

QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys



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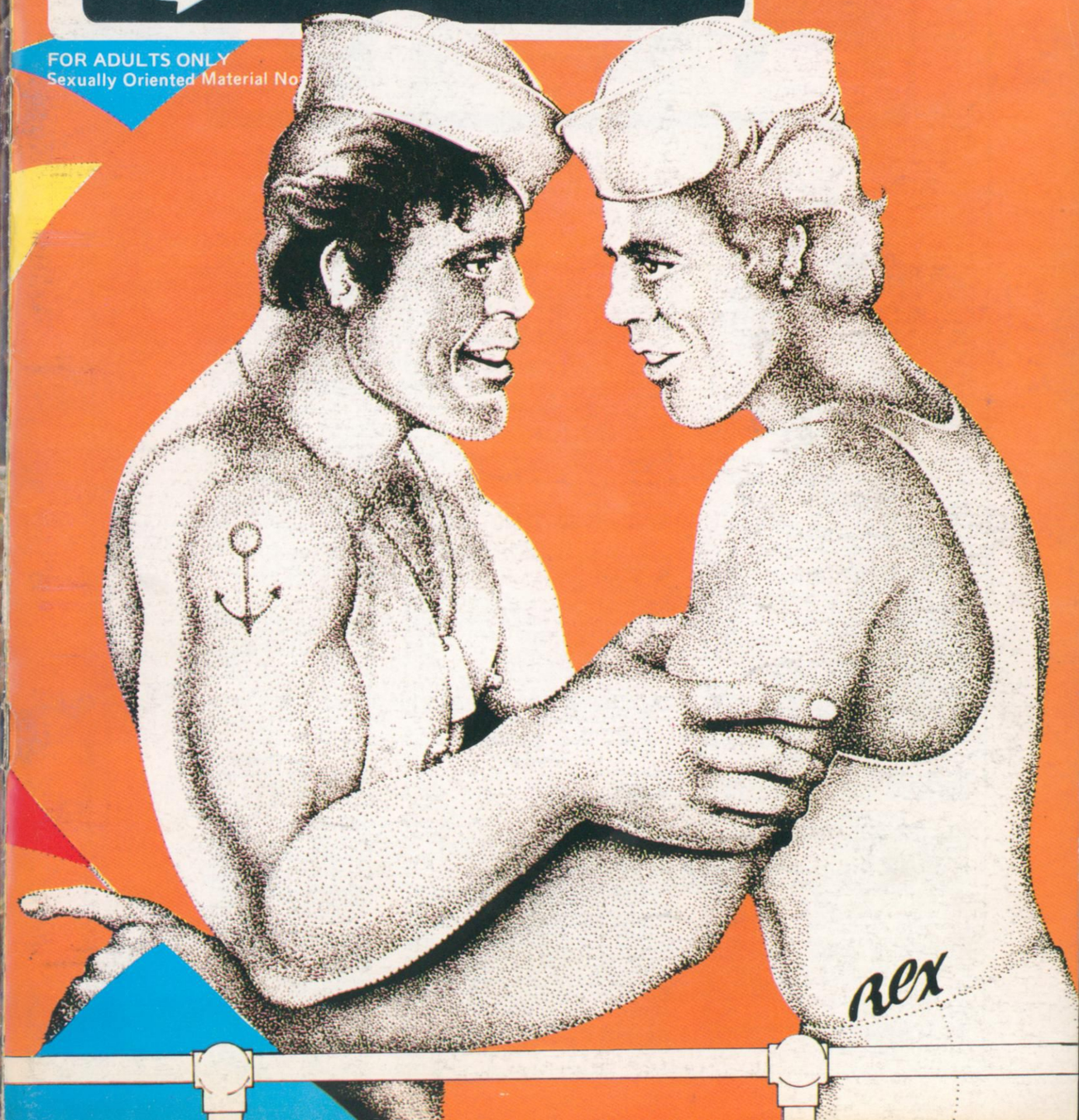

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The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new 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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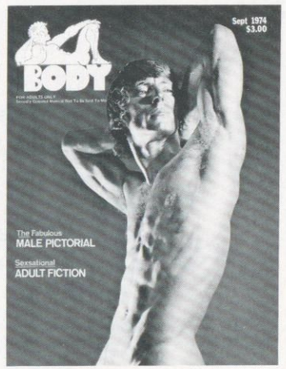

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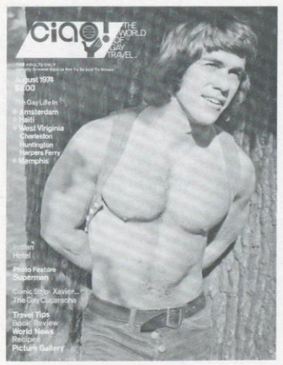

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Editorial

The Sexorcists

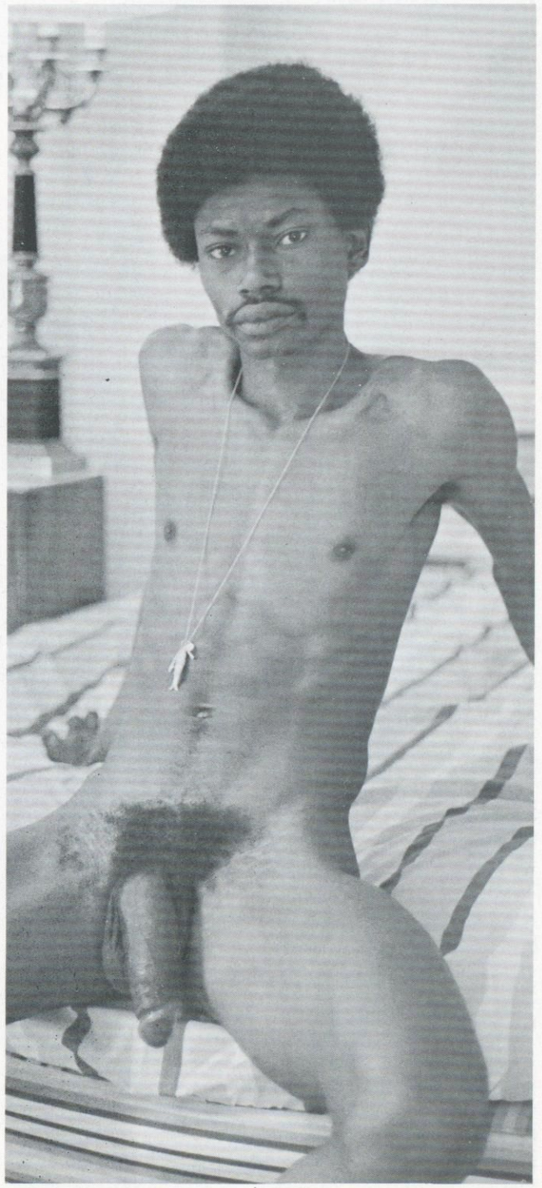
By The Editors

THE position of gay people in a straight world has been strengthened by newly-won freedoms; for example, by the fact that the medical profession no longer regards us as 'sick' but "following a different sexual orientation." Yet gay people in New York are caught in the bind of a religious/political situation—the political aspect of it polarized by intransigent religionists. At one end, the New York Archdiocese of the Roman Catholic Church; at the other, a wing of the orthodox Jewish rabbinate. It began with Intro Two, the New York 'gay rights bill' which—enacted—and without mentioning the term 'homosexual', would make it a crime to discriminate against anyone in jobs, housing or public services. All that gay people sought was to put some local 'teeth' into the Constitutional guarantee that "all men are created equal" . . . just as other gay groups had succeeded in doing in more enlightened cities such as San Francisco, Columbus, Ohio and Alfred, New York. It had become necessary to do this because of a growing danger that came to light this sinister way:

It was discovered that certain employment agencies serving the Wall Street area would often—after only a brief interview—mark the card of an applicant with a code such as *HCF* (High Class Fairy). Since everything in Wall Street is computerized, such data-bank information is easily available to others. Thus credit companies can run a check on an applicant and—noting the *HCF*—deny him accreditation for a loan, or to open a department-store account, or obtain a credit card. Wall Street firms *will not bond anyone coded HCF,* depriving many brilliant gay people of better jobs. And as far as employment with many major companies? Forget it. Ironically, if a straight individual has been misjudged gay and given an *HCF* . . . mercy! He may as well take the gas pipe along with the rest of us!

Worse, the Uniformed Fire Officers Association claimed that "this piece of infamous legislation will force an employer to hire a pervert." Saying that the Fire Department "needs a strong right arm, not a limp wrist," they insisted that gay people be denied jobs in the Department because it would be (a) embarrassing for firemen to undress in front of them, and (b) dangerous to bend over in the shower lest they be raped right up to *there*! When the ludicrousness of this situation was pointed out—fearless firefighters *vs* 'fire fairies'—they gave up this tactic. Actually, the ire of the firemen was a continuation *in extenso* of a personal vendetta between Michael Maye, former president of the UFOA, and a gay activist who had previously demonstrated for this gay rights bill at a civic function at the New York Hilton. The activist was severely beaten in the fracas; Maye was sued, lost face—also his position—yet the incident seemed to have polarized a continuing resentment against gay people.

At this point Church and synagogue entered the picture. Their point of attack was against gay teachers in the school. When sound-trucks went around blaring "Do you want your son to be sodomized by his teacher?" an avalanche of letters from the rabble-roused and misinformed of both faiths caved in the resistance of a majority of the Council. The stout hearts of 19 enlightened Councilmen (including many devout Catholics and Jews who rejected the position of their Archbishop and rabbinate) said "Vote yes!" The less valorous hearts of 22 others—looking ahead to the fall elections—said "Vote no." Two others played Pilate and abstained from voting. As a 'nay' councilman said: "If this weren't an election year, I'd stand on a rooftop and yell 'I'm for gay rights.' But I'm getting tremendous *(Continued on page 54)*



Alexander

The Sex Gods

By Walter Norris

THE sensuality of the slow striptease in gay sex had mass historical precedents in the Gymnastics–the great games of ancient Greece–in which, as Lord Byron wrote, "The *kouroi* (ancient Greek youths) sported in the vast arenas, not so much for athletic acclaim as to please their men lovers. They were less concerned with victory through muscular strength and skill than with the erotic display of the body's balance and rhythm, its symmetry and youthful grace. Herculean massiveness and strength were at a discount in favour of boyish beauty, charm of figure, the placement of the head with its small, close-fitting ears . . . stance . . . long, smooth, golden limbs, slim waists and narrow hips with small buttocks. Truly there was something of *every* god within them . . . each having a special Olympian characteristic or the sometimes ribald reminiscence of a god-like fetish." Well . . . there were many sensual gods with many special characteristics and even more fetishes. Perhaps the god with the most notable characteristic and fetish was

PRIAPUS AND THE MOVEABLE MEATRACK

His contemporary gods called Priapus "The Great All." First, because–hands down–he had the biggest phallus on Mount Olympus (or Mount Anywhere). Then too, he sustained a perpetual erection because he was so sexually turned-on all the time. It simply wouldn't detumesce no matter how he tried. Sublimation . . . noble deeds . . . pure thoughts . . . yekh-h-h! Nothing worked. Worse–he was becoming paranoiac from the discovery that the size of his phallus was increasing steadily (he weighed it each morning to see how many more ounces/inches had accumulated the night before). The fact of its growing size; the constant demands on it; his inability to shift his sexual gears from hard-on to soft-on, in addition to the sheer weight of it which had begun to throw his posture out of alignment–was too great a burden for Priapus. And so he conceived the idea of supporting his phallus by carrying it in a small wheelbarrow, or tool wagon, one might say. This worked very well, and so came about the first moveable meatrack via the first U-Haul. Now Priapus could go trundling his meat up hill and down dale . . . dillying and dallying . . . a little 'hanky' here, a little 'panky' there. He was a happy man indeed.

THE GODS OF GAY INCEST

Castor and Pollux were the beautiful sons of Leda (of 'Swan' fame). Castor was her son by her husband Tyndareus; Pollux by her lover Zeus. They grew up in the latter's household, and at a very early age discovered their love for each other–a love that remained constant into eternity, having also the approval of Zeus, who consecrated them patron gods for soldiers and sailors. As such they introduced homophile love into the military establishment. It is said that the spirit of gay love was so strong within them it was instantly transmutable to others, and the very mention of their names in a military encampment would set soldiers afire with desire for one another.

Castor and Pollux were as beloved by the Romans as by the Greeks. As legend goes, a Roman military victory was assured if, on the night before a battle, they were seen to ride along the outskirts of the camp on their white horses; nude except for their flowing purple capes. A magnificent temple was erected to them in the Forum for their spiritual help in winning the Battle of Lake Regillus. Perhaps the most beautiful statue of Castor and Pollux is in the Prado in Madrid. Gay people the world over make this an important stop in their pilgrimage abroad . . . just as they stop off to visit David in Florence.

THE LOVERS OF APOLLO

Although Apollo was the handsomest of all the gods his love life was a never-ending series of tragedies, principally because–in spite of his physical and cultural attributes–he grew increasingly more ruthless in the pursuit of his goals. Essentially his was an eternal battle to be Numero Uno in the pantheon. He was a powerful god whose arrows were long-ranged and as infallible as a guided missile. He knew no fear, and once pitted the strength of his fists against that strongest of all the gods, Hercules.

Apollo brought sexual pleasure to no woman. He took them by force without any foreplay. Although he fathered many children there was none for whom he cared. He discovered that he was happiest in the company of gay youths whose beauty was as nearly perfect as his own. One of these was Cyparissus, whom the god changed into a weeping tree because the young man was heartbroken at having carelessly killed one of Apollo's favorite stags. Today when poets write of "the sad cypress" it is an unconscious remembrance of Cyparissus and his fate.

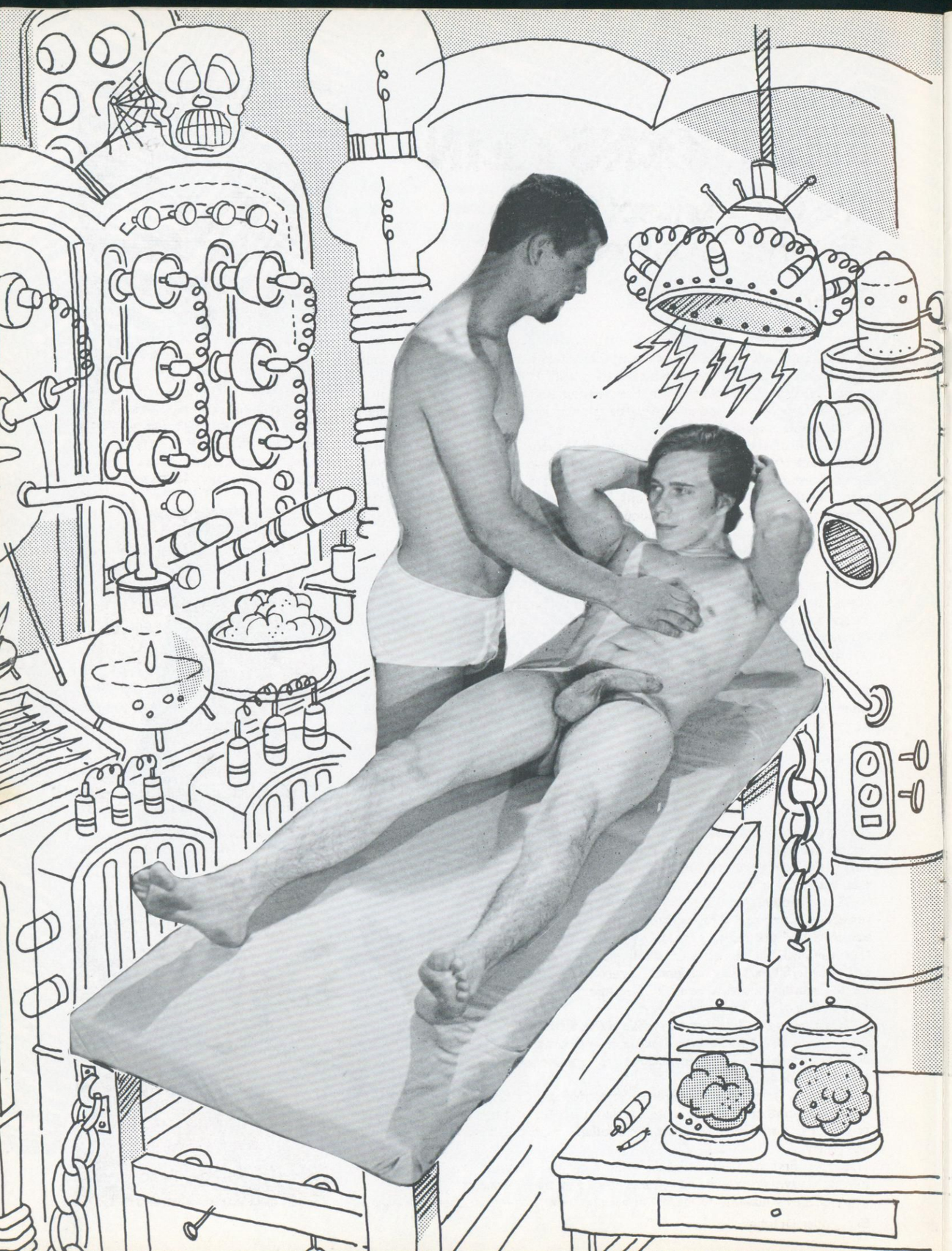
Another was Hyacinthus. He also met a terrible fate, however unintended, at the hands of Apollo. Before meeting Apollo Hyacinthus had been having a wild affair with both Boreas and Zephyrus. They were furious at the loss of their beautiful Hyacinthus to Apollo, and so one day when Hyacinthus and Apollo were throwing the discus, Boreas and Zephyrus jealously directed the discus that Apollo had just thrown so that it struck Hyacinthus on the head and killed him instantly. Legend tells us that the blood which gushed from the wound sprang into bloom as the beautiful flower that today we call the hyacinth.

HERMES–THE HEAVENLY HUSTLER

Hermes, or Mercury as he was called by the Romans, was the quicksilver messenger of the gods . . . and the busiest hustler on Mount Olympus. He knew everything about the *business* of love and made it *(Continued on page 30)*



"Reefer" is featured in the current July-August 1974 CIAO!



FRANKENSTEIN

The Gay Concept Of History's 'Monster Maker'

By Terry McWaters

IN the early winter of 1973 two very interesting things occurred almost simultaneously in literary and television circles, and their relationship should be of interest to all who delight in the Frankenstein horror movies (however they are bastardized today)but especially to gay people who are in thrall to anything touched by the Gothic mystique.

The first of these was the publication of Margaret Leighton's *Shelley's Mary*, (Farrar, Straus and Giroux–$6.95), and the two-episode premiere of *Frankenstein*–the creation of Mary Godwin Shelley, the subject of the biography and wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley who, with Lord Byron and John Keats, created that pre-Victorian school of literary expression that has remained a cornerstone of English poetry for nearly two hundred years.

Undoubtedly most *QQ* readers saw *Frankenstein* with handsome Leonard Whiting as Dr. Frankenstein; Michael Sarrazin as his poignant creation; and James Mason as the evil Dr. Polidori. It is less likely, however, that many knew the circumstances leading to the creation of the original character.

The story of Mary Shelley–the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, who was the first feminist, and William Godwin, an improvident, self-serving publisher–is one of unremitting horror. And it is largely the reason why, on a chilly Swiss evening, and on a dare by Lord Byron that she, Shelley, Polidori and Byron each write a ghost story as a kind of pass-the-time fun game, that the character of Dr. Frankenstein came into being. He was drawn from a background that almost literally paralleled her own! She drew on it freely and it became her only really successful work . . . one that was reprinted dozens of times and, as we all know, was the prototype of the hundreds of Frankenstein movies we have reveled in ever since.

AN AGE OF SEXUAL FREEDOM

It may seem difficult to believe that the late eighteenth century in which the Shelleys, Byron and Keats lived was a rapidly emerging age of almost complete sexual freedom. Unfortunately it was short-lived, having its beginning and end during the brief reign of William IV, whose daughter, the stuffy Victoria, was even then waiting in the wings to put the damper on fun for nearly a hundred years.

Mary's mother, the first Women's Lib protagonist, was the principal motive force of this new age. "I here throw down my gauntlet, and deny the existence of sexual 'virtue', not excepting modesty. For man and woman, truth, as I understand the meaning of the word, must be the same . . . women, I allow, may have different duties to fulfill; but they are *human* duties, and the principles that should regulate them, I sturdily maintain, must be the same." So wrote Mary Wollstonecraft in *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman.*

This avant-garde feminist died while giving birth to her daughter, and while this was to haunt Mary for the rest of her life, it was only the first of a series of tragedies and misfortunes that were to plague her; tragedies and misfortunes that were to enrich her book. A few:

1. Mary's father, William Godwin, remarried shortly after his wife's death, and Mary's stepmother made life so miserable for her that she was finally driven at age twelve to live with another couple in Scotland in an effort to preserve her health and sanity.

2. Her first meeting with, and simultaneous seduction by Shelley on her mother's grave, where she had come to place a memorial bouquet.

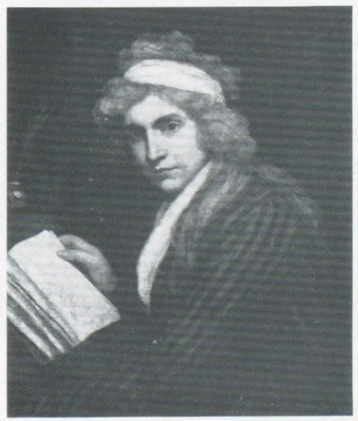
3. Shelley's inability to marry her because he was *(Continued on page 32)*







Above: **Scenes from the TV version of "Frankenstein." Handsome Michael Sarrazin played the title role. See article for details.** Below: **Mary Shelley's mother was the first women's libber.**





Athletic Model Guild

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE MOVIES

BY PAUL MARVIN

YOUNG manhood! Who among us can think of his growing years without feeling nostalgic and a bit misty? It may have been a long time since we ourselves enjoyed the abandon and excitement of being "adolescent," but the feelings well inside us and the beautiful young people we see all around us are constant reminders that "the child is father to the man." We have not lost—and shall never lose—our youth; it is an indelible part of everyone who was once a youngster. Of course, as usual, the medium of motion pictures offers us endless images of youth in all sorts of situations with which one can identify, and as long as we can keep a firm hold on our perspective there is no limit to the enjoyment offered as we see ourselves—the way we were and the way we are—up there on the screen.

As we have seen before in "A Chicken in Every Plot" (*QQ*, December 1973) the moviegoing public has always been very receptive toward those films which portray the man-boy relationship in warm human terms. But there were at the same time as many films, perhaps more, which dealt with all other phases of young-manhood. In Hollywood's "Golden Era," that being anytime between THE JAZZ SINGER (1928) and THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (1946), it was common for a screenplay to use a "flashback" scene to establish the childhood of a film's main character. Also very common were stories and parts of stories dealing with "buddy" relationship—the close friendship between youngsters of the same age. It is these situations—as well as the young men who played the roles—that we will deal with here in words and photographs.

If you were a boy in those days (the '30's and '40's), you saw your pals up there on the screen, and more often than not the characters had a great deal of yourself in them too. And if you were an adult back then, you could smile fondly as the perfect son or ideal young friend would get into scrapes, experience high adventure, fall in love with girls and other boys, and generally enjoy his youth, filling the screen, the audience and you with warmth and joy.

Of course, it is this very warmth and joy which makes youth so attractive in the first place. The youngster in our society is seen as the "Perfect person"—healthy, free of cares and responsibilities, loving, he is the person that everyone would be, were it not for the strictures of age, commerce and just plain adulthood!

