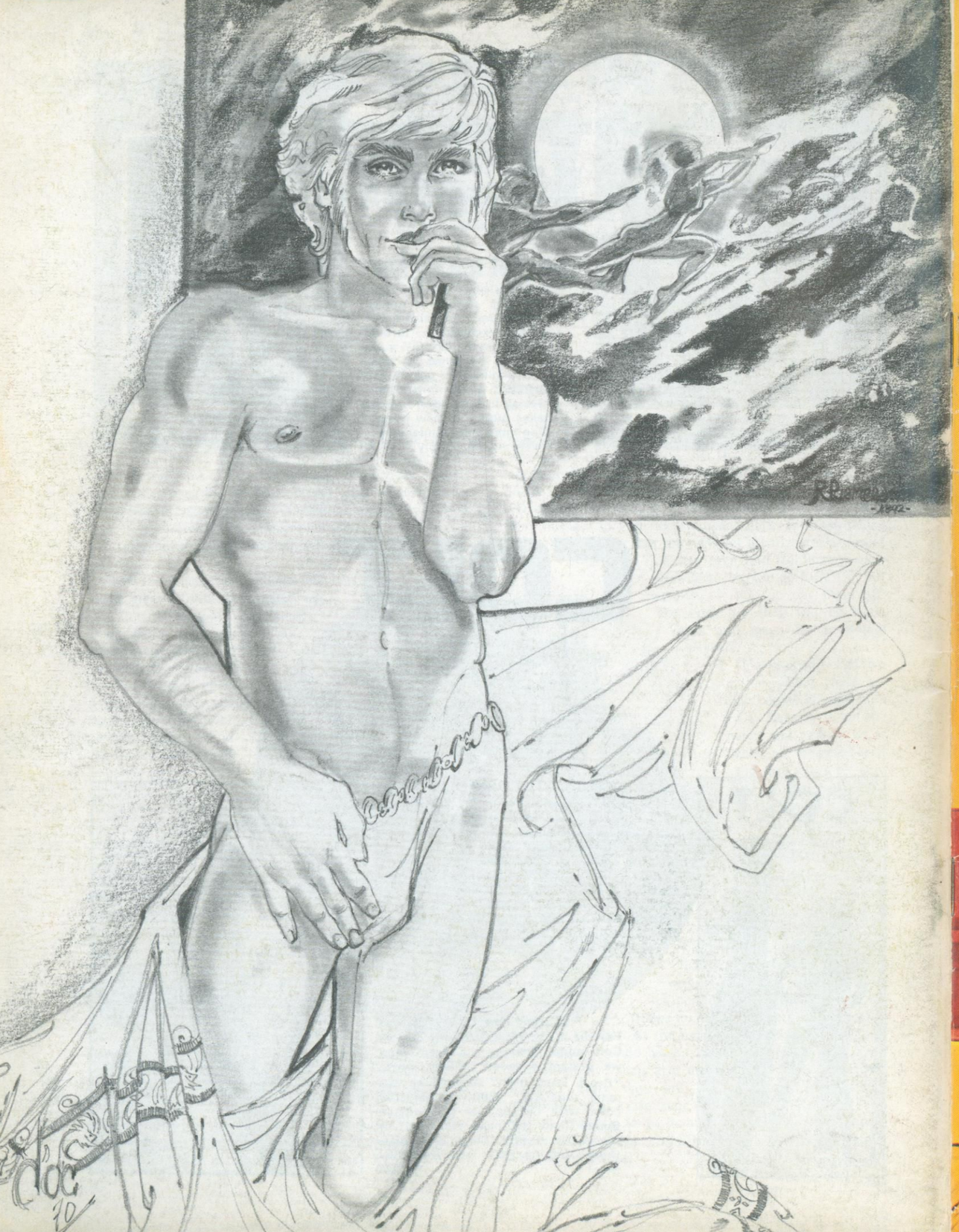

QQ MAGAZINE®

For Gay Guys who have no hangups

August 1971

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THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SEXUAL RESPONSE

CONFESSIONS OF A GAY WRESTLER

WORLD'S ONLY GAY COMIC STRIP

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COPING WITH REJECTION

Gay Holidays In The Sun
PUERTO RICO
MEXICO

GAY MILWAUKEE

SEXSTYLES

GAY LAW

FICTION

mark d. sade

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GENERAL TELEPHONE NUMBER: (212) 691-1453 EXECUTIVE OFFICES: GREENWICH VILLAGE (VISITS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY) INTERNATIONAL SALES DIVISION: P. O. BOX 2854, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 GENERAL MAILING ADDRESS: SUITE 400, 255 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001 GENERAL TELEPHONE NUMBER: (212) 691-1453 EXECUTIVE OFFICES: GREENWICH VILLAGE (VISITS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY) WAREHOUSE: GREENWICH VILLAGE (PICKUPS/DELIVERIES BY APPOINTMENT ONLY)

QQ MAGAZINE®

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Front cover: "Hard Hat"—an original painting by Mark D. Sade, owned by QQ. Back cover: "Great Classics"—an original drawing by JOC, owned by QQ.

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QQ PUBLISHING CO., INC.
450 7th AVE., N.Y. 10001 (RM. 602)

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Boy Studio

Editorial

Target Date

ON Sunday, June 27th, in New York, Los Angeles, and other major U.S. cities thousands of gay people will gather to demonstrate solidarity by marching in public.

Organizers of the 1971 Christopher Street Liberation Day March predict a turnout of up to 50,000 in New York. An exact count in New York and Los Angeles will of course be meaningful to the general public, but the March itself—what will appear to be a vast gathering of even more than 50,000—is what will impress observers, gay and straight alike.

To guarantee the success of the March and in order to reaffirm our human rights—we urge *you* to join.

It is unfortunate that the most vocal people in the March will be a handful of gay radicals—if last year's demonstration is an example. While they are not representative of gay people in general, their aggressive presence will nevertheless convey the impression that they are typical of our community. In Los Angeles there will be floats and other festive touches in the Hollywood tradition, focusing on the happier side of gay life, and drawing attention away from the radicals (many of whom are not gay, but people who join any cause that permits them to express themselves vocally—and physically). New York organizers are permitting banners but not floats (for reasons this editor does not understand)—and in this city radicals of every call are plentiful. They will pervade the March and make their presence known. Gays resent them for their unorthodox behavior and lack of grooming; straights signal them out and concentrate on their behavior in an attempt to minimize their own guilt—a consequence of recognizing that the gay community is indeed an integral part of society. By concentrating on social rejects—of which the gay radicals are a significant part—people overlook the true meaning of our presence.

In order to offset the effect radicals have on *(Continued on page 36)*

When Tumescence Is Just Too, Too Tumultuous

The Physiology Of Sexual Response

By Walter Norris

HAVE you ever been astonished by the fervor of your sexual response to a chance lover who in no way approximated your concept of the male sexual ideal?

For example, let's suppose that you've psyched yourself into believing you can have really good sex only with a lover who has a certain classical beauty of face and body . . . that you'd be unhappy with, or unresponsive to, anyone else. Of course such paragons are not often come by, but still you wait—forsaking all others—until Mr. Right comes along.

When after awhile he does come along and you've wafted him dreamily homeward in the next swan boat, your reaction to sex with him is precisely what your 'computerized' idealization had indicated it would be—no less, no more—and so after his turn, or yours, you both lie contentedly in bed doing the 'two cigarettes in the dark' bit.

But for an amazing once you meet a more rugged type. By your ethos of beauty his face may seem ugly, and instead of the physique Apollonaire he may have the most massively muscular body since the Farnese Hercules. Suddenly—oddly—by some strange alchemy sparks begin to fly between you. Quickly he whisks you aboard his motorcycle and blasts off to his pad where—once he's stripped—the turn-on grows wilder. The guy's so hugely hung he could sell pork chops to La Stupenda! (Remember La Stupenda?)

Your heart is a triphammer. He smiles at the telltale pulse throbbing in your neck . . . your tensing pectoral muscles . . . your nipples growing as hard as goober peas. The vibrancy of his savage appeal grips at your throat and it opens longingly right down to your glottis.

With all systems 'go' your senses clamor to receive him any way—orally or anally. Gorged with the blood of passion his muscles grow even more gigantic and he grizzly-bears your body into position for an *anal* charge. The touch of his skin scorches your body (which already has been burning like a napalmed Brünnehilde on the immolation rocks), and your breathing is so labored you have to gasp for even a teaspoonful of air. Then *gah-h-h-hd!* With neither Distant Early Warning, foreplay, byplay or horseplay, he slaloms into you like Downhill Racer! Amazingly, he's only seconds inside when his mushroom goes off in a mushroom cloud.

Giving you hardly more than time to catch your breath (who needs breath?) he's in again . . . then for a third time. "Mother of pearl!" you gasp, "this must be the guy who invented priapism!" . . . as he zones in for the glorious *f-o-u-r-t-h!* "Where will it all end?" you marvel, giddily gnashing your nails down to the half-moons. But of course the fourth one is the last because seminal production is a slow-pokey affair at best, and there simply comes the time when even the sexiest satyr has no more cookies in the jar.

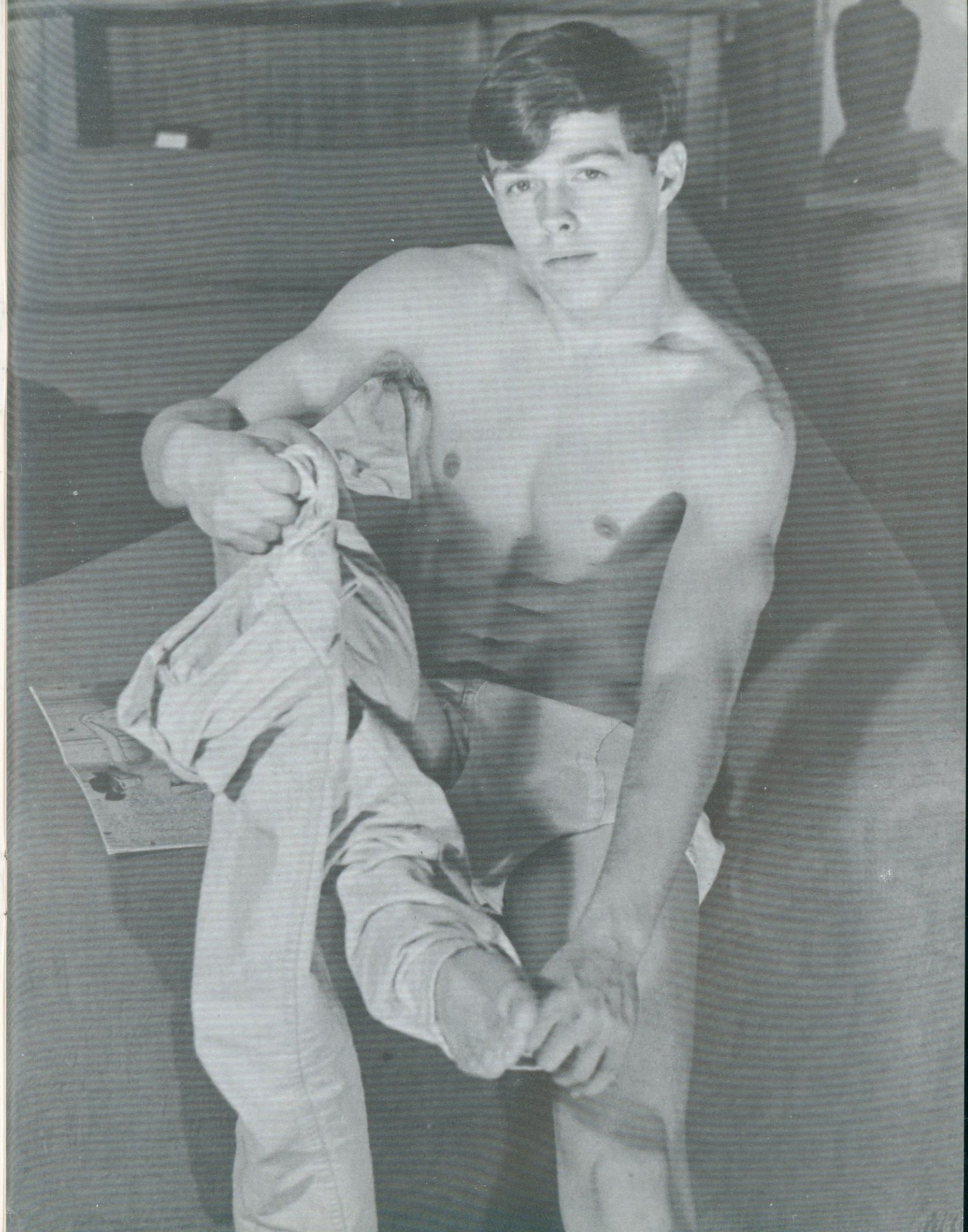
Now, for the first time in your sexual career, you're not just 'contented' . . . not just 'satisfied' . . . and the cigarette scene would be tame stuff indeed with this volcanic lover. Surprisingly, you find you're both ravenous for food so you raid the fridge, building foot-high Dagwoods like it's Mardi Gras in ol' New Orleans and the bells of Lent are already tolling.

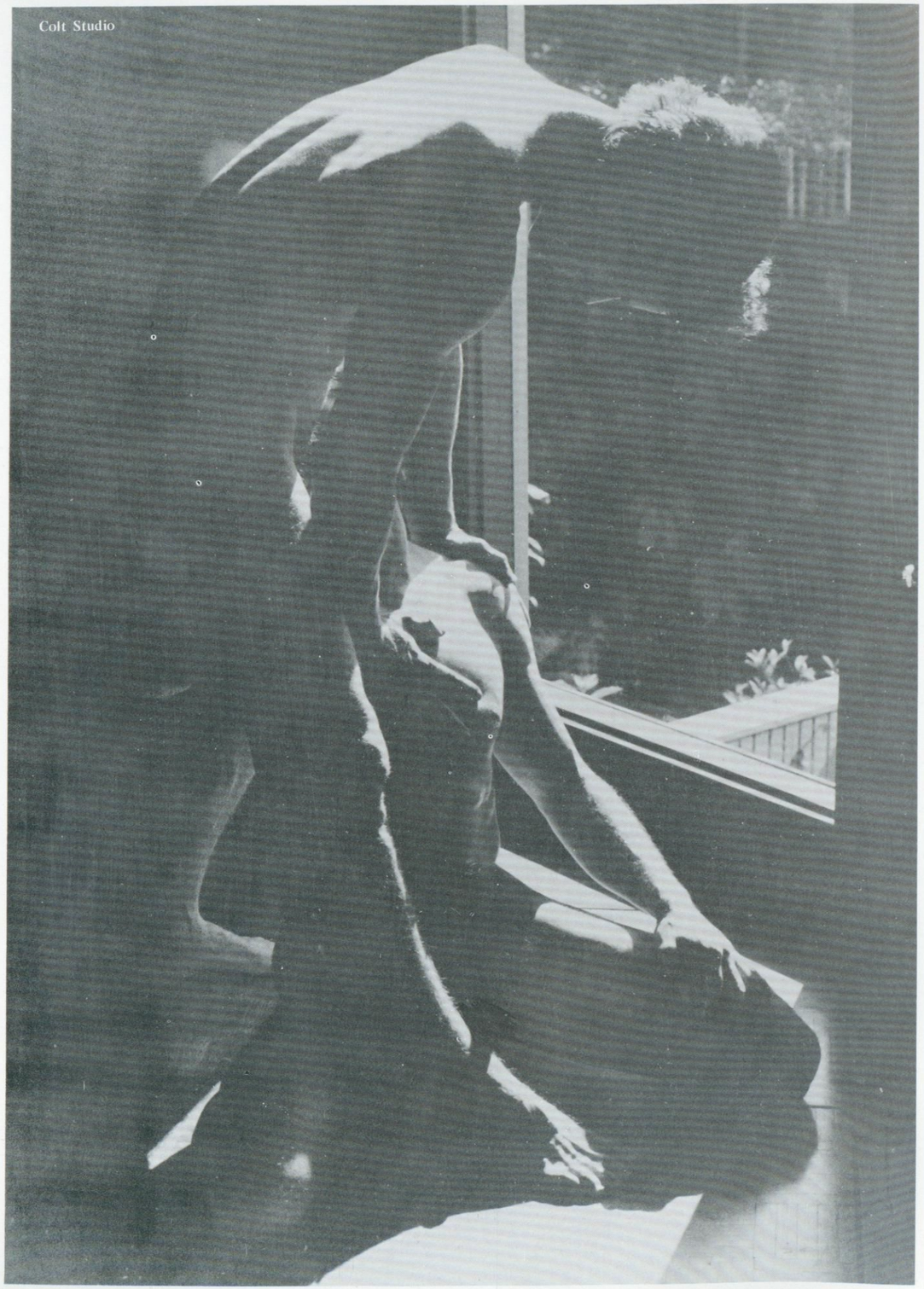
The feeling is so great . . . you're way, way high up on the mountain hoping you'll never have to come down. "But how could I have been so overwhelmed?" you wonder. Well, some really remarkable things made the scene along with you and it's fascinating to know just what they are and what they do.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

While Freudian explanations abound for your sudden switch from classical Apollo to contemporary leather queen, a likely one is this: you may have boxed yourself in so much through the years, lighting votive candles to an ideal rarely achieved, that you had begun to miss even the obvious.

So perhaps one day as you looked in the mirror reflecting on the visual passage of time, you remembered that Santayana said "only a saint is turned on all the time" and decided that your constant devotion to one ideal had caused you to miss out on a supremely important area of living. So, by a candid shift of perspective, you turned this sense of waiting to your advantage, and in quite a stunning way. Now you and your lover are floating in a celestial pattern and you wonder what super-fuel charged the blast-off. Physiologically *(Continued on page 34)*





Fiction

"Send me a virgin, please!"

By Ralph W. Davis

THE Great Almighty had been generous with Phil, and had made him in His own image . . . big and strong, thick with body hair, and a face and proportions so manly, so distinctive that there were none who could resist him. Phil, being a religious man, didn't waste his gift on frivolous involvements, but instead spent the better part of his life giving himself to the needy . . . in a way which could only bring about *divine* happiness. There was the stevedore, the truck driver, the pilot and countless others who would always remember his unselfish generosity. He had freed them of their sinful ways, and set them loose hot for eager queens to toy, and he was sure on the Great Day, he would be justly rewarded for work well-done.

Len was next. The smooth devil who had satisfied women and frustrated queens for so long was soon to be made into the plaything of the gay. Something had convinced Phil, when he first met Len, that Len needed to be saved. Maybe it was his look then, or his attitude. But now Len was ready. Instead of taking the car to a hundred and one other places, Len was bringing it to Phil's station for repairs . . . and it wasn't just so Phil could service the car. Their conversation a few days ago had eliminated such a misunderstanding. The way to spiritual growth had been carefully planted by Phil, and now Phil would fertilize the way so that Len could blossom, like all the others who had heard Phil's gospel, into another *screaming* bitch!

There was never any question in Phil's mind, that the clever Madison Avenue idea man, who had been so successful at persuading the public to buy useless goods, was the devil's disciple. Why else was he able to resist with such strength Phil's charms for so long, if he weren't? Consequently, Phil knew Len would never accept the faith without a fierce struggle first. Phil also knew he had to win this struggle. After all, his place in heaven next to the Great Almighty would be lost forever if he failed. But more important, who else could ever supply the queens with the same quality toys which he had made and which they now expected, if he failed? A world with a lot of toyless queens could be a pretty hellish place. This in itself was enough to drive him on with fierce determination. *"The world,"* he thought. *"I've got to think always about the world!"*

A slow smile tugged at one corner of Phil's mouth now, as he walked toward Len's car, and saw the heavens open up and heard the angels' voices rise joyously in song. How could he *ever* fail in his work, when he had such divine guidance? Phil removed the cigar from his mouth. "See you brought the car in."

"I don't know what's wrong with it." Len began to talk quickly, even a little self-consciously. "It takes forever to start. And when it does . . . and I stop for a light or something, it stalls." On the surface, Len looked calm and confident in his conservative suit, but his tone suggested otherwise. It was abnormally high, and the words cracked like dried leaves. Those smooth executive qualities which had made him appear so unattainable slowly slipped away. There was absolutely no question in Phil's mind . . . Len was ready for *the* word.

"Sounds like the carburetor needs adjusting. No real problem."

"Good." Len got out of the car, and stood next to Phil. There wasn't a considerable size difference between the two men; yet Phil looked bigger. Everything about Phil looked bigger than everyone else. He had never met a man who could match him in *any* way. That was why he always knew he had been *the* chosen. "When will it be ready?" Len asked, looking away. He obviously could not stand looking up at such magnificence.

"Tomorrow." Phil waved a mechanic near. "Charley, will you take this in and adjust the carburetor."

"Sure, boss."

Turning to Len, Phil said: "Now where do you want to be dropped . . . at home?"

"That isn't necessary."

He put the cigar slowly between his lips. "Sure it is!" He shifted the cigar to one corner of his mouth. "You *know* it is."

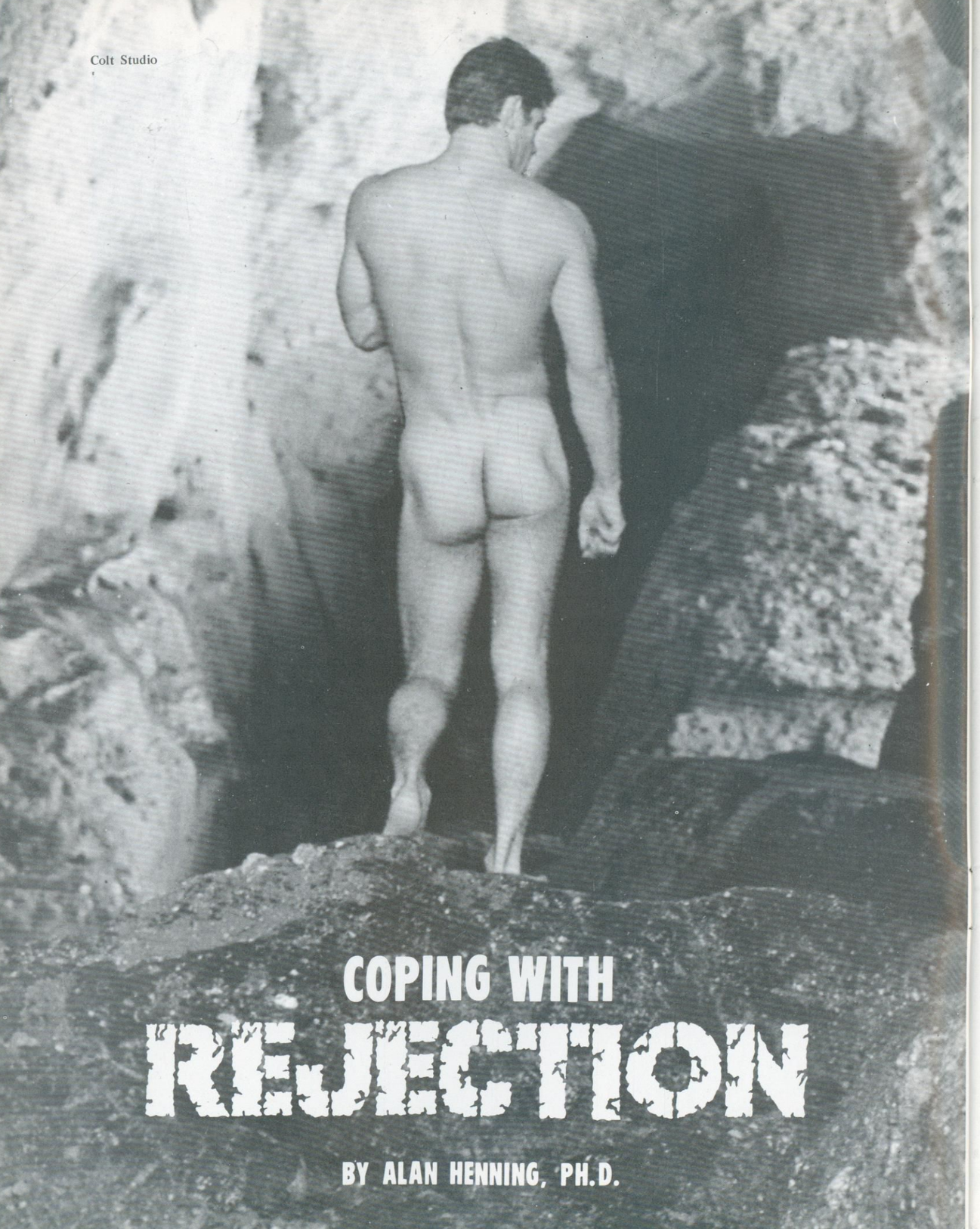
"My car's over there. Let's go!"

"But I . . . ."

"No buts," Phil interrupted. "It's part of the service here."

Len meekly followed behind the disciple of the Almighty to the car.

There was very little conversation enroute to the apartment. A few suggestive looks, an occasional smile, but nothing more. Phil didn't want to start something in the car, which he wouldn't be able to finish. Once they were alone in the apartment, once he had gotten Len in a responsive mood, then, with divine supervision, he would move in swiftly. But in *(Continued on page 41)*



Colt Studio

COPING WITH REJECTION

BY ALAN HENNING, PH.D.

HE really turns you on. He's just the kind of hunky number you've been looking for—the right height, color of hair and an intriguing basket. And his clothes and posture don't give him away as either too truck-driver butch or so nelly he needs a splint on his wrist.

You sidle up to him at the bar, start some chit-chat and eventually, gulp!, ask him to go home with you. Courteously he explains that while he'd like to make the scene with you, he has a lover and Bob just wouldn't understand.

Your response is:

1. "Bob has very good taste and I hope the two of you continue to have a groovy thing."
2. "Couldn't you just forget about that tonight? I'm really horny and we'd have wild sex. Please, I really dig you and it's getting close to last call and I'm desperate and . . . ." as he walks away.
3. "Well, if you're going to turn me down, you can just go straight to hell. You don't know what you're missing and I hope you get clap . . . ." as you walk away.

