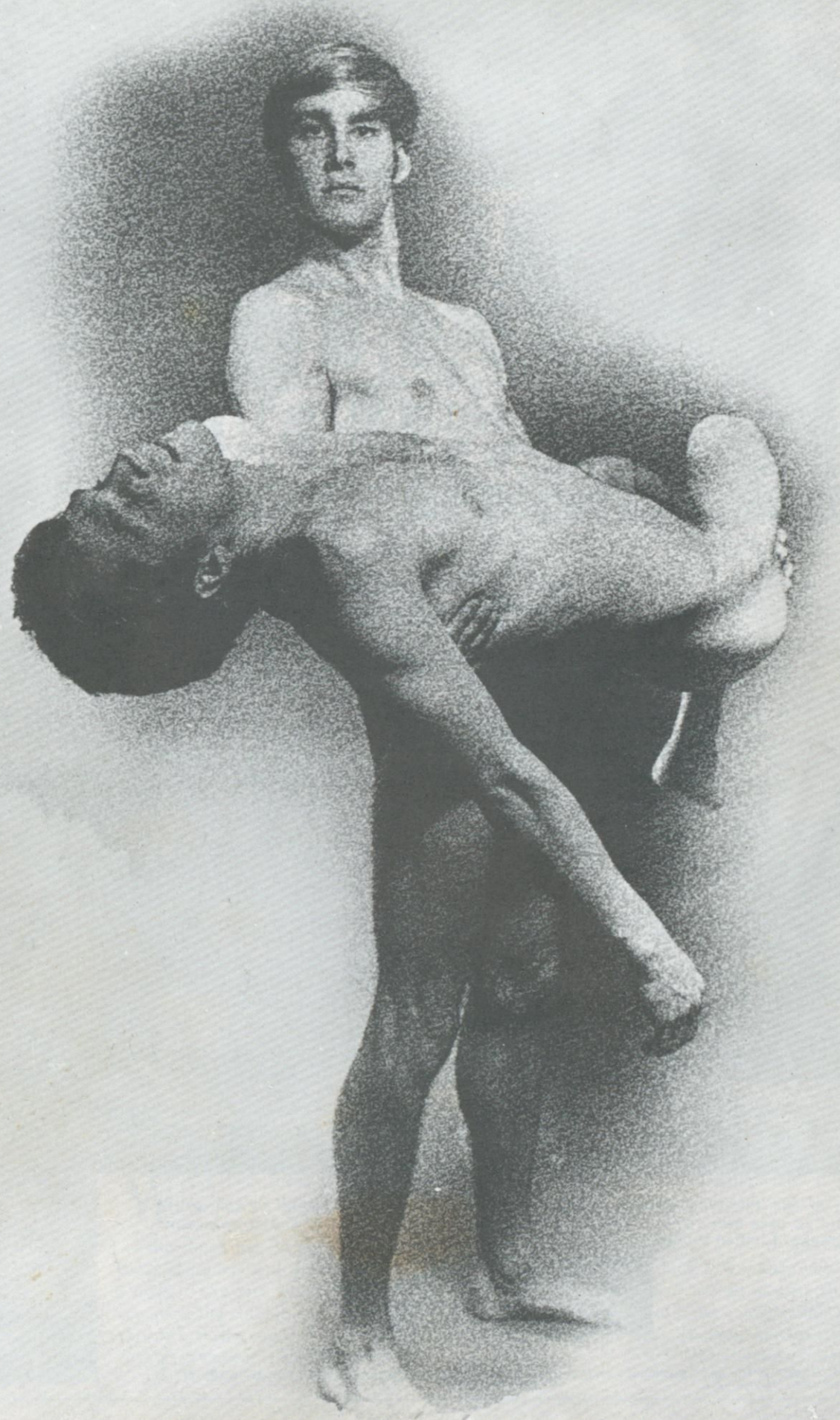




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SUMMER 1970

VOLUME 2

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Editorial

The Liberators

CHAOS is running rampant. Protests. Strikes. Riots. Bombings. Rebels tell us what is wrong and then destroy it. Mission accomplished, we are purged of evils and suddenly find ourselves in an oasis of mind space—barren—a wasteland devoid of substitutes. The success of any revolution cannot be measured by what has been abolished but by what has been accomplished. When there is no real purpose there can be no meaningful conclusions. Consequently, new evils—worse than their forerunners—inevitably are formed.

Perhaps frustration—a bogging down...an intense desire to overcome once and for all—is causing this rash of madness. Unbridled wanton behavior exercised by destructive persons not only fails utterly in advancing a cause but actually hinders it, and progress already made through orderly means is set back markedly. Every time a man burns and loots in the name of freedom he in fact loses his right to freedom—for in committing acts of violence he rapes the fundamental rights of others. When men allow themselves to be coerced by irresponsible persons they must be prepared to surrender freedom.

We homosexuals have been denied basic rights since the Year One. We have suffered injustices. We are treated worse than second-class citizens—but must pay straight taxes and fight straight wars. No homosexual can deny that we must win a just place in society—but no sane homosexual will argue that we should play a violent role in the Mad Seventies in winning our rights—as so many budding gay militants are now advocating.

In recent time we have advanced greatly—thanks to changing attitudes towards sex. Straight youngsters are so bent on winning a sexual revolution that they can hardly reject any peer who helps hoist the banner—no matter what his leanings. This somewhat logical acceptance of Now Gays by Now Straights has created a more permissive climate for homosexuals and has given our cause impetus. Even if we represent only a fraction of those

fighting in the name of sexual freedom—we are nonetheless an integral part of the battle.

Could you have conceived of a "Boys In The Band" television commercial (for the movie) being aired just a few years ago, as it was earlier this year? Most homosexuals agree that "Boys" does little to advance our cause directly, that it presents fringe stereotypes and a pat heterosexual conclusion. Nevertheless, there is much in Mart Crowley's play that shows complex persons with quite human feelings—and *that* in itself is a revelation for most straights...for millions who will see the picture.

Now Gays call "old line" homophile leaders "Uncle Toms" who have sold us out by bending to fit the straight mold. Perhaps this resentment is part of the generation gap which exists between the young and those who struggled to win a niche as pseudopoliticians among older gays who had nothing better. Whatever underlies the rift between modern gays and their complacent elders, it is becoming quite apparent that whatever was done in the past was not enough—and what little has been done by youngsters in just a few short years, primarily through exposure of and public demonstration on existing evils, and with a sense of righteousness, has brought us a long way.

Just what lasting influence the "new line" homophile organizations have remains to be seen. Will gay youngsters who are declaring themselves on campus go down as crucified martyrs? Or will they win a rightful place among their enlightened peers—thereby directly affecting general attitudes? Will the gay militants resort to violence aimed at straights and bring about even greater law enforcement and undermine what little freedom we now have? Or will they eventually gain responsible leadership and channel their energies intelligently and meaningfully?

A friend recently attended a meeting of one such militant group and was astounded by the lack of organization, the presence of dirty hippie types (certainly not representative of the average homosexual), and male and female gay lowlife who boasted that as *liberators* they not only fought for *our* rights but also "liberated" stores of food, clothing, etc. He was also

(Continued on page 37)

FANTASEX

...THE CREATIVE WORLD OF AUTO-EROTICISM

BY WALTER NORRIS

*Burning—relentless burning—
With the gently caressing fires that will not be calmed.
A delicious sense of stifling,
Suddenly a fierce storm of sharp, exquisite pains . . .
Like little electric needle shocks . . .
Pierces every tiny part of your body—
Till you are raised out of this earth.*

*A great calm comes over you then—
And you open languorously, luxuriously
Like an enormous fresh passion flower opens to the sun.
And slowly closes again—and then—just nothing then—
The sensation of having no sensations—
Great peace, vast space—and
Nothing, nothing, nothing.*

FOR Tom, a young farmer lad, puberty has just arrived on the winged heels of an early spring, and with it something strangely disturbing. Something uncontrollable—an overpowering passion—ravishes his senses. In no remembered spring has he felt like this.

On the farm spring rocks the cradle of new life. Buds begin to fatten their little bodies on the poplars . . . they redden on the birches . . . already they've opened wide on the willow trees. And as the sap rises in the maples, so rises a new life-force in Tom's muscular young body.

All at once his thin shirt and faded jeans seem oppressive—a prison—and he is impelled by this strange new force to express some primordial urge. Driven beyond endurance he savagely strips his body bare and flings himself down in a field of young corn. With the warm sun smiling benignly down upon him, and happy bluejays whistling admiringly at his strongly-built physique, Tom breathes deeply—shudderingly—as his fingers plunge convulsively into the plowed earth in an unconsciously symbolic gesture of union with nature.

Moments later he begins to explore his body with his fingers, as if discovering by touch what his eyes had never beheld. Long and tapered they first ascend, spreading the soft loam around the mounds of his powerful deltoids . . . then travel downward to trace the outlines of his cleanly-defined pectorals . . . across his hard, flat abdomen . . . finally arriving at the soft new hair and exciting tumescence of his already huge phallus. A tremor of exquisite pain

enshronds him like a veil of sheerest gossamer.

On sudden impulse he reaches up and snatches an ear of fresh green corn. Quickly denuding it—and in another ritualistic gesture of his bond with all creation—he entwines the soft moist corn silk around his throbbing sex like some medieval May-day wreath. Now—forevermore at one with nature—he begins a slow, rhythmic stroking . . . consummating the union in his first fevered orgasm, like a flood-tide of molten lava.

**“FOR WE ARE SUCH STUFF
AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON . . .”**

Tom has entered the dream-born world of fantasy sex. And though in time he may marry and have children he will never forsake it, often returning to it seeking solace, strength and inspiration as the seasons turn and the years pass.

In midsummer, when the fiery thresher-combine savagely spews the wheat-chaff that bites sadistically into his tortured, sweating flesh, he will be driven almost to madness and quickly dash to the nearest pond. Stripping off his shorts he will dive into it, seeking relief with his hand in the clear, cool water.

In autumn, when the rains come, he will climb to the high loft of his barn. While the storm beats down on the metal roof he will lie nude upon a bale of hay, now symbolically become an altar to Eros. With the horses snuffling below him—the cattle lowing—he will once again tune in to the world around him, create some beautiful fantasy, and sexually act it out.

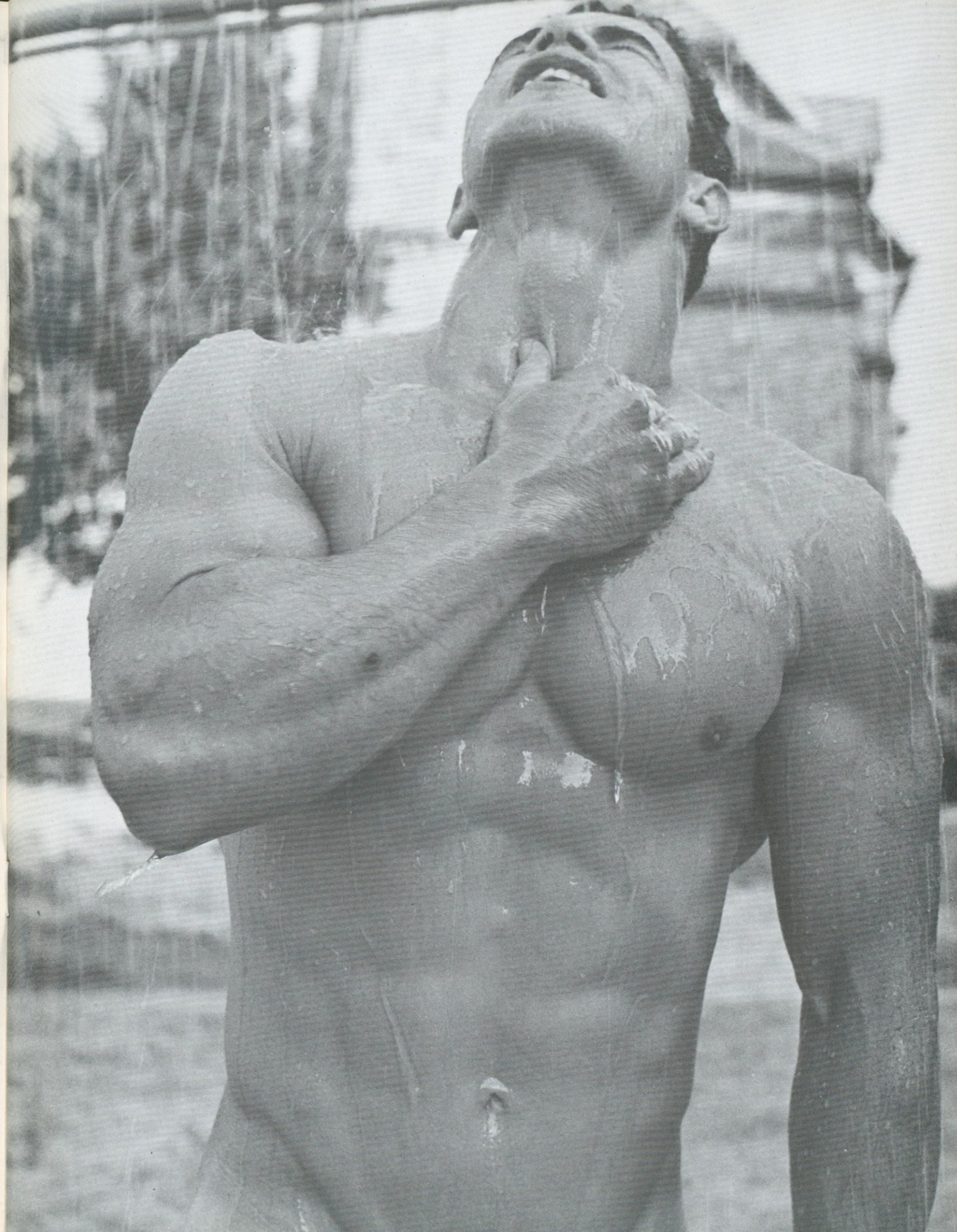
THE SEX OF THE SIX SENSES

Physiologists have applied the cloddish name 'masturbation' to this act of creative sex . . . a harsh, grating, unbeautiful word for such a beautiful experience. It is an affront to one who practices self-sex, and who prefers to call it correctly, and more descriptively, 'fantasex'. When one thinks of it by this term the stigma of its physiological name is immediately erased and one may enjoy it wholeheartedly and without any suggestion of sexual 'invalidism' that 'masturbation' commonly implies.

Fantasex—or auto-eroticism, like homo-eroticism—appeals not to just the five senses, but a sixth: the sense of instinct . . . the libido of

(Continued on page 44)

QQ





LOVE TRIPPING ON GRASS DREAM

For many guys the thought of lighting up on marijuana as a preliminary to a really great sex session conjures up all sorts of bumper visions. What if we get caught? Won't it turn me into a junkie? Who needs it?

It is for those who have never tried marijuana in connection with sex that this article is written. Accordingly, QQ readers in San Francisco, New York or New Orleans are advised to turn the page to the next article because it is unlikely that any homosexual who lives in a swinging city has not grooved on "grass" long ago.

While that sounds patronizing, it is a fact that millions of gay guys across America have not tried marijuana because they fear its influence, have used it once or twice to no avail, or simply can't get any. Unfortunately, it is not within the scope of QQ's public service efforts to advise readers on how or where to obtain "pot." Nor, alas, is QQ able to legalize marijuana. Many of our New York staff and our correspondents across the nation have smoked grass and readily testify to its pleasures. But each has done so at the risk of being arrested.

And so will you, if you turn on with pot. It may be outrageously unfair that something so beautiful, beneficial and relatively harmless is the object of continued police scrutiny, raids and arrests. But then, in every state but Illinois, so far, even the simple act of two adults having homosexual relations in private without the use of force is illegal.

Eventually, laws prohibiting homosexuality will be liberalized. And so will those regulating the use and possession of marijuana. In the meantime, all we can point out is that it is well to use caution, for "joint" smoking may be hazardous to your continued freedom. In other words, if you've got a very sensitive, lucrative government job and would be forever ruined if your name were on a police blotter, if you get uptight just thinking about it, don't smoke pot.

On the other hand, if you have a relatively enlightened attitude, if you're reasonably prudent about your pot contacts (hint: never buy from undercover agents; they have no sense of humor), and if you have a healthy curiosity about this thing that everyone has been talking about—then you might give it the old college try. You, too, can become an evangelist for the summum bonum which is *pot cum sex*.

But, you might rightly ask, what about the danger of becoming addicted to the hard stuff? Almost everything one reads in the popular press says that heroin addicts who die from overdoses got their start by smoking marijuana.

The PTA's,

(Continued on
page
45)

DREAM

ed bear



GAY LIFE IN THE MILITARY

UNCLE SAM MAKES MEN

BY GERRY WALDROP

ON the snow-swept bluffs overlooking the Missouri River, at Omaha's Offutt Air Force Base, a 24 year-old sergeant from South Dakota received his discharge papers last winter. He left behind a list of 200 to 250 names of officers and enlisted men from all branches, both in the United States and in Southeast Asia, as well as a number of civilian government employees whom he said he had known as homosexuals. The sergeant started giving the names of those "with whom he had had homosexual associations," as the base commander so discreetly put it, in August 1969. For five months he added to the list, possibly setting some kind of kiss-and-tell record. By the time he was discharged, 16 enlisted men and one major at Offutt already had been kicked out and five more were awaiting discharge. By now, all 200 to 250 men have suffered the humiliation, ridicule and in some cases ruined careers which inevitably come with getting booted out of the service for being gay.

A gay Omaha civilian, unconnected with the Offutt purge, told a QQ reporter: "Things were uptight around here for awhile, and especially out at the base. Guys at the bars were saying that if that sergeant had remained in Omaha he would have had his pretty face cut up. The gay life in Omaha has settled down now without any hassle (there are two bars, one featuring dancing, with the usual milk run and tea-room cruising found in any Midwestern city). But the anguish that that one sergeant caused some really great guys is uncalculable."

The case of the blabber-mouth sergeant illustrates the dark cloud which hangs over the head of every gay serviceman, and over the heads, latrines or johns on every post, base or ship. There is always the danger of getting caught, literally or figuratively,

(Continued on page 32)

Summer, 1970

FICTION

FALSE GLORY

BY ORLANDO PARIS

Cpl. Robert Braddock Jonesar, II, 05260027
3rd Maint. Bn., Co. D,
203rd Light Infantry Brigade
A.P.O., San Francisco 99783

Robert:

If you know (which I doubt) what the Bible tells us about the disgusting sin against nature you would also know why I thank God your grandmother is not alive to suffer this shame you have brought upon our good family name. To think how proud I once was that you were named for me! I no longer consider you my grandson. I trust you will have the courtesy henceforth to refrain from referring to me as your grandfather.

Robert Braddock Jonesar

Dear Bob,

Boy, did you make static! Mother is still stoned (gin, as usual), and Dad pretends your letters never came.

Anyway, you made me think back to the times we used to mess around up at the lake when we were kids . . . wild! I guess I was just lucky finding a girl like Linda. (You know her reaction? She said, "So what? I still like him; I always will.") That goes for me, too, Baby Brother. The kids are too young to know, of course, but they're always asking about their Uncle Bob. From what you say, Roger sounds like a great guy. Linda, Annie, and Tommy, Jr. and I wish you all the best. Peace!

Tom

P.S. How about bringing back some of that Saigon grass?

Dearest Bobbie,

Your father and I are very upset about your recent letters. I swear I don't

(Continued on page 35)

In some ways the life of the young gay guy is harder than it is for older ones; it seems so difficult to anticipate a future when much of one's youthfulness has gone and other values, like a cultured mind, a developed talent, and personal charm come to matter so much

New Discoveries On Coming Out At 40

By John Bridge

WHEN I wrote "Confessions of a Straight Guy Turned Gay . . . At 40" for QQ last winter I did not suspect the harrowing depths of emotion I was about to experience with my young 22 year-old lover, Michael. I had described in considerable detail how I had left my family for him, had taken him to Europe for the summer, and had returned home, he to take up his life as a university student, I to pursue my career as a writer. The future seemed good: Michael had brought to my life a sexual and spiritual awakening of a sort I had never known before. The days ahead seemed to promise nothing but good hours and a splendid growth for both of us. I was blind. Only slowly and with considerable pain have I come to realize that I was in love with the idea of love, and had overlooked Michael's own private tremendous needs, and had failed to see him as he was.

He was beautiful. He possessed a type of childlike exuberance that turned me on and convinced me of his talent as a writer. His poems, nearly all dealing with his deep psychic frustrations, were often beautifully realized. He had a certain spontaneity that was highly attractive: he might suddenly decide to climb a tree, or throw off his clothes and dance, or he might recite some scraps of a poem he had just read. Once he cooked a superb dinner for some of our friends wearing only a short apron. His brown eyes would come so alive. The time of day or night did not matter. I guess that I was seeing in his splendid wildness a part of my own youth I had never known. I had been a serious, controlled, anxious young man, afraid to act sexually with either males or females. I rarely—even in the privacy of my own room—let myself go when I was his age. Obviously, I received a vicarious pleasure from his unpredictable actions. They turned me on. He had a lean tanned frame, a little too slight perhaps in the shoulders, was quietly muscular with well-formed legs and thighs, and had a beautifully flat midsection and fine buttocks. Michael was nearly 6' 3" tall. Sexually he was completely alive.