". . . AS A BOY"

In telling the story of a famous person or a strong lead character in a film, it often serves the filmmaker's purpose to include a flashback sequence giving the audience a glimpse of what the main character was like when he was a boy. Usually casting directors are extremely careful to choose a young actor who reminds the audience of the adult star, and they are successful more often than not. Nowhere was the resemblance more striking in a flashback scene than in the recent historical film YOUNG WINSTON (1973), in which there are two separate flashbacks: one when Sir Winston was a boy of seven, and another when the young Churchill entered prep school as a young man. The latter segment was quite well-developed (come to think of it, so was the young actor, Michael Audreson, who played the part) and throughout the whole involved sequence the viewer finds it hard to believe that Winston the prep-school freshman is not being played by Simon Ward, the fine actor who portrays Churchill as an adult.

Dickie Moore was surely a goodlooking young man, and among his numerous films was HEAVEN CAN WAIT (1945), the story of a gay blade of the 1890's (Don Ameche) who lives a naughty life in the equally naughty "gaslight" era. We first see the hero knocking at the gates of Hades (he has just died) and the film then shows us his life in a series of flashbacks. In one of the flashbacks, Dickie Moore plays Don Ameche as a youngster of fifteen.

THE JACKIE ROBINSON STORY (1950), with Jackie Robinson himself in the title role, is an interesting use of the flashback technique. Of course, the main element of the story of Jackie Robinson was the fact that he was the first black player to break into the major league baseball teams. In one of the scenes of his childhood, we see the young Jackie, played by Howard Louis MacNeeley, at first ousted from the sandlot baseball games, but later, through his exceptional ability, allowed and even encouraged to play with the other boys. That flashback became not only a look at Robinson's childhood, but a preview of things to come in his adult life.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS (1953) was one of Sal Mineo's first films. The story concerned Jerry Florea, an out-and-out smart delinquent who rises to underworld power only to "go straight" (so to speak) at the end. Jerry Florea as a man was played by Tony Curtis, and the young Sal Mineo plays Jerry in the scenes establishing the gangster's adolescence.

It stands to reason that if a boy happened to have that "all-American boy" look—similar to that all-American man look of all those all-American films—he could make a sizable income playing the parts of these adults "as a boy." Gene Reynolds was just such a child actor. His striking good looks were just what every mother (among others) dreamed of. In film after film he was cast in the flashbacks, begin-











ning with SINS OF MAN (1936) in which he played the boy who later became Don Ameche.

Gene Reynolds was born Gene Blumenthal in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1925. Before his movie career, while he was attending the Barber Public School, he appeared in 10 plays at the Pasadena (California) Community Playhouse. Soon thereafter he signed a contract with Fox and appeared in films regularly from 1936 to 1956. He appeared occasionally in episodes of OUR GANG; and the roles in which he played the youngster who later grows up into the main character included IN OLD CHICAGO, OF HUMAN HEARTS (in which he played the young James Stewart) and THE CROWD ROARS, all released in 1938.

Gene Reynolds, like other stars, left acting behind when he found that he had talents for directing and producing. He directed a movie in 1966 called MUNSTER GO HOME. That opportunity came to him through his experience directing the Munster TV show, and he has countless other TV shows on his credit list. His name can currently be seen on television (check your local listings) as the full-time and sometime director of the highly intelligent M*A*S*H series on CBS. But no matter what his off-screen achievements, his screen image will be well remembered. In 1940, when he was in his mid-teens, he was 5 feet 5 inches, with brown hair and hazel eyes. He was indeed a handsome young man.

Speaking of handsome, the youngster with the perfect face was Ra Hould, who was born in New Zealand in 1924. He was in a few films in 1936 and 1937, then decided to change his name. He then became Ronald Sinclair, and he appeared in quite a number of important films, including TOWER OF LONDON (1939) and THAT HAMILTON WOMAN (1941).

In 1939, as Ronald Sinclair, he played the important role of the youthful Scrooge in A CHRISTMAS CAROL. Most of Sinclair's credits are films in which he played someone's buddy, as we'll see later. It seems he appeared with all the top juvenile stars in the '30's and '40's–a very popular young man. Everybody's pal!

The technique of flashing back to the childhood of an adult character has its roots in our concern to know the source of our being. It can even be viewed as a direct expression of our yearning for our own youth. Many things about a character can be explained by showing the events that shaped and occupied his childhood. We are what we are because of the environmental conditioning of our early years, and therein lies its importance and indeed its fascination.

The author discusses the buddy relationship among young men and how it relates to homosexuality. Countless movies have been based on the theme. Here are scenes from a few flicks you may remember (top to bottom): **Mickey Rooney and Ronald Sinclair in THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY; Tommy Kelly** (l.) **and Jackie Moran in first color version of TOM SAWYER; Sal Mineo and Pat DeSimone in DINO;** (l.) **Jeff Tyler, as he appeared in the 1973 TV version of TOM SAWYER; and Jeff East, who played Huck Finn in the 1973 film TOM SAWYER.** Opposite page, top: **Francis Lacombrade** (l.) **and Didier Haudepin in SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS.** Bottom: **Bjorn Andresen** (l.) **and an unknown extra in DEATH IN VENICE. These two films are discussed at length in the section dealing with the theme of boys in love.**

BUDDIES

The highest expression and most important existence in growing up is found in the relationship of a kid and his best friend. It is the model on which his whole life's associations are based. If a boy relates well to his comrades in youth, he will have a solid foundation on which to base his relationships with everyone he will meet in later life.

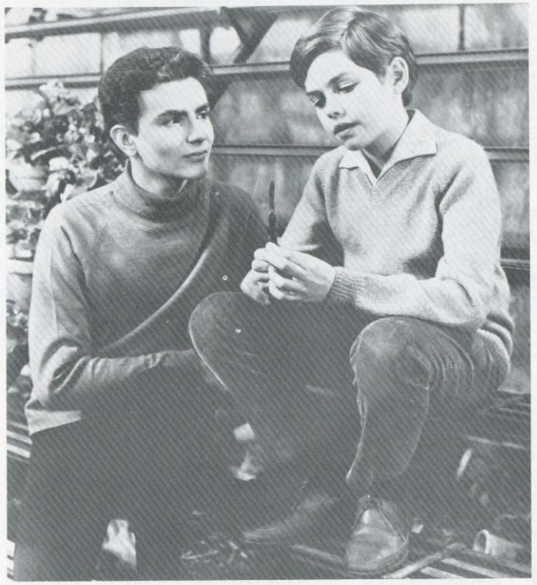
Many psychologists believe that the friendships of adolescence are homosexual in nature, and these friendhips sometimes find a physical expression which is at once intimate and innocent, the epitome of closeness and attachment. Freud's original idea was that boys go through stages on their way to maturity. The first of these stages is narcissism, a preoccupation with oneself; the next stage, just before and during early adolescence, is homosexuality. Whether or not the explanations given by Freud are the right ones, the hard evidence gathered more recently by Kinsey shows that a heavy majority of boys and adolescents engage in some sort of sex play with each other, and it is not unreasonable to assume that the attraction which leads to that sex play is the same type of attraction which leads boys to form those deep passionate friendships so characteristic of boyhood.

In an article called "Adolescent Homosexual Fears," psychologist Lester A. Kirkendall says, "Some boys–even though they have never engaged in sex play with other boys–are bothered by occasional feelings that they would like to . . . . They do not know there is a period in normal development, near the time of puberty and in early adolescence, when both boys and girls feel a strong emotional and physical attraction for members of the same sex. This attraction is usually displayed through close and exclusive friendships and displays of affection. These feelings, however, are easily transferred into physical response. In general, two persons with affection for each other want to touch and embrace one another–to have close bodily contact. Little wonder, then, that two adolescent boys, close pals, have physical contacts which lead to genital explorations and sexual associations. Such experiences satisfy both their desire to be close and their curiosity, and also give them physical pleasure."

Of course, the physical relationship between boys in movies is almost never extended beyond "arms around each other" at a buddy's house; but one only has to recall the innocence of youth to realize that anything is possible for boys. To sometimes assume that more actually happened than what was actually shown on the screen in a movie is both appropriate and meaningful to any understanding of boyhood.

It seems that each youngster who becomes a star in movies has to play each of the "basic" roles of boyhood stories: there is the role of a weak boy growing into a strong young man through an exciting or dangerous adventure; there is the role of the boy in a father-son relationship; and, almost every time, there is the role of the boy and his best pal. Virtually every star-child has appeared in this role, and the "buddy" type of movie seemed to be most popular in the '30's and '40's, at the same time, coincidentally, that young male stars were most popular and most numerous.

As in other types of films, some of the "buddy" films became classics (which in Hollywood means that they are re-made as often as the public will keep coming to the box-office). TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS was such a story, being first a novel about *(Continued on page 36)*







Bruce of Los Angeles

Fiction For Summertime Reading

Stranger On A Train

By John Castledine

The gay fiction you are about to read has been taken from a collection of stories we have scheduled for BODY magazine–our beautiful pictorial which now features sexsational reading in every issue. It is not what we usually run in QQ Magazine–but we include it here as a special bonus for leisurely summertime reading which so many of you have requested. We are pleased to introduce John Castledine, whose first story for us–"Rogue Cop Rape"–appears in the current August-September BODY.

PADDY glanced at the brochure the Tourist Office had given him. York. Ancient walled city; old arts and crafts. Sounded interesting–maybe he could get some nice pictures. Nearly time to leave. He looked out the train window but the platform was almost deserted and he had the compartment to himself.

Then he saw the tall young man hurrying down the train, peering in the windows. The whistle blew just as he reached Paddy, and he opened the door, tumbled in, bright eyes sparkling.

"You almost missed it," Paddy laughed. "Were you looking for someone?"

The English boy smiled impishly, eyes flicking over the camera round Paddy's neck. "More or less. You're American?"

Paddy grinned. "I guess it's the accent–and England's full of tourists now."

"Yes, God bless 'em. We'd go broke without their dollars." He had a pleasantly rough voice: a country drawl of log fires and thatched cottages. "Where you heading?" the English boy asked.

"York," Paddy said, surprised at his friendliness. He'd been told the English never speak to a stranger on a train.

"Good! So am I–although *I'm* not one of the idle rich. I have to *work* there." He held out his hand. "Mark Sanders."

"Paddy McGuire," Paddy said. How warm, rough his hand.

"My God, you sound like you're from the ould counthree," Mark said, taking the window-seat opposite.

"My grandfather was," Paddy said. "Then he went to the States and made a fortune."

"Bully for you, chum," Mark said, the faintest trace of envy. The Yank was nicely made–football shoulders, thick curly hair. His eyes slipped to the slim waist, the thighs in gold corduroy. "How long you staying in York?"

"Just the day," Paddy said. Their eyes locked for a moment. A strange intensity about the English boy, a feral sharpness–"Then it's back to London and home to the States next week." He turned to the window again, saw Mark's staring reflection and embarrassed, tried to see through it to the green flicking trees, the meadows of England.

"Well, Yank," Mark said, leaning back, closing eyes. "It's a long way to York, so wake me when we get there. I've had a hard day." He stretched his legs so they almost touched Paddy's, slumped back and was almost instantly asleep.

Covertly, Paddy studied him. A blond sheaf of hair over his brow, softening the strong features; powder-blue shirt, suede jacket, tight pearl-grey slacks. *Very* tight. He looked away.

Would he *never* be able to control the impulse? On the sidewalks, the stores, theatres. Always like a magnet, his eyes drawn to–and the sailors when they were in town, tight pants stretched over curving buttocks, the swollen bulge of their masculinity in front . . . . His eyes crept back from the window, down to the rounded–By God! It had grown larger, swollen. He was *sure* of it! Mark–in his sleep–the erection growing, thickening.

Paddy couldn't take his eyes off it. The English boy's thighs were spread wide and inviting, his juicy balls swelling under the thin material. And every movement of the train swayed their knees together, nudging, touching, nudging again.

He wanted to reach out, tear those pants down, handle and love and caress that throbbing cock that slept along Mark's thigh. Paddy drew back but his thighs edged forward, easing round the other boy, enclosing him. He watched Mark's face but the boy was sound asleep.

His hand crept down to his own engorged penis. He *had* to masturbate; to play with his own cock while he stared at that beautiful meat so close to his own fingers. His hand eased inside the gold corduroy, found his cock, rock-hard, slippery with love-juice, fingers softly pulling the foreskin, up and down. And his other hand–oh God!

Creeping out against his will, tipping along the moving thigh to that forbidden ridge. His fingers *touched* it! Smoothed along the bulging giant on the sleeping boy's thigh. He could hardly breathe, his throat tight and dry. God, what an experience! Feeling up a sleeping boy on a train while he jerked himself off.

"Why don't you go all the way?"

Paddy leapt back, heart thumping, and Mark's eyes were smiling at him. "Well–you *do* want to play with it, don't you?"

"You don't mind?" Paddy gasped.

"Good God, why did I *pick* this compartment? You're young and gorgeous and–" he glanced down at the thick wedge spearing from Paddy's pants, "–you're built like a stallion. How big is it?" he asked, eye-measuring. "Eight inches?"

"I've–never measured it," Paddy blushed.



"Balls. There's not a man alive who hasn't measured his cock. I've got nine and three quarters," he said flatly. "And don't forget the three quarters."

The guy was overpowering. "Well," Paddy grinned at Mark's exaggeration, "mine's eight and a half."

"Then I'm still king," Mark said, "and you must do my bidding. We've got twenty minutes to the next station." He grasped Paddy's hand, shoved it down on the massive bulge. "You're the slave. Un-zip," he commanded.

These English! Trembling with an incredible pleasure, Paddy drew down the zipper; felt inside, through the crinkling pubic hair, found the thick butt of Mark's cock. *Oh God!* His hand on a thick horny tool, a dripping fuck-weapon that throbbed in his fist like a pulsing engine. He drew it out and gasped with amazement.

Mark hadn't been kidding! The weapon was magnificent. Thick fuck-veins ridged the broad white column building to an incredible head like a torpedo. Paddy's knees turned to water. He knew whatever Mark ordered, he'd obey. He slipped to his knees before that mighty weapon, pressing Mark's thighs open with his shoulders.

Delicately he pulled down the foreskin. The magnificent rosy head unveiled in a pink granite column, the crown flaring with bursting pressure. He couldn't stop himself. Knew he was going to suck it; take it in his mouth, love it and gorge it into himself. He leant forward, kissed the ruby eye that gaped at him.

He drew back in sudden revulsion.

A cock in his mouth? For the first time! It *couldn't* be true! Then he felt Mark's hands under his arms, drawing him up. Paddy stood in front of the English boy, his penis leaping with blood, and Mark's face came forward, lips closing over Paddy's tool, gently at first, then sliding down down the cucumber shaft with hot sucking lips.

Paddy groaned with ecstasy. God, he'd never felt anything like it. He gasped, hip-thrust into the sucking mouth. The hands loosened his belt, his pants were pushed down over his hips, then his briefs, and Mark cupped the hard flexing buttocks, running his fingers into the burning ass-crack between as he sucked the virgin tool.

He withdrew it and looked up at Paddy. "You see? Easy, isn't it, virgin-boy?" He leant back, thighs gaping. "Now do it to me."

Paddy was on his knees in a flash. His mouth closed over the delicious fat cock-head, forcing it deep into his throat. Oh man, man! He was sucking on a big spuming cock. It was true! A thick horny fucker gouging his mouth. His lips and tongue lashed the column and his hands came up and dragged down the slacks and tiny briefs, forcing the hairy thighs to open wide, groping those gorgeous hairy balls and the thick-forested pubic bush above.

"Oh God," he gasped, snatching air, "I can't get enough of it." His fingers were everywhere; cradling the massive balls, poking in between the bulging ass-cheeks seeking that hot winking hole. Mark began to groan and suddenly he slipped back in the seat, cupping his arms under his knees and raising his ass-mouth to Paddy's lips.

"Suck me, Paddy," he begged. "Suck my delicious hole."

For a second Paddy stared at the winking pink rosebud cradled between the bulging buttock-cheeks, swollen fuck-balls hanging above, then he swooped and glued his lips to the crack, darting in his tongue, reaming and sucking. To his amazement it was fresh and sweet, a subtle male scent of balls and man-sweat. And knowing what he was doing gave him a bursting cock-hardness. He grabbed his own tool, began masturbating frantically when Mark abruptly rose, grabbed him and threw him back on the seat. He straddled Paddy's chest, head down in his groin, sucking madly on the pulsating cock, his ass-cheeks raised up and begging. Paddy groaned again, saw the massive swinging balls that seemed to drag that pink rosebud open for his kiss; glued his mouth to that delicious hole and suddenly he knew he was shooting; spurting great uncontrollable jets of foaming cum right from the bottom of his spunky balls.

Paddy moaned with delight, grabbed Mark's throbbing tool again and sucked on the monstrous engine. Heard Mark groan with ecstasy, felt the cum shoot into him, tidal gushes of hot boy-sperm thudding joyfully into his throat. He swallowed, gulping the youth's cock-juice, felt his own cream jetting into Mark's mouth.

They fell back exhausted, moaning with the gasping joy of total fulfillment, and Mark felt the train slowing. He sat up. "For Christ's sake, we're in Morecombe already. Get dressed. Quick!"

They were fully clothed in seconds, hanging from the windows to discourage any other traveller. The only person on the station was a thin small man, bowler-hatted, a brief-case under his arm.

He glanced up and down the train, then made for the boys' compartment. "Shit!" Mark snapped. "A bloody empty train and we've got to share with an undertaker."

They sat back, dismayed, and the man arranged himself fussily in the other corner, zipping open his bag to extract a newspaper. He glanced briefly at the boys. Their faces were flushed, hair in disarray, eyes sparkling feverishly. He looked at the dust smudges on Paddy's knees, the wet stains on Mark's fly, then rose to put his brief-case on the rack. It was still open and the contents fell and scattered on the floor. "Oh dear, oh dear," he muttered. "Now look what I've done."

Paddy bent to pick them up, stopped, staring. "My God! he gasped.

The cover of the first showed a naked man clasped beneath a donkey, his ass speared on the beast's monstrous penis. Another showed five men lined up round an Arab boy on the sand, playing with each other and cock-sucking as they waited their turn to fuck the kid silly.

"Gracious me," Bowler-hat said. "You must think I'm awful."

Mark had grabbed a magazine. "Where did you *get* this stuff?"

"I travel in it," Bowler-hat said. He tittered. "I suppose you'd say I'm a travelling salesman. My name's Simpkins. Cedric Simpkins."

"You're kidding," Mark said. "No one would go through life called Cedric Simpkins and not have it changed."

"Well, I am," Cedric murmured with dignity. "But do help yourself. I'm sure you lads will find them interesting." He moved closer to Paddy. "That one's particularly interesting." He giggled. "Two thick young boy-cocks thrusting into one mouth at the same time." He rolled his eyes. "Oh, the nightmares I've had about it. How dreadful! Two juicy boys, spunking at once, spurting their awful cum into my—oh, I mean, into whoever was being attacked."

Paddy glanced at Mark, saw him loosening his belt, then suddenly grab Cedric and strap his arms behind his back. Cedric squealed in terror as Mark ripped open the black

pants. "I thought so," Mark said. "Look at this."

Cedric's cock was up like a randy horse, thick and juicy for a small man. And his underwear? A lacy nylon, with hand-stitched butterflies.

"Butterflies?" Mark gasped. He hauled out his own dong and Cedric's eyes popped in horror. "Open up, cock-sucker!"

The little man squealed again. "Oh please, boys, don't—"

Mark gouged into his mouth, plugging it with his massive prick. Paddy whipped his out and Cedric's eyes widened in silent horror. He jerked his head back. "Oh no, boys, please. Not those monsters."

Mark rammed his cock in again. "Shuttup and suck!" Paddy shivered. There was something vaguely sinister about Mark mouth-fucking the helpless little man. A savagery that was wildly exciting. He angled in the tip of his tool and shoved, and the two boys pushed down each other's pants, playing with their balls and fingering their holes.

Cedric thought he'd die with ecstasy. Two naked bare-assed boys, their pants round their ankles, balls swinging against his cheeks, cocks pumping into his mouth, pubic hairs crushing his lips. He smothered a groan, sucked madly, the two thick fuckers stretching him wide. Paddy could feel Mark mouth-fucking furiously, felt the urgent pleading of the finger reaming his hole; knew, with a shiver of excitement, what the other boy really wanted!

The thought sent a rush of spurting desire through him, and Cedric felt it begin. Mark first, then Paddy, a shooting bubbling gush of boy-cum spurting into his mouth. He gagged with ecstasy, gulping down the wonderful pearly curds the two boys shot into him, their buttocks jerking frantically, their lips pressed to each other as they spurted into the gaping mouth below.

Slowly the tools subsided. They released him and Cedric mopped his face, gasping with pleasure. "Oh God, I've dreamed of that." He fell to his knees again, pushing open the boys' unresisting hairy thighs, licking the last drops from the flushed rosy tool-heads.

Paddy closed his eyes; let the little man tongue into his crack and nibble at his hole; knew that this day, this journey had changed his life.

No more dreams.

It was real. *Real!*

The York station was busy with people milling about. Mr. Simpkins darted off at once, and Paddy handed in his ticket-stub then hesitated, waiting for Mark.

"Well—I guess this is goodbye, isn't it?" Paddy said. Why the feeling of anguish, of loss? The guy was just a stranger on a train. Nothing more. Yet there was a fierce strength about the Englishman that made Paddy want—

"I guess so," Mark shrugged. "Who knows?" He felt in his pocket, drew out a card. "This is where I work. Drop in some time." Then he was lost in the hurrying crowd.

Paddy watched him go, a crazy nutty *idiotic* mist in his eyes.

The folk-museum was like stepping into the past . . . little candlemakers' shops, apothecaries and lacemakers just as they were two-three hundred years ago. Yet Paddy hardly saw it. There was only one thing he did see—and that was everywhere. The posts holding up the little balconies, the ancient cannons thrusting forward, even the organ pipes proudly soaring—all of them became thick throbbing engines, foreskin-lips drawn back spurting ropy cum into his avid mouth.

If only it wasn't a daytime visit!

He *could* have found a hotel; didn't *have* to get back to London. He paused, unseeing, in front of a lace-maker's shop. *Why not?* He could buy a cheap razor and toothbrush —and he slept bare-ass.

"Why not?" he said again, and the couple near him glanced up.

Honeymooners. The girl pink and fluffy; the boy protective, gruffly masculine, pants jutting even now as he held his arm around her.

"Oh Lennie, isn't it darling," she said, staring at the lace.

"Ah, c'mon Cissie. Let's go back to the hotel. I'm—ah—tired."

Paddy's eyes dropped automatically. Wow! No wonder he wanted to get back to the hotel. What a beauty! A box like a horse's feed-bag and a stiff whang that could flatten the Tower of London.

"Oh, Lennie dear, not yet. We've only just got—" She saw Paddy's fascinated eyes. "Well!" she said archly. "*You've* got an admirer."

Paddy blushed but the young man was pleased. He pulled Cissie against him so his cock jutted stiff and big. "He's only young like us, luv. He'd just like a little bit o' what I'm going to get—and right soon, too."

"Oh, Lennie Cole, you are awful," Cissie giggled, and they passed by, giving Paddy a warmly understanding glance.

Damn it to hell, he'd stay! Where else would he meet a guy like Mark? And those fingers, begging, secretly pleading with him to—But where to find a hotel in this crowded season?

"Well really, if it isn't my young friend."

He turned and Mr. Simpkins was there, brief-case under his arm. "Mr. Simpkins! I didn't know you were a museum fan?"

