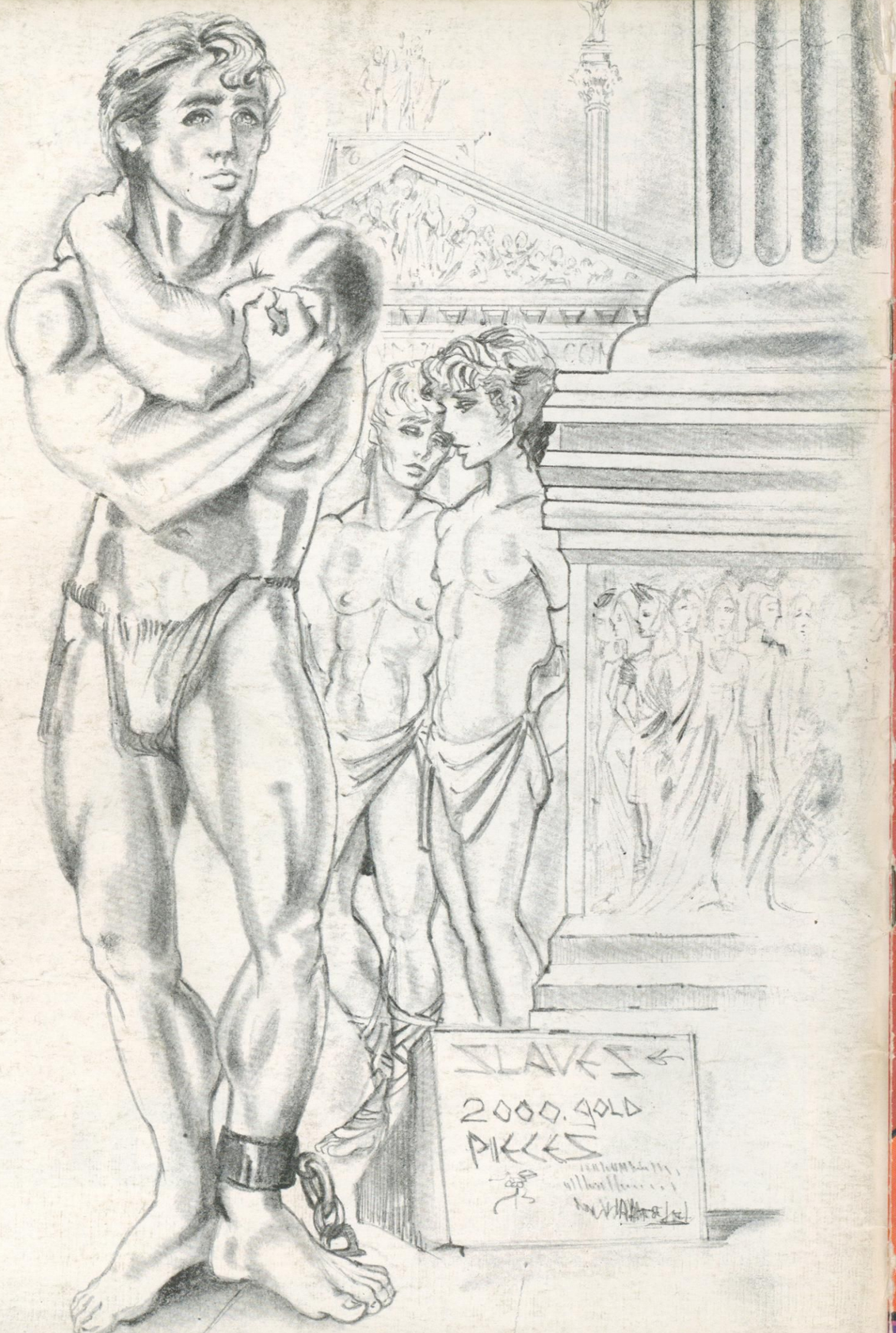

QQ MAGAZINE

For Gay Guys who have no hangups

October 1971

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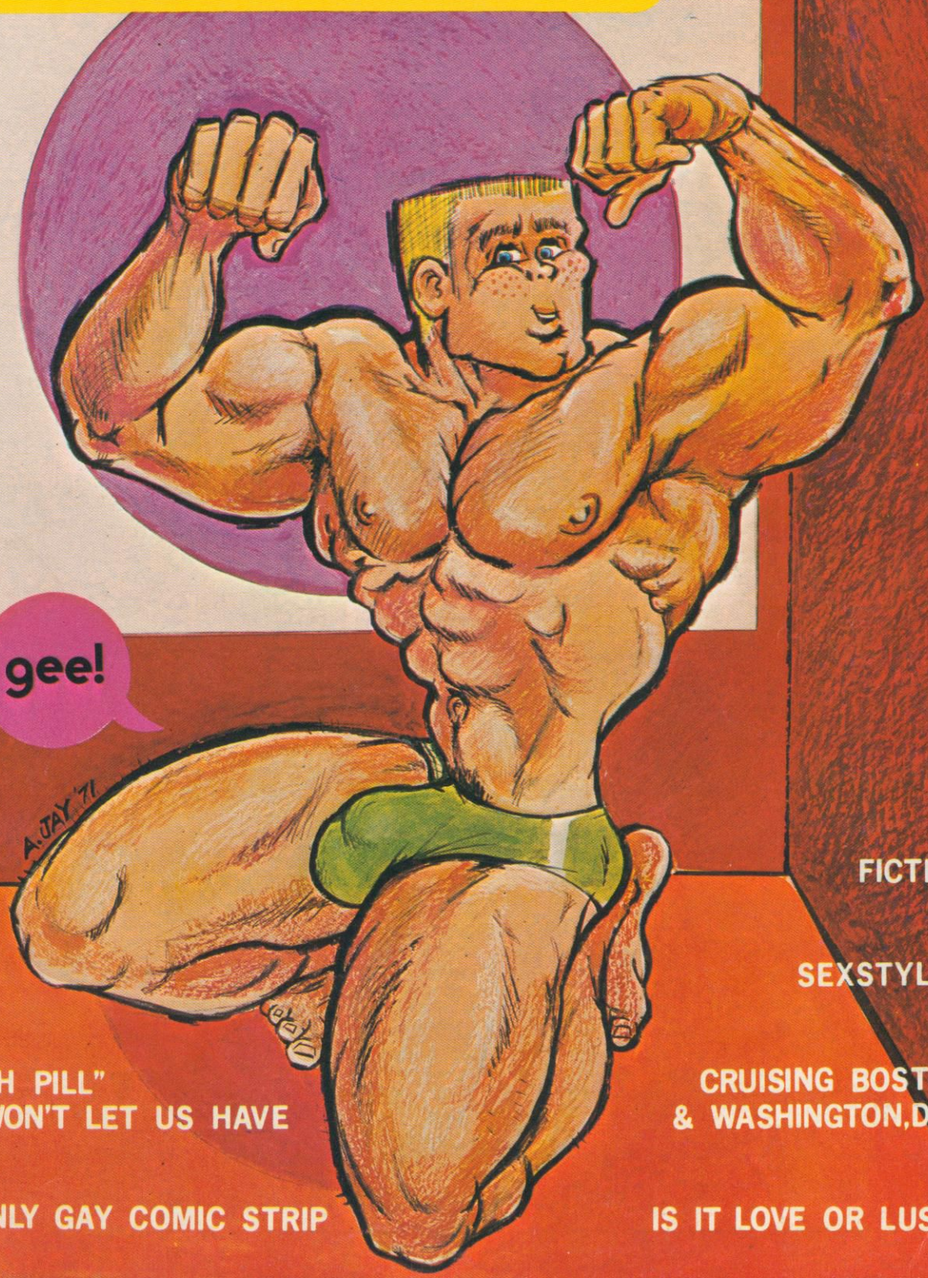

FICTION

SEXSTYLES

THE "YOUTH PILL" DOCTORS WON'T LET US HAVE

CRUISING BOSTON & WASHINGTON, D.C.

WORLD'S ONLY GAY COMIC STRIP

IS IT LOVE OR LUST?

QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new readers desiring information which we make available through the sale of back issues (see ad in this magazine). Past articles are grouped according to general classification. Subjects are listed by exact title and by subject. The numbers following each title indicate volume, number, and page. For example: Sex Variations . . . . 2:1:6 indicates Volume 2, Number 1 (Winter 1969-70 issue), Page 6. New readers may use the back issue ad in this magazine, which lists volume numbers and dates, to help locate particular issues. Each month we will revise this index, adding articles from the previous issue.

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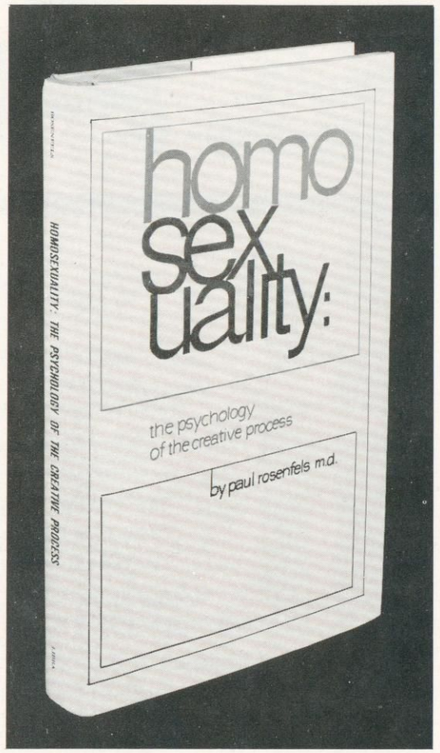

JUST OFF THE PRESS

To be a homosexual in the 1970s is to be in the vanguard of a supreme liberation struggle that dwarfs political movements in the scope of its affirmations. Yet most homosexuals are only dimly aware of the dramatic role they are playing in psychological history. If anything can dispell the cloud of myths holding back the homosexual revolution and arouse the creative spirit in each of us, it is the inspiring insights of one book:

HOMOSEXUALITY: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS

By Paul Rosenfels, M.D.

ON HETEROSEXUALITY: "Man arrives at his heterosexual status through a process characterized by socially reinforced brainwashing and programmed automaticity."

ON PSYCHOLOGY: "The science of psychology in contemporary life lags so far behind the development of science in the non-human fields that the individual can derive little guidance from it when he faces the real impact of his growth problems."

ON HOMOSEXUALITY: "In crossing the homosexual barrier the individual exposes his personality to a great deal more than the taking of a direct path to the honest and courageous affirmations of desires and needs which remain unrecognized or hidden in others. He finds he has committed himself to a passage through perilous territory which he was not prepared to handle. The success of his undertaking then depends on the wisdom and strength he can muster for the task."

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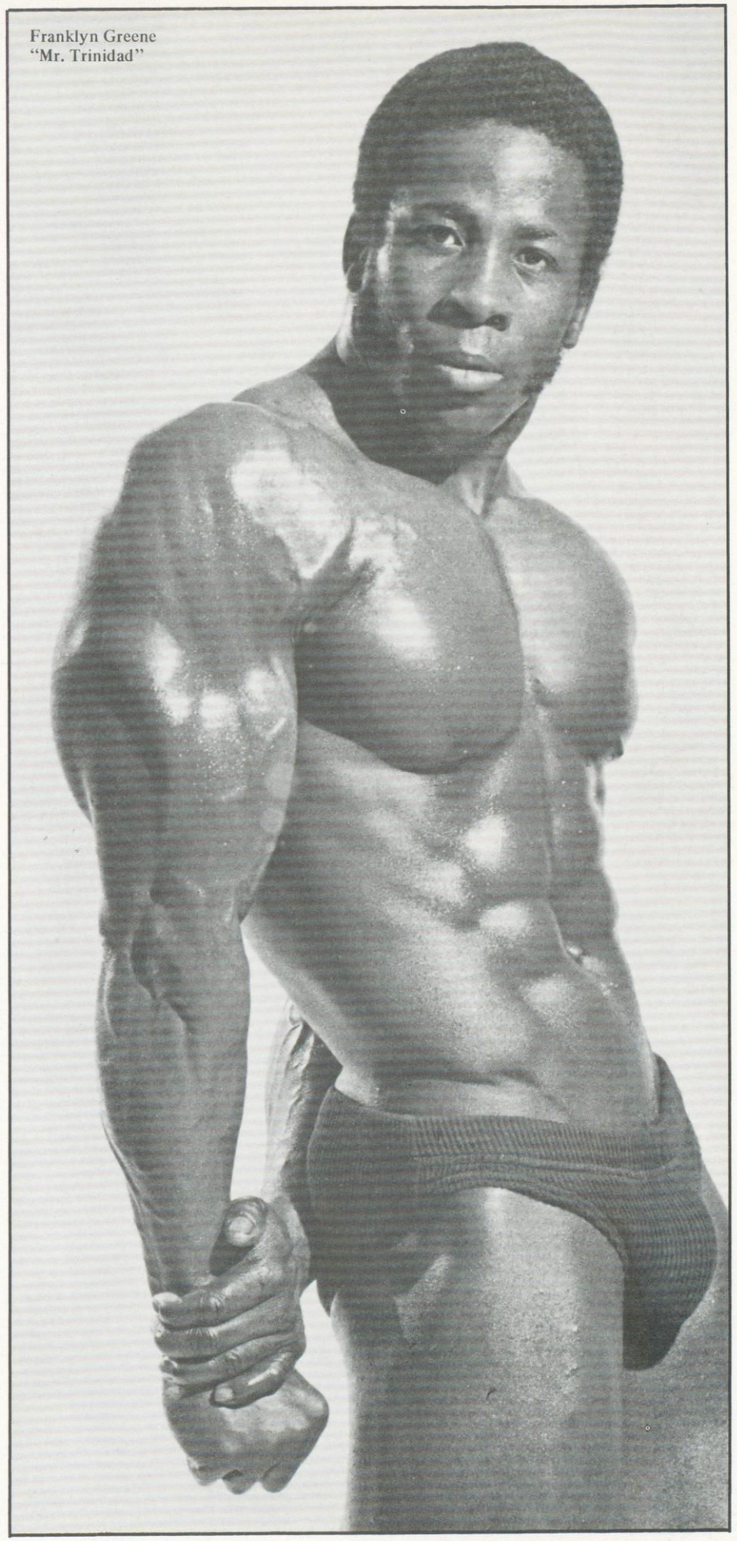

Franklyn Greene
"Mr. Trinidad"

Editorial

Color Me Gay

IF Sammy Davis Jr. thinks he sometimes has it tough as a one-eyed black Jew, he has nothing on us homosexuals. We have been the victims of severe prejudice for centuries, and it isn't likely to change for years to come.

That heterosexuals should fear something they do not understand—the homosexual—is utterly incomprehensible. Yet, this condition exists, and one oppresses that which he is afraid of.

Gay liberationists are not contributing greatly to the relaxation of this fear. Though many are sincere, the antics of a relatively few radicals are effecting even greater intolerance. The numerous liberation groups that have come about are attracting attention because they are curiosities in the eyes of the straight public, and people have always been interested in the unusual. Voyeurs that they are, whatever arouses their feelings of superiority, or latent tendencies—even subconsciously—attracts them. Hence, they relish peeking in on homosexuals in order to experience a cheap thrill. They gobble up anything that exploits the homosexual, that reaffirms their belief concerning homosexuality—movies such as "Boys in the Band," or articles such as Merle Miller's ludicrous piece on his own warped sense of homosexuality which appeared in *The New York Times* earlier this year.

Examine the advertisements for gay products which are run in Establishment publications. Almost always their nature is to exploit either the straight or gay community, or both, but never to serve homosexuals. These products tell it like it is—*from a straight point of view.* For example, they prey upon the feelings of gay people by using a handsome boy in their advertising, even if he does not appear in the book, movie, etc., in order to make a sale. In contrast, *QQ* tells it like it is—*from a gay point of view.* Our purpose is to inform *(Continued on page 49)*



COLT STUDIO

NOW THAT SEXUAL DESIRE IS RECOGNIZED AS JUST ANOTHER APPETITE TO BE SATISFIED AS EASILY AS HUNGER WE HAVE COME INTO A GOLDEN AGE . . .

A NEW HOMO-SEXUALITY FOR OUR TIME

By Walter Norris

IT is said that just when Smalltown, U.S.A. discovered the homosexual, he died. *The Boys In The Band* undoubtedly hastened his demise because the image of the homosexual it created, and by which he was introduced to grass-roots America, is hopelessly dated in the light of later films.

As *all* America tunes in to contemporary gay life through movies rated not just hush-hush 'X' or 'R' but 'GP' the older concept has vanished 'Over The Rainbow' with the Judy records and other memorabilia of gay decay like another revival of All About Eve and the eternal harking back to Bette and Kate. Homosexuality has been freed from *that* mother image.

America is discovering that today's gay guy is manly, warm, vivid, sometimes creative, usually charming, often witty and a joy to know. Straights, especially, find him exciting and one who hasn't been hustled by a midnight cowboy and simply loved it just isn't 'in'.

What has occurred is that the homosexual's feeling of being barred from straight society by a sense of guilt–as a leper hesitant to ring his bell–need no longer exist, for this was the homosexuality of the *shroud.*

Today we know that no one really cares about what form sex may take, nor with whom, where or why. We have become aware that sexual desire is just another human appetite that can and should be appeased as easily as hunger or thirst, and that it is all the more rewarding when it is casual and spontaneous, either for the pure enjoyment of a beautiful, natural act in itself, or when it fills an essentially nonsexual need, of which there are so many. Here are some examples of both.

SEX AS A TRY FOR STATUS

Having been socially separated from the straight world for so long, the homosexual has felt continually more unwanted and unloved . . . disastrous to any man's morale. Often in order to prove himself at least a part of the world he sought sex with a *someone,* no matter how physically repulsive nor how unsensual the act–just to claim for a few moments the human status of his birthright. Because sex, pursued in this manner, is not a goal but a search, it may be considered *non*sexually motivated.

But that's doing it the hard way. How much easier it is in today's new homosexuality, particularly when much of the world turns on with aphrodisiacs of one kind or another, creating a recognizable if intangible bond . . . when cruising need no longer *(Continued on page 35)*



THE SWINGING JUNGLE STUDS

"ME TARZAN...!"

BY PHILIP DUNCAN

IF there is one thing A. Jay won't stand for it is being torn away from the TV when Ron Ely is on as Tarzan. Even Harry Chess is left dangling on the drawing board while Ely is swinging on the vines and into the hearts of countless gay guys everywhere. Watching Ely—or any Tarzan, for that matter—is sheer poetry in motion to gay eyes.

Little did Edgar Rice Burroughs, the creator of Tarzan, realize how popular his character would be with boys big and small when he introduced him in 1912. Since then his stories have appeared in print throughout the world. Over forty films have been produced, not including a TV series starring Ron Ely, the fifteenth Tarzan. Even towns have been named in Tarzan's honor—Tarzana, California and Tarzan, Texas.

The Tarzan films have grossed well over $5,000,000.00 in the past 50 years. And with each succeeding Tarzan new fans will turn out in even greater numbers, to fantasize about being a hero—or rolling in the sack with Tarzan the actor.

TARZAN THE FIRST

Body has always been important in Tarzan movies. The first actor to play the role was Elmo Lincoln, who starred in "Tarzan of the Apes" in 1918. It was a silent movie but no less exciting than *Cinerama* to viewers. Lincoln's outstanding feature was his enormous chest. He was big, standing nearly 6' tall and weighing 200 pounds. Gays left their closets to see him every chance they got.

TARZAN THE PLAIN

Burroughs decided to change studios even while new pictures of Lincoln as Tarzan were being shot. He signed with Numa Pictures, but Lincoln refused to move. The second Tarzan was born—Gene Pollar, a fireman. But the Pollar films were shoddy because Numa specialized in inexpensive productions, and Pollar was about as impressive as milktoast.

Left: **Ron Ely is the best of all Tarzans—from a gay point of view. He is the fifteenth to swing our way. His sensuous bod is enough to make watching TV popular again. Text tells all about Ron and the Tarzans who preceded him. This scene is from his new movie, "Tarzan's Jungle Rebellion."**

TARZAN THE UGLY

Burroughs returned to National Film Corporation after some personnel changes had come into being. But now neither Lincoln nor Pollar was interested, so a new "interim character" was introduced—Tarzan's son, Korak—played by Kamuela C. Searle, a Hawaiian actor. "The Son of Tarzan" made its debut in 1920. Tarzan himself was portrayed by P. Dempsey Tabler, an unattractive pot-bellied athlete. His career was short-lived.

Elmo Lincoln again assumed the role while all this was going on and filled the silent screen in the twenties, in spite of the fact that "The Adventures of Tarzan" was filmed in 1921 and no other Tarzan flicks were made until 1926.

TARZAN THE BIG

The fourth Tarzan was Jim Pierce, a football player from Indiana. He was big—a 225-pounder who stood 6'4" tall. He also assumed the radio role in 1932.

TARZAN THE HANDSOME

The silents were now coming to an end. Frank Merrill was the fifth Tarzan. He was handsome and had a tight body, unlike most other muscular men of his time, who possessed Herculean proportions. In fact, he was the first Tarzan to exhibit body lines as we prefer them today. In any case, he was the handsomest Tarzan yet and gay guys clamored for balcony seats every time his movies came to town. Merrill assumed the screen role in 1927, but shooting "Tarzan the Mighty" was not completed until 1928.

TARZAN THE FAMOUS

The Tarzan yell as we know it today was perfected in 1934. It belonged to Johnny Weismuller, the sixth Tarzan. Weismuller was the 1924 and 1928 Olympic swimming champion. His 1930 movie contract for $500 a week cost him his amateur standing as an athlete but served to introduce perhaps the greatest Tarzan of all, though not necessarily the most exciting to the gay eye. Nevertheless, he seemed "natural" in his role and seeing him cavort in his loincloth was a thrill for gay guys of the era.

TARZAN THE DECORATIVE

While Johnny was still swimming crocodile-infested rivers



Top to bottom: **Elmo Lincoln, the first Tarzan. Next, the fifth Tarzan, Frank Merrill. Handsomer than his predecessors. Then, Johnny Weismuller, the most famous Tarzan. He came sixth. Bottom, Glenn Morris, first of the sensuous Tarzans. He was ninth. A sensation in his day.**

the Studio was making a deal with the next Tarzan, Buster Crabbe, another Olympic swimmer. Crabbe was even handsomer than Merrill and had good musculature, so he was a good choice and was popular with movie buffs. *Photoplay* magazine summed it up by saying, ". . . the story is as disjointed and inane as Tarzan stuff usually is, but Buster *is* decorative." The seventh Tarzan had made a name for himself.

TARZAN THE SOLID

In the early thirties the Tarzan movies were big hits. The fans anticipated each succeeding Tarzan and looked forward to drooling over a new body. In 1934 the eighth Tarzan was introduced–Herman Brix. He was an Olympic shot-putter and solidified the image established by Crabbe–muscular and symmetrical. He was stacked. He was handsome. In 1940 he changed his name to Bruce Bennett, the name by which he made a star of himself in such later films as "Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "Strategic Air Command."