But there were always immense problems. We were forced to be apart except for weekends and vacations because he was enrolled at a university some fifty miles from my home in one of the California beach towns. I helped him to buy a car so that he could come to see me as often as possible, and—since he was unable (or unwilling) to find a part-time job—paid for his expenses and bought his clothes. He never seemed to trust me during our times apart, and, at the same time, insisted that we should seek sex with other people, that our feelings for each other were so profound they could not be shaken. I was uneasy about this from the start, but acquiesced, as I did too easily

generally throughout our friendship. I failed to see that by subordinating my own libido to his I was demeaning myself in his eyes. I don't think he would ever have acknowledged that he felt this way, but I see now that many of his actions clearly proved his feelings. I was too afraid of losing him, and yet I knew that all along he was starved for friendships with persons his own age; Michael had never had a close friend of either sex until he met me, and he was continually driven by a weird sense of failure. His deep insufficiency came out often: in mildly paranoid complaints to me that other students talked behind his back; nobody he met was interested in his ideas. He only partially realized that his quest was sexual, that he wanted to dominate some beautiful surfer type three or four years his junior who would love him passionately, forcing him to drive him away so that he, Michael, could have space to breathe. I was aware of his need, but was unable to do anything about it. Somehow I felt that by giving him my thorough attention he would outgrow this terrific hunger and would settle down to a rich, productive life with me. I helped him with his writing, found him a groovy place to stay near campus, was solicitous when he was ill, spent large sums entertaining and buying him books, clothes, and liquor.

His perpetual quest for other lovers forced me to seek alternatives. I was certain I could find someone somewhere with some of my interests who would share my life in a more or less stable way. Almost nightly when we were apart I searched. Of course, there were liaisons, one-nighters, or episodes lasting three or four days. I discovered an entire sub-culture in this town of guys without jobs who live well off others, and who won't admit they are hustlers. Most of them are on far-out mystical or drug trips.

My anxiety over Michael prevented any of these friendships from coming to fruition. In the midst of loveplay I would suddenly 'see' him, sometimes in bed with someone else, sometimes not, and I would be torn with such longing and hunger that my sexual prowess would disappear, leaving both my guest and me unsatisfied.

There seemed to be a ratio between his quest and mine; the harder I felt he was looking the harder I looked. Love is seldom found in desperation, and it took me months to realize how doomed my search was as long as I persisted in not facing up to him as he really was and saw that while in an odd way he loved me, I was too much a father figure to him; a successful professional writer who threatened him; a source of material gifts he would partially despise because he could not reciprocate; and an ever-present conscience about his possible failures in his university career and as a writer.

(Continued on page 38)

A Scene From "Song Of The Loon"
Movie Still Courtesy Of Continental Theatres, Inc.

BABY, THE LAUNDRY'S FINALLY HANGING OUT!

BY ROBERT CHARLES

TED and Alice and Bert and Sylvia were sitting at a table on the deck of the Bayside Club sipping vodka and tonics when the ferry arrived and debouched a load of the usual proportions, ninety percent male and ten percent female, most of the males being uniformly slim, good-looking, healthy, and exceptionally stylishly dressed.

"You see," said Bert, not at all unpleasantly, merely as a matter of observation, "they're gradually taking over the island."

"It would seem so," said Ted as he took another swallow of his drink and turned his face up to be licked by the sun. Bert and Sylvia were satiated with sun themselves. A dozen successively cloudless weekends on the island this season had turned them hickory, making them much more beautiful than they actually were, in Ted's opinion.

Alice nodded toward the doors leading to the Bayside Club's discotheque. "I noticed that most of the dancers in there are boys dancing together."

Alice's remark made them all aware again of how loud the hard rock music was that pushed out at them from within.

"Oh, there are some girls dancing together in there, too," Bert said with a laugh. (Continued on page 41)

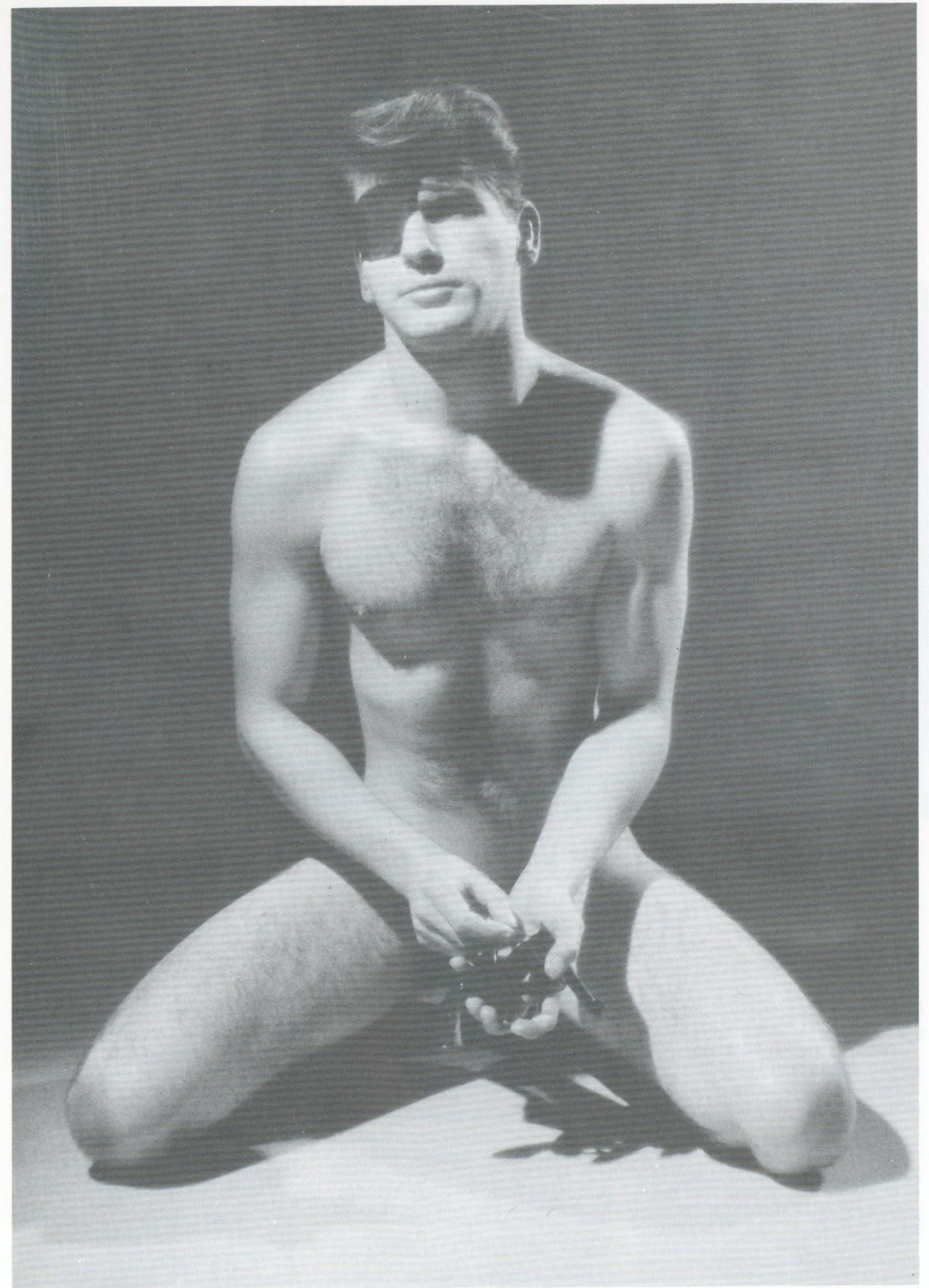
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED FIRE ISLAND

BY KURT PRESSMAN

THE ferry planes out onto the frigid, windswept waters of the Great South Bay . . . its huge diesel engines drowning out the high-pitched chatter aboard. It's Thanksgiving 1969. And the ferry is racing its occupants on their annual pilgrimage to the promised land of the gay—the flower-decked communities of Cherry Grove and The Pines on Fire Island. Places where nobody scowls or scoffs—places where a gay guy can find peace. And, on this—a special Thanksgiving—the gay give special thanks because a cherished Long Island custom is dead. The cops have stopped raiding.

That nightmare in a fantasy world of pastels, of sweetness, of privacy—that night of 'cuffs and booking and overnight holds and publicity and a spleenful, malevolent judge—has been put to an end by a legal mobilization centered around a hardly new social forum, the jury trial. A rough-and-tumble, old-style Long Island lawyer was instrumental in making this summer the first in 16 years that the cops didn't hit the gay beachfront communities.

Gone, too, is the post-arrest kangaroo court which regularly ordered "banishment" from Fire Island for homosexuals caught by the police raiders. It wasn't that attorney Benedict P. Vuturo (Continued on page 40)



SEX ALFRESCO



A Scene From "Song Of The Loon"
Movie Still Courtesy Of Continental Theatres, Inc.

GAY BEACHES OF THE WORLD

By Peter Denicourt

SEX outdoors is exciting. Animalistic. Early man did it. Space is freedom. Uninhibited. The body breathes. It sweats. Fuses in love. Sun heated. Air cooled. Nostrils flooded with sex. Salty air. Pine. Crickets chirp in sand dunes. Birds sing. A meshing of nature. Naked bodies. Trees. Reeds. Air. Water. Sunshine. Snakes. Mosquitos. Flies. Ants. Thorns. Ticks. Sand. Bush cops. Bittersweet happenings.

Herewith is a directory of gay beaches. Not all. The best. Seashore. Lakes. Pools. Sun spots. Social scenes. Action scenes. Gay guys. Gay things. Your thing. *Sex alfresco*:

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA: LONG BEACH—Cabrillo Beach (shower rooms); Royal Palm Beach ... SAN DIEGO—Mission Ocean Beach ... SAN GREGORIO—State Park/Beach (nude bathing; caves) ... SAN FRANCISCO—Lands End.

CONNECTICUT: BIRDEPORT—Seaside Beach (far end, "The Rocks").

FLORIDA: MIAMI—Mathiesen Hammock State Park (beyond boat dock); Virginia Beach (inquire locally for directions) ... MIAMI BEACH—23rd Street Beach ... PALM BEACH—West Palm Beach; Riviera Beach (Singer Island); Air Force Beach.

HAWAII: HONOLULU—Ft. DeRussy Beach Waikiki (GIs); Waikiki Beach between Queen's Surf Club & Kapiolani Park Beach House; Diamond Head Lighthouse area (end

of Waikiki); Ala Moana Park/Beach (near concessions 1 & 2); Hanauma Bay area; Kuhio Beach Park (next to Surfrider Hotel).

ILLINOIS: CHICAGO—Promontory Point Beach (on Lake Michigan, 55th to 56th); rocks, between Diversey & Belmont on the Lake; Lake, from Ohio to Diversey Harbor (encompasses Ohio St., Oak St., North Ave., and Fullerton Ave. beaches); Grant Park, notably beaches along Michigan Ave.

INDIANA: GARY—Miller Beach (west end).
LOUISIANA: NEW ORLEANS—Lakefront Beach (on Lake Terrace Drive).

MARYLAND: OCEAN CITY—Fenwick Island Beach.

MASSACHUSETTS: BOSTON—Revere Beach; Nantasket Beach ... PROVINCE-TOWN—Herring Cove Beach.

MINNESOTA: MINNEAPOLIS—Loring Park Beach (east side, near W. 34th St.).

NEW JERSEY: ATLANTIC CITY—beach in front of Claridge Hotel ... CAPE MAY—section of beach (inquire locally).

NEW YORK: BUFFALO—Woodlawn Beach; Sherston Quarries on Lake Erie (Canadian side) ... FIRE ISLAND—Cherry Grove; The Pines ... LONG ISLAND—Jones Beach (dunes, between parking lots 6 & 9); Tobay Beach (adjoining Jones Beach; dunes); ROCKAWAY—Riis Park (left end).

PENNSYLVANIA: ERIE—Presque Isle Beach (no. 1 section only).

RHODE ISLAND: PROVIDENCE—East Beach (east end); Misquamicut Beach (near Westerly) ... WOONSOCKET—"L" Street Beach (nude).

SOUTH CAROLINA: MYRTLE BEACH—section of beach (inquire locally; GIs).

TEXAS: GALVESTON—Galveston Beach (GIs) ... WACO—Lake Waco Beach.

VIRGINIA: NORFOLK—Ocean View Amusement Park Bath House ... VIRGINIA BEACH—section of beach (inquire locally).

WISCONSIN: GREEN BAY—Point Beach State Park.

PUERTO RICO: SAN JUAN—Beach between La Concha & Sheraton Hotels; Luquillo Beach (extreme ends).

VIRGIN ISLANDS: ST. THOMAS—Morningstar Beach.

ARGENTINA: BUENOS AIRES—Olivos Beach (Puntoa Bikini) ... MAR DEL PLATA—Playa Bristol (fronting Casino); Beach fronting Parque Camet (sand dunes, Golf Club Mar del Plata) ... TIGRA—boat landing (rowing clubs).

AUSTRALIA: MELBOURNE—Red Bluff Beach (left of Red Bluff Hotel) ... PERTH—Southport Beach (dunes) ... SYDNEY—Balmoral Beach; Maroubra Beach (cliffs); Thompson's Bay (rocks).

AUSTRIA: VIENNA—Stadion Baths (pools); Gaerschaufel Beach; Überschwemmungsgebiet (sunbathing).

BERMUDA: HAMILTON—Coral Bay Beach (limited activity).

BRAZIL: ANGRA DOS REIS—town beach ... FORTALEZA—Lido Beach ... GUARUJA—Jequetimo Beach; nude swimming beaches west of Guarujá ... NITEROI—Ica Beach; Sao Francisco Beach ... PORTO ALEGRA—Ipanema; Belem Novo; Vela Elsa ... RECIFE—Boa Veagin (promenade) ... RIO DE JANEIRO—Leme Beach (left of Copacabana Beach), and rocks to right of Copacabana; Flamingo Beach; Botafoga Beach; Vermella Beach; beach and rocks near Hotel Riviera; beach rocks at Arpoador (between Copacabana and Ipanema); Ipanema; Urca; Gruta da Imprensa area (rocks, between Liblon and Gavia Beach); nudist rocks (information at Scotch Bar) ... SANTIAGO DE BAHIA—Boa Viagem ... SANTOS—beaches from Ponta da Praia to Praia de Boqueirao, Praia de Gonzaga, Praia Jose Menino, and Praia Itorare; beach, far side of Vincentie; Seria Cabina Para Banho (bath house, Gonzaga); Graanabara Cabanos (bath house, Gonzaga) ... VITORIA—Praia Compridor; Praia Camburi; Praia Guarapari (Castanheiras Beach); Praia Costa (near Tabajava Hotel).

BRITISH GUIANA: GEORGETOWN—Municipal Swimming Pool.

BRITISH HONDURAS: BELIZE—St. George Cay; Ambergris Cay.

BRITISH WEST INDIES: ST. JOHNS (ANTIGUA)—Antigua Beach Hotel beach;

White Sands (cottages, private beach); NASSAU (BAHAMAS)—Bay Street Beach ... BRIDGETOWN (BARBADOS)—Acara Beach; Paradise Beach ... TOBAGO (SCARBOROUGH)—beach near Blue Haven Hotel ... TRINIDAD (PORT OF SPAIN)—beach at Yacht Club (beyond deep water rocks); Maracas Bay Beach.

CANADA: VANCOUVER (BRITISH COLUMBIA)—Crystal Beach ... TORONTO (ONTARIO)—Fallingbrook Conservation Area Beach (far end); Woodline Beach; Hanlan's Point Beach (Toronto Islands).

CHILE: ANTOFOGASTA—Playa Municipal ... VINA DEL MAR—Bañero Caleta Abarca Beach; El Recreo; Playa de las Salinas; Playa de Cochoa; Playa Lilenes.

COLOMBIA: BARANQUILLA—Playa Prado Mar ... CARTAGENA—beach near Hotel del Caribe; Playa Bocargrande Carrera ... SANTA MARIA—Hotel Tamaca beach; beach, Paseo Batidas (promenade).

COSTA RICA: PUNTARENAS—main beach.
CHINA: HONG KONG—Repulse Bay Beach; Stanley Beach.

DENMARK: COPENHAGEN—Belvue Beach (end of fenced area); Badeanstalt (dock; nude sunbathing); Charlottenlund Park Forest/Beach (men's side); Amager Faelled (sunbathing).

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: SANTO DOMINGO—Boca Chica Beach.

ENGLAND: BOURNEMOUTH—Studland Beach (nude sunbathing; dunes) ... BRIGHTON—Holland Road Beach; Telescombe Cliffs (nude bathing; caves); Shoreham Gas Works Beach (far end) ... JERSEY ISLAND—"Lower Cement" (nude sunbathing/swimming) ... LONDON—Lido Beach, Hyde Park; Highgate Ponds (Hampstead Heath; nude sunbathing—second pond); Teddington Lock area (along river); Queensmere Pond, Wimbledon Common (not a beach, but worth visiting at sunset) ... OXFORD—Parson's Pleasure (nude swimming) ... SOUTHPORT—Seabathing Lake (public pool).

FINLAND: HELSINKI—Seuraasari Island Park (nude swimming).

FRANCE: CANNES—beach, area of Cannes Film Festival Hall, also near lighthouse; Ile de Levant (nudist colony) ... PARIS—Bois de Boulogne (city woods; sunbathing).



GERMANY: WEST BERLIN—"Old Swimming Hole," Havel River (night bathing); Wannsee Beach; Teufelsee; Tiergarten "Neur See" (park lake) ... HAMBURG—Stadt Park Luftbade (pool); Sylt Island Nudist Park ("Abessinten," 250 km. from Hamburg) ... MUNICH—Isar River, open air beach (under Grosshesseloher Bridge) ... WIESBADEN—"Luft-und-Sonnebad" (sunbathing; near TV studios).

GREECE: ATHENS—Asteria Beach; Vou-

liemni Beach (public section) ... HYDRA (resort colony).

GUATEMALA: GUATEMALA CITY—Parque Morozan (pool).

HOLLAND: AMSTERDAM—Zandvoort Beach (Pier 71).

HONDURAS: PUERTO CORTEZ—Tulian Beach (nude swimming).

ICELAND: REYKJAVIK—Municipal Swimming Pool.

ITALY: CAPRI—Gracie Fields (pool); Public Bathing Beach (hustlers) ... FLORENCE—Piscine Swimming Baths (pool) ... POSITANO—main beach ... ROME—Marinella Beach; Beach, Tiber River (near Mussolini's Forum) ... TRIESTE—Bagno Excelsior ... VENICE—Lido (far end, ruined war bunkers; dunes).



HUSTLERS AT CAPRI

LEBANON: BEIRUT—beach near George Hotel.

MEXICO: ACAPULCO—La Condesa Beach (all day); Caleta Beach (mornings); Roqueta Island (mornings and evenings); Hornos Beach (evenings); Beto Beach (young boys "available") ... MAZATLAN—main beach ... PUERTO VALLARTA—all beaches.

MOROCCO: TANGIER—Hardy's Atlas Beach; Pergola Beach Bath House; Sun Beach Bath House; Wind Mill Beach Bath House.

NORWAY: OSLO—Huk Beach (Bygdoy Island); Frogner Park (pool).

PHILIPPINES: MANILA—swimming pool near Rizal Stadium.

PORTUGAL: LISBON—Caparico Beach; Estoril Beach; King Edward VII Park Beach.

SOUTH AFRICA: CAPETOWN—Bachelors' Cove (nude bathing); Graff's Pool; Sea Point (nude bathing); Clifton Beach.

SPAIN: BARCELONA—Sebastian Beach ... MADRID—La Piscina (pool) ... MAJORCA—Illas Beach (mixed).

SWEDEN: STOCKHOLM—Vanadisbadet (pool; baths); Saltsjobad Beach (nude bathing); rear, Royal Academy of Sciences (nude sunbathing).

SWITZERLAND: LUGANO—Delta Bathing Beach (dunes; nude bathing) ... LUCERNE—Public Swimming Pool ... ZURICH—(Tebehof, suburbs); Badenstalt (end of Bahnhofstrasse); Strandbad (on Bellerivestrasse).

TUNIS: TUNISIA—Belvedere Park (pool).

TURKEY: IZMIR—Kordan Beach.

URUGUAY: MONTEVIDEO—Playa de Carrasco (left); Playa la Malata (dunes); Playa Verde; Playa de los Ingleses (east end); Playa Honda (east end); Playa Malvin (east side); Playa del Buceo; Playa Pocitos (left side); Playa Ramirez (left side) ... PUNTA DEL ESTE—Playa Brava ("rough side" of bay); Portofino Yacht Club Beach ("smooth side").

VIETNAM: SAIGON—Military Swimming Pool (outside main gate of Tan Son Nhut).

Note: This is by no means a complete directory of gay beaches. Places listed are well known to local authorities and straights. QQ never reveals names of places or persons not already familiar to the police. Usual precautions should be taken by visitors.



La Stupenda

...tie a ribbon around it and kiss it goodnight

By Terry McWaters

SEXUAL success, to many gay guys, is predicated on the prestigious phallus, although to others, who see this as a devolution into a chart of inches and millimeters (precious few of the latter!), sex seems a matter more mathematical than biological . . . or 'who's top man on the totem pole today?'

Yet the stallion syndrome has been ever with us for it is steeped in antiquity and stems from the Oriental passion for a sizable sexual organ. More than any other nationality or race the African Arab is hero-worshipped for that glory of his manhood—his magnificent phallus. Note the descriptive 'African', meaning one who is a mixture of Arab and African Negro blood. The *Arabian* Arab, being of a pure blood strain, is not so well endowed.

But there is more to his story of genital greatness than that of bloodlines. While it is true that the tendency to size is inherited, the Arab does not rest his case on that alone. It is his diligent cultivation of the phallus from childhood that bears a greater weight on the end result. To be 'big' is to be everything to him . . . to be 'average' by his countrymen's standard (which is enormous anywhere else!) is still nothing to be proud of. But *not* to *try* to increase its size, and to remain 'small', is almost an act of treason!

Clinical studies by physiologists on a nation-to-nation average reveal the Arab phallus to be the largest in captivity. This average (actually a subnorm) measurement is—in erection—from 7 to 7½ inches, with a diameter (not circumference) of from 1½ to 2 inches. But the Arab who through phallic cultivation cannot produce one larger than this is rather pitied. In general, measurements read more like 8 to 10 by 2 to 2½. However, this does not take into account the 'maverick', wherever he may be, who can claim more than 10 inches.

One of these was the slain American gangster John Dillinger, a wispy little man who was reputed to have had a phallus of 21 inches. (Some said it was so skinny it looked like a tapeworm on a hunger strike.) He was never seen without two violin cases . . . presumably one for his six-gun and the other for his sex-gun.

