QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

AUG. '72
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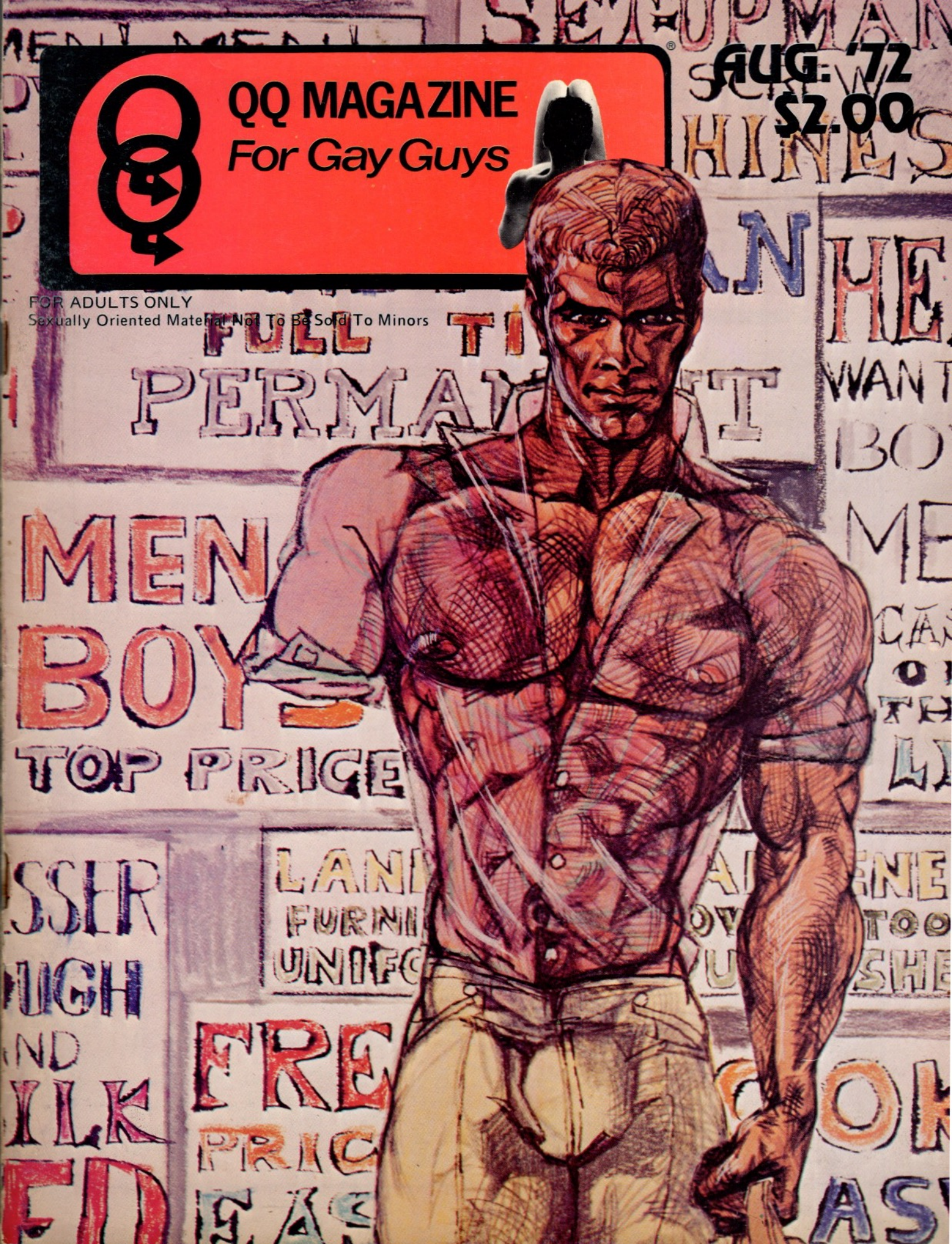

QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

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.

SEX TECHNIQUE

General Love-making 1:4:6
Music for Sex 4:4:19
Sex Variations 2:1:6
Masturbation Techniques 2:3:6
Increasing Phallic Size 2:3:19
Using Vegetables, etc. 2:4:6
Douching and Anal Sex 3:3:6
Fellatio 3:3:9
Kissing Technique 3:3:27
Physiology of Sexual Response 3:4:6
Relaxing for Sex 4:1:6
How to Touch 4:1:10
Erotic Sensitizers 4:2:7
How to Undress Your Lover 4:2:54
Sensualize Your Lover 4:3:6
Sexual Pressure Points 4:3:10

PSYCHOLOGY

Making a Gay Marriage Last 1:3:49
Editorial: Gay Prejudice 1:4:5
Why Straight Guys Fear Gay Guys . . 1:4:23
How Gay Girls See Gay Guys 2:1:19
Understanding Hustlers 2:1:25
Understanding Musclemen 2:1:28
Coming Out at 40 . . . . . 2:1:53; 2:3:13
Understanding Closet Queens 2:1:54
Pygmalionism 2:2:6
Satyriasis 2:2:16
Understanding Lesbians 2:2:54
Marriage Gay Style 2:4:10
Being Fat and Gay 2:4:18
Body Talk 3:1:54
Coping with Rejection 3:4:11
Confessions of a Gay Wrestler 3:4:15
A New Homosexuality for Our Time . 3:5:7
Lurid Love or Lasting Love 3:5:13
The Bisexual 4:1:23

LEGAL SUBJECTS

Fire Island Raids 2:3:14
The Homosexual and the Law 3:3:25
What To Do if You're Arrested 3:4:54

GAY LIBERATION

Editorial: Changing Times 1:2:5
Gay is Good: Craig Rodwell 1:3:40
Homosexual Service Society 1:3:45
Editorial: Changing Times 2:1:5
The "New Homosexual" 2:2:14
Editorial: The Liberators 2:3:5
50 Years of Gay Life in America
The 1940s 2:4:9
The 1970s 2:4:9
The 1990s 2:4:9
Editorial: The Tarnished Golden Rule . 3:1:5
Editorial: Hanging in Together 3:2:5
Editorial: 1971 Gay March Notice . . . 3:4:5
Editorial: Color Me Gay 3:5:5
1971 Gay March 3:6:22
In Search of a Stonewall Nation 4:1:5
Ten Years of Gay Lib 4:1:27
Exploitation & Gay Lib 4:2:5
God & Gay Lib 4:3:54

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

John Cruising Manners 1:2:14
Cruising Confidence 1:2:35
How Not to Throw a Gay Party 1:4:16
Checklist for Cruising Bars 1:4:21
Gay Baths 2:1:8
John Cruising Techniques 2:2:26
Editorial: Cruising Baths 3:3:5
Lovers in Suburbia 3:4:27
QQ Visits a House of Call Boys 4:1:9
Anatomy of a Leather Bar 4:1:21
QQ Attends a Leather Party 4:2:21
Cycle Run 4:3:19

BOOK FEATURES/ REVIEWS/AUTHORS

Feature: "Naked Festival" 1:4:26
Greek Poetry: Cavafy 2:1:23
Oscar Wilde 2:2:53
Review: "The Lord Won't Mind" . . 2:3:37
Gay Poetry 3:1:21
Review: "this day's death" 3:1:21
Review: "Cruising" 3:2:48
Review: "The Love That Dared Not Speak Its Name" 3:3:54
Andre Gide 3:4:13
Review: "The Uninhibited Byron" . 3:4:34
Review: "The Gay Militants" 3:5:34
Classics in Gay Literature 3:5:53
Gertrude Stein 3:6:14
Review: "The Wrong People" 3:6:34
Review: "The Young Male Figure" . 4:1:32
Review: "The Dream King" 4:2:38
Review: "Sexual Heretics" 4:3:36

FICTION

Among the Mighty Pines (Lepage) . . 1:2:19
Summer '69 (Paris) 1:4:53
The Pumpkin Coach (Coriolan) 2:2:9
False Glory (Paris) 2:3:11
Fire Island: Laundry's Hanging Out (Charles) 2:3:14
Talsen Interlude (Mitchell) 3:3:20
Larry and the Lieutenant (Arrington) 3:3:21
Send me a virgin, please! (Davis) 3:4:9
Coming-out Ball (Hagen) 3:5:14
On with the show! (Davis) 3:6:6
Memoir: Roger (Bentley) 4:3:9

FASHION

Bathing Suits 1:2:10
Sunglasses 1:3:7
Afro-Mod Styles 2:2:11
Leather Styles 2:3:21
Mod Styles 3:1:26
Underwear 3:2:28
Tricky Teasers 3:6:17
London Leather 3:6:30
What Not to Wear at an Orgy 4:3:30

TRAVEL

New York/San Francisco/Miami 1:2:6
Provincetown 1:3:10
Moscow 1:3:54
Japan 1:4:24
San Juan 2:1:34
Montreal 2:1:35
East Africa 2:1:36
Amsterdam 2:2:33
Gay Beaches of the World 2:3:16
San Francisco 2:3:31
Quebec City 2:4:33
Gay Streets of the U.S.A. 2:4:35
Los Angeles 3:1:18
Fire Island 3:1:28
New Orleans/Mardi Gras 3:2:13
Greenwich Village 3:2:18
Barbados 3:2:35
Toronto 3:3:13
Copenhagen 3:3:15
Gay Streets of the World 3:3:23
Puerto Rico 3:4:19
Mexico 3:4:25
Milwaukee 3:4:31
Washington, D.C. 3:5:17
California's Gay Parks 3:5:18
Boston 3:5:23
Using Gay Guidebooks 3:5:26
San Diego 3:6:19
Phoenix 3:6:54
Las Vegas 4:1:24
Dallas 4:1:54
London 4:2:11
Atlanta 4:2:31
Greece 4:3:21
Istanbul 4:3:22

PERSONALITY

Self-acceptance 1:2:46
Editorial: Dawn is Just Breaking 1:3:5
Coming Out: Which Way to Go 1:3:5
The Leather Scene 1:3:15
Female Impersonators 1:3:16
Gay Astrology 2:1:13
Voice Improvement Made Easy 3:3:31
Gay Conversation 4:3:27

STAGE & SCREEN

Play: "We'd Rather Switch" 1:3:40
Understanding Ballet 1:4:14
Movies:
"Gay Deceivers"/"Stud Farm" . . 1:4:32
Movie: "Sticks and Stones" 2:1:52
Movie: "The Damned" 2:2:26
Gay Recording Star 2:2:31
The Movie Queens 2:4:13
Sex Among Ballet Stars 3:2:7
"Me Tarzan . . . !" 3:5:9
QQ Talks with Michael Greer 3:6:9
Male Nudity in the Movies 4:2:23

HEALTH & EXERCISE

Hepatitis 1:2:9
Slimming Exercise Routine and Diet. 1:2:24
Poppers 1:2:32
History of Circumcision 1:2:37
Aphrodisiacs 1:3:20
Biorhythm Theory for Sex 1:3:35
Self-defense 1:3:36
Crab Lice 1:3:53
Developing the Chest 1:4:39
V.D. 1:4:54
Pill for Erections 2:2:32
Amebiasis 2:2:33
New Findings on Poppers 2:2:33
Marijuana and Sex 2:3:8
Editorial: Generation Gap 2:4:5
Losing Weight Diets 2:4:20-22
Drugs and Pills on the Gay Scene . . . 2:4:31
Circumcision Pros and Cons 3:2:9
Alcoholism on the Gay Scene 3:2:54
Youth Pill for Sexual Vigor 3:5:30
Cleanliness Below the Belt 4:2:9

FOOD AND DRINK

Spaghetti and Meat Balls 1:2:30
European Wines 1:3:22
American Wines 3:1:9
Understanding French Food 3:3:11
Good Eating . . . Italian Style 3:5:20

GROOMING

General Hygiene 1:3:25
Wigs 1:4:10
Hair Removal 1:4:12
Look Young Forever 1:4:37
Removable Tattoos 2:1:27
Skin Care 2:1:32
Facial Exercises 2:2:23
Personalized Colognes 2:2:24
Summer Hair Care 2:3:54
The Skinhead Revolution 2:4:28
Male Cosmetics 3:1:16
Cosmetic Surgery 3:2:10

DECORATING

Sex-lighting Your Bedroom 1:2:16
A Stylish Apartment on a Budget . . . 1:2:20

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

Your Dog Can Save Your Life 1:2:40
Witchcraft 2:1:20
Moving to a Big City 2:2:18
Male Model Exploitation 2:2:21
Gay Life in the Military 2:3:11
The Homosexual and Religion 2:3:53
The Gay Shakespeare Reader 2:4:54
Mother is Coming to Visit 3:1:37
The Modeling Profession 3:2:17
Random Thoughts 3:5:54
QQ's Nude Policy 3:6:5
Slavery 1971 . . . . . 3:6:13
Twelve Ways to Dump a Lover . . . 4:3:33

PHOTO FEATURES

Famous Taormina Boys 1:3:28
Colt Studio Portfolio 2:3:25
Mr. Fire Island Contest 2:4:25
Mr. America/Mr. World Contest 3:1:23
Musclemen: A Pictorial Tribute 3:3:17
Centerspread: Dakota 3:4:28
Centerspread: Mr. Great Britain 3:5:28
Centerspread: Doug Austin 3:6:28
1971 Mr. America Show 4:1:13
An Appreciation: Tom of Finland . . 4:1:14
Centerspread: Ledermeister 4:1:28
Art: Graffiti King 4:2:15
Centerspread: Longfellows 4:2:28
Art: Quaintance 4:3:12
Mr. Universe 4:3:25
Centerspread: Rapier 4:3:28

REGULAR FEATURES

The Super Adventures of Harry Chess
(Consecutive Chapters Starting Vol. 1, No. 4—Fall 1969)
Odd Son
(Starting Vol. 2, No. 1—Winter 1969-70)
The Company You Keep
(Starting Vol. 3, No. 2—March-April 1971)
Lovers in the Dark
(Starting Vol. 3, No. 3—May-June 1971)
Your Cruising Inquirer
(Starting Vol. 3, No. 3—May-June 1971)

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JULY/AUGUST 1972 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 4

Editorial: Homosexual Law Reform ..... by Craig Rodwell 5

The 30-Second Blastoff ..... by Walter Norris 7

Leather Underground ..... by Louis Jekyll 8

Gay Lifestyles Behind Bars ..... by Terry McWaters 11

The Masters Legacy ..... by George Desantis 12

Flaws That Flatter ..... by Frank Samuels 20

Meet Mr. Belgium ..... by Bud Parker 22

Italy! ..... by Peter Scampi 25

St. Louis Swinger ..... by Gary Garth 26

QQ's Man of the Month: David ..... by Zeus Studios 28

Letters ..... by The Readers 31

Book Review ..... by Orlando Paris 32

The Company You Keep: Jean Cocteau ..... by Rob Arrington 33

Odd Son ..... by The Editors 34

Royal Flush ..... by Rob Arrington 35

Classified Ads ..... by The Sellers 38

The Super Adventures of Harry Chess ..... by A. Jay 50

The Skin Game: Camping Nude ..... by George Moran 54

Front cover: "One Arm," an original drawing by Steve Masters, inspired by the Tennessee Williams short story. **Back cover:** "House of Boys," an original drawing by Steve Masters.

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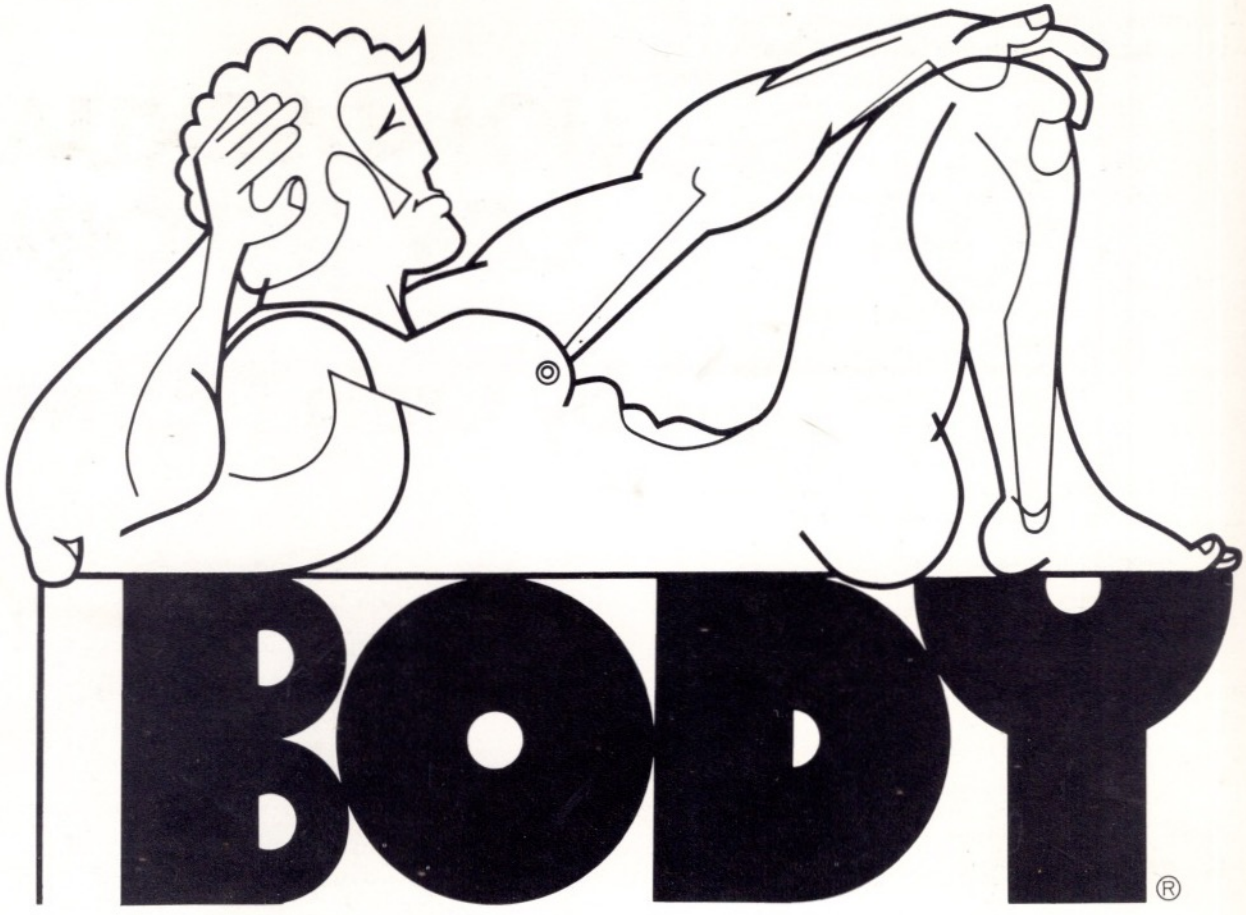
NEW From The Guys At QQ . . . The Most Beautiful GAY PHOTO-FEATURE MAGAZINE Ever Produced . . .



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No. **BODY** is dedicated to the beauty of the male physique in its entirety. Unlike all other gay picture magazines which concentrate on the phallus only—**BODY** will also pay attention to beautiful faces and great bodies. In fact—only in **BODY** will you find the IDEAL MALE. More than 50 beautiful models will be featured in every issue—ranging in type from heavily muscled to rugged to lithe swimmer to sensitive young men. There will be something for everyone. What every model will have in common is a big phallus, firm buttocks, handsome body, and beautiful face.

Is BODY Like QQ Magazine?

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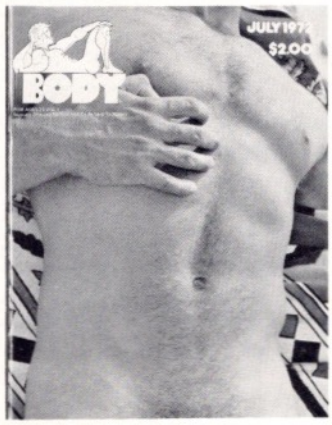

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EDITORIAL

HOMOSEXUAL LAW REFORM

by Craig Rodwell

WHILE any thinking person, in good conscience, must support the idea of Homosexual Law Reform—the elimination of statutes in the various states which attempt to regulate consenting sexual behavior and the enactment of legislation at the municipal, state and federal levels of laws prohibiting discrimination based on sexual orientation—I think too much importance and energy is being attached to the idea of law reform. Let's face it; the cause of oppression of Gay people is not the sodomy laws or the lack of anti-discrimination legislation.

A case in point is the state of Illinois, where I was born and raised. Illinois was the first state, in 1961, to make consenting adult Homosexual behavior, in effect, legal. Yet, in the decade since, this first instance of Homosexual law reform has had virtually no effect on the lives of Gay people in Illinois. And why should it have any effect; such laws are unenforceable to begin with!

Support for Homosexual law reform in 1972 has become a safe political stance for most "good liberal" politicians. For example, among the dozen or so Democratic candidates for the presidential nomination, more than half of them have come out publicly for law reform in this area—not only for striking anti-Gay statutes from the law books, but also for legislation banning discrimination against Gay people in housing, employment, etc. And before the end of this decade, we will most likely see federal legislation passed amending the various Civil Rights Acts banning discrimination based on sexual orientation.

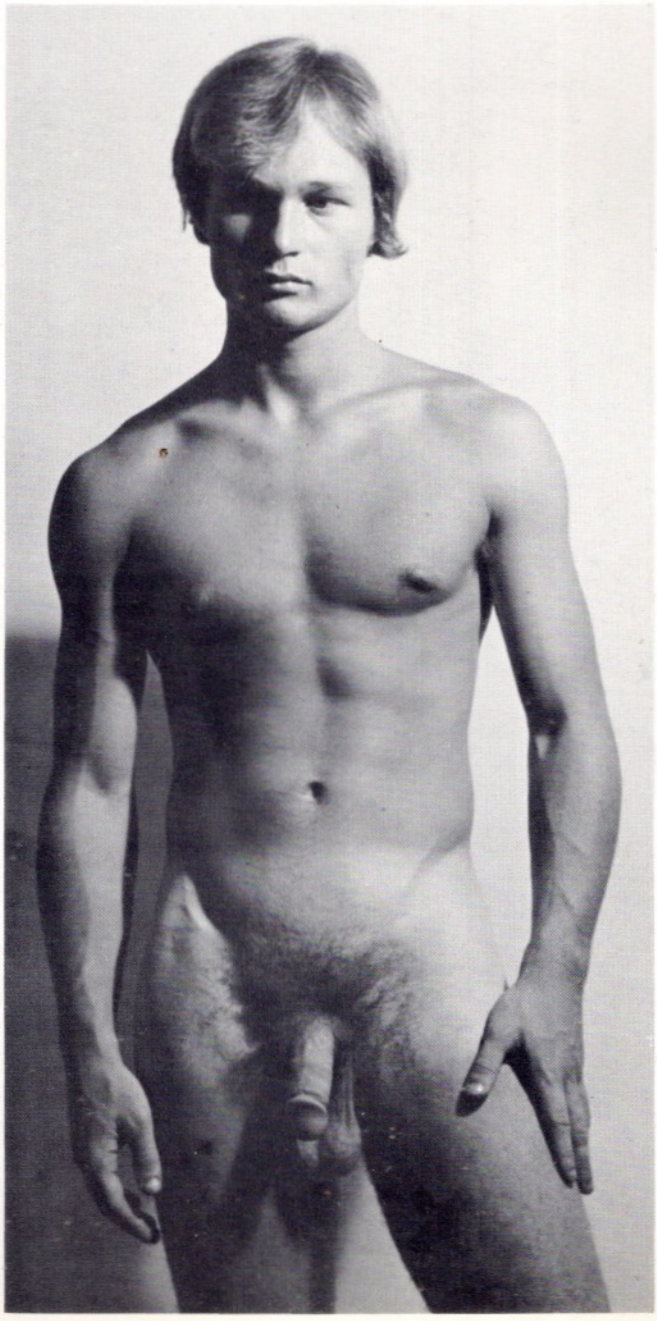
But then what? Is that the end of the Gay Liberation movement? Not by a long shot; our primary goals are so revolutionary that most people, including unfortunately most Gay people, don't realize the real impetus and vitality of the movement. As long as we allow the public, the media and the politicians the luxury of thinking that we are another minority group asking for equality and "law reform," things will progress calmly. But watch the you-know-what hit the fan when they suddenly realize that what we're calling for is the end to institutionalized sexism which raised boys to be fathers, soldiers, husbands and providers; and women to be mothers, wives, seamstresses and secretaries. When they realize that we're calling upon parents to raise their children to be free human beings with the capacity to love, physically and emotionally, all people, regardless of sex. When we call upon the public schools to use textbooks that portray *equally* same-sex relationships and opposite-sex relationships. When they come to the full realization that what we're asking is not change for us but change for *them*.