The first, obviously, is the most mature and gentlemanly reaction, but at different times we've probably all responded in the second or third manner. Don't feel like the Lone Stranger. Unless you look like a combination of Adonis, Rock Hudson and Rudy Nureyev, have the money of an Onassis, the personality of a Dick Cavett and the general appeal of a superstar, chances are you've experienced rejection.

It hurts. To be told, bluntly or subtly, that the other guy doesn't want to have sex with you can really be a bummer. Your self-esteem can really hit bottom.

How to cope with rejection is the subject of this article. The author has won some and lost some, but professes no great expertise. The School of Hard Knocks does, however, provide some insights. Both theory and technique of dealing with rejection are offered here, whether it's being politely turned down while cruising a bar or having your lover split. The goal is to put rejection in a realistic perspective and use it as a tool for analyzing and improving yourself. Those arrows of rejection aimed at you can be turned around and hurled back at the world in the form of love darts.

To understand this, it's necessary to refresh our memories a bit about good, old-fashioned Freudian psychology. Mind you, this doesn't mean for a moment that the author or *QQ Magazine* subscribe to the sickness theory of homosexuality. A lot of shrinks are getting rich by convincing maladjusted gay guys that they're dreadfully sick, poor babies, and that only long years of analysis can make "them" well. Horsefeathers, say we! There are as many theories on homosexuality as there are homosexuals. Freud's is only one, and it's outdated and far from universally applicable. Nonetheless, part of what Freud had to say may help to explain why some of us fail to come to grips with rejection. If the shoe fits, we don't necessarily have to wear it, but it may relieve a pinched bunion or two.

Freud, you'll recall, postulated that in formative years the boy develops a close attachment to his mother. This is thwarted, usually by the father or, later, by the incest taboo. Says Freud: "The boy represses his love for the mother by putting himself in her place, by identifying with her, and by taking her as his own model through the similarity of which he is guided in the selection of his love object . . . . He returns to the stage of autoeroticism . . . . The boys, whom the growing adult now loves, are only substitutive persons or revivals of his own childish person, whom he loves in the same way his mother loved him.

"We say that he finds his love object on the way to narcissism, for the Greek legend called a boy Narcissus to whom nothing was more pleasing than his own mirrored image, and whom he transformed into a beautiful flower of this name."

Here endeth the reading of today's Freud lesson. Remember, like all analysts who promulgate theories on the cause of homosexuality, Freud based his on interviews with persons who were in need of therapy. There is a built-in bias. Well-adjusted homosexuals or, as the *QQ Magazine* slogan has it, "gay guys with no hangups," can move on to the next article.

Still, what Freud said is undoubtedly true to some extent among many of today's gay guys. There *are* homosexuals who repress an early attachment for the mother and, as adults, seek companionship with others like themselves in order to duplicate subconscious childhood memories. This puts them in the ambiguous position of being the lover (surrogate mother) as well as the loved (a fantasy version of themselves as a child). This is a genuine inversion, a textbook example of narcissism. By another name it's called shadow hugging. The individual wraps his arms around the other person, but in the back of his mind he is hugging his own self, just as his mother hugged him.

If this sounds like a rather complicated hangup, that's because it is. Yet we all do it to a certain degree, and it may account for our anxiety and discomfort when someone rejects us.

Consider, for example, the case of John Doe. John is attractive, attracted to other guys but unsure of himself. In fact, there's just enough emotional insecurity that when someone turns John down, he feels deeply hurt. He can go off the deep end and sulk and pout for a whole weekend, just because one guy on one occasion rejected his advances.

John couldn't come right out and tell you why this is so although he may realize that his reaction is out of all proportion to the actual incident. Here is what he is doing subconsciously: because basically John likes himself, he projects onto others his own good, warm-puppy feelings. Like Narcissus peering into the pool and seeing his own reflection, John sends out to others not merely "good vibes," but in fact a mirror image of his own self. On a conscious level, to be sure, John may not insist on tricking with someone who is an identical twin. It's feelings and personality that he projects, rather than a duplicate physique or appearance.

Sad to relate, having projected all these warm-puppy feelings out onto the other guy, John leaves himself empty of them. It's as though the well had run dry. His personality is an empty silo. He badly needs to fill it back up, to reclaim all that emotional security. He becomes pretty damn desperate and compulsive. Linus searching for his security blanket was never so hard up as John is seeking that companion onto whom he has projected so much.

Let's give John's story both a happy and a sad ending. First, let's suppose that he does get his friend home to bed. Sure enough, they have groovy sex. Physically, there's the excitement of foreplay leading to the ecstasy of release. This is very important to John; the hunter has brought home his prey and conquered it. The empty silo is now full; the well is gushing forth. *(Continued on page 49)*


Ferrero

IF YOU HAVE EVER ASKED YOURSELF, "WHY AM I WHAT I AM?"—AND IF THAT QUESTION STILL REMAINS UNANSWERED—YOU MAY FIND THE SOLUTION IN THE WRITINGS OF . . .

ANDRE GIDE

By R. Michael Evans

"I don't mind betting that within twenty years it will be impossible to take words like 'unnatural' and 'perverted' at all seriously."

A defiant manifesto from the Gay Liberation Front?

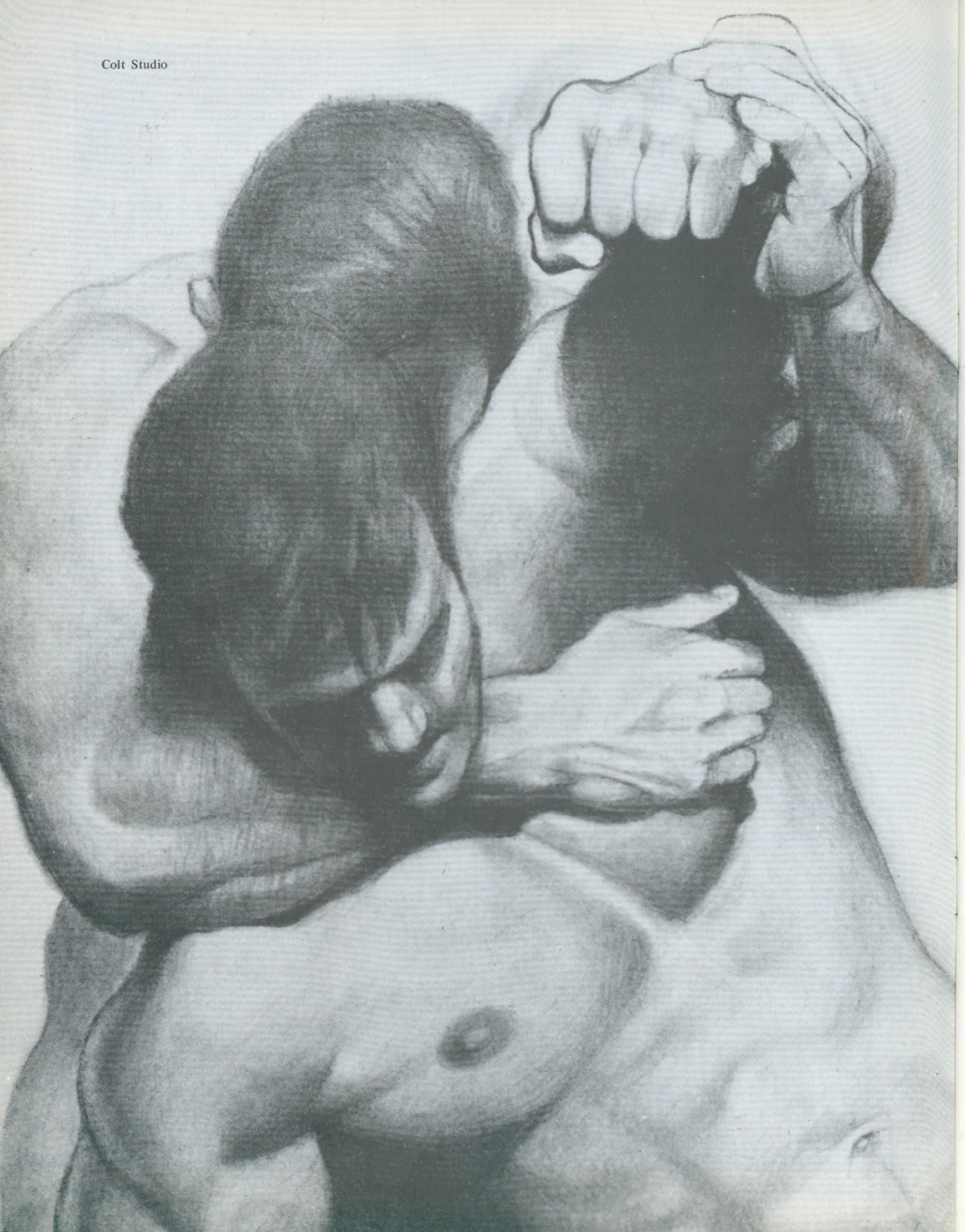
No, that prediction was made all of 60 years ago by the French author Andre Gide in "Corydon." Most people, unfortunately, still think homosexuality is "unnatural" and "perverted." But that is not the fault of Gide. His first-person dialogues in a Paris apartment between the skeptical, ironic author and his impassioned homosexual friend, referred to simply as Corydon, continue to stand today as one of the most literate, if somewhat flawed, apologies for homosexuality.

It may be discouraging to realize how little public opinion has changed in the last two generations. (A 1969 Harris poll showed that 63 per cent of those interviewed considered homosexuality "harmful to American life.") Still, gay people today can be inspired by the courage of an author who risked —and received—sharp public disapproval for writing sympathetically on the subject.

After he won the Nobel Prize, Gide was asked by a Swedish newspaper reporter who obliquely referred to "Corydon" if there was any one book he regretted having written. Without hesitation, Gide replied that "Corydon" was his most important work. Today's successful advocates of enlightened sexual attitudes stand on the shoulders of such literary giants as Gide.

It is not merely its historical importance which makes "Corydon" worth re-reading, however. The book has a vital, continuing relevance to any homosexual who has ever asked, "Why am I what I am?"

Gide's theory is that males have an innate, *normal* *(Continued on page 38)*



Colt Studio

THIS GUY REALLY HAS HANGUPS—BUT HOW INTERESTING THEY ARE! ONCE A FAMOUS WRESTLER, HIS NAME IS STILL NEWS AMONG WRESTLING FANS EVERYWHERE. AARON KALONJHE IS HIS FAMILY NAME. HIS PROFESSIONAL NAME CANNOT BE REVEALED HERE, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS—BUT IF YOU ARE A WRESTLING FAN YOU WON'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE GUESSING IT . . . AND NO MATTER WHAT YOUR BAG YOU WILL ENJOY READING THE GORY ACCOUNTS OF A GAY WRESTLER WHOSE PENT-UP SEXUAL FRUSTRATIONS LED TO THE BLOODIEST MATCH PRO WRESTLING HAS EVER KNOWN! IT'S ALL HERE, IN . . .

CONFESSIONS OF A GAY WRESTLER

BY AARON KALONJHE

My name is Aaron Kalonjhe. I was a gay professional wrestler. This is a true account of my experiences, written expressly for QQ Magazine.

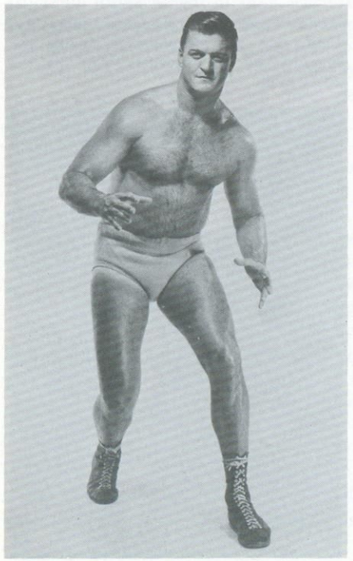
Signed,

A. Kalonjhe

I was 19, blond and muscular with big ambitions. I wanted to be somebody.

One night my lover and a few friends introduced me to wrestling. As I sat with 21,000 noisy fans in the Montreal Forum I thought to myself, "Aaron, if only you could be a pro wrestler you'd command the attention of crowds like this." I was 'hooked' but didn't let anyone know how I felt. All I knew was that I had to change my life, so one day I just walked out on Montreal and my lover and headed for Detroit.

Jacques Rougeau was defeated by the author. The former International Champion owns the Montreal wrestling office.



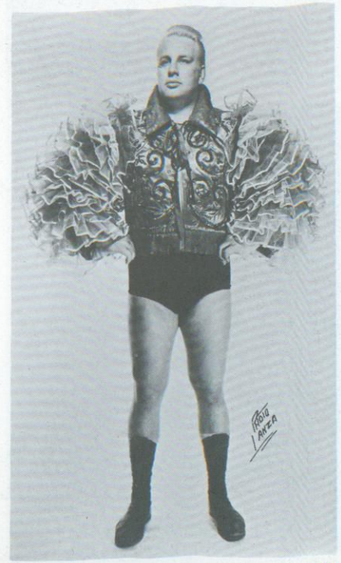


Ronnie and Paul Dupree wrestle as a tag team. The World Champs are popular with S&M fans everywhere.

I joined a gym and spent most of my time lifting weights. In the evenings I attended matches at the Cobo Hall Arena and saw such champs as The Sheik, Jerry Graham, and Jack Brisco. Then I met a pro wrestler at the gym, Terry Rousseau—6 feet tall and 240 pounds of beautiful brown-haired fury. He had traveled all over the world and I fell in love with him. We were careful and none of his buddies even knew we were friends. That was pretty easy because he was away most of the time, wrestling in Cincinnati and Dayton. I'd only see him every other week, for a night or two. It was only by accident that I found out Terry was doing more than wrestling on the road. I met his Dayton lover in a gay bar and found out he was seeing a third guy in Cincinnati. He had been using me . . . I just meant a place to sleep. "I'll get you for this someday, damn it, Terry!" I thought.

I left for Vancouver, where I was extremely depressed. But I was still determined to get into wrestling professionally—and get back at Terry. That kept me going. I worked-out with weights at one of the gyms and brought my weight up to a solid 230

Terry Garvin wears fancy clothes to please his fans. Some wrestlers do it for 'ego-sexual' reasons.





Jean and Paul Ledic are tough guys who know the value of posing for publicity stills like this. They have a big S&M following and put on bloody exhibitions to appease violent spectators.



The Masked Maltese, alias The Iron Cross, alias Big Ed Sullivan was once managed by the author, who calls him a "two-time palooka" and generally downgrades him for being "immature."



This photo shows manager Homer O'Deel in action, helping his man win while the referee's back was turned. Note the cane in his right hand. The author did the same thing when he managed wrestlers.

pounds at a height of 6 feet. But two years of looking for a break . . . that somebody who might introduce me to a pro manager–and not getting anywhere nearly broke my will. I needed a change, so I moved to Tampa on the money I had saved working as a male prostitute through my connections at the gym.

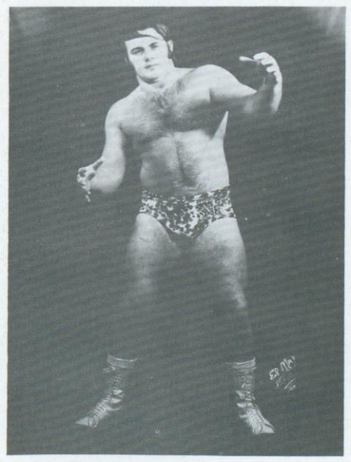
In Tampa I met Eddie Graham. He was a platinum-blond, heavy-set, middle-aged has-been. (Eddie is now the promoter and all the brains behind the Florida wrestling office, although the fans do not realize this.) He took me under his wing and taught me some wrestling holds, worked-out with me, but also had me doing rotten jobs like cleaning up his Tampa Sportatorium with a broom after the bouts. That was for his flunkies, not for me! I did not groove on Mr. Graham, nor did I like his associates, Louie Tillet and Sam Steamboat. I told Eddie where he could go–and what he could do with my broom.

Next was Mobile. The first guy I met at one of the wrestlers' gyms was a referee who happened to be gay, so we became friends. He felt sorry for me and introduced me to a lot of local wrestlers and promoters. I got my first break and took advantage of it–and became buddies with all these guys. At last a match was set up, in Pensacola–thanks to Suigo Soto, a Japanese wrestler who convinced the promoters I was ready. Except for two of the referees and three guys who worked for one of the promoters, no one knew I was gay, so my break didn't come as a result of sex.

I was set up as a baby-faced challenger of villains. My blond hair was lightened to a platinum shade (which looked great because my skin was a deep tan). When I entered the stadium in

(Continued on page 43)

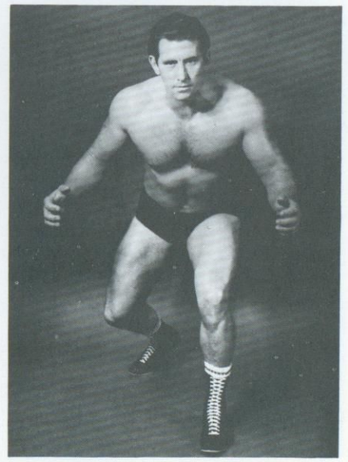
Kevin F. Sullivan is considered a "pretty boy" type, of which the author was one for many years. Sportswriter Ed May took this photo.



Eduardo Carpentier (the aggressor) slams one to Bull Ramos. These tactics, the author claims, are usually faked but sometimes legit.

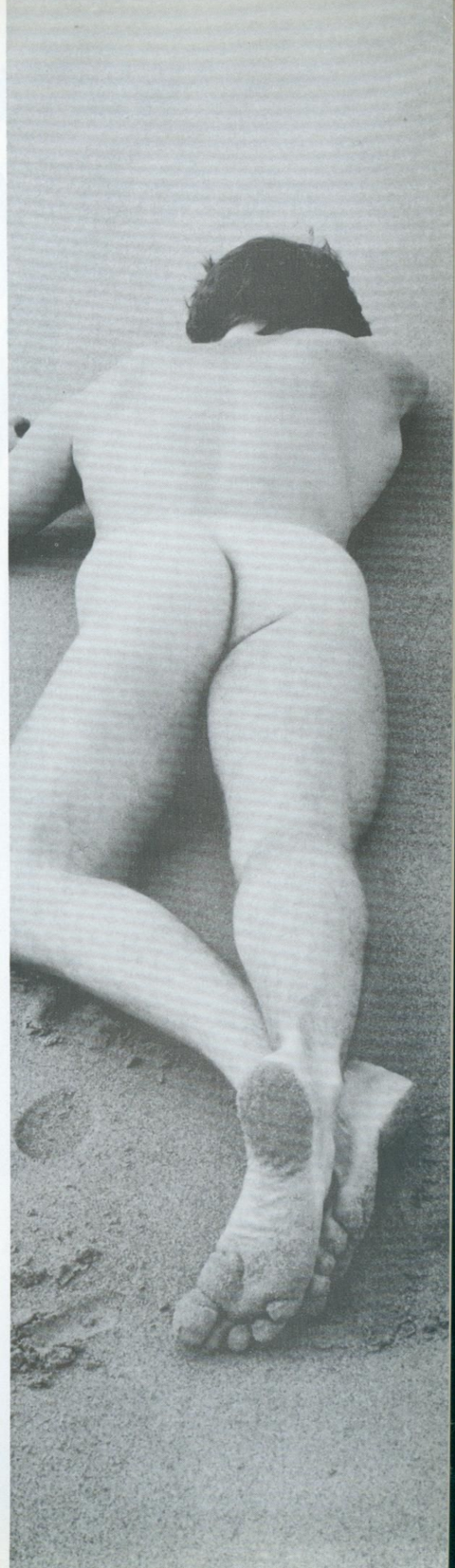


Woody Farmer, who resides in Union City, Calif., has a trim physique, unlike the majority of pro wrestlers who dig the beefy look.



INTRODUCTION BY DAVID PARKER

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN



HAVE you ever wondered why most publishers of diet magazines wait until June to run articles on losing weight "in time for summer"? Or why travel magazines feature articles on ski lodges in December?

The reason is that people are more apt to buy magazines containing timely articles–and most people can't think about summer until it gets hot, or about skiing until that first snowflake falls. By then it's too late.

But most people who diet really don't want to lose weight; they use such magazines to rationalize: "I'm really trying, you know . . . this magazine tells you how to prepare low-calorie banana splits. They're really marvelous!" So an article on losing weight in June, when it's too late to lose in time for the beach, is a perfect way out for someone who wants to convince others he's trying, but just found out how to go about it too late.

Most people who read travel magazines don't travel. The articles provide vicarious adventures–and for these people an article on skiing in December makes more sense than reading the same thing in July.

But sincere dieters would prefer to read a "get in shape by summer" diet in January, when there's still time, and an article on a new ski lodge is of greater interest to skiers in July, when there's still time to set aside some money and plan ahead.

With this in mind, *QQ Magazine* always features articles dealing with seasonal resorts well ahead of time. We believe our readers like to digest the facts and think before actually making plans to go. Another consideration is cost–and in these times of Nixon Bread Line Days most guys have to save in order to go.

We featured Fire Island in our January-February 1971 issue–and many readers have indicated that they are planning to go this summer. Would that have been possible had we waited until July to run the article–when vacation plans are already made? So now–we feature two winter vacations, Puerto Rico and Mexico, so that you may consider both in plenty of time.

Depending on where you live–which has a bearing on air fare–you will have a decided preference for either Puerto Rico or Mexico. No matter which you choose you're in store for a grand vacation–days of wine and roses . . . of beautiful sunshine and unbelievable studs who swing to a Latin beat.

Let's go!



QQ'S GAY GUIDE TO THE "NEW"

PUERTO RICO

TEXT & PHOTOS BY GEORGE DESANTIS

YOUNG Puerto Ricans are chanting a new slogan these days—*"Independencia!"* Born of the restlessness of university students, who, like their counterparts around the world, want to break old political ties with other nations, the modern generation seeks government reform and self-direction.

"Operation Bootstrap," a program to eliminate unemployment and raise the standard of living throughout Puerto Rico (it was initiated and directed by the U. S. government and prominent stateside businessmen) was so successful that the Island prospers like no other in the Caribbean.

But the New Breed prefers to ignore the past. With an eye to the future, now that Puerto Rico is thriving, the young people want to control what is theirs and shape its future. Radicals are plentiful and there are enough malcontents to listen. While the situation is vastly different from what it was in Cuba before Castro took over, in that unemployment is no longer a key factor, and also that the Island is a U. S. commonwealth, it seems impossible yet not inconceivable that another Cuba could happen. The signs are there. Radicals march regularly to protest statehood. Bombings occur frequently; prime targets are big U. S. companies, such as General Motors and Holiday Inn (the hotel pool in San Juan was blown to bits in February). To make things worse, the rotting U. S. economy is affecting the tourist industry on the Island; people are staying home, and this has caused several big hotels to go bankrupt, the latest casuality being the Condado Beach Hotel, after having served Puerto Rico and its tourists for 53 years.

However, the purpose of this article is not to comment on the political scene *per se,* but rather on its effect on gay people.

All political movements have the effect of lessening morality among its followers. In times of revolution the forces that be dictate an abandonment of old ways, and in Puerto Rico—an Island of explosive Latins whose sex drive has been held down for generations—it is only natural that sexual liberation should be foremost among young revolutionaries. The johns at the University of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras are an example. John cruising used to be limited to only a handful of men's rooms. This year, along with curly hair, bells and boots, the john scene has caught on. Action is rampant, and some buildings are as busy as Grand Central Station.

The *machismo look* is 'in' everywhere—and Puerto Ricans are naturals. In fact, because *everyone* is now sporting long hair and thick moustaches, it's hard to separate the tourists from the natives. Sex flicks are all over San Juan, and even show in small town movie theatres. It's no longer unusual to see entire families enjoying movies like "Joe" and "Hustler in Heat." All this and more, brought on by a desire among all young people to follow the lead of a handful of vocal revolutionaires who equate self-rule with self-reign.

San Juan—and that city *means* Puerto Rico to most people—has never had a shortage of gay bars. Nor have gay guys ever been oppressed; for example, close dancing was permitted in bars in San Juan even before it was dared in cities like New York. Mainlanders flew down by the thousands to play and have sex with anything that moved. And the Puerto Rican attitude of live-and-let-live provided a healthy climate for gays who wanted to come out of their closets even before that expression was used.

But, as I can tell you, and as any long-time Island visitor will confirm, it was always a sort of "bring your own action" kind of thing. You found yourself having sex with guys from U. S. cities, because *we* comprised the bulk of gay life. Oh yes, there have always been gay availables among the natives, but in the past they were definitely in the minority. These days local kids are coming out in such great numbers that the *high-tourist to low-native ratio* is being reversed. In fact, last season saw two new gay "native" bars join the regular tourist haunts in San Juan.

San Juan has always been a gay world sex arena, and will probably remain so—barring any drastic political happening. There is so much gay activity packed in such a small area, a section of town which can be walked end to end in a half hour.

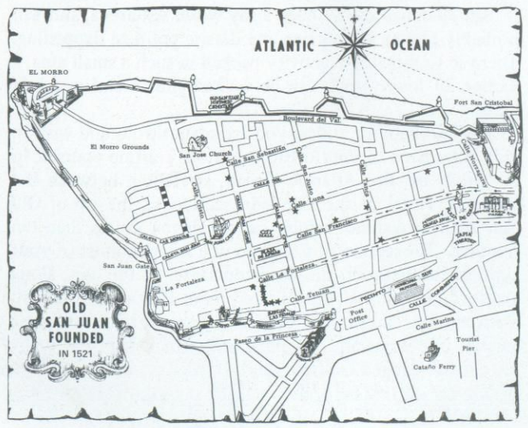
In all probability, unless you are adventurous and wish to visit other parts of Puerto Rico, you will confine yourself to a "strip" on the Atlantic Ocean, stretching between the Sheraton Hotel in the Condado section to the tip of Old San Juan, a distance which can be driven in less than ten minutes. The section of Condado you'll spend most of your time in lies between the Sheraton Hotel to the east, along Ashford Avenue, to the San Jeronimo Hilton to the west. Between this point and Old San Juan, farther west, is a stretch of "wasteland"—a park area which happens to be extremely dangerous (muggers) at night. There are two hotels of interest here; they will be mentioned later. You can walk it in a half hour if you're a roadrunner. Or take a







Top to bottom: **The public beach in Condado. Taken from the balcony of the old Condado Beach Hotel, this photo shows the full length of the "Gold Coast." The gay section is in front of the Sands Hotel (black star). Next, Ashford Avenue–which the luxury hotels in Condado face–is cruised by hustlers nightly. The bottom photo shows the end of San José St., in Old San Juan. Several of the gay bars discussed in the article can be seen–as well as a group of local hustlers outside the Down Town.** Below: **This map of Old San Juan will help you pinpoint the places discussed by George Desantis. The most important gay spots are starred.** Opposite page: **A tree-lined street in Old San Juan.**



bus, or cab it for less than a dollar.