AN ARABIAN TEST OF SIZE

A popular event in Arabian public bath-houses is the 'accommodation test'. Here the male Arab, if heterosexual, passes the test if—while sitting—he can have intercourse with a woman sitting backwards before him. And if homosexual (they are quite liberal), to have a member so long that, while sitting, he can perform auto-fellatio or at least bend forward and wish it a kissy hello!

When an Arab boy reaches the age of six years his father initiates him into the art of *jelq*. This is the elementary phase of phallic cultivation. At this time he learns how to stroke his phallus slowly and gently from bottom to top to progressively lengthen and enlarge it. This is performed religiously every day for 30 minutes.

Later on, if the family is well-to-do, he will be sent to the *mehbil* which is a kind of combination gymnasium-cum health club-cum steam bath establishment. Here he is put through a more elaborate daily program. First his nude body is sensuously massaged with a special oil preparation containing an exotic perfume, usually of the patchouli type, which completely relaxes his muscles and brings him to a high degree of sexual pre-stimulation.

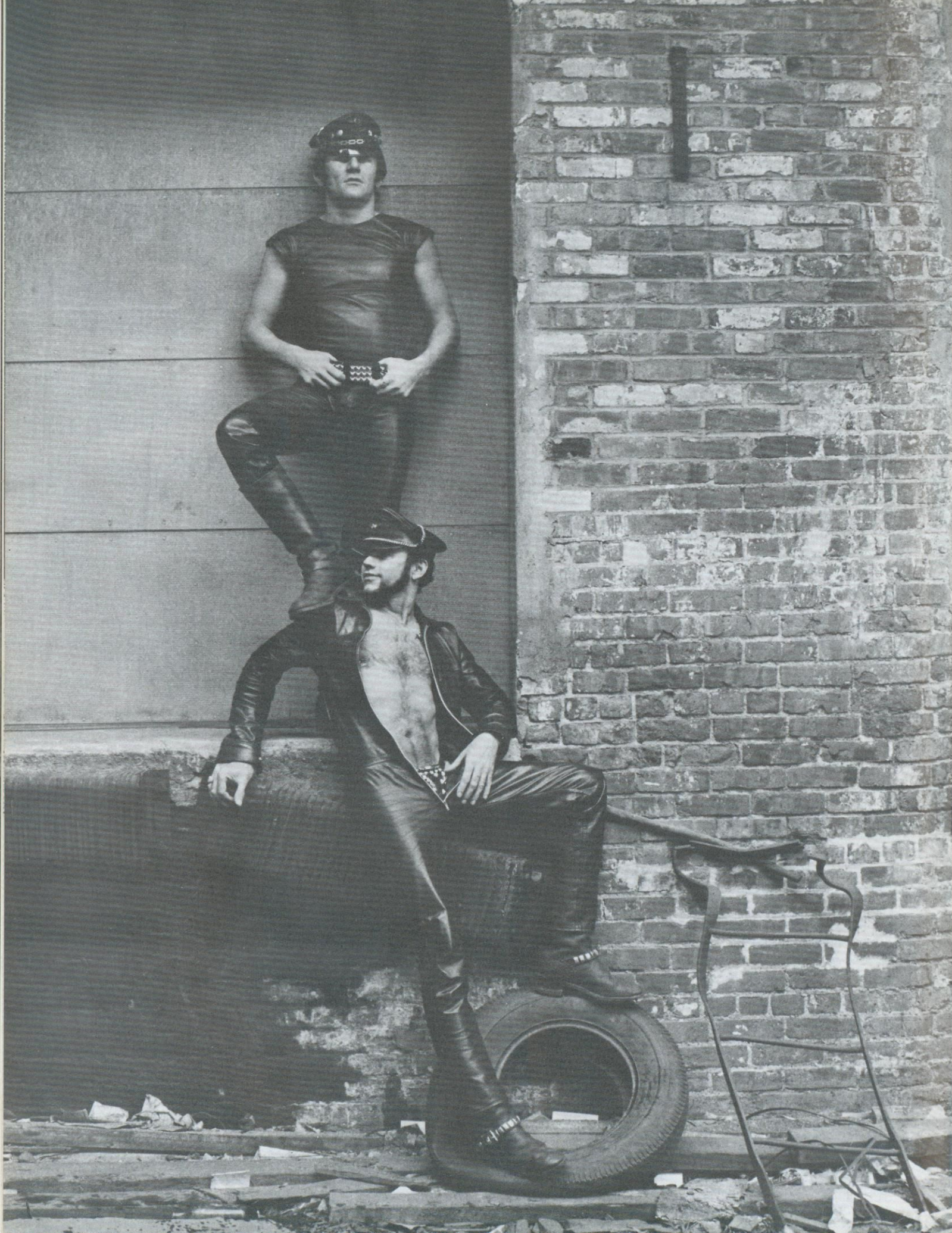
The attendant is careful not to carry the boy to the heights of passion, and should he feel that this is occurring he pauses momentarily until the phallus becomes somewhat flaccid. Then he begins anew.

Throughout the months and years of phallic cultivation never once will the young Arab experience the harsher passion of *quebdz* (seizing and squeezing the phallus). He continues with this gentle and progressive art until it has grown to a satisfactory size. And so begins a true story, although it sounds as if it might, too, be straight out of the Arabian Nights. Come to think of it . . . it's literally true!

ARABIAN NIGHTS—CALIFORNIA STYLE

Some years ago when a now-famous muscle man (surely the handsomest, most popular and most memorable of champions) was in the

(Continued on page 37)



ON LOCATION WITH THE MARQUIS DE SUEDE*

(Who Deals Only In Leather!)

BY PHILIP BAILEY

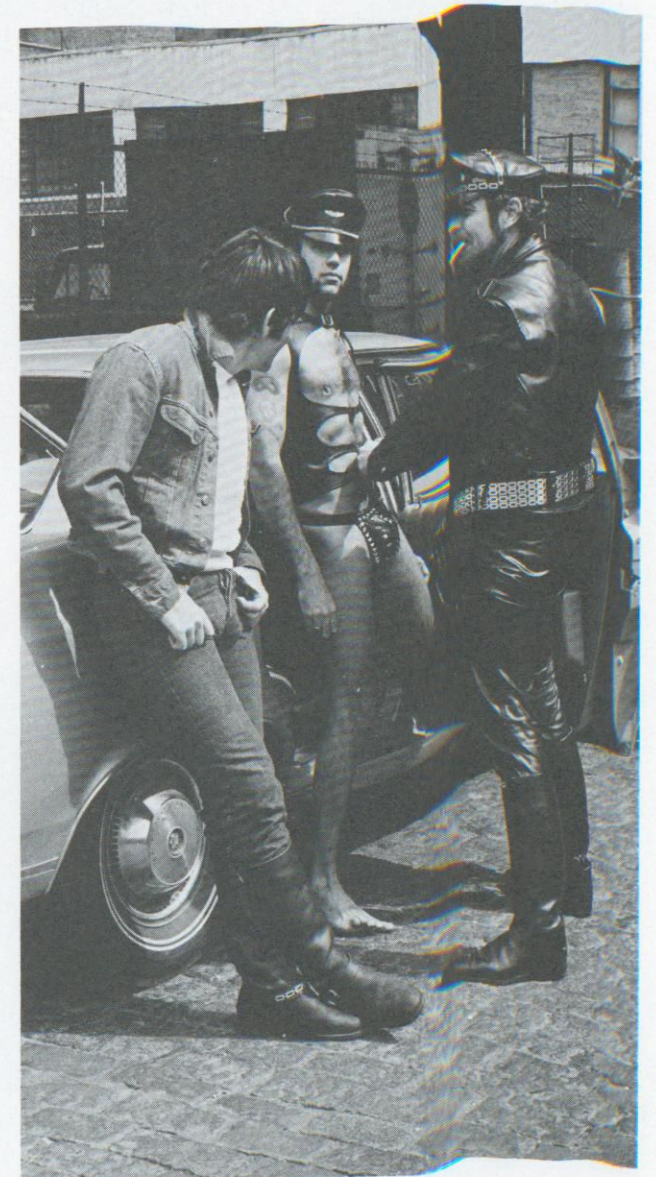
GOING out on location for photographs with the Marquis de Suede is a unique experience. (That's got to be the understatement of the year!) The Marquis deals in black leather. Not only the usual line of garments; that PLUS more—like whips, shackles, chastity belts, “instruments” of pain and pleasure as wild as your imagination. And he and his leathersmen are craftsmen. My God! When I arrived at his shop at 10 on a recent Saturday morning, to go out for a shooting, over his large bed (covered with black leather sheets!)—shackled to a chinning-bar-like headboard—was his chief tooler . . . being flogged by the Marquis for dropping a stitch. The Marquis is a perfectionist. No garment goes out imperfect. Studs are precisely lined up. Stitches are tight and goods are made to last a master's lifetime (for slaves we have no comment).

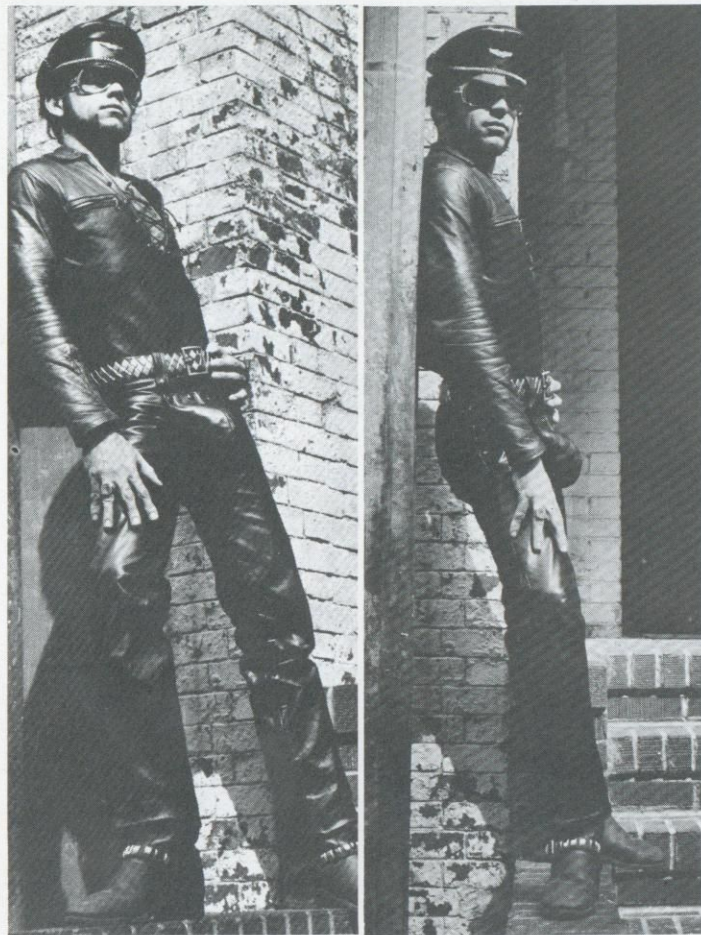
By 10:30 we had arrived in Greenwich Village—the dock area where meat packers hang out. Our models, Fernando (you've seen him in the Summer 1969 issue of QQ, and in a recent edition of ESQUIRE—the pic showing him on a motorcycle being tagged by a cop, which was used to illustrate an article on the “new homosexual”) and Luc, two handsomely rugged guys who dig the leather scene, were waiting for us at a local bar.

In the next three hours, as we went from one location to the next, minds blew . . . little old ladies had heart blocks; work crews stopped and gawked; a couple of drivers slammed on brakes. Fernando and Luc, both showmen, snapped whips at each other's butt to liven things up. But look for yourself . . . the proof of what happened is here.

If you're out at Fire Island (Continued on next page)

LEFT: Standing over Fernando, Luc is shown wearing his Bike Cap with Silver Link Chain—\$24; Torso T-Shirt (side zipper)—\$45; Belt with Silver “Pyramid” Studs—\$30; and Cod-piece Pants with Detachable Pouch (let it all hang out!)—\$90. Fernando's cap is similar to Luc's. His Jumpsuit (zippered to the crotch) is \$150; his Jockstrap with “Pyramid” Studs—\$35; and Boot Bands with Silver “Rectangle” Studs—\$12 the pair. RIGHT: The Marquis, who practices what he preaches (wears what he sells!) outfits models Fernando (center) and Luc.

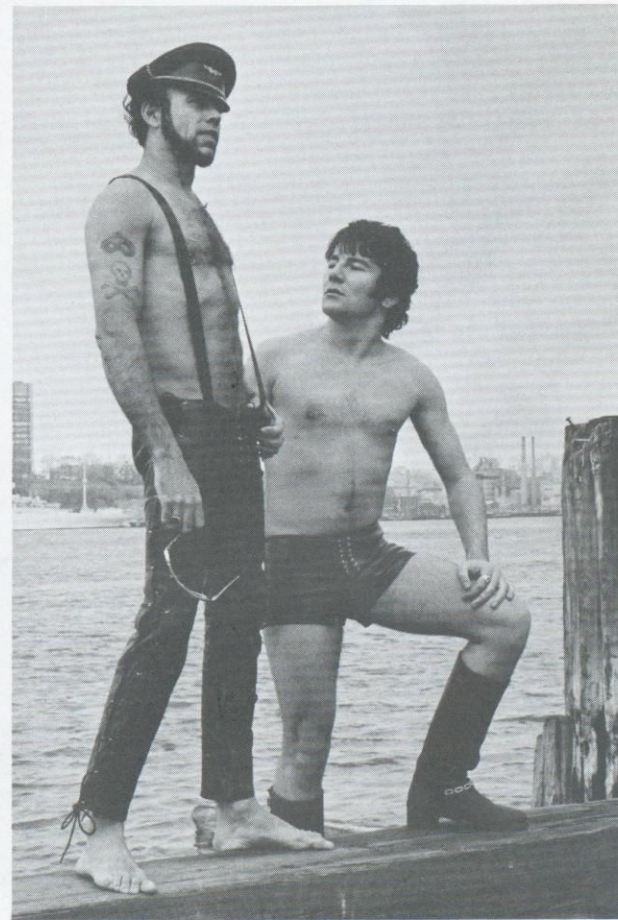


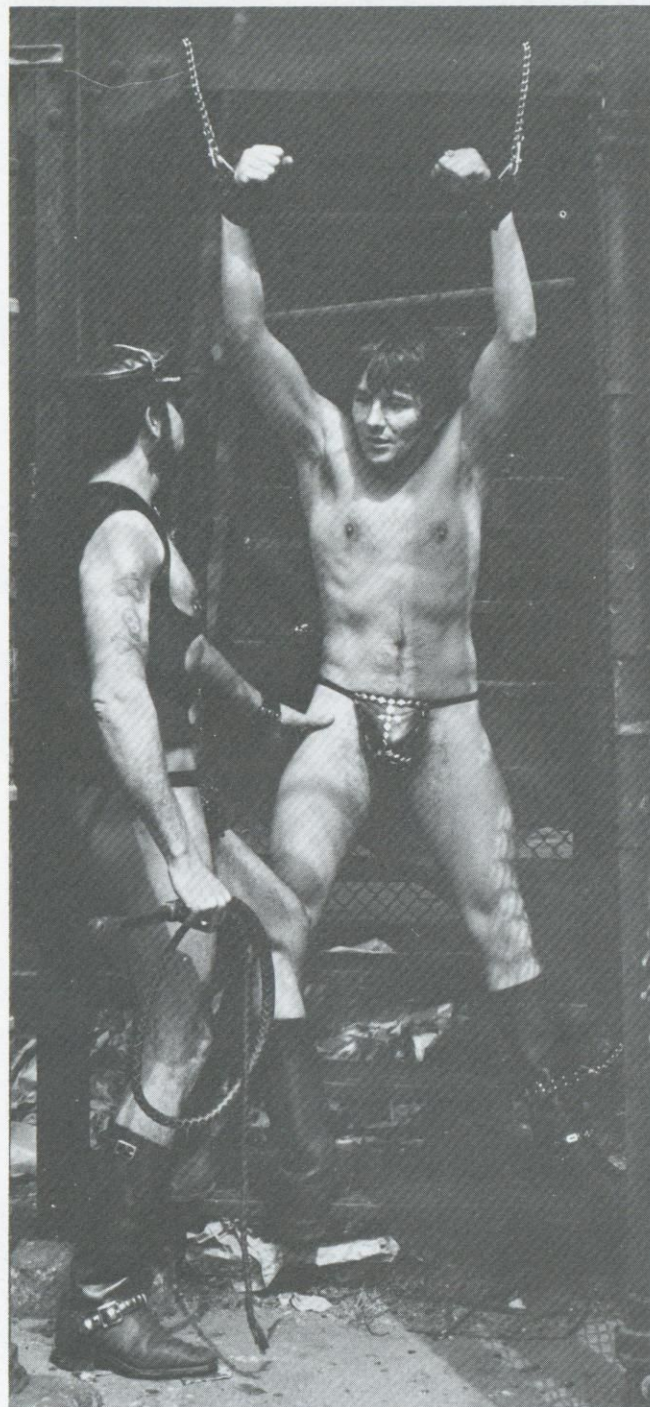


this summer you can visit the Marquis in person; he has a shop at the Cherry Grove Hotel. To order by mail be sure to send complete measurements along with your check or money-order to: The Marquis de Suede, 600 West End Ave., New York, N. Y. 10024. All orders are filled promptly (the Marquis flogs himself whenever an order is delayed), and while he is at Fire Island he will come into New York to fetch all new orders three times weekly, so you needn't worry about delays.

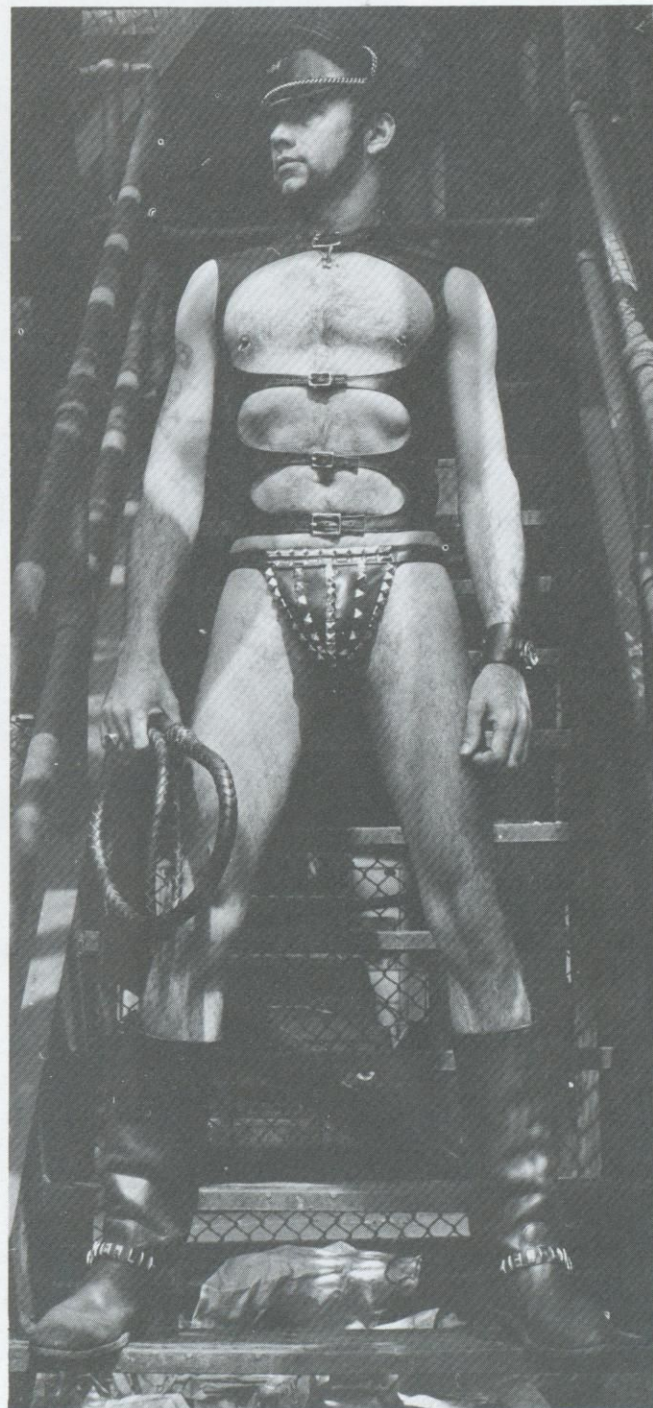
Even if you don't dig leather all the way—what can beat a great studded belt or a tooled leather jacket (the Marquis also does custom work) to butch any guy up!

LEFT: Fernando is shown in his Bike Cap with Silver Link Chain—\$24; Bike Shirt with Lacing and Zippered Slash Pockets (long sleeves only, zippered at the wrists; zippered side)—\$75; Belt with Silver "Diamond" Studs—\$30; Cod-piece pants with Detachable Pouch (zippered inseam to calf)—\$90; and Boot Bands with Silver "Domed Rectangle" Studs—\$12 the pair. BOTTOM LEFT: Luc (left) is wearing his cap (same as above) and Belted Chaps (zippered inseam)—\$60. His Braided Bullwhip (8') is \$18. Fernando is wearing a similar cap. His Belted Chaps with Side Fringe and Silver Conchos (zippered back; 2 front flap pockets)—\$60; Jockstrap with Pyramid Studs—\$35; Wristwatch Band (2½" width)—\$6; boot bands (see above); and 14k Gold Nipple Rings (pierce your own!)—\$30 the pair. DIRECTLY BELOW: Fernando's cap is described above; his Suspender Pants with Laced Siding and Fly—\$90. Luc's Boxer Shorts with Laced Fly—\$40; boot bands described above. RIGHT: Fernando looks Luc over. Caps, boot bands, and Fernando's nipple rings described above. Fernando's "Ring Design" Harness—\$45; Luc's "Double-T Bar" Harness—\$45. Jockstraps with Silver "Pyramid" or "Diamond" Studs—\$30.