Aside from the relative unimportance I obviously attach to the idea of Homosexual law reform, there are also some very real dangers attached to it; for example:

1. The Homosexual Rights movement in England during the late fifties and sixties was based almost entirely on the law reform issue, namely, the enactment of the recommendations of the famous Wolfenden Report. But when the Wolfenden proposals were enacted by Parliament in the mid-sixties, the Gay movement in England virtually disbanded; and it wasn't until the past year that the movement has started to revive as Gay people came to realize that very little had changed and there was still a lot to be done. The same thing could happen in the U.S. if we allow ourselves to think that law reform is our major goal.

2. As black people have learned that antidiscrimination legislation does not

(Continued on page 40)





The 30-Second Blastoff

By Walter Norris

Climax Your Lover In Seconds

THE gay Arab has such exquisite manners that even when he's having quickie sex with a cruisy desert number on the scorching Sahara sands he considerately takes time to preface the act of fellatio with a brief impromptu ascription which—for all its flowery Oriental elegance—is cunningly contrived to blast him to climax in just seconds. (No lallygagging in the desert—not only does the hot sand burn one's knees, but there may be a hotter trick waiting behind the next Pyramid!)

Kneeling, he cups his lover's testicles in both hands—chalice-like—as if offering a sacrifice to Eros, and looking upward he intones "Oh father of thrusts . . . plunge thy shaft deeply into this unworthy mouth and quickly anoint its thirsting tongue with the sweet juices of thy divine fire!"

Of course this raises the hackles up the back of his lover with its irresistible challenge, the *modus operandi* of which is a triple ploy:

1) to seize him by several senses simultaneously . . . touch, hearing, sight, intuition, divination . . . and
2) incite him to a violent all-out effort of heaving hips, twisting thighs and plunging phallus . . . and so
3) trigger a jet-charged ejaculation that uvulates his uvula with an effluvium of *u-u-u-u*vum!

While it is not known whether anyone has perished from orgastic uvulitis, it certainly must be a heavenly way to go!

Kinsey has said that the average male typically ejaculates in from three to five minutes after intromission—with a minority being able to accomplish this in two—but for all his sexological research he obviously never dished with Egyptian numbers queens who play the game of diddle-the-cock from morning 'til night, else he would have discovered that they can bring the sexual kettle to a full boil in less than thirty seconds!

SIZZLING SAHARA STIMULATORS

The gay Arab is, of course, accustomed to dealing with only *huge* phallic size, which was discussed fully in *La Stupenda*, the article on phallic-enlargement techniques (*QQ Magazine*, Volume 2, Number 3—Summer 1970), as well as in the book *Gay Sex Techniques* published by the QQ Publishing Company. Therefore he knows that to bring his trick to *ejaculatio praecox* (quick orgasm) he must utilize only the most effective, because they are the most *direct*, stimulation techniques, since the speed of orgastic response is in direct ratio to the speed of phallic stimulation. A comparative example will show why this is so:

A gay guy of the Western world is often so overcome by just the sight of a huge phallus that he makes the mistake of letting the factor of size dominate (and ultimately destroy) the entire sex act. First, the contemplation of its hugeness causes him to approach it more reverentially than sexually. Secondly, the time lost while he pussyfoots around the glorious monster seeking some kind of procedural accommodation with it takes all the ginger out of him. Obviously in such a worry-fraught situation stimulation occurs either

a) so slowly (because of all the hassling) it wears out all concerned, or
b) so minimally that the huge phallus never reaches its full erectable volume, or
c) so haphazardly that it is hard-solf . . . or up-down, up-down like Sisyphus and his stone.

The whole scene is reduced to a tragicomedy of errors and both are relieved (if not happy) when Big Phallus resorts to masturbation, either to administer the *coup de grace* or bring it so near the point of ejaculation that he sigh can "Okay, take it now . . . I'm coming."

The feeling of embarrassment or shame at having been so amateurish is often so overriding that the luckless fellationist may forswear sex for a long time for fear of repeating his experience. This may not be traumatic if it happens only once or twice, but if continued for long without his having the perspicacity to ask himself *why* he can easily earn the disdain of everyone, and that's bad!

'THE VAST PHALLIC WASTELAND'

On the other hand, the Arab—accustomed as he is to only the largest phalluses—completely disregards size which, to him, is largely ornamental without having much sexual advantage. (Not that he doesn't admire it, even extravagantly, but in the way one admires a pretty picture.) Hard to believe, isn't it?

Yet for instance, if he were preparing to administer fellatio to someone who, only moments before, had won the local *mehbil* prize for his gigantic phallus (a *mehbil* is a kind of Arab gym-cum-sex baths), he would blithely strip off the winning blue ribbon and address himself to three principal working areas:

1) the extremely sensitive underside of the *glans penis*, working downward to about one inch below its base . . .
2) the large vein running along the underlength of the phallus through which is transmitted all kinds of delightful sexual signals/responses/surprises/goodies . . . and
3) the area about

(Continued on page 34)

LEATHER UNDERGROUND

BY LOUIS JEKYLL

The editors neither condemn nor condone the S&M scene. It is part of gay life. In presenting this and other articles on the social aspect of sado-masochism it is our intention to enlighten and not in any way whatsoever suggest the reader's indulgence in such activities. Here now we present a rundown on how to contact leather guys no matter where you live.

"LIFE," as the now-legendary Auntie Mame has said, "is a banquet—and most poor suckers are starving to death!" She might well have added that in most instances these dietary rigors are needlessly self-imposed, usually for reasons of ignorance or fear, or sometimes just plain laziness. In the gay leather world there are more than ample opportunities for connecting—and curling up every night with Johnny Carson is a poor substitute for a live, groovy body warming up your bed.

Outside the larger metropolitan areas you probably won't find a leather bar per se, but don't let this discourage you. Most towns of any size these days boast at least one gay bar, and usually a pair of blue jeans, boots and a plain leather or levi jacket will clue people in on what you're looking for. Or, if you can't hack the bar scene, there are always the more dangerous but, to some, titillating public cruising spots in your area, but caution should be exercised here unless you're looking to get busted: entrapment is still in wide use by the Vice in too many of our cities. The orgy is still a pretty common standby, but this ancient custom is more often practiced in the larger cities.

What recourse, then, is left to the leather-bound sadist or masochist living in the hinterlands, one who eschews bars and public cruising grounds? Alexander Graham Bell said it in the first recorded telephone message: "I want you," and ever since the phone has been the most loyal and productive standby for the sexually active. Who among us doesn't own a little black book, and how many times has it come to the rescue on those cold winter nights!

Naturally, telephone referrals are a little like playing Russian roulette, in that if one out of six calls produces a sex partner that in any way meets whatever your requirements may be, consider yourself lucky. I have personally found that you can expect a fifty percent return on this particular investment, and when you consider the little amount of effort involved for both parties concerned that's not at all bad. Unfortunately, one man's meat is often another man's turn-off, but if you decide to get on the telephone circuit make it clear to the guys who will be passing your number around what you dig, both in appearance and action. The system works well both locally and long-distance, since we gays are usually bachelors and seem to get around much more than our straight counterparts. Many is the vacation or business trip that has been salvaged because the astute traveller arrived in Oshkosh armed with seven little digits and a dime. Watch out, though, for the "heavy breather," the type who gets turned on only by the conversation itself. You'll never meet him in person, since his sado-masochistic desires are gratified in fantasy and never in fact.

Assuming you're the shy type, wary of direct confrontations with what is after all a total stranger, a little larger investment, say thirty-five or 50 cents, plus 8 cents for postage, can also produce a profitable return. Pick up a copy of one of the ever-increasing array of gay newspapers. While these journals vary widely in quality almost all of them now contain a personal ad section. Regrettably, the S&M ads are in the minority, but they are there, and the enlightened reader can spot them with comparative ease.

Unless the ad is so worded as to leave no doubt in the mind of the reader where the writer's proclivities lie, look for code words such as "water sports" (games people play in the john) or "D&B" (discipline and bondage). The advertising method has the added advantage of establishing right off the bat where you and he stand. Guys too shy about discussing their likes and dislikes on the phone will open up considerably when it comes to letters, particularly now when it has been established that the contents of a personal letter, including photographs, is nobody's business but the people involved. The thing to be wary of here, though, is the guy who gets his jollies strictly from the letters themselves. If they run to excessive length and come too frequently, drop him like a hot potato—your "heavy breather" artist is at work in another form!

For some people, private clubs are the answer—and often a good one. This social form is definitely on the increase and runs from the motorcycle clubs, whose activities are more or less confined to purely social gatherings such as meetings, parties or runs, to the overtly sexual clubs, that make no pretense at being anything else. The sex clubs are pretty exclusive and usually have rigid membership requirements and stringent initaition ceremonies. The local clubs are found in the larger cities as a rule, but it is the national, or even international clubs that offer the widest and most varied opportunities. While these clubs are usually based in a large city, the membership extends to anybody anywhere who is interested and can meet the necessary requirements. Usually, small yearly dues are required to cover the cost of running the operation, but this is, or should be, minimal.

If you are interested in joining one of these groups, you will have to check among your friends to find an existing member. Some of the clubs advertise in the papers mentioned above, but most prefer to keep their existence out of the public eye. Once you have located the club, the next step is to write to the headquarters, mentioning the person who has sponsored you (if you can get your sponsor to do this, so much the better). As soon as your references have been checked and found to be okay, you will receive a printed form to fill out. These forms vary in length and style, and some are more comprehensive than others. All require your name and vital statistics (age, height, weight, cock size, etc.), and will specifically ask personal questions in great detail. Most important, of course, is whether you swing S or M (or both), and, having once committed

(Continued on page 33)



Colt Studio: "Slave Labor"



Gay Lifestyles Behind Bars

The 'Make Out' And 'Make Do' Of Prison Sexlife

By Terry McWaters

JEAN GENET simply wouldn't believe his eyes! If that authority on gay sexlife 'in durance vile' could visit one of today's mod super prisons like many of those in Texas he'd find it something straight out of Disneyland . . . as contempo as a moonflight, artistically designed, spaciously livable, and if it were not for the cells with shining bars and locks of glistening chrome he might for a moment believe himself to be in some posh country club . . . a far cry indeed from the stifling hell-holes of his bitter prison experiences.

How amazed he would be to find that the 'residents' have scads of television sets, all kinds of game rooms, theaters and exercise pavilions, and that they are even permitted the luxury of having animal pets.

Yet what might intrigue him more as sensational material for a fantastic new play is that the residents of many prisons, for some odd reason, are either very young, very hung, very muscular, very handsome, or often the whole bit . . . as if by some fiat of Apollo, and all engaged in what seems to be a kind of bowdlerized Busby Berkeley Follies, the scenario for which calls for a long, uninterrupted group striptease.

The men seem to be continuously stripping for something . . . for group barbell/dumbbell workouts (if Gypsy could only see all those younghung longhorns grouped about their training benches outgrinding and outbumping her own fabulous grinds and bumps she'd ga-nash and ga-naw her teeth right down to the gums!) . . . or stripping for group showers . . . or for the regular twice-a-day shakedowns, with much loverly anal inspection by the 'boss', as he is called (bless his hamsized fist), who approaches his task with fervent *(Continued on page 30)*





THE MASTERS LEGACY

BY GEORGE DESANTIS

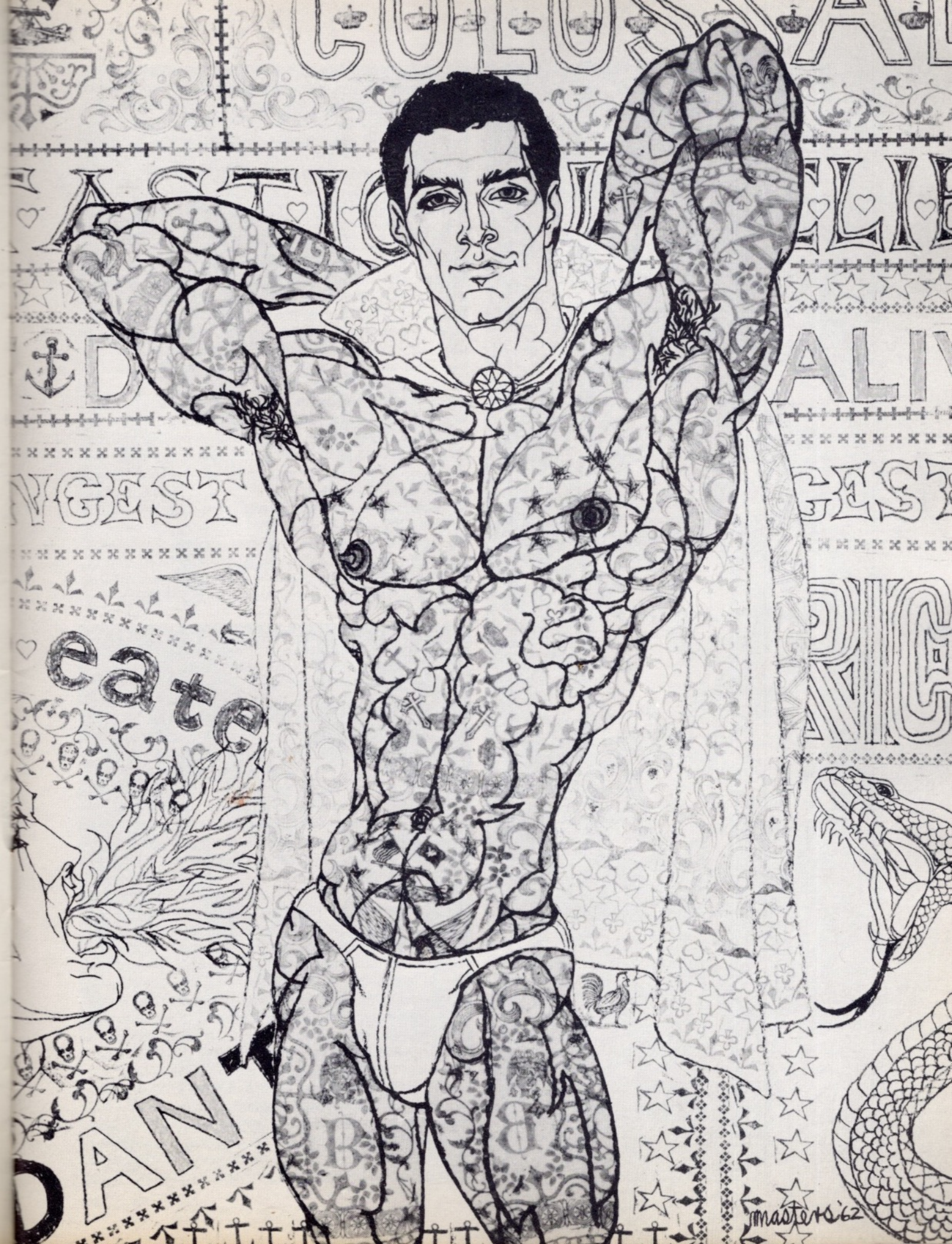
SEVEN years ago a genius—the product and victim of straight society—committed suicide. It came as a blow to the big business companies that had on the drawing table dozens of commercial ads and billboards he was designing. His wife was shocked by his death and later by the knowledge that her husband had been living a double life, never mixing his heterosexual affairs with his homosexual activities in and out of bed. *BIG*, a physique pictorial of the time which had been brought to prominence as a direct result of its art director's efforts, received a death blow which eventually caused it to fold. Prominent gay businessmen who had dealings with him during office hours, and evenings in the confines of his private studio at home (where he turned out quality pornography), trembled at the thought that perhaps records were left behind.

But big business continued and artists quickly replaced him; his wife managed to bear the pain of her loss and knowing that her husband had loved men; the publisher of *BIG* was grieved but eventually replaced that magazine with others of equal success; his gay business associates relaxed after a time, confident that waves had not been made and that they could go on leading their secret lives.

He is perhaps missed most by his gay admirers, by those who were fortunate enough to purchase original pornography, and those who enjoyed his art month after month in *BIG* magazine. His art served thousands during *fantasex*—and continues to excite gay guys everywhere as they discover the art of Steve Masters through magazines such as *QQ*, whenever it is featured.

In tribute to Steve Masters, the man and the artist, and for his many admirers throughout the world, we present this article and a representative sampling of his drawings. It is also our wish to introduce the Masters legacy of gay art to new readers—because Steve Masters ranks among the greatest pornartists of our time—equal in stature to such giants as George Quaintance, Tom of Finland, and A. Jay.

Steve Masters came to New York from the Midwest in order to complete his education at the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was studying to be a doctor. His studies required him to copy anatomical drawings from textbooks, as part of the learning process.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But he actually improved on *Gray's Anatomy* and his sketches were so beautifully executed that fellow students started buying them. This came to the attention of his professors, who put him in touch with medical book publishers, who were always in the market for good illustrations. Masters welcomed the opportunity to make extra money, and in time he was making so much money that he dropped out of school in order to pursue his artistic gift full-time; he had never received formal training in art.

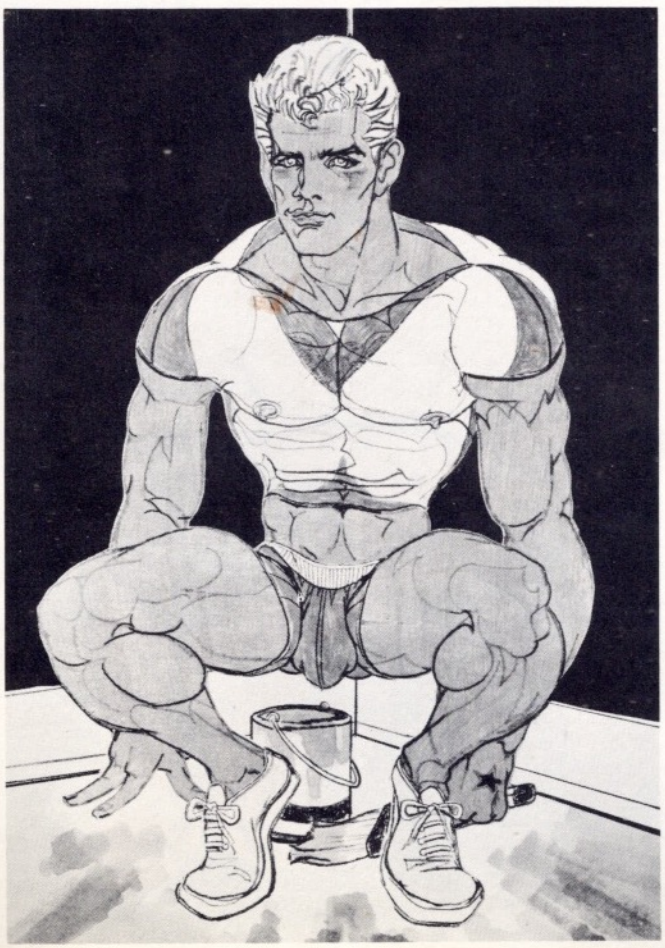
Anatomical drawings led him to medical book publishers, and they led him to other publishers and eventually to ad agencies who welcomed his talent. His career blossomed, and, to make a long story short, by 1960 he was one of the leading art illustrators in the world, handling accounts for major soda pop and soap companies. His illustrations, in which the male figure was always prominent, filled the pages of leading periodicals and brightened billboards across the country.

By now he had become famous and quite wealthy. He was married and had a child. The Masters occupied an entire townhouse in Manhattan, and even here did his brilliance make itself known, in the murals that lined the stairwells. These were, of course, of the heterosexual variety, but, just as it had prominence in his commercial work, the male figure always seemed dominant.

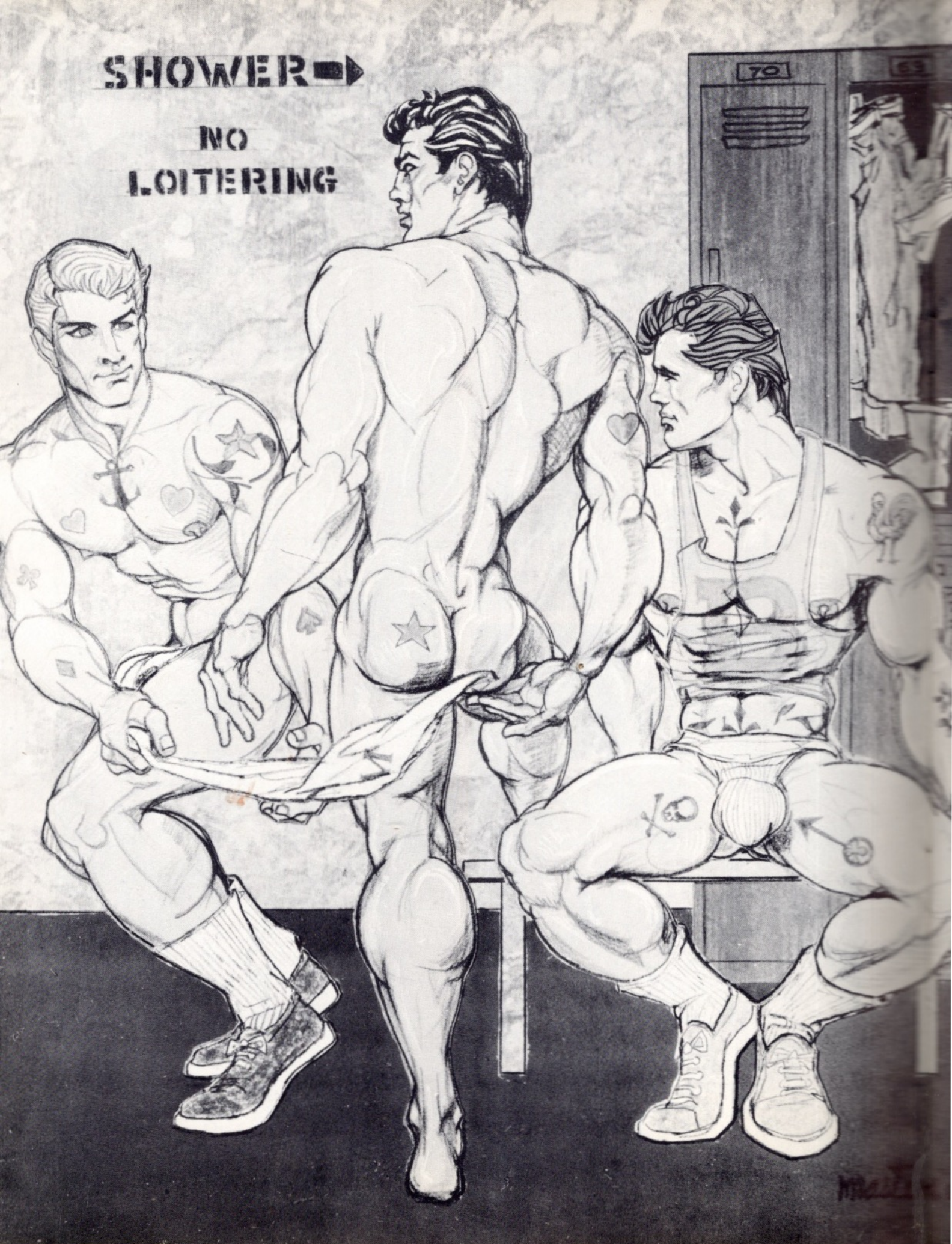
But with success came his discovery of his own homosexuality–which until he had entered the business world and rubbed shoulders with the inevitable crop of gay illustrators, remained buried in the innermost recesses of his soul. His attraction to men surfaced and he was torn between two worlds. He fought his desires but soon relented and found an outlet, a release, in his art; a secret room in his attic served as a studio in which he spent hours drawing the now-famous Masters he-men in every imaginable sex scene–depending on his "needs" at the time. Working quickly, he would complete each drawing and relieve himself by masturbating while concentrating on the figures he had drawn. Then, after "using" a drawing several times, he would tire of it and do another. In time the attic became filled with discarded art. He had discussed his pornart with friends, who were invited to see his treasure. While his intention was not to sell any of it, a prominent publisher friend persuaded him to sell many pieces, and what this publisher did not buy was eventually purchased by Kinsey, for the Institute of Sex Research , Inc., in Indiana.

