QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

Dec. '72
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Sex After Adult Circumcision

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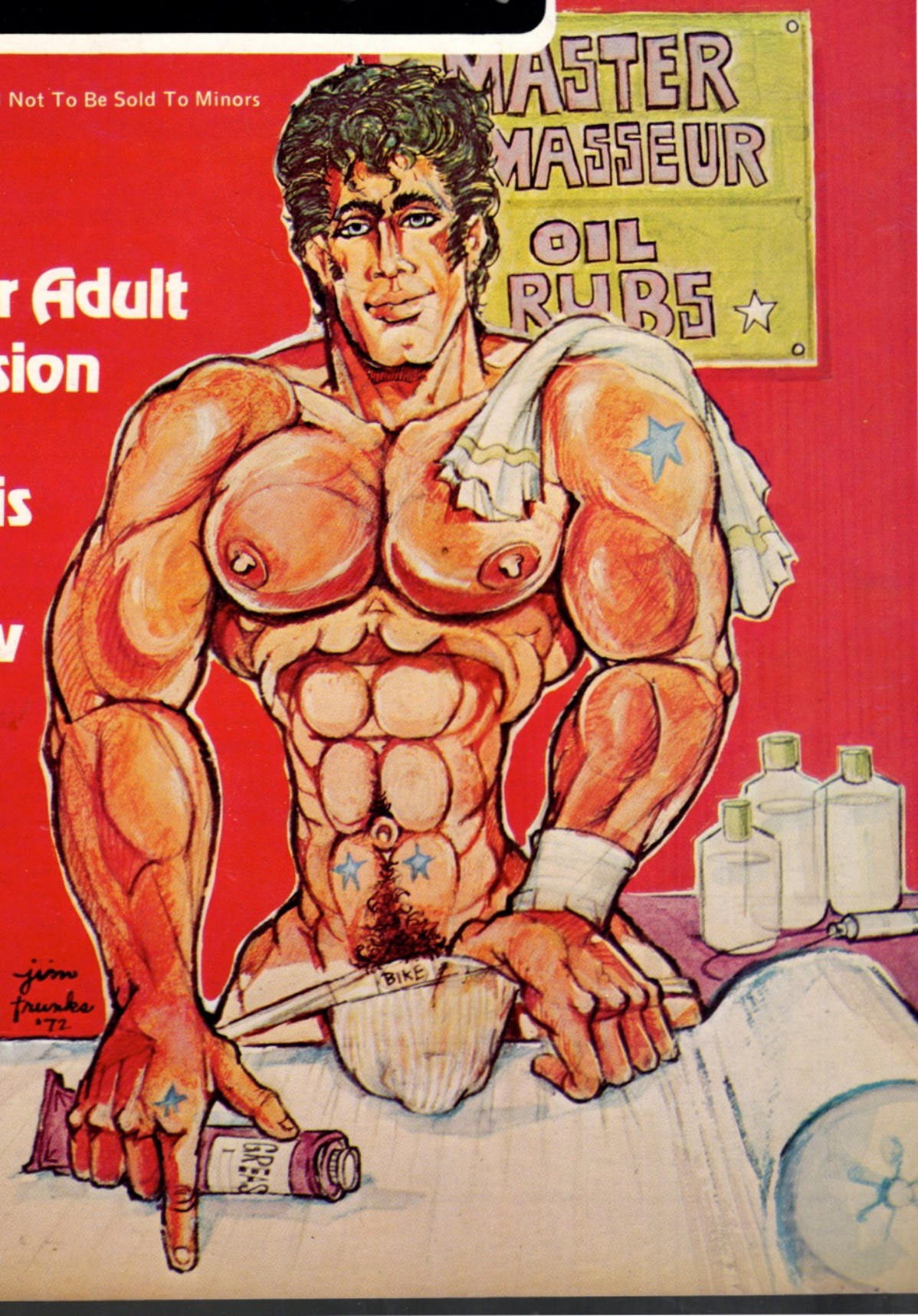

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GENERAL MAILING ADDRESS: SUITE 602, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 EXECUTIVE OFFICES: GREENWICH VILLAGE (VISITS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY) WAREHOUSE: GREENWICH VI
PICKUPS/DELIVERIES BY APPOINTMENT ONLY) TELEPHONE NUMBERS: EXECUTIVE/EDITORIAL OFFICES—(212) 989-7438; WAREHOUSE/SALES—(212) 691-1453 INTERNATIONAL SALES DIVISIO
P.O. BOX 2854, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 GENERAL MAILING ADDRESS: SUITE 602, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 EXECUTIVE OFFICES: GREENWICH VILLAGE (VISITS BY APPOINTMENT

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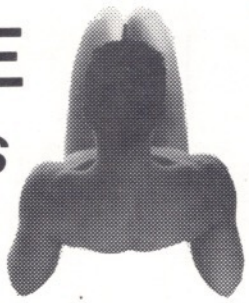

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Front cover: "The Master's Touch," an original painting by Jim Trunks, owned by QQ. **Back cover:** "Lifestyle," a color photograph of QQ publisher George Desantis, taken at Fire Island July 1972.

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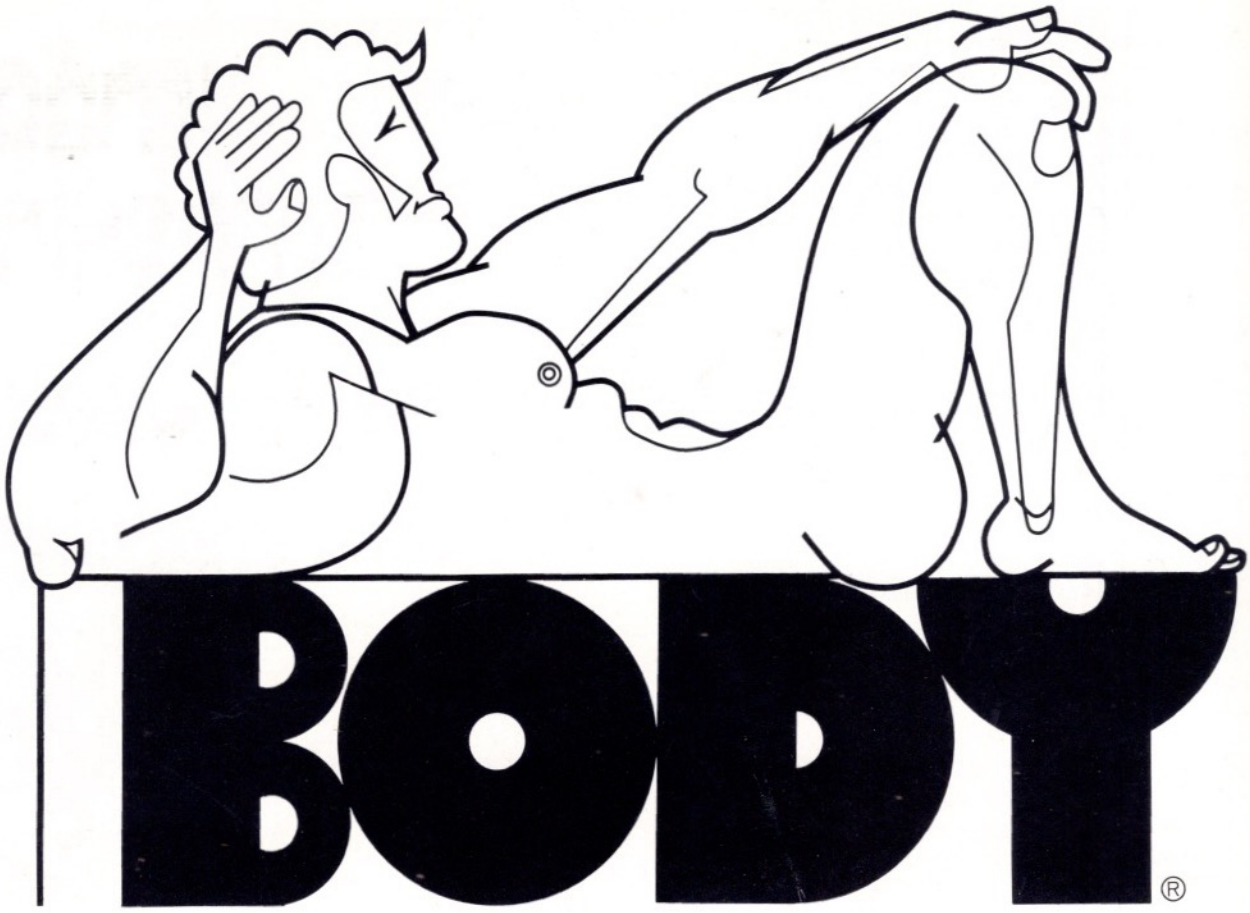

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EDITORIAL

IMAGE SMASHING

by Craig Rodwell

WE'RE all aware of the common stereotype of Gay people held by straight society—that of the exaggerated perfumed "fag" who caricatures society's definition of what a "real woman" is. Not only is his masquerade a put-down of women, but he has also provided the media and the public with an easily-recognizable 'model' of all Gay people. For decades, the stereotype of a black person was a watermelon-eating stupid loafer, thus enabling society to excuse itself for not relating and dealing with black people on an equal and human basis. In much the same way, the public's image of the "fag" has enabled it to refuse to deal with Gay people on an equal and human basis.

With all of the publicity and notoriety that Gay Liberation has received in the past few years, the "fag" stereotype has rapidly begun to be broken down. Millions of American citizens now realize that a Gay male or female may well be the boy or girl next-door. But at the same time that we see this breaking down of old stereotypes, we see the establishment and promotion in the media of new Gay stereotypes.

There have been literally thousands of up-front gay-and-proud events and activities in the past year throughout the country; yet virtually the only ones we read about or see on television are the ones involving confrontation or disruptive tactics (such as the disruption of Mayor Lindsay's attendance at the season's opening of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, or reportage on the various demonstrations and pickets for Gay rights held around the country).

In earlier columns in QQ, I have spoken of the very real dangers the movement faces in allowing the media to define what Gay Liberation is and what its goals are. To date, we have been defined on TV and in the papers as either (a) a minority group seeking equal rights in housing, employment and public accommodations, or (b) a bunch of far-out, weirdo, bearded, male, unclean fanatics seeking to disrupt the entire system if we don't get our way. As you and I know, neither image of Gay people is true. Yet, large numbers of our people think of themselves as a new minority group and seek to mimic the aims and tactics of the Black Liberation Movement; and yes, there are thousands of far-out, bearded, male fanatics who will seek to disrupt everything if they don't get their way (much like a spoiled child will throw a temper tantrum in order to get what it wants, in the hopes that its parents, out of weariness, will give in).

But, as most of you already know, the vast majority of out-of-the-closet, up-front Gay people do not fit either of the two abovementioned new stereotypes. Like our brothers and sisters in other sexual, ethnic, racial and cultural groups, all we desire is the freedom to live our lives peacefully, comfortably and with as little hassle as possible from the surrounding community. Not only do we not fit these new stereotypes, but, in reality, we are primarily no different in our likes, dislikes, hopes, aspirations, fears, etc., than other people. The only thing which binds us together as Gay people is our refusal to go along with society's dicta regarding how the sexes should relate with each other. As Gay people, we have said "No!" to the Battle of the Sexes and have opted instead to relate to people of our own sex and to emphasize our commonality with each other rather than to give in to our culture's idea that "opposites attract." *(Continued on page 35)*





The Sexual Cop-out

...the poverty of sexual selfishness in gay life

by Terry McWaters

A few years ago a noted bodybuilder, famed not only for his heartstopping muscular development but for his almost illegal good looks, was touring as a principal player in a popular Broadway show when—in the late afternoon of a winelike autumn day—he was married to an equally stunning girl.

The wedding reception at the hotel lasted well into the evening. Then when the last guest had gone the groom went to the bar for another drink and a chat with his fellow actors. This went on and on, and all the while his bride of now more than eight hours sat nearby growing more disconsolate with each passing moment . . . her wedding gown bedraggled and her flowers wilted. Finally she could stand it no longer and approached her husband, playfully tugging at his elbow.

"Come on, darling, it's time for bed."

"Why?" asked the puzzled groom. "The night's still young."

"Because it's our wedding night," she embarrassedly explained, "and I haven't had a moment alone with you since the ceremony."

"Oh sure," he smiled understandingly. "Well you go ahead and I'll be up shortly."

Next morning some actors passing their breakfast table noted the glum expression on her face and heard her say rather desperately "But it's *you* who are supposed to make love to *me* . . . not *I* to *you!*"

And so it came as no surprise to the members of the company that the marriage failed to last even until the end of the tour. A short time later when the show played Las Vegas she left him and was quickly granted a divorce because of 'desertion' . . . followed in a short time by a church annulment on the grounds that 'the marriage had never been properly consummated', thus leaving her free to try again with someone who presumably would know the basic rules of the marriage bed.

What she had discovered to her chagrin and sorrow—something the hundreds of gay guys who had had disappointing sex with him could have warned her about—is that, unlike virtue, beauty is *not* its own reward . . . and that all his muscular equipment (not to mention an absolutely mind-boggling phallus) and his extravagant good looks meant nothing because he was a prisoner of his own sexual selfishness—a sexual cop-out.

Since the age of sixteen this incredibly-built young man had been the idol of physique fans the world over. Moreover, although straight, he had been enshrined as a sex symbol in the hearts of gay muscle guys who were sure he must be as great in bed as on the posing platform.

At an early age he had learned that they were willing to pay $100 a night for his favors . . . it became his going rate. Yet how disappointed they were, and how cheated and demeaned they felt when—after he had stripped nude and flopped on the bed—he lay supine and motionless during the entire time his trick was being 'accommodated'.

For this was always as far as he went . . . simply lying there until, by sheer doggedness of a plunging mouth hoping for better things, he came . . . not climaxed . . . *came*, as the rather token response of a body function. Never in all that time did he move a muscle . . . not by word or gesture did he ever suggest that some other technique, position or nuance would be welcome. Not by the slightest hint of sensuous touch did he give his partner any assurance that he was enjoying the experience. It was completely *robot* sex . . . a crushing disappointment to one additionally saddened to discover that his idol had feet of clay.

THE 'BIG HAND'

The writer, who has long known this great muscle star, once chided him for his sexual selfishness. "You know no one ever tries to have sex with you the second time, and pretty soon no one will even try the *first* time because you're getting the reputation of being the lousiest lay in the land."

"Granted . . . and I'm as sorry as hell, too. But the truth is that the only charge I get from sex with anyone is his initial gasp of astonishment when for the first time he sees my body nude, and at such close range. I *need* to hear it . . . it's like applause. I wait for the sound of it, and when it does come I damn near climax. That's the whole ball of wax in sex with anyone for me.

"Usually I masturbate when he has gone. I fantasize again his rapt expression as he admired my body and ran his fingers around my cock, and in my mind's ear I hear again his startled gasp. It's a real turn-on . . . then I beat the hell out of my meat. Sexually, I suppose, you might call me the 'Big Hand'."

I once quoted an old Icelandic proverb that accurately describes his selfishness hang-up. *Every man likes the smell of his own farts.* "Maybe you think yours smell better than anyone else's," I suggested.

"Could be," he replied, not offended. "I can fart some mighty pretty farts. Anyway, it's *my* way . . . the only way I care about. I tried marriage, thinking it might cause me to react differently to sex—perhaps more positively or more objectively—over a *(Continued on page 36)*



The Sex Vortex

The Dizzy Whirl of Sex Under Drugs

by Walter Norris

SO much has been said about the negatives of drugs and so little about the positives it is no wonder that the gay guy who lights up his first joint of grass does so with all the trepidation of Eve confronting the apple.

Marijuana—the gentlest of sex stimulants—is still a federal no-no although enlightened lawmakers are trying to take the hex off it. The snag is simply one of semantics: the government insists it is a narcotic while pharmacologists insist it is not. Narcotics *addict* . . . pot does *not*. Thus they categorize it only as habituating, and habituating drugs do not cause dependence, although they can be habit-forming . . . but then so can tobacco and alcohol.

The reasoning is that if you can kick the cigarette habit when you want to, you can just as easily do the same with marijuana. So if you've been toying with the idea of smoking pot you may be sure it is *not dangerous* . . . that it is *a very effective aphrodisiac* . . . while remembering that it is *still illegal*. Only you can determine whether it is worth the latter risk to chalk up new peaks on your sexual success chart.

THE TINGLE OF LOVE

Many who smoke pot for the first time feel *no* effects, sexual or otherwise. To them it's a great big cipher and they can't understand how everyone else in the room has managed to get so turned-on so soon with it. For instance, there may be someone you have known intimately many times in bed who is now doing strangely-beautiful, sexually-expressive things with someone else that you know he'd never done with you!

This 'nonfeasance' of pot can, of course, be attributed to the fact that it may not be very potent. The crop may have been cut too soon (in which case it's too green), or too late (it's too sere). However it is most likely due to the fact that your instilled fear of drugs will not permit you to relax with even such a gentle sexual stimulant, and this tension prevents you from holding the smoke in your lungs long enough for the tingle of love to begin 'tingling'. (Also, if you've never smoked even tobacco, the *newness* of smoking at all must first be overcome. This can be done by taking little 'sips' of potsmoke, swallowing/inhaling them until there is such a residue in your lungs that things begin-n-n to hap-p-pen.)

Also try this: just sit back for awhile and let yourself go, reflecting that with pot *you are always in control* . . . that it can't make you do anything against your wishes . . . that it won't harm you nor cause you to harm others.

What pot essentially does is to create a beautiful climate of 'sex suggestibility' that releases all your inhibitions and permits you to express sexually what you've always wanted to but didn't dare. When you first experience the effect of marijuana you will likely discover that it gives you a sexual 'focal point' you never had before. It brings all your atavistic sexual instincts, desires and the free expression of them into one big, glowing, life-size canvas.

Another plus for pot is that the more accustomed you are to smoking it, the less you need of it for a turn-on and the faster it puts you under a spell. So with this in mind it is all the more understandable why pharmacologists categorize it as habituating, rather than addicting.

SOME TYPICAL REACTIONS

When the magic mood of marijuana has finally crept around you, your first feeling may be that your legs, and particularly your calves, are 'unbound' . . . they're lighter and freer . . . a clue that the sensation of floating will soon occur. Next, the impression of a vast extension of time and distension of space causes you to feel that whatever sexual variations you've always wanted to perform can now be done with all the time in the world at your disposal. How you'll savor every minute of it . . . how you'll treasure every gesture, every sighing breath, every soul kiss in which your tongues plunge deeper and deeper into a never-ending chasm of passion . . . every loving word!

Then all five senses become exquisitely attuned and play in concert. For instance, your lover's phallus—which you have long known to be a respectable five inches—has now miraculously grown longer and thicker. You marvel at its new impressiveness . . . you're acutely conscious of its every glorious contour and configuration. Where once you delighted in it as an instrument of sexual function, you now see it also as a magnificent work of sculptural art, and you have time . . . time . . . *time* to express to it and with it all the sexual longings dammed-up in your being since your first awareness of homophile sex.

If music is playing you are no longer aware of it as mere background/sound. You are caught up in it. It's no longer abstract but so tangibly real you feel as if you could hold the sounds of it in your hands! It becomes a part of you . . . it's another expression of a new you.

As you ravish his body with ever more passionate kisses the taste of his skin is like heady wine. And semen—when he does ejaculate—seems to come like the floods of Spring. You're bathing in it . . . you're newly-created . . . newly alive . . . and reveling in every thrilling moment of new discovery!

Even if you're fantasexing alone you derive the most indescribable joy from it. *(Continued on page 37)*



QQ

A PRIMER IN SADISM

BY LOUIS JEKYLL

The editors neither condemn nor condone the S&M scene. It is a 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. The author is an experienced sadist whose knowledge provides us with a better understanding of S&M.

RAY is a tall, good-looking, well-built guy of twenty-six and has been a friend of mine for several years. When he called me a few weeks ago I was somewhat alarmed by the agitation in his voice, but alarm quickly gave way to understanding empathy when he divulged the purpose of his call.

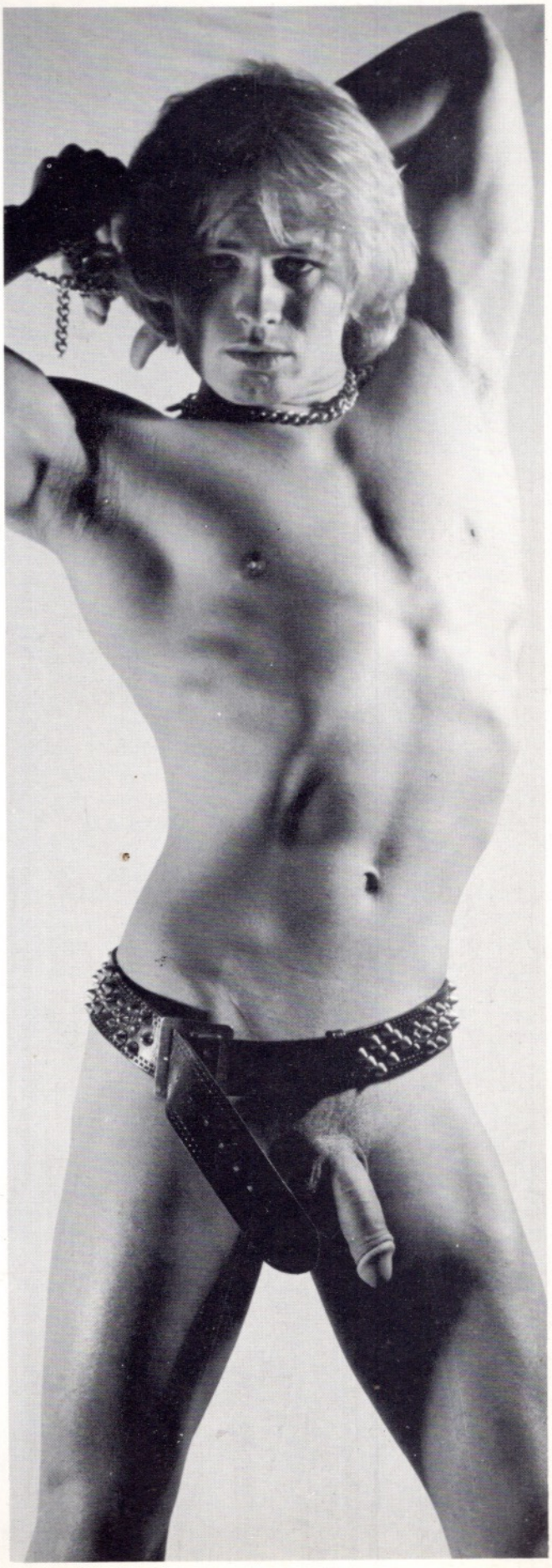
"I'm a sadist!" he blurted out, and I could not suppress a smile. "It happened last night."

