QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

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FOR ADULTS ONLY
Sexually Oriented Materi

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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.

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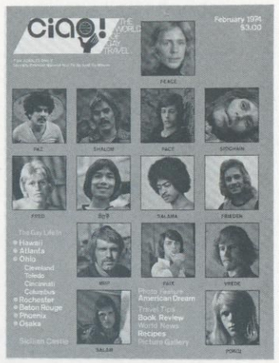

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Editorial

The Gay Scapegoat

by Frank Keating



IN every period of history society has been frequently pilloried on the clichés of its time, particularly on certain slogans which, as psychologists tell us, are *outward projections of inner fears.* One shudders to reflect on how men have allowed themselves to be stampeded by current or popular(!) fears instead of relying on the laws of reason which would exorcise those fears before they could surface. Any projection of fear demands the existence of a scapegoat. There must be something against which fear can be projected . . . something safe—such as a whipping-boy who has proved time and again that he can take a lot of punishment without being able to fight back effectively. Because homosexuality and homosexuals, singly and collectively, have long since proved their durability as scapegoats, let's see how it and we could be effectively exploited in a possible contemporary example.

As this is being written the subject of Presidential impeachment is a burning issue. Although the House Judiciary Committee says that it will act on *any* misdeed by Nixon even if it falls short of the actual definition of a crime, and even as the weight of evidence piles higher each day, Congress has no stomach for impeachment. The reason is *fear.* For a Congressman to withhold his impeachment vote on the ground that the wrenching loss of an experienced executive in time of crisis would rend us asunder just won't wash. We have lost too many Presidents by assassination in times of greater crises; too recently, and too sadly, one of happy memory.

What the Congressman really fears—and the true reason for his reluctance to act—is that his vote for impeachment would backfire, alienating much of that whopping ninety-plus per cent of his constituents who voted for Nixon only a year ago! They are his *meal-ticket,* and so his fear is not national, but wholly and selfishly personal. Yet consider this hypothetical example: If a whispering campaign rumoring Nixon to be homosexual were launched, what a bombshell that would be! It would be just what our Congressman has been waiting for . . . hoping for . . . a whipping-boy . . . a bona-fide *out!* How could he then *not* respond? It would be his 'bounden duty' . . . the country would *demand* it. His constituents would rally to his side, and his next term in Congress, with all its luxurious perquisites would be assured. All the homosexual clichés/bromides would once again be trotted out in support, and gay people would be ripped off as before.

Unfortunately the straight community has no monopoly or such clichés. Gay people have them by the built-in dozens, and we often gore ourselves upon the horns of them. Two of these come readily to mind: (1) *Déjà vu,* which—because of its "Oh, we've all been through this many times before, so what's the use?" philosophy makes so many *cynical* to change. And (2) *plus ça change,* which—because of its "The more things change" philosophy is at least *gently cynical* to begin with—does nothing to foster a climate of change.

The beautiful thing about gay people is that we truly *want* change. We hate being *used*—either as whipping-boys or scapegoats or for any other reason—but we do want to *serve.* We know that we have beautiful minds, think beautiful thoughts, and wish that we might have a better opportunity to beautify the world with our talents and our lifestyles. Indeed so urgent is this to so many that we want to see miracles of beauty performed overnight, and so we form groups and try to initiate change with a forced *impulsivity.* Unhappily, *forced impulsivity* is the reason for *unpredictability,* and in the end it is our unpredictability that is our downfall.

This can be noted in the many splinter groups that so quickly break away from a recently-established parent group . . . each trying to find a common destiny in its still unpredictable way. These, in turn, will splinter into still other groups—all seeking . . . all groping . . . all trying.

Generally speaking, we still have not come to grips with the fact that all worthwhile change must come from within; that we must first try to understand and accept ourselves—not as part of some broad, vaguely-conceived paradigm—but in smaller and more personal ways, so that each of us can contribute his unique talent, share his own rare experiences, and advance the common cause with deep personal insight. When this is understood and colloquy with our brothers takes place many times, and we see more clearly a common way to reach a common goal, then our gay groups will be homogeneous and unassailable.

Then, too, so many of us tend to identify with some group in the belief that the leader is the new gay Messiah. Such a man will usually have a dominant personality and bring out our desire to serve all the more. But serve whom? Him, of course. Let us not forget that human greed is a personality integer not reserved to straight people alone. Too often such a Messiah is commercially motivated and is consumed by the wish to get ahead, no matter at whose expense, grief and disillusionment. Too late we again realize that we've been made a scapegoat . . . gulled . . . this time by one of our treasured own. The next gay Savior, unlike the first, has yet to Billy Grahamaterialize . . . and likely won't.

GAY FIDELITY

by PAUL DAMON

Constancy in love is a perpetual inconstancy which makes our heart attach itself successively to all the qualities of the loved one. This constancy is but an inconstancy arrested and fixed upon a single object.

La Rochefoucauld. *Maxims.* 175.

YOU return home from a family visit sooner than you're expected one night, and what do you find? Your faithful lover is playing doctor games with a humpy trick–in the Sacred Bed you've always reserved as your own "operating table"! Or, maybe you have been administering a little free-lance first-aid, and, if your lover hasn't caught you at it yet, you're still afraid he might, so you constantly watch everything you say or do to make certain you don't arouse suspicions.

As gays, most of us have gone through something similar to one of these situations, if not both. And when it happens it usually means the end, or the beginning of the end, of an otherwise happy and contented relationship. Today many gays are clamoring for legal and religious sanctions of gay marriages, with perhaps part of the reasoning being a belief that such symbolic ties will strengthen fidelity. At the same time, a counter-movement insists that any such one-to-one love affair requiring fidelity is merely a burlesque copy of straight marriages and therefore has no place in a liberated gay culture. They argue that such a relationship can never really last, that one or the other partner inevitably gets wanderlust as a result of the basic, *natural* promiscuity of gay life.

But despite this libertine movement, and regardless of whether courts or churches recognize such relationships, gay love affairs will always exist–as long as there's a possibility of *any* love affair existing. And every gay, whether or not he's presently with a lover, should concern himself with the issue of fidelity; because the more we can understand and agree upon concerning a gay lifestyle, the more capable we are of coping with both the homosexual sub-culture and the super-structure of straight society.

The key issue in dealing with gay fidelity is whether or not sexual fidelity is essential, or perhaps more to the point, *natural* to gay life. Actually, there are strong arguments that it is not. To begin with, homosexuals have always been accustomed to a far more liberal exchange of sex and sex partners than have straight males.

Whereas a straight may bed a few women before marrying one, he tends to have an affair with one partner at a time rather than take random samplings hither and yon. This is simpler for him, due to the heterosexual lifestyle which still prevails, despite Women's Liberation. Getting a woman to play sexist games with him still consists of at least a few dates, a preliminary petting session perhaps, and a sizable amount of *his* money. But once he has hooked a live one, they generally wiggle back on that hook again and again.

Gays on the other hand have only to walk into a cruising bar, engage another gay in conversation for awhile and ask the inevitable question. If he's got the right kind of bait he'll soon have the catch home faster than he can unbend his rod! As a result it's not uncommon for a gay to have had hundreds of one-night stands and repeat performances before he finds a lover. Nor is it uncommon for him to have had several lovers. And, whereas the average straight can remember vividly the names and pertinent facts about each of his sexual conquests, the gay inevitably forgets at least one or two, because such variety is an integral part of his sex life from the beginning.

In addition, gays indulge in sex with more frequency than do straights. According to clinical reports, the average straight male has sex two or three times a week if married, and far less than average if not. A typical gay male, however, because of desire and the availability of easy sex, is far more sex-oriented and is accustomed to having sex much more often than twice a week. And we all know those horny guys who are used to averaging two or three a day–every day. (And I wonder how many straights can say that!)

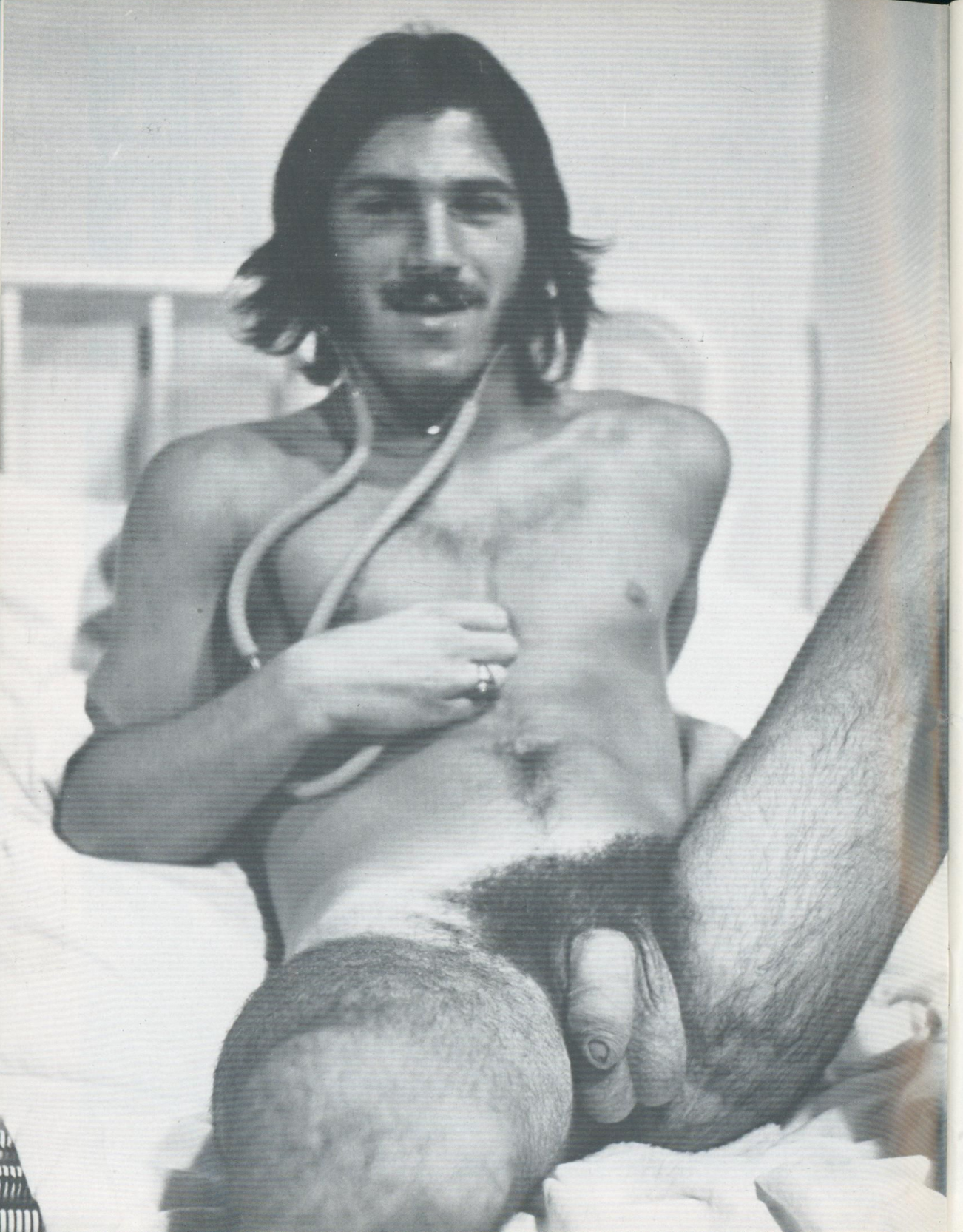
Third, despite the rising divorce rate in America, straight marriages are still entered into with the prospect of its being a long-range affair. But although we may wistfully hope for such an arrangement (at least in the beginning!), the question is always in the back of a gay's mind: I wonder how long this one will last? Practically speaking, the assurance of permanency in gay relationships is painfully non-existent.

Since man is the sexiest of all primates, abstinence is unnatural where such variety of sexual partners and casual sex encounters are the norm. And even straight couples are now finding out, thanks to the effectiveness of the pill, that when the responsibility of children is eliminated, sex *becomes* more casual and varied. Fidelity among straight couples is rapidly becoming as much of a concern to heterosexual America as to the gay culture, and the accusation that gays are promiscous sex maniacs is heard today with a weaker voice.

Those who support fidelity, gay or straight, as a vital and natural part of a love relationship tend to argue on the basis of "morality." But these people fail to comprehend that every moral code develops from necessary, social factors than from any idealized philosophic ethic. It is an indisputable fact that the concept of marital chastity was invented by a heterosexual culture, designed specifically and consciously to fulfill strictly heterosexual needs. Ignoring for a moment all data pertaining to pre-historic times, we have only to go back about 4,000 years to Abraham and the first Hebrews to prove the necessity of fidelity to the heterosexual community which was to influence first all of Judaism and second, all of the Christian world.

These first Hebrews *(Continued on page 38)*





Liver Lifelines

Overcoming Gay 'Occupational Hazards'

by Roger Watson

IT is a fact learned by every high-school physiology student, often forgotten by many and–what is more serious and sometimes tragic–blindly disregarded by many people who are gay, that the human body has only one liver and it is absolutely indispensable.

We can easily survive with just one kidney. Our one gall bladder, like our one appendix, can be entirely removed with resulting better health. A portion of the stomach can be removed with digestive function maintained; and both intestines and bladder can be resected so that eliminative function continues peripherally with the help of prosthetic devices. Happily we can even function and respond sexually with just one testicle.

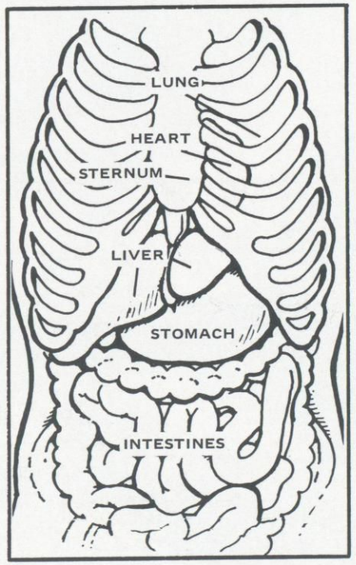
But the liver which is a one-and-only organ–although given great strength of fiber and character which makes it possible for it to absorb some pretty rough going over a normal life span, can render us ready for the mortician if it is mistreated just *once too often,* a tragic parallel to 'the straw that broke the camel's back'.

'S&M' CIRRHOSIS

Gay people are prone to think of liver disease only in terms of dreaded *hepatitis.* Of course, as is too often the case, hepatitis–if not promptly and watchfully treated–can be a killer. In our many articles on the subject *QQ* has not shirked its duty in reminding gay people of the danger of hepatitis; how it is caused; how it can first be recognized; how to prevent or minimize its occurrence; and how to have it treated with sterner methods once it has gotten out of hand.

But *cirrhosis,* of which alcoholism is *not* the only generative cause–is also a disease of the liver and equally of tragic significance. Two forms of this disease (there are several kinds of cirrhosis due to different causes) are of special importance to gay people. One form should be called 'S&M' cirrhosis because it is almost endemic to that form of gay sex and occurs much too frequently.

S&M cirrhosis is the traumatization of the liver during repeated or prolonged episodes of wild sex when the



masochist–going ever deeper into the throes of sexual ecstasy the more he is tortured–is beaten and kicked over and over again around the area of the liver. If he cannot feign greater pain than he is actually experiencing, his blandness drives the sadist-tormentor to even greater lengths of torture and heavier blows to prove his mastery. The more he is challenged by the 'no show' or 'doesn't hurt yet' expression of his captive/slave, the harder he must try to prove that he himself is not 'lily-livered' in delivering punishment. Thus the masochist risks the trauma and the extensive scarring of liver tissue (cirrhosis, a Greek word meaning tawny-colored, is defined interchangeably by physicians as *scarring* or *hardening),* often causing irreversible damage to the organ (unlike other liver diseases, such as hepatitis). It requires no stretch of the imagination to realize that when this occurs frequently and extensively enough, not only is the cirrhosed area more deeply wounded, but other areas are involved.

If you think this far-fetched, you should study the mortality statistics of football players (especially professional players who ignore the classic safety rules of the game in their determination to so injure an opposing star player that he must be taken off the field). How many times have you read of a young player (even a high-school teen-ager) who apparently 'dropped dead' either during a rough game, or expired in the locker room shortly thereafter . . . and while the initial diagnosis was heart attack, the autopsy revealed already extensive liver damage (too much falling on the point of the oval football during scrimmage)–so was it really a bad heart to begin with, or a severe shock to an already damaged liver that brought on the heart attack . . . or which comes first, the chicken or the egg?

Likewise the professional boxer. How young so many of them are when they die! Too many 'rabbit punches' traumatize the kidneys and not only incapacitate him temporarily, but set in motion a chain-reaction of physical deterioration involving other vital areas. What is especially bad–and, as you see, related to the S&M game–is the quick, short chop *(Continued on page 40)*



Western Photography Guild

Fiction

Whippoorwills

by Dakota Jonson

I first spoke to Jimmy from the roof of our house, looking over at his long, lean blackness, his face smiling open sunshine. Green pines engulfed him, swallows against the blue sky, ocean pounding up my back, the smell of last night's fire from the chimney.

Jimmy is . . . black experience–wide eyes, short cropped hair–slapping his hands into collapsing, rippling center, bones all connected but exploding outward again–out of laughter, hands-to-fingers–a quick step back, doubling in again . . . then the movement forward . . . more laughter . . . standing tall . . . .

(Why can't *I* move–smile–laugh–wind and unwind like that? Envy and Wasp complexity eats at me. I don't go to church anymore. I screw with abandon like the best, don't I? From whence cometh my uptight? Why ain't–there, you see, I said "ain't"–why ain't my onion peeled down to juice like his?)

I wanted to say, "I can't touch you from here," but didn't. He was grinning anyway, reaching out above the scrub separating our two houses. Already we knew each other–names, at least, called across.

"I'm Jimmy," he said.

"What?"

"Jimmy!" . . . his joints snapping . . . "I work the bus-a-long . . . I'm an unemployed dancer . . . my lover won't be back till Thursday . . ." his feet thrashing deck like he'd wing any minute . . . Mercury ascending with swallows . . . .

My eyes shifting to fathom inside his house–to see who's there with him–the house we used to call the Aztec Temple until they made the movie in it . . . and seeing there now, along the upper walk of the cathedral ramp and down below in the fishtank living room, others, men–women–of different hues.

I knew he had a German lover. I also think, at this time, I knew my lover, who's from Scranton, had turned on to Jimmy's lover night-before-last.

Well, man, the flash came, if this is why lovers get wrecked on Fire Island, might as well face up to it. I sure ain't going around with a sack over my head. Dig it. I wanted to stretch out my hands and feel Jimmy's narrow waist and touch his chest–and maybe . . . *Get thee behind me*–no, damn it–*get thee out front!* I never believed in Satan, anyhow . . . Eros, I do believe in . . . .

Jimmy kept on rapping.

"Yeah, we're here for the whole scene–summer–right into October . . . you'll . . . I mean, come on over and have a drink with us . . . ."

"You, too," I said.

I began to envision his blackness stretched out on white sheets–my gold-heavy necklace chain laid casually across his small, ebony buns, falling into space between–into mysteries, his lean pelvis writhing easily, and I, grooving cock into him, laying skin against his smooth, tapering spine; caressing soul-nipples, holding him close and loving him, digging head-to-ankles, fingers in his hair, mouth-kissing–*fuck,* as two people becoming one people . . . .

And wondering if he'd heard the whippoorwills . . . .

Maybe his lover wasn't on the Island, but mine was–washing dishes, or sweeping rooms, or snipping flowers–so I had to cool it for now. I knew I'd go tell my Scranton lover, whose name is Jack, that I'd met Jimmy, the German boy's black lover–and get us all introduced, but certainly not relate my fantasy . . . .

Except, I thought, I might say to my lover from Scranton, just to get even–"Hey, did you know Jimmy heard the whippoorwills last night . . .?"

Actually, nobody had heard whippoorwills since June. The first night Jack and I came to the Island–in May–I heard them. The lights were out in The Pines that night. On the long haul down Fire Island Boulevard in the darkness, pulling a wagon-load, I could hear whippoorwills crying, breathless–in distant woods toward bayside; so, I halted wagon-pulling, turned to Jack and said, "Whippoorwills!"

Jack stopped and grunted, "Christ!"

"Well, listen to them a minute," I said, "and smell the pine needles. Listen . . . out there . . . ."

Jack's hulky, humpy frame hovered near me in the shadows, his Tartar face like cold stone, his narrow eyes becoming mere slits.

"Fuck the goddamn whippoorwills!" he said.

He grabbed the wagon handle from me and rumbled off into the murk.

I gritted teeth and stood fast, waiting until the noise of the wagon faded. But the whippoorwills weren't calling anymore. Shit, I thought, Jack's all tensed up from the drive, anxious to get the house open, pissed from the lights going out. Why the hell's he trying to live out the whole summer our first night here?

Yeah, man, I knew exactly where his head was at–yanking the wagon and cursing. He already was into what he'd be doing the rest of the summer, and how in five months it'd be over–and if he didn't get into a fireplace, get a drink in his hand, stash the crap we'd schlepped out–get food inside him–all within the next five minutes–the summer would be gone.

We'd left stuff on the dock–an electric blanket and a pack of kaftans–Jack had made them himself–and that didn't help unwind him any. *(Continued on page 30)*

"What? And Give Up Show Biz?"

A Memory By John Marvin

QQ's film critic, John Marvin, brings to his articles over fifteen years of experience in nearly every phase of show business. In addition to being an authority on film history, he has been an actor, a director, a film editor, a motion picture projectionist, a sound recordist, a stage manager, and even a chauffeur to a number of Hollywood stars. The following story is a true account of his experiences as a resident actor in a summer stock theater in Indianapolis, Indiana–Avondale Playhouse. It is an interesting experience, and one readers of his articles which appear regularly in QQ will enjoy.

SEVERAL years ago, when I was old enough to know better but too young to care, I took it into my head to become an actor. The result was some five or six years spent knocking around the midwestern stock theater circuits through Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio. I played a never-ending collection of bellboys, reporters and kiddie matinee villains (I was a sort of poor man's Vincent Price) until I finally decided that my genius must surely lie in some other branch of "The Biz."

But it was a time rich in memories, and filled with priceless opportunities for growth and development, as well as countless situations in which I can only wish that I had known then what I know now, probably the most frustrating feeling of all.

I remember with pride coaching David Nelson on stage technique before his stage debut after a lifetime of television; I remember with nostalgia long, quiet drives with Mercedes McCambridge as she reminisced about her tragic, yet inspiring life; I remember with sadness working with Charles Coburn during the last week of his life, when we had to take him from the hospital to star in "You Can't Take It With You" and I remember fondly my continuing friendship with Nick Adams until marital troubles and career difficulties brought his life to a premature close in an overdose of medication.

But one of the most vivid and complex memories of all must surely be the week of "Days of the Dancing," an ill-fated pre-Broadway tryout that suffered its birth pains at the Avondale Playhouse.

Just whose idea it was to try out "Days of the Dancing" on the straw-hat circuit was never too clear, but I trust that he has long since been shot at dawn. Midwestern summer stock audiences are looking for an extension of their television viewing-revivals of "The Man Who Came To Dinner" and "Sabrina Fair." Surely nothing heavier than "Tobacco Road." Surely nothing like "Days of the Dancing!"

The play was written by a then-unknown young playwright named James Bridges, who has since gone on to become one of the movies' more promising writer-directors with such films as "The Baby Maker" and "Paper Chase." But at the time he was a fresh-faced youngster from the Bohemian circles of Venice, California, and in "Days of the Dancing" he had fashioned a depressing, downbeat view of that city's phoniest junkies, whores, and leather queens. The story told of the hot-and-cold running romance between a prostitute with a heart of gold, played in her own inimitable style by Shelley Winters, and an AWOL sailor, played by Robert Walker, Jr.