About this time Masters discovered a leading physique pictorial, *The Young Physique*. He himself was big and muscular, standing well over 6'2", and was attracted to others of the same cut–especially if they had tattoos,which he associated with masculinity. He was dark-haired but favored blond hair and blue eyes and was immediately impressed by Jim Stryker, a Champion Studios model who often appeared in *The Young Physique*. Champion was contacted, and an arrangement was made to hire Stryker as a model for a legitimate ad he was doing. Later, through Champion, he contacted other models for his pornart . . . and his bed; Masters had graduated from self-sex to the real thing, and now it possessed him. The years he had controlled his desires made him hungry and he was now feasting, finding and having sex wherever and whenever possible; he would sometimes sneak out at 3 A.M. and cruise the sidewalks for a guy to ball under his stoop.


TATTOO PARLOR



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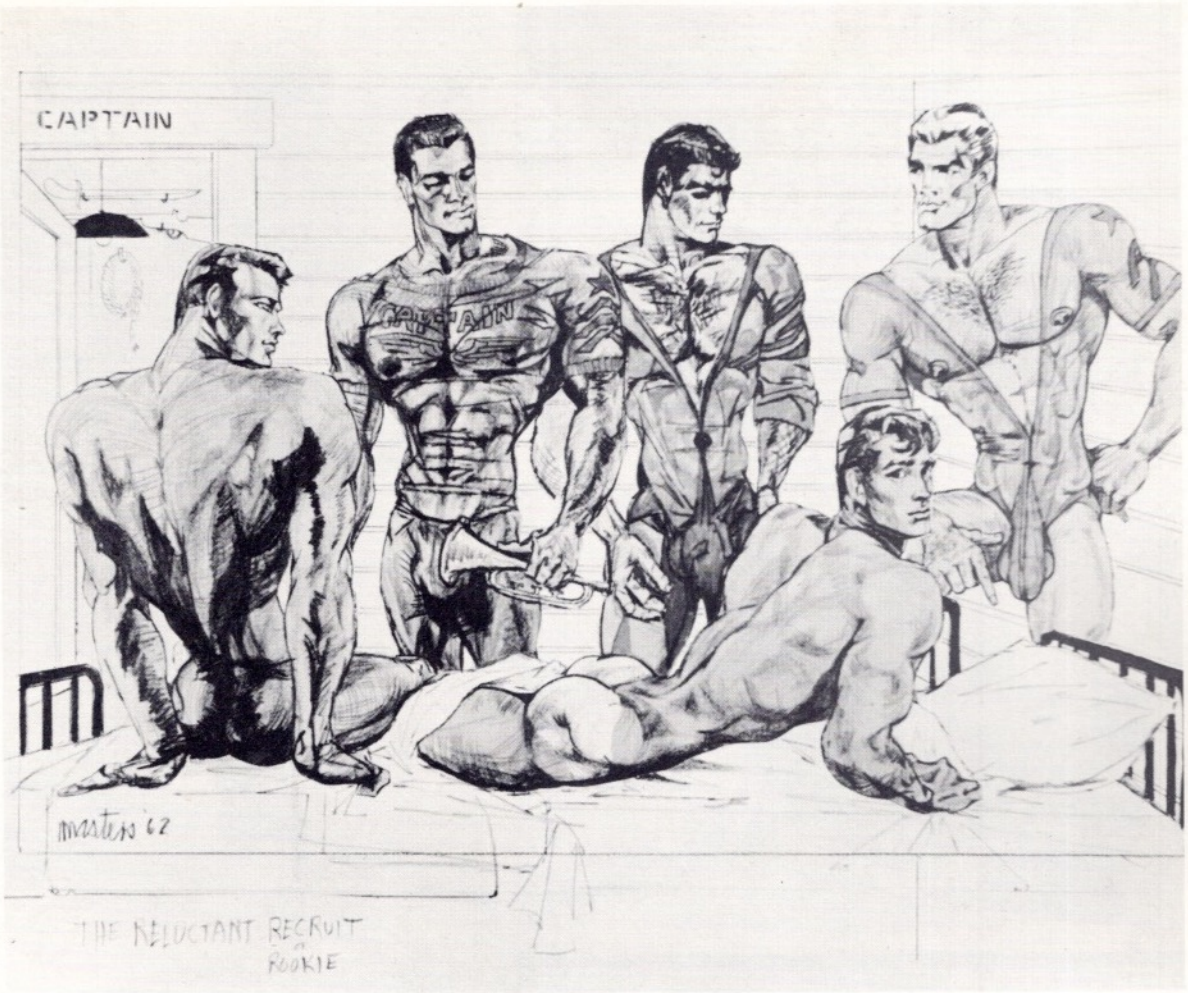


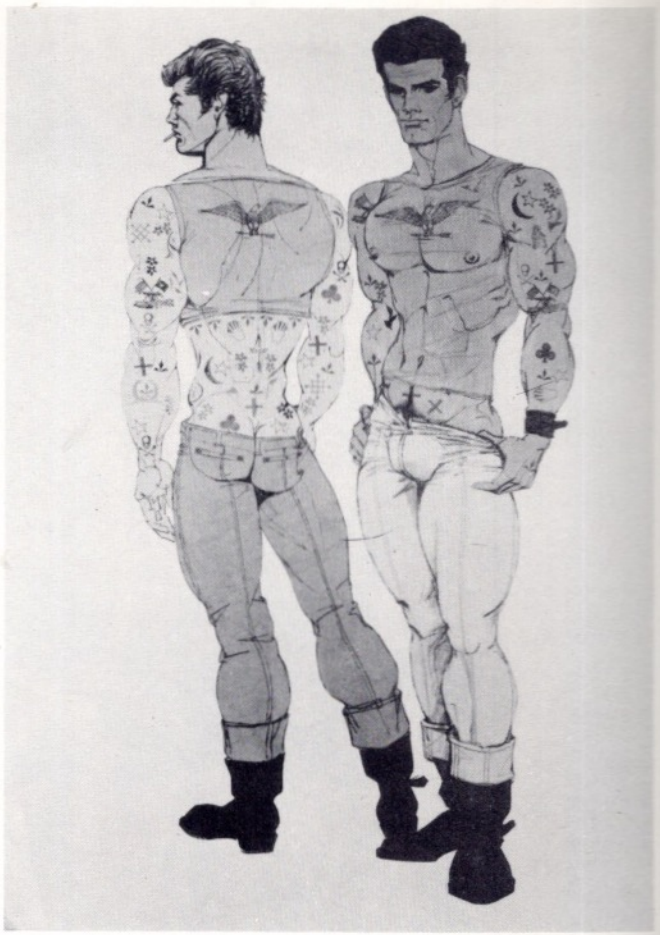
Now a friend of Champion Studios, he was persuaded to join the staff (on an extra-curricular basis) in order to create a new physique pictorial. *BIG* was born and its pages were graced by his artistic touches and drawings, some of which you see here and on our cover.

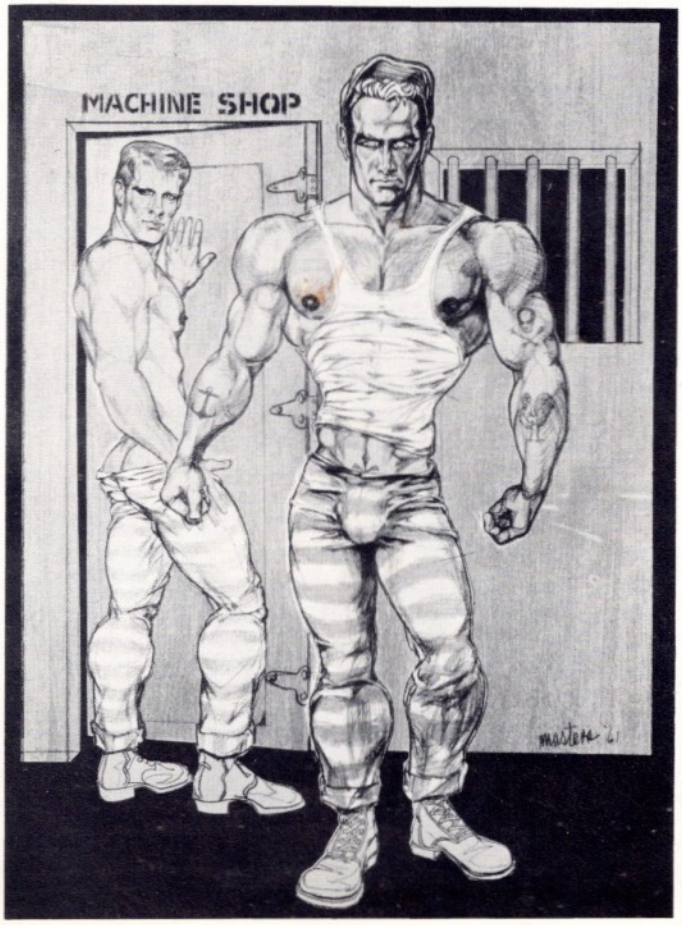
This famous illustrator, who had already achieved prominence in the straight world, was now building his gay empire–which was to produce still another group of associates and admirers. His double life fascinated the director of a sex group and he was persuaded to grant an interview. After learning his "ideal type" the group further persuaded him to have sex with a suitable partner (a big blond god, provided by the group) behind a one-way mirror; the hot scene was filmed for serious study.

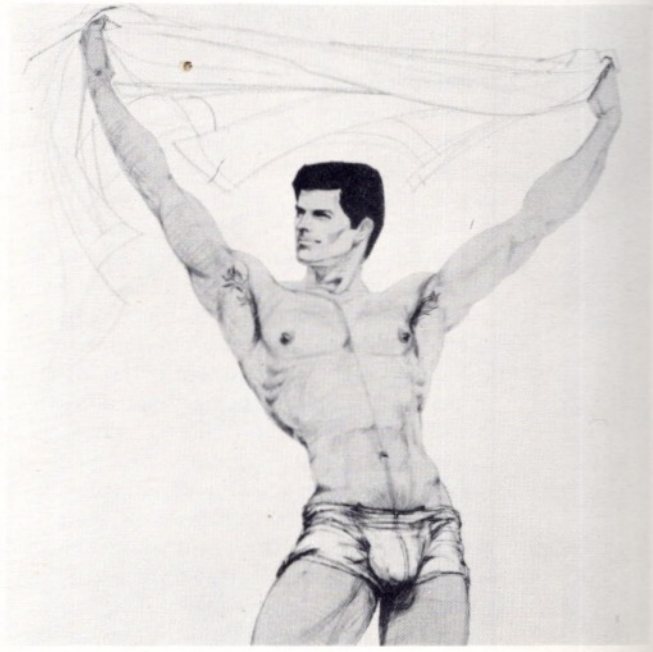
Steve Masters was not his birth name; his actual name is unimportant to us. What is important is that the talent he refined and the art style he developed for his commercial work carried over in his gay art. He was meticulous. He invented and perfected an illustrating method which no one else, to this day, can accomplish so perfectly; all his drawings were done in reverse on translucent velum (he used mirrors as an aid). Then he would place the velum sheets, drawn on the underside, on colored backgrounds. This enabled him, for example, to "move" an arm–if a certain client felt the arm was too high on the drawing–simply by raising the arm-drawn-on-velum and immediately dropping it back into proper place without re-doing the entire drawing. The operation could be done in seconds with a razor blade, and it fascinated and impressed his clients–and anyone who looks at his drawings today. He also made his own rubber stamps to repeat designs. If, for example, he wanted to use clusters of stars in a drawing, rather than draw them individually, he'd design and cut a star-shaped rubber stamp which enabled him to duplicate intricate patterns (which can be seen in the art illustrated here) easily, quickly, and accurately.

The pressures that bubbled up in the normal course of working as a commercial artist (he'd sometimes be forced to re-do illustrations a dozen or more times), of staying "on top," and living two lives–plus his obsession with sex–led him to the brink of a nervous breakdown in the early sixties. Now in his forties (which didn't show because of his youthful physique and aggressive nature), he was compelled to take a leave of absence from work and enter a private sanitarium. Two months later he was released, feeling good and anxious to vacation in Alaska. Two more months passed before he returned to Madison Avenue and *BIG*. The pressures of work and his secret life caused a relapse. He was placed in a hospital, in serious condition, and was extremely depressed. One can only imagine what flashed before his eyes while lying there; perhaps his life in review, maybe every boy he had ever met. Somehow, he persuaded an attendant to



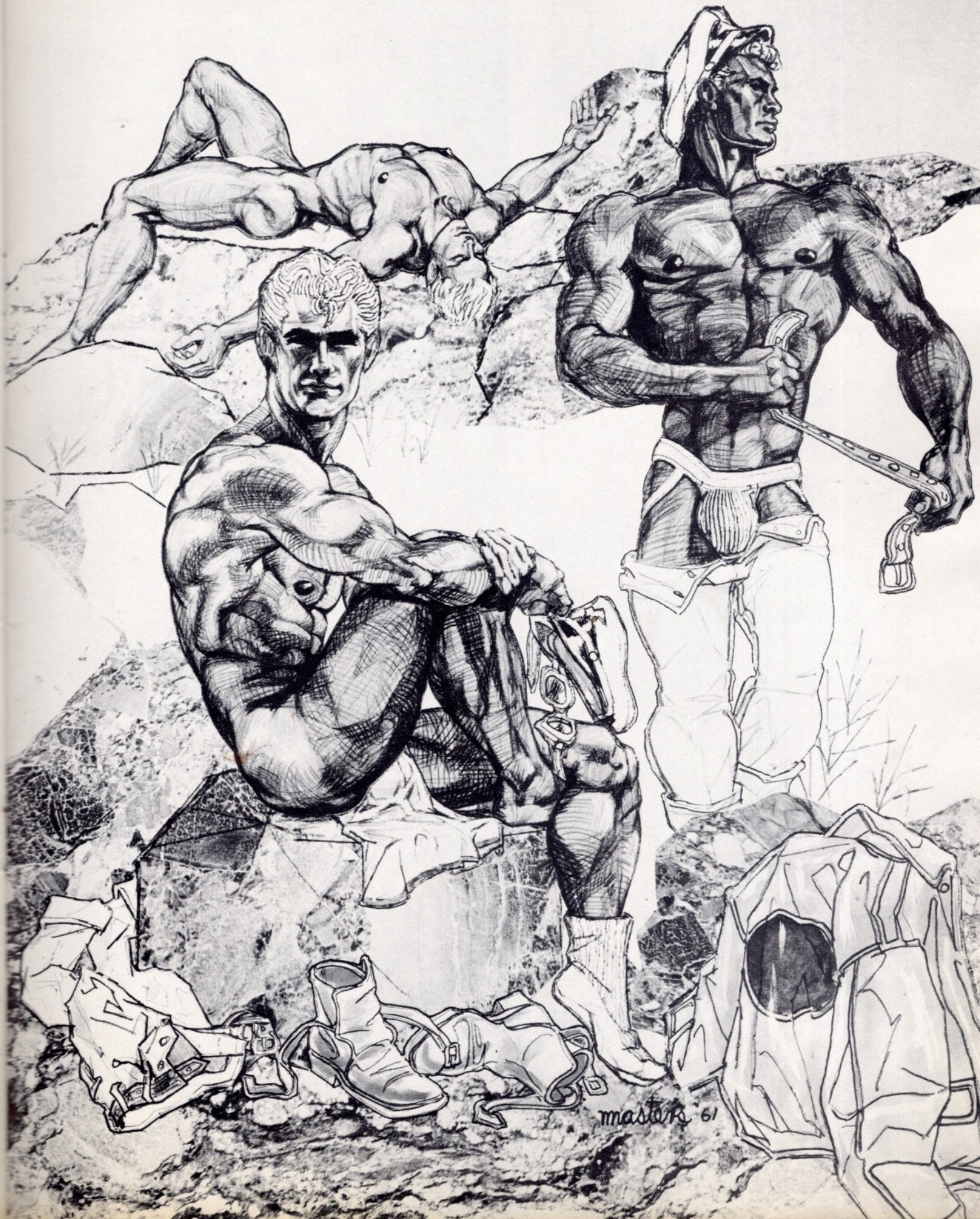






give him a handful of sleeping pills and thereby ended his life.

Following his death his wife found the key to his secret studio, along with instructions to give whatever art remained to the publisher of *BIG*. Included were many of the reproductions you see here–a representative sampling of the work of Steve Masters . . . a legacy of gay art that can never be continued.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Flaws That Flatter

Humps/Bumps Pimples 'n Pits With A Personality All Their Own!

By Frank Samuels

JUST after a New York sightseeing bus pulls away from famed Riverside Church the tour guide calls out "Now look to your left, folks . . . that's Grant's Tomb. Know who's buried there?" Invariably confusion reigns as the obvious eludes everyone. Then comes his teasing, always-sure-to-get-a-laugh, crowd-relaxing rejoinder "Why General Grant, of course . . . who else?"

Who else indeed! Who else but the gal with the wickety-wack eye, Julia, the beloved wife of General Ulysses S. (for Shortycock) Grant, who rests in mahogany splendor beside him. And thereby hangs a tale.

Certainly the General wouldn't have minded in the least having just a *small* penis (what wonders he might have worked with that!). But while enormously thick at the base it had so little workable protuberance (and if you can't 'protube' what else matters?) it looked the same whether erected or dejected (which it was most of the time), and any war-front bordello belle unlucky enough to encounter it in her boudoir may well have reflected that she could do better with a toadstool.

Of course a Civil War prostitute was not as gifted in the art of dissimulation as our hookers of today. Having no expertise in such feigned passions as 'fly me to the moon' she simply accepted whatever phallic crumbs came her way 'without repining', as the ante-bellum expression went. However, when General Shortycock lowered his pants to half mast even she forgot prostie protocol and laughed herself silly, and straightaway the General got the message that he wasn't very much of a turn-on.

When this happened (as it frequently did) he would humph and galumph around his headquarters for days on end while General Lee was out winning battle after battle. Then, unable to stand his frustration any longer, and when his officers began to complain (and President Lincoln got on his tail), he'd send an SOS to Julia, and they'd fire up a special train for her and pretty soon all was clicking again with the General (and with Julia, as you will quickly see). Julia was the only girl he'd ever switched on. How could he tell? Wasn't she perhaps an artist of clever dissimulation?

Not at all. General G would work her over until he felt himself getting down to the short rows, then at the very hint of a cooze ooze one look at Julia's eye would confirm that he was indeed bringing her to orgasm. Her eye would go clickety-clack, fore and back, like 'tilt' on a pinball machine, and the General would crack his rocks right on!

Although Julia was quite self-conscious about her eye, and had often considered surgery to make it look less conspicuous, the General would have none of it. No sir! Give Julia two perfect eyes and he'd never be able to read her sexual radar. So she remained his wickety-wack girl, and an otherwise happy wife to her ego-tripped husband.

Historians may well say that General Robert E. Lee's greatest mistake was not one of logistics, but simply that if he'd had the foresight to have Julia intercepted on one of her sexual mercy missions to the front, the Confederate flag might today be flying from our nation's Capitol. While it sounds kooky, General Grant could not have won the Civil War without Julia's dicky eye (you should forgive the expression).

Anyway, it goes to prove that a facial flaw need not be personally frustrating nor a cause for despair, for if one only looks at it in a different perspective a flaw can often be so flattering as to create miracles of attractiveness and sexuality that flawless features perhaps would not. Shall we look at this in the light of a more updated example?

THE QUINTESSENTIALS OF MALE MAGNETISM

Not infrequently an X-rated film, or one of that *genre* the French call *le cinéma verité*, will have as its star a big, powerfully-constructed guy of the Raf Vallone syndrome whose face is a veritable mine-field of pits. By yesterday's calcified criteria of male beauty he would certainly not be considered even remotely attractive. Yet as seen in the 'now' perspective of contemporary standards he is not only ruggedly *handsome*, but what he has, and what he can do with it, boggle the mind!