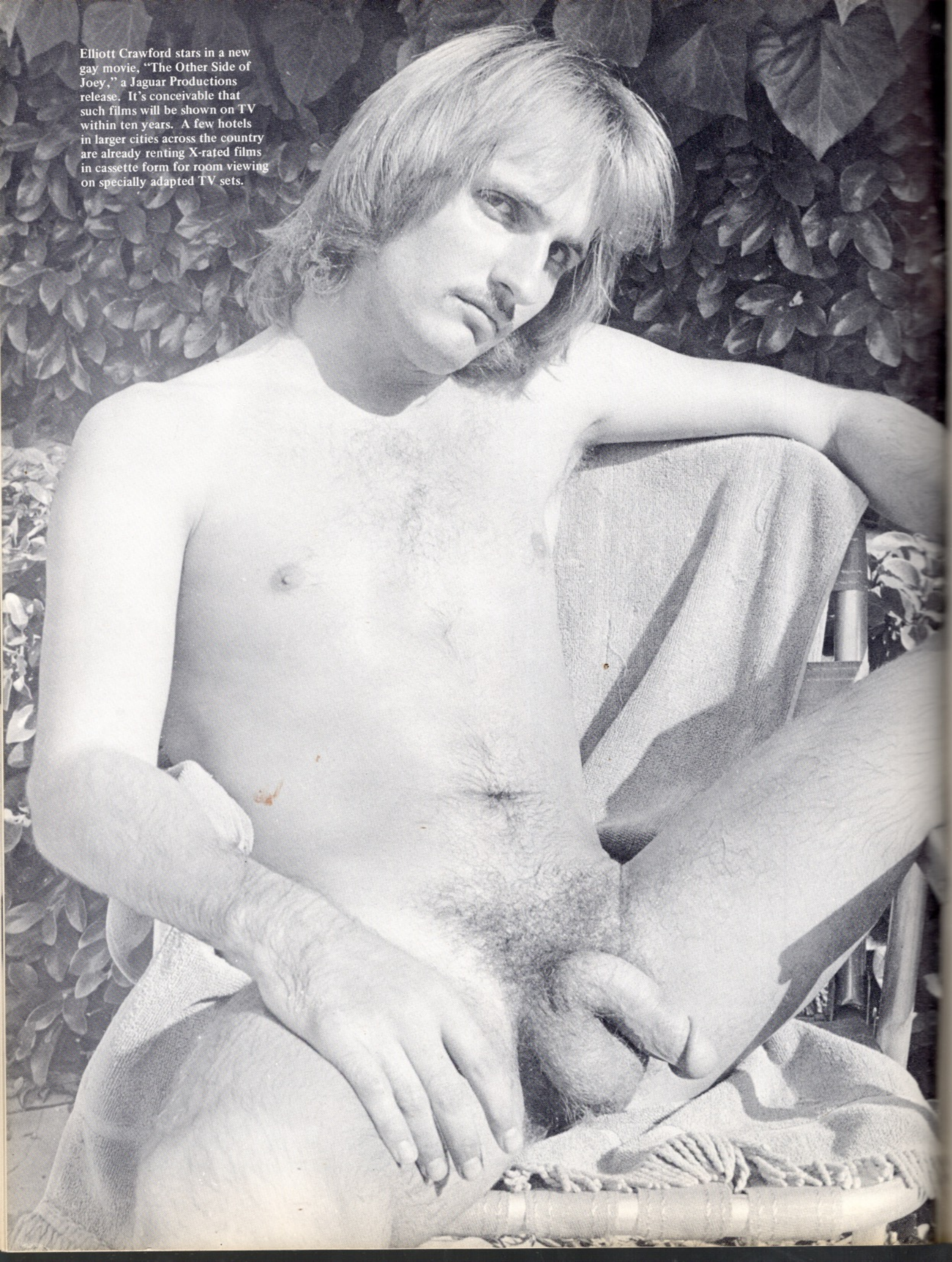
He went on to relate how he had been cruising one of his more-favored spots in the city and had met a groovy-looking guy in boots and jeans and a brown leather jacket. The guy had taken him to his pad and subtly and gradually turned him on to a few elementary aspects of the S&M scene. It had apparently been done so artfully that Ray became involved in the whole thing before he knew exactly what was happening. His excitement, he told me, reached a peak of feverish intensity that he had never known before. He was, he confessed, "hooked."

If my involvement in the S&M scene over the last couple of years has taught me anything at all, it is that (a) there is a little sado-masochism in all of us, and (b) given the right circumstances, it will out of itself. It is decidedly not the sort of thing one can force onto somebody else. There is, in actuality, nothing more painfully ludicrous than a man "playing" either sadist or masochist. (And yet, it is surprising how many guys do just that.) I have stated previously that the number of hard-core S&M types in the average leather bar is very small, and I have found no valid reason to revise that opinion. Most of the guys who frequent these bars are interested only in the butch atmosphere to be found there. This is not a put-down of these people—to each his own—but it is well to remember that jeans and leather do not a sadist or masochist make.

Needless to say, I was more than delighted with my friend Ray's baptism by fire. Even more, I was happy to note that he did not suffer from guilt pangs or hang-ups about what had happened the night before. Too often, it is this sort of guilt that prevents many people from openly expressing their sado-masochistic tendencies, to the decided detriment of their sex lives. When first confronted with the opportunity to indulge in leather-type sex, one must bear in mind that we are dealing here with two willing people interested in extending their sex lives to limits heretofore unexperienced. And never doubt for a moment that it *is sex* we are dealing with. Bizarre, perhaps, unusual, no doubt, but sex all the same.

Ray was lucky, in that he had a friend already much involved in the S&M scene to *(Continued on page 40)*





Elliott Crawford stars in a new gay movie, "The Other Side of Joey," a Jaguar Productions release. It's conceivable that such films will be shown on TV within ten years. A few hotels in larger cities across the country are already renting X-rated films in cassette form for room viewing on specially adapted TV sets.

Homosexuality On Tv

by John Marvin

THE homosexual has arrived—and one of the surest ways of noting this is that that most conservative of entertainment media, television, will now admit to his existence. Such recognition may be a little late in coming, but one must realize that it has only been in the last five years or so that television has even gotten around to recognizing that Negroes exist, and the homosexual is, if anything, even more oppressed than the black man.

Of course, television has long given us hints that someone roughly akin to the homosexual may have existed. Much of early television entertainment was taken directly from the vaudeville and burlesque stages, where vulgar, broad parodies of "nances" and "fairies" were fairly commonplace and many such references found their way into early television.

Then, too, the comedian in drag had not yet completely fallen into the ill repute that he did later with most people, and such comedians as Milton Berle made frequent appearances on early television in drag. This form of humor is currently trying to make a comeback, as in the "Geraldine" character of Flip Wilson, but most comedians are still too wary of the connotations to try appearing in drag.

And, of course, there was the wimpy little school teacher, Mr. Peepers, played by Wally Cox with all the fussiness of an auntie, but the homosexuality of this and a few other characters was always stoutly refuted within the plot contexts of the shows. In early television, homosexuality may have been alluded to in burlesque parodies, but no series hero could possibly really be "one of the boys."

Some Gays, of course, amuse themselves by trying to find homosexual overtones where none were really meant to exist (Were the Lone Ranger and Tonto really lovers?), and television has given us a few programs that lend themselves admirably to such an interpretation, although producers do often seem unduly cautious about such things.

One noteworthy instance was the short-lived 1962 series IT'S A MAN'S WORLD, which found four very friendly and likable young men, played by Glen Corbett, Randy Boone, Ted Bessell, and Michael Burns, living together in serene harmony aboard an old houseboat. We can be sure that many a viewer had his own very racy ideas about what the real relationship was between these four very attractive boys in their intimate living space. The hour-long series of comedy-dramas displayed a consistently excellent quality, which perhaps explains why it lasted only thirteen weeks.

MR. MARVIN is active in Hollywood as a film editor, and is also an authority on motion picture history. He is the author of "Male Nudity in the Movies," an article which appeared in the April 1972 QQ.

This sort of fantasy game is aided by the fact that few, if any, people bother to make the distinction between what we will call, for our purposes, a *homosexual* relationship, in the sense of that platonic non-physical love between two men that is safely regarded as friendship, and what we might call a *homogenital* relationship, in which that love finds expression in physical terms. Film critic Parker Tyler recently indulged in such speculation in his book *Screening The Sexes: Homosexuality In The Movies,* in which he found THE GREAT ESCAPE and HUSBANDS to be two of the gayest movies of the decade, but failed apparently to understand that the relationships depicted were of a *homosexual* nature in our sense of the word, rather than of *homogenital* nature.

In this light, it is easy to see that, in the truest sense of the word, the relationships between, say, the two attractive and personable leads of ALIAS SMITH AND JONES, played by Ben Murphy and the late Peter Duel, or between Bobby Sherman and Wes Stern in the ill-fated GET TOGETHER are, in fact, *homosexual* in nature. However, the producers certainly intended no hint that they might also be *homogenital*, and any interpretation in that respect must finally be laid at the feet of wishful thinking.

Such thinking is always fun, of course, and sometimes even provides a more meaningful interpretation of otherwise rather shallow programs. However, it is really rather fruitless (no pun intended), as it is all a facetious interpretation and most decidedly not an attempt on anyone's part to actually provide America with a positive image of male-male lovers. Ultimately we must turn to television's intentionally homosexual (and, presumably, homogenital) characters to gauge the position of the Gay in the television world today.

One of the first really serious uses of a homosexual character in a television drama crept up on unsuspecting audiences one night in May of 1968, in a CBS Playhouse drama by the highly respected playwright Tad Mosel. The play was titled SECRETS, and dealt ostensibly with the need for some bit of privacy, even within the intimacy of married life. Arthur Hill played a man with a secret, and Barbara Bel Geddes played his prying wife who would not be satisfied until she had found it out. In the course of her prying, she uncovered all sorts of other peoples's secrets, and surprisingly, many of them had to do with homosexuality.

Hubby's secret was that once upon a time he had fathered an illegitimate child by another woman, played by Eileen Heckart. The former mistress was now the defendant in a sensational trial for the murder of that offspring. The woman, it turned out, murdered her son not because he was illegitimate, but because he had become a homosexual, and the script





Top: What really went on in that mod store-front apartment shared with such affection by Bobby Sherman and Wes Stern in the television series GET TOGETHER? Possibly nothing at all, but such homosexually-inclined friendships are increasingly common in television series. Bottom: Frederick Herrick is a handsome young actor who has been turning up regularly on television recently. He played the high school student on ROOM 22 whose artistic interests and quiet manner led to his fellow students' accusation of him as a homosexual.

seemed to find this understandable, if not entirely justifiable.

This rather sordid sub-plot, however, was off-set by another involving Barry Nelson as Hill's business partner. Nelson's character was also a homosexual, but Nelson played the part as a fairly ordinary, well-adjusted man whose only really serious hangup was that he had for years carried a torch for Hill, the unattainable straight business partner.

There was even a subtle suggestion that Hill's character might be coming out of the closet soon himself, but this concept was left pretty much up to the few discerning viewers who were able to catch it. Altogether, though, the play was pretty heady stuff for television, and probably shook up a few viewers who had tuned in expecting to see HE AND SHE and THE DOM DE LUISE SHOW, the two classics of the tube which it preempted.

In four years since that convoluted drama, homosexuals have turned up on television dramas on several occasions, if not with encouraging regularity. One fact that is encouraging, however, is that television's homosexuals, unlike their brothers proliferating on our movie screens, are not invariably cast as either villians or hopeless neurotics. Two television police shows for instance, NYPD and MONTY NASH, have depicted homosexuals as victims of blackmail plots, and thus put in subtle pleas for the wider acceptance of homosexuality which is, of course, the only way to combat such blackmailers effectively.

The current television season brought us several varied programs, each remarkable for its use of homosexual elements. It was, of course, only a matter of time before ALL IN THE FAMILY, which prides itself on confronting prejudices, would tackle a homosexual theme, and when they did, it provided some truly classic situations. Basically, Archie had convinced himself that one of Mike's best friends, a particularly enthusiastic and artistic-minded fellow, was a "fairy," and the story concerned Archie's eventual discovery that Mike's friend was, in fact, straight but that one of *Archie's* best friends, a studly former football player, was gay. The football player's amused admission of his homosexuality, while engaged in arm wrestling with Archie, was one of the highlights of the television comedy season. The super-stud Gay was played by Phil Carey, who has been making an excellent living recently parodying his very masculine image by doing such things as the potato chip commercials in which he plays Granny Goose.

Ironically, despite the self-consciously liberal stance of ALL IN THE FAMILY, the producers of that series flatly refused to cooperate with us in the preparation of this article, or to submit stills from the episode for publication in a Gay magazine. In general, in fact, the television people seem inclined to balk at publicity of their Gay-oriented shows, even while they are increasingly inclined to produce them. Executives of ABC, for instance, proved positively schizoid when we went to them for information about the

Top: **Kristoffer Tabori, seen here in his starring role in the film MAKING IT, played the attractive young convict who is subjected to a gang rape when he repulses the advances of the "cell boss" in the CBS television movie THE GLASS HOUSE.** Bottom: **Vic Morrow (left) palyed the older convict who goes after Tabori in THE GLASS HOUSE, broadcast earlier this year. The show was so well received that it was re-run almost immediately by the network, and prints were requested for the permanent libaries of Boards of Correction in at least two states.**





ROOM 222 episode titied "What Is A Man?". On the west coast, ABC representatives were extremely helpful, and quickly arranged for us to interview Don Balluck, the veteran television scriptwriter who wrote the episode, while on the east coast, the man in charge of all of ABC's stills would not supply us with stills from the episode, although we had been given authorization to publish them.

The program in question concerned a quiet, studious high schooler, beautifully played by the handsome young actor Frederick Herrick, who was suspected by his fellow students of being a homosexual. Fuel was added to the fire when a student teacher decided to produce, as a class project, a Shakespearean play as it would have been done in the time of Shakespeare–with boys cast in the female roles. Herrick was cast as the female lead, and proved such a good actor that he was soon being heckled and hazed by some of the other students, who were convinced he was "one of the boys." Even his best friend began avoiding him for fear of guilt by association.

One of the more interesting things about the script was that it left open the question of whether or not the boy was actually a homosexual, whereas only a couple of years ago the television code would undoubtedly have demanded that he be proven unquestionably innocent of the charges. The character himself expressed ambivalence, but he frankly admitted that he did not yet know. He had never been pressured into making a decision.

When we spoke to Don Balluck, the writer who created the character, we asked him if he had decided what might happen to the character in the next year or two. Interestingly, Mr. Balluck thought that ten years ago the boy would have definitely become a homosexual, but that today his chances of doing so were not nearly as great "Today," he told us, "the whole subject is much more out in the open, more respectable, and there are people that a boy can go to with a problem and talk it over–people who can help him decide what is right for him. There isn't a single kid, I'd venture to say, who has ever liked music or art, or not liked sports, who has not been labeled a homosexual by somebody. And if he hears if often enough, and if enough people believe it, he'll go that way, whether it's right for him or not. I've known some very, very sad homosexual boys who got there exactly that way. They know they don't belong there. They can't cope with it, and it was a con job, pure and simple. Simply because they didn't have the freedom to openly question it, or talk with anybody about it. And when you're something you're not, no matter what it is, it's a sad thing."

In reality, says Mr. Balluck, the program was not about homosexuality at all. His real concern was in persecution, and in this case, persecution over an image that might or might not have even been real. As he points out, appearances are open to many interpretations. "In the end speech, you know, the kid confronts the football player who is tormenting him, and he says, you put the label on me because I play a girl's part in a play, but what about







Top: **Rip Taylor, the zany nightclub comic who played Phyllis Diller's hairdresser, Paul of Pasadena, was one of the first comedians to introduce the "professional homosexual" humor to television.** Middle: **Henry Gibson, LAUGH-IN's perennial flower child for several seasons, is one of several very popular commedians to recently incorporate certain Gay elements into their television personalities.** Bottom: **Phil Carey, long associated with tough, he-man roles, has recently been utilizing that image for parody, as in the Granny Goose potato chip commercials, or for irony, as in his role as the homosexual sports hero in a recent episode of ALL IN THE FAMILY.**

you guys? What about all the hugging and goosing and kissing and carrying on that goes on every time you win a game? And what about all the roughhouse in the shower room? And the guy is shocked that anybody would say this, and he says, well, that's different. But it's really what anybody wants to make of it."

The problem of self-image was the downfall of one of the main characters in still another excellent television program of this past season. This was a television movie produced for CBS, entitled THE GLASS HOUSE. It was taken from a story by Truman Capote, and starred Alan Alda, Vic Morrow, and Kristoffer Tabori. The program was so well received that it was re-run almost immediatley by the network, and is being distributed theatrically throughout Europe.

THE GLASS HOUSE was a prison story dramatically pointing up the brutalizing influence of the prison system on young, basically non-criminal types. The attractive young actor Kristoffer Tabori played a convicted pot-smoker who attracts the attention of one of the older "cell bosses" because of his youthful beauty, which would make him an excellent object for the older man's sexual release. The older convict, played by Vic Morrow, immediately begins playing up to the boy, bragging that he can get the boy "anything you want . . . except a helicopter . . . or a woman." Not realizing what is expected in return, the naive boy quickly takes to Morrow and puts himself in the older man's debt. Naturally, the time soon comes for "payment" to be collected, and when the boy discovers that "payment" involves a certain amount of bending over, he flatly refuses. In revenge, the older con turns Tabori over to the gang in the weight-lifting room, where he is viciously gang-banged by one and all. Despondent over the supposed loss of his manhood, the boy promptly throws himself over the third-floor railing and hurtles to his death.

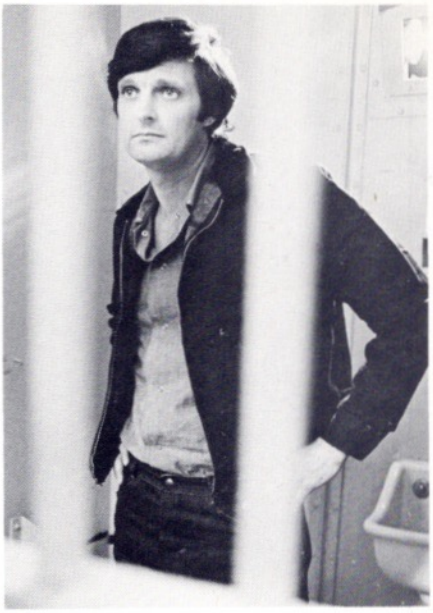
This was but one of several intertwined plots in this powerful and hard-hitting film, which was so effective in its expose of the brutalities of prison life that prints have been requested for the permanent libraries of the Boards of Correction in at least two states.

During the preparation of this article we spoke briefly with Kris Tabori, the 19-year-old actor who played the youthful offender in THE GLASS HOUSE; however, scheduling complications precluded the longer interview which we planned with him, so we did not have the opportunity that we would have liked to discuss with the film and the character he played in it.

What did emerge from our brief talk, however, was an image of a frank and outgoing young man on the move and an exciting personality eminently worth knowing. Tabori has had a long career in show business already. He is the off-spring of the highly respected Swedish actress, Viveca Lindfors, and film director Don Siegal, and borrows his name from his step-father, playwright George Tabori. Since he was old enough to propel himself onto a stage he has been an actor, although until recently his movie roles have been confined to bit parts in such films as SWEET CHARITY and JOHN AND MARY. Last year, however, he made his official screen debut in the starring role of 20th-Century Fox's MAKING IT, and although the film itself received luke-warm notices at best, Tabori was highly praised for his portrayal of a jaded high school lothario. From there he went on to several excellent television appearances, including THE GLASS HOUSE, and to his current film, JOURNEY THROUGH ROSEBUD.

Tabori is a confirmed heterosexual himself, but like an encouraging number of young people today, he is not terribly concerned about what other people might think of him. As he put it, "Whenever somebody starts worrying about whether I'm straight or gay, I say, what the fuck difference does it make? I'm the same guy, no matter who I go to bed with, and you either like me or you don't. Now, I'm not necessarily saying that I'd *never* try it with a guy under *any* circumstances, but right now I'm all hung up on chicks, and I'm just frankly not interested in anything else." Certainly a far cry from his character in THE GLASS HOUSE, who was so confused by one, admittedly ugly, homosexual experience that he could only

Top: **Alan Alda played a young college professor confronted with the shocking reality of prison life after his conviction for accidentally causing the death of a motorist in THE GLASS HOUSE, a hard-hitting television movie broadcast on CBS.** Middle: **Alan Sues of NBC's LAUGH-IN is known primarily for his wildly Gay characterizations, from the flamboyantly "sissy" sports announcer, Big Al, to his remarkably accurate drag impersonation of another one-time LAUGH-IN regular, Joanne Worley.** Bottom: **Barry Nelson, seen here in his role in the movie AIRPORT, played one of television's first sympathetic homosexual characters in the CBS Playhouse production of Tad Mosel's SECRETS in 1968.**







kill himself to avoid the mental consequences.

