QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

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QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new readers desiring information which we make available through the sale of back issues (see ad in this magazine). Past articles are grouped according to general classification. Subjects are listed by exact title and by subject. The numbers following each title indicate volume, number, and page.

SEX TECHNIQUE

General Love-making 1:4:6
Music for Sex 4:4:19
Sex Variations 2:1:6
Masturbation Techniques 2:3:6/5:2:7
Increasing Phallic Size 2:3:19
Using Vegetables, etc. 2:4:6
Douching and Anal Sex 3:3:6
Fellatio 3:3:9
Kissing Technique 3:3:27
Physiology of Sexual Response 3:4:6
Relaxing for Sex 4:1:6
How to Touch 4:1:10
Erotic Sensitizers 4:2:7
How to Undress Your Lover 4:2:54
Sensualize Your Lover 4:3:6
Sexual Pressure Points 4:3:10
The 30-second Orgasm 4:4:7
Fist-fucking Technique 4:5:9
Sadistic Sex 4:6:11
Sexual Fetishes 4:6:21/5:3:19
Sensual Massage 4:6:22
Gay Sex Games 5:1:11
Toys for Sadistic Sex 5:1:12
Sexual Eye Signals 5:3:6

PSYCHOLOGY

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

LEGAL SUBJECTS

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

GAY LIBERATION

Gay is Good: Craig Rodwell 1:3:40
Homosexual Service Society 1:3:45
The "New Homosexual". 2:2:14
Editorial: The Liberators 2:3:5
50 Years of Gay Life in America . . . 2:4:9
Editorial: The Tarnished Golden Rule . 3:1:5
Editorial: Hanging in Together 3:2:5
Editorial: Color Me Gay 3:5:5
1971 Gay March 3:6:22
In Search of a Stonewall Nation 4:1:5
Ten Years of Gay Lib 4:1:27
Exploitation & Gay Lib 4:2:5
God & Gay Lib 4:3:54
Homosexual Law Reform 4:4:5
Gay People & The Arts 4:5:54
Image Smashing 4:6:5
Gay People & The Syndicate 5:1:54
The Syndicate 5:1:54/5:2:54
Gay People & Politics 5:2:5
Straight Oppression 5:3:5
Sexual Attitudes 5:3:54

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

John Cruising Manners 1:2:14
Cruising Confidence 1:2:35
How Not to Throw a Gay Party . . . 1:4:16
Checklist for Cruising Bars 1:4:21
Gay Baths 2:1:8
John Cruising Techniques 2:2:26
Editorial: Cruising Baths 3:3:5
Lovers in Suburbia 3:4:27
QQ Visits a House of Call Boys 4:1:9
Anatomy of a Leather Bar 4:1:21
QQ Attends a Leather Party 4:2:21
Cycle Run 4:3:19
Leather Underground 4:4:8
Gay Lifestyles in Prison 4:4:12
Skid Row Sex 4:6:26
Reader Questionnaire Results 4:6:54
California S&M 5:2:9

BOOK FEATURES/ REVIEWS/AUTHORS

Feature: "Naked Festival". 1:4:26
Greek Poetry: Cavafy 2:1:23
Oscar Wilde 2:2:53
Review: "The Lord Won't Mind". . 2:3:37
Gay Poetry 3:1:21
Review: "this day's death" 3:1:21
Review: "Cruising" 3:2:48
Review: "The Love That Dared Not Speak Its Name" 3:3:54
Andre Gide 3:4:13
Review: "The Uninhibited Byron". . 3:4:34
Review: "The Gay Militants". 3:5:34
Classics in Gay Literature 3:5:53
Gertrude Stein 3:6:14
Review: "The Wrong People" 3:6:34
Review: "The Young Male Figure". 4:1:32
Review: "The Dream King". 4:2:38
Review: 'Sexual Heretics". 4:3:36
Review: "Sceening the Sexes". 4:4:32
Jean Genet 4:5:12
Review: "Strange Loves". 4:5:35
Review: "Homosexual Behavior" . . 4:6:32
Review: "I have more fun . . ." . . . 5:1:30
Review: "Mother Camp" 5:2:30
Review: "Persian Boy" 5:3:30

FICTION

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

FASHION

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

TRAVEL

New York/San Francisco/Miami . . . 1:2:6
Provincetown 1:3:10
Moscow 1:3:54
Japan 1:4:24
San Juan 2:1:34
Montreal 2:1:35
East Africa 2:1:36
Amsterdam 2:2:33
Gay Beaches of the World 2:3:16
San Francisco 2:3:31
Quebec City 2:4:33
Gay Streets of the U.S.A. 2:4:35
Los Angeles 3:1:18
Fire Island 3:1:28
New Orleans/MardiGras 3:2:13
Greenwich Village 3:2:18
Barbados 3:2:35
Toronto 3:3:13
Copenhagen 3:3:15
Gay Streets of the World 3:3:23
Puerto Rico 3:4:19
Mexico 3:4:25
Milwaukee 3:4:31
Washington, D.C. 3:5:17
California's Gay Parks 3:5:18
Boston 3:5:23
Using Gay Guidebooks 3:5:26
San Diego 3:6:19
Phoenix 3:6:54
Las Vegas 4:1:24
Dallas 4:1:54
London 4:2:11
Atlanta 4:2:31
Greece 4:3:21
Istanbul 4:3:22
Italy 4:4:25
St. Louis 4:4:26
Nudist Camps 4:4:54
Chicago 4:5:20
Nice 4:5:22
Paris 4:6:25
Portland 5:1:20
Tangier 5:1:26
Vienna 5:2:27
East Berlin 5:3:16
Beirut 5:3:26

PERSONALITY

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

STAGE & SCREEN

Play: "We'd Rather Switch". 1:3:40
Understanding Ballet 1:4:14
Movies: "Gay Deceivers"/"Stud Farm". 1:4:32
Movie: "Sticks and Stones". 2:1:52
Movie: "The Dammed" 2:2:26
Gay Recording Star 2:2:31
The Movie Queens 2:4:13
Sex Among Ballet Stars 3:2:7
"Me Tarzan . . . !". 3:5:9
QQ Talks with Michael Greer 3:6:9
Male Nudity in the Movies 4:2:23
Steve Reeves 4:5:15
Homosexuality on TV 4:6:13
Cross-Sexual Casting 5:1:15

HEALTH & EXERCISE

Hepatitis 1:2:9/5:3:14
Slimming Exercise Routine and Diet . 1:2:24
Poppers 1:2:32
History of Circumcision 1:2:37
Aphrodisiacs 1:3:20
Biorhythm Theory for Sex 1:3:35
Self-defense 1:3:36
Crab Lice 1:3:53
Developing the Chest 1:4:39
V.D. 1:4:54/5:2:11
Pill for Erections 2:2:32
Amebiasis 2:2:33/5:3:14
New Findings on Poppers 2:2:33
Marijuana and Sex 2:3:8
Editorial: Generation Gap 2:4:5
Losing Weight Diets 2:4:20-22
Drugs and Pills on the Gay Scene . . 2:4:31
Circumcision Pros and Cons 3:2:9
Alcoholism on the Gay Scene 3:2:54
Youth Pill for Sexual Vigor 3:5:30
Cleanliness Below the Belt 4:2:9
Sex Under Drugs 4:6:9
Sex After Adult Circumcision 4:6:19
Phallic Size Through Silicone 5:1:9
Weight Loss Through Sex. 5:2:12

FOOD AND DRINK

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

GROOMING

General Hygiene 1:3:25
Wigs 1:4:10
Hair Removal 1:4:12
Look Young Forever 1:4:37
Removable Tattoos 2:1:27
Skin Care 2:1:32
Facial Exercises 2:2:23
Personalized Colognes 2:2:24
Summer Hair Care 2:3:54
The Skinhead Revolution 2:4:28
Male Cosmetics 3:1:16
Cosmetic Surgery 3:2:10
Flaws that Flatter 4:4:20
Natural Beauty Mixtures 4:5:26
Hair Replacement Technique 5:2:16
Genital Hygiene 5:3:11

DECORATING

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

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

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

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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Editorial: Brando and the Academy Awards . . . . . by John Marvin 5
Narcissism: The "Noble Selfishness" of Involuted Love . . . . . by Terry McWaters 6
The Magic in ME! (How to Live Alone and Like It) . . . . . by Paul Damon 9
The Gay Receivers: Sexual Masochism . . . . . by Walter Norris 10
The Gay Villains of the Movies . . . . . by John Marvin 13
The Virility Vitamin that Goes VAROO-O-OM! . . . . . by Frank Samuels 18
An Original Book: The Ebanykus Journal (Chapter III) . . . . . by Dakota Jonson 20
Kobe: Where Sex Rides a Wild Volcano . . . . . by David Bartel 23
Get in Shape by Summer Diet & Exercise Plan . . . . . by Bud Parker 24
Adventure in Brazil . . . . . by Louis Jekyll 26
QQ's Man of the Month: Sommers Twins . . . . . by Bruce of Los Angeles 28
Book Review . . . . . by Orlando Paris 30
The Company You Keep: "Chinese" Gordon . . . . . by Rob Arrington 31
Royal Flush . . . . . by Rob Arrington 32
Letters . . . . . by The Readers 33
Classified Ads . . . . . by The Sellers 38
The Super Adventures of Harry Chess . . . . . by A. Jay 50
Gray is Good . . . . . by Craig Rodwell 54

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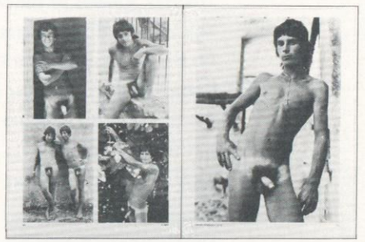

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Editorial

BRANDO AND THE ACADEMY AWARDS

by John Marvin

A couple of years ago, when George C. Scott declined the Academy Award he did so like a gentleman, announcing his intentions well in advance, and accompanying them with a reasonable, well-thought-out and professional complaint. But this year, when Marlon Brando tried the same thing, he looked like nothing so much as a childish publicity seeker, and certainly did no good for himself or for the cause he claimed to espouse.

The movie stereotype of the Indian as villain is about as anachronistic a cause as he could have picked. For all practical purposes it rode into the sunset with Johnny Mack Brown and The Three Mesquiteers. Recent years have brought us numerous movies, from A MAN CALLED HORSE through TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE, and JOURNEY THROUGH ROSEBUD to the comedy FLAP, all of which portray the Indian in both historical and contemporary settings in as realistic and sympathetic terms as the movies ever portray anybody. We can scarcely recall a film in the past decade or more in which the Indians were the savage, unreasoning villains that they once were.

Meanwhile, other minority groups *are* being maligned in films. Elsewhere in this issue we discuss in some detail, for instance, the abominable stereotyping of the homosexual as a slavering, sadistic psycho in many recent films. Significantly, Brando himself has contributed to this cumulative slander of millions of Americans by his portrayal of the miserable, neurotic homosexual in REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE. Similarly, Brando has recently come under fire for the very film for which the Academy would have honored him, in which he played another in Hollywood's long line of Italian-American gangsters. And, of course, Brando's portrayals of comic-opera Mexican *bandidos* are legion.

While we would hardly presume to deny the right of any man to espouse the cause of his choice, we find Brando's attempts to use the platform of the Academy Awards particularly suspect considering his wide-spread reputation for anarchistic eccentricity and his unenviable track record for demeaning characterizations of homosexuals and other oppressed minorities. We would indeed welcome an actor of Brando's unquestioned stature among the advocates of more affirmative movie images of minorities, but may we suggest that he first clean up his own back yard?



Pisces



Narcissism
The "Noble Selfishness" Of Involuted Love

By Terry McWaters

Many specialists in behavioral patterns claim that narcissism–as genesis of, and later often an adjunct to, homosexuality–is simply an arrest of the self-development process at the primal stage, beginning at and hovering too long around the mother's breast. "Too long at the teat, tyrannical the tot," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, with more alliteration than prescience. This, in turn, has given rise to an even more simplistic suggestion that if the male child is bottle fed from shortly after birth, and never allowed to approach the mother's breast, there will be–*ipso facto*–no homo-narcissism.

With all due respect to Pyrex and Firestone it is clear that the bottle idea has not worked out quite to plan. Among the well-to-do in England it has long been the custom to wean the child from the breast as quickly as possible. Ideally, to them, this is at that point where object-libido (sex) can be distinguished from ego-libido (hunger), or when Junior begins to gum it as well as suck it.

At this time the son is entrusted to a milkless, sexless nanny of post-passionate years, thus subliminally divorcing child from mother in the belief that by his becoming less dependent on–or reflective of–the feminine mystique, he will grow to happy heterosexual manhood, discovering *everything* for himself "at the proper time" with no shilly-shallying along the way with Harold Humpyteen.

However, it is common knowledge that the playing fields of Eton have spawned as many flaming faggots per frantic field-goal as ever cruised its American counterpart at Harvard and those giddy gay lads who were never suckled on rubber and glass, but grew up swinging lustily on the tit.

Even in the light of certain brave television programs that have done so much to put homosexuality into the glowing light of reason and acceptability, there are many psychiatrists of the old school who just can't bear for gay guys to have a little homonooky . . . to whom homo-eroticism is something that can and should be "cured" . . . who say that any homosexual would, inside his deepest self, prefer to go "straight."

As the element of free sexual choice seems incomprehensible or elusive to them, so do they maintain this rocklike intellectual pragmatism when denigrating narcissism. It would be a healthful mental exercise if, just once, these practitioners of an older school would recall the beautiful words of the pioneering Nietzsche:

For thus spake Zarathustra: "This noble, blessed selfishness . . . this wholesome healthy selfishness that wells from a powerful soul; from a powerful soul to which belongs the high body, beautiful, triumphant, refreshing . . . around which *everything becomes a mirror–the supple, persuasive body* . . . that dancer whose parable and epitome is the self-enjoying soul." (Isn't it amazing how much Nietzsche sounds like Walt Whitman? Somehow they seem to have merged in a kind of third-stream of sexual subjectivity. What beautiful gay minds!)

Certainly if anyone can explain the motivation of narcissism and the narcissist better than Nietzsche he will have to come along in the twenty-first century. Nietzsche passed on in 1900, having missed the twentieth by a year, leaving us in an almost one hundred year-old void of comparable narcissistic persuasiveness. (*Tiger, tiger burning bright, in the forest of the night.* He was a tiger indeed!)

THE TRIUMPH OF EROS

There are other stages of aggressive/ingressive development, the approaches to which are better charted by more astute medical minds than ours, and so it would be presumptuous to comment on them since the layman's hand can often wreak more havoc than Little Mary Mixmaster. But certainly it is not only safe to say, but implausible *not* to say, that narcissism can occur at one of many stages–not just at the breast.

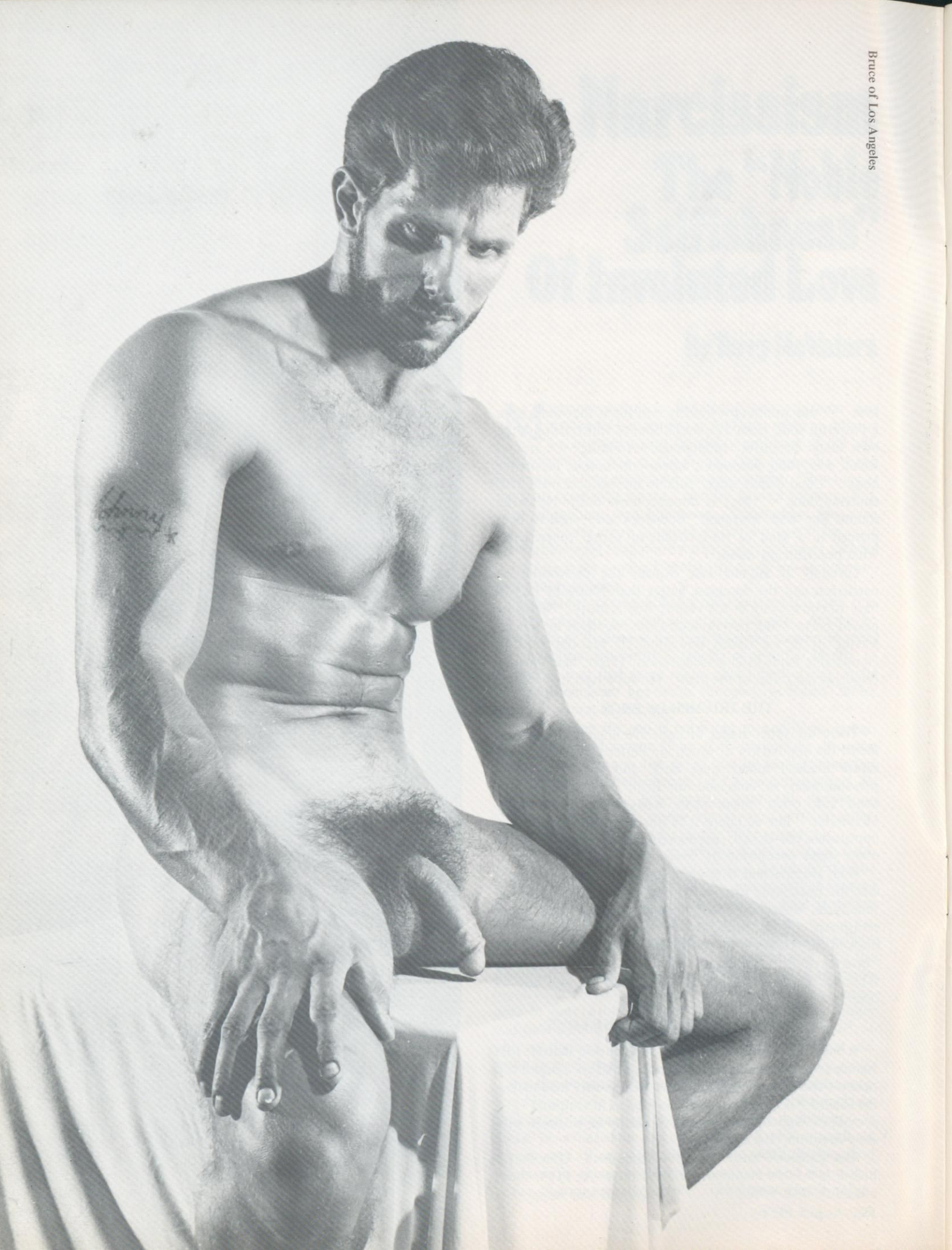
What is important is to understand *what* has happened–and the fascinating *why*–rather than where it fits into the time cycle. What caused that 'triumph of beauty' and 'noble selfishness' of involuted love to surface? What was he hooked on? How was he able to discover, as did Faust, that "Eros may rule, for he began it all!" . . . or at what point did Narcissus discover that he is Narciss*eros*–his own god of love?

THE DUALITY OF NARCISSISTIC LOVE

It may not be original to say this, but no matter, that Narcissus is Pygmalion with the return half of a round-trip ticket. The pygmalionist is in love with beauty inanimate–the beautiful head of Davīd . . . the phallus in sculpture . . . a symbol or object at whose altar of beauty he worships with deep devotion. It's all one way.

The narcissist rather takes it from there. The mirror before him is the inanimate object that–unlike Pygmalion's object of love–really *(Continued on page 30)*





Bruce of Los Angeles

The Magic In ME!

How To Live Alone And Like It After Breaking Up With A Lover

By Paul Damon

TAKE a shattered love affair and add a pinch of heartache, two tablespoons of guilt, and a dash each of assorted fears. Fold gently with loneliness and let simmer for a month or so, and you have a perfect casserole of *Paranoia à la Gay!*

Except in those rare cases when two people decide to call it quits amicably, while still being able to love the good things they saw in each other, the end of a love affair begins, for at least *one* partner, a life of mind-twisting doubt and fear in which the frightening word "alone" keeps bouncing around in one's mind. The face in the mirror begins to show a wrinkle or two you somehow never saw before. You suddenly notice there's a new crowd in the pickup places, perhaps a new generation. And that makes you part of an *older* generation, even if you're not thirty yet. You begin to wonder whether you have what it takes to try again, and whether you should even bother to try again, because–after all–they all want the same thing, and the same thing they want is a *different* thing every night.

If this is happening to you, run, don't walk, to the nearest trick and get laid. And when *that's* over, wash your face, settle down with a nice Pousse Café, and think of this: There are more than 200 million people in this country–alone. Millions of those people are men, and millions of them are gay men. And you can't possibly–by any law of chance–be the only one like you. So don't run home to mother, and don't wear out your friends by crying on their shoulders. Dry your eyes, take a deep breath, and face the foreboding fact that at the moment you are *alone* and probably will be for some time. (And you should be, at least until you've learned to make it on your own.)

There's no simple way to anaesthetize all the pain, especially if you still want him, but there are a few "locals" which can at least numb it in spots. When my last lover decided we should have separate beds–in separate apartments, far, *far* away–I nostalgically reviewed the years we had together, and the years with another before him, and wondered that great wonder, WHY? I discovered that, for the past ten years, I had fused my life with someone else's to make, not you-and-I, but *us.* And I decided it was time I began being *me.*

If you and your lover were together for any length of time it may be difficult for you to realize that now you're on your own. You have no one to answer to, no one to consider in that special way anymore, and no reason to do or not do anything or any*one*

(Continued on page 43)



THE GAY RECEIVERS

The Zip and Zap of Masochism

By Walter Norris

IN today's gay life one customarily thinks of masochism as the black-and-blue opposite of sadism, and that he who chooses to be the gay receiver does so because he is transported into a sexual nirvana during the act of physical torture physically applied.

Or, as a waggish friend says, "To most of us *The Nutcracker* is just a big, beautiful ballet, but to the masochist it's a way of life!"

While the instruments of such ritualized torture are many, the masochist generally seeks pain applied by

a) belt whipping
b) belt-buckle whipping
c) cane, chain or whip whipping

or else he grooves to the deep rectal zap of

d) a fist
e) a hard dildo (metal is awfully 'in' this season)
f) two phalluses simultaneously
g) three or more phalluses in very ruf-f-f succession.

In this gay sex-variant, masochism grooves only to *manually*-applied torture *singularly* received . . . something to be sought for the pleasure one may find in physical pain, and which–once the swelling subsides, the bruises fade, the bandages are removed or the crutches retired–may be repeated quite frequently. Psychologists call this *heavy* masochism.

Of course the roles of sadist/masochist are very often reversible, with tonight's galley slave turning out to be tomorrow night's Captain Bligh (or even *tonight's* if he can get the bleeding stopped in time!). Whichever role one assumes it is 'played' to the hilt. However, because such roles are interchangeable, and are so often *just* that–*roles*–the S&M encounter is not so one-sided and usually not so fierce and not uncommonly becomes a downright charade. This is *medium* masochism.

SINISTER S&M ROULETTE

Unfortunately charades sometimes turn out to be about as playful as Russian Roulette (as many an Agatha Christie murder mystery has proved). Often what begins as a sexual scene of *mutually*-rewarding *medium masochism* is turned in a trice into one of sheer horror–even murder–by just an out-of-character gesture, such as a lifted pinky while wielding the bullwhip, or a nelly lift of shoulders/eyebrows in a mimed expression of "Get you, May!" In short, anything from a secret smile to an inept turn of phrase which the other may regard as a put-down, or which strips him of his *macho* of the moment, can turn the sex scene into one of bloody chaos. A case in point will show how this can happen.