Of course his body alone may overpower with the magnetism of its sheer brute strength/force daemonic. From the febrile eroticism of his wide, thick, battle ship pectorals with finger-sensitizing hair that continues unbroken toward his waist, past his genitals and into his sex-choked thighs, the effect grips one ravenously by the throat like a starving wolf. You can't breathe . . . he's going to attack . . . hold on, hold on, hold *on!*

But is it only *this* that rivets him so instantly and deeply in the mind? Others in the *Mr. America/Mr. Universe* category can boast an even superior muscularity . . . hair is everywhere . . . and any bodybuilding gym can count such sexy specimens by the wall-to-wall, ball-to-ball dozens. No . . . it begins with his face; everything that magnetizes is in the mask. Is it malevolence one sees and is pulled/driven by? Or is it a mocking devilishness that intrigues? Is there an aura of infernal sadism lurking in that tight-lipped smile that causes one to shudder deliciously at the thought that if the Marquis *(Continued on page 38)*







MEET MR. BELGIUM

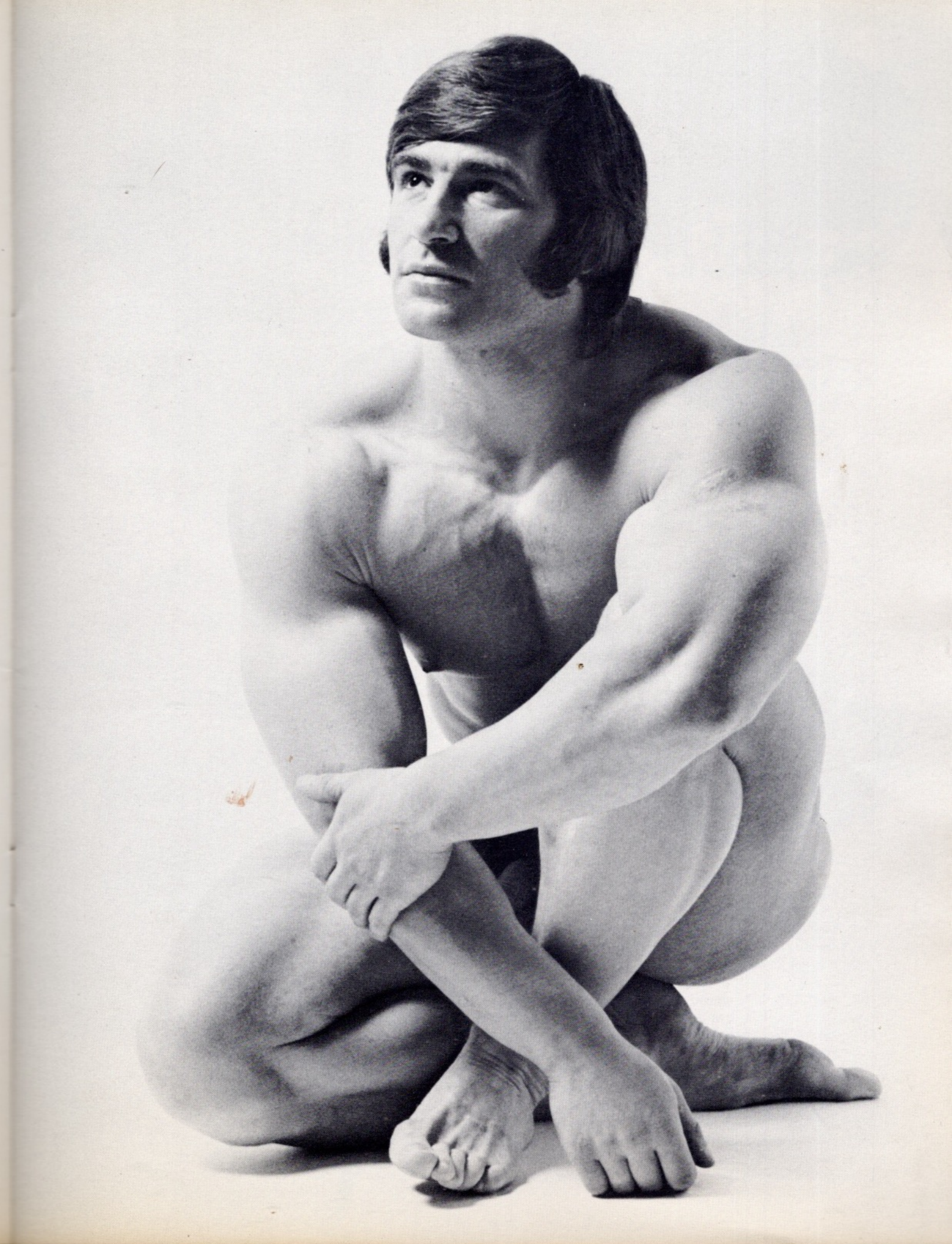
By Bud Parker

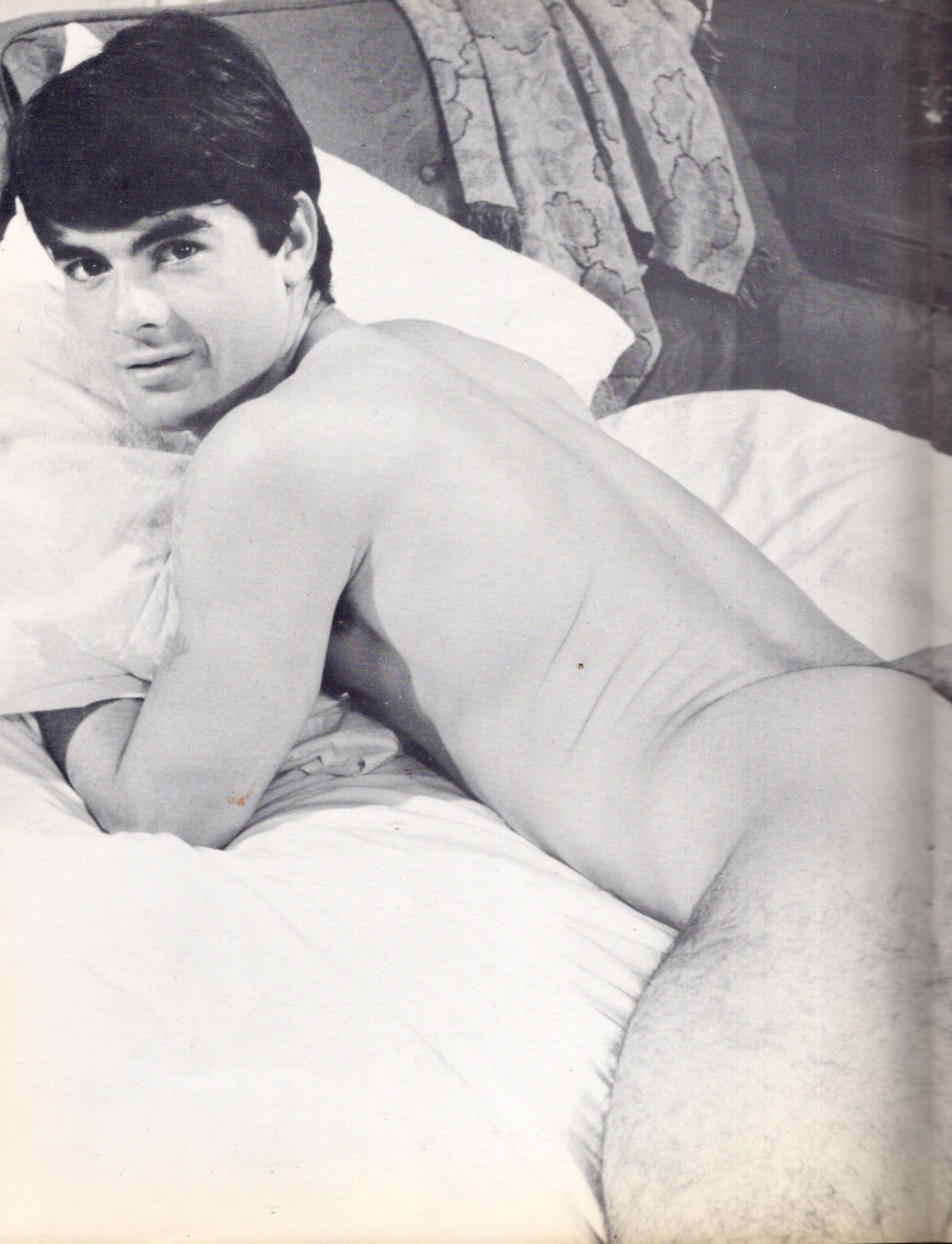
UNTIL recently European bodybuilders lagged behind in the big muscles department—compared with their American counterparts. The underlying cause was poor nutrition. But the world community has become aware of the importance of diet and food supplements are now available everywhere (bodybuilders must consume great amounts of protein—possible only by supplementing the diet with concentrates). The result is a new crop of champs equal in stature to the best bodies here at home.

An example of the new breed of musclemen in Europe is Serge Jacobs, five times Mr. Belgium and place winner in the Mr. Universe and Mr. World contests. He weighs well over 200 pounds and represents a formidable threat to champs on the international competition level. Serge lives in Antwerp where he spends his work hours operating a health foods store and fighting fires as a volunteer fireman. He is 32 and has 19" arms and a 50" chest.

What makes Serge the exception among bodybuilders is that he isn't uptight about posing nude—or being seen in gay magazines. These hangups are common among most musclemen—excepting guys like Mr. World Tony Carroll, Mr. World Rick Wayne, and Mr. America Peter Caputo—who have already been featured in our magazine.

Welcome to the club, Serge . . . we're glad to have you!









Italy!

By Peter Scampi

ITALIANS . . . and I am speaking of Italians in Italy, who are unlike Italian Americans—Italians feel that the worst thing about homosexuality is giving sex without being paid. The exchange of money is an inherent part of homosex throughout the country—and it is a foregone conclusion that those of average income and below will ask for payment, and that even those who are well off will be offended if a present is not offered. This attitude is not used as an "excuse" for having sex (peculiar to confused hustlers) but instead, it is predicated on the belief that sex has a value and that it is a major industry in Italy.

For Americans who are young and handsome it comes as a shock and insult that sex must be bought. Many U.S.A. Superstuds return home frustrated after having been forced to play the virgin out of pride or budget. For older homosexuals who are used to buying at home it comes as a letdown that traveling thousands of miles hasn't changed anything.

Moreover, there just isn't that much sex in all of Italy—compared with action at home. There are a few baths; only a handful of gay bars as we know them; some gay johns; and class distinctions that are enforced by Italians at both ends, making contacts difficult and entertaining a poor fellow embarrassing (even waiters will snub anyone they consider socially inferior).

But Italy is beautiful, perhaps the most beautiful country in Europe. Its people and cities are worth visiting even if sex must be sacrificed. Anyone planning a trip will surely refer to guidebooks so I will gloss over the tourist attractions and get right to the actions spots.

All roads lead to **Rome**, and this is as good a place as any to start out in. The only bar that classifies as gay is the St. James Club, 39 via Campania. Drinks are expensive and the atmosphere is elegant. Your passport may be required at the door. Harry's Bar, 154 via Veneto, is popular with tourists, gay and straight alike, and hustlers.

Wimpy's is a chain of food bars popular in Europe. In Rome it is at 171 via Veneto. Sit near the front in order to cruise the street. Also popular with many gay people is the downstairs food bar of the Flora Hotel, 191 via Veneto. It is best between 5 and 7 P.M.

Unless you fall in with someone you will probably do most of your cruising outdoors. There are three main areas: the Spanish Steps, which are lined with tourists and local hustlers; the ground level of the Colosseum late at night (much action in the shadows, but risky because it is patrolled by the *(Continued on page 43)*



St. Louis Swinger

by Gary Garth

EVERY summer the Eleven Point River in Missouri comes alive with canoers winding their way through the Ozarks. Designated by Congress and the President as a National Scenic River, the stream attracts thousands of young people of pioneer stock—and part of traveling through Missouri usually includes a stop in St. Louis.

The city has a lot going for its gay community—and staying at the Downtown YMCA, 1528 Locust St., gets you a good start.

The Mandrake Society, a homophile organization whose address is P.O. Box 7213, Main Station, St. Louis 63177, keeps tabs on legal matters and serves in an advisory and social capacity. The calendar is filled with events all year long.

Once a gay bar opens it usually stays around for awhile—its only threat being land redevelopment. So if you visited St. Louis last summer you will probably stop at the same places this year.

Bob Martin's, 801 No. 12th St., is very popular with the 21 to 35 age group. Monday is the only slow night. The best time to arrive is after 8 P.M. on weekdays and 10 P.M. on weekends. Casual dress. Dancing until 1:30 A.M., when all the bars close.

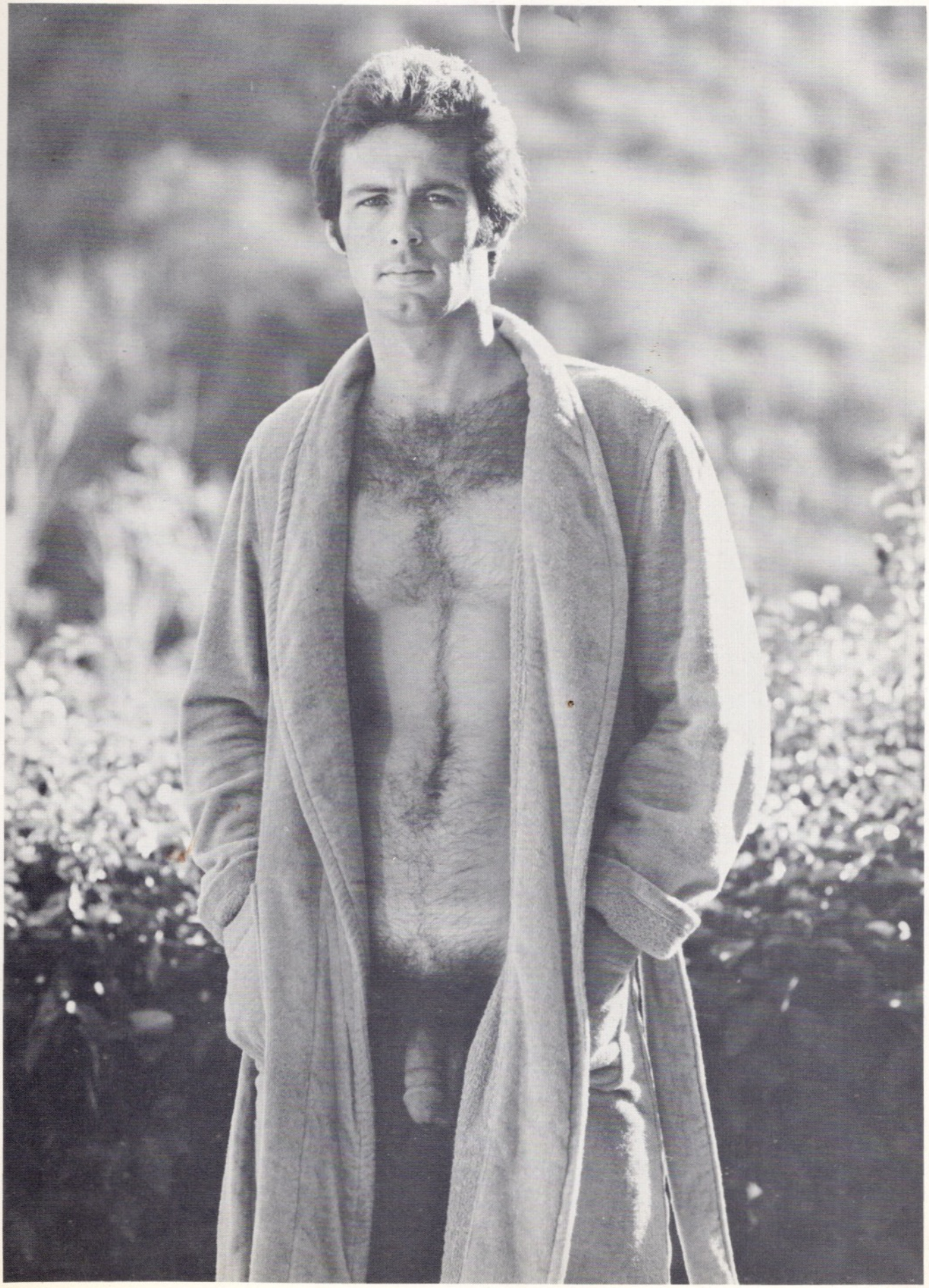
Charlie's 115 Club, 115 So. 9th St., is small and quiet—but making out is a snap any night after 8 P.M.

The Onyx Room, 3556 Olive St., is showing its age but still does good business. Dancing. Best on weekends.

Peyton Place, 4200 Olive St., is popular with young people. Very social but easy to meet someone.

Jim's Place, 4212 Virginia St., has a piano bar and the crowd is always in a singing mood. Casual dress.

There are several other bars in town but these are my favorites and I think they will be yours too. After the bars close almost everyone goes to the Golden Gate, a coffee house at 3542 Olive St. Admission is $1.50 but it gets you two cups of coffee or a couple of glasses of soda. There is no age limit so you are likely to meet guys who never go to bars because they are under 21. There is dancing and the place stays open until the last person leaves, on weekends as late as 5 A.M. *(Continued on page 44)*



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THE GAY RECEIVER

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GAY LIFESTYLES

(Continued from page 11)

dedication, going all the way one might say.

(Or if you haven't been fist-frigged in Fargo right up to your floating fistula, a 'college' like this will give you a post-graduate course. The curriculum is really freaked-out, and extra-curricularly—when a tricky tryst is divinely possible—even wilder!)

A PARADISE OF PARADOXES

In an institution where homosexual activity is frowned on, it seems paradoxical that such extensive opportunities for it are unwittingly encouraged by this kind of never-ending nude-out. On the face of it one can only see it as a colossal blunder if not an act of calculated cruelty. Yet according to penologists and psychologists there is method in this madness.

The point seems to be that it is a far, far wiser thing to give the residents every chance to sublimate sexual drive into other pursuits: some form of athletics . . . some hobby or amusement . . . as well as participation in some kind of creative prison work.

They count most strongly on body-building. The belief is that when a man becomes deeply interested in it, and more bemused by the beauty of his evolving muscular development—and thus the more narcissistic—the less likely he will be to dwell on the barrenness of a life without sex. While this may be sound with respect to sexually-deprived straights, for gay guys who see all that stuff in the nudity of a perpetual ballet of muscles it's sheer dynamite!

MY 'HARD' BELONGS TO 'DADDY'

Naturally not all prison life, whether in Texas or in any other penologically-enlightened state, is so relaxed and idyllic. For instance, in Texas a man who has been sentenced by his county court goes first to a diagnostic center for about ten days of physiological, psychological and aptitude tests. He is then sent to whatever prison is deemed the better facility for his 'recycling'.

While hopefully a young man may be sent to The Walls, or to Ramsey, which is a prison farm (and be permitted to attend college while doing time), or to Ferguson Prison Farm for youngsters aged not less than seventeen nor more than twenty-one, or—if his sentence is harsh or if he has served previous sentences, especially for sexual 'offenses' (up to 15 years in Texas, and up to 10 in most other states . . . *ruf-f-f!*), and has now been committed for life as a habitual criminal (the "Big Bitch" as it is called)—he may be sent to dreaded Ellis Prison Farm for the dangerous and unmanageable, no matter what his age.

It is in many prisons of sterner discipline throughout the country that the mingling of younger/older men takes on its most sinister aspect. Here is where sex among the hardened (no pun intended), and the sexually starved, is like sharks feeding on each other . . . 'hard-core' homosexuality . . . actual honest-to-God S/M that's not the charade or put-on it so often turns out to be in gay civilian life, but really rough . . . they play for keeps (but the Marquis would have *loved* it!). Here is where

'DADDY/KID' RELATIONSHIPS FLOURISH

A personable young guy—straight at the time—had the misfortune to be sentenced for a series of hot Cadillac capers and was sent to such an institution. As he tells it, "No sooner had the door clanged shut on the cell where I was to serve my sentence than my cellmate, a big fellow of powerful build and about ten years older than I, blew the sex whistle on me.

"Striding over to me he grabbed my arm and said, " 'Okay, kid, I'm your 'daddy' and I'm now on nobody 'cept me's gonna get into them bouncy buns o'yours, so blast outta your britches. I'm gonna spread 'em and butter 'em and have me a little snack like *pronto!*' "

Of course the younger man was frozen with horror to discover the (*divine!*) torture in store for him. At first he began to scream for the guard but was quickly throttled by the mongoose thrust of a hairy paw across his mouth . . .

" 'Just get this straight, kid. I'm gettin' into you whenever I like . . . stay in as long as I like . . . and I'm gonna drive this twelve-inch rod straight up your gigi like a hijacked 747 takin' off for Havana, and if you so much as let out a peep I'll strangle you, and while you're chokin' on your last breath they can damn well get the hot seat warmed up for me, 'cause I got nothin' to lose. Just be damn sure we'll both be gettin' out of here . . . the hard way!' "

Realizing the futility of further protest, disconsolately resigned to the overwhelming strength of his nemesis, the younger man nodded. "But for chrissake take it easy . . . I've never had this awful thing done to me before!"

" 'Oh, I'll be gentle, kid,' " said 'daddy' with a wry smile of triumph. " 'I'll start slow'n easy-like and I'll shove it in just a weensy bit further each day. By the time your parole comes up it'll be pokin' its pretty head outta your mouth and chirpin' like a cuckoo clock. And y'know somethin'? You're really gonna come to love it . . . pretty soon you'll be cryin' for it like a baby for its mother's tit.' "

THE 'GOODY/BADDY' MAKE-OUT PLOY

Not all approaches are like this harsh power play. Others may be subtler because they are more oblique but they're just as effective, and often more rewardingly so. For instance, an attractive new arrival, concerning whom it has been established that he's a first offender and therefore ignorant of prison subsexculture, may catch the eye of a potential daddy who right away gets the hots for him.

Having observed his prey for some time and deciding that a direct approach would be doubtful strategy, he may conspiratorially enlist the help of an old prison pal in putting on a kind of mock play in which the friend—hereafter called *Baddy*—will stalk the new arrival until 'aid' arrives on the scene in the person of *Goody*. Usually the shower is the best place for

such a ploy and it often goes something like this:

Baddy (ogling the genitals of the new arrival): Gorjeezus, man, you're *really* hung!

Kid: Like how's that?

Baddy: Like howzabout lightin' up my pad?

Kid (a bit apprehensive): Screw off . . . I don't buy that stuff!

Baddy (boring in as if to grope him): Ain't sellin' . . . just givin'.

Kid (now thoroughly alarmed, his voice rising several decibels): Now you get away from me and let me alone. Just pretend you never saw me and I'll do the same for you!

Goody (now comes on the shower scene and looks quizzically at Baddy): What the hell's goin' on around here, man?

Kid (feeling at once a bit safer): This creep's bothering me for my joint.

Goody (Striding over and glowing menacingly at Baddy): Up to your old tricks again, huh? Always gotta be messin' around with these new young guys. Guess you'll never learn. Lessee . . . how many times is it that I've had to beat up on you for this same friggin' thing? (Kid now flashes a wide smile of relief, thankful that this terrific guy has come to his assistance). Now you fuck off and let this young fella alone or I'll crack your head wide open like last time!

Baddy (feigning total disgust): Shit! You're always comin' along and ruinin' my thing. Well, all I gotta say is y'd better stay in yellin' distance when this kid hits the shower 'cause I'm gonna crack that stuff one way or another! (He leaves.)

Goody: Don't you worry no more, kid. (He places a protective arm around Kid's shoulder for a moment.) From now on I'll be around every time you take a shower. He'll know better'n to mess around with you when *I'm* here.

Kid: Gee, thanks a million . . . you're a lifesaver. I really mean it!

Goody (giving Kid a warm smile and a quick buddylike jab on his shoulder): Aw, that's okay. But come to think of it I suppose we should give the devil his due. After all, I *can* see what tempted him. He's entirely right, y'know . . . you are really *hung*, man!

Kid (no longer embarrassed by this recurring genital reference, but actually quite pleased by his new friend's compliment, smiles appreciatively): I sure haven't had any complaints about it yet!

As the weeks pass his friendship with his 'benefactor' grows. Then during a work break one day, while seated alongside each other, Goody glances down and sees that Kid's basket is big and thick with a semi-erection. Transfixed, as though by an extinct volcano that has suddenly erupted, Goody's body jerks bolt upright, zapped by 2300 volts of sexelectricity . . . his face is flushed and swollen instantly eyeball-tight with desire afire. As he impulsively places his hand on Kid's meaty thigh the semi-hard explodes into a full-sized erection that vibrates like the *boin-n-n-g* of a giant tuning fork. Goody's hand feels scorched by the heat of that throbbing head now bulldozing its way toward him by the pulsations of its own tumescence under Kid's thin white pants.

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.



