up is easy. Young kids can take some satisfaction in knowing that gay guys in their 60s pull the same stunts. The longing for the companionship and security of having a lover is no respecter of age or wisdom.

Regardless of his age, a guy who has had very many experiences like this ought to sit down and ask himself just what he wants in a lover and what he is willing to give. Any marriage counselor can tell you that compromise is essential in a successful relationship, and this is no less true for gays than straights.

If you are of the same race, religion and economic background, maybe your chances of success are enhanced. If not, honestly talking out differences is advisable before you get too serious. If you can forgive his eating crackers in bed, maybe he can overlook your letting dirty dishes stack up.



When I walk in wind
on Truro's sand dunes
memories stay bandaged
free from infection.
It's not that I love you less
my friend
but only just somehow
I always feel you flinch
when closeness calls.
I'm sorry I was not
quite
beautiful enough.

–Howard DeFriese Segars

It is not, however, simply a question of whether you squeeze the toothpaste in the middle of the tube and he rolls it up from the end. Of more concern is the overall compatibility of personalities. No matchmaker or computer dating service has yet devised a test to insure that a guy who is compulsive, conservative and riddled with guilt feelings about being gay eventually will find the right balance in a guy who hangs loose, has a laissez faire attitude about sex and who could care less about what others think.

Part of the fun of courtship, gay or straight, is in finding out for yourself. And this takes time. It is indeed possible for two guys to fall in love at first sight. The odds on their staying together go up proportionately to the length of time they take becoming thoroughly acquainted.

It's better to have an "affairette" with no strings attached than to pledge eternal and exclusive fidelity two seconds after the first climax.

Fidelity, in fact, is usually the first stumbling block in any gay marriage. You can either stub your toe and fall flat on your face, or skip over the obstacle and make promiscuity one of the most delightful building blocks of your relationship.

Take Jim and Joe, for example. Both had been out for a few years before they met and had had lovers before. Then they were introduced at a gay party and tricked blissfully.

Cuddling in each other's arms, they discovered they both wanted to get out of the rat race of one-night stands and set up housekeeping with a lover. The insecurity of promiscuity was grinding both of them down to the point where they wanted nothing more than a lover who would be faithful and loyal. A few weeks later, Jim and Joe agreed to become lovers and both made solemn vows never to trick with anyone else.

Sam and Pete, in contrast, agreed they both were a couple of old whores and wouldn't change it for the world. Each enjoyed tricking with other guys, but over a period of time they found that the best sex –certainly the most meaningful–was with each other. What they wanted was a lover, but not a binding, restrictive relationship.

They, too, pledged eternal love to each other, but made it clear at the outset that each would be free to trick with others and that there was to be no jealousy or possessiveness involved.

Two years later, we look in on the two couples.

Jim and Joe, the exclusive lovers, have found that the flames of passion have turned to ashes in their mouths. They still love each other and cherish their companionship and would prefer not to live alone again.

But Jim went home over the holidays and tricked with an old college buddy. Joe just couldn't resist picking up a hustler during a trip to New York. At first each was going to keep it a deep, dark secret. But they got in an argument and each blurted out his infidelity and now each is suspicious, jealous, possessive and nagging.

Sam and Pete, on the other hand, may have been occasionally miffed by the inconvenience of the other's bringing home a trick. But both have been scrupulously honest about tricking and if either felt a grudge building up, they discussed it promptly and openly.

They go to the baths together, enjoy occasional threesomes and get a kick out of comparing notes on each other's tricks. Their mutual promiscuity only deepens their mutual commitment. Whether they score or not, each knows there's always the lover back home in bed. East or west, home is best.

Question: Which type of relationship is best? Answer: Sam and Pete's. Warning: Even that model has pitfalls to be avoided.

Sam and Pete may have a Modern Marriage, but among the drawbacks is that especially at first it may seem like little more than having a roommate with a little sex tossed in. Many homosexuals insist on more security than that. Too, it may become tempting to continue looking around for that fantasy figure who is so totally, overwhelmingly perfect that Sam might fall into a blasé attitude about Pete or Pete might become jealous of Sam's having more lovers.

The grass always seems positively verdant on the other side, and since there are no holy vows of fidelity to feel guilty about, there is a danger of each partner taking the other for granted.

Thus Sam and Pete's Modern Marriage is hardly everyone's cup of nectar. It requires far more maturity about love and sex than most guys possess, especially when they first come out. Each partner must have a fairly well integrated personality so he doesn't feel his security is threatened.

Each must be able to stand on his own two feet without having to lean on the other to the point that he becomes a clinging vine.

Each must respect the other's individuality and independence. If Sam drinks too much, Pete must not nag him any more than he would a roommate or Army buddy. If Pete goes in for kinky sex, Sam must give him free rein when he takes off for a wild weekend alone.

The contrast with Joe and Jim, the exclusive lovers, is that in a Modern Marriage neither partner attempts to manipulate the other. It's usually difficult to tell when one is doing that–psychologically, at least! In the name of love, each partner will claim that he is only trying to do what is best for the two of them.

In other words, the Joe-Jim relationship follows the great romantic pattern, the chivalrous theory, that love consists of two separates become fused into one.

The brides' magazines gush about how after marriage the husband and wife will lose their self in an amalgam of wholeness. They idealize the notion of "losing your self" as though it were the greatest thing since Adam and Eve.

In reality, this is crap.

If you define "self" in the standard psychological sense of the bundle of characteristics, prides, prejudices and passions which set you off from everyone else, it's clear that you have worked too hard over the years developing your self to go throwing it away in some hearts-and-flowers melting pot. If your self is some greedy little nonentity, perhaps the idea of trading it in on a two-for-one bargain holds appeal. In that case, your partner's self probably doesn't amount to a hill of beans, and the two of you will just end up with about three-fourths of a whole.

What happens when two people expect too much of a romantic, unified relationship is that they begin to manipulate each other.

Joe has one idea of what their oneness is going to be like, Jim another. Since each has deposited so much into the account, neither is willing to stand by and have it spent frivolously. What had seemed like a glorious unity with choirs of angels trumpeting hosannahs becomes a fractious, off-key dirge.

Joe thinks Jim's drinking imperils their relationship and their unity, so he complains that since he has put up 50 per cent of the ante, he doesn't want to see the pot shot on booze. Jim finds Joe's sexual proclivities at odds with his and becomes upset when he finds "their" love being dragged in the gutter.

Worse, the very idea of either one cruising somebody else means that not one, but two selves are being tossed away. This is where jealousy rears its ugly head faster than the Loch Ness monster. Having so much invested in a unity, a wholeness, a oneness, either partner understandably becomes uptight when he feels a third party threatening it.

Subtly, inexorably, the fusion of a holy "we" disintegrates into a polite "I-you" and then quickly dissolves into a vindictive "you bastard" and "you SOB."

In contrast, Sam and Pete never expected nor sought a clinging, oppressive, demanding unity. Each was an individual, separate and complete. Their togetherness represented nothing more than two groovy guys finding fellowship and joy with each other. Not for them the delicious agony of unrequited love, but rather the simple affection of growing accustomed to each other. Instead of the "Hallelujah Chorus," their theme song is "Show me the way to go home, ta dum dum da."

Their relationship is a lot less glamorous and romantic, but a hell of a lot more realistic and honest. Instead of saying, "I give you my all, take me and do with me as you will," Pete and Sam say, in effect, "I like me and I like you and I like us together."