Sometime ago a young college gymnastics instructor in a midwestern town came to New York on a brief holiday. He now wishes it had been even briefer. Here is his story:

"I'd heard so much about a particular gay bar down in Greenwich Village I decided I'd do some cruising there and absorb some of the gay West Village color. All went okay. I was sipping my drink when this rugged guy strode over and stood beside me at the bar.

"We got to talking and buying each other drinks. Pretty soon he suggested that we go up to his pad. By now the blood was pounding like hell in my temples and I was so switched-on by all that muscle and leather I couldn't have said no.

"Once there everything started out okay. His cock was huge and perfectly shaped. I bent forward and took its giant head in my mouth, but no sooner had my tongue begun to stroke it than he rammed his knees on either side of my neck, choking me. He slapped at my forehead, pushed my head back, and began jerking off. The wilder he beat that huge cock and the more passionately involved he became with it, the stronger his knees pressed against my neck. I was becoming worried now because I couldn't inhale. Fortunately he quickly came all over me in thick, jetting spurts and his knees lessened their grip on my neck.

"But then, before I had time to get my breath, he had handcuffed me and strapped me to the bed with two wide leather thongs attached to each side of the frame. They were strong and inflexible. I couldn't move a muscle. And then off went the lights . . . on came a baby spotlight . . . and he brought out a giant bullwhip. Once again his cock grew ramrod stiff. And that's when I said a stupid thing: 'Come on, man, why don't we do this right so that we can both get a lot of pleasure out of it?' " Those words proved to be nearly fatal.

"He was furious and turned livid with rage. Quickly he wheeled into the bathroom and lunged out with a straight-edged razor with a long blade. He grabbed me under the cock and balls and gritted, 'So you don't like my brand of sex, huh? Okay, Babe, I'll fix you so you'll *never* be able to have it with *anyone* . . . in *any* way!' "

"By now I was in pain as his grip tightened. At that critical moment the phone rang, and he answered–which took his mind off me and seemed to calm him. In just seconds he was a different person. Believe it or not, when he put down the phone he calmly walked over and unstrapped me. Then he blew me three times. Not another word was said. I got up, zipped up and quickly left.

Kinsey has said that all

(Continued on page 33)

QQ





Bruce of Los Angeles

The Gay Villains

By John Marvin

WE can be sure that if the early Gay Libbers, agitating for more gay characters in the movies, had realized the kind of characters they would eventually get, they would have kept their demands to themselves. To be sure, there are more homosexual characters, and more clearly defined ones, in the movies now than at any time in history, but almost to a man they fall into two equally demeaning stereotypes–the effeminate, bitchy queen, or the vicious, brutal sadist. The very rare gay character that does not fall into one of those categories is still generally depicted as a sad, unfulfilled sort of person, longing to be straight.

The reason is simple, and bound up in the whole Hollywood approach to story material. A movie–almost any movie–is first and foremost a *story*. Pure character studies are few and far between, and usually not very well received. Thus writers are concerned with telling their story as economically as possible, and any character development which does not directly relate to the advancement of that story is extra weight.

So, whenever a character included in a movie is depicted as a Gay, or as a Black, or a Chicano, or anything other than a middle-class WASP, then that designation must have something to do with the development of the story. In other words, no one is "different" unless there is a utilitarian reason for it. Blacks have finally overcome this obstacle, but for quite some time after black actors had gained some modicum of acceptance in the movies they were still almost never cast in a part that did not specifically call for a Negro character. It is only in very recent times that a black actor could be considered in competition with a white actor for the same part.

Of course, homosexual characters need not actually be played by homosexual actors, but the parallel remains the same, and in fact, the homosexual character has now come only a part of the way pioneered by the Blacks. Gay characters are now a common ingredient in many screenplays and television scripts, but it may yet be some time before the hero or the fellow next door will be portrayed as a Gay simply because he *is* Gay, and not because it is important to the story. Probably the only exception to date has been the highly successful CABARET, in which the hero is almost coincidentally Gay.

In the meantime, however, the stereotype that Hollywood has chosen for its homosexuals is of no small concern to interested Gays. The front office reasoning is probably something like this: homosexuality is a form of mental aberration, therefore a homosexual character must turn out to be some kind of a nut. And that's the way Gay characters have gone, from the mother-dominated murderer of PSYCHO to the vicious escaped convict of SITTING TARGET.

Actually, the idea of making the villain a homosexual goes back much further than PSYCHO, although Anthony Perkins' character probably set the pattern for those that followed. However, as early as 1930, the villain of one of Alfred Hitchcock's first melodramas was also gay. The film was MURDER, one of Hitchcock's early British films, and the murderer was a female impersonator in a second-rate stock company. Of course, female impersonators are quite popular in England, and this fact alone does not make the character gay. In fact, a half-hearted attempt was made to deny the murderer's homosexuality within the plot. His motive for murder was to hide from the heroine, with whom he was in love, the fact that he was a mulatto, in the belief that she could not love him back if she knew this. (Actually she could not love him back anyway, for she only had eyes for the hero, played by a very young Herbert Marshall.) Nevertheless, the villain, as played by Esme Percy, was clearly "one of the boys," complete with overly swishy, delicate mannerisms and a soft, soprano voice.

Over the years, Alfred Hitchcock has probably done more for the movie image of homosexual-as-criminal than any other director, if that could be said to be a distinction. With surprising regularity, Hitchcock's villains are at least misogynists, and quite a number of them are outright homosexuals. From the mysterious killer of prostitutes, Jack the Ripper, in Hitchcock's first thriller, THE LODGER, through the charming murderer in SHADOW OF A DOUBT, to the psychotic strangler of FRENZY, one after another of Hitchcock's killers have delivered long tirades against the ladies.

And then there was Hitchcock's ROPE, which gave us two effete young men living together in an impeccable New York apartment, obviously painted as lovers. John Dall, the dominant, butch partner, and Farley Granger, the weak, submissive one, plan and carry out a theoretically perfect murder of a classmate, only to be found out through their own overconfidence. The story was based loosely on a real-life murder of a young boy by two homosexual lovers which was more factually depicted in a later film, COMPULSION, in which Bradford Dillman was the dominant partner and Dean Stockwell the passive one.

As we said, a branch of the current cycle of gay villains can unquestionably be traced to Hitchcock's classic 1960 film, PSYCHO, starring Anthony Perkins in one of the best of his neurotic young man roles. The character of Norman Bates in the film was never actually described as a

MR. MARVIN is active as a film editor, and is also an authority on motion picture history. He is the author of three past QQ articles– "Male Nudity in the Movies" (April 1972); "Homosexuality on TV" (December 1972); and "Cross-Sexual Casting" (February 1973).













This page, top left: **In the TV series THE AVENGERS, Diana Rigg plays the fantasy image of the lesbian dominatrix.** This page, top right: **José Ferrer as a Turkish bey rapes the hero in LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. Lawrence's own widely publicized homosexuality was overlooked in the expensive biography.** This page, second from top: **Olivier Despax (right) is raped by African insurgents in the thriller DARK OF THE SUN.** This page, second from bottom, left: **Rod Steiger plays a closet case in THE SERGEANT, in which he badgers a young private, John Philip Law, on whom he has a crush.** This page, second from bottom, right: **In FOOL'S PARADE Morgan Paull plays the attractive young "friend" of middle-aged Mike Kellin.** This page, bottom: **John Dall and Farley Granger, playing homosexual murderers, are confronted by James Stewart in Alfred Hitchcock's ROPE.** Opposite page, top left: **COMPULSION was based on a real-life murder by a pair of lovers. In the movie, Bradford Dillman plays the dominant partner, and Dean Stockwell is the passive one.** Opposite page, top right: **Hitchcock—Master of Suspense—has always shown a penchant for villains who are misogynists, if not outright homosexuals.** Opposite page, second from top: **GINGER was the first film in a series about a brutal female agent. Here Cal Culver (Casey Donovan of BOYS IN THE SAND) has been stripped and bound by the "heroine," who soon afterwards castrates him.** Opposite page, second from bottom, left: **In DEADFALL, several elaborate robberies are plotted by an older, sophisticated homosexual played by Eric Portman. His young chauffeur is played by Carlos Pierre.** Opposite page, second from bottom, right: **Anthony Perkins, a homosexual psychopath in the Hitchcock thriller PSYCHO.** Opposite page, bottom: **Robert Blake and Scott Wilson in IN COLD BLOOD. The murderers were lovers in real life, which Truman Capote's book brought out, but the movie soft-pedaled.**

homosexual—in fact, none of the earlier gay villains were—but the intention is quite clear. In the film's long-winded pseudo-psychiatric denouement we are told that he was so dependent upon his mother that when she died, he preserved the body (taxidermy was his hobby) and took over the character of the mother in his own mind, becoming alternately the dominant, overbearing mother and the cowering, milquetoast son. In the role of the mother he kills a woman in whom the son seems to be interested so as to protect him from the evils of the other sex. In all, a classic homosexual situation, at least movie style.

PSYCHO was followed immediately by a blatant imitation from William Castle, a director with considerably less talent but more gimmickry than Hitchcock. That film, called HOMICIDAL, was discussed at some length in "Cross-Sexual Casting" (*QQ*, Feb. '73) due to the fact that the killer was a woman passing herself off as both herself and as her male employer. The charade, played by Jean Arless, was nearly perfect, but following on the heels of PSYCHO, many viewers guessed it because of its resemblance to Perkins's assumption of his mother's personality in the previous picture. Any serious consideration of the intended sexuality of the character is nearly impossible because of the fact that it was all gimmickry and not at all a serious characterization; however, the male personality was played as a very effeminate, prissy sort, and the suggestion that he was a homosexual was inherent in the portrayal. In the end, of course, this portrayal was largely utilitarian—it makes the fact that the man is played by an actress—but it also serves to leave the impression that this is another of your garden-variety psycho faggots.

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY gave us Rod Steiger in an actor's tour de force as a theatrical murderer who chose a variety of impressive disguises for dispatching a number of unfortunate women. In one sequence, for instance, he dresses in drag and befriends a lonely prostitute (who, as an

ironic inside joke, is also played by a man in drag). Steiger is eventually unmasked and proven to be a down-and-out actor with an overpowering fixation on his dead mother, whom he admired to the point of idolatry. In concept, he is a direct descendant of Anthony Perkins in PSYCHO.

One picture in which homosexuality was treated with a double standard was the lavish and popular screen biography of LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. Although Lawrence was a well-known homosexual in real life, and his frank, straightforward description of his relationship with his youthful Arabian companions in his book *Pillars of Wisdom* is a matter of public record, he was the hero of the movie, and therefore couldn't be pictured as a faggot, so all this was completely overlooked in Peter O'Toole's characterization. Very much in evidence, however, was a homosexual Turkish bey, played by José Ferrer as though he needed a change of oil every thousand words. In one abruptly terminated scene, O'Toole, after being tortured by a couple of baddies, is bent over a bench, ass upwards, as Ferrer sidles up behind him, apparently not planning to engage in further interrogation. When the film was reissued recently, plans were made to expand this and one or two other scenes with footage excised from the original release, but such loud cries of "desecrating the classics" went up from the Mrs. Grundys of the world that plans were dropped like a hot potato. (Just how the classic would be desecrated by being returned to the director's original version was never explained very well, but no matter.)

By no means have all the homosexual characters in recent crime melodramas been men, however. Lesbians have gotten more than their share of exposure, also, although the movie lesbian character is even less a realistic portrayal than her male counterpart. She is almost exclusively a product of overzealous heterosexual fantasies. An astonishingly large section of heterosexual males, while expressing disdain or outright hatred for *male* homosexuality, are tolerant of, and frequently fascinated by, *female* homosexuality. There is hardly a heterosexual exploitation film produced without at least one lesbian sequence, and usually several. Similarly, lesbians turn up on both sides of the law in many crime pictures. The movie lesbians seldom limit their attention to other women, however. They often go after the men as well, always in a voracious, dominating manner.

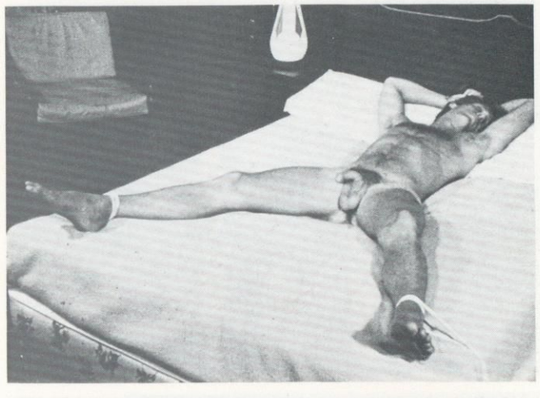
As any habitué of the adult book shops knows, female domination is a vastly popular heterosexual fantasy, and some variation of the whip-wielding, leather-pantied sex goddess can be found in nearly every drama of super-criminals or fictionalized foreign intrigue filmed in the last decade. Several actresses—notable among them Raquel Welch and Ursula Andress—have made lucrative careers from playing outrageously endowed dykes.

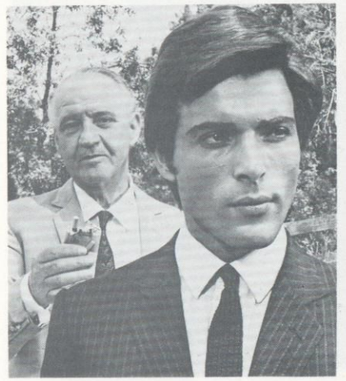
These truck driver types are equally at home on either side of the law, too. In DEADLIER THAN THE MALE a band of females bent on ruling the world tie down the beautiful young assistant hero, Steve Carlson, and use him for an ash tray, while in GINGER, the heroine, a Karate-chopping CIA agent, ties down the beautiful young villain, Cal Culver (Casey Donovan of BOYS IN THE SAND) and castrates him. In modern movies, it is difficult to tell the players, even with a program!

All in all, the Women's Libbers' complaints about ineffectual women in movies seems silly since, whether simpering sexpot or galloping bull dyke, the movie women have their men firmly by the balls! This was clarified by contrast in the suspense film FLAREUP, in which Raquel























This page, top: **Martin Balsam camps it up as the swishy interior decorator in THE ANDERSON TAPES. Here he greets the hero, Sean Connery.** This page, second from top, left: **Jan-Michael Vincent, seen here in costume for his current film, THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE, was signed to play Charles Bronson's lover in THE MECHANIC, but all references to the relationship were deleted during the production.** This page, second from top, right: **The final shooting script of THE MECHANIC pictured Jan-Michael Vincent and Charles Bronson as lovers, but all references were removed during shooting.** This page, second from bottom: **In Stanley Kubrick's A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, Malcolm McDowell plays a juvenile delinquent with a simpering homosexual parole officer. When McDowell doesn't put out enough, he quickly finds himself back in prison.** This page, bottom: **Steve Carlson is menaced by a dominating lesbian super-criminal in the spy thriller DEADLIER THAN THE MALE. The story concerns a band of women plotting to take over the world.** Opposite page, top: **Richard Burton is up to no good as the homosexual sadist in VILLAIN. Ian McShane (center) who plays his lover, looks on.** Opposite page, second from top, left: **Raquel Welch has become the epitome of the heterosexual dominant female fantasy in a series of dykish roles, such as this one in THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN.** Opposite page, second from top, right: **Ned Beatty and Jon Voight are sexually attacked by backwoodsmen in DELIVERANCE. To the dismay of many viewers the baddies force Beatty to strip, but leave Voight's clothes on.** Opposite page, second from bottom: **While his lover, Ian McShane, watches, a homosexual sadist, Oliver Reed, lines up a shot in the film SITTING TARGET.** Opposite page, bottom: **The villain in HOMICIDAL is a woman masquerading as a man, played by Jean Arless. Here she examines a potential victim, Glenn Corbett.**

Welch tried to play a traditional helpless heroine, fleeing in fear of her life from a psychotic killer. She was totally unbelievable. Audiences kept waiting for her to turn around and kick that mere man squarely in the groin. Only in the final scene did she become the sort of heroine we've come to expect from her—she callously poured a can of kerosene over the killer and set him on fire! Raquel Welch, whether raping a sexy young man with a dildo in MYRA BRECKENRIDGE or slugging it out at the roller derby in KANSAS CITY BOMBER, is at her best when playing the epitome of the heterosexual domination fantasy—a two-fisted, man-hating bull dyke.

Although it takes some doing, the movies' male homosexual villains can usually trade their female counterparts punch for punch. Typical of the men was Richard Burton as the animalistic "hero" of the movie titled simply VILLAIN. Always gentle and solicitous toward his grey-haired old Mum, Burton was not above beating the stuffings out of his lover, played by Ian McShane, when he found him dallying with a real, honest to goodness woman. The switch-hitting McShane was more able to hold his own in another film, SITTING TARGET, in which he was the lover of a brutal homosexual escaped convict played by Oliver Reed. Reed's villain was more impotent than Burton's, and when McShane bounced into bed with a girl in this one, all Reed could do was fume and suppress his fury until he had a gun in his hand.

In a surprising reversal, homosexual elements were removed from one recent crime drama, THE MECHANIC. The story concerns a young man, Jan-Michael Vincent, who sets out to take revenge on a Mafia hit man, Charles Bronson, who killed his father. However, the young man is drawn into an odd love/hate partnership with an older man and joins him in another of his assignments. The final script, as approved for shooting, depicted the pair as lovers and contained an explicit bedroom scene between them; however, all such references were removed while the film was actually

in production. Just what happened is unclear, but it is assumed that one or both of the film's virile, heterosexual stars chickened out. Your correspondent's money is on Jan-Michael Vincent, a gorgeous and entirely straight young man who has frequently expressed ambivalence toward his massive Gay fan following. In any case, the film was a critical and commercial failure, and one of the most frequently-voiced complaints of the critics was that the two leads were incomplete and one-dimensional characters. Perhaps they would have been better off not to have tampered with the final shooting script.

IN COLD BLOOD also featured a murderous pair of lovers, although the film, starring Scott Wilson and Robert Blake as the pair, did not make that nearly as clear as Truman Capote's novel, which was a dramatized report of an actual case.

Often, however, it is not the chief villain in a movie who is Gay, but one of the assistant villains or gunmen. This is a particularly odd phenomenon, since the stereotype of the gangster's gunman—the ugly, hulking dumb brute—has no counterpart in the homosexual stereotypes, or really among real-life Gays, for that matter.

The Gay gunman can be traced back easily to one of the classic crime pictures of all time—John Huston's THE MALTESE FALCON. In the original Dashiell Hammett novel the villain is depicted as an aging homosexual with an attractive young lover-henchman about him all the time. In the movie, the villain was Sydney Greenstreet, the lover was Elisha Cook, Jr., and the relationship, although retained, was so soft-pedaled as to be easily overlooked unless one had advance information.

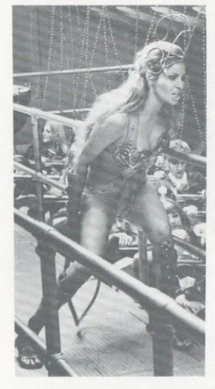
Homosexual gunmen continue to turn up regularly in crime and espionage pictures. In HARPER, for instance, Paul Newman disparagingly tags one gangster a "fish-eyed faggot" before tossing him off a catwalk to his death. The recent James Bond epic, DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER, also boasted a pair of gangsters who were homosexual lovers; indeed, Bond's perennial nemesis, Dr. No, is apparently meant to be a little bit sweet as he slinks about the set with his pet cat cradled in his arms.

More ambiguous were the two henchmen of villain George Kennedy in the James Stewart vehicle, FOOL'S PARADE. While homosexuality was suggested only in the most subtle of hints, a tremendously strong bond of friendship was suggested between two very unlikely types—the middle-aged Mike Kellin, and the attractive, young, and monumentally dumb character played by Morgan Paull. Homosexual overtones were obviously intended, but were so underplayed that they could easily be overlooked by the uninitiated.

The movie soldiers of fortune don't seem to fare too well among all those bands of deviant insurgents, either. One of the first heroes to get raped in some foreign den of iniquity was the aforementioned Lawrence of Arabia, but he certainly was not the last. In DARK OF THE SUN, Olivier Despax, playing an attractive young French adventurer, is captured by a band of African guerrilla warriors. After their fearsome-looking leader makes an exploratory grab at his ass, the gleeful warriors throw Despax on his stomach across a table and are in the process of hauling down his pants when the audience's attention is diverted elsewhere, leaving its imagination to fill in the perverse details.

In a similar scene in THE INVINCIBLE SIX, a British soldier of fortune, played by Ian Ogilvy, is captured by the vicious band of marauding Arabs led by James Mitchum. Mitchum gives Ogilvy *(Continued on page 40)*











The Virility Vitamin That Goes VAROO-O-OM!

Massive 'E' Can Mean 'Maximum Erection'

By Frank Samuels

HAVE you faced with growing concern the fact that you are not getting the mileage from your phallus during sex that you once did? Does it now seem to take twice the inspiration, inhalation–plus some midway masturbation –to get it up and keep it flying? And, at best, does it rarely rise above half staff, as if in deepest grief for a lost lover?

If your answer to any of these questions is yes, don't surrender your sex life on the altar of impotency just yet . . . nor even admit that senility is in the ascendancy. It just may be that, whether you're young or not so young, all you need is something to *up your pecker power*. Very likely this has much–possibly everything–to do with your present diet.

The gay guy of today, particularly if he's in his twenties-thru-thirties, more than a straight of this same age group, is hyperconscious of his figure. With contemporary clothes designs (especially patterns) and long hairstyles favoring the quite slender man, he works very hard to keep his figure pencil thin . . . usually by strict adherence to a diet that is but wispily nutritious, being almost literally cut to the bone in carbohydrates and fats–the two food elements that burn synergistically to produce energy . . . including *sexual* energy.

More and more frequently physicians are urging men to keep their weight about five pounds below the accepted life-insurance standards for reasons of better cardiovascular function. However, it is their view that this should be done more effectively through a combination of diet *and* exercise . . . thus one who exercises regularly can allow more carbohydrate/fat nutrients/calories in his diet without going above the 'five below' figure.

Good advice, to be sure . . . but few gay guys care to forego even an hour's precious cruising time for a sweat-session in the gym. Of course just about six weeks ahead of summer they do finally drag out the barbells/dumbbells/whatever and frantically go through the motions of exercise so that the figure won't show the passage of yet another year and they won't be at a disadvantage on the beach or some nude meatrack.

Since no exhortation of *QQ Magazine* is likely to have the slightest effect in getting our gay brothers into the gym for *regular* exercise that would give better tonus to the genital area–as it does to the rest of the body–we shall do the next best thing and bring you news of the almost magical effect of massive Vitamin E intake, showing you why it works so effectively in building greater sexual power.