"I'm not, dear boy," Cedric whispered confidentially. But you'd be surprised how many single men take tours and end up in museums looking for something—ah—a little removed from the ordinary." He giggled. "And I'm always having accidents with my naughty little brief-case." A tour party approached and he turned to the shopfront. "Charming, isn't it. Sixteenth century, I believe." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Are you staying in York?"

"Seventeenth," Paddy said loudly, then: "I want to, but I don't have a hotel and I'd never get into one now."

"Leave it to me, dear boy, I know just the place." Cedric scurried away to the phone in the lobby, returning a few minutes later. "All fixed. You are to stay at the 'Regent's Arms'. A friend of mine—er—a *good* friend runs it." He jotted the address. "Now I must be off," he trilled. "Business calls."

The hotel was mid-Victorian, maybe a little more early than mid, judging by its seedy appearance. A little old-fashioned building with a threadbare carpet at the desk and plump comfortable armchairs spilling their stuffing in the lounge.

"Of *course* we have your reservation, Mr. McGuire," Mr. Doughcraft beamed. He was as round as Cedric was thin; plump and balding like his armchairs. "Mr. Simpkins is a *really* good friend of mine." He smiled secretly. "He travels in *objets d'art,*" he said with a toothily French accent. *(Continued on page 50)*



Bruce of Los Angeles

An Original Book
The Socrates Caper
by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the sequel to "The Ebanykus Journal," a book which appeared in serial form in QQ Magazine throughout 1973. A condensation of "The Socrates Caper" will be run in six consecutive issues of this magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1975. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of several months in preparing this abbreviated version, in order to present a story which is as detailed as the original. And now, we invite you to share with us the sex-filled adventures of fiction's first Gay lover-detectives who find themselves entangled in a web of intrigue . . . and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER III

AUGUSTUS SWANN got to the Louis Fourteenth Restaurant and Bar just after I did. I'd just turned around from a glass of plain soda to cruise the action through the windows facing Sixth Avenue when the heavy paneled door swung open, and this short, square-shaped individual pushed through, the afternoon sun highlighting his curly, salt-and-pepper hair. Not a follicle out of place, yet the frizzled spray, teased unmercifully, just wouldn't stay down.

As he bee-lined for me in the corner pocket of the bar, he patted the stubborn hair with small, manicured hands. His pink face was soft, wrinkled like a tired bullfrog. And he sounded like one, a whisky voice from too many cigarettes, the phone voice exactly, the lisp more pronounced than ever.

He said nothing at all about being late.

"Hello," he croaked, not shaking my hand but still bothering with his hair, "you must be—Jonquil—is that what we call you?" He plunked into the stool beside me, reaching into his candy-stripe shirt for a cigarette. He smelled like a chain smoker who'd doused himself with too much cologne, expensive cologne at that—tobacco and Enigma.

"I'll have the usual, George," he ordered, lighting a strange-looking cigarette, long, with green Sanskrit lettering and a white filter. He put a heavy hand on my knee and studied me with watery eyes, the color of smog splattered with red from the setting sun. "The usual," he ordered from the bar was a heap of Beefeater gin chilled in a shaker and poured straight up into a Burgundy wineglass, a generous wedge of lime tossed in. George didn't even wave the top of a vermouth bottle over the glass. I mean, straight gin, man, with fruit effect.

"Well now," Swann said, his hand still clutching my knee, "I've been so looking forward to meeting you." He sipped the gin with his oiled lips as if he were tasting Chambertin, releasing his claw from my leg at last . . . "I wouldn't have known you were in town if Jack Strong hadn't called me this morning. From San Francisco, is that where you're from?"

"Well, no . . . ."

"George, give this poor boy something to drink!"

"The usual, George," I said. George curled his lip like a rabid dog as he got out the soda.

"Well now," Swann rambled on, squidging into coziness, "I really am very happy Elliott has hired you. You are a wild looking young man, that droopy moustache reminds me of the Charge of the Light Brigade for no reason I can think of, and all that hair down your back; but, I suppose in your profession . . . Public Relations, isn't it? Madison Avenue isn't what it used to be. In my day we were strictly Brooks Brothers . . . . Now what can I do for you? Why has Elliott thrown us together? Jack Strong spoke very highly of you. But, let me tell you, young man, I don't like to gossip, but Jack will ruin us all if he continues to behave so outrageously."

"Oh?"

He twisted his cigarette butt absently into the ash-tray. It continued to smolder. Then he clutched my knee again so hard I jumped. Lowering his frog voice almost to a whisper, he said, "What *is* wrong over there? Is Elliott trying to get the place closed down?"

"No, he's trying to keep it open," I said. (Had I really got out one whole sentence?)

"Well, I for one want to see it all come to an end some day. During the fifties and into the sixties I used to travel extensively in Greece and the Islands each year for months at a time, until the dictatorship took over. And, I've had my loves. Good friends. I have many interests. I do not need artificial environments like the Broadway . . . ."

"Try it, you'll like it," I muttered.

He was frowning and smiling all at once and it never left his face. "Would you mind getting to the point of your visit?" he said. "I really haven't much time."

"I'll get to the point. Jack Strong says you've all been approached by the Syndicate—you and Elliott Sandhurst."

"Jack Strong is a liar! The Syndicate has never approached me!"

"But they might try to approach you, especially since Elliott won't budge . . . ."

"I own fifty-one percent of the corporation. They can't do a thing without me."

"All the more reason for the Syndicate to get to you. Like, what if Jack Strong has already gone to them and told them you have a majority interest and are holding out?"

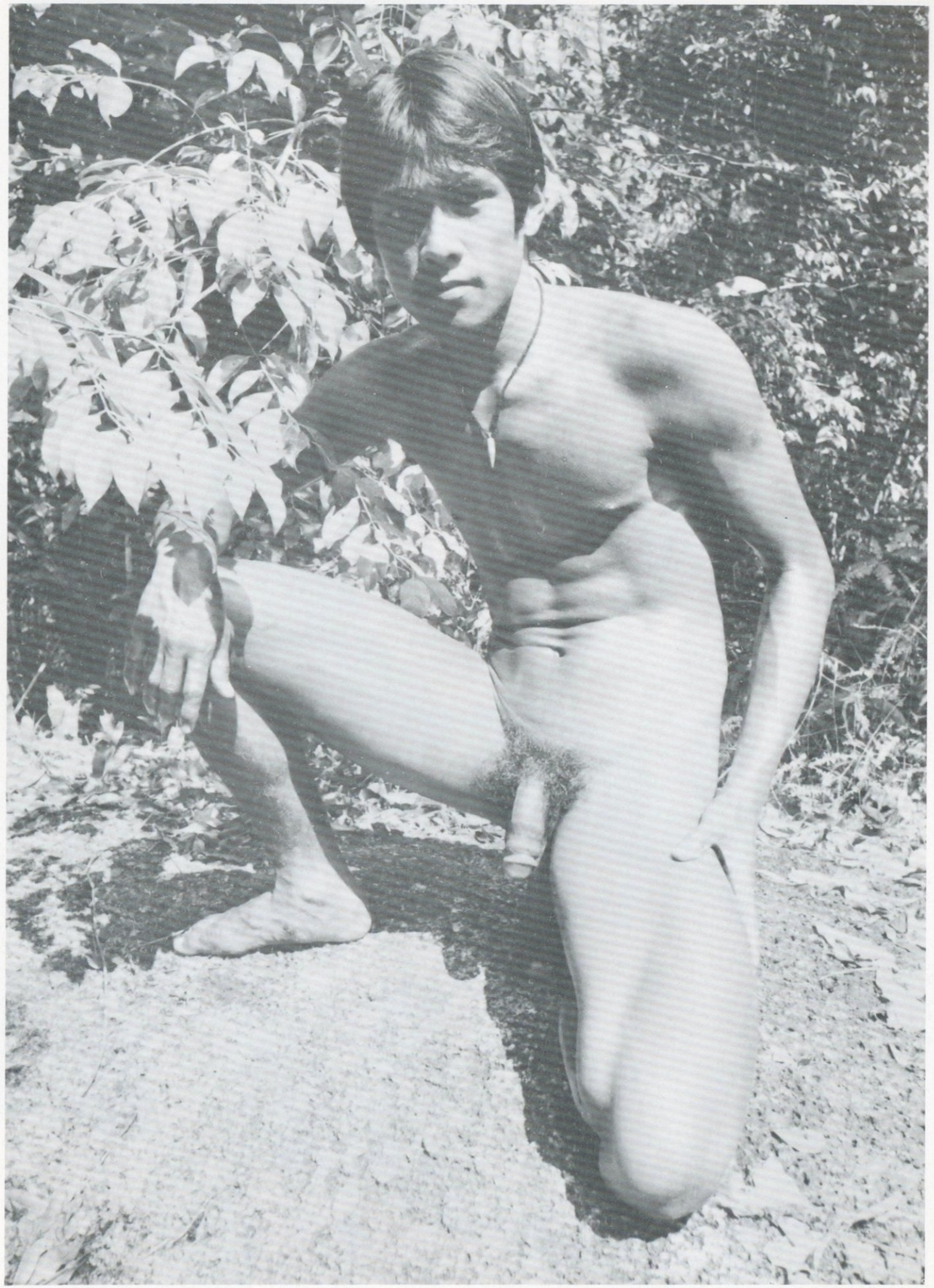
"How could they possibly get to me? I have nothing to be afraid of."

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"Yes. Absolutely," he said, but his face betrayed a concern. Now that I had *(Continued on page 41)*



Alexander



There is no organized gay life but a helluva lot of guys willing to make love in . . .

Malaysia

By Crichton Stenhouse

SHOULD you travel to Singapore you will undoubtedly get your quota of sex and, once satiated, perhaps crave a change of pace; possibly a jungle safari affording less sex but filling your senses with the wonder of nature which is so unique in that part of the world. Malaysia is a vast jungle and affords such a contrast.

Whatever ideological persuasion is yours—this lovely land is sure to be split by warfare in the name of ideological servitude in the not very distant future, so I'd say you shouldn't leave your visit off for too many years. The insistently Malay-dominated government is so determined to Malaysianise its 38 per cent Chinese population that its methods are sure to cause violent rejection on the part of brilliant and gifted Chinese youngsters who are denied the right to be Chinese Malays. I cry for them. They are so beautiful all of them, of whatever identity. But in years to come they're almost sure to be at each others' throats except for the possible intervention of a miracle.

When you see how poor the poor are in Asia it might just seem to you that these people need some form of socialistic existence which will protect them from the fat cats who skim all the cream off before others can get to the milk. When you see how the rich minority lives in this land of poverty you'll feel there is something socially amiss.

So don't be afraid to part with some cash when your new friend visits your hotel. The merry ring of the cash register is a prevalence all over this continent but it comes after a happy time. if you care about these people. They'll realise it. And they won't thieve. Better still, it would never occur to them to beat you up, even if they could. Asia is the continent of peace. Good will. Love readily exchanged; exchanged, lads. Take note; it's not a matter, as often in the west, of being one-sided. And I am referring























to the love of a boy who is not gay but one who, nevertheless, will express reciprocity in the form you want it if your good will towards him is straightforward, uncomplicated and (necessarily) expressed with humour, and a light heart.

Asia is the experience which can change your life. For those of us who've made our homes in Asia for a number of years, we are irrevocably changed. I still adore the quietness of a Scottish lochside, amongst people who are supposed to be my own. The round of theatre and opera, ballet–all of which London, that gem of entertainment distraction for the mind, is supreme on this earth where the English language prevails . . . yet, to return home to Asia is so comforting. One seems to leave the jarring elements of violence and social upheaval behind.

Yet in Asia now, one is forced everywhere to try to escape the influence of westernisation; an influence thought to coincide with advancement. The Asian peoples do not need our way of life; in truth it is rapidly destroying them. The silence is rent with disharmony.

Japan is the prime example of how westernisation doesn't work in Asia. There are too many people for it to succeed. And people who throw litter everywhere as a matter of course. Japan is a vast rubbish dump. It has a much vaunted "bullet" train, which is fast–but French railways have the speed records most consistently maintained on earth;whereas ordinary trains in Japan just crawl along and jolt like the Toonerville trolley. So does the bullet, by the way, on which there can be 700 standing passengers; whose seats are comfortless and whose two miserable buffet cars are a disgrace by European standards. And Japan is also smelly; Japanese men pee where it takes their fancy and pee smells, boys–quite pungently on a summer day . . . so much so that I'd say it is the smell most characteristic of Japan. Then, this industrial giant pours the effluents of its factories in which people work for a pittance into the street gutters, the rivers, all over the earth of the land and pollute the seas to kill the fish (and the people who eat them). So, my dears–first hint is, skip Japan. Second hint, expect Asia not to be overly antiseptic. Third hint, relax entirely, and fourth–*love.*

In Malaysia do not expect gay activity as such, but expect love by ordinary people; by village youths; by a swinger you might meet in some sky-high hotel bar above Kuala Lumpur. There is just no organised gay life in this country but a helluva lot of guys willing to love.

Suppose you drive up (or bus) the magnificent east coast. You will see colorful native fishing villages all the way, and towns such as Kuantan, Trenganu and Kota Bahru. The gay activity in all of these will take the form of beach boys you'll meet (the best time is night when the ocean is still bath-warm). There is solid beach all along the coast but not an over-abundance of hotels, even bad ones, of which there are not a small number, I'm afraid. But the east coast is more Malay and simpler, slower than on the western side of this peninsular country.

However, the more interesting towns (Malacca and Penang) are on the more populated, more developed, less truly Malaysian west coast, and the capital–Kuala Lumpur–is dead centre. If it weren't for the crazy way people drive in Malaysia I'd recommend a shared taxi as the best way to travel. It seems a novel system and the amount you pay for a seat is next to nothing. But you also take your lives in your hands. I strongly advise against this system of travel. We gays will not take over the world if we are all lying mangled on the roads of Malaysia. Some of the most

celebrated people of the land have died in traffic accidents and I think it's time something was done to enforce a little self-discipline on drivers.

The other is train travel. It might be a bit windy as the cars careen along the tracks, all windows necessarily open (you'll never need sweaters unless you go into the Cameron Highlands hill resorts). First stop, Malacca, has no railstop but you can taxi from the nearest point, about fifteen miles away.

Malacca is Asia's oldest western trading post and the old town remains. It is very authentic still–and perhaps the friendliest town in the country. People (of whom entire families sit on their porches at night with oil lamps burning outside) will greet you from all sides. A small child called hello to me before I quite reached her home; pleasantries were exchanged on passing but she still called " . . . hello, hello, hello!" long after I passed and I could hear her voice call out of the murky, smoke-filled night as I walked along lanes and alleyways narrow. Two bronzed and magnificent youths were bathing, stark as daylight, in a barrel behind some old dock area warehouses around which I suddenly stumbled, and whose merry invitation to join them I might have been gauged to accept if I'd been aware of their presence before just being confronted with the entirely delightful prospect.

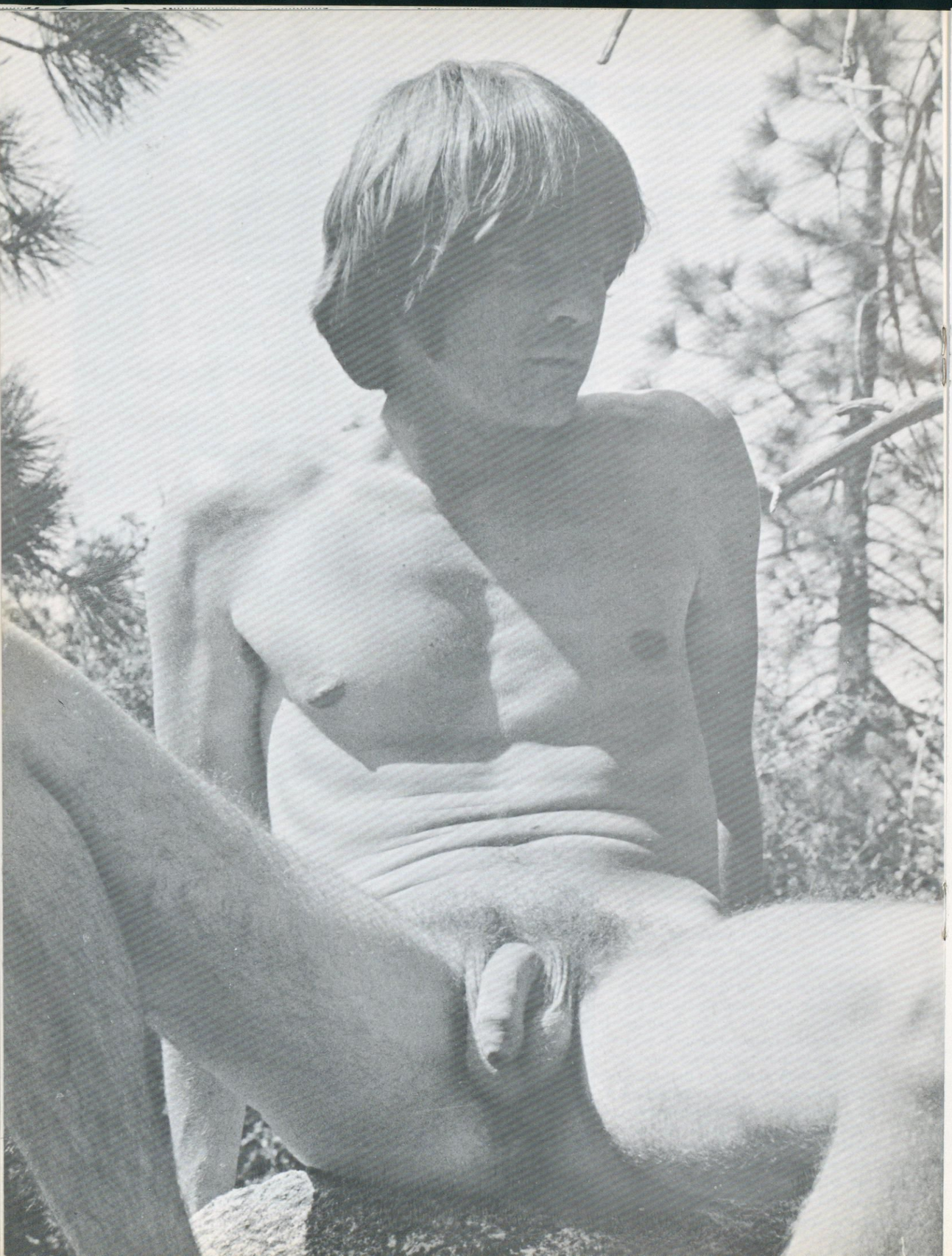
This happened three years ago and I hadn't by that time come to fully realise that Asia wasn't a miraculous dream. Suppose this happened now? It is typical of what I am trying to explain to you, is that a soft and relaxed attitude will win you much pleasurable experience. It would have been perfectly natural for me to strip off and join the lads during which we would all have played charming little exploratory games. That's the way of life; you don't really *have* to go back to a sterile hotel room to make love on a bed, now–do you? After all, your room boy back at the hotel is just waiting to perform in that condition so it's only a matter of time. To be in a hurry, you see, just won't work.

The wondrous thing is that young Asians are all very, very curious about you–the visitor. They wonder what type of cock you have, for instance. You know–just idle little meanderings of the mind. Everyone has them. They are fascinated by body hair, as often as not, yet I– *(Continued on page 44)*









FKK Your Way Through Yugoslavia

Nude Beaches Of The Dalmatian Coast

By Jon Lorrimer

THE thrust of any article or brochure dealing with travel to and within a foreign country generally centers around/radiates from its capital city which–usually the largest–seems to offer whatever is most modern, most sophisticated and most comfortable to the tourist. But such is not the case with Yugoslavia.

Although it is a busy tourist center, Belgrade (Beograd in Slavic) is surely the dullest capital city anywhere because of its depressing 'moderne' Marxitecture. Having been almost completely destroyed by war, and now under Iron Curtain domination, architects who have never been farther West than Moscow, and who have never heard of Frank Lloyd Wright, the Saarinens, and Mies van der Rohe, have rebuilt the city with high-rise glass boxes.

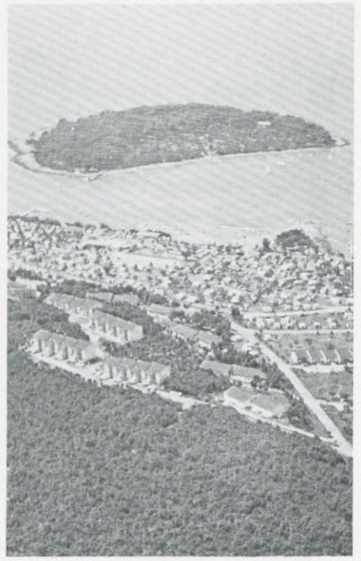
So unless you simply *must* have tea with Tito, forget it, staying there only long enough to change planes, trains or buses to the colorful, old-world states and cities of charm . . . particularly to the indescribably beautiful Dalmatian coast with some of the world's most beautiful beaches with water so clear the eye can plumb its azure depths . . . water as blue as the sky above, in which one rarely sees more than the teasing trace of a cloud.

Of special interest to gay people are the FKK or nude beaches. As we explained in *Sylt Island* in the February 1973 issue of *Ciao!*, the three initials FKK stand for *Frei-Korper Kraft*, or Free (meaning, in this case, 'unrestrained by clothing') Body Expression. Thus our readers who made the trek to Sylt last summer will find that the FKK beaches in Yugoslavia along the Adriatic have much in common with those of North Germany.

There are more of them here, however, and there are other differences. While Sylt Island is largely dotted with big basket-type wicker beach chairs, the FKK beaches *(Continued on page 47)*

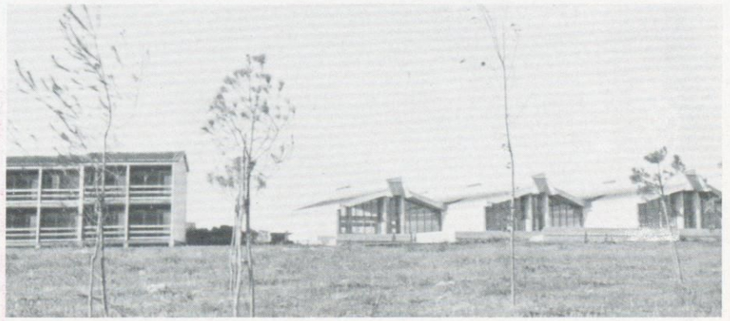












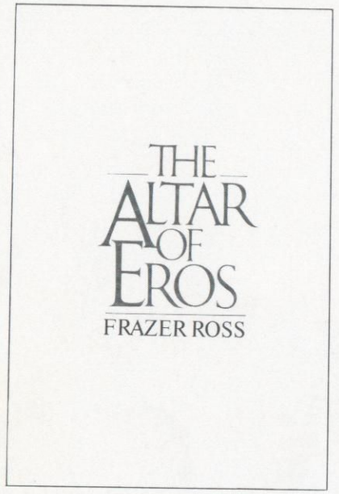
QQ's Man of the Month

Peter Trumpet

By Bruce of Los Angeles



Book Review



Once in a while a real treat comes along, and like a trick out of the blue it is all the more appreciated because it was so unexpected. Such a rare delight is Frazer Ross's novel, **The Altar of Eros,** Abelard-Schuman Ltd., 252 pgs., $7.95.

The Altar of Eros is essentially a gay love story set in ancient Rome, Crete, and the Greek Aegean island of Kos. And it's one beaut of a love story. The hero, Mithologos, is in love with a cute, but faithless tramp, Andoni, who jilts him for greener pastures.

Mithologos goes to Crete where he meets the beautiful and faithful Voskos, whose perfect lover—Dendrakis—has just been killed by the treachery of the frustrated Dholos.