Chances are, if Joe and Jim were to realize how aggravated each gets with the other's trying to remake him into a private, special image of togetherness, they'd realize how manipulative their relationship really is. With an appreciated understanding of each other's individuality, they might begin to become unstuck from the goo that binds them. This doesn't mean that they have to become two strangers who simply share the same apartment.

For example, they might find–as many gay couples do–that expanding their sex to include threesomes is a groovy experience. Or they might agree to a rule that it's all right to trick, but never with the same person twice. Or they might limit their extracurricular sex to anonymous nights at the baths.

There are several variations on the theme of avoiding jealousy and possessiveness when the other guy has sex. A critical factor is that each must honestly and promptly report any incidents. If two lovers do agree to trick and tell each other all about it, it's cruel if one of them has to learn of the other's experiences through mutual friends.

A Modern Marriage cannot be looked upon in old-fashioned terms like philandering, promiscuity or infidelity. These words, after all, imply that a homosexual relationship is a carbon copy of a straight, straight-laced Victorian romance. That mold was tossed away long ago, even by many straights.

Homosexuals, after all, are different from heterosexuals. And if you're gay and have a lover–regardless of what kind of set-up you work out with regard to tricking–you might as well make the most of it, or him.

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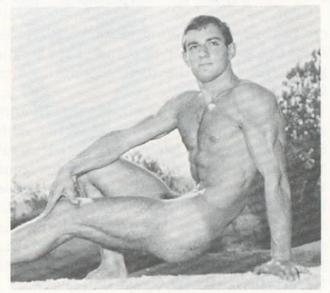

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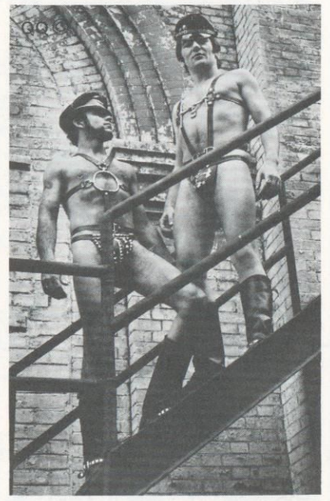

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GOING DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME

(Continued from page 31)

were using amyl nitrite (poppers) at least five years ago. Not only youths, but many middle-aged homosexuals occasionally pop pills or smoke marijuana.

Pot, of course, is not a drug and poppers are not addictive. But moralists tend to toss narcotics, prescription drugs and even simple glue-sniffing into the same bag and label it Officially Wicked.

What is the relationship between homosexuality and drug abuse? Are the odds higher for gay guys becoming hooked? What morality is involved? Is drug abuse some wildly new horror foisted onto the gay scene like a supersonic transport boom? If pills are the most frequently used mind-affecting drugs among homosexuals, what should gay guys know about them? These are some of the questions this QQ report will review.

A lot of homosexuals pop pills, for example, and it is not the goal of QQ to take a holier-than-thou stance. Too much of what one reads about drug abuse in the straight press is propaganda that makes no distinction between hard-core narcotics and relatively harmless stimulants that can give a guy a lift when he needs it. This indiscriminate condemnation leads some persons, especially youths, to reject any common sense warning. This article simply gives readers the facts and lets them draw their own conclusions.

For instance, the bureaucrats who warned about a link between drug abuse and "deviant behavior without guilt feelings" raise an interesting question, but their premise is faulty. The question, restated, is if a gay guy has no compunctions about breaking one law (against homosexuality), why not break others (against drug abuse) and become a law unto oneself, an anarchist?

It's the old philosophical question about viewing the law as a totality—whether one responsibly can select which rules to obey. The answer is that laws are not uniformly good, or even just. A homosexual, by definition, is a felon by virtue of being a homosexual. It may be legal in Illinois between consenting adults in private, but in all other states you run into such nasty epithets as California's "mentally disordered sex offender."

But that does not mean that a "mentally disordered sex offender" drives through stop lights, steals or kills any more than any other segment of society. Homosexuals acknowledge the appropriateness of laws against stealing, killing or running red lights. But they rightly reject government attempts at dictating private, personal morality, behavior that harms no one else.

Homosexuality, in other words, is a so-called crime without a victim, and so is drug abuse. But there is a sharp distinction. Far from harming themselves or others, gay guys enjoy a groovy experience when they have sex. Drug users, in contrast, particularly those who are really addicted, don't lead very pleasant lives. William Burroughs' brilliantly descriptive book "Naked Lunch" is enough to make anyone puke at the thought of becoming an addict. One realizes that society does indeed have a right, an obligation even, to control dangerous narcotics.

Aside from the physical and emotional decay which an addict suffers himself, he becomes a threat to society and appropriately the object of preventive laws because he has to steal in order to buy dope. More than one big city gay guy has had his apartment ransacked by a speed freak in search of money.

Another reason society as a whole has for being concerned about narcotics addiction is the cost it must bear to rehabilitate former addicts. Treatment is long and costly. Gay guys, because they get no income tax exemptions for children, pay proportionately more taxes than heterosexuals, and part of those taxes go to prevent and treat drug abuse. Moreover, organized crime is linked with dope traffic and this adds to the overall cost to society.

The government's question-and-answer booklet sums it up dolefully: "The activities that an addict will resort to in order to obtain heroin are harmful to himself and those around him. He may steal from his loved ones, double-cross his best friend, or pander his wife."

Happily enough, few gay guys have to resort to "pandering their wives" in order to feed the monkey on their backs!

Another difference between addicts and homosexuals is that gay guys usually take better care of themselves. Using dope is a notoriously unhealthy practice. Needle marks ("tracks") on one's legs simply do not go well with that new swim suit you bought to show off your basket! In fact, Burroughs' book shows just how far a heroin addict will go: some dope is injected by needle into the testicles or shoved up the anus, and no self-respecting homosexual would jab himself—that way!

Although hepatitis is fairly common among both gay guys and addicts, other diseases such as skin abscesses, inflammation of the veins, congestion of the lungs, tuberculosis, liver ailments and pneumonia—to say nothing of constipation—are typical among habitual users of narcotics.

The use of marijuana among gay guys, particularly younger ones and those who live in cities, is fairly widespread. But as writer Ed Bear noted in his QQ article, "Love Tripping on Grass" (Summer 1970), smoking an occasional joint does not lead to dependence on hard drugs any more than eating an eclair causes one to develop a compulsive appetite for chocolate. Likewise, poppers are a relatively harmless turn-on, though Bud Parker's QQ article about the possibility of eye damage (Spring 1970) suggests that prolonged use is inadvisable.



"Well, that ought to keep your automatic watch running for a few days."

If it's true that among gay guys sniffing poppers, dropping acid and smoking pot is fairly common (more so, say, than among members of the DAR!), it's probably also true that homosexuals pop a lot of pills. The National Institute of Mental Health is supporting surveys to determine the use of mind-affecting drugs among various population groups, but it seems a safe hunch that uppers and downers are not unknown to the majority of America's homosexuals.

Uppers and downers are amphetamines and barbiturates, respectively, that also are known under an astonishing variety of nicknames. The most commonly used stimulants are amphetamine (Benzedrine), dextroamphetamine (Dexedrine) and methamphetamine (Methedrine). These are known also as "pep pills," "bennies," and "speed"; also "co-pilots," "footballs" and "hearts."