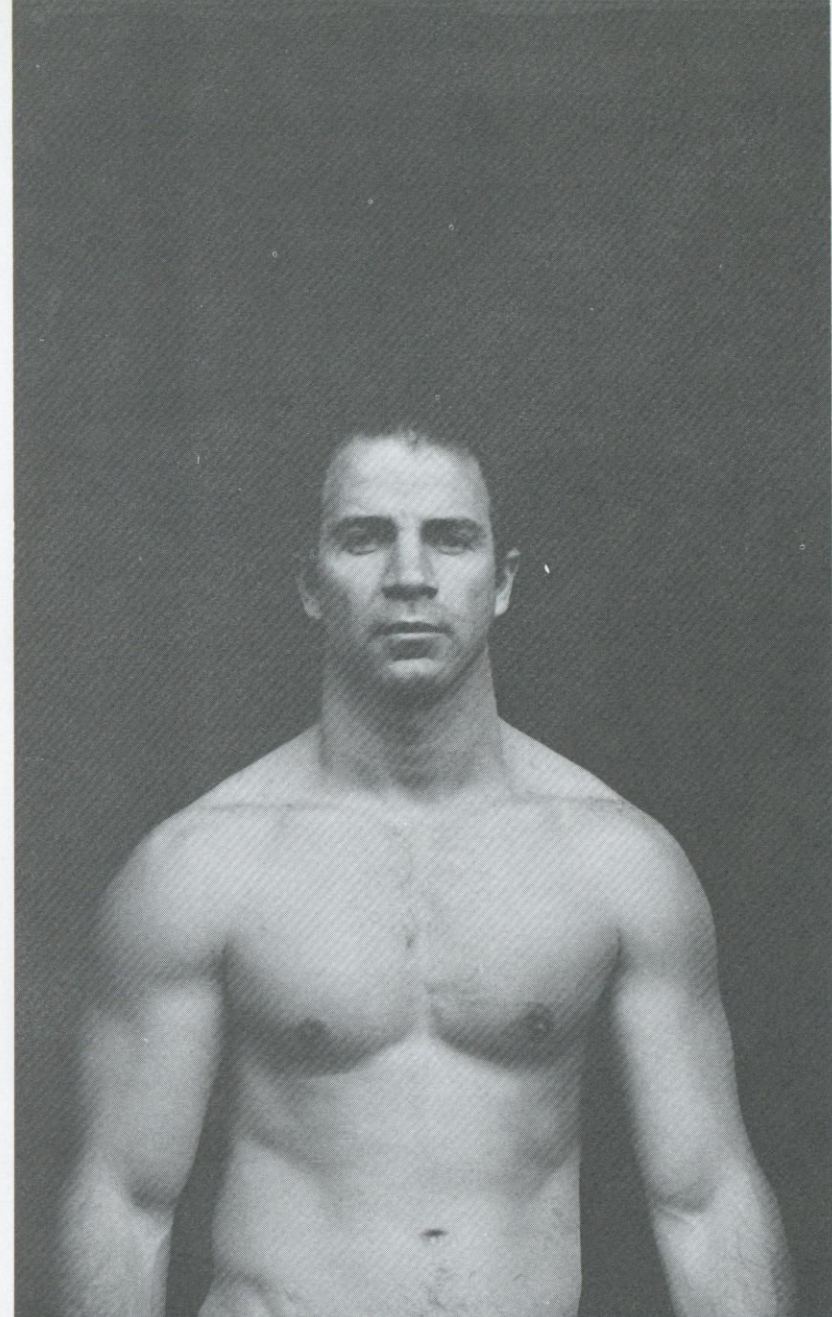
Fernando is shown wearing his Bike Cap with Silver Link Chain—\$24; 14k Gold Ear Ring—\$4.50 each; “Flash Gordon” Vest—\$45; 14k Gold Nipple Rings—\$30 the pair; Wristwatch Band (2½” width)—\$6; Jockstrap with “Pyramid” Studs—\$35; Braided Bullwhip (8’)—\$18; and Boot Bands with Silver “Domed Rectangle” Studs—\$12 the pair.



Fernando’s complete outfit is described above. Luc’s Wrist Shackles—\$22 the pair; Ankle Shackles—\$25 the pair; G-String with “Diamond” Studs—\$25; Boot Bands with Silver “Chain” Studs—\$12 the pair.

Lookout

COLT



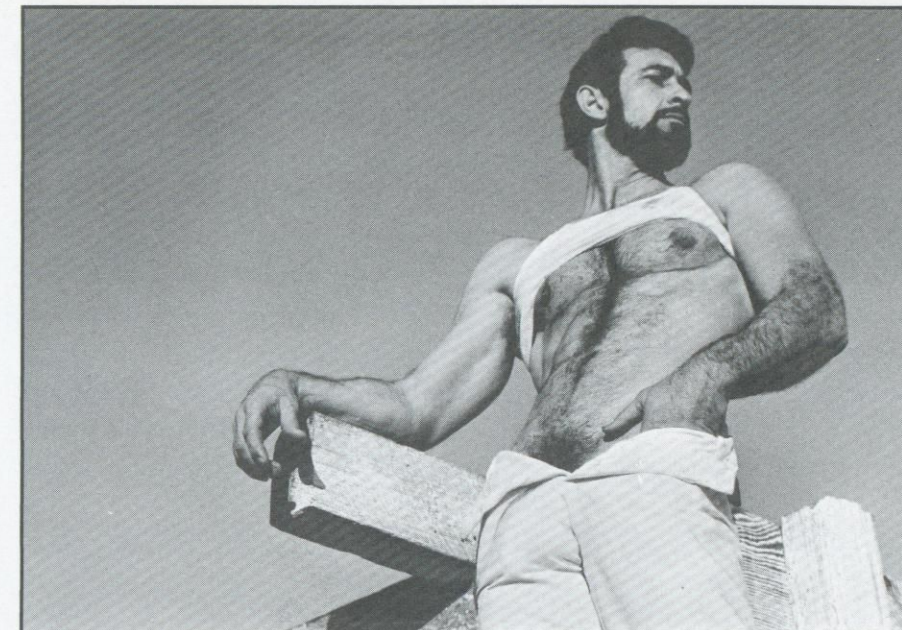
QQ is proud to present a portfolio of drawings and photographs by one of the best physique studios in the world. You are probably already acquainted with the Colt Studio, but if you are not, herewith be our guest. But first, a brief history:

Late in 1967, with the laws against nudity in their ebb and the growing public feeling that perhaps the naked body was not as immoral as preceding generations had dictated, a new concept in physique illustration was born. And by February of the following year a new studio had appeared: the Colt Studio. As designer and originator, Rip Colt brought a much needed new viewpoint and originality to the industry. Up to that time (and unfortunately even today) 99 per cent of the emphasis in depicting nudity was on the genitalia. Mr. Colt was in accord with that concept, but felt there were other areas too that combined to form a total picture of the male physique. Since the public, through lack of choice, had been groin-bound for so long it was time that standards somehow were raised. Enter the Colt Studio.

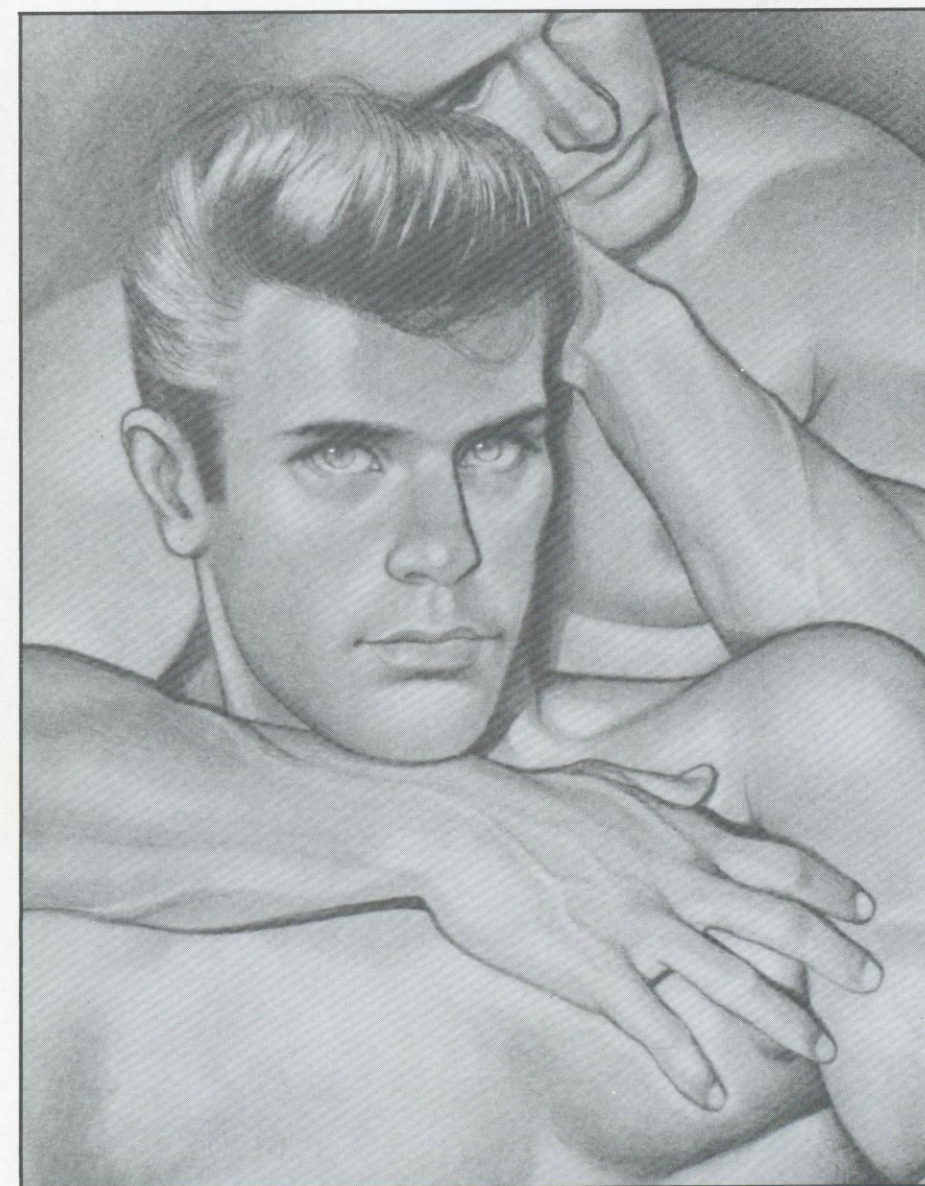
Equally at ease at an easel or behind the camera, Mr. Colt is involved exclusively in presenting virility in graphic terms. To accomplish this, he has set extremely high criteria for his studio and over the past three years has succeeded in bringing to his audience only the finest males. We’re pleased to be able to share some examples with you in QQ.