THE WRONG ARGUMENT

Dear Editor:

Your recent article on Alfred Redl ("The Company You Keep") concludes: *The Redl case has been cited time and again in attempts to argue that homosexuals are security risks in positions involving confidential information useful to an enemy.*

Homosexuals will be security risks and targets for blackmail only as long as there is prejudice and discrimination against them. If the Austrian military hierarchy had regarded homosexuality as no more scandalous then, e.g., being left-handed, the Russians' threat of exposure would have been absurd. Thus, the case of Alfred Redl should be used as an argument *for* equal rights for gays.

One should not condemn Redl for his homosexuality but rather for choosing a military career. Killing, injuring and destroying are, after all, what the military is all about—and it is this that is contrary to the homosexual lifestyle.

Americans with a positive attitude concerning peace seem the most likely to have a positive attitude concerning minority rights as well.

Sincerely yours,
Tony Greene
San Pedro, Calif.

REMOVING CUM STAINS

Dear Editors:

I don't know if your readers are interested—but it can be embarrassing when one gets sloppy and ends up with white cum stains on dark clothing. Dry cleaning will remove them but if you need to get the job done in a hurry try ordinary alcohol or white vinegar.

Yours truly,
R.W.
Lafayette, Ind.

LOVE FROM THE LITTLE WOMAN

To Whom It May Concern:

I just saw one of your filthy magazines. How low can you go? Hell has enlarged her borders for such as *you.*

I happen to have been the wife of one of your gay guys. Believe me I know you are all demons possessed.

God have mercy on your souls.

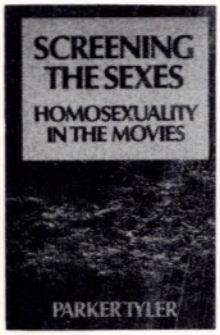
(Unsigned)
Derry, N.H.

ONE-TRACK MIND

Editors:

In response to your Harry Chess cartoon—"Would you like to rim this man?" Hell yes! I would not only rim him but I'd make him force feed me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! One thing is for certain when I'd finish with him he would have the rawest, sorest ass hole in the world, the nation, the universe!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Speaking of rimming, where can I reach Robert Conrad????!!!! What a tasty *(Continued on page 45)*



BOOK REVIEW

Lights, Camera, Action!

To read SCREENING THE SEXES: **Homosexuality in the Movies,** by Parker Tyler; Holt, Rinehart and Winston; 358 pgs.; indexed; 69 photos; $10.00 is like going to bed with a trick but waking up at an orgy. The night is bumpy.

The subtitle is titillating enough. You sit down to read it by a cozy fire one dull evening.

A week later, intellectually exhausted, you pick yourself up again.

So much therein is challenging, exciting, philosophically new (to me, at least), the book demands close attention (not always easily given) and, I'm happy to report, rewards it amply and then some.

To begin with, just who is Parker Tyler? His publisher's poop sheet tells me he's a poet, author and critic for **Art News, Film Quarterly, Sight and Sound,** et al. The Op-Title page of the book lists some seventeen books by Parker Tyler ranging from **Underground Film: A Critical History** to **Chaplin.**

I'm impressed, but I'm no cinemaniac and I must admit I've never heard of the guy. More's the pity. I will make it my business to read him; in the meantime, why, Mr. Tyler, has your light been hidden under a basket?

For light there are Klieg lights, flood lights, spot lights, even a couple of amber babies to illumine not merely one aspect of one or two films, but the entire range of sexuality (not hetero- or homo-, just plain old sexuality) in films from **Potemkin** to **Song of the Loon.** Never again will I go to the movies and see only the superficialities of a Hollywood or Cinecitta production. Instead, I'll be seeing gay inferences, blatant homosexuality, lesbian innuendo, and nellie nuances by the score. It's like finding out there's something else besides peanut butter.

But that's not all, not by a long shot.

To do justice to Mr. Tyler's complete thesis—the concept that sex as a purely reproductive function must be expanded through variety to form, i.e. variety of sensation and emotion—I would have to quote his Introduction, "Taking on the Sexes" verbatim, in toto. However, I can say that he, as he encourages us to do, reads aright the signs of sexual style, in the movies with intelligence and an open, enlightened spirit, discovering the omnisexed sexual integrity of man, hidden though it may be by disguises, charades, and tricks.

This does not mean that the book is a Little Orphan Annie Code Ring enabling us to decipher Jack's (Armstrong, Coogan, Oakley, Lemmon) true sexual preferences; it is a key to the ever-ongoing reflection of transparent truths about you and me which we are too often unwilling or afraid to face.

In fact, once we are clued in by Mr. Tyler, movies not only tell us more than we might like to know about ourselves, but certainly a great deal more than the Commander of the Midcity, America American Legion Post cares to know.

This is saying a lot for films, be they war movies (about the last two big ones; nothing of note has been done in the ten years of Nam) or epic prick flicks. But Parker Tyler says it and gets away with it, convincingly, by illustrating his thesis point by detailed point from Mae West in **Myra Breckinridge** through **Midnight Cowboy, The Great Escape, Citizen Above Suspicion, Husbands, Daughters of Darkness, Dorian Gray** and **Billy Budd** and **Death in Venice, Staircase,** Beaver films (you know what they are and are not), **The Dybbuk, The Damned, M*A*S*H, The Gay Deceivers, Reflections in a Golden Eye, In Cold Blood, Strangers on a Train** to Tiny Tim Camp (**You Are What You Eat**).

I mention all these titles becuase among others, they are the main movies dealt with, buttressed by hundreds of references to many more. They also reflect a tremendous gamut of movie-viewing experience, and, discussed as they are in great detail, somewhere your own viewing experience is bound to be touched on, making the book of personal interest and entertainment to you though you may not have seen them all. (You're not expected to.)

Even if you hate movies and never go, allow me to recommend the abovementioned Introduction and the concluding chapter, "All the Sexes: Their Power and its Possibilities." Together they make one hell of a powerful essay on Gay—whoops, I almost said Lib—Thought for the 70s.

If they weren't printed back to back every single one of the 69 stills would be framed and hung on my bedroom walls.

—Orlando Paris

Out of his mind, throat dry and hard, Goody stammers an incoherent pitch for sex. Everything he's bottled up for so long rushes out in a wild torrent of words (*why not . . . why wait . . . who's to care?).* Needless words, heedless words. The only thing that surprises Kid is that he's *not* surprised . . . it has all just more or less *evolved.* While slightly embarrassed by his own initial gullibility and now oddly pleased that it's too late to avert what he should have known was coming, he finds himself saying "Sure . . . I'd like that."

And then, warming to the idea, "Sure . . . I'd like it a *lot!*"

But then, doesn't *ever-r-ryone?*

PRISON SEX ON THE RUN

Whether *coercive*, as we earlier say, or *contrived* (almost romantically) as in the later instance, or *commercial* (and prisons are filled with hustlers, and guards who look the other way for either sexual or monetary favors), at least it's possible for many prisoners to reach a sexual accommodation which they can explore free from prying eyes—at least at night—if they have a cell of their own or share a cell tier with several others.

But there are still others who are loners, as they were in civilian life, seeking sex more often with more casual tricks whenever and wherever they can find it. For such a man the shattering impact on his life in the dramatic shift from the carefreedom of the outside world to the confinement of prison places him at the winter solstice of his experience . . . all dark lonely nights, and work-crunched days when crusing is certainly at its all-time nadir. And so he is forced to radically alter his lifestyle.

Since cruisy sex has been the dominant drive in his life he will want to reexamine his approach to it to see what is now available and whether it is going to be a matter of 'making out' with those who are interesting, or just 'making do' with those who are not in order to satisfy his basic sexual need and to give his ego an occasional outing.

What he once enjoyed naturally and casually and without the slightest concern for the time involved now becomes a kind of quickie *tableau*, because sexually he's now always on stage where everything is so frighteningly open and he so dangerously vulnerable. What once consumed delightful hours of dalliance must now be compressed into seconds . . . minutes, if he's lucky and the guard or 'boss' is otherwise occupied. He has none of the security of a pad.

But of course all prison sex other than 'cellmate' sex and the gangbuggery of the tier cell must be condensed, just as life in the theatre is condensed; a man can be born, live his life span, come full circle and die, in just a few hours on stage.

It is probably a truer comparison to say that fast sex life of prison relates more to dance, for in dance (there being no words to impede the flow of action) the speed of events can be so accelerated that a sexual experience is a speed-blurred sequence of questing glances, furtive embraces, quick consummation and fevered farewells.

In the harsh confine of prison, however, a man's sex technique must, of necessity,

be even speedier . . . even rivaling that of the zebra who has sex on the run and can date, mate, copulate and ejaculate in the short space of *ten seconds!*

Lest you think this an exaggeration, remember that as necessity is the mother of invention, the force of relevant desire that can bring a two-pound phallus to the ready with just a *thought* can also blast it into a six-jet orgasm in less than four strokes of truly talented lips or a pre-puckered anus!

You would be simply amazed by the speed of what happens between two gay guys in a prison shower during the time one drops his bar of soap, bends gracefully from the waist to retrieve it, fumbles it for a giddy moment or two and rises again . . . his friend smiling from ear to ear!

If in civilian life a gay guy has been a devotee of quick john sex in a rigidly patrolled area (the groovy danger gimmick), he will have been basically prepared so that all systems are not only 'go' but almost 'went'. Avoiding the watchful eyes of on-the-rounds prison guards will not only add spice to the wooing but will hone his already brilliant technique and make it speedier!

•••

LEATHER UNDERGROUND

(Continued from page 8)

yourself in this direction, you must elaborate at great length on the extent of your actual participation in the scene. A sampling from one of these questionnaires (this one was eight pages long!) follows:

Check where applicable:

I enjoy being fucked by:

___Cock
___Two cocks at once
___Several cocks one at a time
___Dildoes (rubber)
___Dildoes (hard, such as wood or metal)
___Fists
___Other (specify)

Further on, the questions ran:

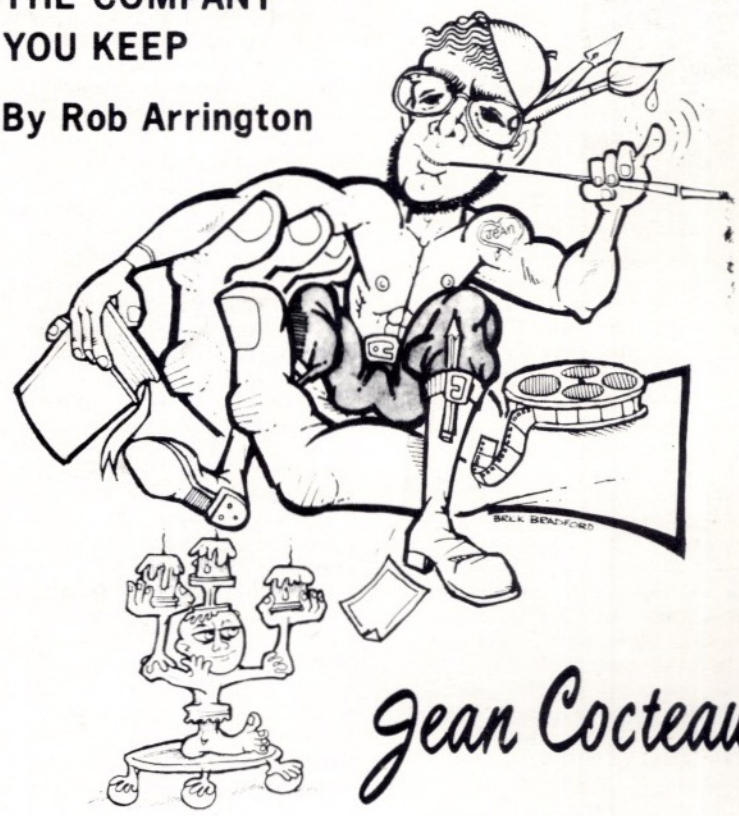
I prefer to be beaten with:

___Whips (what kind?)
___Belts (plain or studded?)
___Belt buckles
___Chains (light or heavy?)
___Hands
___Canes
___Rubber hose
___Other (specify)

The above, of course, apply to the masochist only, but the sadistic tendencies are not left unexplored. One section questions whether the S does or does not enjoy branding or burning (as with cigarettes) his "victims," and to what extent his knowledge of the treatment of burns runs. Another section is devoted to the elimination functions of the body, and yet another to strictly mental subjugation, for those people who enjoy neither inflicting nor receiving pain. At the end of this particular form was a blank page, left to be filled in by the applicant. On it, he is asked to give a brief summary of his S&M activities to date, and those particular "sports" which he has not yet tried but would like to experiment with. Usually, he is also expected to return

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

By Rob Arrington



Jean Cocteau

"AVANT GARDE" might as well have been Jean Cocteau's middle name. He was ahead of his time right up to the end of his life, which came in 1963 at age seventy-four. That year saw several major Cocteau events, including a revival of the production of *Pelleas and Melisande* for which he had designed the decor decades before; the production on French television of his *Portrait Souvenir*, which was an extension of his famous *Testament of Orpheus*; an American tour of his play *Orpheus* by a French company; and a comprehensive exhibition of his art at the Institute of Contemporary Artists in New York.

Poet, novelist, playwright, scenic designer, artist, filmmaker—the versatile Frenchman Jean Cocteau was all of these. But poet most of all, for his poetic vision permeated all he did. His major *avant garde* works survive as modern classics. Long before his death, his country bestowed the highest honors on him in recognition of his genius. When he was buried, he was wearing his cravat as Commander of the Legion of Honor, and his sword from the French Academy was at his side.

As a youth, Jean Cocteau was excited by the theater and by a special boy at school, and two factors distracting him considerably from scholastic pursuits, which were far too mundane for a boy of his poetic promise anyway. He was twenty years old and had already begun to fulfill that promise by 1909, when the Russian impresario Diaghilev brought his Ballets Russe to Paris for the first time. The young Cocteau was so inspired by the troupe's leading dancer, Vaslav Nijinsky, that he wrote a scenario for him titled *The Blue God.* The ballet was a failure but nevertheless was the foundation for further excursions by Cocteau into the fascinating world of dance, one of them, in 1916, involving collaboration with Picasso in the creation of the famous ballet *Parade.*

It was Picasso who took Cocteau to meet Gertrude Stein, whose writings Jean Cocteau had much admired and was to continue to admire during the 1920s and 1930s, the period when Cocteau embarked upon his *(Continued on page 41)*

a recent photo with his application. All in all, very little is left to guesswork—or the imagination.

Just how effective this point is is a moot point. My experience with these clubs has been just as variable as with the other methods listed above. If you are lucky, you find a sex partner who goes hand-in-glove with your idea of what a good sex scene should be. Occasionally, though, you will find that some of the Ms have slightly exaggerated their capacity, or that the S is not quite as proficient as he professes to be. One can only assume that some people just cannot tell where fantasy ends and reality begins! If you're really lucky, you'll find the occasional M who has *understated* his case, and turns out to be a real gem.

The local club to which my lover and I belong consists of fourteen members at this writing. While we have not necessarily limited the number of members, we are particularly choosy when it comes to considering applications. We have no written forms to fill out and no records are kept, except by the head of the club, who has each member's name and address on file and who contacts all members when the monthly "gathering" is to be held. If a member wishes to sponsor a new applicant, he must bring him to a meeting, where he will be stripped and inspected by each of the other existing members. If he meets the physical requirements, he is then subjected to various sexual rituals, depending on whether he is S or M. In this way it becomes readily apparent to all of us whether or not he qualifies, and we can also immediately reject the phonies, who are "intrigued" by the leather scene but not really involved in it to any interesting degree. Aside from our monthly gathering, the members are naturally free to meet in pairs or groups. New "toys" are often brought to the gatherings by some inventive S or M, thereby offering all of us the opportunity to share in some new sexual pleasure. This is a club that functions well and works for everybody concerned. Given a little thought and careful consideration, there is no viable reason why you, too, cannot bring the mountain to Mohammed!

•••

THE 30-SECOND BLASTOFF

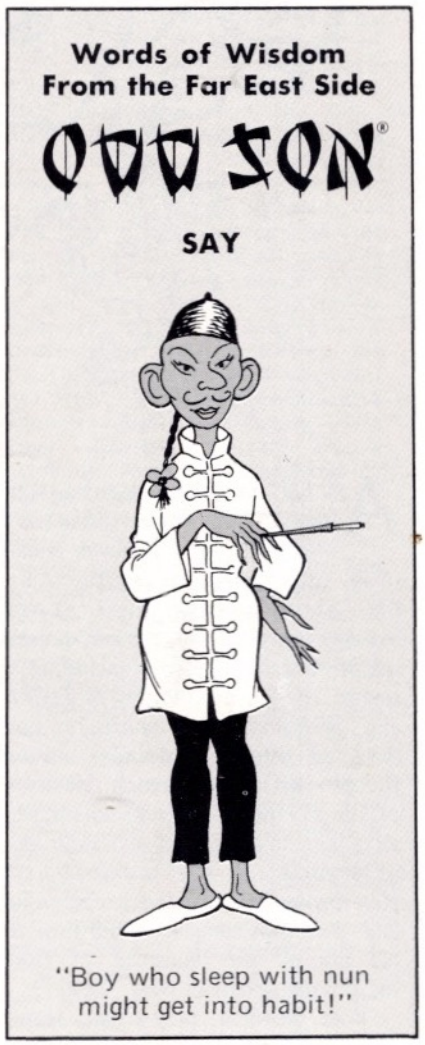
(Continued from page 7)

one inch above the base of the phallus at the groin (not the true base which extends back between the thighs). To him each has a special importance which we shall establish in just a moment.

Therefore, anything lying between the *glans* base and the *phallic* base (that long area called the 'tube' or 'shaft' or penis proper) he regards as a vast wasteland of *relative insensitivity* and risks no more than *supporitve* stimulation techniques on it! And so whether there's 10 inches of it, or 20 (and the black Arab can often boast of such size), he couldn't care less. Thus he never loses the battle of size because, to him, there is no threat of it to begin with.

He is factually correct, of course, because this great mass of weblike muscle responds more to pressure than subtle titillation. (If you'd like to prove this to yourself, get an erection . . . then alternately squeeze and tickle it. You'll see at once which it responds to more effectively. Aw, go on . . . get a hard on. It's fun to experiment!)

By the way, this triple technique which we are about to demonstrate may be of help to numbers queens and devotees of john sex who, for reasons of desire and/or practicality, seek to bring their tricks to speedier ejaculation. Moreover, you may upstage that competing john queen who reigns in the next cubicle, and who last week was upstaging you with his six quick tricks to your slow-poke one. This time you can put him to shame with *your* speed as you dispatch phallus after giant phallus, with the line forming to *your* left while he's still chewing on the same old rutabaga!



THE 'SECRET OF THE SAHARA'

Taken in sequence, here is the basic Arab technique for hastening ejaculation . . . the 'Secret Of The Sahara' as Arab gay guys call it. Perhaps it may sound a bit too coldly clinical as outlined, but the strategy can be made clearer and more instantly workable if taken step by step.

a) As mentioned earlier, the Arab gay guy first invites his lover's participation and challenges his sensuality by firing his imagination with a short verbal prelude. (Of course you needn't be so high-flown. Just think up something of your own to bring him into the act with more than just his phallus. Say something like "Love me . . . love me!" rapidly, urgently. If you say it *sotto voce*, or half-breathed/half-spoken, it's far more effective. Or look longingly at him for a moment before falling swooningly to your knees, and murmur beseechnigly "Please . . . please!" on the way down. Let your word imagery run riot, but don't let it run for more than five seconds . . . just long enough to see that he's already in the spirit of things! Right away you become partners in the sex act; no longer are you just the cruiser doing the cruised. You've invited him to *share* in a glorious love *feast* and he should bring more to it than just the hamburger.)

b) Take the head of Peter Phallus welcomingly into your mouth for a little housewarming hospitality, as you

c) Place one hand firmly, palm downward, on top of his (hopefully now erected) phallus, at or near the base.

d) Now place the other hand, palm upward, gently and insinuatingly under the phallus with fingers free to traverse the long vein and work from the base of the *glans* backward to, around, and under his testicles . . . and when you wish to indicate a greater urgency—even back to the pressure sensitization points which were so clearly indicated in Dan Rowen's article *Shiatsu* in last month's *QQ Magazine* (Volume 4, Number 3). These sensitization points form a perfect triangle from the small of the back (the topmost sensitization point) downward and *diagonally* across each buttock to almost the point where beautiful bun becomes winky wrinkle. (If you don't have this issue, and you should, you may still get a copy from the QQ Publishing Company.)

Now you have engaged the phallus with hands and mouth in the most effective working position. Don't try to encompass more with your mouth than the head of the phallus down to, and slightly beyond, the *glans penis*. Past this point your lips and tongue work on an area of far less sensitivity.

Of course Egyptian women (and some men) have long necks and a correspondingly larger oral cavity. So if your name is John Q. Nefertiti you may swing in and on the phallus just a few millimeters deeper, but it's not necessary nor is it more effective.

With all this magnificent meat before you, you may feel as if you were on a starvation diet and someone had just placed three juicy double-rib pork chops on your plate. Tempting, yes, but don't give in to it. Curb the tendency to further explore with your mouth. You have one hand to continue under-depth exploration, and to join other sensitive erogenous zones with the *glans penis* . . . and the other hand for two special duties:

1) The upper hand unites all operational phases of phallic stimulation thus giving your lover a feeling of sexual security, making his 'transmission' all the more effective. In short, already he feels that he's in capable hands . . . that you'll do a good job without any prompting from him.

This is done by enclosing or encompassing the top half of the erected phallus with the closed, curved fingers which press firmly, though not constrictively around it . . . just enough pressure for him to be aware of its presence and your competence.