MONTY NASH is one of television's new series which has been placed in syndication to individual stations rather than being fed through one of the networks. It concerns a government crusader for evil rights who travels around the country fighting for the oppressed underdogs of the world. (Some people consider it science-fiction.) One recent episode found Monty cast as the champion of the homosexual and fighting against a blackmail ring which preyed on homosexuals. A visiting British lecturer had been "set up" by a young Gay teacher who was himself being blackmailed by the ring. Monty Nash convinced the teacher to set aside his own self-interests and help to capture the ring, which he did at the eventual cost of his life. The point was made, albeit subtly, that society's demand that homosexuals hide their true identities was the only thing that made such crimes possible.

Even while it espoused such "radical" ideas–by television standards–however, the MONTY NASH episode gave a deep bow to the old line television proscriptions. Never once in the half-hour script was there any mention of homosexuality specifically, or any variation of the word. A blurred glimpse of two figures in the blackmail photograph and the Britisher's ironic reference to "my aberration" were the most blatant hints to the nature of the story. It was probably entirely possible for some people to watch the entire show without ever catching on to what was happening.

Such concern over words is not entirely universal, however. In the ROOM 222 episode referred to about, Michael Constatine, playing the high school principal, did use the word "homosexual" once without any problem, although ABC was said to have worried a good deal over the use of the word "fag" in another scene, before reluctantly agreeing to let it pass.

Despite the increased instance of Gay characters and Gay themes in television drama, however, the most obvious inroads are being made in the field of comedy. Many regular television programs feature blatantly Gay-oriented humor as an integral part of the show–foremost among these two top-rated NBC shows, LAUGH-IN and THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW, although there are many other examples.

The comedians using Gay humor on television can be divided into two distinct catagories. First, there are a few unquestionably heterosexual men who enjoy delving into the realm of Gay jokes every once in a while, and not necessarily in a vicious or uncomplimentary way, either. Burt Reynolds, for instance, has been known to make a number of entirely good-natured and very Gay references on his humorous talk show appearances. Reynolds' credentials as a card-carrying heterosexual are unassailable, and he is obviously secure enough in the knowledge of his own masculinity to be willing to put himself in a position where some suspicious souls might begin to question his interests. He is another of the new breed of heterosexuals, like Kris Tabori, who knows where he stands and doesn't really care where anyone else might think he stands.

The other catagory of Gay comedian currently operating is the group we will call the "professional homosexuals." The "professional homosexuals" are not necessarily Gay themselves–in fact many of them are not–but they use Gay humor primarily or even exclusively within their on-screen characterizations. The "professional homosexuals" come from a long line of popular movie ancestors, including Clifton Webb and Franklin Pangborn, but they are relatively new to television for obvious reasons. Among the more popular of them are Alan Sues, Paul Lynde, Rip Taylor, Charles Nelson Reilly, and Billy de Wolfe.

Zany night club comic Rip Taylor was among the earliest of these comedians to find popularity in his weekly appearances on the short-lived Phyllis Diller Show, on which he played Phyllis' manic hairdresser, Paul of Pasadena.

We might also include Canadian actor Peter Kastner in this catagory. Although he has appeared in several films, both in *(Continued on page 41)*



Prime Cut

by George Desantis

I have been accused of going to great lengths to secure an unusual article–or information for a good story–for *QQ Magazine*. This time I have gone the limit: *Eight weeks ago I was circumcised.*

It is now late July 1972. I am at Fire Island–as good a place as any to "test" the results of my operation . . . this summertime paradise guarantees *maxi-sex* with *mini-effort.*

At no time in my life–and I have been sexually active since I was 11–have I ever experienced sexual rejection. And I am promiscuous–perhaps making my success more extraordinary. Now, if this statement makes it seem as if I am taking an ego trip . . . that is not my intention. My only purpose is to establish that all the ordinary reasons underlying adult circumcision were absent in my case: My uncut phallus was attractive. Its foreskin was neither long nor short and pulled back easily during sex (though I often preferred not to do this because my glans became very sensitive when aroused). Cleanliness was never a problem, and daily showers and general hygiene–a matter of course for me–eliminated the possibility of smegma forming under the foreskin. And religion was not a factor.

Then what motivated me to undergo such an operation and alter–as a result of it–a sexstyle which had taken me years to develop? What moved me to chance possible impotency through the elimination of a great deal of sensitivity at a time in my life when sexual decline is less than light years away? Why should I ignore all the literature on the disadvantages of circumcision–and the comparatively weak arguments supporting it? Did I have any reason to defy my many friends, both circumcised and not, who admired my ability to perform with "feeling"–and who preferred my "unbutchered" look?

The answers are:

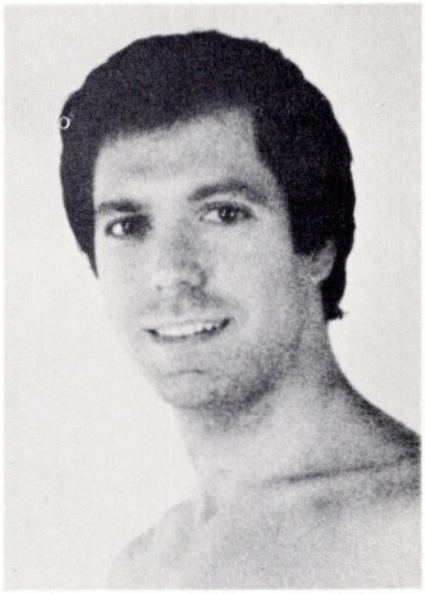
1. In my eyes–all things being equal (size, shape, etc.)–the circumcised phallus is more attractive than the uncut variety in its *relaxed* state (to me, they are equally attractive when erect). There are probably as many people who disagree with me as those who are in agreement on this point–but for me at least, and for myself only, this feeling caused a mild hangup concerning exposure in a *non-sexual* situation. I have always been proud of my body, and when erect was somewhat of an exhibitionist. The effect was a dichotomy; on one hand I avoided stripping in locker rooms, etc., and on the other, in a semi- or fully-erect state I took joy in "performing" at orgies, etc. The elimination of foreskin–in my case–represented the shedding of a hangup, insignificant as it was.

2. Obviously, from having observed countless others, circumcision was not going to eliminate all sensitivity–and I was willing to sacrifice whatever was lost in order to determine for myself–as a means of satisfying my own curiosity and also in order to advise, first-hand, the many sincere readers who have written to us about the problem–on the true advantages/disadvantages involved. I had lived nearly half my life uncut; I wanted to know how the other half lived.

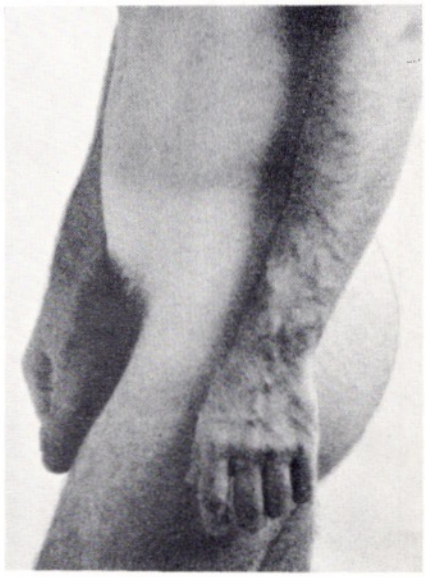
3. I am jaded–a consequence of having had too much sex. The prospect of acquiring a "new" phallus–of being sexually "reborn"–excited me greatly. This factor provided tremendous motivation.

4. While I have never experienced sexual rejection, as previously stated, I had felt at times–and perhaps it was my imagination–a sense of momentary hesitation to continue on the part of an occasional partner on discovery that I was uncut. (I might also say that I often experienced a sense of elation by partners, for the same reason.) It is quite true and very unfortunate that many circumcised gay guys are ignorant of and prejudiced towards the uncut phallus–caused by curious notions that it requires "special handling," or by having experienced someone who was unclean. In any event, the fact remains that better than 80 percent of all males born in this country are circumcised–and

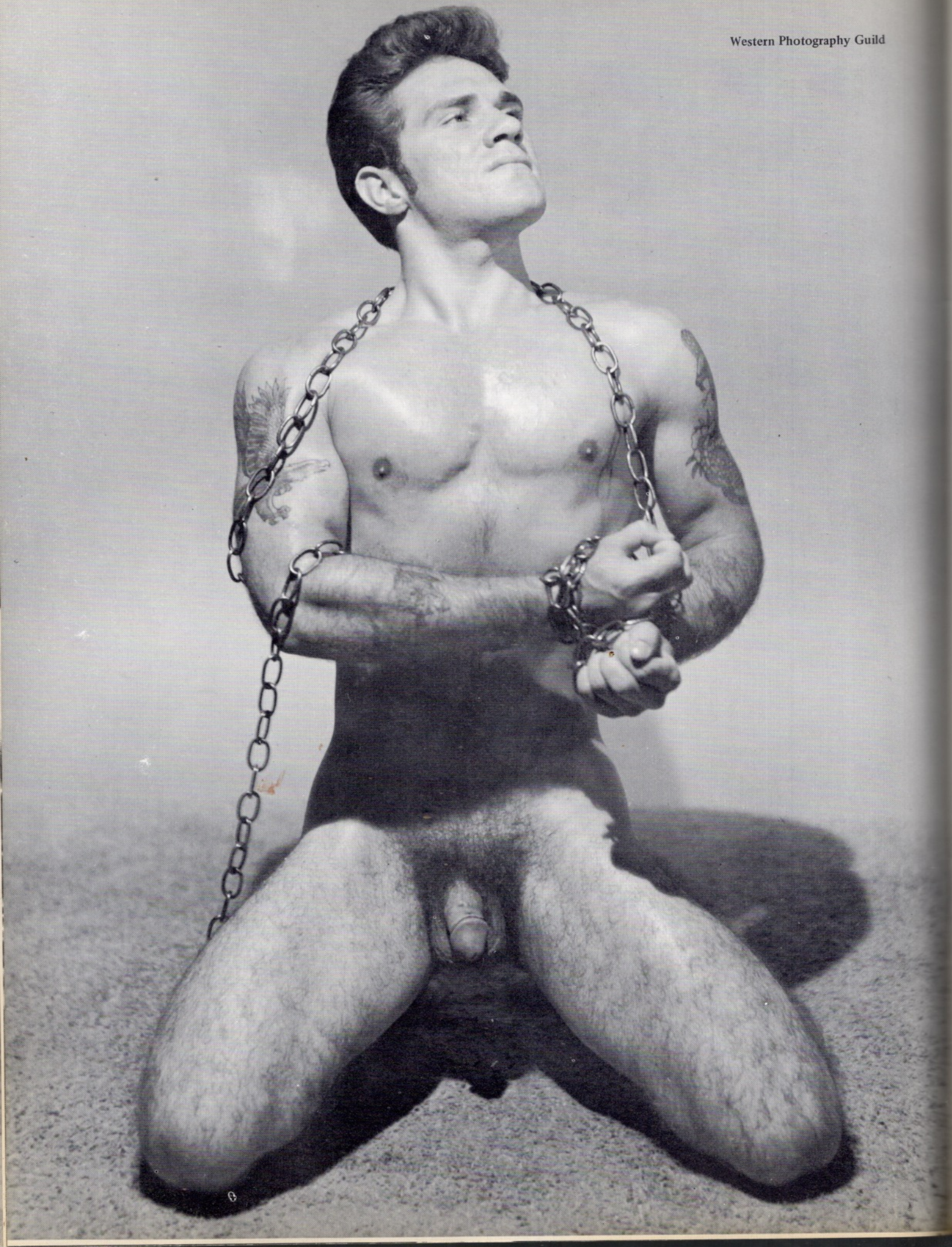
(Continued on page 47)



Left: **QQ publisher George Desantis sunning himself at Fire Island, eight weeks after circumcision. The operation and its effect on sex is described in this article.** Below: **A "before" photo of George, taken a couple of years ago.** Bottom: **This photo was taken by George three days following surgery. It is misleading because the downward angle of the camera caused distortion; his phallus was the size and shape of a pear, but its length and girth–lodged between his legs–cannot be seen here. The illustration is included only to show the swollen shaft and also the ends of the sutures. (George is also our back cover man this month.)**







Sexual Witchcraft!

The Sorcery of Sexual Fetishism

by Mac Tawers

HE loved to sit in the back rows of movies where the darkness absorbed him gently so that he was like a particle of food dissolving in a big hot mouth. Gay guys who have long treasured *One Arm*, that fascinating collection of stories by Tennessee Williams, will recognize these lines from *Desire And The Black Masseur* in which sexual fetishism reaches its apotheosis.

We learn of shy, gentle Anthony Burns, the obscure one in a family of fifteen children who was so accustomed to being swallowed up in their midst that it first became a way of life and finally a way of death at the hands of a huge Negro masseur who had—at Anthony's pleading—broken every bone in his body over a period of days, after which . . . *It took twenty-four hours to eat the splintered bones clean.*

It is just such an extreme example of fetishism that Freud identifies as 'the fetish of atonement, in which one does penance not for sins committed but for sexual experiences unfulfilled'. Thus as he expired with the fracture of his last bone Anthony Burns achieved the freest and fiercest orgasm of his young life . . . an omnipotence of climax possible to him in no other way.

THE MANY FACES OF FETISHISM

To some degree fetishism is part of every gay guy's sex style. Some transmute a fetish or fetish-symbol into a gentle love complete unto itself—no partner needed or desired. Others may use the identical fetish object in an actual sexual encounter to make it a far more exciting experience. Still others fetishize an isolated part of the body—or a specific body function—rather than an inanimate object, thus we have nipple nibblers (and a rash of nipple *gnashing* by gay sadists who have gone too far has made headlines lately!) . . . foot fetishists . . . toe tonguers . . . 'Knights of the Golden Shower' . . . feces fanciers . . . rectal rimmers, and others of countless fetishist persuasions.

A more unusual type of fetishist grooves to the male body incapacitated in some way (the body maimed, mutilated, amputated, or disfigured by nature in some bizarre way) and who cannot or will not have sex with one who is physically unimpaired. While this may be caused by an overweening desire to feel superior, many gay guys who are most human, most sympathetic and sensitive do it as an act of lovingkindness as well as for sexual gratification in a most personal way. Gay really *is* good!

Even more extreme are morbid fetishists who can have sex only with those who are terminally ill. For instance, when Dumas wrote *Camille* it was the custom for aristocratic men and women of his time to freak out by contracting tuberculosis because they had discovered that while this disease decreases life expectancy, it also had the obverse effect of bringing the libido to the boiling point during the raging consumptive fever which recurs several times daily. Gay guys lived dangerously in those days.

You may recall that even when she was on her death bed and the chanting of *Dies irae* and the sound of the shriver's bell could be heard in the distance Marguerite again appealed to her lover . . . *"Encore une fois, Armand!"* ("Oh, do let's have another go at it, Armand!")

In alluding to fetishism from its gentlest aspect of self-containment to these far-out examples we do so for a dual reason: to point out how powerful an aphrodisiac it can be in bringing greater joy into your sex life, and to warn that fetishism and acted-out violence are so often separated by only a hairline that murder or mutilation results. But for now may we put you in the jollier side of the fetishist picture? Are you aware to what extent you may already be committed to it? For instance it is quite possible that you may now unconsciously be

A 'SHORTS' FETISHIST

In this day of specialization in everything the shorts fetishist may groove only to another's *jockey* shorts. Boxer shorts simply wouldn't turn him on. This is because the shape of the joc suggests a full basket which already puts him on a fantasex collision course with the now-vicarious goodies they once contained.

In his mind's eye the bulge still there was contoured to the millimeter by his lover's phallus—or his idol's if he worships from afar and has managed to snitch the shorts. (It is said that Nureyev gives them away, still dappled with his divine dew, to a lover who has particularly delighted him.) Moreover, the faint animalistic scent still detectable gives them an even more poignant realism—the 'Man Essence' as the shorts fetishist calls it.

On the other hand the gay guy whose fetish is a jock *strap* or a monokini may look with haughty distain on one who fetishes jockey shorts. "How crude!" he sneers. "What a savage . . . no couth!" To him a most highly-prized symbol of his fetish would be the jock strap worn by handsome Jim Stryker in the famous Master Physique pictures, some of which appear in *Era*, and which also show in its nude perfection that magnificent phallus which gave 'birth' to the full, exciting contours of his strap.

Oddly, the fetishist rarely wears the shorts of his adored one. While they may be *(Continued on page 32)*

The Erotic Art of Sensual Massage

The Ultimate Gesture of Touch Communication

by Frank Samuels

IT is a curious fact that the most direct approach to sexual communication is the most obscure since little is known about the erotic art of sensual massage through which one can speak volumes of love-words that lips never could.

In this shoddy age when big-city streets abound with so-called 'massage parlors' sensual massage is almost a lost art. And so in this issue of *QQ Magazine* we should like to demonstrate some simple massage techniques that will not only bring your lover to a high initial degree of sexual enthusiasm, but which you can become so expert in performing that you can always keep the sexual follow-through going flawlessly from the first sensuous moment until the climax of sexual release.

SETTING THE SCENE

The best way to receive massage and to give it—is in the the nude. Even the briefest bikini can entangle the fingers of the masseur and prevent that *totality* of *continuous* communication that is so important. So remove everything . . . rings, watch and even your contact lenses (since he may want to give your eyes a gentle massage). You both are now nude entities and ready for the act of erotic stimulation.

Lighting

The lights should be arranged so that they are dim and distant (in the next room will be fine). The masseur should seem to be in the shadows, or no more than a dim silhouette. Even psychedelic lights should be turned off since they tend to impede the flow of accumulating sensuality by diverting one's thoughts elsewhere. The effectiveness of erotic massage depends both on the sensitive hands/fingers of the masseur and the total body/mind concentration of the massaged.

The Position

Once you are settled in place, lying on your back on a long table or a comfortable pad on the floor where the masseur can work freely, close your eyes.

Begin to concentrate on your breathing—either through your nose or mouth (whichever is most natural to you)—and just 'let yourself go'. Don't try to assist with the massage. Even when it is time for you to be moved to a different position or to be manipulated from a different position or to be manipulated from a different direction, or to be turned, let your lover do it. You just 'go along for the ride'. Any attempt by you to assist him will only result in a break in the flow of accumulating sensuality. Just 'be lazy'. And try to keep your body as limp as possible. If, however, you feel a slight tension in your neck muscles while lying on your abdomen, feel free to move your head until the discomfort vanishes.

Above all, keep aware of your breathing. *Special tip:* It will be of great psychological help in building up a still higher degree of body sensuality if you will imagine that your breathing *exhalations* are being directed toward that part of your body the masseur is in touch communication with. Your breathing in this manner tends to correlate both his movements and your sensuous response.

Don't speak during the massage unless it is absolutely necessary (that is, for instance, if you experience pain, or if you feel chilled, or are uncomfortable from some other cause). Anything spoken—like assisted movement—breaks this flow of accumulating sensuality. So does music—you are too aware of it.

Lubricants

Most masseurs prefer to use some kind of oil on the body. Of the oils perhaps safflower is best. But any oil is messy. (Never use baby oil because it's so thin it clogs the pores and one has the uncomfortable sensation that the oil is being squeezed out during the massage . . . like a sponge.)

Pure mayonnaise is best. It's easy to work with, it's light and fluffy and has a kind of sensuousness of its own. Because *QQ Magazine* has so frequently extolled the virtues of mayonnaise for certain sexual uses, a reader recently wrote to say that we should really call it 'jizzumaise'. Actually if you think about it by this term the massage is already under way!

And now we're ready for

THE LAYING-ON OF HANDS

Any touch communication is sensuous to some degree, so don't worry about whether you should use very complex movements of your hands and fingers. The simpler the massage the more erotic it usually is. Complex movements tend to fatigue both the masseur and the one massaged. So keep these pointers in mind:

1) Go over all the body during an erotic massage, however use just one or two techniques for each body part.
2) Keep a continuous flow of massage-movement, particularly when moving to a new position/direction. You can do this by just leaving a hand or finger on the body while you make the shift. When you remove touch you destroy contact, and if one has been able to achieve deep concentration/breathing this is most disconcerting. *(Continued on page 42)*





Gay Paris

...glimpses of gay life in the City of Light

by David Bartel

QQ *Magazine* believes that a travel guidebook, by its own definition, should be just that—a guide to the traveler. Yet when reporting on international travel the clutter of superfluous information each guidebook serves up leaves the traveler as befogged as before, and possibly even more so since—in trying to sift happy pluses from indifferent minuses—he winds up playing it by ear (albeit with generally better results).

Some *gay* travel guides or listings often err in just the opposite way . . . the information they provide is too skimpy and/or too speculative, which is essentially non-information if not actual misinformation, thus . . .