So the play's automatic demise was pre-ordained, even before the thirty-some-odd-member company descended upon the theater during the first hectic week of the new season.

Now one of the most common things that one must deal with in a summer theater is the actor who bolsters his own ego by playing the big-time sophisticate for all the locals on the road, secure in the belief that they will all be suitably awed by the presence of a real, honest-to-God big-city actor, even if no one has ever heard of him. Nearly every traveling company has one of these. "Days of the Dancing" had thirty.

The company had been gleaned largely from the Actor's Studio in New York, last bastion of the hard-core "method" school of acting. But these were the actors who use the "method" to hide their own inability to create real theater.

The "method" per se is a perfectly respectable tool. Briefly, it is an actor's technique of building within himself the emotions of a character, and then playing that character more or less by instinct, drawing on this emotion, as opposed to "mechanical" acting, in which the actor objectively creates the appearance of emotion through carefully observed technique. Most actors fall somewhere between the two poles, but ever since the stellar rise of such excellent "pure" method actors as Marlon Brando and James Dean, the method has drawn about it a cadre of incompetents who feel that all that is necessary to be an actor is to behave eccentrically and mumble about "art" and "motivation" a lot.

At any rate, the audience at Avondale Playhouse met the sophisticates of "Days of the Dancing" eyeball-to-eyeball and got down to the basic business of where to put such an inordinately large company. In summer stock, the star of the week is always ensconced in the city's major hotel (in Indianapolis, the Marriott) which donates its room in return for the right to display the star's name on its marquee, but the other players have to put up at the neighborhood motel or in available private rooms, at their own expense.

When all the dust had settled and all the people were finally housed, it was discovered that there was one left-over. One beautiful 17 year-old boy was left standing in front of the office, unassigned, until I got a look at him and nearly fell all over myself in offering him the use of my apartment for the week. And so the foundling, one Bruce Roman, took up residence on my living room sofa.

My apartment, a good-sized two-bedroom affair near the theater, was already home for three of us, all members of the Avondale resident company. First there was a chap by the name of David Greenburg, a worldly and cynical fellow who was lowering himself to work in a backstage capacity for most of the year due to a general lack of roles for a balding juvenile type. *(Continued on page 42)*



Bruce of Los Angeles



The Cocktail Menopause

Stress Factors That Hinder Sex

By Frank Samuels

IT is being more frequently said that while there is no such thing as male 'menopause' (in the sense that cyclical bleeding and the ability to reproduce cease, as they do in the female on the far side of forty), there is a male 'climacteric' which, to the active sexist–and particularly to the gay super-sexist–is doomsaying at its gloomiest, and more to be feared by the male than actual menopause by the female who has just turned in her last box of Tampax for a refund.

Because of this growing belief, reflected in sharp graph-rises in premature impotence, many psychiatrists are alarmed at how easily *superstition* has become *supposition,* and–more importantly–by the degree that it is affecting very young and virile men with a loss of sexual roses.

A competent psychiatrist these days has a waiting list of patients with the most complex mental illnesses, and is hard-pressed to find the time to allay the fears of those whose problems which, although largely imaginary, have not reached the stage of hallucination . . . which are commonly related to a diminution of sex expression, as exemplified by some degree of temporary/transitory impotence . . . and which either *result from,* or are a reaction *to,* certain stress factors that all of us experience from time to time.

Dr. Eldon Y. Peterborough, the noted British psychiatrist, says that stress can result from

a) *Frequent or sustained frustration of one's basic needs . . .*

b) *Inability to express one's basic drives . . .*

c) *The need to perform beyond one's capacities . . .* and

d) *From fright or the threat of harm/suspicion/damage–*

and that

Temporary/transitory impotence may also be caused by

a) *A direct reaction to an existing depressing situation . . .* or

b) *To anxiety about forthcoming occurrences and/or performances . . .* or

c) *To a remembrance of difficulty or failure in previous performance.*

Now add the words *sex* and *gay* to these and the sum may equal *you!*

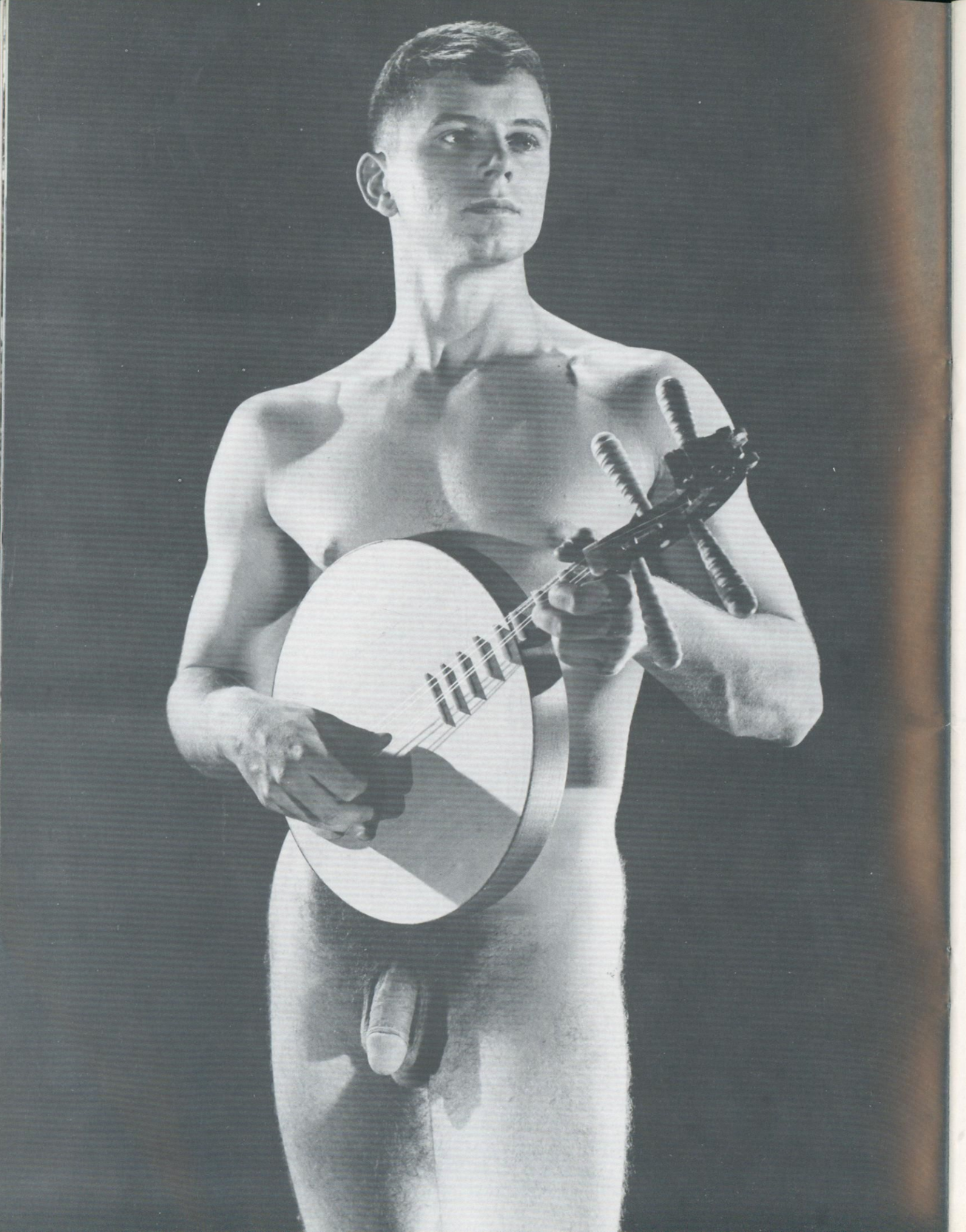
It is this dismaying trend of superstition into supposition that is growing into an almost iron-bound pragmatism, and coming out as just bad sex, that worries psychiatrists and practicing psychologists . . . a phenomenon that they call 'the cocktail menopause' because it is invariably self-induced –although unwittingly–as so many men try to solve their problems, or cover them or try to build a bridge over their hangups with a bomb load of liquor.

The unhappy result is that an excess of liquor, woven into the pattern of daily social ritual, aggravates simple, *temporary* stress-impotence into what may become psycho-somatically permanent impotence, and so becomes a psychiatric problem to be expensively solved unless one recognizes the symptoms early on, and tackles the problem(s) with a simple, face-it, personal confrontation. Gay people are particularly affected by stress factors, either more, or in different ways, than straights (the gay crunch being what it has always been in contemporary society), and here are two common examples of how this happens:

1) The man who is perhaps the only gay person in his office, and once this is known to, or suspected by, his straight colleagues, is either regarded with disdain (which is bad enough) or pity (which is intolerable), or who finds himself disadvantaged by his homosexuality when promotions (almost never!) and pay raises (the grudgingest minimum) are due.

The hapless victim of this rat-race often begins to have two very stiff Martinis before lunch, plus a cognac afterward, "to help me get through until five," after which he demands the same quotidian "to help me forget this whole godawful day," and so, being *bombed* at *peak* points of the day, the alcoholic fallout tends to linger and weaken his natural, healthy sex urge/drive/follow-through at times when he would otherwise be most responsive. If someone interesting comes along who first thinks him irresistible and takes him home, he will find our friend a distinct disappointment–he won't be very good in bed.

2) The gay individual whose *total* daily consumption of liquor may not exceed that of the former, but who *stretches* that same amount throughout a long cruising day in a gay bar, without taking into consideration that even moderate amounts of alcohol taken over many hours have both a *cumulative* and an *extended* effect, working in much the same way as one of those timed-release capsules of vitamins or a cold/sinus remedy. Because of this he remains on a *low-lying sexual plateau,* and while not bombed out, as in the previous case, he is never able to rise to the dizzying heights of sexual excitement. This makes him first a mild turn-*off*–and if this becomes a steady habit, a definite turn-*down.* And so in each of these gay instances what has been self-created really is a kind of 'cocktail menopause' which, though temporary, may soon worry the victim into premature impotence. It is small comfort, however, to anyone, gay or straight, who finds much pleasure in the daily cocktail hour to discover that he must *(Continued on page 44)*



Bruce of Los Angeles

Looking Back At Male Nudity In The Movies

by John Marvin

A couple of years ago we took a look at the history of male nudity in the movies, and particularly at the wealth of top-quality male nudity that had reached almost faddish proportions at that time. Hardly a single attractive young actor, we noted, has been introduced into into films in recent years without having to strip to the skin for his initiation. At that time we felt that we were at the peak of the movement, and that the inevitable nude scene—where the young hero is undressed whether the script demands it or not—would soon give way to a more restrained and artistic use of nudity when it was called for dramatically. This has generally come to pass.

As a fad, as something to be included whenever the opportunity even remotely presents itself, the male nude scene is pretty much a thing of the past. But it has been used without trepidation whenever it is dramatically or esthetically valid, and while this may or may not be enough to satisfy the voyeur in us, it is a big step forward for the art of the cinema. To be sure, there have also been some rather disappointing trends recently, which we will go into in detail in a moment, but first, let's look at an encouraging trend.

In the last issue of *QQ,* we pointed out that the ratings board of the Motion Picture Association of America, as part of a revamping program a couple of years ago, had seized upon nudity as one important criterion in devising objective standards for the assignment of movie ratings. Any film involving nudity to any degree, they decided, would automatically merit an R rating, and frontal nudity would inevitably bring on an X rating. In recent months, however, to the surprise of no one, the arbitrary nature of such a ruling has become obvious even to the ratings board, and there has been a definite easing-up of ratings restrictions on nudity.

The film probably responsible for the breakthrough was Franco Zeffirelli's BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON, a sumptuous retelling of the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. One famous incident in the life of Francis is the story of his disrobing in the town square and returning all his worldly possessions to his father before going forth on his ministry of poverty. Zeffirelli, already famous for having undraped beautiful 17 year-old Leonard Whiting in ROMEO AND JULIET, approached this scene with his usual tasteful but uncompromising style, and the sequence contains several views of the bare backside of young and extremely well-built Graham Faulkner, who plays Francis. So tasteful is the scene, however, and so reverent the subject matter that the ratings board let it by with a PG rating, contrary to their hard-and-fast rule, and one reviewer commented that, given the context of the film, even that should be considered positively blasphemous.

It is interesting to note, on the other hand, that a recent reissue of Zeffirelli's ROMEO AND JULIET, with Leonard Whiting's equally innocuous nude scene, was also rated PG. The film had been given a G rating on its original release in 1968.

Since Graham Faulkner walked naked through the gates of Assisi in BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON, several other films with brief low-key nude scenes in a non-sexual context have slipped by with PG ratings. A misty look at Reb Brown's nude bottom through a shower curtain in SSSSSSS, a shadowy glimpse of Edward Fox's backside in DAY OF THE JACKAL, a peekaboo view of Johnny Crawford in THE NAKED APE, casual locker-room nudity in BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY, a nice rear view of Jeff Bridges in THE LAST AMERICAN HERO, and an artistic nude vignette of Robby Benson in JEREMY are all in PG-rated films.

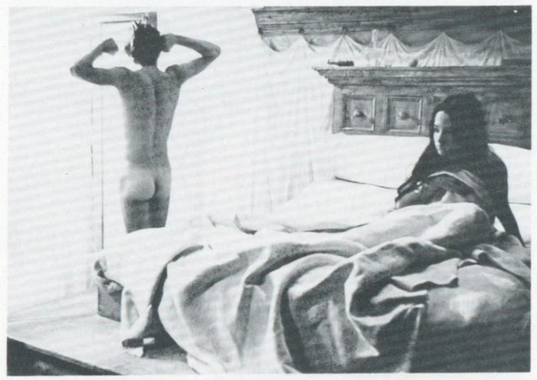
Meanwhile, there is also a recent precedent for the return of frontal nudity to R-rated films in THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT, an entertainment based on the novel which introduced teenage cohabitation to the reading public. THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT deals with a college in which students of opposite sex room together and are encouraged to have sexual relations in a sort of giant sociological laboratory. Most of the cast is comprised of particularly attractive actors and actresses in their early twenties, and each is involved in at least one of the film's several nude scenes. No conscious attempt is made at any time to avoid frontal nudity. THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT stars Don Johnson, who is no stranger to on-screen nudity, having played extensive nude scenes in two Los Angeles stage shows and a previous movie, THE MAGIC GARDEN OF STANLEY SWEETHEART.

As we hinted earlier, however, all has not been fruitcake and fetishes in the area of movie nudity. A couple of very curious practices have been noted lately, and the best way to illustrate them is to take a long, careful look at an otherwise insignificant little film, the MGM action adventure, THE MOONSHINE WAR.

This film went before the public following hot on the heels of a press release detailing the problems MGM supposedly had in casting a young couple to play a scene in the film which required them to undress. Nearly two dozen girls and an equal number of men, so the story went, had turned the job down flat before the parts were finally cast. Director Richard Quine was quoted as having a lot of respect

JOHN MARVIN is active as a film editor, and is also an authority on motion picture history. He is the author of six past QQ articles—"Male Nudity in the Movies" (April 1972); "Homosexuality on TV" (December 1972); "Cross-Sexual Casting" (February 1973); "The Gay Villains" (August 1973); "Pederasty in the Movies" (December 1973); "Censorship and the Movies" (February 1974).









This page, top: **In Franco Zeffirelli's BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON, Graham Faulkner divests himself of all worldly possessions in order to minister to the poverty-stricken peasants.** Next to top: **Leonard Whiting greets the dawn in one of the movies' most famous and most beautiful male nude scenes, from Zefirrelli's ROMEO AND JULIET.** Next to bottom: **Don Johnson left nothing to the imagination in THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT, an R-rated drama featuring numerous attractive nude actors.** Bottom: **Claude Johnson is forced to undress in the MGM picture THE MOONSHINE WAR. Actually, this publicity photo shows more of Johnson than the film itself did.** Opposite page, top: **This nude shot of Barry Evans was widely used to publicize HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH, although the scene does not appear in the finished film.** Next to top, left: **Jan-Michael Vincent was required to strip to the buff to film a shower scene for GOING HOME which didn't show even this much of his outstanding physique.** Right: **Nudity garnered an exploitable X-rating for the innocuous British documentary THE BODY, released in America by MGM.** Next to bottom: **THE RED MANTLE, sometimes known as HAGBARD AND SIGNE, contained this scene, in which several hardy-looking young Scandinavians shared a friendly sauna.** Bottom, left: **Paolo Turco played an extensive nude love scene which included both rear and frontal views in the sexploiter-drama, THE LICKERISH QUARTET.** Right: **Len Travis and Ann Gibbs are surprised in the act by a psychotic killer in a scene from the MGM thrillter PRIVATE PARTS.**

for those actors and actresses who had the self-respect not to be willing to strip just for a job, and he seemed to suggest the movies were getting a little too dirty lately, anyway.

Probably because it had just gotten through painting them as little more than prostitutes, the press release did not even name the two who had accepted the job. The man was Claude Johnson and the girl was Terry Garr, both unknowns, although Johnson has, in fact, been active in films for some years. He played George Peppard's kid brother in the massive MGM-Cinerama blockbuster HOW THE WEST WAS WON, back in 1962.

Now THE MOONSHINE WAR press release raises some rather intriguing questions. If Director Quine felt this way about movie nudity, why was he including a nude scene in his film in the first place? There is hardly a single movie nude scene that could not somehow be avoided if the powers-that-be really wanted to avoid it. And, given the inclusion of the scene, why release a major newspaper story designed to advertise its presence? Obviously the publicity department felt that they had something to sell. And finally, if there was indeed a salable item here, why was everyone involved trying to disavow any personal approval of the scene?

The reasons are complex, to say the least. Box-office receipts show beyond doubt that there is an audience, and a very big one, for sexy movies—not just outright hardcore films, but good, mature, intelligent films combining quality and erotica. But the audience is largely a silent one. Very few people are ready to stand up in public and announce that they enjoy dirty movies.

On the other hand there is a very vocal contingent that is all for banning any movie that even suggests that there is such a thing as sex. These people do not patronize movies, and are usually the first to proudly proclaim as much, but they nonetheless feel that they should have the right to dictate what those who do go to the movies should be allowed to see, and they are fanatically active in rounding up legal and political support for their cause.

Producers, therefore, must supply films that the paying audience has proven time and again that it wants while still not running afoul of the non-paying non-audience which still wields the greater political power.

The result is publicity such as that for THE MOONSHINE WAR, which announced to the world that the film had both

a guy and a girl running around starkers, while still letting on that everybody concerned thought the whole thing just too distasteful for words. But wait! Now comes the final, finished scene.

In the sequence, Lee Hazelwood, the chief assistant villain to Richard Widmark, accosts a young couple in a roadside diner. Feigning an interest in buying the young man's suit, he forces him at gunpoint to strip naked, then for good measure he demands that the girl undress, too. However, from the moment Claude Johnson begins to drop his drawers the entire scene is photographed modestly from the waist up, and it ends just as Miss Garr begins to remove her dress. There is only one shot in the entire sequence requiring actual nudity—an extreme long shot, apparently taken from somewhere in the next county, of the two of them running to their car. Much imagination and wishful thinking has to be applied to see anything at all.

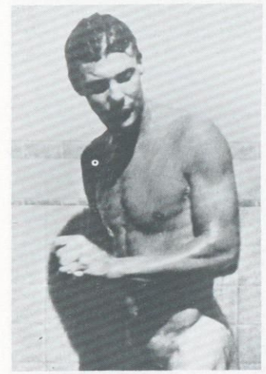
Furthermore, there is every reason to question the validity of the scene in the first place. It lasts more than five minutes, and yet seems to have no purpose whatever in the film. Ostensibly used to set the character of Lee Hazelwood, it does not even do this properly, since it gives the impression of a lighthearted, prankish sort of character rather than the leering, sadistic murderer he turns out to be.

Thus the only real purpose of the scene is for titillation, hence the press-release plugging it, and on this level it fails miserably by simply copping out. Claude Johnson is a very goodlooking fellow, and Miss Garr isn't bad, either, if you go for girls, and it seems a shame to waste their willingness to undress on camera in a scene like this. However, like every other craze, the nudity bandwagon has its share of passengers who want to go along for the ride without paying their full fare. The result is this sort of misleading advertising and this sort of cop-out sequence—a technique which we call the "pseudo-nude" scene.

The trick of the pseudo-nude scene is to make the viewer think he's going to see a lot more than he is actually given. This is, of course, one of the oldest, most time-honored techniques in movie advertising, and is to be expected to some degree, no matter what the content of the film. It has been used before in the field of male nudity. In connection with the release of the British comedy HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH, publicists widely distributed photos of sexy young Barry Evans standing naked in a bath tub, despite the fact that the scene had been deleted from the finished film. Nonetheless, in this day when movie nudity is so casual and commonplace, a "nude" scene like the one in THE MOONSHINE WAR, without any nudity, is like a John Wayne picture without a brawl, and can only be considered a cheat of the first order.

Although we have dwelt at some length on the example of THE MOONSHINE WAR, this is not because it is the only instance, but only because it is one of the most classic. In the last issue of *QQ* we mentioned another excellent example of the "pseudo-nude" scene, however—the Universal horror thriller SSSSSSS. In this one, hero Dirk Benedict and heroine Heather Menzies stop by a little lake and go for a nude swim. However, both of them remain hidden behind blatantly obvious bushes and car doors, and there is in the end no actual nudity on the part of either of them. Yet, for what other reason does the scene exist? It does nothing to advance either the plot or the characterizations; in fact it seems a bit out of character within the context of the story. A halfhearted attempt to symbolize Adam and Eve and the serpent—utter pointless in context—is ruined by the coy





















non-nudity. The scene, in fact, serves no purpose whatever except to give the audience a look at two very attractive people in the nude, and it ultimately refuses even that.

There are probably as many reasons for pseudo-nude scenes as there are such scenes. In the example of SSSSSSS the producers were trying for a PG rating, and were afraid, probably with reason, that playing the scene with nudity would get them an R. This is undoubtedly the most common reason for copping out on nudity. It was the reason in the case of the Luchino Visconti film LUDWIG, in which the American distributors, Warner Brothers, trimmed out a frontal nude shot of the young soldier whom Helmut Berger observes taking a moonlight swim. Just why Warner Brothers wanted a PG rating so badly on a film which hasn't the slightest appeal whatever to children or family audiences remains a mystery, but they wanted a PG, and the poor boy's cock had to go in order to get it.

Another cause of pseudo-nudity is undoubtedly a heterosexual bias on the part of some directors. This appears to be the case in the instance of the highly-acclaimed film BILLY JACK. Tom Laughlin, the triple-threat talent who wrote, directed, and starred in the film, assigned nude scenes to no fewer than three actresses, including his own wife, but the film's very sexy young villain, David Roya, played two different pseudo-nude scenes without ever revealing even a glimpse of cheek. In one of these scenes, Roya even appears to have been nude on the set, but a series of complex and ungainly camera angles manage to keep him out of sight.

This sort of scene—in which an actor is required to be nude on the set for a shot which does not utilize his nudity—is particularly frustrating for the dedicated voyeur, and there have been so many of them recently that one cannot help speculating on just what is going on behind the scenes. There was, for instance, the horror thriller EYE OF THE CAT, in which slender, attractive Michael Sarazin played several pseudo-nude scenes. Little or no attempt was made in any of them to disguise the fact that he wore flesh-colored bikini briefs. And yet, buried among all the shots of Sarazin "nude" in his pants or shorts, there remains a single shot of him stepping into a shower in which his bare buttocks can be clearly seen. However, this shot is framed in such a way that most, if not all, theaters mask off the momentary view in their wide-screen projection systems.