TARZAN THE SENSUOUS

Weismuller resumed the role in 1936. He was soon replaced by the ninth Tarzan, the 1936 Olympic decathlon champion, Glenn Morris. That was in 1937. Morris was not particularly handsome but possessed a sensuous body. It was sleek and muscular yet smooth. He had no hair on his chest and very little on his legs. Gay viewers found him extremely exciting.

Weismuller soon returned and co-starred with Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane–and this time a new sensation was introduced. Boy, Tarzan's son, was played by *beautiful* Johnny Sheffield. He really upset gays. Sheffield was an ideal type, what with his trim bod and handsome face–which caused gay guys to masturbate in their seats. The Weismuller era reached its peak in 1950. His staying power and ease in his role almost made everyone forget about all the Tarzans who had preceded him. Even today, most people think of Weismuller whenever Tarzan is mentioned.

TARZAN THE SEXY

Lex Barker, the tenth Tarzan, replaced Weismuller in the fifties. He brought back muscles (Weismuller didn't have a great physique by today's standards) and had lots of sex appeal. He was built. He was handsome. And he had something new for Tarzan fans–he spoke well.

TARZAN THE GLAMOROUS

In 1953 the eleventh Tarzan came on the scene–Gordon Scott, standing 6'3" tall and weighing 218 pounds. He was glamor-



Top to bottom: **Gordon Scott was the eleventh Tarzan. He was glamorous. Next, the most beautiful Tarzan, Denny Miller. He came twelfth. Then, rugged Jock Mahoney, the thirteenth Tarzan. Bottom, muscular Mike Henry, seen here exercising on location. He was fourteenth.**

ous in the Hollywood tradition but went over big because his roles combined jungle adventure with cosmopolitan sophistication. He wasn't universally appealing to gays, however, because he wasn't a "universal type."

TARZAN THE BEAUTIFUL

The twelfth Tarzan was considered the worst actor of all–but the most *beautiful* by gay guys. Not since Johnny Sheffield had mouths watered so freely at Tarzan movies. Blond and gorgeous Denny Miller came on strong in 1959. He weighed 212 pounds, which was beautifully spread along his tall frame. Proportioned like a teenage swimmer he had actually starred in basketball at U.C.L.A. in 1957. Later he appeared in the "Wagon Train" series on TV. He still ranks as the most beautiful Tarzan ever . . . blond, tall, and boyishly handsome. Smooth, hairless chest and limbs.

TARZAN THE RUGGED

Gordon Scott reappeared in "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure" but soon disappeared again. He was replaced by Jock Mahoney, the thirteenth Tarzan. His roles combined primitive adventure and contemporary intrigue. Jock was not as "pretty" as Miller, not as muscular as Crabbe or Gordon, but he was long and lean and ruggedly handsome. He was sleek and tremendously appealing. His loincloth was abbreviated and cut high on the thigh to show his shapely legs. Like Miller, his chest was hairless and there was very little on his legs–but whereas Miller had boyish charm, Mahoney was all man.

TARZAN THE BODY

The best body yet was seen in the fourteenth Tarzan, Mike Henry, a football player. He stood 6'3" tall and weighed 228 pounds–all beautifully distributed muscle. In fact, Henry was the first bodybuilder (who worked-out with weights) to assume the role. And gays really dug his magnificent bod. But Henry didn't enjoy the ordeal of filming in South America, and after such minor tragedies as animal bites, he threw in the loincloth. That was in 1967.

TARZAN THE RAVISHING

While Henry was being chewed up by chimps the TV Tarzan was born–Ron Ely. He was the fifteenth Tarzan–and still is. Ron stands 6'4" tall and weighs 210 pounds –but doesn't look that heavy because of his height. He isn't barbell-built but is packed solid and gives the impression of having a lithe physique. Gays vote him the sexiest Tarzan *(Continued on page 44)*

BOY STUDIO

Lurid lust or lasting love

...how can you tell which is which?

By Terry McWaters

COLT STUDIO



HOW reassuring it would be if we had some kind of guideline or a syndrome of 'love symptoms' by which we could determine whether a gusty passion for someone new is plain lust or lasting love–just as the Arab male discovers quite early whether his life should be orientated heterosexually, bisexually or homosexually.

Because much of the Arab world is homosexual or bisexual (and without an iota of stigma attached) it is customary for a father to send his teenage son to a local *ghaziyeh,* in company with an equally puzzled male friend of the same age, to make a sexual determinant. It is a happy occasion for the father–come what may–since he takes bets on the outcome and stands to win a bundle.

A *ghaziyeh* is a girl of gypsy birth who is prepared from infancy to make a killing in the triple-sex bazaar. She is a kind of combination high-class prostitute and nautch (belly) dancer. Like the Jewish boy who is circumcised in infancy, she is declitorized and taught to practice masturbation with a succession of increasingly larger objects until her vagina has reached such a 'normal' diametrical distension that it can receive two large phalluses simultaneously–like this:

She lies absolutely straight on one side on a firm pad. The male with the shorter phallus enters her from the front and immediately positions her upper leg high across his hip and upper buttock. The other, with the advantage of his longer phallus, can now enter her vagina from the rear. Then begins 'The Tournament Of The Double Prickle' as it is called.

In every way she tries to make the jousting as wild as possible–testing them to the limits of endurance, no quarter given. As she writhes and twists, both phalluses meet in the tent of her vagina . . . throb, slide, rub, cross, entwine, retreat, then collide again . . . probing, probing, probing . . . finally blasting off in a double orgasm as the excitement drives them up a wall.

If the sensation has been that the penetration of the vagina was deemed the greater pleasure, one or both may be judged heterosexual. If the pleasure play of the dual phalluses has more or less equalled that of vaginal penetration, the judgment is bisexuality. And, of course, if they merely found the vagina to be a convenient meeting place for a strange and exciting new sex-play–a kind of Arabian Grand Central Station–either or both would be opting for homosexuality.

The *ghaziyeh* destroys all that healthy young sperm in a carbon-dioxide douche of what is the Arabian equivalent of *Pepsi-Cola.* Then a bottle of wine is brought forth, and father, son, friend and the *ghaziyeh* drink to a happy life of unending sexual encounters. If they have elected homosexuality everyone understands . . . no insurmountable problem will arise because marriages and sexual relationships of whatever persuasion are short-lived in the Arab world . . . as easily disposable as *Kleenex.*

However, the man of the Western world who has accepted homosexuality often seeks a lasting relationship and here an important problem/decision arises. In the ardor of his first trysts with an exciting gay guy he wants to know whether the searing passion that has overcome him is true love or just lust/infatuation. Although he strongly believes it is the real thing he is still besieged by doubts. How can he know? How can he arrive at a decision? What tests can he make? "Has anyone *ever* gone through this before?" he anguishes. Perhaps we can help.

INFATUATION–A METAPHOR TO A LARGER THEME

"So what if it is infatuation?" a psychologist asks. "Relax and enjoy it because it just may turn out to be real love. Infatuation is a kind of metaphor to the larger theme of love. It is the forerunner of love because all love grows from some kind of infatuation."

There are recognizable differences, however. *(Continued on page 32)*

FICTION

COMING-OUT BALL

BY JAY HAGEN

IT'S hard to be an idealistic virgin when someone like Ernest comes along. Ernest . . . who spoke with a trace of a smile visible behind his beer glass. Or chewed-up pencil. Or his joint. I never knew what to expect from Ernest.

My cousin Mike had been out of the Service for several months, when I got a letter from him inviting me to his apartment for the weekend. I wrote and said okay; but then I got an odd feeling of anticipation in my stomach as I started recalling that he had been bleaching (in between coloring) his hair since he was fifteen, and now wanted to be an interior designer. But I reasoned myself out of nervousness by admitting that I was nineteen, pure as heaven, dammit, and that it was about time I got seduced, or even raped. I wasn't fussy. And why not by my cousin? I mean, maybe, I thought, it would be easier for me to come out that way. Maybe not so much frustration and guilt the first time.

I daydreamed all the way over there that Friday, and our meeting was about what I had expected. We sat on his bed and talked for awhile, comparing family gossip, and then there was a harsh lull in the conversation. Then:

"Uh, Jay?"

"Hmmm?" Could he be wanting to tell me something?

"How open-minded are you?" He looked at me with unfaltering eye contact, and I knew what he was about to tell me. In that split second I was tempted to tell him I was a narrow-minded sonofabitch that thought commies and faggots were trying to take over the country.

"Very open-minded, I suppose." With almost ceremonious deliberation he took out his wallet, thumbed through some photographs, and dropped the wallet in front of me. "That was my lover in Vietnam." The photographs before me were of a very good-looking weightlifter spread-eagled (in shorts) and doing a bench press. I looked them over for a minute or two, not really sure as to what I was to say.

"He looks like a very nice boy," I assured Mike with a teasing Barbra Streisand accent; and I was about to add, "Is he Jewish?" when I glanced up at him. His smug expression told me he had anticipated my answer, and knew all along that I was gay, too—or at least quite willing to be.

"That's why you invited me?" I asked.

"That's why you came, isn't it?" I nodded, a bit embarrassed at this familiar direct confrontation.

"Great! Get dressed—I'm taking you to see the gay life!"

We sat in a corner of the bar—partly because it had the last two bar stools, and partly because I was too ashamed to sit too near a strong light, as my cousin had insisted that I indulge in his fetish for makeup and styled hair. So, feeling like an ass, I wasn't really ready to go out on the dance floor and be cruised. But Mike finally cajoled me.

"Ah, c'mon Jay. It's okay."

"Like this? No."

"You look great, honest."

"Bullshit."

"Look, Jay. No one can tell, I promise you; and besides, half the guys in here probably have makeup on, too. So come on." He grabbed my hand and yanked me off my chair and onto the dance floor.

I guess every guy has that initial feeling of panic as he realizes he's dancing with other men, and he can no longer kid himself into thinking being gay is just a whim, a passing fancy. But as he keeps dancing the sense of affinity begins, the empathy and security of being with others of his own feelings makes him relax and be himself, himself as he maybe never has been before. That's how I felt, anyway. And I wasn't about to leave that dance floor for any reason. Song after song started and ended, and I made my cousin stay.

"Jay, I'm exhausted," he gasped finally. "Let me rest."

"But Mike . . . ."

"Look, Jay, *let me cruise!*" And he disappeared through the dense haze of cigarette smoke, leaving me to settle down once again on a bar stool.

Mike had commented that you could tell how good a guy was in bed by seeing if he had good dance rhythm. I sat watching the dancers contentedly for some time, trying to decide if he was right. There was a voice a little behind me and to my right.

"How come you're not dancing?" I turned slightly and saw this dark, mustached, sort-of-ugly man smiling at me. It was like me to figure that he was just making conversation, and as I didn't see my cousin anywhere, I thought it would keep us both occupied until this guy found someone he liked and left with him.

"Well, probably because I'm tired from dancing a lot," I retorted. He nodded very knowingly, and I could almost hear him thinking a slow, understanding, 'Ah, yes. Tired.'

"I was watching you out there. You dance very well." I'm a sure cinch for flattery, especially when I agree with it. I looked at him more closely this time, and saw that without his mustache *(Continued on page 38)*



COLT STUDIO



D.C. Dalliance

Cruising On The Potomac

By Ralph W. Davis

WASHINGTON, D. C. has seen a lot of action in recent years. Demonstrations. Riots. Bombings.

Even more shocking than bombings to some citizens was Franklin E. Kameny's (unsuccessful) bid for a seat in Congress last spring. He is an avowed homosexual.

Kameny's dignified manner spoke well of all homosexuals. Whether it has a lasting effect on attitudes concerning homosexuality in the capital remains to be seen. In the meantime, gay guys continue to swing–as they always have –in the shadow of the White House.

Washington is a majestic city. Pierre L'Enfant must have had royalty in mind when he laid out the broad avenues, countless parks, and plazas. The city is almost diamond-shaped with four excellent cuts (northwest, northeast, southwest, and southeast), and when the night lights hit the monuments D. C. glimmers like a jewel.

There is something for every gay guy. If you like outdoor cruising and action in the bushes you should go to the Black Forest. The pleasure path starts at 26th St. (note: unless I indicate otherwise, all addresses are for northwest D. C.) under the M St. and Pennsylvania Ave. Bridges, and extends several blocks to the P St. Beach. It runs along a stream and eyes are everywhere . . . looking at *your* basket.

If you fail to score here walk on over to the P St. Beach. It really isn't a beach; just a block-long clearing used for sunbathing. But it is very gay and almost everyone cruises the woods behind it.

The Black Forest and P St. Beach are active night and day. If you go at night, however, you risk being mugged.

If the leaves aren't thick, I suggest you try Dupont Circle. It's a pleasant spot and very cruisy.

Embassy Row is only a block away from the Circle. There you may anchor an ambassador out strolling. Incidentally, there are some fashionable clothing stores in this area, on Connecticut Ave., which passes under the Circle.

Dumbarton St., starting at Wisconsin Ave. and just around the corner from the *Georgetown Grill* (see later) to 30th St. is good cruising. Then go down 30th to N St., and N to Wisconsin.

If you prefer bar cruising there are plenty to keep you happy. You are permitted to wander in the bars, but in order to be served you must be seated. The most popular gay bars are:

Georgetown Grill, 1329 Wisconsin Ave., is small, intimate, and alive.

Pier Nine, 1824 Half St., SW, is very popular with the smart set. Telephones are placed on the tables and at the bar, thereby enabling you to cruise by phone. Great if you're bashful. A $3.00 entrance is charged on Fridays and Saturdays but it is applied towards your drinks. If you go for dinner there is no cover charge. Meals range between $3.95 and $6.95.

Plus One at 529 - 8th St., SE, is well lighted, so it's impossible to hide your wrinkles. Dinner runs between $2.50 and $5.95. This bar is conveniently located, only eight blocks from the Capitol.

For "leatherettes" I suggest *Lou's Cocktail Lounge* (closed Mondays and Tuesdays) at 305 - 9th St. For the younger set, the *Hideaway,* at Pennsylvania Ave. and 9th St. To find the *Hideaway* you must enter the *Hickory House* restaurant on the Pennsylvania side and descend the stairs. The nice thing about the whole 9th St. scene is that you're across the street from the soon-to-be-completed FBI building and near the old FBI building. If anyone ever dares abuse you, J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men are only a scream away.

If you are hungry, try *Mr. Henry's* at 1225 Wisconsin Ave. For a steak, there's the *Paramount,* which is next-door at 1227, and also at 1519 - 17th St. Neither place is gay, gay, gay–but they are popular and moderately priced. Many gay couples go to both places regularly. Discretion is the better part of valor, however.

For those who prefer the look-and-jerk scene, the johns in D. C. will satisfy you. The one across from Dupont Circle on Massachusetts Ave. at 20th St. enjoys a steady flow. In front of the urinals is a rectangular glass. This is so the police can watch you. Smile as you jerk-off . . . it'll drive them mad! The same is true of the john in Lafayette Park (across the street from the White House), except that the glass is behind you. Guess what those cops prefer! Incidentally, Lafayette Park is a pleasant place for an evening stroll.

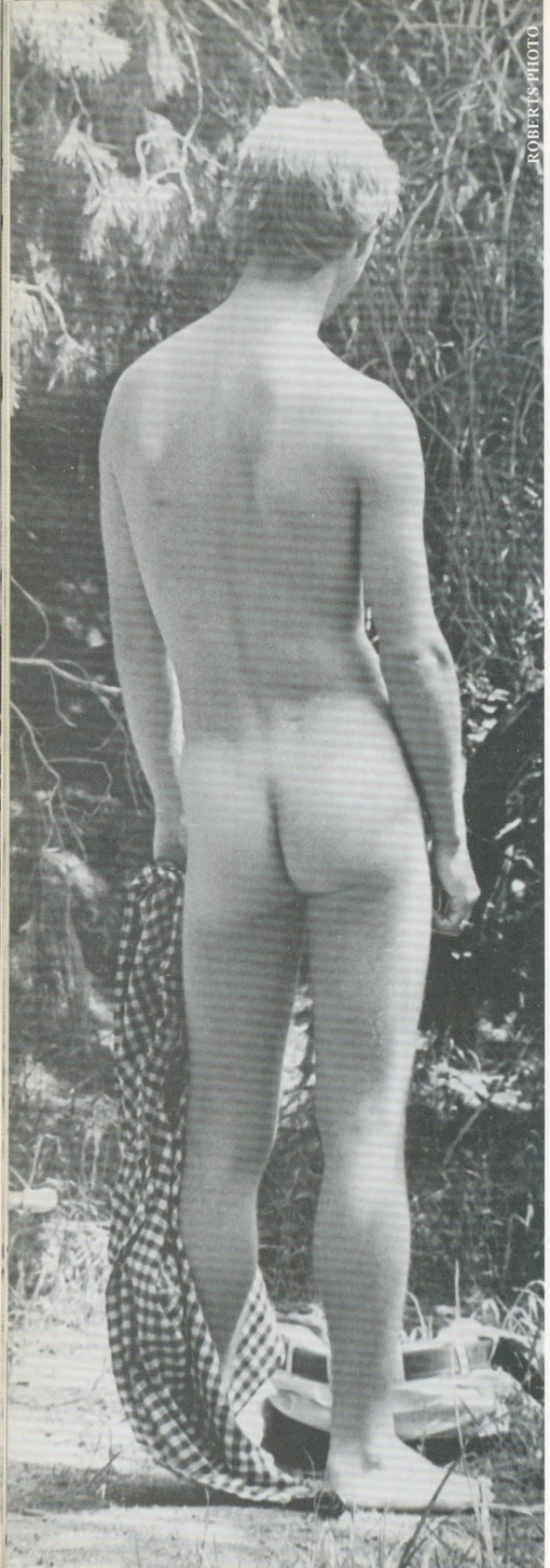
Franklin Park, between 13th and 14th Sts. and I and K Sts. has a very busy john. Recently, someone broke the glass and the police boarded it over. So plan on participating here! *Woodward & Lothrop Department Store,* downtown; *Sears,* on Wisconsin Ave.; and the *Harrington Hotel* are other busy spots for john cruisers.

For those who like their sex on the movie screen, the 25¢ movies on 9th St. between Pennsylvania Ave. and F St. offer the usual variety of skin flicks. Lots of friendly groping in the seats. Between 12th and 13th St. on I St. are several more. Also, the *Mark II* theatre, 808 K St.

For dirty books try *Mark One* at 1222 H St., and *Village Books* at 819 - 13th St.

There's always rough excitement at the *Greyhound* and *Trailways* bus terminals. The usual hustlers and john action. Best at night.

(Continued on page 40)



ROBERTS PHOTO

BY JOHN ROBERTS

A GAY LOOK AT SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S PARKS

IN California you will find many spots preserved in their natural wonder as wildlife sanctuaries for animals and humans alike. The wonderful weather makes cruising all year long possible—when parks in other parts of the country are frozen over.

From San Diego in the south to the rocky coast of San Francisco in the north gay guys are taking to the parks in greater numbers these days. They are free and a closer look at nature helps dispel the bustle of city life just outside the gates.

Common sense and caution should guide you in the bushes. Always bear in mind that public parks are for the enjoyment of everyone—and that means not dropping your pants in front of grandma out walking the baby. Even in those sections which have been "taken over" by gay guys a little discretion should always be used. A family may happen by and be offended if they do not get the message and flee in time—and that could result in public outrage and a clamping down on the gay community. Not to mention the vice squad busting up an orgy in full swing because half of it is hanging out on the foot path—when all of it could be carefully concealed in the bushes.

Then there are the cops who deliberately entice you as a prelude to an arrest. Of course you can't be sure all the time—but good judgment will help you spot such giveaways as bulges under a guy's jacket which might be concealing handcuffs and a pistol. And avoid hustler types who might be there to rob or "beat up a queer." And, while it may rule out groovy threesomes, you are advised to avoid those who come in twos—just in case they are out to overpower lone gays with brass knuckles or copper badges.

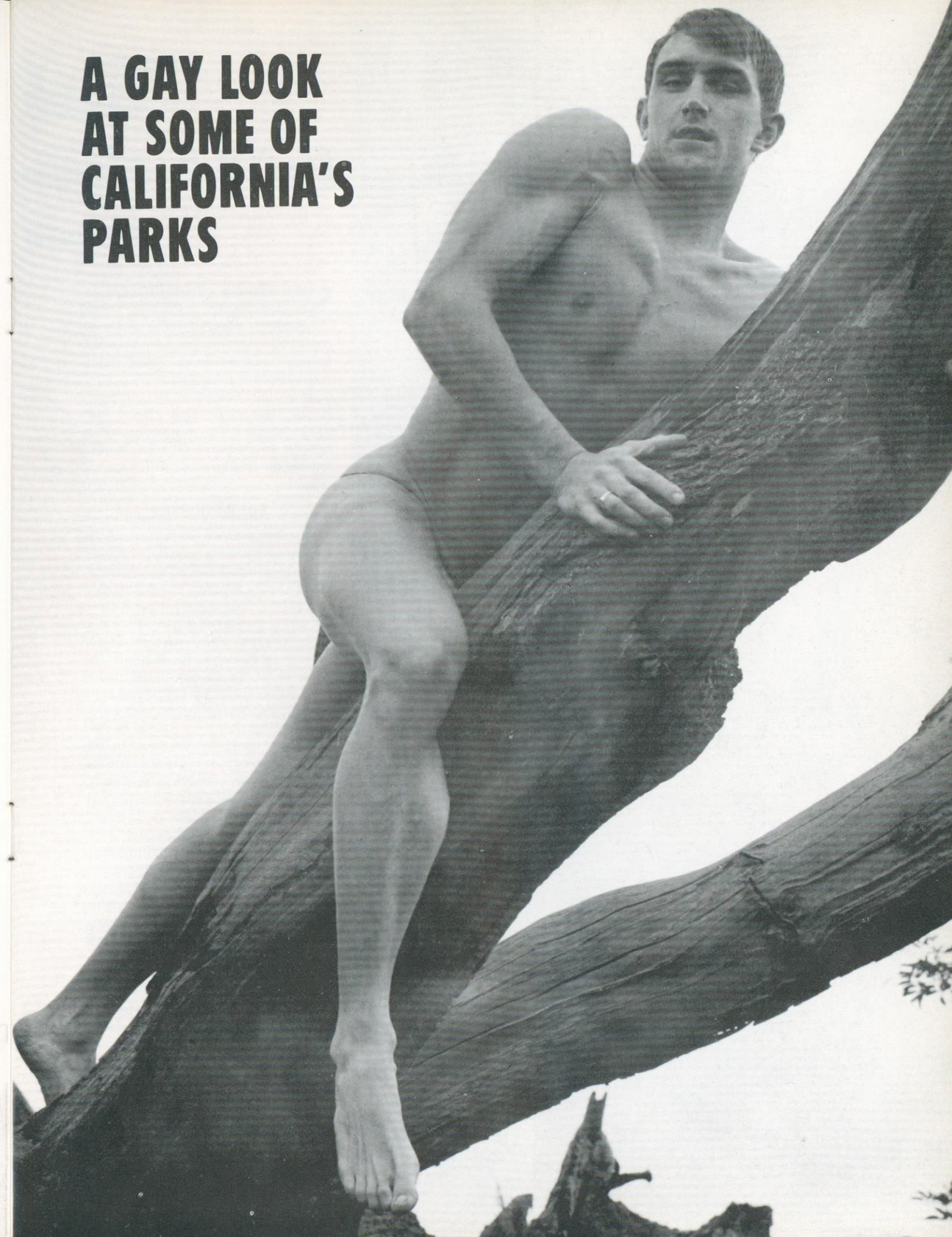
You needn't get dressed up to cruise the parks. In fact, dressing down is advised—old dungarees which have been torn in the right places for convenience . . . loose clothing that enables you to strip down and zip up quickly . . . tennis shoes if there is any "mountain climbing," or if you are a voyeur who likes sneaking up on couples. General speaking, dark clothing is best because it is easily hidden by the foliage, especially at night.