Que Pasa, a free publication available at most hotels, lists all the non-gay places and things to see and do. However, while *Que Pasa* might be very helpful in locating hotels and guest houses for your next trip, and restaurants and entertainment this trip, you will have arrived with a hotel reservation. This is especially important in the winter, when it's tough finding space in San Juan. Arrangements should be made well in advance of your trip, by contacting a hotel or guest house directly, or booking space through your travel agent. The luxury hotels and better guest houses (two are gay) are in the Condado section; there are several inexpensive guest houses (three of which are exclusively gay) in Old San Juan.

If you go down in the winter you will find sunny weather. Average daytime temperature is 80-degrees, and it seldom gets cool enough for a jacket at night, though there are always ocean breezes. That means you should take light clothing. Even if you stay at the luxury hotels, you're safe with casual clothes, and unless you are planning to do the big nightclubs and gambling casinos you needn't take jackets and ties. This last trip my main outfit consisted of a black leather vest (no shirt), dungarees, a studded belt, and boots. Only when I went to dinner did I switch to dress pants and a sport shirt. I had no desire to go clubbing or gambling, so I didn't even bother to take a suit, but I suggest you do if it's your first time down, as you'll probably want to go gambling at least once, and you won't be admitted to any casino (there's one in every luxury hotel) unless you're wearing a jacket and tie. Take a couple of bathing suits. Brevity doesn't seem to bother anyone, though you might be embarrassed to walk through a straight crowd in your sheer bikini if you're staying at one of the big hotels, so wear hot pants or somethin' to cover them until you get out on the beach.

San Juan is a late town, which means that you'll probably sleep with or without someone until noon; get out to the beach after lunch, and stay until 5:00; go for drinks with or without someone; nap or have sex; dine at 9:00 or 10:00 and hit the bars, or baths, or clubs, or whatever your bag happens to be until the wee hours of the next morning. On days that you've had too much sun (never take more than a half hour the first day, no matter how dark you are; the sun is intense and staying out the first day for even an hour can give you a bad burn) you can go sightseeing, perhaps in Old San Juan.

Now for specifics, mostly gay:

WHERE TO STAY

The *luxury hotels* stretch along the Atlantic Ocean, between the airport (about 20 minutes east of Condado by car) and just beyond Condado, five minutes this side of Old San Juan. I suggest you avoid those near the airport, mainly because you'll be spending most of your evening hours in Old San Juan, so rather than travel that distance every night, stay in convenient Condado. The *Sheraton* is very modern and comfortable. Though the lobby is paneled with white marble, it is not pretentious. This hotel has one of the nicest bars in San Juan; it is outdoors, with the ocean on one side and the hotel pool on another. An ideal place to take someone you've met on the beach for a tropical drink afterwards. Rates here, as in all other luxury hotels, average $60 a day for two, meals not included. The pool may be used by outsiders, but you must pay something like $5 to get in. The Sheraton's beach is part of the public beach, and a gathering place for hippies.

Da Vinci is the next luxury hotel, walking westward up Ashford Avenue. It is not directly on the ocean, but does have a pool. Because of this the rates are slightly lower, averaging $40 a day for two. Next, on the ocean, is *La Concha.* It's as comfortable as the Sheraton, but older and more tropical in appearance. For some reason unknown to me this is the only luxury hotel whose ground floor john is sometimes cruised, usually around 4 p.m. I don't care for it's beach (which is part of the public beach), because it is shaded by the hotel, due to the angle of the building. (The only reason I refer to the beach area outside the hotels as being part of each place is that if you stay at one you will probably use the chaises provided for guests, rather than walk over to the nearby gay section, and think of it as the hotel beach.)

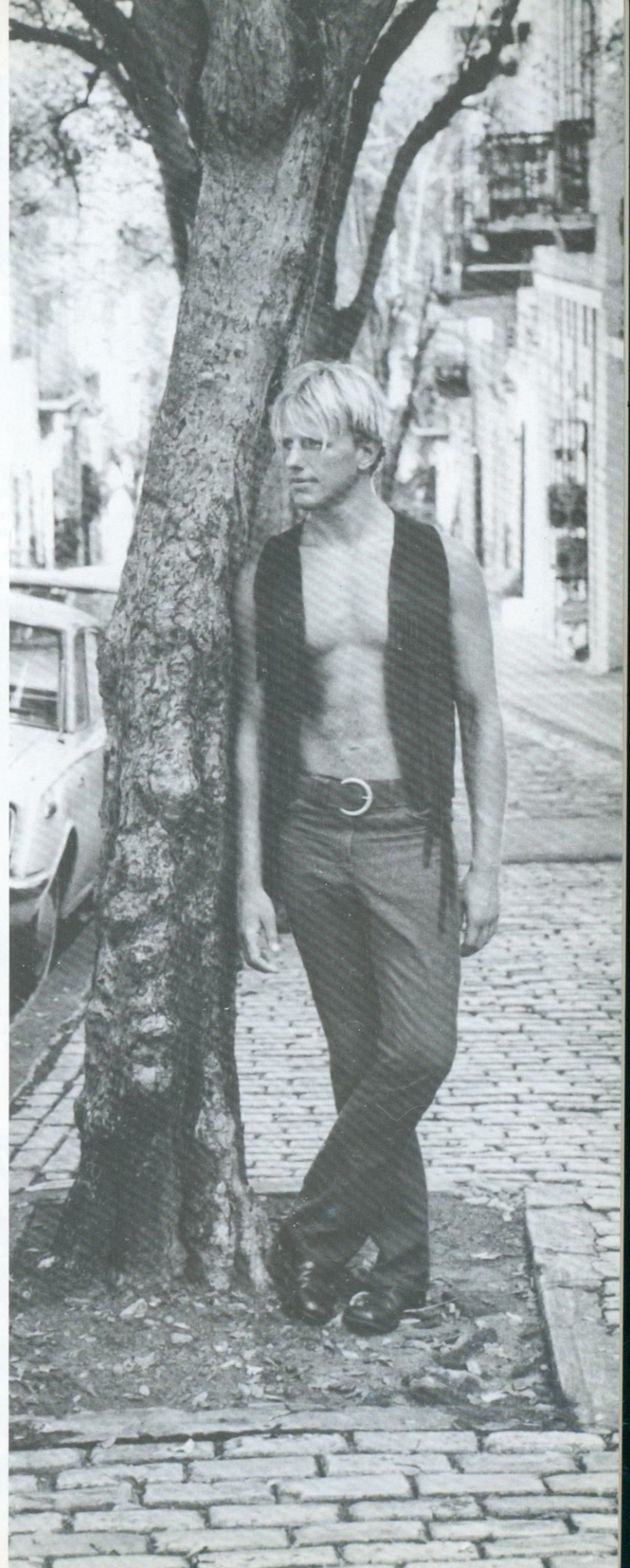
Next, the *Condado Beach Hotel.* But now that it is closed it's anyone's guess what will take its place next season. It was favored by gays who prefer luxury hotels because of its open lobby and easy accessibility from the street; one could take in a wild-looking trick without ever being noticed.

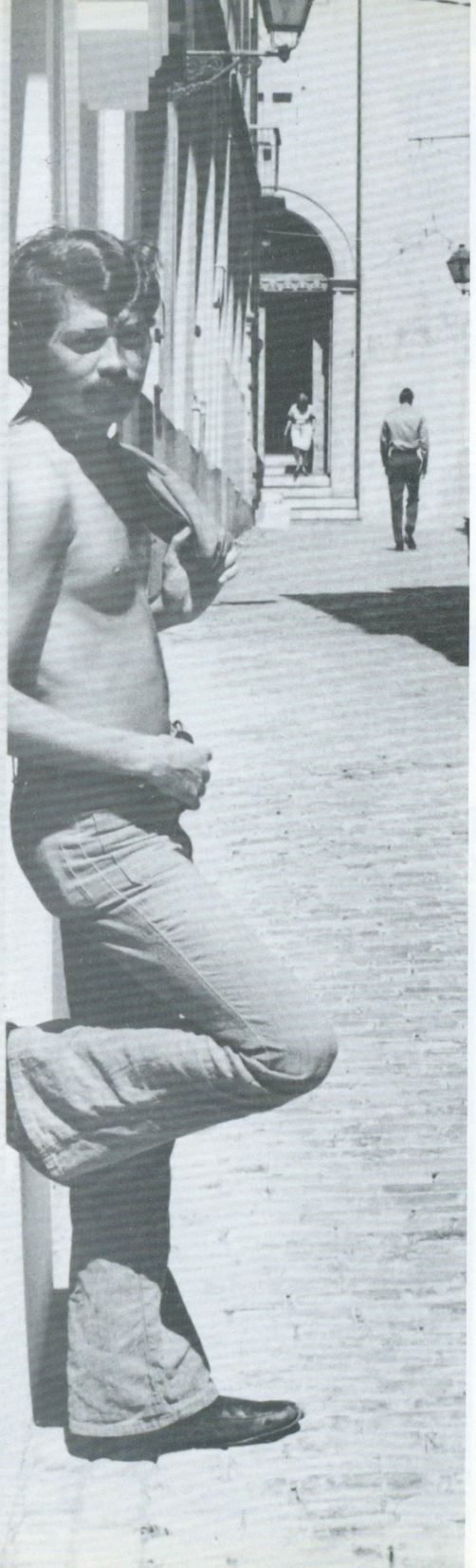
And at the end of the strip (which is referred to as the "Gold Coast") is the *San Jeronimo Hilton,* well-serviced but extremely impersonal. It's just big, modern and bleak.

Now, across the bridge, on your way to Old San Juan, you'll find the last of the big hotels, the *Caribe Hilton.* Very tropical. It's a good hotel, but it is located in one of the worst sections of San Juan. There is a gate around the place, to keep the guests safe from the creeps roaming about in the park just outside. If you're typically gay, as I am–in the sense that a dark shadow is an easy lure–count on being mugged at least once if you stay at the Caribe Hilton, just a stone's throw from your room.

The moderately-priced hotels worth mentioning include the *Atlantic Beach,* 1 Vendig St., and the *Sands,* next to the Atlantic Beach. They are just to the left of the Sheraton, on the ocean. The gay section of beach is in front of the Sands, and the entrance to the beach is right here. Also in Condado, though not on the water, and closer to the San Jeronimo Hilton, is the *Tanama Hotel,* popular with Canadian gays. Average rates are $35 for a double. Slightly lower, because it is an old place in its decline, and away from everything, is the *Normandie Hotel,* next to the Caribe Hilton. Very tacky area and the hotel is falling apart. It is popular with gays because the hallways are very cruisy early in the morning. There used to be a gay john on the main floor, but it was locked up about four years ago.

Guest houses average $8 to $15 for a single, depending on location and how nice your room is. Straight places with understanding managers (though they may request that you not bring in guests) include the *Lemon Tree,* 108 Washington, in Condado; *Lutece on the Beach,* 1 Atlantic Place, Condado; and the *Gallardo Apartment Hotel,* 1102 Magdalena, Condado. In this same section you will find two gay guest houses. One is the *Madrid Guest House,* 112 Calle San Jorge. It's too far away from the hub of Condado action as far as I'm concerned, but if you don't mind a ten-minute walk to get something to eat, or to reach the beach, you might like it. I see from the classifieds in the underground papers, however, that the owner is trying to unload it, so no one knows what it will be next season. More





convenient is the *El Mar Guest House,* 1 Clemenceau, just a block away from the La Concha Hotel. Needless to say, the action in the hallways is not unlike the YMCA. The rooms are small, cooled only by fans, and there is a rooftop bar.

There are three major gay guest houses in Old San Juan, in case you're not a beach type and prefer to be closer to the bars. One is the *San Francisco Inn,* 263 San Francisco. A second is the *Unique Guest House,* 151 Tetuan; the third is *Casa Mario,* 255 San Jose. Mario's is connected to one of the gay bars, Junie's, and has a rooftop bar that opens at 8 a.m. All three resemble tenements from the outside, and European *pensions* on the inside.

One last place—the *YMCA,* of course. This is in Old San Juan, or, more accurately—on the brink of the old city (which is only a few blocks square). Typical YMCA action, but very difficult to get a reservation. Write or phone months in advance.

WHERE TO SUN

There is only one *gay beach,* as mentioned above, *the section of public beach directly in front of the Sands Hotel.* But because the entire length of public beach is not great, cruising on foot goes on end to end. *Escambron Beach,* near the Caribe Hilton, used to be very gay when there were bushes to do your thing in, but since its improvement a couple of years ago, the gay activity has ceased, except for an occasional oldtimer who doesn't know any better, and a local hustler who would like to make an oldtimer's dream come true—for a price.

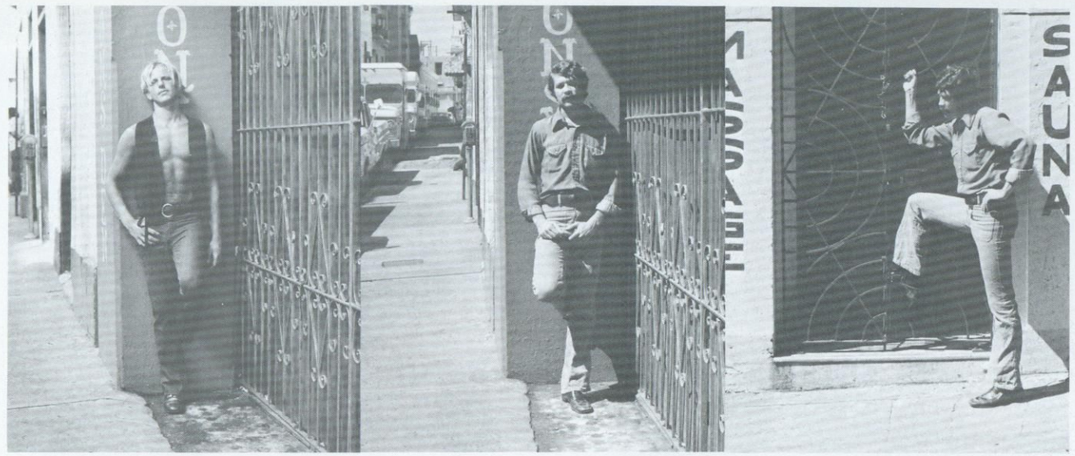
WHERE TO EAT

Que Pasa lists all the major restaurants. I have found these to be of special interest: In Condado: *Ming Dynasty,* 1106 Magdalena Avenue, very good Chinese food, moderately priced and casual; *La Locanda,* in the Da Vinci Hotel, reasonably good Italian food, moderately priced, and casual; *Mama's Little Italy,* in the Atlantic Beach Hotel (rooftop), average Italian food, reasonably priced, very casual; *Las Nereidas,* 1109 Ashford Avenue, average Puerto Rican dishes but a big menu, and good for late-night snacks; *The Red Rooster;* 1058 Ashford Avenue (there is a branch near the Caribe Hilton), open all night, reasonably priced American food, huge breakfasts and your best bet if you have a stomach that cannot take new sensations. In Old San Juan: *La Gallega,* 309 Fortaleza, considered by many to be Puerto Rico's finest restaurant, moderately priced, casual, and some truly great native dishes; *La Mallorquina,* 207 San Justo, San Juan's oldest restaurant, very good native food; *El Patio de Sam,* 102 San Sebastion, casual restaurant favored by gays, moderately priced, but extremely slow service; *Plaza Patio,* 409 San Francisco, very reasonable food; *Down Town Bar,* 255 San José, for hamburgers, etc.; *El Hamburger,* Tetuan St., below the Annex Club (151 Tetuan), for hamburgers; *La Bombonera,* San Francisco near Tanca, for sweet snacks.

THE BATHS

There is only one baths in San Juan, the *St. Marks South,* 152 Tanca (directly behind the *Rialto Theatre,* which shows gay films occasionally, and whose balcony is active). Guys start arriving around 10 P.M., and it can get pretty crowded on weekends. Weekday evenings are less hectic, but I have always found *(Continued on page 52)*

QQ



Left to right: **Two "views" of the entrance to the Lion's Den . . . take your choice—all types cruise San Juan's wildest bar. Male porno movies and slides show continuously, and there's a small sex room for those who'd rather do it themselves. The St. Marks South opens its doors about 8 P.M. Great for guys who prefer baths action over sometimes futile bar cruising.**



Opposite page and photos above: **Views of Old San Juan. Its narrow streets and doorways are always full of surprises.** Below, left to right: **Sunday morning outside the El Convento Hotel, the most luxurious hotel in Old San Juan, but not particularly favored by gay guys because it is somewhat "stuffy." Nearby is a "street of steps." Leaning on poles is a favorite pastime in Plaza Colón, the town square.**





QQ GOES MEXICRUISING

THE GAY OLÉ

BY DAVID BARTEL

WHEN a gay acquaintance flies home from a holiday south of the border trilling "*como Acapulco, no hay dos,*" you'll know right away he's divinely mad, having lost far more in Mexico than his mother tongue! And while many others enthusiastically share his belief that "after Acapulco, nothing else comes even close," it may be as truly said of Mexico City, Guadalajara or Puerto Vallarta . . . each for a quite different reason.

Acapulco is sheer sorcery, of course. Take a day or two to lose your *yanqui* uptightness and you'll find yourself tricking to an exciting new beat, for here is where gay guys play the game of love with a white-hot elation. May we put you briefly in the picture?

Along three miles of golden sand is strung a necklace of glistening white hotels, while terraced cottages in pastel colors—each with its martini-sized swimming pool—dot the landscape along the pink/violet-to-beige foothills of the Sierra Madre del Sur, which forms a background to this sensuous paradise. At first you'll be quite content to revel luxuriously in a sunny, balmy day. Soon you'll find yourself drugged by the fragrance of jasmine and gardenia, or optically enslaved by an aquamarine sea.

The principal diversions of Acapulco are love and lying on the beach (if that isn't academic, redundant, or both). Anyway, there's a lot of love going on all the time and a lot of beaches for it to 'go-on' on . . . of which three principal ones, by gay tradition, swing at different hours of the day and evening.

Just to the right of the lifeguard tower on *Caleta Beach* sex begins to rear its giant genitalia at the first flush of rosy dawn. This has always been a special favorite because of the nearby convenience of profuse shrubbery which shields articulate copulates from prying eyes. However, so many hotels are being built so rapidly in this area you may soon find that you're sharing your morning tricks with another Hilton or Sheraton.

Condesa is an all-day beach whose shining gay hours are from 2:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon, and here, nearby, is Beto's Restaurant (*Beto's Beach*), a favorite eating place for gay guys. Many very young and very eager boys hang about the restaurant area . . . available for a price.

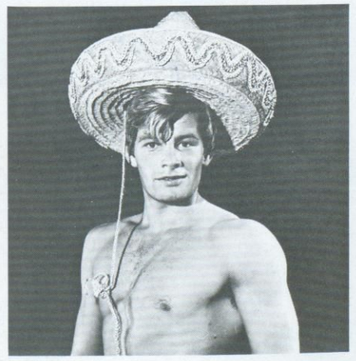
The sex scene shifts to *Hornos Beach* (even the name is exciting!) after 6:00 and continues all through the night until (you should forgive the expression) cock-crow. However, if you find the heavy action on the big beaches a bit much, don't lose your cool. Take a boat to Roqueta Island a short distance away. It's small and peaceful, with just enough on-the-spot activity to keep your glands 'glanding' and your technique in good working order. Or perhaps you might like to cruise the path up through the woods to the lighthouse . . . pitting breath-taking trick against equally breath-taking view!

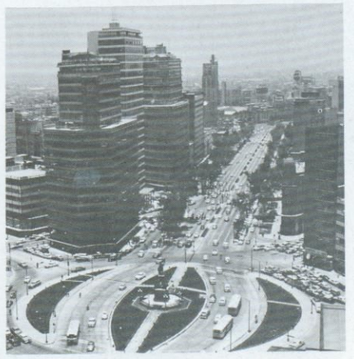
ACAPULCO NIGHT LIFE

'Relaxed revelry' might accurately describe Acapulcan night life. Everything vibrates with a flexible informality, and never the slightest trace of stuffiness . . . this extending also to what you wear.

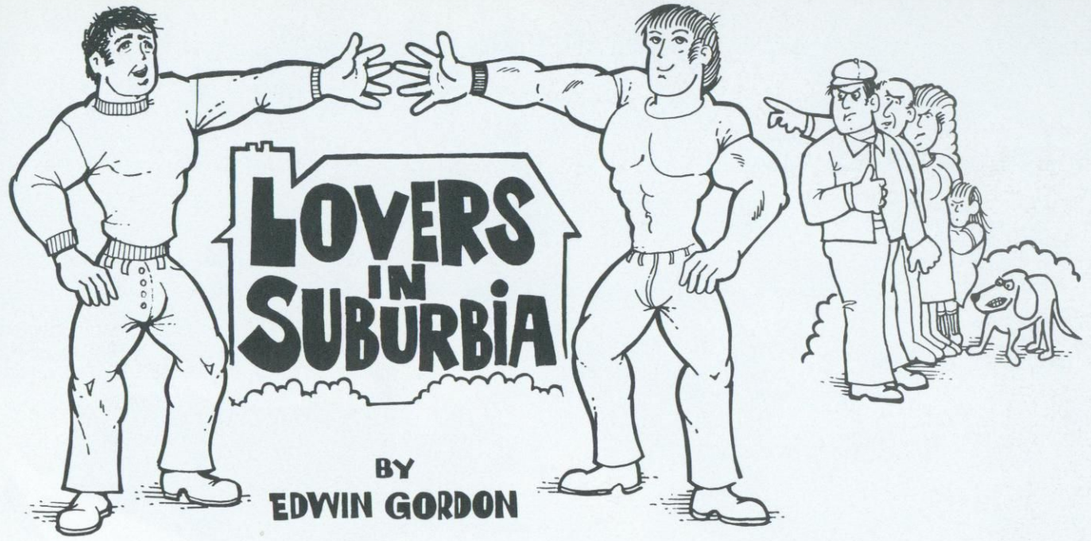
Sport shirts, worn without jackets, are seen everywhere, from the posh *La Perla* cocktail lounge of *Hotel El Mirador* (a fantastic place perched high on the Quebrada Cliffs) for twilight cruising . . . to those unique and uninhibited *(Continued on page 47)*











CAN two gay guys find happiness in suburbia?

That's what my lover and I set out to discover last year when we bought a tract house at the end of a cul-de-sac lined with crab apple trees, dogs that use our front yard as a toilet, and hausfraus so ugly they look as if they came out last in the human race.

And kids. My God, the kids!

Such a hatchery! Little do they know that the world's greatest population control technique is personified in us right down at the end of the street.

The answer to whether gay guys can put it all together by buying a house in the suburbs is a qualified yes. There are tremendous advantages over spending the rest of your lives in a Swish chalet gay ghetto. Certain precautions are also in order if you and your lover are considering La Big Switch to the Hinterlands. You don't start to screw without at least spit and persuasion, and you shouldn't buy a house with your eyes closed.

This article will outline some of the problems which Ted and I encountered: financial arrangements; the actual selection of a home; and furnishing it. Some of our experiences were universal; others unique to homosexuals.

For example, when we first pulled into our driveway, neighborhood children swarmed around us like Italian street urchins in a World War II movie. We'd been debating whether he would carry me over the threshold or vice versa when the questions began.

"What's your name?"

"Ted."

"Is that your car?"

"Yes."

"Did you buy this house?"

"Yes."

"We used to play with Tommy and Suzi when they lived here. Do you have any children we can play with?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not married."

"Why not?"

Well of course we were so married and had been, more or less faithfully, for three and a half years. We were getting ready to pinch off their little heads, but then we realized that the information we gave them would speedily be relayed to their mommies and thence, via the back-fence grapevine, throughout the neighborhood.

So we patiently explained that some men never get married. "They are called bachelors and that's what we are, and, yes, we are roommates, but some day, little Lisa, when you grow up perhaps one of us will marry you, and now why don't you little bast---, ah, er, ahem—delightful little kiddies go play in the traffic?"