The higher potencies of Vitamin E–in capsules of from 400 to 1000 International Units–are many hundreds of times more powerful than the miniscule amounts contained in a breakfast vitamin pill. Taken as an adjunct to such an all-purpose vitamin they are not only good health insurance, but for the man who diets strenuously to maintain his 29-inch wasp-like waistline they provide optimum quantities of this nutrient that his spartan diet, as a consequence, lacks.

Vitamin E–although discovered in 1922–is really one of our newer vitamins. It was isolated long after the A and B-complex vitamins. At first scientists didn't really know quite what to make of it and what specific function, if any, it had. That is, until they tried it on a rat. Straightaway they realized they had a tiger by the tail (may we mix a few metaphors for you?). When they noted how the vapidest rat became hornier than a military bugle when given shots of Vitamin E they shouted hurrah and called it the *anti-sterility* vitamin.

At once they decided to try it on a human male since, laboratorically, what works well for rat works well for man. Their findings revealed that a rat whose diet had been shorn of–or drastically reduced in–Vitamin E foods, quickly lost his ability to reproduce . . . and then, poor thing, his testicles began to look as shriveled and dried as the leaves in Madame Lazonga's teacup. "It shouldn't even happen to a *rat*!" vowed the scientists, and pressed on determinedly to give us all more hump and horn.

HOW VITAMIN E WORKS

The effectiveness of Vitamin E in increasing male vigor and phallic response is due to its ability to increase the flow of blood to the genitals–as to every other part of the body–thus increasing the blood's facility in carrying oxygen to the cells which, in turn, give greater tone and flexibility to veins and arteries. Just how effectively this is done was noted by the scientists in the almost magical way Vitamin E has been found to clear up blood clots . . . varicose veins . . . and that painful inflammation of the veins called phlebitis.

Male ballet dancers are especially delighted with the results of high-potency Vitamin E therapy. If you are a devotee of the ballet you may have noted a medical phenomenon occurring right before your eyes without realizing what was taking place. In contemporary ballet each male dancer is continuously challenged to leap ever higher than another. In addition he spends a good deal of his time carting around the ballerina or hoisting her overhead (a sheer deadlift without any obvious preparation).

All this sudden pressure/tension on his muscles (particularly his calf muscles and those just above his ankles) has a most noticeable effect in *(Continued on page 31)*



An Original Book
The Ebanykus Journal
by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the third installment of "The Ebanykus Journal," a novel by Dakota Jonson. A condensation of the book will appear in six consecutive issues of QQ Magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1974. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of six months in preparing this abbreviated version–in order to present a story which is as detailed as the original. And now, we invite you to share with us the sex-filled adventures of fiction's first Gay lover-detectives who find themselves entangled in a web of intrigue, dope, a kinky 'bull ritual', and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER III

AS I pushed my way to the exit, someone behind me yelled, "Split!" The mob which had been quiet now broke into panic. I had to fight my way to the parking lot, but got free and headed for the car, "Absolutely."

Where the fuck had Ebanykus disappeared–and why? My mouth was dry and I almost freaked out. I ran to the side of the road not knowing which way to turn. Then, just as I was about to head back for "Absolutely," I spotted him high-tailing it along the edge of the woods the other side of the road. He almost got hit dashing across.

As he ran to me, he shouted, "Damn it, they got away." I guessed he meant Diana and her bevy of granny-dressed girls. We jumped into "Absolutely" who responded to ignition like a long-lost lover and burned onto the road with just enough time for me to ask, "which way, man?"

"That way, left, Jonquil–quick–Sag Harbor!" He slumped back and became silent, then moaned, "I knew him, man."

"Who?"

"The guy who's dead."

"Well, who was he and why are we chasing Diana?"

"Diana–we gotta follow her. I saw her coming out of the woods. She got away from me–in the Van . . . ."

"With her granny girls?"

"Yeah. They were with her–all of them, coming out of the woods."

He directed me into the center of town, then down a few blocks and right into a narrow road.

"There it is," he whispered, "but stop, Jonquil. I don't want her to see us."

"Where exactly are we, Ebanykus, now that we're here?" He told me the name of the street. Down a small incline I could see an iron fence and part of a front lawn. The side of the house was hidden by thick maples and a tall, dark hedge. A brightly painted van was parked in front.

"Ebanykus, why the fuck we chasing after Diana?"

"Oh, man, I dunno. Theese . . . ."

"The boy who died . . . ."

"Yeah. He lived with Diana and I think she killed him."

"You're crazy!"

"No, I think it had something to do with the ritual."

"Ebanykus, this 'Theese' or whatever you call him died of an overdose. Everybody could see that. What's it gotta do with Diana?"

"I dunno–look!" There was a rush of figures from the house, dancing shadows carrying things in their arms–large bags filled with–it was hard to see–maybe food or clothing. They got into the van, slammed the doors and gunned off into the night.

"Shit, Jonquil," Ebanykus muttered, "they're splitting. Getting out."

"No they're not."

"Let's follow them."

"What for?"

"I guess you're right," he said sullenly.

"Ebanykus, they're not getting out. If your friend Theese lived here, Diana's probably afraid he'll be traced. Probably just clearing out his stuff–like needles and shit, for example . . . ."

"No, Jonquil! Scag's not part of Diana's scene, believe me."

"Okay, I believe you. But right now I believe I've had it with Diana and her goddamn bulls. I just wanna get home and sack out."

He crawled further into silence and I did a turnaround and headed for Southampton.

Safe at home we slid into each other's arms down in the basement–"Neptune's Cave." Though it was hot with thunder we pulled the large quilt over us. Ebanykus held me tight. In spite of the humidity he was shivering, and wouldn't let me go. Sweat ran between us.

In the middle of the night, around four or five in the morning, I guess, a violent electric storm passed over, shaking the house. Ebanykus stirred, making sounds I couldn't distinguish. I stroked the back of his head and ran my hand down into his crotch, taking his cock in my fist. He nestled into me, raising his ass, and before long we'd both come all over. And I thought, man, this almost accidental kind of sex growing from a need is the most shattering and memorable kind of sex there is.

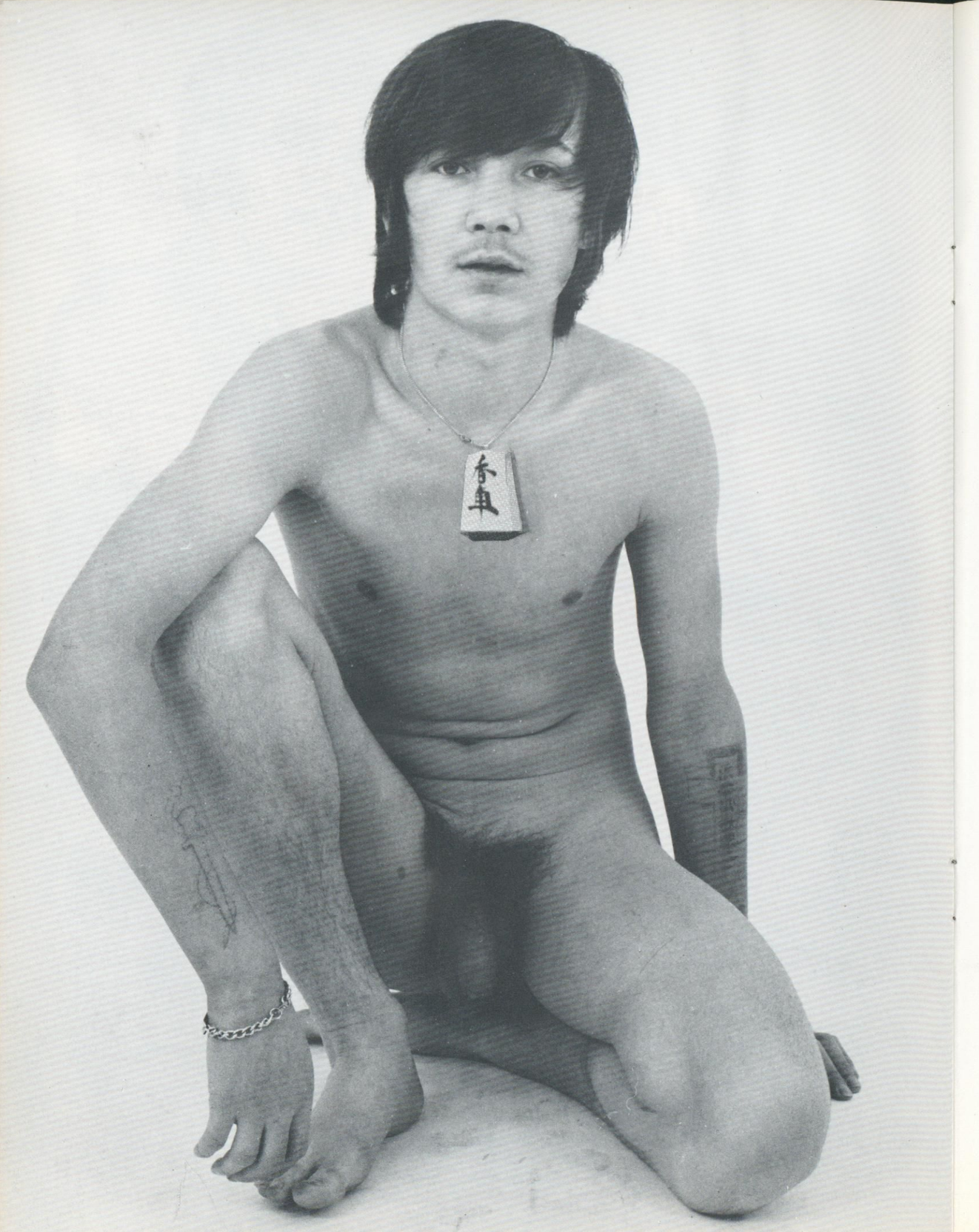
Sunday morning was drizzly, but we wanted to get out of the house. We decided to drive to Two-Mile Hollow in Easthampton and try to figure things out.

Sitting in "Absolutely" in the lot above the beach, we drank black coffee from the thermos and watched the surf roll in, a wind-driven sea, boiling white and green, tossing foam haphazardly on the shore. Scudding clouds swept in from the Northeast, sure sign of a hurricane somewhere. There were a couple of other cars around, but nobody on the beach. Intermittent splattering of rain dotted the windshield. Ebanykus lit a cigarette. I'd learned in the short time I'd known him he only smoked when he was shook.

Finally he broke the silence. "Did you ever read Mary Renault?" he asked

(Continued on page 35)





KOBE

Where Sex Rides A Wild Volcano

By David Bartel

KOBE is a city where everything gay can be reached in just minutes on a ding-ding streetcar that should be named 'Desire', but isn't . . . it's just good ol' No. 3 or No. 7.

Although she should be splitting at the seams with her pregnant population now growing past the million mark, Kobe is a very skinny gal–the 'Slenderella City', some call her–stretching for miles east and west, while caught at the waist by the towering Rokko mountain range on the north and the Inland Sea on the south . . . so near are they, in fact, they somehow seem to be only blocks apart.

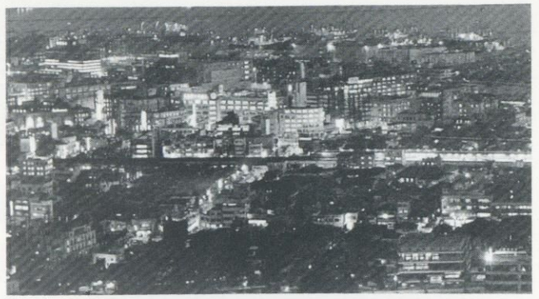
This works to gay advantage, however, in two ways. Gay life being more accessible, cruising is more facilitated and, since all the rich people–mostly snooty straight foreigners–live up the mountainside along the slopes around Tor Road, the downtown area is left to business, the working-class, hordes of horny sailors (Kobe is one of Japan's two great ports), gay guys, and those–gay and straight–who are rich in love but poor in means . . . many wretchedly poor by any national standard.

Some Japanese are so bed-rock poor they actually sleep at night in the lovely small park *Minato-gawa,* just behind the statue of Kusonoki Masashige on horseback. Kusonoki was a fourteenth-century patriot who died heroically defending his gay Emperor in an uprising.

PATRON SAINT OF CRUISERS

Minato-gawa has become, quite understandably, a haven for cruisers, and Kusonoki is their patron saint . . . a kind of guardian angel who brings them good luck. He's a particular favorite of sailors and that Japanese brand of hustler who, although short on Yen, is long on 'yen' for *you,* as well as on pride and native courtesy, and who–once in bed with 'rich American' (all Americans, even the hippie-type, pack-a-back tourists, are 'rich' to a poor Kobean)–will explode like a sexual volcano at your first rapturous response, and he'll be even wilder if you have been more generous than what he had expected back in Minato-gawa . . . usually about 2000 Yen, or roughly $6.50 American. (The 'floating' Yen and the 'sunken' dollar are not speaking the same language these days, so this is subject to fluctuation . . . upward, ever upward, you may be sure.)

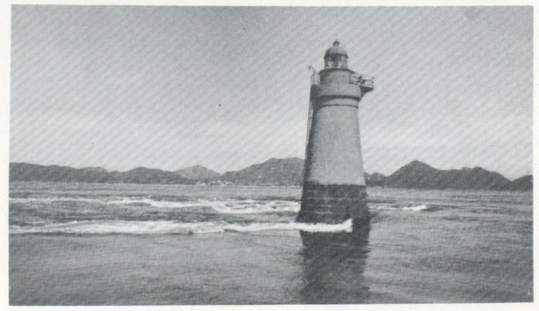
You should not expect from him more than a few words of utilitarian English, which is not widely spoken in Japan (Tokyo excepted) and what you will hear are some limited phrases in the hand-me-down *patois* of our American Forces of Occupation. But his *(Continued on page 41)*











GET IN SHAPE BY SUMMER

DIET & EXERCISE PLAN

BY BUD PARKER

IF you've accumulated ten or fifteen pounds of unwanted weight over the winter—then this article will tell you how to shape up in time for the big Fourth of July weekend. Yes, you can actually lose ten, fifteen, even twenty pounds over the next four to six weeks if you follow a few simple instructions and put your will power to work.

Let me repeat . . . the following plan is not intended to be used by heavyweights who have perhaps accumulated a hundred pounds of fat over the years. If you are obese I urge you to see your doctor and perhaps join *Weight Watchers.*

But if it's a layer of "smooth skin" you want to get rid of, or a spare tire, or that little bit of fat that has filled in the crack between your buttocks and upper thighs—then my plan will work. Starting today . . . decide you *will* be ready for the Fourth and you'll do it. Your reward will be total success on the sex scene—because your body will look great.

The first part of the plan concerns *diet.* The first week you must go on a *low carbohydrate* diet. Eat all the proteins and—within reason—fats you want, but limit your carbohydrate intake to 50 grams a day. Let me simplify. Eat all the meat, fish, fowl, eggs, nuts and cheese you crave to feel filled, and use butter and cream freely—but watch those sugars and starches. You *must* refrain from eating cakes and candies because their high gram count will destroy your diet. You will need a carbohydrate gram counter—so go right down to your local health foods store and get one for about a quarter. These simple guides are usually in book form and list foods and their gram count alphabetically.

The main purpose of a low carbohydrate regimen—as far as I am concerned—is to get you off sweets—which are also high in calories. Now, for your second week, change to a *low calorie* diet. Again, you'll need help so get a calorie counter from the same store for about the same price. Plan your diet carefully and make certain you eat balanced meals which include a little bit of everything. Eat no more than 1800 calories a day—and try and make them up with the same foods you relied on while on the low carbohydrate diet, thus keeping sugars and starches (high in calories) down to a minimum. For your third, fourth, fifth and sixth weeks reduce your caloric intake to 900 calories a day. Eat nutritious foods but rely heavily on artificial sweeteners.

The final week only take a mild diuretic—one which is sold without a prescription at your health foods store or drugstore. Follow label instructions and do not take if you have a kidney condition. This will help eliminate excess water from the tissues—particularly the skin—which will help give you a tight look. Go light on salt, too, because it helps the tissues retain water.

The second part of this plan concerns *exercise.* While dieting will strip you of unwanted fat only exercise will help give you muscle tone and shape—and also help you lose a little weight. Every other day, starting the first week, exercise for about a half hour. Here's a simple routine anybody can do with an ordinary pair of 10-pound dumbbells:

1. Pressing overhead. Standing erect take a dumbbell in each hand. Bring to shoulder level and with palms facing inward simply press upward. Lower and repeat. This is for shoulders.

2. Curls. Take the same dumbbells and "curl" them by starting at arms-hanging. position with your palms facing forward and then—keeping your elbows fixed against your sides—bringing your fists/dumbbells to shoulder level. Lower and repeat. This is for the biceps (upper arms).

3. Lying presses. Lie flat on a narrow bench such as a piano bench. With palms facing each other hold the dumbbells just to the sides of your chest. Slowly press them away from your body until your arms are stretched out over your chest. Lower and repeat. This is for the pectorals—your chest muscles.

4. Situps. Lie flat on the floor with hands clasped behind your head and feet anchored under a piece of furniture. Keep the legs straight but not rigid and slowly sit up. Lie back—slowly—and repeat. This is to help trim the midsection.

5. Side bends. Stand erect and take a dumbbell in each hand with palms in at the sides. Now, keeping your legs and upper body straight, bend sideways at the waist—back and forth. Let the dumbbells "pull" you down. This is to help firm the sides of your midsection.

6. Bend overs. Standing erect with a dumbbell in each hand in front of your thighs—palms facing inward—keep your legs and back straight as you slowly bend forward from the waist until your upper body is parallel to the floor. Stand erect and repeat. This helps trim the lower back.

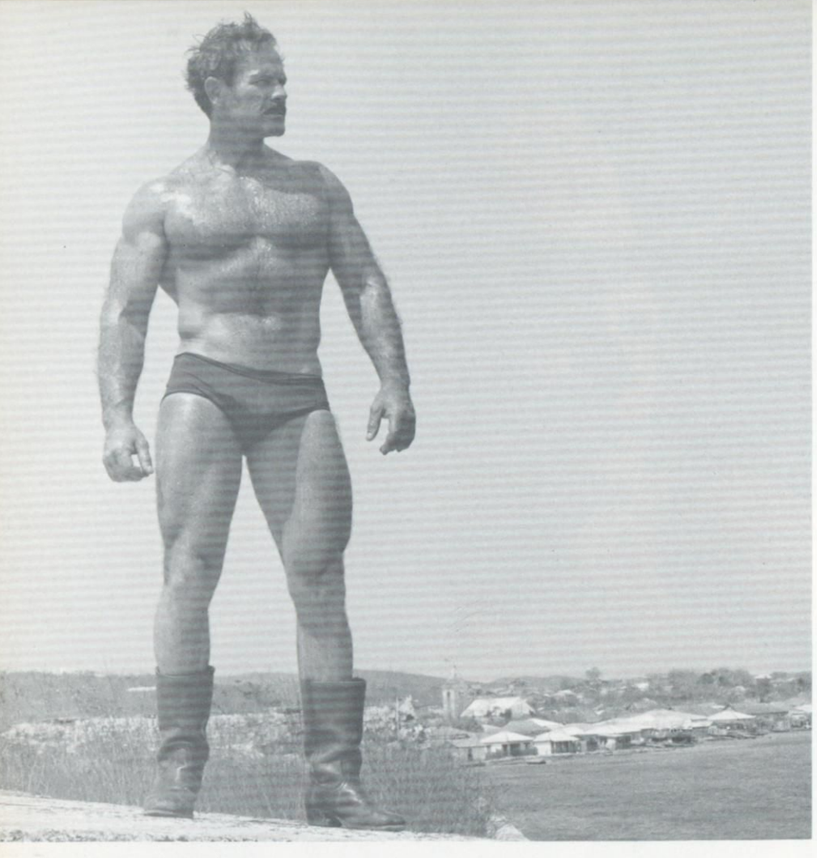
7. Squats. Take a dumbbell in each hand. Hold at your sides and slowly sink down as if sitting. When you are slightly below chair level rise up and repeat. This is for the legs.

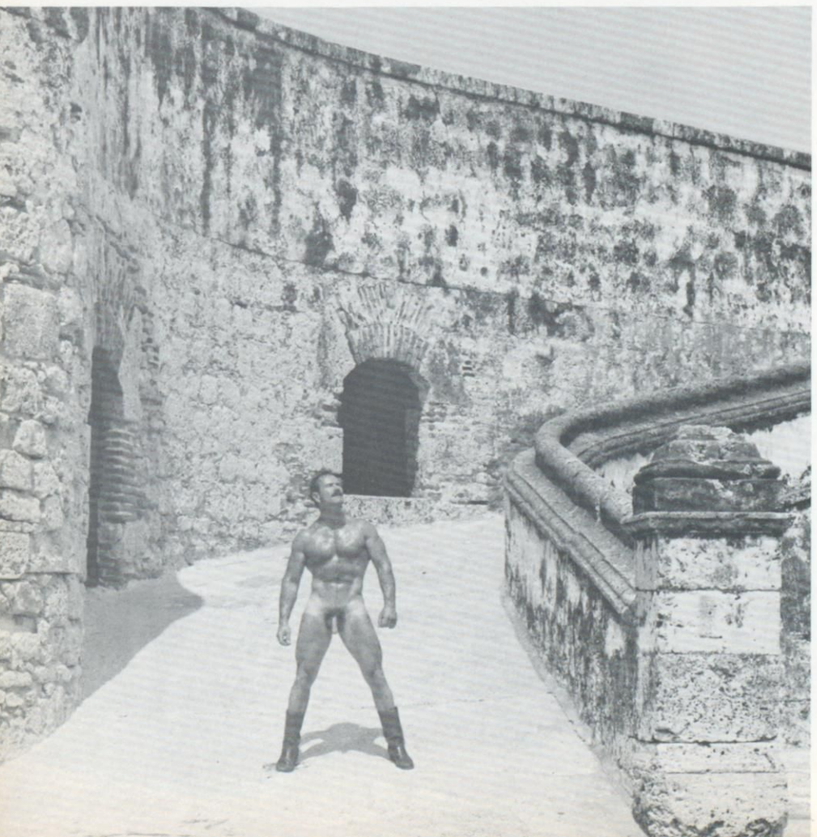
The first week do only one "set" (unit) of 15 repetitions per exercise. Rest two minutes between exercises. The second week do two sets of 15 repetitions of each exercise. Rest one minute between sets and two minutes between exercises. The third week and thereafter do three sets of 15 repetitions of each exercise. Exception . . . you may do as many situps per set as you like and you should do 50 bends to each side of side bends. Train nude in a warm room and shower afterwards. Do not eat for at least an hour before working out—and make certain you take a good one-a-day vitamin and a Vitamin E capsule (see article in this issue) every day to safeguard your health and put zip in your sex life. In the beginning weigh yourself once a week. Thereafter check the scale twice a week—and don't get discouraged at the outset if a loss does not show right away . . . it will come.

When you reach your goal and have determined your ideal weight you can maintain it by consuming the proper amount of food. Simply multiply your desired weight by the figure 15—which will tell you the daily number of calories it takes to stay at that level. Continue taking vitamins—and exercise if you can.