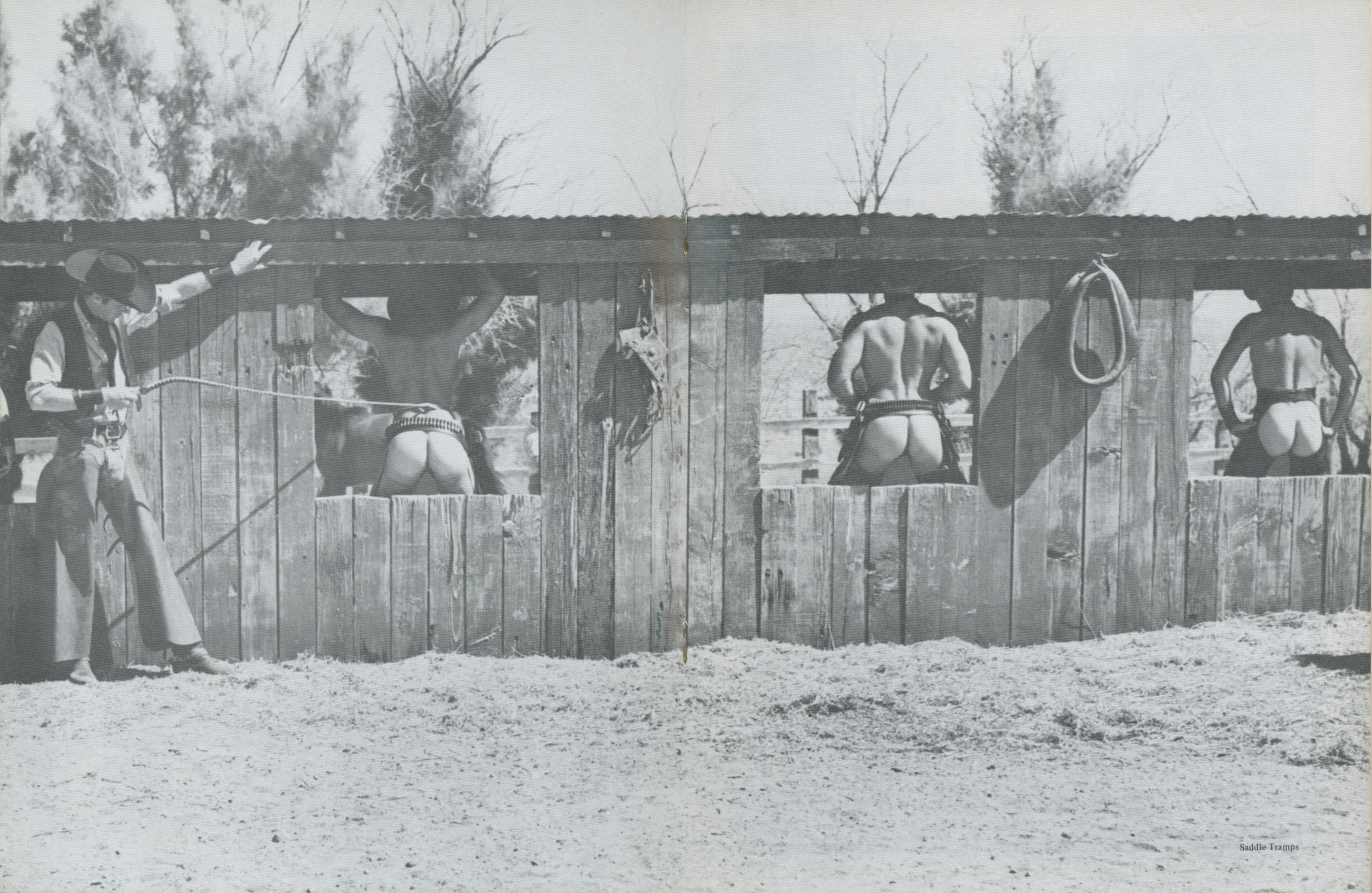
Adonis

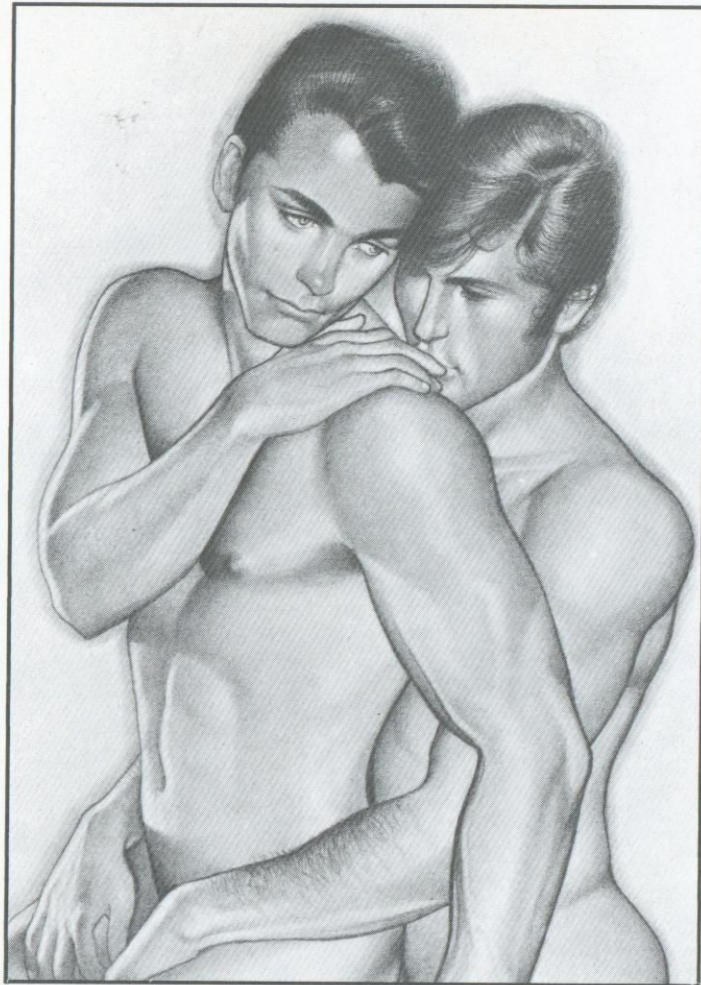


Blackjack

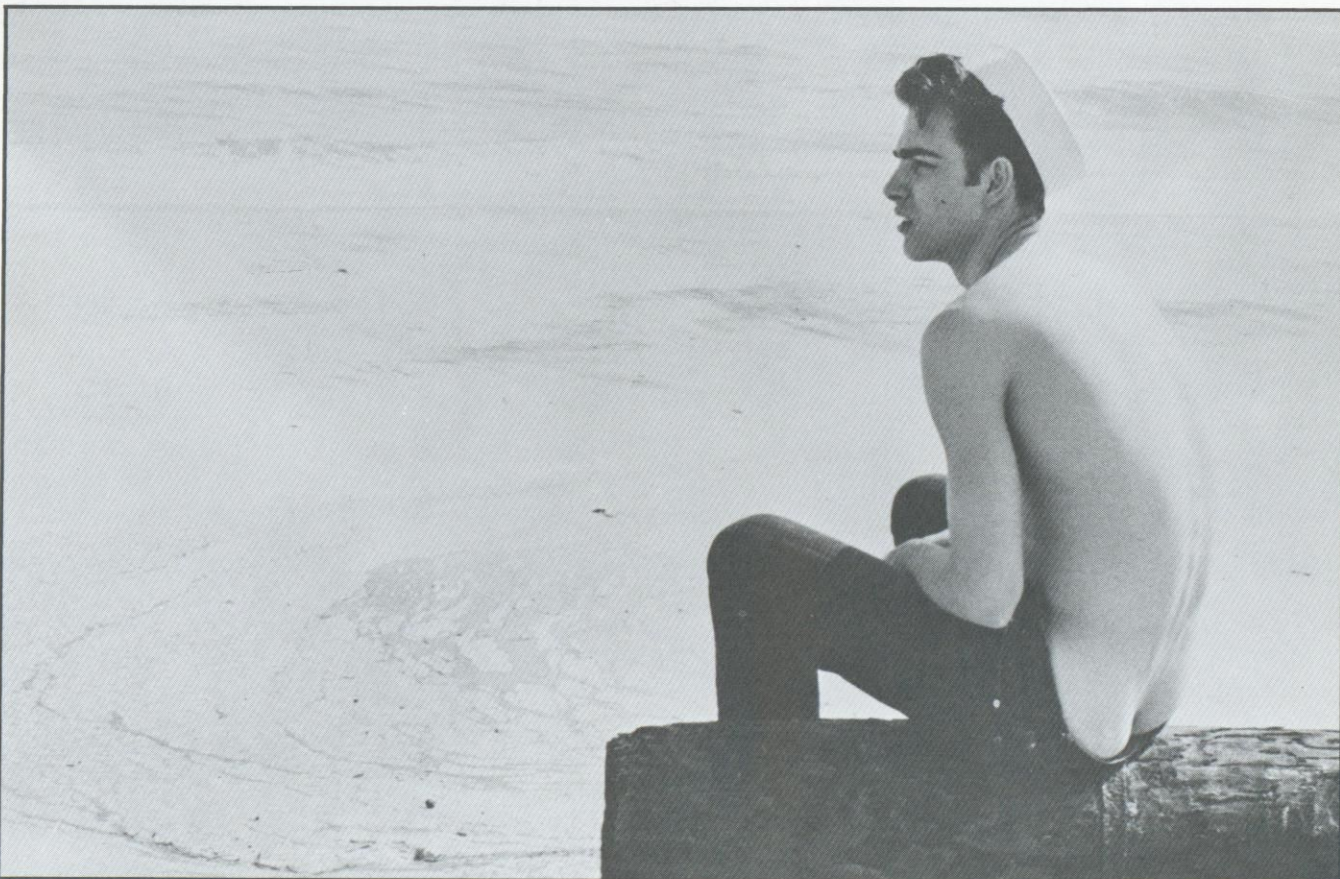


Person To Person

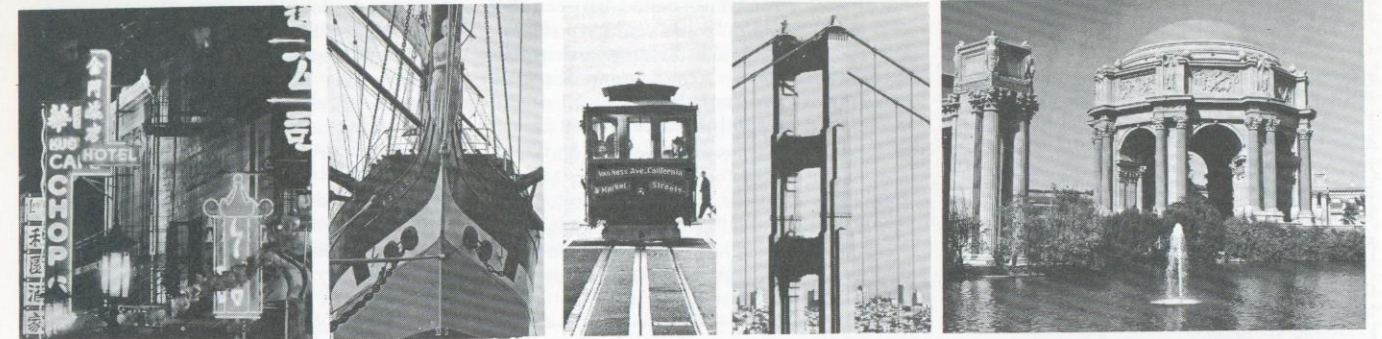




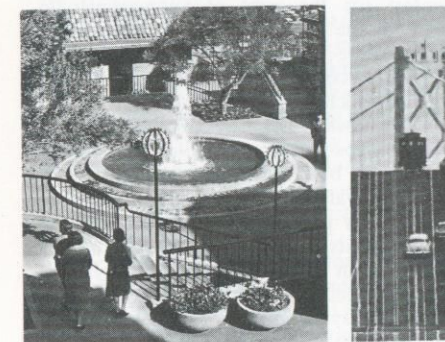
Person To Person



Shipmate



GYPSY FEET



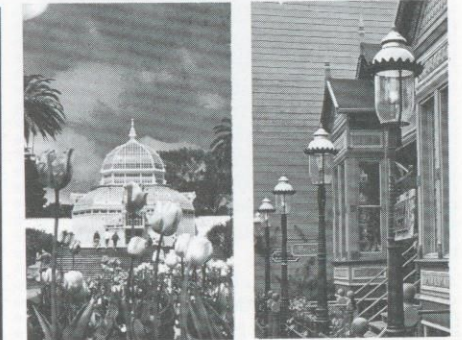
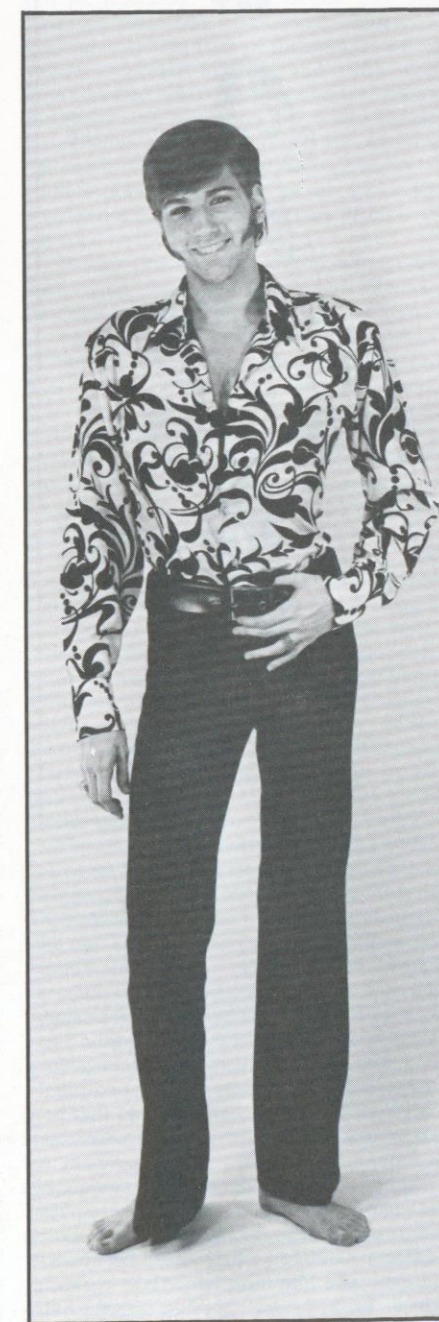
SAN FRANCISCO

BY RICHARD YOUNG

IMPRESSIONS of San Francisco. It's an impressionist's city. Like grooving on the Van Goghs and Seurats at the Chicago Art Institute. Or smoking pot in a French Quarter apartment. Or the sun dappling the russet maple leaves after the summer crowd has left P'town. Or like looking down on The City (never any question as to which city—just The City—and NEVER "Frisco") from atop Mt. Tamalpais across the Golden Gate in Marin County on a fluffy-clouded summer day with the Pacific swooshing in to wash the tip of the peninsula which sticks up from San Jose. And you peer through the binoculars at Land's End and wonder how the cruising is there right now.

* * *

Two lovers from Iowa on vacation in San Francisco for the first time. Friends back home have given them a list of places to go: gay bars, gay restaurants, gay haberdasheries, gay dirtybook stores, gay baths. They decide to do the baths first. The Summer, 1970



freedom from midwestern police harassment, the delightful variety of good-looking studs, the insouciance of the hippie kids scampering around with just a towel on! The Iowans split, each making the scene. One tricks, recalls mention of an orgy room upstairs. Goes up, peers in. Very dark. Two guys on the round bed doing it. Wild! He gets excited as his eyes become adjusted to the darkness. Elbows through the crowd to a better vantage point. Someone gropes him; he reciprocates. The other guy is nicely formed, beautiful. Leans back to nibble on an earlobe. Something odd about the reaction. So dark... wonder if... seems somehow familiar... My God! He's been making it with his own lover!

"In Chicago, I saw a man, he danced with his wife..."

* * *

San Francisco—the subject of so many articles, books, songs, TV shows and movies it needs no introduction. Tell that to the Visitors Bureau and Mayor Alioto. It is, God knows, where Tony Bennett lost his heart. Where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars and a straight woman, accidentally struck by one (Continued on page 48)

UNCLE SAM MAKES MEN

(Continued from page 11)

with your pants down. But the cloud also has some silver linings. For one thing, less than one-tenth of one per cent of all armed forces personnel are discharged under conditions other than honorable because of homosexuality. In the lifetime of an active gay civilian, the chances of getting robbed by a hustler, arrested for cruising tea rooms or suffering some other misfortune associated with social repression of homosexuality probably are greater.

In addition, military service *can* be fun! To the young man who has just got his induction notice, that may seem like a wildly masochistic statement. "Oh yes," he might reply, "and some women like sex with dogs, too!" But the fact is, not everyone automatically is sent to Vietnam to have his head blown off. Much action of a more familiar nature takes place among servicemen stationed in the United States, Europe and at other installations around the world. Fort Polk, La., it is true, may be the place—were God ever to give the world an enema—where He would insert the tube. But there also are bases in Hawaii, West Germany, England or near San Francisco, New Orleans, Miami, New York—or even Omaha—where there is plenty of action, straight or gay, and the sight of a tight uniform sets the hearts of local civilians aflutter.

Moreover, if you are already gay when you enter the service, there is no more likely setting to find lots of groovy guys, to develop lasting friendships and to have yourself a ball. If you come out while in the service, it may be because GIs generally are young, in prime shape physically and at the peak of their sexual prowess.

Since war began, the tradition of the buddy system has lent legitimacy to deep, emotional bonds between those who bear arms. The love affairs between Greek soldiers in Mary Renault's novels attest to this no less than James Jones' descriptions of 69-ing in sleeping bags during World War II or stories of GIs in Vietnam having sex while in the boonies.

"The Marine Corps builds men," the posters proclaim, but it also is true that it makes them. A former Parris Island Drill Instructor once asserted that during each session of boot camp he had approximately two-thirds of all the recruits in his platoon. The reason for this, he claimed, was that kids right out of high school may have doubts about their masculinity and feel too closely tied to mama's apron strings. Enlisting in the Marines provides a chance to assert their masculinity, but in a strange, psychological switch, the kids often end up developing puppy-love crushes on their DIs or other NCO's.

It is this close, psychological identification with masculinity that holds the appeal for gay guys of serving in the service. Aside from athletics, there probably is no other activity so adamantly butch. Aside from prisons, there probably is no other setting where hot, horny guys are thrown together in such isolation and intimacy.

Kinsey estimated that two out of every five men had at least some overt homosexual experience to the point of orgasm and that

for at least a three-year period between the ages of 16 and 55, 18 per cent have at least as much homosexual as heterosexual experience or reaction. Even using Kinsey's standard 10 per cent—that one out of 10 men is predominantly homosexual—it can be calculated that there are about 300,000 such men in the armed forces. They may be predominately gay, AC-DC or just "giving a buddy a little relief" by masturbating each other until both climax; whatever the case, it is certain that just because he's gay, the guy in uniform is not out of step.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QDD SON

SAY



"Boy who join army
see many privates!"

The military is getting the showers in the head aboard ship all steamy late at night so you and your buddy can go in and play drop the soap... a stud Marine at the Armed Forces YMCA silently rolling over on his tanned, muscular belly as he hands you a tube of KY... meeting your gay friends at the Base Exchange Cafeteria and exchanging tips on which bars to visit the next time you get a hop to Amsterdam... marching out for two weeks of bivouac with that corporal you've got a crush on, only to find that he, too, is gay and you're going to share the same pup tent.

Then varoom! The booby trap explodes and your buddy is screaming—trying to push his guts back in—and he's dead on some Godforsaken chopper pad before the medics can even give him morphine. For war can, indeed, be hell, and numbing fatigue, hid-

eous mutilation and, perhaps worst of all, the lonely tedium which "Mr. Roberts" so poignantly depicted. The petty bureaucracy, the harassing NCO's, the endless waiting—these are as much a part of military life as sun bathing on the deck of a destroyer or gossiping with your sisters at the post library tea room.

The armed forces, in other words, presents a very mixed bag to the homosexual. There is opportunity for almost unlimited sexual activity, coupled with the omnipresent danger of getting caught and suffering almost unlimited embarrassment. During combat, "Willie and Joe" friendships can ripen into life-long love affairs, but also can be the subject of subsequent blackmail, as in "Advise and Consent."

Currently, the war in Vietnam presents a moral and philosophical dilemma which leads some young homosexuals to be grateful there is a box they can check, while others join gay militant organizations and protest for the right of homosexuals to serve in the armed forces. Whether hawk or dove, the Vietnamese war raises issues of profound concern to gay guys—not the least of which is what to do if caught.

The movie "The Gay Deceivers" poked fun, perhaps rightly so, at those who merely pretend to be homosexuals in order to escape the draft. In real life, few persons who simply play gay are thus exempt. Military psychologists may be naive about the gay life, but an "Alice's Restaurant" type of criminal record remains a safer bet than some clumsy attempt at kissing the induction sergeant!

The question of submitting to the draft today reflects the generation gap among homosexuals just as surely as there are old aunties and spring chicken, nor is it just a question of bringing the boys home from Vietnam because we want them.

Some of the grooviest and most sincere young gay guys in the nation are now serving time at Leavenworth and other federal penitentiaries because they refuse to participate in a dirty little war against a people with whom the United States should have no quarrel. Their personal witness for peace, unpublicized but agonizing, is no less a part of the American character than the equally groovy and sincere young gay guys in Vietnam who are totally convinced that duty and the national interest require that we stop the Communists over there before they get to the shores of California.

In contrast, for the more mature homosexual who recalls the patriotic pride of marching in a VJ parade, there was no dilemma. We were attacked, we beat them—and re-reading James Barr's "Quatrefoil" or recalling that weekend in Rome with the beautiful young Italian resistance fighter represent memories as mellow as old wine.

For example, a San Francisco queen (in the finest sense of the word) who is known as the Duchess, tells a marvelous story about serving at Schofield Barracks shortly after Pearl Harbor was bombed. Gay, he claims, from the moment of birth, the Duchess was assigned one day to be a barracks orderly to remain behind while the rest of the company marched off for a field exercise. At last the Duchess was able to have a moment to himself. He promptly whipped out his pedicure set and toenail polish, perched on the edge

of his foot locker and was blissfully applying polish when suddenly: tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys were marching home earlier than expected. Panic-stricken, the Duchess hurled the polish back into the foot locker, yanked on his socks and combat boots and appeared every inch the good soldier when the men returned to the barracks. Alas, the socks stuck to the drying polish and he had to spend hours late at night in the latrine when no one else was up, tearing fragments of the fabric off his toenails!

It is in looking back on such experiences (though admittedly the Duchess cannot be said to be a typical World War II veteran) that the older homosexual may express concern about today's hippie gay pacifists. The older ones spent the years after the war building up organizations like Mattachine and now feel threatened that gay liberation groups—with their militant demands in social and political areas, as well as for homosexual equality—appear to be divisive and to alienate straight people.

As with all facets of homosexuality—whether the danger of getting caught overrides the joys of tea-room cruising, whether to join the S/M set and buy a leather jacket or to do your thing via the drag queen role, whether to enjoy the quantity of promiscuity or the quality of a life-long relationship with a single lover—the question of joining the military service must ipso facto be a personal decision.

The moral and political doubts which Vietnam represents pose an added uncertainty to the young homosexual about to be drafted or to the gay guy already in the service. Older homosexuals ought at least to acknowledge these doubts without resorting to some sterile, American Legionistic condemnation. Moreover, the older and wiser queen is in a unique position to offer some sound, practical advice on a problem that cuts across the generation gap: what to do if caught.

Actually, the times they are a-changing. The Offutt sergeant notwithstanding, there have been some recent legal moves which offer a glimmer of hopeful light at the end of the long, dark tunnel of the armed forces' wretched attitude toward homosexuality. These rulings, plus some practical suggestions on what to do, will be reviewed shortly. First, however, it is significant to note that the Pentagon has not always been so uptight about kicking out gay guys.

During World War II, under the influence of modern psychiatry and because of the sudden, dramatic influx of so many civilians, the military adopted a slightly enlightened attitude about the matter. Commanders often permitted many men who might have been discharged without honor as homosexuals to be separated as persons possessing undesirable habits or unadaptable to military service. There was always a "Catch-22," and many CO's, sympathetic to civilian situations, let homosexuals go with a minimum of fuss.

Then about 15 years ago, Washington was seized with a fit of hysteria for which a good sniff of a popper would have been the best remedy. Sen. Joseph McCarthy started waving lists of names he asserted were homosexuals in the State Department who had sold America down the Red river. Government officials in places high and low

began looking under their beds for homosexuals, security risks, Communists or other monsters of that ilk. The Pentagon fell into step and reverted to a more primitive and punitive policy of separating known or suspected homosexuals—or persons with homosexual tendencies—with undesirable discharges.

During the Korean War, the following years and right through the current war in Vietnam, the military has continued to torture the consciences of homosexuals and straight people alike. The standard line always is that homosexuals are security risks because they are subject to blackmail—as if heterosexuals were not. The military further asserts that homosexuals are emotionally unstable and therefore unreliable, they form cliques and are likely to "contaminate" their fellow servicemen and thus challenge discipline and lower morale.

How curious this policy seems (the official statement is the "homosexuality will not be tolerated" in the service and that "prompt separation of known homosexuals is mandatory") in light of the military's own studies, reported in 1947 and 1961, that homosexuals: (a) top the average soldier in intelligence, education and rating; (b) are law-abiding and hardworking; (c) perform "admirably" as office workers; (d) try to be good soldiers; (e) "are often exceptionally courageous in battle;" and (f) are often well-adjusted to their condition.

Despite this, examples of the impractical, costly and genuinely "cruel and inhuman punishment" meted out to gay guys abound: ★A captain who hoped to make a career of the Air Force scrupulously avoided gay bars for fear of being seen there by anyone from the base. He accepted an invitation to a private party, however, and left with a good-looking civilian to check into a Seattle hotel. Even after sex, the captain declined to identify himself and went back to the post on Sunday night assuming he was safe.

A few days later the OSI (Office of Special Investigations) called him in and confronted him with photos and a bugged recording of what had gone on in the hotel room. They had been tailing the civilian because, they said, he was suspected of being a Communist agent. The captain was aghast not only at getting caught but also at the security implications of the case. He at once blurted out a confession but assured the investigators that he had revealed no secrets to his bed-partner.

That wasn't enough for the Air Force. They continued to interrogate the captain, question his friends and sent his records to Washington for review. He went through hell for about a month until finally being allowed to resign. But then the Air Force, in an unusually hurtful gesture, wrote to the captain's unsuspecting parents that their son had been separated because he was a homosexual.

The mortified parents at once shipped their son off to a headshrinker and the family relationship was strained almost to the breaking point. "I never knew if the guy I tricked with really was a secret agent or if that was just a put-on," the former captain (now a stock broker) said later. "But why did the Air Force have to tell my parents?" (In actual practice, only the parents of GIs under 21 are supposed to be

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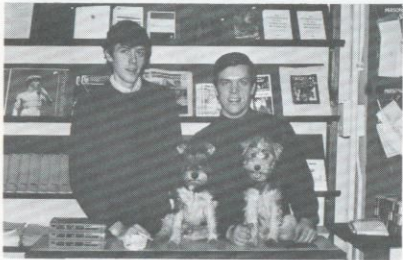
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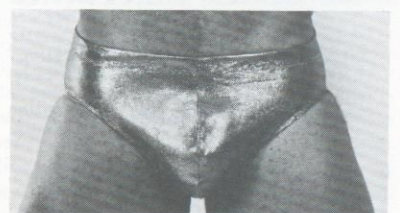


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told that their sons are being discharged for homosexuality.)

★An immature Midwestern farm boy enlisted in the Navy right after high school graduation but once in boot camp in San Diego soon realized he could not endure the social and even physical ordeal of military life. In a routine address of welcome, a chaplain assured the recruits that they could come to him in confidence with personal problems, that any revelations would be kept secret. The boy went, explained that he had had homosexual proclivities in high school and asked for advice on how to avoid temptation in the service. The next day, his commanding officer called him in and quoted from the supposedly confidential session with the chaplain. The CO called the recruit a "queer" and stated, "There aren't going to be any faggots in my company because they're lower than whale turds on the bottom of the ocean."

The boy technically should have been rated a Class III homosexual. This covers those who "exhibit, profess or admit to homosexual tendencies or habitually associate with persons known to him to be homosexual" but who have not actually engaged or tried to engage in homosexual activity while in the service. Class III cases are supposed to receive honorable or general discharges.

Thanks to his CO's vindictive attitude, the farm boy got a dishonorable discharge, the parents were notified, and he went home with severe emotional problems. The chaplain may have thought he was doing the boy a favor by removing him from temptation; instead, untold suffering was generated by a needless, puritanical and altogether unChristian disclosure.

The Air Force captain and the Navy recruit illustrate cases of Class II and Class III homosexual behavior. Essentially, the distinction is that in Class II you get caught and the case is handled administratively with the result being a dishonorable discharge. Class III, the least serious, is when the GI simply tells about it or hangs around with gay civilians and the result is supposed to be an honorable or general discharge. Class I, the most serious, is when a GI while in the service engages in homosexual acts involving "force, fraud, intimidation or with a minor (in the service, anyone under 16)." This leads to a court-martial with the likelihood of a bad conduct or dishonorable discharge or harsher punishment, including a prison sentence, as the conviction warrants. In a few cases, where homosexuality is only a symptom of a basic mental illness, the individual is discharged for medical reasons, and—in many cases—discharge for unfitness or unsuitability, rather than for homosexuality, is granted.

The case of the Omaha sergeant who revealed the names of more than 200 tricks illustrates by far the most vicious technique the military employs in weeding out homosexuals—promising leniency if the suspect will "cooperate." Such stool pigeons should be taken out and shot at sunrise.

Over and over again in talking with those who have been kicked out for being gay, one learns that it actually wasn't what they did per se, but rather what someone else said they did. It's the old story of the kid who gets "nervous in the service," decides

to turn himself in and then agrees to turn informer for the promise of easy treatment.

Military investigators are very, very sly in this regard. They'll tell the suspect they have all the goods on him anyway, so he might as well 'fess up. They use the time-honored ploy of having one M.P. badger and insult the kid, then switch to a different, friendly agent who offers him a cigarette, sympathizes with his "problem" and assures him it's no big thing. With or without permission, agents search through personal belongings for incriminating letters, pictures, address books or anything else that might be suggestive. (Note: if you're a drag queen, NEVER keep your lipstick in your foot locker!)

The investigators are required to inform the GI of his rights, but they do so in a way that suggests if he asks for a lawyer he's already admitted his guilt. "You'll feel better if you just get this off your chest like a man," they say, "there's no need for a lawyer to get mixed up in this." Most individuals are so frightened and humiliated at this point they don't realize that by waiving the right to legal counsel they are doing the investigators' work for them. Another tactic is the promise that "no one ever needs to know what happened," whereas in reality, as noted, the parents often are informed and in many cases the word quickly spreads throughout the barracks or ship. NCO's can be bigger gossips than little old ladies, and other GIs can be suddenly aloof or downright disgustingly crude. While awaiting his discharge the suspect frequently is confined to quarters; at night, after lights out, bigots and oafs who think they're cute will yell out for blow jobs and ridicule him mercilessly.

Another tactic used by military investigators is to promise medical help. "We realize you're sick and we don't want to punish you, we just want to see that you get medical help and get straightened out." In truth, what most military psychiatrists and psychologists know about homosexuality would make a witch doctor look smart. One Army Specialist 5, who had taken a college minor in psychology, was asked by a military doctor, "Do you prefer to take the passive, feminine role or to be the man?" The Specialist replied, "I am a man, you are an ignorant snoop and I will make no further statement."

Regardless of whether he is charged with being a Class I, II or III homosexual, and no matter what tactic the military investigators use, the least that a serviceman should know is his rights—what he can do and what they cannot do. San Francisco's Society for Individual Rights has prepared a helpful booklet in this regard, "The Armed Services and Homosexuality," which is available for 50 cents by writing to SIR at 83 Sixth St., San Francisco, 94103.

Here is a summary of SIR's suggestions on what to do if involved in a homosexual investigation:

1. Get yourself a lawyer at the start of the investigation; do not wait until you have been investigated, interrogated or brought to trial.
2. Exercise your constitutional rights, or at least consult with legal counsel before waiving them.
3. Do not believe any suggestion that you will be more leniently dealt with if you

"cooperate" by waiving your rights and by confessing alleged offenses.

4. Ignore any suggestion that once you are a civilian again, you stand a good chance of having your undesirable discharge upgraded.