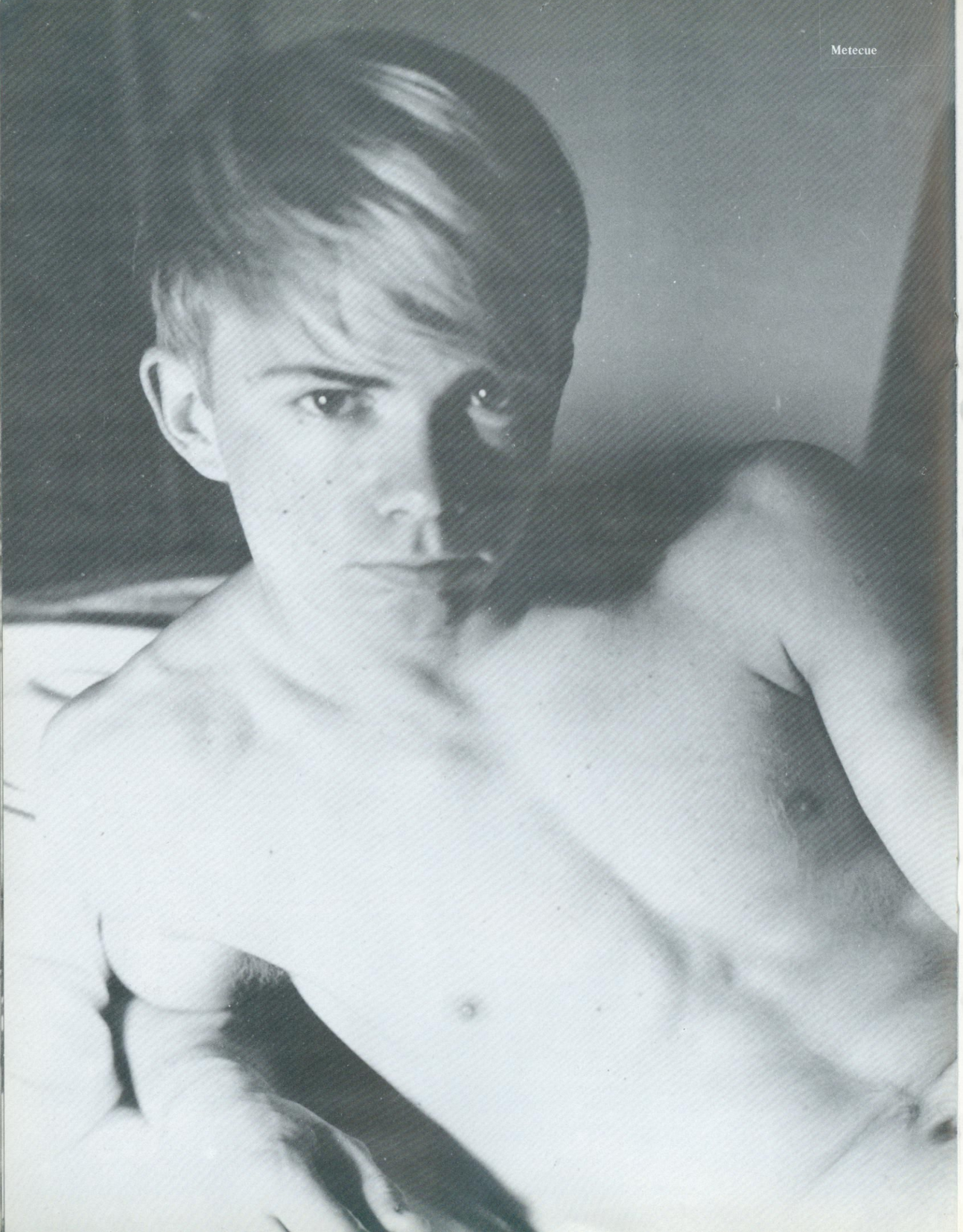
Therein lies one of the first rules of living in suburbia: Give the neighbors as little to talk about as possible.

The Gay Lib people might call this copping out by closet queens. We prefer, in our own little bourgeois way, to think of it as maintaining correct, civil but prudently standoffish relations. So far, it's worked. No crosses have been burned on our lawn. No snoopy neighbor ladies have trotted over to borrow a cup of sugar while we've been hosting an orgy. And if we need a cup of sugar, you can damn well bet we'd drive 10 miles before giving them a wedge in our private lives. We've avoided the course of suddenly chummy neighbors by not having a swimming pool, and this summer we're putting an extension on the backyard redwood fence to insure more privacy.

Other gay couples we know have developed more cordial and rewarding ties with their neighbors. On the other hand, some homosexuals have found the gossip, loss of privacy and even downright hostility from their hetero neighbors too much and have moved back to a downtown apartment. Hell hath no fury like that of an uptight mother who learns those lovely young men next door in reality are pederasts! She immediately suspects they'll ravish her little Johnny and will call the police at the slightest provocation.

Suburbia, in other words, presents a mixed bag. By definition it is the turf of the heteros where Mom and apple pie, the barbecue pit and wife swapping reign supreme. With its Middle America *(Continued on page 32)*


DAKOTA
COLT STUDIO









MILWAUKEE

THE FRIENDLY GAY CITY

BY MICHAEL J. MITCHELL

IN this day and age of coast-to-coast jet-setting and blossoming gay meccas on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, there is a tendency to ignore the 3,000 miles in between. On the doorstep of the Wild Northwest is a jewel of a city resting imposingly on its Lake Michigan bluffs and called—by the Indians who once frolicked there—"meeting place of the waters." If camping up and down the coastal towns has lost whatever attraction it once held and you're looking to recapture the feeling of a "more personal" kind of gay life that you may have lost along the way—come to Milwaukee.

Right now the word "beer" is probably flowing through your mind and since you're a martini man, you're ready to start thumbing through your "Gay Guide to the West Coast." True, like every major city, Milwaukee has its share of legends, and although more beer is produced and consumed here than anywhere else in the U.S., Milwaukeeans like to think that this is indicative of the happy and sincere nature of their city; reminiscent of the "Student Prince." Hand-in-hand with the legend of beer is the tradition of German hospitality, carefully nurtured in the Old World style, to create a beautiful blending of good living and reverence for camaraderie. It is for this reason that Milwaukee enjoys freedom from many of the problems gays find in cities of comparable size; straights and gays having found that it's more fun to live and love, not fight and hate.

Although Milwaukee creates her own blend of magic for each of her four seasons, summer days in Milwaukee are like few anywhere else. Nature anticipates the 4th of July with fireworks of her own in late May as everything explodes with color and greenery throughout one of the finest public park systems in the nation. The beaches open in June and from then on it's fun, frolic and sunshine until the beautiful Indian summer buries the city in tinted vestiges of summer leaves and once-green memories. Though autumn winds "shake the darling buds of May," the people of Milwaukee remain unchanged in their basic happy nature.

Non-stop flights connect Milwaukee with most of the country's major metropolitan areas; there are seven daily flights from New York alone. If you bring a lover (Milwaukee should be shared to be appreciated) you can fly United (or in *(Continued on page 36)*

Your Cruising Inquirer

In each issue of QQ we will report on a question asked by Your Cruising Inquirer.

The Question

What do you think about fellatio?

Where Asked

1971 Policemen's Balls

The Answers



Percy Longtonsils, Chicago, Ill., Policeman: "How sweeeeeet of you to ask!"



Gaetano Mafia, Rome, Italy, sausage maker: "Next to roses they're my favorite flower."



Bill (left) and Will Loveless, New York, N.Y., psychiatrists: "We're doing it right now."



Rock Swanee, Ft. Bragg, N.C., Army captain: "I'm ready."

LOVERS IN SUBURBIA

(Continued from page 27)

emphasis on conformity, enforced congeniality and whatever remains today of the Puritan Ethic, auslanders like homosexuals automatically are suspect. Agnewism runs deepest among white, middle class home owners; deviation, whether by means of long hair, race or sexual orientation is not cheerfully tolerated.

Should your neighbors discover you and your lover carried away in a fit of romance and 69-ing in the backyard, the repression could make "The Boys of Boise" seem like a picnic. But since neither Ted nor I flaunt our homosexuality, I don't see any reason to get paranoid about it. Besides, we haven't spotted a single man on our block who turns us on. A couple of the boys, now in puberty, might turn into yummies a few years hence, but we'll jump off that bridge when we get to it.

So why buy a home in the first place? Our background pretty much summarizes the typical reasons. We're in our 30's and had each lived in college dorms, Army barracks and apartments since graduating from high school. We each draw moderate salaries but had only check stubs to show for all the rent we'd paid over the years. I, in particular, had had a series of landlords who found loopholes in the leases so they kept the deposit, charged astonishing cleaning fees and somehow forgot to mail checks for whatever furniture I'd left behind. Having recently moved to California, we wanted to try our green thumbs at doing more gardening than raising marijuana (unsuccessfully) in flower pots. Ted never had been able to properly display paintings he'd kept in storage. I once lived in an apartment complex so restrictive you had to sign an agreement not to roller skate on the balcony, incite a riot or abuse the plumbing. Our neighbors always seemed to be throwing a loud party just as we wanted to spend a quiet evening listening to records and making love. The only pets you could have were the crabs left over from the previous night's trick. We wanted, in sum, something to show for our money: privacy, independence and what Hitler called Lebensraum, "living space."

We had been typical, I think, of most new lovers by starting our relationship living in an apartment. Owning your own home, in contrast, is an acknowledgement to yourselves and others that you have settled down to a permanent relationship, that you're "just old married folks." Accordingly, it's not being cynical but rather realistic to suggest that you know for certain your relationship is going to last before buying a home. It's a good rule of thumb to end up with house payments sufficiently low that either of you could readily assume them should the other partner, perish the thought, run off with the milkman.

Once you've decided to buy a home, you should sit down and have a frank, realistic talk about finances. As in straight marriages, more gay guys split because of money than any other reason except sex. Ted and I from the outset had divided all bills, including rent, 50-50. In addition, since buying furniture, we've kept an inventory book setting out precisely who paid how much for what. We've known gay couples who amicably agreed to go their separate ways but then had dreadful bitch fights about who owned the carpet and how much it was worth. You can't divide a refrigerator, so it's best to know how much one guy should pay the other in case one moves out. Divorce courts have property settlement agreements to handle these matters for straights. Unfortunately, among homosexuals, it's often friends who are asked to play the role of Solomon.

As for the mortgage, Ted and I agreed the papers would be in my name. I scraped up the down payment and closing costs by cashing in some savings. But Ted pays half the house payments, and it was agreed I'd have a will drawn up leaving the house to Ted should I die. We split the cost of permanent projects such as repairing the furnace, adding an air conditioning duct or landscaping—anything that would stay with the house when we sell it. Eventually, we hope to build a home of our own design. If we sold this one, that would help finance it; we also could rent this one out, splitting the income.

Homosexuals get the short end of the stick in federal and state tax and inheritance laws. Even reforms which went into effect this year designed to give single people a break fall short of tax equity. So if you want to take advantage of all the exemptions which are rightfully yours, it's best to see a certified public accountant. For example, we've heard of some gay couples setting up a tenants-in-common arrangement which benefits them. If one of you uses your home as an office, you might be able to deduct part of your house payment as a business expense. An accountant may offer ideas on how to get the most from any real estate tax rebate you have coming.

Likewise, to insure that your mortgage is advantageous, to prepare a will or set up an estate, to establish some kind of partnership or tenants-in-common arrangement, you should consult a lawyer. Don't try to do it yourselves; the result could be financially faulty. And embarrassing: John dies; Max shows up for the reading of the will; he gets it all; the family takes it to court; Max has to testify as to the nature of his relationship with John; tears and recriminations all around. Most cities have homophile organizations which have lists of gay lawyers on call. Most of these are to handle criminal cases should you get caught with your pants down, but they at least could put you in touch with a sympathetic specialist in preparing wills and similar civil documents.

By all means, rely on the professional advice of accountants and attorneys. Realtors are something else. You can't buy or sell a home by yourself . . . it's too complicated for the layman. But don't be taken in by the realtors' blandishments. They get a commission, so the more expensive the home, the greater their fees. If they think you can't afford much, they'll try to convince you that with a little "fixing up," a tar-paper shack can look like Buckingham Palace. Most realtors are more ethical, of course, but our experience explains my cynicism.

Driving around a neighborhood we liked, Ted and I saw a For Sale sign and—for the first time—called a realtor. In a twinkle, he and his wife, a gusher named Flossie or something, were escorting us through. Flossie kept cooing about how much closet space there was, never realizing that two bachelors aren't likely to need that extra space for diapers. Her husband kept assuring us that the home would be a steal at 9 per cent interest. I guess we were babes in the woods. The next thing we knew, we were sipping coffee in the realtor's office and getting ready to sign a formal offer. I decided to sleep on it overnight, which seemed to irritate the realtor, which should have made me suspicious right then.

As soon as we left, we called relatives and friends who warned us the home was overpriced and that we should be able to get a much lower rate of interest. We almost had offered $20,000 for an older, two-bedroom home at 9 per cent interest. Instead, we ended up paying $16,000 at 5.5 per cent for a new, three-bedroom, two-bath home. Moreover, had the seller accepted our offer and we backed out, we'd have been stuck paying a realtor's commission, house or no house. Moral: don't be stampeded into buying the first house you look at. Consult third parties, an appraiser, banker or friend who recently has bought a comparable home.

We ended up sticking with Flossie and her husband, but thereafter took everything they said with a pound of salt. "Are you certain there won't be a freeway going through here in two years? What do the flood control district maps show about drainage? Why is the seller reluctant to have a termite control inspection before going into escrow?" We dragged poor dizzy Flossie through at least 25 houses before agreeing on this one. Toward the end, I'm sure she had our number—she kept gushing about how nice it was that two "bachelors" got along so well. But we had the money, honey, and she was hungry for a commission.

Having worked out the financial and legal arrangements and selected a home, you now come to the best part: feathering your little love nest. The danger is that, by having eyes bigger than your wallet, the feathers may become thistles. Credit managers may unfairly discriminate against single people, but it's also true that many gay guys lack any kind of middle class common sense when it comes to spending. Is it a psychological insecurity which leads some homosexuals to surround themselves with "things" rather than rewarding personal relationships? Remember Michael in "Boys in the Band"? Handsome furniture and cashmere sweaters are no substitute for inner tranquillity.

Despite the danger of overspending, furnishing your new home is not only necessary, but can be loads of fun. If you're now living in a furnished apartment, as Ted and I were, you'll be starting from scratch when you move. Even if the furniture in your apartment is all yours, you'll probably find it's not enough to fill a house. Depending on your budget, you can have a friendly interior designer come in and "do" the whole place (perhaps taking out some of his fee in trade), or you can start with only the necessities—a bed, obviously—and work up to more luxurious

Letters

QQ always enjoys hearing from its readers. If there is anything you would like to share with others—your feelings concerning an article, or comments on someplace recently visited, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 400, 255 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless requested.



OUR MAN FROM S.P.E.F.

Gentlemen:

I read with interest the article on circumcision in the March-April 1971 issue.

As the proud possesser of a "Roman Roll" I joined a few friends several years ago who had a definite preference for uncut cocks and formed a club called "S.P.E.F."—Society for the Preservation and Elongation of Foreskin. Whenever we met someone who was uncircumcised we referred to him as a "Canadian," our "code" to say the guy was uncut without his knowing what we were talking about.

The group broke up, but perhaps someone out there is interested in getting it started again.

Yours truly,
V.C.
New York, N. Y.

VENEREAL WARTS

Dear Editor:

I've read QQ's "Homosexual Health Guidebook" with interest. It's really great. Congratulations.

But I was disappointed to find that you made no mention whatsoever of venereal warts. I have several friends who have had them on the anal sphincter. They were uncomfortable and had to be removed surgically.

Is this common among gay guys?

Sincerely,
P.C.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Ed: While venereal warts are not uncommon among gay guys, they are not a frequent ailment, and because they pretty much plague straights and not gays, they were omitted from the Guidebook. Venereal warts are caused by a virus which is usually transmitted during sex; the infected person "implants" the germ in his partner. Straight guys get them constantly on the penis; the promiscuous female is a common carrier. The way they are usually spread among gay guys is that the first guy is basically straight, or bi-sexual, and picks them up from his girlfriends. Since their appearance is not unsightly (they look like tiny brown pimples) the infected guy doesn't pay too much attention when they appear on the penis. He, in turn, is the aggressor in anal sex with a gay guy—and in penetrating his partner the heat and moisture that result from the constant to-and-fro friction make the transfer of germs possible. Gay guys almost always discover them on the anal sphincter, when they do appear. Many doctors are not familiar with the ailment, and "experiment" for awhile with "burning powders" and other non-surgical methods of removal. Eventually, the patient is sent to a specialist, who recognizes them, and removes them either by burning them off, electrically, or via surgery. It's a minor operation, and more embarrassing than painful. If they are not removed they can grow to split-pea size and may hemorrhage. Not to *(Continued on page 36)*

furniture as your budget permits.

Here are some helpful hints from Heloise on getting the most out of your furniture dollar:

Scrounge. Don't be shy about asking friends for miscellaneous furniture they may have stashed in their garage or the storage room of their apartment house. They may give you an old chair just to get rid of it. A guy we used to know in Denver used a mattress which his ex-lover had acquired from a dyke couple who got it from an older gay man. Oh, the stories it could have told!

Hunt for bargains, but know what a bargain is. Nobody buys a home on the spur of the moment, so plan ahead. If you hear of a furniture store sale and know that you'd be getting a good buy, purchase the item in advance and store it with a friend until you move in. Check the want-ads for used furniture. Ted got some very good pieces this way. Second-hand stores are a source if you know what to look for. If you're aggressive, you usually can negotiate with the proprietor to lower the price. Don't let him foist off a lot of junk on you, however. A chest of drawers with thin, pasteboard bottoms might seem like a steal at $15, but it's you who would be getting robbed because it's so fragile you couldn't even store a tube of KY in it without its falling apart.

If in doubt about new or used furniture, get a knowledgeable friend to go along with you. Check consumer reports first. Spend some time in the public library going through quality guides and compare carefully. Big ticket items–refrigerators, ranges, washers and dryers, etc.–have a big markup.

If you buy a bedroom suite at a swanky furniture store, remember you're also paying for their overhead. It's fun, Lord knows, to go in and drool. But don't be swept away by how pretty everything looks in their model home display or how "prestigious" the brand name is supposed to be.

For example, Ted and I found a catalogue store and wholesale outlet from which we got our carpets, washer and dryer and most of the other furniture at savings of 10 to about 30 per cent. Since we'd compared the same brands and models elsewhere and also with Consumer Reports ratings, we could have cared less that the furniture wasn't displayed in a posh arena–it was the price tag that interested us.

The afternoon that Ted and I went looking for beds at the wholesale warehouse, I pulled a stunt straight out of the Broadway comedy, "You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running." I got so excited about a certain queen-sized bed, I kept referring to "our" bedroom and wondering whether it would hold up if we invited the gang over for an orgy. It wasn't until Ted got me behind a lamp display and kicked me in the shins that I realized the red-faced salesman was standing nearby, coughing politely.

Fix things up. This is an area in which gay guys excel. There just seems to be some innate talent that gives many homosexuals the ingenuity to transform that tacky old chest of drawers they got for a song at a garage sale into a piece of furniture that looks like a million dollars. If you lack this imagination, as I do, consult friends who are interior designers or who prepare store window displays. An old Victorian home, stripped of the gingerbread and with the ceilings lowered, can be made to look like something out of "Better Homes and Gardens." We have a friend who even took the little metal box for used Kotex pads from a women's rest room, gilded it and applied embossed panels and now uses it for a letter bucket. Back issues of home furnishings magazines are another source of decorating ideas. Get your nellie friends to sew curtains and your butch friends to help lift things.

Be forewarned that it's a lot of work. Even as I write this, six months after we bought our little Casa de Fruita, Ted is finishing up some painting in our bedroom. You'll sand, scrub, paint and work your butts off. But when that last coat of varnish is dried and you come home to a house that's *really* yours, you feel like a member of the landed gentry. It's all yours, decorated just as you want it, and away from snoopy landlords. You're building up an equity and have independence besides. It's a unique and proud feeling. ●

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SEXUAL RESPONSE

(Continued from page 6)

and chemically it's called

*NOR*ADRENALIN

Every high-school physiology student knows that adrenalin is pumped into the bloodstream during moments of stress or excitement to give one the ability to respond quickly and effectively to an emergency. But the prefix 'nor' indicates something more . . . a very considerable more–that a parent compound is able to develop an *extra* and even *stronger* substance.

Thus noradrenalin is that super-stuff, the 'overkill' factor that makes possible a boxer's titlewinning knockout . . . which gives the football hero that extra ounce of super-drive for a split-second winning touchdown . . . or which, in sex, is the magic that makes the 'impossible dream' a most vivid and unforgettable reality!

So when you began shooting sparks at your strange lover his glands began secreting extra-strength noradrenalin which is why he came on so strong and lasted so long. Noradrenalin, however, is lost in sex after two or three ejaculations, so if you expect the same virtuoso performance from your lover within forty-eight hours, forget it . . . more time is needed for a buildup. Your adrenal glands are just not *that* accommodating.

THE MIRACLE OF TUMESCENCE

Noradrenalin is but one miracle that occurs during sex. Phallic erection is another. The phallus increases in size because of a motor response to certain stimuli, usually through one or more of the five senses: the *touch* of a body aflame with passion . . . the intoxicating *smell* of writhing genitals . . . the almost wine-like *taste* of moistened lips . . . the breathtaking *sight* of a swelling phallus . . . or perhaps to words, or 'unwords' . . . even *sounds.*

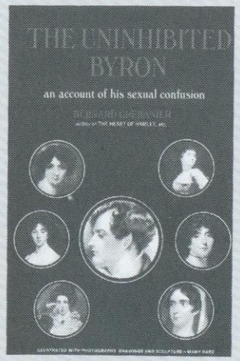
"Speak words of *love* to me, Mr. Sloane!" was the anguished cry of Beryl Reid to to handsome Peter McEnery during sex in the film *Entertaining Mr. Sloane,* which must have raised hackles up the back of every gay guy whose phallus vibrates like a tuning-fork at the voice of sex.

Still more miracles: Sensory receptors within the skin of the phallus switch into the body's electrical system, and it is the nerve signals from these sensitizers that cause the reception valves of each phallic reservoir to open. The torrential blood of sex rushes into these chambers which–since they are more or less stationary, being held in place by connective tissue–distend, and thus the phallus becomes stiff and hard.

As ejaculation is imminent the urethra is sealed off so that no urine will be expelled to ruin the sublime moment of sexual climax. Then a veritable witches brew is mixed and stirred as secretions of the prostate gland, testicles and seminal vesicles respond to passion. Pelvic muscles grow taut like an archer's bow, ready for that final thrust which drives phallus deep into throat or rectum as a powerful internal pump simultaneously jets in about a quarter-ounce of seminal fluid in five or six convulsive squirts.

Usually the erection begins to detumesce after the first ejaculation although this varies. In some very passionate, highly-noradrenalized individuals it may take longer, as we have just seen. The emptying valves open to let the blood drain back into the vessels, and all that's needed for Blast-off II or III or even IV is more inspiration through inventive loveplay, and another alert.

BOOK REVIEW



The back of the jacket of **The Uninhibited Byron** by Bernard Grebanier (Crown Publishers, $7.50) sports a tacky photo of the author trying to look like a tough but elegant Charles Boyer. This should have been enough to turn me off. But in school I had fancied the image of the romantic gay blade of early 19th century English poetry. I had admired that small part of Byron's immense poetical output I had been exposed to. So I made the mistake of reading the book anyway.

As a scholarly work, this book is chaotic. The stories of Lord Byron's three major loves (hetero), although actually overlapping, are told one after the other, as if there were three distinct Byrons. We are not offered a chronological chart, and one can assume the author is confused, too. He also, time and again, refers to obscure persons, places, and events we are presumed to be familiar with, and then reveals, 150 pages later, who, where, and what they are. Further, the book ends with Byron's departure from England in 1816 at the age of 28. He went to Venice and lived eight more years. Did Byron, at that point, become miraculously inhibited?

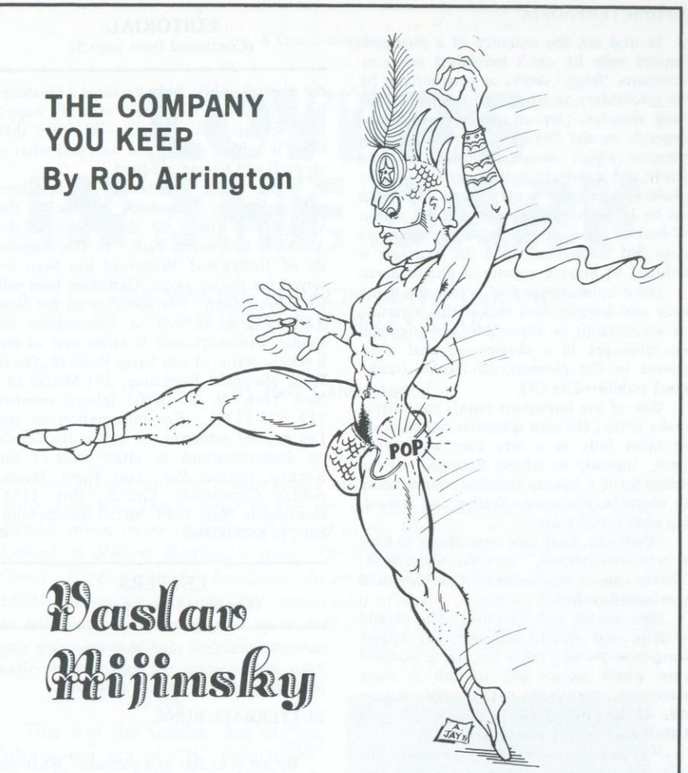
As a story, it's a bore. I'm certain Byron had a mad, wild ball, but Mr. Grebanier's attitude is so goody-goody superior that rather than share its excitement with us he forces the poet into the dull grey mold of an old debauched rake. Byron's ghost should join Gay Lib and deliberately embarrass this biographer in public every chance he gets.

Now, as for the book's concern with the gay Byron, only the flaps of the dust jacket give this aspect of his personality any serious consideration at all, and that is but a blatant appeal to prurient interest which is in no way gratified. For example, "a terrifying sexual encounter with the nefarious Lord Grey de Ruthyn" is touted. Well, in the book (pg. 34) one Lord Grey (age 24) is supposed to have made a pass at Lord Byron (age 16). This is neither described nor substantiated, but merely hypothesized, and that hypothesis is postulated with all the thrills of a Fanny Farmer fudge recipe.

As a literary production, **The Uninhibited Byron** is a nit-picker's paradise. The vocabulary is atrocious: e.g., 'salacity' appears instead of 'salaciousness'; 'sardonic' is twice used as a noun; 'perscrutations,' 'coxcombry,' and 'inexpressibles' serve rather than understandable specifics. Grammar and punctuation are used throughout with equally careless abandon. Apparently Crown's editors were fast asleep. It is easy to understand why.