Similarly, in DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING, Scott Hylands was stripped to the buff for a nude love scene which was completely obliterated by deep shadows. And there was THE POSSESSION OF JOEL DELANEY, in which Perry King stands completely naked in a shower, although he never steps from behind the opaque shower door. Similarly, in GOING HOME, Jan-Michael Vincent is seen in a shower in one shot which is cropped off at waist level, although he was actually nude for the take.

In each of these, and several other instances, very attractive young actors have been required to work stark naked, in front of an entire movie crew, in scenes which, analyzed objectively, did not require any such degree of dedication. Why, we cannot help speculating, was this done? Even more to the point; once done, why the hell wasn't the scenery shared with the rest of us? Shortly after shooting the above-mentioned scene for GOING HOME, Jan-Michael Vincent expressed to me his disinclination to ever again film a movie nude scene, apparently feeling that he had been gulled in this instance. We can only bemoan the loss.

Of all the recent pseudo-nude scenes, one of the biggest was probably a seduction scene in a disappointing little film

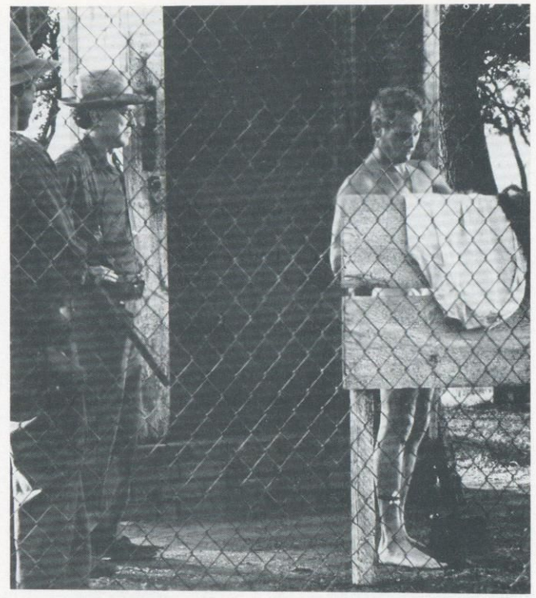
Opposite page, top: **Even heterosexual sexploiters feature male nudity today. This is Ron Darby, a popular straight sex star, in THE HONEYMOON IS OVER.** Next to top: **Roy Holder and Hywel Bennett pull a nude bank heist in the zany British comedy LOOT.** Next to bottom: **Francesco Gavazzi was one of several actors to appear nude in Pasolini's bawdy romp, THE DECAMERON.** Bottom: **Popular Mexican star Jorge Rivero played Adam the way God created him in the Biblical film, THE SIN OF ADAM AND EVE, although he always managed to avoid facing full front to the camera.** This page, top: **Paul Newman kept his exposure hidden from the camera in this pseudo-nude scene in COOL HAND LUKE.** Bottom: **Popular teeny-bopper idol David Cassidy followed Burt Reynolds into the field of nude modeling in this sensual pose for the semi-underground rock journal** Rolling Stone.

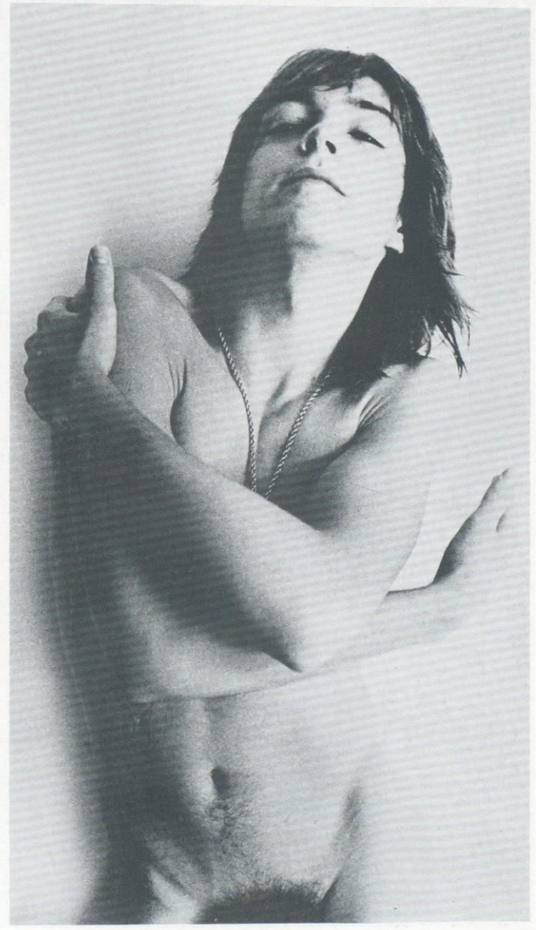
called RIVALS. The film provided one of the first important screen roles for Scott Jacoby, the brilliant teenage actor who is best remembered as the son of a homosexual father in the TV movie, THAT CERTAIN SUMMER. In RIVALS Jacoby played a precocious ten year-old brat who, in one sequence, seduces his teenage babysitter while starring her in an "underground" movie. Director Krishna Shah planned the scene originally to include shots of the girl's breasts and Jacoby's bare bottom. However, when the time came to actually shoot the scene, Jacoby's mother, hovering just off-camera, decided that she didn't want her son's ass on public display after all, and that the scene would have to go.

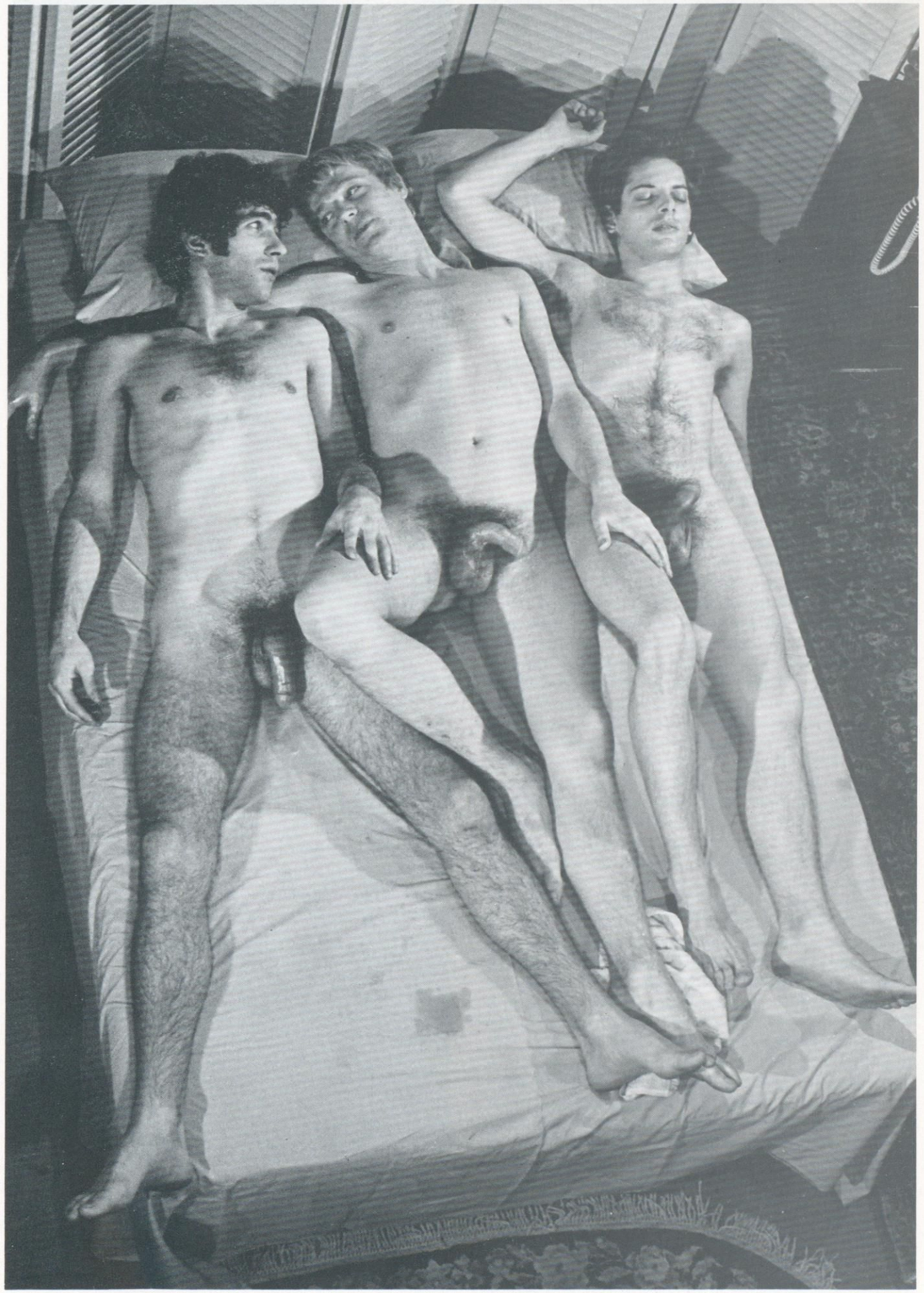
"Look," Jacoby later told reporters, "my mother is a nice Jewish lady. I told her that there was nothing to it and that it was just another acting part." Despite young Scott's willingness to undress, however, his mother was adamant, and Director Shah finally decided to shoot the scene exactly as planned, but with Jacoby wearing flesh-colored briefs under his own shorts in the hope they wouldn't be too noticeable.

When the footage came back from the lab the double underwear looked so ludicrous that the scene was deemed unusable. By this time, however, the budget would not allow for retakes, and finally the scenes were run through an expensive and unsatisfactory optical blow-up process to eliminate the worst portions, with the result that the sequence is full of grainy, off-balance, barely acceptable shots obviously doctored to avoid showing Jacoby's bottom. Furthermore, since the girl is nude as planned, the absence of the boy's nudity becomes even more discomforting. In all, the scene is of such extremely poor quality that it detracts from an already borderline film and does a disservice to all concerned.

With so many American films approaching nudity—at least male nudity—with some caution recently, the best quality male nude scenes have logically been turning up in foreign imports. The romantic Scandinavian film known variously as HAGBARD AND SIGNE, or THE RED MANTLE, for instance, undresses its beautiful blond leading man, Oleg Vidov, in two or three scenes, and includes a sequence of several gorgeous Nordic types in a sauna. THE LICKERISH QUARTET, an Italian-American production from American sexploiter producer Radley Metzger, contains a lengthy nude scene featuring both frontal and rear shots of its stunning young lead, Paolo Turco, as well as a less interesting nude scene for its aging leading man, the late Frank Wolff. Sensuous John Moulder Brown plays no fewer than three separate nude scenes in the British picture DEEP END, and also from England the zany comedy LOOT shows us Hywel Bennett and Roy Holder breaking into a bank in the nude, so as not to have incriminating dust left on their clothes. From Italy, Pier-Paolo Pasolini's adaptation of Boccaccio's DECAMERON *(Continued on page 47)*







Cruising Ethics

by Paul Damon

THERE'S not much action in the bar but you've managed some preliminary small-talk with a guy sitting next to you who's beginning to prove . . . interesting. Suddenly, as if out of Pandora's Box, a "friend" appears with a warm hail-fellow-well-met routine. Knowing this character to be on the longest perpetual cruise since Odysseus made his ten-year romp around the Mediterranean, you look down, and sure enough, his nails are set on fetch-and-retrieve. After the briefest of amenities comes the real pitch: "By the way, who's the humpy guy at your side?"

Well? What do you do—magnanimously introduce the two and leave the field to this obvious pro, or tell him in subtle whispers that the number in question has terminal syphilis and you expect him to self-destruct any minute?

Whatever your response, it should be consistent with your normal personality and sense of social etiquette. But in the every-man-for-himself atmosphere of the typical cruising scene, moral codes tend to fray a bit around the edges. And gays with social graces that Lady Astor might envy often forget their fine manners when faced with stiff competition. (Pun intended.) When I remarked to an acquaintance about the lack of ethics in such situations, for instance, he replied: "There's only one ethic when cruising—eat, and be eaten!"

Well, I'm from the old school. (Prudence Peckham's School of Gentlemanly Behavior and Related Topics). And I still believe in helping little old ladies across busy streets, returning lost wallets, and saying things like "I don't think it would work out, but thanks for the compliment," when turning down a polite offer of sex.

If you have a code of ethics in your daily lifestyle, there's no good reason to leave it in your closet when you come out to cruise. Because even when faced with aggressive competition, good manners are always in style, and those who remember those social graces inevitably make out better in the long run.

An important thing to remember, however, is that no moral code should consist of a list of rigid do's and don't's. Instead, simply use a general yardstick such as . . . well, remember that good old Golden Rule? The one which goes: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. (Double entendre *not* intended.) Few moral questions are so universal that a pat answer can be given which applies to every case, but if you can put yourself in the other's basket for a moment, you will almost always come up with at least *one* right answer.

In the above situation, for instance, which is a common occurrence in gay bars, there are several possible "correct" solutions. Having already made contact with the number next to you, you have established a *prima facie* claim, according to the laws of the jungle. And the fact that the interloper is rude enough to try to take the number away from you shows you the kind of jungle *he* lives in. So, *prior tempore, prior jure:* first come, first served. (And I don't know if this entendre is intended or not!) If the trick does interest you and you want to pursue it without competition, no one could blame you for discreetly and politely indicating the situation by saying something like, "Oh, this is———; we were just getting acquainted," and then keeping your hand in. You shouldn't move out of the picture unless you want to, but just because the third party lacks ethics is no signal for you to throw yours away. However, if you're *not* interested it would be tacky to hamper an introduction. (Unless you suspect the *interloper* of terminal syphilis.)

And to illustrate how difficult it is to make hard-and-fast rules about such situations . . . call me Mr. Tacky. There have been times in such instances when I have stubbornly chosen to ignore the subtle overtures of the third party with much *savoir gauche,* and nothing short of guaranteed impotence could have made me budge from my position. And I may well do it again, because of a *personal* ethic for which I make no apologies, and which takes precedence: I refuse to help the devil find new dancing partners.

This unsocial attitude has earned me the rather dubious title of *Le Marquis de Faux Pas* in certain circles, however—and I don't recommend the extreme unless you happen to share my view and are willing to accept the consequences. Generally, I willingly carry out introductions whether the third party is a friend or not, because: a) I believe in freedom of choice and the number may well find the interloper more appealing, and b) I prefer mutual interest and attraction. If the number is interested in me he can make it apparent enough without insulting the third party. Moreover, I quite frankly find it useful to watch *his* ethical code in action—it's usually a very revealing experience!

MORE ON BAR CRUISING

1) If you change the above situation slightly and turn the tables around, you'll find another common ethical dilemma encountered in gay bars: You spot a great-looking number who seems to return your interest, and you're hot to pursue it. *But,* Mr. Humpy is engaged with a third party at the moment. So what do you do here? Forget it, or barge right in? In most cases, the ethical answer should be neither. Simply wait. Although the third party has a prior claim, he doesn't have the right to chain and manacle the number you're interested in. If the number wants you, he'll extricate himself as soon as he can gracefully do so. And if he doesn't, you're probably better off. If he does, however, it's a wise touch to clear the air as soon as possible after the two of you strike up a conversation by asking something like, "Am I interrupting something?" You may be, but the number does have freedom of choice, and there's nothing impolite in his making his own selection. *(Continued on page 50)*

ETHNIC DINING
HOW TO STAY SEXILY SLENDER ABROAD

BY TERRY McWATERS

THE gay American visitor to Europe often makes a dismaying discovery: that two weeks of delicious ethnic foods have packed on two or more pounds of weight, and that the physique classique he's always been so sexily proud of is pooching here and (horrors!) potting *there.* For a quite similar (yet paradoxically different) reason the gay European visiting our shores may be equally shocked to note that the slender waistline on which Pierre Cardin lavished his loveliest threads is not so pencil-thin as 'twas. In either case the weight increase is due to a drastic alteration of diet *style.* For the American abroad it is *qualitative;* for our European guest it is *quantitative,* and here is why they add up to the same effect.

Customarily the diet of the American who watches his weight is largely computerized. Either he has (1) memorized the calorie tables so thoroughly that he can compute to a split-calorie the 'cost' of everything he eats, or (2) failing this, he need only glance at the label of any food product to know exactly where he stands calorically at any given moment of the day.

For example, he knows that a breakfast of orange juice, one soft-cooked egg, a thin slice of toast/half-pat of butter, plus a cup of black coffee will cost him 225 calories of his daily allowable total. Or if he is a dropout from Math IV, the food processor will do his counting for him with 225 calories of something pan-nutritional, like Metrecal, or some other metered meal.

For lunch he usually has a cup of consommé and a simple salad of greens/julienned chicken with a whisp-of-a-wisp of light dressing. Or if he hates to whirl the calorie wheel, and is what Van Johnson calls "a banana junkie," he can settle for a glass of skimmed milk and a banana, for the same caloric total.

Having saved most of his nutritional ammunition for dinner, he has enough calories in the bank for a cruising cocktail, a small broiled steak, a cooked vegetable, a small baked potato, and a piece of fresh fruit. Again, if he's a lazybones, Weight Watchers will count his calories for him with a tasty frozen dinner, and all he need do is just thaw it and 'enjaw' it. With such a daily total of 2000 calories, however arrived at, his body stays handsomely slender and firm, and interesting in bed.

All this changes puzzlingly the first day he arrives abroad. He is now strictly on his own amid the many characteristic national foods prepared deliciously by loving hands whose fingers have never riffled the pages of a calorie manual.

EUROPEAN BREAKFASTS

First, he discovers that in many European countries breakfast is not our light 'wake-up' snack, but a meal of such amplitude it *could* easily carry him through until *next* morning, and which tempts him to eat something of everything on the buffet because (a) it's so mouth-watering and (b) since it is included in the price of his hotel accommodations he feels that not to eat it is just wasting good American dollars.

Such a meal comes with pre-breakfast tea; then that lovely, blobby, steamy Irish oatmeal, every grain of which is nine-months pregnant with goodness and high carbohydrate calories; then the buffet of kippers, ham, bacon, sausages, eggs, scones, butter, Scottish jams, plus breakfast coffee. Or if he's in Holland, one of those big cheesy Dutch breakfasts (high in fat calories) . . . or the fishy Scandinavian . . . or in Switzerland–in addition to all the foregoing–trout fresh from brook or stream, plus rich Swiss chocolate with pots of fresh-from-Ms Moo milk . . . or in Vienna/Salzburg, those heavenly buns that only the Austrians know how to make, and the world's best coffee *mit schlag* (mounds of whipped cream so thick it could never squeeze its hips into the girdle of a Reddiwip aerosol can). "Oh-h!" he exclaims (already he's Little Jack Horner on a trip), "I'll just try a little of everything. After all it *is* vacation. I'll cut down at lunch and have just a cup of consommé . . . only fifty calories per cup, if I remember correctly."

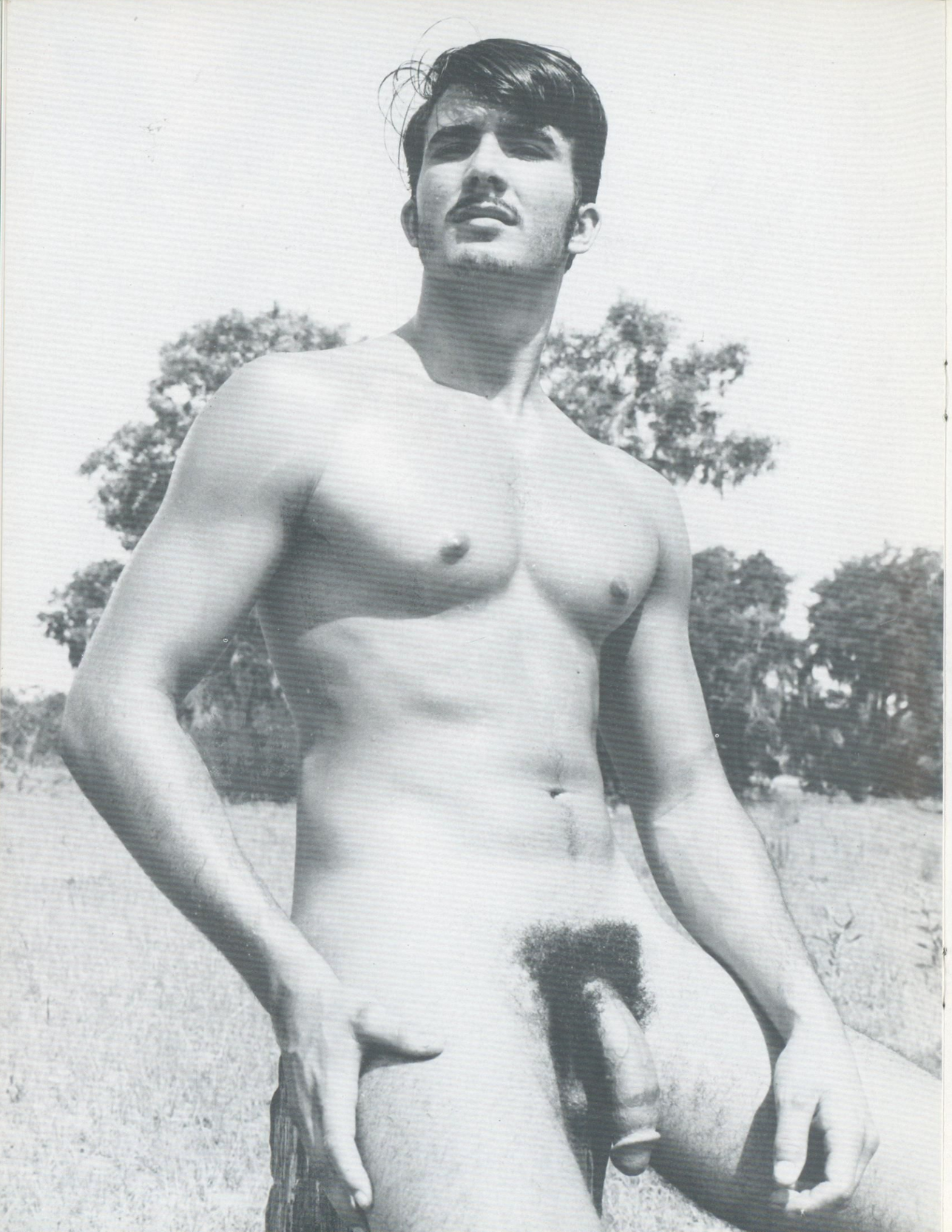
Foiled again! Consommé will indeed be on the daily menu of any good European restaurant. But it may turn out to be another Station of the Cross, calorie-wise, being something like *Consommé double,* which–to begin with–is far richer than our canned consommé, and being double strength, as the name indicates, is double calorically . . . or it may be *Consommé Sir James*–a cold turtle (and turtles are so faa-t-t!) soup laced with wine and cognac! Calorie count: 600 per scant cup . . . nothing like that nice, safe, back-at-home, calorie-computed Campbell's Consommé, which figures out to about 60 calories per cup.

Consommé Sir James, by the way, is delicious, and truly a summer meal in itself, and if you'd like an instant recipe to stun three gay friends and yourself at your next group encounter: to 4 cups of canned turtle soup (clear), add ¾ cup of a fine Madeira wine and ¼ cup of cognac. Chill and serve it from iced cups bedded in shaved ice. Now that's something that'll *really* put acrylic in your ball-point(s)!