Of the sedatives, barbiturates range from the short-acting, fast-starting pentobarbital (Nembutal) and secobarbital (Seconal) to the long-acting, slow-starting phenobarbital (Luminal), amobarbital (Amytal) and butabarbital (Butisol). The short-acting preparations are the ones most commonly abused. Their slang names include "bars," "goof balls," "red birds," "yellow jackets" and "blue heavens."

Why take any of these? Among youths, a typical reason is that they want to try something new. The pressure of the crowd, the fact that "everyone is doing it," is a blandishment few kids can resist. Adults may feel less of this peer pressure, but more pressure from the general state of things. The boss is nagging, the wife is a shrew, the kids just wrecked the car . . . and so the businessman takes a sedative to cure all the world's problems—at least as he sees them.

Gay guys, too, are subjected to such pressures, though it could be a nagging lover instead of a shrewish wife and failure to make out at the bar with a groovy trick instead of problems with the children. In her otherwise ridiculous book, "Valley of the Dolls," Jacqueline Suzanne gave reasons as valid for gay guys to use pills as for the mixed-up socialites and fading actresses who became dependent on the "dolls."

With stimulants, the motivation is obvious. Gay life can be hysterically hectic at times. A big weekend on Fire Island, checking into a San Francisco gay baths, getting in on all the action at Mardi Gras—these activities demand extraordinary stamina. If a guy has saved and scraped all year to afford a wild, sex-filled week in Amsterdam, he's not about to let all that precious time go to waste while he gets his beauty rest. He'll take a bennie, and sleep when he gets back to the States.

Finally, the most obvious reason for taking pills is to get high. One enjoys a euphoric other worldliness that makes merely getting drunk seem passé. At a gay baths or orgy, for example, one eventually reaches a point where the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. You just can't get it up, yet you just can't pass up that groovy trick who wants to make the scene. Amphetamines, especially, speed up the action of the heart and metabolism which is the body's process for converting food into the chemicals it needs. You feel full of energy at a time when you need it the most.

Although the hallucinogens, LSD, mescaline and psilocybin, are a separate category, some persons who use pills find a similarity of effect. Acid, for example, also can have an exhilarating physical effect, quite apart from any psychological, mind-blowing influence. Those who drop acid claim it can produce a wondrous sexual desire which intensifies feelings beyond description. Likewise, methamphetamine—speed or crystal—is said to have an enormously stimulating effect during sex. A new novel called "The Mad Dog Press Archives" by J. Spencer Grendahl describes sex with speed (alas, it is the conventional male-female type sex!) as though it were the greatest thing since Adam met Eve.

These are the reasons for experimenting with drugs, especially pills. Later it will be noted that they are a mixed blessing. First, however, it's useful to put the situation in context.

Remember last year when newspapers and magazines seemed as though they had just discovered homosexuality? There was a rash of cover stories and articles about the gay life which might have left little old ladies sitting at home wondering if the homosexuals were about to take over the world. In the last couple of years, the mass media seem likewise to have discovered drug abuse.

Part of this was because of proselytizing by such acid gurus as Dr. Timothy Leary. People read about LSD, wanted to try it, and suddenly everyone was doing it. The word spread among hippie enclaves as in the "Hashbury" section of San Francisco and then the situation got worse as junior high school kids in New York began dying of heroin overdoses (O.D.). The public, rightly, became alarmed.

In reality, drug abuse is as old as drugs, and they go back a long way. Some historians think Stone Age men may have been aware of the pain-killing qualities of opium from poppies. Egyptian physicians of 1500 B.C. knew about opium, and so did the ancient Greeks, Romans and Chinese. Morphine and codeine were first synthesized in the 19th century, and morphine dependence began appearing especially after the Civil War when many wounded soldiers were administered it with newly developed hypodermic needles. Barbituric acid was first produced in 1846; heroin was synthesized in 1898; amphetamines in the 1920s.

But the big turn-on occurred in recent years with the hippies emulating their parents' predilection of taking a tranquilizer when things weren't right. The American public has a widespread belief that "medicines" can magically solve problems. The father of one young homosexual, when he learned of his son's predilection, immediately called the family doctor to see if there wasn't some kind of pill that would cure the boy!

Whereas the use of heroin used to be confined to males in urban ghettos, "snow" now has become as common in the suburbs as real snow is on the North Pole. Marijuana formerly was used in slums, among jazz musicians and Mexican-Americans. Today, it's so common that even in Muskogee they're smoking it, the popular country-western song, "Okie From Muskogee," not-

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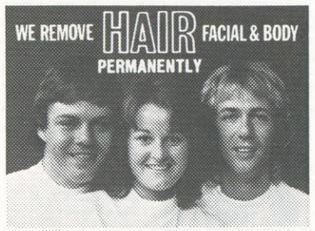

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withstanding.

Because mind-affecting drugs are in such common use, gay guys should know about them. For the non-user, that good-looking stud he has just picked up at the beach might turn out to be a speed freak intent on burglarizing his apartment. On the other hand, the prim and prissy closet queen who takes a disdainful attitude towards all forms of drug experimentation might just find that a bennie now and then would help him get over some of his hangups.

People who use uppers and downers, for example, ought to know that while they may not be addictive as such, there are some dangers involved. Thus it's helpful to know the degree of dependence associated with different drugs and narcotics.

Drug dependence is a state of psychological or physical dependence, or both, which results from chronic, periodic or continuous use. Not everyone who uses a mind-altering chemical becomes dependent on it. Alcohol is the most common example. Most people who drink do not harm themselves, yet there are more than five million Americans who are dependent on alcohol.

A key point is that individual reactions vary. One guy can drink a glass of beer and get bombed out of his mind; another can sip a dozen martinis and only get giggly. Even the same person reacts differently at different times. A cold glass of beer on a hot summer afternoon may get him drunk as a skunk whereas any other time it would have no effect.

Drugs are pretty much the same way. When properly prescribed by a physician, moderate doses of amphetamines, for example, can check fatigue and produce feelings of alertness, self-confidence and well-being. In some people, this is followed by a let-down feeling, a depression hangover. People on very large doses of amphetamines appear withdrawn, with their emotions dulled, and they seem unable to organize their thinking.

What the experts call habituation is the psychological desire to repeat the use of a drug in order to escape from tension, dull the pain of reality, or simply to get high. In contrast, addiction is the physical dependence on a drug—really being hooked. As a user develops tolerance, he requires larger amounts to produce the same effect. If he stops abruptly, the cold turkey withdrawal symptoms can be even more severe than if an alcoholic suddenly goes on the wagon. There are vomiting, convulsions and a generally hellish feeling. When addicts talk about "kicking the habit," they often mean it literally because withdrawal agony includes twitching and kicking.

Since pills are so popular, gay guys should note that amphetamines, uppers, are not addicting while barbiturates, downers, are. The American Social Health Association's "Guide to Some Drugs Which are Subject to Abuse" makes this distinction:

"Tolerance to large doses (of amphetamines) is acquired by abusers; psychic dependence develops but physical dependence does not and there is no characteristic withdrawal syndrome.

"The drug (barbiturates) is addictive, causing physical as well as psychic dependence, and withdrawal phenomena are characteristically different from withdrawal of opiates."

In other words, Benzedrine, Dexedrine and the other stimulants do not produce the physical dependence associated with addictive narcotics. Barbiturates can.

A pamphlet put out by the National Institute of Mental Health, "The Up and Down Drugs," warns: "Some experts consider barbiturate addiction more difficult to cure than a narcotics dependency. If the drug is withdrawn abruptly, the user suffers withdrawal sickness with cramps, nausea, deliriums and convulsions—and in some cases death."