Byron was bi, and his work clearly gives his loves for those of his own sex an importance that Grebanier belittles and sneers at contemptuously every time he can't possibly ignore it. As a sexually oriented biography, his **Uninhibited Byron** is a tawdry put-on which brings shame to everyone connected with it. Particularly, undeservedly, to Lord Byron.

—Orlando Paris



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP
By Rob Arrington

Vaslav Nijinsky

HIS banishment from the state ballet company of Czarist Russia for the "vulgar" display his healthy genitals made in his tights as he danced was Russia's loss and the Western world's gain. In his brief reign of glory, before he was cut down by a cruel fate, he completely justified his illustrious fame as the world's greatest male dancer.

He was born in 1890 and as a young student of ballet displayed great versatility, athletic skill, and ability to interpret pathos and emotion in dance. He was brought out sexually by an eminent impresario who was the first to bring Russian opera and ballet to the Western world.

The young dancer was the impresario's lover during several fantastic seasons in the West in which he danced amazing performances that made him the idol of balletomanes. His ability to leap higher and farther than anyone else–since attributed to an unusual construction of his feet that gave him tremendous takeoff leverage–remains unsurpassed even today, twenty years after his death and fifty years after he was forced to give up his career because of mental trouble.

The impresario who molded him and helped him to reach his greatest artistic achievements was also his Svengali. Feeling stifled by him, the dancer submitted to advances from a famous French sculptor. When the impresario burst in and caught his dancer-lover in bed with the sculptor, instead of posing for the sculpted likeness of his muscular body as he was supposed to be doing, the explosion was heard all around the gay world.

There was another explosion shortly thereafter when the dancer suddenly married, supposedly in an attempt to break the hold the impresario had on him. The impresario revengefully dropped him from the roster of his ballet company, and the dancer performed seldom in the few years remaining before his deteriorating mental condition *(Continued on page 36)*

'SPHINCTERPHOBIA'

In oral sex the entrance of a phallus is limited only by one's individual jaw construction, 'fangy' teeth, or occasionally by an involuntary resistance of the throat and neck muscles. But in anal sex everything depends on the flexibility of the sphincter muscles which should be able to open freely and widely to permit entrance of the phallus–especially a very large one, even up to 10 inches or more–for if by reason of fear or some other emotion the sphincter does not 'cooperate', then the aggressor is reduced to playing a game of phallic darts.

Since 'sphincterphobia' is just about the only real hangup that makes this variation of sex difficult or impossible, gay guys will be interested in a chapter on anal intercourse in *The Homosexual Health Guidebook* published by QQ.

One of the important points the editors make is that the anal sphincter can be made to open fully in a very easy way, every time. Inability to achieve distension of the sphincter is a trauma that has caused many to abandon this most exciting and rewarding aspect of gay sex.

"Push out, as if you were about to have a bowel movement," says the *Guidebook*. "There can be no danger of a movement if you have douched."

How simple and effective! This should surprise and delight any gay guy whose hangup about anal sex is the fear of possible pain which causes him to pull in these muscles synergistically with the gluteal muscles of his buttocks, thus closing the anus tightly as if it were under attack.

If you are unconvinced practice this effective technique. First, freely–just as a simple muscular action–push out, as if defecating. Relax. Do it again several times.

Next, when this has proved easily functional, lubricate one finger with K-Y, Vaseline, mayonnaise or whatever. Simultaneously push out and insert the finger in the anus. Then two fingers.

When this has become easy and natural do the same thing with slightly larger inanimate objects which are soft to medium-hard (also well lubricated), and then, if you wish, to a rubber dildo. Now (you're getting warmer!) to the real thing . . . the tumultuously tumescent phallus of a real live boy!

Through this sequential progression you turn your anxiety into excitement, and your fear into energy, and your mind, body and senses are freed to reach toward the limits of the possible . . . even the impossible! ●

VASLAV NIJINSKY

(Continued from page 35)

prevented him from dancing at all.

The impresario was Sergei Pavlovich Diaghilev whose Ballet Russes thrilled the the Western world for two decades and laid the foundations from which the great Western ballet companies have developed. The sculptor was the great Francois Auguste Rodin.

Who was the dancer? He was the greatest immortal of the dance world. He was Vaslav Nijinsky. ●

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

the general public and guarantee a meaningful impression, thousands of truly happy homosexuals must join us–in order that what is typical may stand out, and what is atypical will remain subdued.

Please come. In New York marchers will gather on Greenwich Avenue in the Village, and march up the Avenue of the Americas to Central Park. In Los Angeles all of Hollywood Boulevard has been reserved for the occasion. Gathering time will be around noon. For specifics on the New York March, as well as information on similar demonstrations in cities east of the Rockies, write or call Craig Rodwell, Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, 291 Mercer St., New York, N. Y. 10003 (phone number 212 673-3539). For information on the Los Angeles gathering, as well as for details on demonstrations in cities west of the Rockies, contact Rev. Troy Perry, Metropolitan Community Church, Box 1154, Huntington Park, Calif. 90255 (phone number 213 660-0050). ●

LETTERS

(Continued from page 33)

mention the fact that their presence may cause the sensation of a jagged cookie cutter pressing into your partner's phallus.

BUTTERBALL BUNS

Guys:

My ass is as flat as a pancake. What can I do to round the buttocks?

Thanks,
G.H.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed: Bud Parker suggests that weight–or lack of it–is the first cause of shallow buttocks. If you are underweight make an attempt to gain. There are two exercises which can help thicken and round the buttocks–squats and leg curls. To perform squats, hold a barbell across the shoulders and simply bend at the knees and sink down, until the buttocks are below knee level. Maintain upright posture throughout. Return to starting position and repeat. Perform three "sets" (units of repetitions) of 10 to 15 repetitions three times a week, increasing the weight of the barbell whenever the movement becomes easy. Rest a minute between sets. To perform leg curls, use a professional machine provided for this purpose at a gym, or buy a pair of "iron boots" from a sporting goods store. Lie on your stomach, knees extended over the edge of a solid bench, and gradually "curl" the boots by raising your legs up and towards your head. Schedule as above.



MILWAUKEE

(Continued from page 31)

separate seats if he's only a friend!). The area is also well-served by other transportation modes including a good expressway system linked to Interstates 90 & 94.

Once you've arrived you'll want a place to stay, permitting maximum privacy and minimum expense. If the latter is more pressing, there's the Y.M.C.A.; clean, comfortable and interesting, particularly on weekends when the sailors pour into the city from Great Lakes Naval Training Center just over into Illinois. It's at 915 W. Wisconsin Ave. If this is too Spartan, there are numerous first-rate hotels and motor inns including the *Milwaukee Motor Inn* (Astor & State Sts.), *The Astor* (Astor & Juneau Sts.) and the *Kaiser-Knickerbocker* (Juneau & Astor Sts.); all within a block of Juneau Park, haven for those adroit at outdoor games of kiss-and-brag. This latter activity can have the usual risks, but during the day it can be a nice place to make new friends. All the above hotels command a good view of Lake Michigan, which can be mistaken for the ocean by all but the seasoned traveler and has been known to be more dangerous by many a Great Lakes skipper. It is best to pick accommodations in the Downtown-East Side area as this will put you close to the bars and to recreational areas of the city. Furthermore, the East Side is the preferred living area for the gay community and you'll find it easier to get home too when leaving an after-the-bar party or an all-night love session. Moreover, you're 'right there' for street cruising–10th to 17th along Wisconsin Ave.

After you've found lodgings to your specifications, your stomach may remind you that you owe it some undivided attention and you'll start looking around for restaurants. Unless you're content to eat in the hotel or motor inn facilities, which are quite good, you may want to dine where gays have found hospitality and *bon cuisine*. Tops in both are the *Prologue II* (Prospect Ave.) and the *Seaway Inn* (Mason & Jefferson Sts.). The *Seaway* has both a dining room and a small bar, the latter being predominantly gay, particularly after 4:00 in the afternoon. Their "Christmas in July" adds an unusual touch to a restaurant popular for inexpensive meals and its Cape Cod motif. Milwaukee abounds in fine restaurants; an extension of another old tradition–good beer deserves good food. *The Red Chair,* in the new multi-million dollar Performing Arts Center with its Italian marble walls, is a favorite with gays for special occasions and theater dinners. *Stouffer's Top of the Marine* (Wisconsin & Water Sts.) puts its New York cousin to shame and has a breath-taking view offered nowhere else. Don't miss the "Captains' Walk" for a special treat. The nation's finest German restaurant is *Karl Ratzsch's* (Mason St.), passage through whose doors constitutes a trip back into the elegance and grace of Old World Bavaria. Both *Ratzsch's* and the *Seaway* are located in historic *Eastown* with it's preserved Victorian homes and shoppes surrounding Cathedral Square Park. Other fine eating establishments worth trying are: *Pieces of Eight,* built right on the lakefront; *Frenchy's; Eugene's;* and the *White Manor,* at the far north end of Juneau Park serving American and Greek-American specialities.

As with any city in this country, the Milwaukee gay community relies heavily on the bars for most of its group socializing. (There is only one baths in town–*The Finlandia Health Spa,* 707 E. Knapp St.) This is not to suggest that Milwaukee gays have no private life, as parties are numerous and welcome friends or friends-of-friends. In some cities the feeling about bars is definitely negative, but not so in this town. To the contrary; gay bars here resemble friendly watering-holes for fifty-missions pilots and and fighter aces from a Paramount movie set. The only thing that might be lacking are name-engraved steins behind the bar.

The most popular bar is *The Castaways* (S. 2nd St.), a discotheque popular with the under-30 set and college students from Marquette University and the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. A warm greeting at the door from the owner Jimmy is indicative of the warm hospitality accorded patrons in all Milwaukee gay bars. *The Castaways* can become quite crowded on weekends and it might occur to you that the entire metropolitan population of over one million is confined within its walls. Well you're wrong. Only *half* of it is in *The Castaways;* the other half is across the street at *The Rooster* (1815 S. 2nd St.). *The Rooster,* newest of the bars, is very popular for its warm decor and lively antics of Dave the bartender, which keep the crowds laughing. It is hoped that the opening of the back patio to dancing and live music during the last Labor Day weekend will be expanded and made an annual summer event. Note of caution: Don't J-walk, as the police discourage this strongly for your own protection. A few doors away from *The Rooster* is the *Nite Beat* (183 S. 2nd St.), a favorite with Milwaukee's gay women. Never let it be said that Milwaukee gay hospitality knows a sex barrier, for you'll find that if you haven't female gays for friends, the *Nite Beat* will give you good reasons to start making some.

A gathering place for all ages is *Your Place* (813 S. 1st St., at National), which fluctuates between the relaxed atmosphere of the cocktail hour and the noisy socializing of the late evening. The recent art additions, which will hopefully be increased in the future, and the easy-going mood will make you feel right at home. As with all the gay bars, the blue lanterns outside make *Your Place* easy to identify (a few gay bars use amber lanterns). With the exception of *The Castaways* (which opens late), the bars open at cocktail hour and close at 2:30 a.m. on weekdays and 3:30 on Saturday nights. Wisconsin is free from Blue Laws but the drinking age is 21 and identification is often required.

Equally popular is the *Ten-Hundred East* (1000 E. North Ave.), whose Spanish style gives one the impression of a plush Latin hide-away. The outside is painted flat black and the entrance is through a small courtyard, both making the *Ten-Hundred* easy to miss, but keep your eyes open and you'll not go unrewarded. Coats and ties are common here, but not officially required. However, if, after a long and lively night, you find yourself ready for a nightcap or in

A Continuing Series

LOVERS IN THE DARK

. . . OR MAKING IT IN CINEMATIC PARADISE WITH THE SUPER SEX STARS

By Roy Caleb Agard

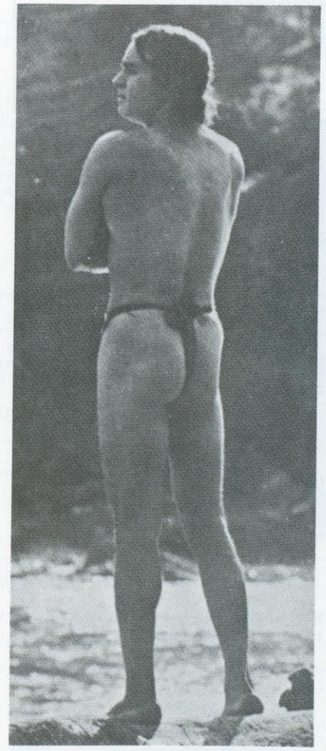
Is there anyone out there who hasn't made it with a movie star yet? Like in your dreams? That's what movies are all about. Especially for gay guys. Movies mean more than being groped in the last row. Like seeing yourself locked in Robert Redford's arms. Or Warren Beatty's. Or Keir Dullea's. Great afterthoughts for Fantasex. In seven consecutive installments we will take a look at the beefcake that caused a lot of heavy breathing in the balcony in past years–and bring you up to date on the Cinema Studs who are turning gay guys on today. In this issue–let's make it with the super sex stars of the...

1920s

This was the Golden Age of the Silents–the era of "It" (which became "Sex Appeal" in the '30s) and the greatest period of all for the movie star. As Gloria Swanson so pointedly commented in 1952's *Sunset Boulevard,* stars were stars in those days, and they didn't try to look or act like the boy or girl next door. They were far bigger than life, and they were the substance of the very best dreams.

Douglas Fairbanks was much admired by gays for the energy of his performances and for his athletic grace. He was the original swashbuckler. Like Valentino, Fairbanks knew he had a great chest, and showed it bare on the screen as often as possible. He died in 1939 in a period when his son was carrying on the family tradition of swashbuckling to a lesser degree.

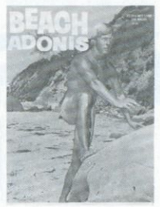
Ramon Novarro, the murder victim of two hustlers in his Hollywood home in 1969, was a top sex god of the '20s, particularly because of his appearance as *Ben Hur,* a part which allowed him to show a lot of his handsome bod much of the time. Novarro was able to capitalize on the penchant *(Continued on page 45)*



Douglas Fairbanks in "The Half Breed."

FOR COLLECTORS





THE WORLD'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL
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THE YOUNG PHYSIQUE and its sister publications were the forerunners of all of today's male pictorials, but the one ingredient that is lacking today—taste—is what makes these magazines so special. Editor Hal Warner poured love into each issue—and it shows. Every face is classic, every body god-like, every pose sensitive . . . provocative . . . beautiful.

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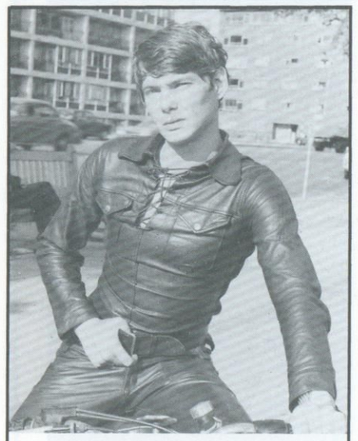

LEATHER WEAR

"If it's made of leather—we make it!" Send $1 for catalog of unusual leather wear & photo sets of models.

Boy Studio
44, Earl's Court Road
Kensington
London W.8, England

the mood for a quiet tete-a-tete with a new friend or old love, stop in at the *G.P.* (144 E. Juneau St. at Water). By far the most informal of all the bars, the wall-to-wall carpeting invites you to take off your shoes and dance in your stocking feet. How many friends would let you do as much in their own homes?

The Milwaukee area offers the usual assortment of big city attractions plus a large number of recreational, scenic and cultural advantages unique to the region and the nation. Biggest attraction of the summer is "Old Milwaukee Days" which coincides with the 4th of July. From the heart of Wisconsin at the World Circus Museum in Baraboo comes the most colorful train left on rails—the annual circus train carrying a circus troupe and some of the world's most beautifully restored circus wagons. The train arrives in Milwaukee and suddenly it's the "Gay '90's" all over again. Antique lovers, circus lovers, animal lovers, or just plain lovers; everyone loves the "Old Milwaukee Days Circus Parade," the only annual one in North America. This one event alone draws hundreds of visitors from this country and abroad. The fireworks are second to none.

After a short rest there's "Summerfest;" a week of merrymaking with carnivals, art shows, ethnic cultural presentations, and fireworks. The highlight of "Summerfest" is the Air Age Show at Mitchell Field, featuring the nation's finest aerial displays and demonstrations, visiting aircraft from other nations and passenger jaunts over the city. If uniforms turn you on, check out the chief and crew of the visiting British bomber; they're enough to make you join the RAF. It was this very air show that came within a hair of winning the National Air Show now to be held in Washington, D.C. in 1972.

Numerous bays and coves along the Lake have been developed into beautiful parks with acres of wooded area and miles of sandy beaches. The most popular with gays is the north section of *Bradford Beach* which has become a gathering place for friends and a good place to cruise (the life-guards are quite attractive). A huge new North Shore Marina, in addition to the South Shore one, puts fleets of sailboats out on the Lake every day. The county abounds in golfing greens, swimming pools and tennis courts. The Milwaukee County Zoo in Brookfield is one of the newest and best in the nation, providing everyone with hours of fascinating entertainment.

A stay in Milwaukee isn't complete without a shopping spree on colorful *Brady Street* with its mod clothing and handicraft stores and antique shops. Bright and unusual storefronts line the street for several blocks; an Arabian bazaar right out of Baghdad! If you can't find what you're looking for here, it isn't to be found, so take plenty of time as you can spend hours in any one shop alone.

Not all of Milwaukee's attractions are out-of-doors. Performances by the talented and growing Milwaukee Symphony, with guest appearances by some of the finest names in music, thrill concert-goers throughout the summer months. Brilliant productions by the Milwaukee Repertory Theater also do their part in offering a wide range of entertainment to patrons of the Performing Arts Center. Milwaukee is proud to be included in stops made by many visiting productions from around the world.

Bringing down the curtain on the summer's activities and introducing a new cast of autumn ones, is the Wisconsin State Fair with all the usual fun and games as well as a long roster of comical and musical stars in stage appearances.

On your way to work or on the way back from another unrewarding vacation, think about how nice it would be to have a real vacation to remember; something special. If your weekends are getting duller and your summers shorter; get away to Milwaukee and start getting the most out of life without life taking the most out of you. Recapture the warm friendly feeling you may have lost somewhere along the way. Summer is coming . . . and Milwaukee is waiting! ●

ANDRE GIDE

(Continued from page 13)

attraction for one another because their sex drives are greater than women's. Much of his argument is based upon observations of animal behavior. If a male dog tries to mount another on a Paris boulevard, doesn't that prove that homosexuality is instinctive?

To understand this, one must consider Gide and the time in which he wrote. It was in 1859, when Sigmund Freud was three years old, that Charles Darwin wrote, "On the Origin of the Species." Gide wrote his first, incomplete edition of "Corydon" 52 years later. (The third edition, then completed, was printed in 1924 in a Paris literary magazine which Gide had helped to found.) Darwin's theory of evolution had a profound impact on the philosophy of of science which is reflected in the arguments of Corydon, a doctor. What was then known of homosexuality was mostly in biological terms.

Zoology continued for some time to provide the frame of reference for studies of homosexuality. Researchers thought it might be caused by differences in genetic factors, secondary sexual characteristics (Why do men have nipples?), intelligence quotients—even the length of penises. Heredity was the text from which lessons on behavior were drawn, just as the contemporary author, Robert Ardrey, has suggested that human aggression and an instinct to preserve a territorial interest are man's evolutionary heritage from the animals.

Gide is noted as an analytical novelist, discussing individual problems and emotional values. He was impatient with the constraints of life and in many novels preached escape from accepted conventions. These themes come through clearly in "Corydon," especially when the doctor criticizes conventional morality. One critic says Gide will stand as a giant of French literature because of his "untiring explorations of his own nature (posing) the claims of the civilized individual in the modern world." Indeed, that is just what Corydon—or any contemporary homosexual—asks: "This is my nature. How does it relate to the claims of the modern world?"

Although Gide was married, it is noteworthy that his father died when he was 11, that he suffered from delicate health as a child, that he was encouraged in his revolt against traditional morality by Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, whom he met in 1894 in Africa, and that he wrote a book about Wilde. (QQ readers are reminded of the brilliant account of Oscar Wilde's life, which appeared in the Spring 1970 issue.)

Because of his far-ranging intellect, it was natural that Gide would put into Corydon's mouth the words and thoughts then fashionable in Paris salons concerning homosexuality. These tended toward a biological explanation.

Currently, however, more emphasis in such research is based on social aspects. Many psychologists now contend that the seeds of homosexuality are sewn in early childhood when there is a pattern of close ties to the mother and an emotionally ambiguous relationship with the father figure. Thwarted by the incest taboo or a jealous father, for example, the current theory holds that the boy channels his emotions toward members of his own sex. As an adolescent, the boy is buffeted with images of the masculine, competitive role expected of men. His self image becomes confused, and in time the young man finds security and definition of his role in the underground sub-culture, the gay world. Or so today's experts claim.

In Gide's time it was heredity—"I was born this way and I can't help it." Today it is environment, including the social setting—"I grew up this way." In fact, the old saw is, "My mother made me a homosexual." To which one replies, "Oh? If I give her the yarn, will she make me one, too?"

The currently fashionable theory that homosexuality is learned—rather than instinctive—behavior has been deduced primarily by therapists dealing with troubled homosexuals. The doctor looks at his patient lying there on the couch all dolled up in a black leather jacket and a simple strand of pearls, and thinks, "She's such a sick lady!" He concludes, "Therefore all homosexuals must be ill and homosexuality per se is a sickness, Q.E.D."

Gide would have scoffed at this sickness theory. Today's enlightened gay guys rightly point out that precious little research has been done in the field of homosexuality not as a sickness, but rather as nothing more than an alternate life style. Only three examples of intelligent, *non-biased* studies of homosexuality come readily to mind: Martin Hoffman's book, "The Gay World," Laud Humphrey's "Tearoom Trade," a fascinating study of impersonal sex in public places, and the Kinsey Institute's comprehensive study now underway in the San Francisco area.

So-called experts receive wide publicity using the social-psychological sickness theory to assert that homosexuality is a curable maladjustment. Notable are Dr. David Reuben, author of "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," and Dr. Charles Socarides, associate clinic professor of psychiatry at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx. They contend that homosexuality is learned, not instinctive behavior, and that therefore it can be unlearned and, voila!, the patient made instant-

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ly heterosexual.

Understandably, these claims leave the heterosexual public in a perplexed state. The typically well-adjusted homosexual looks upon them with skepticism, if not downright hostility. After all, what if homosexuality really is not a disease, but rather, as Gide contended, an innate inclination?

The Church used to regard it as sin. The lawmakers referred to it squeamishly as "the crime so awful that none dare speak its name." The psychologists and psychiatrists spend endless hours attempting to bring the the maladjusted patient back to normality. Wouldn't it be ironic if it turned out to be just what Corydon insisted: "doing what comes naturally?"

Regrettably, Gide's theory, particularly as it is based upon zoological evidence, does not withstand contemporary scientific scrutiny. It is a false analogy to claim that because some stallions, roosters or steers like to mess around with one another, male humans logically do the same thing. Corydon makes a more convincing case when arguing about homosexuality and the arts, religion, moral sanctions, the law and even women's fashions!

For example, quoting from Pascal and Montaigne, Gide asserts that heterosexuality is simply a matter of custom, an acquired taste. "The truth of the matter," he tells Corydon, "is that this instinct (homosexuality), which you call unnatural, has always existed to about the same extent in all places and at all times–like every other natural appetite." Latter-day research by historians and anthropologists suggest that this is indeed so. The Ancient Greeks, certain modern African tribes, men isolated from women in whatever time or place–homosexuality has always been with us, and probably no more so now than then except that now it's more out in the open.

Of the hetero approach, Corydon says: "Love is an entirely human invention; (it) does not exist in nature . . . I, for my part, claim that this famous (hetero)sexual instinct, which irresistably drives one sex toward the other, is of their own invention; this instinct does not exist . . . . It is not fertilization that animals seek, but simply sexual pleasure. They seek pleasure, and achieve fertilization by accident."

Having thus reduced the concept of love to little more than rooting around in the barnyard, Corydon cites studies then current of various species in which the males outnumber females. He says this suggests that "the inevitable result is that a considerable number of males will never experience normal sex." He notes that among dogs, for example, only when the bitch is in heat does the male assume interest ("What well educated animals!" Gide sardonically comments). Corydon asserts that the female has a sort of frumpy instinct to preserve the race, whereas the male possesses a more robust inclination for art, sport and song.

He summarizes with this syllogism: "1. As coitus is more difficult, so the instinct is proportionately more precise. 2. As the instinct is more precise, so the number of males is proportionately less. 3. Therefore, the number of males diminishes as the difficulty of coitus increases; so that if there were some other way of achieving sexual pleasure, then there is no doubt they would abandon immediately the danger of coitus–and the species would become extinct."

He adds, "If, in spite of the almost constant overabundance of the male element, Nature still requires so many expedients and artificial aids to ensure the perpetuation of the race, will it surprise us to learn that just as many restraints, and of just as many kinds, may be required to check the propensity of the human race for those habits which you have termed 'abnormal'; and that just as many arguments, examples, inducements and encouragements may be needed to maintain the desired ratio of human heterosexuality."

Society, in other words, has to work awfully hard to overcome "natural" impulses toward homosexuality in order to come up with enough straight people to perpetuate the race.

A year before he died, an edition of "Corydon" was published with Gide's approval in 1950. It contained a comment on the second dialogue, the zoological causation theory, by Dr. Frank Beach of the Yale University Department of Psychology. Dr. Beach says the major thesis of that dialogue is in accord with contemporary thinking on human sexual behavior, but notes some significant "modifications."

For example, males do outnumber females in a few species, he notes, but for "the vast majority of animals, the sex ratio is very nearly one to one." He disputes Corydon's theory that homosexuality may be traced to "the superabundance of the male element–seminal material" by pointing out that the amount of seminal material per se has nothing to do with sexual responsiveness or capacity. Nor, Beach states, does timing–the rutting period when a female is in heat–account for it since "both males and females of most species are sexually inactive throughout most of the year."