Then let's suppose that you've been reading some of our *Ciao!* travel articles like *Pride of Empire (Ciao!* April 1973), in which we describe the famous dream castles of Ludwig II of Bavaria, and decide you'd like to play Helmut Berger or Michael York for a day and visit that wildest of them all–Neuschwanstein. If you are like many others you will want to enjoy the exterior view of the castle while lunching in one of the excellent restaurants in the vicinity. With a stout Bavarian breakfast under your belt you will wisely have decided on something quite light for lunch. But here again everything depends on a different sense of values . . . your *sense;* the waiter's *values.*

Just don't make the mistake of asking him for the 'lightest' specialty of the *(Continued on page 48)*





Mango Suckers

Gay Sexstyles Of India

by Jon Lorrimer

IF you're ever fortunate enough to trick with a handsome Hindu and just near the point of climax you are puzzled by a bizarre grating sound, don't stop to investigate or you'll spoil the mood buildup. It's only your Indian lover getting down to the 'nitty' of gritting his teeth–his special way of telling you what a turn-on you are, and how much he's enjoying your particular sex technique.

Unlike American gay guys he's not one to carry on with "Great!" or "Super, man!" No moans and groans. Nor does he delicately stroke the contours of your cheek bones to encourage you to go deeper on his phallus, as the French subtly do. Neither does he go in for a lot of fanny-fandango like the hot-assed Spaniards, nor play rumpsy-bumpsy–punctuating the scene with a frequent *"Ach . . . sehr güt!"*–like the lusty Germans.

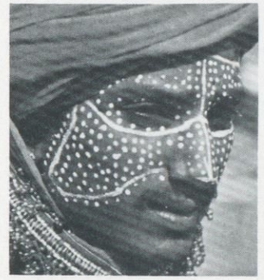
You've thrilled him all the way from toes to teeth, and it is with the latter that he gives vent to his pleasure. If he's a Shudra–a Hindu of lower caste–he may let out a piercing yowl at climax, but if he were born to a higher or Brahman caste he will have been taught from childhood to control his emotions, and to suffer pain as soundlessly as possible, and so the only way you'll know that you're driving him stark, raving bonkers is the increase in speed and sound of his gritting teeth.

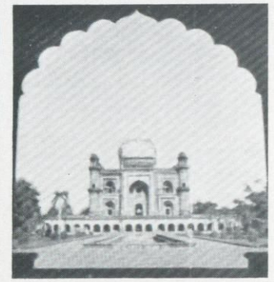
Of course this can be terribly upsetting and embarrassing to him if he's wearing dentures, but since all Indians seem to have the strongest, whitest, most perfect teeth, obviously they can go through three or more sexual encounters every day (but never on Friday, a day of prayer) without chipping the enamel. So if Ms Luck has smiled on you, let him grit happily away.

HORNY HINDUS/GENITAL GEMS

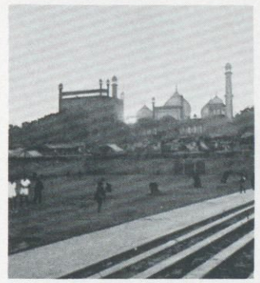
The Hindu has a charming name for fellatio–*ambārchūsi*–which literally means "sucking the mango." But do not be deluded that his phallus is formed into such a fantastic shape, or is of such fruity size. Erotologists, such as Dr. Jacobus Sutor who–believe it or not–was commissioned by the Ministry of Anthropology of the French government some years ago to make extensive studies of sexual practices and vaginal/penile anthropometrics of nationals in those countries either colonialized by the French, or which lay adjacent (and what a labor of love that must have been!), wrote in his book *L'Ethnologie du Sens Génitale* that the average Hindu phallus is smaller than that of other Orientals. Having pulled, palpated and pattycaked upward of 1000 Hindu phalluses, Dr. Sutor discovered these genital gems: that the erect phallus of the pre-pubescent Hindu boy is 'little-finger' size–about one and a half inches long. At puberty it will have lengthened to about four *(Continued on page 34)*













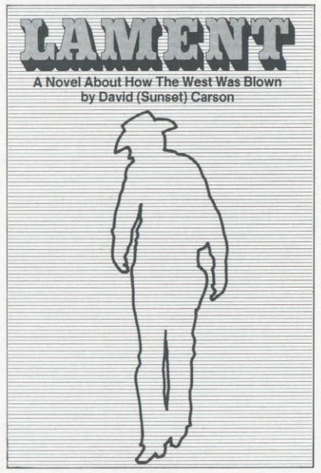


QQ's Man of the Month

Kirk



book review



"United States Marshal T. Texas LaFever sits on the wide steps of the Rockwell, Kansas jail cleaning the horseshit off his boots.

"'Oh, fuck,' he says. 'Look at all that horseshit.'"

And so begins one of the most delightfully campy, innovative, and irreverent take-offs of all-time.

Lament, by David (Sunset) Carson, Grove Press, 1973, 214 pgs., $5.95, beautifully written, is this year's winner of the Sleeper Novel of the Year.

But who the hell has heard of it? Certainly not the **Times, Time,** or the **Review of Books.** For to have heard of it is to acknowledge it, and to do that honestly is to praise it, and Lord knows, nobody in his tiny straight mind is going to do **that.**

O.K., bullshit aside, **Lament** is the exciting chronicle of the days and nights of T. Texas LaFever, U.S. Marshal in the frontier town of Rockwell, Kansas. Well, T. Texas, not to give the plot away, has a series of charming relationships with with any and all comers. (Yes, they do, again and again.) These include, to name a few, Pearl Swallow, Lil Moore, Lash Rapscallion (known briefly as Lasharina), Dolly Douché, Billy the Kid, Bob Wire, Judge Lynch, Slasher Bill (Rockwell's spastic barber), Misery Music (who naturally plays the 88 in the Easy Dog), and Pacopaco, who, in spite of the crabs must be one of literature's most lovable Mexicans. Bottoming the list is T. Texas's horse, Dildo.

Along with all the wild adventure promised by such nomenclature, there is a liberal's dream, a moral Indian massacre (Bad Feather), and the most engaging dirty old jack-off of all-time.

Fast-paced (with an economy of word to be envied by poets), subtle enough to easily bear re-reading, and written in a tame Western style: glib, forthright—and shockingly so—**Lament** is a model of superior writing to be emulated again: all profit to one who can do it.

Raunchy, exactly the way I love to think the West was, funny as the Marx Brothers once were, and gay as a lagoon full of leprechauns, **Lament** is today's answer to the TV blahs. It is the perfect riposte to all the dreary crap passed off as "gay literature." And it is a whole horde of laughs to be carefully treasured for the grim days sure to come.

Yet **Lament** is not an exclusively gay novel in the strict sense of the word. T. Texas (also known briefly as Texita) does fuck around with girls, but not always. He has no hang-ups. Lash **is** exclusively gay (but then, he's been in jail a long time), but he wasn't always. What **Lament** is is "gay" in the best sense of the word: a fun-loving, highly intelligent camp, a challenge to straight pap called "entertainment," and a sneaky attack, a serious one, on the Supreme Court's concept of porno.

I realize that I have been skirting the word "profound." Maybe **Lament** is, maybe it isn't; but it does take a profound slap at our Neilsen-rated sensibilities. It demands our applause on that score alone.

The only question that remains is "Who is David (Sunset) Carson?" A Nobel Laureate in anonymous drag? A brash Teen-age Sammy Glick on the make?

I don't really care, except for a few small details. I hope he's young enough, rich enough, and determined enough to go on producing. If so we are in for a whole garden of gay delights. But, if not, he's given us at least one wild, free breath of cool, fresh oxygen, and we owe him no small debt of thanks in this world of stodgy, suffocating prose known as Contemporary American Lit. (That may well be the secret of his title.)

One way to help pay the debt is to buy copies of **Lament** for yourself and your lovers.

You'll get your rocks off.

—**Orlando Paris**

WHIPPOORWILLS

(Continued from page 11)

We retrieved them—first the blanket after he made a frantic sprint—and when he got back with it, yelling—"Where's the goddamn kaftans? Shit! After all that sewing!"

So it was my turn to sprint the long mile down to boatside. The kaftans were still there, thank God, lying across the wooden railing in front of the Sandpiper. And still the lights were out. When I returned to the house, I got a vodka and tonic into him and lit the fire, and left him to Harriet Craig it—inside the house, getting *organized.* Shit! Why couldn't he unpack tomorrow?

Out on the deck, alone, I heard the whippoorwills again. There was no moon. And no mosquitoes, although I remember thinking poison ivy is especially virulent in May . . . .

Well, our first night is gone now, and it was the only first night we'd have all summer. I only hoped the rest of it wouldn't be structured like getting out the payroll or forever preparing the house, like for a visit from mother.

In the beginning we were into this alcoholic syndrome—trying to lay it all out—how many weekends more—how many weekdays—who's coming as guests, and how many new faces to cruise from the deck—tea dances, dance palace Sunday buffets, beer-pissed dance floors, twisting balls of our feet on dead poppers, shaking ass and—would we be running off to rooms at the hotel to fist it, or cock swallow . . .? Hell, no, man. We didn't even *think* that sort of thing. (Or did we?) I mean, lovers get wrecked on Fire Island thinking like that—and worse *doing* it, right? So cool it . . . .

Only, it wasn't sex falling like green cones from pine trees almost wrecked us. And it wasn't Jimmy, either. It was locking ourselves into fear; like, if we got with what was happening around us—people and the whippoorwills—our relationship would erode. It was taking too damned long to get with the flow . . . tides . . . sun coming up in the morning . . . cold, blue Jupiter in Capricorn red Mars ascending into Aries . . . Swan in the Milky Way.

What almost wrecked us was not leaving dirty dishes in the sink once in awhile . . . not getting stoned enough—or letting ourselves just sit on the sand at night, staring at the moon. Not taking time to listen to the whippoorwills and watch swallows flutter out of the pine forest.

So, you see, Jimmy next door became not only a turn-on and temptation, but a symbol of escape and freedom; because, man, I knew goddamn well *he* listened to whippoorwills.

Why wouldn't my lover, Jack, listen to the whipporwills? They'd be gone in July.

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Did you know they're called "goat-suckers" and can cry "Whip-poor-will!" a hundred times without stopping?

My lover thinks he can too—five orgasms a night, a throw, in the rack, that is. So, on the first night, after I got some salad into him and we got smashed on scotch and vodka—after he'd come into drunken relaxation, blotting out all the responsibilities of the household—he dragged me down to the *cul-de-sac* around the corner.

Before long he had what he was after—his ego trip—pinching fingers leeching his his chest and tits, hungry mouths on his sex symbol. This scene is okay, he says, because we're together. But, for me, man, it's still a kind of hiding.

However, I don't dig standing around watching him get took this way, so I found my own telephone pole to lean against, coming on stud. I sensed all I had to do was send out butch vibes to get my suck. And I did. Some mouth started doing nice things to me. Felt real goodies, (I learned to call it "goodies" from Jimmy), until Jack thought he'd lost me and dragged me out—back home, he said, "to ball alone our first night on the island . . . ."

I decided, then and there, the next time he'd have to go into the rack alone—live out his ego trip without me . . . I mean, racking it should be "goodies" not hangups.

Then I met Jimmy on the roof and started having fantasies of my own . . . .

Jack should never have invited out his friend from Scranton. His name is Danny Pitak.

Danny is—wandering troubadour, stoned night tripper, slim-hipped mystery child with large, soulful, Piscean eyes, in friendly denims . . . Jack should never have left me alone with Danny for two days . . . .

I tell you right out, we didn't ball, Danny and I. A head trip only with Danny. Besides, I was having Jimmy-fantasies still.

No, with Danny it was layers of crusted barnacles falling away . . . unwound alarm clocks wouldn't ring anymore with Danny around . . . staggering highs at Sandpiper, and broiling surf rolling into shore . . . ocean foam like bubble-bath . . . salt spray abandoned to warm sun like falling diamonds . . . ruby fire dancing reflections in Burgundy wine . . . opening to strange faces cruising sand . . . from Pines to Grove and back again . . . .

"Jack's still living out the fifties," Danny told me as we talked in front of the fire. "And that's okay, if you're both into the same trip . . . ."

"Oh. Well, I guess . . . ."

"We never thought you two would last as long as you did, one whole year. We had you figured as a tripper—a head . . . ." (By *we,* he meant a gaggle-dozen of buddies from Scranton and Binghamton, New York.)

"Naw . . . I love him," I said. "Maybe I don't know who I am yet, but I wanna make it work. I mean, he's not so much 'fifties'. I never even smoked until I met Jack."

"Yeah?"

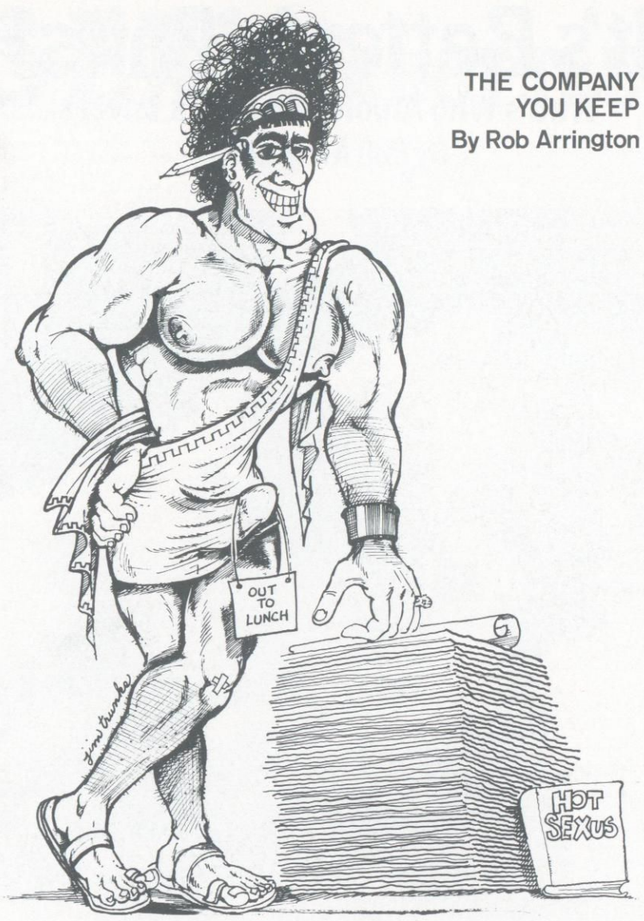
"But Jack *is* on some kind of ego trip," I said, and I'm not sure I can handle it. You know, like, I'm not enough to satisfy it. He drags me into the meat rack all the time. He won't go by himself."

"You gotta let go of it," Danny said, "and find out each other's heads and get it together before it's too late."

"You ever hear the whippoorwills, Danny?"

"Sure I heard 'em . . . all the time . . . why?"

When Danny was with me, two days before July Fourth, the whippoorwills weren't wailing anymore, but the night was full of oracles . . . days, filled with dreams . . .



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

By Rob Arrington

PETRONIUS

THE man who wrote possibly the greatest pederastic masterpiece of all time, *Satyricon,* did it about two thousand years ago when Rome was in its heyday and the emperor Nero was guiding, and sometimes misguiding, the affairs of state. The author of this gay classic, which was also the world's first novel, was named Caius Petronius, and he has come down in history not only as an expert chronicler of the gay scene of his time, but is also noted as the original "arbiter" of elegance.

Petronius' friendship with Nero put him in a fine position to pass judgment on contemporary taste in ancient Rome. As a fixture at court Petronius was much involved in the dissolute practices that went on there. He certainly must have been witness to Nero's habitual practice of performing sexually with men before banquet guests, although no record exists that the arbiter of taste was a sexual exhibitionist himself.

But voluptuary Petronius was, as Tacitus recorded in his *Annals* which concerns the doings of the famous Romans *(Continued on page 44)*

It's Better In Pairs!

Who's Who Among History's Lovers

By Rob Arrington



Look behind a famous man and you'll find a lover in his shadow nine times out of ten. From Caesar right up through Lawrence of Arabia and our contemporary great men, lots and lots of them have had lovers, both famous and anonymous, who have admired them and inspired them and have, in many cases, strongly influenced the marks they've left on history and the works they've left behind. Famous gay pairs have been a part of the human scene since history began. This month:

THEY LOVED
WHILE ROME BURNED

The Roman poet *Virgil,* who lived in the century before Christ, was one of the most revered men of his age, being particularly noted for his epic *Aeneid,* which recounts the history of the founding of Rome, in peerless poetry. It was small wonder that Virgil was a favorite of the Roman emperor Augustus and the rich Maecenas, who sponsored him.

But Virgil's personal passions were directed toward simpler men. He liked to write in particular about the passionate love affairs between shepherds. In one of his most famous works he has a shepherd named Corydon lamenting his unrequited love for a boy named Alexis. It is conjectured that Corydon is Virgil himself and that Alexis is fashioned after a youth, *Alexander,* who was Virgil's lover.

The name "Corydon" has had another sort of fame in recent history. In the early part of this century, when homosexuality could rarely be *(Continued on page 47)*

swirling ocean . . . walking forever into low tides to find a wave big enough to fall into.

Jimmy stayed out those two days also . . . and particularly beautiful towering over heads on the dance floor, swinging those goddamn, loose, black hips at me; laughter coming out of him so free and full, I wanted to burrow inside his soul–shed my skin–find out who the fuck I was. I knew for sure I had some of Jimmy in me–deep somewhere. I wanted more to get into Jimmy's head than his body. I was curious–consumed with desire–to discover more of him than eye color, black pigment, size and shape of stud-tool, curve of calf . . . . But should I let go? Face it, I told myself, you get into Jimmy's head, you're gonna get into something else . . . I mean, Jimmy's a *whole* person who swims with the tide . . . .

My two days of freedom ended abruptly on Tuesday night before July Fourth in chaotic confrontation–a battle of scroungy angels fighting over open and shut heads–over digging it and resistance–holding on and letting go . . . I had the advantage of a miracle. I'd shed cynical disbelief–that there is, for sure, something new under the sun . . . .

In other words, my days of freedom ended in disaster–a clash of heads, just as Danny Pitak had predicted.

Danny had cast his runic spell over me now, drifting into twilight. The last I saw of him was gray fade-out toward the Grove. As for Jimmy . . . whether we made it or not was unimportant, not central to conflict.

Fantasy and truth. Real . . . unreal. Each had fused into me as one. I believed where I was at was real, but how could it be? I was ready for it–I thought.

Stringed cartons, torn shopping bags, Tourister luggage, cases of booze, flower pots, fake logs, fell onto the dock like sand sharks and sea bass flopping out of a polluted Gulfstream . . . yapping dogs tangled into each other . . . straight home owners and day-trippers . . . .

Jack emerged from the jangled mass like the wrath of God, as if he'd dragged thunder and lightning around his beautiful head all the way from Manhattan. Our guests sputtered about him like furies bent on scourging the island of wanton potheads and acid freaks. Now, they seemed to say, *we are here, and there shall be a little order brought! Three square meals a day, and dishes washed thereafter! There shall be no listening to whippoorwills whether they're singing or not, and they hadn't better be!*

I rushed into Jack's arms like a thirties movie queen–Cathy running to Heathcliff at Penniston Crag–Scarlett to Rhett–Jezebel . . . Jack's tense body told me I'd worn the wrong dress to the Olympus Ball–red instead of white, but I planted a kiss on his mouth and hugged him anyway. An alarm sounded, but I didn't hear it.

"Cut the shit!" he cried.

I kissed him again, and he shoved me aside. I was being punished. *Naughty, naughty, where you at?* he seemed to say. Well, okay, I flashed, I can perform *mea culpa* for you if you like the game; so I grabbed the wagon with its pile of groceries and clothing–all that *clothing,* man!–and staggered away with it up the boardwalk. Jack followed dutifully behind to steady the load, trailed by our guests-in-the-house who'd already started to complain about the long walk. And somehow we made it home without bloodshed.

I sensed, however, the night was to have a beginning and an end. Instead of clocking time by the sweep of constallations in the southern sky, and the tides, we would measure it by unpacking . . . watering plants in the dark . . . cocktails while preparing food . . . sit-down dinner . . . B&B in front of well-regulated fireplace (not a chance of watching the reflection of burgundy in the glass) . . . banking fire . . . turning out walk-lights . . . blowing out the candles . . . fluff pillows . . . bed . . . flip over and fuck . . . and up early in the morning–but only if clouds had gone . . . and keep those nasty joints hidden from sight!

It didn't turn out that way, exactly. Instead of regulated activity, we had regulated activity, we had regulated chaos–but it *was* regulated, and predictable. Jack and I passed the sandbar into deeper waters. It was too late to swim back to shore.

I wanted to tell him I didn't want to hide anymore; that fantastic, phantasmagorical things–cosmic rays had bombarded me in the last two days, shattering my crust–opening me up to tributaries . . . eddies . . . like man, to keep from drowning at sea, you gotta swim with undercurrents–parallel to shore–not fight against it back to land. Go with the flow, and eventually the tide will take you safely where you wanna go . . . to shore . . . alive . . . .

I wanted to lay on him, no longer would I stagnate in routine, *responsibility,* while I was on the Island; and that I wanted him to go with himself wherever it might take him–into ego trips even, digging other people, even if it meant bedding down with them–whatever–because, now, just now, we had to find ourselves again–who we *are.* I wanted to tell him I believed our individual essences got lost somewhere, melted down into one mold, coming out brass . . . .

Yeah, I even wanted to tell him about the four figures I'd seen on the roof toward the ocean–two old, comfortable looking queens leaning into excited conversation with two ladies in cloche hats as they watched the sunset across the bay; and I, imagining them swapping anecdotes from a kind of Bea Lillie-Noel Coward past–their special kind of Bohemia long ago–theatre, ballet intrigues, when queens were called "belles" . . . their special closets, then, were like private fortresses proudly defended. And how beautiful it would be to become like them–like the two queens, when we're sixty together.

But, I wanted to say to Jack, what if we had no experience? What if, like, this very summer slipped away with no fullness of living recorded to wrap around us when we're old together? Our particular closet isn't proud and protective. Our closet is built from fear, uncertainty–a barbed wire fence to keep each other from climbing over . . . or from anyone–but, man, *anyone* from climbing in unless they'd been certified *regular,* and *safe.*

That night, I never got a chance to tell him any of these things . . . .

It didn't help that one of our guests was Mister Regulated, organized–a man who'd been old all his life. And the other guests, just as frustrating–strident, paranoid, men who desired to turn the Island into predictable routine–letting go only in the dark

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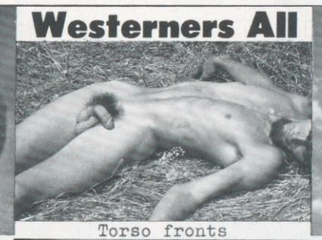
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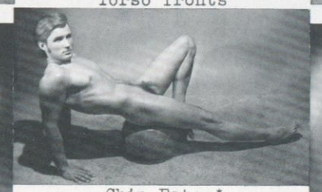
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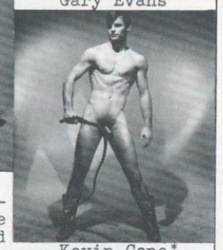
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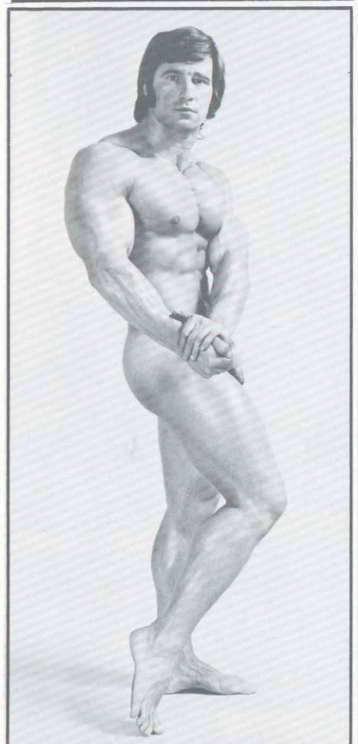

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when their faces couldn't be seen . . . .

Jack disappeared on the beach as soon as we got to the house, and I thought, beautiful, he's getting into his own head–getting it together after dragging ass with uptight guests all the way from Manhattan. But when he came back an hour later, dinner was on the table, and Jack said he wasn't hungry and went to bed.