Mithologos, the Storyteller, and Voskos, who sings like an angel, go on to Kos where, gradually, they fall in love. Kos, however, is a hornet's nest of religious strife: the early Christians there are fighting with those who believe in gods.

Andoni, now a minion of the Roman Governor's, and Dholos, an informer of the Governor's, also show up on Kos. In the midst of a furious riot and its Roman aftermath, including lots of crucifixions, Mithologos's and Voskos's love is tested, found true; and Andoni and Dholos get theirs in spades.

Aside from the love story which is vastly more subtle, more profound and, yes, sexier, than the above might indicate, **The Altar of Eros** is also a first-rate adventure story which grabs your interest and holds it 'til the end. Deliberately paced, it moves from the flesh-pots of Rome to the piracy of Crete to the tumultuous events on Kos with cool, breathtaking speed.

Placed as it is, in ancient times, **The Altar of Eros** inevitably invites comparison with the novels of Mary Renault. Mary Renault writes (well) **about** those times: the flashes of gold, the lusty heroes, the dust of battle. Frazer Ross, on the other hand, writes (equally well) **of** those times, not as an observer, but as a participant, feeling the warmth of flesh, listening to the heartbeats, tasting the wine, seeing the look in a lover's eye.

Further, Ross can write rings around Renault as far as gay sex is concerned. He not only knows what gay sex and love are all about, he can also put it in writing explicitly, clearly, making it sound neither crude nor silly. Nothing is left out, but I would defy anyone to call it pornography. Frazer Ross has impeccable taste and he uses it. His characters fuck and suck, get fucked, swallow sperm, etc., etc., but your grandmother could read it without a blush.

Another point, an important one: if, by any chance, you are uptight about your upbringing (be it Christian) prepare yourself for a shock. Christians and, for that matter, traditional Judeo-Christian "ethics," morality, whatever you want to call it, come off a very poor second to the moral and ethical philosophy of the ancient Greeks. A bit of consciousness-raising there, which is easily translated into a truly critical look at the values drummed into our tiny heads as children. And, by extension, an excellent object lesson in, and appreciation of, gay love, gay sex: the very things we think we're experts in.

There aren't many writers around who can express my views on homosexuality to my satisfaction. (And I am not talking about laws, zaps, and militants; I'm talking about gay love.) But Frazer Ross speaks well for me, for you, for all of us who strive every live-long day to achieve a love, to maintain one, and even to live with the loss of one.

I am not at all sure that we shouldn't all begin (again) pouring libations of wine to Eros.

—Orlando Paris

THE SEX GODS

(Continued from page 6)

pay off handsomely. As a busy bisexual he not only delighted all the women of his household, but was always available to make it with any gay Greek youth as well. Hermes was constantly on call from the pantheon as a trouble-shooter for the gods. If some lusting Olympian wanted an affair with a sexy young goddess, Hermes could take care of it in a trice. Likewise if someone wanted to be rid of a boring lover Hermes could arrange just the tactful incident that would do the trick. Need a chariot real quick-like? An aphrodisiac that would work in an instant? Or maybe the Olympian equivalent of 'poppers'? Hermes could get you fixed up pronto. He knew where all the action was . . . where all the Olympian gang-bangs were being held. And he was not only a clever hustler but a cheeky thief. Imagine . . . he once stole an entire herd of Apollo's cattle while the god sat nearby playing his lyre. All statues of Hermes show him as a most beautiful boy . . . quite tall, with a gloriously lithe and muscular body. He was the sexiest looking of them all. This is most breathtakingly expressed in the statue of *Hermes Resting,* a bronze, in the National Museum of Naples.

AUNT APHRODITE

Although the most beautiful of goddesses, and forever being chased by some handsome god, nevertheless Aphrodite had a special fondness for gay people. After all, her grandson was the first hermaphrodite! Like a good football player she 'ran interference' for any gay person who was apparently headed for trouble of one kind or another. As both the goddess of love and of seductive conversation she was mistress of 'gracious laughter, sweet deceits, the charms and delights of love'. Not only was she the inspiration of all lovers, but the special 'gay auntie' of any shy Greek youth on the threshold of coming out. If, in cruising for the first time, he became tongue-tied in the presence of one whose good looks and fine physique were rather overpowering, the spirit of Aunt Aphrodite would speed along on the wind, whispering in his ear cruisy words of love to be spoken to his quarry. As mistress of gay conversation all of us have much to thank her for. For now—once past the banality of weather-talk—we can get right down to the gut issue of 'how big', 'how much', and 'your house or mine?'.

Aphrodite was a very brave goddess—courageous to the point of throwing herself into the fray between contesting armies. Always she took the side of the weaker—always championing the underdog—and she was wounded so many times that Zeus, smiling proudly at her courage, while lamenting her vulnerability, said to her, "You, my child, were not meant to concern yourself with matters of war. Go, attend to the sweet tasks of love and your garden of flowers and herbs."

As all of us know she did this supremely well, and such aphrodisiacs as patchouly, rosebuds (the symbol of love), rosemary (for remembrance), as well as hundreds of other herbs, flowers and aphrodisiacs from angelica to zinnia are her legacy to us. In whatever affair we are involved, Auntie Aphrodite is there in spirit to help things along!

DIONYSUS—THE ORGY KING

To Dionysus life was divided equally between love and war. As a young god he triumphed in battle after battle. Each victory was celebrated with a huge orgy. From his teens to mid-twenties, when he was not executing some brilliant military maneuver he was proving the validity of his reputation as the greatest cocksman of the gods. To Dionysus, a day without an orgy was a day without Tropicana.

The Romans called him Bacchus, and the bacchanalian orgies that took place after military victories were centered around pageants of phallic worship, very much like the famous Japanese Festival of the Phallus celebrated today. In these pageants images and representations of the erect phallus were carried through the streets garlanded with flowers.

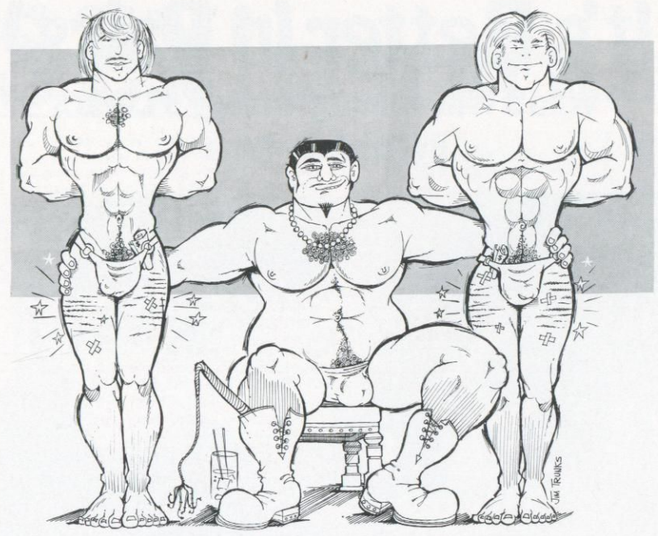
In time, however, Dionysus grew tired of the pantheon merry-go-round which, to him, had become the same old 'round' and not very 'merry'. So he set forth on expeditions —military and amatory—in countries of the Middle East, delighting particularly in the fleshpots of Egypt. He stayed several years, helping several emperors defeat the armies of their enemies, and exploring the endless sexual variations of the East. Upon returning to Greece his intention was to form an orgiastic cult of the phallus—to be even wilder than the earlier ones—based on the bizarre sexual techniques he had discovered. But the Greeks found him very changed in appearance . . . no longer the handsome youth of muscular magnificence and prodigious strength. Instead, he had grown soft with indulgence . . . effeminate . . . and could not face the fact that he was now middle-aged . . . still dressing as an adolescent in the long robes of the Lydian fashion. What had symbolized the ultimate in sexual oneupmanship and military cunning was now an empty shell.

THE 'BEARDED APHRODITE'

Hermaphroditus was the illegitimate son of Aphrodite's daughter Harmonia. To conceal the fact of his birth, Aphrodite entrusted him to the nymphs of Mount Ida, who brought him up in the forests.

As a wild and savage youth of fifteen whose chief pleasure was to hunt in the wooded mountains with other boys of his age, Hermaphroditus was bathing in a limpid lake one day when the nymph Salmacis who ruled the lake saw him and fell in love with his beautiful body. She told him so, and in vain the shy youth attempted to dissuade her. This steamed up Salmacis still more and she threw her arms around him and covered his body with kisses.

"This is revolting!" said Hermaphroditus. Whereupon the nymph cried out "Cruel youth! You struggle in vain. O ye gods! Grant that nothing may ever separate him from me, or me from him!" Immediately their two bodies were united and became as one. In their double form they were neither man nor woman; having no sex, yet being of both sexes. This, of course, is the first instance of transsexualism on record, and this first of the hermaphrodites is often called "The Bearded Aphrodite."



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

Friedrich Alfred Krupp

FRIEDRICH ALFRED KRUPP was famed for several good reasons. First, he owned the enormous Krupp armaments industry, without which Germany could not have taken on half the world in battle in 1914. Second, he was chummy with Kaiser Wilhelm, and third, he was a flagrantly practicing homosexual in an age that was very uptight about such matters.

It was the period when Oscar Wilde got into vast trouble over it and perhaps Krupp thought he'd be safer to indulge his gay side away from the Fatherland. So he repaired to the idyllic setting of Capri for his fling toward the end of the last century, and he could hardly have chosen a more suitable place for his cavorting than the beautiful island where the Roman emperor Tiberius had fooled around with boys a couple of millenniums previously.

Apparently Krupp aimed for a style of living at least as sumptuous as the emperor's had been. As the richest and most powerful man in Germany, he had the means to achieve his aim. He bought and enlarged a hotel to serve as his 'headquarters', and to ensure cooperation on the right levels, had the hotel's proprietor elected mayor.

With the right palms well greased, Krupp felt safe about allowing his gay passions full play. Capri's lower classes were full of handsome boys who were quite willing to frolic with Krupp when he proved to be very generous in his financial handouts. More applicants for sex presented themselves than Krupp could comfortably handle, and orgies were the order of the day at his luxurious seat of operation.

But Krupp's happiness was short-lived. When the Vatican got wind of the gay orgies in Capri they indignantly ordered Krupp's expulsion from his adoptive paradise. Krupp returned momentarily to Germany, expecting to buy his way back into the *(Continued on page 49)*

QQ

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:

TWO GREATS AND THEIR MATES

Czar Peter I, who reigned in Russia from 1682 to 1725, has gone down in history with the more popular appellation *Peter the Great* because he instituted a great many reforms during his reign and was essentially the father of modern Russia. Of considerable influence on Peter was his lover *François Lefort,* a Swiss adventurer whom Peter rewarded with great power and a palace of his own. Peter and Lefort enjoyed a lusty companionship of revelry, gluttony, and sexual excesses, and when Lefort died, Peter was bereft.

But the Czar filled Lefort's part in his heart and life with a new lover named *Alexander Menshikov,* whom Peter soon named "Alashka." He began his career as a pastry cook and ended up a prince and grand marshal of the Russian army, with the great power and palaces the position *(Continued on page 49)*

Sex and religion were inextricably linked in the life of the gods, and the phallus was the symbol of the vitality and viability of this union. The gods and goddesses of whom we have written are only a few of those who have left us the legacy of love in all its sexual forms. We have chosen to write of them because they have been the most influential, particularly with relevance to gay life. In a future issue we should like to talk of many others whose influence on gay people is felt in still different ways . . . covering, as it were, the entire 'gay pantheon'.

•••

FRANKENSTEIN

(Continued from page 9)

already married and the father of two children.

4. The fact that once the liaison had been established Shelley was constantly victimized by Mary's father . . . forever being called upon to subsidize Godwin's failing publishing business, and to bail him out of debtor's prison on many occasions. Almost literally Godwin bled Mary and Shelley . . . almost literally he took the bread from the mouths of the Shelleys and their children!

5. Shelley's nomadic life with Mary throughout Europe, particularly in Italy and Switzerland. (Shelley was congenitally unable to cope with even the simplest problem. His reaction was invariably to run away . . . he was a compulsive escapist.) No sooner would he, Mary and their growing family be settled in a house in one town than some trifling crisis would arise and they were again on the move. Once they had been settled in a new home only hours when some minor difficulty arose and they moved again.

6. The birth of four, and the death of three children, due in great part to Shelley's neglect, lack of foresight, his 'run away from' compulsion and insensitivity, and his insistence that Mary join him in whatever new 'paradise' he had just escaped to . . . she, traveling great distances along always-rough roads to be with him . . . once with her child having such a high fever that he died before she could reach her destination.

7. Mary's growing awareness (the first 'Frankensteinian' overtones) that Shelley's homosexuality was steadily surfacing. Although she had long known that he was bisexual, his 'other self'–as she put it–did not noticeably emerge until he met Lord Byron. At first this took on a form of gay exhibitionism. Shelley had a tall, slender, well-formed body that, he discovered, looked ravishing in the tight-fitting trousers (the original jeans) of the period. Moreover, both pictures and written accounts make it evident that he had an enormous phallus which the tight 'jeans' brought into excitingly-contoured prominence. Add to this his beautiful long hair style and handsome face and it is easy to see why Lord Byron fell hard for him.

Keats also got into the act. Orgies followed. "We're not just *bi*sexual," Keats boasted, "we're tri-sexual. We'll *try* anything once!" Also, Shelley invented 'skinny dipping' among the mixed bathers along the Mediterranean beaches of the Italian Riviera. Had he lived today, very likely he would have been the first to 'streak' . . . even before the Yale boys thought of it. Byron, of course, would have had sex with a snake if nothing better were at hand. He must have known every prostitute and hustler in Europe. While his specialty was young Greek boys (his was a never-ending 'blue Grecian period'), he dropped them all when he caught sight of Shelley plunging nude into the Mediterranean. (Shelley, by the way, never learned to swim . . . he was a 'dash-in-and-dabbler' . . . and what a sight it must have been to see his tremendous phallus being continually buffeted by the waves!)

8. Shelley's latent tuberculosis that had recently become troublesome in spite of his vigorous athleticisms. Also Mary's growing and longer-lasting illnesses caused by malnutrition. Because of her concern about Shelley and his multiple sex-shenanigans she failed to eat properly.

And so it was on that chilly summer evening in Switzerland, near the lake and castle about which Byron wrote in *The Prisoner of Chillon* that Mary was cajoled into writing a 'ghost' story that was to become the longest-running horror film of all time.

The setting was the Villa Deodati, a large handsome country house that Byron had rented to be near Shelley. With him was his young physician-in-attendance, Dr. John Polidori, who not only looked after Byron's general health, but prescribed the diets that kept Byron slender and maintained the classic pallor that was such a Byronic characteristic. (The secret: fasts of one week duration in which Byron ate nothing but thin slices of bread soaked with milk.) Polidori was also Byron's lover at that time and therefore wildly jealous of Shelley. Because he had rather effeminate mannerism Byron sarcastically called him 'Polly-Dolly'.

Actually it was Polidori who started the contest. Having come across a volume of mystery stories in the Villa library, he suggested that each read a story aloud and comment on it. After a time, however, this proved so dull that Byron was moved to say "Any one of us could do better than those writers . . . even our quiet little Mary here. Yes, and to prove it we shall each write a ghost story."

Byron elected to write about a vampire (afterward he used it as part of a long poem); Shelley decided to write an elaboration of a childhood experience, which he soon abandoned. Although he was interested in occult matters, such writing was not his metier and therefore it brought about one of those minor crises he compulsively ran away from. Polidori commenced a full-length novel about a skull-headed woman who peeped through keyholes at her victims.

THE IDEA OF FRANKENSTEIN

Only Mary could not decide upon a subject. Actually it was Shelley who gave her the idea that was to become Frankenstein. "Perhaps a corpse could somehow be reanimated; galvanism has given a hint of such a possibility," he observed. "It just might be possible that the component parts of a creature might be manufactured . . . brought together . . . and endued with vital warmth."

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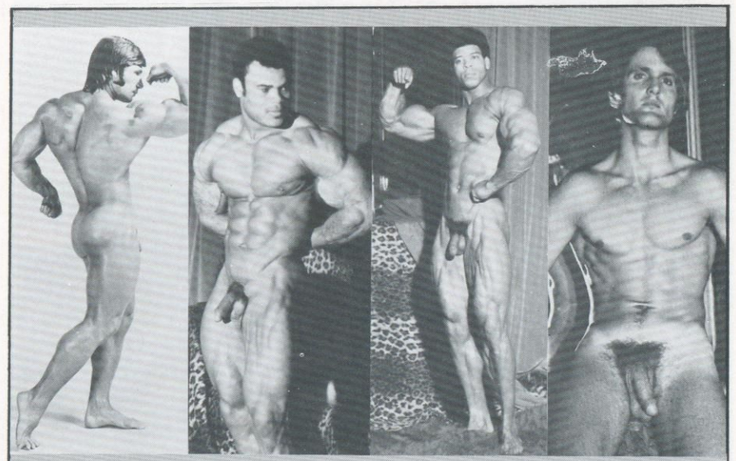

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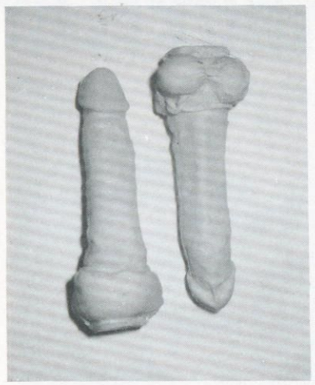

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The idea intrigued Mary. It excited her so much that sleep eluded her that night. In a kind of half-awake, half-asleep nightmare she began to recall all the torments that had befallen her since the day she was born . . . the death in childbirth of her mother . . . harassment by her stepmother . . . abuse by her calloused stepsister Claire Godwin (who, incidentally, had taken up residence with the Shelleys, and who—having not only had a child by Lord Byron—was even then trying to get her sexual hooks into her handsome stepbrother!).

Somehow the ghosts of things past began to be associated in a kind of reincarnation with the present . . . this time with those of her immediate circle as the 'movers and shakers'. As recorded in her diary, here is how it began:

"I had an acute mental vision of a pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together . . . I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. Frightful it must be . . . his success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark he had communicated would fade; and that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench forever the transient existence of this hideous corpse which he looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is wakened; he opens his eyes; behold, the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening the curtains and looking on him with yellow, watery, speculative eyes."

What emerges from the nightmare that climaxed in the writing of Frankenstein is something—so many things—that would give a modern psychiatrist a real test of his training. Some things, of course, are apparent to the layman, and whether one has read the original Frankenstein or has seen the television production, it is obvious that the 'castle in Central Europe' which is the setting of the tale was actually Byron's Villa Deodati.

Moreover, the book's frequent allusions to the homophile relationship between Shelley and Byron . . . plus the gay triumvirate formed when Keats would blithely join them for a beach orgy (in those days the gay pickin's were few, so a simple threesome was probably considered a 'marathon!) . . . plus the several references to Polidori's effeminacy ('Polly-Dolly') plus the fact that Mary frequently refers to 'his adoring looks at Byron', show that she had become deeply disturbed, almost to the point of madness, by the obvious surfacing of her handsome husband's heretofore submerged homosexuality, and its abrasive effect on their marraige . . . so much so that the gay reader can only believe that the story of Frankenstein is less about the actual 'monster' he created (since taken completely out of its original context and worn threadbare with too-frequent Karloff/Lugosi interpretations/clichés), than what Mary Shelley considered the 'monstrosity' of gay life.

Although as her feminist mother's daughter who believed in free love, homosexuality/bisexuality was a sexual force that had never occurred to her. (It should be remembered

that Mary lived as Shelley's mistress until his wife, Harriet, conveniently drowned herself in the Serpentine in London's Hyde Park.)

For all the hurt and hate she felt, these allusions to gay matters are never blankly stated as such—yet they are unmistakable. The reason is simple: in Shelley's time homosexuality *per se* was never referred to by name ('the love that dare not speak its name'). It was rarely used even clinically. In the growing warmth of the reign of William IV homosexuality was thought of, and spoken of, as one of those things that the English 'lumped together' with other social 'evils'. One spoke of a man being 'dissolute' without qualifying his particular brand of 'dissoluteness' (except, possibly, to sometimes call him a drunkard).

Thus in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* she is, quite clearly, *trying to exorcise the 'devil' of Shelley's homosexuality by extending it to, and dispersing it among others of the Shelley circle . . . then creating still another character (the 'monster') to further widen the parameters of exorcism.* This is not unlike the Haitian voodoo practice of sticking pins in a doll which represents one's own personal 'daemon'. In this rationale of Mary Shelley, guilt shared is therefore guilt lessened . . . even condoned . . . even erased. Or the further it is out of sight the more it is out of mind.

Many have suggested that Mary had become paranoiac about Byron's strong influence on Shelley, and that in her book, and later in the film, the character of Dr. Frankenstein (played sensitively by Leonard Whiting) is really meant to be (by thought transference) *Byron* himself . . . that his first 'creation' (the male) is really meant to be *Shelley* (played with great poignancy by Michael Sarrazin, who is physically ideal for the part—very 'Shelleyesque') . . . that the second 'creation' (female), Prima—the beautiful she-monster who wreaked havoc among the men of the Frankenstein circle—was actually *Claire Godwin*, Mary Shelley's stepsister who had ensconced herself uninvited in the Shelley home, and had almost wrecked the menage by her liaison with Shelley. It is obvious that she was meant to be Mary Shelley's 'voodoo doll'.

In the film, the part of Dr. Polidori was made non-effeminate and strengthened to represent 'evil incarnate'. To Mary Shelley who was unable to comprehend or accept homosexuality as a total sexuality in itself, it represented the *only* evil. Thus the Polidori part—played by James Mason—unfolded as sheer repellence and sinister oiliness. Moreover, the unilateral hate of Mary Shelley for homosexuality was further symbolized by the truncation-mutilation of Polidori's hands.

In this remarkable book, which—unfortunately was not wholly realized in the film—there are many other gay concepts and symbolism. In reading it for the first time one can almost communicate with the principals on a gay basis. While we see it as total realism, straight people—if they read it—will probably see it 'as through a glass darkly'. Much of the symbolism will elude them.

If you can obtain a copy of *Frankenstein* by all means read it. Surely your local library has it. And since the fairly recent book *Shelley's Mary* is still on the bookstands, read it as well. And if you would

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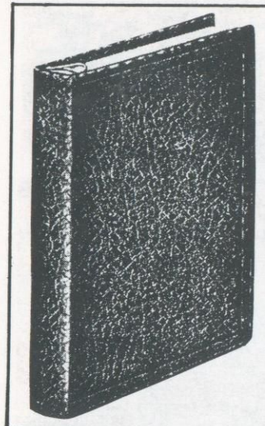

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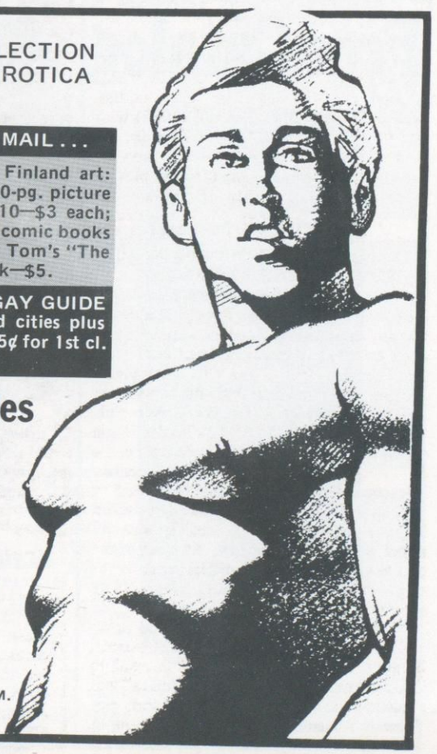

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like to know more about the period of burgeoning sexual liberality that began and ended during the reign of William IV, preceding Mary's birth—and of her feminist mother, a most remarkable woman—read the Penguin Paperback *Mary Wollstonecraft* by Eleanor Flexner.