Beach does admit that under some circumstances male animals deliberately make sexual advances to other males. Indeed, some male monkeys form emotional attachments for one another. But this usually ends when a female enters the scene. He concludes, "Gide's argument for homosexuality as a compensatory adjustment which relieves the male's excess sexual need is not substantiated by the zoological evidence."

The most telling criticism of Corydon's theory, however, is that he totally ignores female homosexual activity. All his argument is based on the notion that there is so much seminal fluid that it drives males to seek release with other males. Not once does he suggest that too many ova might impel females to do likewise. What's sauce for the gander, according to Corydon, is an empty cupboard for the goose.

"The facts are patently at odds with this thesis," Beach states. "It is perfectly clear that homosexuality among women is as ancient and as widespread as comparable relations among men. We see this in human history and it also is reflected in the zoological evidence. In fact, the display of masculine behavior by female animals is much more common that the execution of feminine responses by males."

So where does this leave Gide? It would appear that newer zoological studies plus his failure to explain lesbianism pretty effectively shoot down his entire second dialogue, the central point of the book.

Beach himself demurs in propounding any new theory of homosexual causation. The difficulty, he claims, is in accurately defining homosexuality. He does, however, break human sexual behavior down into the categories of homo-, hetero- and bisexual, a cataloguing that no one has since refined with any great success. Taking up "Corydon" again, Beach states, "On the basis of the zoological evidence, one might predict that a bisexual human being would outnumber the other two groups combined."

Beach cautions against too rapidly assuming that animal behavior serves the same function among animals. But then he makes this key observation: "The established facts of human evolution make it difficult to believe that behavior which appears with great regularity in all or nearly all mammals and particularly in all primates is completely aberrant in our own species. It seems more logical to suppose that bisexual tendencies are inherent in human beings but rarely achieve overt expression because of some suppressing force."

That "suppressing force," of course, is just what Corydon was talking about when he speaks of heterosexuality as "a matter of custom, an acquired taste." Here, at last, we see that Gide, through Corydon, is claiming heterosexuality to be imposed by society upon an essentially bisexual human, while Beach is claiming that homosexuality might be just as prevelant if society pushed the other way.

"Gide observes that all forms of sexual activity except coitus between husband and wife are generally considered socially undesirable and usually subject to severe cultural repression," Beach writes. "By this means, natural impulses toward homosexual behavior are inhibited from childhood and may never be recognized even by the individual possessing them."

Shades of all the closet queens in the world! How many millions of persons, both male and female, go through life never recognizing their own homosexual inclinations? Men in the armed forces, women in prison, indeed, persons of whatever sexual orientation have been so brainwashed into the only-missionary-position-allowed syndrome, that they suffer untold guilt when their latent, eminently natural bisexuality asserts itself.

States Beach: "We find ourselves, then, agreeing with Gide in his contention that homosexual behavior should be classified as natural from the evolutionary and physiological point of view. It does not necessarily follow that the behavior is socially desirable. This is a question which cannot be answered on the basis of biological evidence."

The good Yale professor may well append that last demurrer, but his words offer a logical, heartening insight into the cause of homosexuality. It is, he says, natural, just as Gide was trying to get across 60 years ago. What society has to say about it is something else.

Heredity vs. environment; environment vs. heredity? Hogwash! Both may very well have something to say about it, and meanwhile, it's up to homosexuals themselves to accept the very naturalness of their condition and work to achieve greater social acceptance of it. ●



"SEND ME A VIRGIN, *PLEASE*!"

(Continued from page 9)

the meantime, he prayed silently, for a little patience . . . and the *right* words.

When Phil parked in front of the apartment house, he noticed that Len's eyes looked alert, even a little fearful. The devil was at work and was forcing Len to re-evaluate the situation. Phil had to stop this by being as coy and smooth as the serpent was with Eve. "This is a real neat building," Phil said, throwing the cigar out the open window. "Is it as neat-looking inside like it is outside?"

"It's very nice," Len said, as he watched the dog outside sniff persistently at a bitch's tail.

"I'd like to see it. Can I come up for a minute? Only got a minute because I got to get back to the station." Phil smiled innocently. "I've never seen the inside of one of these co-ops." The dog suddenly stopped sniffing and humped the bitch, but the bitch pulled away quickly and ran behind the bushes.

Len made a soft, nervous sound, almost like a cough. "Well, I . . . ."

"What floor do you live on?"

"Thirteenth."

"You must have a great view from there. Bet it overlooks the river."

"All the apartments do." Len relaxed a little now; he was even courageous enough to smile back at Phil.

"Sounds real great! I sure would love to see it."

"Well, I have a few minutes," Len said. "Why don't you come up." Then, he added as though he might have had second thoughts: "For a drink and a quick look!"

As they walked past the bushes, Phil noticed that the dog finally got the bitch. And in the foyer, which was thickly carpeted and paneled in walnut, a woman was saying no to a man in the very same voice she might say yes. Once again, Phil was reminded of the world's awful state, and of its need for more missionaries preaching the gospel according to Phil.

Len's hand accidentally brushed Phil, when it moved towards the elevator call button. Nervously, Len pulled it back. Phil smiled and stepped aside for him. His discomfort amused Phil. *"Let him suffer!"* Phil thought, watching him press the button now. *"Let him burn."* In the elevator, Len side-glanced Phil, but when their eyes met, and Phil smiled craftily, Len lowered his gaze and left the elevator almost in a run. Phil slowly followed him into the apartment, humming his favorite hymn, "To The Promised Land!"

"Now this *is* an apartment," Phil said, staring at all the strangely shaped furniture. "I really like it."

"My girl can't stand it." Len walked towards the bar. "She hates all those modern designs!"

"Well, you know how fish are. They never like anything."

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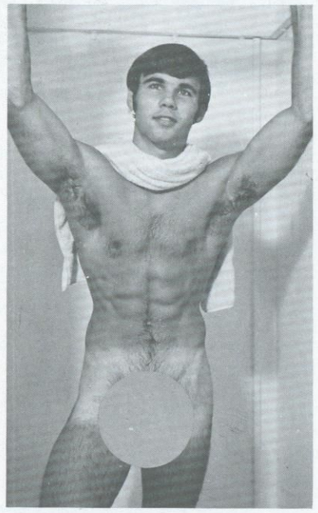

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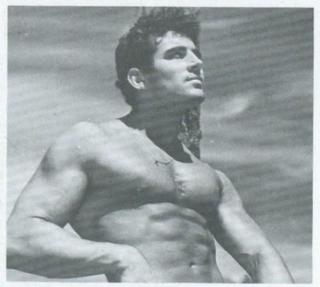

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"Maybe so."

Phil settled into a swivel chair, and moved it from side to side, sliding his palms over the lush layers of leather on the arm rest. While Len dropped the ice into the glasses, poured the scotch over the ice and added the water to it all, Phil observed him. There was something inspirational about Len's figure from behind. He had seen many wondrous creations (the truck driver, the pilot, the stevedore . . . just to mention a few), but none which moved him to such great exaltation as Len. *"Give me patience, dear God,"* Phil thought. *"Time is passing, and I know there are many souls yet to be saved . . . but please give me patience. That's all I ask for right now."*

But when Len was a few feet in front of him, handing him the drink, Phil couldn't control his impatience any longer. It was time for the great temptation. Phil quickly spread his legs and uncovered a *huge* bulge. Len's mouth dropped open in astonishment.

"Look!" Phil thought, as he watched Len hurry backwards to the opposite wall. *"Go on, look! After this afternoon, there will never be another like this. Take a good look! Soon I'll bury it in you, and you'll only feel it. And after that, you'll think about it every time you let some queen toy with you. So really look now, and remember it! Because you'll be spending the rest of your life searching for another one like it!"*

"How many rooms do you have?"

Len grasped his glass with both hands to still the liquor. "Five."

"Are they all as big as this one?" Phil rose, then walked towards the hall.

Len looked into his glass at the large waves of liquor which crashed against the rim. "No, this is the largest." Len now set the drink down. His astonishment seemed to pass, and once again, he seemed to gain control of himself. "Straight down the hall is the bedroom, and to your right is the library, and to your left is the kitchen."

"Can I take a look?"

"Certainly. Let me show you the way." He walked past Phil, then led him down the hall. "This, of course, is the bedroom."

Phil deliberately brushed against Len when he walked into the bedroom. He stared at the large oil painting over the bed. "The artist sure knows how to draw cocks well."

"Those aren't cocks!" Len said indignantly. "Those are buildings. It's supposed to be a skyline."

"Well, it sure fooled me!" Phil pointed to the sliding doors along the wall. "Is that the closet?"

"That's right."

"Is it very large?"

"Average."

"Can I see it?"

"Of course."

While Len opened the closet door, Phil poured his drink over his trousers. "Son-of-a- bitch!"

Len turned. "What's wrong?" He looked at Phil's pants. "How did you do that?"

"I don't know. I'm always doing something clumsy like this. Do you have a pair I can wear to work?"

"You're a lot bigger than I."

"But I got narrow hips." He watched Len search through the closet. "About your *size.*" He smiled.

As Len pulled out a pair, Phil loosened his trousers so that they'd slip to the floor easily when he was ready to remove them. Not wearing shorts made it all so easy, he thought, as he selected his position near the bed.

Len held up a light-colored pair. "Will these do?"

"Anything. As long as they aren't expensive."

"You're worse than I." Len came to him. "I've always thought I was messy." When Len stood exactly in the right spot between Phil and the bed, Phil then guided his trousers to the floor with one swift movement. He now stood before Len fully visible.

Len dropped the trousers. "Oh my God!"

"What's wrong?" Phil touched him gently so that he wouldn't be startled by the unexpected movement, and with just enough feeling so that he would become excited. "You're in the same condition yourself." Phil tried to loosen Len's trousers, but Len suddenly stepped backwards.

"Watch it, Phil!"

"It's great when two guys get together like this. You'll love it." Phil slipped out of his loafers and trousers and stepped closer to Len. *"Give me the words, dear God. Please! I beg of you!"*

Phil again reached for Len's cock. "When I first tried it, I was just like you . . . but once I tried it and I realized how great it was. It's like anything else. You want it more and more." He was loosening Len's trousers. Len tried to move backwards, but the bed stopped him.

"Knock it off, Phil!"

"You don't know how often I've thought of this with you, Len. I've wanted you the first time I saw you, and I knew you felt the same way. I could tell by the way you looked at me. You know this is true, otherwise you wouldn't be hard like this."

Len's trousers and shorts fell to his ankles. "I warn you, Phil."

"All you've got to do is say no," he said. "All you've got to do is give me some slight indication that this isn't for you, and I'll stop. But don't deny yourself this opportunity to try it. It's great once you try it, Len." Len moved sideways, almost tripping on his trousers. "If you don't like it, I'll stop. That's a promise."

Within moments Phil was on his knees. Len tried to pull away, but Phil held him firmly in place. When Len stopped resisting and finally yielded, Phil then guided him backwards into the bed. There was a deep satisfaction which came over Phil now, as he gazed at Len's nude body stretched across the bed. How could he explain this feeling? This power? All Phil had to do now was lift Len's legs, and the ride home to the promised land would begin. The pounding in his heart was wild. What a moment! What a glorious moment! A brilliant light now seemed to enter the bedroom through the window, and Phil could hear the angels sing . . . in a voice more joyous and beautiful than ever before. *"Sing out, damn you! Louder!"*

"Stop!"

From nowhere came a fist flying towards Phil's face. Within moments Phil caught it in flight and forced Len's hand back down on the bed, and held it there while he calmed the storm beneath him with the full weight of his body. A violent shudder passed over Len when Phil started up again. He began slowly, then went faster and faster . . . angling in from the right, then the left. Faster! Faster! Len threw himself violently in different directions, but he wasn't strong enough to dislodge Phil. Faster, faster, faster!

"Ooooh God," Phil gushed, his body stiffening. *"I've done it."*

A few minutes later Len began to stir. "Do what you first did," he said, trying to appear calm, but his voice seemed to betray the fever inside.

Phil rolled off Len. "It's really good this way, huh Len?"

"Go down on me again," Len said, the fever rising.

Phil was smiling, almost laughing. Well, he did it. Today another bitch would go into the world. . . . a missionary of His will. Len was finally ready for the queens. "You really like that," Phil said. "You really dug it when I went down on you. Did you like it as much when I shoved it into your ass?" He smiled. "Good, wasn't it?"

Len didn't say anything; he just eyed Phil suspiciously.

"I told you you'd like it." He slapped Len's thigh. "Didn't I buddy?"

"Aren't you going to finish me?"

"I wish I had more time. I'd really give you a workout. But I've got to go now. Remember Len. You take it easy. Don't go giving yourself to just any queen now. You'll never get rid of them then."

Phil began to rise from the bed, but he wasn't fast enough. Len swung over him and was on top of him before he knew what had happened, and pulled his head to his cock. "Go on . . . eat it!" he screamed, and shoved it deep into his open mouth. It only took several thrusts before it was over.

Len then bounced to his feet and reached for his clothes. Phil was bewildered. He hadn't expected Len to behave so aggressively, a little more passively . . . but not so aggressively. After all, he had been humiliated, violated, freed. He was supposed to be meek and humble now.

"You know, Phil," Len said, dressing. "That was one of the best . . . ."

"One of the best?"

Was this a diabolic trick to ruin him? It had to be. Why else would he have said that if it weren't?

"Well, I have been raped better. But you do have a certain conceit which made it fun."

"There were others?"

"Of course. Many."

"But I thought . . . ."

"That's what I wanted you to think. That's what I wanted the others to think also."

"You mean . . . you *are* . . . ?"

"Yes, dearie. That's *exactly* what I mean!"

"Maybe all the others were experienced also. Maybe I am just another . . . . Oh God, could that be?" Phil collapsed to his knees, and clasped his hands over his head, and in a passionate voice, said: "Dear God, give me another chance. Please don't let me remain a queen. Show me I'm still *the* chosen. Send me a virgin, *please!"*

But the heavenly voices had stopped singing for Phil, and all he heard now, as he felt Len's foot rest on his back, was: "Thank you, Lucifer. You're a real dear!" ●

GAY WRESTLER

(Continued from page 16)

Pensacola I had butterflies in my stomach. My forehead began to bead with sweat, my palms were moist and I was shaking like a leaf in a hurricane. I still didn't know who my opponent was, and it didn't matter, because at last I was a 'star'–being asked for my autograph on the way in.

I was wrestling The Great Mephisto! My stomach tied itself in knots, and I suddenly wished it had never happened. I kept saying to myself, "Aaron, this is your life's dream, and you have succeeded." But did I really want it? I looked around the dingy dressing room . . . but it was too late–and I was on my way to the mat, past cheering and spitting fans.

I wore brilliant red tights over brilliant red tights. My socks were baby-blue and high enough to run the length of my 14-inch red boots with baby-blue laces. My platinum hair had been doused with water to slick it back. This match was going to make or break me!

The fans cheered me because I was their new "hero." I had goose bumps all over. And I was scared, too–because I knew they were also saying, "He's a queer . . . a faggot . . . a pretty boy." I looked at those 15,000 morons and the big slob Mephisto. His boots were filthy, his trunks were soiled, and he looked as if he needed a bath. I dreaded touching him, let alone being crushed into his ugly stomach.

The bell rang and he wasted no time grabbing my hair. In an instant I was flying through the air and outside the ring. "Get up, Pretty Boy!" the creeps yelled. Mephisto knew I couldn't get up; my body had splintered a chair, and my head was gashed. He was declared the (foul) winner, and some fans came rushing over to me to blot my blood with their snotty handkerchiefs. I was carried to my dressing room on a stretcher, where I received 12 stitches on my head–after a patch of my beautiful hair was shaved. The promoter came in and told me I was through. I was in a terrible mess. My head ached. I had 12 stitches. My hair was chopped up. I was out of a job.

But I took everything in stride and managed to get back to Mobile. I left for Los Angeles. When I arrived I went straight to the wrestling office at the Olympic Arena and met promoters and bookers. They liked my looks and set up some matches in a lot of California cities.

San Francisco was first. I wore the same outfit I had on in Pensacola, and since I was the only "pretty boy" on the bill the fans received me well. Crusher Shields, a rough wrestler from Boston, was the obese monster with cauliflower ears and a scarred head I had to wrestle. I was cheered and he was booed. We tackled each other for 15 sweaty minutes before he was able to knock me over with a very powerful kick to my midsection, and another in the groin. I was in agony. I clutched my crotch with both hands. Then the bastard grabbed a chair



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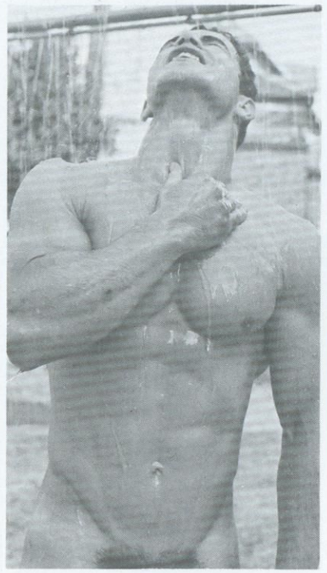

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from outside the ring and screamed at me, "You fuckin' queer. You have met the greatest wrestler." He swung the chair at me with all his might, but I was able to roll out of the way just in time. It hit the apron with a loud crash. Shields was stunned by my ability to leap up and drop kick him in the chin with both feet. The fans went wild. I grabbed the chair and slammed it down on his head, gashing him. The fans were wilder so I planted the heels of my 14-inch boots into his groin just as he had done to me. I loved the attention I was getting, so I became frenzied and screamed at "my" people, "This is for all of you!" With that I kicked Shields out of the ring, face first. The enthusiasm was so great several fans leaped into the ring to wish me success and patted me on the back. I felt like a king (although I really was a queen!). The promoter came up and told me I was going to be a big name with his office. I had arrived!

I repeated this same match with other opponents. Sometimes it was real, as it had been with Shields, and sometimes it was "rehearsed." But every time I was greeted with loud cheers. I bought new wrestling tights, jackets, and beautiful attire for my fans. I was their "pretty boy" in warfare. And I was making good money, sometimes as much as $400 to $800 a week—and it lasted seven months before frustration set in.

It was glamorous, lucrative, and sexy to an extent. I was also having a good time building my ego, but I wasn't getting any sex. At first it didn't bother me, because the game was new and I had to travel a lot, but then it started gnawing at my groin and I found myself cruising bus depot johns while waiting for a bus, for quickies. Only rarely did I manage to have sex with some of the younger wrestlers. But I wanted more—to be able to cruise the streets and the bars. That was impossible. My face was known everywhere, because posters would be sent out in advance of my arrival, and everyone in town—wherever I appeared—knew me.

My sexual frustration made me kick harder in the ring. As I wrestled I would look out into the crowd and see some handsome guy watching me, and I'd put on a special "show" just for him. They'd often talk to me afterwards, but what good was it . . . I couldn't do anything because I was forever catching busses to get to the next town. Occasionally, I'd get a lift with other wrestlers headed in the same direction. Most of them were immature straights with storm-trooper mouths. All they could do was wrestle, have a few drinks enroute, and arrive only to pick up some douche bag and tuck it to her, sometimes in groups. I always had to manage an excuse when I traveled with them, like I couldn't make it with the chick because I had the clap or something. At least when I went by bus I could suck a little.

I continued to wrestle in California, and my weekly average went up to around $1,000. I bought a new Chrysler Imperial, and spent most of my time in it, traveling back and forth. In just one month I put 18,000 miles on it. No time for sex. I needed a change.

I arranged to cancel my matches in California and went to Montreal. A week later I was wrestling in the Montreal Forum, where I saw my first match. There I settled down, and rented a small room. I got rid of my car, getting practically nothing for it because of the mileage. While I did travel a little, I had a decent schedule—Monday nights in Montreal; Tuesday nights in Chicoutemi, to make TV tapes; Fridays in Quebec City; Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays free to do as I wished. I spent most of my free time at "home" in Montreal and hit all the bars regularly. I went through tubes of KY like the stuff was going out of style. Only in the summer did I have to sacrifice a lot of free time, because of a heavier 6-night wrestling schedule.

Shortly after settling in Montreal I defeated Jacques Rougeau, the International Wrestling Champion. I was now making $1,500 to $2,000 a week. (Jacques, by the way, now owns the Montreal Wrestling Office; he's single and quite wealthy.)

I continued to wrestle for years before taking a good look at myself. I had had some good times, and some bad, and had traveled and seen a lot. I'd received my share of knife slashes from irate fans, who left several scars on my face. My hair was no longer blond but nearly all gray. My ears had been cauliflowered. My sex drive had diminished considerably. That was my deepest regret, a premature loss of sexual desire at only 35 years of age. People stared at me in the streets, at my ugly face, and I had been reduced to being a chicken queen, almost too ugly to raid the coop unless I paid heavily.

But I wasn't ready to quit yet . . . I still hadn't gotten even with Terry. I was going to get him.

Because I must remain anonymous for obvious reasons, I must tell you that while Aaron Kaldonjhe is my family name (the name by which Terry knew me), I chose a professional name early in my career—which is a household word in the wrestling world. In other words, Terry Rousseau didn't know what he was getting into when he consented to wrestle one of the biggest names in the world, that former "pretty boy" who had reached the top, and who was now ugly and mean—me.

I was making close to $2,500 a week. My Eldorado Cadillac was known everywhere. Promoters vied for me—and I promised to stick with the guy who could set up a match with Terry. I was living in Dallas when I received a call from a promoter in Indianapolis, telling me the match had been set up.

Because I had been wrestling in Texas for some months, I was billed as the "Texas Champion" when I arrived in Indianapolis. When I arrived at the arena for the match I passed Terry. He didn't even realize I was the same guy who had longed for him so many years ago, and who would have given anything to be his permanent lover. How could he know? Now he knew me by my famous pro name. Now I looked different, no longer young and pretty, but more like an old bull.

I stepped into the ring and was booed. Terry was the local favorite and he was cheered. For the first time in my career, I was the "bad guy." The boos started getting to me, and thoughts of what Terry had done flashed through my mind. I jumped

out of the ring and kicked a few chairs and spat at the fans. They started throwing paper cups at me. They loved that fuckin' bastard, Terry.

I climbed back up and cooled down. I had waited 16 years to meet up with him. We grappled. Nothing much happened and the fans started to get restless. I whispered in his ear, "Remember Aaron Kaldonjhe?" His face turned pale as he replied, "What about that rotten fag?" That was all I had to hear. Not only had he distressed me in the past, but he had always deceived the wrestlers by knocking gays, only to shift the attention away from himself. I told him who I was as we wrestled, and as soon as I did I kicked him in the groin so hard he fell to his knees in pain. But I was not satisfied. I had suffered so long with heartbreak that I couldn't let him get off with one rotten kick to the groin. I grabbed his hair and knocked him down. A can opener had been concealed in my trunks. Now I took it out, hiding it from the fans, and hit him with it squarely on the forehead. It cut a gash, but that wasn't enough. I jumped on him and started biting at the cut like a savage. I stood up. My mouth was full of Terry's blood. I spat it at him. Then I decided to stop so I made the peace sign with my fingers, but the fans hated me and booed. I became violent.

I kicked at Terry's bloody head until the mat was completely splattered red. Then I picked him up and threw him out of the ring onto the wooden floor, jumped down and cracked a chair over his head. He was bleeding badly, but I couldn't stop. Several wrestlers came at me and tried to hold me back. I broke loose and attacked Terry again. Now I was no longer just angry; I was almost insane. My spurned love was being revenged. The other wrestlers grabbed me again. I kicked and screamed wildly. The police moved in and held me down while cuffs were placed on my wrists. Then I was taken to my dressing room.

Never had such a case of brutality been displayed in the professional wrestling ring. Anyway, Terry didn't die, and I was paid $780 for the night, which I would have gladly done for nothing.

No longer was I a "pretty boy." All the magazines ran color photos and stories on the event. The newspapers played it up for weeks, and my reputation spread. Now the fans all booed me, no matter where I appeared. People spat at me, threw bottles, and cursed. So I gave the bastards what they wanted—blood. I tore apart every wrestler I met, bit their faces, scarred their bodies, and started riots all over the country. Several commissioners who had previously allowed me to appear in their counties now refused to license me. But the blood-thirsty fans paid to see me, and I packed houses like crazy. My sex drive was almost completely gone now, and whenever I needed it I masturbated or 'bought' hustlers and did them for trade.

I was a mad man, and I was convinced that I was the greatest wrestler in the world. I strutted around the ring, and laughed everytime I landed a blow below the belt. This is where I always hit first, and then the head.

I was now earning over $300,000 a year. I owned a yacht, a summer cottage, and a big house in Trinidad (Colorado). But I had little in the bank, having splurged it on cars and my new "toys." Now I looked back at all the people who had never given me a chance in the beginning, and somehow I had to get back at them.

At 39 I was ready to leave the ring. I was as deformed as I wanted to be, so I began to manage wrestlers. Some of the top villains "belonged" to me, and I established them. I was the greatest, even running into the ring and helping them win by landing a good blow on the opponent whenever the referee had his back turned.

Towards the end of my career as a manager I took on a good boy, or at least I thought he was. He wrestles today as Big Ed Sullivan and occasionally uses an alias. Anyway, he's nothing but a two-time palooka. He gave me a lot of trouble and after I got him connections with Stu Hart and booker Dave Ruhl in Canada, he gave me a big run-around. I suppose it happened for the best, as Big Ed will never make anything of himself without proper direction, and he's too immature to take direction. Most wrestlers are morons anyway. So are the promoters, whose only desire is to fleece the public by exploiting the slobs they want to see.

My story ends in a sad way. After making over $2-million over the years, and spending most of it (not to mention taxes), I found myself with more bills than money. For a time it was so bad I had to pawn my clothes to eat. I finally landed a job as a bouncer in a straight bar in St. Louis, recently, but have since left it and now bounce here and there.

Maybe I'll get back into the game as a booker one of these days. I don't know. The game is so phony. True, my match with Terry was on the level, and so were a few others, but most of them were faked—a lot of grunting and groaning and pre-picked losers. That's what the game is really like. I bled a little too much, only because I followed the advice of promoters who told me to bleed (I carried a razor blade with me to give myself slits at the right time, which is what a lot of wrestlers do all the time). A lot of bruises came from mistakes. So did my deformities. They served their purpose when it was happening, but I regret them now.