Truck drivers on long hauls and students cramming for exams use bennies, as do some athletes (illegally) and even the astronauts. Physically, the stimulants increase the heart rate, raise the blood pressure, cause palpitations, dilate the pupils and cause dry mouth, sweating, headache, diarrhea and paleness.

Sedatives are so popular that of all the prescriptions doctors write for mind-affecting drugs, one in four is for a barbiturate; it's estimated that an equally large supply is obtained illegally without prescription. Doctors prescribe sedatives for high blood pressure, epilepsy, insomnia or to diagnose and treat mental illness and to relax patients before and during surgery. (S & M's playing far-out sex games are not what the ethical drug industry regards as surgeons!)

Barbiturates taken normally depress the the action of the nerves, skeletal muscles and the heart muscle. But in higher doses, especially when injected intravenously, the effects resemble drunkenness: confusion, slurred speech and staggering. The ability to think, to concentrate and to work is impaired; emotional control is weakened. Users may become irritable, angry and want to fight. Or they may fall into a deep sleep.

Any way you look at it, a trick who has had an O. D. of reds is not likely to be anything to write home to mama about; he might want to fight instead of having sex, or he could simply fall asleep at the crucial moment!

Barbiturates distort how people see things and slow down their reactions. It doesn't take the National Safety Council to make one realize that it's therefore unwise to ride in a car with someone who has taken goof balls. Another little-known danger is that barbiturates tend to heighten the effects of alcohol. To take a goof ball while drinking can be as hazardous as playing Russian roulette.

Entertainers sometimes use a pep pill to gear up for a performance and a barbiturate afterwards to get to sleep. When downers and uppers are taken simultaneously, they produce a see-saw effect which is, to say the least, unsound.

And there's one more thing, perhaps the most significant of all arguments against shooting up and popping pills on the gay scene, and that is this: It has definitely been proved that various drugs, especially those used for hypertension, can cause impotence by blocking certain nerves in the spinal cord. Habitual users of sedatives, tranquilizers, and narcotics suffer a loss in virility, and those hooked on large doses of barbiturates and opiates will probably become impotent.

Gay guys usually resort to using drugs to heighten sexual excitement. At just what

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point sensations caused by drugs supersede those inherent in sex is an individual matter. Certain drugs, notably those which are not addictive, may in fact revitalize a blasé approach to sex—but carried too far may replace any desire for it. In short, drugs may be a first step in going down for the last time.

SWEET WILLIAM

(Continued from page 54)

and why stare you so (9)?" Is it because you have "very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: (you) could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom (22)." Be careful not to get "soused (20)" or "more than half stewed (17)" just because "this is a business of some heat (22)." Like cruising in any latter-day American gay bar, a little groping of "the fiery and delectable shapes (35)" is in order. "Great men have reaching hands (36)."

"Sirs," you say, "I will practise on this drunken man (28)." "Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish are like to rot untasted (32)," you set about with "that simple touch so powerful to arise (1)." Ah, but your friend is "an unsightly trick (12)" and retorts, "Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say; their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting (36)!" Besides that, he's got a jealous lover who says, "How, sir! Do you meddle with my master (5)?" "Naughty man (19)!"

Don't take no for an answer. Let's move on down the bar—"O, excellent touch (33)!"—and listen in on a couple of "foolish wenches (28)" dish the dirt.

One of these "silly queen(s) (P)" is protesting that he is a "poor unlearned virgin (1)." "O, saucy boy (26)," another one bitchily replies, "Thou art but a high-minded strumpet (21)." "Hold up your head, and mince (17)," you "high and mighty queen (26)!"

"Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look upon me (20)." "I am a fair queen (29)" and "I know a trick worth two of yours (20)." "He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't (1)." "There is no appearance of fancy in him (19)."

"Enough, hold. That's too much! (18)," replies the first queen. "I saw the man today; if man he be (1)." "If gave him a wink (8)" and "he swooned and fell down (10)." He was "a young, wanton and effeminate boy (25)" in "gay apparel (25)," "hardly a princely queen (36)!"

"O, common, villanous whore (22)!" the second one shoots back, "You've broken the natural bond of sisters (1)" "to wanton with this queen (31)!" "Your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope (sky), shall undo a whole household (23)!"

But enough, forsooth, of these two "sharp-tongued harlots (16)." We have come to this bar to "get us tricking (17)" for there be "good fellows in this place, and a man could light on them (27)." Besides, these "silly fairies (18)" "do not demean themselves like men (29)" and "a woman impudent and mannish grown is not more loathed than so effeminate men in time of action (32)."

So let's continue our cruising and groping —"That I might touch (5)!"—for "I seek occasion to rise (29)" and "would keep company with a wild prince (17)." Over there, for example, is "the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest (3)." And there is "a sailor who is but a man (16)." "He's very wild (33)" and "as like to do't as any man I can imagine."

Do you see anyone with whom you'd like "to be merry, now comes the sweet o' the night (35)?" Over there, "that well-favored man (15)?" "With what persuasion did he tempt thy love (4)?" "Saucy looks (13)" and "giddy loose suggestions (11)?" "I understand that look (20)" and "I know the shape of's leg (6)." I wonder "what manner of man is he (20)?" "If he be addict to vice/Quickly him you will entice (P)." Say to him, "Come hither, boy, if ever thou shalt love (33)." See, he "turns head and stops pursuit (8)." "Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy (4)." "This night, you'll pass the business privately and well (28)." "Let him be gently used (29)" for he is "an excellent young man (16)," "a sort of naughty person, lewdly bent (35)." And "thou thyself hast been a libertine, as sensual as the brutish sting itself (2)." "This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss (29)." "Lovers to bed, sweet friends, to bed (18)."

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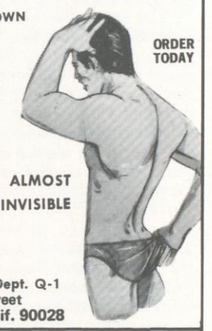

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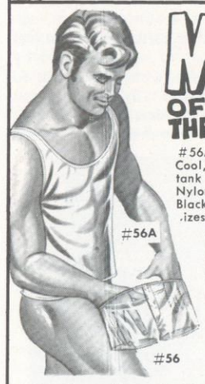

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As for myself, "I am a stranger here (24)" but there are many "waggish boys (18)" "as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys, as salt as wolves in pride (22)." "O, give me the spare men (35)" with "wicked wit and gifts that have the power so to seduce (7)." Ah-ha, "here is some fellow, who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect a saucy roughness (12)." "While lust is in his pride, no exclamation can curb his heat or rein his rash desire (P)." "Look on him; and let his manly face, which promiseth successful fortune, steel thy melting heart (29)."

"I would 'twere bed-time, and all well (20)," for he would "give me ample satisfaction (4)." "He doth give me bold advertisement (20)" "wanton as a youthful goat, wild as a young bull (20)." "Hark, he approaches (38)." "O, miracle of men (35)!" "If for this night he entreat me to his bed, I'll but give him promise of satisfaction (15)." "I groan and sweat awaiting his behest (10)."

"O, Joy! (19)" he asks me, "Shall I be your playfellow (38)?"

Since "he hath commanded me to go to bed (22)," "I dedicate myself to his sweet pleasures (6)."