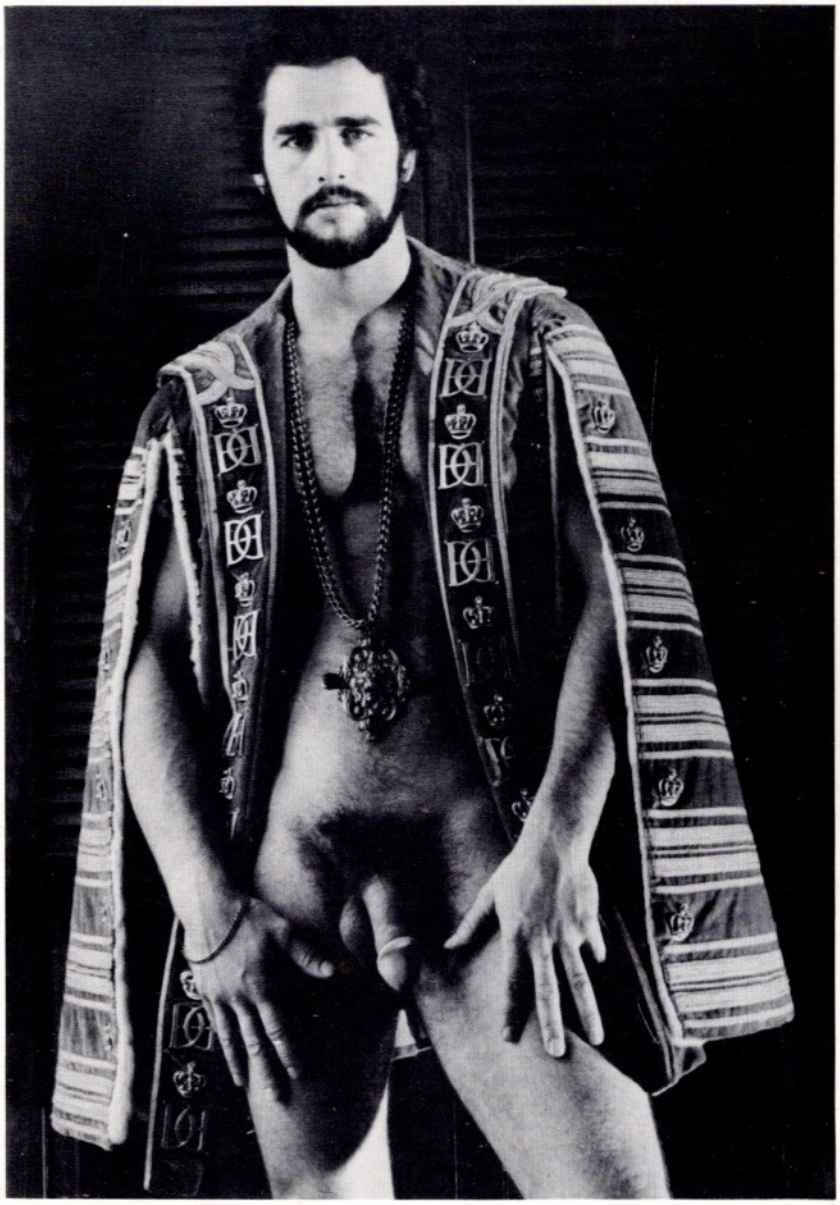
Now, working in *simultaneous* rhythm/tempo with the movements of your mouth and the sensual explorations of your other hand, the topmost hand serves as a governor or 'boss' and correlates all the action into a single flexible unit. Your lover then has the very real sensation that for the first time his oversized phallus–heretofore thought unsuckable–is now being sucked in its entirety, and for its full length, *by one giant mouth!*

It's disquieting when one's mouth plunges on the phallus at one tempo (a medium-speed moderato, say), while the fingers of the exploratory hand are playing 'Hickory Dickory Dock' at a nervous presto, and the 'boss' is squeezing or rubbing much more slowly at tempo lento. This can so disconcert a lover that it will either delay orgasm (he almost reaches the point of ejaculation many times without being able to do so . . . he 'loses' it) . . . or for it to be so weak when it does arrive it is oozy and scanty instead of squirty and lots.

Always keep the same tempo for all the three moving stimulators: stroke, suck, squeeze in the same pulsating rhythm. If you decide to increase the tempo of your mouth movements, then also increase the tempo of the others to that same pulse point.

Now this is really wild: if, by observing some sign of his own pulsebeat (in his throat . . . in a vein along his inner thigh . . . or, if you can sneak a moment so that your exploratory fingers can actually feel his pulse strongly behind a knee) and by synchronizing your own rhythms to it, you'll bring him to even quicker ejaculation because *all* of *you* and *all* of *him* are rapping together and it makes him feel as if he were a celestial body humming in tune with the rhythm of the universe! (Practice feeling your own pulse in the areas just mentioned so that it will come easily to you when working on him.)

2) This 'governor' or 'boss' hand is important in another way when it is called upon to act as 'noose mouth', as the Arabs call it. When you detect the slightest flagging of his sexual spirit . . . if you sense the merest hint of his phallus going soft (and when you get right down to it the feat of keeping a huge phallus erected for some time against the supreme force of gravity is a considerable one indeed!), shift this topmost hand to the base of the phallus and encircle it at the groin with your thumb and middle finger . . . forming, literally, a 'noose mouth'. Then really bear down constrictively for a few moments to hold the erectile blood in the penile reservoirs and prevent its shilly-shallying back into the larger vascular system. If this should not show instant results, bring your hand up to just under the *glans penis* and squeeze with your 'noose mouth'



Colt Studio: "Stoner"

Royal Flush

By Rob Arrington

Gay is good. Gay is great. Gay is even royal! The facts are, sir, that royal purple was also royal lavender even back in the days before there was much recorded history that has survived. Tomb art has revealed that homosexuality was anything but unknown in the golden age of ancient Egypt, five thousand years into the dim past, so we safely assume that of the many Pharoahs who graced the Eqyptian throne through a bevy of dynasties, there were plenty among them who liked the boys. In eight consecutive installments we will take a look at some famous gay rulers. This month . . .

THE GREEKS HAD A YEN FOR IT

It is in Greece that the evidence survives in specifics. In the golden age of Greece, roughly covering the four centuries before Christ, homosexuality flourished *(Continued on page 36)*



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there. In this way a full erection can be regained and maintained throughout the entire sex act, making it continuous while giving you time to sensitize/stimulate his phallus with other oral embellishments such as:

a) *'flutter-tonguing'* the *top* of his *glans* (very high-speed brush strokes of the tongue, like a hummingbird's wings), or

b) *'slapping'* the sides of the *glans* with the tongue, or

c) *making a 'trough' of your tongue* and forcing it in and out *under* the *glans* confluentially with that intriguing triangular configuration nature has seen fit to delight us with. In this case the tongue is able to titillate/sensitize/stimulate two points instead of one, and this is most important since rubbing or tracing the underside of the *glans* is the most erogenous effect of all.

(Special note about 'tongue slapping' the sides of the *glans*: go to your nearest sex-supermarket and purchase two of their largest cucumbers, one soft . . . the other with a hard on. Practice tongue-slapping the sides of each, seeing just how far under the tongue you can effectively slap, and how far atop. Practice with concentration, always trying to move your tongue to greater distances while keeping your 'slapping' vigorous. However, never sacrifice effect for distance traveled: it's more important the other way 'round. There are some mighty big, mighty horny and mighty kooky cukes these days . . . get different tvpes and practice with them and be ready for the Jolly Green Giant when he finally does come along!)

By inviting your lover into the sex act with a brief vocal appeal to evoke spontaneity, and then by your advanced hand/fingers/mouth technique synchronizing your sexual pulsebeat with his, you bring him into the sex act as a participating actor instead of keeping him out there in the bleachers as a spectator while you perform alone. In this way you can bring him to a surprisingly fast ejaculation which, after a several-minutes' pause, he'll be eager to experience again and again . . . and, who knows, even again and again!

THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS AT THE POINT OF EJACULATION

There are many men who, for countless reasons, blast off ejaculatively at the very sound of an opening zipper. While *QQ Magazine* intends to explore these reasons in a future article, it may be of help at the moment—while we're dealing with fast orgasm—to suggest some ways of delaying it until its appearance is desired. This can be done

Posturally, by having your lover lie on his back. As one's bloodpressure drops when one is at bed rest, so does the nervous system tend to relax. Since, of course, the nerves control emission, right away you have delayed orgasm to quite a degree. If you are a quick-comer, always try to receive fellatio from a supine position. Also, in anal intercourse, the recumbent or 'over' position slows orgasm. Avoid assuming the 'stand and deliver' position while your lover is lying on a higher surface such as a table. While this is wild for those who are not fast comers, it is not very practical for those who are. Then orgasm can also be slowed

Topically. There are several analgesics which are popular with fast comers. Applied to the penis, especially the head, they anesthetize it to some degree and thus sensation is otherwise channeled and orgasm slowed. Some of the most popular drugstore brands are *Nupercainal, Dibacaine, Americaine* and other benzocaine-type preparations. The disadvantage of such analgesics for gay guys is that as one's tongue comes in contact with the 'caine' it, too, is anesthetized to some degree. However, that may be a real turn-on for some, so give it a try. Orgasm may also be slowed with

Drugs. Everything is rather 'iffy' here and depends on the 'dosage'. For instance, a couple of drinks will definitely slow orgasm . . . but an extra cocktail may thwart it completely, ruining what might be an otherwise divine evening. Then too, marijuana in moderate quantities slows orgasm because, being so time-extending, it is quite relaxing. But again, five joints can blow the scene.

If you have discovered something that works well to inhibit orgasm until the proper time and if you would like to contribute your suggestion to our own research, we will greatly appreciate it and pass it along in due course through an article to others who will assuredly be most indebted to you.

• • •

ROYAL FLUSH

(Continued from page 35)

in general more than it ever had before, or has since, and it was popular with kings, too. Particularly noted for their passion for boys were two most famous rulers of that period, Philip of Macedonia (382-336 B.C.), and his son, Alexander the Great (356-323 B.C.).

Philip had such a taste for boys that he carried 800 eunuchs along on military expeditions for use by himself and his friends. The final irony was that he was murdered at his daughter's wedding feast by a page he had raped in full view of a party of guests on a previous occasion.

Alexander worshipped his mother and hated his father, but he inherited Philip's penchant for boys along with the paternal war machine, which he used to conquer the then-existing civilized world.

Alexander was worshipped as a god, and his widely known preference for boys made him no less revered in a world which thought you should be free to love whichever sex you preferred (this was 2,300 years ago, remember). He carried eunuchs with him on his conquests, as his father had, and his passion for his favorites was as strong as his passion for power. He had the doctor who could not save the life of his favorite boy-lover, crucified. Alexander certainly made a larger dent on history than any other homosexual of his age. His influence, and that of the Greek culture he took with him into conquered countries, survived his death by many centuries.

In our next issue . . . The Gay Caesars.

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FLAWS THAT FLATTER

(Continued from page 20)

de Sinew is here can the whips and chains be far behind?

Whatever his magnetism, or however one is sensually aroused by it, its source is more external/illusory than internal/mystic, stemming from the fact of the scars and pits of teen-age acne, or whatever the cause . . . giving him the mark of the beast . . . although by nature he may be quite shy and sensitive.

Now what if he acceded to the urging of well-meaning friends who suggest dermabrasion as a means of minimizing his flaws? What if by such a quasi-surgical technique his scars might be planed away and his skin made baby smooth and flawless?

Heaven forfend! By today's ethic he'd loose image . . . status . . . balls! Why surrender that ruggedness that makes him infinitely sex-appealing . . . that gives him the look of perpetual 'hard on'? Why attempt to modify even a pore and thus melt into the crowd, another faceless blob, rather than dominate it easily as he now does without even trying?

THE BRONSON IMAGE

Pits and scars aside for the moment . . . the wrinkles, frown lines and more-or-less weatherbeaten look of a noted actor have been parlayed into a blistering 'round-the-clock sex-appeal. In movie parlance this is known as 'the Bronson image'.

Charles Bronson is no kid . . . he's past fifty . . . yet he dominates every scene of every film in which he appears, no matter how small his part, nor how many, or how great, or how handsome his co-stars. Of movie-idol goodlooks he has none. Although his name may appear on the billboard in type so small it is missed by the naked eye at first sight, somehow the word gets around that Bronson is in town and everyone turns out to see him.

The Bronson image is a 'now' image . . . totally natural. No frosting on the cake. He dresses wisely in such a way that he creates a foil for his special facial/physical ruggedness. No fancy pants. Wearing old jeans and a denim jacket Bronson can raise the sexual decibel-level higher by just unbuttoning his shirt collar than most actors can by stripping to the absolute buff.

While the art of makeup could remove every line, whorl and 'imperfection' from his face, he knows this would effect a loss of image and thus diminish his following. He is fortunate to flourish in this *new* era of *new* perspective in male attractiveness and cut such a wide swath of popularity.

He has plenty of rugged thespian brothers, too. There's Richard Burton (pits a'plenty), and Steve McQueen (no classic lines in his face . . . just smooth, round features), and that 'super natural' star Robert Redford. Even just standing still without a speck of makeup his very sweat is a cascading Niagara of sex-appeal.

Because the natural image is so valid we react to such stars all the more readily because, being imperfect ourselves, we identify with imperfect others . . . something it was impossible to do with those worshipped-from-afar, beauty-on-a-pedestal

actors of yesteryear like the Robert Taylor of *Camille* (never a hair out of its corrugated wave slot and every wayward hair plucked from a too-perfect eyebrow) . . . or Tyrone Power (every tooth glisteningly capped with porcelain, and profile so artfully made up and dimensionally lighted it seemed carved from purest alabaster).

The natural look, being now unisex in scope, finds female stars also trying to be more 'identifyable'. The tendency is to relate rather then outshine, as in the too recent past. It is a trend that has eluded a French movie buff who, in a takeoff on 'where are the snows of yesteryear', asks plaintively:

Où est Brigitte, le beau chaton,
Et Marilyn, la blond déesse?
Où est Jayne et ses hanches de lion,
Sophia, Zsa Zsa et Grace la princesse?
Où sont les étoiles d'antan?

(Where is Brigitte, the pussy dear,
And Marilyn, the blond goddess?
Where is Jayne of the noble ass,
Sophia, Zsa Zsa and Grace the princess?
Where are the stars of yesteryear?)

They went thataway, m'sieu' . . . it's a whole new ball game!

Further pointing up this trend to the natural image are the cover titles and blurbs on the February issue of *Glamour* magazine (and in every way they apply to men, too).

How To Find Your New Self-Image
No Fuss Hair
Real People Clothes: to work in, stay home in, go out in.
Competence: how to have it without threatening anybody.

That's pretty much what it's all about . . . making light of your flaws . . . doing everything the natural way, the easy, effortless, casual makeout way . . . and all without offending anyone. Live and let live. It's a difference in approach taken from the point of a different perspective, and the thrust is no longer *toward* the superficials but *from* the *groin*.

Factually it began with Elvis. He was the first to liberate today's men from the false beauty ideology of yesterday. Gay guys all over the world grooved to him and his long hair and his clothes of tight black leather that connoted speed and liberation.

Then Marlon gave an assist with *The Wild One*, and then The Beatles came on strong with their innocent faces and still longer hair–poking fun at the establishment and pretense of any kind–and the liberation movement was in high gear. Youth and love . . . that was their message . . . their thing.

Yet with the exception of Elvis and Paul McCartney none was a raving beauty. Whatever facial flaw each possessed he either disregarded, or made it a part of his total personality picture; perhaps he just 'spoofed' it. No big deal. We're all so much the better that they came along, and came along when they did.

FLATTERING YOUR FLAW

How about you? Are you troubled by a facial flaw? For example, have you been bearing the cross of a rather long nose with a hump in the middle? And have you been thinking about having plastic surgery done? Hold it! Wait a minute! First review your style of dress and see if it is not actually creating a 'foil' that *maximizes* the hump rather than minimizing it. This may be the crux of your problem.

If you are insistently casual about your clothes . . . given to jeans and slacks and things without definite tailored lines just because they're 'in', or because most of your friends dress this way . . . try a switch. Try for elegance and *pamper* your 'pimple'. It may be just *your* thing!

How? Dress up in something handsomely Edwardian or something that directs more attention to what you wear than what everyone else does. Then look in your mirror and you may discover that what was once just a long nose with a hump in the middle has now magically become a stunning Grecian affair!

In the first perspective your too-casual clothes created a too-*understated* foil, and –there being nothing to divert one's eye from your nose–it actually seemed to grow in prominence!

But in the second perspective–by dressing more *elegantly* or more individually–there are more interesting details to be savored *away* from the nose, hence the focus of attention is no longer on it, but deflected.

Whatever facial flaw you have may usually be minimized (or heightened, if you wish) by choosing the right foil. The right background can not only minimize the flaw but present it as something interesting, attractive . . . even beautiful! So while the Bronson image is fine for Bronson and other Bronsonians, it isn't for you . . . so forget it, no matter how 'in' it is.

It's all in your perspective, so save yourself the precious bucks it would cost for expensive plastic surgery and spend every sybaritic cent on beautiful, attention-getting things made especially for you and your (now) beautiful flaw!

SOME FLAWS THAT NEED CORRECTING

Sadly, some flaws do need surgical correction. For example, the Saddle Nose, usually the result of a childhood fight, or some accident that caused a depression (saddle) in your nose. It may not have have been particularly noticeable until your features began enlarging during adolescence. But anyway now it's your cross and you chafe under the burden of it every day.

For reasons of health (freed breathing passages, for instance) as well as cosmetic ones, it can be corrected easily with the new Silastic implant, or bone and cartilage, to fill in the depression. In half an hour a surgeon can tailor the implanted material and give you a profile that's straight or turned up (*retrousse*), whichever makes 'sense' with the rest of your facial features. This will cost you a minimum $500, more if your nose needs a more complete recontouring. But whatever you do, tell your surgeon you want it to look its natural best . . . not a 'production'.

Another casualty is the Ski Nose (like guess whose!). If exaggerated it can be traumatic, especially if it is too often the butt of jokes. Get some peace of mind and update your image at the same time by having the 'scoop' filled in with Silastic.

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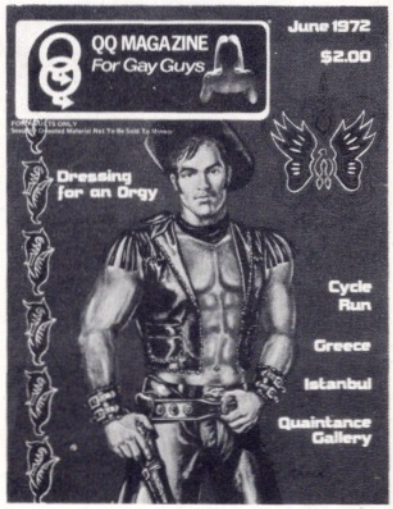

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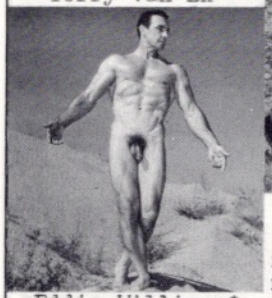
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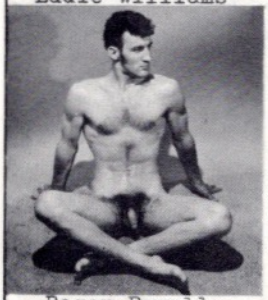
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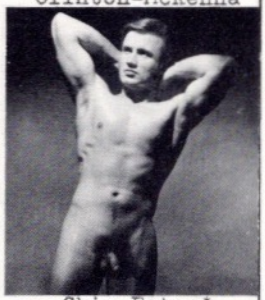
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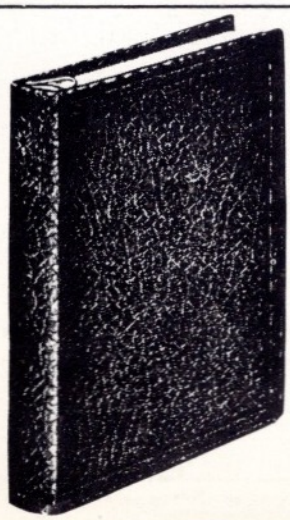

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This type of nose surgery generally requires additional recontouring for an over-all natural effect. It's done under a local anesthetic and there are no scars. $500 to $1500.

Of course any other flaw that is excessively disfiguring whether too-deep pits, or an overhumped nose, is no longer just a flaw but a possible menace to health (especially to mental health if it continually affects one's composure). So in cases like these one should think of surgery as health-improving as well as cosmetically.

VULNERABLE EYES

As we have become liberated from an older ethos of masculine goodlooks we have become 'glasses oriented'. Peter Fonda helped this movement along with *Easy Rider*, so now we have 'easy rider' glasses . . . 'shooters' glasses . . . 'fun' glasses and 'put-on' glasses as part of the 'now' image.

But of particular relevance to this discussion of flaws that flatter are glasses that flatter the flaws. A pertinent example is the man who is rugged clear through, whose face is strong and free of flaws, who exudes an aura of complete self-confidence and self-mastery, and who seemingly has enough strength to succor the weak, yet whose eyes—though 20-20—look weak, or squint, or lack the character of his other manly attributes (let's say they are 'out-of-characterless'), or which are too deep-set or too pale, or have some other flawed characteristic that negates or at least weakens his otherwise strong image.

What to do? Why not wear clear-lens (non-magnifying) glasses in strong, full-of-character frames that also 'make sense' with the rest of the features?

It may also be that the irises are too pale, and so a feeling of weakness is suggested. There are wonderful new soft-lens plastic contacts that give you a choice of color intensity! And, say experts, there will soon be on the market 'instant eye color' for weak-looking irises.

So if your eyes are now weakly-blue, like a new born kitten's, a few drops tossed in before cruising can make them look deeper, more intense, and as passion-charged as Paul Newman's!

So pamper your flaws . . . look at them lovingly in different perspectives. They just may be your saving grace!

• • •

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

guarantee them equality, we, too, must realize that law will not guarantee any rights to us. If an employer or a union doesn't like Gay people, they'll find other reasons to fire us or refuse to hire us.

3. Homosexual law reform now provides many political office seekers with a banner to wave in front of Gay people to get our votes, and as has happened many times in the past year, we flock to their banner. But after they are elected, we generally hear nothing more from them.

4. In New York State alone during the past year, tens of thousands of dollars and much energy has been spent for Homosexual

law reform while the substantive issues of Gay Liberation, at best, get only lip service—such issues as building community, building group consciousness of our common oppression (the causes, not the effects), breaking the cycle of syndicate-police exploitation of our people in the bars, etc.

Homosexual law reform is obviously a good and just cause, but it is not an end in itself. And my major fear is that because of the time, money and publicity being given it today, we tend to lose sight of the truly inspiring message that Gay Liberation has to offer everyone, not only Gay people.

The following is a quote from Henry Hay, one of the first "Gay activists" in the early fifties, which I've used before but think it bears repeating as an expression of the basis of Gay Liberation:

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

At the risk of being called a Pollyanna regarding my ideas about Homosexual law reform, I think that it is well on its way to fruition. And that Gay Liberation need only give it minor importance in the allocation of money, time and people-power. In fact, a good argument could be made that law reform will come even quicker if we don't press for it at all. In the states that have reformed their consensual sodomy laws, for instance, there was little, if any, pressure from Gay people for law reform; and in the states where Gay organizations have lobbied and demonstrated for law reform, the State legislatures voted against it, notably New York and California.

Anyway, besides having little reality to the everyday problems that Gay people face, the law reform campaign is dull and uninspiring. Perhaps we should return to the spirit of one of the first Gay Liberation slogans which appeared shortly after the Christopher Street Uprising in 1969, "Homosexuals are Revolting—You Bet Your Sweet Ass We Are."

• • •

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 33)

own greatest artistic experiments and achievements.

In the 1930s—after a succession of youthful lovers, most of whom had influenced his work one way or another—Cocteau met the extremely handsome blond French actor Jean Marais, who was the inspiration for several of the poet's supreme achievements. Marais played the princely "beast" in Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*, and the title role of *Orpheus*, both films made in the 1940s after the two had been associated for a decade.

Jean Marais was a top star in French cinema, and continues a ranking swashbuckler today. His loyalty to Cocteau survived to the end. During the poet's final illness, he was cared for in Marais' home.

• • •

THE SKIN GAME

(Continued from page 54)

majority—know this and resent it. For this reason it is very difficult for a single to join a club or enter a camp unless he is introduced by a member in good standing or is in some way able to secure a membership card from the National Nudist Council.

In Europe homosexuality is more prominent among nudists and colonies attract many gay guys. Here in America you will find comparatively few gay people at nudist colonies—because they are discouraged by management and because most gay guys have heard about nudist colonies but have never taken the time to find out where they are and what they are all about. The numerous magazines that deal with nudism are no longer purchased by homosexuals because stronger material is available—but until ten years ago the only magazines running photos of undraped males were published by nudists. Moreover, thanks to the existing climate of sexual freedom, gay guys are able to enjoy such "unofficial nudist colonies" as Fire Island, or shed their clothes at other popular vacation spots catering to homosexuals (Ed: see "Gay Beaches of the World," QQ Summer 1970 issue).