Now get to it . . . don't let the guys with the great builds snatch your tricks—because with a little effort you can be at the start of the line!







ADVENTURE IN BRAZIL

By Louis Jekyll

MIAMI International Airport, as usual, was abuzz with the arrivals and departures of travelers from around the world. Unnoticed in the general hustle and bustle, an all-male group sat clustered around a few cocktail tables in the Dobbs House Bar, getting acquainted. They had assembled here from all parts of the United States, including New York, Cleveland, San Francisco, Dallas and Montgomery. Although they were all strangers to each other, with few exceptions, they had met here to take part in a history-making event in the field of travel: the first legitimately-organized all-gay tour to South America, culminating in a seven-day visit to Rio de Janeiro for Carnaval.

If you are a reader of *Playboy* magazine, you might have noticed, with a slight raising of the eyebrows, the blurb in the February 1973 Potpourri column mentioning this particular tour, sponsored by Coltours, the brainchild of Colt Studio and Hanns Ebensten Travel, Inc., both located in New York City. Failing this, you might have noted in the *New York Times* Sunday edition of March 11th, in the travel section, a paragraph under the heading "Homosexual Tours," or the Modern Living section of *Time* magazine, April 2, 1973 issue, where mention was made of Coltours' latest efforts, a series of nine-day junkets to the Isla de Ora, a private island in the San Blas chain off the coast of Panama, reserved exclusively for gay men. The general tone of the above editorial comments, far from being censorious, was rather matter-of-factly cognizant of the fact that gay travel appeared to be coming into its own.

And so it was that this cozy little group sat *(Continued on page 46)*

February 24, 1973 marks the first gay tour ever to South America. Its hosts were author Louis Jekyll and Colt Studio superstar Ledermeister–seen here at the old fort in Boca Chica. (Photos by Colt)

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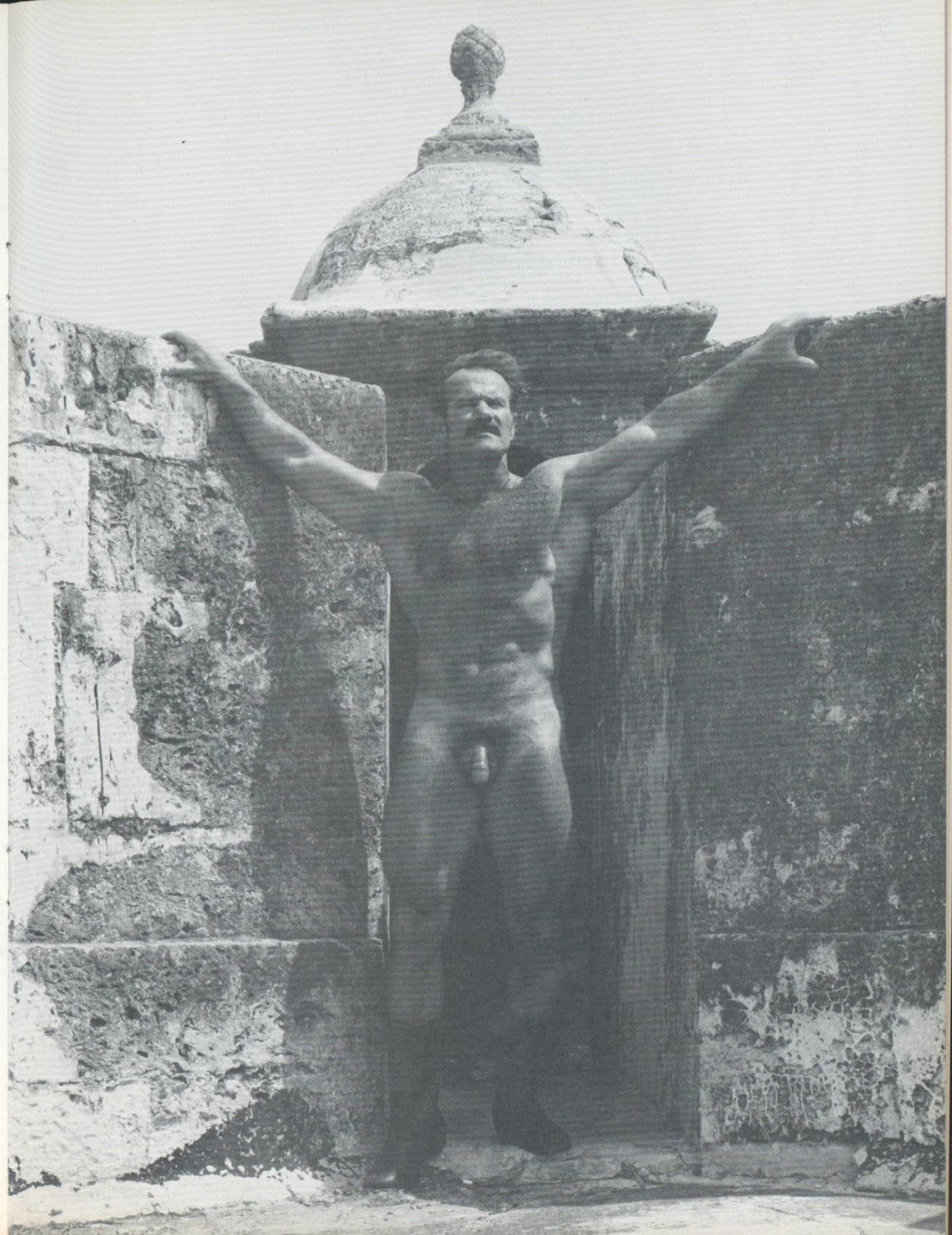
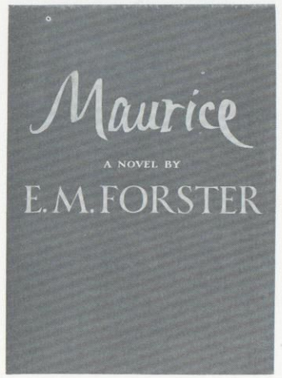



QQ's Men of the Month
Sommers Twins
By Bruce of Los Angeles



Book Review

It may seem anachronistic to be reviewing a book in 1973 that was written in 1913 and first published in 1971. However, **Maurice**, by E.M. Forster (W.W. Norton & Co., Inc., 256 pages, $7.95) has now appeared in paperback (Signet, $1.50), and there is now little excuse for not reading it if you haven't done so by now.

Maurice is a love story. It is a gay love story, and it has a happy ending: quite a feat, not only for 1913, but also for now, saturated as we have been with gay suicides and assorted other tragic endings. That is not to say it is a gay **Love Story**. It is not. It is far better than that relatively slight bit of fluff.

Briefly, Maurice Hall—it may not be wrong to assume Forster wrote quite autobiographically—begins his tale at about age 12 when he has an inexplicable sobbing fit on learning, at his return home from private school, that his family's "garden boy" is no longer in their employ. The first prophetic brush with the working class in a strongly class-conscious society has been established; and with it a hint of the love that will bring down the class barriers in time.

School produced sexual and emotional rumblings in the boy's psyche which never become concrete until he comes to college and meets and falls in love with his first great love, Clive Durham.

The love of Clive and Maurice is stormy—the love of anguished adolescence—and over the years of university life and for a time thereafter it flourishes only spasmodically. Maurice is in love with Clive. Clive hasn't the courage for it. He cannot—or at any rate does not—fall in love with Maurice (any more than he can fall in love with anybody but himself).

Clive marries, and Maurice, albeit hurt, refuses to accept defeat. More and more, on visits to Clive's country estate, Penge, Maurice understands the shabby shallowness of Clive's mind, attitudes, and of the class as well as the country home itself. Clive tells him, in effect, "Boy, were we drunk last night." And Maurice suffers the agonies of his lost—although he never really had it—love.

Among Clive's servants is Penge's gamekeeper, Scudder—uncouth, hostile, vulgar and handsome. Maurice is sensitive to his presence; longs for him; rejects the idea of crossing the class barrier as unworthy. One night some workmen have left a ladder by Maurice's room and up comes Scudder.

Scudder is on the verge of leaving for the New World. He attempts to blackmail Maurice and fails. Instead they ball again—ultimately Scudder skips his ship; Maurice finds him; they lock in love, and Maurice, chucking all for Scudder, tells off Clive in a glorious scene of liberation. It is clear to everyone except poor, arrogantly self-satisfied Clive that Maurice and Scudder have made it and will continue to do so.

What is here goes well beyond the crude plot outlined above. It is, in essence, the in-depth probing of a sensitive mind, a mind tossed in the turmoil of youth, fucked up by the likely false love which never pans out, and then made beautiful, warm, and gentle by the unlikely true love which comes with, and brings with it, maturity.

It is this in-depth probing, the sensitivity to nuance, the ache of noting an arched eyebrow, the joy of a casual smile which makes **Maurice** great.

For these are universal nuances, aches, and joys. This is what the gay world is all about. These are **our** nuances, aches, and joys. And, further, they have every bit as much validity as the nuances, aches, and joys of the straight world.

Seeing them, under the highly literate eye of a superb novelist, we gain insights into our own world. We understand. And that, after all, is the name of the game.

We are all Maurice.

—Orlando Paris

NARCISSISM
(Continued from page 7)

does come to glowing life to return his love! When one does give it serious thought, this surely is a most sublime expression of love—a love that never hurts, never sears, never tears at the heartstrings and never causes grief . . . but is modest in its demands, expecting little but giving much.

FACE IN THE MIRROR

When Narcissus places his lips against those in his mirror he is kissing the most beautiful lips in the world . . . when he traces the outline of his pectoral, his fingers *en nuance* cause it to swell with the pride of manhood, and then the nipple to almost burst with the rapture of vital youth.

Narcissistic curiosity and experience have taught him that the simple and beautiful act of drawing his hand caressingly downward to his pubic area has a far greater poignancy when viewed in the mirror.

The phallus, in reflection, is of greater size and length than even the most thorough tactile exploration had revealed . . . the hair around it is of a richness and texture more sensual when seen by his other self than he ever remembered with his hand. How large and how beautifully contoured are his testicles . . . how worthy of all the rest of his exuberant maleness!

Fantasexing before his mirror is eroticism raised to its highest power . . . sex taken at flood-tide . . . a far more rewarding pleasure than when done in the usual way, summoning inspiration through the conjuration of dream lovers, or through erotic pictures or porno movies. It is the *completeness* of it all . . . the *one-ness* of himself with his sex partner in the mirror . . . a *total* sex relationship. All this drives him urgently onward with irresistible passion.

THE 'STRAIGHT' NARCISSIST

The straight individual may also be narcissistic to, or near, this point. However, he rarely identifies with his mirrored image as lovers *vis à vis*. There is a tangential deflection of a wholly selfish kind and what he sees/fantasizes/fantasexes is an ego-booster—it's gritty, petty selfishness, not that 'noble selfishness' of the all-the-way narcissist. His conceit grows boundless; he becomes intolerable to the point of being a stereotype . . . rather like an oldtime movie villain you loved to hiss.

This is one of those developmental stages one reaches which, however predictable, does not necessarily occur at the predicted time. But one thing *is* certain. The straight narcissist, having gone only this far into a self-relationship, will not turn back—psychiatric propulsion notwithstanding—because he *cannot*. After all, "Eros rules," and he is by now so zonked on himself and his own charm that psychiatry can offer him nothing that he doesn't already have . . . like *me* (magnificent), *myself* (marvelous), and *I* (irresistible).

Of course this is not to say that he can't or won't go further *into narcissism*. Another developmental stage may be reached . . . there may occur some incident that hooks him more into narcissism, or there may be just a natural evolution into it that comes when he begins to put it all together.

'EVERLUTION'

But the true narcissist continues to grow. Everything he does is on the plus side of deepening love. Nietzsche might not mind if we translated his 'noble selfishness' as 'noble generosity' at this point, particularly if our narcissist is not too cloistered and likes, at least on occasion, to have sex with others.

Everything he has related to his mirrored lover he brings to the sex couch. You'll find him a real treasure if you connect. What beauty he has discovered in himself he would like to *share* with you; what sexual ideas he has developed with his mirrored lover he will delight in *unfolding* to you . . . and those nuances of narcissistic sensuality that have become so much an erotic part of him he would like to *express* to you.

You will find that he will want to have sex with you before a series of mirrors. (Five- or six-panel mirrors are not expensive, and, in addition to making a beautiful decorative accent, they allow you both to see every sex act beautifully performed with virtuoso bravura and exquisite sensuality, in several dimensions . . . all at the same time, like a television store where several sets are operating simultaneously, with each showing something from a different channel!).

Having kissed his own image in his mirror while high on pot or poppers, he'll bring to your mouth an unbelievable kissing expertise. His delight in anal sex will be to see your phallus entering him as did the huge dildo he had been practicing with. He'll tremble with ecstasy as he sees it going smoothly in until not a millimeter is longer visible. And he'll operate in just the same erotically precise way on you. And you . . . when you see just how deep upon your phallus the narcissistic mouth will go, you'll never fear or be self-conscious about your own oral technique.

There are untold and unmatched beauties in a life of narcissistic devotion. All of them are of great intrinsic value, and while some are too intimate to share, there are others that—though created in solitude—are transmutable in dual or group sex.

One should not hesitate to go rather deeply into narcissism. While it is not something to be forced, neither is it something to be denied. We can all do with more beauty in this callous world, whatever the source and however it is come by. This 'noble selfishness' may be the source and the way.

•••

THE VIRILITY VITAMIN
(Continued from page 18)

that it creates enlarged veins similar to, but more pronounced in appearance than that of varicose veins. Until recently, when seen in such ballets as *The Prodigal Son* or *Icare*—without tights—his bare legs revealed this unsightly condition. However, thanks to wise company physicians who prescribed massive Vitamin E therapy for several weeks, this condition cleared up quickly and his legs have regained their smooth, unblemished appearance.

All this seems quite dramatic because we *see* what has occurred; but what is equally, if not more, dramatic is what happens to a man's unresponsive or sluggish sexual appa-



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

"CHINESE" GORDON

IN the end they cut off his head and handed it to his conqueror, and there were some who said he had courted death prematurely all his adult years because of guilt over his homosexuality. It certainly is possible. Homosexuality in Victorian England was considered a "sickness," and it was something that was talked about in whispers when it was talked about at all.

General Charles George Gordon—popularly known at the pitch of his fame as "Chinese" Gordon for war exploits in China—was one of the last great adventurers of the Victorian age in the lusty days when the British empire controlled a fourth of the world. The story of Gordon's life would have made a stirring movie for Errol Flynn in the era when they were still making movies about larger-than-life heroes, although the compulsory feminine interest—lacking in Gordon's life—would have had to be fictionalized. As it turned out, Gordon was portrayed by Charlton Heston on the screen in the 1960's in *Khartoum*, the site of Gordon's last stand, where he was deprived of his head in 1885 at the age of fifty-two.

Gordon was the son of a general, and being reared in a strict military household probably made him all the more sensitive about his homosexuality, which may have found a certain degree of outlet during his term at the Royal Military Academy. From the time he was commissioned a lieutenant in 1854 until his death three decades later, he deliberately sought one difficult assignment after another *(Continued on page 47)*



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 Pharaohs who graced the Egyptian throne through a bevy of dynasties, there were plenty among them who liked the boys. In eight consecutive installments we have taken a look at some famous gay rulers. This month we conclude with:

THE "GREEK" CZAR

No, he wasn't. Not really Greek, that is. He was Alexander I (1777-1825), Czar of Russia for a 24-year reign that included the important period of history when Napoleon met his Russian Waterloo. It was Napoleon, referring to the czar's sexual preferences, who called him "the slyest and handsomest of all the Greeks," undoubtedly in great envy. Alexander I was not only handsome but affable and charming. His male amours were well documented in memoirs and letters preserved from his period.

NAME DROPPING

The age of kings is over but certainly not forgotten. The influence of kings on world history is incalculable and monumental. That includes the influence of gay kings, of which *(Continued on page 46)*

ratus/function when high potencies of Vitamin E (at least 1000 International Units) are taken by capsule each day over a period of a few months (often just weeks!).

As we know, the phallus–normally hanging flaccid–must become erect before any sexual goodies can be shared. For it to stand at attention there must be a *free* and *highly-increased* flow of blood into the weblike penile cavernosa to expand/extend it. The less the flow, the less the volume of erection (like a half hard-on) . . . the slower the flow, the longer it takes for the cavernosa to fill and thus the longer time it takes to achieve a full erection. Not everything in sexual functions is animated by sensual inspiration . . . 50% of it is just physiological mechanics.

While the heteromale can begin his love play with a phallus not yet fully erect–serenely confident that the growing response of his partner, plus gravitational pull on the tides of blood in the coital position, will complete the stiffening process–this rarely works in gay sex. If your partner's phallus does not reach a twelve o'clock high (or maybe eleven- or ten o'clock) at your first grope–almost with the speed of a light being switched on–doubt begins to nibble at your mind. "Wha-wha-what'sgoingonhere?" If you're not instantly turned off, certainly you dread that everything sexual will be an uphill climb from that point. With the knowledge that he is simply not going to be good sex you feel cheated, no matter that orgasm finally drag-asses along. But to the luckless guy with the sluggish cock it is a tragedy, made more unbearable by the knowledge that you must be regarding him with pity or contempt, or both.

Get *at* it . . . get it *up* . . . get it *in* . . . get *on* with it . . . get it *out* . . . and back to the green pastures for more cruising. That's the philosophy of the sexually-active gay guy. So for one who is phallically sluggish, Vitamin E in massive daily doses can be just the therapy to make this a truly valid and responsive personal philosophy.

As we have noted, phallic erection and functional response are dependent on a free-flowing, fast-filling and quickly-increasing supply of blood in the weblike penile chambers of the phallus. A diet that is rich in Vitamin E will, of course, help maintain cellular/muscular tonus of the phallus while working to assure its normal vascular response. But this means eating a considerable amount of leafy green vegetables each day, and one who is figure-vigilant cannot afford to do this because–although *calorie low*–such vegetables are high in carbohydrate *gram* content (which, if the diet contains as many as 40 daily grams of carbohydrate–no matter how low the calories–is a principal reason why weight-loss/maintenance is difficult for many individuals).

Moreover, if one tries to get enough Vitamin E from wheat germ spread on the morning cereal, this is *calorie high* . . . and so must be largely ruled out. Also, wheat germ is an incomplete source of Vitamin E.

Wheat germ *oil* is a fine source of this vitamin, but it is one-sided, working in just one way because it is a one-tocopherol vitamin (the word 'tocopherol' meaning 'a substance containing Vitamin E'). It is *alpha*-tocopherol. What effectuates greater phallic response is a capsule of *mixed* tocopherols: four tocopherols . . . the others being *beta, gamma* and *delta*. Alpha tocopherol, for instance, has proved to be a powerful natural antithrombin–or an anti-bloodclotting–substance, thus helping mightily in freeing and clearing clogged veins (phallic, too). Each of the others works in its specific way (such as oxygenizing muscular tissue or strengthening capillaries). Together, they help bring about the greatest phallic stimulation.

Capsules of Vitamin E in potencies of 400 to 1000 International Units have, until recently, been available only in health-food stores. But now that increasing numbers of physicians have come to endorse Vitamin E in its pan-tocopherol form (not just a singular component of Vitamin E which is customarily produced in tablet form . . . or, as only the alpha-tocopherol as it appears in perles or mini-capsules or bottles of wheat-germ oil), drug stores also stock them.

It really doesn't matter very much what brand name you choose as long as the label reads "mixed tocopherols" or "from mixed tocopherols" which is a guarantee that they are drawn from varied sources such as wheat, cottonseed, and from fish oils or other marine life . . . with each tocopherol mounting its own attack in its own way on some phase of phallic sluggishness or genital don't-give-a-damnness, or just plain 'lack of staying power'.

Just don't buy so-called Vitamin E *tablets*. They are 'un-alive' in the pan-tocopherols that make this amazing vitamin such a force for good, especially for gay males (or straight, for that matter, if sexual 'truancy' is a problem). Working as a team, the four tocopherols of Vitamin E capsules have long since proved their worth. You'll be wise to purchase Vitamin E capsules in their highest potency, now pegged by the FDA at 1000 International Units. They're expensive . . . 100 capsules of the 1000 International Units will range in price from no less than $15 to $20. Some stores, however, sell only 400-Units capsules . . . 100 such capsules should cost you about $5. So a daily dosage would be one capsule of the 1000 or three capsules of the 400. Money-wise, of course, this runs about the same since it takes three bottles of the 400 to roughly equal one bottle of the 1000.

Try them for just a few weeks and note the tremendously vital sexual spontaneity they encourage. Also note how much stronger you feel constitutionally. You'll have a great deal more zest for everything . . . not just sex. Once you've discovered just how effective they are you'll never miss a day taking a capsule of the 'virility' vitamin that goes *varoo-o-om* . . . it really does.

It's a whole new sexual ball game!

•••

THE GAY RECEIVERS

(Continued from page 10)

homosexuals thrive on danger. It is fairer to say that most gay guys, including many masochists groove more on *skirting* danger as any Latrine Lover will allow. More often the thought of danger 'not right here' but 'just out there' is the cachet of sexual excitement.

Because of this most of us exercise caution in picking up an obvious S&M number. Unless one is experienced enough to be prepared for any eventuality one will

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 a place you visited recently, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless specifically requested.



HALF WAY

Editor: This month our articles are so long that lack of space prohibits us from publishing numerous letters. Instead of presenting a few short ones we are utilizing this column to show you a couple of the most unusual and interesting photographs we have ever seen–along with excerpts from the sender's letter. If you have any theatrical leads for GiGi please send them to us and we will forward.

Dear Editor:

My name is GiGi and I am 28. I'm 5'7½" weighing 130, measurements 39½-24-36.

My career has taken me from singing in a boys' glee club to nightclubs where I now perform as a topless Go-Go dancer, thanks to hormones. My life is dancing.

Sincerely yours,
GiGi
Chicago, Ill.





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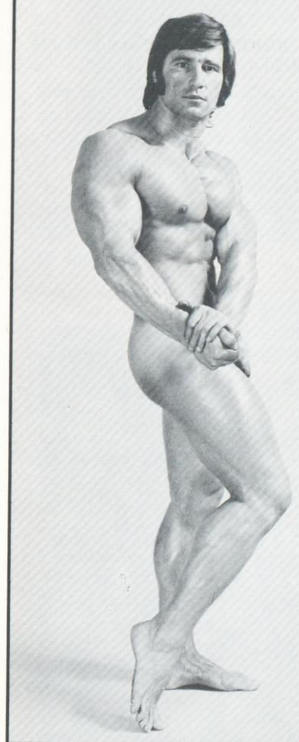

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not make the mistake of inviting the Marquis de Sade to tea.