Meanwhile, since "you are never without your tricks (5)," you "go to bed to work (22)" "between his sheets (8)" which are "polluted with his lusts (20)" because "with such an agony he sweat extremely (9)." As you disrobe you wonder of "what large proportion (25)" is his "love-shaft (18)." There were size queens in Shakespeare's day as surely as now. ("Curtis: Away, you three-inch fool! Grumio: Am I but three inches? Why then, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least (27).")

"O, the difference of man and man! (12)" as you notice him. "Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse, that has he knows not what (32)." "O, royal piece, there's magic in thy majesty (38)." You "blush to see his monstrous device (20)," and ask, "Of what kind should this cock come of (3)?" "My man of men (P)!" You may think of your own, "It is too little (24)," "I would I had thy inches (2)." But like a true gentleman, he says, "Thine engine of lust (1)" is "a pretty difference (P)."

Your love-making might begin with fondling and masturbation, for "you're fall'n into a princely hand (2)" and though it is "a strange abuse (15)," "you bear too stubborn and too strange a hand over your friend that loves you (10)." You think to yourself, "I must not yield to any rite of love (35)," any "wanton dalliance (21)," or "do myself wrong (1)" with my "loving hands (19)" or "nimble hands (38)." That is because you might "come quickly (17)" and then he would say, "Go get some water and wash this filthy witness from your hands (13)."

"You have been so lewd (35)" that there's no reason not to try for some oral activity like "kissing with the inside lip (38)." Of course a drawback might be that "his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese (36)" and is "sulphurous to smell (6)." So, with "true zeal (24)," you "go down on him (6)."

It would seem that oral activity of this sort was not unknown in merrie olde England—at least if you could interpret this quote as an exchange between two queens

in a tea-room: "Pyramus: O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall! Thisbe: I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all (18)." Or the remark, "Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down (29)" or "Timon: Prithee, let my meat make thee silent. Apemantus: I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me (30)."

In any event, since you and your friend already are in bed, there's no need for you to "get down on your knees (3)" or "lift up your head and address itself to motion (7)." You simply "open your mouth (28)," your "brazen mouth (11)," and "his untimely frenzy thus awaketh (P)." You "kiss the rod (34)" and "furnace the thick sighs from him (6)." Soon, your "nimble tongue is weary (35)." Since you are "unable to give thyself a blow (23)," he agrees to reciprocate. (Note to scholars: "The Home Book of Shakespeare Quotations" does not list an index of numbers, including sixty-nine.)

He may protest, "I have not the skill to swallow it (7)," but "your favour is well approved by his tongue (5)" and "he doth make much against your manhood (8)." "Come and give us a taste of your quality (7)," he may suggest, but you notice painfully that "he hath fangs (16)." Fortunately, he decides, "Though I am mad, I will not bite him (2)." Since "he hath a witchcraft in's mouth (5)," soon excitement "runs tickling up and down the veins (11)." And so as he "bestows his lips on that unworthy place (2)," "what a blow was there given (28)." Of the two of you, it may be said, "Alas, their love may be call'd appetite; no motion of the liver, but the palate (33)."

"A little joy enjoys the queen thereof (25)" in that "lust-stained bed (21)," but after awhile you decide to "let him satisfy his lust on me (31)" in a different way. You recall how he "laid his leg over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd (22)" and "it seems your most offenceful act was mutually committed (15)." Now you are "ready for the cock (37)" in "a lascivious way (1)"–the "sudden stab (25)" in your "mad ass (27)."

He asks, "I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you (19)?" You reply, "You'll be the man (26)!" "Thy sly whoreson have got a speeding trick to lay down (9)." "He's a good fellow, I can tell you that: he'll strike, and quickly, too (12)." But he says, "You have some stain of soldier in you (1)." You explain, "I have not yet wash'd (5)." You recall how "like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one cried 'O' and mounted (6)" and explain that "I loved the sport well (17)."

You "turn your back (11)" and he says, "This is the point (15)." "Ay, touch him; there's the vein (15)." You are "prepared (with) spit (31)" and announce, "'Tis ready, but soft; use gentleness (21)." "He lays it on (28)." "He sweats, strains his young nerves (6)" and declares, "I have begun, and now I give my sensual race the rein (15)." But hark, "It touches not at all (25)" "the cistern of (your) lust (14)."

That is the "fruit of your whoring (22)." You recall "your tricks when you were a boy (P)" and how a "lascivious young man (1)" "drew blood from thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood of thy first fight (21)." "Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance (35)?"

Nonetheless, just because you have "melted down thy youth in different beds of lust (30)," and are "out of use and staled by other men (10)," that's no reason not to enjoy "that great marvel (13)" that is in you now. "Deflower'd, my dear (18)," you may be, but "thy ravisher doth pant (P)" and "give full rein to his bestial appetite in charge of lust (25)."

Says he, "There was it: for which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon thee (P)" "I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match (6)." You may think, "I would to heaven I had your potency (15)" but you "begin to love him for that (1)." Your "charms are all o'erthrown (28)" and he is enjoying "the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks (28)." "Not too fast: soft, soft! (33)," you plead, "I will yet do you service (6)." But it's well known that "If it do come to pass, that any man turn ass . . . (3)," "lovers break not hours, unless it be to come before their time (34)."

And sure enough, "he doth wreck his shameful lust the will of the most seeming-virtuous queen to win (7)" "'til the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease (17)." He exclaims: "I am come, I dread, too late (2)." "Breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew (P)" with the observation, "I have perform'd my task (36)" "thou art made now by a man (9)."

For most guys, of course, the oral and anal bit described above is quite sufficient unless, by happy chance, your friend were one "that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it (12)." Shakespeare must have known that it's always good to have sloppy seconds in the morning. But he also had a few kind words for the S&M crowd, those who might say, "I am vexed of late with passions of some difference (10)."

"Love," the Bard wrote, "is merely a madness, and, I tell you, he serves as well a dark house and a whip (3)." "The lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love, too (3)." Some might think "Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style (1)" to say, "Submit thee, boy (11)." "Give thyself unto my sick desires (1)."

But the masochist would counter, "He beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction (32)!" "I am rough and lecherous (12)," the S might say, "Thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage (1)." "I know I am too mean to be your queen (29)." "But, O, strange men! that could such sweet use make of what they hate (1)."

The M would reply, "But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy (23)?" "Why, then, abuse me (12)?" "I am meat for your master (36)." "Discipline ought to be used (8)" and "I commend this kind submission (36)." "How many masters would do this (34)?" "Love is full of unbefitting strains (13)" and "I hourly learn a doctrine of obedience (2)." "I am my master's true-confirmed love (24)." "Punish (me) to your height of pleasure (15)." "Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint (35)"–"O, what rapture (13)!"

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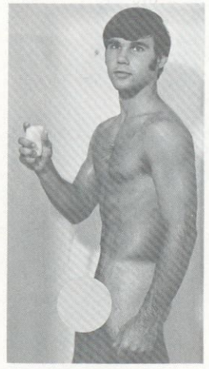

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THERE'S A BOY IN MY SOUP

(Continued from page 19)

he is a simpleton who never gave it a second thought, he knows full well what he is doing –which only adds to the psychological torment.

That's your Fat Freddie, the jolly kid everybody likes, who in reality is suffering a chronic, intense, debilitating malady which leaves his self respect empty as the refrigerator he has just raided, and leaves his long-suffering body in a perilously unhealthy condition.

Fat Freddie may indeed know all this, may have agonized over it during a hundred sleepless nights. He may be building up a head of steam of anger about the whole rotten situation. Tomorrow, he will say, I've just *got* to start dieting and exercising. Of course he's said that so many times before it has become shopworn. As his new resolve begins to fizzle out, he reaches over for another bon-bon and, like Plump Prunella, is swept once again down into the whirlpool of self-pity.