Someone coming across two men having quickie john sex in some hitherto unsung cafe or bar, jots down the name of the place, sends it along to a gay editor as a 'find', and when it is published the reader quite naturally assumes that the joint is swingingly gay when, chances are, the two sexists were the *only* gay guys ever to have entered the place, with sex having been just a delightful coincidence! *Ave atque vale.*

This travel piece is also on the short side, but please be assured that it has been made so intentionally, having been written with more love than lingo to help gay guys get a full fourteen days of fun from a fourteen-day vacation without missing a single trick, yet allowing sufficient time to have a go at a *château* or *Notre Dame* or the *Louvre*, or whatever.

THE 'QUEEN' HOTELS

If you go to Paris during the late spring through the early summer season (Paris closes down in August when anyone not on welfare flees the city for the beaches or the country) be sure that your travel agent has your hotel accommodations nailed down unless you have a passion for camping on sidewalks or sleeping in doorways. But what *kind* of accommodations? Guidebooks becloud the issue by confusing the traveler with endless names of hotels when the answer could be so simply arrived at by dividing the *possible* hotels of Paris into two groups (plus a third which may be considered gay orientated).

If *supreme elegance* is what you seek there are the so-called nine 'queen' hotels ('queen' in this instance having no gay connotation) where the tariff ranges upward from a minimum of $38 a day for two . . . *Bristol, Plaza-Athénée, Meurice, Ritz, Crillon, Lancaster, Paris Hilton, Intercontinental Paris* and the *George V.*

However, if *solid comfort* is of primary concern and you can do with a bit less elegance you will like any of the seven 'princess' hotels which are pegged at around $26 per day for two . . . *San Régis, Régina, Windsor-Reynolds, Louvois, Castille*, and—if you'd like to make the Left Bank the center of your activities—the *Lutetia* and *Relais Bisson.*

Hotels which do not fall generally into either of these groups (with the exception of those we shall describe in a moment) are invariably tatty in some annoying way, usually being fraught with bathless bedrooms rendering them instantly forgettable so we shall not even mention them here. (It might be remembered that whenever the American dollar fluctuates by a few *cents* on the international exchange, hotel rates fluctuate by several *dollars* (ever upward), so bring along with your 'mad money' an extra supply of 'just in case' dollars.)

HOTELS OF GAY SIGNIFICANCE

That third and smaller group of gay-orientated hotels (which may be interpreted severally as 'muchly' gay, ambiently so, or tolerantly gay) include the *Hôtel Pax*, 30 *Rue St. André des Arts* (tolerantly-to-muchly) whose insistent *décor bohémien* overstresses the point. All is well here if you and your lover are reasonably quiet. (However it is well to remember that the *concierge* of any gay hotel has an itchy palm that responds magically to the touch of silver. He can smooth over any situation that has gotten out of hand for any reason, even rough trade so insistent it's just too much to cope with.)

The *Montana* in the heart of the *St. Germain des Prés* district at 28 *Rue St. Benoit* has long been a favorite of gay guys the world over, especially Americans (this latter bit of information is important if you tend to get homesick for a circumcised phallus).

The *Hôtel Pont Royal* at 7 *Rue Montalembert* can easily double as a 'princess' hotel. It has a very tolerant—even avuncular—staff, so don't be surprised if you get a knowing wink as you bring home lover after exciting lover. There is a reasonable additional charge for 'bedding' each extra person.

Finally the *Hôtel Gallia St. Maria* on the *Rue Dufour*, also in the *St. Germain des Prés* district, is near the world-famous gay bar(s) *Le Fiacre*, and has the same tolerant policy as the *Pont Royal*. All these hotels of gay significance are priced at about—or just slightly less than—'princess' hotel rates.

DUET FOR HARP AND FOUNTAIN

If you'd like something really special . . . something that few gay guys other than Parisians know much about . . . a hotel that has not only elegance, comfort and a most sophisticated 'in-and-out' gay ambience (we'll explain this in a moment), and all at *(Continued on page 44)*

SKID ROW SEX
by JOHN NICHOLS

BELOW and beyond the realm of most gay experience lies Skid Row. Hopelessness, disillusionment and rejection permeate the tawdry day-to-day humdrum of keeping life and limb together. Tomorrow has as little meaning as yesterday and no one is building a future. Punctuating this fearful monotony is homosexual sex; conducted without love, without frivolity and without regret.

Skid Rows are a unique and swiftly vanishing chapter of Americana. They peaked during the heavy immigration years of 1870 to 1910 and have been in steady decline ever since. Most Americans live their whole lives never having seen one much less lived or crusied there.

Residents are almost exclusively male; older men predominate. Because of their unkempt appearances, they usually look older than they actually are. But every now and then a top drawer, first class beauty is available who could be found nowhere else in town. And those baggy clothes from the mission sometimes hide great physiques; they are not being worn by egos trying to exhibit baskets or biceps.

Competition from women is almost non-existent. The handful who reside there are on their last leg and look it, act it and know it. Many tenth rate bars will not even admit them.

Actually, most Skid Rowers are barely interested in women. Many have had bad or expensive female experiences in the past. Drugs and dope are in the same category, an alien world. The men's prime interests are: staying alive, staying out of jail, drinking and an occasional roll in the hay—in that order.

It is first necessary to examine the Skid Row life style because it, more than any other factor, dictates sexual differences from most of the gay community.

Society has forged for these gentlemen a rat race existence reminiscent of hamsters, eternally running around in their spinning circles of wire, exerting themselves to the utmost to get absolutely nowhere.

A Skid Row day begins at 6 AM when the men present themselves at daily pay labor offices, or "slave markets." If he is reasonably clean and shaved, and with a little luck, he will be sent on a job at $1.60 per hour. If totally lacking in funds, he might be given carfare and a sandwich for which he will be charged an exorbitant price at work-day's end.

Labor offices are frequently owned by bar owners. After a long, backbreaking day the Skid Rower must go to the affiliate bar to collect his $11 or $12. That necessitates ordering a beer, and then another, and then another, as he chats with friends made during the day.

A few dollars for a room, another for supper, and what is left usually goes for bar hopping; anything to keep from returning to the depressing lodgings until time to go to sleep.

Lodgings vary according to ability to pay. $3 or $4 will buy a private room, toilet down the hall, nude light bulb, thin cotton blanket, worn linoleum and stained wash basin. The latter usually doubles as a urinal. All you can really say for it is that it does afford privacy.

Flop houses charge around $1. The accommodation consists of a 4'x8' stall, partitioned off by metal panels and covered with chicken wire to prevent theft. Some panels come to only within a foot of the floor leaving a viewing space from room to room. An ancient cot, cement floor, locker and occasional wild graffiti are what you get. The john is a huge combination of showers, wash stands and toilets.

At rock bottom are dormitory arrangements—usually at 75 cents a night—with lights out at 9:30 PM and all out by 7 AM.

Because of the early work hours, cruising is conducted in the early evening. Striking hour is 8 to 9. Most of Skid Row is in bed by 10 or 11 PM.

Like gay life anywhere, most contacts occur in bars. Although never included in gay guide books, many are just as productive as those that are. Tacky, cheap, smelly and loud, these bars specialize in serving the most inexpensive of beers and wines. Bullfrog Beer is 25 cents. An individual cigarette is 2 cents.

A free beer sent to a likely prospect is all that is necessary for an introduction; he'll get the message. Conversational topics are elemental, usually centering on how tough it is to make a living. When the pitch is finally made, a hotel room invitation is rarely declined.

Cruising in hotels is different. Some guys leave their doors open, sit on their beds, clothed, waiting for a conversation that will lead to sex. Some leave their doors open and lie naked in bed playing with themselves. Any interested party just walks in, locks the door and goes to work.

Others connect in the bathroom, even going there nude and striking up conversations at the urinal. Others wait on fire escape stairs, in the lobby or occupy toilets with open doors for untold hours. A proffered swig on a bottle of cheap port wine is the most often used "come on."

Sex itself runs the gamut but blow jobs are by far the most prevalent. Rimming is not unknown and many times appreciated. Stirring the mustard is a bit too messy for cleaning facilities at hand and exotic sex is out.

Skid Rowers perform sex without conscience or great annimation, actually thinking of it as a relatively unimportant yet necessary human function. Most will tell you they are thinking of women but few have had one in years.

Hustlers are rare but thieves are not. Skid Rowers should NEVER be taken home if one values his possessions. Lengthy protestations of honesty are usually a smokescreen; honest men don't call attention to that attribute. The best rule is: Have sex and say goodbye and then leave, sleepy or not.

The gay guy seeking trade on *(Continued on page 46)*




QQ's Man
of the Month
Dale
by Zeus



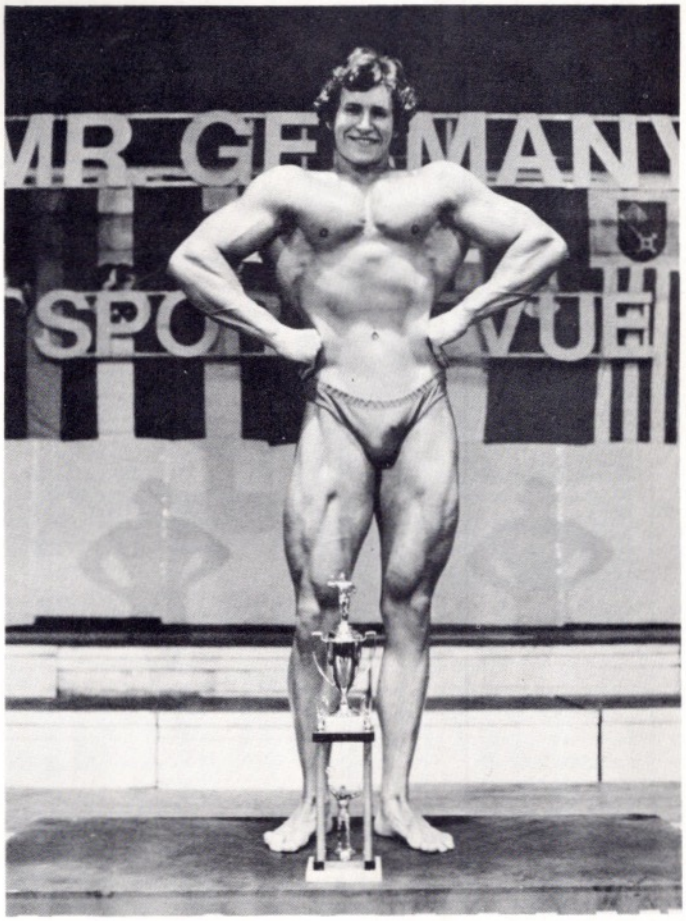


Mr. Germany

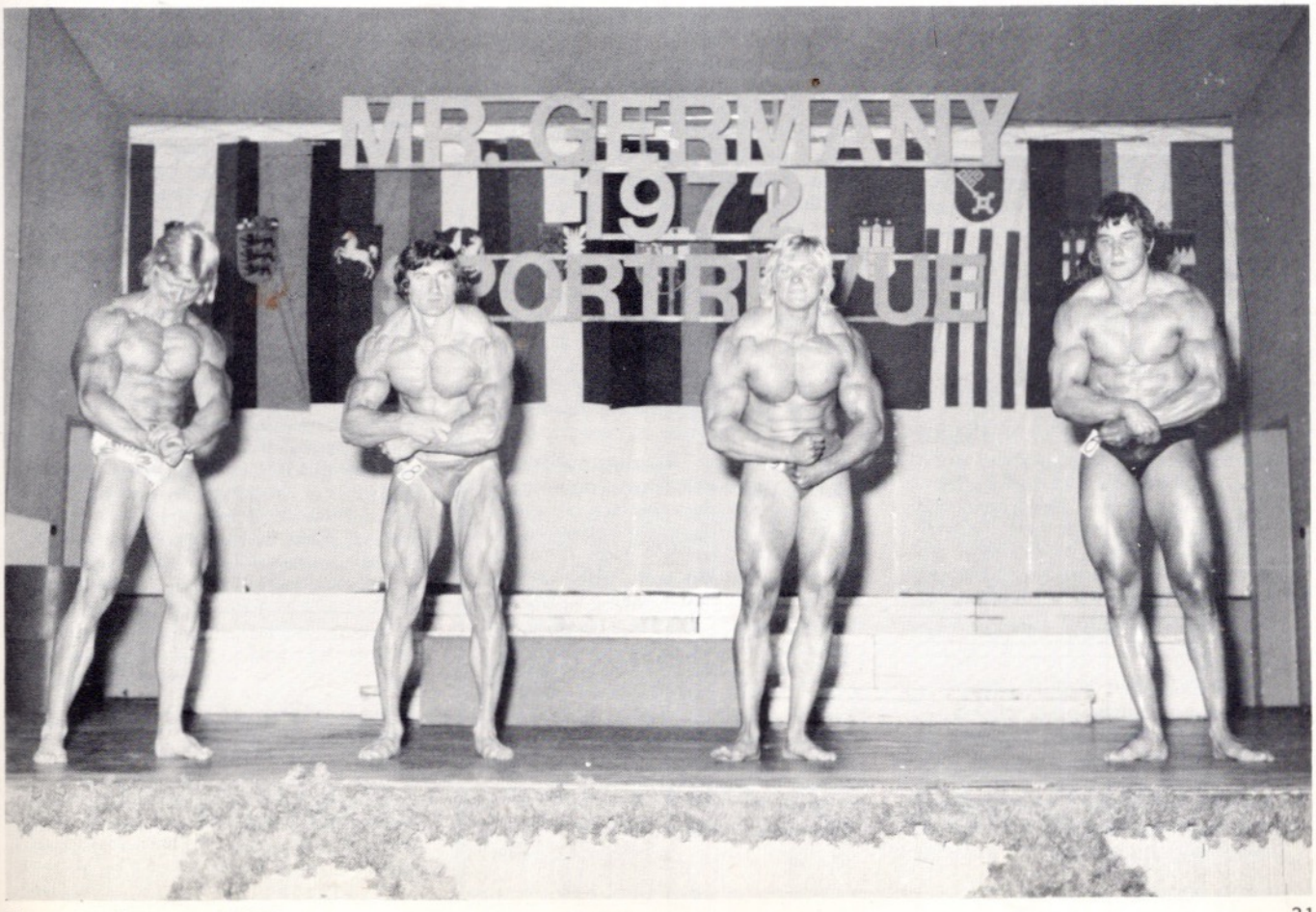
THE 1972 Mr. Germany contest was held in Munich by Albert Busek and Rolf Putziger, who publish *Sportrevue*, Germany's leading bodybuilding magazine.

Nearly 2500 spectators turned out to see the more than 80 contestants go through their posing routines. What made this particular muscle contest unusual was the participation by so many gay bodybuilders, especially in the Junior division. (According to one report we have the best action was in the locker room!)

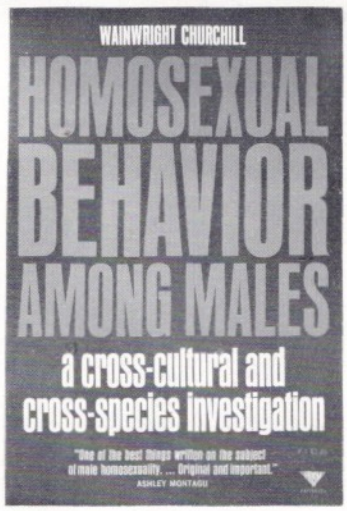
The new Jr. Mr. Germany is Norbert Albrecht of Dortmund. The Sr. contest was won by Roland Schrotter, but the real "prize" was Alfred Hammerschmidt, who placed 2nd.



Left: **Alfred Hammerschmidt, 2nd place Sr. Mr. Germany.** Right: **The new Jr. Mr. Germany, Norbert Albrecht.** Below: **The Sr. finalists, left to right–Alfred Hammerschmidt (2nd); Robert Binapfel (3rd); Roland Schrotter (1st); and Ulaus Bruck (4th).**



BOOK REVIEW



One of the pleasures of book reviewing, in fact, the one great pleasure, is coming across a volume which can be urged upon ('highly recommended' is the cliche) every reader without any qualification whatsoever.

No matter that the book is a couple of years old (1967 is the first publication date, though now, 1972, it is to be found in paperback).

No matter that it may appear to be heavily scholarly, if not downright erudite. (It is; but is, on balance, eminently readable.)

And no matter that its title may put one off as being "just another" book on a subject we know all too much about anyway. (It ain't.)

HOMOSEXUAL BEHAVIOR AMONG MALES, by Dr. Wainwright Churchill, Prentice-Hall, Inc. (Prism Paperback), 347 pgs., bibliography, Indexed, $2.45, is the definitive work on the how and why of past and present homosexually-inclined males, and, by implication, where we might find ourselves in the social fabric of—hopefully—a more enlightened future.

The book is not, as the above might suggest, a mere treatise, much less a sociological harangue. Rather, it is, first, a carefully researched and documented history of homosexuality, **without prejudice**. To begin with, Dr. Churchill concerns himself with **all** homosexuality in the 1-6 continuum of Kinsey et al., not merely the exclusively homosexual 6s.

From this, the author entertains theories on the spread of homosexuality as progression develops from one-cell organisms in the evolutionary pattern. Thence to evidence of prevalence in cultures other than our own. And then, in a spate of clarity, he discusses possible origins of homosexuality and how sexual preferences may be required.

From that base Dr. Churchill describes, more concisely and convincingly than in any other work I've read, the role of homosexuality in ancient Greece, its dissipation in Rome, and its ultimate demise in our own, medievally-oriented, Judaeo-Christian culture.

At this point the author ties his knot, linking the growth of the sin-crime-sickness attitudes to the development, first, of Euro-American religion and jurisprudence, and, secondly, latterly, to the weed-like expansion of psychiatry in the U.S.

In this last area, incidentally, the 1962 book by Irving Bieber, **Homosexuality: A Psychoanalytic Study**, a volume frequently cited by the Michael Maye brand of anti-gay journalists, is once and for all laid to rest; no, buried, with considerably more attention to clinical detail than perhaps it warrants, but then that is Dr. Churchill's bent: he consistently and conscientiously draws upon facts, **all** facts, no fantasy, to formulate his conclusions.

Finally, in a chapter entitled **"Sex and Morality,"** the author presents us with one of the finest essays ever written on the subject. The thinking is clear. The writing is clear. The ideas are of the highest order, and the conclusion is of the highest priority.

Permit me one small quote:

"To the 'homosexual', because of his extraordinary burden of shame and guilt as an outcast, we would say that his first moral duty toward himself and others—no matter how challenging this duty may appear—is to accept nothing less than the same rights and the same dignities accorded to other men. He may be armed to meet this challenge by the certainty and the courage that are afforded by the knowledge that he himself is careful to accord the same rights and dignities to others that he claims for himself."

One of the frustrations of reviewing books is not knowing if one's enthusiasms (or lack of same) have been articulately conveyed to the reader. In this case, if in no other, I most sincerely hope so, for in no other book that I know of have the arguments for a humanistic approach to sex been so cogently expressed. In no other book has the need for social acceptance of gays been so clearly pronounced. And in no other book have the responsibilities of straight and gay alike been so urgently set forth.

Read it.

Cover to cover.

—Orlando Paris

SEXUAL WITCHCRAFT

(Continued from page 21)

his correct size, somehow just the wearing of them robs them of the original 'presence' and man essence, and the garment is no longer a treasure but just a mundane pair of store-bought underwear. To him they are 'forever' . . . a sexual talisman to be brought out and made love *to* and *with* again and again.

Only a very few gay guys would actually come *on* or *in* such shorts (or for that matter any other garment so intimate) . . . Portnoy to the contrary. To do so would defile them, as a church is defiled when a rape or murder has been committed therein. While the clergy can temporarily deconsecrate the church while the 'demons' are being ritually exorcised, the shorts fetishist has no such recourse. When the corner laundromat cleanses the shorts of his own defilement it also destroys the magic of sexillusion with which their original wearer imbued them. In a kind of kooky gay sense (fraught with Freud!) it really is a case of throwing out the 'baby' with the bath water!

As a corollary, and to illustrate a point that even fetish *nuances* have nuances, it might be noted that the jock-strap fetishist may possibly go a step further and fetishize only wide-ribbed straps. The connotation is this: wide-rib/mouth stretched wide/big, big cock. (This is not as wild as it sounds since many readers who saw the Stryker wide-ribbed strap in the pictures just mentioned have offered tidy sums for it, while tranquilized others have asked where they can get one like it.)

THE SAILOR-HAT FETISHIST

If you have *QQ Magazine*, Volume 4/Number 3 at hand, please turn to pages 12-13. In the spectacular Quaintance painting *Shore Leave* note that the handsome young blond sailor facing his darker companion lies nude on the bed except for his white hat.

Quaintance once said that this symbol of great-sex masculinity was far more compelling than the obviously tumescent basketry of the other sailor. "The hat is important to the painting because through it so many sexual inferences may be drawn. First, or course, white is suggestive of his cleanliness and sparkling health, but it also clues us in that he's a virgin trick reaching out with boyish adventurousness to the excitement of a new kind of experience.

"In the sensually-inviting position of his muscular young body on the bed one senses his sexual curiosity has been so quickly aroused that he has forgotten to remove his hat . . . that he's eager to get on with it . . . and that a huge cock is going to explode at the very first touch of his friend who—aware of this (as may be noted in his expression)—pours a drink for the sailor to relax him just to the point where orgasm will be delayed for a delicious interval of dalliance.

"The hat is the sailor's *machismo* . . . it puts all of him together . . . it makes him seem to be a big, beautiful dreamboat ready to cast off on a 'maiden voyage'!"

As another corollary may we point out

that the sailor hat is one article of another's clothing that most gay guys *do* 'Portnoy' . . . fantasexing into the hat does not 'defile' it since it is less intimate, being more symbol than fetish. Yet there are many who make a lovely fetish of it, using it as a fantasexing 'glove' on the phallus to make the act of self-love all the more vibrant and vital. Many are the 'eggs' that have been cracked into the 'crotch'-of a sailor hat!