MILD MASOCHISM

There is a third form of masochism that many of us are victims of. It is the masochism of the mind, or *mild* masochism, as psychologists call it, although this is a misnomer because it is actually the cruelest form of masochism; crueler by far than heavy/medium masochism because the pain inflicted is more damaging and longer lasting. It's a 'do-it-yourself' masochism for which only a do-it-yourself remedy will serve. Unlike heavy/medium masochism there is no effective unguent, bandage or crutch. *You have to 'charm' yourself out of it.* We'd like to point out some causes of it . . . give a pertinent example . . . and suggest some practical (although rather bizarre) things you can do to help overcome both self-inflicted pain and the tendency toward further infliction.

Since 'mild' masochism is mental it is generally the result of childhood traumas. Case histories would fill tomes and are wholly in the province of the psychiatrist. But from the point of mild masochism in gay life here is how it begins:

a) by feeling irreversibly unattractive physically, or

b) . . . that you are sexually unappealing/unconvincing

c) . . . that you are unappreciated

d) . . . that you are being victimized or misused.

GYM LEGEND

Some years ago when a famous health studio opened on New York's Lower East Side two young men trained together each day in the early morning hours before others arrived. One, who was not gay (but who later hustled) was already very muscular–a potential star (he was to win an important world title). The other, who surmised his own sexual direction yet who hadn't actually come out, had always been painfully thin. Moreover, he had been so often made acutely aware of this by others that he had come to regard it as a permanent affliction. Although he was very attractive in many other ways his too-thinness had become a traumatic way of life.

While the star worked hard with the weights, the other–although equally *knowledgeable* about bodybuilding–never put forth the same effort. No one knew why, yet it would seem obvious that his 'thinness' trauma had masochistically 'pre-conditioned' him to failure. He always waited until his idol stripped for the shower. Then he would follow him and sit quietly nearby–still dressed–drinking in all that physical magnificence. He appeared to live for this moment.

Of course the muscle man was well aware of his effect on the other and sadistically teasing him by turning and preening . . . flexing his biceps . . . always ending his performance by sexily soaping his thighs and pubic hair and cupping his hands suggestively around his scrotum and phallus. In every unsubtle way he contrived to rivet the other's attention on it, always smiling smugly and triumphantly when he noted his colleague's Adam's apple churning with painful excitement. Then he would allow his semi-hard phallus to rise to its stiffest pulsating erection. Never a word was spoken, never a pass was made, which, of course, puzzled the muscle man. "What a kook!" he thought.

Months later, after winning his title, he opened his own gym. His first visitor–his former training partner. After dishing with him at length about life in the old gym, he signed him up, took $50 gym dues, and then as an afterthought said "I've always known there's something you wanted to ask me . . . something I've got that you never had the nerve to ask me for. Now that we're alone, wouldn't I be a selfish guy if I didn't give it to you? Then casually dropping his shorts he again stood nude before the other, his fingers once more tracing sexy patterns down his body from the splendor of his pectorals until they encircled his phallus, now grown erect and throbbing in remembered rhythm. "Come on," he whispered. "You've always wanted to suck my cock." Then he began to finger-stroke it very slowly. "See how *big* it is . . . how *beautiful. Take* it . . . it's all *yours!*" The other looked at it for a long moment, his breath coming in shuddering sobs. Then regaining control of himself he shook his head in disbelief at what he was about to do.

"Thanks . . . but no thanks," he smiled. "Goodbye." And he walked down the stairs and never came back.

Several masochistic responses surface in this story which is true in every detail:

1) Constant family criticism of his body had made him so masochistically aware of his failure to improve that failure had become a way of life. This had also damaged his self-image so that any kind of interpersonal relationship–particularly competitive sex–would have been difficult if not impossible.

2) His half-hearted performance of exercises in the gym was a typical masochistic expression of his sense of futility. He could not have put forth a positive effort, for to do so might have proved him wrong!

3) His partner's superior physique, far from inspiring him to train harder, had contributed to his masochistic belief in his inevitable failure. ("How can I compete?")

4) By his overt sexual condescension in the shower the star had made impossible sincere response, causing the other to feel victimized or misused in spite of his very real lust. 'Crumbs from the table' are not the masochist's 'staff of life'!

4) Because the masochist's neurotic behavior requires that he damage/destroy a relationship to prove he's been right all along, he had–through his exit line "Thanks . . . but no thanks!"–at last been able to reinforce the validity of his 'suffering'. He had, in essence, 'trans-shouldered' the blame. To a non-masochist this would be a simple act of 'getting even'.

Although the triumph was sweet, the neurosis remains. Only by cajoling himself or 'charming' himself through other devices can he overcome this most hurtful form of masochism.

HOW TO CHARM YOURSELF OUT OF MASOCHISM

Just being aware of masochism is not enough to overcome it. Neither is introspective self-analysis. What really works is to treat yourself better by finding other ways to express yourself–other things to do–that bring joy to your life.

Little substitute ploys can help you laugh at your masochistic responses and help you overcome them. Since masochism often stems from a feeling of being unattractive, begin by creating *a new sensualism.* This will make you feel instantly more attractive and desirable. How? Let's begin right now in your bathroom!

Completely re-do it. Throw everything out. Let it no longer be just a room for functional hygiene. Transform it into something exotic or palatial, like the Baths of Caracalla! Decorate it with colors that will make you almost want to *live* in it by giving you a feeling of personal goodlooks by association. Hang sconces on the walls and light the room with candles instead of the harshness of fluorescent tubes. Install beautiful draperies . . . a piece of good nude sculpture made three-dimensional by its reflections in a wall mirror. Use soaps from India and Spain instead of good ol' Ivory. Exotic bath salts. And how about a tape deck of your favorite sexy music? Put your personal stamp of beauty on your bathroom and you'll not only *feel* more attractive but *be* more attractive . . . like instantly! You'll feel so good you just may never want to leave it!

PAINT A SEXY YOU!

Rather than dwell on the miseries of masochism why not discover a *new sexual humor* by frequently painting your nude body in abstract designs? Fascinating body paints are available almost everywhere at around $5. Paint yourself differently each time. For instance why not make yourself an instant Steve Reeves? How? By giving your pectorals his 'gladiator' outlines. Accentuate those 'razor-sharp' abdominals. Accentuate the length of your phallus with handsome vertical lines, or thicken it with cross-strokes. And if you don't have a cock ring (and you should) to show it off at its handsomest in your triple-panel mirror (and you should have one of those, too . . . see *Sexual Audacity,* Volume 4, Number 5 of *QQ Magazine*), then paint on a cock ring! And paint *'Come on and taste me'* on your sexy inner thighs. It's all a camp . . . it's fun . . . but it will have a miraculous effect in helping you shake off the masochistic miseries and be a jollier, more attractive, more sex-appealing individual.

DO IT WITH A DILDO

Dildos? For a man? And all the time you thought they were only fish-fuckers! If your mild masochism also reflects your reluctance to receive anal sex because your first trip was a bummer, with a cock your rectum wouldn't even begin to accommodate, remember that mighty oaks from little acorns grow.

Dildos come in various lengths and thicknesses. Start with the smaller and work your way through college to a post-graduate sexual degree with a 10-inch whopper! And if you'll give them the added fillip of a coating of thin lubricant like K-Y or mayonnaise wel-l-l . . . you'll soon find yourself in the actual sexual arena being buggared by the biggest of 'em!

This may turn you into a 'mild' *sadist,* too, and that's good because each of us needs to give and take sexual direction and dominance during any *mutually*-complete sex act. While, as the saying goes, "it takes two to tango," someone has to *lead.* A little roughness, whether in words or actions, adds spice to the sexing. An ability to give a little pain as well as take it makes a perfect sexual union.

Who said "a good belly-laugh is the best medicine"? No matter . . . he was right. When you learn to laugh at your afflictions you first lessen the *degree* of pain, then overcome it entirely, and–masochistically speaking–the tendency to further self-infliction. All you need to do is look at the source of your misery from a different angle, treat it with resourcefulness and humor, and you've won!

• • •

THE EBANYKUS JOURNAL
(Continued from page 20)

"Renault? Oh yeah, sure–'Last of The Wine', 'Mask of Apollo'–why?"

"No, I don't mean those. I mean the books about Theseus. There are two of them."

"Yeah, sure I read them. I did some research for my book–'Bull From The Sea' and 'The King Must Die'."

"Those are the ones. So, that does it."

"What?"

He rolled down the window and tossed out his cigarette, then took a mug of coffee from me, holding it between his small hands. He turned and gazed out to sea. I waited. "See, Jonquil, I think I got it figured out–why Theese–Theseus was killed last night."

"Hey, man, wait a minute. Who says he was killed, besides you?"

"Come on, Jonquil, he had to be."

"Why?"

"Well, because–first of all, Theese was cool. He wouldn't shoot an overdose. I just know he wouldn't."

"Well, okay then. If so, who did give it to him? And why would they?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, man. I never put it together before, but–look, they called him Theseus, right? His real name was Jimmy, but–like in the book–the ritual –the whole thing."

"What whole thing?"

"Theseus. The king must die. Don't you remember how Theseus gets mixed up in the old mother earth religion–the Bull worship thing? How he spends his whole life fighting the Bull–overcoming old beliefs where the women ruled everything? Like when he goes to Athens the first time and on the way gets fucked over by this queen. They capture him, these women, and make him challenge the old king in combat. Like once a year–for chrissakes, you oughta remember. Ain't you supposed to be writing a book–?"

"Yeah, but I'm into later on, Ebanykus–fifth century–not legend–history."

"Well, get into legend, man. That's where it's at."

"So, okay. What about Diana's bulls? You telling me she's into–oh, come on, man–killing off the king–"

"Man, it's right outta 'The King Must Die.' Don't you dig? Once a year, Theseus has gotta kill the old king and become the new one. Like I knew Rip was gonna be the next king last night, but I didn't figure it out til now–til Jimmy died. See, each year Theseus is supposed to kill the old king and become the new stud bull for the herd."

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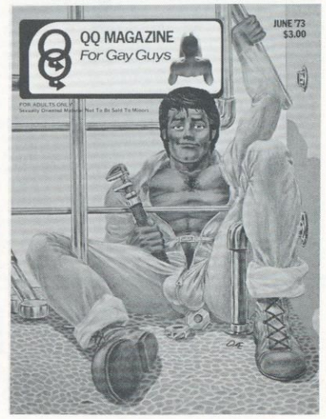

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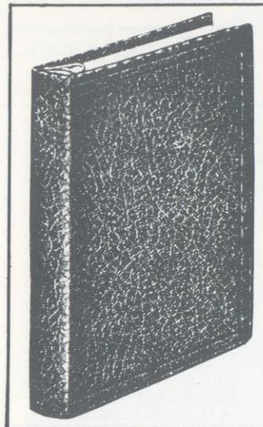

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He paused, out of breath. "Each year, *the king must die*. Only, Diana's so freaked out she's knockin' 'em off once a week. Jimmy just got into it a couple of weeks ago."

We sat silently a moment listening to the rain. "In the time of Theseus," he continued hoarsely, "the women kept power by killing off the king—killing the stud bull each year. And that's exactly what Theese—Jimmy—was to Diana's chicks—a stud bull."

I laughed. "Ebanykus, you don't really believe Diana'd be into something like that, do you? Unless—"

"Jimmy's dead, isn't he? *Theseus,* man. And what about the tattoo? What about YOCK? What's that supposed to stand for?"

I listened to the patter of rain on the roof and watched it dribble down the windshield. It was too fantastic—but then, why couldn't it be true? Diana seemed just the kind of nut who'd latch onto such a wild scheme. But if it's true, I thought, there's something more behind it than just killing off a stud bull every week—another motivation.

"Ebanykus," I said carefully, "maybe Diana's got some kind of distribution thing going—you know, like heroin or something—and maybe YOCK's used for identification—you know, for drops—"

"What?" He stared at me blankly.

"YOCK, man. Maybe it's used—"

"Diana's got nothing to do with dope! I told you!"

"Jimmy died of an overdose—"

"The ceremony—the ritual, man, the king must die—that's nothing to do with any dope hassle!"

"How do you know?"

"I *know!*" he answered flatly.

I wouldn't give up. "Ebanykus, if your friend Jimmy was snuffed, it wasn't only for some fucking ancient bull religion. Why couldn't that be a cover? Like, maybe Jimmy was burned because—well, shit, maybe because he ratted on the *Golden Door!*"

"No, man!"

"Why not? Use your head, Ebanykus, for chrissakes! If Diana's hooked into the King Must Die thing, it's for a reason. Like—well, shit, like Charlie Manson, maybe—to keep the troops in tow. Like, to get you selling nickel 'n dime bags of heroin—"

"No, man! You're not even listening—"

"You can't really believe she's revved up some fuckin' religion three thousand years old just for kicks! What a lotta crap! And have you forgot the rip-off on Ariadne and David? You sure forgot about that in a hurry!"

"A guy died in the meantime!" he screamed and jumped out the door, slamming it behind him and running down to the beach. I bolted after him, finally catching him near the surf. He slowed a little, angered and brooding. He kept walking, splashing his sneakers into the water.

"Ebanykus," I said, "I want to figure this out as much as you do." No response. "Come on, man," I continued, "let's take it from the beginning."

Shit. From what beginning? But then I got a sudden inspiration. "Ebanykus, if what you say is true, then it means Rip killed Jimmy. But who did Jimmy kill? Who was king before him?"

I hit home. He stopped abruptly and glared at me, but said nothing. He hunched his shoulders and flopped in the sand. It was raining lightly, but neither of us noticed, I guess. I sat beside him. "Ebanykus, you said yourself Jimmy became king about two weeks ago. Right? So, who'd he kill? Who was king before Jimmy?"

He jerked his head around, his mouth open, sucking in his breath and holding it for a minute.

"Carlos," he said. "Jimmy took over from a cat named Carlos. Had to be."

"Well—so—Carlos. Did Jimmy *kill* Carlos?"

"How the fuck do I know?" He hesitated. "He probably didn't kill him, but maybe he did."

"Bullshit. You know he didn't."

"No, I don't know and neither do you. Carlos split after Jimmy came to the house. That much I do know. Nobody's seen him since."

"So, does that make him dead? He maybe just split back to town. Where does he hang out? Maybe you could pick up the phone and call him."

"He's a tubs queen. Never home. Digs the baths."

"Well, that oughta narrow it down a bit," I mumbled.

"But maybe he *is* dead, Jonquil. Why are you so fucking stubborn?"

It started to pour suddenly, so we dashed for the car. Once inside and after catching our breath, Ebanykus said, "Look, man, I don't want to talk about it anymore. Okay? It's too goddamn confusing. I can't handle it."

I had to keep at him. Dumb. Drove him right up the wall. "Look, Ebanykus, maybe Diana's into a King Must Die gig—okay. But you agree about Carlos, right? Diana's not into killing anyone for some religious shit. Otherwise this Carlos would've been killed by Jimmy. And Rip—who's gonna knock him off? The whole idea is stupid!"

"I don't wanna talk about it, man!"

But I persisted. "You're convinced the overdose was *given* to Jimmy. Okay, I'll go along with that. Someone killed him. Okay. So, let me tell you, man, if that's true, it's gotta be some kind of dope hassle and you're a goddamn fool to mess in it. And I ain't gonna mess in it, let me tell you!"

"Well then, don't!" he shouted.

"I won't!"

We simmered for a minute. I turned on "Absolutely" and spun around up Two-Mile Hollow. At Montauk Highway he said, "I wanna go in town. Okay?"

"New York? Why? Now what?"

"Just wanna split, man! Get off to myself awhile."

"There is some kinda dope hassle goin' on, isn't there, Ebanykus? And you *are* going to mess with it. I was right!"

"Jonquil—man—please—leave me alone!"

Well fuck you, I said to myself. I'll leave you alone! Ain't gonna push myself on you or anybody. I wrenched "Absolutely" into third and clenched my teeth. I almost yelled out loud, take your goddamn friends and dope fiends and bull worship and shove it! Who needs it?

I cooled some by the time we reached the house. And I had plans of my own.

"I'll drive you in," I said.

"No, you don't have to—"

"I could use a night in town," I said.

"Yeah, I guess you could."

We spoke little on the way in. He claimed he was going to his mother's in Washington Heights. I'd heard that one before. On the Expressway somewhere in Queens I asked him, "Ebanykus, why are you going into New York?"

"Look, man, I just don't want you messing in it."

I dropped him at the subway at Seventieth Street and Central Park West. He insisted he'd be in touch, and I said, "okay," and that was that.

Man, was I pissed. I knew goddamn well he was off on some search or other to find out about Jimmy's death. Fuck, he knew as well as I did, Jimmy getting stuck with an overdose had little or nothing to do with Diana's King Must Die scene. So, it's all over, I told myself. And I was free—free of getting involved with dope and freaks and all his strung out friends! Was I pissed!

Now what's to do—now that I'm free of him and in fun city? Easy. Go to the baths—quickest way to get over a love affair. Go to the baths and get laid. And besides, hadn't Ebanykus told me Carlos hung out at the baths? Is that why I wanted to go?

No, damn it. I was finished. I didn't give a shit about Ebanykus or Carlos. Just wanna get laid!

Well, man, for whatever was driving me to it, I parked "Absolutely" in a Lincoln Center garage, hopped on a bus and headed uptown to *The Broadway*, a swinging tubs emporium near Ninety-first Street.

I had to laugh. Wouldn't it be a gas if Ebanykus was doing the same thing? Looking for Carlos?

The Broadway may not be gigantic but the space is put to good use. All the creature comforts—small pool, steam room, sauna, private chambers and not-so-private orgy rooms, free VD Clinic, dance floor, lunch counter and live entertainment on Saturdays. I took a room downstairs behind the pool. Stripped bare, I pinned a miniscule orange towel around my middle and joined the blackfoot brigade—not a bad tribe for Sunday night.

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Well, it wasn't but a few minutes before someone had me by the gonads, a sexy dark number, like maybe Spanish or Greek. He cuddled to my shoulder, turning me on like I was back in the high school locker room.

"It's too hot in here," he whispered. He was Spanish. "Come to my room. I'm on the third floor and it's cool."

I followed him out. He was even better in the light, hunky bronze with an ass like honeydew melons, dark, brooding eyes and black moustache. I couldn't see his meat because he walked in front of me, but I'd had my hand around it in the steamroom. Not huge, but hard as a rock, straight and smooth, man, like an iron pipe.

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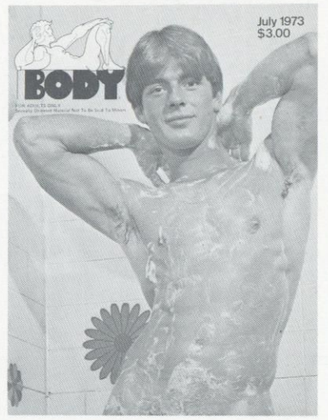

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QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

PHOTO FEATURES

Famous Taormina Boys 1:3:28
Colt Studio Portfolio 2:3:25
Mr. Fire Island Contest 2:4:25
Mr. America/Mr. World Contest . . . 3:1:23
Musclemen: A Pictorial Tribute . . . 3:3:17
1971 Mr. America Show 4:1:13
An Appreciation: Tom of Finland . 4:1:14
Art: Graffiti King 4:2:15
Art: Quaintance 4:3:12
Mr. Universe 4:3:25
Art: Steve Masters 4:4:12
Mr. Belgium 4:4:22
Mr. Germany 4:6:31
Mr. Fire Island 5:1:23
Mr. Universe Winners 1948-1972. . 5:3:20

REGULAR FEATURES

Harry Chess . . . . . Starting 1:4
Odd Son . . . . . Starting 2:1
Company You Keep . . . . . Starting 3:2
Centerspread Pinup . . . . . Starting 3:4
Lovers in the Dark 3:3-4:3
Royal Flush 4:4-5:5

Inside his room we flung off towels, pulled the light chain to darkness and climbed into a narrow bed. He snapped a popper and stuck it in my nose. I went instant crazy—like, you know, into the goddamn dream. Not the dream of love like with Ebanykus but the dream of take, take and gimme! I rimmed his hot asshole, sucked his cock. He drew up and hovered over me like an Aztec idol, his balls hanging in my face. I grabbed his pelvis, took the head of his penis into my mouth again, shoved the hard organ into my throat, pulled away and flipped him on his backside.

Gonna fuck you, man! That's all I could think. Gonna screw you like you was a common slut! I shoved my tongue into his hole again, pinned his legs around my neck, and then, baby, rammed my dick into him.

Shit, I fucked him—used him, man, not caring if I hurt him. Take, take and gimme! Until I'd pumped him full and shot a surging load of sperm into him that wouldn't stop, locking my come in his writhing ass so he'd never get rid of it.

He clawed at my shoulders like a wildcat. I ain't all that selfish, so I pulled my cock out of him and slid my tongue down his belly and around his iron pipe and started to suck him off.

And then I saw it. I hadn't noticed before in the frenzy of fuck. That goddamn tattoo. Yeah, man, he had it—black and blue on his pelvis—YOCK.

I jerked away, reached up for the light and stood over him.

"Whatsa matter, man?" he asked hoarsely.

"You got the tattoo."

"Yeah—what? Oh, yeah, the tattoo. You lookin' for something?"

"Some *one*."

"Oh, well, what's the riddle?"

"What riddle?"

He sighed. "YOCK, man. Never heard of the riddle? Don't suppose you know the answer either. So, forget it, man. You'll be better for it."

"Your name Carlos?" I asked.

He didn't answer but stared up at me, his inky eyes shifting and narrowing.

"You're Carlos, aren't you?" I repeated, yanking my towel off the doorknob and pinning it around my waist.

He sat up and leaned against the pillow. He was still naked and had lost his erection. Too bad. I started to tremble and my head was swimming.

"How do you know my name?" he said finally.

"That fuckin' tattoo, sweetheart. YOCK. You gotta be Carlos, and you gotta be the one split Diana I'd say about two weeks ago. Right?"

"Maybe. What's it to you?" Then he forced a grin. "Thought you was gonna suck my dick," he said.

"Yeah, well first I wanna ask a couple of questions, Carlos."

"Who says I'm Carlos, and who says I'm gonna tell you anything?" The grin disappeared like sun going behind a cloud.

"You heard about Jimmy?"

"Jimmy? Who's Jimmy?"

"You know fucking well who is Jimmy. He's dead. You know that?"

His body gave a spasm. He flung his legs over the side of the bed.

"Whaddya mean, Jimmy's dead?"

"He dropped right in front of me, man, out at the *Millstone* last night—right between me and my—me and Ebanykus. You know Ebanykus?"

"Okay. Yeah. I heard of him."

"You *know* him," I insisted. "Don't give me no shit."

"Why you so uptight?" he asked trying to cover again. "Come on, man. Lie down. I wanna get blowed."

"Sorry. Not into it. You didn't know about Jimmy, did you?"

"No, I didn't know. He must've—" He caught himself.

"Must've what?"

"I mean, must've given himself an overdose."

"Yeah, well, Ebanykus told me Jimmy was cool and never would've gone o.d."

"Ebanykus don't know nothin', man."

"Let's just pretend, Carlos. Pretend Ebanykus guessed right and someone did kill Jimmy. Now why should somebody wanna do that to Jimmy?"

I hit the target. He paled and his eyes widened. He was scared. He huddled into himself like he was cold, then looked up at me slowly.