In addition to whatever action paraphernalia you carry (poppers, etc.), take a supply of *Kleenex,* or towelette packets for easy cleanup.

If the park you are cruising is wooded it is not advised that you take your dog with you. Walking Fido through the woods is hardly something ordinarily done. But if you're cruising a small public park, where pickups are possible, and if you're especially uptight about the fuzz, walking a dog can be a good "excuse" to be there, say, very late at night. Another good reason for being there is picture-taking, and it is an especially good "escape hatch" if you are cruising a wooded park which is infested with vice officers. But do take an inexpensive camera because losses are possible—not to mention robberies. The exception to this last bit of advice is offered for voyeurs who own

(Continued on page 33)

QQ





FERRERO PHOTO

"Salute!"

Good Eating... Italian Style

By Tony Giodano

SHOULD you start with *antipasto* or *minestrone?* Continue with *spaghetti alla Bolognese* or *manicotti?* Go on to *piccata alla Milanese* or *pollo alla cacciatora?* And finish with *cassata* or *zabaglione?*

If all this seems confusing in print it can blow one's mind after a few drinks at an Italian restaurant. The trick is to simplify; in other words, reduce the Italian menu to its essentials.

FOUR COURSES

The Italian menu seems particularly confusing to the uninitiated because there appear to be so many courses—menu headings such as: *antipasti* (appetizer); *zuppa* (soup); *pasta (spaghetti,* etc.); *pesce* (fish); *carne* (meat); *pollo* (chicken); *dolce* (sweets). Sometimes it gets worse; for example, instead of listing all fish dishes under one heading *(pesce),* you will find such categories as *scampi* (shrimp) and *aragosta* (lobster).

Simply remember that the Italian meal consists of four courses—appetizer (or soup); *pasta (spaghetti, ravioli,* etc.); entree(main meat/fish/fowl dish); and dessert (pastry, ice cream, etc.). Sometimes the *pasta* and entree are "combined"—as in *lasagna,* a meal in itself, containing *pasta* and meat. Bread and butter are served before or with the appetizer; salad, as part of the appetizer, or with the entree; coffee, following dessert. Most diners like wine with dinner, and a cordial afterwards.

THE APPETIZER

Even before you order, bread—usually served in a basket—is placed on the table, along with pats of butter. The bread basket usually contains a variety—hard breadsticks, crusty Italian bread (sometimes coated with melted butter and garlic chips), and, occasionally, cracked wheat bread. It comes at a bad time; eating too much will surely ruin your appetite.

QQ

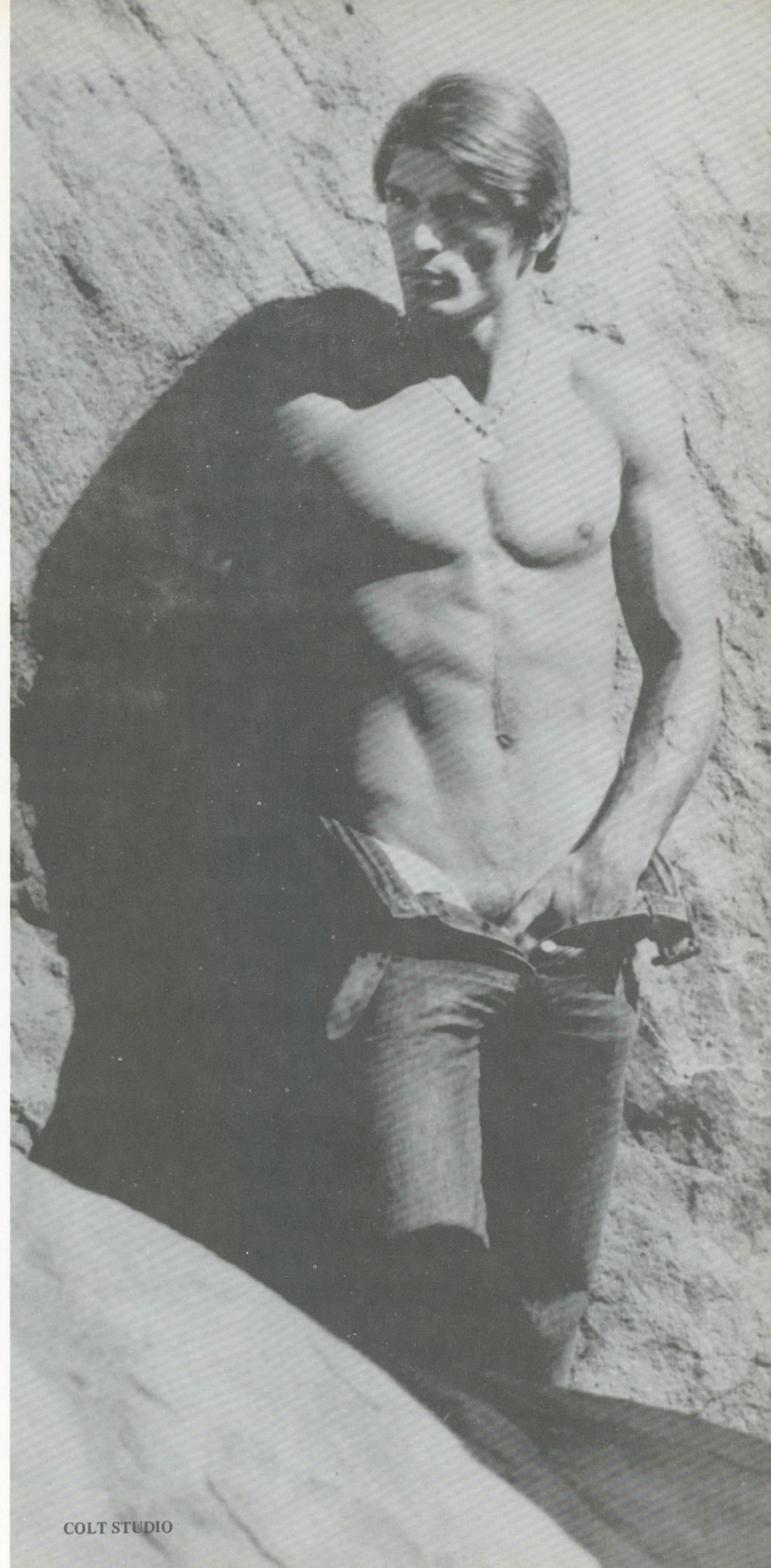
The most popular appetizer is **antipasto.** Depending upon the chef and what he has in his kitchen, your plate will contain an assortment of "appetite teasers"—such as slices of *provolone* (mild, hard cheese); *prosciutto* (Italian-style ham, sliced paper-thin); *salami* (a hard, highly-seasoned sausage, sliced thin); *peperoni* (a very hot, dry sausage, sliced thin); *acciughe* (anchovy filets); *tonno* (tuna fish); *carciofini* (artichoke hearts); *finocchio* (an anise-flavored celery; sometimes ordinary celery is substituted); *funghi con aceto e olio* (marinated mushrooms); *olive* (green or black olives); *pimiento* (sweet peppers); *radici* (radishes); *olive nere all'olio* (pickled peppers). The *antipasto* is served individually or family-style. It usually arrives on a bed of lettuce, along with bottles of vinegar and oil for those who wish to make a salad. If you do there is no need to order a separate salad with your entree.

Sometimes stuffed artichokes—**carciofi imbottiti**—are offered. The artichokes are cleaned and trimmed, then stuffed with flavored bread crumbs, cheese, garlic cloves, etc., sprinkled with olive oil and baked. Depending on their size, one or two are served.

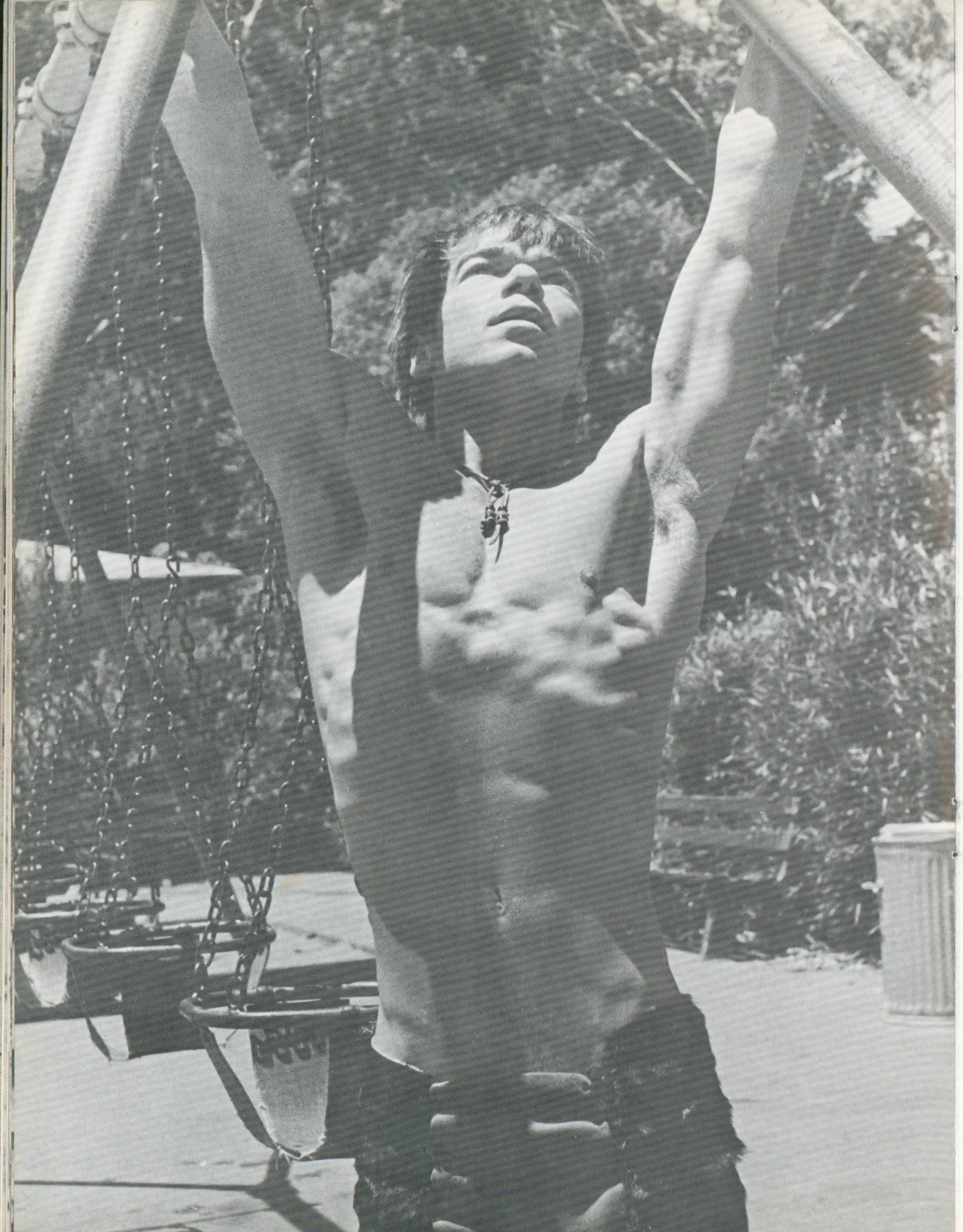
Or simply order **salami**—a small plate of thin slices usually served with green olives.

A special favorite is **prosciutto e mellone**—Italian-style ham wrapped around a sliced wedge of ripened honeydew melon.

The abovementioned *antipasti* are all served cold, excepting the stuffed artichokes. Sometimes a heated **antipasto** is offered, which differs from the cold variety. You will be served such delicacies as *caponata* (diced eggplant prepared with celery, capers, tomatoes, onions, mushrooms, and spices); *carciofi fritti* (fried artichoke hearts); *funghi imbottite* (stuffed mushrooms); *melenzana fritta* (fried eggplant); *peperoni arrostiti* (roasted peppers); *zucchini* *(Continued on page 39)*



COLT STUDIO



RUBEN PHOTO

BOOZIN' CRUISIN' BOSTON

BY DAVID PARKER & GABLE

LOCATION PHOTOS BY GABLE

SOME cities are bar towns. It just happens that way. No one knows exactly why. Perhaps it is because some cities are just naturally friendly–and friendly people like to gather at bars. Anyway, that's how it is in Boston, where boozin' and cruisin' go hand in hand.

Count 'em . . . there are 12 gay bars in The Hub. Lots of cliques–but a friendly smile and a big basket will open any social circle. Strangers do well in Boston because it is a big small town and everybody wants to know about that new guy–*you.*

BOOZIN' IT

Here's the rundown on gay watering holes:

Playland Lounge is located at 19 Essex St., just off Washington. It's in the heart of "Combat Zone," so named because of its history as a tenderloin district. *Playland* attracts skin flick patrons who do the movie houses in Washington St., assorted hustlers (a few are brass knucklers out for a fast buck), and gay tourists who don't know their way around. It's busy from 4 P.M. on and worth visiting only if you dig the Midnight Cowboy atmosphere.

Sporters is at 228 Cambridge St., in old Scully Square–which has been re-named Government Center. It draws a young crowd of mixed types, ranging from wash-pants-and-loafers right on up to bike-boots. In fact, it used to be all leather. Some guys consider it a very friendly bar, while others are turned off by the tight social groups that seem to form, which are impenetrable by all but the beautiful.

1270 is at 1270 Boylston St., and it attracts the *Sporters* crowd. Once called *Benjamin's,* a straight bar, it became gay a few years ago. *1270* is a dance bar–and such places usually draw guys who are more interested in socializing than making a fast hit for an evening in bed. So be prepared to turn on the charm and put in a good night's work of Now Generation amusement before dragging him home by his long hair. And by that time you may be too boozed to ooze. There's a cover charge, but it gets you three beers or two hard drinks.

The Profile Room, 78 Broadway, is a pleasant bar that features a piano player–at present a gal who is lots of laughs. It may be "1950-ish" but still fun. If you dig fast action, enter another bar in the rear, *The Other Side.*

The Other Side, 78 Broadway, features a live disc jockey and good dance floor. Admission is $1.00–and it's worth it because the guys are attractive and there are occasional live bands and drag shows. Because the emphasis is on socializing, Now Generation-style, it is not a particularly good pickup place. Strobe lights and mostly young.

Jacques is at 53 Broadway, across the street from *The Profile Room/The Other Side,* is big. If you spend most of your time on the first floor you'll regret it–unless you like lesbians and drag queens. Downstairs you'll discover your kind of place–gay guys who like dancing and making out. Because it is near other gay bars everyone stops in sooner or later, and it's your best bet for a fast score.

The Shed, 270 Huntington Ave., is strictly leather–"genuine" and otherwise. If you dig the S/M scene this is your bar. Great looking studs and lots of muscle. The middle room has a pool table. The back room, called "The Claw," is reserved for members of bike clubs who have a card to prove it.

The Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont St., is somewhat stuffy looking because it is where the jacket set gathers. There are elegant salons on several levels. The decor is "1940 Nightclub" (which happens to be "in" right now). Chandelier and mirrors. Hard drinks only. In spite of its formal look, however, it is a friendly place. A piano player sees to that–and everyone gathers 'round, especially on Sunday afternoons, for a good old-fashioned sing-along . . . which is not exactly a Now Generation kind of thing but pleases

most of us older gays past age 25.

Twelve Carver, 12 Carver St., is a slow bar. Mixed ages but leaning towards Medicare. The juke box is turned on when the piano is out of tune. Somewhat conservative.

The Lion's Den, also at 12 Carver St., is above *Twelve Carver,* and completely different. All types, including leather, and young. There is a pool table in the rear. Small but good.

Mario's, corner of Shawmut and Broadway, is drab and very dull. The mood is set by the juke box, which plays Country Western and slow songs. There used to be a good bar upstairs, called *Mario's Marina,* but it was burned out recently.

The Edwardian, 21 Broad St., is located in the financial district. It's big and there is a restaurant, but it is not especially popular–except on Sunday afternoons, when it gets crowded.

Boston's many "men's bars" shouldn't be overlooked. They are not gay in the usual sense, but because women are barred, opportunities often present themselves–especially if young straights who are caught up in sexual freedom happen to like you. And remember–drinking age in Boston is 21 . . . and be prepared to prove it.

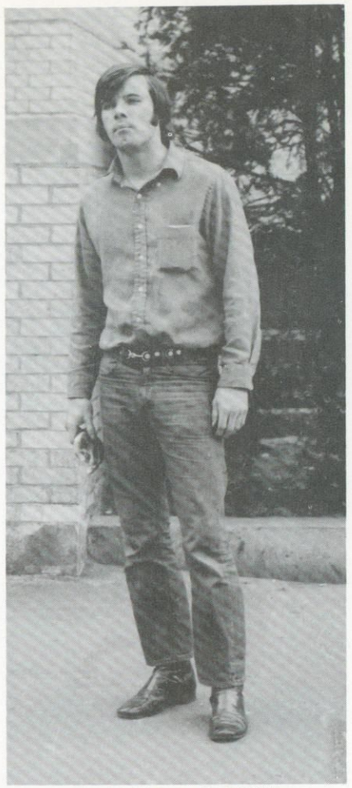


Shoppin' in downtown Boston.

ROOMIN' IT

Even before making the rounds you will need a place to stay.

Your best bet is the *YMCA.* There are three–but the place is the Huntington Avenue Branch, 316 Huntington Ave. It's big. There is a guard in the lobby and you will not be permitted to enter if you do not have a room–so write in advance for a reservation, or phone (617) 536-7800. Security is not tight upstairs, however, so wandering is not difficult–and there is a lot of action on every floor (especially the upper floors in the new wing).

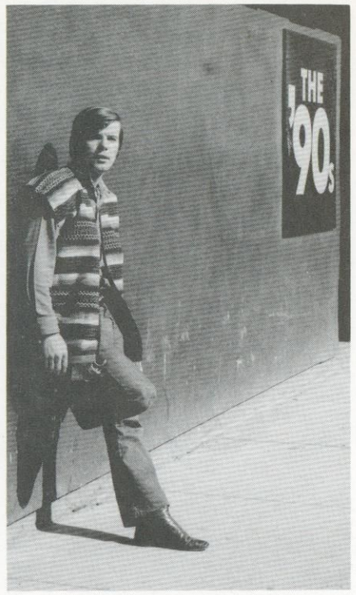


Flauntin' it near the YMCA.

If you prefer hotels try the *Statler Hilton* if money is no problem. Also in this category are the *Lenox* and *Somerset. Equally nice and less costly* are the *Treadway Motor House* and *Holiday Inn.*

EATIN' IT

The only gay restaurant (excepting those in bars) is the *Gay Nineties,* adjoining *The Other Side* (see above). The food is good and no straights around to cramp your stomach or cruising style. The *Beef and Ale,* in Stuart St., is not gay, but serves good food at moderate prices. For a special treat, if you expect to be in Boston for more than just a day, dine at *Durgin-Park,* where hearty New England fare is served family-style. It should also be noted that the *Hayes Bickford Cafeteria,* across the street from the *Statler Hilton,* while not gay, draws a gay crowd late at night.



Leanin' against the Gay Nineties.

STEAMIN' IT

There are two gay baths in Boston, and both require membership. If you do not know anyone in town, or do not possess a membership card to an established gay baths, your best bet is to visit during the day in order to speak to the manager about joining.

La Grange Baths, 4 La Grange St., has typical facilities and is popular with gay Bostonians. It is always open.

Regency Baths, 11 Otis St., is in the same category. If you have trouble getting in at the *La Grange,* try this one, and vice versa.



Cruisin' "The Block."

HOOFIN' IT

Street cruising is concentrated in an area referred to as "The Block," a square formed by Commonwealth Ave., Arlington St., Berkeley St., and Marlborough St. It's best when the bars close, but any time of night is good.

The Fenway a bushy strip of parkland 20 minutes outside of downtown Boston, is always cruised. Sometimes it's good for action on the spot–which can be risky.

Not far from "The Block" is the Esplanade. It's a park site which runs along the Charles River. In spots you can see the entire city of Boston spread out before you, which is quite beautiful at night. There are outdoor concerts in the summer, and they always draw big crowds. Afterwards, gay guys linger for action. Cruising is good anytime, however.



Showin' it on "The Block."

FLUSHIN' IT

If you dig john cruising try the *Trailways* and *Greyhound* bus depots. On and off there is a big glory hole between stalls at *Trailways.* Ditto for *Greyhound*–but I've never seen one there big enough to accommodate anything larger than a pinky. Tap those shoes and make a date–if you're lucky. Mostly hustlers, however.

Along Washington St. you'll find several cheap movie houses. On-and-off john cruising, but seedy and lots of hustlers. If you insist on making the scene, however, try the State, Paramount, Stuart, and Pilgrim.

Lots of universities in Boston–and that means active johns. Check out Harvard College, the University of Massachusetts, Northeastern University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.), and Brandeis. Generally speaking, gay johns are in the library building on most campuses.

FREEIN' IT

There are now gay lib groups at several universities. The most active homophile action group in Boston, however, is the Homophile Union of Boston (HUB), which welcomes visitors at 1514 Dorchester Ave., 6-9 P.M.

TOURIN' IT

If you expect to be in Boston for awhile, by all means visit some of its general attractions. The Public Garden is a pleasant spot. Rare trees and formal gardens. Swan boats on the pond in the summer. In Milk St. you'll find the Old South Meeting House, where the Boston Tea Party was planned. In Dock Square, Faneuil Hall, the scene of many pre-Revolutionary mass meetings. A market occupies the first floor.

In North Square you'll see the oldest frame house in Boston, which was once occupied by Paul Revere. He received the lantern signal from the belfry window in Old North Church, located at 189 Salem St.

The Museum of Fine Arts is at Huntington Ave. and Forsythe Way. At 280 The Fenway you will find the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. It is a beautiful mansion which houses great art. The Boston Museum of Sciences, in Science Park, is outstanding and features a variety of "participate-in-it-yourself" exhibits.



Doin' Washington St.



Makin' it on The Fenway.

SURROUNDIN' IT

Harvard Square is located in the suburb of Cambridge. There are no gay bars but you will find several hippie hangouts and coffee houses, as well as a few porno bookstores.

The Common, a park in this area, used to be cruisy (university students) until bright lights were put up. The trade has moved over to the Charles River, near the boathouse, a short distance from Harvard Square. It is not especially active but well worth visiting if you're in the vicinity.

SWIMMIN' IT

Summertime playland for gay Bostonians, as well as countless thousands of gays from up and down the East Coast and Canada, is Provincetown, on the tip of Cape Cod, about four driving hours from downtown Boston, or just minutes away by plane.