There are only a handful of nudist colonies in this country that actually invite homosexuals rather than discourage them. A popular camp is the Sunshine Beach Club, about 5 miles from Tarpon Springs, Fla. Situated on a lake it is actually part of a larger nudist park known as the Florida Naturist Park. Here there are permanent homes and trailers in which nudists live year round. Sunshine is a camp within a camp, so to speak, and very popular with local gays on weekends. It is not exclusively homosexual but a hetersoexual visitor might very well think so. A membership card can be secured easily—and once you have it entry is possible at most other camps across the country. If you are interested write to Wallace Konrad, P.O. Box 99, 217 West 18th St., New York, N. Y. 10018.

Another way to secure a national membership card is to visit a camp with a member. As an invited guest you are usually given the option to join—and once a card is issued it can be used elsewhere. Rates vary from place to place.

Still another way to secure an invitation to visit a nudist colony, and ultimately secure a card, is by writing directly to a camp for information and reservations. Give pertinent information concerning your age, health, occupation, etc., and dates you would like to visit. A complete list of nudist colonies may be secured by writing the National Nudist Council, 2433 Detroit Ave., Maumee, Ohio 43537.

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of the popular nudist colonies in the U.S.A. and Canada. The directory is by no means complete and local politics cause places to close down from time to time. Nevertheless, it will give you a start in the world of organized nudism—and while gay contacts are not always possible oftentimes straight conquests are. Whatever your bag—voyeurism, sex, or a desire to romp in the nude—we invite you to join the skin game:

Alaska: Auroratans, P.O. Box 1394, Anchorage.

Arizona: Shangri-La Guest Ranch, Box 124, Black Canyon Stage, Phoenix.

Arkansas: Oz, 505 N. 11th St., Ft. Smith.

California: Acacia Club, 6226 Metro Sta., Los Angeles; Air-A-Tans, P.O. Box 9321, Long beach; Calptus Grove, P.O. Box 26, Clovis; Laguna del Sol, P.O. Box 2224, Sacramento; Natural Life Foundation, Box 131, Riverside; Oakleaf Ranch, Box 48, Wilton; Olympians, P.O. Box 21, Laguna Beach; Pacificans, P.O. Box 375, Burbank; Samagatuma Club, Box 4011, N. Park Sta., San Diego; Sanrobles, Inc., P.O. Box 1944, Oakland; Sequoians, P.O. Box 2011, Castro Valley; Solar Bares, Box 47845 Wagner St., Los Angeles; Star Lite Ranch, Box 43, Folsom; Sundial Club, P.O. Box 26002, Los Angeles; Sun Island, Box 338, Escondido.

Colorado: Lazy Bear Ranch, Box 206, Kremmling; Mountain Air Ranch, P.O. Box 808, Litttleton.

Connecticut: Solair Recreation League (see Mass.).

Florida: Chin-Ka-Pin Ranch, P.O. Box 2271, Jacksonville; Lake Como Club, Box 2396, Tampa; Sunny Palms Lodge, Rt. 1, Box 19, Homestead; Sunshine Beach Club, P.O. Box 99, 217 West 18th St., New York.

Georgia: Sunair Health Club, Box 475, Augusta.

Idaho: Paradise Valley, P.O. Box 422, Boise.

Illinois: Paradise Park, 346 S.E. Garfield Ave., Mundelein; Woodland Acres, Rt. 1, Box 77C, Geneseo.

Indiana: Fern Hills Club, RR 5, Bloomington; Sunny Haven Recreation Park, 11419 Anderson Rd., Granger; Zoro Nature Park, Roselawn.

Kansas: Sandy Lane Club, Inc., P.O. Box 70, Newton; Sycamore Hollow, Rt. 4, Box 226, Lawrence.

Louisiana: LaPines, P.O. Box 8362, New Orleans.

Maine: Hilltop Farms Sun Club, Colton Rd., RR 1, Gray.

Maryland: Pen-Mar Club, Box 452, Cumberland; Pine Tree Associates, Inc., P.O. Box 157, Crownsville.

Massachusetts: Birch Acres, Box 7, Hancock; Laurel Acres, Box 204, Monson; Sandy Terraces Associates, Inc., P.O. Box 835, Hyannis; Solair Recreation League, P.O. Box 90, Southbridge; Stoney Acres, P.O. Box 222, New Bedford.

Michigan: Forest Hills, P.O. Box 105, Saranac; Sul-Tan Club, Box 418, Cilo; Sunny Glades Club (see Canada); Sunshine Gardens Resort, RR 6, Box 1220, Battle Creek.

Minnesota: Avatan, Inc., P.O. Box 6145, Edina Sta., Minneapolis; Oakwood Club (same as Avatan).

Missouri: Forty Acre Club, P.O. Box 9127, Richmond Hgts Sta., St. Louis; Hickory Hollow Sun Club, Box 2131, Sta. A, Joplin.

New Hampshire: Sherwood Forest Club, R.F.D. 1, Durham.

New Jersey: Camp Goodland, Box 62, Hackettstown; Pine Forest Club, P.O. Box 278, Mays Landing; Sunny Heights Lodge, P.O. Box 174, Clarksburg.

New York: Birch Acres, (see Mass.); Empire Haven, Moravia; Nypenns, P.O. Box 654, Binghampton; Stonehenge, c/o Box "A," Mays Landing, N.J.

Ohio: Alpine Lodge, P.O. Box 233, Elyria; Bruins, 2433 Detroit Ave., Maumee; Buckeye Health Society, P.O. Box 84, Millersburg; Green Valley Outing Club, P.O. Box "A," Mays Landing, N.J.; Sunset Health Lodge, Box 12, Roosevelt Sta., Dayton; Sunshower Country Club (same as Sunset).

Oklahoma: Tanokie, P.O. Box 554, Tulsa.

Oregon: Pioneer Trail Associates, Box 452, Pendleton; Restful Haven Health Club, Box 1147, Portland; Siskiyou Fraternity, Box 1241, Medford; Squaw Mountain Ranch, Box 924, Portland; White Oak Lodge, Box 1085, Medford; Willamettans, Inc., P.O. Box 1054, Eugene.

Pennsylvania: Halepon Outdoor Club, R.F.D. 1, Evans City; Pen-Mar Club (see Md.); Penn-Sylvan Health Society, RR 2, P.O. Box 305, Mohton; Sunny Rest Lodge, Rt. 1, Palmerton; Tall Oaks Club, RR 1, Dover; White Thorn Lodge, P.O. Box 88, Rochester.

Tennessee: Woodell Club, c/o P.O. Box A, Mays Landing, N.J.

Texas: Sahnoans, P.O. Box 4261, Austin.

Vermont: Forest City Lodge, P.O. Box 750, St. Albans.

Virginia: Jasmine Acres, P.O. Box 5564, Norfolk.

Washington: Forest Murmers, Rte 1, P.O. Box 341, Silverdale; Cobblestone Suntanners, Bremerton; Fraternity Snoqualmie, Box 985, Seattle; Lake Associates, Box 7306, Bittle Lake Sta., Seattle; Pioneer Trails Associates (see Ore.); Sunset Ranch, Rt. 4, 414B, Olympia; Sunshine Country Club, P.O. Box 7024, Spokane; Sunway Society, Box 5003, Sta. C, Spokane.

West Virginia: Wevantan Club, P.O. Box 2305, Charleston.

Wisconsin: Running Bares, Box 78, Burlington.

Canada: London Sun Club, RR 1, Belmont, Ont.; Maritans, Box 50, Bristol, N.B.; Norhaven, 324 Highland Rd., North Bay, Ont.; Olympus, Box 989, Dunville, Ont.; Silva Sun, Box 743, Sta. B, Ottawa, Ont.; Sunny Glades, RR 1, Chatham, Ont.; Toronto Gymnasophical Social, P.O. Box 533, Adelaide St. Sta., Toronto, Ont.; Sol-Sante, Box 473, Victoria, B.C.; Sunny Chinooks, P.O. Box 133, Calgary, Alta.; Van Tans, P.O. Box 423, Sta. "A," Vancouver, B.C.

• • •

ITALY!

(Continued from page 25)

police and combed by rough hustlers); and the park across from the main railroad station (Stazione Termini).

Lesser outdoor cruising spots include the Trevi Fountain; the Borghese Gardens late at night, near the National Gallery of

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Modern Art (dangerous); and the area along the Tiber River across from the Olympic Stadium (especially under the Duca d'Aosta Bridge).

Perhaps the safest place for a quickie with the least involvement is the Terma Roma Baths, 50 via Poli, just to the left and behind the Trevi Fountain. Admission is about $3 and the pickings are slim. Don't be surprised if you're asked for money afterwards.

If you groove on johns try the ones in the main railroad station. There are two action spots—the john next to track No. 1 and the men's room in the underpass between Nos. 15 and 16. The urinal in the Piazza di Monte Savello is sometimes rewarding. Cars cruise the area at night. Occasional meetings are also possible in the underground johns.

Movie houses that offer balcony/john fun include the Odeon, in the Piazza della Repubblica; the Brancaccio, 244 via Marulana; the Rialto, 156 via IV Novembre; and the Volturno, 37 via Volturno.

Fifteen miles away from Rome you will discover Ostia Beach (summer only). Marinella is a private section and it is here that you are likely to meet gay tourists. Take a train to reach it.

In the north there is **Milan**, an industrial center not particularly favored by American tourists. The Piazza del Virci is openly cruised. The American Bar, 24 via Tunisia, is a good starting place. Or try Bar LeRoi, Piazza Castello Sforzesco. If the baths are more your speed go to the Il Duomo or the Fono Bonaparte, just off Piazza Castello Sforzesco.

Venice is an unbelievably beautiful city. The main cruising area is the promenade on the Grand Canal, between the Doge's Palace and the Air Terminal. (Don't be surprised if someone invites you home and says the Hail Mary after sex!) There are several outdoor johns; the best one is near the American Express office. Harry's Bar, 1323 via Valparaiso, is popular with tourists in general. Cruising is best at night. For daytime action, in summer only, take a "water bus" to the Lido, a strip of beach about 20 minutes from Venice proper. Walk to the public beach on the Adriatic side, change in the bath house, and then walk to the left for about a mile. You will come to ruined war bunkers along the beach, and the dunes in this area are active. Take the usual precautions.

In Itlay it is not true that a lot of gay sex is possible only in certain cities, but rather that a little is possible anywhere. This is especially true of resorts, where people are on holiday. One of the most beautiful "escapes" in the world is the island of **Capri**, off Naples. The main square is popular with the international gay set, and many locals are available for a price. They may be found in the square, and at the public beach next to Gracie Fields' place. There is a large public john just off the main square and below it, near the funicular. It is open—and cruised—at night. The Amici Bar is sometimes good, but tourists are your best bet as locals are usually poor boys from Naples who value your wallet more than your basket.

Naples is probably the most commercial of all Italian cities as far as gay sex is concerned. It can be quite depressing at night, especially if you wander into the slum area known as St. Lucia. Try the Sombrero Bar, 4 via Partenope.

Florence is a mecca for art lovers and many gay guys travel there to see Michelangelo's David—but the gay scene is dull. The only established action spot is the Ponte Vecchio, the big bridge over the Arno which serves as a meat rack for hustlers—and the price tag is negotiable.

Other cities in Itlay are worth visiting for their beauty—but gay action is a sometimes thing. Generally speaking, in resort towns cruise the promenades; in big cities check the railroad station and main squares.

One should travel to Itlay to feast the eyes and not the groin. If you want beautiful Italian flesh then get it in New York and other big U.S. cities populated by Italians—who are far prettier than their counterparts in Europe because those overseas suffer from poor nutrition (which takes its toll in skin tone and teeth). Look at Italy with love—and if you are fortunate enough to feel it as well you will be all the richer.

• • •

ST. LOUIS SWINGER

(Continued from page 26)

Those who want to stay on the bar scene after they close in St. Louis drive across the river to East St. Louis, Ill. The bars there pick up around 2 A.M. and go until 4 A.M.

Helen Schrader's, 205 No. 5th, is popular, There's a drag show on weekends and the cover charge is only $1. Dress is casual.

Jerry's is across the street. The motif is Spanish and dress is casual. There's a big dance floor on the ground floor and $1 will get you into the room upstairs for a drag show on weekends.

A couple of blocks away, at 721 E. St. Louis, is the Grapevine. It's mainly lesbian but more guys are going all the time.

At these places, and others not mentioned, you are likely to encounter lesbians and hustlers—but in Missouri nobody is pushy so you can do your thing without getting in one another's way.

If you don't like bars there is always the Greyhound Bus Station. Typical action. Or cruise the balcony of the World Theatre. It's always good. Or walk the streets. Grand at Olive is tops. Or do the baths. There's Belcher's New Baths, 407 Lucas St. You can stay all night for $5. The Club Baths is at 600 No. Kings Highway. Membership is required—and the Club chain is not particularly known for its accommodating managers.

If you like cruising outdoors try Forest Park. The section near the cannon on Circle Drive is good. Cruising day and night. The johns are active but be careful.

Tower Park is another busy place. Lots of young hustlers who go for only $5 (the biggest bargain in town!). The johns are cruised but don't park your car longer than 15 minutes; the park is watched by policemen in unmarked cars.

Carlondelet Park has one john and it is popular with hustlers. Stay away at night because it is very dangerous.

And there you have it. If you are traveling out our way be sure and stop by and enjoy. The people are friendly and there is still enough country freshness to make you feel as if you're just coming out!

•••

LETTERS

(Continued from page 31)

looking ass on that Greek model–Serge Jacobs!!!!! Looks good enough to suck all day!!!!!!!!!! Let's have more of HIMM or his ass!!!!!

You are finally getting the idea of what us queens want!!! Congratulations!

(Unsigned)
Long Beach, Calif.

FROM HEAD TO TOE

Dear Editor:

I have a peculiar fetish. I love feet. I like to groove–taste, smell and lap a real good-looking young guy's feet after he's taken a shower in the morning and then walked around all day on his sweating feet, 'til he comes home at night and allows me to suck, lap and groove on his beautiful, masculine toes and feet. I like the natural taste and smell of feet in shoes and sneakers. I don't like to kiss and lap feet that are dirty from walking barefoot on the filthy streets, etc.

I have another fetish, which perhaps you will think is quite gross. I usually ask nice-looking hustlers to perform it, hardly ever any tricks in the bars, since I'm somewhat embarrassed about it. The fetish I have is a love (actually, a tremendous urge) to be spat upon in the face and mouth by a real good-looking guy or group of guys.

I know that it must sound gross to you and that is why I hesitate asking most guys in bars–unless they are hustlers–to perform it on me.

I can't explain it much, but I've always had a great fantasy to be spat upon. I always used to watch the straight guys in high school spit, and it seemed like such a masculine thing for them to do.

Perhaps it is becuase spit is so similar to semen. It is also sticky, gooey, warm, etc. To me it really doesn't seem bad when you think that soul kissing exchanges saliva from mouth to mouth. Yet it is the fear of disgust from others that I worry about. Do you think they would be tolerant if I asked?

I am not a masochist but I do love spit and smelly feet. What do you think?

Sincerely,
M.M.J.
Boston, Mass.

Ed: What two people enjoy in privacy–provided it doesn't harm them or others, psychologically or physically–should be the only guideline concerning what is right and wrong. All of us have fetishes; it's just that some are more common than others and don't stand out. Certainly, no homosexual should condemn another for whatever sexual "peculiarity" he might have. There are those who would condemn all homosexuals for practicing "ordinary" sex.

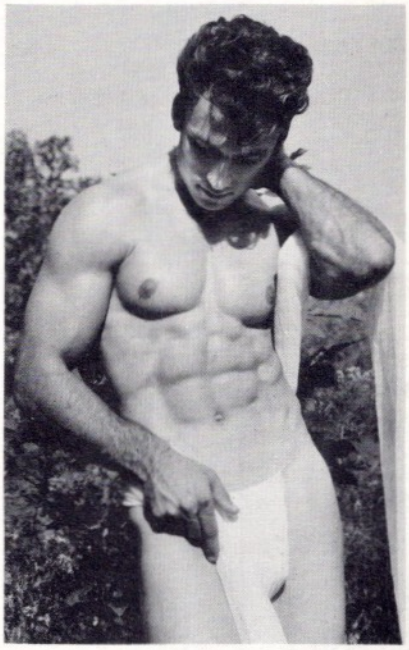
COLLECTORS' EDITION

ERA

THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREAT PHYSIQUES

THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREAT PHYSIQUES

Hal Warner, the celebrated editor of **The Young Physique**, and George Desantis, publisher of **QQ Magazine** and **BODY**, have focused their talents into the creating of what is truly a collector's joy—a nostalgia-filled photo essay magazine featuring the greatest physiques the world has ever known . . . **ERA!**



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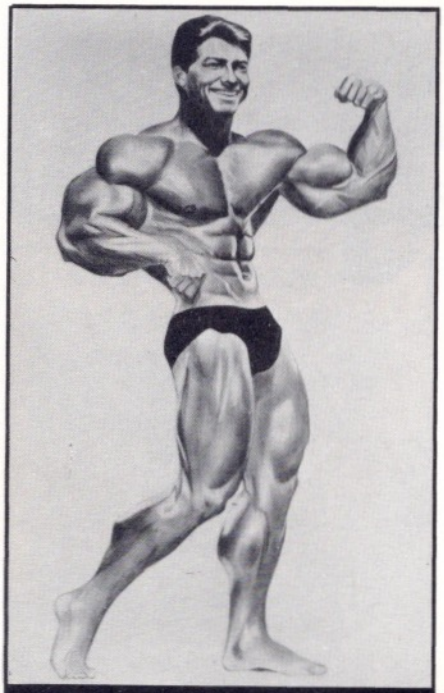

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NEEDLESS WORRY

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy your magazines tremendously.

I have a problem which I hope you can help solve as I cannot ask my family physician.

A few years ago my lover was in a serious auto accident and part of his treatment involved radium treatments. Moreover, he was in such great pain at the time that he took powerful pain killers.

My question is: Through sex with him is it possible for me to pick up any of the radium in his body? Also, can I absorb the pain pills and antibiotics he still takes?

I am very worried. Please answer.

Sincerely,
R.N.
Madison, Nebr.

Ed: The radium treatments your lover had cannot affect you. Nor can the various medications he takes. Should you want to discuss the matter with your doctor it can be done in a general manner–such as, "Can I be affected by radium if I have a friend who has been treated; there's a guy at work, etc." He'll give you the same answer as above.

MARRIAGE GAY STYLE

Dear Editor:

I think the recent church "marriage" of Michael Girouard and Rejean Tremblay of Canada was a mockery–as all other gay "marriages" are. I've been with my lover for nearly seven years and we have stayed together because we love each other. That is all that should be necessary for two gay guys –not a silly ceremony which mimics a lifestyle that is best left to straights.

Moreover, I don't believe such marriages will help change existing laws concerning this aspect of homosexuality, or make it any more palatable to society at large. On the contrary, it affirms acceptance on the part of participating gays that the straight life is the "real article" and that the best we homosexuals can do is adapt as much as possible.

Yours truly,
H.G.
Chicago, Ill.

QQ GOING TO THE DOGS

Dear Editor:

I had the pleasure of meeting some of you out at Fire Island last summer–and also Oscar, your basset hound mascot. Let's have a picture of him.

Sincerely yours,
R.J.
Montreal, Canada

Ed: Here's a picture of "QQ's Oscar"– taken at our house on Fire Island last summer. He's the pup–with his buddy MacDuff. Oscar is much bigger now and looking forward to this summer's trip to the Island. We also present "Baron Alex von Glendale"–a new arrival at the home of Buddy and Mathew of Glendale (California). The Baron just finished making a dirty phone call when this pic was taken.



QQ's Oscar and MacDuff



Baron Alex von Glendale

TAORMINA REVISITED

Dear Editor:

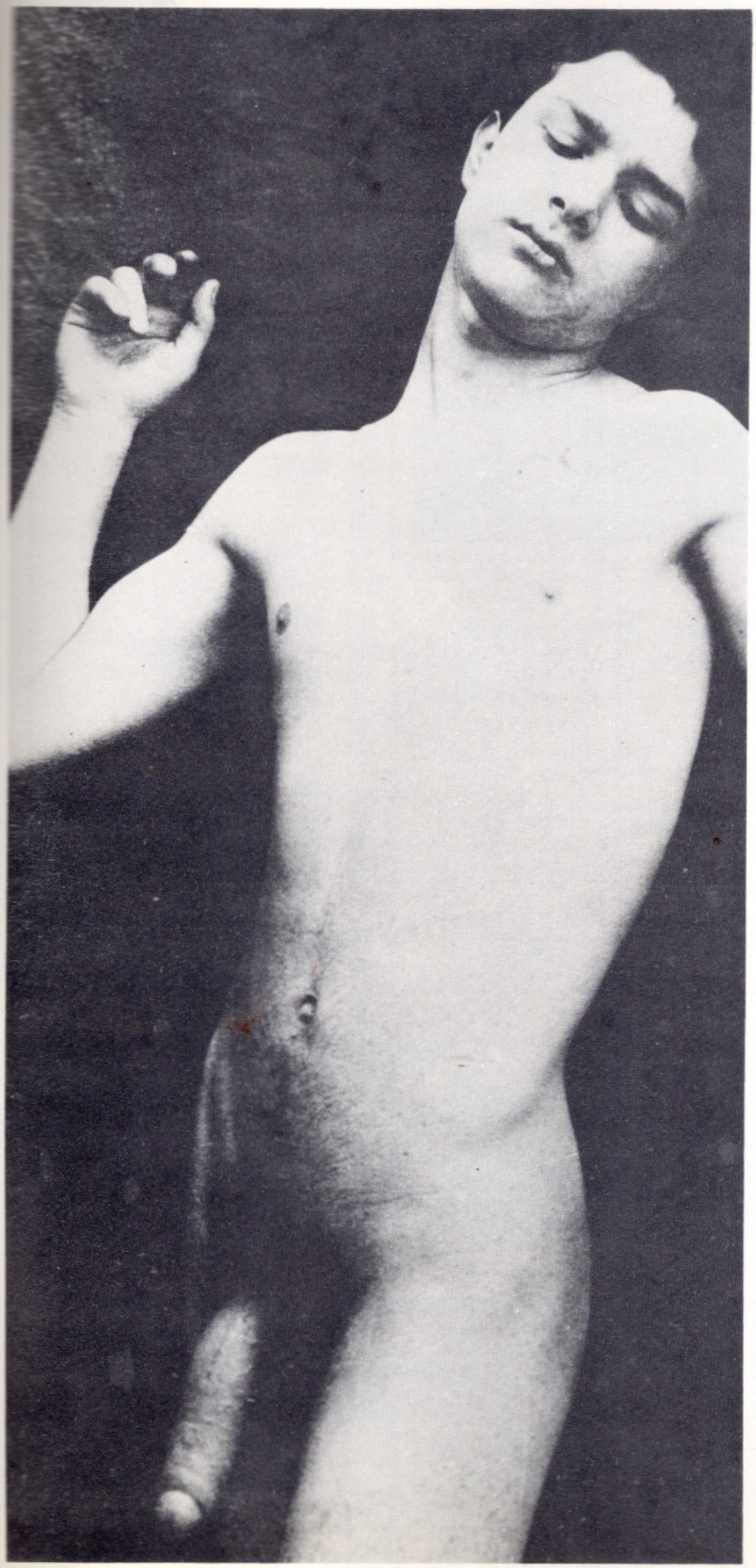
I read with great interest the article, "The Boys of Taormina," in the Summer 1969 *QQ*–a valuable part of my magazine collection.