Somehow I got through dinner, floating beyond deadly atmosphere . . . avoiding B&B in front of the fire. I think I went off to the dance at the Sandpiper, and this carried me to early morning around three. I knew Jack expected me to come and comfort him, and I know I should've. But, man, I just couldn't do it.

Anyway, as I came back to the house, he was on his down the ramp.

"I'm going to the meat rack!" he exclaimed, so I passed him silently and went to bed.

At about five in the morning, he was up packing, drinking vodka and tonic like water, slinging clothes around the room and laying on how he was gonna take the six o'clock ferry; spewing out repressed hostility–all the kind of garbage comes out of us when we're splintered . . . .

I cooled it. I was still stoned out of it, and told him, if he wanted to go, take the ten o'clock ferry, 'cause right now he was waking up the household.

He wanted to strangle me. I can't say I blame him, but, man, I just couldn't tangle with him. I was on another shore.

I was certain Jimmy, eventually, would get into the conversation.

"Here, take your goddamn gold chain!" he yelled tossing it across the bed, "give it to one of your tricks. Give it to Jimmy!"

"Jimmy's got a lover and they're making it," I said.

"With everyone on the Island!"

"They're together," I mumbled. "And I wanna sleep . . . ."

I don't remember how long it lasted, but eventually he ran out of expletives and sacked into bed . . . .

He didn't take the six o'clock ferry, nor the ten o'clock either, and the day was filled with organized brunch, popping champagne corks into the undergrowth–dozens of bodies, including Jimmy and his German lover, sharing it with us . . . .

There were aftershocks . . . one major jolt the night of the Fourth during which Jack came right out and said he wanted to kill me, and wished the Christ he didn't love me . . . .

I hung in. I let him rant. I began to unravel my head to him . . . laying on all the things I'd wanted to tell him the night before, and I think he heard some of it, and that some of it began to stick . . . I know he was scared where we might be going–afraid he couldn't handle it. But he wanted to try, he said.

So, this brings me back to Jimmy again. I ain't gonna say whether Jimmy and I balled because it's not important. But, let's say we did . . . .

Let's say I dug it; that Jimmy and I got it together with the gold chain. Let's say, even, Jimmy and I got so much into each other's sex–well, like so much we'll never forget the moment. Is that any reason to leave my lover, or Jimmy, his? Any reason never to enjoy my lover's sex anymore? Where is my life? With whom? And why can't some physical part of me be shared with others?

And let's say Jimmy and I didn't make it. Am I dragging around wishing I had–like, maybe I missed the Fuck of the Century? Like I said, it's not important either way.

What is important is Jack and I had other hangups to work over that had nothing to do with whether I balled with Jimmy or not. If we split, Jimmy could only be an excuse.

I told Jack I wanted to be with him now and when I was sixty, and if he was gonna wreck it 'cause he couldn't possess me body and soul, then there wasn't much to the relationship.

Fantasy and truth. What is reality? What's the difference between having a dream and living it out? Being with Jack–digging life with him–all of it–that's real. That's how we'll grow old together.

I love my Scranton lover now like never before. The Island, and Danny Pitak and the tides and moon and stars did that for me–and for Jack too, I think. I love him now–whoever he is . . . whoever he will become . . . . We're learning to go with it, together . . . .

Did Jimmy and I ball? Did Jack ball with the German? Tune in next week . . . .

Answers. Why's there gotta be *answers* to everything? I mean, if you asked me what a whippoorwill looks like, I couldn't tell you. I ain't never seen one.

But, sure as fuck, I can *hear* them, crying in the night . . . .

Jack hears them too. And sometimes, now, he stops and listens.

• • •

MANGO SUCKERS

(Continued from page 27)

erected inches, and by the time he has attained his final, post-pubertal growth it will have lengthened by still another inch–making five in all . . . about one inch shy of the American average.

If by reason of his parents' mixed-marriage (Hindu/Muslim), or if because of some whimsical hormone multiplication by Mother Nature it should grow still another inch or more, it's considered phenomenal! However, with his national five inches you can see that such an orally encompassable length permits a lover to not only 'go all the way'–literally–but still have a slight pubic marginal area to tease with his tongue in other delightful ways, and thus bring his trick to the teeth-gritting stage–time, after time, after time.

There are other characteristics of the Hindu phallus that merit mention. One is the extraordinary length of its foreskin (the foreskin was not included in the erected measurements just given . . . pure cock all the way). It is curious that this has created still another phallic phenomenon–

THE HINDU ART OF MATHŌLA

The Hindu phallus is also usually much smaller in circumference than that of most average others (about two fingers thick), and (1) because the foreskin is so very long and tapering (the opening, when the phallus is flaccid, is often no wider than the head of a

Hedda Hopper hatpin), and (2) because all Hindus are simply seething with sexual desire from the moment of birth, and (3) because of certain religious tenets which forbid circumcision . . . he masturbates with much greater frequency than do other nationals–beginning at about age eleven, and not only with parental consent, but actual parental *urging*–in order to develop the most flexible, peelable foreskin and thus permit free egress of the *glans penis* during sex–gay or straight.

The Hindu word for masturbation is *mathōla* (churning) and the masturbator is a *matholiya* (churner or jerker). As a ritualistic prelude to masturbation he rolls his foreskin backward as far and as tightly as he can, causing a still greater stretching. Then, too, by rolling it into the tightest possible ring at the base of the *glans* it acts as a sort of 'up-front' natural cock ring, trapping the penile blood in the *glans* for a considerable time. This makes it not only easy to quickly repeat a masturbation, but it expands the *glans* to an extent. Done once or twice daily in this manner during childhood through puberty, it is understandable that by the time he has actual sex with someone it is quite manageable, and he can perform in any kind of variation with no discomfort.

There are two other advantages in this procedure. First, he enjoys all the erotic sensations of the male who is uncircumcised–these being quite considerable. Secondly, by always retracting the foreskin to fully expose the *glans,* even the most violent daily masturbation causes no friction of the corona and so when he does have mutual sex he can also enjoy the many quite different phallic sensations of the *circumcised* male. Anyone who has been circumcised later in life–rather than in infancy–will at once recognize what totally different sexual sensations he experienced in pre- and post-circumcision periods. One might say that here is a classic example of the impossible made easy–the Hindu male, being uncircumcised, can therefore 'have his cake and eat it too'.

Because of parental urging of the practice of *mathōla,* it plainly follows that group masturbation by young boys is not only the next logical step, but another sanctioned by parents. Right away it is obvious what begins to happen at this point. First it's the typical childish dare: "My mango's bigger'n yours!" . . . a challenge that never goes unaccepted. A touch here . . . a feel there . . . then the juxtapositioning of phalluses to see which is *really* longer, or whose *glans* is larger, more perfectly shaped, or pinker, prettier and "Betcha I can pull my foreskin back further than you can!" Once again it follows that in just no time at all *oral* measurements are being taken. Ah . . . those mouth-to-mouth calibrations–what a joy to perform! And, of course, what could top this but a teen-age 'mango gang-bango'?

ORIFICES OF OPULENCE

Another characteristic of the Hindu, male or female, is the incredible flexibility of the vagina and anal wall. Perhaps, genetically speaking, it is inherited. The Hindu female child is taught–even before she learns the alphabet–that she is destined to be the chattel of the male, and it is common for Hindu girls to be raped by age eleven–a matter of small national concern.

This is one of the delights in fucking the Hindu male. All Western men who like to be fucked know that there is exquisite pain as well as exquisite pleasure in the act. Even if one's anus has become so flexibly-practiced it can–once entered–accommodate Mary Poppins's umbrella fully opened, the entrance of phallus into anus is always done a little gingerly. A sticky wicket, as it were.

But the anus of the Hindu male–even in puberty–is very flexible, and the muscles of his anal sphincter relax quickly and easily, with no uptightness on phallic penetration. If one believes that a wise Mother Nature takes care of her own, each according to his needs, this may well explain the opulence of these Hindu orifices.

Through centuries of religious dichotomy in India–Muslim against Hindu (so great it divided the country into India and Pakistan), and (1) the fact that the Muslim by heritage has a whopper of a *zekr* (literally 'pecker') at birth, and which grows to fantastic size until–at manhood–it is impressively formidable, plus (2) the fact that from the tender age at which the Hindu begins to masturbate, the Muslim of the same age is continually assaulting him sexually–not only anally, but, on occasion, even ripping off his pants to violently masturbate him (and since the Hindu is also given to the most vigorous masturbation this would seem hard to top), it is no wonder that nature has given the Hindu some bit of accommodation. And so if you ever have a chance to fuck a Hindu, approach the encounter with joy. The glad tidings are that he can take anything you've got, and then ask "What's for dessert?"

There is another Hindu sexual characteristic they believe works to amazing effect. *Shaving the pubic hair.* If you should trick with a Hindu and are surprised to see not a trace of hair around his genitals–his expectant phallus curled up cozily like a happy hamster–you may be sure that he zealously follows the age-old tradition of shaving his pubic hair every 40 days.

This practice is observed by both male and female, who believe that (a) it not only increases sexual potency (since they claim that all the growth factors which make hair are thus diverted into creating more 'cream') and (b) that it increases sexual enjoyment to a more exciting degree by making possible a number of interesting sexual variations. (No messy jizzum clotting the hairs!)

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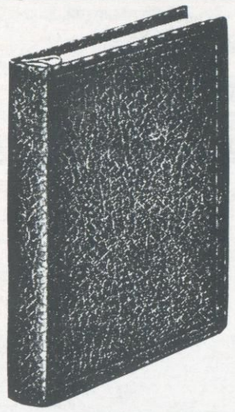

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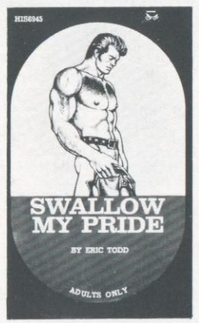

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India is still in the Victorian age when sex was simply not discussed among women in polite society. Even today when—in many territories and states—one happens to merely *mention* the word 'sex', the Hindu woman will quickly draw her *saree* across her face . . . even though she may go straight home and suck/fuck her husband like a mink in heat. When one studies the very erotic pictures and sculptures of *Kama Sutra,* it should be remembered that only the upper-caste, or Brahmans, were permitted to gaze at these—it was the art of Kings and Emperors.

It has been only a few years since Great Britain surrendered its sovereignty over India, yet at the time the customs and teachings of the British colonialists had never advanced further than Queen Victorianism, and prevails in many areas. Worse, perhaps, is that the caste system—a native Hindu practice to begin with—was fortified and exacerbated by the British colonials who never married nor socialized with those 'beneath their station'. This caste custom is not just a characteristic of Hindu sociology and mores. It occurs in other nearby countries as well.

For example, in Nairobi, Kenya only a handful of upper-caste East Indians—many of whom are gay, by the way—have the best jobs: airline personnel . . . government positions . . . bank presidents. Not only their caste advantage but the fact that so many are 'gayly' intelligent (like most gay people!) gives them a decided advantage. It is they, also, who own the principal businesses, and those creative minds are helping to make Kenya the fastest-emerging of all the African countries. In fact, only they have the money to buy movie/theater tickets . . . only they cruise the theater and hotel johns such as that in the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi.

So it is in India. The poorest Hindus have no money for movies, to begin with . . . and even if one scraped up the *rupees* for the cheapest seat he would still, because of his caste, never cruise a Brahman in the theater john! So the higher one's caste the more advantages one enjoys. The lowliest and poorest—the Shudras—make up 90% of the Hindu population. While the Brahmans of Delhi make the scene at the Oberoi Inter-Continental Hotel Baths—unbelievably gay!—or the Hotel Ambassador at cocktail time, to cruise the frantic johns; and the middle-caste are found in cafés—also teemingly gay. The gay Shudras—the poorest of all—find sexual solace, pleasure and gay companionship below a Mighal fortress—quite openly. Having little else in life to enjoy, they are India's most prolific sexists. For a great 'once in a lifetime' they—and all other gay people of Delhi plus four million visitors—created a sex scene that will live in memory. It was during

DELHI'S 'REPUBLIC DAY'

In January of 1972 India celebrated her twenty-fifth anniversary of freedom from British rule. It turned out to be a combination of Mardi Gras and mammoth Fourth-of-July celebration. To say that five million people were on hand to join in the fun, be entranced by spectacle, thrill to every minute of it for the entire three days, and to 'sex' all through it, is probably the most conservative description one might give.

Surely nowhere in the world has any pageant been so colorful and breathtaking.

Only by being there could one realize the immensity of this, the world's largest democracy. They came from the high, ice-bound Himalayas to the north . . . from Cape Carmorin which lies 2000 miles to the south . . . from the Indian Ocean 1900 miles east to the Bay of Bengal.

Each territory—each of India's eight union territories and twenty-one separate states, whose people speak countless ethnic tongues, and who made the occasion all the more colorful by coming in their native dress, created something so unforgettable and of such grandeur that all other national celebrations seem pallid by comparison.

For days before, the poor of India, the moderately well-off, and the Brahmans began to vie for places along the beautiful spacious lawns and many-fountained pools of New Delhi's graceful Rajpath Boulevard. There was the most extraordinary feeling of unity among all castes at this time. If not a 'chumminess', at least there was an overwhelming feeling of great pride in their independence from Great Britain, and the realization of their true oneness—no matter how rich or poor, nor to what station in life they were born. The spirit of good-will pervaded the gathering millions. Anticipation of the parade the next day had already begun to rise high. It would be a spectacle to remember and treasure all their lives. Many had spent their very last *rupee* to get there; a sacrifice they gladly made.

As evening fell before the first day of the festivities, people were spread out on lawns as far as the eye could see. Here and there small copper lanterns began to shine . . . a sheltered candle flickered here . . . a goose-grease torch lit up over there. Soon it seemed as if the great parks were fields of fireflies.

Then sex—gay and straight—grew orgiastic as the night wore on. The piercing yowls of the Shudra gay men told us that they were having the sexual thrills of a lifetime of dreaming. The sound of gritting teeth from the more emotionally-controlled middle-to-upper castes grew in intensity so that one was reminded of huge swarms of bees descending on fields of roses. It was truly 'splendor in the grass'.

At any other time than Republic Day the fierce-visaged police of Delhi would hassle such revelers, but on these three days—as is the custom during our own New Orleans Mardi Gras—they looked the other way, allowing the orgies to expand, multiply, accelerate and crescendo to the zenith of sexual fulfillment. Why cause even a moment of grief to the millions of poor souls who had made such a sacrifice to even come to Delhi? Here is how they reacted to the festivities on the day of the parade. Just imagine you are there . . .

For sexual celebrants the sun climbs over the city too soon, and the broad lawns along Rajpath Boulevard are ablaze with color . . . the many-hued silken *sarees* of kohl-eyed women . . . tall, bearded Sikhs holding their children proudly aloft to see this sight of sights . . . peddlers of nearly everything crying their wares: balloons, pinwheels, monkeys, parakeets, sweets and fruits of every kind (lots of mangoes!).

Now come the elephants dressed in tassled *howdahs* and cloth-of-gold, led by handsome young boys resplendent in white with colorful turbans. The President's Guard comes next . . . black-jacketed, white-sashed Lancers escorting the gleaming black carriage. Cannons roar the traditional 31-gun salutes. Then come the nation's heroes—men who have been awarded their country's highest praise for gallantry—the Param Vir Chakra and the Victoria Cross.

Now on horseback are the black-jacketed 61st Cavalry—then the Grenadiers of Ganga Jaiselmer on their stately, noble camels . . . the turbaned Madras and Sikh Regiments . . . now the Assam Rifles in green berets with orange pompons . . . then the bush-hatted Ghurka Rifles—a reminder of the stiff-upper-lip days of British rule. While this symbol of boot-heeled colonial domination might be derided in the United States, the Indians have taken it in stride and make it exactly what it should be . . . a part of history . . . a remembrance of what once was, but now no longer is.

Then the parades of marching bands and endless processions of gaily clad schoolboys and girls. From the Bihar lowlands the primitive Ho dancers catch one's breath—surely the handsomest men you'll ever see . . . nude from the waist up—clad only in green *dhotis*—and thumping their sexual fertility ritual on their native drums. What magnificent physiques . . . how gracefully yet how dynamically they move. All kinds of other ethnic dance groups now make their appearance.

PAGEANT'S END

Then at the end of the parade floodlights set aglow the red sandstone government buildings on Vijay Chowk Plaza at the head of the Rajpath. Troopers, camels, elephants, performers, marchers . . . all stand silhouetted against the setting sun. The buglers sound retreat . . . the green, white and saffron flag of the new India is proudly lowered and the parade comes to an end.

How can one even begin to describe this truly fabulous pageant of people and the way five million of them came together at this special time to give each other that greatest of all gifts . . . this gift of love?

If you missed this greatest spectacle it is a pity . . . yet you should include Delhi as a part of your Far Eastern vacation if it should fall during the winter months. There are many exciting and exotic festivals such as the festivals of Dussehra and Diwali, which take place around November . . . and Holi, the festival of color, held in March. During Diwali the whole city is a sea of brightly-shining candles. Every home is lit and the doors are kept open for Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth.

Possibly the longest is the ten-day series of Dussehra celebrations, called Ram Lila in Delhi. All kinds of dramatic troupes perform plays based on the epic story of Ramayana. On the tenth day, a huge procession moves out to the Ram Lila Grounds where enormous effigies of the demon king Ravana, his brother and son—stuffed with crackers—are burned as thousands stand transfixed by the spectacle. Fireworks of the most beautiful designs, colors and hues illuminate the sky as dusk falls and the celebration ends.

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Then have a dental checkup to see that your teeth are sound, firm, and in good 'gritting' order . . . also have your vocal cords checked to see that they are in perfect 'yowling' order. And then come to Delhi for a little 'mango sucking'. Grit and yowl with the best of 'em. It will leave you not quite as you were before!

• • •

GAY FIDELITY

(Continued from page 7)

were unique among all the communities with which they had contact. They circumcised their young males shortly after birth. They refused to eat certain foods popular among other peoples. And they rigidly enforced their code of chastity in a time when fertility rites and temple prostitution were common practice. If the religious laws governing such activities were directed by the Hebrews' God, there were also masterpieces of sociological brilliance. These Hebrews were attempting to give up a nomadic existence in favor of becoming settled farmers. In order to do so, they had to increase their numbers rapidly to conquer the already settled land of Canaan. Avoiding certain food sources kept them alive and healthy in a time when disease from improper preparation of such foods was rampant. And circumcision marked a Hebrew male from the eighth day of his birth to the day of his death. In battle then, a coward could never, as members of other tribes often did, run away to later pretend he was a member of some other tribe. If he were discovered (which required only the lifting of his skirts!) death or slavery were his alternatives. Knowing this, Hebrew men made fierce warriors, determined to win.

But the Hebrew attitude toward sex was even more sociologically advantageous to a small tribe trying to conquer a strongly fortified land. Naturally, copulation was encouraged, and monogamy was not necessary. But any sexual act which caused a male to "waste the seed of life" had to be discouraged. Therefore, sex with animals, masturbation, sex between two males, and adultery all became "abominations," and had to be eliminated. (Note, however, that lesbianism is not mentioned. Since women did not produce the seed of life, such things were secondary. The importance lay in keeping the males screwing the right women as much as possible!)

Adultery among these people occurred only when a married woman voluntarily had sex with a male other than her husband. Since monogamy was not practiced it was a minor sin of fornication if a man, married or single, had sex with a single woman. He could always marry her and make the children legitimate members of the community. But family solidarity was vital, and a woman who would willingly volunteer for sex in the camp threatened the moral fibre of the clan. The children of such unions (and *only* such unions) were bastards, denied by God and the Hebrew congregation. The child could never join the community and take his place in it as a man, nor could he ever marry.

If he had children, they too were treated with equal harshness "until the tenth generation"—a euphemism for forever.

Because of such a serious loss of possible fighting men, adultery was punishable by the public stoning of both parties—to publicly serve as an example to the rest of the community. And fidelity became really a matter of life and death, both for the individuals involved and the community in general.

Because it was imperative for the community to grow as large and as fast as possible, this social law was rigidly enforced, and as with every such vital rule, became also a "moral." Such morals were also absorbed into Christianity—the concept of marriage, the practice of circumcision, and all the taboos concerning sex are some obvious examples. Since the discovery that proper cooking of pork, and sea foods, could eliminate the diseases they carried, the food taboos were not so rigidly adopted into the new religion.

Even the Jewish faith is today split into factions concerning these and other religious laws which are no longer vital on a social level. And now that Americans are discovering that masturbation does not make one go blind and that homosexuality doesn't rot your teeth, our views on these activities are changing also. But western history has long been filled with a high mortality rate and population-diminishing wars and plagues, so fidelity has maintained its importance. Jews, wherever they settle, are always in the minority, so fidelity and cohesion are vital to this day. And fidelity was crucial to the development of America also, a land so vast it took two centuries to populate.

But the land *is* populated now, and becoming rapidly *over-populated*. So our concepts of morality are changing. Views about birth control are being completely reversed, and couples who practice it are called wise. When the responsibilities of raising a family are not present, ideas about fidelity must also be reexamined, as is so obviously happening now in America.

The question for gays then is, that since fidelity is becoming less important even to the straight world which devised the concept, why should it be considered so necessary to gay culture, a way of life that could never have these social problems which required such a solution?

Realistically, there can be no one answer. It can be argued that every minority, as with the early Hebrews, should remain a cohesive unit and present a united front to all oppression. But the gays who make up what is possibly the largest minority in this country, cannot weld themselves into a tightly-fused group—they cross every possible economic, social, ethnic, and religious group, and the only factor they share in common is a desire to bed their own sex.

As a result, it would be impossible to convince such a diverse group to unanimously adopt any single concept. And even those who promote fidelity are not united as to their reasons. Many gays, failing to see the differences in lifestyles between themselves and straights, want to be as much a part of heterosexual society as possible. And marriage, even with another man, is an important part of that society, along with its accompanying notions of fidelity.

Some gays, still emotionally insecure

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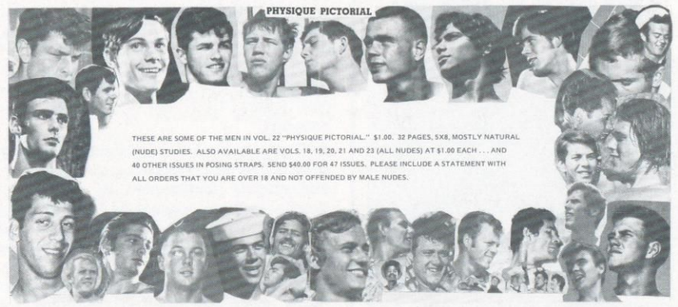

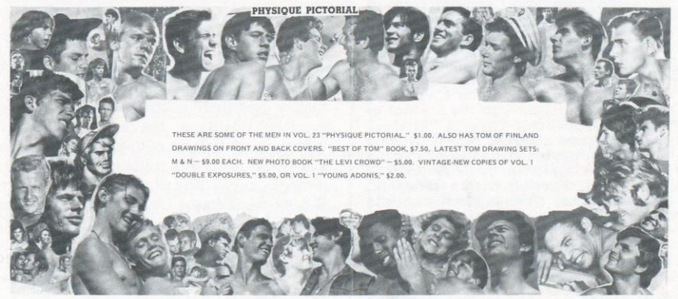

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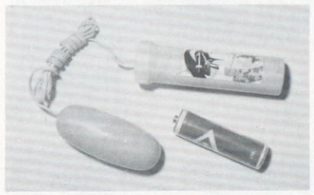

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within themselves, are starved for love and feel a need to "possess" another person. Such a gay may both give and demand guarantees of love through sexual fidelity, or he may demand it from his partner while he roams loose, like a heterosexual "stud."