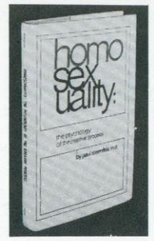
Anyway, don't let anyone ever tell you that wrestling is legit. It isn't. Maybe—if you're a real blood-fan—you'll be lucky one of these nights and see two guys like Terry and myself in action.

You may not believe everything you've read, but it's all true. Once in awhile I write for wrestling magazines, and maybe I'll reveal the real truth as you see it here, but along with my famous name. That'd be the greatest victory of my life—because that's how I'm going to get back at the people who never gave me a chance as a kid. ●

LOVERS IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 37)

for Latin leading men following Valentino's stunning success, and in his decade of top stardom he appeared opposite such female favorites of gays as Norma Shearer and



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Garbo.

Rudolph Valentino was the biggest of them all. Many authorities rank him the top star of all time, and Valentino cults still exist today, forty-five years after his death. The Sheik, as he was universally known for his most popular role, was also called The Great Lover. And oh how he could love!—from kissing palms right up to strong-armed crushing of his oh-so-willing victim against his fabulous chest. But his chest was no more fabulous than the rest of his body, which equaled his face in perfect male beauty, and a dressing or undressing scene was de rigeur for every Valentino picture to show it off.

Along with the millions of women who imagined themselves in the passionate embrace of the Sheik were the gays of the time. It was almost as if Valentino chose his exotic roles and costuming to appeal to them in particular. Besides being a sheik twice, he was a matador, a gaucho, a cossack, and a rajah, too. In *The Young Rajah,* Valentino wore his most provocative costume, consisting of little more than loops of pearls outlining his beautiful bare bod.



Rudolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah."

John Gilbert's popularity with gays was was hinged partly on his truly sensitive performance in one of the great silents, *The Big Parade,* partly on his romantic manner, and partly on his appearances with such notable leading-lady favorites of gays as Mae Murray and, particularly, Garbo. His horizontal love scene with Garbo in *Flesh and the Devil* is one of the most famous of screen history. His off-screen romance with the elusive Garbo was another sensation. He plummeted from favor when early talkie equipment recorded his voice as ridiculously shrill and squeaky.

Gary Cooper. Yup, the tall, strong silent star of many a cowboy and other epic of the '30s, '40s, and '50s copped his early stardom in the '20s, particularly in the classic silent, *Lilac Time.* Cooper's quiet charm and smooth handsomeness made him a favorite of gays, especially in the early years of his career, when he appeared opposite Marlene Dietrich in several films.

Charles Farrell had a short but luminous career in the late '20s and early '30s as the tall and beautiful co-star of Janet Gaynor, with whom he found particular glory in the romantic classic, *Seventh Heaven.* Farrell dropped out of movies in the '30s to found the famous Racquet Club in Palm Springs. In the '50s he appeared as Gale Storm's father in the TV series, *My Little Margie,* and still looked great.

George O'Brien had a stocky, chesty, big-armed, peasant-strong physique that was very sexually tantalizing to many gays. Certainly he had one of the greatest asses of all time! He appeared in a brief-brief leopard skin in Noah's Ark which revealed him gloriously, and even more extensive costumes in other pix clung provocatively because of the nature of his big bod. He made it big in the '20s in *The Iron Horse* and *Sunrise* and then went on to lesser roles, usually as a cowboy, in the '30s and '40s.

Richard Arlen was an early version of the clean-cut, nice-boy-next-door type who appealed to gays as a love object for "quiet romance" dreams. Arlen made it big in *Wings* with Buddy Rogers and "it" girl Clara Bow and survived the talkie transition to remain a leading man throughout the '30s. He still appears in films today, in small roles.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers was popular with gays for the same reason Richard Arlen was—he teemed with that nice-boy-next-door quality. But Rogers didn't keep as active in films as Arlen did. He married Mary Pickford and settled down with her in the famous Pickfair, where they live to this day.

Johnny Mack Brown was one of Mae West's "tall, dark and handsome" men, appearing with her in 1933's *Belle of the Nineties.* But he was big before that, having served as leading man to such luminaries as Garbo and Joan Crawford in the late '20s. Brown went on to minor cowboy pix in subsequent years, but he remained tall, dark and handsome for a long time.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE ARRESTED

(Continued from page 54)

entrapment of homosexuals. The result of the committee's work in a relatively short time was the end of entrapment in all of New York State; in fact, entrapment in New York State is now a crime. Unfortunately, for most Gay people in other sections of the country, entrapment is still a reality which must be dealt with. So don't be afraid to stand up for what rights you do have; be courteously firm in your dealings with local police; let *them* know that *you* know your rights.

3. When you are arrested, you are required to give your name and address ONLY. Even if it is a relatively minor offense and the cop tells you that if you plead guilty you will get off with a light fine, volunteer no information other than your name and address. You have much more to lose by volunteering additional information (which may seem harmless to you at the time) than your heterosexual counterpart would. Remember, the odds are that your arrest is part of the cop's "quota" for the day and if he thinks he can get by with charging you with a greater offense, he will. While a heterosexual would have a good chance of balancing off conflicting testimony of a policeman, there are very few, if any, judges around who would take the word of a Gay person over that of a policeman.

4. As soon as you arrive at the police station for booking, insist on your constitutional right to a phone call. Do not accept any excuses for any abridgement of this right. This is the time to use that lawyer's phone number you have been carrying in your wallet all these years (haven't you?). BUT—in case you don't have a lawyer's phone number, call a close friend or relative of yours who is most likely to be home and who will contact a lawyer for you.

5. After completing your phone call, you will be locked up—so just sit back, take a deep breath, relax and wait for your lawyer. Do not discuss with anyone, either a policeman or another prisoner, any aspects of your arrest. You don't have to be unfriendly or discourteous; just inform them politely that you are under instructions from your counsel not to discuss your case with anyone.

6. If you are arrested while in the Armed Forces, you will probably be told that you will receive a General Discharge if you will give the names of other homosexuals in the services. Admittedly, it is a difficult choice you will have to make; but I hope you would refuse to cooperate, and not give in to this particular kind of "legal blackmail." Even if you do get a General Discharge, you most likely will not be able to get any kind of government employment as they have other ways of noting on your service record that you are homosexual. Your service record will not keep you from getting most jobs, however, as most employers don't bother checking that far, and many big companies have specific rules regarding fair treatment of homosexuals.

Gay men are the easiest targets for cops who need "quota" arrests. We have historically been a submissive people who have allowed ourselves to be used by "macho" policemen who assert their perverted sense of masculinity. To guard yourself against this type of cop, when you are arrested, at all times maintain your dignity and self-respect, if you are abused—either physically or verbally—in the "back room" of the police station. I can assure you, from my own experiences, it's no fun for a Gay person to be arrested and taken to the local police station; so do you homework NOW!

Get that lawyer's phone number for your wallet; acquaint yourself with local police attitudes and practices; support any efforts in your community to make the police more relevant to the community by putting their emphasis on crimes against people and getting them out of the inhuman business of trying to regulate our love lives.

And above all, have a good positive self-image about being a Gay person. To quote Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, "Good thoughts are an impervious armor, and clad therewith you are completely shielded from the attacks of error of every sort; and not only yourselves are benefited, but all whom your thoughts rest upon are thereby benefited."

THE GAY OLÉ

(Continued from page 25)

Acapulcan establishments—open-air night-clubs where gay guys and others wear minimal swimming attire for moonlight bathing between dances. Spotlighted, too, you can get a quite accurate body count this way . . . ticking off likely numbers for a later dalliance. From bikini to briefer monokini you won't see so much exposed skin and aroused eroticism short of an actual nudist colony.

There is a new gay bar (presently without a name) in Acapulco's 'red light' district (female prostitutes here are thicker than flies on buffalo chips!). Everyone in town knows it's owned by the mayor's nephew, and gays believe this is the reason the rival *San Souci Bar* was raided so many times last season. In any case, this nameless bar (ask anyone about it when you arrive in Acapulco) was THE late night place to be last winter, and it remains to be seen if its popularity will hold up this year.

And speaking of raids, while the fuzz in Acapulco seldom cause trouble, when it does happen you usually have to pay your way out with around $50. It's a good idea to carry at least that much with you if you have no one in town to call, just in case. However, if you have a friend in town, or someone staying with you at your hotel, we suggest you carry his phone number instead of extra loot, for obvious reasons.

If you're strictly the outdoor type try cruising the main square, the Zocalo, after 10:00 in the evening. Here you will be approached by sweet young things selling pot and/or themselves. Mexican studs go for about $8 'in season' and for about half that when the tourists leave.

WHERE TO STAY

If you'd make your visit to Acapulco really memorable stay at one of the great luxury hotels such as the *Acapulco Hilton* or *El Presidente,* which flank Condesa Beach. A short distance away, in the hills, is the most luxurious of all, *Las Brisas.* This fabulous place has 100 swimming pools, one for every room, give or take a room! Rates in hotels like these are based on the Modified American Plan which includes breakfast and dinner (you have to rough it for lunch) at about $28 per day single and $43 double.

It should be noted here that The Thing in Mexico is to buy yourself a younghung-stud and take him back to your room. Mexicans, on the whole, couldn't care less about your sex life, but you may find the management at luxury hotels objecting to your traffic, only because it is concerned about what your trick does *after* he leaves your room, while he is still in the hotel—should he enter rooms carelessly left unlocked by other guests.

Less uptight is the manager of the *Ritz,* another hotel on the beach which caters to the budget-conscious. This establishment also operates a reasonable motel directly across the street. Other favorites-with-gay-guys are the *Bali Hai Motel* and *Motel Acapulco,* also in this area (easy to enter and leave). Closer to downtown, a distance from Condesa Beach, are such excellent lower-priced hotels as *Boca Chica, Papagaya, Del Monte, Maris,* and *Club de Pesca.* Very popular is the gay *San Souci,* hotel rooms/bungalows/bar, at 88 Inalambrica.

The luxury hotels we've mentioned have equally *grand luxe* restaurants and dining rooms, but if you are a gourmet dine at least once in the *Rivoli* and *Armando's* . . . rated with the best in the world.

OTHER THINGS TO SEE AND DO

Although it is not specifically gay—very few places in Acapulco are—you will like *Tequila a Go-Go,* the most popular discotheque. Opposite the Hilton, up the road a piece, it's jam-packed, navel-to-navel, all night long. Obviously in a place like this cruising is easy and delightful, and a flutter of your eyelids or an even less obvious gay cruising signal should get a satisfactory response. The beat goes on until 5:00 a.m.

How about a cruisy *cruise?* A real honest-to-goodness *boat*-type cruise? On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 10:30 the *Luxury Yacht Fiesta* sails from Fiesta Pier for three hours around the Bay, with music, dancing and free drinks . . . not to mention the almost limitless opportunities for gay improvisation!

Or you may watch *jai alai* at the *Jai Alai Fronton* every night except Monday. Or join the crowds which head for *La Quebrada* each evening at dusk to watch Acapulco's daring divers wait on the cliffs just outside *Hotel El Mirador* to dash to a quite-possible death in the churning waves 136 feet below.

Acapulco now has a rival for its gay affections . . .

Puerto Vallarta was only a tiny fishing village until a few years ago when it was selected as the location for the filming of *Night Of The Iguana.* Thanks to the feast-of-eye publicity of the picture itself . . . and to Mickey Mouth who had previously discovered Puerto Vallarta's sleepy charm and who 'wasn't going to tell a soul about it but just couldn't keep it a secret' . . . as well as to the fact that such luminaries as the Burtons have put down roots here, Puerto Vallarta today is a colorful resort with beautiful hotels and sumptuous villas that seem to be floating in the mountains, looking indulgently down at the goings-on in the adobe village, the gorgeous beach and dreamy *Bahia de Banderas.*

QQ Magazine mentions Puerto Vallarta with special fondness, because in addition to its handsome, excitingly-muscular beach boys it is (1) a trove for gay guys who abhor the fang 'n claw of competitive cruis-

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•

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•

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•

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•

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•

THE GAY RECEIVER. Subscribe to a pen pal club for gay guys. Send $2 to Alan Tuck Associates, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083. Must be 21 or over.

ing along more populous beaches–who would rather 'buy than vie'–and (2) because, as a necessary corollary to this, there must be more beautiful young boys here than on any other beach in the world!

These liquid-eyed young 'availables' (it seems sinful to call them hustlers)–like all youngsters in tropical climates–not only mature physically far more quickly than *norteamericanos,* but, with their obvious wish to please you, have as quickly learned that the Yankee dollar buys more than the Mexican *peso.*

Everything sex begins at the beach and winds up at your hotel, so if Puerto Vallarta sounds like your thing, dust off your credit card . . . fly either Pan American or American to Guadalajara and thence–quickly–to Puerto Vallarta . . . and stay at the luxurious *Camino Real,* or the *Posada Vallarta* for around $26 per day Modified American Plan single, or $40 double . . . or *Hotel Playa de Oro,* equally comfortable though slightly less expensive . . . or the large *Tropicana,* even more economical at about $22 American Plan single and $33 double. There are many smaller hotels and cottages running as low as $8 European Plan. *QQ Magazine* warns you, however, that your trip to Puerto Vallarta may be habit-forming. Come to think of it, you just may never leave!

Guadalajara is totally different in mood from the casual romp of Acapulco and the sex-in-a-dream-world of Puerto Vallarta. While the former are primarily beach resorts, Guadalajara may be considered a *mariachi*-cum-gay baths resort because there are so many of them, some of the most popular being

Banos El Huerto, Huerto No. 10
Banos El Nilo, Dr. Michel No. 425
Banos San Martin, Cabanas Street No. 72

If you've never visited Mexico City, and plan to, you might be wise to fly first to Guadalajara for altimetric reasons. Guadalajara is 5248 feet above sea level–the thought alone is breathtaking–but Mexico City is still higher at 7349 feet. So by acclimatizing yourself by stopping first to sample the goodies of Guadalajara, the headier height of Mexico City won't put such a damper on your sexual activity, particularly fellatio. Trying to maneuver a mouthful of *mexicano* in the thin atmosphere of this unbelievable city without having been conditioned to it can be a traumatic experience you will definitely not care to repeat.

Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta thrive on tourism and you could cruise for weeks in either with never the slightest buzz from the fuzz. But Guadalajara is different . . . hard-rock . . . everything pulsates to a steelier beat. So *QQ Magazine* offers this word of caution: if you are a devotee of outdoor cruising and make the scene at the *Plaza de los Mariachis,* which can be wil-l-ld on weekends (though it's not tabby-tame on other nights, either), be wary in picking up what appears to be a likely number, but whose smile is just instant teeth. He can be a police plant or a downright hood.

So try this Mexitrick. Look first into his eyes. Do you detect a hint of warmth . . . is there a crinkle of invitation? And after that–and only after that–does he smile? Fine! Otherwise proceed with extreme caution. Once contact is made and rendezvous decided upon you may later find you've lost more than your wad . . . like wallet and watch and 'what are those funny bars doing on my window?'. Also screen invitations to gangbangs with same . . . where there's likely to be more 'bang' than gang.

While in Guadalajara, in addition to the baths, you might find *Marciso's Place* intriguing. It's at Federacion No. 1314. A 'house with boys' as they call it lovingly . . . as well as *Pancho's Bar* (young/mixed/dinner) at Madero and Maestranza. There are so many other beautiful things to see in Guadalajara. The sensitive artist in you will marvel at the Orozco murals in the main dome of the *Hospicio Cabanas.* Also

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON®

SAY



"Boy who go down in Mexico called 'Señor-eata'!"

Orozco's home where he worked, and which is now a museum. And the Cathedral with its melange of architectural styles–Gothic, Baroque, Neo-classic. Then, after a few days at the *Guadalajara Hilton,* the *Fenix, Gran Hotel* or *Roma,* it's off again by plane and in less than an hour you're in

Mexico City the glorious! In a city through whose crowded main streets *peons* still walk their loaded burros nonchalantly through traffic that would make a New York City cab driver froth at the mouth, there is a sophistication, an elite culture comparable to that of Rome, Paris and London.

Mexico City has everything . . . a great symphony orchestra, the famed *Ballet Folklorico* . . . *La Catedral* on the Zocalo, the oldest church on the North American continent. It also has Chapultepec–a forest of a park with a castle, museums, zoos and lakes that dates from pre-conquest days . . . and shrines, palaces and the Xochimilco floating gardens.

Any guidebook can tell you in detail about these and hundreds more interesting places but none will say that the ambience of Mexico City is sex . . . sex, morning, noon and night. It's everywhere, from discreetly-elegant cruising along the *Pasco de la Reforma* to downright stalk-cruising along Hamburgo Street (Pink Zone) after 8:00 p.m., or in Alameda Park off Avenida Juarez any time of day, to any *cine* where a questing leg will certainly find a nuzzling response . . . to gay baths and restaurants/bars where gayounguys gather. Whatever you may have fantasized in your dreams of rosiest hue will come to glowing life-in-the-real in amazing Mexico City.

You will have arranged in advance through your travel agent for hotel accommodations, and so with creature comforts taken care of you should try these places:

Baths

Banos La Torre, Alvaro Obregon, No. 42 (from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.)
Banos Margo, Mina, No. 51
Banos Mina, Mina, No. 100
Banos San Miguel, Jose Ma. Izazaga, No. 150 and
Banos Sanorial, Isabel la Catolica, No. 93, which has absolutely nothing to do withIsabel the Catholic, but everything to do with Turco the Sex. Ask for Turco!

The unusual custom of 'shopping' for your 'masseur' prevails in the baths of Mexico City. If you do not regard as a possible soul mate the masseur the management sends to your private room, you may keep requesting–and with no offense–until Mr. Right comes your way. This custom began in the old *Banos Finisterre* some years ago, but the institution was closed for a time. Hopefully, by the time our *QQ Magazine* readers arrive, it will have been reopened.

Also unusual is the fact that young boys are admitted to the baths . . . *beautiful* boys . . . a custom not calculated to drive you away. To say that 'boys are big' in Mexico may sound like a double entendre . . . and it is, and it's *true!* Boys are everywhere, even in

Gay restaurants like

Chipp's, Genova, No. 59. Open from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Chipp's is a favorite place for gay guys. There's a piano bar and other entertainment . . . and
Las Catacumbas, Dolores, No. 16-B, also entertainment.
Las Americas, Insurgentes & Baja California Avenue, a more formal restaurant (jacket and tie) mixed/dinner/hustlers.
Luigi's Nicte-Ha Bar, Juarez, No. 70.
Belvedere Room on the top floor of the *Paseo de la Reforma* No. 166. This is considered the very best place for gay and straight guys alike, and the crowd is knowing, sympathetic and always lively and friendly. Most regard it as the take-off point for all other gay activity. Since everyone in Mexico City dines late in the evening –as in Spain–the *Belvedere Room* is really swinging around 10:00 p.m.
Vinamar, Independencia, No. 74, draws a mixed crowd for dinner . . . always young and lively.
Pico de Oro, 16 de Septiembre and Gante is crowded with compatible older gay guys . . . largely business men (jacket and tie).

Popular with gay and straight alike is the Sanborn chain of coffee houses:

Sanborn's Insurgentes, Insurgentes & Aguascalientes
Sanborn's Madero, Madero, No. 4
Sanborn's Niza, Niza & Hamburgo
Sanborn's Reforma, Paseo de la Reforma, No. 45

QQ Magazine can only add one other suggestion, and that is have your doctor fill your ditty bag with medication to counteract the effects of diahrrea, commonly referred to in Mexico as "Montezuma's Revenge." A loose bowel can be a real bummer no matter what your sex style. The ailment affects most tourists whose digestive systems are not made of cast iron to cope with the Mexican regimen. Mexicruising is great–but not if you've got to sit on a pot all day. And on that cheerful note we wish you . . .

Hasta la vista! ●

REJECTION

(Continued from page 11)

That which John has projected has been brought back to his self. He hugs his own shadow so hard it's reunited with his body and soul. He is a whole person again, what a psychologist would call a self-integrated personality. He experiences the joy of reunion, not with another separate individual but with his own self. The symbolism of sex makes this abundantly clear. There is penetration and reception, oral and anal, and in many cases there is the ultimate bringing together of one's projected self: the ingesting of the other guy's seminal fluid.

The sad ending of John's story–hinging upon his being rejected–simply is that none of this happens. He is not reunited with his projected warm-puppy feelings. When he is rejected, any residual emotional security which may have been left in the bottom of that empty silo of his personality just goes up, poof!, in a cloud of dust. The other guy walks out the door of the bar unaware that he is carrying with him John's narcissistic feelings. There he goes, and there stays John, really–and legitimately–feeling sorry for himself. John can be as lonely in a crowded bar, stripped of his emotional security, as if he were a prisoner sentenced to a month's solitary confinement. The whole feeling, in summary, is a very, very bad, desperately aching emptiness.

At this point, Bette Davis, hand on hip and waving a cigarette holder, would say, "What to do, what to do?" The answer is easier said than done: stop projecting, be a totally integrated personality in your own right. How familiar that advice may sound. We've all been down in the dumps and had friends tell us, "It's all in your head. Be more assertive, be positive, have self-confidence!"

This is the type of pep talk which one gets at a sales manager's rally: "Go out and sell yourself." Norman Vincent Peale's glib admonitions to "Think positive" offer a popular though superficial balm to the troubled soul. Dale Carnegie makes it seem like a boiled-down, mechanistic version of Sociology 101: "Talk in terms of the other guy's interest, smile a lot, be a good listener." Sunday newspaper supplements bristle with rah-rah ads about how if you boost your memory, word power, mind potential or what have you, you'll be an overnight popularity sensation. Television commercials bleat that if you buy the right razzle-dazzle mouth wash, cola drink or automobile, multitudes will swoon at the very sight of your enhanced beauty and status.

There may be some merit to the Peale-Carnegie self-improvement pitches for many gay guys. If you *do* think positively, you'll hardly have time to think negatively. If you *do* become a good listener, other people will be flattered. If you *do* wear sharp, stylish clothes, you'll make a better impression than if you slink around in grubbies.

But all this is pretty superficial. Life is more than just good manners. There has to be a deeper, more permanent self-esteem, an inward security, which transcends the slings and arrows of occasional rebuff. You have to nurture strength of spirit to shield yourself in sudden misfortune. The most tragic figure in recent American drama may be Willy Loman in "Death of a Salesman." He believed all the pep talks, yet found when the chips were down that boosterism was no substitute for an enlightened, loving regard for one's own self and those of others.

The key to this problem is simple understanding. Assuming that you're not a complete mental and emotional cripple, if you do make an effort to understand your own personality dynamics, you're generally rewarded with a more creative, on-going attitude. If you have been guilty of projecting your warm-puppy feelings onto others, stop and realize that they belong to you. You, alone and individual, are perhaps a sharper, groovier guy than you give yourself credit for.

Oh it's true you may not have a physique like a Greek statue, but if there is something genuinely wrong, an overweight problem for instance, that can be remedied through diet and exercise. It may be true that you lack a genius I.Q., but an ability to talk like a pedantic scholar of geopolitical trends in world trade is hardly a requisite for rewarding personal relationships. If you really do feel awfully dumb in social situations, find friends who share your own interests and background. You may not be the wittiest, most scintillating raconteur, but, as Carnegie asserts, being a good listener will win you friends. Make a list of your strong and weak points; build on the pluses and try to minimize the deficiencies. But remember that there always will be persons of greater and lesser abilities. If you constantly compare yourself with others, you'll become vain and bitter.

By being at ease with yourself, you'll just automatically be more at ease with others. Distrust of one's self emanates as distrust of others which is quickly sensed and leads to rejection. In contrast, the self-integrated personality that has a realistic appreciation of his own value radiates good vibes to which others can react positively. There are so many phonies in the world, simpering sycophants with pasted-on smiles and pre-packaged congeniality, that an individual with authentic personality radiates charisma which is alluring regardless of age or appearance. Moreover, the other person now is regarded not as an object, a mirror, a shadow to be hugged, but rather as a genuine peopleburger in his own right. You no longer are psychologically trying to manipulate him into an artificial position as merely something to be cuddled–like your mother used to cuddle you–but instead he becomes a vibrant, separate personality with whom you can enjoy the most rewarding companionship. Your relationship is on a one-to-one basis rather than him having to cart around all your projected fantasies.

Take the example of a middle-aged, balding, paunchy guy who finds himself more and more rejected when he cruises young, prettier guys at a bar. After a soul-searching session, he might draw up a mental inventory as a plan of action. A weak point is his physique, so he starts trimming down and finds, happily enough, that he can get back in those flared pants which show off his basket. Maybe a wig or hair transplants will take care of the balding problem. A strong point is that he is a clever host and gourmet cook; rather than dragging around teeny-bopper bars until all hours, he shifts the emphasis of his social life to dinner parties and finds an occasional guest inclined to linger after the others have left. Just because he is middle-aged (however that may be defined) doesn't mean that he can't cultivate youthful interests. A lot of young people nowadays, for example, are off on an ecology-organic foods kick. That's an area where age is irrelevant; developing knowledge and skills in it can bridge the generation gap. Most of all, our middle-aged hero learns to put rejection in perspective. Because one person at one bar happens to turn him down, he realizes it's not the end of the world. If he thinks age really is a handicap, he might start developing more friendships with persons his own age. Sex with an old master usually is a hell of a lot more exciting than with some dumb chicken who just lies there like a wet noodle. Too, he might consider alternatives to bars. A number of gay churches, most affiliated with the Rev. Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles, have sprung up across the nation in recent months. There, age is of no consequence. The San Francisco MCC, for instance, includes an imaginative spectrum of social activities–bowling to gourmet cooking classes–where guys from 17 to 70 can get together without the compulsive pressure to trick which characterizes bar cruising. Nor does one always go home from a bowling party alone. Involvement in any of the homophile political organizations, from picketing with Gay Libbers to behind-the-scenes lobbying for law reform, is another alternative to bar cruising.