Margaret Leighton has clearly conveyed the temperament of the times in *Shelley's Mary*. By reading it first, and then *Frankenstein*, all sorts of gay connotations emerge. Perhaps you will read into her characters the gay inferences others have. But again, you may see it in a wholly different interpretation.

Yet since that is the idea Mary Shelley had when she was coaxed to create the puzzle of a 'ghost story' for a summer evening's entertainment, it should turn out a personal 'detective' story for you—just as she intended.

•••

MOVIES—THE YOUNG MEN

(Continued from page 13)

life at Rugby School, an exclusive private institution in Victorian England. Jimmy Lydon (the film Henry Aldrich) and Freddie Bartholomew played Tom and his pal in the 1939 version; John Howard Davies starred in the British version in 1951 (with a stunningly handsome supporting cast in fine performances); and then in 1972 Anthony Murphy and Simon Turner recreated the roles for the television version, broadcast in this country over PBS (Educational TV). As one would expect in a movie about a boarding school, there were friendships galore, some rivalries here and there, and as always, the famous swimming scenes in "the old hole" which, though much too discreet and modestly filmed, are nevertheless a turn-on for some.

The classic TOM SAWYER, generally regarded as the standard reference work in any language on the subject of boyhood, has been re-made so many times that a "Mark Twain Film Festival" could run two weeks without ever showing the same version twice. Just the list of stars who have played the roles of Tom and Huck Finn is a sort of "Who's Who" of boystars in any era of movie history: 1917, Jack Pickford (brother of Mary Pickford) played Tom with Joe Harper as Huck; 1930 and 1931, Tom and Huck were Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin, respectively; 1938, the pals were played by Tommy Kelly (now living quietly in Riverside, California) and Jackie Moran; 1939, Donald O'Connor played Tom in a movie only vaguely based on the Mark Twain novel (TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE); also 1939, Mickey Rooney starred in another HUCKLEBERRY FINN; 1960, Eddie Hodges played Huck Finn; 1972, the TV production appeared with Josh Albee as Tom and handsome, hunky-blond Jeff Tyler as Huck (many viewers felt he stole the show, and with good reason!); and finally, (thus far!), the 1973 musical version with Johnny Whitaker as Tom and Jeff East as Huck; the sequel to the 1973 version is due early in 1974 with Jeff East again playing HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

As we saw in discussing the Tom Brown series, the "military academy" or boarding school is a recurrent theme in films about boyhood buddies. The atmosphere in which boy-boy friendships are necessary and desirable is naturally a good background for a story about pals, and is used often. Interestingly enough, the film TOM BROWN OF CULVER (1932) was not a part of the TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS series, and took place not at Rugby School in England, but at Culver Military Academy in the United States. Even more interesting is the fact that the star of the film was named, in real life, Tom Brown, and it was Brown's star status that got *his* name into the title! Also, Tom Brown was the young actor who played Mickey Rooney's buddy in FAST COMPANIONS (1932), a film about two kids who spent a lot of time at a racetrack. When Brown appeared in TOM BROWN OF CULVER, he was a moody, rebellious youngster who was transformed through his friend Ralph (Ben Alexander) and others at the Academy, into a stalwart, patriotic lad in the tradition of Culver Academy and its prototype, the U.S. Army. This film was based on the same story as SPIRIT OF CULVER, a re-make of 1939 which starred just about every child star working at that time, and was one of a number of "school-spirit/patriotism" films of the between-war period.

The three stars in SPIRIT OF CULVER were Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew and Gene Reynolds—a collection of star names that could make any film interesting. While the story resembled its predecessor TOM BROWN OF CULVER, it had the element of the family problems of the character played by Jackie Cooper. The boy's father was a war hero, but was exposed as a phony who received his Medal of Honor without really deserving it. Cooper and Bartholomew and Reynolds were part of a small, select group of child stars who appeared as buddies in various combinations in film after film during the '30's and '40's. Others in the group were Mickey Rooney and Ronald Sinclair (also known as Ra Hould in his early films).

In 1937, Rooney and Sinclair were together in another horse-racing film called THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY. In this film, Sinclair is the son of a horse owner who dies before the horse can really make any big money. Mickey Rooney plays a jockey who befriends the horse-owner's son, and encourages the boy to ride the horse in the big race himself. The story is reminiscent of Rooney's earlier film with Tom Brown (FAST COMPANIONS in 1932), only this time Rooney is the older, more experienced friend and Sinclair is the hero who rides to victory in the climactic scene. The part of the horse-owner's son was intended for Freddie Bartholomew, but other commitments allowed the part to go to the lesser-known, but no-less-worthy Ronald Sinclair.

In 1936 Rooney did appear with Freddie Bartholomew in three films, THE DEVIL IS A SISSY, LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, and CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS. All three of these films were similar in that they portrayed the conflict and later happy resolution of the situation in which a refined, cultivated English boy meets up with the frank, pugnacious American youngster.

In THE DEVIL IS A SISSY, Freddie Bartholomew plays the son of a rich English woman who comes to the United States to live with his father, and gets mixed up with the neighborhood "hoodlums," among whom are Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper. In LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, Freddie is sent across the Atlantic in the other direction, this time as a scruffy Brooklyn lad who, it is discovered, is the heir to a British earldom. Mickey Rooney plays Dick Tipton, the bootblack, who helps the bewildered Little Lord to overcome the problems of the new life-style into which he is thrust, not the least of which is his doting mother (newly discovered), whom he must call "dearest."

As if not satisfied with either side of the Atlantic, Freddie Bartholomew goes to sea in CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, playing this time the spoiled kid coming face-to-face with reality and hardship on the open sea. The task is somewhat easier after he makes friends with—you guessed it—Mickey Rooney who plays Dan, the young sailor on board the ship.

In one of their last films together, Rooney and Bartholomew, slowly approaching the end of their teen years, appeared along with Terry Kilburn in yet another boarding school picture, LORD JEFF (in 1938). This one was the story of a young orphan (weren't they all?) who somehow got involved with a gang of thieves. Instead of being sent to a reform school (after all, he couldn't have met the "good boys" at a reform school) he was sent to a Naval Academy, the sure-fire way in the '30's and '40's to "make a man" out of any young boy. A lukewarm story, but as in all films of this genre, the stars were most interesting as were the ever-present extras who played the rest of the boys in the school.

Sometimes, though not as often as one might expect, a film is made in which brothers are also shown as good buddies. Such a film was THE ESCAPE (1939) with Rex Downing as the 15 year-old and Jimmy Butler as the 18 year-old. The brothers were more or less incidental to the plot of the film, but their buddy relationship was warm and full, probably due to their common hardship and need for togetherness.

Among the last of the "'cross the Atlantic" films was ON THE SUNNY SIDE (1942), a wartime film starring a new face in the child-star roles, that of Roddy McDowall. He played a London lad (Roddy really is from London) who was bombed out by the Nazi blitz and came to live with an American family. The film deals with the resentment which the family's son (Freddie Mercer) feels for this new member of the family; the film is undoubtedly another attempt to define the differences between English and American cultures and symbolize their joining together, a situation that became necessary when England and America joined against the threat of Hitler's Germany. Of course, the two boys work out their differences and the English kid becomes a member of the family accepted by all.

Another new face was introduced in the 1946 classic, THE YEARLING, starring Gregory Peck. The new face belonged to Claude Jarman, Jr., and "The Yearling" was a small deer which became the boy's pet. There is a beautiful little "buddy" scene in this film and, though it is not germane to the

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story, it is nevertheless worth mentioning. It happens when Jarman and his pal, Don Gift, "sleep out" together in their homemade wooden bed-shelter, helping to keep warm with their pet raccoon. Unfortunately, this type of serenity and peaceful enjoyment was not long for the movie world; the era of the happy-go-lucky "buddy" film was becoming a dim memory in the post-war rush to fight still another war in Korea.

With the exit of Cooper, Rooney and Bartholomew, and others, from the teenage scene, new crops of actors and, in a few years, new types of films quickly took over the scene. Especially in the fifties, more and more films began to deal with young people in trouble. Delinquency, drugs, violent realism replaced the idyllic idealism and flights of fantasy that characterized the earlier "buddy" films. There were still buddies, but more often than not these were partners in crime or pals who stuck with the unfortunate delinquent until he finally "saw the light."

During a mini-trend of the late forties, sports films were especially popular. One of these combined sports and delinquency, and starred still another relatively new face, Rusty Tamblyn. The film was A KID FROM CLEVELAND (1949) and was the story of a delinquent kid who was befriended by a sports announcer and the whole Cleveland Indians baseball team. The buddy relationship in this film was the "partners in crime" type, since it was a friend his own age who began leading Tamblyn down the path to a life of crime. The friend was played by Tommy Cook, one of the bad-guy-kids in TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN (1945).

As might be expected, the famous REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955) sounded the death-knell for the carefree-youth films for quite awhile. Society was determined to slap itself in the face with the delinquency and crime it found while it was digging out from the divisiveness of back-to-back wars. Young people of the mid-fifties were becoming disenchanted with life as the older generation lived it, so they struck out on their own, made their juvenile mistakes and ended up right on everybody's movie screens. The REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE was James Dean, rejecting his hard-headed father and running away with his girl Natalie Wood, and his best friend Sal Mineo.

In a later delinquency film, when the trend was firmly set but James Dean had been taken prematurely from the scene, Sal Mineo carried on the tradition in DINO (1957), playing a teenage boy who was tending toward a life of crime and couldn't make a go of returning to his family after three years in a reformatory. He was "saved" just in the nick of time by Brian Keith, a social worker who really works on the boy; but the real turn-around comes when Mineo sees his younger brother, Pat DeSimeone, beginning to go astray as well. The brothers become "pals" and Mineo convinces his younger brother that the delinquent life isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Happy ending, but more delinquency to come.

The sad thing was that the "buddy" element was soon deleted altogether. For instance, the only buddies in WEST SIDE STORY (1961) were the guys who were

together in each of the gangs. In other words, choosing friends by mutual attraction and admiration was replaced in the turbulent '50's and '60's by groups banding together to counter the "enemy." Gone was the one-to-one relationship—either you were in a gang, our you were outside it, alone.

It was not until 1966 that a good buddy film came along again. It was entitled MAYA and starred Jay North (formerly TV's Dennis the Menace, now a beautifully-matured teenager), and it took place entirely in India (nobody was pals in America anymore!). Jay North was the son of a white hunter who lived in India, but he and his father didn't get along at all, and he ran away after the father shot and killed an animal the boy loved. After the white boy fell in the river and was barely saved by a native Indian (Sajid Khan), the two boys set off together to develop their friendship and deliver a sacred white elephant to a shrine on the other side of the country, a favor the Hindu boy promised to do for his dying father. Here was a "buddy" film in the tradition of TOM SAWYER and PENROD AND SAM. The boys ate together, slept together, traveled together and became exhausted together; in scene after scene they fulfilled each other's needs as only best friends could do, and after their journey was successfully completed, they parted, each knowing more about each other's culture—and about life.

BOYS IN LOVE

Once in a while a film will deal with the forbidden subject of kids who fall in love with each other. This happens rather often in life, sometimes quite openly but more often just below the surface in the subconscious where the boy(s) might not be aware of what is happening. Most adolescents go through a stage in life when one friend is supreme above all, the best friend he has at that time and, in his mind, the best friend he has ever had. The attachment formed between two such pals is romantic in every sense of the word, and if the psychological makeup of the two friends is free enough, the relationship can very easily become overt and physical in a very mature sense.

Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, in his book of advice to teenagers, entitled *Boys and Sex*, aptly describes the reasons for this attraction: "A boy knows without being told what is pleasing to himself must be pleasing to other boys. When he masturbates himself, for example, it is easy for him to transfer the knowledge of this pleasure to another boy . . . ."

While this intense friendship is common enough in life, it is not commonly found in films because society has placed a negative value judgment on such behav:or, and that judgment is difficult to overcome. One result of society's prohibitions in his regard is that almost every time a physical love-relationship is shown or implied in a film, one or both of the boys involved suffer dire consequences for their indiscretion.

SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS (1967) was a French film dealing with the love (without explicit sex) of an upperclassman, Francis Lacombrade, and a new student, Didier Haudepin, at a boarding school. Their relationship, secret as it was, was touching and beautiful to watch, and was a romance with all the trappings of a young woman/married man type of story.

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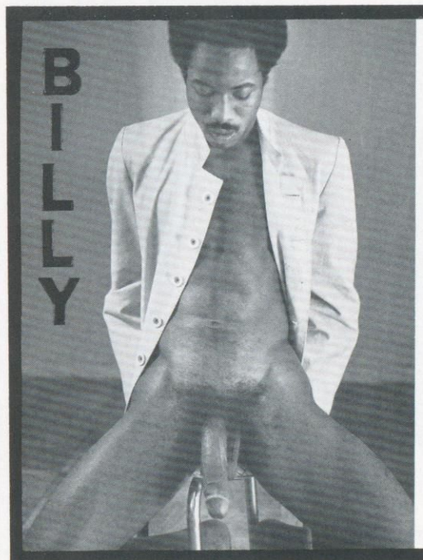

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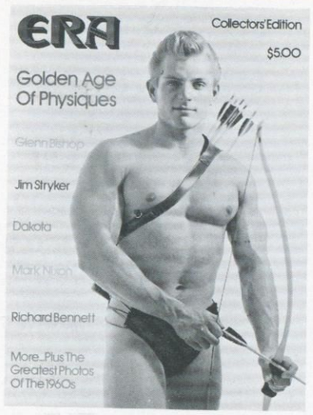

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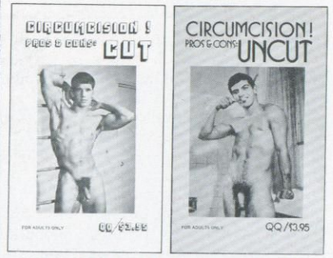

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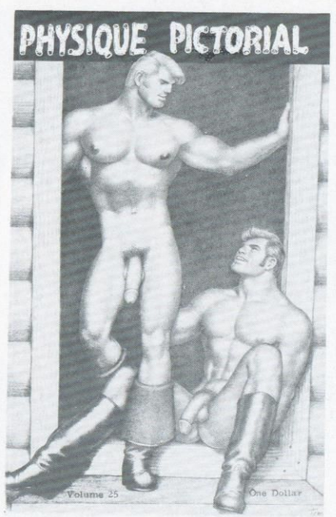

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Society's influence was felt when the two boys were caught by the priest rolling around together in the hay; they were forbidden to see each other again. The younger boy, unable to understand why he couldn't even say goodbye to the friend he loved, jumped from the fast-moving train on his way home for the holidays.

In the much freer atmosphere of the early '70's, the fantasy-allegory DEATH IN VENICE (1971) obliquely, yet convincingly, suggests a very complete relationship between the boy Tadzio (Bjorn Andresen) and the friend we see him with on the beach. There is something more than friendship between these two, or so it seems as they walk about on the beach, arms around each other, and the beach boy gives the god-like Tadzio an affectionate kiss in full view of his older admirer, Dirk Bogarde, and the somewhat-surprised audience.

It is obvious that there is a world of difference between even the late '60's and the early '70's. Hopefully, "buddy" films are coming back and will someday be able to freely depict the types of relationship that real kids have in real situations.

AFTER STARDOM, THEN WHAT?

With all this talk of youthful stars, we must, in conclusion, at least acknowledge that the actors who play the parts are, after all, human, and do grow up into adulthood themselves. Norman Zierold, in his definitive work *The Child Stars,* writes, "Inevitably there is an evanescent quality in the child star. His days of innocence, of simplicity, of natural spontaneous expression are all too few. At a certain point each centimeter's growth diminishes the wistful, fleeting charm of childhood.

Like so many stars, Jackie Cooper became discouraged as he grew older. He was born on September 15, 1922, the son of vaudevillians. His father died soon after, and it was not long before Jackie's talent and cute face were put to work to help support his family. He appeared in eight OUR GANG comedies, where his trademark was his ability to cry. In 1930, at the age of eight, he enjoyed his greatest success in SKIPPY.

Cooper went on to roles in almost fifty MGM features, usually playing the child with the protruding lower lip, meeting adversity and overcoming all odds. But the knowledge about living which he should have gained from working hard was counteracted by the fact that he was so famous: since he was the popular child star, other people did everything for him, leaving him totally unprepared for his role in the adult world.

"Kids don't act," he once said. "So and so speaks in a particular way; this one has a cute smile, that one is a natural for sad, underprivileged roles. If they want a certain look, they hire the child actor who goes with it."

Instead of giving up and living off his childhood earnings until they ran out, Jackie Cooper set about to learn how to act, and how to do for himself just about everything else in the business. As a teenager, he appeared in the series of Henry Aldrich films with Jimmy Lydon, and he entered the Navy in 1942.

After the war, Cooper made two films with former child star Jackie Coogan, who was also struggling to make it as an adult actor. The films were KILROY WAS HERE and FRENCH LEAVE. Whatever successes they were going to have, they both realized, were going to be due to their abilities as actors—the audiences weren't flocking to see two cute kids anymore, that was for sure!

Cooper continued trying other avenues of show business and has become quite a successful man in many areas. He enjoyed success on Broadway and in touring stage companies, then was the star for four years of the TV show THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE. After that, he played the part of a Navy doctor for another three years in the TV series HENNESEY. Lately he has produced, directed and starred in numerous TV shows.

In terms of going from child star to adult actor, fate was considerably kinder to Ninnian Joseph Yule III, better known as Mickey Rooney. He enjoyed a child-star career that found him playing early teenage parts when he was well into his twenties.

The reason for this extended success in "young kid" roles was that Mickey Rooney never grew any taller than 5' 3". While his acting roles for a long time now have been adult parts, he still realizes that there were great advantages to being short: "Most boy actors," he said, "reach an age when they start growing and reach the gangling age. They they have to quit." For Rooney, the gangling age never came.

Of course, all the child stars who were at all well-known can be seen in TV reruns of their original movies. Regardless of the later successes or failures of the young men who created those great roles in movie history, they will always remain in memory just as they were on the screen, in the bloom of youth and the prime of life.

YOUTH IN MOVIES AND REAL LIFE

We live in a society which regards youth as almost sacred. To most people, it is that elusive butterfly which must be sought out and captured for selfish use at all costs. But for all society's preoccupation with youth, young people are not at all understood. They are exploited by advertising, they are mistreated by the country's largest business—education, and they are completely disenfranchised when it comes to issues that affect their own lives. No one understands the young, but everyone wants to *be* young. When people see that they can't *be* young, their jealousy of those who *are* young blocks off all understanding and common-feeling that should exist between human beings of any ages.

The secret of avoiding this confrontation with youth is found, by example, in the movies and elsewhere. We must learn that there is youth in all of us since, without exception, we were all young once. This time of life does not die within us unless we kill it. On the contrary, it can be nourished and enriched by observing and appreciating those who are today's youngsters. By our looking lovingly at them, without preoccupation but in a spirit of common growth, they can teach us what we already know and need always to learn again: Youth is as eternal as Life. And Living is as beautiful as Youth.

• • •

THE SOCRATES CAPER

(Continued from page 20)

him going, I decided to keep up hot pursuit. "Did you know Jack Strong has a Gene Bouclé nude hanging in his Tatami room? Isn't Gene part of your ALK thing?"

"I never heard it called that before. Yes, Gene Bouclé is a protege of mine . . . ."

"Well, one of his paintings is hanging in Jack's dining room among the mobiles. You didn't know that, did you?"

"Are you certain he does?"

"Saw it with my own two bloodshot eyes. Gene has a very clear signature. And what's more, Strong *wanted* me to see it."

"Jack Strong is a liar, Jonquil. You can begin with that. He has lied to us about everything from the beginning. He's flaunted his Realty Corporation at Elliott, and Elliott falls for it. My dear, Strong's in hock up to his eyeballs. He hasn't got a real dime to his name. Just a lot of paper. Property mortgaged out of existence and a puffed-up balance sheet. He *would* be a likely target for the Syndicate, no question. And his famous art collection! Crap. Nothing but pop crap!"

"And the Bouclé?"

He sighed heavily. "I don't know how he got hold of that. Holly has the only paintings of Gene's I know of. I gave them to her. We were planning to show them next month."

He didn't wait for me to ask who Holly was.

"Holly is my wife, Jonquil. Holly Love. Lovely girl." He giggled at his joke. "She uses her maiden name for the gallery. Of course, we only married for convenience. She thought she needed it for appearances. I certainly didn't. Except that she did help me a great deal when I was sending things from Greece. After the military took over, all that changed."

"So how'd Jack Strong get Gene's painting?"

"Holly must've given it to him."

"Jack wanted me to see it, and he wanted me to tell you I'd seen it. Where does that take us?"

"Which painting was it?" he asked tight-lipped.

"I call her Miss Heaving Thighs. A gigantic nude sprawled with an organ as big as a meatrack. She's got sort of languid eyes. The detail is meticulous . . . ."

"Yes." He swallowed hard. "Yes. Holly had that one. So I guess that takes us right back to Holly." He reached out to grip my wrist. "And now we'd better find out what Holly is up to."

"How?"

"You're going to find out."

"Well, how am I gonna do that exactly?"

"By going to see her. Use any pretext. You'll think of something. Find out how deeply Jack is embroiled with Holly and how Gene Bouclé fits into their scheme. If Holly and Jack Strong are in cahoots . . . ." He caught himself short and faked a dreamy look taking another gulp of gin, and then ordering another from the bartender.

After watching the ritual, I said, "You were about to say . . . ."

"You want to know the enemy, Jonquil. Then go to Holly. Pretend you're an art dealer or something."

GAY TRAVEL GUIDE

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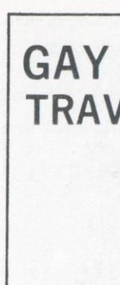

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"Has Holly got something on you, Gus?"

"You're working for all of us, aren't you?" he said evasively. "There are certain things you'll have to dig out for yourself. Besides, there may be nothing to it at all."

"I don't dig any of it, Gus. I don't dig why you even wanna hang in at the Broadway. Why not just sell out to Elliott and let him hassle it? We'll figure out some way to get at Strong and the Syndicate, if that's where it lays."

"Why don't you ask Elliott?"

"Ask him what, for chrissakes?"

"Ask him why I will never sell out to him."

"You tell me."

He stared with watery gray eyes. "Because Elliott and I were lovers many years ago. Until he deserted me. Until he left me high and dry. So you can tell him for me I'll never let him go. Never. Not in a million years. He'll simply have to work out his problems with me, not without me. Tell him that."

His head wavered, and I watched him in silence.

"Okay, Gus," I said finally jumping down from the bar stool.

"You'll find Holly's address in the phone book," he mumbled, "under art galleries."

"Yeah."

He smiled up at me, then frowned and cast his eyes down into his tumbler. "Keep in touch," he said.

The last I saw of him, the top of his teased salt-and-pepper hovered over lime floating in his gin, like a dead, green fish, lost in a sea of alcohol.

The Holly Love Gallery was in a cluster of drab store-fronts north of Seventy-ninth Street on Madison Avenue.

She was seated behind a white lacquered Empire table in a niche at the rear, a young woman, pale face, large brown eyes, and long, brown hair falling over narrow shoulders, sheathed in brown velvet fifties "new look." An earthy monochrome. Behind her desk was a screen painted with Monet-like water lilies.

She glanced up at me and smiled. A gallery-owner smile, in spite of my faded jeans, cowboy shirt and fringed suede jacket. She seemed too young a woman to be Gus' wife, about thirty, but maybe younger. I tried her anyway.