5. Demand the type of discharge warranted by the character and quality of your service.

6. Request a copy of the record of all proceedings against you.

Two recent cases update the SIR booklet. On June 2, 1969, the U.S. Supreme Court in *O'Callahan vs. Parker* ruled that a crime, to be under military jurisdiction, must be service connected. The decision involved a Sgt. O'Callahan who, while on pass from his Army post in Hawaii, and in civilian attire, broke into a hotel room, assaulted a girl and attempted rape. He was tried and sentenced by a court-martial, but the Supreme Court reversed the verdict on the grounds that "there was not even a remote connection between petitioner's crimes and his military duties . . . (nor did they) . . . involve military authority, security or property."

In a follow-up case, *the United States vs. Borys, a Captain in the Army*, Borys was charged with rape, robbery and sodomy while off duty in South Carolina and in Georgia. He was tried in South Carolina civilian courts and was acquitted for some of the alleged offenses. But the Army, in obvious defiance of the O'Callahan decision, re-tried him in a court-martial and found him guilty. The U.S. Court of Military Appeals reversed the court-martial verdict.

These two cases suggest that the armed forces may be forced to abandon their sloppy, undisciplined, play-acting kangaroo courts in matters having nothing to do with the service. Thus, if a GI is accused merely of having had homosexual activity off-post and in a way unrelated to his performance in the service, he may not be subject to Class II or Class III investigations.

Sometime this fall the Supreme Court also is expected to review the appeal of Isaiah Relford, a soldier sentenced to imprisonment for 30 years in Ft. Leavenworth for the rape of a fellow soldier's 14 year-old sister and an airman's wife.

Relford's appeal, which the court agreed to hear late in February, argues that rape "and other crimes" without military significance should be tried in civilian courts where a serviceman can be heard by a jury. The Relford case will give the court an opportunity to spell out more clearly its O'Callahan decision.

It's ironic that it requires rape cases involving 14 year-old girls to budge the Pentagon brass. How the court will rule remains problematic, given President Nixon's law-and-order appointments, but it seems clear that progress gradually is being made to shake the Pentagon's uptightness about sex in general and the gay life in particular. Whether it's a hetero Sgt. O'Callahan or a gay GI or efforts of organizations like SIR and even the Gay Liberation Front, gradually the armed forces may be made to realize that to be gay is not "queer."

After all, this is the dawning of the age of Aquarius, and even the generals and admirals eventually will learn that a GI can stand tall and proud, can serve with distinc-

Summer, 1970

tion and can be right in step, whatever his sexual preferences. Meanwhile, putting an end to war seems the most sensible solution to the whole problem.

FALSE GLORY

(Continued from page 11)

understand what all this permissiveness is coming to. We tried so hard to bring you and Tommie and Sally up right. We gave you everything you asked for that we could afford, and some things we couldn't afford. And, now, you do this to us! I guess some mothers would ask themselves what they did wrong to deserve this. But not me! I think it's just the generation gap, and for now I'll assume it's only a phase you're going through.

At least you aren't smoking that awful marijuana or running around with some Asiatic slut. Those are blessings I can thank God for. I know when you get home to me you'll be all right again. I hope that will be real soon. Our President, God bless him, says it will be just as quick as possible.

Don't forget to say your prayers, and everything will be just fine.

Love,
Mom

P.S. I saw Marion yesterday. She is such a dear, sweet little thing.

Dear Robert:

As your minister back here in Maywood, I would normally be writing you the good news of our splendid congregation: we have finally been able to finance the new roof on the Sunday School Annex; our choir (in which you sang baritone) participated in an Ecumenical Concert in Columbus; and we are looking forward to a year of great growth, both material and spiritual.

However, even though the miles between us are vast, I still consider it my duty to counsel you and not merely to report the news.

My advice to you, based on knowing how sensitive you are and how basically pure your heart is, is to have absolutely nothing further to do with this fellow you wrote home about, and, instead to cultivate more wholesome friendships and seek out the guidance of your unit's chaplain.

Will you do this for me? Send me your chaplain's name and address, and I'll drop him a note (discreet, of course) asking him to keep an eye on you.

I am certain that our Lord will grant you His compassion, and that you will, by now, have seen the error of your ways and will once more be back in His merciful fold.

God bless you!

Rev. T. J. Golightly

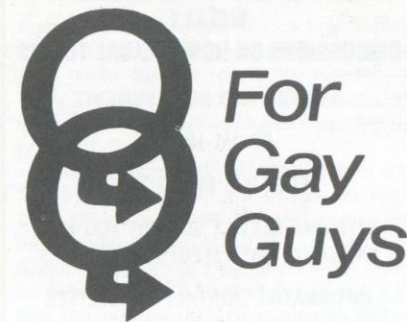
Bob, Darling,

I know we're not officially engaged, but ever since sophomore year I've been your steady, and now I want you to know that no matter what people are saying, I still am your girl.

After going with you for three years and waiting for you ever since you were drafted, I refuse to say I don't love you any more just because some stupid people have started calling you queer.

In fact, I asked my brother Johnnie about

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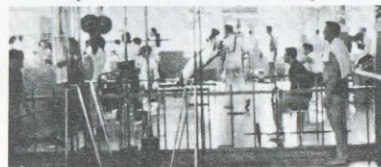
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it, and he told me what homos do. As far as I can see, it's the same thing we used to do, except where you are now there aren't any nice girls to do it with. (I'm kind of glad of that—selfish, I guess!)

Johnnie says when you get home to a decent girl you'll be so hungry for me you'll never look at another man again. I sure hope so.

Please write me a long letter and reassure me about this. I'm not at all worried about you, but I want to be able to hold my head up high when I walk down the street. If you will just tell me you still love me and that the stories going around aren't true I'll spit in their eyes if they so much as hint you are a pervert.

Bob, Darling, I love you so much I haven't even necked with anybody since your last furlough. I know men are different and need it more, but I also have faith in you that you are saving it for me.

When I first heard the horrible rumor I ran home and cried and baked you a batch of brownies. I hope you get them soon and the foil keeps them fresh. Maybe they'll make you think of me. I hope so.

Mom and Pop want me to break up with you, but I won't do it. So please write me the truth so I can show them your letter. Please!!!

I cry practically every night for you in my pillow. It takes so long for your letters to come; I've only had one little note in a month. I know from TV you are busy, but please take time to tell me you are still mine in spite of what people say.

I love you, Bob, Darling!

Hugs and kisses and you-know-what!

Your very own,
Marion

Dear Mr. Jonesar:

The Rules and Regulations of the Maywood Rod & Gun Club make it quite clear that the privileges of membership may be revoked at any time, with no reason given. I am sure you will realize that we of the Membership Committee have no alternative but to ask you to submit, as promptly as possible, your resignation so that we will not be obliged to revoke your membership. Under the circumstances, we believe this course of action, if undertaken by you immediately, will save considerable embarrassment.

Samuel Frewitt,
Secretary

Dear Bobbie,

I would have written you sooner if I thought you would understand your "dumb" kid sister—you haven't rated too high on that score in the past. But now I know you have something of a problem, too, so I hope we can rap.

Do you remember Willy Wells? (Esso gas station at 3rd & Jefferson.) He and I really groove on each other, and although I'm 16 and he's 17 I don't think that's too young, do you? Anyway, Mom and Dad will really blow their skulls when they find out I'm going to have a baby. I must have forgotten to take my pill or something, but anyway I really dig Willy. I mean, like we're really in love.

My only problem is breaking the news. Sometimes I wish I were in Vietnam or

someplace so I could just write them a letter. Any bright ideas?

Luv ya,
Sally

P.S. Willy says to say hello, He says he knows other guys like you who are real cool and groovy cats. See, I told you he is nice. P.S. again. Do you dig pot?

Dear son,

I will not deny that your letter gave me, first, a shock, and secondly, cause for great concern. I've waited to write to you until I'd had a chance to sort out my thoughts and to offer you, not advice, but what I hope you will regard as constructive observations from my viewpoint, based entirely on a very deep paternal love, plus some small experience with the ways of the world.

First, I wish you well. I am tempted to say you have made a difficult choice, but then I wonder what part "choice" played in your decision. I suspect your mother and I may have had something to do with it—along with your brother and sister, your school classmates, teachers, books, dates, and camping trips and God knows what other factors—so it probably was not much of a matter of choice for you at all. No one deliberately chooses the "slings and arrows."

As for "slings and arrows," to have reached the point of love you certainly must have had your share, and I only wish I could have borne some of their brunt. I sincerely pray that your love and the love that is given to you will make the price you must pay seem as pennies.

For the future, two points: live in a large city where Maywood's small-town brand of crucifixion cannot touch you; and then, lest you think I am throwing you out, please come home for weekends, holidays, and vacations at the lake as often as possible.

We cannot promise to love Roger as a son, but if you and he will give us a chance we will try.

For now, we are gradually learning to accept what you must, also, accept. There is enough hate, enough prejudice, enough of dirty names. Those things, neither you nor I need. What I believe we do need is more love, and that we are anxious to give and hopefully will receive.

Take good care of yourself, and, to quote again from "Hamlet," to thine own self be true.

Love,
Dad

Mr. & Mrs. John R. Jonesar
813 Mulberry Street
Maywood, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Jonesar:

As Commanding Officer, 203rd Light Infantry Brigade, I have today had the honor of submitting my strongest recommendation to First Army Headquarters that your son, Cpl. Robert Braddock Jonesar, II, 05260027, be awarded the Bronze Star for gallantry in action with the enemy in Quang Tri Province, Vietnam, on 23 Feb 70.

This medal will be personally presented to Corporal Jonesar by the Commanding General, First Army, in a suitable ceremonial occasion in the near future, at which time the Citation detailing your son's extraordinary heroism and bravery under fire will be

read into the U.S. Army Orders of the Day, a copy of which will be sent to you.

Respectfully yours,
Arnold A. Bonesteel
Colonel, U.S. Army

Mr. John R. Jonesar
813 Mulberry Street
Maywood, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Jonesar:

By now you have probably heard about Bob's Bronze Star from the "Brass" over here. However, we—that is, Bob's buddies—know that the formal wording of a Citation only tells half the story, and we also know that Bob is too modest to tell you himself.

To tell the whole truth in a nutshell, Bob and his friend, Roger Martyn, saved the lives of twenty-eight of us GIs. There was a well-entrenched V.C. mortar and machine-gun nest which had our whole outfit pinned down. In a few minutes we would have all been blown to Kingdom Come. We called in air strikes, but there wasn't time. Somebody had to do something, and Bob and Roger did it.

They took off like rockets, ignored their own safety, circled around and blasted that nest all to hell and gone. We figure God was on their side: neither one got a scratch even though they were both under continuous, brutal fire.

Anyway, the guys picked me to tell you about it and to tell you how proud we all are to know those two men.

We know how proud you and Mrs. Jonesar must be to have a hero in the family. In fact, we imagine Bob's whole home town must take a lot of pride in him. Our Sergeant says plans are probably already in the works to give him a hero's welcome home.

Believe me, no one deserves it more.

For Company D,
Pvt. Tony Lalluca

THE LIBERATORS

(Continued from page 5)

impressed by a pervading sense of pride which was obvious among the members. They displayed an openness. They were at ease and at peace with themselves—something many older homosexuals have never known.

Leadership is what is lacking among the hordes of gay revolutionists out to beat the drum and herald in a new day—and it can truthfully be said that this very factor is one of the underlying reasons why old line organizations have made such little progress over the years. We can only hope that responsible gay professionals and businessmen who deal with the gay community and who are able to exercise their thoughts openly will strive to lend a helping hand in steering the New Homosexual in the right direction—and we can only pray that youngsters will accept youthful leadership which has been tempered by experience only years can bring, to serve as a guiding light in the name of all homosexuals. Though it was not said in our behalf, we quote Eldridge Cleaver: "If you are not part of the solution, you are part of the problem."

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Summer, 1970



**BOOK
REVIEW**

THE LORD WON'T MIND by Gordon Merrick (Bernard Geis Associates, \$5.95) is touted in the ads as a "happy homosexual novel." Indeed it is, at least to the extent that no one commits suicide or is stoned (literally) to death at the end. Briefly, it is the story of Boy meets Boy (both handsome, flat-bellied, and, of course, hung); Boy is separated from Boy by a) Rich Old Granny and b) Hungry (you'd better believe it!) Young Actress; and, ultimately, Boy rejoins Boy, and they live happily-ever-after.

In spite of the formula, it must be said that the book is well written. It is by no means a 42nd Street trashie, and although the secondary and minor characters could have been fleshed out to greater advantage, it is worth reading, if not for a profound message (which it tries very hard, too hard, to provide) then for sheer entertainment on your vacation's rainy days.

Mr. Merrick has a good ear for dialogue, a good eye for his settings, and the knowledge of his craft to make the heart-throbs, the tears, the orgasms and the fears entirely believable. What he lacks, I'm sorry to say, is the imagination to make his story more than pedestrian: it's pat, like a serious Joan Crawford movie; entertaining, skillful, even exciting, yes, but in the long run pretty shallow.

I visualize the author writing his book the way a small boy crosses a stream, stepping from one slippery rock to the next: one slip and he's done for. Mr. Merrick does not slip, but when he gets safely across he has merely traversed a little brook compared with the constantly raging torrent the rest of us, in actual life, have crossed, are crossing, or are about to cross.

For our every-day torrents, THE LORD WON'T MIND is no handbook, and I doubt if it will convince any straights that Gay Life Can Be Beautiful. Perhaps if the author had slipped, fallen in, gotten soaked and picked himself up and gone on, his novel would have achieved that literary dimension which distinguishes light vacation fluff from the cherished volumes on our bookshelves.

The sex is explicit enough, so take it with you to the Island, or borrow a copy for lonely nights, but do not expect Great Gay Literature: it hasn't been written . . . yet.

—Orlando Paris

LA STUPENDA

(Continued from page 19)

early stage of his spectacular bodybuilding career he was keenly conscious of the fact that while his tall, perfectly-proportioned body was growing in size and muscularity every day, his phallus was still disappointingly small.

Training alongside him in the gym was a San Francisco restaurant owner, an Arab—now naturalized—who had once been a *mehbil* attendant. Noting our future champion's discomfiture when stripping before others, he decided to take him in hand (if you'll forgive the expression). He explained that it is quite easy to develop a phallus of heroic size and power and offered to show him how.

The young bodybuilder agreed and success came right from the start. However, the Arab suggested that the kind of oil used in the *mehbil* was not obtainable in the United States, and that furthermore he had always thought it rather messy because it was difficult to remove from the skin. Also noting that the coming champion had a rough-skin problem, he concocted a formula which is not only superior to the original Arab rub, but serves as a most effective skin refiner. It may seem rather odd, but it works beautifully, and before describing the phallic-development technique here is the formula, in case you would like to use it for its cosmetic effect only.

THE STIMULATOR

Into a quart-size jar of mayonnaise (making sure it is pure mayonnaise and not "salad dressing") stir a heaping tablespoon of white or yellow corn meal. Mix it well. Now protect your hair with a rubber bath cap and apply the mixture liberally, beginning with your face and neck. Then coat your chest, arms and back. Unless you have a cooperative lover who can rub it into your back (and it's wild when you do this together . . . chalk up another *Variation On A Sexual Theme!*), you may use some kind of a sponge-on-a-handle. Work down until even your feet and toes are covered. Then stand in your tub or shower stall on a corrugated rubber mat so that you do not slide and slip.

Avoiding the direct spray, turn your shower on "hot" and while the steam surrounds you rub the mixture well into your skin (or boy to boy). You may use a washcloth to scrub your face and neck. Then after a few minutes of steam turn the shower to "warm," step under it and rinse yourself well. Soap? Forget it!

Right away you will experience a tingling glow. The skin soon acquires a very beautiful, rich, satiny finish from these treatments, and you will feel uplifted, as though on a high plateau totally removed from the world around you. Nervous tension vanishes as your body becomes completely relaxed.

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lie on the bed on fresh linen and begin the stimulation phase. I did this every day when possible, certainly never fewer than five days a week because I found that the more 'workout' days I put in the faster and larger it grew.

"However, heeding my friend's advice, I performed the ritual slowly, using long strokes with one or two fingers—never the closed hand—and worked up to *near* climax at least six times during each stimulation ritual. At first I found this difficult because with each period of stimulation the tendency to ejaculate was almost overpowering. However, by gauging the 'nearness point' I was able to avoid it by stopping just in time.

"Then I would relax and allow the penis to become semi-erect, and I continued with the second and other stimulations. Sometimes a feeling of frustration occurred around the fifth or sixth stage of stimulation, and when this happened I allowed the ejaculation, ending the ritual at that point. I imagine that some individuals would not be able to support a daily ejaculation since in many cases it produces a feeling of weakness, even soreness, in the back... with some attendant nervousness.

"Inasmuch as I was in heavy training with the weights at that time I had to limit the number of ejaculations to the barest minimum. But after all it is the stimulation in *stages*—making possible a greater suffusion of blood in this unique muscular structure during each successive stage—that causes the increase in size... not the released orgasm."

That this plan worked masterfully for him is obvious when you see him in the gym locker-room. Of course his fabulous physique is one of the wonders of the bodybuilding and cinema worlds, but his magnificent stallion-like organ is something to boggle the mind. Those fortunate in having a more intimate knowledge of him will testify that when erected it is a full 11 inches in length and just slightly less than 3 inches in diameter!

BUT IS 'BIG' ALWAYS BEST?

Our muscular paragon says: "I sometimes wonder if perhaps I didn't go too far with my plan. Somehow it gets to be a game, just as a bodybuilder becomes disenchanted with a 16-inch arm and works to increase it to 18, then 19... 20... and now the goal seems to be 21 inches. Too much!

"While it is true that many comment on my unusual size, and at first this is of a consuming interest to them, as sex progresses I have the embarrassing feeling that I am pressing them too much... to tire or overpower someone unduly before orgasm is not really good sex etiquette.

"Then it becomes a matter more of endurance than enjoyment. The 'thrill' is more visual than participatory. In fact, from the point of view of your partner his experience becomes little more than vicarious. When one is too big very little variety is possible. You simply have to opt for what is more practical than for what might be more enjoyable with one of lesser size.

"No, size isn't everything... not by any means, and 'big' is not always best. Many of my friends have emphatically said the same thing. If stallion size is your thing, fine. But the man of lesser size has a lot more going

for him if he is wise enough to develop a wide sexual palette. In this way he is a constant surprise! He can always keep you guessing... and you wonder what new delights he will bring out of his bag next! After all, sex is sex... to be wholeheartedly and mutually enjoyed. Bed is not the place for a marathon that can be won only by one."

NEW DISCOVERIES ON COMING OUT AT 40

(Continued from page 13)

Turmoil occurred when I discovered that he had tried to seduce a photographer friend (who was my age) into keeping him. In his funny head Michael had the idea that he was highly photogenic and could make a career for himself in the stews of Hollywood as a model for gay movies and magazines. He persuaded my friend to photograph him, allowed him to screw him various times, and would call him long distance to try to get favors from him. He even persuaded his mother to buy him a movie camera for Christmas, pretending to my friend that he was seriously interested and would be useful to my friend in his own movie making career. For a time it looked as though Michael had a good thing going—until my friend found out how involved I was with Michael. Michael—now seeing that he had reached a dead-end—sold his camera and spent most of the money in the bars and on weekend trips to Los Angeles. In my friend's eyes Michael was a kind of hustler—something I had never quite seen or wanted to admit. And Michael was not subtle about what he was up to. He phoned me midweek saying he wanted to see me on Friday. Great! I'd keep the weekend open. When he didn't show on Friday I waited two hours and called his home to find him still there: "I've been waiting for Fred (the photographer) to call," he said. "He's taken pictures of me and I want to pick them up. Kill two birds with one stone." I was shocked. He had never said outright that the love he had all along professed for me was partly a put-on. I resented being compared to a bird in a bush, and even more knowing that he was stupidly cool about his intentions with Fred. I told him what I felt and announced that I had other plans for the weekend. For the first time my libido seemed to balloon away from his and float on its own terms. I knew then that I must extricate myself from this turbulent relationship, and go it alone if I had to.

And there were other hassles. No matter how much I said I loved him, and tried to show it, he would never ultimately believe it. We would have tremendous weekends together, sharing excursions, bed, fun, and he would leave for his home seemingly knowing that at last the traumas we had known were over. He gave himself completely to me. I believed him, and the days that followed were easy to get through because I felt that the mood we had parted on would remain constant, and when we were together again the following weekend we could simply continue from the high point we had reached. Again and again however, our reunions began traumatically. Absence for him meant the decay of love, and he

would set out, sometimes calculatingly, to force me to demonstrate that I still loved him. Some of his games were cruel: he would arrive; we would go out for dinner somewhere; then he would announce that he had other plans for that night and the weekend—this after I had set aside the entire period to be with him. He seemed to be testing me out. At times, after I had employed all my skill at re-wooing him, it turned out that he had had no other plans, but was waiting for some evidence from me that I really loved him. Then he would stay, and the weekend would be great. At other times, we were never able to work through to a fresh understanding, and he would disappear. The worst of these moments happened when I saw him get into a car with guys on their way to an orgy; only minutes before he had said he was leaving with me. At times there was violence: once he tried to run me down with his car in the parking lot of a bar. We had had a couple of beers and I had introduced him to a few of my friends. He seemed jealous of them and remained close-lipped and hostile. He said later that I had put him down and that my friends were making fun of him behind his back. Once I threw him physically out of my apartment. Another time a full bottle of vodka flew threw the air and struck the kitchen wall.

After these episodes he would leave me in great distress and turmoil. For days following I could not get out from under the tremendous hurt I felt. We would write letters and notes to each other, until finally we met again. These reunions were always unpredictable. All along I had seen him as much more stable than he was, and had never faced up to the psychological flaws in his makeup—to shift feelings as quickly and as thoroughly as he was able to do is, I guess, a desperate sign. I was somehow too immature and wouldn't give up my idealization of him, which was not fair to him: he deserved to be taken as he was and loved for what he was. This was not, after all, one of the great romances of the century I had envisioned, but a painful, thwarting, emasculating relationship bad for both of us. Neither of us seemed able to let go, despite our frequent threats. Neither of us was willing to face a life without someone to love—a cataclysmic relationship seemed much better than nothing.