THE TOES FETISHIST

On New York's fashionable East Side there is a large and very popular department store which–especially on Saturday–rocks to the beat of what must surely be the handsomest gay guys on earth. Of management it must be said that recently it played one of its cruel jokes on its many gay salesmen by transferring a toes fetishist from his regular department to the men's summer sandals counter.

Pity the poor guy . . . and just imagine what happened (sob!). All those teasy bare toes to be felt and measured, cajoled and fitted, when all the time he was dying to get down on his knees and tongue-fuck all ten pedal digits, or zip open his fly and impale his frantic phallus between them and saw, saw, *saw-w-w-w away!*

Yet all he could do was look demure and efficient. What unbearable agony! Of course his sexual steam pressure soon reached the blasting point and he began to come in an almost unending stream of jizzumatic effluvia. Another customer, another blastoff. But he says "I finally learned to cope, and the shoulder bag in which I used to bring my lunch is now filled with many pairs of shorts for those occasional moments when I get a coffee break and can dry off and change again. But how I long for winter! No more sandals . . . no more toes . . . no more temptation . . . no more premature orgassing!" A gentle guy, as most toe fetishists are, he can then return to the comparative sanity of his pottery or pewter.

THE FOOT FETISHIST

As mentioned earlier there is frequently only a hairline separating fetishism from acted-out violence. Occasionally this is a sinister experience of the foot fetishist. While the ritual of the *toes* fetishist is usually gentle and beautifully elaborate as he adores them in a complete act of love (kissing, tonguing or licking them individually as several phalluses . . . or several at one time, symbolizing oral union with a large phallus) . . . or fucks between them . . . or the opening created when his lover's feet are placed together vertically . . . or makes toe fetishism an *adjunct* (doing the same things, while fantasexing with his hand to effect a more complete and satisfying–to him–union) the mood changes when the rest of the foot–and particularly the heel–is brought into the action.

The foot fetishist is usually a *medium* masochist. Not caring for–or afraid to go as far as–the violence the *heavy* masochist needs (and masochism is a *need*, not a *desire*), he still seeks a discipline to compensate for certain weaknesses in his psychic make-up. He likes to be gently prodded by a playful foot . . . kicked in the behind with it (with varying degrees of force), or be



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP **By Rob Arrington**

Lord Byron

LORD Byron! The very name rings bells! And evokes the most romantic ideas, for this Englishman was the most romantic of poets and led the most romantic of lives.

In the course of his short but artistically productive life, which ended in his thirty-sixth year, Lord Byron, or George Gordon as he was less well known, had "two hundred affairs of one sort or another," as he put it. The evidence is clear that many of them were homosexual affairs, beginning with Byron's passion for a 17-year-old choir boy named John Eddleston, when he was attending Cambridge. The boy, who died prematurely a few years later, inspired certain of Byron's poems, perhaps even his most famous ones, *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, the latter an oblique defense of Byron's homosexuality with many references to the multitude of his gay amours.

One of his most publicized loves was a French-Greek lad named Nicolo Giraud whom Byron met in Athens in 1811 and subsequently described as "the most beautiful being I have ever beheld." When Byron died of malaria in 1824, his will contained a bequest of seven thousand pounds–a very large sum in those days–for Giraud.

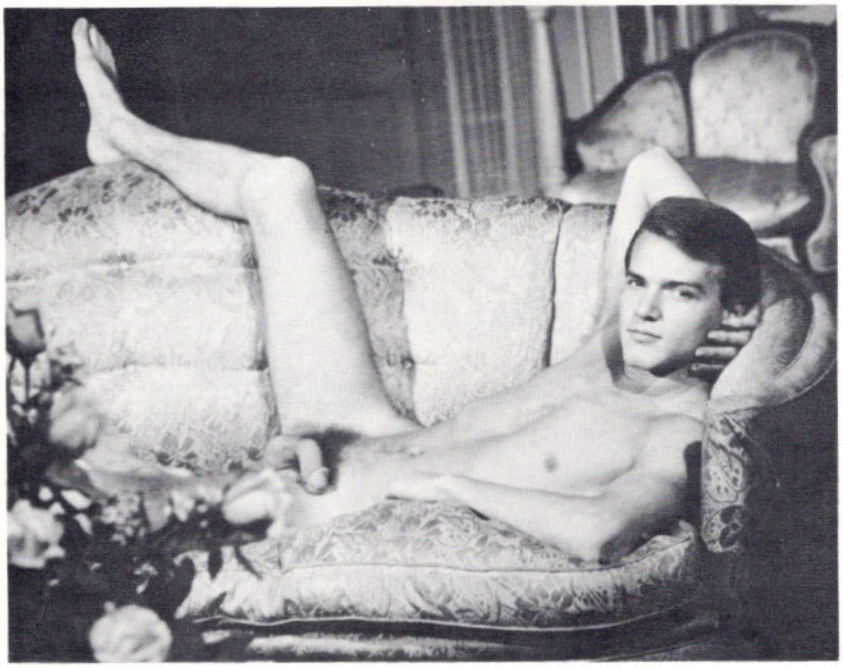
Byron was considered beautiful himself, particularly in the flush of his youth, when his poetic genius and his sexual nature were bursting with vitality.

Byron was a great traveler, finding particular delight in Portugal. Spain, Greece, Turkey, and Italy. Venice was the site of a particularly dramatic event in his life, when his rejected mistress of the moment tried to drown herself in a canal.

Byron's other lady loves–who ranked with his male loves only in their number–included his sister, with whom he was accused of incest, and a wife, who separated from him within a year of their wedding at which point, in 1816, Byron left England never to return.

Byron spent a good deal of his time traveling and living with Percy and Mary Shelley during the next few years. Shelley was another of England's great poets, and his wife Mary became famous in her own right as the author of *Frankenstein.*

Byron and Shelley were not lovers but they were boon companions and the best of friends, and Byron was bereft when Shelley died in the sea in 1822. Byron himself was to have only two years left to him. *(Continued on page 46)*



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 BRITONS LIKED BOYS

More kings were queens than kings in that important period of history when the British empire was a-building.

To begin with, there was the famous Crusades king, Richard the Lion-Hearted (1157-1199). Richard liked beautiful boys at all times, whether he was crusading or not. The dashing lion-hearted one is the prototype in Christian times of the homosexual soldier-of-fortune type.

Edward II (1284-1327), though not a famous king for conquest or world-changing accomplishments, is an important one for other reasons that we'll come to. He got started in the gay world at 14, when his father presented him with a 16-year nobleman's orphaned son as a companion. The two became lovers in a lasting relationship that found the companion rewarded with estates, wealth and honors as an adult. Edward II took time out from his homosexual affair to marry and have children. His son, Edward III, had seven children who intermarried with the gentry. The multitude of progeny that resulted from these marriages were ultimately the ancestors of not only all English kings and queens since the time of Edward II, but also of the millions of persons in the Western world descended from English gentry.

James I (1566-1625) was an important British monarch. His mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded because she was ambitious for *(Continued on page 47)*

roughed-up to a reasonable extent by both feet. All this is heaven to the foot fetishist.

But it gets out of hand, however, when dope or drink in excess unleashes the more violent instincts of a strange lover who may maim him temporarily, or put his testicles out of commission for a longer time, or so bruise the phallus that urination is difficult or painful or, worse, so impossible that surgery is required to open the urethra lest life be needlessly sacrificed. What is sadder is when passion grows so violently uncontrollable that the heel or foot is turned into a lethal weapon and the luckless fetishist is stomped into insensibility or death.

THE SHOE/LEATHER FETISHIST

One might think that fetishism of foot and shoe are related but this is rarely the case. The more-or-less playful foot has little ideologically with its vicious leather brother. Unlike the bare foot, the leather shoe connotes roughness/force/hard discipline/brutality and punishment. But the shoe is really more a turn-on for the whole leather scene as *shoe* becomes heavy *boot* . . . then everything else leather enters the picture to create an overall S/M ambience . . . shirts, pants, helmets, studded belts . . . then on to whips, chains, handcuffs and straitjackets. Fetishism has now crossed over into a new territory.

As has been pointed out in *QQ Magazine*, there are those who use leather as a sometime thing . . . as a Saturday-night masquerade. Many who dress in leather to the nines and carry with them all its S/M accoutrements wouldn't harm a fly. It's just an intriguing put-on that gives them a much-needed sexual outlet . . . a kind of safety valve. Often one who is totally 'leatherized' kneels to passionately kiss the boot of a true leather sadist, grooving to the filth or excrement through which that magic boot has walked. Leather and shit are the staff of life to some gay guys!

THE 'OFFALOVERS'

. . . or to paraphrase a popular TV commercial "You don't have to be 'leather' to love it!"

There are in each of us deep atavistic instincts to which we respond without reason. As in masochism one responds to them out of *need*, not desire. Very possibly even if we were brought to book we could not account for them. Yet they are often an ineffable part of the communication between gay lovers and to skirt the issue would be less than honest.

Freud has said that the man who plunges his tongue up the rectum of another may be committing two separate acts simultaneously . . . an act of defiance (through which symbolically he may be thumbing his nose at some kind of parental yoke or malediction which he might be totally unable to identify), and an act of *love*.

In gay life rectal rimming or the deeper lingual penetration of the rectum is the ultimate form of communication. Through it one says to the other "You are my love, my deep love, and by this act I am proving it. Do you think that you are just something ordinary that has come into my

life for a few moments? Here is my tongue . . . my treasured shaft . . . love it with your rectum . . . squeeze it, crush it, embrace it, delight it . . . do wild things *with* and *on* and *to* it. Give me everything you have . . . I am with you all the way!" One must be very careful in 'mining' this area, however. However loverly the 'treasure' one finds, asparagus vinaigrette it ain't.

SHOWERS OF LOVE

Another response to deep atavistic need/desire is to the outpouring of urine. However elemental it is this is not solely a gay manifestation. It is common knowledge that Tallu was 'druid priestess of the Golden Shower'. Her sexual blood-pressure rose to such dizzying heights during an encounter that only a post-orgastic urine shower could cool her off and bring it down.

After being brought to orgasm for the final time she would dash into her shower stall, kneel on the tiles, and implore her lover to "Love me with your strong man-urine . . . *piss* on me . . . *piss* on me! (Of course just don't get it in mah hair, dahlin . . . matinee y'know)!"

To many gay guys the Golden Shower is the true culmination of really wild sex . . . especially to those who prefer it as a kind of input/outflow, accepting the stream first in the mouth, then allowing it to cascade down the body as a final and complete act of self-abnegation.

OTHER FETISHES . . . OTHER TURN ONS

While we have mentioned several types of fetishism in this issue, there is such a vast 'repertoire' of them that we should like to visit with you again soon and talk about them . . . particularly about the voice as a most powerful fetish . . . and the 'obscene' telephone call . . . rubber as Everyman's 'in' fetish (becoming very popular just now . . . like leather), and about the fetishes of the 'cut' and 'uncut' phallus.

Then there is the fetish of the four-letter word, and we should like to show how—when used wisely by being used sparingly—four-letter words can galvanize sexual attention and produce a greater sexual thrust . . . and how—when used too often, or spoken as a kind of never-ending verbal 'punctuation', like the ubiquitous *y'know*, they can destroy the effectiveness of the sexual scene.

Fetishes are good to help make the act of sex a more beautiful and rewarding experience. They are, of course, less good when they are used as sexual 'crutches' and make sex less free . . . even impossible. We would like to help you use fetishes to enrich your sex life . . . not limit . . . and so we look forward to our next meeting to discuss some really great ones.

See you soon!

• • •

IMAGE SMASHING

(Continued from page 5)

If you're like me, you've already asked yourself many times, "Why does the general public and the media insist on stereotyping Gay people? Granted, the new stereotypes are different, but they are still stereotypes." The only answer I've been able to come up

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 PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Dear Louis:

As President of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Fist Fuckers of America (F.F.A.), may I congratulate you on the excellent article published in the October issue.

There have been many such articles written recently that have warned against such activities, predominantly on the medical approach. The beginner as well as the experienced should take heed to these articles.

I would like to emphasize here what you stressed in your article—that those beginners who wish to receive should know their partners. Make sure the giver is an experienced person who knows what he is doing. Relax with him in conversation before the scene; get to know him and his technique. Our Los Angeles members know the anatomy of the ass, bone structures, tissues, nerve endings, intestines, etc. A beginner should not try to achieve depth at first; it will be enough to accomplish the entire hand. Let your partner know this. The reason for this is that his intestines are not accustomed to a strange penetration or enlargement, and more than likely will secrete blood because of a ruptured nerve ending. If the "top" turns on, make sure he is in complete control of his senses.

Music plays an important role in fist fucking. Classical, rock, jazz, etc., whatever the person grooves on should be used. Why? It's the rhythm or beat of the music that produces the steady movement of the hand which produces a hypnotic influence to relax both mind and body.

You indicated several positions for either depth or width which are generally correct, but as you mention bone structure plays an important role in the position taken. It is not necessarily true that a large-boned person can achieve more than a smaller person. I am 5'8" at 135 lbs. and I personally like width. I normally can take 2 hands and have had 3 and 4 at the same time. I have used both positions of kneeling or on the back.

Thanks again for the article. Maybe it will bring more believers into "The Final Faith of America."

Yours very truly,
R.V.B.
President, L.A.F.F.A.

JOCKSTRAP CULT

Dear Editor:

It may be of interest to you to know that there is a little underground here in New York of jockstrap fetishists. There is a ritual consisting of pouch tasting and basket sniffing, etc., also swapping. I would like to see some sort of club organized here along these lines; I understand there is already one in Los Angeles. *(Continued on page 53)*

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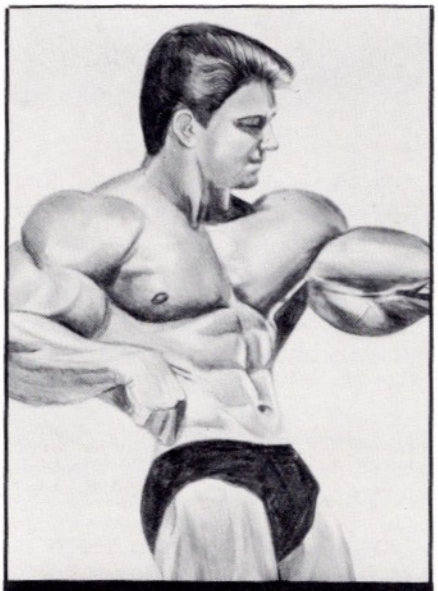

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with is that for some yet unexplained reason, people have a need to categorize and stereotype various minority groups, in order, I suppose, to give themselves a reason to refuse to listen to and relate to them as people much like themselves.

Another reason is that the press and TV, since they are based on the profit motive of supply and demand, tend to emphasize stories and articles which tend to reinforce and meet the needs of their readers and viewers. And, let's face it, most people would rather read about or see on television a report of the latest "zap" by bearded, loud, militant "homos" than have to relate on an equal and loving basis with their Gay sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, uncles, aunts, etc.

If you've already informed your family and friends of your being Gay, you know of the layers of bullshit, guilts, fears and misconceptions which have to be overcome by "straight" people before they can begin to relate to you as a human being. It's so much easier, in the short run, for people to dismiss us with some stereotyped image rather than to have to deal with us openly and honestly. But haven't you found, as I have, that once you get through those layers, a new relationship with family and friends emerges that gives both of you peace of mind and conscience?

In the Gay Liberation Movement, we have a term for those people who, like clockwork, send out press releases, and call up their favorite reporters on their local papers to get media coverage of their latest attention-grabbing gimmick. We call them "ego-trippers." Their primary *raison d'etre* is to call attention to themselves and to get their picture and/or names into the media and public eye. And, as you may have guessed, they are the people that the new Gay stereotypes are based on.

If the media didn't cater to these ego-trippers to spice up the evening news broadcasts and help sell newspapers, the Gay Liberation Movement today would be a much larger and effective force in our society. Gay people, like their counterparts in the general population, cannot identify with the stereotypes presented to us, which makes it all the more difficult for the thousands of concerned and committed Gay Liberationists to reach our millions of Gay brothers and sisters to confront their oppression and to consciously help in the fight against heterosexism which for centuries has kept 200,000,000 Americans brainwashed with the idea that men and women should behave, think, feel, act and love in a predetermined way.

Our Gay Liberation Movement is and must be a cause for all Gay people. To quote the Bible (Gospel of St. John, VIII, 32), *"Ye shall know the truth; and the truth shall make you free."* Know the truth; know that the new Gay stereotypes you read about and see on TV are not typical; know that there are thousands of your Gay brothers and sisters working every day throughout the world to make a better world; know that there are hundreds of Gay peoples' organizations which daily work quietly and without media attention to fight institutionalized heterosexism and to help you on a personal basis, if and when you need it, with various problems–job-wise, health-wise, legally and socially.

And above all, know yourself. Read, study, think–think of what a world would be like where men no longer had the need to prove their "manhood" by going to war and killing other men or by competing with other men for various forms of power!

• • •

THE SEXUAL COP-OUT

(Continued from page 7)

period of time. But it didn't. It was a drag for her and hell for me. I'm glad it's over and now I couldn't give a damn about changing. Just write me off as being selfish to the core."

Actually his experience is not greatly different from that of many others who have carried the big-muscles fetish to the extreme and who, along with their muscles, have developed a king-sized Narcissus complex. Then, too, there are gay guys who fetishize super-star muscles and are not the least concerned that their idols are not sexually responsive.

There is a fortyish librarian in a large midwestern city, a man of some means, who travels regularly–and for great distances–to have sex with one or more noted muscle men who will have been lined up for him in advance by a confederate . . . muscle guys who simply couldn't care less who swings on them as long as the price is right. Here also sexual selfishness takes a downward step to sexual poverty.

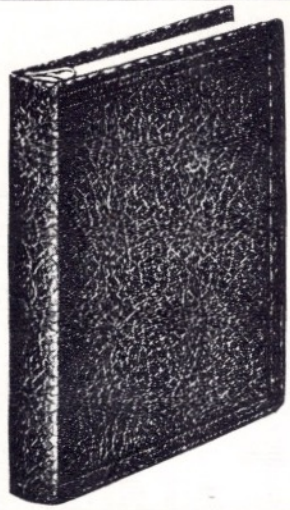
THE 'HOW GREAT I AM' COMPLEX

Sexual selfishness first dulls then prevents true communication in love, robbing two people of the sublime joy of a beautiful act. Nietzsche believed that the most *vulnerable* and at the same time the most *unconquerable* thing is human self-love. "The more it is wounded," he said, "the more its power grows and, in the end, the more self-destructive it is." He may have had gay guys in mind when he said, in effect, that

a) If one partner is so hung-up on himself (the 'How Great I Am' complex) he fails to intuit his lover's sexual needs. This, he believed, is the first and most easily discernible clue to his insensitivity.
b) Next, it demonstrates his lack of caring or love, and his indifference/unwillingness to share.
c) Finally it reaches a monolithic insensitivity when one's partner has to suggest certain sexual variations . . . express definite preferences . . . or must actually dissuade the other from an offending technique. It debases the partner and casts him in the role of a sexual beggar.

THE PERPETUAL SEX SYMBOL

Also part of the sexual-poverty syndrome (and he is the opposite of our sex-selfish muscle man, although the end result is much the same) is the gay guy who, because of professional exigencies or some other reason, is expected to perform sexually more often than he'd like to. Usually he is a movie star, TV player or some spotlighted figure whose pre-career publicity created–and whose current flack perpetuates him–as a sex



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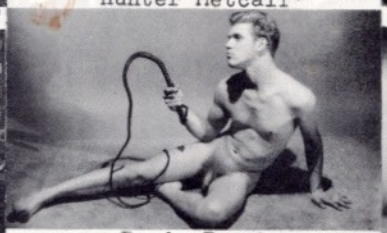
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alkaloids such as atropine, hyoscyamine and scopolamine which—while demoniacally aphrodisiacal—are quite deadly when used in more than the minutest quantities. Each alkaloid has a special effect—usually sadistic. For instance, toxicologists say that the most casual essay in gay group sex can be turned into an instant flagellation orgy by merely inhaling the fumes of the burning Black Henbane plant!

While this souped-up hashish is preferred by the Arabs who like to fuck 'n flail young tail, the Chinese gay guys groove to opium. Their particular reason: it prolongs erection to an almost never-ending length of time and thus makes it possible for what they love most . . . perfect, prolonged, plunging performance in marathons of more then fifty . . . without neglecting a single soul or hole! It may be said that even the mildest dose of opium can yield one full hour of phallic erection/stimulation. Chinese gay guys say that opium "refreshes the testicles, gives new strength to limbs and belly, invigorates the phallus and makes it so 'merciless' that fifty men in one orgy will seem as one to you."

THE DESCENDING SPIRAL

However, opium has its own peculiar law of diminishing returns as dosages are increased and/or as one becomes addicted to its daily usage.

While its early effect from a *minimal* (let us strongly stress that word 'minimal') dosage is much like that of marijuana in that it creates the feeling of floating, of lightness, then of release from sexual inhibitions, then of full/free sexual performance, if as much as 10 grams (smoked) or much, much less (by injection) are taken, what was beautiful euphoria becomes total drowsiness.

Now one no longer has the slightest interest in one's partner. Numbers mean nothing . . . the sex act deteriorates to the point where it simply does not exist except in rosy dreams . . . and the end result is that now—through heavier dosages or addiction (which inevitably follows) all one cares about is another pipe or another injection of opium.

For all its initial gentle come-on, opiatic euphoria robs a man of his sex drive because opium addiction—like heroin addiction—is complete and endlessly demanding. Only the gutsiest gay guy can kick the habit.