What had been anger became depression. And just as anger and depression are intimately related, so are pleasure and pain. The irony is that all the candy bars and soda pop may *appear* to provide pleasure, but in actuality they represent the pain of self humiliation. Fat Freddie may be digging his grave with his teeth and castigating himself with calories. In other words, he actually may be substituting the pain of overeating because of and in response to fear of another pleasure which is as old and basic as the need for food–the pleasure of sex.

Suppose, for example, that our buddy Fred was brought up in a repressive, straight-laced household where sex was a no-no and Mommy and Daddy made it clear that the only thing he was to do with his pecker was to pee out of it. Fred might have been taught at an early age that somehow sex is dirty, shameful and wicked. This is an attitude woven into the fabric of American culture: that anything which gives pleasure should be shunned, and sensuality is to be combatted as the devil's temptation. If Fred grew up in a Puritanical home like this, he probably was left with only one or two sanctioned outlets–his hobby or occupation, for example–and a preoccupation with food which inch by inch added flab to the baby fat he never outgrew.

Sure, Fred may have chosen consciously or otherwise to be a homosexual, but it's likely that his experiences with other guys were few and unsatisfactory. Having been brought up to believe that sex was distasteful or evil, his experiences only confirmed what Mommy had warned him about. The fact that his being fat turned other guys off escaped him but also pushed him further into a stereotype of a flabby eunuch. Fred may creep around tea rooms looking for a little action, but his attitude that sex is evil because it's pleasurable became a self-fulfilling prophecy. He was assigned to be a lookout while the other guys were having sex, and instead he became a voyeur of life. What Fred subconsciously sought–though he probably would deny it hotly–was the pain of rejection which would reinforce his prejudice and lead to depression, overeating and (again) rejection.

It's a vicious cycle, and chances are Fred would agree to that. He would admit that he knows he shouldn't eat so much and just might–given a little insight–acknowledge that there is a connection between his eating and his attitude toward sex. It's easy to be preachy about using one's will power to limit a compulsion, but when the problem is so closely linked to something as basic as attitudes toward sex, more thoughtful analysis than that proffered by a Dale Carnegie or a Norman Vincent Peale is required.

Moreover, if this pattern of eating is perpetrated in order to be rejected as a sexual partner because sex is wrong in the first place–if this warped and genuinely perverted cycle is imbedded in his youth–Fred has another problem. He probably never learned when he was growing up how to make it with a guy–or, for that matter–with a girl. Consequently he has the additional handicap of simply not knowing how to score. He's never tested himself and quite naturally lacks self-confidence. It's one thing to have been slender and attractive as a young man and then let yourself go during middle age so that you have a comfortable paunch and mellow memories. But if Fred doesn't even have the consolation of masturbatory fantasies based upon groovy recollections, he's in a bad way.

What might happen is that he does diet, exercise and trim himself down. Friends and family are very congratulatory. But he still feels uncertain and hesitant. For years he's played the jolly Falstaff role, and now a Hotspur image seems more appropriate. The flesh–nicely slimmed down–has become willing, but this time it's the spirit that is weak. If Fred does try to make out, gets rejected and becomes depressed, there is as terrible a risk as with a speed freak and a needle that he will revert to his old life style.

The solution is to adopt a creative, experimental, mature outlook at the same time he is shaping up–new values for old fat.

(Continued on page 52)

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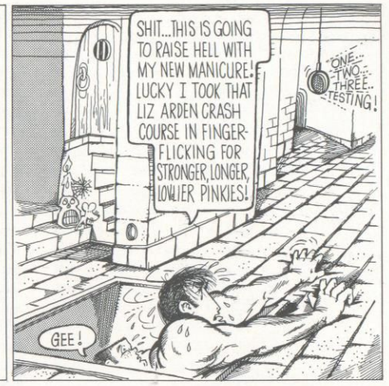
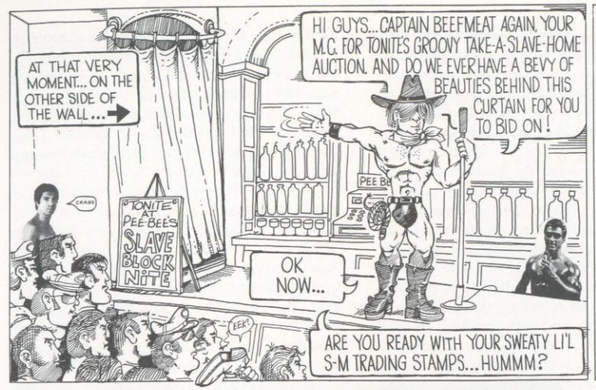
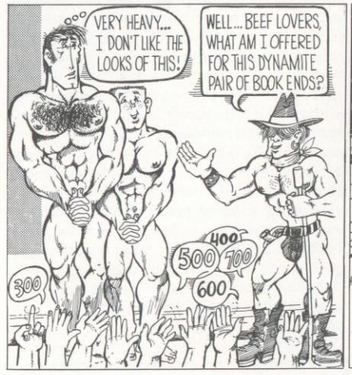
TO CONTINUE...



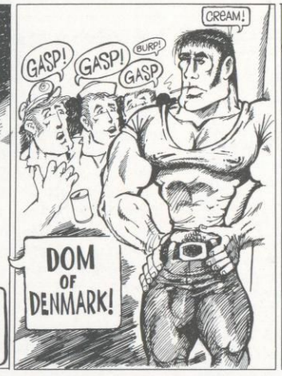










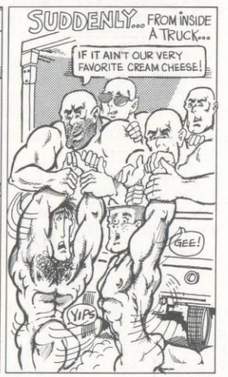






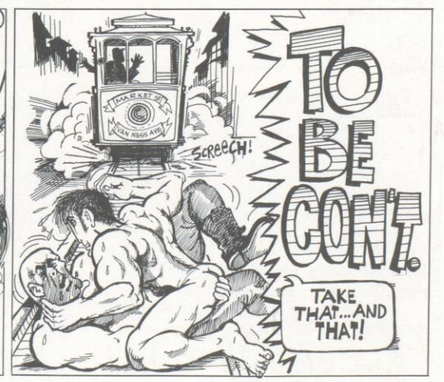












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(Continued from page 49)

Fred will have to rid himself of the childhood notions that because sex is pleasurable it is evil. Happily enough, with a little experience, this comes (no pun intended) as naturally as an ejaculation.

The trick, in summary, is to realize that what had been a negative, Puritanical attitude toward sex can be transformed into a powerfully motivating force to shed fat and gain self respect. With that new self image of an attractive, well-integrated, groovy guy, the prophecy of sex as a magnet pulling off pounds and pulling guys into your bed becomes every bit as self-fulfilling as the old, ugly prophecy that because sex is wrong, staying obese is the only defense.

So get angry, Fat Freddie, angry enough to do something about it, and leave the bonbons for Plump Prunella.