"Miss Love?"

She kept the smile, frozen plastic. "Yes."

So far so good.

"I represent a collector in San Francisco—a friend of Jack Strong's."

"Oh, yes. Well, please feel free to browse. What are you interested in particularly?"

"Well, not your Hudson River nor your Greek torsos. Gene Bouclé, for one thing."

"Really? Didn't Strong tell you we're not hanging the Bouclés until November?"

"You can't show me any of them now? I'll be back on the Coast in November."

"They're in storage."

Her brown orbs were scanning my face, two searchlights. "Whom do you represent in San Francisco?" she said. "I go to San Francisco quite often. Perhaps I know your client. Is he a private collector?"

"He prefers to remain anonymous."

"Yes. Of course." She got up and slunk from behind the desk, moving close to me. She smelled like orange-scented bath oil.

"You might tell your client he will be purchasing art from Attica unless he gets with it," she said.

"You mean Attica, Greece?"

"No, I mean Attica, prison."

"I don't dig . . . ."

"I mean, tell Gus . . . ."

"Gus? Oh, you mean Jack Strong."

"No. Gus. Augustus Swann, my husband. With two n's." She snickered and moved back to the desk.

"I'm sorry, Miss Love, I don't . . . ."

"And tell Gus I will soon be free of his fucking Greek vases and Hudson River oils. And tell him Gene Bouclé belongs to me now. Every inch of him."

"Gene's got quite a few inches," I said quietly, "and plenty guys gettin' it."

She turned livid as I'd hoped, then quick as spit, pulled a gun from the desk. "Maybe this'll convince you."

"Oh, c'mon, Holly . . . ."

"There's something we want to show you," she said, "but I'm afraid you're going to need a little persuasion . . . ."

I didn't have another chance to ask her how. A sharp jab of pain tore at my neck. First came flashing lights . . . and then darkness . . . .

Awakening in misty light, I knew at once I had to be back in the Sixth Century, B.C., in the time of avenging lovers. I was stretched out beneath the Aphaian Temple staring up into the marble genitals of a miniature falling soldier.

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Sharp spasms of pain at the back of my head sprang me into now. I grabbed hold of an empty crate to pull myself up, gasping for breath. I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was seeing right. I was in a stuffy, dimly-lit room with a low ceiling, not on the grassy knoll of the Temple at all. Small marble figures tumbled out of hastily opened crates, their severe faces peering silently at me from the shadows. Goose bumps erupted on my body and my heart pounded. No mistaking who these figures were . . . .

The famous miniatures—the Elysian Marbles stolen from Rhodes in 1955 . . . their primitive smiles of crisp, aloof energy; their arched, naked bodies, still and pure, spoke the truth eloquently.

The theft of the Elysian miniatures had been one of the art world's most infamous scandals. I'd been too young to appreciate its importance in 1955, but had remembered and had stumbled across the story again a couple of years ago. The Marbles had never been recovered and now the dictatorship in Athens was desperately trying to find them. So here I was in the thick of them, like a crazy dream.

Why I was put here was no dream. The realization came with total consciousness. Who else but Holly Love and her accomplice, probably the blond homophobe who'd been tailing me, couldn't have dumped me into the midst of this incredible treasure?

Augustus Swann must have stolen the Elysian Marbles and smuggled them into the United States. It had to be. And now Holly was going to blackmail Gus. Holly would've been too young to marry Gus as long ago as 1955, I reasoned, so Gus must've laid them on her for safekeeping at a later time.

What in hell did Gus plan to do with them? They couldn't be fenced. Did he have some wild notion he might give them to a museum someday? That day would never come now, not with the Greek militarists crying for them and a sympathetic ear in Washington.

I wanted to spend hours in the tiny room just staring . . . feeling . . . touching . . . grooving on these magnificent heroes, but time had to be running out on us. I had to find my way back to Ebanykus . . . Elliott Sandhurst . . . and to Gus, to warn him that Holly did indeed plan to force his hand.

Man, it was all falling into place like good sex. Jack Strong wanted control of the Broadway Baths to save his crumbling enterprises and had offered to front for the Syndicate to gain that control. But he needed Gus' fifty-one percent, so he offered to support the Holly Love Gallery, probably through Syndicate money, if Holly would force Gus to sell out his interests in the Broadway—to Jack Strong, of course. Strong introduced Gene Bouclé to Holly and Holly had gone dinky over him, so she was willing to risk blackmailing Gus—sell out to Strong, or she would tell the world who'd stolen the Elysian Marbles. Holly would be free of Gus and forever into Gene Bouclé's ever-lovin' arms. Poor misguided Holly.

And the fucking Syndicate, in typical fashion, would take over the Broadway Baths.

No matter how misguided Holly was, she did intend to blackmail Gus into submission, and I was the messenger boy. And there was a little matter of murder. The police weren't gonna keep that quiet much longer. And what if, as an extra push, the Syndicate decided to waste someone else—maybe even Ebanykus, or—shit! What was I sitting here for?

It came as no surprise the door was unlocked, nor that my blond friend was perched outside, gun in hand, slumped against the wall of a narrow corridor.

"You read the message?" he sneered. "Tell Swann he has forty-eight hours to sign over his interests in the Broadway Baths to us. Or we're spilling it all about the Marbles."

"Holly Love will go down with him, or did you tell her that?" I glared at him with bleary eyes.

"Up there," he rasped, pointing with the gun to a narrow staircase. "And remember, forty-eight hours. Let yourself out. The alarm's turned off."

I scrambled up the wooden steps to another doorway, this one leading out to a tiny alcove with a john to one side. Stepping from behind the water-lily screen, I found myself in the gallery again. It was dark and deserted, and night outside. I ran to the front and unlocked the door . . . .

Back in the apartment I slapped some eggs and cheese into a buttery frying pan, burned the butter, overcooked the eggs and washed the whole mess down with a glass of cheap wine Ebanykus had stashed in the refrigerator. All I could do now was strip, get into bed and wait. And try to hang together. Somehow. I hadn't been able to raise anyone on the phone. Ebanykus, Gregorio and Gene had all split down to Gus' ALK thing.

Snuggled between rose sheets and Bucks County quilt to warm my anticipating, naked body, I tried reading Plato, hoping to enlighten myself about ALK, beginning with my favorite dialogue, the "Symposium," getting into it quickly . . . all those beautiful things Plato says about male love and lovers . . . until I came to the passage: ". . . suddenly there was a great knocking at the door of the house," and "they heard the voice of Alcibiades resounding in the court . . . ."

Alcibiades! More correctly spelled with "K"—"Alkibiades . . . A-L-K."

So I had one piece of something. Gus was heavy into the Greek thing and probably had some kind "Symposium" going. Did he fancy himself Alkibiades? Alkibiades, they say, had a lisp. Just like Gus.

More likely, Gus fancied himself another Socrates. And that made me laugh right out loud.

I played around with the idea for awhile, but sank into deeper depression, tired of waiting . . . seeking comfort from Plato . . . .

Well, let me tell you, old Plato gave me a kick in the ass that night stretching all the way from the Fourth Century, B.C.

In the "Symposium" Phaedros says: "And if there were only some way of contriving that a state or an army should be made up of lovers and loves, they would be the very best governors of their own city, abstaining from all dishonor, and emulating one another in honor; *and when fighting at each other's side, although a mere handful, they would overcome the world.*" Right on!

So there I was, close to midnight, my bullheaded head imagining great victories

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and planning fantastic campaigns against the Syndicate with my army of lovers!

Then, dropping into fitful sleep . . . when here comes the familiar, peculiar clump of Ebanykus gazelling up the stairs . . . . about time! The keys turn in the locks . . . one, two, three! The door scrapes. Silence. Whispers . . . not alone. I jumped down from the loft bed and zipped my knock-around cords over a semi-hard.

Ebanykus I recognized, but who was the number lurking in the shadowy hallway? Had Ebanykus got an E.S.P. from me and started recruiting the army of lovers, or were we suddenly into threesomes?

A cute trick at that, curly brown hair messed around smooth olive skin and wide, staring eyes. He stood shorter than Ebanykus, two dangling arms, a delicate hand clutching scuffed, tan luggage, its clasps, tarnished brass, bent and open. Hard muscle seemed to fill his sleeves, firm, young pecs asserting from his unzipped, battered leather jacket. Patch-pocket pants, red-on-red, skinned over no waist at all, but a handful and thick thighs made up for it.

He held back in the hallway, scared and vulnerable. Ebanykus looked at me sheepishly and slouched without a word out through the kitchen into the john. The kid–junior–didn't budge. I had to laugh.

"Well, shit, come on in!" I said and went out into the hall to grab his suitcase and pull him in.

He grinned white teeth to disarm me. In the kitchen light he was younger than young, like sixteen. I hoped nineteen. Ebanykus came out of the john and said, "It's not like it looks, Jonquil."

"What's not like *what* looks?" I asked.

"This is Garret," he said. "Garret, this is my *lover* . . . dig?"

"Do we kiss, shake hands or fuck?" The words spilled out before I could stop them. Garret wasn't grinning anymore.

"Hey, man," he rasped (he sounded like Ebanykus!) "I can split, you know . . . ."

"No, what the hell," I interrupted, "don't pay no mind to me. It's my wicked Scorpio tongue."

"You a Scorpio?"

"Rising sign."

"Oh." He was grinning again. "I'm a Leo," he said.

Ebanykus stumbled over an explanation. "See, I found him wandering around down on Broadway, in the Village, you know–over by Gus' loft–you know, near Bond Street."

"Well, no, I don't know, but for chrissakes, why are we standing around? You guys pack into the kitchen and I'll make some coffee. Or do you want a drink?"

"Coffee's okay," the boy mumbled.

"I'll take tea," Ebanykus said.

They sat at the table, and I opened a fresh can of Martinson's ground.

"You alone in the nasty Big Apple and need a place to crash?" I asked, coming to join them at the table.

The boy–Garret–bugged his big brown eyes at me, pouting Sookey lips. But Ebanykus answered for him. "See Jonquil, I thought he could crash here tonight and I'll get him a job at the Broadway, and maybe–like, he can stay with Gregorio . . . ." He stopped and looked at me with a Cheshire smile.

"Oh yeah . . . Gregorio," I replied. "Yeah, Miss Fixit. I dig. Have you laid your little scheme on Gregorio yet?"

"Gregorio hasn't met him yet."

Garret was studying me with a kind of pained expression, not knowing what to make of me, I guess, how I'd swing with him. He took a quick breath. "I was hassled by this creep," he blurted out. Ebanykus cut him off again.

"This evil queen was trying to set up a hustling scene with Garret, you believe it? Trying to sell him off at thirty bucks a throw."

"Only in New York," I said. "You should've asked for fifty."

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

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SAY



"Boy who sucks ass loves it a 'hole' lot!"

"So I split fast," Garret continued with some fire. At least he was trying to win me over. "Tonight," he said, "I only been here a week from New Hope and I met this guy in a bar, and–well, tonight, he went out for pistachio ice cream, so I split."

"You got bread?" I asked, just in case he wasn't so innocent. I liked believing he was.

He frowned. "Sure I got bread, man. Whaddya think?"

"He was just drifting around down there on lower Broadway," Ebanykus said, then hunched up his shoulders in a shrug, "so I brought him home."

I grinned and went for the coffee.

Well, happiness is a warm puppy, they say, and our bed was big enough. My only hangup was I wanted to rap with Ebanykus; find out what had gone down at Gus' ALK scene; tell him about my army of lovers, the Elysian Marbles, the blond homophobe and Holly Love and Jack Strong–get some help from him in putting things together.

But hell, I could come on like the Salvation Army if Ebanykus could.

So, we drank our coffee and Ebanykus his tea, and I got to know more about Garret. I liked what I got to know. Sure, he was turning me on and my earth-mother-father instincts were plugging in, but, as it turned out, he was a tough little guy with his future laid out like Themistocles' assault on the Persian fleet at Salamis.

"See, man, first I gotta get me a part-time job," he said, "then I start taking my stuff around on the East Side and maybe I can get some work designing for a shop or two, enough to get back into school and get my M.F.A. . . . ."

He was into hand-painted ceramics of his own design at the moment. He showed us some of it, colored glossies of work he'd done at school in Philadelphia and a few far out floral patterns he'd whipped up for a small shop in New Hope before coming to make it in the Big Apple. Those pictures were practically all he had in that forlorn, tattered suitcase.

So, what the hell, we stripped bare ass and climbed into bed, the three of us, not planning anything to happen. But, man, what do you expect with three naked buns and all those tits and assholes crammed under the same quilt on a cold night–you expect everybody to go to sleep?

We got into each other real quick, I'll tell you, three crazies coming on with nary a thought for tomorrow, tossing beneath scratchy blankets, grooving on hard, warm cocks . . . holding . . . letting go . . . groaning into popping orgasms, hot sperm all over clean sheets . . . a kind of hysterical laughing crescendo like it was the best sex any of us ever had, and Ebanykus and I forgetting each other for the moment . . . the three of us like freaked out adolescents, and more rimming and fucking and kissing than you could count, before the night was over . . . .

We got to sleep about four in the morning, Ebanykus and I cradling the stray between us, trying, I suppose, to protect him with a little of the love we'd shared.

The Gods have been kind to Ebanykus and me. Our bed is made. Why keep it all to ourselves?

In our next issue: A kick in the ass from Plato and the killer strikes again!

MALAYSIA

(Continued from page 25)

with nary a one–can't say they wail with disappointment at my hairless physique. So, play around Malacca for awhile and then you'll begin to get the picture (of course, Singapore will have prepared you very well).

Go on by train to Penang. You might care to stop off in Kuala Lumpur but of all Asian cities I do not care for this one. But if you get off, just cross the street to the Majestic Hotel if you want a bit of local colour, rather dilapidated yet very colonial in atmosphere where everyone is friendly, and it is very cheap. There is the Hilton, et

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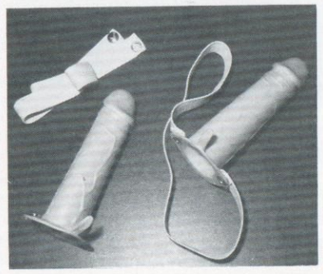

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al (if you must) but you'll have to taxi to them. You are likely to meet gay tourists at the Hilton Bar, and also at the Thistle Bar in the Merlin Hotel–Jalan Treacher; and the White Horse Bar–Jolan Mountbatten. And Jalan Raya Park is mildly cruised by locals and tourists at night. Likewise the train station when open. For possible street contacts try walking the Main Promenade from 2000 to 2300.

I'll bet you are back on the northbound train (hilariously referred to as an express) to Penang the next day. No truly gay bars here either, but let me relate an occurrence which characteristically was my experience on my most recent visit some eight months ago. I stayed as guest of a most generous friend in the old pile called the Eastern and Oriental Hotel, which was once one of the most glittering hostelries in the East–under the great British pukka sahib. It's old but still has a lot of charm and is right on the waterfront in George Town, the very delightful administrative centre for the island of Penang (which you reach by a ferry from the railhead of Butterworth, by the way).

One evening, the two of us got into a trishaw, pedalled by the driver who'd chosen us to be 'his own' and very often that can include 'his own' in ways you'd be sure to approve of. Not gay–you understand . . . but just what helps to make the world go round. Well, it was the usual balmy evening when one loves everything in sight as one is pedalled graciously through the quiet streets; small groups of families chatting softly on their doorsteps under the porticoed house fronts which are very European in a rather exotic sense. There is, thank the Lord, very little motor traffic here and it is a haven of peace. Arriving at the restaurant, we were greeted most amicably by a delightful young waiter with a gleam in his eyes I just thought I liked the look of. I'm not a great steak eater but this restaurant, the Belvedere, specialises in this meat so after choosing I told the lad that if it wasn't cooked just right (which it often isn't) I'd shoot him. The conversation proceeded along these lines.

Waiter: "Oh? Where sir?"
Self: "What do you mean, where?" rather sharply.
Waiter: "Well, Sir, where would you shoot me?"
Self: "Do you mean in what place?"
Waiter: "Well I mean, Sir–would you shoot me in the front, in the sides, or maybe in the back?"
Self: "Do you mean you have a preference?"
Waiter: "Well, I rather think I'd like it in the back, Sir."
Self: "Oh, then you've given this some thought before?"
Waiter: "Oh, I have Sir; I've thought of it often."
Self: "Then it's possible you've already had some experience of being shot."
Waiter: "Yes, I've been shot before, Sir."
Self: "And the back is best, is it?"
Waiter: "Yes, it's a fabulous experience being shot in the back."

And by which an amicable shooting date was fixed to give the fullest satisfaction to its entirely willing victim. And all of this time (we were talking quietly, he with a smile all over his mischievous face), old Lincoln was studying the menu, unaware of the heavenly plans being made within his hearing.

In Penang there is but one place to stay; the beach area of Batu Ferringhi–behind which a Malay village (Kampong) nestles midst the jungle foliage. A magnificent stretch of beach about ten miles from George Town–into which the jolting bus ride is packed with interest–where fisherfolk tend their nets by the lights of flares at night, is fronted onto by three hotels. Sadly, two more big ones (one being Japanese so that means the introduction of the transistor radio by the thousands because no Japanese can move on his two feet without carrying one) have been opened just recently and the massive inroads of tourism is sure to destroy the place most thoroughly. You can't really blame the fisherfolk for not falling head over heels to greet you on the beach when you realise that the presence of thousands of tourists is going to destroy their very way of life.

I recommend you to stay at the Golden Sands Hotel, whose manager is a jolly fellow who keeps asking people if everything is all right though he'd never do anything if you said it wasn't. But he asks. The hotel is fronted by a hard-packed sand court dotted with cooling Causarina pines under which are placed checker-clothed tables where you –if you want to–eat all your meals, including evening dinner to the accompaniment of lightning flashes over the distant island mountains in springtime, when it seems there's a storm a day. If the rain comes your way it will pour torrents for awhile, then clear completely. You can wait it out.

On my first day there I met a very companionable Malay youngster on the beach who asked if he could bring his friend to meet me that afternoon. If you go, you'll meet them too. They're a permanent feature of the beach and *very* friendly. Anyway, to me two is a crowd so I rather unwillingly agreed. Thank God I did!

These lads are now great pals and I've been back twice since. I've photographed them from every conceivable angle and if this fine magazine accepts my photographic submissions with this article, they will rightly grace the pages of the journal for your eyes to behold. They are deep brown through constant playing in the water and one had the added peculiarity of having a penis in two tones of soft pink and dusky brown.

Around ths island of Penang there are legions of sun-kissed beaches which have no approaches from the landward side so can only be reached by the type of little island craft which you can hire for half- or a full day along with the owner to take you to spots idyllic. You gather your beach friends, a picnic basket packed by the hotel and off you go. To play and sun on the surf and in the jungle back of it–as your heart dictates. If you are really sharp and with-it, guys, find some way to compromise the boatman so that you and your young friends are not shy to do what your heart impels in this paradise –such as strip nude. Surfside games in these crystal clear waters with honey-toned bodies all round, need no false modesty. But your beach friends would be afraid to embrace such liberties in front of their villager friend (who might talk) unless you take the lead or

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by some mischievous technique you'll have to devise for yourself–using circumstances to assist at the moment–to get him into so relaxed a state of mind that neither he nor the beach kids are worried about each other's awareness. With all that jungle so near, of course, there's no need to go as far as making sexplay which just might offend someone's sensitivities. Just play it all by sight and sound. But believe everything you like and want to do is possible–for it is. And this is truly a paradise on earth. You really are in a corner of heaven. On my first visit I could not think to tear myself away and after staying three weeks I only finally left because a friend from Paris just happened to be going the same way as I intended, so–for the sake of a bit of company we went on together. But truly, Penang is a place you can hardly bear to leave.

In commenting on Penang I must add that if you do meet gay tourists it is likely to be in the Captain's Bar at the Mandarin Hotel, and also at the Den Discotheque at the previously mentioned E & O Hotel. Transvestites frequent the Island Bar in Chulia Street on Friday and Saturday nights. Locals and tourists cruise the park in front of the City Council after dark.

Discovering a native Malay who is a genuine gay is a very rare event, for most of the ones answering to that calling would have migrated to the big towns and with their general ambivalence towards sex being a well-acknowledged fact, there are few who are exclusively a man's man. Yet I did have just such a rare experience so there's no harm in you expecting something similar, now is there? While lying on a deserted stretch of sand one morning, as near nude as I dared, it slowly dawned upon me that an extraordinarily handsome lad was sitting slightly to the rear of me.

His shy, ear to ear grin when I waved at him prompted me to walk over and, sitting beside the lad I was not a little delighted to become aware that the handsome youth was 'hardsome' as well; surprises and delights are a part of Penang. Though not a word of each others' language did we speak it was somehow arranged that we'd meet at seven that night on the beach in the same place so I spent the remainder of the afternoon planning an extension of my young friend's sense of hardship. At seven, we were alone except for a fakir invoking the Gods somewhat lengthily. My hand having been guided to a challenging location while we anticipated the end of the incantations in the gathering dusk, I was not altogether unhappy to wait awhile. Still barely believing such good fortune, I had left all thoughts of softening-up technique (that seems a contradiction in terms) back in the hotel room where, on this merry night, they rightfully remained uncalled for. Before much more time had passed, the chanter drifted away into the dusk, the white of his garments being visible for a long time against the brilliant wash of the surf racing over the sands, till–in time–they merged into one.

So it happened that, lying together deep amongst the palm trees, we played our game of mutual approval and when the time was deemed right, my young friend spreadeagled himself on his belly and noisily, lustily, and hungrily absorbed the produce of your correspondent's vastly swelled and pulsating loins–in a place deep within him. Not only on that night, my friends, but in other locations at other times during my altogether satisfactory visit to Penang. Should you choose to follow in my footsteps I trust you will enjoy as much penetrating pleasure as I did.

• • •

YUGOSLAV BEACHES

(Continued from page 27)

on the Dalmatian Coast and on the River Lim have small bungalows of quite modern design. These bungalows are larger than the typical cabana elsewhere (since they can be lived in), and look like a cross between a Fiji Island hut and half of a Swiss A-chalet. Some are two-storied. Each has a small porch/patio fronting on the water, and one can live an idyllic vacation life here, darting from bungalow into the water to fish out a likely trick (seen via binoculars through one's window), and bring him home. Or maybe two or more, and just think what that could lead to! Such possibilities!

These bungalows are usually strung along about twenty to thirty feet apart and follow the convolutions of the meandering coastline, creating small colonies or enclaves. The sandy area between bungalows and sea is used principally for sunbathing and ogling. Other areas are reserved for volley-ball or tennis, or other FKKing state-decreed, get-in-shape activity.

At this point we should like to make one thing perfectly clear. There is no connotation between FKK beaches and Simon-pure (or Simon 'impure') *gay* beaches. An FKK beach often adjoins a regular non-nude beach, however this does not make the FKK beach, *per se*, a gay beach.

There are as many females as males who inhabit FKK beaches and skinny-dip or 'sinny-dip'. Of course we realize that this thought may be repulsive to many (but we hope it won't discourage you from going), for as Will Shakespeare said to a new lover who–during sex–noted solicitously that his massive phallus was causing the great playwright some discomfort on anal entry, "What pleasure without its pain?" So if you go to Yugoslavia and settle on one of the FKK beaches–some of which we shall describe more fully–don't be dismayed if you are asked to make up a foursome in a female volley-ball game. You need worry only that in the heated give-and-take of the game you may be unable to distinguish volley-ball from bazoom (since they are usually of comparable size in Yugoslavia).