"How much you know about YOCK?" he asked.

"YOCK?" I held back, trying to outguess him. "YOCK? Not much. I suppose you're gonna tell me Jimmy was killed by Rip Zonderling last night because 'the king must die'. Yeah, Ebanykus tried to feed me that shit, too, but I ain't digging it."

"No? Well, it's possible. Diana gets pretty crazy, you know. Might've been an accident—"

"Or it might've been Jimmy was messed up in some kind of dope burn—else why're you actin' so scared? Maybe you're next."

"Whaddya mean?"

"Shit, I don't know what I mean. I'll be honest, Carlos. I know from nothing about dope. But if Jimmy was killed it had to be because of dope—and probably something to do with the raid on Brick Kiln."

He jumped onto the floor like a jack-in-the-box. "What raid?"

Ah so. Now I had him going. "Brick Kiln was raided Friday night. We think the cops were looking for heroin. We *know* they were looking for Ariadne and David. But I don't suppose you know them either, do you?"

He dropped down to the bed again and was silent.

My head was buzzing. I must've been nuts. Like, here I was talking off the top of my head blurting out whatever came to me, yet as confused as I'd ever been. I wanted to get away—to run away—to find Ebanykus.

Carlos doubled over as if he had a stomach cramp and reached under the bed for his shoes. Before I knew what was happening, he flicked his hand out like the whiplash of a rattlesnake and came at me with a long stiletto pointed right at my throat.

He was breathing hard, his white teeth bared like the fangs of a wolf. He spoke quietly, grinding his words out carefully.

"You and your friend better stay the fuck away from YOCK, man. Just stay the fuck out of it, or you're gonna get it just like Jimmy did."

I finally managed to say something. "You ain't gonna use that on me, Carlos. Not here."

"Don't be too sure, man. You better remember what I said. Now get the fuck outa my room."

I fumbled behind my back for the doorknob.

"Thanks for the screw," I said.

He pricked my throat with the knife, drawing blood.

"Remember, Diana don't like nobody messing around."

"Yeah, I'll remember," I said, glancing down at his crotch. "YOCK—COCK."

I eased out of the room, shutting the door behind me. As soon as I got downstairs, I phoned Ebanykus at his mother's house. As I suspected, she hadn't seen him in weeks, and I thought, wonder which tubs palace you're at?

Shit, I'd tried to run away and I was right back into it again. Man, how could I not be involved? I was in love with Ebanykus, goddamn it! And now I didn't even know how to find him. The only thing to do now was get back to Southampton and hope he might call. Maybe David could help me find him, or Ariadne if she was out of jail. Or maybe even Hippolyta.

I was halfway across Nassau County before I had it sorted out, and the more certain I was Ebanykus was in real danger.

And I'd let him go. I hadn't even tried to hang in. Because I was too uptight to get into freaks and dope. Because of my fucking pride. No wonder I'd been wasting away before I met Ebanykus. Scared of life. Scared of my own shadow.

Ebanykus had to be right about one thing. Jimmy was killed all right. Carlos convinced me of that. And why had Carlos tried to make me think Diana had done it—that the real menace was in YOCK and the King Must Die ceremony? Ebanykus had believed in the YOCK menace too, at first. But now he no longer believed it. He knew and I knew—and Carlos knew. YOCK was a password, and the connection was an answer to a riddle. And Jimmy was killed because he'd tried to muscle in on somebody. Dope, man. Heroin.

Ebanykus had split into New York to find out who that somebody was.

Next month—Chapter IV. A corpse in the rain . . . an enlightened fuck in the afternoon. Don't miss this exciting installment of "The Ebanykus Journal!"

•••

GRAY IS GOOD

(Continued from page 54)

types subliminally telling us that youth and sexual desirability are synonymous. Look at the general news media reports that usually emphasize the activities and problems of young Gay people. And last if not least, look at the Gay Lib organizations themselves (with the exceptions of West Side Discussion Group in New York and SIR in San Francisco) whose social and political direction is geared to young people.

All of us have a great deal to learn from our older Gay brothers; it was an older Gay brother, Walt Whitman, who wrote some of the most beautiful Gay poetry in which he saw the future of democracy in "the love of

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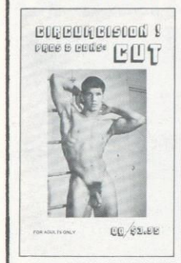



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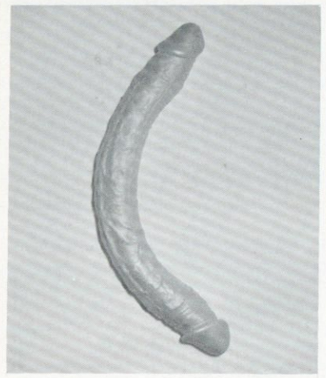

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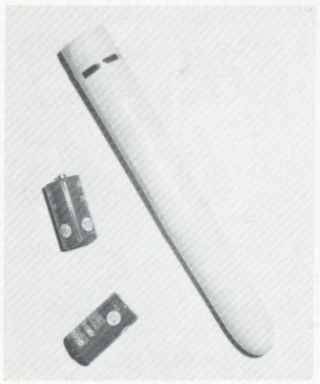

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comrades" and it was an older Gay brother, Oscar Wilde, who first stood up and predicted the emergence of "the love that dare not speak its name." It was an older Gay brother—Edward Carpenter—who first wrote of the political, economic and social implications of Gay Liberation.

And, in my own personal experience, let me give tribute to the older Gay brothers who have enriched my life with their friendship:

- Joe, 74, former college president, recently retired. Joe refuses to go along with the stereotype of Retired People. He takes gym class at the "Y" twice a week; he was actively involved as a volunteer worker in the McGovern campaign; he has an active and creative social life; his genuine warmth and enthusiasm is contagious; and he is enthusiastic and supportive of the emerging Gay Liberation movement.
- Bernard, in his 60s, head of a major university library. Bernard refuses to give in to the idea that working people over 60 should be thinking of retiring soon and collecting Social Security. He puts in long hours and brings heartfelt devotion to his work. He helped pass out leaflets headed "Get The Mafia and the Cops out of Gay Bars" during the Christopher Street/Stonewall Riots; and he was active in the Gay Liberation Front.
- Warren, in his 40s, a leader and worker in New York's West Side Discussion Group for over a decade. Warren's dedication over the years to the Gay movement is one of the keys to the continued growth of WSDG which resulted recently in the opening of their Gay Community Center.

It is in our own self-interest, whatever our age, to work for an end to youth cultism. And, as Gay people, we have a particular self-interest because most of us do not create our own families with the attendant securities of having children and grandchildren.

If our Gay Liberation movement is to become a realistic and meaningful one, it must begin to consider the needs and problems of older Gay people. Like, is there discrimination against older Gay single people in the administration of Social Security? Do the various government-funded Senior Citizen programs discriminate against Gay people? Do we take into consideration the social and economic needs of our older brothers and sisters? And, in our own thinking, do we give more importance to the concerns of younger Gay people at the expense of older Gay people?

The past is prologue.

• • •

GAY VILLAINS
(Continued from page 17)

the once-over and announces, "You're a very pretty man." (He may be a villain, but he does have good taste.) Mitchum then turns his victim over to his men, who do something to the poor boy off camera that elicits a loud scream as the scene is ending.

The recent popular film DELIVERANCE gave us another band of lustful faggot rapists in another unlikely setting. This time sexy young Jon Voight (of MIDNIGHT COWBOY) and his chubby companion, played by Ned Beatty, are attacked by a couple of disreputable-looking mountaineers who tie Voight up to a tree and force Beatty to strip for them. (Either these guys have awfully poor taste, or they are very near-sighted, or maybe both.) Beatty is then sodomized by the baddies, and Voight is about to be forced to go down on one of them when help arrives in the person of Burt Reynolds, his phallic bow and arrow in hand, who gives the rapists the shaft.

Not all of the movies' gay villains have been quite so unrelentingly black-hearted, however. The late '60's gave us two remarkably similar gay characters who were more to be pitied than hated—not much of an improvement, when you think of it. Both were career military men who were in the closet and just discovering it themselves. In REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE Marlon Brando was the closet case, miserably married to a bitchy Elizabeth Taylor and not able to understand his interest in Robert Forster, playing a young private who liked taking nude sunbaths in the woods. Next came Rod Steiger, playing a pugnacious NCO in THE SERGEANT, who was similarly attracted to Private John Philip Law, and almost neurotically jealous of Law's relationship with his girl friend. In the end, Brando murdered the young man and Steiger killed himself—neither character was exactly what one would call an admirable model for a young viewer beginning to recognize homosexual leanings in himself.

We have included Brando and Steiger among the villains because, by virtue of their badgering of the innocent young men, they do not qualify as heroes, but in truth, it is extremely hard to make such simplistic distinctions in today's morally complex films. It is simply not as easy to define a villain as it used to be. During the sixties, as police corruption and brutality and establishment contempt for once hallowed ideals ran rampant, the traditional movie heroes—representatives of those very establishment institutions—fell into disrepute and were replaced by a new breed of "anti-hero" whose disdain of dogmatic "law-and-order" mirrored that of the audiences. The new heroes were tough, cynical, lawless characters who, although often killed in the end, had the full sympathy of the viewer. The police and all that they represented became the new villains.

An example of the new kind of hero is the film THE ANDERSON TAPES, in which a band of ex-cons, gangsters, and petty crooks plot and carry out a massive robbery of an entire apartment complex. When they are eventually gunned down by an army of police, the outrageous overreaction of the act is clearly underlined.

Considering the climate of the times, it was of course foreordained that one of the heroes of THE ANDERSON TAPES would be gay, but since he was one of the heroes, and therefore sympathetic, he couldn't be the stereotyped sadistic faggot, so the writers turned to the only other gay stereotype the movies have available, and he became a prissy, mincing "fairy" played by the usually fine actor, Martin Balsam. The character was—you guessed it—an interior decorator, in which guise he cased the building before the robbery, and during the actual job, his effeminate cowardice provided the comic relief. A second gay character in the film—

one of the apartment residents—was played by professional female impersonator Jack Doroshow, who seemed to be in a contest with Balsam to see who could be the prissiest. There seemed hope for a moment in the person of Michael Clary, playing Doroshow's boyfriend. Clary is a beautiful, masculine-looking young man who fills out a pair of tennis shorts very nicely, but when confronted by the robbers, he, too, turned into a quivering nelly.

Another pair of amiable thieves inhabited the British film DEADFALL. Michael Caine played an ex-convict who pulled off several spectacular second-story jobs planned out by a suave, sophisticated older mastermind, played by Eric Portman. Portman was married to Giovanna Ralli, a girl young enough to be his daughter—in fact, in the end she turned out to actually *be* his daughter—but the real object of his affections was a beautiful young Latin chauffeur, played by Carlos Pierre. He therefore had no objections to Caine dallying with his wife while he dallied with the gorgeous younger man. And, to make the quadrangle complete, while Portman and Caine planned out their jobs, the chauffeur kept the daughter company.

As we discussed at some length in "Homosexuality on TV" (*QQ*, Dec. '72) the recent movie tradition of gay villains has not really found its way into the tube, except, of course, in reruns of the theatrical films. In television, homosexual characters are more often the *victims* of crimes, such as blackmail, rather than the perpetrators. Even in the classic made-for-television movie THE GLASS HOUSE, in which the lusting homosexual cell boss has the reticent young arrival gang-banged for his refusal to give in, the character is not a villain in the classic sense. As played by Vic Morrow, he is a sympathetic portrait of a man fighting back against a brutalizing system, and if we cannot condone his method, we can at least sympathize with his need.

This is, in fact, typical of television's whole approach to homosexuality. Television's Gays are well-rounded characters, and even when TV indulges in stereotypes it makes an effort to give its characters something unique and humanistic. Movies' Gays—not just the villains, but all the gay characters—are drawn in very much broader strokes, and generally have much less recognizable individuality.

This is not to say that television is now the best of all possible worlds, however. Even the television-movie THAT CERTAIN SUMMER, possibly the most positive picture of homosexuality yet on the tube, contained an obligatory scene in which the gay leading character admitted that if he had a choice he would prefer to be straight.

This season also saw a truly stunning relapse in the gay story broadcast in the medical series, MARCUS WELBY, M.D. Welby's patient was a married man, the father of a teenage boy, who discovered homosexual tendencies in himself which triggered a bout of alcoholism, which in turn triggered an attack of diabetes, which took him to the kindly old doctor with the soothing bedside manner, who congratulated the man for fighting his instincts, and urged him to continue to do so, so that his son might be proud of him! Now either kindly old Doc Welby is getting a little senile, or he is sagely planning for future business, since it was fighting against his newly discovered sexual orientation that drove the man to the brink of total collapse in the first place! A couple of the most insulting and demeaning lines of dialogue were trimmed from the show after massive protests by Gay Lib groups, but it was broadcast substantially complete in February of this year, carrying to the masses of Middle America its image of the homosexual as a weak, sick, pitiable, thoroughly useless excuse for a man, whose only hope for salvation lies in heterosexuality.

Such is the nature of progress—for every two steps forward, we take a step backward. But the net effect is positive. Television is at least not mired in the concept of the homosexual as inevitable criminal, as the movies seem to be. There is definite hope in the medium that gave us the flawed, but promising movie THAT CERTAIN SUMMER, and the numerous series episodes dealing honestly and positively with homosexual characters. We can only hope that some day soon the movies will also discover that there are more types of homosexuals than queens and sadists, and will begin to give the public at large a truly representative look at this huge segment of themselves.

• • •

KOBE
(Continued from page 23)

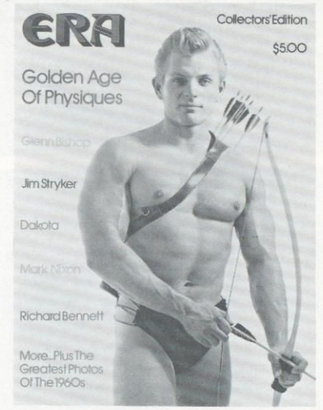
unusual sexual technique will be all eagerness to speak the volumes his words never would. So don't attempt to make conversation . . . you will only distract him and cause him to feel self-conscious and embarrassed that he cannot reply. If you will let him get on with the fine art of making gay love, Japanese style, you'll be zonked by his expertise in lighting up the sex scene. Respond intuitively and freely to his urgencies. This man can sing a beautiful song *without* words!

GOING PLACES—SEEING FACES

A No. 3 or No. 7 streetcar going westward from the heart of Kobe will take you to Minato-gawa . . . a regular tram stop. There are many interesting places along the way and you'll certainly want to stop and visit them at another, and for a longer, time. One of these is the *Sorakuen Garden* . . . in spring a sea of azaleas . . . comes autumn it's glorious with chrysanthemums (it's closed at other times).

Then, just a few minutes climb above the Sorakuen Garden, is *Suwayama Park* with its delightful zoo. You'll meet some friendly new animal faces here that you won't see in zoos around the world. This area, being quite high, affords a spectacular view of Kobe and its harbor below . . . something to marvel at when the lights of early evening come on and pinpoint the Kobe Port Tower.

Leading southward from the Minato-gawa park is a street that takes you into the Minato-gawa shopping district. Here is where the poorer citizens of Kobe come to buy. It's alive with fascinating shops that sell everything, as well as being a movies/public baths center. Believe it or not, in this complex there is a theater where you can see three movies—cruise up a storm—and have a go at the baths . . . all for the price of one! As you can well imagine, this is the daytime meeting place of gay guys and



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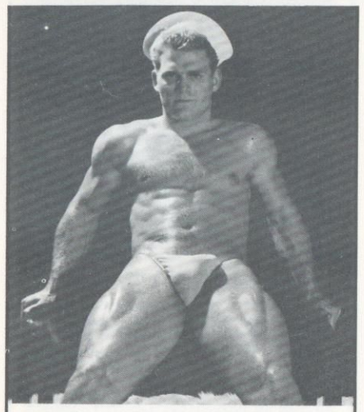

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hustlers, as the park is at night.

Continuing your tour, walk on down to the lower end of the street and you'll find yourself almost directly in front of *Kobe Station,* a grubbily-gropy place, and one of the three principal railroad stations; the others are *Motomachi,* to the east, and still further east and more dead-center of the downtown area, is *Sannomiya Station.* Not only is each station cruised openly, but each is a nucleus of a particular shopping center. Thus *Motomachi Shopping Street* is on the seaward side of Motomachi Station, while *Sannomiya Shopping Street* is on the seaward side of Sannomiya Station. A 'shopping street' could be better described as a long covered arcade. In some ways it might remind you of Burlington Arcade in dear old London.

SANNOMIYA

This is the district preferred by the Kobeans beacuse it is more 'native' and less touristy than the Motomachi area. One of Japan's famous stores, the *Hankyu Department Store,* is the hub of activity in the Sannomiya shopping district. The lavatories here are busy, and once you leave the building, heading down the curving street to the left (which, directionally, is furthest away from Sannomiya Station), you come into the center of night life in Kobe.

Here the bars, and particularly the gay bars, are so jammed with people they simply spill out into the street, and everything swings to an Oriental white-hot jazz beat. Also in this area is the *Ikuta Shrine* . . . two of Kobe's finest hotels—the *Kobe International* and the *Oriental*—as well as the very modern-looking *City Hall* with its pretty garden and huge floral clock . . . busybusy/cruisycruisy.

Coming out of the main exit of Sannomiya Station you can't help seeing the tall *Newspaper Building*—the Kobe Press Building—and to its left, about 200 feet down, you'll arrive at the *Sogo Department Store,* which is cruised, and just across from it is the *Bic,* the cruisiest movie theater in Kobe.

MOTOMACHI

Once out of the Bic you might investigate the Motomachi shopping district, a few blocks to the west. The Motomachi shopping arcade begins just two blocks from where the Sannomiya arcade ends, and at one end is the *Daimaru Department Store* from whose roof you have a breathtaking view of all Kobe. You'll meet lots of interesting others while up there, so don't miss it!

Since Sannomiya and Motomachi are more-or-less adjacent, with public buildings and gay places of interest common to both, here is a nucleic listing of

GAY BARS

Sanbacho, 5 Koto-o-Cho, Fuki-ai-Ku, in the basement of the Sanshin Building.

Love, the *Taboo,* and *Magellan,* 4-1-1 Kano-Cho, Ikuta-Ku, in the Takagi Building.

New Sakai, in the Sakai-Machi Kaikan Building, Sannomiya, Ikuta-Ku district.

Tami no Mise (Tami's Shop), 2-26 Manato-Machi, Hyogo-Ku, on the west side of the Shinkaichi Kobe Hotel.

Bamboo, 4-2-17 Nunobiki-Cho, Fuki-ai-Ku, in the basement of the Daito Building.

New Blues, 44-2 Kukuhara-Cho, Hyogo-Ku.

Junior, 8-9-1 Isogami-Dori, Fuki-ai-Ku.

Take-uma (The Bamboo Horse), 1-2-3 Nakamichi-Dori, Hyogo-Ku.

Tsuki (Moon), 44-2 Kukuhara-Cho, Hyogo-Ku.

Swing, 4-1-71 Kano-Cho, Ikuta-Ku, on the third floor of the Tsuboi Building.

Also, of more public cruising interest, try the johns in the basement of the *Kobe Shimbun Kaikan Building,* as well as in the underground passages.

WHERE TO STAY

You'll miss a great deal of the color and vital heart of Japan if you elect to tour it Western style, particularly if you equate it with a European country, rushing pell-mell for the biggest and most opulent Western hotel, eating at Western-style restaurants, and so on. Of course Japan, being canny about the incoming American dollar, is prepared with just such places. One of these is the stunning *Oriental Hotel,* in downtown Kobe, which is—as it modestly admits—"the *hotel d'élite* of western Japan." It's God's truth. The Oriental has everything to please the hardest-to-please Western visitor. Even Rudyard Kipling once remarked that the food served at the Oriental Hotel was superior to that of any first-class hotel in the world.

Of course since Kipling's day the Oriental has been redone and reopened many times, and in 1964 it was again reopened as a completely new building . . . as modern as tomorrow, while preserving in every possible way the classical beauty and elegance of the past. There surely can be no hotel in the world in which every appointment relates to another with such exquisite perfection. This applies to each of its 204 Western-style rooms, its beautiful *Sky Restaurant* from whose wonderfully spacious windows one looks down over Kobe and to the sea (the red Kobe Port Tower seems to be coming right through the window!) . . . the *Grill Room à la Prunier,* and the *Coffee Shop,* as well as to the *Tea Ceremony Hall.*

Give or take a few Yen, the cost for a single room at the Oriental is $11.00 American (allowing for a slight upward valuation of the Yen in relation to the devalued American dollar). Terrific, you'll say, and it is.

The *Kobe International Hotel* occupies three upper floors of the Kobe International Building and is in every way excellent. While it is not as spectacular as the Oriental it has every comfort you could wish for. Prices are about the same as at the Oriental.

Out on *Mount Rokko* which looks down on the city of Kobe, is the *Rokkosan Hotel,* about 30 minutes by car from the Sannomiya Station. It's a more resort-type hotel that covers a lot of ground laterally but is only a few stories high. The hotel comes to you complete with singing birds in the trees, azaleas and hydrangea blooming in summer and trees blazing with color in autumn. There are a few single rooms (about 7), more doubles (about 17), and even posher suites (about 40), in case you are 'lovering-it'. Rates are slightly higher than the other two Western-style hotels. A *suite d'amour* will cost you about 5000 Yen per day . . . about $18, again allowing for an upward valuation of Yen to dollar. Pretty great, huh?

RYOKAN/RYOTEL

But why not get into the true Japanese spirit and stay at a *ryokan*? A typical ryokan is a quiet, rambling, wooden, two-story building set in a garden so beautifully planned as to make the total effect one of harmonious perfection, a delight to the eye, and balm to the soul. Of course, not everything comes up roses, even in Japan, and so some enterprising (translate that as 'greedy') hotel operators have had some horrid concrete bastions thrown up which they call, in Americanized Japanese, 'ryotels'. Many-storied and ear-bustingly noisy.

In a traditional ryokan the feeling is one of utter serenity. There is no bed in a Japanese-style room, but a comfortable *futon* (pad) spread each night on a *tatami* (rush mat) which is always spotless since no shoes are permitted in a ryokan. You remove them and leave them at the front door. Your bedroom will also serve as a living room, a drawing room, and a dining room, being enlarged by sliding panels which bring into view whatever furnishings that will complete the ensemble for whatever 'room' you want it to be. Finally, it faces on the garden, bringing nature beautifully into the picture.

You will sit cross-legged, or on your knees, on cushions called *zabuton* which are placed on a foot-high table in the center of the room, and you will be provided with a *tanzen* (a padded robe) to wear, and a *yukata* or light robe to wear under the tanzen. The maid will provide a service to make you feel right at home, even to—on request—making tea for you from time to time. *All this, plus two Japanese-style meals per day, will cost less than all that 'inexpensive regality' at the Oriental!*

You may either go to the City Tourist Office in the Sannomiya Station (English is spoken) once you're in Kobe and ask them to recommend a ryokan like that just described, or call these ryokans recommended by the Tourist Office: the *Onoya* (telephone: 34-1387), or the *Kobe Kanko* (telephone: 22-4391), or the *Enmei-ken* (telephone: 55-4698). These are popular but there are many others you might prefer. A talk with an official at the Tourist Office will get you exactly what you are looking for.