P'town, as it is affectionately called by everyone, is an art colony. Lots of New England charm, what with quaint cottages and storefronts lining the main thoroughfare, Commercial St., and sea gulls flying overhead and perched on steeples. Artists come to paint. Hippies come to beg. Tourists come to gawk. Gays come to swim and sun–and do the bars. Not to mention sex–lots of it . . . in the dunes at nearby Herring Cove Beach . . . in the hallways of the *Pilgrim House Hotel* late at night . . . and in bed after having made out in such gay bars as the *Town House* (fun piano bar in rear), *Madeira Club* (gay shows), and *Atlantic House* (some leather)–all in Commercial St. *The Moors,* a motel-restaurant complex near the beach, has a big gay sing-along in its *Old Shed* restaurant every afternoon, around 4 P.M. *(Ed: For those interested in a P'town vacation, see the Summer 1969 QQ, in which this gay playland on the sea was featured.)*

That's how it is–boozin' and cruisin' in Boston . . . the friendly town where strangers aren't strangers their first night out. •

A Phenomenon Of Our Time

The Gay Guide

Where To Go In A New Town

By Joe Krantz & Jerry Roberts

THERE is a vast underground network that permeates gay society. It applies to slang. Many of the terms commonly used by gay guys are not even known by straights. Even such words as *gay* and *cruising* were not used freely until recently.

It applies to travel. We establish gay resorts and spread the word via the gay grapevine.

It applies to publications. We have our own magazines and newspapers–and most straights aren't even aware of their existence.

We also have our printed guides–directories which list gay meeting places throughout the world. If unisex ever becomes a reality such listings will no longer be necessary–but for the time being the gay guide is an invaluable aid to the traveler who wants to know where the action is . . . in a hurry.

In commenting on such directories, a friend recently remarked, "Inaccuracies in gay guides are not unusual–but even if half the listings are good . . . they're better than nothing." In other words, it's far better than checking the Yellow Pages when visiting a new city. Gay guides at least provide a start–and even if that first bar you visit isn't the greatest you just might meet Mr. Perfect or at least get Mr. Not-so-perfect to tell you about other places in town.

In spite of copyright notices in some gay guides it really is impossible to safeguard listings from being copied by other publishers of directories. It is not uncommon, therefore, to discover that three or four gay guides *happen* to list the same incorrect address for a particular bar, indicating that at least two or three publishers are simply copying the original.

The "grandaddy" of all gay guides is the *International Guild Guide.* Unfortunately, like grandpa, it has lost its "memory," and while it "says" a lot, it's not all meaningful. It is very impressive-looking because it is large (5x8½) and contains 180 pages. It also has numerous listings on every major city in the world, as well as a few outposts you never heard about. In spite of its inaccuracies it is worth having because of its scope and because better than half the names and addresses are accurate. The publisher should attempt to make revisions annually and check listings which are sent in by readers before adding them. When unsolicited names and addresses are published on face value it often serves to inconvenience the user. To illustrate, the Double M Lounge in Glens Falls, N. Y. has been listed in the *IGG* for years. Though its rating is "mixed"–meaning its clientele is gay and straight–it cannot qualify as a meeting place for gay people by any stretch of the imagination. In all probability the listing was sent to the publisher years ago –by a local gay who frequented the bar, hoping the notice would attract visiting gays . . . *for him.* Sort of like advertising for a lover free of charge. The *IGG* sells for $5.00, and many listings are rated according to type of clientele. It lists bars, baths, parks, movie houses, hotels, etc.

Another international gay guide which has been around a long time, but which is unbelievably accurate is *Le Guide Gris (The Grey Guide).* Its cover is grey (naturally). The *LGG* is a "mini-book" containing about 200 pages of bars, baths, parks, etc. It's rated and comments are offered throughout. Helpful maps of major cities–showing gay locations–are also given. The U.S. and Canada are not covered, but its international listing is comprehensive. The author personally visits many of the places given and revises the guide annually. This invaluable aid to the world traveler sells for $5.00.

EOS International Pocket-Size Guide is another good international directory. It is published in Denmark and measures approximately 4x5½. Its nearly 300 pages list bars, parks, movie houses, baths, etc. What makes this guide unusual is its gold-leafed patent leather cover and quality paper. Perhaps these are unnecessary . . . unless you are planning to give someone a *bon voyage* gift. The most important thing is that the guide is accurate.

Still another international gay guide is printed in Holland –*International H-G.* It is accurate and features nude photos throughout. Maybe they are intended for "use" in cities where there are no gay places. The guide is rated but many street addresses are not given. The European listings are the best. There are many international places. U.S. coverage is light. It sells for $4.00.

Carl Driver's Gay Europe is in "mini-book" form. It measures 3¾x4¼ and contains about 100 pages of European listings only. They are accurate but there aren't many–perhaps because the author devotes a great deal of space to commenting on the places given. It sells for $5.00.

Somewhat limited in scope because only the U.S. (including Puerto Rico), Mexico, and Canada are covered, the *Timely Gay Bar Guide* gives bars, mainly, and a few hotels. It contains 128 pages of fairly accurate listings *with descriptions* and sells for $5.00. It measures 5x8.

Bob Damron's Address Book *(Continued on page 41)*



COLT STUDIO


Brian Eastman
Mr. Great Britain

THE YOUTH PILL

FOR EVERLASTING SEXUAL VIGOR

BY ROGER WATSON

EVERY so often you hear of great strides being made in medicine. A few years ago a prominent researcher demonstrated an amazing drug which visibly destroyed cancer cells in mice, on TV. Then, for years, you hear nothing more about such "miracles."

Is there some great conspiracy to stagger the introduction of new drugs, on the part of the American Medical Association or the drug manufacturers? The AMA has objected strenuously—and openly—to many seemingly beneficial drugs, on the basis that findings concerning them were inconclusive. To illustrate, Dr. Linus Pauling's recent discoveries concerning Vitamin C and the common cold have come under heavy fire from the medical profession: "It is contended that he has ventured beyond his established competence and that his conclusions are unsupported by controlled clinical studies." The statement on Dr. Pauling's plight was made by Norman Cousins, in the May 15, 1971 *Saturday Review.*

Concerning vitamins, many physicians continue to deny the importance of them, and of nutrition itself in connection with general health and the treatment of certain diseases. Only in a few medical colleges has the study of nutrition been added to the curriculum in recent years—in spite of the overwhelming evidence concerning the value of diet which has been substantiated in many instances by prominent nutritionists.

I am of the opinion that there is a conspiracy on the part of the medical profession, or the drug manufacturers, or both, against the introduction of certain drugs—drugs which have been proved by competent scientists. As Robert Buhrman, in a recent edition of *Los Angeles,* a magazine published in that city, put it: ". . . few practicing physicians have time to delve into obscure medical journals, nor are they disposed to encourage dissemination of information about something which could put a lot of doctors out of business." He was referring to the *procaine*-based "youth pill" which is believed to effect marvelous changes in aging bodies, ranging from curing simple ailments associated with old age, to improving bodily efficiency, to eliminating skin wrinkles, to *increasing sexual vigor.*

The "youth pill" is marketed in London and is widely used there and in other European countries at a cost of about ten cents a day. The product is also manufactured in Germany by the Schwarzhaupt Co. in Cologne-Rhine, under the trade name of *KH3*—the most famous "youth pill."

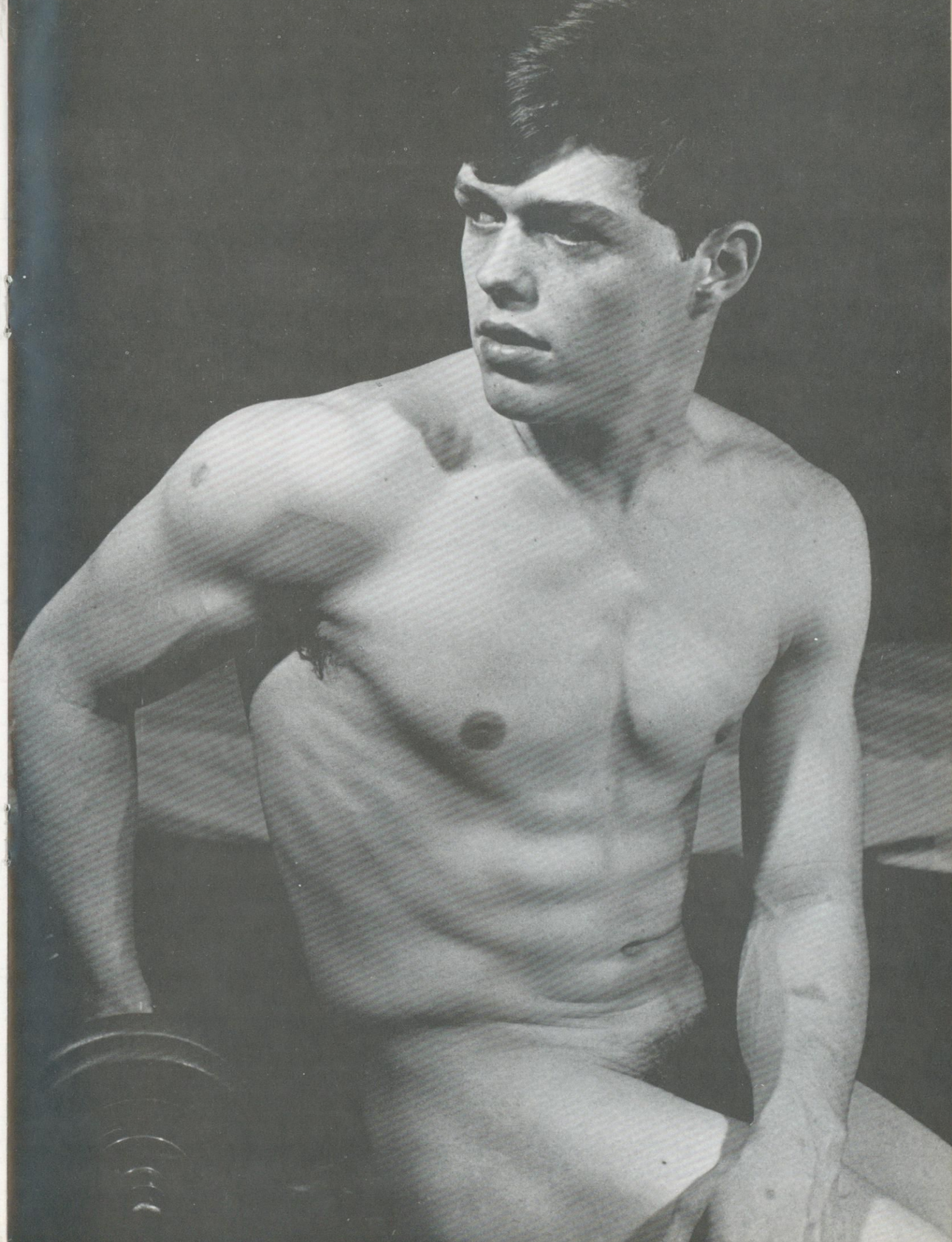
Procaine, the essential ingredient found in *KH3,* is not new. It was pioneered by Dr. Anna Aslan, director of the Parhon Institute of Geriatrics in Bucharest, and has been known to scientists for over twenty years. She treated 20,000 patients—successfully—before writing a paper on the drug in 1956. In spite of her documented evidence the findings were dismissed by the medical profession as being "nonsense." Three years later the London *Daily Mail* sent a correspondent to Hungary to investigate Dr. Aslan's claims. He found bald men in their nineties growing new hair and women of eighty who appeared to be many years younger. The *Daily Mail* published a series of articles, which resulted in a deluge of mail from readers. Doctors became curious but refused to investigate. Soon the clamor subsided—but the drug was placed on the market.

Dr. Peter Rothschild decided to find out more about *procaine.* He investigated and eventually opened a clinic in the Bahamas, where he still treats patients with specially formulated *KH3.* The formula is based on the Aslan version with additives developed by Dr. Wolfgang Schwarzhaupt, who manufactures *KH3* in Germany, and by Dr. Rothschild.

The Schwarzhaupt version of *KH3* is potent. The version manufactured in England is less effective. Whereas the British drug sells for about $15.00 for a five-months' supply, the Schwarzhaupt *KH3* costs from $25.00 to $250.00 for the same supply, depending upon potency and where sold. Neither is available in the United States or Canada. The pills are sold in Mexico, for about $95.00 for a five-months' supply, and also administered at the Rothschild clinic in Bahamas for several hundred dollars.

Rothschild's analysis of the drug is as follows: *"Procaine* operates on a cellular level . . . . increasing the cells' ability to take in oxygen. It is a well-known fact that aging cells have badly impaired oxygen intake capacity . . . one of the main merits of *KH3* is to increase oxygenation of the tissues on a cellular level and thereby improve the evacuation system of the biological garbage, permitting better functioning of the tissues, the general effect being a regenerating one. The individual will both have and give the impression of being rejuvenated."

The drug is not only beneficial to older persons. Taken by those as young as 30 it is said to retard the aging process and actually rejuvenate such declining factors as *sexual vigor.* It is *(Continued on page 42)*



Your Cruising Inquirer

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

The Question

How do you feel about dildoes?

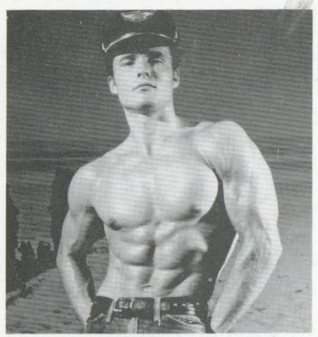
Where Asked

1971 Toy Makers Convention

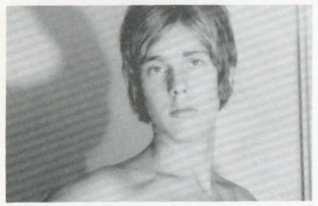
The Answers



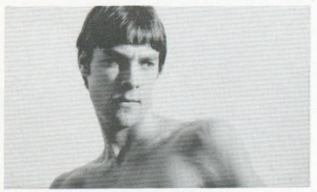
Denny Dimmer, Miami, Fla., alligator wrestler. "Aren't they extinct birds?



Mack Hardcasch, New York, N. Y., chorus boy. "They're a pain in the ass!"



Henri Heinz, Munich, Germany, pickle maker. "I prefer sweet pickles, thank you."



Tom Littlehole, Sioux City, Iowa, basket weaver. "You can't be serious!"

LURID LUST OR LASTING LOVE

(Continued from page 13)

Instant love just does not occur. Love evolves from a mature insight into the object of one's affections. During infatuation it is the tendency of a lover to put his adored one on a pedestal as being enshrined of all things bright and beautiful–a god–when in every way he is still an unknown quantity.

The lover has not had enough time to make a rational determination because at this point he compulsively does all the *giving* (a continuation of the god-imbuing process), while in true love there is a *receiving* as well. Only contributions from each side will effect a true and lasting relationship. Typical of this gay one-sidedness is

THE 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS' SCENE

Almost invariably a gay guy inexperienced in love beyond a few chance tricks becomes almost demoralized in experiencing his first infatuation. His initial reaction to fifteen minutes in bed with his paragon is to whip out the travel folders and begin planning a European trip (footing all the bills himself, naturally). Or, though blinded by infatuation yet realizing he couldn't swing even Niagara Falls, he beats his breast and searches his soul for things to give . . . give . . . *give!*

It is not unusual for him to begin wielding his credit card as if it were a magic wand . . . laying at the feet of his adored one presents that would turn a king's head but which are likely to be totally at variance with his lover's tastes: such as giving him diamond-studded cuff links when perhaps he prefers simple gold ones.

It will be helpful for him to know beforehand that this will inevitably prove a dreadful and costly mistake, because continual self-sacrifice–all giving and no receiving–becomes a tiresome affair. Burnt offerings are rarely tasty.

First he begins to lose the respect of his beloved. Any amorous feelings that might have been returned are nipped in the bud and this, in turn, aborts any love-in-time that might have developed. Rejection is the natural next stage . . . a most critical one, because–having been deeply infatuated –rejection, or even a noticeable lessening of his idol's interest, can be a shattering emotion impossible for his ego to absorb.

By taking time–perhaps only a few days will be enough–to 'stand off'and make a rational determination of a lover's qualities and preferences, it will be easy to pull the whistle on a relationship that may have been doomed from the start.

Only through such a determination can the basic understanding arise that neither can meet nor fulfill each other's needs in many important ways. Too many amorphous 'gray areas' that were only fleetingly visible in the beginning now assume recognizable patterns, and so in this way a graceful exit–with no (or at least *fewer*) tears–is prudently possible.

While love sometimes exists without lust, lust definitely can flourish without love, so in the first crucial days of an affair it is better to *think* 'lust' than to *speak* 'love'. Say "I like you" often. Show your growing interest with your eyes and 'loverly gesticulation', but commit yourself to "I love you" only when you're sure, for rejection up to this point–should it come–will be less embarrassing . . . and that embarrassment all the sooner forgotten.

A FEAST OF ASHES

There is, however, a most unusual gay guy who actually thrives on unrequited love. At heart he is a narcissist, always romanticizing himself (possibly as a result of having been overexposed to the *Waverley Novels* at an early age), and for whom the very warp and woof of a sexual relationship is not its commitment to loving and being loved, but in the 'tragedy' of *rejection.*

He is happiest at the actual moment of rejection (or, more often, at the point of realization that he has been completely ignored in the wake of someone else's success). It is this bittersweet distillation of poignant grief he seeks. His life is a grand illusion because unrequited love is illusory since it has never been tempered in the fire of reality.

He cannot permit himself to be loved, for if ever he allowed someone to respond in kind he would find the relationship intolerable . . . the lover a millstone around his neck . . . and, surprisingly, would even go to sadistic lengths to be rid of him!

Although he personally may be as plain as shoo-fly pie he fancies himself youth and beauty incarnate . . . a poetic and vulnerable lover in a vulgar, abrasive world. As he continues along this course his masochistic strategem of actually *forcing* rejection continues to intensify his basic narcissism; thus he grows more polarized in a world of his own fantasies. For him life is never the celebration of a banquet of love, but a feast of ashes.

FOILED BY THE FEAT OF LOVE

Like/unlike the gay guy we have just discussed is another who can easily distinguish between infatuation and love, who can lust up a storm, cruise like Danny Dementia and whose short-term affairs are so many they can be computed only on an abacus.

The great difference is this: what he really desires is a lasting relationship with a great love, yet no sooner is it within his grasp (and it is frequently) than he turns his face from it because he fears to love deeply. He simply cannot make a commitment.

Very likely his problem stems from childhood and parents who were austere, unapproachable, 'sin-conscious' or so uptight in other ways that he could not look to them for love and understanding . . . unable to relate to them in any way.

Thus his need for love, while overpowering, is inevitably defeated by his crushing inability to accept it. It's as though he were trying to maintain his balance while sitting on a three-legged stool with one leg missing. One unwary moment and he falls to the floor.

No sooner does he reach out to love and see it reflected back to him than all his old doubts and misgivings recur and he cannot face the fact of being disappointed. His *fear* of love, therefore, is exactly equal to his failure to *trust.*

The biblical admonition "man does not live by bread alone" is metaphorically relevant to the basis of man's sexual nature. To have fulfilled his life to some degree a man must be involved in a tender relationship with another human being at some time or another, for only through such a relationship can he make use of all his human resources and enrich his life with color.

While in every such relationship there must be a degree of 'overlove' from one or the other–to stimulate competition and make the affair more interesting as time goes on–it should not extend to the point of 'overkill'. For if and when it does, the relationship is already on the rocks.

Yet, both in the beginning and during the continuation of a love relationship, if each partner holds something in reserve, or occasionally 'holds gently firm' to a point just to provide stimulating competition to his partner's challenge . . . by not denigrating himself at any time . . . and, especially, by 'thinking lust' more often than 'speaking love', the relationship that began by touching each so deeply and beautifully can be extended gloriously through many happy years. ●

AH! WILDERNESS!

(Continued from page 18)

cameras with telephoto lenses.

If you go with friends, split up when you get there. Twosomes in the bushes, already mentioned, can frighten potential tricks away. And never talk in the woods, because it is disrupting and annoying, and a dead giveaway of your concealment if you want privacy.

Weekends are generally crowded. That means less trouble finding a trick but more locating a quiet spot for sex. For this reason many gay guys prefer quieter weekdays, which can be especially good on Mondays, when hairdressers, waiters, and entertainers are off. Noontime is good for businessmen who'd rather glut themselves in the bushes than at the lunch counter.

Daylight is best, because most parks can be dangerous at night. No matter when you go, however, there is likely to be activity.

Spring and summer are best because the weather is mild, but fall and winter should not be ruled out in California. They are particularly beautiful times of the year, and occasional showers are somewhat invigorating and help muffle sounds.

In summer a lot of gay guys prefer sunbathing in parks to lying on a beach. It's cooler and sometimes more pleasant. Nude sunbathing in public parks is against the law, however, so if you indulge in it make certain you find an isolated spot.

The public restrooms in most parks are good meeting places. But exercise caution because they are watched closely.

And now some specifics:

SAN DIEGO

Balboa Park in San Diego is known for its famous zoo. Gays also know it for its action parking lot in front of the gymnasium, and its men's room. Primarily a meeting place for sex in bed later on, the zoo is

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.



NIPPLE PAINT

Dear Guys:

I have a "health" problem I would like an answer to.

My nipples are small (about the size of a dime) and very light-colored. Is there any type of dye or permanent stain I could use to darken them, and also to enlarge their circumference?

I feel very embarrassed when I'm stripped.

Thanks.

Yours truly,
R. M.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Ed: What may be ugly and unexciting to you, concerning your own body, others may find very attractive and extremely stimulating. After all, opposites do attract, and since most guys have large, dark nipples, it is quite possible that yours are a big "turn-on" for other people. Perhaps they are somewhat feminine. Delicate features in gay men can be desirable. Not all people dig darkly handsome types, preferring boyish physiques which are fair-skinned. But if you are developing a hangup, and insist on doing something about your nipples, try staining them with a mixture of mineral oil and iodine. Apply carefully with a Q-Tip. This "dye" is not permanent, but is harmless and lasts awhile, even after showering. However, do keep in mind that iodine has an unpleasant taste–in case you enjoy having your nipples sucked.

CLIPPED AGAIN!

Dear Editor:

QQ is just what I've been looking for. I think it's great.

I have a suggestion that might make it even greater. Why don't you publish the names and addresses of "bum" advertisers you hear about? I'm sure many of your readers would be happy to send you information concerning people who have clipped them.

There is a new racket going on these days–gay "combines." The fliers that are sent out explain that it's much better to "subscribe" to a single service which makes available all the gay merchandise advertised elsewhere. You pay the outfit about $10.00 to "join" and–"Oh, miracles of miracles!"–buyers of gay products need never worry about being clipped again.

Months ago I subscribed to such a service–Robert Sherwood's "The Collectors Guild." I sent $10.00 and received nothing. No gay magazine, which was promised. No further offers to buy anything. My many letters of complaint remain unanswered. Clipped again!