THE BEST TIME TO GO

Gay travelers have learned that the best time to visit Yugoslavia and its nude beaches is not during the high season of June through July when the hotels are jammed, and the walls of every guest house are at the bursting point from the additional cots pressed into service in each bedroom for "Junior." (Conventions . . . conventions . . . conventions!) The best time for gay people–even the swingingest–is from about August 10 to the last week in September. It should be noted that the climate along the Dalmatian coastline is much like that of the Italian Riviera, and so summer sings her siren song much longer here.

So if your boss has given you four weeks vacation, live it up right here for the entire time; or if you have a more extended vacation you can do the rest of your European stint and FKK it up for a couple of weeks along this golden strand. It makes an ideal spot for a kind of in-between summer and fall vacation. And you won't miss a trick by arriving later, because all gay people simply hate to leave, and delay it as long as possible.

HOW TO GET THERE

With twenty-eight nude beaches nestling in the many indentations of the Dalmatian Coast you may feel it disconcerting at best and heartbreaking at worst to find the nude beach that's just the one for *you*. The easiest way to do this is by making Dubrovnik your point of reconnaissance. Fly by Pan American direct from New York to Belgrade; thence by local in-flight to Dubrovnik's International Airport. However, if you are already in Europe you can fly direct by Yugoslav Airways to Dubrovnik from such cities as Rome, Munich and Vienna. There is good train and bus service from Belgrade, too, and good *bus* service up and down the Dalmatian Coast. There is no train service south of Split.

You'll enjoy it more if you rent a car in Dubrovnik and first drive north along the coast until you reach Split and the FKK beaches north of this town which is smaller than Dubrovnik. Then back to Dubrovnik and on down southward as far as the Albanian border. Here is the southernmost town along the coast–Ulcinj–which has one of the most popular FKK beaches–*Bojana*.

You'll find it hard to tear yourself away from Dubrovnik, surely one of the most charming old-world towns in all of Europe. Dubrovnik is a walled city, called by George Bernard Shaw "The pearl of the Adriatic . . . a paradise on earth." You will be at once impressed by the fact that it juts out into the sea–like an island–and by its striking architectural unity (no Marxitecture here!) which derives from a subtly-tinted stone used for the buildings and pavements . . . and its sheltering, unifying wall. In this respect it has much in common with Gotland (*Gay Gotland*, described in the June 1974 issue of *Ciao!*). The fortress Dubrovnik–for in medieval times the city of Dubrovnik was exactly that–is surely the most perfectly preserved walled city in Europe, even down to its famous drawbridge (near, around, and under which, incidentally, there is much cruising at night). There has been such respect for history here that one almost expects to hear trumpets sounding and see knights riding across the cobblestones and over the drawbridge–off to do battle with rapacious armies, or to convert the heathen.

The magnet for everyone in the city–from oldest native to newest visitor–is its magnificent town square . . . and the fountains at each end that once served as the town wells. By tacit agreement gay people meet at the fountains. But then, everyone comes to the square sometime during the day . . . to gossip, see what's going on, who's arrived . . . to have a coffee or pass the time of day. And it's here that you'll hear much

about *Lokrum,* one of the fine beaches outside Dubrovnik. Lokrum is a rugged, beautifully-forested island, somewhat commercial on one end, but at the other there is a fine beach, secluded, and quite gay and gayly cruised–however, of necessity, discreetly.

You can reach Lokrum by boat-bus (which takes you only to the commercial side). What is better is to hire a water taxi for about 35 dinar–call it two dollars–for a round trip which takes you right where the action is.

If you were born and bred in the city and would like to mix metropolitan life with FKKing up a storm–driving in your rented car from one FKK beach to another; coming back at night and being a city boy: you should make Dubrovnik your *pied à terre* for the season. You can't miss! There are so many things to do and see, among which is the famous Dubrovnik Summer Festival (Shakespearean plays) . . . and in all the other, and smaller squares in the town there are all kinds of entertainments going on. It's never dull.

So before we go on to the very special FKK beaches mentioned earlier, we should like to recommend some good hotels in Dubrovnik all of which are far less expensive than comparable accommodations in any European country. In the deluxe category are the *Croatia* (the newest), the *Libertas,* the *Argentina* and the *Excelsior.* Medium-priced are the *Splendid* and the *Lapad* (formerly the summer home of the Esterhazy family) with its magnificent garden. Quite inexpensive, and within the city walls (the luxury hotels are outside, most on cliffs *à la* Acapulco's *Las Brisas*), is the *Dubrovka.* Reservations are a must at this popular hotel, and there is full pension. The *Sumratin,* near one of the beautiful public beaches, is clean, well-managed, and possibly the best value for the very moderate price.

The deluxe hotels charge about $18 for a single room . . . a room in the medium-priced hotels is a little less than $10 . . . while the least expensive charge a little less than $6 per day for a single room. Also there are lots of guest houses (even less expensive). Look for signs indicating *zimmer frei.* Now this doesn't mean that the rooms are by any means 'free' (as *Frei* is translated in FKK), but merely that they are vacant. Whew! We certainly wouldn't want to mislead you there!

Restaurants in Dubrovnik, as elsewhere in Yugoslavia, are quite good and moderately priced. The Yugoslav cook takes pride in his work, and his cooking–while usually not elaborate–is hearty and wholesome. It will remind you pleasantly of good Czech, Polish and Hungarian cooking.

The first of the FKK beaches we hope you'll visit is

BOJANA

The small town of Ulcinj, near which is the FKK Bojana Beach, is a small Eden. It has new and beautifully designed hotels, two of which–the *Jadran* and the *Galeb*–are tucked upon the hillside directly fronting on one of the most beautiful public beaches in Europe. Perhaps one reason why Ulcinj has become such a popular resort is the mystical belief long attached to the waters around the town as being *sexually restorative.* There is a beach near the *Hotel Albatross,* for example, called *Women's Beach,* and it has long been held therapeutic for women unable to conceive. The waters around Ulcinj have long been thought miraculous . . . a kind of sexual Lourdes–if we may be forgiven an unintended blasphemy. Anyway, it draws childless women from all over Europe, and superstitious others, who think Women's Beach can make them sexier. One wonders if the waters are supposed to release sexual uptightness that may prevent conception, or if women somehow expect a scuba-diving Neptune to come up and impregnate them. We mention this, too, as a warning to gay guys. For heaven's sake don't get Women's Beach confused with Bojana . . . you will certainly understand that we can't be held liable for any resulting fecundity!

Possibly the last word in beautiful nude FKK beaches and beautiful nude people may be found just a few miles below Ulcinj, near the Albanian frontier. Here the Bojana River forms a tiny island as it flows peacefully on to the Adriatic, and the result is truly a small Eden.

Bojana and Ulcinj are but a short driving distance from Dubrovnik . . . just 135 miles. It makes an interesting day's outing, and you will have the chance to discover if Bojana is really your beat. The small bungalows fronting on the water are exactly as described earlier in this article. Each has space for one, two–often three–beds. The amenities other than comfort, convenience and great charm, are hot and cold running water (also tricks), toilet and bidet, the latter very helpful in a fast sexual turnover. Nearby is an auto-camp with sanitary facilities. Bojana Beach is a mecca for many types of people, and there are accommodations for all types.

There are those nudists who hike and camp (in the literal sense), as well as those who come via trailer in *Traktor Caravans* as they are called. Most, however, come by car or bus or plane and stay in several lovely hotels which, in addition to the Jadran and Galeb, include the new *Hotel Albatross,* just a short walk from the center of Ulcinj . . . very modern and luxurious. There are also less expensive inns–like the Italian rural *albergo*–and, of course, the 'zimmer frei' of guest houses. Prices for all are a little less than in Dubrovnik.

In Ulcinj/Bojana there is a peasant-type market place where you may buy all kinds of interesting things, and there seems to be some kind of homespun amusement/entertainment going on all the time. If you get tired of bodies, bodies, bodies (perish the thought!), you can always find other diversions in this charming little town.

Some cautions: Please remember that the FKK beaches, for all their nudity, freedom, and cruising, do not permit outdoor sexual hanky-panky. Also, for all their health-resort aspect they are not Esalens or group sex-type or 'therapeutic' encounters. So don't take your camera to the beach for any reason other than aiming it at the beauties of nature . . . not below the belt . . . no recording for either posterity or pornography the 'buffers 'n boffers' FKKing along the beach. In this, all twenty-eight FKK beaches in Yugoslavia are as camera shy as ever were the nudists of the *Ile du Levant* (*Ciao!* February 1973).

VRSAR

Vrsar is an old fishing village at the mouth of the River Lim, and quite famous for its oysters. Now, however, it has even more claim to fame . . . its magnificent and ever-growing Koversada Beach (or Koverschade, as it is sometimes indicated in German, which is widely spoken here).

Koversada is quite different than Bojana. The former is surrounded with more elegant hotels and tourist accommodations. Koversada has picturesque charm (as do most European fishing villages). Moreover it is much more of a campsite place and less of a luxury-hotel ambience than Bojana. It has, of course, the same type of bungalows (also different kinds), but in the main it is given more to chalets and tourist 'pavilions' . . . one, Pavillon-Villas, which has 342 beds.
The feeling of nudity is paramount here, whereas the feeling of being at an elegant spa pervades Bojana. There are commissaries of very modern design . . . really they are nudist supermarkets. Everything is spotless. Also Vrsar as a town, and Koversada as its beach are more sports-minded . . . many more sports are played. The trailer camps (Traktor-Caravans) are packed, and growing in size. Behind them are acres and miles of lush vegetation . . . in front of the bluest of blue water. Some feel that the crowds here are younger. Perhaps, but there are all types in all FKK settlements. It is possible to get a 'zimmer frei' plus three meals per day included for less than $12 (remember, the dollar buys considerably more than it did six months ago). So if you are on a budget vacation, and would like to swim it up and sun it up and suck it up and FKK it up for practically pennies (compared with the prices you'd pay at other European vacations spots) Koversada is a good bet.

Inasmuch as Koversada Beach is a small island unto itself, you may wish to come out during each day and make Vrsar itself your takeoff point. If so you'll find the *Hotel Pineta* with its beautiful terrace and many swimming facilities, including a pool in the hotel (if it's too cool for the beach), to be satisfactory in every way. Lovely, without being over-elegant and/or overdone. The town of Vrsar has about 4000 population, not including visitors, and has just about the same civic interest/entertainment of any other town of this small size. The attraction –the only attraction–is Koversada . . . and it's *something!*

KASELA

On the opposite end–the northern end–of the Dalmatian Coast, past Split, is Kasela Beach at the town of Medulin . . . also it is only seven miles from the Adriatic port of Pula, and within easy reach of Trieste. Kasela is the newest of the Dalmatian FKK resorts. The Yugoslavian Government has sunk a lot of money into it and it shows in the spanking new villas, the large, communal restaurant, and the rooms which are simply and tastefully furnished.

There are bungalows with 1, 2 and 3 beds, fancy baths/bidets, yet the prices are somewhat less than at Koversada. Because it is at the northern end of the coastline, the beach here is less sandy and more pebbly, and so the action goes on more on the grassy slopes than on the beach proper (which is largely a sunbathing area . . . much

cushions and the like). Kasela gets a lot of college students and young Belgrade office-workers on vacation, and it is less auto-campy than the other beaches. The water here is the same clear blue one finds at all indentations of the Dalmatian Coast.

HVAR

Lying opposite Split, the midpoint of the Dalmatian Coast, is Hvar, an island about 43 miles long, steeped in history (its civilization dates to 390 B.C.), and drenched in indescribable beauty. On your peregrination up and down the Coast, please make a side trip to Hvar. It's something you will never forget. Here also is an FKK beach and it's one for all ages. There are frequent ferryboats from Split. The trip takes about 90 minutes and the fare is about $1.60. Even if you have fallen in love with the southern FKK beaches and/or Dubrovnik and have no great desire to explore the northern beaches, you may also side-trip it to Hvar for a day by boat from Dubrovnik.

Sailing directly into Hvar one sees a picture-postcard town–a beautiful beach ringed around with red tile-roofed houses and lush foliage. Above all–on the highest hill–a medieval fortress acts as a seeming sentinel guarding all below.

Here along the coastline one need not snorkel to see life below the water; it is so clear that the bottom can be clearly seen in sharp detail!

Although the Yugoslavs, with a sharp eye to tourist trade, have arranged all kinds of entertainments, from plays in a red-carpeted theater built in 1612, to American movies shown in the town cinemas, the attraction most tourists enjoy is simply to walk around the town, exploring the many well-preserved vestiges of its ancient history.

You may like Hvar's FKK beach as much as the others we have described–it may be exactly what you're looking for. If you'd like to stay for several days you'll find a a good selection of accommodations ranging in price from $11 to $28 a day for two in summer to half that in the fall and winter. The deluxe hotels are the *Adriatic, Palace* and *Amfora.* While less luxurious, but just as comfortable and convenient, are the *Pharos, Bodul, Sirena, Dalmacija* and *Delfin.* The least expensive ($11 for two) is the *Galeb.* All through the town one sees signs reading "Sobe? Zimmer? Room?" Every type of accommodation. Some will seem rather primitive with respect to sanitary facilities, so it is best to inspect your prospective room before you pay. In any case the trip to Hvar is worth any inconvenience so please make a side-trip to it at least, no matter what part of the Dalmatian Coast may already have enchanted you.

You'll love it!

Unlike travel in the Soviet Union and Poland where most arrangements are handled through Intourist, or some other national tourist agency, in Yugoslavia each province has its individual and helpful tourist agency. To find out more about Yugoslavia and its unique beaches, write the Yugoslav State Tourist Bureau, 509 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Or you may contact *Reiseburo Miramare,* Sendlingerstrasse 45, 8 Munich 2, Western Germany, which handles tourist arrangements from Munich or elsewhere in Germany for the three FKK beaches mentioned, and has beautiful brochures of all. This latter note may be of help if you are doing Germany–and particularly Munich–and would like to add a week or so to your stay for a visit to Yugoslavia.

Just go . . . and have a FKKing good time!

• • •

IT'S BETTER IN PAIRS

(Continued from page 32)

provided, confirming once again that when Peter the Great took on a lover, he certainly did right by him.

The boy who was destined to become *Frederick the Great* of Prussia in a reign that lasted from 1740 until 1786 had an extremely traumatic experience in his formative years when his father had his beloved companion and lover, a dashing lieutenant named *von Katte,* beheaded before his very eyes. The father, Frederick Wilhelm I, took this extreme measure for a couple of reasons. First, von Katte had attempted to help Frederick escape from his father, whom he detested, by fleeing to England, where the two had hoped to live in peace and love. Also, the King had guessed how deep the intimacy between the prince and the lieutenant went, and hoped that the shock of seeing von Katte decapitated would deter his son from future homosexual relationships. Deter him it did not. Once he ascended the throne his court at Sans Souci was noted for its paucity of women. Frederick subsequently had several lovers important to him–including Baron Trenck, Count Gorz, and Count Keyserlingk–but it was undoubtedly the lieutenant who had sacrificed his life for him that Frederick always held closest to his heart.

In our next issue . . . "The British Romantics."

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

Vatican's good graces, whereupon he would return to Capri to finish his self-appointed task of corrupting the island's youth. But German newspapers got into the act with what they called the "Capri scandal," and it didn't help Krupp's cause when pictures of him appeared in a state of comparative undress with various Capri youths.

Like Oscar Wilde, Krupp had painted himself into a corner, and soon he was involved in legal action. Wilde had already gone down in ignominy and defeat after a disastrous trial. Krupp spared himself Wilde's fate by killing himself before his trial began, although his suicide was repressed and it was reported in the newspapers that he had died of natural causes. At his funeral, the Kaiser's wreath was inscribed: "To my best friend."

• • •

BACK ISSUES
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STRANGER ON A TRAIN

(Continued from page 19)

Paddy had to smile. "It's very kind of you."

"Not at all, sir." For a second Mr. Doughcraft's face showed anxiety, and his little pearly teeth rabbited at his lower lip. "There *is* just one thing, however. We *really* didn't have a vacancy, but we've put you in the ah–well–special room. You see, this hotel was built many years ago and the rooms are simply *huge*. We've subdivided one of them but the soundproofing is–well–not the best, so you'll have to be most terribly, terribly quiet while you're in there." The smile flickered back. "You *do* understand?"

"Of course," Paddy said. "I'll even breathe softly."

"Oh, you dear *dear* boy," Mr. Doughcraft beamed. "I'm sure we'll be able to make your stay *most* pleasant."

The card was gold-lettered, ornate. 'Thirty-one Albemarle Crescent'. And underneath, 'Antiques and Rare Books. Josiah L. Crumley. Prop.' Mark? In an *antique* shop?

Paddy opened the window-paned door and entered. It was dim inside, light coming from two pink-shaded Edwardian hall sconces. Carved furniture littered with books and brass lamps seemed to fill the salon. Hardly a place for the vigorous youthful Mark. Against one wall a tall rosewood cabinet held delicately coloured porcelain, the soft green and gold patterns gleaming. Paddy studied it with interest.

A soft footfall behind him. "Sir is interested in the Sèvres? They're very beautiful, aren't they?"

He turned. A tall aristocratic-looking man with a drooping white moustache, a diamond pin in his cravat. "Oh, yes–they are," Paddy said. No sign of Mark.

"Can I show Sir?" He opened the cabinet. "Very rare. Very rare indeed."

Paddy handled the piece carefully. "I spoke to your–your assistant about a piece I wanted. He's–not here?"

"Mark? He should be back any moment. But I warn you, sir, these pieces are *very* expensive." He paused. "You're–American?"

"Yes. Just over for a holiday."

"Ah. Then Sir can probably afford it. I fear these pieces are far beyond the pocket of my English colleagues."

The door opened suddenly and Mark stood there. He stared at Paddy, eyes wide–then: "You didn't go back to London?"

"No, I–decided to stay a while." They stared at each other. "I was–just looking at the Sèvres porcelain," Paddy said. "Mr. Crumley was showing me some very beautiful pieces."

Mark glanced at the cabinet, then quickly at his employer. "Oh, but–" He stopped. "Yes. They are–beautiful."

Mr. Crumley bowed to Paddy. "I'll leave you with my assistant. I'm sure he'll satisfy you." He moved back through the shop and Mark collected his packages again.

"I'll take these out and be right back," he said awkwardly, following his employer. Paddy was examining the green and gold rosebowl when he returned.

"God, don't drop it," Mark said. "It's worth five hundred pounds."

"Really?" Paddy said.

Mark nodded. "Genuine Sèvres. One of their earliest pieces. The factory was established in 1740 and this piece dates from about that time." His voice became confidential. "I could probably get the old man to let you have it for four-fifty."

"Four hundred and fifty pounds," Paddy mused. "It's–rather a lot of money, isn't it?"

Mark smiled and his hand touched Paddy's. "Not for you, mate. Your granddaddy's a millionaire, remember?"

Paddy looked down at the rosebowl again. "I'm staying at the Regent's Arms," he said quietly. "Would you like to box it carefully and bring it round tonight? I'd hate to break anything so precious."

"You're really *taking* it?" Mark's voice was surprised. "I thought you were kidding." He looked round. "Maybe–maybe this jewel box–it's only thirty-five pounds?"

Paddy ignored it, took out his chequebook. "You'll take a Barclay's cheque? You can ring today and verify."

Mark's face was faintly dismayed. "You–really want it?"

"I really want it," Paddy said. "Very much. He walked to the entrance. "Then I'll see you tonight?"

"Sure–the Regent's Arms," Mark said absently. He watched Paddy move to the door. "Paddy–"

He turned, hand on the knob. "Yes?"

The English boy sighed. "Nothing."

"And don't forget," Mr. Doughcraft whispered, handing him his key. "Absolutely no no no *no* noise while you're in your room."

"I'll be a mouse," Paddy breathed into his ear.

"Oh, you absolute *darling* boy," Mr. Doughcraft fluttered. The stair-runner was a good match to the carpet–still working when it should have retired years ago. Paddy slipped the key in, entered quietly.

Really an odd room.

Small. Hardly big enough for the bed and locker. Through the one tiny window he could hear traffic noises from the street below. He stretched out on the bed. A couple of hours sleep and he'd be in fine shape for Mark tonight. In shape for *what?* For whatever comes, nutty boy. He closed his eyes. Slept.

The voice was familiar. Half-dreaming, half-waking. He'd heard it before. *Somewhere!*

"Oh, Lennie darling, not straight *away*, luv. We've only just got back."

"Ah, c'mon Cissie. I'm sick of piddling round museums. My nuts are aching like I don't know what."

"Well, it's your own fault, luv. An' I saw you showin' yourself off to that young man. I thought you was done with all that now we're married?"

"What's a boy or two, Cissie? Anyway, you fancied him a bit yourself, didn't you, eh?"

Cissie giggled. "Well–'e was 'andsome. An' he did look like he had a lot down below. If you know what I mean."

Paddy struggled to wake up. A dream? Yet the voices–almost in the room with him. He looked at the side paneling. Oddly finished off. Jointed with decorative beading. Soundlessly he felt along the edge. Nothing. The next one–a tiny gap for his fingernail. He hooked it out, gasped with excitement.

He was looking into the next room through a glass screen. On the large double-bed directly opposite, Lennie was trying to coax Cissie down on top of him. "Please Cissie," he begged. "Feel me. I'm hard as a rock."

"Oh, you're awful, Lennie Cole." She sat up. "Well, do let me get my things off first, if you *don't* mind." To Paddy's horror she walked straight towards him and seemed to be staring in his face. A two-way mirror? She slipped off her dress, undid her bra, keeping her back to Lennie and her big booby-orbs fell out and ogled Paddy. "I do wish you'd turn the light off, Lennie. I always feel someone's staring at me."

Lennie pulled off his shirt. "Who cares? It's all sex."

Paddy could hardly breathe. Lennie unzipped his pants and kicked them off. He left his briefs on and Paddy could see his stiff cock jutting inside them. Lennie reached into a drawer, drew out cold-cream. "Want me to grease you up, luv?"

Cissie stripped her panties, lay back on the bed, thighs gaping, and Paddy could see every little curling hair nestling round the pink lips. "Oh, Lennie Cole–" she giggled.

Paddy was dying to see Lennie stripped, to see that lovely cock unveiled, see the ass-cheeks, just faintly veiled by the nylon see-throughs, start humping and pumping into that delicate curly nest.

Lennie dipped his fingers in cream, began to play between her legs. "You sure you want me, lovey, or do you want that pretty boy?"

Cissie arched her back and groaned at his teasing fingers, and suddenly Lennie ripped off his briefs and jerked his hand up and down, greasing his cock-head with her love juice.

Paddy gasped with delight, his own cock thudding erect. The tool was beautiful, sticking out from Lennie's forested gut like a stiff rolling-pin. Lennie's fingers drove into her, bringing her on, knowing he'd spurt at the first plunge.

Paddy felt wild with need, whipping down his own pants and briefs, grabbing his dripping leaping cock and masturbating frantically as he watched the couple about to fuck not ten feet from his staring eyes.

Cissie was frantic with his torturing fingers. "Oh, Lennie, Lennie," she moaned. "Please, please put it into me. Now. *Now!*"

Lennie mounted over her, his knees wrenching up her thighs, lifting her juicing cunt ready for the kiss of his rampant cock. She reached down suddenly, grabbed the leaping tool, tried to stuff it into her hot cunt-mouth, and Lennie groaned, lunged forward, shoving it deep deep *deeper* up her cunt at the first raping plunge.

Paddy, crouching behind the glass, watched the plunging buttocks grinding and shoving; loved the tight hard ass-orbs bucking and thrusting, the dark hairy ass-crack leaping and bounding like a fucking stallion on a mare.

How he'd love to suck his lips into that hairy crack, suck down among those dangling balls that bounced and slapped against her fanny as she bucked. Oh, to poke his finger up that hot man's hole, then shove his cock, stiff and dripping into the burning crack, and lunge forward, fucking the guy as he fucked into his wife.