ABOUT LSD

In his book *Everything you always wanted to know about sex** Dr. David R. Reuben makes an interesting point about LSD. He says that because of moralistic restrictions bona fide research with LSD is virtually impossible, and that if it could be carefully studied and understood it is quite possible that all of us could benefit!

LSD is, of course, far stronger in effect than marijuana or *American* hashish. Here again, as with marijuana, strong animation of the time center in the brain makes it possible to extend the duration of a sexual experience, thus sexual excitement is felt longer and more distinctively since an even more colorful imagination reinforces the experience.

However, when one is deeply addicted to (or is deeply intoxicated by) LSD, sex is

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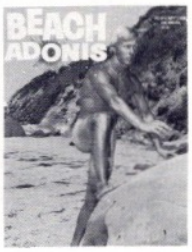

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experienced only as hallucination since, in reality, the far-out LSD tripper is impotent and—like the man in deep opium addiction—he does not care to have sex with an actual partner! What is worse is that with frequent usage there is an increased tendency toward morbidity . . . depression, fears of persecution and insanity . . . even thoughts of suicide which, sadly, are often brought to fruition.

ABOUT MORPHINE

With from 0.01 to 0.03 grams of morphine there is an initial period of euphoria . . . a consequent release of sexual inhibitions . . . and for a time a deep feeling of sexual belonging and sublime happiness. However, without prior buildup from such extremely small dosages 2 grams of morphine taken head-on could be fatal. One becomes very quickly addicted to this drug and sexual failure soon results (since there is soon no longer any desire for sex, but only for great peace). Definitely it is not a drug to titillate the Saturday Night Bridge Club and Suck-in!

ABOUT COCAINE

Again, as with the other drugs just mentioned, there is an increase in sexual desire along with diminishing frustrations. The cocaine addict tends to think of himself as a super-man or at least a very superior person (Sherlock Holmes, remember?). Very colorful erotic dreams become so all-sustaining to him that when he is deeply addicted the *need* (much less the desire) for actual sex with another no longer exists.

However, paradoxically, in the beginning there is this quirky side to cocaine. *It fosters homosexuality* (Sherlock Holmes again)! Quite commonly the most unbending straight guy who tries cocaine for the first couple of times turns gay, at least temporarily.

Very likely this occurs because with minimal *initial* usage cocaine generates such excessive states of sexual excitement that the urge to do *anything* and *everything* with *anyone* and *everyone* takes precedence over all else. In the case of cocaine it may be truly said that one's deepest atavistic instincts are *unleashed* rather than released.

Of course we hope this gay aspect of primary cocaine usage won't give you any ideas about bringing out someone against his will. No evil thoughts. *Nosiree!* So if at this very moment you've begun conjuring the image of some gorgeous straight you've always wanted to bugger—or some evil heteromeanie-genie you'd like to give his comeuppance—you may feel an uncontrollable urge to sneak up behind him and blast him in the ass with a needleful of coke. Don't! Resist the very thought! It isn't worth it. The perils and penalties of a protracted period in the pokey outweigh all possible phallic pleasures you might derive from such a tempting escapade!

. . . Finally there is that dread name that leaps at us from the snakepit of black headlines every day . . . so

WHAT ABOUT HEROIN AS A SEX DRUG?

Quoth the raven . . . "Nevermore!"

• • •

A PRIMER IN SADISM

(Continued from page 11)

turn to for discussion and advice. That night, over dinner, we talked about his newly found way of life in intimate detail. Naturally enough, he was hungry to learn more about the whole scene, and I did my utmost to encourage him, and to set him straight on the facts of leather life.

Since he had been first exposed to sadism, and had decided that this was his bag, I advised him to start off by frequenting a certain bar in our area where he would be more apt to meet the masochists he now sought. To make the proper impact, and so ease his cruising difficulties, I suggested that he first of all invest in a black leather jacket, preferably of the motorcycle type, and a pair of engineer boots to go along with his already-faded blue jeans. Although this mode of dress is not *de rigueur*, you will find that it does create more interest. So as to nail down your role in the scene with no equivocation, thread a chain through the left epaulet of your jacket, or, if you prefer to be less ostentatious, wear a ring of keys dangling from the left side of your belt. This code of "left for sadist and right for masochist" has been tried and tested and found to be a reasonably accurate guide as to the sexual proclivities of the wearer. Under the jacket may be worn either a simple T-shirt (preferably a subdued color—and white or black are best) or, if you live in a cooler climate, slip on a western shirt. The rugged individualist may balk at what he considers a conformist uniform, but there are no hard and fast rules about it. These are simply suggestions born of experience to make your path easier. Later on, you may choose to elaborate your outfit by the addition of leather jeans, vest or shirt, and perhaps a motorcycle cap (leather only, please—vinyl is *out*!).

Properly attired, and settled in with a beer (no glass) at a leather bar, the rookie sadist is prepared to begin the search for his ideal masochist. Don't confine yourself too much at the start to a specific type. You should, of course, team up with somebody you can handle well enough, and who is not going to outdistance you so completely in experience as to leave you far behind at the post. On the other hand, a sadist learns his trade in two ways—first by natural instinct in doing what comes naturally to him, and secondly by what he can pick up from others. If you are strictly a loner type, you will have to choose your masochist with care. Don't be afraid to do a little exploratory conversing before leaving the bar. Find out where the guy is at, how deeply involved he is or isn't into the scene, and whether or not his interests coincide enough with yours to have the makings of a satisfying scene for both of you. One should want at least a small element of surprise, so getting too specific then and there can taint the experience with an air of clinical sterility—after all, you are going to have sex, not perform an operation. If the guy seems a little too advanced for you, pass it up until later, when you will feel more confident to handle it. Some guys find it preferable to team up at the start with another sadist for threesomes with a single masochist. This does have its

benefits–you might learn a lot of "do's" and "don'ts" from your fellow sadist's performance, and chances are he will have a few toys and gadgets to play with which you have not as yet acquired.

If you are approached by a pushy or aggressive masochist, drop him like a hot potato. He may talk a good ball game, and might even genuinely be very capable in all respects, but chances are you will find *him* controlling the scene instead of you, and you could wind up feeling pretty foolish about the whole thing. While S&M is a two-way street in that both the sadist and masochist are in it for the pleasure they derive from the scene, still the sadist should be in control at all times, and the orders should be coming from him, and not his slave. Usually after the first or second scene with the same guy, you will know enough about where both your heads are to determine whether it is worth following it through to more and better scenes, or whether you prefer to drop the whole thing.

It's important to remember that, as a sadist, you have the advantage. Hacks abound, but a good sadist is at a premium, and you will find that you can pretty much pick and choose from among the available "m's." Don't sell yourself cheap–hold out for quality–and believe me you'll find it.

After you have been in the scene for some time, and have acquired a bit of experience, you will want to expand your horizons a bit and start a collection of toys. These range from whips to dildos, with a thousand other things in between, and here you can let your imagination run riot. The best type of sadist is the one who invents and creates his own toys, usually born out of some highly individual need or preference. Depending on how much you want the scene to play in your daily life, you can go all the way from setting aside a special room in your pad as a playroom, to keeping your entire supply of toys in a box tucked under your bed–the choice is entirely personal, and in neither case does it necessarily reflect upon your capability as a sadist. I have had some very good spur-of-the-moment scenes with practically no equipment at all that I will remember as vividly as any of my more elaborate scenes where I pulled out all the stops–and the equipment–and really went to town. Everything is relative. The most important thing to remember is that as long as the "m" knows he is in good hands you are home free. Which is why a scene should always begin with a little ritual of tricks which you can perform well and feel comfortable with–if you lose the "m's" respect at the beginning you will probably never regain it.

You will probably find a wider variety of sexual diversions in the S&M scene than you ever dreamed existed. This is, in fact, one of the strongest attractions this type of sex has–the possibilities are limitless, restricted only by your fertile imagination and good common sense which automatically tells you that you can, after all, go only so far. While it is truly amazing the amount of punishment the human body is capable of without doing serious damage, there are limits, and you should never lose sight of them for an instant. No masochist, however wild, wants to wind up with broken bones or permanent injuries. Walking away from a scene fulfilled is a far cry from being maimed or disabled and, after all, if you've both enjoyed each other's company, you will probably want to repeat the experience. How many times has an "m" cried on my shoulder about the "stupid" treatment he received at the hands of a hack sadist. A few stories like that making the rounds and you will be permanently out of business–and rightly so. There is a very definite line between being far-out with finesse and being a butcher.

Unless you are a well-established sadist with a good reputation, no "m" in his right mind is going to go home with you and let you tie or string him up on the first go-round. Don't be put off by this–put yourself in his place for a minute and you'll better understand his reluctance. Only after you have inspired the right confidence in him that you know what you're doing can he be expected to submit willingly to the ties that bind. First things first.

And speaking of which, here are a few tips for that all-important first scene. Not all, but certainly most masochists enjoy humiliation to some extent, so make him crawl a bit. Let him lick your boots and work his way up to your crotch. Don't give him your cock to suck too readily–let him earn it. Instinct should tell you how far to pursue this little game, and it sets the stage well for what is to follow. A dog collar with a padlock should go around the neck early on, and some form of restraint around the balls cannot help but imbue him with a sense of utter helplessness. These are staple items for every sadist's kit and are easily come by.

Don't be afraid to experiment a bit. The death of many a good scene comes quickly with the first hard stroke of a belt, so start gently at first and build up gradually. Both you and he will last longer. Play around with the tits and watch for a response. Chances are, if he's a real "m," he'll turn on fast and more and more as you increase the pressure–SLOWLY! Then take it from there into the areas of your choice.

Consider yourself first and always. Rarely will a sadist perform an act which gives him no special pleasure, unless he feels some particular fondness for the "m" in question and merely desires to accommodate him. The ideal situation, of course, is where the "m" desires only to please his master and will submit to any and all of his wishes–but this is unfortunately rare. Allowances must be made and compromises are usually the order of the day. But if you are getting enough jollies from one particular guy don't get shook up or offended if you have to sacrifice a pleasure or two in order to keep him coming back.

And let the good times roll!

• • •

HOMOSEXUALITY ON TV

(Continued from page 17)

Canada and in the United States, Kastner is best remembered by television viewers as the star of what must surely qualify as one of the oddest series of all, THE UGLIEST GIRL IN TOWN. At a time when the drag comedian was probably at the height of

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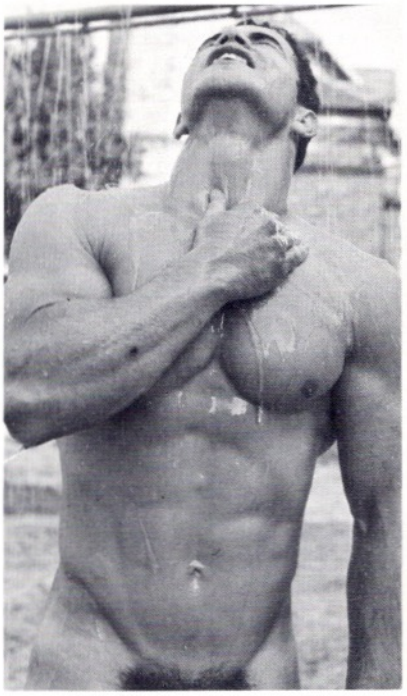

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disrepute, this series was based on the concept that for one reason of another a young student in England had to maintain a disquise as his own sister as well as being himself. The idea was too laden with overtones to sit comfortably with Middle America, despite the fact that Kastner was given a girlfriend in the series to whom he was slavishly devoted. Perhaps part of the problem was that Kastner, certainly not an unattractive young man in his own right, was just a little too realistic in drag. The script was trying to update CHARLEY'S AUNT, and Kastner looked too much like DINAH EAST. At any rate, he certainly didn't qualify as the ugliest girl in town!

But probably the most continuously popular of the "professional homosexuals" is Paul Lynde. For years, Lynde has been known for his collection of prissy characterizations, and when he became a regular panelist on the popular daytime game show THE HOLLYWOOD SQUARES, he brought his unique brand of humor with him. On that quiz, a panel of celebrity guests and regulars are asked questions which are usually designed specifically for their own personalities. Lynde is particularly known for the quick wit of his answers, which are often laced with gay references. For instance, when asked "What is it that comes in three types–straight, linked, and stud?" he snapped back, "Lifeguards!" (The real answer is 'chains'.)

Many Gay Liberationists object strenuously to the "professional homosexual" comedians, saying that the stereotyped image they project is offensive to homosexuals. Such critics, however, generally overlook the fact that humor is often one of the quickest, easiest roads to acceptance. For all the offensive, stereotyped image of the black man that he portrayed, Stepin Fetchit is still to be credited with opening many doors for more "legitimate" black entertainers, who followed him into jobs that had never been open to *any* black performers before. It is safe to say that were it not for Stepin Fetchit we could not now have Flip Wilson. And similarly, the wide popular acceptance and enjoyment of Big Al on LAUGH-IN and Paul of Pasadena on THE PHYLLIS DILLER SHOW has paved the way for acceptance, or at least tolerance, of a much wider variety of homosexual types than the uninitiated television viewers ever thought existed.

And television certainly is giving us a variety of Gay types. Hardly an episode of ROWAN AND MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN goes by without several openly Gay references, from the ludicrous image of Dick Martin in drag to the campy antics of Alan Sues as the world's most sissified sports announcer, Big Al.

Likewise, Gay humor is a staple of the Dean Martin variety hour, which recently presented Carroll O'Connor as a slouchy Bronxian blue-collar worker advocating an end to sex discrimination and demanding his equal rights by being permitted to marry Dean Martin, who was trying to propose to a girlfriend at the time.

And so the homosexual has arrived. Led by the jester and the comedians, more and more homosexual characters are appearing in every type of role imaginable. Not all are sympathetic, but the surprising majority of them are. Much has been written about the feature films' embracing of homosexuality recently, but when all is said and done, it must be admitted that Gay life has gotten the better end of the deal from television. While the movies still utilize their Gay characters as the fools or the bad guys, or depict them as wildly neurotic, suicide-prone "sickies," television's Gays are sometimes troubled, but often content members of the larger society around them. Even the demanding homosexual "cell boss" of THE GLASS HOUSE is depicted more as a victim of circumstances than a willful seducer. The tube may be accepting us a little more cautiously, but they seem to be doing so with a much greater amount of understanding.

• • •

THE EROTIC ART

(Continued from page 22)

3) Make the transitions between the body parts seem logically connected . . . as part of the *entire* massage picture. In other words 'weave' them together.
4) 'Contour' your hands to the contours of the body part being massaged.
5) Maintain evenness of hand/finger pressure as well as massaging tempo/rhythm.
6) Think of your body as being a part of the massage movement . . . don't do it all with your fingers. (For instance, if you want to exert a greater pressure on a particular area–such as the thighs or buttocks–*lean in* with your body rather than further stiffen your fingers.) Otherwise this can be tiring. It also causes the movements to be jerky, which is disconcerting.
7) Because the hands and forearms tense during massage (your fingers/hands seem to be trying to 'please' as if they had a mind of their own!), you should keep them as relaxed as you can. You'll find this helps you to get as much pleasure in giving the massage as it does the one receiving it.

Probably the best place to begin is with

THE HEAD/NECK/SHOULDERS

Begin any place you like, however most masseurs choose the head. Pressure here is necessarily gentle, and because of this your lover will not be so startled as if you had touched him first around the middle of his body.

First stand or kneel behind him as he lies supine. Place both your hands flat on/around his forehead. This will give him peace and the feeling of security. Then after about 10 seconds begin to stroke downward and outward from hairline to chin with the fingertips . . . very lightly. After about 20 seconds of this allow your fingers to travel down his neck and then, by rotating your fingers, work outward along his shoulder line to his deltoids. Travel back to neck and continue in-and-out for several seconds or strokes (you may think in terms of 'strokes' or 'seconds' as you wish).

Now, as you make the final return from deltoids to neck, get ready to work on

THE CHEST

As mentioned, do not take your hands

from his body during this transition. Simply slide them from the middle of the neck area down to his pectorals with open palms. The moment they arrive at the pectoral cleavage begin to describe circles with the fingers of each hand around each nipple. Work in ever-widening circles until you are encircling the widest perimeters of his pectoral construction. Adjust finger pressure so that it is light at the nipple, and heavier as you widen the circles (the muscular structure is denser/stronger here). Work as far outward as necessary (which may be a good distance if he has a tremendous pectoral development), then back to the nipples (of course diminishing finger pressure as you arrive there), making 7 or 8 'round-trips'. When you complete the last of the widened circles–and are at the widest configuration–keep one hand in the center of his chest while you shift your position to one side, or about midway, of his body. You can now massage

THE ABDOMEN

This is an odd movement but it is best for sensuous massage of the abdomen because if it is erotic without causing him to involuntarily contract his abdominal muscles. This is the area in which a man 'lives' and if you tackle it head on you've ruined the seance. Do it this erotic way:

The technique is a gentle 'pulling/slapping' movement. If you will imagine yourself making a hand-over-hand climb up a ladder you'll have the technique in a jiffy. Actually the way you perform the movement gives him a feeling of abdominal 'security' . . . he doesn't feel 'attacked'. Alternately bring each hand (palm flat) from almost under his side (the far side) to the middle of his abdomen with a rhythmically slapping/pulling movement. Use a very relaxed pressure at first, building this up to a considerable strength as he becomes used to it. He just may jet off with an ejaculation at this point because the sensation is so erotic . . . so don't use too much pressure. Then hold one hand on his abdomen as you make the shift to the other side. Repeat the same number of strokes, or for the same time. Now, without getting involved with his pubic area (at least not yet), gently raise the leg nearest you until his knee is pointed upward and his foot on the table or pad. You are ready to work on

THE THIGH/CALF

Here you begin to 'zig-zag' the thigh. With your palms on each side of the thigh just above the knee (your fingers are pointed upward) move your hands alternately forward and backward in a kind of zig-zag motion, working rhythmically from knee down to the groin, being careful that you don't bump the goodies! Do this for about 20 seconds (or 4 round-trips), and then, while maintaining one hand on the knee of the leg just massaged, switch to the other side and do the same for that leg. If you'd like you may add the massage for the calf to the *completed* massage for the thigh before switching to the other leg, or you may massage both thighs, then both calves.

There are two good techniques for this. The first is identical to that just used on the thigh. You simply continue *down* the sides of the leg to the foot–zig-zagging up and down. The other is to place your extended arm (palm up) *horizontally* under his knee and rotate the arm down to the foot and return. About 8 round-trips will do nicely. Many feel that the latter gives a more sensuous massage. Anyway, try both. You are now ready to work on the other half of the body.

THE ANKLE/CALF/BACK OF THIGH

Depending on your lover's height and weight, choose a method of turning him that requires the least effort. Generally this is to stand alongside him, place one arm under his legs, the hand of the other around his nearest deltoid. By pulling *under* and pressing *over* the 180-degree turn can be easily made.

See that he is comfortable and make sure that at least one hand continues its contact with him until you begin this next phase of the massage.

First grasp him so that one hand clasps his shin just above his heel, and the other hand clasps the base of his calf. In this position both hands touch . . . the thumb of one hand under the little finger of the other . . . and from this starting position begin a 'squeeze-release' motion, working the hands together as if you were kneading dough. Work all the way up to just the crease under the buttock, then all the way down . . . about 4 round trips. Maintaining hand contact with your lover, switch to the other leg and even up the score on that side. Now you're ready to massage

THE BUTTOCKS

There are several techniques for massaging the buttocks and you may choose to

a) Knead each buttock by lifting up the flesh and squeezing it between thumb and forefinger. It is easy to make the buttocks massage continuous because you don't have to switch from side to side. Or you may choose to

b) Find a hollow between buttock and upper thigh (in very muscular men this 'dimple' is quite noticeable and so you don't have to explore). But find the indentation and place the heel of your hand in it. Point your fingers upward and press in with your hand. Now 'get the shakes' . . . really vibrate your hand. Do this for about 10 seconds then begin moving the hand over the rest of the buttock . . . always pressing deeply . . . always vibrating. Be sure that you go over the entire buttock because he'll love this movement so much he'll feel you've slighted him if you only vibrate in just a few spots. Maintain hand contact and then do the same for the other bun. You may also do both buns simultaneously.

c) Still another excellent vibratory massage may be done this way: place your open hand strongly against the base of the buttock . . . spread your fingers wide apart . . . and vibrate strongly. Or you can just shake your hand lightly from side to side. He'll simply adore this one! Honey buns! You may also vibrate both buns at the same time.

The last area to be massaged is

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THE BACK

This simple massage is by all means the most sensuous. It's also the most encompassing (the back is such a large muscular area) and it makes for economy of time and effort in relation to space covered. Having worked from the base of the buttocks upward, maintain hand contact and go to the other end of the table or pad. From here you work the shoulders from neck to the buttocks. Here's the technique:

Stand (if he's on a table) or sit or kneel (if he's on a pad) behind your lover's head, place your palms so that each covers a deltoid. Your fingers should be pointing toward each other (toward the spine). Now from this beginning position your hands/fingers can cover his entire back as they descend. Glide them down the entire length of the back. Hand/finger pressure should be quite firm and you may insure this be leaning in with your body rather than trying to force pressure with the muscles of hands and forearms. As your hands descend allow the tips of your fingers to caress his spine (which will drive him into ecstasy!) and continue right down to the buttocks (even going into the crevasse a little–or much–as you choose). Since he's going to love this one . . . and because the 'leaning' of your body takes the strain off your arms . . . you should continue this for about 12 to 15 round-trips.

Finishing touch . . . sheer delirium!