The Baron von Gloeden's models were beautiful–and I cherish your selection of photographs. To think they were made in 1900!

Now that your magazine has "gone frontal" could we see a few of the photographs you could not publish in 1969?

Hopefully,
J.L.
Allentown, Pa.

Ed: David Loo's excellent article continues to inspire collectors of our magazine–and it really is amazing that the Baron von Gloeden was able to secure models in 1900 Sicily, let alone photograph them at a time when cameras were hardly known. We urge all our readers to refer to their Summer 1969 edition for the complete story–and present here and on pages 52 and 53 a few of the photographs we had to omit from our earlier spread. The prints were kindly loaned to us by Alan Tuck Associates.



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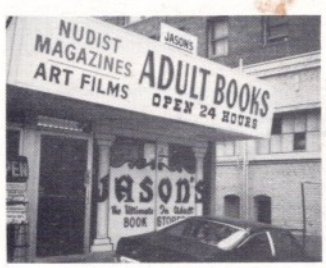
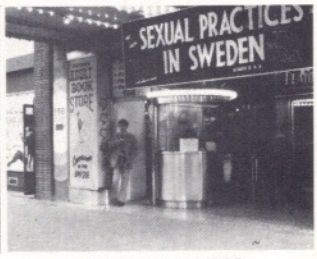


Jason's, Hollywood


Haven, Chicago


Esplanade, Boston



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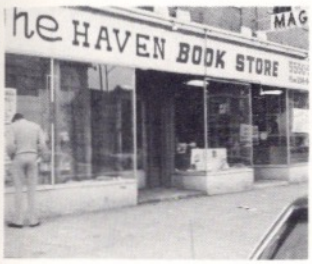
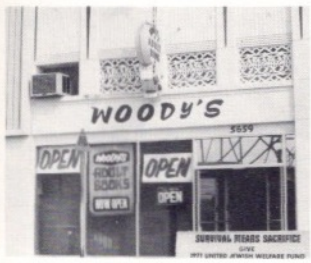


Haven, Chicago





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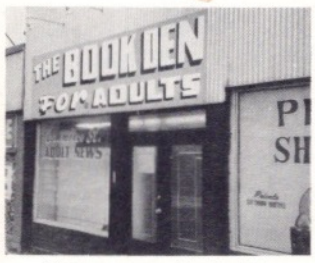

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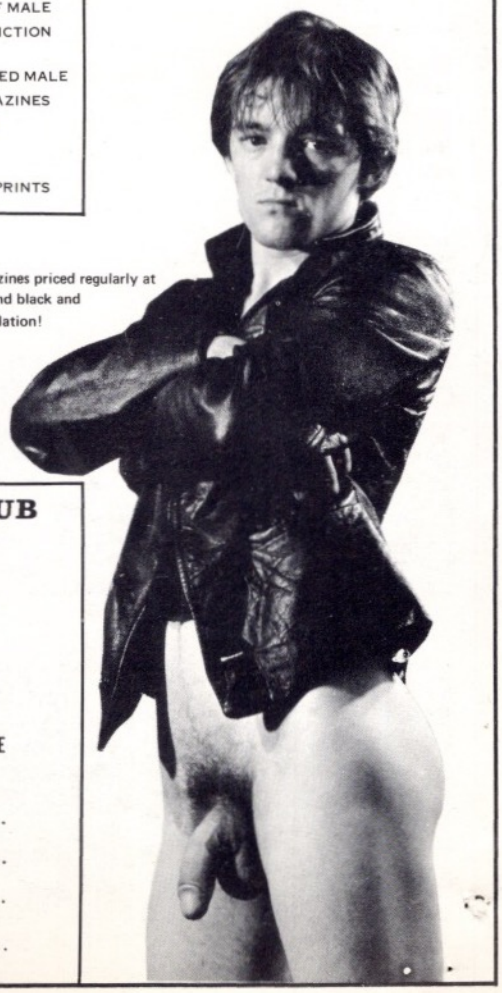

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BY A. JAY

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IT COULDN'T LOOK BLEEKER (STREET) FOR

OUR FUGG GUYS: HARRY, MICKEY MUSCLE 'N RANCID AGNEW!!! ALL THREE HAVE FALLEN INTO THE SAVAGE, CRUEL CLUTCHES OF BARON VON DRECK...'N HIS UNCOUTH HENCHMAN AWFUL OFFAL... AND FATE A FACE WORSE THAN DEATH!

TALK...FOOLS, OR 'VE SHALL MAKE WIENER SCHNITZEL OUT OF YOUR TUCKUSES!

YEAH!

LIVE STEAM

FUCK YOU... YOU KRAUT BASTARD!!

DUMBKOFF!!! YOUR ASS HOLE SHALL CRY IN EXQUISITE PAIN!

'DAT IS BEAUTIFUL... I MUST WRITE IT DOWN...

THERE GOES MY SEASON IN THE PINES...!

WHACK!

BLOWING! BLOATING!

HORNY HORSERADISH! LOOK, BOSS!

VOT NOW?

VONDERBAR.... OUR SEARCH HAS ENDED! VOT A PERFECT PIECE! BRING 'DEM ALL BELOW TO MY LAB... I MUST PROCEED AT VONCE!

SAVED BY MICKEY'S MEAT!

GOOD SHOW!

GEE!!

LATER:

MOVE!!!

YEAH... YEAH!

AS OUR GUYS ARE BEING FORCIBLY LED BELOW, HARRY SNATCHES A HYPO...

BELOW:

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT YOU SONOFABITCH??

WOW... THIS IS THE DUMP I GOT BLITZED IN!

YOU SHALL PAY FOR THAT REMARK LATER! BUT NOW... MR. CHESS, I AM TO DO A TRANSPLANT!

'DIS PERFECT BRAIN INTO 'DAT PERFECT BODY!! THEN 'DA THIRD REICH SHALL LIVE AGAIN... UNDER 'DIS NEW, GLORIOUS LEADER!!! NATURALLY I SHALL BE 'DA POWER BEHIND 'DA POWER!!!

OH YEAH... I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YA!

WOW... IT'S RASH... THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT PIECE!

BUT... BUT WHO'S BRAIN IS THAT?

CAN'T YOU GUESS, DUMMY? 'DIS IZ 'DA FÜHRER'S BRAIN... KEPT ALIVE BY ME ALL 'DESE YEARS IN JERSEY CITY!!! IT SHALL FIND A NEW HOME NOW... INSIDE MR. HASHANNA'S MAGNIFICENT BOD!!! SLURP!

YEAH!

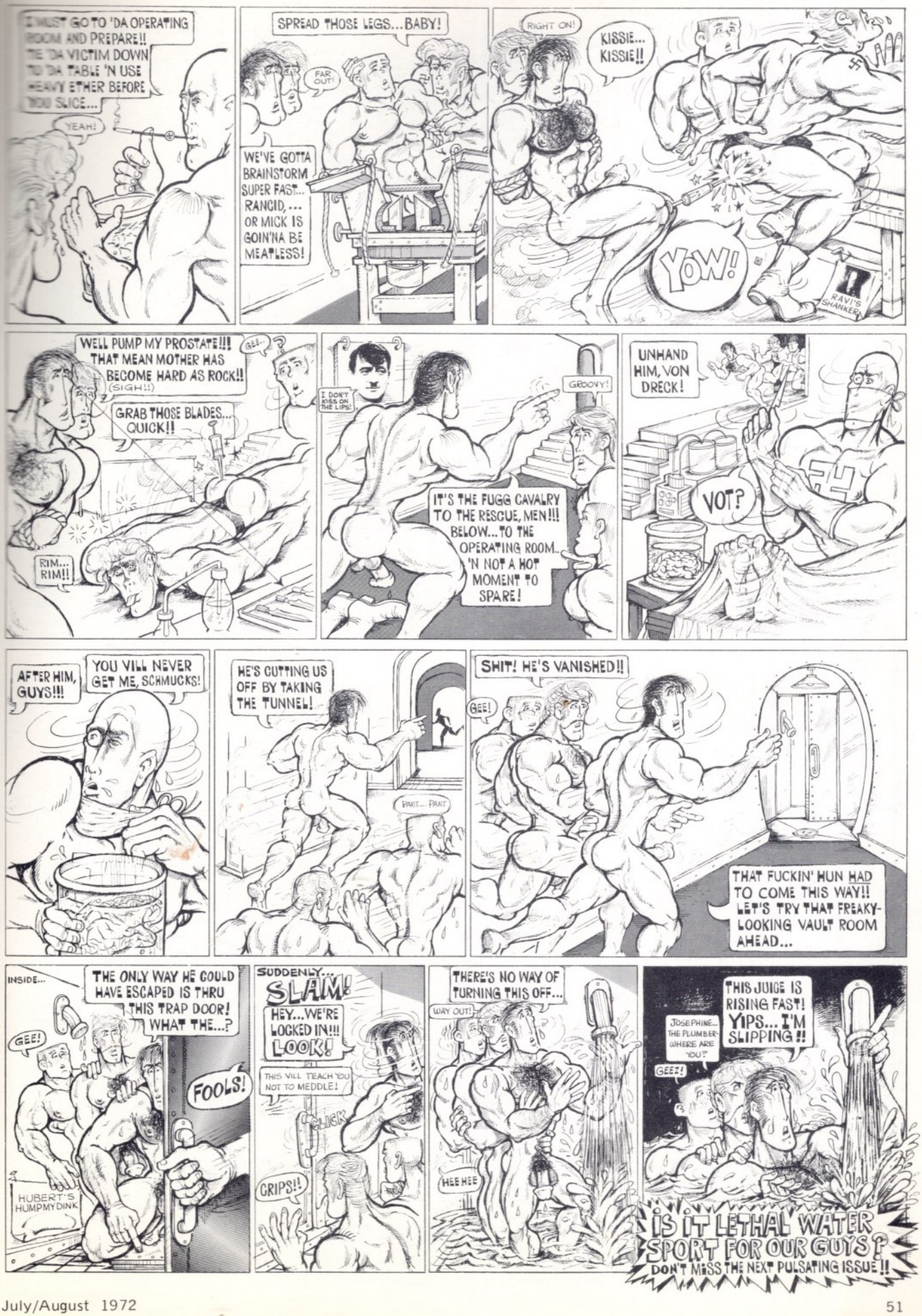
BUT WHY DO YOU WANT MICKEY'S COCK?

I THINK IT'S RATHER CUTE!

'DAT IZ EASY! LOOK! UNFORTUNATELY MR. HASHANNA'S IZ NOT QUITE PERFECT!

GEE!!

AFTER I DO 'DA BRAIN TRANSPLANT... I SHALL DO A COCK TRANSPLANT!!! SLURP!! A SUPERMAN SHOULD HAVE A SUPER COCK... NO?? 'DIS IZ 'DA MOST PERFECT PIECE OF UNCUT MEAT IVE EVER SEEN!!! MR. MUSCLE IS LOSING IT FOR 'DA FATHERLAND, YAH!!! SLURP!


I MUST GO TO 'DA OPERATING ROOM AND PREPARE!! TIE 'DA VICTIM DOWN TO 'DA TABLE 'N USE HEAVY ETHER BEFORE YOU SLICE...
YEAH!
SPREAD THOSE LEGS...BABY!
FAR OUT!
WE'VE GOTTA BRAINSTORM SUPER FAST... RANCID, ... OR MICK IS GOIN'NA BE MEATLESS!
RIGHT ON!
KISSIE... KISSIE!!
YOW!
RAVI'S SHANKER
WELL PUMP MY PROSTATE!!! THAT MEAN MOTHER HAS BECOME HARD AS ROCK!! (SIGH!!)
GEE...
GRAB THOSE BLADES... QUICK!!
RIM... RIM!!
I DON'T KISS ON THE LIPS!
GROOVY!
IT'S THE FUGG CAVALRY TO THE RESCUE, MEN!!! BELOW... TO THE OPERATING ROOM... 'N NOT A HOT MOMENT TO SPARE!
UNHAND HIM, VON DRECK!
VOT?
AFTER HIM, GUYS!!!
YOU VILL NEVER GET ME, SCHMUCKS!
HE'S CUTTING US OFF BY TAKING THE TUNNEL!
PANT... PANT
SHIT! HE'S VANISHED!!
GEE!
THAT FUCKIN' HUN HAD TO COME THIS WAY!! LET'S TRY THAT FREAKY-LOOKING VAULT ROOM AHEAD...
INSIDE...
THE ONLY WAY HE COULD HAVE ESCAPED IS THRU THIS TRAP DOOR! WHAT THE...?
GEE!
FOOLS!
HUBERT'S HUMPMYDINK
SUDDENLY...
SLAM!
HEY... WE'RE LOCKED IN!!! LOOK!
THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO MEDDLE!
CLICK
GRIPS!!
THERE'S NO WAY OF TURNING THIS OFF...
WAY OUT!
HEE HEE
THIS JUICE IS RISING FAST! YIPS... I'M SLIPPING!!
JOSEPHINE... THE PLUMBER- WHERE ARE YOU?
GEEZ!
IS IT LETHAL WATER SPORT FOR OUR GUYS?
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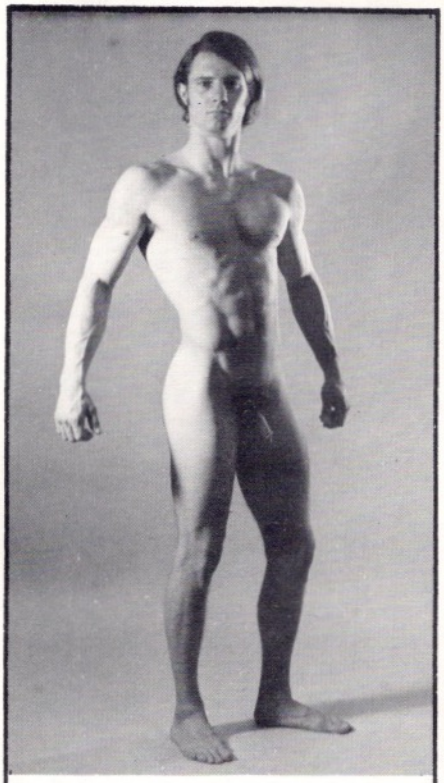

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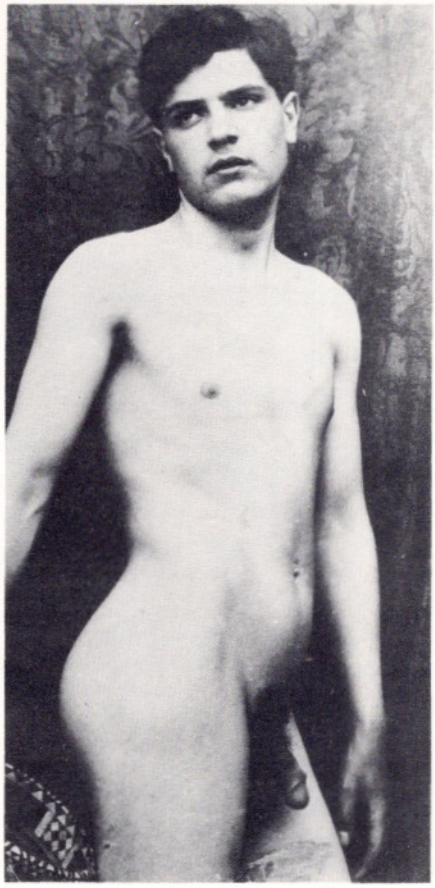
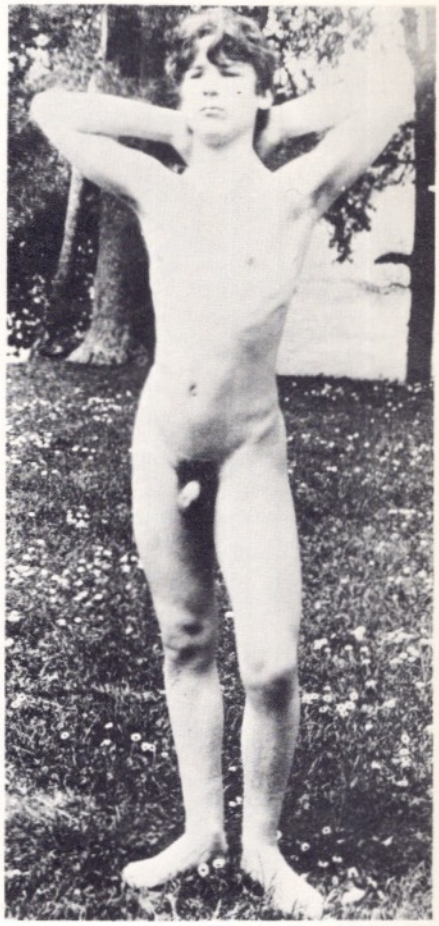
See "Letters"—Page 46





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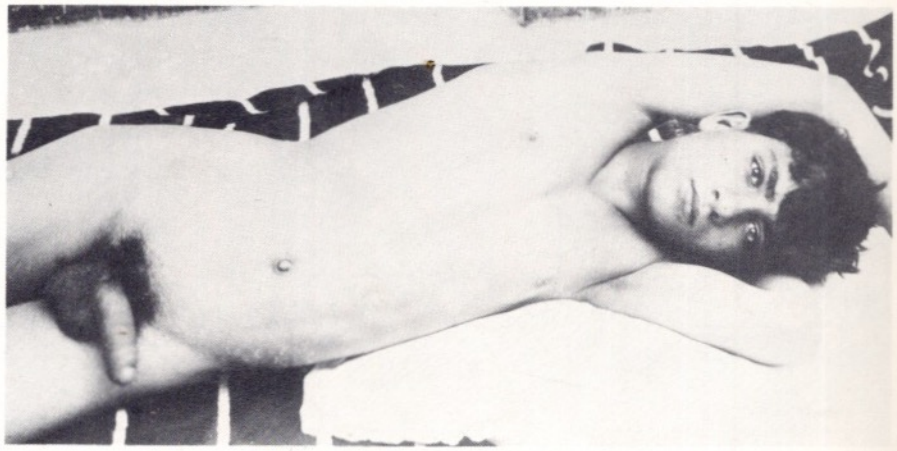





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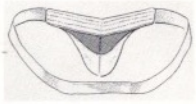



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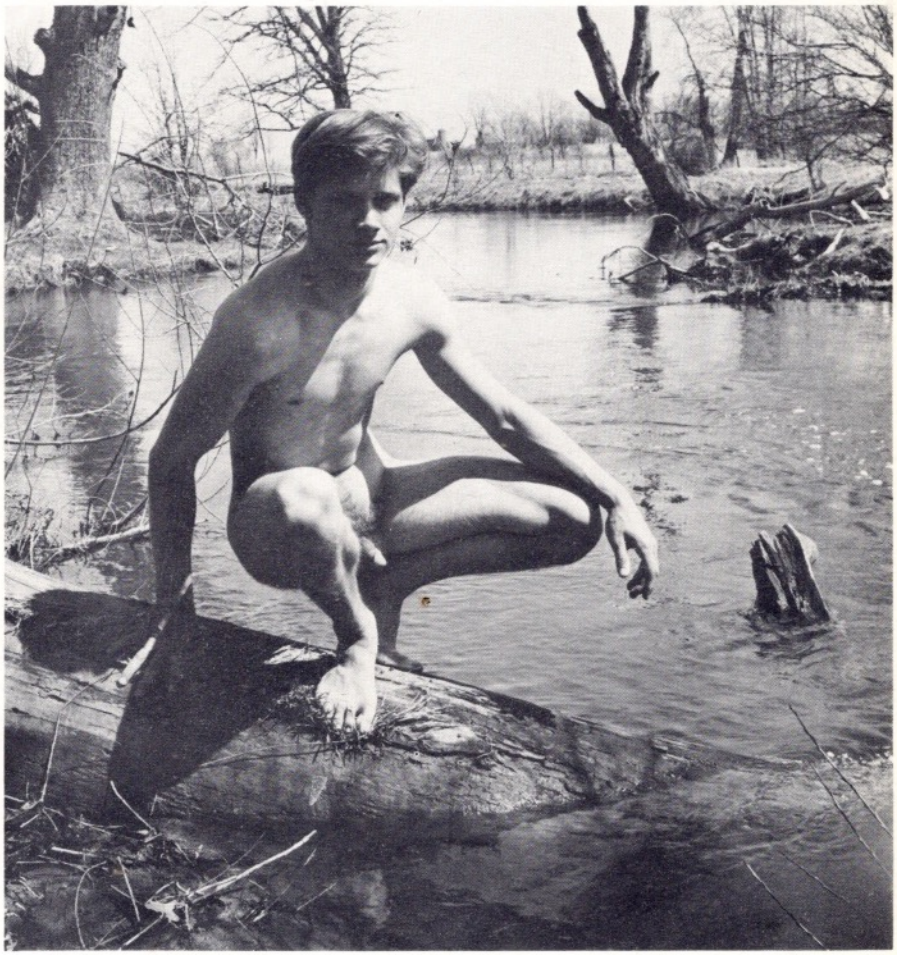
Camping Nude
The Skin Game

By George Moran



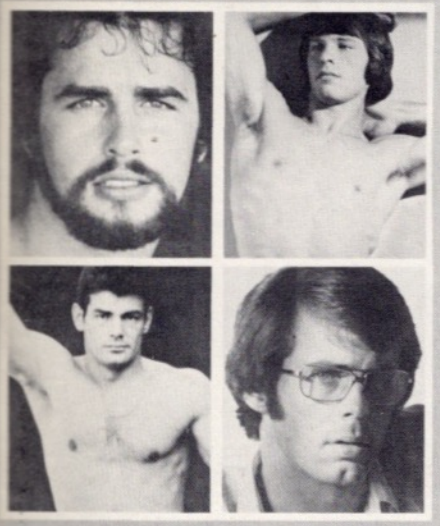
WOULD you believe that Benjamin Franklin was an advocate of nudism? He was, and wrote: "Tis a glory to go clothed in one's own skin, as God and Nature intended!"

Nudism is an established institution for several million people in this country alone. In parts of the world going to a nudist colony is considered as ordinary as visiting a ski lodge. Take for example the Ile de Levant in France—a nudist "colony" popular with the international set.

While it is quite true that many nudists are voyeurs who are motivated by whatever juices flow through Peeping Toms—the majority are quite sober concerning the belief that nudism is a wholesome practice. Entire families spend their time at home in the buff, and their weekends and holidays at nudist camps. On the whole, nudists are fadists and they are still another variety of "health nuts."

There are many homosexuals among nudists and it is sex that motivates them. Heterosexual nudists (and just as many hets as gay guys are turned on by bare skin!)—and they are in the *(Continued on page 41)*

COLT



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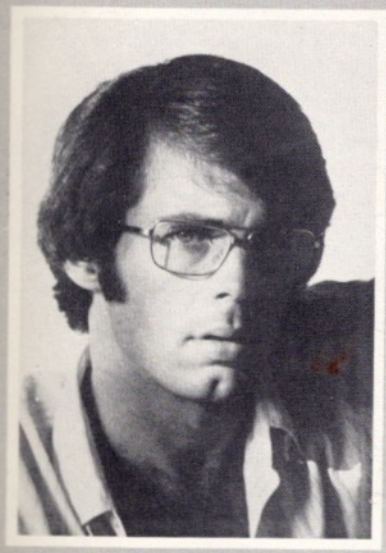

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