1970

(Continued from page 9)

time the largest and most popular gay discotheque in New York City. Christopher Street, just off Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village, was mobbed with the patrons and onlookers, mostly gay. The help and some customers were being arrested for the sale and consumption of alcohol on unlicensed premises. But the gay crowd interpreted the raid as just another affront on homosexuals, and for the first time in our history united and made their feelings known publicly: "Gay Power" and "Get the Mafia out of Gay Bars" we chanted. (Because of an "unholy alliance" between some law enforcement agencies and the syndicate that contro s many gay businesses, gay people are often caught in the middle when "internal conflicts" lead to raids, etc.) We flung pennies, rocks, and bottles at the police (who were greatly outnumbered), forcing them to withdraw inside the Stonewall for protection.

What happened then and on succeeding nights for the next week is now history, Thousands of gay men and women went into the streets (primarily Christopher Street) in a display of anger and determination to turn a new leaf in homosexual history. It was a beautiful sight to see hundreds of gay couples holding hands and chanting "Gay Power," closing down Christopher Street from Greenwich Avenue to Sheridan Square (about 3 city blocks) and only letting cars with gay people in them get by. To put it mildly, it was an embarrassment for the police to have to call out the Tactical Patrol Force (riot police) for 7 nights in a row to control homosexuals. There wasn't much violence–a few fires, a couple of broken store windows, some minor police injuries–but the new and entirely unexpected spirit of gay people, who for the first time in history were refusing to run and hide, was being publicly displayed.

This new pride and determination among our people was the lesson and example of the "Christopher Street Uprisings of 1969." Since then, the rapid growth of this spirit among gay men and women throughout the country has been astounding. There are now dozens of Gay Lib groups (which function under various names) in major cities across the country, as well as on 50 campuses. To name just a few colleges which have formed homophile organizations: Northwestern University; University of Chicago; University of Illinois; University of Wisconsin; University of Minnesota; University of Michigan; MIT; Harvard University; Boston University; New York University; Columbia University; City College of New York; University of California; Stanford University.

The primary effect has been on young people, but à questioning of old fears and assumptions is also evident among the over-25 generation. Some of these are:

The idea that gay men and women must bear distinctive labels which have unattractive connotations. Helen Niehaus is the president of the Society of Anubis in California, which is one of the largest gay social groups for men and women, and she said recently: "I am not a citizen of the Isle of Lesbos. I am a female homosexual, and wish to be called such." As a direct result of Miss Niehaus' comments, the Western Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations passed a resolution urging the use of the term "male and female homosexuals" as opposed to "lesbians and homosexuals." The term "lesbian" is rapidly going the way of such labels as Negress and Jewess as more and more gay people realize the need for unity among homosexual men and women in our common cause.

The idea that gay people, of necessity, should lead a double-life to function in society. Before the Christopher Street incident it was rare to find anyone who told his or her parents, friends, and employer that he was gay. In the past year it has become quite common to hear of someone who has just declared himself. It is important, however, to point out here the thinking behind this: It is not to shock or alienate, but rather it is an expression of pride and self-respect in one's homosexual identity. (Ed: Many older homosexuals view such declarations as unthinking, as a deliberate attempt to hurt and shock by the younger generation as a means of further widening the gap between themselves and their elders.) There is a realization that the double-life idea is self-defeating and indicative of a deep-seated guilt instilled in one by a society which attempts to force on all its citizens the heterosexual life-style ethic.

The idea of role-playing in a homosexual relationship, e.g., butch and femme. What is emerging, in my opinion, is a definition of the homosexual relationship as a partnership of equals, emphasizing their commonality in personality, character, and sexual awareness. The idea of "butch" and "femme," or "husband" and "wife" roles, is clearly an intrusion of heterosexual values on the homosexual personality.

There is not, of course, unanamity among the many Gay Lib groups on any of these ideas; only time will determine whether my observations are correct or not. If I may quote Henry Hay, founder of one of the first homophile organizations, who said recently at a California Gay Lib conference: "The first (homophile) movement called homosexuals to a brotherhood of love and trust. It called on homosexuals to rediscover their collective–as well as personal –self-respect and integrity. It raised into consciousness, for the first time, the concept of the homosexual minority, complete with its own sub-culture, with its own life-styles. It struggled to perceive–however dimly . . . that, in some measure, the homosexual minority actually looked out upon the world through a somewhat different window than did their heterosexual brothers and sisters . . . a world view neither better nor inferior . . . .

"It took 16 years for the movement to return to that first gay liberation ideal, after a long interval of seeking respectability rather than self-respect; parliamentary individualism rather than the collective trust of brotherhood; law reform and quiet assimilation rather than a community of rich diversity within the Family of Man. One might say that they sought to be exactly the same as the DAR–except in bed."

Hay called upon his audience to " . . . recognize that homosexuals are and always have been, through their oppression and in spite of brainwashing, a Free People . . . a minority that shares each other's dream, that re-directs the aggressive fighting instincts, competitiveness and inherited animal maleness and femaleness of the parent culture into appreciation of–nay, even a lifelong passion to call forth, the grace and tenderness . . . the humility and compassion . . . (of our) shared commonality of outlook . . . challenging us to break loose from the lockstep expectations of heterosexual life patterns so obliterating of our own natures. Our homosexual liberation movement must consist of far-ranging communities of free spirits."

Amen.

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1990

(Continued from page 9)

at the Groan House YMCA just as Dr. Hortense Heffner was reading a paper outlining the rise in recent Broadway plays and Hollywood movies depicting heterosexual behavior.

Dr. Heffner said that ever since 1980 when the Gay Freedom Affront took over the country and established stiff penalties for deviant sexual behavior, straight coffeehouses and underground newspapers had projected surreptitiously the image of straights as comic, neurotic or something to be pitied.

The doctor cited such plays as "The Lox," in which a young man and woman were shown hiding out in a Canadian fish hatchery enjoying an illicit, perverted relationship until an octopus goes berserk; "The Corporal," in which an NCO leads an older, mentally disturbed private to a whorehouse; "The Killing of Brother George", about a TV actress with an unhealthy obsession for her motorscooter; "Misfortune and Men's Eyes," about a young convict who is brutally ravished in a shower by a horny old prison matron; "The Straight Deceivers," about a boy who marries a girl to beat the draft; "The Boys in the Bund," which for the first time showed that neurotic, misunderstood and pathetic as they may be, straight people are still human, and "The Darned," a German translation of "The Boys in the Bund."

Dr. Heffner said the thrust of these movies was to depict straights in a compassionate, realistic manner. The danger, she said, is that sophisticates and the intelligentsia soon would look upon heterosexuals as merely another minority group entitled to full civil liberties.

She said that already in some Manhattan circles it was considered chic and broad-minded to invite to cocktail parties stiff-wristed, nose-picking men and demure, fluttery women. Nightclub comedians desperate for laughs were beginning to mimic hard-hat construction workers and their frumpy little hausfraus, she said.

Dr. Chest, in his paper, proposed a revolutionary new theory that straights could be made to adjust to gay life by administering electric shocks. In his experiments at the Wilde School, patients who responded erotically to pre-1980 stag films were given a jolt, but were rewarded with poppers when they showed a favorable response to pictures of naked men.

He said that of 20 patients so treated, one successfully became a homosexual, two became woozy from sniffing too many poppers and the rest died of electrocution. He called the results promising but said more research was needed.

A sociologist, Max Kissme, said a nationwide survey of sexual behavior showed that one of every 10 American men had latent heterosexual tendencies. He attributed this to rampant Dadaism and said it represented a public health menace second only to la grippe and the goiter epidemic of 1857.

Maj. Gen. Bully Moose, head of the Pentagon's security division, said it was well known that heterosexuals represented severe risks in the areas of security, morale and KP. He said straight men just can't peel potatoes with nearly the finesse of gay boys.