By shifting mental gears, keeping rejection in perspective, gracefully taking the counsel of his years, accenting his positive points, investigating alternatives to bar cruising, our middle-aged friend enhances his

(Continued on page 52)

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The Super MAD Adventures of Harry Chess!

HE'S LIKE 2 POPPERS UP THE ASS!

A JAY '71

IN THE LAST DYNAMITE, HORNY, HARD-ON EPISODE, OUR TWO GROOVY, GREASY FUGG GUYS-HARRY CHESS AND MICKEY MUSCLE WERE CRUISING OVER BAGEL-BAGEL IN DARKEST AFRICA IN THEIR SUPER JUICED ELECTRIC COPTER-'THE YETTA'! THEIR MISSION: TO CRACK 'N DESTROY THE SINISTER PAISLY PANZER EMPIRE OF MUNG, THE MEAN... AND HIS VERY DREADED SECRET TERROR UNIT...THE DEADLY DILDOES!!!

BUT IT WAS A BUMMER SCENE! H.C. 'N M.M. HAD ANOTHER NARROW ONE WHEN THEY BAILED OUT OF THE YETTA IN THE NICK OF TIME...WHEN SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCE PULLED IT UNCONTROLLABLY TOWARD THE CRAGGY TIP OF HUNG-HUNG-THAT HUGE FAY-LICK PILE OF MOUNTAIN!! OUR TWO HEROES BARELY HIT 'OL TERROR FIRMER WHEN HUNG-HUNG SUDDENLY SPLIT OPEN...AND SECRETLY SWALLOWED UP THE YETTA!!(SIGH)

STILL STUNNED, SWEATY HARRY AND MICKEY TRIED TO PENETRATE THE STEAMY, THICK, JUNGLE TERRAIN, IT WAS THEN THAT H.C. SPOTTED MUCUS-MUNG'S NEANDERTHAL LIEUTENANT AND TWO STRONG, STRAPPING GUARDS CLOSING IN FAST! TRYING TO ESCAPE, OUR TWO GUYS PLUNGED OFF THE CLIFFS INTO THE ROARING SUPER SUCK RAPIDS ONLY TO BE PULLED DOWN, DOWN INTO UNFATHOMABLE COLD, MURKY DEPTHS... AND TO A WATERY DEATH! WOW-

HOLY HERNIA! I DIG WATER SPORTS-BUT THIS IS RIDICULES... BLUB!!

SUPER SUCK RAPIDS DAN

CRACK

GEE... BLUB!

GOODBYE CLINTS EASTWOOD 'N WALKER... AND KISSIE ROBERT REDFORD! BLUB!

GEE

ABOVE...MUCUS OBSERVES THE GRIZZLY SCENE

CRUSTY CRAP! THOSE FUGG YOO-YOOS ARE GOING DOWN FOR THE 3RD TIME! MING AIN'T GONNA DIG THAT!

SLURP!

LOWER, LOWER!!

MEANWHILE FROM OUT OF THE BUSHES COMES A SUPER PIECE OF HUMPY, NAKED, MUSCULAR MANHOOD-

MOO GLUE GUY PAN

ROMAN ROLL IS NOT A BUN!

MAN... NOT A FRIGGIN' MINUTE TOO SOON!!

DON'T BOTHER TO WRAP IT... I'LL EAT IT RIGHT HERE ... (SUPER SIGH!)...WHO THE FUGG ARE... YOU?

OK... GUYS?

I'M RANGID AGNEW.. JUNGLE GUY, PEACE CORE DROPOUT, ILLEGITIMATE SON OF YOU-KNOW-WHO.. AND YOUR SECRET FUGG CONTACT! LIKE WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY ARE YOU GUYS IN THESE QUIET PARTS?

CHUCK CONNORS DOES VESPRE!

ARE YOU PUTTING US ON? THIS WHOLE STEAMING SCENE IS ALIVE WITH A SUPER NASTY MOTHER CALLED MING, THE MEAN! LISTEN...

LIKE, WOW!

...SO THAT'S THE WHOLE WEIRD PICTURE! YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THESE CREEPS IN TWO YEARS?

WELL... ERR... MAN... I'VE BEEN SUPER HUSTLIN' OTHER SHIT TO NOTICE LIKE ... AS YOU CAN SEE... GRAB?

OOOOHH!

GEE!

FREAKY FELLATIO... POT!

YEAH... AGRES 'N AGRES!! IT'S CALLED BAGEL BAGEL BLUE! WANT A SAMPLE?

3 HOUR LATER—

IT'S MEAT INSPECTION, MEN!

GEEPS!

WOW.. I'M SUPER STONED! THIS IS PO-TENT STUFF... HEY.. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3

LET'S HEAD UP TO MY PAD!

WHERE'S THAT?

UP THERE!

GEEPS!

3 HRS. LATER

HEAVY!

IF I SHOOT ANOTHER LOAD, MY BALLS ARE GONNA CURL UP AND MELT!

ALL THE WAY IN BABY, AND FASTER--(SUCK!)

GEE!

DON'T DISS ME THIS POT!

BACK AT THE BADDIES...

SIR.. QUICK.. OUR SECRET VIDEO SUPER SNOOPER HAS PICKED UP SOMETHING!

CRUMBS...NOT A MOMENT OF PIECE!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN RING NORMS

FILTER PUMP

GRUNT

THAT NEW BAVARIAN BALL BUSTER JUST ARRIVED FROM THE MARQUIS, SIR!

GREAT...NOW ALL I NEED ARE A COUPLE OF GROOVY TYPE STRUGGLING VICTIMS!

WHAT... THEY'RE ALIVE!?!

GET MUGUS HERE AT ONCE!!

GULP!

YOU GLOD..YOU TOLD ME THEY WERE DEAD! I WANT THOSE FUGG AGENTS CAPTURED PRONTO... OR YOUR ASS-HOLE WILL RESEMBLE LINCOLN TUNNEL!!!

MEANWHILE-

HEY RANGID...STILL NO CLUES TO A SECRET ENTRANCE TO HUNG-HUNG. ANY CAVES IN THESE PARTS?

PRIVATE PROPERTY- GET LOST!

HEY WAIT MAN- RIGHT OVER THAT RIDGE-

MARGARET MITCHELL HAS CRABS!

THE NATIVES ARE VERY NERVOUS ABOUT THIS DESERTED HOLE, MAN!

WHAT A DUMP!

THE ENEMA BAG DIAMOND MINES

AND JUICE BAR

THERE'S A LOCAL SUPERSTITION THAT SAYS ONCE YOU GO IN-YOU NEVER COME OUT...

THAT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE... WHAT'S THAT?

AN ELECTRONIC EYE!

CLICK

SCRAM!

THIS PLACE WOULD KILL A HARD-ON EVEN ON VINCENT PRICE!

WOW, MAN... WHAT A DOWN! HEY LOOK...

HEY GUYS... LOOK! FRESH FOOTPRINTS! THEY SEEM TO GO RIGHT INTO THIS TUNNEL WALL!

RIGHT ON... BABY! I BET IT'S HOLLOW.

GGGGGGGRRRRRRR

LET'S FIND A CROWBAR 'N SEE.... WHAT'S THAT SOUND??

RRRRRRR

HARD TURDS... IT'S A FEROCIOUS BAGEL BAGEL WILDCAT!

YIPS!

GEE!

TO BE CONT'D

(Continued from page 49)

self-esteem. Sure, he may continue to envy the young kids who flit around displaying their hot bods, but he is sufficiently confident of his own worth that should one of these kids spurn his invitation to go home and trick, our friend doesn't go into a tizzy, but rather moves on to some other conquest.

Failure to do this can trap an individual of any age in a downward spiral of depression. The most severe form of rejection is when lovers break up. Each may be sharp, lively, likeable guys. For a couple of years, their relationship blossomed. Then things went sour. Their friends say that neither is particularly to blame–it's just that some guys can't live with other guys. And so they split. Either one could go into a blue snit about self-incrimination. "My lover, the one person on whom I lavished so much affection, has rejected me, so I must be worthless. I think I'll eat a worm," thinks he.

The sensible thing to do would be to analyze himself (or, in extreme cases, to get professional counseling) and to realize that he is not in such bad shape as he may have thought. If there are serious personality flaws, he ought to work to patch them up. But chances are all he needs is an enlightened appreciation of his own personal worth–not to mention a friendly kick in the pants from a good friend to send him out again to rustle up a new lover.

Rejection breeds depression, but a valuable thing to remember is that depression is spelled "a-n-g-e-r." If you say, "Oh, I'm so depressed," what you mean is that you're mightily pissed off about something. If it's something you can honestly expect to correct–e.g., your own personality–that anger might be precisely the spur you need to do it. Don't stay awake late at night pondering your shortcomings; resolve to take corrective action NOW. It would be unwise for the rejected lover to plunge into another hot and heavy romance without first taking a serious look at what his ex was complaining about when they separated. If the ex-lover bitched that he was too messy, that he needed to take a butch pill, that he ignored finances, then these might be areas to work upon toward self-improvement. If he does make a conscious effort to be neater, less nelly or more realistic about budgets, the breakup of his relationship will have left him with something worthwhile. Like a phoenix, he can rise from the ashes with the gold of his personality burnished, but not burned.

Having earlier mentioned Freud, at this point it wouldn't hurt to bring in another psychiatrist whose books make vastly more interesting and provocative observations: Eric Berne, author of "Games People Play." Those familiar with his Transactional Analysis theory quickly will see how the Parent-Adult-Child pattern works, for instance, in cruising gay bars. Berne suggested that the individual personality may be separated into a Parent, an inherited super-ego, value-norm structure; a Child, the creative, loving but often rebuffed aspect of personality; and an Adult which sort of mediates between the two and gives us our most realistic view of the world. In social interaction, two people communicate on a Parent-Parent level, for example, if they both are condemning long hair; on a Child-Child level when they both are sharing an enjoyable, creative experience; or as Adult-Adult if they are exchanging information about stock market tips, how to make a Caesar salad or planning a weekend trip.

Problems develop, says Berne, when one person is operating on a Parent level and the other, say, on a Child level. The classic example in gay life of this would be an S and M relationship where the guy acting a Parent literally disciplines the M's naughty Child. Berne says that this would be an I'm OK–you're not OK relationship. That is, the Child, no matter what age the individual is, generally feels "not OK" while the Parent acts in an authoritarian, self-certain "OK" fashion. When the lines between two people are parallel, Parent to Parent, Adult to Adult, for instance, the situation generally is OK. "Not OK" feelings are aroused when the lines are diagonal, Adult to Child, for example. People play all sorts of exploitive, manipulative games when not operating on a level of parallel lines, according to Transactional Analysis. (Readers interested in learning more about this engrossing, helpful school of psychiatric thought are referred to "Games People Play" by Berne, "I'm OK–You're OK" by Thomas A. Harris, and the last book by Berne, who died last year, "Sex in Human Loving.")

An illustration of Transactional Analysis would be a guy operating on a Child level who walks into a bar looking for a trick. He cruises a guy who happens to be plugged into his Adult. The Child propositions the Adult, is told for one reason or another that they can't get together for sex that night, and, wham!, the Child feels miserable because he has been rejected. If he had been thinking as an Adult, he instead would gracefully have accepted the rejection and moved on to somebody else down the bar.

An Adult, for example, realizes the truth of the copybook maxim that we fear what we don't know. We don't know, when we walk up to a guy and start cruising him, what his reaction will be. If we lack an integrated, self-confident personality, if we're operating on the Child level, this fear can cripple us.

How many times have we all stood around with our teeth in our mouth looking at some hunky, gorgeous number, trying to screw up the courage to toss out an opening line. Paralyzed by this fear, we watch in frustration as the other guy leaves the bar alone. Oh, if we'd only had the guts to proposition him, we'd probably have learned that he, likewise, was too timid, too afraid of rejection, to start a conversation. If both of us had been operating as Adults, we might have sensed this mutual fear and overcome it by asserting the beautifully uncomplicated, Child-like will to communicate, to express simple admiration and affection, to experience an authentic, gratifying relationship.

Remember, by asking the other guy to go home to bed with you, you're doing nothing more than complimenting him. You're saying, on a perfectly natural, parallel-lines plateau, "I'm OK and I think you're OK and I like you." So what if he turns you down? In reality, you've lost nothing, but instead have paid him a compliment as simple as if you'd said his tie-dyes were groovy or you like the way his tie matched his suit coat. It's no big thing, although it could lead to wonderful things in bed!

It's also well to remember that the other guy really may have a legitimate excuse for not tricking with you. He may have no place to go, he may be at the bar merely to socialize, may have an exclusive relationship with his lover, may be too tired to even get it up, may have crabs and not want to give them to anyone else . . . . For that matter, it simply may be that you turn him off. He may have some hangup about wanting to trick only with 80-year-old paraplegics in drag! Most of us at one time or another have ourselves turned down other guys who have propositioned us, and who can account for our own idiosyncracies? The other guy was too old, too young, too fat, too skinny.

It works both ways, and this is where an important point of etiquette comes in. If someone approaches you, cruises you and you find him unattractive, the only ethical thing to do is turn him down in the most polite, sensitive way possible. Tell a little white lie if necessary, but realize the other guy has paid you a compliment. Say something like, "Thanks very much; I'm flattered, but I have to catch a plane in the morning. Better luck next time."

Hopefully, the next time somebody turns you down, he'll be similarly courteous. After all, isn't that the Golden Rule? ●

PUERTO RICO

(Continued from page 22)

that even on quiet nights there are always several guys to groove with. The place isn't large. There are lockers and a few private rooms, and a small but very active dorm. There is also a rooftop area when you need a breath of air, and a TV set. The St. Marks is a comfortable place, and you'll feel at home and at ease right away. There always seems to be an equal mixture of tourists and natives. Owners Bob and Bob are congenial and will gladly answer any questions you might have concerning bars, etc. They'll even give you a free map which lists the latest 'in' places. $6 for a room, $3 or $4 (I forget) for a locker. There is a sauna if you care to use it.

THE BARS

In Condado there is a new club, the *Napoleon.* It's frequented by Puerto Ricans, mainly, and you need a sponsor or a membership card–so don't try it until you've met a member at another bar. It's located at 112 Condado.

Also in Condado, the *Ten Twenty Club,* 1020 Ashford Avenue, opposite the (old) Condado Beach Hotel. The place is popular (to a limited extent) after the beach, around 5:00, because it's on the way back to Old San Juan, or wherever you might be staying. I wasn't interested enough to give it a try, as I like sunshine and try to extend my beach day by staying outdoors. To check it out, I went up for a couple of minutes before leaving for the airport. Too dark for my taste, and I can't imagine anyone wanting to end a beautiful beach day there. Perhaps you might like it. For my part, I'd rather go to the bar at the Sheraton, or one of the gay bars along San Jose, in Old San Juan, which are on street level and have large doors and windows to let in the light.

In Old San Juan, get started on Luna St. First, the *Full Moon,* 356 Luna. It's a very small, very dingy bar frequented by locals. The management always sees to it that young hustlers are on hand, in case visitors care to buy. You pay the hustler, not the manager, and take him upstairs to a small, dark "attic" and do your thing for about $3. Or you can leave together. The place can seem frightening to visitors, what with all the *machismos* standing around checking out your jewels and jewelry.

Farther down the street, if you want some rough seafood, try a wild sailor bar, *Lucky Seven,* at 275. At your own risk. Walk a little farther and you'll come to *Olé del Duende,* at 206. Loaded with hustlers who get the spill from the bar across the street–those who come out horny from having seen porno movies but who failed to make out. That bar across the street is the *Lion's Den,* San Juan's biggest, at 206. Formerly called the Golden Gate, it's a huge place that looks like a thousand other bars you've been in, but here porno movies and slides are shown continuously, and they're visible from every corner of the room. Big attraction is a sex room, a dark area no larger than a big closet and packed to the rafters. If they manage to loosen your belt and pull down your pants you'll 'take it' whether you want it or not–because you'll be jammed in and won't be able to pull away. If you 'go down' you'd better hope your drink has a straw in it, so that you can poke it upwards and suck on some air once in awhile. Like most bars in Old San Juan, there is a minimum of around $2–but that gets you two drinks.

Nearby, the *Salvation,* 150 Cruz St. This is a big dance bar, strobe lighting, etc. Not too popular, however.

On San Sebastian, at the top of San José St., is *Blanche's Place,* at No. 107. It's seen better days, and is now "just another place" to visit. Very small and usually empty.

Walk down on San José and you'll come to the *Finale,* at 59. Dancing, fairly large bar, always busy enough to make it worthwhile.

Continue on your way. Next is the *Small World Bar,* at the corner of Fortaleza. Because it's easy to spot, uninitiated gays as well as regulars stop by, and sometimes even sailors who come in out of curiosity. Next, *Junie's,* upstairs, 253 San José. This is a very attractive bar, and co-hosts owner Junie and bartender Winston are very personable, but it's having trouble catching on. Shortly before I left a sex room was "installed," but how it's working I do not know. In any case, you should stop by, if for no other reason than for a hamburger after you've left the other bars . . . this one stays open until 8 a.m. Moreover, Junie's has drag shows regularly.

Back down on street level, the *Down Town Bar* (mentioned above), at No. 255. A very small bar that serves sandwiches and snacks.

Next to the Down Town is the *Main Street,* a small bar that is never very crowded, but seems to have a steady turnover.

At the end of San José, turn left at the corner and you'll be at the *Annex Club,* 151 Tetuan. It's the second most popular bar in Old San Juan (next to the Den). Dancing and semi-nude and sometimes nude go-go boys. Always crowded with Puerto Ricans and tourists.

Not too far away is the *Page Two,* on Fortaleza near Tanca St. It's frequented by middle-class Puerto Ricans, who–according to what I've been told–are starting to switch to the Napoleon, already mentioned.

One last place–*El Refugio del Indio,* 656 Carrion Maduro, in the Santurce section of San Juan. It's away from everything, and is a gay neighborhood bar where tourists are in the minority–in case that appeals to you.

GAY READING

If you find yourself starved for reading material, *The Bookstore,* 409 San Francisco St., in Old San Juan (it faces Plaza Colón, the main square). Here you'll find all kinds of gay books and magazines, including *QQ* –in case you want to check out a special article. The gay section is at the back of the store, on the right, and browsing is permitted.

STREET CRUISING

There are so many gay guys in town once the season gets going, and for the duration, that *everyplace* is gay–and that includes the streets, especially those in Old San Juan. Hustlers prefer Ashford Avenue, outside the big hotels, for obvious reasons.

OTHER DIVERSIONS

It's hardly worth a special trip, but if you find yourself in Mayaguez, on the other side of the Island, try the *Ki Kippo Club.* Crowded on weekends, dancing in the rear. Also in Mayaguez is *Arturo's Motel,* 105 Limón Road. I'm not revealing any secrets here; in spite of the owner's wishful thoughts concerning his anonymity, everybody and his brother knows about the place, including local police. Arturo is well-liked and not bothered. His place is simply a "house with boys," and if you wish to stay there you will be able to choose someone for the night. I've heard mixed stories (never stayed myself, as it doesn't appeal to me, for reasons I am about to give), but consistent is the report that the kids here are strictly trade, so if you like to roll over on your tummy all night you'll love it. Write beforehand for reservations. Last I heard, average rates were $15. I don't know exactly how much boy that includes.

I understand that there is a bar in the sugar cane fields near Cobo Rojo called *Banbooga.* The cane workers dig drag queens only in drag, so if this appeals to you, by all means take a pair of high heels. If things don't work out, change into construction boots and try the *New Star Bar,* in town.

SOME RANDOM THOUGHTS

Poppers are available in Puerto Rico without a prescription. But there's always a shortage, because the tourists are always buying. Try the Modern Pharmacy in Condado. They usually have a supply, and seldom raise eyebrows. Last price was $7 a box of 12.

John cruising, as I've indicated is almost nil. If you do go out to the University of Puerto Rico, and if you drive, take Fernandez Juncos Avenue. About half way there you'll spot a shopping center on the right . . . it's the only big Woolworth's you'll pass. I can't recall the exact location, but driving time between Condado and Rio Piedras is about 20 minutes without traffic; this place is about 10 minutes out. There's a corridor in the middle of the center. Take the staircase up a flight and you'll find two men's rooms. The open door leads to the public john, which has a glory hole and is extremely active.

Once you reach the University, check the johns in the main library, and the pedagogy building, 2nd and 3rd floors. Again, I'm not revealing "secrets" . . . everybody is well aware of these places.

There are many wonderful things to do in Puerto Rico in addition to cruising–and, to repeat myself, *Que Pasa* will furnish ideas –like visiting Luquillo Beach, or El Yunque (the rain forest), or going to the horse races, or taking a ferry ride from Old San Juan to Cataño, to visit the Bacardi Rum plant. Or just sightsee in Old San Juan . . . two forts and many interesting historic shrines and unusual shops.

If you have a free day you might want to fly over to St. Thomas for the afternoon, to shop for duty-free liquor. But bear in mind that ground transportation and your round-trip air fare will come to over $30, and because of this–no matter how you add it up–you're going to come out short when buying booze, as compared with total price at home. St. Thomas is not a pleasant place to visit. While there are some lovely beaches for those who vacation there, and even a quiet gay beach (Morningstar), the afternoon visitor spends most of his time in the busy and quite dirty downtown area. The locals are resentful of wealthy American shoppers who swoop in to "waste" their money, and show it. Fact is, it's a sad but true commentary that one of the prettiest places in town is Orange Julius. As far as liquor prices are concerned, you have to know what you're buying. My favorite wine is Château d'Yquem. The best vintage available at the moment is 1966, which sells for around $12 a bottle at Macy's. At A. H. Riise, St. Thomas' biggest liquor store, the "reduced price" per bottle was $19.95. So, aside from losing all the way around when you compute savings in connection with your air-fare, you can be clipped, and this is especially true if you buy cameras and jewelry and don't know stateside prices.



Downtown St.Thomas, U.S.V.I.

Yes, there is an unattractive side of a Puerto Rico vacation–but everything considered, it's still one of the greatest fun places a gay guy could want. I know I'm going back next winter . . . and I hope you will plan ahead and go down too. Hope to see you there! ●

QQ

WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE ARRESTED

BY CRAIG RODWELL

IN my ten years of Gay liberation involvement I have talked to scores of people who had been arrested for the first time for a Gay-related offense–entrapment in a Gay bar, spied on in a tearoom, "soliciting" on the street, loitering for the purpose of "committing deviate sexual acts," etc.–people who wished they had acquainted themselves beforehand of the practices, or malpractices, of their local police regarding the homosexual. Just because you've never been arrested, don't think it can't happen to you; you owe it to yourself to become familiar with your local police attitudes and practices concerning treatment of Gay people.


Boy Studio

Law enforcement and judicial attitudes differ greatly from state to state and city to city. The only common denominator is that if you're a Gay man living in the United States your chances of being arrested for a "crime" which for a heterosexual man would be considered excusable, or non-criminal (holding hands and kissing in public; going to "singles" bars to make-out, approaching someone on the street you are attracted to), are much greater. So, before you are arrested, become familiar with local conditions. Talk to other Gay people in your area about it, contact your nearest American Civil Liberties Union branch for any information they may have (such as a "What To Do If You're Arrested" brochure), see if any of your local Gay Lib organizations have pamphlets on arrest procedures and local police attitudes, and, if possible, become familiar with a lawyer you can contact if you have any trouble (carry his phone number in your wallet).

But if you are arrested, and haven't done your homework, here are a few rules to follow which hold true for any community in the United States today:

1. At the very moment of your arrest, before even giving your name and address, satisfy yourself that the person arresting you is indeed a police officer. Ask for identification, especially if he is in street clothes. Even after seeing identification, memorize badge number(s). The reason that you should first make sure that the persons arresting you are actually policemen is that there are thousands of instances, particularly in the past ten years, of phony cops "arresting" Gay people in compromising situations, such as the "bushes" in your local cruising park, and then telling their victims that they will let them go for a sum of money. You may even find legitimate policemen offering to let you go for a fee; but remember, if you do pay them off, the odds are they will be back, again and again, for additional payoffs.

2. If you are arrested in a situation where there are other people around, as in a Gay bar, try to get the name and address of at least one witness, or if the cops won't let you, shout your name and/or phone number out loud so potential witnesses can call you. Conversely, if you are in a situation where a brother is being arrested, give him your name and address or get his. Don't let yourself be intimidated; you have every right to get a witness or to be a witness for another person. If even ten per cent of Gay people stood up firmly for the rights we do have, a good part of the harassment we suffer from local police would cease. As an example, in New York City about five years ago, dozens of Gay men were "entrapped" every day, say, for "soliciting for immoral purposes," after a cop came on strong as a "Gay guy" and got an invitation to go home to bed. Finally, a group of Gay people and some civil liberties-minded straights formed a committee to end

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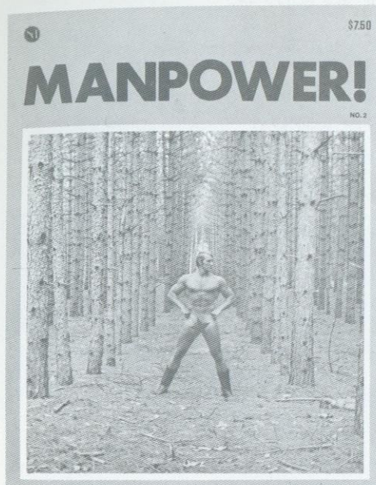

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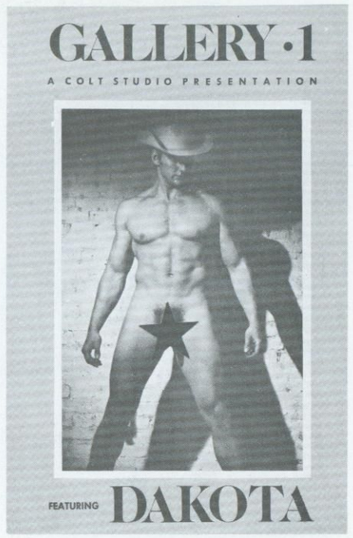

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