In his way I know that he loved me more than anyone else he knew. He seemed to feel, however, that no love relationship is valid unless there is pain in it. And he suffered as much as I did. Perhaps his youth (and in some ways he is younger than his 22 years) explains a good deal. He can't settle down, and he can't understand why a professionally productive life requires stability a good part of the time. Some of his sex trips, he felt, we should take together. One night he appeared at the door with a beautiful blond guy he had picked up on the beach. This groovy young surfer was a gift for me, he said. He was pleased. This was a situation he had fantasized about for months; at last it was happening. I grooved on the events that transpired, and really felt that somehow they drew us closer to each other. But his restlessness persisted and was intensified when he failed at other times to find a trick. Then all my ingenuity was

required to handle him, and was finally exhausting. The gift of a beautiful youth proved hardly enough to hold us together.

Michael almost succeeded in convincing me that I was a masochist. Perhaps underneath he hasn't accepted the fact of his homosexuality and has had to punish himself and me because of it. I accept mine, as a difficult but healthy way of life, potentially beautiful and fulfilling. His games are largely, I think, the games of the young. To be cool is to hurt and be hurt. My psychiatrist has helped me to understand somewhat how fully I had subordinated my psyche to Michael's. It has been a long, painful process illuminated by moments of fulfillment and beauty.

Michael and I have not seen one another now for nearly a month, although the mail occasionally brings brief notes from him hinting at our getting together, saying that he misses me and has few friends. I find, though, that I like my new freedom. I am much less sexually restless now, and am learning to find some contentment with myself and the new people I am meeting. My ego has to breathe for awhile, to nurture itself in the sun of its own glowing. I am grateful to Michael for much beauty. He shall always be with me, as an idealized self carrying vivid, potent memories. He helped me to come alive, brought me out, and to a degree helped me to grow. At this point in my life, I feel that something new is beginning. And I wish Michael nothing but the best. In some ways the life of the young gay guy is harder than it is for older ones; it seems so difficult to anticipate a future when much of one's youthful attractiveness has gone and other values, like a cultured mind, a developed talent, and personal charm come to matter so much. And tomorrow will come. Perhaps tomorrow I shall meet Dave (if that is his name) who will be loving and warm, and anxious to create a rich life together. He does exist.

STREAKING WITH STRANDS OF GOLD

(Continued from page 54)

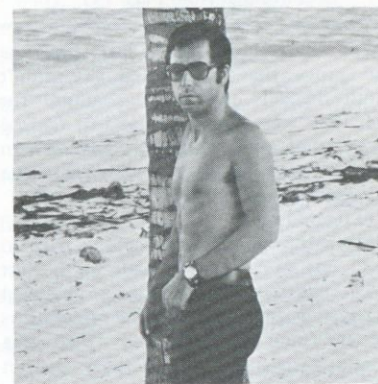
Simply don the cap and fit snugly. Then have your friend poke down in the holes with the crochet needle and pull out as much hair as you'd like bleached. Follow package directions. On completion remove the cap and shampoo *again* (or "condition" if called for, depending on type of color kit used), to remove any lightener which might have seeped through the holes. Dry and style. Voilà! Instant sun god!

WIGS AND OTHER HAIRY MATTERS

(Continued from page 54)

Electrolysis takes time and it is not possible to start in June and remove a great deal of hair by July. Nevertheless, one should commence treatments as soon as possible. Gradual removal; that is, thinning rather than removing patches, can keep you looking natural and insure your "secret" at the beach. Treatment is about \$20 per visit, and a free consultation can determine approximately how long it will take.

Join Me On My AFRICAN SEXFARI



QQ Publisher George Desantis

In July or August 1971 I will be taking a small group of no more than 16 QQ readers on an East African Sexfari. On the eve of our departure there will be a Gay Bon Voyage Party in New York. A champagne party en route by jet to London, for fun and games for 3 days. Then we're off to East Africa for an exciting camera safari in the bush. The lodges in the wilderness are luxurious—and congenial. We will terminate our visit to Kenya and Tanzania in Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean for more funning and sunning—and then on to Amsterdam, perhaps the wildest gay city in the world, for 4 days. Then, on to New York... and a gala champagne celebration on board our jet. Estimated cost per person is \$2500.00. If you are interested in joining me on my African Sexfari please write and let me know so that I may reserve an invitation for you. You are in no way obligated. Duration of my Sexfari will be 3 weeks.

Please write to me personally: **George Desantis, Publisher, QQ Publishing Co., Suite 400, 255 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001**

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Above The Rialto Theatre
Old San Juan

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED FIRE ISLAND

(Continued from page 14)

thought that by full-dress jury trials he could prove that the netted gay didn't commit the acts of "deviate conduct" for which they were charged. He just figured that a jury of adults wouldn't convict a man on such a charge, despite the evidence—if the case was presented in the right way.

He figured right.

Vuturo has won every case he's tried so far—22 out of 27 arrests made in the last raid in August, 1968. He's tied up the local court system and infuriated the prosecutors who have come up against him. "The thing is," said Assistant Suffolk County District Attorney Howard Berler, "after juries are finished listening to Benny they apparently no longer consider consensual sodomy a crime. That's a hard nut to crack."



Vuturo's trial tactics are a major key. The tart-tongued, cigar-chomping trial lawyer combines a near-evangelistic pitch to his Joe Average all-male juries with an unflinching, mortifying attack on any arresting officer with nerve enough to take the stand.

"You say, officer, you watched my client have oral intercourse with this other man?" he bellows.

"You stood there while this was going on? You let it go on? Is that right?" he snarls.

"Well, sir," said the officer at a typical trial, "I stood there for about 30 seconds and flashed my light."

"You did what?" screams Vuturo.

"I flashed my flashlight," said the now red-faced cop, "at the penis of the defendant."

"Did you think you were going to come into court and identify him by his penis?" thunders Vuturo at an officer now near total humiliation. And, he leers: "What did you have in mind exactly, officer?"

"To be on Fire Island—in Cherry Grove or The Pines—when the cops are there for a raid is to put your life in your hands," Vuturo intones to the jury. "The cops go and beat the bush. They grab you and handcuff you to whoever. With all the rapes and murders and crimes going on here—on the mainland—they go for homosexuals on Fire Island," he proclaims in utter disgust. "Was a breach of the peace committed? Who saw it but the cops who went looking?"

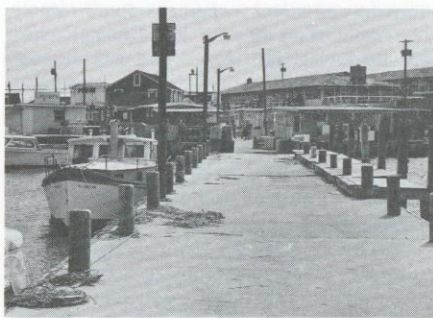
This off-beat brand of legal defense—in fact any protective mobilization—was a long time in coming for gay Fire Island. Cherry Grove and The Pines have become THE warm weather Shangri-Las for homosexuals from throughout the East Coast. Isolated

from the mainland, accessible only by ferry, they've developed into festive promised lands for the gay, places of gentle seclusion and a very literal brotherhood, places of freedom and joy, replete with humor, too—"TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED," says the sign—and even elaborate social ritual.

The Grove dates back to 1868, when an inn was erected to service sailing parties from the mainland. A cluster of modest beach cottages for mainland families followed. Pressure against a scattering of gay at nearby Ocean Beach after World War II sent them to this quaint, sleepy summer colony to establish what is now a 95% homosexual haven—unequaled in festooned elegance. It stretches along a mile of the 32 mile long strip of sand called Fire Island across the bay from the south shore of eastern Long Island, Suffolk County. There are 300 homes, some gourmet restaurants, a dance hall and a palatial hotel now.

The Pines, surpassing The Grove in scenic and structural beauty, began as a subdivision of raw turf by a land speculation company in 1952. Magnificent homes were erected, perched high on dunes amidst stand of holly, swamp maple, dogwood and juniper. It's fronted by a Portofino-like yacht harbor lined with chic restaurants and shops and groovy guys.

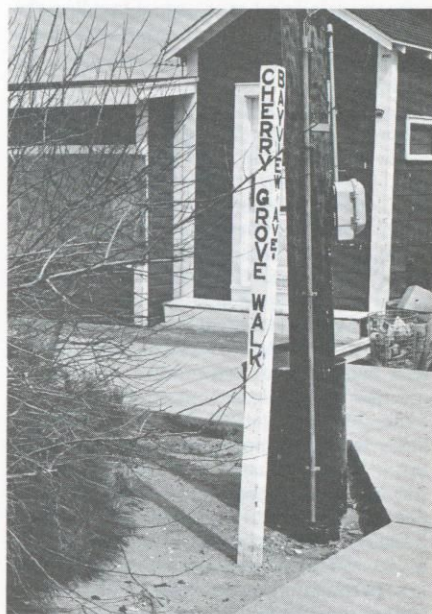
Adjacent to The Grove, The Pines immediately attracted "more sedate" Grove couples as the 50's unfolded. "The Pines is where you go and settle down after you're with a guy for eight years. It's the classier place," explained a bank official who's summered in both. The hills of The Pines, which stretch for a mile and a half, now embrace 400 homes. The community is estimated as being an "integrated" 60% gay.



Memorial Day begins the season "on the beach." Fourth of July is the "happy day . . . the party day." Labor Day is the "sad day"—the season is winding to an end. And Thanksgiving is the day of return . . . of thanks; once piled out of ferries from Sayville on the mainland, the gay travelers traditionally dine on goose in a maudlin spirit of festivity and melancholy on this, the annual pilgrimage—the last trip to "our island" until Spring.

Other communities on Fire Island are bedded down in sheets of plywood and silence broken only by the rumble of the waves for the long winter ahead. Ocean Ridge-David Park—places for boy-girl group rentals; Point O Woods—a turn-of-the-century outpost for WASPs, still lily-WASP; Kismet and Dunewood and Fair Harbour—places for young families; Ocean Beach—a bit of Greenwich Village and a dose of Jewish middle-class liberals in the sand.

Occasionally, a U.S. National Park Service ranger in Nelson Eddy garb on horseback can be seen trotting amidst the windswept dunes on patrol. The rusty pull-wagons are clustered in lonely piles.



But to The Grove and The Pines life has returned as the gay give thanks for their sanctums soon to be in the sun again, their cloister . . . except for the nightmare in paradise—the night the cops hit.

The raid tradition began in 1953.

Both colonies are in the Suffolk borough of Brookhaven Town. Brookhaven Town policemen—just after the Fourth or just before Labor Day—would head over in police and private boats. Dolled up in loud sport shirts flowing over their chinos to hide revolvers, they'd saunter along the boardwalks of The Pines and The Grove looking for—and most often soliciting—an offer from the locals. Then—surprise!

The dozens of suspects were herded into ferries and shipped back to the mainland to be arraigned en masse by a Brookhaven Town Justice of the Peace without a stenographer present and got a taste of a sort of frontier justice.

The "banishment" ploy coupled with a slight fine was standard for the contrite. The balkers got the business—threats of high bail pending trial, special publicity, and the like. In the early 60's a few risked trial—non jury trial—and received some stiff jail sentences as a lesson.

Lawyers wouldn't trust the judgement of local townies. They let the judge—the original judge—make the decision. A district court system superseded the peace justice set-up in 1945, but provided no noticeable improvement for the gay. Former Brookhaven JP's—now District Court judges—tried to keep the handling of the homosexual cases to themselves.

Police tactics changed shortly after the absorption of the Brookhaven Town Police Department into a unified Suffolk County Police Force in 1960. The raid tradition continued.

"When we receive complaints of deviate acts committed brazenly in full public view we have no choice but to enforce the law," explained Suffolk Police Commissioner John

L. Barry. "When these complaints mount up we reinforce our units at the beach and try to clean out the problem area." He stressed that under county police, solicitations were forbidden. Instead, he said, the reliance was put on apprehension "in the act" and booking on New York State's consensual sodomy statute.

"We do not go into private homes," said Barry. "Our concern has exclusively been in the areas in public view."

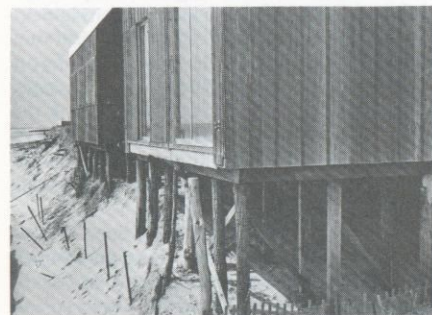
That's The Meat Rack in The Grove.

It's a hollow, best pictured by a painting that has hung for years in a downtown Manhattan tavern—a vast expanse of black spotted with red dots. It's The Meat Rack at night, the glow from scores of cigarettes giving away unseen bodies amidst unseen scrub.



"The only possible justification is a public outcry," said one gay spokesman in behalf of Grove residents. "But I don't know who would complain at The Grove. Everybody there is gay. It's our place. The Meat Rack is 'raw', but it's a sort of Lover's Lane. And cops don't usually raid Lover's Lanes. It's private. These guys aren't bothering anybody. These raids are done under the guise of somebody's morality."

In late 1967 the Mattachine Society of New York distributed a pamphlet on the beach advising the gay against "shortsighted" pleas of guilty, warning: "Intolerable police state tactics continue because of our cooperation." It advised arrested suspects to tell police no more than name and address and prepare for a coordinated legal battle.



Vuturo, president of the Suffolk County Criminal Bar Association, emphasizes that he's not affiliated with any homophile organization. "You can say that these people come to me individually for counsel," he says. The 46-year-old father of five has no affinity and little sympathy for the gay life. But, he explains: "Civil liberties is civil liberties. And, moreover, these raids are outrageous. These guys are abnormal, that's for sure," he proclaims. "But what consenting adults do in private is their own business. The cops literally beat the bushes to find the queers. They're not bothering anybody," he

Summer, 1970

added, "until the cops find them in the bushes and then it's the cops who are disturbing the peace."

He made sure there'd be no "funny stuff" in court on the bright morning of August 25, 1968 by simply declaring: "These men will be cleared of these notorious allegations," and muttering "outrageous" repeatedly. "Jury trials, we want jury trials," asserted Vuturo with a flourish as he quickly shepherded his clients through the bail-out procedure. The men were out, away from the net of any judge, and Vuturo was off and running.

It's all a far cry from the years of 25 arrests—25 guilty pleas; 35 arrests—35 guilty pleas; 45 arrests—44 guilty pleas and one ten-day jail term. But Vuturo wouldn't exactly mind losing a case, one case, one day.

"I'm itching to get to the (New York State) Court of Appeals or (U.S.) Supreme Court to get the laws which they get these guys for ruled unconstitutional. There's no question in my mind that I can get this whole garbage section thrown out."

New York law, he notes, makes "deviate conduct"—oral or anal intercourse—"between two people not married" a crime. It's punishable by three months in jail and a \$500 fine. "You can be married and doing it on the boardwalk in Jones Beach and that's OK. If you're married you can do it—but that's all. That's damn discriminatory for the homosexuals."

His string of courtroom successes has proven one thing, says Vuturo: "People—given all the facts—are fair. People aren't stupid. That's what the jury system is all about."

Meanwhile, Eugene Kelly, Deputy Suffolk Police Commissioner for Legal Affairs, says: "Ben Vuturo has made his impact." But, he propounded, if complaints about "deviate conduct" in public on the beach ever mount at a future time, "we still might consider reinforced police action again."

"Let 'em try," says Vuturo.

BABY, THE LAUNDRY'S FINALLY HANGING OUT

(Continued from page 14)

"Once in a while you even see a normal couple dancing together."

"You ought to see it at night," Sylvia said. "Packed together. Boys and boys and girls and girls."

"You mean you come here at night?" Ted said, a little surprised.

"Sure, once in a while," Bert said, laughing again. He was quite a laugher. "We're that normal couple you occasionally see dancing with them."

Sylvia laughed, too. "Bert says that if you stay home, you miss out on the fun. He also says that if you can't beat them, join them."

"When we bought our place here eight years ago," said Bert, "the island was so normal it was absolutely square. Now it's swung the opposite way. But we wouldn't dream of selling out even though we've been offered five times what we paid for our house originally."

"I don't blame you," Ted said. "It's beautiful here. Pure air, no cars, terrific

beach. What more could you ask for?"

"I wish we had a place on the island," Alice said wistfully.

"Maybe we will someday," Ted said. "That is, if you wouldn't mind having fags and Sapphos for neighbors."

"Why should I mind?" Alice said. "I'll bet they'd be more interesting than our nothing neighbors in the city."

"We've got nothing neighbors in the city, too," said Sylvia. "Everybody has."

"Bores, squares, and creeps," Bert confirmed.

"When you think about it," Ted said, "it's funny you don't find more suitable friends in the city than you do, isn't it?"

"Thank God we found one another," Alice said.

What Alice meant, Ted was certain, was that thank God she and Sylvia had found each other—at the Junior League, where they had become close friends in the process of doing good deeds—for certainly he and Bert hadn't found each other yet, even after countless bridge sessions, evenings at the theater, and drinking fests the four of them had put in together. It was a little strange that they hadn't jelled the way their wives had, for they were a lot alike—early thirties, both in advertising, both Ivy League graduates. But Ted did not really trust Bert. He felt that Bert wore a mask.

Two extremely handsome young men—one blond, the other jet-haired, both bronzed, both with marvelous chests exposed above their gaudy beach pants—came up the boardwalk. "Hi, Bert, hi, Syl," they said with luminescent smiles as they passed.

"That's Sammy and Hugh," said Bert.

"They live two houses down from us—you know, the avocado place with the white shutters," said Sylvia. "Grand boys. They give really swinging parties. They've been lovers for the last two seasons, Sammy broke up with his previous lover, and we never see him around any more. His name was Phil, and he was a lovely boy, too."

"Don't tell me you socialize with them?"

Ted said, and then realized how smug he sounded. From the looks he got from the others, they thought so, too.

"Listen, man," said Bert with an assertive forward thrust of his heavy shoulders, "homos are interesting as hell. Most of them have got more talent in their little fingers than the average hetero's got in his whole behind."

"I wonder about that," said Ted defensively. "Has anyone ever gathered statistics on it?"

"What if they haven't?" Alice said, frowning her displeasure at him. "After all, Sylvia and Bert would know if anyone would. They're around them all the time out here."

"I wouldn't have it any other way," said Sylvia. "I was worried about it at first, six or seven years ago, when the homosexual buildup began its real momentum out here. I thought it might not be good for Bert, business-wise, to have it known that our summer place was right in the middle of this kind of scene. But it hasn't made a bit of difference."

"People think differently about it nowadays," said Alice, and Ted looked at her in surprise. What the hell did she know about it anyway? They never discussed anything

like this at home.

"Very true," said Bert. "I remember that ten years ago in college anybody that was queer was looked upon with scorn. I don't think it makes much difference to most people now. I mean, what difference does it make which sex you have sex with? Is it anybody's business but yours, really?"

"I guess not," said Ted. "What I wonder is why there's so much preoccupation with sex anyway."

"That's a stupid question," said Alice irritably.

"What's stupid about it?" said Ted angrily. "Why do people center their lives on seeing how many orgasms they can have?"

"It's still stupid," Alice said. "You might as well ask why people bother going on living at all since the end is the same for all of us—six feet under."

"What difference does it make what anyone does sexually or otherwise?" said Sylvia. "Who's to be the final arbiter?"

Ted laughed uncertainly. "So anything goes, huh? I don't buy that and I don't believe you do, either."

Sylvia shrugged and looked at Bert with a smirk, as if she found Ted an insufferable bore and tolerated his presence only because he was Alice's husband.

They lapsed into momentary silence as the ferry finished loading and cast off for the return trip to the mainland.

"I remember," said Bert, "hearing a tourist—yes, we get *those* out here, too—saying once, 'Look at the ferry loaded with fairies'. Stupid square thought that was witty, believe it or not."

"He must have been left over from the Ice Age," said Ted. 'Fairy' is an obsolete word. 'Queer' almost is."

"I should hope so," said Sylvia. "I never did like that word."

"It was never a fair word," said Alice. "I never understood why, just because a small segment of the population engaged in homosexuality, it should be called 'queer'."

Ted looked at his wife in surprise again. He wouldn't have dreamed she'd thought about the matter at all. He'd always thought they'd had such good give and take on their visions on things—he'd hidden few of his, he believed—but now he was beginning to wonder about that.

"I agree with you, Alice," Sylvia said with a vigorous nod. "What is 'normal'? The conception is that it's what the heterosexuals do, since they are in the majority. Like might makes right. Ridiculous."

"No, it isn't fair that homosexuals should be put down just because they're in the minority," Alice said.

"The homos will have their day yet," said Bert. "You can tell that from what's going on out here on the island. We have a microcosmic view here of what the world will be like in a few years." He laughed again. "Then it may be that the heteros will be called 'queer'."

Sylvia and Alice laughed, too, although Ted did not think Bert's remark was funny.

They finished their drinks and decided to go back to the house. They walked down the boardwalk past the cluster of buildings surrounding the harbor—the hotel, stores, restaurant, and boutiques on this side; the hives of expensive cooperative apartments

dead ahead; and, to the north, the fringe of old houses, raised on pilings from the sand, that had formed the womb of the community in the old days.

On a few of the handsome sailboats and cruisers, tucked away in harbor slips, well-tanned owners with beatific expressions were having afternoon drinks on deck. This was the life all right, Ted conceded. Under the blandishments of this sun-dazzled utopia, it was hard to remember that there were big problems back in the city at this very moment—strikes, a heat wave, possible riots.

Bert and Ted paired off on the narrower boardwalk leading from the harbor toward the house, with Sylvia and Alice walking ahead, absorbed in their own conversation.

"Believe it or not," said Bert, "this old island has been around 300 years—it's a sandbar, you know—and a hundred years ago it was whaling headquarters for these parts."

The old lighthouse that had guided the whalers still stood on the promontory at the northern tip of the island, Bert said.