The Rev. Willy Graham-Cracker, featured speaker at the banquet the previous evening, told the social psychiatrists that demands for straight rights were part of "a dirty Commie plot." He urged a return to old-fashioned degeneracy and said he was "shocked and sickened" by the upsurge of magazines showing "men and women actually making goo-goo eyes at each other."

The Rev. Mr. Graham-Cracker asserted that unless this trend were halted, all the gains of the last 10 years would be lost. "The missionary position in sexual intercourse will come back into vogue and we'll have a reversal in the downward birth rate," he warned.

At this morning's session, before the SCOF protesters burst through the doors waving pickets emblazoned with old Playboy pinups, a representative of the American Civil Liberties Repression Union said that the current life-imprisonment penalty for male-female sexual activity was an insufficient deterrent.

It was just as Dr. Chest was beginning to deliver his paper that the SCOF demonstrators ran onto the stage and began a sit-down strike. One man and woman began disrobing in preparation for that quaint old ritual known as intercourse, but an alert sergeant-at-arms managed to separate them by throwing a bucket of water on them. The group locked arms and began singing "We Shall Never Come Over."

It was at this point, however, that Dr. Chest, who had been attempting to establish channels of communication with Gagnews, noticed that the protest leader's pants were not all that baggy. Witnesses were uncertain what happened next, but agreed that Chest and Gagnews slipped behind the stage.

The police, meanwhile, arrived at the auditorium equipped with cans of amyl nitrite. Trained in riot control and under orders not to use violence, they began spraying it towards the demonstrators.

The leader of the female protesters, Miss Vixen, was suddenly seen throwing herself into the arms of the president of the Daughters of Blight. The man who had started to have sex with a woman jumped up and passionately embraced the captain of the riot squad.

The delegates themselves became radicalized. The men began pairing off with each other and the women had a good thing going for themselves, too.

Exhausted and wearing a silly grin on his face, Dr. Chest stumbled through the orgy on stage, gasped into the microphone and declared the convention adjourned, sine die.

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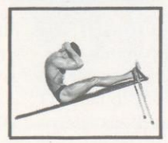

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SWEET WILLIAM

THE GAY SHAKESPEARE READER

BY CECIL RICHARD

"HOMO," wrote William Shakespeare, "is a common name to all men." So if today's gay guys occasionally feel uptight, they can take comfort from the fact that in the Bard's day there also was a "queen of all the fairies."

Actually, of course, Shakespeare's use of "homo" (the quote is from "I Henry IV" and is the only use of the word in all his plays and poetry) was intended to mean "wise," not homosexual. Likewise, the queen quote is taken out of context from "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" it was spoken by Mrs. Page: "My Nan shall be queen of all the fairies."

Even so, with a book of Shakespeare quotations, a concordance and a dirty mind, one can dig up enough double meanings to make an English lit professor "blush for shame" ("I Henry IV").

For example, a soldier in "All's Well That Ends Well" says: "Men are to mell (copulate) with, boys are not to kiss." That surely is as good advice for today's chicken queens as when it was written 368 years ago!

Moreover, Shakespeare has advice and commentary on subjects we now would refer to as gay bars, groping, cruising, size queens, masturbation, oral and anal intercourse and even, forsooth, the S&M scene!

Even though Slender, in "The Merry Wives," says, "I cannot abide the smell of hot meat," Shakespeare does write, in "III Henry VI," of "strokes received, and many blows repaid." In "Romeo and Juliet," Sampson says: "'Tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh." To which Gregory tartly replies, "'Tis well thou art not fish!"

The universal plea of the insatiable partner—"Come again!"—is repeated 25 times in Shakespeare's plays and poetry.

To simplify the following gay glance at double meaning in the works of the world's greatest dramatist, the source of the quote is indicated in parentheses following each item. The 38 plays are numbered alphabetically and the citation "P" refers to poetry, including the sonnets. For example, a quote like "To be or not to be (8)" means that it is from "Hamlet," listed as No. 8 in the index at the end of this article.

Some scholars have suggested that certain love sonnets were written with a man in mind. Whether Shakespeare himself was "so inclined (8)"—he did not use a phrase like "latent tendencies"—is neither here nor there. It is enough to remember that the Bard took an enlightened, tolerant view of all humanity. Any guilt-ridden closet queen, for instance, might ponder his observation:

"There's millions now alive that nightly lie in those unproper beds which they dare swear peculiar (25)." Contemporary heterosexuals who call the gay life "peculiar" ought to be told: "What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice (5)." The best retort to such people would be the immortal advice: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man (7)."

But enough, prithee, of Shakespeare's philosophy. Let's get down to the nitty-gritty by taking an imaginary trip back to Elizabethan England. We could start in London, a "high-viced city (30)" then and now, and check out a gay bar full of "a whole tribe of fops (12)."

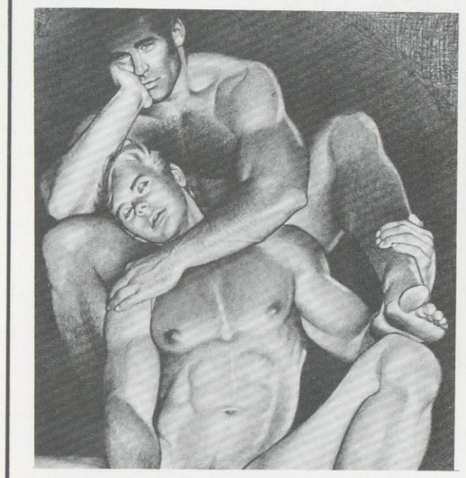
There we "doth frequent with unrestrained loose companions (24)" "given to fornication (17)" and clad in "gay vestments his affections to bait (4)."

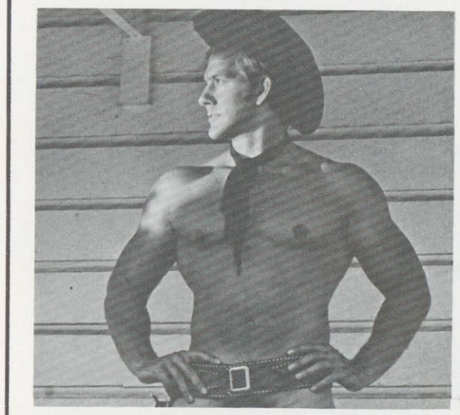


Franco Zeffirelli's "Romeo & Juliet"

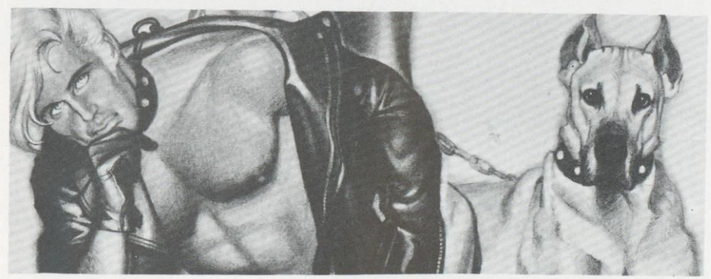
There "your man and you are marvellous merry (4)" because you have been "provided here half a dozen sufficient men (35)," "playfellows to keep you company (2)." Notice how "this youthful parcel of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing (1)." You may wear "a cod-piece well-stuff'd (9)" but even what "a horrid suit of camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on (8)."

"Why are you breathless? *(Continued on page 47)*









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