With your index and middle fingers together, trace your lover's spine from neck right down to his eager anus. Do this quite slowly and try to feel each vertebra *individually* as you descend. Do it just once and he'll realize that the moment of truth is at hand.

• • •

GAY PARIS

(Continued from page 25)

'princess' rates, you'll simply love the *Hôtel Saint James et d'Albany* at 211 Rue St. Honoré. The name itself is rather giddily elegant and if it seems to suggest that the good saint had something going with the Duke of Albany in the dear, dead days beyond recall, well . . . what mattereth it? The French love such whimsical commemoration.

If you and your lover stay in this charming hotel during the late spring or early summer you may be awakened from your enchantment each morning by even more enchantment–a duet for harp and fountain! For years the noted harpist Mildred Dilling has come here to prepare her winter recital programs in the hotel's glass-enclosed ballroom. Through the open door leading out to the terrace the sounds of her harp mingle with the songs of birds and the happy gurgle of an old-world fountain and one can only stop and marvel at such arcane beauty in the heart of a Paris bustling with activity just outside.

This famous ballroom echoes to the sounds of other great artists. It was here one afternoon that George Gershwin played his *Rhapsody In Blue* for Maurice Ravel. Gershwin had come to Paris hoping to study composition with Ravel. However, after hearing the *Rhapsody* the canny Ravel asked "But how much money do you make with compositions like this beautiful work?"

"Oh, about a million a year, I suppose," Gershwin diffidently replied. "Then in that case," said Ravel with a wry smile, "do you mind if I study with *you?*"

Because of its excellent acoustics the ballroom is frequently pressed into service by those in the entertainment world of Paris. Established TV stars run through new scripts here . . . budding actors audition here . . . famous *chanteurs* record here . . . a young rock group may be formed here . . . contracts are drawn here. It follows that because men in gay life are always so much a part of the world of Masque and Lyre they gravitate here, and so a kind of 'in-and-out' gay ambience pervades this blessed place. It's not contrived . . . not overt . . . it simply *happens.*



For instance, one remembers a delightful afternoon when the cast of a play in rehearsal came out on the terrace for a breath of air. From a room high above soared the voice of someone singing Ned Rorem's *Poems Of Love And The Rain*, a new recording at that time. Conversation stopped mid-word and in the lull one could count the many gay guys present. A glow of appreciation suffusing their faces they listened to this music with a universal message . . . there was a longing look from one to another . . . a sigh for 'what might have been' . . . and as the songs ended, a rueful smile at having to return to work.

Since like seeks like it is not surprising that every sophisticated gay guy in Paris is seen at this hotel at some time or another. Here an assignation with an exciting lover is made with just a knowing look or a slight inquisitive bow that asks politely "Now just where *did* we meet?"

It all happens so intuitively/telepathically, so quickly and so gracefully (or as the gay French say . . . *'en un clin d'oeil'*), that if you aren't quick on the uptake you'll miss what's going on by a country mile. Seemingly nothing has . . . but oh my!

Even if you don't stay at this unusual hotel at least drop by occasionally and see what makes it all tick. While at first glance it may appear as if all the banished dukes of Europe are convened here, wait awhile and observe. Soon you may find yourself tricking with treat after treat . . . and far more quickly than 'in a wink of the eye'.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

If we have led you to believe that cruising in Paris is all elegance, charm and sophistication (or even done with Japanese fans) let us disabuse your mind right now. In small parks, in large public gardens such as the *Tuileries* (probably the best cruising area in Paris,) in cafes/bars, in movies, in a *bateau mouche* plying the Seine, in certain baths . . . everywhere overt cruising is a natural 'round-the-clock affair and no one gives it a second thought.

But before cruising Paris a word of caution: Parisian hustlers can be vicious. It has been said with much truth that they can strip the flesh from your bones faster than a school of starving piranhas. Even the 'gentle' hustlers are such money-gougers that if you're buying it this year you may expect to part with $100 for even the most ordinary trick. But with that said let's take a broader look at the cruising picture.

Outdoor Cruising

The *Tuileries*, just mentioned, is *Numero Uno* . . . and particularly that area just outside. The handsomest gay guys in all Paris make it here each day until 11 p.m. It's an absolute *must* with them. However, the super-cruisy area just outside can be worked until 4 a.m. Safe. You'll love!

Bois de Boulogne. This forest within a city is at its cruising best in the little paths or byways off the main promenade (which teems with fanged hustlers on the prowl). Nude sunbathing in many areas. Especially good is the towpath that veers left along the river just upstream from the *Pont de Suresnes.* As busy by day as Fire Island ever was by night.

Also why not lunch here at *L'Orée du Bois* just at the *Porte Maillot* at the edge of the *Bois?* The restaurant is not gay per se, but gay guys make it lively so at noon when they come out of the bushes for lunch after having been busy at their 'craft' all morning. The food is good and unpretentious and inexpensive and the wine is passable. Best of all, you will quickly make contact with a very special someone you might otherwise have missed (perish the thought!). What makes it even more delightful is 'the nearness of you' . . . the sexy closeness of the tables (you can even explore the bulging basketry) in the shade of the leafy trees. And after

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just off *Rue St. Honoré*. Long a favorite of gay bathers this seems to have fallen on unhappy times. Its shabbiness and neglect are having an obvious effect in the less interesting types it draws. But give it a try. You'll have to make it a 'matinee' however since *Les Bains de Penthièvre* closes around 6 or 7 p.m. *Bains Sauna du Louvre*, 274 *Rue St. Honoré* . . . just a hop, skip and jump from the *Hotel Saint James et d'Albany*. Very convenient! It's expensive by French standards. About 20 francs or $4. This is a favorite with actors and TV personalities and personnel from the *Opéra*, not far away.

Bains des Ternes, 5 *Rue Poncelet*, near *Place des Ternes* and *l'Etoile*. They've already enlarged this fairly new place. Very popular. The upstairs is quite elegant and costs more but one then has access to the lower floors as well. It swings from 10 to 10 but stays open until midnight on Saturday and Sunday;

Bains de la Grande Armée, 27 *Rue Duret*. Gay and popular. Hours: 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

If you have followed the fortunes of *QQ Magazine* you will undoubtedly have read about the enormous phalluses of the African Arabs, the Algerians and Moroccans. Just in case you can't make the North African scene you might see what you've missed by visiting *Le Bain Grand Hamman de Vaugiraad* at 33 *Rue de Cambronne* from 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. weekdays and on Saturday from 9 to 7 and Sunday from 9 to 12. Big, big Algerians! Or *Les Bains de la Mosquée de Paris*, 39 *G St. Hilaire*. While these are public baths they are mostly the bailiwick of Algerians and Moroccans who come here especially on Friday and Saturday for the ritual purification of the body. It goes without saying that you will very likely 'depurify' them immediately afterward . . . which they'll love and won't mind in the least having to do it all over again! This is really quite a job, too, considering that most have phalluses big enough to choke a horse.

ABOUT FOOD

We have not said anything about French food, having covered this several times in earlier articles. Although we are not unmindful of your hunger pangs it so happens that those travel guidebooks mentioned earlier are so complete with regard to food facts that are relevant to your trip we wouldn't for a moment try to 'one-up' them.

However it should be mentioned, to simplify matters, that the best cuisine of France derives from the slow cooking, the blending of delicate herbs, and the marriage of subtle flavors and is thus the *specialité* of either (1) those restaurants which can afford to pay the high salaries demanded by great master chefs (and which you pay through the nose for when *l'addition* is presented), or (2) those small *bistros* which are a family affair . . . *Maman et Papa* having brought their entire *repertoire* of five or six excellent provincial dishes with them when they moved to Paris, and who now guard these recipes lovingly by doing their own cooking (and at far less expense to you).

But there is another kind of cooking that may appeal more nostalgically to you as an American in Paris. That is the cuisine of the *grillade* restaurant where everything is steaks, chops and burgers (not to mention Colonel Sanders and his buckets of fried chicken). Well, to paraphrase a popular TV commercial 'you don't have to be American to love burgers'. So you will find that eating inexpensively in a *grillade* will assure you of being well fed and that neither you nor your wallet will look as though you're on a starvation diet.

Bon voyage . . . bon appétit!

• • •

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP!

(Continued from page 33)

Some biographers ascribe the *Don Leon* poems of that period to Lord Byron instead of George Colman, who was ostensibly their author. The poems are a practical defense of homosexuality. They quote famous homosexuals of the past such as Plato and Socrates, and attack the severe penalty of hanging for homosexuality that had been instituted by Sir Thomas More. The poems were an early attempt for remedial legislation. It was a particularly brave cause to be pumping for in those times.

• • •

SKID ROW SEX

(Continued from page 26)

Skid Row is usually rather masculine. His competition for available partners is slight because so few gays are attracted nor wish to risk the district. He is probably over 30. He will be quietly dressed in casual or work clothes. He will carry a minimum of I.D. and cash. More than $15 is downright stupid. Car keys will be hidden.

Skid Row is no place for fems, the timid nor those who flaunt their money. Except for Los Angeles, you never see a drag there.

Few give their right name. Aliases are commonplace for a variety of reasons: no kickback, avoiding family or covering a prison rap. But if he's good in the sack—who cares?

Skid Row's greatest enemy has been urban renewal planners, another group of people who are trying to chuck what they think people need down everyone's throat. They have imposed their way on countless acres of Skid Rows across the nation, scattering the residents to new and oftentimes less understanding neighborhoods. But they never will succeed in wiping out the Skid Row mentality.

Stockton, California once had a splendid Skid Row; today it is nothing but empty lots. Kansas City's was leveled for an expressway. New York's was equipped with daylight lighting at night and became a hippie haunt. Seattle's First Avenue is a pale image of its past. Los Angeles boasts only two blocks on East 5th Street, a small token of what it once was.

Top rating in the nation goes to Chicago. Although West Madison and North Clark Streets are swiftly disappearing under the wreckers' balls, Skid Rowers have established beachheads on the fringe areas and along Wilson Avenue.

Rip them down, you urban renewal sadists. All your look-alike buildings will never house the fun, color and ex-

citement of the "King's Paradise," "The Shanty" or "The Shamrock."

And while we're at it, would you please pass the Thunderbird.

• • •

ROYAL FLUSH

(Continued from page 34)

Elizabeth's English throne. Her son succeeded to it upon Elizabeth's death, and as king he continued the gay ways he had acquired at the age of thirteen. He was seldom without a male favorite, and some of them influenced English history through their hold on him. He gave his top favorite the rank of the Duke of Buckingham. "You may be sure," James declared for posterity, "I love the Earl of Buckingham more than anyone else."

George III (1738-1820) was a famous king because the American colonies stood up against him and fought, and changed world history. He was also Victoria's grandfather. He was also the father of a large family, but he liked his boys as well. As a young man, the Earl of Bute was his favorite. The king later rewarded the earl by naming him prime minister, the most powerful position in England.

(In our next issue . . . The French Frenched!)

• • •

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

(Continued from page 54)

don't understand what the term "sexism" means in relation to gay people. (It is defining a gay person as "feminine" or "masculine" according to behavior which has been dictated by straight society.)

Discrimination. Less than 80 percent of readers report having experienced discrimination in employment, housing, etc. Among the group that has experienced it, such things as being asked if you "have a girlfriend" while being interviewed for a job were listed.

Harassment. Most of our readers have never been harassed by the police (80 percent have not, compared with 20 percent who have had such experiences–which includes being asked to move from a street corner, etc.).

Family; Only 30 percent of our readers have told their family they were gay–and in most cases this involved the sisters and brothers, but not the parents.

Telling family. Of those who have not told their families 90 percent would not consider doing so in the future.

Presidential election. George McGovern would have gotten 60 percent of our readers' votes had the election been held when the questionnaire was filled out. The other Democrats listed received about the same support from our readers as they did at the Democratic National Convention (which was held after our results were in). Of the choices we listed Nixon received only 15 percent.

Other gay publications. Most of our readers (50 percent) read one or two other gay publications besides *QQ*. About 35 percent read more than a few; less than 15 percent read only *QQ*.

Articles. In order of preference, our readers voted as follows for articles and other material they like in *QQ*: photos and/or drawings; sex; travel; health; Harry Chess; fiction; gay lib; letters; book reviews; leather and/or S&M; ads; other.

Less than 25 percent of our readers listed their dislikes, stating that they enjoyed all of the magazine. Of those who replied to this part of the question, dislikes pretty much showed the reverse of the above, in that order.

Lovers. Most of our readers (70 percent) are "single." The remaining 30 percent is evenly divided among those who are settled with a lover for a few or many years, or, surprisingly, heterosexually married.

Cruising. Most of our readers (85 percent) prefer sex in private rather than in public (johns, baths, etc.). Regarding contacts, most (55 percent) prefer being introduced to people by friends. About 35 percent prefer making out in bars; the remaining 10 percent is divided evenly among streets, baths, and johns.

Dominance. About 60 percent of our readers prefer to be "equally matched" during sex. More than 30 percent like being dominated, and less than 10 percent prefer to dominate.

Sex. More than 35 percent prefer both passive (receiving) and active (giving) oral sex. About 10 percent prefer active, and 10 percent passive. About 20 percent prefer active (giving) anal sex; 15 percent, passive (taking); about 10 percent both active and passive. About 70 percent further replied that all variations of both oral and anal sex were preferred; only 30 percent felt strongly about maintaining the roles mentioned above.

Sex style. Over 80 percent of our readers like "ordinary" sex–which, for gay guys, includes oral and anal sex in the usual context, occasional rimming and mild fetishes (nipple biting, etc.). Only 20 percent listed bizarre sports (enemas), heavy S&M, and heterosex.

Apart from obvious conclusions we haven't studied the results so as to enable us to make some definitive statements regarding our readers and/or gay guys in general. We will call on this information from time to time when relating it to particular articles or studies. Perhaps it will be helpful, perhaps not. We present the results of the questionnaire here mainly for those readers who have requested that we do so.

• • •

PRIME CUT

(Continued from page 19)

this has been true for more than 20 years–and if one associates with young people (I do) there is comfort in being "typical," even if it is a state of mind. Moreover, as I get older and my "plus factors" diminish I feel I need as many things as possible working for me, and I personally believe that among gay guys–all things being equal–preference is for the cut phallus when a choice is possible.

5. The elimination of some sensitivity is sometimes desirable. Extreme sensitivity was not a real problem in my case, but there

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were times during great excitement that too much feeling in the glans ("head") caused premature ejaculation, thus eliminating prolonged pleasure. And I occasionally experienced irritation when I "overindulged," as a result of tenderness in the glans and frenulum (the strand of flesh that "attaches" the foreskin to the underside of the glans).

And now, for the operation itself.

It should be performed by a skilled surgeon, by someone who is medically trained and not by a person who performs religious rites. But more than surgical skill is required; there should be an awareness of aesthetics. After all, most gay guys who undergo adult circumcision are perhaps even more concerned with appearance than the partial elimination of sensitivity, or the problem of cleanliness. For this reason the tools a surgeon uses are also important. The two general methods of removal are by (1) scalpel and surgical scissors, and (2) a sharp clamp which works in much the same way as a toenail clipper. The former permits precise removal, and–in the hands of a skilled surgeon–guarantees aesthetic results. The latter is hit or miss concerning appearance, because by pulling the foreskin forward and clipping it the proper amount is not always cut; sometimes too much is taken off, causing a scar line far back on the shaft . . . sometimes too little is removed, causing excess skin to "bunch up" behind the corona (the rear and broadest part of the glans), resulting in a "butchered" look.

No matter how sutures are placed the wound will eventually heal–but if they are too tight or too loose or too broad the result is unsightly scar tissue. Moreover, absorbable sutures should be avoided because they tend to leave scars. They are generally used in infant circumcision because growth eliminates all traces of cutting in most cases.

I placed myself in the hands of a reputable surgeon who was not only skilled with a blade but who also empathized with my concern for appearance. He worked alone, in his office, using a local anesthetic (some surgeons prefer hospitalization for a variety of reasons, but it is not necessary). The only pain I experienced–and it was intense–was being anesthesized; nine punctures were required in the shaft immediately behind the glans. The volume of anesthesia caused immediate swelling. (This, in addition to normal swelling following an operation, caused my phallus to assume the size and shape of a pear for nearly three weeks.)

A scalpel and surgical scissors were used to cut the frenulum and the prepuce (foreskin). A circular cut was made approximately 1/16 of an inch behind the corona. This took 20 minutes. Stitching followed, taking approximately 90 minutes to place 40 sutures, 36 of which were non-absorbable (only four absorbable sutures were used in places where removal was not advantageous). Only one suture was used to close the cut on the underside of the glans, where the frenulum was attached; it was "wrapped around" the cut rather than cross-stitched–leaving a small knot of flesh which turned black and fell off a couple of days later, leaving absolutely no trace of cutting.

Immediately following surgery the wound was cleaned with peroxide and dressed with Furacin (and antibiotic salve) and gauze. I also started taking antibiotics by mouth, which was continued for two weeks. Two hours after the operation I started taking codeine at regular intervals in order to minimize pain; I remained on the drug for two weeks. (Painful moments came every morning, when I woke up with an erection–causing pressure on the cut and some bleeding.) For the next month I was to see my doctor three times a week, at which time he removed the sutures (starting a week after surgery they were removed alternately, over a period of one week; this was painful because pulling bits of scab along with the suture could not be avoided). On each visit he used peroxide to clean the wound and also applied gentian violet mixed with alcohol, a disinfectant which promoted healing.

I was able to take tub baths almost immediately, though I avoided showers; my doctor assured me the spray could do no harm, but my glans was still too sensitive to endure it, I felt. In order to adjust to the exposure of a previously protected glans I used–on the advice of my doctor–applications of Nupercainal for about a week. This helped deaden the glans, which was constantly being brushed by the gauze. Once I discontinued the Nupercainal the glans was permitted to "dry" and "peel" (in much the same way that the skin peels after a sunburn); by the end of the second week the process was completed and about 75 percent of my sensitivity was gone. This amazed me greatly; whereas brushing my hand against the glans before circumcision would drive me up a wall, now–just a couple of weeks later–I could comfortably rub it. I stopped wearing shorts when I was 16 (I don't like feeling "bound"), but now I had to in order to protect the glans and also keep the talc–used to help dry the oozing around the cut–from falling off. (In the future I will probably have to continue to wear shorts for protection, and also to help keep the glans from becoming too desensitized, as a result of constant friction against trousers.)

By the end of the third week it was safe to masturbate–carefully . . . using an alternate two-hand upward motion (to avoid pulling on the cut) and plenty of Vaseline. My first ejaculation was a totally new sensation; the glans actually felt "naked" afterwards, throbbing with blood and sensitive to the cool air it was exposed to; it almost ached for the protection of a warm sheath, which would never be possible again.

By the end of the fourth week I was able to have "ordinary" sex; that is, nothing so unusual or violent as to cause excess strain on a still sensitive instrument. There was still some internal pain in the area of the cut, but the "tightness" an erection caused minimized it, and pleasure overpowered any discomfort. That pain is much less today, eight weeks later, but it is still present and probably will be for several weeks. At first I avoided having sex outdoors or in bright light as I was self-concious about the pinkish appearance of the cut. But by the fifth week it looked sufficiently normal to resume sex anywhere. In its flaccid state the glans is still a shade lighter (pinker) than the

shaft, but erect–when the skin on the shaft is stretched out–both head and shaft look reasonably "matched." I have been told by my doctor that the darkening of the glans will take time, perhaps as long as a year to assume the exact shade of the shaft–but even today the difference is not too noticeable.

And how has circumcision affected my outlook concerning sex?

The mild hangup I had–even if it was in my mind–no longer exists; I sense absolutely no hesitation by my partners. I am now as "at ease" nude when flaccid as I always have been when erect. Concerning this point I no longer feel "pressured" to get a partial or full erection before stripping for sex.

Has it had any affect on masturbation?

Yes. At this point about 75 percent of my sensitivity has gone–and I will eventually have about 90 percent less feeling than before. Startling as this may seem to most circumcised guys, it is quite true–and should give them some idea of the intensity of sensations they have never known. I used to experience great pleasure in touching myself, or masturbating even during sex. That pleasure no longer exists; the hand now pressed against the glans itself is too crude an instrument, either causing too much stimulation or too little. I must now attempt to "pull" whatever little skin is left on the end of the shaft over the corona when masturbating, or use a lubricant (I have discovered that Jergens provides slick without drying out or causing a mess). Moreover, because I have lost so much physical feeling I must now rely heavily on mental stimualtion to achieve orgasm in a relatively short time. And I am constantly on the lookout for new ways or mechanical gadgets that provide greater mental and physical stimulation–simply to experience sensations previously achieved with hand strokes alone.

Has it changed my sexstyle?

Yes. Previously, I "unconsiously" emphasized serving my partner; because of my great sensitivity it was a way of prolonging sex by delaying ejaculation. Now orgasm is an achievement, and if I am not "turned on" experiencing it is sheer work. Because so much feeling has left I seek intensified stimulation, and desire either mutual sex or a partner who wants to satisfy me. Concerning oral sex, I am more aware of technique; though my glans is less sensitive, overall, it is more sensitive to scraping, etc., because it has no protective covering, and because it is less sensitive it requires greater pressure to achieve orgasm. Concerning anal sex, I was never "big" on it because tightness sometimes caused pain by forcing the frenulum to pull back too far. Now I seek it constantly; it is, in a way, a longing for the protective sheath I have lost–along with its moisture and warmth. As far as my own technique is concerned, I remain unchanged–and I have always sought perfection as anything less would render me a failure by reason that sex is so much a part of my lifestyle.

Has it affected my attitude towards others?