Others simply believe it is a part of civilized society, and repress their natural tendencies to sample a variety of delicacies. And a strong argument can be made for that old axiom: Everything to moderation; nothing to excess. When one *has* to go out hunting for fresh meat every night, he becomes a "specialist" kind of homosexual (unless, of course, his name is Daniel Boone . . . and there was a lot of suspicious talk about him, too).

Finally, believe it or not, there really are some gays who have been able to transcend the sexual aspects of a relationship, and can be satisfied with just the sex they enjoy with the one partner they've chosen. Although they may at times get turned on by a humpy number, they seldom have a serious desire to pursue it to the bed.

Obviously this latter form of fidelity is freely chosen by the partners involved. And that, basically, is the real crux of the matter. All questions of fidelity in gay life, because of the amazing divergence among gays, must be discussed on an individual basis. And such questions are always tied in with the individual's own concept of "love"—because that concept decides whether *we* or *someone else* forges our chastity belts.

Does love, for instance, mean the idealistic joining of two lives into one life you both share together? Is love basically the comfortable security of having someone by your side that you can grow old with; a companion to prevent loneliness? If either of these definitions is true for you, then fidelity is probably important to you. If, on the other hand, love is merely having the company of someone you're particularly fond of (with a permanent sex partner thrown in for good measure), then fidelity, at least on your part, is most likely not one of your major concerns.

Unfortunately none of these feelings can bring a superlative form of happiness, growth, and genuine contentment by itself. But there is another concept of love, the kind you feel when you meet a person whom you can admire and respect for himself—aside from what he means to you. A person who shares your ideals, interests, ethical and moral codes, and most of the things you value. As an old professor once said to me with a twinkle in his eye, "Opposites may very well attract, my friend . . . but 'likes' marry and stay married."

In such a relationship love means that his happiness is essential to your own. And in such a case there is little room for traumas involving fidelity or the lack of it. Armed with such a definition of love a person has no emotional room for jealousy, and certainly none for any feeling of possession. Fidelity, if it exists in sexual terms, is a freely-chosen thing, growing out of a lack of desire to have sex with others. But the question of fidelity, as with the decisions of who pays the rent, who does the dishes and who cooks, shrinks into triviality. Because the love you feel has nothing to do with reciprocity.

Goethe, with typical German bluntness, put it most succinctly in *Wilhelm Meister: Wenn ich dich lieb habe, was gehts dich an?* If I love you, what business is that of yours? A man who owns slaves who would rather be free must always concern himself with possible escape, no matter what precautions he may take. On the other hand, I have a rather largish dog who loves me very much. Because he is a pointer and therefore an instinctive hunter (!), he can't wait to get out of the house in the morning and prowl around. Because I love *him* I let him out willingly. But it's funny—he always comes back!

• • •

LIVER LIFELINES

(Continued from page 9)

to the liver area by which an opponent tries to hasten victory in the first few rounds of fighting. Continual rapping at the liver area is a sure way to do it.

For the S&M devotee, what has become an even greater occupational hazard is the current fashion of wearing large pieces of jewelry around the neck, the chain of which is long, suspending the medallion or *ficas* or—more commonly—the crucifix of heavy metal that so many wear. In a kneeling position before his 'master', if the 'slave' is wearing a crucifix almost as large as the original one on Calvary, and the 'master' begins to kick at him (in this position the liver is the most easily reached vital area), not only is the force of the kick itself bad enough, but the additional hazard of the metal object depressing/bruising (even puncturing) the area combine to make the scene a really hairy one. Any gay individual so deeply into heavy masochism as this, should have a physical checkup four times a year at least! Your physician cannot X-ray your liver (it being the one organ that remains opaque to X-ray techniques . . . even the heart can be X-rayed to some advantage; at least to the point of determining whether it is enlarged, and to what extent). But by feeling around and pressing upon the area the physician can determine whether there are changes and what they signify. All forms of cirrhosis of the liver have one thing in common: the liver becomes fibrous and/or scarred. At first it is large, soft and occasionally tender (you can feel this with your own pressing fingers). Later as liver cells are replaced by fibrous, non-functioning tissue, the liver begins to shrink, and the physician can tell that it is smaller and firmer (harder) than normal. During the shrinking process this hard tissue is so palpable that it actually stands out in bumps or nodules . . . easily felt through the abdominal wall. This is why cirrhosis is often called 'hobnail liver'. It is easy to see why repeated S&M torture applied to this area acts to further traumatize what has already been injured.

NO KUNG-FU FOR YOU!

Surely the saddest death of recent months was that of the handsome, popular and gifted Bruce Li (or Lee, as his name was Americanized). Here was a most beautiful person only thirty-two, having just reached the peak of popularity with his almost balletic grace in the Chinese art of self-defense—Kung-Fu. Even as this is written his last film *Enter The Dragon* is playing to capacity audiences all over the United States.

Yet he supposedly 'dropped dead' from a heart attack. What the autopsy showed, however, was something quite different . . . a badly cirrhosed liver; edema (swelling) around the brain; and traces of a very potent extract of cannabis (marijuana in its rawest form). Liver damage and edema often occur together (also edema of the abdominal area . . . water collecting in the tissues so much it must be removed by tubal drainage).

It was determined that the marijuana, even in this strongest form, could not have caused Lee's death, but that the scarred liver and the pressure of the edema on his brain—working simultaneously—were the cause of death. Lee, very likely, in his early training in Kung-Fu, absorbed many blows to the liver area . . . long before he became invincible in dealing Kung-Fu blows to others. It was again, perhaps, another case of the straw/camel's back. In preparing another film of even greater Chinese mayhem he was himself the victim of mistiming, and so—caught off guard for a tragic once—sustained that final trauma of the liver that took one of the most appealing young stars from us.

The 'M' of the S&M scene should first learn the art of feigning great pain. This, in itself, will be of some insurance against heavier damage to vital organs. Secondly, he should learn to twist sharply to the left as the kick is delivered (the liver, of course, being on the right side, although the accompanying sketch shows that it lies diagonally upward from the right lower ribs to a more central terminus). In this way, when the heavy boot of 'S' collides it will be against your protective arm or arm/elbow/wrist doubled up as a kind of shield. It may not be quite as kicky, but it's a helluva lot safer.

Remember, too, that this violence can be compounded if S is wearing hobnailed boots, or boots of cowboy style (pointed, rather than blunted toes), or if there are other 'jewels' with rough/sharp edges that can puncture—deep, deep into the liver area. Often it can be hail and farewell if this does occur.

Also, if you are into 'chains', beware—lest the force of a swung chain traumatize an even more extensive area of the liver than either boot or fist. Whips, of course, you needn't worry too much about—at least liver-wise. Stripes, welts, contusions . . . these are your 'Purple Heart' decorations. It's just that heavy blows coming from hand, fist or boots, no matter how sexually exciting and groovy to the masochist, can shorten your sexual career.

GAY BAR CIRRHOSIS

While all of us know that the victim of acute alcoholism is usually a candidate for cirrhosis, many do not understand the precise reason why. To be truthful, physicians claim that they, too, are puzzled. But they note that chronic alcoholics are more apt to suffer from cirrhosis than teetotalers.

What it boils down to is that the alcoholic neglects to eat nutritious food because he either forgets to eat . . . alcohol dulls his appetite so that he doesn't care to eat . . . or he rationalizes that alcohol, having lots of calories, a few of which are carbohydrate (and are so metabolized), suffices to keep him going. If he does remember to eat, he makes do with a hot dog or a slice of pizza. While this is filling, it is nothing even approaching what his body needs, and so, of necessity, the body begins to consume itself for protein. His continually shrinking flesh attests this.

Of course the liver comes into the picture . . . it is a *very protein organ.* As its supply is nibbled upon, and the fat oxidized, the ultimate result is that the liver shrinks, becomes fibrous and hard, and the end effect is much the same as if he had 'S&M'd' himself into that condition.

Gay people who practically inhabit gay bars are the greatest sufferers of this kind of cirrhosis. Even if they are not deeply into alcohol *for the taste of it,* but 'cocktail' it through the day in the eternal search for another trick, the appetite is dulled—at very least—and malnutrition becomes the occupational hazard leading to cirrhosis.

All gay barroomites and gay guys very active in sex (which so polarizes their life that they often fail to keep their diet high in protein, vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors) should, first of all, take a *very high-potency multiple vitamin capsule* daily. Not the 'household, one-a-day' kind (far too low in the vitamin spectrum for active gay guys, or those who skimp on their diet) . . . *plus* a daily booster tablet of Vitamin B12 (of at least 250 micrograms) . . . *plus* Vitamin E in a capsule of 1000 International Units which contains not just the standard E-alpha fraction, but all four . . . gamma, beta and delta. Because vitamins in these super-potencies are **not** commonly found in drugstores, *QQ* recently decided to handle the famous *Nature's Bounty Ultra Vita-Time* (the most potent multiple vitamin made), Vitamin B-12 (in the 250-microgram potency), and Vitamin E-complex (including all four of the Vitamin-E fractions).

HEPATITIS

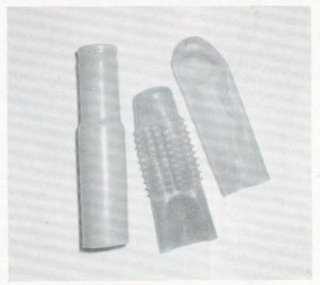
QQ has covered this in previous issues, but forewarned is forearmed, and so we again note that in our sexstyle/lifestyle it is almost an occupational disease. But its hazards can be minimized. Be careful when having sex with a trick of doubtful hygiene. In European countries (also South America and Mexico) gay people are not so hygienically *au courant* as Americans are. Hence, particularly in having anal sex, be watchful if all is otherwise bright and beautiful, but anally not so simon pure.

It is always wise to have frequent shots of *gamma globulin* if you are into heavy frequent sex (gangbang type, particularly), where you trick with many of diverse hygienic standards—observably so. If you are tripping it abroad or South of the Border, have a shot before you go . . . have one while there . . . and one when you return. This will help ward off mildly infectious hepatitis . . . and if it is something stronger than mild hepatitis, it will help minimize the effects.

However, if at any time you look in the mirror (and you should, every morning) you notice that the *sclera* (the whites of your eyes) are yellowish/jaundiced/'topazzy', do not wait one second. *Jet* to your physician and do exactly what he tells you to do. Hepatitic therapy is often a long, drawn-out process, and only a physician can help you through this sinister phase.

Diet will be of first consideration . . . it will be high in protein and carbohydrate and almost totally lacking in fat. Other medication and therapy will be recommended. Rest . . . rest . . . rest, almost moving not a muscle

The Juice Tube



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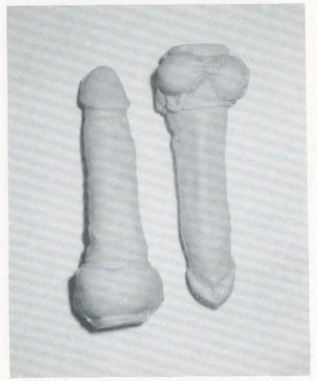
The Titanic



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for some days/weeks/even months may be what he suggests. Don't argue with him . . . follow his advice and be alive and kicking (and tricking) for a long time to come!

• • •

"WHAT? GIVE UP SHOW BIZ?"

(Continued from page 12)

Then there was Mel Green, an enthusiastic young fellow straight off the farm, bursting with talent and naïveté in almost equal proportions. I liked Mel. Beside him I felt almost sophisticated. I was young and hopeful and still remarkably naive after some twenty sheltered years in the midwest, but I was beginning to discover that there was a big, complex world out there, and that I was only floundering on the shoreline.

And now to our ill-matched group came Bruce Roman, the most attractive and by far the most unaffected member of the company. As a youngster, Bruce had been badly burned in a fire, and was told he would not walk again. However, the determined boy not only did learn to walk, but took up dancing to build his muscles. At the age of fourteen he had left home to make his way in New York, and he had been dancing in a steady succession of Broadway shows ever since.

The next day rehearsals began. The show was being directed by a former chorus boy and choreographer named Tim Everett. On the first day, he made a lasting impression on one and all by strutting out on stage, glancing disdainfully at the set, laboriously built to the exact specifications of the company's floor plans, and demanding, "Who built this shit?" It seems that the entire set was wrong. It would all have to come down and be rebuilt in the mirror image of the floor plans, with left becoming right, and so forth, since the actors had erroneously rehearsed it that way, and it would be just too, too confusing for them to reverse their movements now.

So the company moved out onto the theater patio for rehearsals while the stage worked nonstop for over 72 hours, breaking only for coffee, to rebuild the set from the floor up before dress rehearsal.

Rehearsals provided great entertainment for the resident people at Avondale that week. Shelley Winters has never particularly enjoyed a reputation for being a shrinking violet—a more appropriate flower is the snapdragon—and not a single rehearsal went by without one of her legendary temper tantrums. Actually, to give credit where it is due, Miss Winter's tantrums were always concerned with the state of the show, unlike those of some other actresses which I have endured, and it must be admitted that the state of "Days of the Dancing" would be enough to unnerve a plaster saint. Privately, she is a charming lady.

At these times, director Tim Everett was absolutely no help at all. Where most directors would simply stand back and let her blow off steam for a few minutes, then proceed again, Everett seemed to feel his manhood threatened, and he would inevitably begin trying to shout her down, which is roughly akin to Annette Funicello trying to sing *Aida*. Miss Winters would then feel *her* manhood threatened, and the two of them would be off on a display of pyrotechnics that would have the theater in quiet hysterics for as much as an hour. Most rehearsals have coffee breaks; these had invective breaks.

At least Robert Walker, Jr. found good use for the time. As soon as there would be the telltale signs of an outbreak of hostilities he would quietly retire to the wings and study his lines. Indeed, Walker was such a quiet, polite, thoroughly charming human being that we soon began to wonder what whim of the playful or vindictive gods cursed him to become involved in this production. He was warmly regarded by all the Avondale locals, and seemed to be totally ignored by his own company.

Somehow, though, the show managed to limp on and open the official Avondale season. The audience was unusually cold, to say nothing of a stageful of flamboyant *City of Night* types with whom most of the audience was quite unfamiliar, even by reputation.

Backstage was a three-ring circus. One good sign of a pseudo-method actor is that he requires a tremendous amount of preparation, always spectacular in nature and always in the presence of impressionable underlings, before playing a part. The Preparation Award for this outfit went to a young actress who curled up in the pre-natal position with a towel over her head, always in the middle of the busiest thoroughfare backstage, for a full half-hour's concentration before every curtian in order to go onstage and sit at a coffee house table, without a single line, during the opening scene. Fortunately, she needed no further preparation to come back for her next appearance, at the curtain call!

Opening night, and every night, I reserved a spot in the wings for one scene, featuring an attractive and immensely talented 15- or 16-year-old named Bruce Scott, generally known as "Little Bruce" to differentiate him from my own houseguest, "Big Bruce" Roman. In the scene, Scott sang an old jazz ballad while sitting around the Venice coffee house on a rainy day. His beautiful, clear singing voice, filled with emotion, was probably the highlight of the whole show. Seldom have I been so impressed by any performer. In later years, Bruce put out one unsuccessful record album, which did him scant justice, and he still makes occasional coffee house concert appearances, although to date he is best known for his short and stormy marriage to television's Sandy Duncan.

After the opening-night performance, my roommate Mel Green had plans for an adventure, for which he conscripted Bruce Roman and me. It seems that at the nearby Indiana State Fair there was some new English rock group making a personal appearance. Mel and Bruce seemed to think that they might have possibilities for something bigger, although I was quite sure that they would never go any place. Who would take seriously a rock group with a silly name like The Beatles? At any rate, Mel had to go to the airport that night to see them off.

They were leaving amid a massive security setup because of their burgeoning popularity, but we devised a scheme to get through. After the show, we surreptitiously commandeered the company car, with "Avondale Playhouse" emblazoned across the side. We also drafted the theater's resident character actor, an amiable gentleman named Edgar Mayer, whose distinguished grey hair would,

we felt, lend an air of respectability to our enterprise. Mel obtained the flight number of a plane to which we could be delivering Mr. Meyer, should we be questioned, and off we went to the Indianapolis airport.

We passed carloads of screaming, fainting girls at the gate with no trouble at all, so oozing with respectability were we, and made our way into the air terminal. The terminal was as deathly still as only an air terminal in Indianapolis, Indiana at one o'clock in the morning can be. One or two lonely and lost-looking travelers wandered around in a daze, but nowhere, absolutely nowhere, were the promising young singers. After a few oh-so-casual inquiries we discovered that The Beatles had long since boarded a private plane somewhere on the far end of the field without ever passing near the terminal, and were now well on their way. After commiserating over a cup of coffee, we thanked Mr. Meyer for his excellent portrayal of a departing actor, and we all went home.

Nights in Indiana are quiet and peaceful, and lend themselves to talk and reminiscence. It was on one of these nights, while waiting for sleep to come, that Bruce Roman admitted to me that "Roman" was not his real name. He was actually named Bruce Puff, he confessed, but he had decided to change it after being constantly subjected to the nickname "Puff, the Magic Drag Queen." In fact, the nickname was totally inappropriate for him, but it was just too good for anyone to pass up, so he borrowed the surname of actress Ruth Roman, a distant relative, for his own stage name.

It was easy to understand why such a nickname should appeal to those around him by watching the young people in the cast of "Days of the Dancing." Gay humor abounded. There were five or six kids under the age of eighteen in the company, and they were nominally in the care of a character actor and his wife, both of whom were in the show, although in practice the kids were pretty much on their own. At the end of the week, the people assigned to clean up the apartment of the youngsters. guardians reported finding discarded, used rubbers and countless other signs of a virtually non-stop orgy to attest to the activities of the guardians while the kids fended for themselves.

The teenagers in the cast had apparently all recently discovered that in the New York theatrical world gay is chic, and they were constantly engaging in a campier-than-thou contest to see who could be the most outrageously gay. Even the straightest of the boys enjoyed playing at homosexuality, at least vocally. In the dressing room, grab-ass was the order of the day, and there were a couple of pretty delectable bottoms that were probably black and blue by the end of the summer.

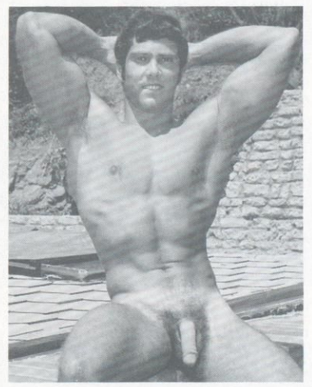
With the show "on the boards," afternoons were fairly free for Bruce and the others in the cast, and often the younger members would gather in our apartment for company and recreation. There they came under the frequent attention of an elderly woman in the apartment below, one Mrs. Gramp, who quickly acquired the nickname "Mrs. Grump" around the apartment. She must have worn herself out, poor old thing, banging on her ceiling with a broom all week. One afternoon she ventured upstairs to discover Bruce rolling around on the floor with a young actress, whose loud laughter was punctuated by facetious cries of "Rape! Rape!" The shaken neighbor proceeded to lecture us on the virtues of silence, but her heart didn't seem to be in it, so shocked was she at the general carryings-on. Later she confined her complaints to banging on the ceiling.

At last the week was up and it was time for the company to move on. I was sorry to see Bruce leave, as I had grown quite fond of him during the week. But theater, I was finding, is a never-ending succession of short but strong friendships. Actors on the road make friends easily out of necessity, one of them once told me, because acquaintances are often short-lived and one can't waste time on niceties.

I was alone in the apartment with Bruce as he packed up to leave. There was not much to say. It had been a fun week, but now it was over. But as Bruce was at the door he turned back to me and smiled. "Marv, I like what you're doing," he said. You're quiet. You're playing it straight. You're not a phony. These guys all camp it up because they don't really know anything about themselves, but when you know where you stand, and don't think you have to prove something to the world, that's really something. I like that." And with that, Bruce Roman walked out of my life.

I didn't answer him then because I didn't really understand what he was telling me. I seemed unaffected to him merely because I had led such an isolated midwestern existence that I'd never had the opportunity to pick up any affectations yet. But his words were

Bruce of Los Angeles Presents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one of the most important influences on me in the formative years that were just then beginning. What he was saying was that there is really no need to try to prove anything to the world. A man's need to make a big impression is related directly to his general failure as a man. The "Days of the Dancing" company was falling all over itself to make an impression.

The kids were swishing frantically to prove that they were part of the theatrical "in" crowd; the guardians left a foul and vandalized apartment to show that they were super-sexed swingers; the actress blocked up the whole backstage area in a flamboyant show of concentration to demonstrate what a dedicated artiste she was; Miss Winters nearly gave herself laryngitis proving that she was in charge; and Tim Everett nearly gave himself apoplexy trying to prove that she wasn't. And yet it was quiet, unassuming little Bobby Walker, sitting in the wings reading his lines, who won the undying love and respect of everyone at Avondale.

Bruce's advice was just that missing link that I was looking for to put my life together and face the world. Slowly, over the years, I have tried to live up to that young actor's premature confidence in me, and I think I have done so. Thank you, Bruce Roman, wherever you are!



Miss Shelley Winters and the cast of "Days of the Dancing." Bruce Roman is to the left of Miss Winters (back turned).

• • •

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

of antiquity. Tacitus points out that Petronius spent his days in sleep and his nights in amusement. That amusement certainly included a lot of sexual activity with boys, although it is probable that Petronius consorted with women, too. Many Romans of that period, including Nero, were bisexual.

If the sexual adventures of the three principals in *Satyricon*–two homosexual companions and their slave-boy–are based on Petronius' own experiences, as they probably are at least in part, then he was truly busy fulfilling himself in the gay world of his time.

The book was given a sumptuous screen treatment by Fellini a few years ago, a recreation that must certainly have delighted that arbiter of elegance, Caius Petronius.

Petronius came to an unhappy end, as so often happened to people in high places in ancient times. After an extensive career as a voluptuary, arbiter of taste, and adviser to Nero, he was accused of disloyalty to his emperor, an unforgivable crime. He chose a suitable exit from this world. While enjoying a final banquet with his friends, he opened and closed his veins at intervals–talking, wining, and dining in the meantimg–until the end came.

• • •

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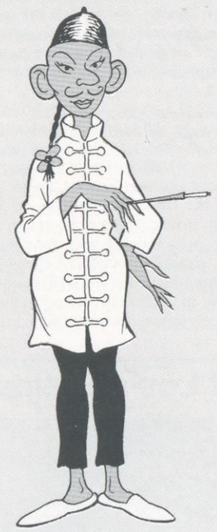

"Meat and potatoes man called 'dick-tater'!"

THE COCKTAIL MENOPAUSE

(Continued from page 15)

alcoholically watchful–as dieters must count calories–and so it should come as good news that one need not observe such Spartan discipline by giving up alcohol altogether in order to overcome the cocktail menopause, but that it can be prevented or overcome with just

A TASTE OF THE GRAPE

There are many psychiatrists, including Dr. Peterborough, who say that the cocktail menopause can be overcome by or reversed with smaller amounts of alcohol found in wine. If not taken in excess, wine cocktails will give you a mental lift and a sexual boost with neither hangup or hangover.

Forget the Martinis and other cocktails made from 80- and 90-proof liquors. Instead try a convivial *Dubonnet* or *Lillet* on the rocks: or a couple of glasses of a sparkling, cold Chablis. Or why not sip a small glass or two of an elegant, delicious conversational sherry such as Harvey's *Bristol Cream* or Pedro Domecq's *Celebration Cream?*

Or you might emulate the French by having a simple *apéritif* . . . something like *Ricard* with a dash of grenadine and plain water . . . or *Raphaël* on the rocks . . . or *Campari*. As no Frenchman who loves good food would drink anything strongly alcoholic before a meal (because to do so would anesthetize his tastebuds and lessen the pleasure of the meal), so should it be with sex. If you must, or wish, drink something only mildly alcoholic that will not bomb you out of sexual sight, but which will give your sexual project a sharper focus, and your lover a stronger sexual profile. Such a mildly alcoholic drink, if not more than two glasses are consumed, tends to smooth the rough spots of whatever stress crisis, problem, or hangup you are currently captive to, and helps you put it in simple perspective; seeing it *as though from a distance* for what it really is–a figment of your imagination, or if it is quite real, as something far less important than it had seemed earlier.