Trusting as I am (like so many other gay people), I swallowed the bait and got caught. Since then I've received similar offers from other "clubs" that make the same promises. They must be raking in money hand over fist. Imagine! Paying for the *privilege* *(Continued on page 43)*

especially popular with sailors.

The zoo does have hours, but the parking lot and tearoom are open all the time. However, they are patrolled at night and not recommended. Residents of this fair city compare their police force to the Gestapo—and that should serve as warning.

Balboa is bounded on the east by Park Avenue, on the west by Sixth Avenue, and on the south by Interstate 101.

LOS ANGELES

Griffith Park is in Los Angeles. It is situated near the Golden State Freeway and borders Hollywood. Woods sprawl for miles in all directions. The park also boasts an observatory, a zoo, and a theatre. For gays, it is an unbelievable action spot—which was immortalized by John Rechy, in his book, "Numbers."

There are two sections of the park of special interest to gay guys. The best is where Commonwealth Avenue runs into the park. You need only drive in and you will *know* where to find sex—by the long line of cars parked bumper-to-bumper near the golf course, without a driver in sight. There, just off the road, a number of trails lead off in all directions, and the paths are well used.

The gay section extends farther, though. A smaller winding road cuts off Commonwealth near the golf course and runs uphill for a couple of miles to the top of the park. All along are popular spots and the traffic is heavy. There is a breathtaking view of the city at the top, and on a clear day you can even see the ocean.

The best advice I can offer concerning Griffith Park in the summer is—be careful. The snakes are out—and that includes rattlesnakes. Happily, few bites are reported, but gays who cruise the place wear cowboy boots for a reason. (I wear hip boots and carry a snake-bite kit.)

If this doesn't turn you off—and, obviously, it doesn't discourage many, because the park is cruised by hundreds daily—the vice squad might. Griffith is thick with tricky cops—good-looking studs who dress in tight levis and tennies. They're sent out in unmarked cars often bearing out-of-state license plates. Some have resorted to Volkswagens, the ultimate deceit. You are therefore advised to stay cool. If you are over-anxious and make the first move—before you are sure—you might be escorted out wearing handcuffs.

The park closes at dusk and you are advised to leave by then. If you don't you will have to leave your car there overnight because the gates are shut.

Another section of the park, on the west side, is not as vast but equally busy. It lies at the top of Fern Dell Avenue, where a tearoom provides much of the excitement. Use extreme caution here. There are a good number of paths and trails leading everywhere and they are not difficult to find.

"Griffith Park has gone Hollywood," one disillusioned young man was led to remark recently. He was referring to the types who get more pleasure out of being admired than engaging in any kind of sexual activity. They drive around in convertibles with the tops down, wearing sunglasses and playing their radios as loud as possible.

For the most part, though, Griffith gets a damn handsome bunch of studs—and even rattlesnakes and cops are worth chancing.

SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco's notorious action spot is Land's End, right on the ocean. It is easily reached by taking Geary Boulevard from downtown straight to the ocean, then right on El Camino del Mar and you'll end up there.

A picturesque patch of woods, with trails leading down rocky slopes to the ocean, it has a big section claimed by gays and one need only follow the boys to the action.

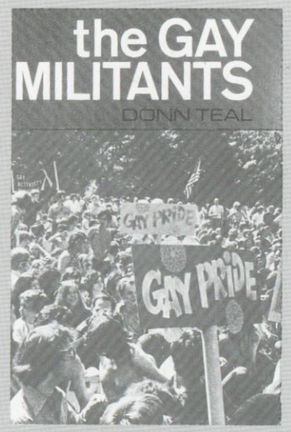
Land's End is not nearly as dangerous as Balboa or Griffith, concerning the fuzz, because the police in San Francisco are more tolerant of gays, what with its enormous gay population. However, the vice squad has been active lately—but they do "announce" themselves by driving in on noisy yellow Hondas. Occasionally, a cop on horseback will ride by, to discourage guys from nude sunbathing down below.

The park doesn't close but gets dangerous at night. Numerous robberies and beatings have been reported lately. But during the day it's great, mainly because of the lack of police harassment.

San Francisco also has Golden Gate Park, where contacts are easily made. Buena Vista Park is another busy spot. It is in the Haight-Ashbury district. This one is only a city block long—but every inch is cruised. Be especially careful in this neighborhood, however, if you go at night.

There are of course many other parks in these cities, as well as throughout California, which are favorite cruising spots. These are the most active. And then there are the gay beaches, such as San Gregorio, just south of San Francisco, where nude sun-worshipers put the caves to good use—but that's another story. So come out west. Put on those worn levis and head for nature. California wilderness and sex *al fresco* await you. •

BOOK REVIEW



Zap!

The Gay Militants (Stein and Day, $7.95) is for gay guys who have hangups, lots of them. And, I suppose, it is for straights, to let them know how uncompromising we all are in demanding our place in the sun.

Therein lies the danger of a book like this. Author Donn Teal is quite willing to give the world the idea that we are all Gay Liberation Fronters or Gay Activists Alliance activists, in our lambda tee-shirts, ready to charge out and zap windmills.

We aren't, of course, and to imply that the gay guy in Toledo or Mobile, just coming out, is dying to die on the barricades is just plain nonsense. The vast, vast majority of gays, in or out of their closets, can't be bothered; perhaps with good reason, perhaps not—it's an idea Donn Teal fails to explore.

Aside from that (and that's a big aside), **The Gay Militants** is a good book, badly, or, I suspect, hastily written in order to come out before the anniversary of Christopher Street Liberation Day. Sentences don't follow. Interruptions by footnote(s) are on every other page. Sources are noted prolifically, as if we wouldn't believe him and he has to say, 'I told you so'. And there is no index, which would be an invaluable aid to someone interested in this book as a reference text.

It is good in that for anyone who cares (Does anybody care?), the history of early gay militancy is carefully and, one must assume, accurately recorded. We do see G.A.A. break off from G.L.F. We do see Panthers and lesbians come and go. We do see a church and Gay Youth emerge, and, Lord, do we see poor Mayor Lindsay and tired old N.Y.U. get zapped.

We do not see, however, the groundwork long done by such organizations as Mattachine, the Henry Foundation, and the (Philadelphia) Homosexual Law Reform Society. It's a bit like seeing the butterfly but not being told that last year he was a caterpillar.

Another good thing is that we see quite clearly the extent of East and West Coast militancy. It seems strange that militancy is restricted to these areas (Are there no activists in Denver or St. Louis, at the University of Oklahoma, or in Madison, Wisconsin?), but that there is a load of it in New York and California cannot be denied. Anybody who is gay and does want to die on the barricades will know right where to go. Speaking of barricades, it also strikes me as immoral for Donn Teal to have neglected to consider where all this militancy is likely to lead.

For those of us who are not militant there is little here to suggest we should become so. In fact, Donn Teal makes it all sound terribly serious and dreary—surely there must be some humor in it; after all, gay militants are, presumably, gay, and I for one have always thought one of the nice things about gays is their blithe, campy, unorthodox sense of humor.

One chapter (9) is not by Donn Teal. It is by lesbians about lesbianism.

—Orlando Paris

A NEW HOMOSEXUALITY
(Continued from page 7)

be campaign in full battle dress, but a quick, delightful chance meeting such as

Crinkling your nose appreciatively at a whiff of grass from a passing stranger: *"Beautiful! Must go home and blow a joint myself . . . like to come?"* Or . . .

In a bar, dipping into the top pocket of your jacket: *"Pity . . . only two poppers left . . . dare to share?"*

Perhaps you'll be rewarded with a night of nights if he says yes, or feel nothing more than a faint regret if not, and so with a murmured 'forget you' seek someone more receptive. Easy come, easy go—a workable philosophy whether you're seeking sex for the sake of sex, or for nonsexual reasons, like the man who's

RACING THE MENOPAUSE

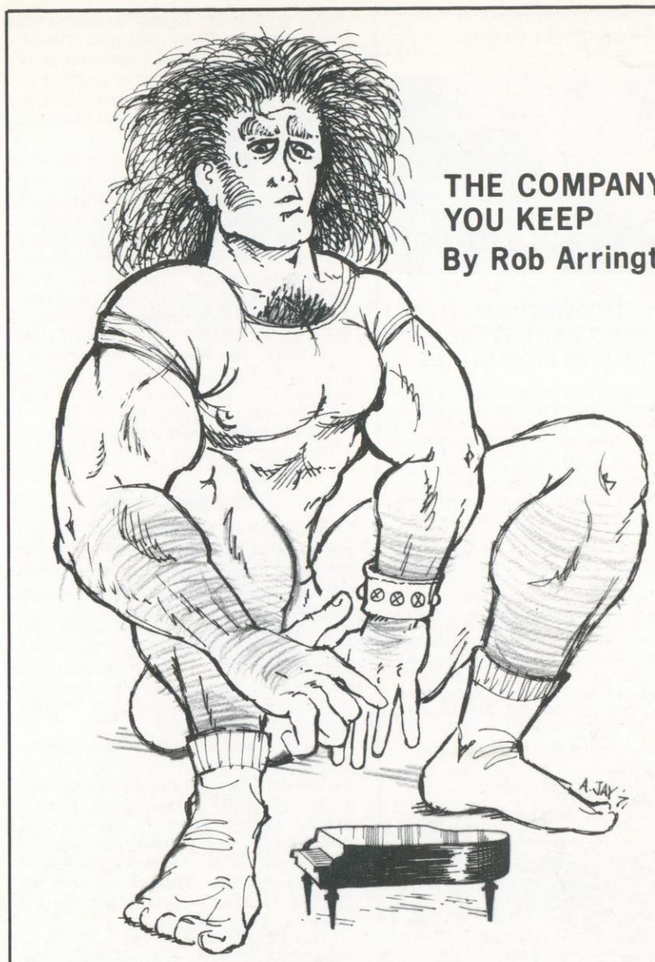
Recently a friend of 43, who doesn't look a day more than 28, was cruising a muscle magazine when he came upon the startling revelation that the average man's aging process begins not at a previously-supposed 50, but at 26 when his capillaries begin to lose their flexibility due to an abandoned pursuit of vigorous daily exercise.

"Ohmigahd!" he wailed. "I must have passed the menopause seventeen years ago and never even knew it!" Straightaway he retired to the bedroom to brush up on some of QQ's advanced fantasex techniques just to see if *La Stupenda* could still muster a salute. But the shock had rendered him temporarily impotent and his phallus remained as flaccid as ten inches of crushed velvet.

Since then he's been cruising like one demented—movie lounges at early matinees . . . subway johns in the late afternoon . . . and gay baths all night and every night. A basically nonsexual motivation just to prove that he is still attractive, lovable, belongable, and that he can still compete. He is typical of many gay guys who, when faced with the fact that Father Time is sharpening his scythe, go to desperate lengths to stave off the aging process which really can be not only halted, but actually *reversed,* with the resumption of vigorous non-pause exercise for thirty minutes daily.

THE 'SENOLESCENT'

Quite the opposite is the gay guy who has no fear of sexual impotence. Years scurry by without even the slightest loss of sexual vigor or tardy response to either the most jam-packed marathon or more creative and possibly more prolonged sex with a



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP
By Rob Arrington

Ludwig van Beethoven

WHEN he composed his great Opus 111 Sonata in 1823, just four years before his death at the age of fifty-seven, the magnificent work was considered by German and Austrian homosexuals to be a full reflection of the composer's intense homosexual passions. Accordingly, in the gay underground of the time, the work was more often called "The Uranian Sonata" than by its true designation, "uranism" being a euphemism for "homosexuality."

This composer has enormous stature in the world of music, with a rank equivalent to the one Shakespeare holds in the world of literature. He developed the classical forms of music to their ultimate possibilities, and the depth and polyphonic richness of his music was of great influence on composers who followed him.

One of his greatest contributions to his art was that he greatly increased the emotional content of music, reflecting the romanticism of the period he lived in.

His music was a reflection of his personal life, for he was filled with romantic yearnings that were often frustrated.

His only *(Continued on page 49)*

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smaller group. His hangup is that all his lovers must be 'twixt teen and twenty' young . . . his nonsexual motivation being that he believes the *pursuit* of youth in an *ambience* of youth in some way rubs off on him and keeps him in the *bloom* of youth. You've seen him . . .

He adopts every facet, fad and frill of a hippie lifestyle. He wears his hair even longer than 'young long' or, if it is at the point of no return, his wig is the moddest of the mod. He starves himself pencil thin because, as he says proudly, "I was born for the bodyshirt!" He affects peace symblems, fringe jackets, bead bandeaux . . . punctuates each sentence at least three times with "y'know" . . . and keeps his Peter Fonda bike revved up even when his arthritis is simply *kil-l-ling* him. But give him credit: it often works effectively and for quite a time as he prays daily

"Backward, turn backward oh time in thy flight . . . let me look like a teen-ager tonight!"

THE SPHINX LYNX

Although we have mentioned the gay guy who is handsome, warm, vivid and appealing, there is another who—though perhaps equally presentable—exudes no warmth, is granitically unapproachable, cannot express himself in words, and whose personality is totally catatonic. He cannot relate to gay life through any common denominator, being seemingly uninvolved in anything of interest to others. Perhaps you've encountered him . . .

You're alone at a urinal. Suddenly the door opens, he enters and glides across to the adjacent one. In almost less time than it takes to relate he has gazed, grooved, groped, zapped, zenithed, zippered and zombied out: all wordlessly, soundlessly, hypnotically . . . as in some kind of trance-like minuet. His total silence and the speed of his 'attack' have earned him the sobriquet 'the sphinx lynx'.

This man 'is a riddle tied to a puzzle wrapped in an enigma' and only through sex of his singular persuasion can he effectively communicate. It is his 'speech' . . . he is crying out . . . and his motivation is basically nonsexual. Because he is so locked up inside and has so very much to 'say' you'll find him repeating this bizarre performance throughout the day, and every day.

'BODY BEAUTIFUL' SEX TEASERS

The barbell has been a boon to a certain type of homosexual. Because of his naturally frail physique, extreme introversion, and long suffering because of his inability to communicate with straights—so characteristic of the old homosexuality—he lacks the bravado necessary to venture out on the gym floor in exercise classes with extroverted and better-built others. To expose his body in any degree of nudity could trigger a greater trauma. But since with the barbell he can train secretly at home, he can be sure of developing a stunning physique.

However, once muscularly 'arrived', he often goes off on a tangent, for while most bodybuilders treasure the developmental effect of weight-training, the superb health it brings, taking pride in the greater poise and assurance it engenders as well as the super sex-appeal of a magnificent body, his response is less characteristic. He becomes a 'tease' . . . a 'you-can-look-but-mustn't-touch' exhibitionist haunting and flaunting on nude beaches, gay baths and (now) gyms where next-to-nudity is not only permissible but expected, and his delight is in driving others to the point of sexual schizophrenia—'leading them to the altar' as it were, then deserting them sexually, perhaps as a kind of revenge for the taunts of his childhood.

When he finally does indulge himself sex is usually masturbation because in being the most beautiful of the 'beautiful people' he has learned that rare is the lover with a comparably gorgeous body, and only through fantasex can he conjure a vision of anyone godlier and sexier. Anyone else would be a denigration of self.

Then there is the gay bodybuilder who had the same initial problems, who goes through these same processes, but emerges as an altruist. He not only glories in the beauty of his body, and wears the tightest possible clothes to show off his muscles and 'charms', but sexually 'shares'. He's 'pan-sexual'—orgies, baths, beaches, johns. You name it and he's the star of the show. His audience is not of spectators alone, but of many delighted participants!

SEXUALITY ON AN EGO TRIP

In both the foregoing instances many psychological barriers have been hurdled successfully, yet in their wake certain atavistic reactions still remain . . .

a) Both men, through developing their bodies from scrawniness to an awesome magnificence, have effectively overcome many deep-rooted feelings of inferiority and weakness . . . yet

b) The former reveals a need to conquer men rather than to effect a genuine relationship with them, sex-amorous or platonic. Also, for all the exultation he feels when making *visual* conquests he may tire of this, finding it not satisfying enough for his ego (an actor not getting enough applause), and so in a series of *tours de force* he may employ his newly-won *muscular strength*, even turning outright sadist as he subjects his conquests to pain.

And, should a shortage of money to support his lifestyle become an overriding issue, he will not hesitate to rob. Having already denied his conquest the act of sex, beating and robbing him provides more 'funds' for his ego trip through causing additional humiliation.

c) In the case of the seemingly better-adjusted bodybuilder the overt exhibitionism of his muscles and super-studdery is only half the gig. His rampant joy in being the uninhibited and acknowledged star of any sex show, plus the follow-through to orgasm, complete it, because through orgasm he finds a way of discharging all remaining tensions.

It should be noted that this is sometimes carried to such a point that when there is a snowballing of new or recurring tensions/anxieties he is continuously on the sex prowl seeking it wherever it can be found and quickly dispatched. In this he mimics the satyriast. However, unlike the satyriast, *sexual* satisfaction is not his end goal . . . only tranquillity. A truly nonsexual motivation. So for all his vaunted handsomeness, muscularity and sexual endowment he is still not as completely emancipated as he'd like to be. But he is not alone. There is also

The Health-Food Enthusiast who, in addition to his bodybuilding proclivities, indulges his ideas of 'advanced' nutrition even beyond the point of dietary credibility. He becomes so concerned about the effect of certain health foods on his muscular creativity he begins to lose his former strong sexual feelings in the belief that his health and 'built' must come first. Then there are

The Sex 'Ritualists' usually two men who've lived together through thick and thin and who keep their 'vows' inviolate by never seeking sex outside the menage . . . not even a john 'quickie'. Religiously they set aside a particular night each week for sex. One imagines that after so long a relationship it takes the remaining six days to work up a head of steam. Little motivation is expressed here.

'When Your Lover Has Gone'. Here the nostalgia for what has been and the despairing belief that no other partner would have the same excelling qualities often causes the bereft one to begin a daily cruising of anything and everything to blot out memories, fill a void, bridge a chasm, race the clock and flesh out the days. Also in this category is the lover who believes his absent partner is having sex away from home, and uses this belief to rationalize his own promiscuity in an effort to match blow-for-blow his lover's supposed conquests. Definitely nonsexual motivations for sex.

Sexual Sublimation. One of the most interesting examples of nonsexual motivation to sex can be seen in the man who is enormously creative (a TV set designer, an actors' workshop director, a choreographer who must create new dances quickly, on the spot, and in rapid succession). Although he may be tremendously sexual he allows his art to take precedence and rarely makes the scene with others. Widely-spaced masturbation only when he feels it absolutely necessary for his well-being is his thing.

Sexual Discharge. Many creative gay guys who have an intense need of sex, but who are unwilling to let this driving force rule their lives, seek orgasm only as a means of discharging inner tensions in order to pursue creative endeavors. Hence, one is likely to find the successful writer or artist or choreographer at the baths, or, more commonly, in johns, where sexual gratification can be had quickly. This reduces anxiety without disrupting creative productivity—which ordinary bar-to-bed cruising can do because of the time and energy it takes. The gay college student is a good example. His need of sex is as strong as, say, a laborer's—who has time for fun and games after work—but because the student is strongly motivated to pass his subjects he seeks ways by which sexual tensions can be relieved quickly, so as not to interfere with his studies. He therefore resorts to frequent masturbation, or john sex whenever possible, in pursuit of tranquillity.

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...

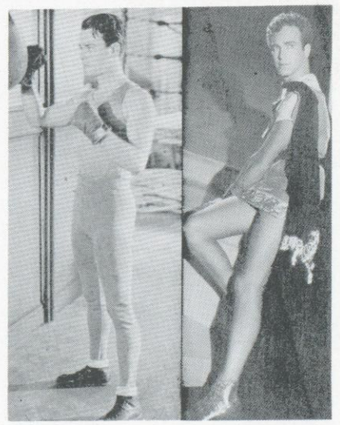
1930s

The '30s was one of the greatest eras of all for stars. After all, the Great Depression was going on outside the movie palaces, and gays and straights needed the movies more than ever to escape the worries of everyday life.

There were many new stars for gays to dream about in this period, for with the advent of the talkies, a sex idol not only had to look good—he had to talk well, too.

Lew Ayres was the first new male star of the '30s, establishing himself on the roster of the greats with his classic performance as the young German soldier in *All Quiet on the Western Front.* He was extremely appealing-looking and clean-cut, and had such a nice manner about him that he became a top favorite of gays. He created the Dr. Kildare role in the movies 25 years before Richard Chamberlain revived it on TV. His stand as a conscientious objector during World War II seriously dimmed his career, but he is sporadically active even today.

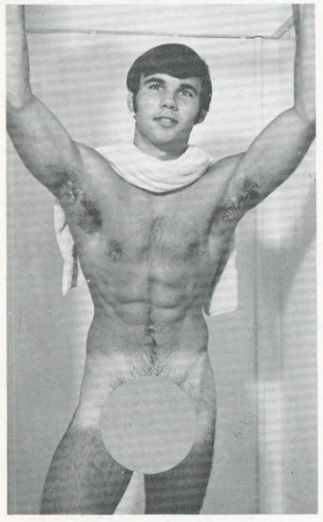
David Manners' stardom was short but impressive. Manners captured the imagination of gays in the '30s not only because of his classically perfect features but also because of his strong acting ability, which won him leading roles opposite such stellar actresses as Katharine Hepburn and Elissa Landi. He revealed a great pair of legs when he was costumed in a tunic in *The Warrior's Husband.* Manners claimed to be descended from William the Conqueror. He faded from fame in the '40s and today lives in retirement in Pacific Palisades. *(Continued on page 48)*



Left: **Lew Ayres in "The Iron Man."**
Right: **David Manners in "Roman Scandals." His long, hairless legs were a big 'turn-on'.**



JOHNNY CONNELLY



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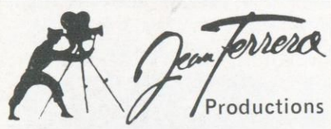

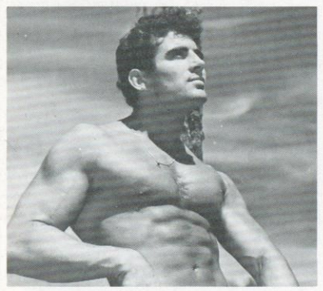

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SYMPTOMANIA

While any of these behavioral patterns is an attempt to come to grips with inner conflict, a good psychologist would say that it's a form of adjustment that can lead to a happier, more positive, more creative life which could be enjoyed all the more if gay guys didn't have to spend better-directed energies concealing or defending their sexuality.

Fortunately the contemporary *cinema verité* has produced a greater understanding –even appreciation–of our varied lifestyles and thus it can be said that we are in the age of a new homosexuality.

But, sad to relate, the boxoffice still rules and the very films that have been such a breakthrough for us are now on the wane (are we 'old hat' so soon?). But even if we continue to get *Airport* and sweeeet l'il ol' Helen Hayes life for us has been made incalculably easier. At least they can't take that away! •

COMING-OUT BALL
(Continued from page 14)

he wouldn't have been bad-looking at all. He could stay.

"Thank you," I said.

"Oh," he laughed, kind of bashfully, "you're welcome." There was a hesitation, and I turned to watch the dancers again while he tried to resume the conversation.

"What's your name?"

"Jay." Pause. "What's yours?"