Not at all, excepting my comments above. I have never been anti- or pro-circumcision, and I have never preferred a partner because he was or wasn't. I find pleasure in everyone I "know"–and I resent anyone who shows a preference. As a matter of fact, I have always found that anyone who expresses a strong preference one way or the other along these lines usually turns out to be less than great sex–because such people impose limitations that inhibit sexual expression. (Most of all I resent boors who feel it necessary to ask at the outset, "What do you like to do?" They are saying, in effect, "I can't do everything." People who cannot give freely of themselves in love–to kiss deeply, to have sex in all its forms–do not deserve it.) If it weren't for that very unhealthy attitude concerning uncut guys, felt by some circumcised guys, and the feelings aroused in their uncircumcised "victims" it might never have occured to me to get circumcised.

Am I sorry for having been circumcised?

Not at all. I'm a realist; all the pros and cons of circumcision withstanding, the fact remains that most guys are–and, as unfortunate as it is, most gay guys do prefer cut partners. Life is just simpler for the cut. The "social" rewards circumcision sometimes yields are worth the sacrifice of some feeling.

Do I think circumcision is right for everyone?

Absolutely not. What a dull world it would be if everyone were the same! What joy there is in having a variety of partners! If a guy has a hangup, no matter how mild, he should strive to rid himself of it–and if it involves getting circumcised then he should do it. If he has phimosis–a medical condition where the foreskin is so tight it hugs the galns and cannot be pulled back, thus causing pain and hygienic problems (not to mention unsightliness)–then he should definitely be circumcised, or partially cut so as to correct the condition. Otherwise, if he is completely at ease with himself–and *that* is the key to it all–he should not have it done.

Are there any 'fringe" benefits of circumcision not already mentioned?

Sometimes. I received a "bonus" that was unexpected–about ¼ inch in length and girth. How is this possible? It cannot be determined until one is cut, but there is sometimes an internal tightening in the shaft, just behind the glans; a circular band of flesh causes an inward and backward pull, thus restricting full erection. When this tightening is eliminated the phallus can achieve its full size potential. Moreover, the exposed glans causes the phallus to look a little "fuller." I repeat again, this tightening is not something everyone has–but the possibility of a size bonus does exist. This in itself is not worth getting circumcised for–even if guaranteed in advance.

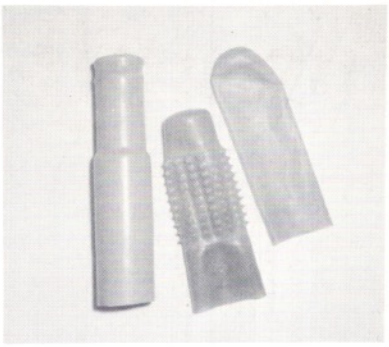
What does it cost?

The actual cost of a circumcision depends on who does it and where. This can be as little as $50 if performed by a doctor in a small town, at a local hospital, or as much as $350 if performed by a surgeon in a big city, in his office. No matter what the charge, it is insignificant when one thinks in terms of satisfaction achieved over a period of many years.

After much thought I have come to the conclusion that the phallus which has a short foreskin that pulls itself back

(Continued on page 53)

The Juice Tube

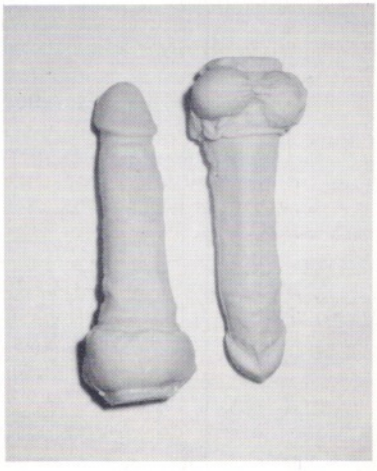


THE JUICE TUBE is a soft, hollow rubber tube which comes with two completely washable condom-like insert liners—one smooth, one lined with dozens of little "nipples." The main section is 4½" deep by 1¾" diameter. Because it is a tight fit its action is caused by squeezing which produces warm suction and friction. Must be used with lubricant. The top insert is a 1½" depression which can be used to accommodate a "finger vibrator" (sold at most drugstores) which is not necessary for use. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE JUICE TUBE $12.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Rm. 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

The Titanic



THE TITANIC is so big 'n heavy it almost sinks itself! A full 2 lbs. of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber which has an internal wire so that it can hold any angle. Overall length is 11" (shaft measures 9"); over 2" in diameter. Actually molded from life—and perfectly shaped. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE TITANIC $14.95

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THE SUPER SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS!

BY A. JAY

OK...YOU HORNY JOCKS...WHERE WERE WE BEFORE THAT LAST JOINT? OH YEAH!! IT LOOKED SUPER MESSY FOR OUR FUGG AGES- HARRY, MICKEY, 'N SPIRO'S ODD BALL SON, RANCID! AFTER A RATHER BIZARRE TURN-OF-EVENTS, AWFUL OFFAL... BARON VON DRECK'S NASTY SIDE-KICK HAD BECOME UNHINGED, GRAZED-IN-THE-HEAD, LOONIE-NUTSIE...'N A BIT PSYCHO... AND HAD TRAPPED OUR HEROES INSIDE A HIGH SUCTION WIND TUNNEL! WHEN LAST WE LOOKED, AWFUL HAD PULLED THE SWITCH...OPENING THE OUTER STEEL DOORS TO THE WIND TUNNEL...AND OUR GUYS WERE ABOUT TO BE SUCKED OUT ONTO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW-

GNASH!!!

HEE HEE! THIS WILL TEACH THOSE FUCKERS NOT TO MESS WITH THE BIG BOYS!

HOT GRISCO... MY DICK'S HOT 'N HARD AGAIN! I WISH THERE WAS SOME HOT, HORNY ASS-HOLES I COULD GIVE A FEW LOADS TO...

BOING!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BIG BLOW?

EMERGENCY SHUT OFF

HOLY HANDBALL... A FEW SECONDS MORE AND THE SEAGULLS WOULD HAVE BEEN DOIN' A NUMBER ON OUR SMALL PIECES!

CHEESE WHIZ!

GEO. LINCOLN ROCKWELL IS ALIVE 'N WELL AND TEACHING TATTOOING AT GROSSINGERS!

OK... YOU MOTHERS... COME IN HERE QUIETLY... I HAVE A THICK SURRISE FOR YA!

SECRET TYPE DOOR

WHAT THE...?

GET BELOW... BEAUTIFUL!

SARAH LEE IS HUNG LIKE A DONUT!

I'LL GIVE YOU 45 MINUTES TO STOP THAT!

WHACK!

FAR OUT

SYLVIA'S MOTHER SUCKS!

BELOW

MOVE!

HEAVY

GEE!

MOMENTS LATER...

OK... WHICH ONE OF YOU COCKSUCKERS WANTS THE FIRST, HOT BLAST?

BUTTERFLY McQUEEN IS STEVE McQUEEN'S MOTHER!

DINAH SHORE IS MELBA MOORE'S MOTHER!

I WONDER IF MY GRISCO STOCK HAS TURNED BULLISH?

ROBERT CONRAD HAS HAIRY HEMORRHOIDS!

I THINK I'LL JUST START AT THIS END 'N WORK DOWN!

GEE!

CREAM OF WHEAT...

GEE WILL-A-KURDS!

THAT SHOULD DO IT... NOW OPEN UP 'CAUSE HERE I COME!

POOR MIC... I CAN'T LOOK...

SUDDENLY... A WHIP CRACKS...

EEEK!

HOLD IT!

CRACK!

YOU DUMBKOFF SVINE... I HAVE RETURN FROM 'DA GRAVE TO REVENGE 'DA PAIN 'N HUMILIATION YOU INFLIGTED UP MY ARYAN ANUS... GET ON 'DA TABLE!

THE BARON!

NO... NO... NOT THAT!

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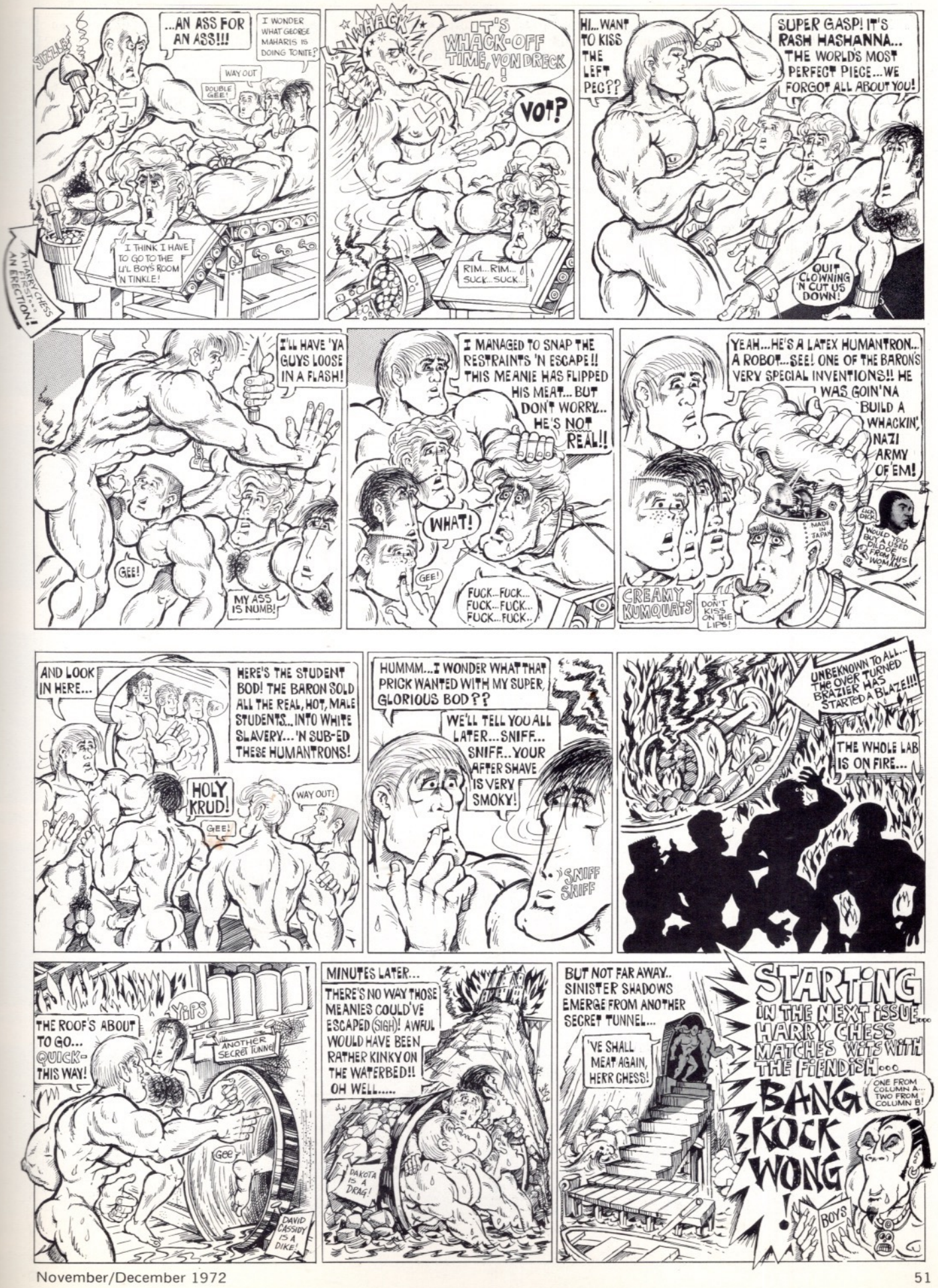

QQ & BODY MAGAZINE DEALERS

QQ Magazine and BODY are now available almost exclusively by subscription. The following is a list of select outlets where these magazines may be purchased in person (*back issues also sold here).

ARIZONA

Paris Book Lounge
315 E. Washington Blvd.
Phoenix, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA

Adonis
384 Ellis St.
San Francisco, Calif.

The Bayou Lounge
1640 Main St.
Redwood City, Calif.

Book Bin
4459 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Book Circus
8230 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Brunswick News
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Sandbox Book Store
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Swingers & Squares
4539 Van Nuys Blvd.
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Haven Book Store
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Haven Book Store
3336 N. Milwaukee
Chicago, Ill.

Haven Book Store
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Sidney's News Stand*
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Uptown Bookstore*
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Highland Park, Mich.

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Broadway News
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St. Louis, Mo.

8th Street News
119 No. 8th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Magazine & Book Exch.
1900 No. Union
St. Louis, Mo.

Olive Street News
3608 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.

6th Street News
208 No. 6th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Time-To-Read News Co.
7 West 12th St.
Kansas City, Mo.

Washington Avenue News
707 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK

Legend Gallery
152 Seventh Ave. So.
New York, N. Y.

Midtown Bookstore*
138 W. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

News Stand
S. W. Corner
42nd St. & 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Oscar Wilde Mem. Bookshop*
291 Mercer St.
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Studio Bookshop*
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New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
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Village Variety
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New York, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Parker's Newsstand
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High Point, N. C.

OHIO

Fantasy Bookstore
113 N. Erie St.
Toledo, Ohio

Paperback Book Store
10200 Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA

Adult Book Shoppe
942 Market St. (2nd Fl.)
Philadelphia, Pa.

PUERTO RICO

The Lion of St. Mark's Baths
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Old San Juan, P. R.

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Commerce Street News
609 Commerce St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentleman's Bookstore
2612 Franklin Rd.
Nashville, Tenn.

Market Street News
929 Market St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Music City News
105 Fifth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

Swinger's World
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Nashville, Tenn.

Time to Read
226 Fourth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

TEXAS

Commerce Street News
1513 Commerce
Dallas, Texas

Story Book
1312 West Alabama
Houston, Texas

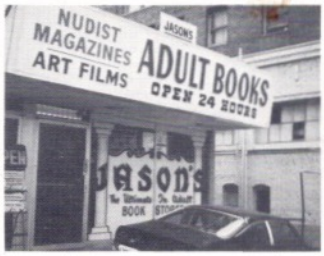



Adon


Hav


Leg


Gentle



Jason's, Hollywood


Haven, Chicago


Esplanade, Boston



Midtown, NYC



Time to


Oscar Wilde, NYC



Studio (Downtown), NYC



Studio (Uptown), NYC


Village Variety, NYC



Music



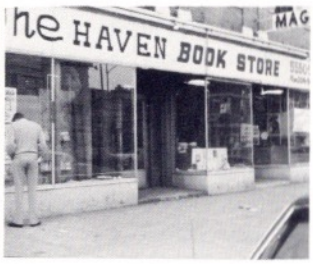
Ado San Francisco



Fountainhead, Jacksonville



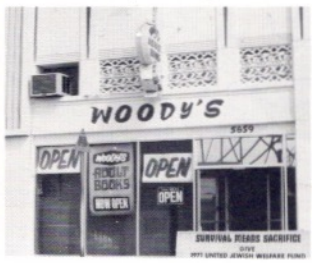
Hav Chicago



Haven, Chicago



Le NYC



Woody's, Hollywood



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Market, Chattanooga



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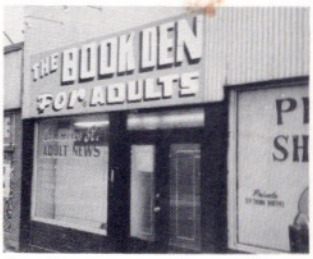


Commerce, Nashville



usic Nashville



Swinger's, Nashville

(Continued from page 49)

completely during sex is superior. Such people know the "best of two worlds." But all of us are not as fortunate. Those who were circumcised as infants cannot imagine what pleasurable sensations were destroyed at the outset. Those who were not must sometimes suffer physical discomfort and mental anguish. All we can do is make the most of what we have, and correct it if we believe it is wrong and it is in our power to do so, in order to give and receive as much pleasure as possible with those we love.

• • •

LETTERS

(Continued from page 35)

Recent literature, straight and gay, has mentioned this fetish, though briefly—"Portnoy's Complaint," "Going All the Way," and another novel, the name of which escapes me, about a boy growing up who eventually becomes gay, but who during puberty one day finds his father's jockstrap, puts it on, and cavorts in it through the house.

Not to change the subject . . . your article on fist-fucking came in handy. Shortly after the magazine arrived I met someone who wanted me to do it to him. Never having done this before, I consulted the article again before proceeding, but alas, after a partial insertion I just could not continue. Some people may disapprove of your bringing this into the open, but I feel you are doing a great service. By doing this you are dispelling any misconception that may exist in the minds of so many.

Cheers!
A.D., New York, N.Y.

SHE'S A GOOD WOMAN!

Dear Sirs:

I read the letter from the woman who called all your readers demons-possessed (August QQ "Letters") and was rather upset by it. So I decided to write your magazine a letter, lest your readers suppose that all straight women feel this way.

My brother gets QQ through the mail and I have read his copies many times. I think it is a very beautiful magazine. The nude men are lovely and to me it is very beautiful to see them embrace or kiss. This is much better than fight magazines where the men beat each other up or any news magazine with page after page of men wounded or killed in war.

Magazines like yours do a real service to a blindly conforming, narrow-minded society in reminding heterosexuals that men do not have to hate and kill and compete with each other. They can try loving one another! To me your magazine can only be called good. I hope QQ goes on forever!

Sincerely, in peace,
Penny S., Cleveland, Oh.

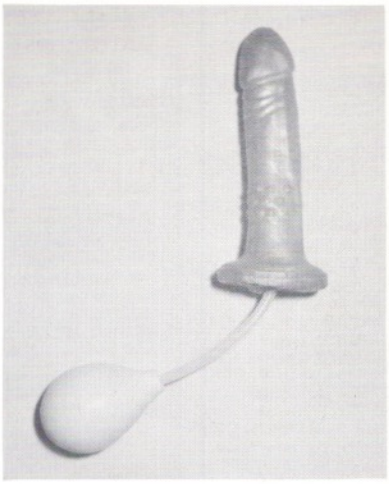
SUDDEN REVELATION

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed your fist-fucking article. My masseur has been trying to do that to me. I didn't understand but now I do!

Thanks,
C.C., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Big Squirt



THE BIG SQUIRT is more faithful than Old Faithful because you say W-H-E-N! Flesh-like, flesh-colored and 7" long. Bulb fills with your favorite hand lotion, etc. Solid rubber, completely washable. (May we suggest that you order an extra as a novel salad dressing dispenser? It will shock and amuse your guests.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG SQUIRT $12.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

The Gemini 18



THE GEMINI 18 can be used as a "single" by those who like length—or a "double" by two at the same time. Flesh-like, flesh-colored solid rubber over 18" long and better than 2" in diameter. Molded from life, very realistic. Over 2 lbs. of springy rubber. Completely washable. (A tip for the economy-minded: It can be divided in half by cutting, for two good-sized singles.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE GEMINI 18 . . . . . $19.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

RESULTS

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

BY THE EDITORS



IN our last issue we presented 25 questions in order to poll our readers on their interests in connection with gay life. We were curious to know exactly whom we were appealing to (age, education level, etc.), which would enable us to serve our readers better; and also likes and dislikes concerning the articles we publish, which would help us to present popular subjects.

The response was overwhelming; within two weeks after the October issue broke we received more than 2,000 letters –and while they continued to fill our mail sacks, and are still coming in, we "processed" the questionnaire according to the results furnished by the initial replies. (On checking the letters which followed we find that the responses are similar.)

While we specifically stated that we did not require the sender's name and address nearly all letters arrived marked– indicating that the replies were not facetious. Our readership is sufficiently big to further indicate that our readers are typical of all gay people–and that general conclusions for all gay guys can be drawn from the results.

Here's how the poll went:

Age: The majority of our readers are between 26 and 49. Half as many are 21-25 and 50-59, and only a minority are under 21 (no doubt, because we cannot accept subscriptions from those under 21; the few who responded are newsstand buyers) or over 60.

Income: Ten percent of our readers earn under $5,000; 35 percent earn between $5,000-$10,000; 30 percent earn $10,000-$15,000; 25 percent earn over $15,000.

Education: Only 2 percent of our readers received only a grade school level education; 98 percent are divided evenly between high school, college, and Master's degree (or higher) level.

Home: More than 75 percent of our readers live in urban areas; less than 25 percent live in rural areas.

Travel. Most of our readers travel infrequently (75 percent). Of those who do travel as many stay in the U.S.A. as those who go abroad.

Religion. Most of our readers are Protestant (40 percent), the heaviest concentrations being Episcopalian and Presbyterian. Roman Catholics comprise the next strongest group (20 percent). About 10 percent are agnostics, and 3 percent are atheists. The remaining 27 percent follow other faiths (Mormon, Quaker, Jewish Reform and Orthodox, Christian Science, etc.).

Politics. The bulk (40 percent) of our readers are Liberal Democrats (5 percent are Conservative Democrats). Liberal Republicans comprise 20 percent (7 percent Conservative Republicans). Independents comprise 11 percent; the remainder (17 percent) are Socialists, etc.

Gay organizations. Over 85 percent of our readers do not belong to gay-identified organizations; fewer than 15 percent do.

Joining gay organizations; Of those who do not belong to a gay-oriented organization 60 percent would consider joining; the remaining 40 percent of our readers would not.

Gay Liberation Movement. Over 60 percent of our readers feel the Gay Liberation Movement is good and has done a lot to advance us. Less than 20 percent voted "bad"–and 20 percent checked "undecided."

Friends. Fewer than 30 percent of our readers have gay women as friends.

Sexism. Half our readers *(Continued on page 47)*

Buy Gay

Sandy Baron's "God Save The Queens"

(a different comedy album)



Created by Sandy Baron & James R. McGraw

On A&M Records