He heard Lennie groan, saw him shudder convulsively, knew he was sperming and spurting into his wife as she was wracked by her own juicing spasm of ecstasy. Almost suffocating as he watched, Paddy shoved a stiff, hairy finger up his own asshole and shot a burster, pumping gushes of hot cum-curds splashing against the wall.

God, it was so beautiful, beautiful.

To share it with them, their love, their incredible passion.

On the bed, the couple relaxed, the girl quietly moaning and Lennie gasping with the exertion of his fuck. Softly, Paddy closed the panel, leaving them together.

Funny.

It would be obscene to watch them *now*, in the tenderness of their after-love.

You really are nutty, boy!

Paddy shaved carefully in the huge bathroom down the hall. These crazy Victorians! They must have all liked washing together. He patted on the after-shave, enjoying the tangy sting. Stupid to want to please Mark so much.

Mr. Doughcraft sat at his usual place behind the desk, the *Evening Standard* propped in front of him. "I'm expecting a guest, Mr. Doughcraft," Paddy said. "When he comes, would you send him into the lounge?"

Mr. Doughcraft bounced up. "My *dear* boy, I *insist* you use my private parlour." He held up his hand. "No no *no*! I simply won't take no for an answer." He took Paddy by the arm, led him down a shabbily carpeted corridor at the rear, flung open the door grandly. "Be my guest–as you Americans say," he giggled. "Drinks in the cabinet and–" he closed an eye, "a bed in the other room . . . if you need a little nap."

It was like being inside a Victorian jewel box. Red velvet draperies covered the walls, and tiny lamps with tear-drop crystals shed a soft glow. The bed was enormous, big enough for an army, Paddy thought, and again, red velvet draperies on every wall.

He'd just mixed a gin and tonic when the soft knock came and Mark entered. Oh, the sharp hard look of feral expectation, the urgency of his glance, his reaching hands. Mark placed the package on the ormolu table and crushed Paddy in his arms. "Oh God, I've been waiting for this all day," he said huskily. There was a force and vigour in his kisses. He drove his pointed tongue into Paddy's mouth, groping his buttocks, fingers shoving up into the crack of Paddy's ass.

"Take it easy, man," Paddy gasped, his cock leaping.

Mark's lips were hungry, his hands seeking everywhere. "Oh, Paddy love, you know what I want, don't you? You'll let me, Paddy. Sweet Paddy, please say it. You'll let me do it, won't you?"

Paddy felt his breath constrict. "I–think so." He turned to the cabinet, mixed drinks. "But I'm not sure I can. I've never–"

Mark grabbed Paddy's hips from behind, pressing his huge stiffness into the apple-cheeks. "Trust me, love. I'll be gentle. I swear it." His lips came down on Paddy's neck, tonguing, kissing. "God, Paddy, I've got to strip you down. Fuck up into those lovely bum-cheeks. *Please*, Paddy. Please let me, love."

He remembered the giant penis he'd sucked on the train and shivered. Yet–it had to be. He turned quickly. "When?"

Mark knelt suddenly, burying his face in Paddy's throbbing crotch, cupping and cushioning the tense buttocks with his hands. "Now, sweet love. Oh, let me take you. Now, *now!*"

Paddy's eyes rested on the package Mark had brought. The Sèvres rosebowl, circa 1740. "You really think something of *me*?" he said quietly. "I mean, of me–of myself, not just–"

A fractional hesitation. "Are you crazy?" Mark whispered. "I've thought about nothing else all day." He took Paddy's hand, led him toward the bed. "I'll show you," he breathed. "Don't be afraid."

At first they explored each other's naked bodies, marvelling in the dewy curling hairs that clustered their nipples, the wonder of a swollen buttock and the delicate hair-fringed crevice between. Mark was gentle, kissing his lips to Paddy's ear. "You're afraid, love. Relax. Just let me love you, make you know what it is to feel complete, to be joined to me, *part* of me . . . ."

Amazingly, Paddy felt tears in his eyes. "God, I want you so much," he whispered, and Mark saw the tears and licked them out, kissing and crooning over his face, his lips.

Gently, he turned Paddy on his belly, tenderly spread his legs wide. "Relax, sweetest love." His hands caressed Paddy's buttocks, massaging them until Paddy thought he'd go mad with the beauty of it. He felt Mark's hands spreading his cheeks wide, felt himself open and exposed, then felt the tongue, velvet and caressing, probing into him.

He gasped with sudden ecstasy and arched his back, his buttocks opening to the kiss. Mark's fingers were in him again, coated, lubricated, deliciously widening him for penetration. Felt his tension melting, his ass rising like a flower to the smooth, exquisitely smooth tip, the smooth hardness easing in. He tensed for the agonizing thrust, the sharp stab he knew Mark longed to give. But it didn't come. Slowly, exquisitely slowly, he was widened, enlarged, penetrated slow slow slowly, and with a thrill of exhilaration, he felt the shaft in him, knew he'd taken that magnificent weapon into his body. up his ass, deep, deeper, a loving deliciously slow thrust of penis.

"Oh God, Mark, it's so beautiful. So beautiful," Paddy groaned. He arched again, loving the weight of the man on his body, forcing open his legs, his buttocks stretched wide.

Behind him, Mark gasped, holding back until Paddy could take his stabbing thrusts. "I can't hold back much longer, Paddy love–soon I'll have to–stab, stab." Paddy felt the pressure change, the gentleness vanish. "God, Paddy," Mark groaned suddenly, "I can't hold back." The cock became a sudden bayonet, raping up between his black-haired ass-cheeks. "I'm sorry, love," Mark groaned. "Sorry, sorry." Paddy gripped the mattress, felt the huge spike hammering into him, sodomizing his asshole. He thrust his face into the pillow, screaming with silent agony,

(Continued on page 54)

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"Red Hot" Gay Fiction


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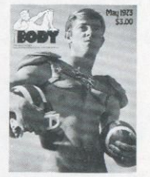
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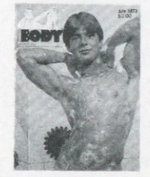
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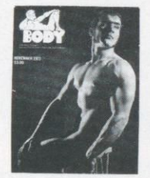
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THE SUPER, SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS!

BY A. JAY

Ⓧ RATED!

• A PUBLIC SERVICE NOTICE

GOD BLESS THE I.R.S.!

SHEET!

WOULD YOU BUY A USED GIRL SCOUT COOKIE FROM THIS WOMAN?

TO CONTINUE: HAD OUR HEROES - HARRY, MICKEY 'N RANCID HAD IT? WHEN LAST SEEN IN THE LAST THRILLING EPISODE, THE FUGG TRIO WERE SINKING FAST IN THICK, BROWN QUICKSAND THAT SURROUNDED THE TREE WHERE NASTY CAPTAIN COCKRING HAD TIED HIS SLAVE, HEINOUS PENIS!! CAPTAIN COCKRING HAD TORTURED HEINOUS'S BALLS UNTIL HEINOUS'S CRIES FOR HELP HAD LURED OUR GUYS INTO THIS GRUESOME TRAP! JUST AS HARRY, MICKEY, 'N RANCID WERE SINKING IN THE THE SLIME... A GROTESQUE SHAPE WAS SUDDENLY SPOTTED BY CAPTAIN COCKRING - A GIGANTIC CROCKODILE!!!

EEK!

IF YOU ARE SOMEWHAT CONFUSED BY THIS BIZARRE STORYLINE... GO BACK TO THE BEGINNING IN THE FEB. TH QQ AND/OR TAKE A FEW DEEP DRAGS ON YOUR FAVOR ITE GREENERY! THE PLOT WON'T BE ANY CLEARER, BUT YOUR HARD-ON MIGHT BE JUST A BIT JUICIER!

HEINOUS, WHO HAS THE WORLD'S LARGEST TATTOOED COCK, MAKES A SUPREME EFFORT!

GRAB HOLD GUYS... UGH!!

SAVED BY A BIG DICK... I'LL NEVER SAY ANOTHER EVIL WORD ABOUT SIZE QUEENS AGAIN!

GEE!

ALL YOU CAN DO WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS IS KISS IT GOODNITE 'N LEAVE IT FOR THE MILKMAN!

POP!

PUBIC HAIR IS IN!

THANKS HEINOUS... YOUR SUPER MEAT WAS A LIFE SAVER!

YEAH.. EVEN IF IT DIDN'T HAVE A LI'L ROUND HOLE IN THE MIDDLE.. HEE HEE!

IT WAS NOTHIN', MEN!

YIPS... I FORGOT ABOUT HIM!

HE HASN'T MOVED A STITCH! MAYBE HE'S MESMERIZED BY MY MAGNIFICENT BOD!

GEEPS!

HOW GAY!

LOOK... IT AIN'T REAL!

U.S. RUBBER MAN

METRO GOLDEN MAYONNAISE STUDIOS — IF LOST OR STOLEN, RETURN TO PROPERTY DEPT. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., INC.

WOW... THIS CROCK IS A RUBBER MOVIE PROP! THIS WHOLE ISLAND MUST OF BEEN USED FOR LOCATION SHOOTING!

LET'S BLOW THIS PLACE! C.C. MIGHT DECIDE TO RETURN!

TRIJIA TONGUES!

MOMENTS LATER...

OK... COME CLEAN, HEINOUS! WHAT DO YA' KNOW ABOUT CAPTAIN COCKRING 'N THIS PLACE?

NOTHING REALLY. I WAS A COOK ON A DANISH FREIGHTER. ONE NITE A TYPHOON STRUCK... 'N THE FUCKIN' TUB WENT DOWN! I CLUNG TO A BARREL FOR TWO DAYS... AND WAS WASHED ASHORE HERE! WHEN I WOKE... I WAS IN THAT COFFIN! CAPTAIN COCKRING DRUGGED ME 'N MADE ME PERFORM... GASP... UNTHINKABLE ACTS... WITH HIM!!! I'VE BEEN SUCKIN', FUCKIN', RIMMIN', AND OTHER FUN THINGS FOR MONTHS!

GEE! WHAT A TURN ON!

HOLY HICKEY!

MY SUPER JUICES TELL ME SKINNY VILLY VATSON 'N C.C. ARE ONE AND THE SAME! THAT FRIGGIN' COCKRING OF HIS TIES IN THERE SOMEHOW...!

YEAH!!! I WAS ABLE TO LEARN ONE HOT SECRET THOUGH! FOLLOW ME!

A SHORT WHILE LATER.. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND —

RIGHT AROUND THIS BEND! THERE!!! WE GOTTA WADE THRU THIS SECRET CAVE TO...

SECRET CAVE

THE OTHER SIDE!

SPOOKY!

REMINDS ME OF THE STEAM ROOM AT EVERARD'S!

GOLDEN SHOWERS IS NOT HERBALESSENCE SHAMPOO!

Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3

SUDDENLY...

WOW.. WE'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF A VOLCANO!

LEGALIZE CATHETERS!

HOLY BABOON BALLS.. LOOK!

IT'S... IT'S A BLOODY MARIJUANA PLANT WITH POPPER SHOOTS! WHAT A FAB DISCOVERY!

FAR OUT!

LET'S FUCK!

T.B.M.

HEY GUYS.. REMEMBER WE'RE HERE TO FIND THOSE MISSING HAIR-BURNER SISSIES... SO WHERE ARE THEY?

GEE WHIZ!

OVER HERE!!

KISSIE CONDOMS... THE MISSING HAIR-DRESSERS! WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO YOU GUYS?

SO....

HOLY KUMQUATS!

IT'S A LONG STORY... BUT TO CUT IT SHORT... WE'VE BEEN HELD PRISONER BY THAT MEAN PRICK, CAPTAIN COCKRING! HE'S PLANNING TO USE...

THIS IS THE VERY LAST TIME YOU PRICK-BASTARDS ARE GOIN' TO HASSLE ME! I HAVE AN ESPECIALLY UNPLEASANT END IN STORE FOR YOU...!

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...

WOW!

GEE!

OH...!

HIDDEN BUTTON

THAT POT 'N POPPER PLANT IS MY... ERRR.. VILLY'S GREATEST DISCOVERY!!! IT WILL MAKE ME RICH... ONLY THERE'S ONE SMALL KICKER...!

A HIDDEN WALL SUDDENLY DROPS!

GURGLE...

GASP!

G.E. PEOPLE GRINDER

THE FUCKER NEEDS A SPECIAL FERTILIZER - HUMAN FLESH!!! SO GUESS WHO'S GOING TO BE THE FIRST BOD IN MY NEW STAINLESS PEOPLE PULVERIZER?! WALK THE PLANK, CHESS!

GULP... HERE GOES NOTHING!

SUDDENLY HARRY SWINGS...

UGH!

THIS IS FOR TYRONE POWER!

GURGLE...

YOU SHALL PAY FOR THAT! 175 LBS. OF BLOODY GROUND ROUND COMIN' UP... HEE HEE!

YIPS!

IS IT HAMBURGER TIME FOR HARRY?

DON'T MISS THE SURPRISING CONCLUSION!

RONA BARRETT HAS A SCOOP!

GURGLE!

yet craving it, begging for the angry cock that lashed furiously into him. Heard his own voice begging, pleading to be sodomized by that rampant buggering penis.

"Fuck me, Mark," Paddy groaned, lust and pain and ecstasy rushing through him. "Fuck your huge pole into me." His cries became wild and excited, incoherent pleadings of desire. He lifted his ass to the monstrous cock, impaling himself on its spike.

"Split me, Mark. Fuck my ass and flood me with your hot bubbling cum. Oh love, force me to take that huge fucker up me. Rape me, *rape* me!

He was being fucked in the ass!

All his dreams, his fantasies . . . all *real*! A huge cock fucking his ass and him loving every tearing moment. He heard Mark cry out, felt him shudder and knew the cum was spurting, flooding and gushing up his asshole and into him, and at the same time his own cock erupted, spitting creamy jets of thick boiling sperm even as he felt the last ramming plunge of Mark's prick filling his hole with throbbing man-meat.

"Oh God!" Paddy groaned, as Mark collapsed on him. "Oh God, oh God!"

They lay gasping, skin and mind leaping with feeling, then Paddy heard the curtains rustle and suddenly they weren't alone.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful, Mr. Doughcraft sang. "*Never* have we seen such a performance. Don't you agree, Mr. Simpkins?"

Cedric's eyes were starry. "Absolutely, Mr. Doughcraft." His hand touched his breast. "It reminds me of when I lost *my* virginity." He blushed. "You remember, Mr. Doughcraft?" He reached behind. "And now for the champagne."

The two boys goggled. "You've been there all the time?"

"*All* the time," Mr. Doughcraft agreed, dragging an ice-bucket and frosted bottles from under the bed. Both men were stark naked, and Paddy was surprised at the meat that pronged from Mr. Doughcraft's belly.

"Why, you dirty old men," Paddy laughed. "It's as bad as the room upstairs."

Cedric giggled. "So you discovered it? Oh dear, the movies we've taken up there. You just wouldn't *believe* the things people do in bed. I'm constantly being shocked. Here's to the lovers," he said, handing a glass to Paddy. "May they live happily ever after."

Something touched Paddy's heart. "No such luck. I'm due back in the States at the end of the week–but I've found something wonderful to remind me of my stay."

"Of course you have," Mr. Doughcraft said, looking at Mark's nakedness stretched temptingly on the bed.

"No, I mean a Sèvres rosebowl Mark found for me," Paddy said. "It's very beautiful–and terribly valuable. 1740."

A shadow passed over Mark's face and he seemed about to speak.

"You were going to say something?" Paddy smiled. Mark shook his head. "Nothing. You must show me this room upstairs," he said, changing the subject. "Maybe we could join them?"

Mr. Doughcraft clapped his hands. "Oh marvelous! And we can watch from next door." He drained his glass. "Do hurry and get dressed, lads. I'm just dying to see that darling Lennie Cole in action."

Paddy would remember the next three days forever. Mark was a wonderful and forceful lover, tender, understanding–and Lennie Cole, fortunately, was bisexual. Cissie didn't care as long as she was in the middle.

It developed that what she liked most was Mark stuffing her from the rear, while Lennie fucked her in front and Paddy buried his prong up Lennie's bucking tail, a process involving no end of acrobatic maneuvering. The only thing that spoiled it, she felt, was the honeymoon couple in the tiny room next door making such an awful noise with their gasps and groans of ecstasy. One would think they were witnessing an orgy.

On their last night alone, Paddy took Mark's face in his hands. "Has it *really* meant anything to you–more than just sex?"

To his surprise, Mark screwed his eyes shut suddenly, not quick enough to catch the crystal sparkle of tears. "You'll never know how much. When it started, you were just–just someone to fuck. Now–I can't bear the thought I'll never see you again." He rolled suddenly on his belly and hid his face, and Paddy saw to his amazement, that Mark's body was trembling with emotion. His voice was muffled. "But I don't deserve the love of someone like you. I'm just–just a shit."

Paddy's hand crept out, touching the trembling shoulder. "It's I who don't deserve your love, Mark."

The waiting lounge at Heathrow Airport was crammed. Paddy sat with the package on his knee and waited. Ten minutes. Ten little minutes left. Was that all it really meant? There was a flurry of activity on the stairs; reporters dashing, flash bulbs popping and a film star, looking at least ten years older than his pictures, grinning down at his fans. He turned away and Mark was there, standing awkwardly before him.

Mark's shoe scuffed the carpet. "Well–hi!" he said stiffly. Paddy smiled. "I hoped you'd come."

The English boy sat next to him. "Paddy–"

"Yes?"

Mark twisted the tiny package he carried. Looked out over the crowded lounge, hands fumbling. "Paddy–oh Paddy, I love you," he burst out suddenly. "Oh, I love you so much." His face crumpled and Paddy saw he was going to cry again. Mark suddenly thrust the tiny package into Paddy's hands. "I want you to have this–please–to remember me."

Wonderingly, Paddy opened it. Inside was a little porcelain figurine, an exquisitely delicate cupid, its soft green and gold colours glowing like jewels. Automatically, Paddy turned it over to study the mark.

"It's–it's Sèvres," Mark faltered. Genuine Sèvres." He looked away, blinking tears.

Paddy nodded. "About 1790, I'd say."

Mark didn't hear him. "That rosebowl," he burst out suddenly. "It's a fake." He handed Paddy the cheque he'd written out that first day. "I made Crumley give it back. I–I'm sorry."

The tears were running unheeded down his face now, and Paddy reached out, touched his arm. "I know, Mark. Grandfather made his fortune in porcelain and ceramics. He's got one of the best collections of Sèvres in America."

Mark stared, gaping, and Paddy added: "And this year I completed my Ph.D. on on the history of Sèvres porcelain."

"You're kidding!" Mark gasped.

Paddy grinned. "You really should check your dates, Mark. You couldn't have a rosebowl made in 1740–they didn't establish the factory until 1756."

Mark groaned. "Christ, what a fool I've been."

Paddy took the cheque and tucked it in the English boy's pocket. "I want to keep the bowl, Mark. It's very precious–to me. And the cheque's for a one-way air ticket." He handed him a card. "That's my address. I'll be waiting for you."

The clipped English accent of the announcer making the last call for Flight 507 echoed through the hall, and latecomers hurried to the departure gate.

Mark's eyes were blazing through his tears. "You really mean it? Oh Paddy, you *really* mean it?"

"Sure," Paddy said. He smiled gently. "And it's the genuine article."

We hope you've enjoyed this story . . . and if you have we urge you to see the current Aug.-Sept. BODY which features still another Castledine treat called "Rogue Cop Rape."

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THE SEXORCISTS

(Continued from page 5)

pressure–from policemen, firemen, teachers, Catholics, Jews. I'm thinking of going for an amendment–maybe it's a foot in the door, anyway." A needless gesture . . . the bill failed. It is to be resubmitted, and this time reasoned argument should prove that the previous failure of the bill to pass was the turning of a purely *civil-rights* issue into a matter of religious demagoguery. The Church knows it cannot long prevail in a civil-rights issue on what it ecclesiastically perceives to be a question of sexual *dis*orientation. Not *now*! All civil-rights legislation of the past 15 years proves it cannot. We condemn no faith, but it is clear that the Church has once again relied on the tactics of fear, as it has often done since the days when the gargoyles on top of Notre Dame in Paris were painted hideous colors to frighten sinners into the church in penitential submission.

As we see it, our thrust should be solely on the issue of *our civil rights being violated by those institutions whose tax exemptions are based on separation from secular matters* (church and state). If other arguments don't prevail to get them off our backs, the threat to their pocketbook will!

Writing in the *New York Post*, Pete Hamill –a Catholic–takes a still larger view. "The Church and the firemen would be taken more seriously now if they had come on with similar passions through those years when Americans were slaughtering human beings in Southeast Asia. And they could spend their money better if they took out ads and read pastoral letters calling for the impeachment of Richard Nixon. The transcripts (of the White House tapes) have finally revealed who the *real* perverts and deviates are in this society; they are the people who perverted our laws and deviated from the Constitution. The Church and fire officers should take their moral crusades out of the bedroom and into the Oval Office. They might find out at last what was going on in Gomorrah!"

• • •

GOOD HEALTH & SEXUAL VIGOR CAN BE YOURS

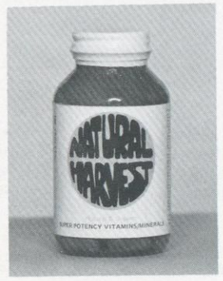
Vitamins are substances which are required by the body if it is to function properly. They are normally provided by foods but not always in sufficient quantities. This is particularly true of processed foods which have been depleted of their vitamin content.

When extraordinary demands tax the body its nutrients are drained and must be replenished. We do this through proper nutrition; by eating good foods and supplementing our meals with vitamins and minerals. Those of us who have sex every day are especially concerned about the ability to perform successfully and safeguard against impotency—a condition which may be aggravated when certain nutrients are lacking—particularly those vitamins associated with sexual potency.

We are now making available to our customers a superior line of natural and organic health aids which the publisher and editors of QQ Magazine, Body and Ciao! personally use. We urge you to read about each of the items we have specially selected so that you may decide for yourself as to their value to your health and sex life.



HIGH POTENCY MULTIPLE VITAMINS & MINERALS



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Vitamin C	150 mg.	500%
(From Rose Hips and other organic sources)		
Vitamin B_{12} (Cobalamin Concentrate)	50 mcg.	*
Vitamin B_1 (Thiamine HCl)	25 mg.	2500%
Vitamin B_2 (Riboflavin)	25 mg.	2000%
Vitamin B_6 (Pyridoxine HCl)	15 mg.	*
Niacinamide	50 mg.	500%
Calcium Pantothenate	12.5 mg.	*
Vitamin E (d-a Tocopherol Acid Succinate)	12.5 Int'l. Units	*
Inositol	250 mg.	**
Choline Bitartrate	150 mg.	**
Betaine HCl	25 mg.	**
Para Amino Benzoic Acid	15 mg.	**
Rutin	5 mg.	**
Citrus Bioflavonoids	15 mg.	**
Biotin	1 mcg.	**
Desiccated Liver	50 mg.	**
Bone Meal	162 mg.	
Iron Gluconate	50 mg.	60%
Copper Gluconate	0.25 mg.	*
Magnesium Gluconate	7.2 mg.	*
Manganese Gluconate	6.15 mg.	*
Zinc Gluconate	2.2 mg.	*
Potassium Iodide	0.1 mg.	100%
Calcium (from Bone Meal)	53.5 mg.	7%
Phosphorus (from Bone Meal)	24.3 mg.	3%
Protein (from Protein Coating), Alfalfa, Watercress, Parsley, Kelp, Lecithin, used as exipients.		

MDR–Minimum daily adult requirement
**Need in human nutrition undetermined
*MDR not established

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