"Ernest." Pause.

"Oh." What was I supposed to say? "That's nice."

"How would you like to dance after you've rested?" I didn't really want to, but I smiled and said all right. I was beginning to hope again that he would start cruising and find someone to take home so that I could go back to peacefully watching the dancers. It was a new sensation, a new "thrill," and I was enjoying it.

The music and the dancers stopped for a moment of choked, smoky breath, and the jukebox started playing one of my favorite songs. I had to dance, I just had to, but my cousin still wasn't back, and there was only Ernest.

"Let's dance," I said. He gave me one of his knowing smiles and followed me to a fairly empty spot on the floor. He was not what I would call a good dancer, but together we were able to dodge the limp, flailing hands, the grinding hips and stomping feet rather well for several dances. Then the jukebox began to play a slow song.

"Let's dance this one," said Ernest. He wrapped his arms around me; and being the first time that that had ever been done to me, I felt strange, so very, very strange. I think it might have been wonderful, if not euphoric–all crystal and bubbles, you know? –, if it had been with someone I was falling in love with, like in my dreams. Ernest seemed like a poor substitute, but I figured better a substitute than nothing at all. And it was rough for awhile, as we both found ourselves leading, and then both trying to follow. But that part smoothed out well enough. I found myself counting the colored lights, concentrating on the song's lyrics–anything to make the time pass quickly. Then, faintly in my ear, Ernest started humming to the music. His arms had dropped farther down my back, and he squeezed me closer to his body. Very slowly, he started to nuzzle my neck, and he initiated a gentle rocking motion that rubbed his crotch lingeringly against mine. It was about this time that I began to realize why Ernest wasn't cruising this evening.

About this time, too, I finally saw my cousin. In mild, relieved hysteria I tried to break away from Ernest, but his vise-like grasp hugged me even closer, and my cousin watched us with an understanding smile. A moment after the dance was over he came up to us, gave me a scrap of paper with his telephone number, told me to call him the next morning and that he would pick me up. He then leaned over, whispered, "Looks like he's got a good basket," and left with a handsome, tanned guy.

"Who was that?" Ernest inquired.

"My dear darling cousin," I said. My voice was getting more shrill, I could tell. "I came with him tonight."

"Then where's he going?"

"Home." I could barely squeak that one out.

"Well, why don't we go home, too?"

Why can't it be like you've always dreamed it? Why can't the first time be with one of those gorgeous athlete types that takes you in a swirl of clouds to a beautiful, tasteful apartment with soft music and low lights, and a luxurious, cotton-soft bed to make love in, for hours and hours until the world no longer exists but for the two of you, for carousels and flowers? Maybe because ideals don't come in dreams.

Ernest settled me down on his lumpy couch while he motioned me to sit still and disappeared into the bedroom for a few minutes.

"Hey," I heard him yell. "Want something to drink?" From the bedroom?

"No," I answered. I could hear him tidying things up in there, and I really started getting nervous. I mean, first time and all, isn't a guy kind of entitled to a little fright?

"Hey, Ernest," I said, leaning over the back of the couch. Ernest, I think you should know something."

"Wha"? There was a clunk as he dropped something, then an inaudible muttering.

"I think you should know that I'm new at this. I've never done it before. So maybe we should call it quits, you know? I probably won't be good at all. Not at all."

I could still hear him muttering. "Wha"?" He kicked something aside, and his mumbles sounded pleased.

"I said, I've never done it before."

"Wha"? I didn't hear you."

"I said, I've never been *laid!*" I shouted.

"What? He stood in the doorway, surprised. I suddenly grew very quiet, very sheepish. "You mean tonight at that sleazy bar was kind of a . . . a coming-out party?" I nodded.

"You're a virgin, you mean?" What an annoying question!

"I'm a virgin," I barely whispered. I looked up at him, and he was smiling one of those goddam knowing smiles again.

"*Were* a virgin, you mean," he said. "Let's go. It's time to make the cheap party into a dreamer's ball." He took my hand and led me into the bedroom, closing the door between us and the whole world, for hours and hours of crystal and bubbles. •

"SALUTE!"
(Continued from page 21)

fritti (fried squash); *lumache* (snails); and *calamai con pomodoro* (squid with tomatoes).

If you prefer soup, order **minestrone** (a rich Italian-style vegetable soup, sometimes made with *pasta*); or **minestra di pasta e fagioli** (*pasta* and kidney bean soup); or **zuppa di lenticchi** (lentil soup); or, simply, **brodo di manzo** (beef broth). If your soup contains *pasta* you may want to skip the next course and move on to the entree.

PASTA

If you're a small eater you are advised to skip the *pasta* if you are planning to order a rich entree, or have *pasta* and skip the entree. Certainly, if you order *lasagna*–a meal in itself–*it* will be your entree. However, if your stomach is as big as your eyes, here are some offerings:

Spaghetti (thin strands of *pasta*); **spaghettini** (very thin strands of *pasta*); **ziti** (tubular *pasta* about 3" long and 1½" in diameter); **ditali** (thimble-like *pasta*); **linguini** (narrow noodles); **fettucine** (broad noodles); **ravioli** (*pasta* squares filled with meat or cheese–usually a mixture of *ricotta,* Italian-style cottage cheese, and *mozzarella,* a soft, gummy cheese); **manicotti** (a large tubular *pasta* about 5" long and 1" in diameter, stuffed with *ricotta* and, sometimes, *mozzarella* cheese); **cannelloni** (a large tubular *pasta* about 5" long and 1" in diameter, stuffed with meat); **lasagna** (layers of ribbon-like *pasta*) interlaced with pieces of beef, pork, hot sausage, hard-cooked egg, *mozzarella, ricotta,* grated *Romano* or *Parmesan* cheese, and, of course, tomato-meat sauce). Like *lasgna, ravioli, manicotti,* and *cannelloni are served* with tomato-meat sauce, but other *pastas* may be ordered with a variety of sauces:

Salsa di marinara (a simple tomato sauce flavored with olive oil and basil); **salsa con carne** (tomato-base meat sauce); **salsa con carne e funghi** (tomato-mushroom meat

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sauce); **ragu Bolognese** (a rich tomato-meat sauce); **salsa di vongoli** (clam sauce); **burro** (melted butter); **pesto alla Genovese** (a sauce made with olive oil, fresh basil, garlic, nuts, and cheese).

Grated *Romano* or *Parmesan* cheese is always served on the side. *Spaghetti* may sometimes be ordered *al dente* (firm "to the tooth"), but ordinary restaurants par-boil *spaghetti* and simply heat it as ordered, to save time. It is very soft.

THE ENTREE

Italians don't do very much with beefsteak, so it is usually offered under the general heading of *carne* (meat) simply as **bistecca** (broiled beefsteak, sometimes flavored with olive oil and garlic); or **bistecca alla pizzaiola** (beefsteak broiled with tomatoes and garlic); or **braciuolini di manzo,** or simply, **braciole** (broiled beef rollettes stuffed with bacon, cheese, garlic, etc., and served with tomato sauce).

Much in evidence is *vitello*–veal: **cotolette** (breaded veal cutlets fried in olive oil); **cotolette alla parmigiana** (breaded veal cutlets, fried and then baked with tomato sauce and *mozzarella* cheese); **piccata alla Milanese** (thin slices of veal which have been fried in olive oil or butter, and served with lemon slices); **scaloppine al Marsala** (pieces of veal cooked in butter and Marsala wine); **rollatine di vitello** (tiny veal scallops which have been breaded, sometimes stuffed with *prosciutto* and cheese, rolled and hooked together with toothpicks, sprinkled with olive oil and broiled); **saltimbocca** (a variation of *rollatine,* but larger and served "open faced"); **osso buco** (veal shank cooked in white wine, tomatoes, herbs, and spices).

Also popular is chicken–*pollo.* Typical dishes are **pollo alla cacciatora** (chicken in tomato sauce); **pollo colla Marsala** (chicken in wine sauce); and **fegatini di pollo** (chicken livers fried in butter).

Pork is available, but the most popular variety is **salsiccia alla griglia** (broiled Italian sausage, sometimes flavored with hot pepper or fennel seed).

Scampi–shrimp–is a favorite. It is usually served broiled in garlic-butter sauce but sometimes **alla marinara,** in tomato sauce. **Aragosta** is lobster and if served **fra diavolo** it will arrive at your table covered with a hot tomato sauce. There are usually listed under the general heading *"pesce"*–fish.

The most popular vegetable entree is **melenzana alla parmigiana** (breaded eggplant, fried and then baked in tomato sauce with *mozzarella* cheese).

Legumi–vegetables are offered a la carte. There is so much to eat that you may want to skip them–but if you do order, try: **broccoli** (boiled and flavored with olive oil); **escarole** (a "sweet spinach"); **melenzana fritta** (eggplant fried in olive oil); or **zucchini fritti** (fried Italian squash).

Insalata–salad–if ordered will probably be a combination of lettuce and tomatoes served with vinegar and oil.

If you order wine, I rceommend either *Bardolino* (a light red wine) or *Valpolicella* (a heavy red wine), or *Soave* (a mild white wine). If available, ask for Bolla brand, and avoid "house wines" whenever possible, as they are usually poorly made. *Chianti* is popular but quite inferior to the above-mentioned reds.

DESSERT

Dolce–sweets–come last. Typical selections are Italian pastry, such as **amaretti** (macaroons), **cannoli** (a tubular pastry shell filled with cream which is laced with candied fruit, nuts, and chocolate chips), and **sfogliata Napoleone** (layered pastry filled with custard); **cassata** (pound cake "stuffed" with custard, candied fruit, chopped chocolate, etc.); **torta di ricotta** (Italian cheese pie); **zuppa inglese** (Italian rum cake); **zabaglione** (Marsala custard); **spumoni** (multi-flavored ice cream containing bits of candied fruit and nuts); **tortoni** (almond-flavored ice cream); and **pesche ripiene** (ripe peaches).

Follow through with **cafe espresso**–black coffee served with bits of lemon rind for added flavor. Sometimes the rim of the cup is dipped in a mixture of granulated sugar and *anisette* liqueur.

A delicious cordial, following dessert, is *Amaretto,* which is almond-flavored. If you prefer wine, try *Asti Spumante,* a fruity sparkling wine. However, because it is usually served by the bottle, it can be expensive, so ask before you order.

Simply remember that no matter how many offerings there are on an Italian menu, it's only a matter of choosing four selections –appetizer, *pasta,* entree, and dessert. Commit some of the above terminology to memory–such basic terms as *antipasto, zuppa, pesce, carne, pollo, etc.*–and you will have mastered the key to Italian cookery. Recognizing them is what is important, not pronouncing them–and ordering in English will not make you any less expert.

These simple things will enable you to order like an Italian Mama, and your friends will toast you–*"Salute!"*–as you get down to some good eating . . . Italian-style! •

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q

D. C. DALLIANCE

(Continued from page 17)

Another night time place to be is the *PMI* parking lot at D and 9th Sts. (after closing). Go down to the lower level. It has been the scene of some *wild* orgies.

If you require a place to stay the *YMCA* is at 1736 G St., but it isn't active. Things quieted down after a high government official was caught with his pants down in the john a few years ago. But the *Y* is nicely located, practically next-door to the White House. Rates are low–about $6.00 for a single and $10.00 for a double.

For fun and games try the *Harrington Hotel* at E and 11th Sts. It has a busy john and cocktail lounge (called *The Pink Elephant*) and staying there makes things convenient if you should meet someone in the john or at the bar.

There are two gay baths in D. C., in case you want a place to sleep without sacrificing cruising time. The *Club East,* at 20 - O St., SE, is part of a national chain and honors visiting members who have cards. However, the manager will issue an "associate membership" card good for 30 days, if you see him during the day, and bring with you proper identification. Sponsorship is another way of getting in. The *Regency,* at 413 - L St., is not as easy to enter. Recently, a member sponsored a policeman and the place was raided soon afterwards. Sponsorship is no longer acceptable unless the manager interviews you personally. *(Ed: Baths membership is so silly, considering the police in every city that has a gay baths know all about what happens, and depend heavily on payoffs. QQ readers are advised to avoid places that give you a hard time. Simply check the Yellow Pages and go to one of the "straight" baths. They may be dirty, etc., but oftentimes afford as much activity as established gay baths–and there's no hassle getting in.)*

After you've had your fill of sex you may want to do some sightseeing. Washington has many monuments and organized tours are available. A tour of the city costs about $2, or $3 when Arlington National Cemetery is included. The *Wilson Line* runs a boat on the Potomac to Mt. Vernon. The ride is $3.50 round-trip and admission to Mt. Vernon is $1.25. Another recommended trip is the canal boat ride in colorful Georgetown. It's pulled by two mules and takes nearly two hours. Cost is only $1.50. but it operates only on weekends, when Georgetown is alive with tourists. While there, stroll down the side streets if you're interested in Early American homes.

Sooner or later everyone visits Washington. You'll see a lot and do a lot. Dallying in D. C. is a pleasant way to spend a few days every now and then. It's a pretty city. It's a clean city. And best of all–it's a fun city with a leisurely pace. •

THE GAY GUIDE

(Continued from page 26)

is another "mini-book" measuring 2½x4, and contains about 130 pages of bars (mostly), baths, book stores, etc., in the U.S. (including Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands) and Canada. It is fairly accurate and is rated according to type of bar, etc. There are a few author's comments as well. It is priced at $3.98.

Barfly is a very small guide measuring 3x4½. It has about 80 pages of listings for the U.S. (including Puerto Rico), Mexico, and Canada. However, it concentrates mainly on West Coast bars. The listings are fairly accurate but because they are so limited the guide is recommended only if you desire to supplement another directory. It sells for $3.00.

Ratings are an invaluable aid to the traveler–because they help avoid places that cater to, say, drag queens, in case you are, say, a leather type. The main function of a gay guide, however, is to list as many places as possible–along with *abbreviated* ratings or comments. A new kind of gay guide has just been published. It is the first in a series of gay travel books concentrating on individual cities. *The Gay Insider* is about New York. It makes interesting reading because its author is a good writer–though somewhat on an "ego trip" since he loves talking about himself. It is doubtful that anyone really cares about his experiences, however. Perhaps future efforts will emphasize impersonal accuracy instead of opinionated diatribe. In its favor is price–$2.95.

This selection of gay guides is by no means complete. In cities that have a sizable gay population you will find many area

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guides at gay book shops, such as those that line 42nd St. in New York, or Polk St. in San Francisco. An example is the San *Francisco Bay Area Underground Scene,* a gay guide that lists bars, baths, shows, etc., in the Bay Area. Price is $1.00.

The printed gay guides have given rise to still other related services. Skipper's Mates now offers a service called *Skipper's Guys Guide.* It is a directory containing personal ads placed by guys who would like to meet *you* when you're in town. The "guide" presently contains 36 pages but is growing rapidly. Revisions are made regularly. Price is $3.00.

Jack Weber is now in the process of establishing gay guides–the human kind. He will have guides in cities throughout the U.S.–guys you may telephone when in town for good times with them. They will entertain you personally and escort you to all the places you want to visit.

Then there are the "model services." The "models" advertise in local underground newspapers. A telephone call will get you a companion for $20 to $35–regardless of the kind of "tools" you paint with.

The guides discussed above are sold in most gay book stores in cities across the U.S. They are sometimes advertised in gay publications. Several are advertised in *QQ* (check the ads in this issue–including the classifieds–for details). If you are planning to travel we urge you to secure a gay directory. It represents a small investment. And we also remind you to dig out your collection of *QQ*s in order to get a more comprehensive report on places you might be visiting (see the "QQ Articles Index" on page 2 of this issue). A little advance planning can reward you with hours of fun. •

THE YOUTH PILL

(Continued from page 30)

believed that early administration will definitely prolong life, and that visible signs of aging will be substantially retarded throughout life.

The *New York Times* ran a story on *procaine* on Dec. 1, 1963, but nothing came of it. There are some experiments being conducted by two Chicago biochemists, Drs. Paul Gordon and Arnold Abrams, but it is doubtful that even if their findings are positive the drug will be made available to U.S. citizens for years. The Food and Drug Administration continues to resist the importation and sale of *KH3*, as well as any preparation of the formula in this country. Brown Pharmaceutical Co. of Los Angeles was permitted to manufacture a *procaine* solution years ago, under the brand name of *Pabacaine,* which was used for injections by a handful of doctors who "experimented" privately. It was forced off the market by the FDA. There are some drugs in use which have minute amounts of *procaine* in them; they are used in the treatment of heart disease. And, unfortunately, there are some sellers of "junk" who attach ". . . of Germany" to their names and word their underground newspaper advertising so as to imply they are offering *KH3.* One ad reads, ". . . the pills that put youthful desire into aging bodies." You send $3.00–and receive a handful of iron tonic tablets. Quality iron tablets sell for under a $1.00 in most drugstores, for a considerably larger quantity.

In spite of the fact that *KH3* is not sold in this country, many people–particularly in California–are taking the drug regularly and claiming marvelous results. *Many gay guys past 30 swear the drug has improved their sexual vigor so greatly they are able to perform like teenagers, ejaculating up to four or five times nightly.* And, of course, the improvement of sexual vigor and general health–including improved skin and muscle tone–all claimed by users of the drug, have a tremendous effect on mental outlook.

Californians are particularly aware of *KH3* because of recent debates on the drug, held at UCLA. They also know that it can be smuggled in from Mexico. Several gay guys who cross the border periodically in order to secure *KH3* risk arrest at the border. One fellow claims he even buys some for his doctor's personal use.

Dr. Herbert S. Kupperman, an expert on the staff of the New York University Medical Center, believes that resistance to the use of new methods for combatting the process of aging–including *KH3*– is based upon an "archaic philosophy of medicine, rooted in the belief that growing old and feeble is nature's way of limiting the population and should not be interfered with." He is pro-*KH3.*

Penicillin was discovered in 1929. It was first tested in humans, with great success, in 1941, but did not come into widespread use until nearly a decade later. The medical profession is slow to grasp and slower to effect changes. Only in recent years has it begun to investigate the aging process.

The "youth pill" offers new hope for tired bodies young and old. For us homosexuals it represents everlasting sexual vigor. Gay guys place a premium on youth–and *KH3* appears to be the "magic ingredient" that will preserve it. However, the solution does not lie in obtaining supplies of *KH3* illegally–mainly because haphazard administration of any drug can be dangerous and even lethal. Our hope rests with the enlightenment of the medical profession in these changing times. Until then let us rely on paying greater attention to diet and exercise as a means of preserving and prolonging youth. •



RANDOM THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 54)

caught up in the Movement–and at that point they will be in a better position to determine the true meaning of "sexism" for themselves.

Right on!

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

In all liberation movements a prerequisite for success is an instilling of solidarity, kinship, and brotherhood. This is no less true of Gay Lib.

This is not to say that we should all become alike. Gay people cover as broad a spectrum of human existence as any other group of people. We Gay people are aware of this but it is sometimes unclear as to whether Establishment institutions are. To the latter we are simply "faggots" and "dykes."

One way to achieve community cohesiveness is to refer to Gay males as "brothers" and Gay women as "sisters"–and believe it. This does not mean that we should overlook ordinary human traits which are undesirable in fellow Gays–but we should attempt to minimize resentment among ourselves, say, for Gay females, and think of them as being sisters in the same cause. You needn't greet fellow homosexuals by saying "Hi, Brother!" or "Hi, Sister!"–but some acknowledgment is desirable, even a friendly smile. Feeling liked is the first step to 'hanging in together'.

Equal rights are not going to be handed to us on a silver platter. Only by joining together–if only in spirit–will Gay people make a better tomorrow for themselves and brothers and sisters for generations to come.

A NEW MILITARY SNAG

It is a traumatic experience for any young male to face the fact that as a soldier he must prepare himself to kill and be killed. Gay males are especially tortured by the prospect.

Until recently the Gay male had an easy "out" when undergoing his first physical by the military. He simply had to answer in the affirmative to the question, "Do you have any homosexual tendencies?"

Because thousands of heterosexual males have resorted to checking The Box in the affirmative in recent years, in order to beat the draft, the question has been eliminated from the questionnaire, as a means of making it more difficult, or at least more embarrassing, for any male, but straight males in particular, to check this easy way out–as opposed to having to talk to a phychiatrist who is trained to "recognize" homosexuals.

If you wish to serve that is your business. The law says that if you are a homosexual you do not have to, however, and the elimination of the homosexual query (no pun intended) on the questionnaire should not discourage you from proclaiming your rights. Simply be aware that it is no longer there–and inform any friends who might be scheduled for an exam of the change. Being forewarned is being forearmed–with courage to speak up.

'Speaking up' is easier if you report with a letter from a psychiatrist stating that you are a homosexual. If this is not possible, secure such a letter from an established Gay Lib organization, or any responsible friend who would be willing to substantiate his statements in person if necessary.

Even if proclaiming yourself is painful–bear in mind that it is less unpleasant than receiving a dishonorable discharge after induction if you are caught performing a homosexual act. Of course, there are some positive aspects concerning the military. If you are draft age I suggest you read the article on this subject which appeared in the Summer 1970 *QQ.*

I would enjoy hearing from *QQ* readers concerning other subjects of interest which I might write about in future issues. Please send your questions and comments to me in care of *QQ,* or to: Craig Rodwell, Oscar Wilde Memorial Book Shop, 291 Mercer St., New York, N. Y. 10003. •

LETTERS

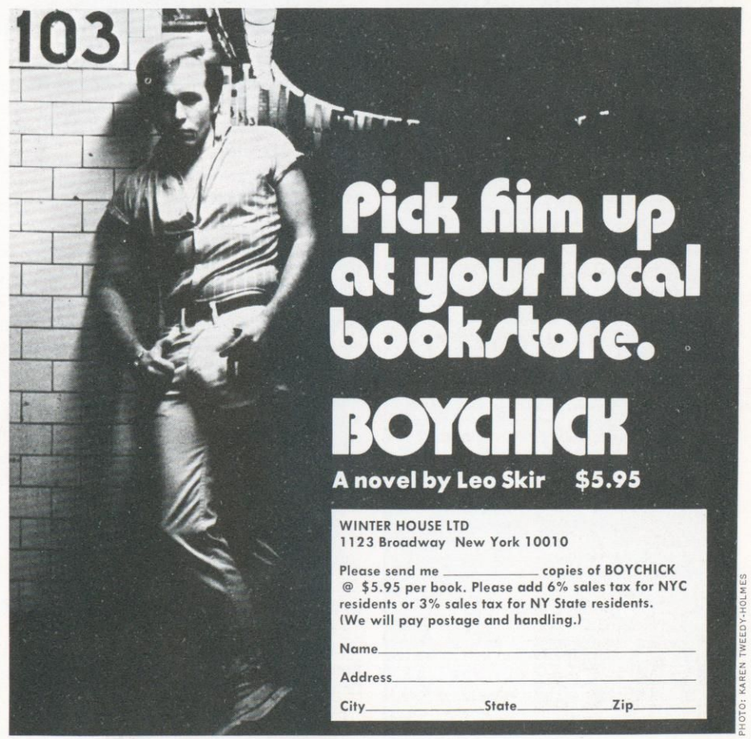
(Continued from page 33)

of receiving advertising–even if it were sent! But who am I to criticize? I'm pretty intelligent and I wasn't born yesterday. I guess it's the nature of the "gay beast" to trust everyone right up until the time you're clobbered.