Heavy liquor (80- or 90-proof) will not give you real sexual courage, as far too many men–particularly the shy or the hesitant–think it does. Instead it may tempt you to do something foolhardy by deluding you in the belief that you're a rampant Taurus; but the end result is that you cannot cope effectively with either delusion or your very real sex partner. You can't match him trick-for-trick, nor respond flexibly. And so you only make stabs at sex, like Don Quixote tilting at windmills. Drink, if you must, *lightly* enough, and *only* enough to give you joy and anticipation in approaching sex; then everything will go beautifully.

GIVING AND RECEIVING LOVE

In reviewing Dr. Peterborough's initial observations about stress origins, you will see that (a) facing them, as one or more apply to you, and (b) relating your stress responses to those he outlines, it becomes almost instantly apparent that *you can think them through and fear them no more.*

As time passes and you come to see your occasional stresses–*as they arise*–for what they really are . . . either as something of your own creation, or an over-reaction to stresses created by others . . . you may not even desire the 'comfortable crutch' of the afternoon *apéritif.* Nor will you resort to even the mildest of tranquilizers which, because they blur, 'de-jag' or make amorphous the focus of stress, tend to enclose you in a vacuum where–as in any vacuum, *nothing* happens, and which, in consequence becomes a kind of sexual menopause, however transitory. It should be remembered that *some* nervous tension–*some* stress–is always present in the human body, male or female, but that this can often be of great help in many instances, and is certainly highly desirable during sex, unless, of course, you groove to very placid sex.

Any tug of sexual emotion triggers a corresponding pull of one organ against another within the body. It is this give-and-take or stimulation-and-response that is essential to the progress of exciting sex, and the production of a fierce orgasm. Neither the bombed-out alcoholic nor the tranquilized individual can experience to the

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fullest what Masters and Johnson call "the three phases of sexual excitation in the male that lead to copious orgasm." These are–as they occur–

1) *The love-play level.* Phallic erection of varying intensity; erection maintained for long periods, the degree of tumescence increasing/decreasing in response to various kinds and degrees of erotic stimulation. The more skillful the lover, and the more artful his love-play techniques and variations, the longer he can sustain erection, or what is medically known as *coitus reservatus* . . . 'holding it back'.

2) *The plateau stage* . . . a still greater increase in the swelling of the phallus, at which time it becomes hotter to the touch . . . the *glans* at the end of the phallus becomes larger still, and in most cases what was just a healthy pink will have become noticeably purple with increased excitement. At this point of the plateau phase a few (two or three) drops of a mucoid secretion appear on the tip of the phallus, signifying that the Cowper's glands have gone into the lubricating phase of pre-orgastic action . . . giving a salty signal to your partner, whose mouth is deep on your phallus, that it's time to redouble his effort to bring you to the third stage . . .

3) *The orgasmic phase.* The first two stages are voluntary (you remain master of your own reactions to your partner's stimulus, encouraging him or delaying him as you desire). But as soon as phase three begins you cease to have any voluntary control over your reactions. As many times as you have had sex you will recall that at this point a sense of *inevitability* occurs. The contractile muscles of your phallus now take the action away from you . . . they go full speed ahead, and nothing can stop the many-spurted ejaculation.

Physicians, at this point, have clocked the respiratory system as having accelerated to as many as 50 breaths per minute . . . the heartbeat rate as much as 180 per minute (more than double the normal rate of 72) . . . and the blood pressure (the systolic, or pumping rate) to as much as 100 millimeters of mercury above a healthy man's normal (at ease) 110 or so . . . 210!

Also at this time powerful contractions of the voluntary muscles trigger involuntary contractions of the anal/rectal sphincter . . . it is wildly spasmodic in its response. The whole body system is in a state of flux . . . and every action brings a reaction. Then afterward comes

4) *The resolution phase.* At this time sexual excitement ebbs and the phallus resumes its soft, flaccid state. Now some men, if the oral partner is very demanding, have the capacity to maintain an erection after ejaculation. It takes a man with no hangups, and with no liquor, and of great sexual drive/strength to do this. On the other hand, some men–although perfectly healthy and sexually strong–are so phallically sensitive that just one additional caress of the partner's tongue on the *glans* after ejaculation is so exquisitely painful he must avoid it or be blown out of his mind for hours . . . even to the point of shoving his partner roughly away.

This is the grand design of sex–complete fulfillment–and the thrust of the stages leading up to it is this: that only the man who is in complete control of himself by having refused to (a) over-alcoholize himself, or (b) tranquilize himself, or (c) who has not failed to recognize stress factors when and as they occur and treat them in a common sense way for just what they are–unworthy of his sustained attention–can fully achieve this great total-body, total-sex, total-response and total involvement fulfillment.

TIPS FOR OVERCOMING STRESS

There are many things one may do to hurdle common stress barriers . . . such simple things . . . such practical things that take so little time. Actually to list them seems like an oversimplification. Yet they do work *animadvertently,* to use that word in its true Latin sense . . . to *turn the mind* . . . turning it *around* by doing something just a little different/differently when stress factors symptomize. Divert . . . divert . . . *divert.* For example you might–

1) Swim 20 laps around the pool of your local YMCA or athletic club . . . even your patio pool if you luckily have one. Or jog for 15 minutes. Physical exercise removes stress strains by bringing all your body and muscles into action–your mind, too.

2) Take a barbell or dumbbell workout. Competing with a different *kind* of stress (of a physical kind in this instance) is a sure way to overcome mental stress.

3) Get into the mod swing of things by signing up for classes in judo or karate . .. even Kung-Fu (the very 'in' thing just now). Not only will you enjoy it (and the new friends-with-something-in-common you will make), but learn a skill that can sometime save your life or someone else's (especially in these 'mugging' days) and make you feel deservedly just a little superior to your detractors and 'put-downers' . . . a really delightful experience, you'll discover!

4) If in winter why not learn to ski? A skiing weekend is just the thing to put to rout any and all mental stresses! The brisk air . . . the gleaming snow . . . the good fellowship . . . the whooping-it-up. All this is a round-about-face that will give you just a bit of oneupmanship which your bruised ego needs so badly.

5) If you simply can't bear the thought of exercise, do something easy and simple . . . like calling an old friend you haven't talked to in ages. Renew old ties, recall old victories, joys, things you shared and gloried in. It's rather like washing your windows. Everything seems clearer and in more orderly perspective.

6) Re-read a book of your favorite poems. The lacy language of poetry puts you in a more creative turn of mind. How silly your fears and stresses seem!

7) Take a week off and fly to someplace you've never seen . . . to a tropical paradise where all you need do is bask in the sun and let it *bake* out your stresses! You'll come back looking like a million . . . upstaging all those smug straights in your office.

8) Get a new hairstyle . . . completely different from what you presently have–it can change your personality in an instant! Or stop by some very elegantly mod clothing store and splurge on a different kind of outfit. Again a complete change of personality!

9) Why not make a practice of going around your apartment nude, your genitals all gussied up in a cock ring? Now that's really something to admire! Really something to give impetus to your sexual drive!

Make a point of turning a different corner every day . . . not walking the same old street. If you will just take a different turning, so will your mind turn, and your life turn, and every day you'll be surprised and delighted by what you discover. The new blots out or masks the old . . . in any case making your hangups and problems and stresses seem so irrelevant. Let new experiences and new lovers make your life more rewarding every day. Try some of these timely, homely tips . . . think of some yourself. Follow them through.

In short . . . don't check in up *there* before you check-out all your options down *here!*

• • •

MALE NUDITY IN THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 21)

disrobes most of its many lusty young swains, and in French films, handsome British actor Michael Gothard plays a nude love scene in THE VALLEY. Even the Portuguese have gotten into the act with an off-beat black comedy about cannibalism, called HOW TASTY WAS MY LITTLE FRENCHMAN, in which the hero, played by Arduino Colasanti, plays better than three-quarters of the film completely nude.

Our look at male nudity would not be complete without a glance at the latest sensation of the publishing world, the male nude pin-up. Unquestionably one of the most important breakthroughs in male nude photography was the appearance of actor Burt Reynolds, tongue-in-cheek and hand-in-crotch, in the centerfold of *Cosmopolitan* magazine. The Reynolds centerfold was what finally "legitimatized" male nudity in photography. He is indisputably hetero-sexual, and the publicity pitch was that here was a centerfold for women, so, presto!–everything was okay!

A short time later came the second male celebrity nude photos, this time of rock star David Cassidy, which was published in the semi-underground rock journal *Rolling Stone.* After the big publicity brouhaha whipped up over the Burt Reynolds centerfold, reception of the Cassidy pictures was guarded. Cassidy has that kind of androgenous sexuality that makes for perfect teeny-bopper idols but rather effeminate boys. Therefore the nudes of Cassidy had a highly sensual, soft-focus quality which contrasted sharply with the jocular, all-male atmosphere of the Reynolds picture, In short, the ordinarily quite masculine Cassidy looked very gay indeed in his nude debut.

To complicate matters further, the pictures accompanied a lengthy, free-wheeling interview in which Cassidy clearly stated what he thought of slavering teeny-boppers, parasitic fan magazines, and manufactured popularity. He pulled no punches and obviously didn't care whose toes he stepped on. Cassidy was immediately the target of one of the most vicious attacks ever waged by the fan magazines and gossip columnists, who accused him of everything from ingratitude, to drug addiction and buggery! It is a testament to his popularity that he was not run out of show business, so unrelenting was the partisan hatred shown him over the *Rolling Stone* article.

This reception is particularly unfortunate since models like Cassidy, in the full sensual bloom of youth, are far more esthetically pleasing candidates for nudity than are the maturing leading man types of which the handsome Burt Reynolds is an unusually well-preserved representative. Businessmen, however, took their cue from the overwhelming success of the Reynolds picture rather than the mixed, but largely negative, response to the Cassidy nudes, and in the next few months there appeared countless posters, calendars, jigsaw puzzles, and the like, all advertised with almost self-conscious clarity as being strictly for women, and all featuring models most of whom were just a little bit over the hill to be showing off in public.

The magazine that started the trend, *Cosmopolitan,* promised several months ago an upcoming nude centerfold of singer John Davidson, which the present writer awaits eagerly–Davidson has for some time graced our list of the Ten Most Gorgeous Guys In The World. But month after month goes by, and as of this writing the centerfold has not materialized.

Even that bastion of male chauvinism, *Playboy,* has slipped in an occasional male nude in recent issues. In connection with the release of their feature film, THE NAKED APE, they featured a full-frontal nude photo of actor Johnny Crawford, all the more remarkable since nothing even remotely so candid appears in the film itself.

And so we continue to enjoy a collection of often quite outstanding nude men in movies and in print. Where once an actor would have spent a fortune to suppress indiscreet nude photos, today Burt Reynolds has his nudity to thank for catapulting him into one of the movies' top box-office attractions. Many other actors can't seem to get their clothes off fast enough, and vast audiences continue to express approval.

In the movies, the male nudity fad has stabilized into a series of relevant nude scenes important within the storyline, and in magazines the early inundation of indifferent photos of middle-aged men with nothing to recommend them except their willingness to undress is slowly evolving into a new awareness of the male nude as sex object and as *objet d'art.* Belatedly the world is coming to the realization that an undraped man can be just as sexy as an undraped woman, and the results of that realization are a joy to behold.

• • •

IT'S BETTER IN PAIRS

(Continued from page 32)

discussed openly, "Corydon" was often used as a euphemism for "homosexual." The name achieved great fame when Andre Gide used it as the title of his long dialogue about homosexuality.

As history has it, the affair between *Julius Caesar* and *King Nicodemes* was as flamboyant as that between Virgil and Alexander was idyllic, their cohabitation accompanied by music, revelry, banqueting and exotic entertainment. The affair occurred when Caesar was a youth and was so satisfying that the future Roman conqueror, dictator, and would-be emperor carried a

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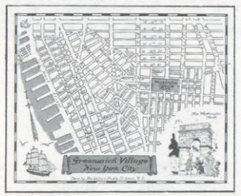

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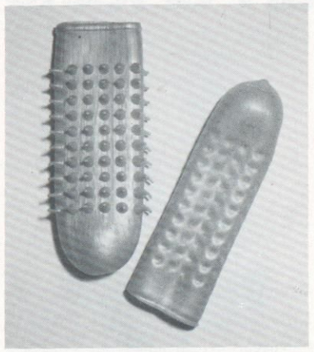

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fondness for male dalliance with him through the rest of his life, causing Curio to describe him as "every man's wife."

But it was his long affair with Nicodemes, the King of Bithynia, that set the scene for the future gay affairs of Caesar, and since Nicodemes was quite notorious for his gay temperament, Caesar's passionate affair with him caused a scandal that plagued him for the rest of his life. Bibulus went so far as to call him "Queen of Bithynia."

But if Caesar was concerned about such epithets, it didn't stop him from having a gay affair when the occasion presented itself. He became so fond of Rufio, son of one of his freedmen, for instance, that he made the youth commander of three of his legions.

The Roman emperor *Hadrian* also found the gay love of his life in Bithynia, but this happy occasion occurred about a century after Caesar was cavorting with Bithynia's king, and Hadrian's young lover, *Antinous,* was royal only in his beauty. Hadrian left Antinous' handsome face and body as a legacy to posterity in the form of the many statues he had sculpted of the young man.

When Antinous drowned himself in the Nile for no logical reason—it was possibly in a moment of madness—Hadrian was beside himself with grief. If there had been doubt about the emperor's true love for Antinous, there wasn't now. Hadrian made a god of his departed lover and ordered the people to worship him in special temples as the ideal of manly beauty. That he *was* the ideal of classical Greek perfection is evidenced in the likenesses of him passed down in history. Hadrian even went so far as to found a city in honor of Antinous at the place of his death.

In our next issue . . . "Renaissance Lovers."

ETHNIC DINING

(Continued from page 24)

house, for that's just what you'll get . . . *Sevastopol Schnitten,* which is typically Neuschwansteinian (and hopefully you will not expect us to spell that word again!) because it was one of Ludwig's own favorites (and likely the reason he lost his boyish figure to fat by age forty-five). To vastly oversimplify anything so good, Sevastopol Schnitten might be called 'almond slices'. It is a concoction of butter, eggs, cold heavy cream, shaved almonds, cinnamon, lemon rind, flour and sugar. Whipped to a farethee-well it is light enough to fly away, and likely will . . . taking *you* along for a high-calorie ride (about 1000 per portion).

These are just a few instances to point out that the European gay guy has long since come to grips with his ethnic foods and the way they are prepared, so he eats most of them without gaining an ounce because he eats only small portions. His guide is not the calorie chart, but the empirical knowledge that more than a tidbit of *this* and a tadbit of *that* will send his waistline into No-No Land.

It is a lesson difficult for the American abroad to learn, yet it is easy to understand why this should be so. Everything *tastes* so good because its basic ingredients *are* so good . . . thus the temptation to eat more of everything.

Foods are always *pure*—organic, if you will, without the European farmer ever having given biochemical thought to it. They are never tampered with, as in the United States. A 'food processor' would go broke in a week because Europeans, in general, couldn't care less that he has 'fortified' his products; or that he has 'vitaminized' them; or that they contain nutritional 'additives' . . . or have been 'defanged' (which is to say 'de-calorified') with 'subtractives'.

For example, cream cheese is just that—the creamiest and cheesiest—never the 'more spreadable imitation cream cheese with half the calories'. Butter is pure 100-score. It is never 'diet-whipped' (which means that you have been paying 30¢ a pound for just air!). It's all there . . . every good (however fattening) calorie of it, and so if you want to keep your waistline while abroad you'll just have to eat less of everything. There's no other way! If you haven't got the guts to do it, you'll certainly have a 'gut' to show for it!

Here are some easy-to-remember things that may help you tame your frame abroad while lurching up and down Sugarplum Lane, and lusting it up among the fleshpots. Some of these suggestions are nutritional, some 'abstinential', some psychological, and some sexual. All are common sense, and all of them work. We are dividing them into a listing of general suggestions, then into specific references to the countries you may be visiting and the ethnic foods you will encounter in each.

GENERAL DIETARY SUGGESTIONS

1) If you should be unable to resist a 'hearty English breakfast' your first day in London, for tomorrow's breakfast have only tea laced with honey. You won't feel as if you are doing penance, because there is no tea like English breakfast tea . . . and with pure honey it becomes both a low-calorie feast and a whole day's energizer.

2) Drink a glass of mineral water before breakfast in any European country. Most mineral waters have a slight saline content (particularly *Vichy, Perrier* and *Apollonaris*) that curbs the appetite before it really has a chance to assert itself.

3) Don't try to count calories *per se.* Remember that *their* food values are quite different than ours, and it is extremely difficult to reconcile the *caloric* differences—however much a potato here is a potato there, since theirs will come out something wonderful, like *Duchesse* (egg yolks, heavy cream) in France, Belgium and England . . . or *Elena Gerhardt* (with eggs, hazelnuts or cashews) in Germany/Austria/Holland . . . or *Mènagére* (Duchesse plus onions, diced ham and parsley) in most other European countries. Rather than slavishly follow a calorie guide, let your mirror, your scales and your energy level tell you whether you're gaining or losing or staying as gorgeous as you usually are.

4) Limit your fruit/vegetable intake to artichokes, asparagus, tomatoes, avocados and grapefruit. First, because they usually are served plain, and if a dressing comes with them, ask for it on the side and just 'anoint' the vegetable with it, rather than have the cook 'bury' it in same. Secondly, these simple, wonderful vegetables and fruit tend to *combat water retention*—a prime cause of

overweight.

5) No matter how excellent the sauce may be, remember that simple olive oil and vinegar, or lemon juice, are lowest calorically and are often superior to gastronomical fantasies.

6) Since exercise is highly recommended for holding the waistline in check, and Europe is a highly 'bicyclized' continent, rent one and have a go through the world's most beautiful parks/drives for a couple of hours each day . . . or, as the French say, do a lot of 'le footing'. Also, if you think about it, bring along your yoga lessons and practice them each day.

7) If there's a refrigerator in your hotel room—or on your floor—as there will be in any furnished apartment you rent, wet two turkish towels and freeze them overnight. On the morrow give yourself a good swatting all over, particularly stressing the pectorals, buttocks, calves and inner/outer thighs. Be very careful when slapping at the inner thighs. Guard thine *honor!* Precious *jewels!* Hold them lovingly with the other hand. This is a technique long known to European spa attendants. It has a decidedly tonic effect in firming the flesh. Begin lightly and work up sadistically. Be a masochist for once!

8) Remember that it's easiest to take fat off that you've just put on. Leaving it on for several weeks tends to 'marbleize' it, like a steak, then you have to work twice as hard to get rid of it.

9) If you simply must have bread with your meal, while abroad be sure to have it without butter. Remember that butter—the real thing—is liberally used in the preparation of almost every ethnic dish in Europe and North Africa. Why 'gild the lily'? Why consume needless calories from sheer habit?

10) If you've been following a strict diet at home, remember that you're on vacation and it's time to let up a little. You can do this, as we have mentioned, by simply eating less of what is placed before you. If a diet doesn't have a built-in 'let up' or 'get off' period of a day or two it will fail. The whole boring scene falls apart and one invariably goes off the deep end on an eating binge. So forget about your daily celery and cottage cheese . . . eat *less* of *lots* than *lots* of *less.* It has a fantastic effect in keeping your body firm and fatless.

Ethnic Dining In Italy. In Italy, particularly in great cities like Rome, to be thin—very thin—is to be chic. In a country where pasta is king this may seem hard to do. But it is not. The thing to do is forget the pasta, or—if you wish—make a pasta dish the only dish of your meal . . . and eat it sparingly, and with a glass of wine to quickly raise the sugar level beforehand (so you won't want so much pasta), and one during the pasta (to make you feel well-fed before you really eat too much!). It's best to stick to veal dishes, and you'll find your waistline better served if you'll eat in less-expensive restaurants where the *osso bucco* of the calf reigns supreme. It is the veal 'knuckle' and is steamed until all the fat is cooked away (leaving just enough to give it moistness and flavor accentuation). Before dinner you'll want a glass of wine or an *aperitivo* (far lower in calories than any cocktail), and a low-calorie appetizer such as clams in tomato broth. If *zuppa* is desired, resist sprinkling cheese (always lurking nearby) on it, since this doubles the caloric content of the soup. Almost any *zuppa de pesce,* first-cousin to the French *bouillabaisse,* will not be high calorically, since any Italian fish is feisty enough to speak for himself and needs no one to do his 'talking' for him. But try to make veal your protein standby during your Italian stay. In addition to *osso bucco,* try *scallopine* grilled over an open fire (paillard). Easy on the waistline. It is really only when veal gets mixed up with eggs or stuffing *(rollatine),* or gets wet (and clingg-g-s to the waistline!) as in *marengo* (stew), that the diet marches off to a different drummer. For a change from veal, try roasted striped bass, in any Italian city. With just a squidge of lemon (or try lime and *really* live!) juice for a dressing it is 'gutlessly gourmet'. As an accompaniment, any Italian salad that bows its proud head only to good wine vinegar and olive oil, makes an excellent choice. As for dessert, only fresh fruit. Forget the *cannoli* and other Italian 'dream' desserts. Too rich!

Ethnic Dining In France. The trim-waistline trick when dining in France is to have something quite light as an appetizer. The lightest are those dishes done *à la vinaigrette*—mussels, artichokes, and the like. Vinaigretted dishes are paradoxical. While low in calories, they are filling (particularly mussels) enough to be complete meals in themsleves! On *moules vinaigrette* you can gorge yourself to the gills and actually lose a pound, providing that nothing else than wine is consumed. Since French soups are generally works of fine art (and as calorically 'high priced'), you will be safer sticking with jellied *madrilène* or *petite marmite* (if you don't eat the marrow toast). If you decide to make a meal on just *bouillabaisse* be sure to ask the waiter to take all that lovely, crusty French bread completely out of sight. This may seem harsh treatment for such a noble fish stew, but *bouillabaisse* cries out for 'sopping' bread . . . so baby, include this *out!* You can gain (with sopping bread) in one *bouillabaisse* binge everything you have taken such pains to lose in the previous week!

The French are great with fowl, so whether you have it *au vin, en cocotte, chasseur* or casseroled in some other way, it will be spicy but relatively calorie-low. Poached fish of any kind with just a dab of mayonnaise is an excellent waistline keeper. For other meats, rely on roast leg, or saddle of lamb. Its bit of garlic fragrance is enough . . . no other sauce required. Fresh fruit, of course . . . although the French are much given to fruit compotes, which—being usually cooked dried fruits, are calorisugary high. Be*watch!* And run like hell from anything *'marron'.* Those chestnuts will get you if you don't watch out!

Ethnic Dining In Germany. We may as well extend this to cover not only East and West Germany, but more eastern countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Austria. The reason: the Potato and Cabbage are King and Queen, the Red Beet is the Crown Prince, with the Cucumber a distant Count. They rule the hearts of gastronomic *Mittel Europa,* and although each country has its own way of entertaining such royalty (they appear in many guises) in general you will find one, two, three or all four at the table with you, along with that gate-crashing commoner, the dumpling (sliced, as though

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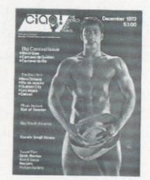

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from a loaf, and covered with simply sinful drippings or other groovy gravies). All placed before you, you have the most unabashed (or least abashed) collection of calories in all Europe.