It must be said, however, that so many American visitors have complained about missing TV, some proprietors of ryokans have installed sets. Since the walls are paper thin you and your lover may find yourselves having sex to the accompaniment of such familiar programs as the *Beverly Hillbillies,* or *Secret Storm,* or *Sesame Street*—even *Lawrence Welk*—in Japanese. But the ryokan is worth it, no matter what's cooking on TV . . . even Julia Child explaining *tempura.*

WHERE TO EAT

There are men in Kobe who spend their entire day beating their meat. Now, now . . . none of that! What we mean is that Kobe is noted for its excellent beef from cattle that are fed beer, and hand-massaged by these men to keep their flesh from getting grainy and muscular and who—once the animals have been slaughtered—pound it into such a tenderness it simply melts in your mouth.

Kobe restaurants are, in the main, excellent. But in addition to the Sky Room and the excellent dining room of the Kobe International Hotel on the eighth floor, you should try these two excellent restaurants: the *Mon,* which is in the Sannomiya district about one block below the dome-shaped *Shinseiki,* on a street leading up to the *Ikuta Shrine.* The Mon has a quite varied menu—not just Japanese—even to such familiar things as ham and eggs . . . prices quite moderate.

However, for that famous Kobe beef at its succulent tenderest, don't miss going at least once to the *Aragawa,* a quite small restaurant that charges 5000 Yen for a small steak and 10,000 for a large one. Roughly $10 to $20 by current dollar-devalued standards. You'll need reservations for the Aragawa, so telephone well in advance to 22-8547 or 23-3315 for the best beer-fed, hand-massaged, hand-pounded beef. It's an experience in gourmet dining you may not have anywhere else in the world!

• • •

THE MAGIC IN ME

(Continued from page 9)

you want. You are your own master and you're going to rise or fall by yourself. And if that sounds a little scarey or lonely, remember, it can also be a lot of fun. As Confucius say: "If it's inevitable, you might as well enjoy!" And if you can accept that bit of wisdom you will not only make your single life more satisfying now, but you'll also be better equipped to live comfortably with your *next* lover. (And if you're really the type who gives love, don't worry, there will a *next* lover.

CHANGE YOUR WAY OF LIVING

It's easy to say, "You need a change . . . a new outlook, a new *you,*" but if that only translates for you as, "Try that new bar over near the bus station, I hear it's kic-*ky*!," then you're in trouble. You have to begin changing yourself inside also. And, ironically, the easiest and fastest way to do that is to change as many of the externals as possible.

1. A pleasant way to start is by doing the things you've wanted but didn't because "us" got in the way. Is there a restaurant you like but *he* doesn't? Do you prefer mah jongg to his bridge, or poker? Well, go ahead, jongg to your heart's content, and, while you're at it, try that new bar near the bus station, I hear it's kicky too!

2. At the same time, however, change as many of the other externals connected with your former life as possible, including your physical appearance. No matter how satisfied you are with your "image," try something different for awhile. Grow a mustache or beard, or, if you have one already, get rid of it. Style your hair differently—wear it longer, or shorter, or brush it forward instead of back. And change your wardrobe—if you can't bring yourself to try a radically different fashion, at least buy some things new in your usual style. (And remember, the secret to being *in* style isn't necessarily wearing the latest fashion—it's wearing whatever you wear *with* style. The more comfortable you feel in the outfit you wear, the more "in" you'll be. Changing these physical externals may sound silly or trivial, but they do help. You'll find you start seeing yourself differently and when you do, others will also.

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THE HOMOSEXUAL
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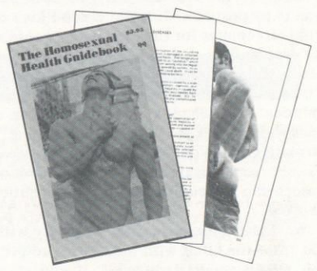

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3. Except in the area of household chores and necessary duties, avoid routine as much as possible. Living alone tends to make a person lazy and somewhat careless, so if you need regimentation to keep your surroundings neat and clean, by all means establish a schedule and follow it religiously. Nothing cultivates depression faster than messy surroundings. But avoid the habit of watching television every night, or eating at the same restaurant on the same day each week. Routine in your social life may give you some stability, but it can also drag you into a meaningless life style difficult to break out of. Without overdoing it, you should introduce as much novelty and experimentation into your life as possible to avoid the self-perpetuating syndrome of depression and inactivity.

4. Visit new places, meet new people, and avoid the old haunts you and he used to frequent. But don't go searching immediately for another lover to fill that empty space of mattress next to you. Admit to yourself honestly that you're not you right now. You've left the old you somewhere in the past with your ex, and you haven't yet had the chance to build the new you. So your judgment is most likely distorted. If you look for a new lover now, you'll be comparing him to your ex, either consciously or subconsciously, and one of two things may happen: either he'll fail miserably or succeed too well. In your present condition, you may judge him too harshly and lose a potential friend. Or, out of despair and loneliness, you may not judge him severely enough, and find yourself back at the same starting line in a few months. You're starting over with a clean slate—keep it that way for a while.

5. Move. The more new scenery the better, and you can't afford nostalgia right now. If you must stay where you are, change as much of the togetherness you both put into it as possible. It's also a good idea to avoid roommates for the time being, because the crutch they can provide now may turn into a ball and chain later on. And unless you're an experienced masochist, don't even consider the ridiculous idea of sharing a place with your ex in a new "understanding." No matter what you may have heard or seen, it's not sophisticated—it's either jaded or masochistic depending on the personalities involved.

6. Treat those mementos you carry with you from the affair with the healthy respect you would venereal disease. If you *must* hang on to those poignant little keepsakes (like the photo of the two of you holding hands on the beach at Oahu) store them out of sight until you can smile. Then, take them out—always at the same time on the same day (maybe once a week)—and cry over them. Crying *can* be cathartic, and you'll find that by treating these mementos with the strict routine you avoid in other areas, you'll soon be bored with the pain they cause. Really!

7. Take up a hobby. All right, so maybe it *does* sound too "straight" for you but try. Everyone has a secret something they've always wanted to try but somehow never got around to. Get around to it. You need an outside interest now, and that doesn't mean swinging on cock in the park after hours. Find something you can seriously feel is worth doing, and preferably one you think may be too difficult—it probably won't be. Challenge yourself, and you'll probably be pleasantly surprised.

When you start doing these things you'll discover that *you* can be almost as interesting to live with as a new lover, and the more you appeal to yourself, the more your surroundings will also.

HOW ABOUT A PET?

One of the most serious mistakes many people make when they end an affair is to run out and buy a pet to prevent loneliness.

A pet will bring you comfort and enjoyment in exact proportion to the amount of time, effort, and love that you expend on it. so if you're thinking of one for selfish reasons, forget it right now and buy a lava lamp instead. But if you seriously *are* a pet lover (and that doesn't mean *owner*), then realize that raising a pet is much like raising children. And speculate first on what will happen when you're no longer alone.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON®

SAY



"Boy who hustle for gay hotel called 'house dick'!"

I have a largish dog who took much time, patience, and understanding to train *me* from his puppyhood, as well as two recliner chairs and a particularly nice divan I was fond of. He politely informs me he has to go outside every time I'm in a particular hurry to get somewhere, and he has an endearing habit of pushing aside the bathroom drapes with his nose just as I'm stepping out of the shower. He occasionally suggests that *I* sleep on the floor while he stretches out in the king-sized bed, and, when he agrees with my taste in bed partners, he has been known to entertain ideas of a threesome.

But when I come home alone to a wagging tail and spine-twisting jumps in the air, the night seems less lonely somehow. And he makes me laugh whether I want to or not by lying on his back and looking very seriously at me from an upside-down position when he perceives I'm in a funk. (Or else pushes me roughly with his wet nose and says with his eyes, "Yea, I know the tricking was bad tonight, now let's get down to the *serious* stuff like scratching my ear, huh?")

In short, no one can explain the type of love and respect people share with their pets; it's either there or it isn't. But they require as much attention as they are capable of giving—and that's quite a lot, so consider it carefully before making a final decision.

FRIENDSHIPS—OLD AND NEW

There is a French proverb which goes: *L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes;"* Friendship is Love without his wings. So, if you have real friends, be careful of how you treat them—they are as rare as a virgin's kiss. And don't make the mistake of believing this is the time you find out who your real friends are—you may easily be mistaken either way. Your true friends may be hesitant about approaching you right now, either because they liked you both equally well, or because they're waiting for you to make the first move. Remember, this is an awkward time for *them* also, so don't judge too quickly, and don't make hard and fast rules to apply to everyone.

On the other hand, you'll most likely be approached by at least one friend who's just been waiting in the sidelines for his chance to console you, maybe with a nice, friendly "massage." He knows how painful it is, and what a *brute* that ex of yours was, and how *difficult* it is for you now . . . and what do you like to do in bed anyway? No one can advise you what to do here, unless it's someone who knows what you like to do in bed, and what *he* likes to do in bed. Use your own common sense, but, whatever you decide, be honest enough to accept and recognize this for what it is.

And then there's the Elsa M. of the gay set—the busybody who's dying to find out how well you wear your widow's weeds so she can be the center of attention at the next gab fest with *her* friends. If you need the friendship of this type, all I can suggest is that you wear gloves at all times—and a gag.

In fact, you should always watch what you say about your ex. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum:* Of the dead speak nothing but good; and whatever you say can and *will* be used against you. So if you can't be complimentary about your ex, *shut up!* You may be a master of your words, but you're also a slave to what you've said; so, if you have any complaints, don't voice them, not even to your mother.

When making new friends, cultivate relationships with those whom you think share your interests. Again, that sounds so basic as to be foolish to mention, but I have too many instances of a gay guy making friends indiscriminately to avoid loneliness. This will complicate your life, and when you stop being lonely you'll wonder what you ever saw in them to begin with. And, along with those you pass in the night (or reach out and

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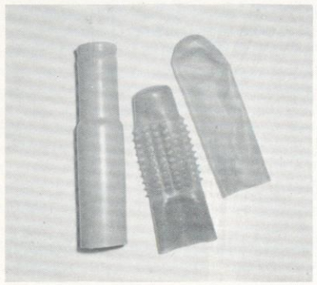

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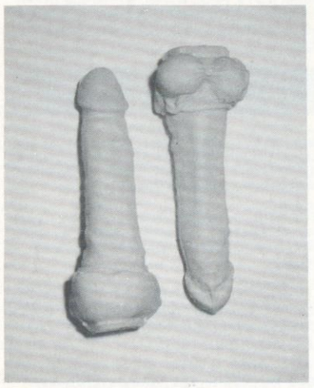

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grab) try to find one or two you can be comfortable with out of bed, in a variety of situations. But limit this more intimate relationship to those few who are really like you, and, at the same time, don't wear out your welcome or theirs. If you see too much of a new acquaintance too quickly, one or both of you may tire of the other's company even before you've gotten to know each other.

HOW TO TREAT YOUR EX

This is it—the single most difficult issue you're going to have to deal with, and one which could destroy all the progress you've made in other areas if you make the wrong move. Unless you've been fortunate enough to be separated from him by long distances, you run a very real risk of bumping into your old flame at any time—perhaps with his new Bunsen burner. So how do you act? What should you say? How will you feel?

The answers to all the questions you may ask yourself are as complicated as your love affair has been, and in direct proportion to its intensity. Did you *really* love him? Was it returned? Did you share many things in common besides the bed? Do you *still* love him? A little, maybe? If the answer to most of these questions is "yes," then you have a few problems, surprising as that may seem. If it was *real* love (spelled l-o-v-e, not l-u-s-t) you will most likely do the right thing instinctively, because the natural reaction is to protect those we love. But there are a few guidelines that can help.

1. Naturally, the best thing to do is to avoid contact with him as much as possible. Stay away from the people and places you know he's apt to visit. Resist that burning urge to call, either him or his friends, to find out how he's doing. (And don't listen to the eager gossips who can't wait to tell you *who* he's doing!) It may sound cruel but that's really none of your business.

2. If there are financial ties, untangle the mess as soon as possible. Of course, if the involvement is complicated or involves large sums of money, consult an attorney and follow his advice. But also consider that a minor financial loss may prevent a major emotional one.

3. If it's impossible to avoid contact and you do meet, carry it off as smoothly as possible. After a brief smile and the shortest of social amenities, *leave.* Politely, discreetly, gracefully. Naturally it will hurt, but nothing like it will if you drag the scene out. Don't lead with your chin, *leave* with it—high, and with dignity.

4. Make yourself two lists. Sit down and write out two separate lists. In the first, list all the nice things, especially tender and good times, and all the fine qualities of your ex. In the second, list all the faults and all the nasties he said and did to you. Don't try to keep them all in your memory, write them out. Then keep the lists handy. Whenever you feel the urge to be bitchy (and most of us do, don't we?), take out the first list and review it. Whenever you want him near, or feel you'd like a fling again "for the good times," consult the second list.

It may be prudent here to discuss a strange, unexpected thing that *will* happen to you. When you find yourself successfully adapting to your new life, there will come a point, usually after a month or so, when you feel you've got the blues licked. You may find yourself whistling "that tune" without crying, or maybe you just don't dream about him anymore. You can even talk about it rationally, and without getting choked up. *Watch it!* This is the most dangerous time of all, for, just as you're congratulating yourself for breaking those chains that bind you, some trigger will explode the whole thing right in your face again and ruin more than your makeup! A friend or stranger may use one of his pet phrases, or maybe you'll see a ring identical to the one you gave him last Christmas. (When it happened to me, I found a crumpled cigarette pack of his brand in an old sweater of mine that he was fond of wearing.) Whatever it is, if you're not prepared for it it can throw you right back into the same old agony, even worse now because you've been taken off guard.

If it happens, fight. Take out the second list quickly and read it over again. And add to it if you can. Then run, don't walk, to the thing which has given you the most pleasure since you've been alone. Treat yourself to something you can't really afford and worry about that instead—an elegant dinner, an expensive new jacket, anything! But keep yourself as occupied as possible until it passes. And it will, like the plague.

If you follow all the above suggestions and nothing helps, you probably don't have the proper mental attitude. Everything is based on the assumption that the love you you shared was real, and it's now over. If this is true in your case and nothing I've said helps, then one of several things is happening. Perhaps deep down inside you're still hoping for some kind of reconciliation. You may secretly be hurt because he gave *you* the heave-ho, and your pride is shattered. Or it may be that your sense of insecurity is telling you that you just can't make it on your own (because you don't really want to, perhaps?).

Whatever it is, try to break out of it. Be practical and realistic and face the fact that *it is all over,* and you *have* to start again. Be objective enough to realize that whatever went wrong, it was because of *both* of you, not just him. And remember that love means *his* happiness is essential to your own. (And if that's not true for you, then you weren't in love to begin with!) So give both of you an opportunity to be happy in the future. You're on your own now, and that can be a very exciting place to be!

Self-sufficiency is the cornerstone of any happy life, and if you can live alone and like it, if you can learn to have fun with yourself, you'll find that the next time you're *not* alone, both of you will enjoy *you* even more!

• • •

ROYAL FLUSH

(Continued from page 32)

we have named only a few.

Here are a few others: Roman emperors Caligula (who lived from 12-41 and who especially enjoyed raping a priest named Marcus Lepidus during religious ceremonies); Galba (5-69), Otho (32-69), Vitellius (15-69), Titus (40-81), Nerva (35-98), and Caracalla (186-210) all had their gay ways.

In England, Richard II (1367-1400) was just as gay as Richard I (the Lion-Hearted) was before him. William III (1650-1702) also liked his boys about him.

In Spain, Henry IV (1429-1474), king of Castile, left a gay history behind him, but the Scandinavian countries have a richer legacy, beginning with Magnus VII (1316-1373), king of Norway. Charles XII (1682-1718), king of Sweden, Christian VII (1749-1808), king of Denmark and Norway, as well as Gustavus III (1746-1792), king of Sweden, and Charles XV (1826-1872), king of Sweden and Norway, all left their stamp on gay history.

Last but certainly not least we must mention another Russian czar, Paul I (1754-1801), the son of Catherine the Great, who preferred men no less avidly than his famous mother did.

Starting next issue: "It's Better In Pairs!"—A new series on history's gay lovers. Look for it!

• • •

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

and indeed seemed to harbor a death wish, probably because he had to repress his homosexuality much of the time. He obviously wished he could banish sexual desire from his life, for he wrote in a letter that "I wished I was a eunuch at fourteen."

Gordon served bravely in the Crimean War and, when the British felt obliged to protect their Oriental interests in the course of a civil war in China in 1855, appointed him to command a mixed force of loyalist Chinese and Europeans organized to oppose the rebels. The force was called the "Ever-Victorious Army," and under Gordon, it was exactly that. Gordon vigorously pushed back and defeated the rebels and was honored with appointment as a Chinese field marshal from the emperor, as well as an award of the Yellow Jacket, China's highest order. The British promptly upped him from major to lieutenant-colonel and nicknamed him "Chinese" Gordon, an appellation that went down in history. A picture of him taken in elaborate Chinese robes at the time shows a face verging on the feminine, with an exquisite delicacy of features somewhat masculinized by a heavy curling moustache that was as stylish for the time as it is today.

Gordon was returned to an assignment in England for the next few years. During this period he formed a close friendship with a very handsome young peer, Lord Arthur Hamilton. He also engaged in a great deal of charitable work, particularly among street urchins, whom he took into his large official residence to feed, clothe and educate. Undoubtedly he had no sexual contact with these boys, for his position in life and the attitude toward homosexuality in Victorian England wouldn't have permitted it, but it was probably a form of homosexual sublimation with him.

He was also probably carrying a heavy burden of homosexual guilt. This is probably why he spoke frequently in correspondence with friends of his great desire for death. He kept courting it during his military assign-

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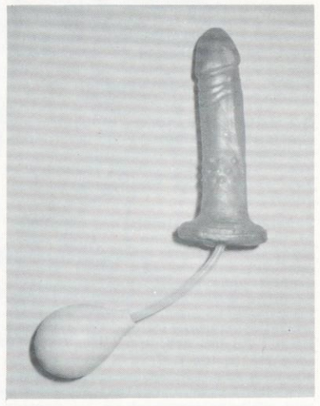

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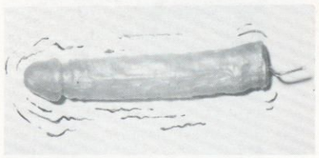
The BIG Tornado



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ments in the Crimea, China, and subsequently, Africa, by exposing himself to unnecessary risks and going about unarmed.

The climax of Gordon's life came in 1884, when he was sent to the Sudanese capital of Khartoum to evacuate the Egyptians and Europeans there after the Sudan had been largely conquered by a religious fanatic who had declared himself the Madhi, successor of Mohammed. Gordon fulfilled his lifelong death wish by staying in Khartoum until the city was under siege by the Mahdi's men and it was impossible to escape. When the rebel troops rushed into the palace garden, they found Gordon standing calmly at the head of a stairway with a scornful look on his face and his body handsomely clothed in a white uniform, with a tarbush on his head and his sword sheathed. A soldier flung a spear at Gordon's breast and then a group of men rushed up the stairs and plunged their spears into his body. According to custom, they cut off Gordon's head and presented it to the Mahdi.

When Gordon's aide heard of his death, he said, "A brave soldier has fallen at his post. Happy is he to have fallen. His sufferings are over."

His worst sufferings may have been the inability to fulfill and express his homosexual feelings in an age which treated them with scorn and punished them severely when they were exposed.

• • •

BRAZIL

(Continued from page 26)

sipping everything from beer to margueritas in the Miami Airport bar, checking out the rest of the group that each would be living with for the next two weeks. In the midst of the group, being as quietly friendly and congenial as is his wont, the Colt Studio reigning model, Ledermeister, who was to accompany the tour, and the writer, with two years of escorting tours around the world behind him, had assumed their duties as hosts and soon had everyone at ease. Finally the Avianca flight to Cartagena was announced over the loudspeakers and the group made its way to the gate and aboard the plane, some of them waving fond farewells to friends who had come to see them off. It was fasten-your-seatbelts time and with a roar of the mighty jet engines we were off for two weeks of fun-filled adventure!

Colombia was the first country on the itinerary and Cartagena, the once-famous port so popular with swashbuckling pirates of olden times the first stop on the tour. We were met at the airport by Pedro, the local agent, and transferred quickly to our hotel directly on the beach, the Americano. Some of the group opted for a late-night swim in the nude (I later found out) and others decided to accompany Ledermeister and me checking out the local watering-holes. The gay bar scene in Cartagena is, at first sight, a little unique to Americans accustomed to the free-wheeling gay society in which we now live. The two most popular bars, the El Continuo and the Abaca, stand side by side just down the street from the Market Place downtown. The bars are mixed and we found everything from gay boys to prostitutes there, but the outstanding characteristic of all was their genuine friendliness. Further along the street was a string of similar bars, and part of the group decided to swing out either alone or in pairs to do a little exploring. From the stories recounted over breakfast the next morning, the adventures were many and varied. Ledermeister, for example, had taken off with two of the group and found themselves a short while later in a male bordello!

The next morning was spent in leisurely fashion, lounging with Ledermeister on the beach, eyeing the local scenery (male) and, for some, striking up acquaintances with some of the more friendly natives. After lunch we were taken in a private bus on a tour of the city, which has a good deal of the charm of the French Quarter in New Orleans. That night, I organized a dinner party at the Club Le Pesca, the most famous restaurant in Cartagena, situated in the old fort, where the elegant fare proved to be worth the leisurely pace of the waiters. By now certain members of the group had made special friendships with each other, and after dinner the group split up in various directions, some headed for the beach, some to the bars, and still others to their hotel rooms for a little privacy.

On Monday, bright and early, we departed via launch to the island of Boca Chica, a beautiful little spot about an hour's ride from Cartagena. Here, at the old fort in the harbor, Ledermeister stripped down for a photographic session with my camera, with helpful tour members standing watchful guard. Eventually, a rather impressive-looking native sauntered by, spotted Ledermeister's build (who could miss it?) and was easily talked into posing for a few photos with the Colt superstar, though unfortunately not in the nude. The remainder of the day was spent walking around the quaint little village or just relaxing on the beach, and swimming in the pleasantly warm water.