What do you think?

Sincerely,
J. H.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Ed: Your letter provides some of the answers; it is silly to pay for the privilege of receiving advertising. The advertiser wants to sell . . . buying his merchandise should be enough. Unless such "clubs" offer something tangible for joining–a product you want–don't send money for a handful of promises. We've thought a great deal about publishing the names of bogus outfits–but unless we are certain a particular company deserves a "calling down" we won't be party to a possible injustice. You must realize that some buyers, especially those who have been clipped numerous times, have a low boiling point–and after only, say, two weeks will begin to complain. Even legitimate companies must sometimes wait three or four weeks for sizable checks to clear (after all, there is dishonesty among buyers, too). If merchandise is sent out at that time, via parcel post, it could take another three weeks to arrive–for a grand total of up to seven weeks. (Sending money-orders, and pointing out in a note attached to your order that this form of payment was used for speedy service, should get results.) If after, say, two weeks, a reader were to write us about having been taken by a particular company, either misleading us by exaggerating or omitting the true facts, and if we were to publish the information without carefully checking into it (this takes a lot of time), we would be performing a disservice to seller and buyers alike. Incidentally, the reason we published your letter verbatim, including the name of the outfit that clipped you, is that we've had many complaints about this particular company, and have substantiated it by subscribing ourselves (under a private name). We, too, have received nothing, and have not gotten answers to our letters of complaint. One last thing: We do make an attempt to check on our own advertisers and will not knowingly accept ads from phoney companies. We can say with confidence that all the advertisers in QQ are and always have been reputable–with one exception. Fortunately, that exception couldn't have taken much money from any one buyer, because his product sold for $1.00. We refer to Can-Am-Mex, a Canadian outfit selling porno from Denmark. We ran his ad two or three times before learning–through our own means and also from letters sent by readers–that nothing was being sent out. We immediately dropped his advertising and hereby serve notice in order to prevent potential buyers who might see back issues of QQ from sending any money. The advertiser apparently does answer irate letters. We were informed by one former





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What could be simpler or more appreciated? Let the guys at QQ take care of your special gifts—and just lie back and enjoy the compliments you'll get for being so thoughtful!

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reader of QQ (he dropped QQ as a result of having been taken by Can-Am-Mex, because he blames us for his loss) that when he wrote to the company complaining bitterly he received a reply from the seller who advised him that the law prevented him from fulfilling his promises, and that the buyer should "complain to the Prime Minister of Canada." But the $1.00 was not returned. Concerning Man-To-Man, an on-and-off advertiser in QQ, we have every reason to believe that the outfit is meeting its promises. We have subscribed under a private name and have received numerous names of individuals. We believe that customers who are dissatisfied with the service have themselves to blame. For example, a fellow who subscribes to the service must fill out a questionnaire, detailing his likes and dislikes concerning possible matches. To illustrate, if a guy wants to meet a man who is over 6 feet tall, muscular, black, who loves Shakespeare and rock music, is a Baptist, and has a 14" cock—he's likely to receive fewer responses than, say, a guy who's willing to take anything, and indicates it on the questionnaire. Finally, all we can say—is be cautious when ordering gay merchandise by mail . . . but also be reasonable. You can rely on QQ advertisers—but if you should ever have a bad experience, please let us know.

BATHS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE

Dear Guys:

Just want to let you know how much I appreciated your recent editorial protesting against the cozy nightclub atmosphere prevailing in so many of the new baths.

The sheer amount of hilarity, loud gossip, and insistent canned music that you have to endure at these places is dreadful.

The whole delicate current of sex between two human beings can be so easily short-circuited by these effects.

Sincerely,
P. J.
New York, N. Y.

TORONTO REVISITED

Guys:

Your article on Toronto (May-June 1971 issue) was terrific. Congratulations on a job well done.

The trouble with any gay travel article, however, is that by the time it's written and run, things change. Your readers might be interested in these revisions:

Letros is now closed. La Trique is closed, for how long nobody knows. The Maygaye Club, 488 Yonge St., is new. Dancing there. The Famous Door, 655 Yonge St., is also new, and draws the old Letros crowd.

Best wishes,
R.J.
Toronto, Canada

MATTHEW WANTS A LOVER

Hi there, Guys!

How the fuck are ya?

I had my St. Patrick's Day party invitations mailed from Dublin, and I'm just now finding out they were late in reaching many of my friends. I'm really sorry. It would have been great having you.

I'm sending a snapshot along showing me "examining" the costumes.

I'm still without a lover. Anybody interested? How about your rejects?

And when the hell are ya comin' out? You won't know me . . . I'm all leather now. Lots of dirty buttons on my motorcycle cap, too. Luv 'em!

Peace,
Matthew of Glendale
Glendale, Calif.



"ME TARZAN . . . !"

(Continued from page 11)

yet—almost as beautiful as Miller . . . almost as rugged as Mahoney . . . almost as muscular as Henry. Ravishing. He's boyish and mannish at the same time—and projects an innocence any gay guy would love toying with. Not to mention the bulge in his loincloth—which forever intrigues gay viewers. Born of TV, Ely is now starring in Tarzan movies. We hope he stays around awhile. We certainly enjoy watching him. He does have one shortcoming: His Tarzan yell is not his . . . it belongs to Johnny Weismuller. (You can't ask for everything, can you?)

Where do we go from here? Who will be the next Tarzan? Will it be Jim Haislop, the *Mr. America* super-stud in the *Lestoil* commercial? Or, perhaps, Peter Caputo, who was featured in the January-February 1971 *QQ*, and who is expected to win the *Mr. America* title this year. Your guess is as good as mine—and while I'm waiting I'm perfectly happy with Ron Ely. He can swing my way anytime. •



Weissmuller, in "Tarzan, The Ape Man."

MURDER FOR PROFIT

ad space purchased by John Ignacio, Albany, N. Y.
photo by Brian Davies



The baby seal in the photo was one of 50,000 killed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, one of over half a million seals clubbed, speared, shot, gaffed during the 1970 Canadian-Norwegian slaughter in the Atlantic.

Don't believe furriers who would persuade you that Friends of Animals has been "misleading" you, that any slaughter anywhere is done for the benefit of the seals.

I, Alice Herrington, testify that on March 21, 1970—the second day of the Canadian season on seals—I saw the same brutal massacre against which Friends of Animals, of which I am president, has been protesting for years. As the bubble-domed helicopter flew low over the first day's kill, I saw mother seals nuzzling the skinless corpses of their babies. Standing ten feet away from the killers on the ice floes, twenty miles out in the Gulf, I saw baby seals clubbed twice, and then sliced open. Other babies were battered as many as fourteen times while the mothers watched in terror and stress.

If You Are One Who Cannot Be Indifferent to the Suffering of Other Creatures

YOU CAN HELP

First—by refusing to garb yourself in the agony of another, by refusing to buy the skins of wildlife.

Second—by causing this advertisement to be inserted in your local newspaper. (A mat will be sent upon your request to Friends of Animals. See coupon.)

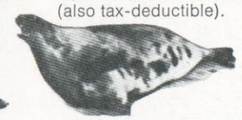
Third—by sending a tax-deductible contribution to Friends of Animals, Inc., a non-profit organization that intends to pound on the world's conscience until sentient men and women everywhere are made aware of the unnecessary cruelty and destruction being inflicted upon animals. Your contribution will be used to plead for those creatures who cannot speak for themselves but who dumbly implore your pity.

Friends of Animals, Inc.
11 WEST 60TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10023



☐ Enclosed is my tax-deductible contribution to help stop the slaughter of marine mammals.

☐ Send me a mat of this advertisement so that I can place this advertisement in my local paper at my own expense (also tax-deductible).



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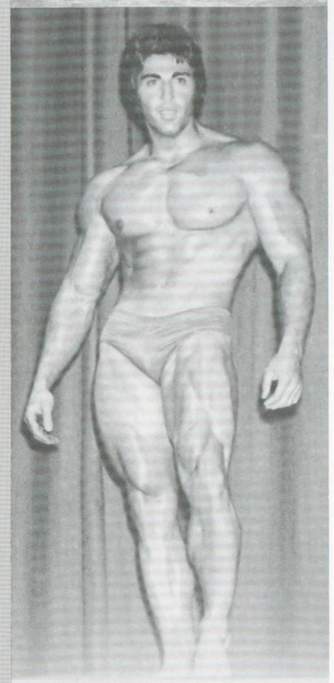



1971 WBBG

PRO MR.AMERICA–PRO TEENAGE MR.AMERICA–PRO MR.WORLD MUSCLE SHOW

Saturday, Sept. 11–8 P.M.

Walt Whitman Auditorium
Brooklyn College
Bedford Ave. & Avenue H, Brooklyn, N. Y.



See the top champs in the world vie for honors in these events. Other organizations have moved their big contests away from the East Coast . . . this is the only top muscle contest in this part of the country and it will draw the biggest and best from the East, Mid-west, Canada, the Islands, and even a few Super Stars from California and Europe. Will last year's WBBG Pro Mr.America winner Rick Wayne beat his rivals in defending the title? Will his closest 1970 rival—Dennis Tinerino—bomb Rick this September? And what about Harold Poole—who's now training like never before to take a crack at the crown? Come and find out for yourself.

MORE THAN $3,500.00 IN CASH PRIZES AND TROPHIES!

Big trophies for all the winners—and 18" trophies for EVERY contestant. Cash prizes in the Pro Mr.America event—over $1,000 . . . 1st, $250; 2nd, $150; 3rd, $100; 4th, $50; 5th, $50; 6th, $50; 7th, $25; 8th, $25; 9th, $25; 10th, $25; Most Muscular, $50; Best Arms, Back, Chest, Abdominals, Legs—$50 each.

TICKETS NOW AVAILABLE

This event will be a sell-out—so send now for choice tickets. Prices are $5 and $10 and all seats are reserved. WBBG members get a full 10% discount. Fill in and mail this handy coupon with your check or money-order:

Send to: Contests
WBBG Headquarters
1665 Utica Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11234

Area BP

Dear Dan:

Find my check or money-order for $_____enclosed. Send me (indicate number desired)_____ticket(s) priced at (check one): □$5 each; □$10 each.

(Note: WBBG members may deduct 10% from the order. If you are a member indicate your membership number here:_____ .)

Name_____Age_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

(please print clearly)

A Public Service Message

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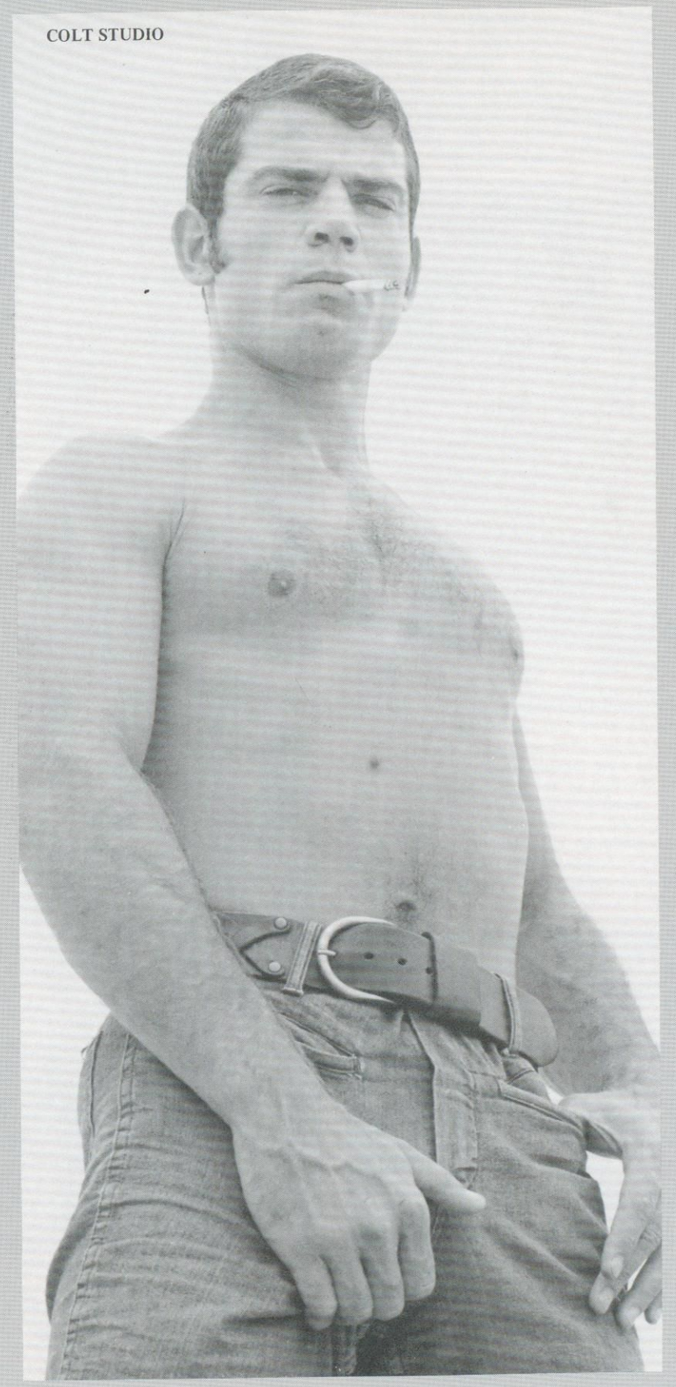

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QQ For Gay Guys

THE GAY PLAYBOY

"QQ—For Gay Guys Who Have No Hangups" is being praised by gay guys everywhere. The straight press is calling it the GAY PLAYBOY—for "healthy homosexuals."

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QQ is a slick magazine containing "in-depth" articles on all subjects of vital interest to gay guys—written by established gay authors for gay readers. PLUS gay cartoons. PLUS the exciting comic strip, "Harry Chess." PLUS much more.

WE TAKE PRIDE IN OUR HONESTY

We have **never** missed a publication date. Subscribers have **never** received their copies late. We answer every letter sent to us. We **refuse** to sell or rent your name when you subscribe . . . you are guaranteed complete confidence. Just ask anyone who knows us—any subscriber—and you will find out how uniquely honest we are. We can't afford not to be—we are publicized in the international press, radio, etc., and are fast becoming the world's leading magazine for gay guys.

HOW ARE MAGAZINES SENT?

In heavy manila envelopes which are carefully sealed. (Foreign subscribers **must** send $3 more for special handling in order to assure sealed delivery, according to postal regulations.)

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT QQ

If you want a "pictures only" magazine that costs up to $5 and $10 per issue, we are not for you. But if you want a **real magazine** which costs only $2 an issue—**only $1.33 per copy for subscribers**—containing brilliantly groovy articles, exciting pictures for guys, gay cartoons, a wild comic strip, and gay art—then QQ is your kind of magazine. Subscribe today. Order gifts for friends (use a blank piece of paper for names if needed; gift cards sent on request).

ONLY $8.00 FOR 6 MAGAZINES

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 400, 255 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001**

Guys:

You bet I want to subscribe to QQ. Find my check or money-order for $8.00 enclosed ($11.00 for subscribers outside the U.S.A.) for 6 consecutive issues.

I wish to commence my subscription with the (check one):

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Join our gay crew and make new friends. Discover how you can do it – with Skipper's Mates. If you are at least 21, send today for full details. Write:

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BLOW YOUR MIND with this catalog of erotic toys from the workshop of the notorious Marquis de Suede. Even if your playpen is already filled with dirty sexgadgets you'll love this way-out catalog. Sorry . . . cannot be sold to those under 21. Please state your age when ordering.

SEND $3 TO:

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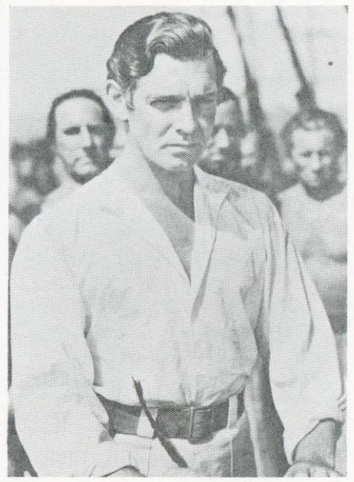
SUBSCRIBERS: Please notify us if you change your address to insure on-time delivery.

LOVERS IN THE DARK

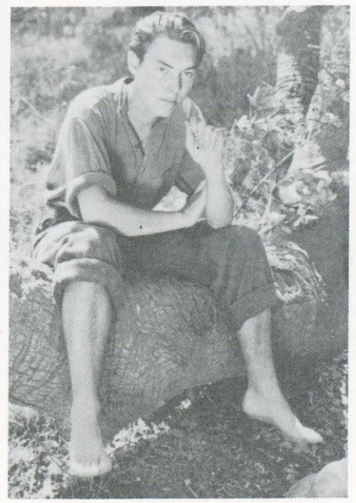
(Continued from page 37)

Clark Gable was popular with gays partly because of his rugged sexual aura and partly because he appeared opposite more leading ladies popular with gays than any other leading man–ladies like Garbo, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Ava Gardner, and Marilyn Monroe. His untrammeled masculinity was appealing to both sexes.



Clark Gable, in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Richard Cromwell's career as a star was short, and he was playing only occasional minor roles when he died in the '50s, but he was a big favorite of gays in the '30s and was the first of the blond male stars, who later gained great eminence in the persons of Alan Ladd and Tab Hunter. Cromwell was the gentle-hero type whom even the villain of the piece liked, and his most famous role was in the classic *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* in 1935.



Richard Cromwell, in "Tol'able David."



Erroll Flynn as Robin Hood.

Errol Flynn took over swashbuckling where Douglas Fairbanks left off and immediately established himself as one of the great super sex gods of all time. He had a vigorous sexual aura about him, and constantly made headlines with the sexual shenanigans of his not-so-private off-screen life. Gays loved him not only because of his fabulous face and bod, and because he played such dashing roles, but also because he was so sexual that you had a feeling he wouldn't turn down a good gay lay even though his bag was generally women. He died in 1959 at age fifty, but he is certainly not forgotten. His '30s and '40s flicks remain top favorites on Late Shows everywhere.



Tyrone Power, in "Prince of Foxes."

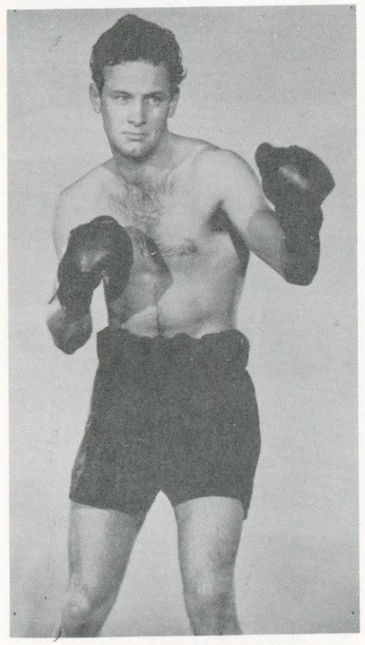
Tyrone Power. Here is one of the top stars in the pantheon of super sex gods, and if this great favorite had not died while filming a dueling scene in 1958, he would probably still be on top today, for his shining handsomeness was the type that aged gracefully. Power was a leading man of the classic type and exuded a generalized sex appeal which appealed to everyone.

QQ



Robert Taylor

Robert Taylor was almost too beautiful to believe, particularly in the period when he played opposite Garbo in *Camille.* The advertising pointed out that "Garbo loves Robert Taylor in *Camille.*" So did gays. Taylor did very little good acting in the succession of handsomely mounted pictures he made for MGM during his long career, but he maintained a faithful following.



William Holden, in "Golden Boy."

William Holden was big in the '40s and even bigger in the '50s, when he made *Sunset Boulevard* with Gloria Swanson and copped his Academy Award for *Stalag 17,* but he achieved his stardom in the '30s in *Golden Boy.* Holden immediately endeared himself to gays for his fresh-faced, nice-boy-next-door quality. His good looks declined greatly toward the end of the '50s but he continued to play star parts and still does today.

Jon Hall. Yes, guys, here's one of your great favorites of all time! But all too briefly! The trouble was, Jon Hall had only one great role in the course of his rather long screen career, when he appeared as Terangi in *The Hurricane* in 1937. But what a role! And what a sensation the wavy-haired, handsome-faced and beautiful-bodied Hall was in those days! His saronged appearance opposite Dorothy Lamour in that classic pic had gays drooling all over the world. Hall stayed handsome but got plumper in subsequent saronged roles, and ended up fully clothed as TV's Ramar of the Jungle, a delight for kids only at this point. But the gays still stay up to see him when *The Hurricane* is re-screened on The Late Show.

Ronald Reagan. Believe it or not, California's present governor was once a fresh-faced idol of the boys in the balcony. Reagan's biggest impact was made as a leading man in the '40s, but he had his start in the '30s in such flicks as *Brother Rat.* In the '50s he was a TV host for General Electric, and you all know what happened to him in 1966. •

FREE SUBSCRIPTION

Send us your questions and answers for "The Cruising Inquirer," or sayings for "Odd Son." For each item used we will send you a one-year subscription to QQ (or extend your present subscription for one year). Mail to QQ Publ. Co., Inc., Suite 400, 255 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y. 10001.

BEETHOVEN

(Continued from page 35)

relations with women were on an intellectual level. In 1812, when he was forty-two years old, he became passionately devoted to his young and alluring nephew, on whom he heaped lavish affection as an expression of repressed desires of the past. Whether an actual sexual affair was consummated is not clear, but it has been suggested that the nephew caused the brilliant composer terrible anguish late in his life when he tried to blackmail him for his homosexuality.

Still, the composer had the final triumph. The nephew died in the oblivion he so richly deserved. The composer died with a highly honored place in musical history and ranks among the highest gods in the pantheon of composer immortals.

Who was he?

He was Ludwig van Beethoven. •

EDITORIAL: COLOR ME GAY

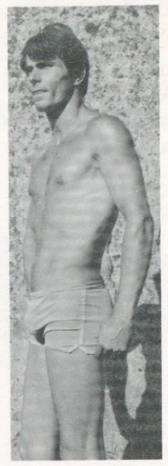
(Continued from page 5)

and entertain the homosexual–and because of this we have been refused advertising space even in such "liberal" publications as *The Village Voice* and *Evergreen Review.* Straights simply do not want to assist us in

(Continued on page 52)

LET IT ALL HANG OUT

. . . with the new "ballsUPporter"®

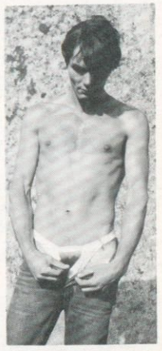


Lifts 'em up and out in that special, youthful, masculine way. "ballsUPporter" is the new garment that gives comfortable outward support to the balls while leaving that rest of you to "hang loose" up front.



Not a jockstrap. "ballsUPporter" is specially constructed to pocket and lift forward just the balls. No leg straps. Adjustable waist strap lets you give the amount of "lift" you want for a casual masculine look.

A must under jeans, trunks and for everyday wear. Perfect for all sports too. You'll love the look and feel of it and it's ALL YOU.