Thus you have just one dietary option—eat sparingly of them, while saving your ammunition and strength to tackle a noble roast (of beef, lamb, venison or pork), eating with one hand while holding the other on the abdomen to detect the first sign of overeating. It's all so great and good, but since in none of these countries is anything calorie low, none is an easy place to diet. And of course we haven't mentioned such things as desserts! Each has its ethnic specialty: the Hungarian/Czech *palacscinta* (small *crêpes* with apricot jam) . . . Austrian *sacher torte* (chocolate cake with jam) . . . the German Black Forest cake (whipped cream, Kirsch, and lots of other good things like hazelnuts, chipped chocolate, and even frangipane as far as we know). But live a little—try a little. You've always got the celery and cottage cheese gig to work over when you get back home.

Ethnic Dining In Scandinavia. Filling your plate three times or more (first time the fish . . . next the cheeses . . . and then the meats) is a form of 'running the gauntlet', calorically speaking. It is also a form of masochism. Sweden can be an absolute disaster for the overweight-prone, which is why the only people you see there (prone or supine and hopefully both) are long and sexy, lean and sexy, muscular and sexy, handsome and sexy, and sexy and sexy. So to stay sexily slender and not disgrace your sexily slender hosts, stick with such things as cold shrimp and crab, poached bass (but never salmon), cold sliced beef, tongue, and their spiced meat rolls, and avoid anything ducky, goosey, or, especially, puddingy. And if all this sounds too 'cold', warm it up with an occasional shot of *akvavit* and a hot trick . . . and sizzle! Much the same can be said of Norway. Denmark has a different ambience, just as it differs in other ways. While at heart Denmark is strongly Scandinavian, it borrows from, and lends to, Germany, France, England and other countries. However, with the experience you will have gained you will know exactly what to do to protect your waistline and save your gastronomic soul.

In a later issue of *QQ* we should like to zone in on the Latin countries of Europe and South America with some dietary tips that may help make waistline watching easy and pleasant so that you can get more from your visit without *worrying* off the weight. Also at that time we will have a look at North African gastronomy; that of Greece and Turkey; as well as that of countries even farther away, such as India and Indonesia.

In the meantime some of our *QQ* readers abroad will be coming to the United States on vacation, and, as we mentioned at the beginning of this article, we'd like to help you keep sexily slender while here. What qualitatively throws the American off his diet abroad is done *quantitatively* by the European over here.

Granted that such cities as New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles have an endless variety of ethnic restaurants so that visitors from abroad can find their own *milieu* the moment they arrive—and thus be secure in their diet—they will not be prepared for the big 'food sell'. We seem to be geared to food advertising on TV, in the newspapers, on billboards . . . everything flashes E-A-T. And so we have snack bars . . . pizza-pizza everywhere (500 calories per slice) . . . Mr. Softee and Colonel Sanders . . . Greek souvlaki stands . . . hotdog vendors on every corner . . . hamburger 'pits' . . . chicken and spare-ribs roasted in windows . . . sandwich bars . . . and in movies it is *de rigueur* for one to step out at intermission for a chocolate bar, an ice cream, popcorn or hotdog. A visitor from abroad will find himself doing what so many Americans do . . . buying something to eat as a matter of *conditioned habit,* not as a source of needed nutrition or energy.

This is our great American dietetic pitfall, but what makes it worse for waistline worriers is the 'diet drink' that supposedly has no more than ¼ of a calorie per bottle. Even though it may have less, the fact is that all carbonated liquids are hard on the waistline. Not only does an excess of any carbonated liquid bloat, but tends to 'lock in' everything one eats . . . to pack it in *all over* the body. It would be the same whether the drink is calorie-high or calorie-low (except that calorie-high drinks would add still more weight). It would also be so much better if we'd drink just plain water . . . but American big business is not going to habit-condition us to drinking that!

We're saving the best waist-watching tip for last. *Change lovers frequently.* Competition with a new lover has a six- to ten-inch lead over all other forms of weight control!

So come on over, Stranger, and enjoy! Just don't get trapped in our own mistakes! And sex it up while you're here . . . it's a great way to stay slim!

•••

CRUISING ETHICS

(Continued from page 23)

And then again, you may not have interrupted anything serious at all, and if you discover this you'll feel more at ease.

2) Another delicate situation which crops up in gay bars may require a great deal more tact. What do you do when a friend (a real one this time) comes up to you and starts rapping casually, then notices someone at your side he's interested in, and asks you who he is. You don't know the number, maybe you didn't even see him there because he just arrived, but you do know your friend is a bit timid about cruising. So in a spirit of brotherhood you introduce yourself to the stranger and then introduce your friend. Of course. Naturally. *But.* The twist comes when the stranger makes it quite obvious that he's not interested in your friend . . . he's interested in *you!* And you, poor devil, find yourself attracted right back.

Ethically, you might respond in one of several ways. You could excuse yourself for a short time and give your friend his chance to make an impression on the number. You could make sure he remembers your name and drop a line into the conversation indicating when you'll be in the bar again, diplomatically showing your interest for a possible future time. If neither you nor the friend have objections to a threesome, you might try feeling the number out (not up!) about that possibility. (This last can be dangerous, however, if, for instance, the number concentrates on you and ignores the friend, or if the friend resents being 'carried' by the two of you, so proceed with much caution.) What you should *not* do, however, is: a) ignore your friend and ease in for the kill; b) make an obvious and definite date for later in front of your friend; or c) in any way hamper your friend in his chances at scoring.

No matter how unfeeling it may sound, if your friend makes a play and is turned down, it's anybody's game. Once again, the number has every right to make up his own mind, and were you in his position you'd probably feel that way also. But you should always give your friend the first chance. By the same token, unless you're running for martyr in the next election there's no good reason for you to immediately cross the number off your list of potentials in a spirit of *noblesse oblige.* One of the hard facts of life is that sometimes we make it and make it well, and at other times we lose out. Perhaps this number can make a terrific partner for you, and not for your friend. Kismet. And if you throw the chance away, you may end up frustrated, and worse, you may start resenting your friend in the bargain.

3) Suppose you get involved with two tricks, and they invite you to join in a *tete-a-tête-à-tête.* Where do you fit in? (Pun unavoidable.) Most regular twosomes have a Standard Operating Procedure, especially if they're lovers. That *can* mean they have one preferred position which would require you to fill a definite role, but it can also mean they enjoy experimenting with a kind of *laissez faire* Greek roulette where anything goes and everyone comes! In any case if the other two are established as a cruising pair, the ethical thing for you to do is follow their lead. The ethical thing for *them* is to let you know beforehand what role they'd like you to play, if they have one in mind. By doing so they give you a better basis on which to make a decision, and lessen the chances of disillusionment and awkwardness later on. If they have no definite preferences, or if the three of you are all free agents who simply like to groove on a *menage,* go ahead and have a ball or more!

I am generally suspicious when someone asks me what I like to do in bed. But by the same token, if there are rules or positions to be used, I prefer knowing ahead of time. If there are none, whether there are two or twenty players is irrelevant—mess around a lot until you all find a compatible arrangement, and then enjoy, enjoy!

4) Now riddle me this one. You're minding your own business and from out of the blue a drink appears in front of you, compliments of a cruiser. And, either: a) the bartender tells you the buyer wishes to remain anonymous, or b) the bartender tells you, or in some way indicates, who bought you the drink. In either circumstance you should acknowledge the gesture. In the first case, you can show a great deal of finesse by instructing the bartender to thank the donor and immediately send him back a drink in return, indicating to the bartender that you prefer not to accept any more drinks. This presumes, of course, that you feel uncomfortable accepting drinks from unseen admirers.

Ethically, I believe it is in bad taste to send a drink to a potential trick without allowing him the opportunity to thank you. And yet too often a gay will do just that for several drinks, then approach the number with the statement, "You know I'm the one who's been buying you drinks all night." At that point the poor gay being cruised may feel under some kind of obligation, which could lead to many embarrassing difficulties. By refusing more than the first drink, you can easily avoid awkwardness and maintain

If the donor allows himself to be known, however, feel flattered—it's one of the highest compliments he can pay you in public. If you have true *savoir faire,* approach the man in person for a courteous, face-to-face thank-you, whether or not you're interested in tricking with him. After some brief cordialities you can easily go back to whatever you were doing before, but with the satisfying knowledge that you've done a very nice thing, and saved someone from ego-deflation and embarrassment. If you're not the type who can carry this off smoothly, however, at least catch the gentleman's eye and indicate your thanks with some kind of gesture. It's a nice touch to raise the drink he purchased in salutation, and take at least a token sip from it in acknowledgment of the kindness, whether or not you have a full drink in front of you. An important thing to remember here, however, is that in this case you are under no ethical obligation to return the drink. And this can be a crucial thing to understand, because if you do return the compliment it can justifiably be construed as a signal that you are interested. If you don't think you are, thank him and let it drop. If he persists and buys another, you could then buy him one in return while explaining to him in person that you'd prefer not to accept any more.

Sending someone a drink is still one of the most popular cruising techniques in a gay bar, and there's nothing at all wrong with it ethically. When the response to the situation is unethical, however, problems arise quickly, and unfortunately it's a common occurrence. By responding politely, such as in one of the above ways, most problems can be avoided, and cruising can be more enjoyable for all concerned.

5) How ethical do you find this situation: You're with a buddy in the bar and you both spot a new trick in town, and you could both be easily interested. Your buddy successfully contrives to involve you with someone else or with a group, in order to keep you occupied while he moves in for the kill. Fair play? Strike while the iron is hot?

Interestingly, this is a good example of the claim that there are no hard and fast answers for ethical problems. Although it may appear unethical of your buddy on the surface, it may not be, surprising as that may seem. For instance, if this is a contest between you and friend, a nonmalicious wrestling match of one-upmanship, so to speak, it could be merely a matter of friendly rivalry. If this is the case, however, both parties should be aware from the beginning for it to be considered fair play.

Usually, however, such is not the case, and friendships can be seriously strained or even severed by such action. Again, I don't believe it's necessary to bow out completely.

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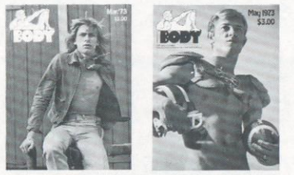

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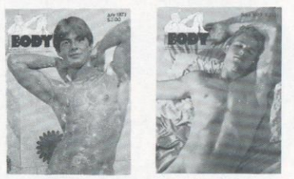

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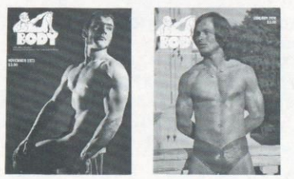

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THE SUPER, SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS!

X-RATED!

BY A. JAY

I'M VERY BIG ON THE ORGY CIRCUIT!

WHAT'S HAPPENED: THE COUNTRY WAS STUNNED BY THE MYSTERIOUS 'N SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF 17 TOP WESTCOAST HAIRDRESSERS WHEN THIS GAY, LEATHERY GROUP OF GUYS WERE HAVING THEIR ANNUAL BARE-ASS BASH ON THE OMINOUS ISLE OF 'EL REPTIL'... OFF PANAMA.

UNBEKNOWN TO EVERYONE 'EL REPTIL' ALSO HOUSED THE SECRET HIDE-OUT OF VILLY VATSON... WORLD FAMOUS SINISTER HORTICULTURIST. VILLY POSSESSED A SUPER SUPER-NATURAL COCKRING THAT HAS THE SUPER POWER TO TRANS-FORM HIMSELF INTO THE NASTY HEAVY-CAPTAIN COCKRING! (C.C. ALONG WITH HIS HORNY SIDE-KICK HEINOUS PENIS WERE THE BADDIES BEHIND THIS SKULDUGGERY.)

WHEN LAST WE LOOKED, HARRY, MICKEY 'N RANCID, OUR FUGG HEROES DISCOVERED A HOT CLUE TO THE MISSING HAIR-BURNERS WHILE ON 'EL REPTIL', BUT WERE INTERRUPT-ED BY A SUDDEN, MINI THPHOON! OUR GUYS, TRYING TO FIND FAST COVER, STUMBLED ON TO A HIGH CLIFF WITH A FORE-BODING GIANT SKULL CARVED INTO IT! AS THE SKIES OPENED UP 'N MOUNTAINOUS WAVES CRASHED OVER THEIR HOT BODS

HARRY, MIC, 'N RANCID WERE UNAWARE THAT C.C. WAS DIRECTLY ABOVE DOING A NUMBER WITH A MASSIVE BOULDER! ALL LOOKED DOOMED AS IT CRASHED DOWN...

THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE... ANOTHER INCH AND WE'D BEEN ANCHOVY PASTE!

GEEPS!

CRASH... BAM... BOOM... PLOP...

FLIPPER WAS A DYKE!

HOLY HYSTERECTOMY... THE CLIFF HAS CRUMBLED, 'N THERE WAS A SECRET-TYPE DOOR HIDDEN UNDER THAT SKULL!

GEEPS!

YEAH!

FAP-A-ARAB-A-DOLA!

MAN.. IT LOOKS LIKE THAT DOOR HASN'T BEEN OPEN FOR CENTURIES!

THIS DOOR HAS NOT BEEN OPEN FOR CENTURIES!

INSIDE

GRAB MY GOURD!

LOOK AT THAT HORDE!

TUTANKHAMEN WAS THERE

SHEET!

THERE MUST BE A FORTUNE HERE! I WONDER IF PLAYGIRL HAS SPOILED GEORGE MAHARIS?

GENUINE PLATINUM

$200

A HOT, GREASY MALE UNIVERSE

MEANWHILE FAR ABOVE THE SCENE...

I GUESS THOSE COCKSUCKERS HAVE PERISHED! I CAN'T MAKE OUT MUCH... 'CAUSE OF THE DUST!

CAPTAIN COCKRING

WOULD YOU RIM THIS MAN?

SLURP! MY HORNY COCK IS THROBBING FROM ALL THIS EVIL ACTION!

I'LL GIVE IT TO HEINOUS 'N THEN PERPETRATE MY PERVERTED PLAN... Hee Hee!

ALL THIS STUFF MEANS SHIT, GUYS - UNLESS WE FINISH THIS CAPER... 'N GET OUR TUCKUSES OFF THIS DUNE!

RIGHT ON!

HEY LOOK... A PASSAGE-WAY! IT MIGHT LEAD TO SOMETHING BIG!

FAR OUT!

JEEPERS CREEPERS

HOLY SALAMANDER SHIT!

ZZZZZ

HAILE SELASSIE'S FUN CAVERN IS CALLED SILLY-ASSIE!

Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3

SOMEONE'S COMING! DUCK BEHIND THIS PILLAR... QUICK!

CREAK...

HEINOUS PENIS

HEINOUS... SWEETCHIPS - I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU!

YES MASTER!

THROB

FREAKY FELLATIO!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

GEE... FREAKY FELLATIO!

SUCK!

SLURP...

THEN... SUDDENLY...

OH!

I'M COMING!

AAHGHOOOOO

OK... WHO'S THERE??

JUST US WATER BUGS!

SURPRISE!

BAM!!

UGH!

LEGS... DO YOUR THING!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MAN! KEEP ON TRUCKIN'!

KEEP OUT DANGER

QUICK... IN HERE! PANT...

INSIDE...

FAR OUT!

WOW... IT'S SOME SORT OF FREAKY HOTHOUSE!

OPEN UP... YOU COCK-SUCKING MOTHERS!

GULP!

OPEN THIS DOOR!

UP YOURS... YOU MALE CHAUVINIST PIG!

YOU PUNKS ASKED FOR IT!!

?

PISSSS

PISSSSS

THIS IS A NASTY-TYPE SLEEPING GAS SECRETLY PIPED INSIDE!

YAWN!

AS OUR GUYS FALL POWERLESS UNDER THE GAS... A HIDDEN CASEMENT OPENS AND...

GENUINE HIDDEN CASEMENT

DANGER!

PERUVIAN PENIS FLY-TRAP

DEADLY SPECIES

CHOP CHOP

CHOP! CHOP!

TO BE CON'T.! DON'T MISS THE NEXT FREAKED OUT EPISODE!

Perhaps the best answer is for you to honestly talk the thing out (swiftly, before you both get so ethical you lose to an unhampered third party) and decide who wants him more, or who's willing to step aside. If you're both seriously interested and neither wants to give up, I would suggest you *both* do. Unless the trick means more than the friendship. All may be fair in love and war, but this is only a minor skirmish. And if your buddy selfishly cuts you out of the picture without considering your feelings, it's time, probably, for something new in the way of buddies!

GENERAL CRUISING ETHICS FOR GAY BARS

In addition to the above situations, there are many overall instances in which ethics play an important part in the bar scene. Some which require only brief discussion are:

1) Don't occupy a friend's time with chit-chat when it's apparent he's out to cruise. There are certainly times when a gay wants to socialize in the bar atmosphere, but there are many others when he's looking for a different kind of companionship, and it's a wise friend who knows the difference!

2) Avoid graphic descriptions of a former trick's preferences or performance in bed. Perhaps Miss Peckham made me too much of a gentleman in her Related Topics course, but I consider such discussion in bad taste, even when the descriptions are flattering. Show-and-tell may be fine for the elementary classroom, but it's time we all started doing graduate work. For one thing, such explicit details dulls the thrill of discovery, which can be a big turn-on with a new trick. And, what happens for example, if you say so-and-so is a terrific screw, and the trick goes home with so-and-so, only to discover that so-and-so isn't into screwing that night?

On the other hand, what should you do when asked about a former trick? Well, if there's something dangerous about him you have an obligation to warn the interested party. If you know that the guy asking really wouldn't enjoy the trick, you might indicate it by saying something like, "I don't think he's your piece of meat(!), but the decision is really up to you." Because it *is* up to him in the final analysis. *"I* had a good time," and "I think you'd have a ball," are good general responses if the opposite is true, but let them find out more intimate details on their own.

3) Always be polite when refusing offers of sex. No matter who you are, you have a reputation if you frequent any gay bar with regularity. Whether that reputation is good or bad depends largely on how you rate in the politeness department. And although many reputations are unwarranted, they're usually very difficult to change, particularly if they're bad.

4) Don't ignore a former trick in public. I don't understand why, really, but a large number of gays do this. It costs nothing to nod a head or say a brief hello, and that's far easier than concentrating on ignoring a person without appearing to.

5) Don't spread idle gossip. And if you're wise, don't listen to it without finding out for yourself. Some of the most pleasant gays I know have ugly rumors circulating about them, just because another gay was disappointed in the sack, or jealous, or just plain bitchy.

OTHER CRUISING ETHICS

The question of ethics is not one you can limit merely to a bar scene, however. Because sex generally plays such an important role among gays, ethical questions of a serious nature arise in many areas.

Consider, for instance:

1) You're street cruising and you come upon another who turns you on seven ways from Sunday. However, as you come closer you see a third guy has already been working on the number. Do you move in or stay away? By quickly sizing up the situation you should be able to discern with some accuracy whether the other cruiser has a chance or not, and whether you might have a better chance. Best to bide your time, move away, and leave the choice to the fortunate number who gets to take his pick. It would not be unethical, though, to make it obvious that you're interested, as long as you don't completely cut out the person with the prior "claim." After all, is it worse than making yourself available in a meat rack, bath, gay bar, or any other cruising situation? You certainly can't be blamed simply because a trick finds you more desirable than the one cruising him.

2) Your roommate is out, and his brand-new lover shows up at the door. He looks hot for you, and you admire your roommate's taste. Do you make him? If you know your roommate well you know how he would react to your making it with his lover. If the love affair is a light one, if the roommate has no hangups about such things, if he would take it as a compliment, et cetera, well .... Things like this *do* happen without blood being spilled. In most cases however, particularly when the love affair is just beginning, it's best to keep a hands-off policy, I believe. You can gather ye rosebuds all you want, but don't nip someone else's unless you know beforehand that you'd be welcome. And incidentally, if the new lover does make a pass and you act like a perfect saint through it all, resisting temptation to the last, do you then turn around and tell your roommate about the lover's indiscretion? With some reserve, I would advise against it. Lovers, old or new, have a relationship which is theirs alone, and such things should be handled by them in their own way. There may well be a period of adjustment happening which they could solve to their mutual satisfaction. And if you interfere you might destroy that possibility without knowing.

3) There's a twosome going at it hot and heavy in the meatrack, and something makes you suspect they might like it a little heavier and a lot hotter, in a threesome. Do you go over, or wait for a formal invitation? And if you do go over and join in the fun, do you concentrate on one or both?

Ethics for outdoor sex games are different in some important ways. Those into outdoor cruising generally have fewer hang-ups about privacy than do those who limit themselves to social cruising. And they usually have little trouble indicating clearly what they want. Therefore the best way to react is to make your presence known. If they're receptive you'll find out soon enough. As for what you concentrate on . . . well . . . if you see an empty hole, why not try plugging it? There is no one answer to what or whom you should concentrate on because it depends on when you jump in. Furthermore, the actions and positions two people find most comfortable can change drastically when more players are added to the game. So play it by ear and roll with the clutches.

4) You're in a gay baths and you see a number you've cruised for some time just leaving. You know nothing about him except that he really puts a twitch in your towel, and you'd really like to meet the dude. Do you ask the attendant his name and/or other pertinent information?

In this case I have to give an unqualified resounding "No!" Although I never would have expected it, I overheard such a conversation recently, so I have to believe such things are done. In the first place, such information must be kept strictly confidential by baths personnel. Many gays frequent baths primarily because of the anonymity they afford, and it would be a very serious breach of etiquette to commit such an indiscretion.

If the number turns you on that much, however, there is a way you might be able to connect and still remain a gentleman. Ask the attendant if he knows the number you're interested in, and leave *your* name or phone number to be forwarded. Of course, this works much better in smaller baths where the number visits occasionally, such as in smaller cities. And it works even better if you are thoughtful enough to offer the attendant a little something for his trouble . . . or perhaps a lot of something if you can, if he's willing, and if you don't have any small change in your towel!

Public cruisers, those who visit the meat-racks, johns, baths and other similar cruising areas, are generally more outgoing and direct in their attitude toward sex. But ironically, they are often more ethical about it than those who prefer the social cruising of bars and private parties. Respect the other's anonymity and privacy until invited to do otherwise. Respect prior claims on a number you'd like, even if you have to lose it for the time being. And always, *always* respect the rights of the general public who may not share your tastes and would prefer not to be exposed to them!

A NEW BEATITUDE

I am not a prude. However, I know from practical experience that a code of ethics based on maintaining a personal dignity while respecting the rights of others, consistently followed no matter what situation you're in, makes for a more enjoyable, less complicated life–straight or gay.

Immanuel Kant said that it takes five generations to breed a true gentleman. Unfortunately, by that time he's most likely out of fashion. And gays know that perhaps more personally than other groups. Bitchiness, gossip, rudeness, and selfishness in gay society may be doing as much as the attitudes of straights in keeping many gays in their closets. And yet those of us who are out know there's so much more to being gay–such as a delightful world of truly nice, truly warm people whose main goal in life is to live happily while allowing others to do the same. Fortunately such people gravitate toward each other, and you'll find that if you treat the average gay in an ethical manner, you'll get the same consideration in return.

So hang your stuffed shirt in the closet when you come out to cruise, but always wear your best suit of ethics!

QQ

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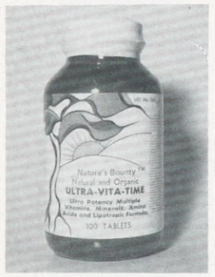

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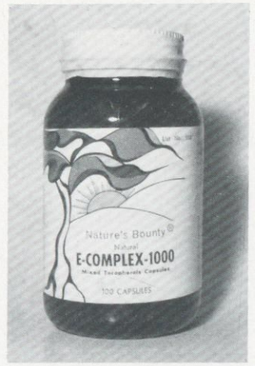

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