Bogota was the next stop on the tour, and upon arrival at the airport our local agent, Gabor, turned out to be a tall, dark and elegantly suave Hungarian. The customs formalities dispensed with, we were transferred to the lavish Bogota Hilton Hotel, where we were ensconced in suites which boasted huge living-rooms equipped with bar and color television, a pantry and maid's quarters, terraces overlooking the city and separate bedrooms with private baths. After a leisurely lunch in the hotel restaurant overlooking the swimming pool, we were given a comprehensive tour of the city, including the famous museum which houses a 450-million dollar collection of gold Indian relics. That evening, part of the group decided to go with Ledermeister on a pub-crawl of the city, to check out the offerings in the gay bars, while others decided on an evening of elegant dining in the superb restaurant on the 42nd floor of the Hilton with a really breathtaking view of the city, and just about the best food in town. Jim, the 22 year-old "baby" of the group, had ferreted out some friendly types in the hippie colony directly behind the hotel and we will discreetly draw a curtain on the happenings in that certain suite on the 17th floor, except to say that a happy time was had by all six of them!

Goodbye to Colombia—hello, Brazil! as our Wednesday morning flight on the El Cruzeiro DC-10 whisked us over the Andes and the jungle to Manaus. This fast-growing city is a real anomaly, being at once a jungle outpost accessible only by ship or plane, and a large, bustling city boasting many duty-free shops with great bargains for the canny shopper. After checking into our hotel (the mercifully air-conditioned Amazonas) we took a short walk through the downtown center to the world-famous Opera House, an unexpected creation made of materials imported from various countries in Europe, and the last thing you would expect to find in the middle of the jungle! Then we checked out the cruising area down by the docks so that we could return later that night with some degree of familiarity (luckily the area was only a few minutes walk from the hotel). That night, the group indicated its desire to dine al fresco so a reservation was made at the Straw Hat, the best restaurant in Manaus, where the tables are out on a patio covered by a hat-shaped thatched roof. Here we experimented with such Portuguese delicacies as turtle and heart-of-palm soup, and the various fish dishes for which the Portuguese cuisine is justly noted, all the while subtly flirting with the humpy waiters who were assigned to our table. After dinner those of the group so inclined accompanied Ledermeister and me to the docks, where we split up into singles and pairs and set out to seek adventure.

We were scheduled for an all-day trip up the Amazon River the next day and promptly at 7:30 a.m. we left the hotel for the docks (where we had prowled the night before) and embarked on our launch down the Rio Negro. The guide accompanying us was a very groovy young Portuguese stud named Ahicki, who wore a tank-top and tight brief shorts which displayed his tanned well-knit body to best advantage. Ahicki proved to be more than friendly, and the group got a rather "special" lesson in certain words of the Portuguese language which were to prove enormously helpful during our stay in Brazil. Around mid-morning we arrived at a "floating restaurant," luxuriously equipped with bar and swimming pool, where we were served refreshments, and then switched to the smaller motor boats for the trip into the jungle. Cameras clicking away, we proceeded up-river along a tributary of the Amazon, with signs of wild jungle life all around us: tropical birds, monkeys, massive trees trailing giant vines. All in all, we would not have been surprised to see Tarzan come swinging and yodeling out of the nearest tree! At one point we stopped to examine a field of giant lily-pads, some of them at least six feet across; at another we were accosted by two Indian children in a canoe peddling live piranhas! (No, Virginia, you'll never get it through customs!) Finally we reached the native huts where we disembarked and were treated to a showing of live piranhas snapping inch-thick grass stalks in two with razor-sharp teeth, an eight-foot anaconda snake which Ledermeister blithely picked up and examined at close range, and a baby alligator that ran around the yard snapping at our toes. Back down-river to the floating restaurant where we had drinks at the bar (on the house) and a refreshing dip in the pool before a really excellent Portuguese lunch. Fully sated, we re-boarded our launch and proceeded to the junction where the Amazon and Rio Negro Rivers first meet, with the

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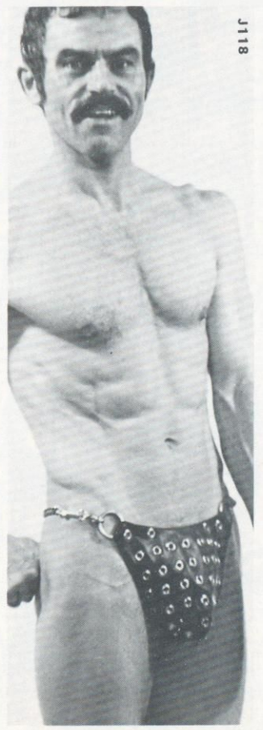





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ANDY WARPHOLE'S HOT COLLECTION CAME NEXT...

THE HOMOFILE AT GIA CENTRAL WAS NEXT...

SHIT!

I COULD JUST CRY!

JOE D'ALLESANDRO AND FRIENDS

THEN IN RAPID SUCCESSION, WONG HAD GRABBED THE WORLD'S CHOICEST PIECES OF GAY PORNO: THE BIG-BOLT STUDIO'S PRIVATE COLLECTION, RANDY AGNEW'S SUPER-DUPER COLLECTION, TOM OF TURKEY'S MASSIVE COLLECTION, THE KINSEY INSTITUTE'S FANTASTIC ARCHIVES OF GAY PORNO... NOT TO MENTION "AFTER SUNSET" MAG'S SMALL, BUT JUICY COLLECTION!!! AND SO IT WENT...

WHEN LAST SEEN, OUR HEROES WERE HIDING IN THE SINISTER SHADOWS OUTSIDE ROCKY'S TEAROOM AT THAT EVIL OASIS-BY-THE-SEA...

MUSCLE BEACH!!

FOLLOWING A HOT CLUE, HARRY, MICK, 'N RANCID BELIEVED THIS TO BE B.K. WONG'S VERY SECRET HIDEOUT. AFTER STRIPPING DOWN AND GREASING THEIR BODS, OUR GUYS SQUEEZED THRU A TIGHT BASEMENT WINDOW!! INSIDE THEY SPIED ALL THE STOLEN PORNO... BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT, A SECRET TRAP-DOOR SPRUNG OPEN UNDER THEM... AND A WATER-PIT OF LETHAL ELECTRIC EELS WAS AT THE BOTTOM..... UGH!!!

YIPS... I'M SLIPPING...! I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER... 'N THOSE NASTIES DOWN THERE SURE LOOK HUNGRY....!!!

MY LOVELY BOD'S TOO PRETTY TO END UP AS GEFILTE FISH BALLS!

GEEZ!

GEE!

SAVED AGAIN... BY ANOTHER HOLE... SIGH...

UP AND OUT!

EUREKA!!! A FOOTHOLD!

I THINK I HAVE IT... WOW!

SUPER SUDDENLY HARRY'S STRONG PINKIES GRAB HOLD OF A LARGE, GRUBBY KNOT HOLE (SIGH) IN THE FLOORBOARD, AND...

THIS SHOULD FIX THOSE SLIMY BASTARDS DOWN THERE...!

RIGHT ON!

OUCH!

VOICES.... COMING THIS WAY! QUICK... HIDE IN HERE!!

HOT BREAD STICKS!

MY HOT DREAM OF BECOMING THE GAY PORNO CZAR IS AT HAND!

PORNO

DAKOTA IS NOT A NEST STATE!

IT'S WONG!

I SHALL MAKE MILLIONS FLOODING THE CAPITALIST MARKETS WITH CHEAP COPIES... WHILE MY OWN PRIVATE, EROTIC MUSEUM IN POO-TANG SHALL CONTAIN ALL THESE ORIGINALS! THIS HEAVY HEADWORK MAKES ME HORNY... COME HERE !!!

GULP!

ANOTHER 8 INCHES... AND I'LL HAVE IT ALMOST IN!

LET ME SEE... LET ME SEE...

WOW!

FLOP!

I THINK I'LL RE-READ MY CONTRACT!

LEDERMEISTER IS NOT A DANISH CHEESE!

ANOTHER OLD MASTER

SIR... YOUR SUB HAS JUST DOCKED IN THE SECRET, UNDERGROUND CAVERN... GULP!

THE RE-CONSTRUCTIONISTS!

GEE!

STOP GAWKING... YOU FOOLS, HAVEN'T YOU SEEN A FUCK BEFORE? LOAD THESE CRATES... WE MUST SPLIT BEFORE OUR HIDEOUT IS UNCOVERED!!!

I'M CUMING!

#@!$☆*! HERE... TAKE OVER!

SLOP!

MOANNN!

VAN DYKE HAS A BIG DICK

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE... AUGGG!

FOO MAN CHEW WOULD BE PROUD IF HE COULD SEE HIS NEPHEW NOW!

Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3

LATER—

PORNO

WHAT A FAB BREAK!.....

WITHOUT ANY SWEAT, WE'RE GOING TO BE PLOPPED DOWN RIGHT IN MING'S LAP! THEN IT'S THE OLD FUGG 1...2...3!

GEE!

BOYCOTT MEAT... SUCK YOUR THUMB!

MOMENTS LATER—

THIS MOTHER IS SURE HEAVY!

!

PORNO

UGH!

AND INSIDE...

COZY... WHAT?

RUMBLE

YIPS! THE SUB'S ENGINES!! THIS CALLS FOR ONE OF MY FAMOUS, SUPER-HOT FLASHES... OR WE'LL BE CHINABOUND!

I'M HEADING OUT TO QUICKLY SCOUT THE SCENE. YOU GUYS STAY HIDDEN... JUST IN CASE. I GOTTA FIND A WAY PRONTO TO STOP WONG FROM SPLITTING WITH THIS HOARD!

YEAH... BUT HOW?

GOOD QUESTION! ⊙H...

AIR PRESSURE

THAT SHOULD DO IT!

IT'S A BIT TIGHT (SIGH)... BUT IT'S GIVING...

AIR PRESSURE

HAPPINESS IS A CHOCOLATE CHIP DILDOE!

SUDDENLY...

? ? ? ? ? ?

PLOP

OOPS... MAYBE I SHOULD'VE READ THE SMALL....

SO... MR. CHESS... YOU'RE THE CULPRIT! SEIZE HIM!

...PRINT!

BUG OFF!

THIS TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE! NOW, ONCE MORE... WHERE ARE YOUR COHORTS... 'N DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR CUTE LIP!!

AMERICAN PIG! DRAG HIM INSIDE... AND TIE HIM DOWN, MEN! I'VE A LI'L SURPRISE IN STORE FOR HIM!

UGH!

POW!

THIS WILL LOOSEN YOUR FUCKING TONGUE!!

YIPS!

MY LITTLE PET... A CROSS BETWEEN A BLOODSUCKING BULGARIAN LEECH... 'N A DEADLY BRAZILIAN PIRANHA....

...IS GOING RIGHT ON YOUR COCK!

NO...NO!

YES... YES... HEE HEE!

CHOMP CHOMP

GASP!

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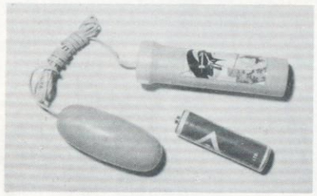

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black and brown waters swirling about each other in pools refusing—like oil and water—to mix until some ten miles further on.

The docks were particularly productive that night for some of us and by the time we hit the pillow we were ready for a good night's sleep!

We were scheduled to leave early next evening for Brasília so that day was left more or less at leisure for everybody to pursue his own thing—shopping, browsing or relaxing. Later that afternoon, back at the hotel, we broke out the Aguardiente, the local jungle juice which sells for about a dollar a bottle, and had a "farewell to Manaus" party before tripping off to the airport for the jet flight to Brasília.

Right on schedule, our Trans-Brazil flight pulled into the almost-new Brasília airport where our attractive young guide, Carlos, was ready and waiting. On the way into the hotel Carlos suggested a visit to the local "entertainment center," which is a huge complex of supermarkets, bars, clubs and shops, open all night for a little night-time diversion. Not needing too much encouragement, Ledermeister and I got together those in the group who were so inclined and led the attack on "Jumbo." The place was indeed as fascinating as promised, and we soon settled on an indoor "outdoor cafe" which seemed to boast the best-looking young crowd around. In a matter of moments we had made eye-contact with a couple of groovy young studs at an adjoining table and they accepted our invitation to join us. It developed that they were MP's, though they were wearing civvies, and were very friendly. (The soldiers in Brazil can be easily spotted by the exaggerated crew cuts they are required to wear.) Since our guests were not due back at the barracks until 7 a.m., they accompanied us back to the hotel for a drink. The next morning we bade them a heartfelt and fond farewell as we boarded our little bus for the sightseeing tour of Brasília, the new capital of Brazil. The city, which is still undergoing extensive construction, is impressive. One is immediately struck by the clean spaciousness and newness of everything. The two cathedrals are certainly outstanding examples of modern architecture, and many of the other buildings of state, as well as the pyramid-shaped theatre still in the building stage, were awe-inspiring. The tour ended at the TV tower, an Eiffel Tower-like structure with an elevator that whisked us up several hundred dizzying feet for a really dazzling view of the city and surrounding area. Then we were off to the airport for a final destination of our little tour: Rio!

My first impression as we deplaned at Rio airport was that it was *hot!* But the heat was dry, despite the fact that Rio is virtually surrounded by water. Our Portuguese guide handled the customs formalities with all the dispatch of his predecessors and we were soon deposited in the lobby of our hotel, the Guanabara Palace, right on the corner of Rio Branco and Avenida Presidente Vargas where the big Carnaval parades start. Our rooms, all air-conditioned, overlooked the parade route, and although we were provided with tickets in the covered stands (highly coveted and at a premium on the black market), we could, if we wished, sit comfortably settled and watch the festivities directly through the windows.

We were scheduled to attend the justly notorious Gay Ball at the Teatro San José at midnight, so we went to our rooms to shower and rest up for what was to be a long, long night. At 11:30 p.m. we assembled in the lobby, some of the more uninhibited of us decked out in gala costumes (Ledermeister was a stunner in black leotards, boots and not much else!) and without further ado we hit the streets!

The Teatro San José is a short distance from the hotel under normal circumstances, but making our way through the festive, dancing crowds was something else. Though I have been more than once to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and had a ball each time, I was really unprepared for the fervor with which the Brazilians (and all others through, I presume, osmosis) celebrate their precious Carnaval. Costumes abound; many of them seductively revealing, and where the Brazilian men are concerned that can be a feast for the eyes! The average build of the Brazilian male can be best described as lithe and wiry, with smooth dark skin, a sprinkling of hair and jet-black, sparkling eyes. The mod look is very in everywhere in Brazil, and the colorful, hip-hugging bell-bottoms are very popular, and never looked so good. The overriding theme, costume-wise, was Indian, which allowed for brief variations of the sarong and not much else. And nobody in our group was complaining. The only problem was which way to look first!

Entering headlong into the crush of the crowd, we made our way along the streets until the large crowd at the entrance indicated that we had arrived at the San José. Wild, outrageous costumes were making their grand entrances as we approached the theatre, armed with our tickets, and the crowd cheered everyone as he happily walked the gauntlet from curb to doorway. We entered in our turn and went through to the outer lobby, which housed the bar, and bought our drinks, then continued into the main ballroom which was packed to the rafters with happy, shouting, dancing gays, parading in their costumes, and some of the more flamboyant drags perched precariously on balcony rails, dancing and blowing kisses. A live band on stage was blaring out the inevitable samba music and we quickly joined in the festivities and got caught up in the mad spirit of the whole affair.

Much, much later, those members of the group who had not made contact at the ball hit the street in search of prey (which was plentiful and available) and eventually all of us, tired but happy, settled in for the night; a warm Brazilian body beside us.

On Sunday morning we decided to hit the beach and found, happily, that whether you settled on Lemme, Copacabana or Ipanema Beach there was no lack of gay Brazilian company anywhere. There is no "gay beach," per se, in Rio, contrary to the opinion of some, but the boys are scattered everywhere on all the beaches. Pickups are relatively easy, thanks to the warm, genuinely friendly nature of the local people, and anyone who does not make out in Rio does so by choice.

That evening we were invited to a private cocktail party and then most of the group (after experimenting with our first Brazilian pizza) took in the famous "Samba Schools Parade," which started around 10 p.m. and went on until dawn. This is the best-known of the parades and its fame is completely

justified. Unlike New Orleans, where the accent is on floats, the Brazilian parades concentrate on dancing and wild, incredibly flamboyant costumes, on which they work for many months leading up to Carnaval itself. This dazzling display is beyond description, especially accompanied, as it is, by the persistent, throbbing samba music blasting out from loudspeakers all along the parade route. And the sheer volume of people participating in each parade alone is staggering in itself. (We were happy this evening that our seats were in the more expensive covered stands since it did pour down with rain for nearly an hour during one of the parades.)

The next few days everyone was left pretty much on his own to do his thing, be it sunning, swimming or cruising at the beach, strolling through the endless crowds at the city, cruising the streets or whatever, with the parades the big highlight of every evening.

The gay bars in Rio are located both in town but mostly in the Copacabana area, and we hit a good many of them, as well as the baths at Ipanema, which proved interesting as well. Riccardo's, The Sato, The Elite, and many others provided interesting quarry as well as great fun for anyone who could get into the Carnaval mood, which was difficult to avoid.

The days following Carnaval were a little quieter but no less exciting. Most Brazilians refuse to return to work for the rest of the week and the air of festivity prevailed, though the costumes had disappeared. On Thursday following Ash Wednesday we did an all-day sightseeing tour of the city, including ascent by cable car to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain and the hairpin drive to the top of Corcovado to see the statue of Christ at close range. We also covered the coastline down past Ipanema, where the new luxury hotels are rapidly going up, including a new Sheraton Hotel.

On Friday, the last day of our tour, we took a cruise by launch around the incredibly beautiful harbor of Rio, ending up with one last afternoon free for the beach or last-minute shopping, a farewell cocktail party, and then the transfer to the airport for the long flight back to Miami.

And so it was over. A two-week jaunt in a strange land where our group of gay guys demonstrated to themselves and the world that they could get together, get along, and have a blast in the company of others like themselves. As one tour member expressed it while we were waiting to board our Varig flight: "Couldn't we go back to Cartagena and start all over again?" I think I can safely say that that just about summed up the feelings of everyone in the group, which is exactly why Coltours will repeat this highly successful tour to Carnaval again next year.

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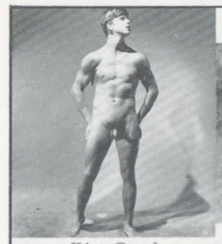
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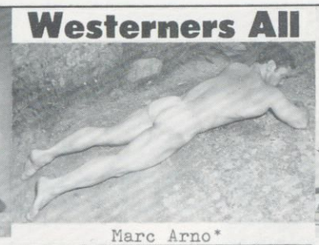
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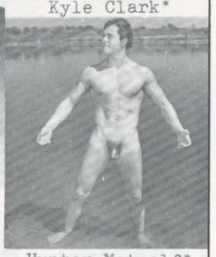
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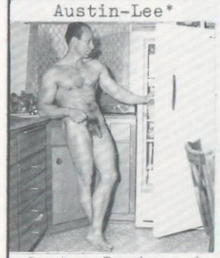
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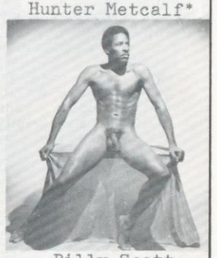
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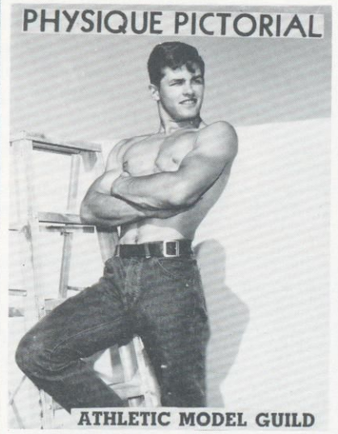

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ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD

Gray is Good

By Craig Rodwell



IN the past couple of years, since passing my thirtieth birthday, I've become more conscious of how oppressive to all of our psyches is the fetish of Youth Cultism which permeates American culture–not to mention our Gay culture. The problem of ageism (like heterosexism and racism) is one that affects all of us–Gay and non-Gay, black and white, male and female, et al.

How many of us, in our before-thirty existence, dreaded the onset of "middle-age" signaled by our thirtieth birthdays? I think it's safe to say that the vast majority of us (myself included) regarded that thirtieth year as the crest in our lives; and that from then on, it was all downhill. I remember thinking, when I became twenty-five, that I only had five years left–almost as if my life would be over when I reached thirty–that no one would "want" me; that if I didn't have a lover by then, I never would; and that, in general, my value as a human being would be lessened.

Well, I've found out that was all a lot of B.S. I'm more at peace now with myself than I ever was; I have perspective on relationships and ideas which gives me a degree of "calm"; I don't have the constant need anymore to "make out" all the time to prove to myself how desirable I am; I no longer have a need to "impress" others–they can either accept me as I am or not at all; and, most importantly, I no longer dread the coming of age. On the contrary, I actually welcome it, honestly.

Recently I received a phone call from a 24 year-old Gay male who was feeling "anxiety" because he had gone to a party over the weekend and hadn't met anyone; and he had to talk to someone in the hopes of relieving his anxiety feelings. We talked about how–as Gay people–we're psychologically conditioned by society to think of ourselves almost entirely in a sexual vein with the emphasis on youth being the key to desirability.

All of us want to be desirable to other people, both sexually and emotionally. But our culture places too much emphasis on youthfulness, which results in youth cultism. There is nothing innately better about being under-thirty than over-thirty, and vice versa. The needs, thoughts, ideas and feelings of every human being are of equal importance; but through societal conditioning, we give more importance to the under-thirties.

For example, in a recent Sunday edition of *The New York Times,* there was an article on Homosexual teachers. It told of a number of Gay teachers around the country who are fighting to end discrimination against Gay people in the teaching profession. At the end of the article, the author wrote, "There is concern that homosexual teachers are not appropriate models for children. And the ridicule with which such teachers are liable to be confronted, particularly from older boys, often makes for disciplinary problems. It is this difficulty that is the basis for the dismissals of homosexuals for 'unprofessional conduct'."

Rather than disciplining the students (younger people) for their misbehavior vis-à-vis a Homosexual teacher, we find that the teachers (older people) are being fired or not hired for "unprofessional conduct." Think about it; this kind of pampering and catering to the prejudices of young people in our society is epidemic.

In terms of our Gay culture, look at the Gay bars with their emphasis on youth–go-go-boys, "Groovy Guy" contests in which all the contestants are usually under twenty-five. Look at the Gay publications–where the vast majority of pictures are of under-thirty *(Continued on page 39)*

MAGAZINE DEALERS

QQ MAGAZINE, BODY, and CIAO! are sold almost exclusively by subscription. The following is a list of select outlets where these magazines may be purchased in person (*indicates back issues also sold at these locations).

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St. Louis, Mo.

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3608 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.

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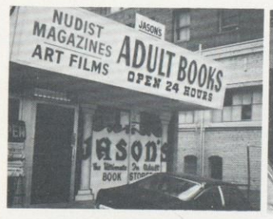

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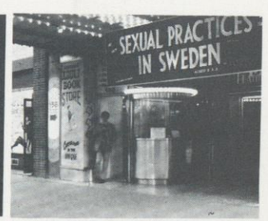

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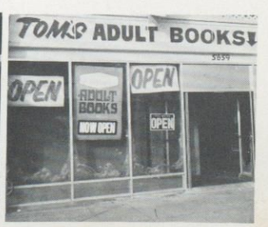

Tom's, Hollywood