Made of finest materials. Guaranteed workmanship. Order by waist size. L/M/S $3.49 ea. 3/$10. Add 50¢ for postage.

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Or rolling down to Rio?

Detailed city maps–discriptive listings of bars, hotels, baths, beaches, streets and parks throughout the world (except U.S. and Canada). Over 100 countries–over 100 listings in London alone. $5.00.

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San Francisco, Cal. 94115.

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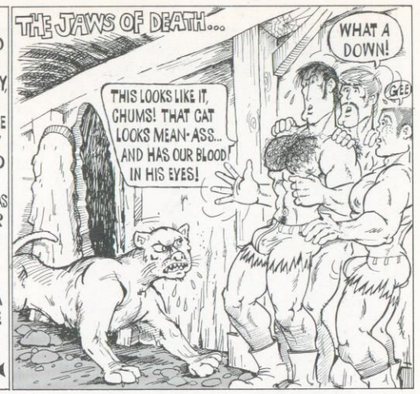
The Super Adventures of Harry Chess!



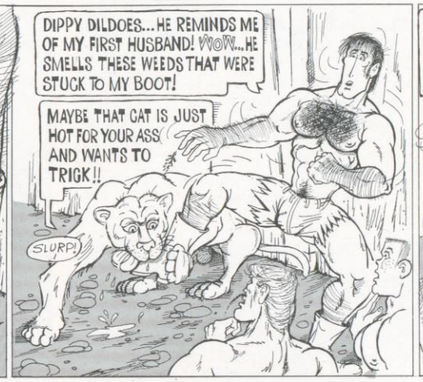
IN OUR DYNAMITE, LAST THRILLING, CLIFF-HANGER, HARRY CHESS... (SUPER TOP FUGG AGENT, AND ALL AROUND GROOVY GOOD GUY), MICKEY MUSCLE (A HUMPY PIECE AND HARRY'S SIDEKICK), AND RANCID AGNEW (SUPER JUNGLE BOY, PEACE-CORP DROP-OUT, 'N PART-TIME FUGG CONTACT) WERE TRYING TO PENETRATE MUNG, THE MEAN'S LAIR INSIDE THE SINISTER MOUNTAIN HUNG-HUNG! AFTER A SORDID 3 WAY ORGY, OUR GUYS HEADED THRU THE STEAMING JUNGLE AND STUMBLED ONTO A DESERTED DIAMOND MINE.

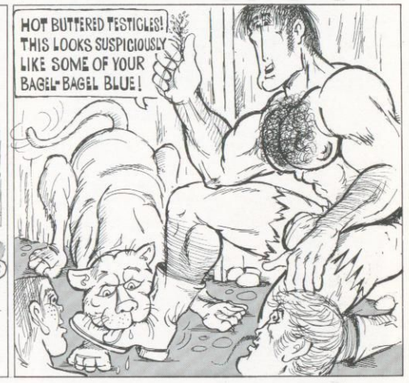
BUT UNBEKNOWN TO HARRY, MICKEY, 'N RANCID-MUNG HAS DETECTED THEIR PRESENCE AND IS HOT, HORNY AND SUPER VICIOUS FOR THEIR IMMEDIATE CAPTURE SO HE CAN PLY SOME OF HIS EROTIC, SADISTIC DEVICES ON THEIR TIGHT, SUCCULENT BODIES (HARD YET?)

DESPITE WARNINGS ABOUT THE DIAMOND MINE BEING A HAUNTED JINX... HARRY AND CREW VENTURED INSIDE THE OMINOUS BLACKNESS! SUDDENLY... A PORTION OF THE DANK TUNNEL WALL SPRUNG OPEN... AND THERE STOOD A 300LB. FEROCIOUS BAGEL BAGEL WILDCAT

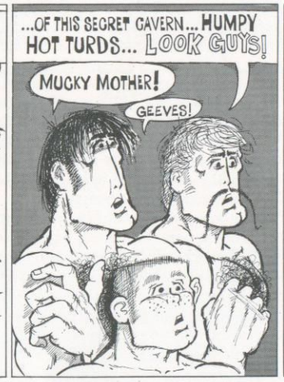


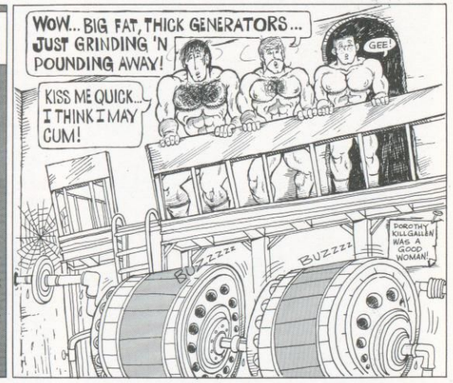


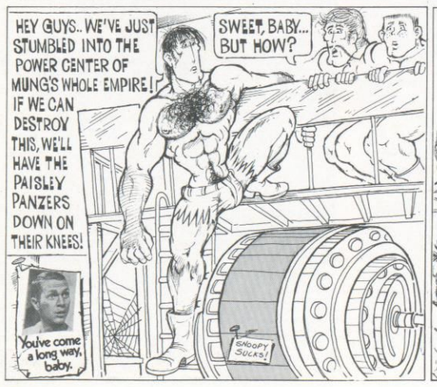
















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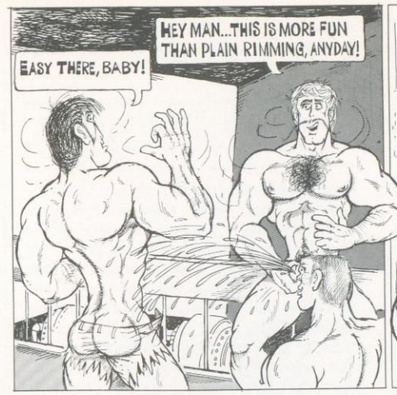

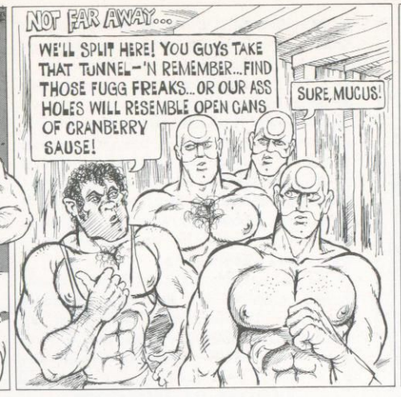



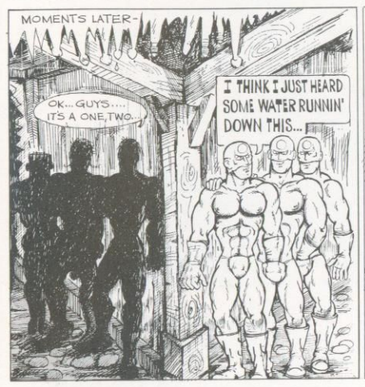





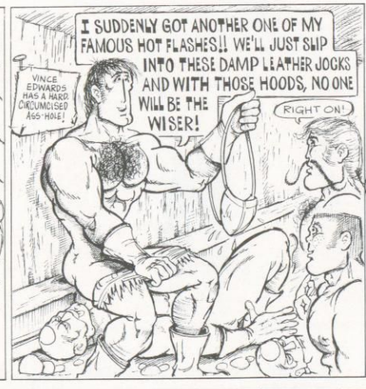









(Continued from page 49)

our cause, and these "subtle" forms of rejection are representative of an enormous effort to eradicate us–an effort which has failed for centuries.

The worst exploiters of all are the gay hypocrites, often mislabeled "closet queens." These are the homosexuals who prey on their own kind. For example, several newsstand magazines appeal to homosexuals via sensitive photographs of undraped males. One publication in particular, which appears to have an enormous circulation in the cities (thanks to a dynamite distributor), but which has a relatively insignificant sale on a national level, is staffed almost entirely by homosexuals–who spend half their time denying their homosexuality. The magazine they produce, like their lives, is disguised in order to win straight acceptance–which is all right, because it's sort of like "putting one over" on straights. But what is not all right is that the magazine is intended to exploit homosexuals, through photographs of semi-clad males mainly, and that any effort–an article or piece of advertising geared to help homosexuals–is denied if it does not have a straight presentation.

QQ frequently receives letters from men who are settled in their lives and secure in their jobs, but who suffer because they feel they should contribute to our cause and do not know how without revealing themselves and threatening their security. After all, no man is an island, and we do live in what is essentially a straight society. Older homosexuals tend to judge themselves according to the dictates of younger homosexuals, and this is wrong. Too many of the young people involved in gay liberation are insincere and are simply there because it costs them nothing and helps consume idle time. Like so many straight youngsters these days, they refuse to work. Hence, they are jobless and have little to lose by declaring themselves openly. But, you will occasionally observe such a youngster who *happens* to fall into a good job–and quickly begins to lead two lives in order to protect his newly found security. It's only natural, and quite realistic, considering our position in society.

It is not wrong for a man, say, past 30, who is settled in life, happy in his home and loves, to lead a double life. By our definition, this form of self-protection does not make him a closet case. He has simply adapted to a realistic situation, unfortunate as it may be. What such a man must remember, however, is that while it is not wrong to lead two lives, it is to give up being what the Germans call a *Mensch*–a human being with feelings.

He needn't be uptight about being gay–forever trying to deny his homosexuality even when it isn't being questioned. He needn't join in with straights by criticizing homosexuals–but should reason that all people are entitled to their rights. He needn't march in gay celebrations–but should assist by contributing funds, if possible, or services (writers, artists, poster-makers, etc., can help enormously from the side-lines).

He can also help by refusing to support any business venture which exploits homosexuals. And by building self-pride and self-confidence–and by self-example show everyone he deals with, those who know or suspect, that he is a *Mensch* even if he does belong to a minority which suffers great oppression. He should assist gay people if he is in a position to do so. If he owns a business, he should make an attempt to hire homosexuals, provided they are sensible and possess the skills required. What would be a great injustice to the cause is a refusal on his part to associate with other homosexuals in attempting to protect himself. If he meets a *sincere* guy who needs financial assistance or a place to stay for awhile, he should lend a helping hand.

We can only hope that by being decent human beings we will show that all people are alike. We can only hope that by refusing to support gay exploiters we will help eliminate the freaky aspect of homosexuality. We can only hope that the relatively few sincere gay liberationists will gain a foothold for us by helping to change laws in our behalf. We can only hope that by joining together–if only in spirit–we will form a strong community that will endure oppression and gradually become an integral part of society.

Ed: If you are planning to join a Gay Lib organization–investigate carefully before doing so. Too many are led by unscrupulous people. Even those which have been around for years should not go unquestioned. Just recently a well-known organization officer was found to have been taking membership funds–for years–for his own use. He is now in Europe, "writing," in order to escape prosecution. •

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

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SAY



"Oriental boy with chipped tooth known as 'nip-on-knees'!"

CLASSICS IN GAY LITERATURE
(Continued from page 53)

timeless philosopher had Phaedrus argue that; "if there were only some way of contriving that a State or an army should be made up of lovers and their loves, they would be the very best governors of their own city, abstaining from dishonor, and emulating one another in honor; and when fighting at each other's side, although a mere handful, they would overcome the world." You and Lysis train for the Olympics together, prepare for war by practice of the manly arts, and proceed to share the beautiful and tragic moments of love, life and war with your splendid lover.

Mary Renault's war and Olympic scenes are realistically gripping, and her novel completely absorbs the reader in a rich, evocative and compelling tale of two enviable people set in a thoroughly researched background. In a day and age when the individual is no longer subjected to the trials of manhood which were common to the young men of yesteryear, one cannot help but feel deprived of the opportunity to express himself as heroically as was not only possible, but essential for the gallant youth of Athens.

I defy you to read the first two or three pages of "The Last of the Wine" and then abandon it.

James Barr deals with a more contemporary scene although his novel was written at an earlier date and is probably the first modern fiction of gay significance. "Quatrefoil" is the love story of two naval officers, a lieutenant commander who has already established his sexual identity, and a young ensign who, although aware of his propensities, has yet to accept his basic homosexuality. Once again, we have the Greek theme: the younger man arriving at a Seattle base in anticipation of a court-martial and being befriended by the older officer who provides help, guidance, and, eventually, love. The ensign is engaged to a girl in a small town whose family is significant to his family business, which he must shortly enter. In short, it appears to be a question of homosexual acceptance versus the expected family ties and long-planned career.

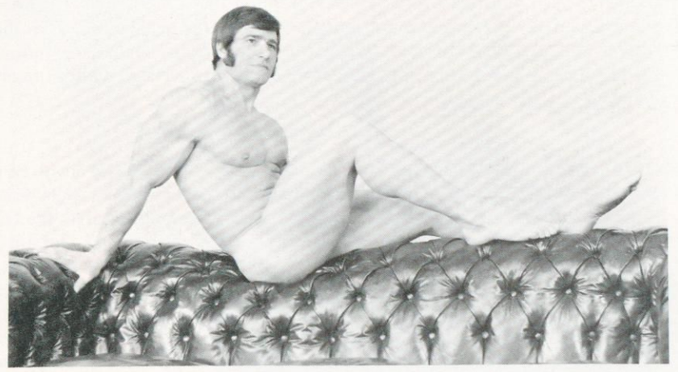
The outcome is never obvious, hopeful as the reader might become, partially because of the sub-plots, but moreso because of the inherent unpredictability of a young man faced with this critical turning point. Incidentally, I understand that the book was originally written without the last chapter, which consists of a page and a half. If you don't like the final ending, back off two pages and rest there.

One final comment: this is not a sex novel; it achieves greater heights by being, simply, a marvelous love story.

And so, there is never a need to decry a lack of good gay literature: you can always read and enjoy at least two magnificent novels, and not necessarily for the first, second or third times. •

Classics In Gay Literature

By Donald Robertson



I am always amazed by the number of gay people who admit to never having read–or heard of–the two most classic of gay novels: Mary Renault's "The Last of the Wine," and James Barr's "Quatrefoil."

In setting and circumstance, they have nothing in common: one deals with Ancient Greece; the other is modern American. It is in their romanticism and idealism that one finds a unifying theme. This in itself would be inadequate without the splendid treatment that each of the authors renders the intellectual aspect of the major characters: 'a love affair of the intellect' as Mr. Barr has expressed it. Both of these delightful and inspiring books are likely to remain on the bookshelf and be read time and time again long after the disposition of hundreds of sex-inspired novels which gave brief titillation and were quickly forgotten.

If the name of Mary Renault doesn't come quickly to mind, you might recall her historical novels, "The Bull From the Sea," "The King Must Die," "The Mask of Apollo" or, more recently, "Fire From Heaven." The last two were Book-of-the-Month Club selections, the latter being a beautiful homosexual love story, that of Alexander the Great and his warrior-lover, Hephaistion. She also wrote a war-time novel on the gay theme called "The Charioteer" with which more people are familiar. This was a book which convinced me in my earlier days that the author had to be a man and not the clever woman that she is: an Oxford graduate with an insatiable appetite for historical detail and an intuitive grasp of the intrinsic sensitivities of the gay romance.

It is in her novel "The Last of the Wine" that Miss Renault comes through the strongest with her depiction of what is probably the most beautiful gay love story of all time. The writer places you in Athens at the time of Socrates and the Spartan Wars, dresses you in a noble family, and ensconces you in a noble family, and compels you to accept the challenging and heroic role of a boy named Alexis, daring to be great along with the other protagonists. It's not that bad a life. You discover and admire Socrates, discoursing with the city youth, and the philosopher, seeing your interest in the manly Lysis, contrives a meeting at the baths (not that kind!). From here on the theme is strictly that of Plato's Symposium, in which the *(Continued on page 52)*

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Random Thoughts

By Craig Rodwell

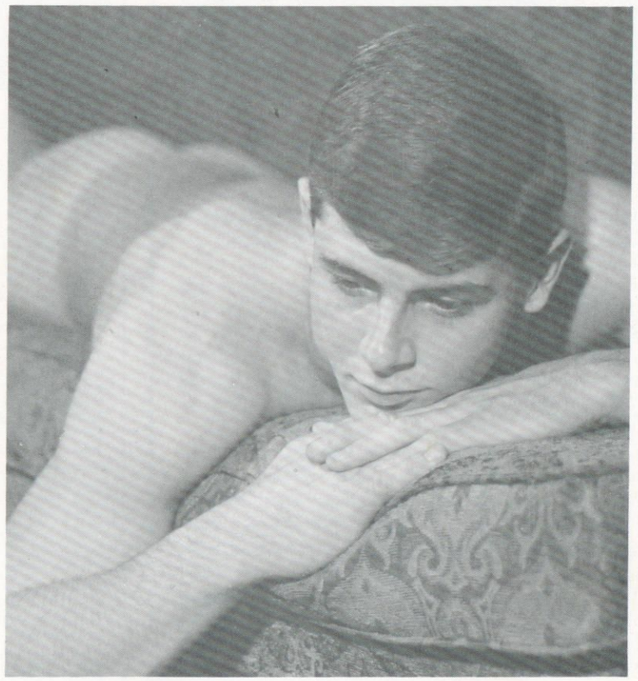
MANY readers have phoned, written, or stopped in at my book shop to tell me how much they've enjoyed reading my articles in *QQ*. I'm greatly pleased.

This month I thought I'd discuss still other subjects which seem to interest the Gay people I've talked to.

WHAT IS SEXISM?

In discussing Gay Lib, or Women's Lib, the term "sexism" always comes up. Indeed, it is the very heart of sexual liberation.

"Sexism" is a new term which has been coined to describe the class structure set up by society concerning certain feelings, desires, actions, and stereotypes which have been applied to "masculinity" and "femininity." In other words, it is separation according to sex. For example:



- It is "feminine" to be passive, sensitive, artistic, etc., or "masculine" to be aggressive, insensitive, inartistic, etc.
- Gay men are considered "feminine" and the only vocations open to us are hairdressing, theatre, clerical, and other feminine-associated occupations.
- All close human relationships are "masculine-feminine." Hence, even among homosexuals it is assumed that partners must—or should—assume "butch-femme" roles in order to attain even some degree of "normalcy."
- Men must relate sexually to women and women to men lest they be labeled "queer," according to the established dictates of society.

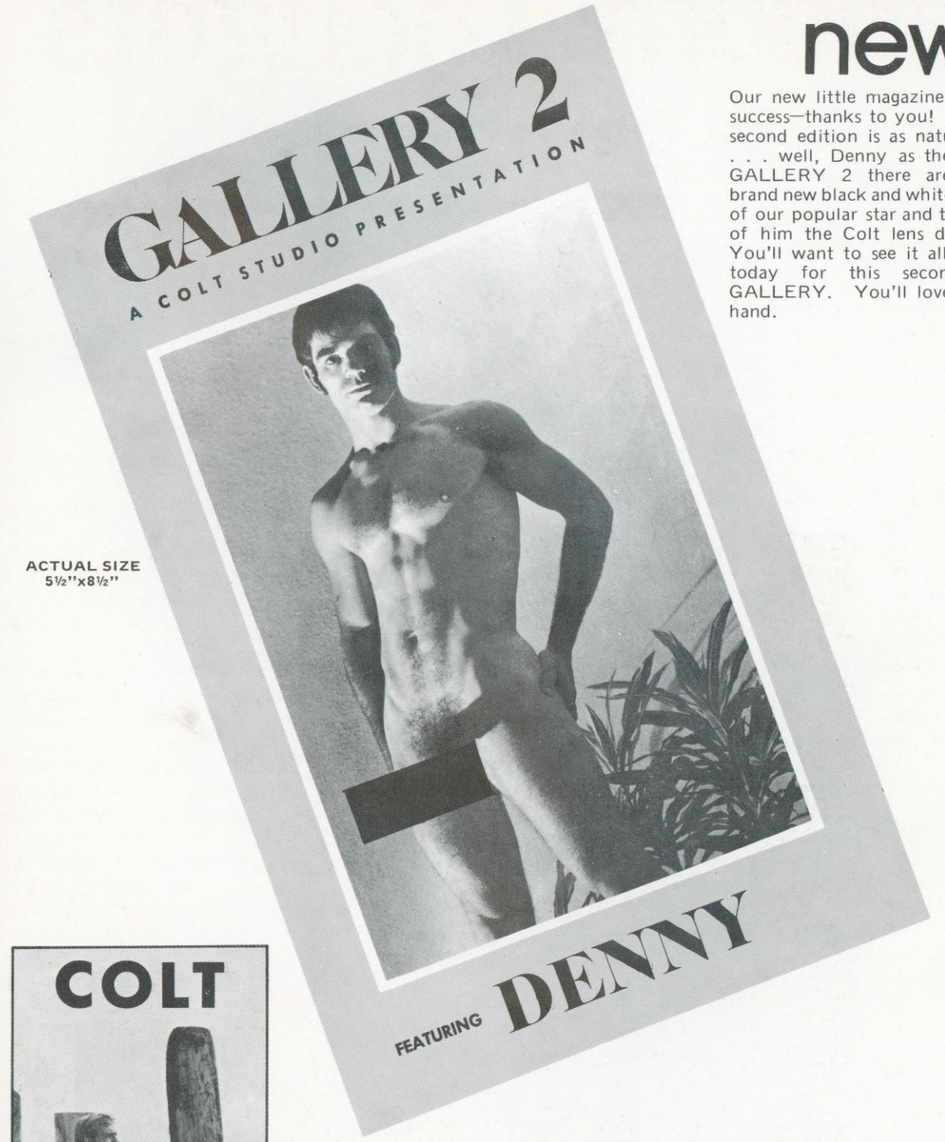
It is this imposed role-playing by society at large that is responsible for the oppression of Gay people. Gay people must reject the above "heterosexist" myths, and create a community in which people are classified solely as human beings rather than according to preconceived notions of "masculinity" and "femininity." Gay males especially must break away from these "heterosexist" molds in order to achieve a conscious realization that such human feelings as crying, reacting sensitively, etc., are not "feminine," or that aggressiveness, insensitivity, etc., are not "masculine" norms. We must learn to express our true feelings without sexual regard.

WHY I WRITE FOR QQ

In connection with "sexism," some people involved in Gay Lib have reprimanded me for writing for *QQ*—which they consider a "sexist" magazine because it serves the Gay male only. I believe this notion is absurd. *QQ* does not in fact approve of "sexism" but simply chooses to serve a segment of society which has been divorced by society—Gay males. Some of my critics are involved in Women's Lib and support publications which cater to that particular aspect of sexual liberation. Should they be branded "sexists" for this? After all, aren't such publications in the same category as *QQ*? Should we brand *Ebony* magazine "racist" because it appeals to black people – even though racism is not a pervading quality of the magazine?

Occasionally there are statements in *QQ* that I don't agree with. Nor does the publisher always agree with what I have to say—but I am permitted to say it. That's a healthy attitude. I believe that those of us who are active in Gay Lib and really concerned about reaching the people must recognize that we do not have all the "answers," and that a rigid dogmatism on our part is contemptuous of the people, and, in the long run, self-defeating for Gay Lib.

QQ is reaching thousands of Gay males throughout the world. It has a greater circulation than all other Gay publications combined. It is leading its own kind of revolution—instilling pride in thousands of homosexuals who never had it. It will free them from the past and give them the courage to get *(Continued on page 42)*



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