"We've got a groovy history here," Bert went on. "Like that pirates buried gold in the dunes. Syl and I used to go treasure hunting for kicks." He nudged Ted and laughed. "We get our kicks other ways now."

The bay was loaded with bluefish and the ocean was crawling with mackerel, if you grooved with the fishing scene, Bert pointed out. Ted only nodded, not particularly eager for Bert to know that he was strictly not a sportsman.

"The vegetation?" said Bert when Ted asked about the peculiar, twisted shrubs and gnarled, stunted trees sprouting from the sand with the profusion of jungle growth between the houses. "Oh, we've got pitch pine, red maple, beach plum, bayberry. Grotesquely beautiful, isn't it?"

"Like out of this world, no kidding," Ted said, a little uneasily.

"Fantasyland," said Bert with a laugh. "And give me fantasy anytime. Syl and I live for weekends out here. We tolerate the city weekdays only because we've got to make a buck. We hate closing up here in the fall. We're hoping it will be year-round out here sometime."

"I don't know," said Ted. "I'd think the ocean would be forbidding in the stormy season."

"It is. But I like that eerie scene. Man, I was here during the '62 hurricane and it was weird but great. It was like the end of the world, and I was scared, but I loved it."

Ted said nothing. Surely Bert was putting him on.

"We've got a beautiful night scene here," Bert said. "Didn't you notice when you came in on the ferry last night? I mean, just the houselights twinkling against the blackness. No streetlights ruining the total effect."

"But dangerous. I almost fell off the boardwalk when we were walking to your place."

"You get to be a night animal out here," Bert said. "You see in the dark and you live in the dark. By that I mean the fags do. Maybe you can imagine what goes on out on these boardwalks at night."

"But why?" said Ted. "Why don't they do whatever they do right inside their houses?"

Bert laughed again, for at least the hundredth time today, it seemed to Ted. "Sometimes that's not convenient for strangers in the night. Besides, think of the thrill of doing something dangerous. There's always the chance a cop will catch you in the act."

Ted shook his head. "I just can't conceive of anyone wanting that."

Bert gave an especially energetic laugh, as if he thought it ludicrously funny that Ted could be so naive. But their talk was ended anyway, for they had turned onto the arterial boardwalk where Bert's and Sylvia's house was, separated from its avocado, periwinkle blue, and shocking pink neighbors by forests of reed grass and prehensile shrubs.

Their house was a conventional white affair with a sundeck on which purple sunning chairs sprawled near a charcoal grill on which Bert had produced stunning hamburgers last night under the opaque light of Japanese lanterns. Inside was a living room decorated nautically some time back, and Ted judged that Bert and Sylvia would choose a different decor the next time around. In the meantime, it was camp, and Bert and Sylvia were big on camp. The bookshelves were loaded with cinematic history and the stereo had played and played last night—until Ted had thought he would crack under the strain of it—the collective singing efforts of movie queens of the thirties, from Dorothy Lamour and Alice Faye to Frances Langford and Mae West. This time, though, as Bert immediately mixed the inevitable vodka and tonics—drinking was the incessant diurnal pursuit on the island—Sylvia put on a mixture of Peter Nero, the Tijuana Brass and the Supremes.

"Anyone for a swim?" Ted asked as he took a stiff swallow of the latest drink handed to him. "It's a shame to let that ocean go to waste."

No one was interested—Bert said he wanted to take a nap, and the girls decided to go clamming in the bay shallows—so Ted changed into his trunks and went down to the beach alone. It was almost ineffably beautiful down there—a great sweep of unsullied white sand with mastodontic iridescent rollers racing in and out. Beautiful sun worshippers of both sexes in chic, almost non-existent bikinis offered their dazzling faces and bodies up to the golden god in the blue. Ted, who was ordinarily proud of his naturally good build, was not quite so proud here. He didn't really stand out greatly among these oiled Apollos.

He walked along the water line, his feet slapped by the incoming rollers, and looked at the beautiful people arrayed on beach chairs and screamingly colorful towels spread out on the sand clear up to the hurricane fences that kept the dunes from spilling onto the beach. He decided to take a swim, and the moment he was in, he was grabbed, turned over, and almost crushed by a gargantuan breaker. For a period of panic, he didn't think he would make it, but then he was suddenly flung out on the beach, glistening and breathless. Ashamed of his clumsiness, he made no new attempt to battle surf and undertow. He walked along the beach again, eavesdropping, hearing one boy say, "Universal homosexuality would be a much better solution to the population

problem than the pill, wouldn't it?"

He reached the end of the community. Ahead, under the almost liquid dazzle of sun, lay a long stretch of beach dotted at great intervals with human figures. Wind-sculpted dunes loomed over the scene down to a sliver of infinity. At the end would be that old lighthouse Bert had talked about. Ted decided to walk down.

He hadn't gone far before someone said, "Hi." Sitting against the base of a dune was a blue-eyed blond boy, healthy and beautifully tanned, another splendid-looking creature in this paradise of golden people. "Hi," the boy said again, as if he knew Ted from somewhere, which of course he did not. The kid was trying to pick Ted up. It had happened to Ted before, in the city, but never with an Adonis like this. Ted wasn't sure whether he should be flattered or annoyed. The boy was on his feet, moving up, smiling with teeth so nacreous that they might have been capped, except that Ted could see from the gumline that they were not.

"Like to come to my place?" the boy asked. "I'm at the last house, this end. No one would see you, if that worries you, and I suppose it does." He nodded toward Ted's hand. "I didn't miss your wedding ring."

"I'm surprised you'd take a chance with someone like me," Ted said. "Suppose I decided my manhood was insulted, and smashed you."

"You didn't look as if you would," the boy said calmly. "I thought maybe you were bi." He smiled at Ted's questioning look. "I mean, I thought you swung both ways."

"You thought wrong," Ted said a little coldly, expecting the boy to give up then. But he simply went on smiling.

"Well, maybe you want to come to the house anyway. Mutuality isn't a must with me."

Well, why not? Ted decided in a moment of lightning reasoning. With Alice and Sylvia clamming in the bay and Bert snoozing at the house, there was no danger of his being seen. And he felt a real compulsion to see how this kid would go about playing the seduction game, although he certainly didn't intend *doing* anything with him. But most of all, Ted wanted to see what the inside of a faggot's beachhouse was like.

It was ultra. Expensive modern stuff set on a shaggy rug, with a mural painted on the wall in muted colors of what, from the tangle of bodies, seemed to be an orgy scene. "I'm Larry," the boy said as he got Ted the inevitable drink and sat down beside him on the deep-cushioned, obviously costly couch. "I don't suppose you want to tell me your name. But names don't matter anyway, baby."

A growing, unmistakable sound of orgasm crept out from a nearby room.

"Just my roommate," said Larry. "He must have picked up someone on his way home from the store."

There was a high note in the orgiastic outcry, then silence, meaning that a state of sighing, drained aftermath had been reached in there. Ted thought of the pale conclusions he and Alice reached in sexual nexus nowadays, and wondered where the frenzy had gone. Had familiarity vanquished it? Maybe there was something to be said

for ten-minute stands—in, out, and good-by, baby. You couldn't get bored or learn to hate in those confines.

But he didn't hate Alice, did he? No, of course not. He abruptly felt enormously guilty for being here. He was wronging Alice and wronging himself and even wronging Larry, for the boy expected more than he was going to get. Ted decided he'd better apologize and get out of here.

But Larry was insisting that he see the rest of the place—"We have a completely black-mirrored bathroom that's groovy," he said—and Ted followed him uncertainly into the shining onyx cell, trying to decide how he should phrase his withdrawal. The walls and ceiling, solidly black-mirrored, reflected darkly his Mephistophelean guilt.

"Look," he said, "I think I'd better go." Larry instantly looked pained. "Oh, must you?" he said anxiously. His hand pushed open a black-mirrored door, revealing a connecting bedroom containing a huge bed set low to the floor and covered with a vivid red spread that matched the drawn draperies. The only other furnishing was a lowboy gleamingly painted bright red and white enamel. The walls were stark white. "Really, must you?" he repeated plaintively. He walked into the bedroom and Ted followed, saying, "I misled you," not explaining it very well, but the boy seemed to understand anyway.

"You really *haven't* ever done it before," he said in wonder, as if he could not believe that such innocence still existed, as if he had forgotten that he too had once been a tyro in this game. "Let me show you, please. There's nothing like it in the world. You won't have to do a thing, not a thing."

Hands came out, and Ted was pulled down to the red spread, and it was happening. His body was boiling, psychedelic patterns were spinning before his eyes, and ecstasy was churning through him. In a

moment he gave that cry of orgasm he had not given for such a long time and lay shuddering. Finally, with caution he opened his eyes. Larry stood over the bed, looking down at him, looking somehow harsh.

"Don't feel guilty about it," the boy said. "It's compulsive and it's meaningless. There's this need to get our guns off, conquer, be wanted. We deal in numbers—the more we knock off, the less hungry our egos are. There's not much love in it. You can't buck the system. It's the gay life, man."

Larry turned and waited at the door. Obviously this interview was over. Embarrassed, Ted fixed himself and got up from the bed, as anxious to leave as Larry was to get rid of him. But when Larry opened the door into the living room, Ted stopped short and shrank back into the bedroom. Across the shaggy rug at the front door, saying good-by to a beautiful boy, was *Bert!*

That cry of orgasm a few minutes back was Bert's!

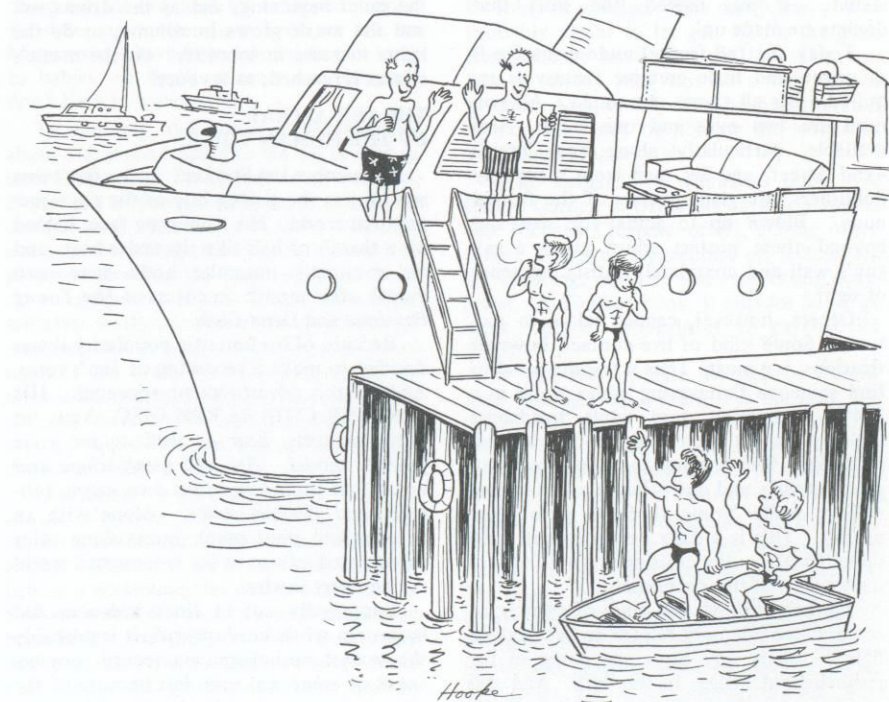
The door closed out there, Bert was gone, and Larry was looking back to see why Ted had not followed. Ted fairly staggered out. "This is Ed, my lover," Larry was saying, and the beautiful boy at the door extended a hand and shining smile. *Lovers*, thought Ted as he rather dizzily departed—lovers who had no time for loving, only for bringing home conquests. The gay life, this was the gay life.

Ted walked slowly back to Bert's and Sylvia's house, wondering how many beds Bert had been in out here this season.

Bert was on the deck, vodka and tonic in hand as he threw some charcoal into the grill.

"I thought we might have burgers," he said. "The air out here really jazzes up your appetite, doesn't it?"

Sylvia and Alice came in moments later, radiant and loaded with clams. Ted stared



What to do! What to do!

numbly at them as they went off to change, wondering, suddenly, if they were lesbians.

Had everything changed today or nothing? Was any of it going to make any difference? Would they all just go on as they were, hiding behind themselves and from one another? God, he felt empty.

Bert laughed. "It's another world out here, isn't it, man?"

What else could he do but nod?

FANTASEX

(Continued from page 6)

vital impulse, or, as Matthew Arnold describes it "the *not ourselves* which is in us and all around us, moving us to express ourselves in ways for which we cannot account." It was in responding to instinct that our young friend Tom discovered the creative world of fantasex.

Because most of us are city-dwellers and cannot tune in to the world of nature, and because some cannot presently conjure visions that excite, QQ reveals some suggestions that many have found effective in engaging the senses to make the act of self-sex thrilling, rewarding and fulfilling.

THE SEX OF THE SENSE OF SIGHT

Quite likely you are familiar with *The Young Physique*, a physique pictorial now lamentably no longer published. It was the progenitor of the large magazines which were so very popular before the frontal-nude publications came on the scene. The feeling of the idyllic pervaded the magazine, yet it made admirable efforts to portray the beauty, charm and sex-appeal of many types of the male physique. One of its many innovations was its centerfold pullout in color. The bigness, 'realness' and nearness of the model created a special rapport with the viewer and one wonders how many fantasexual careers began in bed with those wonderful pictures. Beautiful, subtle, understated... it was indeed 'the stuff that dreams are made on'.

Today the full frontal nude magazine is in vogue and little creative fantasy is required. It's all there—overstated. All you need are two eyes and one hand. Also available, particularly along New York's 42nd Street, and by mail from many gay publishers, are giant posters of the frontal nude. Blown up to actual life size—and beyond—these posters adorn many a gay guy's wall and completely satisfy his sense of sight.

Others, however, cannot relate to pictures. Some kind of live contact, however vicarious, is a must. Thus it is quite usual to find someone fantasexing under water in a YMCA swimming pool while handsome athletes disport their nude bodies around poolside. Still another may be moved by group models, and one often sees him having self-sex while 'group therapy' takes place nearby. This is a daily occurrence in male sauna baths... the cruising ground for fantasexualists of this persuasion.

Fantasy through the sense of sight is, to some, more intensely related to psychedelic lights. Many gay guys are going in for strobelighted images in the dark. And still another—and relatively new idea—is to rip up the wooden floor of the bedroom and replace it with lucite panels. Under this

translucent flooring are inserted either small psychedelic strobes, or mobile and/or stationary lights in esoteric patterns and colors. The latter technique is the more popular because newer and perhaps even more erotic patterns can be programmed whenever a change is desired. And if your walls are mirrored—(maybe even your ceiling... *celestial!*)—the effect can be absolutely mind-blowing.

Fantasexing nude on the luxurious lucite the feeling is eerie. Bathed in light and color you're tripping on the mountain top with the Valkyries... you're a fiery planet in outer space. Time no longer exists. Along the way your mind whirls kaleidoscopically as it creates such fantasies and discovers such beauties, and you just may never return! (This new 'infinity pad' should make an interesting addition to our *Variations On A Sexual Theme* which appeared in the Winter issue of QQ. Do you have it? You should, and you can. Turn to the 'back issues' advertisement in this issue. It can make your present sex life obsolete!)

Lucite floors must, of course, be installed by an expert craftsman, but strobelights are available from any theatrical-lighting company, and often from many ordinary lighting stores. If you live in or near New York shop the stores of the East Village. 'Trippier' patterns there ain't! You can get mobile and stationary lights even from your neighborhood electrical shop. And there are even portable light boxes.

The wildest is the *Light Organ* which costs about \$100 in the audio department of many stores. It is a portable box with a lucite front, behind which are lights in many colors and patterns. Hang it on your bedroom wall or place it on a table or dresser near your sexual arena. Plug it into your hi-fi or phonograph, because the lights grow and recede in intensity as the music ebbs and flows. For instance, if you put on a record of Ravel's *Bolero* the lights are low during the quiet beginning, and as the drums roll and the music grows in volume, so do the lights increase in intensity. As the music's climax is reached, so is yours!

THE SEX-APPEAL OF THE HUMAN VOICE

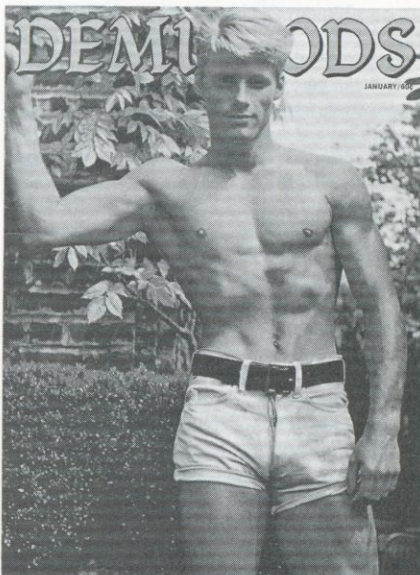
Remember Jim Stryker? Just a few years ago he was the golden boy of the physique-pictorial world. His handsome face, haloed by a thatch of hair like ripened wheat—and his excitingly muscular body—were seen month after month on covers of *The Young Physique* and *Demi-Gods*.

Because of his fantastic popularity it was decided to make a recording of Jim's voice. And so this advertisement appeared: JIM STRYKER CUTS 45 RPM DISC. *Now, for the first time, hear as well as see your favorite model. Jim will speak where and when you want him in his own warm, intimate and friendly voice.* Along with an autographed photograph in ravishing color this created a furor in the iconosexual world... and here is why:

Supposedly cut in Jim's bedroom and bathroom while he showered, it is probably the sexiest monologue on record, not because of *what* was said, but because of the vibrant sex-appeal of Jim's voice. Never the slightest allusion to sex... no hint of anything 'suggestive'. But though pure as the

driven you-know-what his sexy baritone created an instant rapport with the listener.

The quality of this young idol's voice was such that had he only recited the multiplication tables it would send hackles up the back of the most jaded fantasexual. What dreams came to auto-erotic reality when he spoke. One wonders how much wilder the effect would have been had strobes and lucite floors been in vogue at the time!



The human voice is often more exciting when heard divorced from its source. Thus a telephone conversation with someone unseen can be more titillating than a meeting *vis-a-vis*.

Music is also stimulating, and in this case it is the human voice which is groovier. In dual sex it is 'voiceless' music that excites more because the human voice acts as an intruder. But the fantasexualist needs just this kind of 'intrusion'. And so a record by your favorite singer played during your private orgy may drive you up the wall! In addition to records of your choice you might like to try some of those we recommended in *Music To Sex Up The Dawn With* which appeared in our Fall 1969 issue.

OF TOUCH AND SMELL

A few years ago a noted Russian dancer began to gain even greater fame in the West as partner to an aging ballerina. Extraordinarily handsome, with real star presence, he attracts attention wherever he goes. His beautiful and original clothes make the headlines almost as much as his ballet and extra-ballet exploits.

For gay guys he is a real joy, not just because of his art, but because of the unique and thoughtful gifts he presents his lovers. After fierce and feral sex with the largest phallus in Europe (much 'Moscow Roll')—and if you pleased him very much—you will receive a package bright and early next morning. In it will be the silk jockey-shorts he wore the night before, still suggestive of the delightful cologne he wears, and redolent of the animalistic wetness of his mad sex drive. What a memento for fantasex-x-x-ing!

Other intimate garments and accoutrements intrigue the fantasexualist who responds to both the senses of touch and smell... a sweaty leather belt is overpower-

ing to some... motorcycle glasses... boots, leather or jeans that have been in lovely contact à *crevasse* with a motorbike seat all day.

The esoteric approach to the fantasy world is not the only way to hypo your libido... for some there is a fun way. Have you read *Portnoy's Complaint*? In this best-seller he tells of self-sex with remembered humor and love, recalling the many kooky methods of self-expression he used to heighten effect in childhood... like having sex with a baseball glove, or the calves' liver which would later become his family's evening dinner. He even got away with it on a crowded bus! If you don't have it, this book is now available in paperback for \$1.50 and you'll be enchanted with the myriad ways of sexual titillation it describes.

But of course the most fantastic fantasex comes from 'poppers'... ampoules of amyl nitrite which can be inserted in an empty benzedrex inhaler and sniffed through one nostril as climax approaches. It extends climax to infinity with a charge of such high voltage you will not experience through any other medium, except, perhaps, marijuana which is, of course, illegal.

These have been but a few illustrations from the vast store of delights our readers have savored. Perhaps you have some very unusual experience you'd like to pass on to others. We welcome your letters, and as soon as they are collected and scanned we shall present another article about life in the heady world of fantasex.

DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME

(Continued from page 8)

J. Edgar Hoover's and moralizing politicians aside, isn't there a genuine risk of going from grass to pills to acid to cocaine to heroin?

The answer is that the skid-row alcoholics who die from the D.T.s got their start by sipping an innocent can of beer. Like liquor, grass can indeed lead to a dependence on and addiction to more powerful stuff. And from a public health viewpoint, it may indeed seem questionable to legalize something else, when already alcoholism costs America millions in dollars and wasted lives. Admittedly, the ugly specter of junior high students suffering hideous deaths from drug abuse is enough to make one want to stamp out the entire spectrum of pot, pills and narcotics.

The solution, obviously, is some form of regulation. Prohibition didn't work because millions defied the law and made their own bathtub gin. The World Health Organization has estimated that there are tens of millions of people in the United States who have tried marijuana. Like prohibition, the ban on marijuana simply is not working. However, society always has acknowledged that liquor is not good for youngsters, and so an age limit is placed on its use and possession. Correspondingly, an automobile is too dangerous a toy for children to handle, and cigarette smoking is regarded as being dangerous for persons of any age. How effective these societal and legal prohibitions are enforced remains problematic. A sober teenager is a better driver than a drunk adult. There is no guarantee that an arbitrary age limit such as 18 or 21 separates those who are capable of driving, drinking or smoking

pot from those who aren't. But the point seems clear that only those of a certain maturity ought to be allowed to experiment with substances which may pose a danger.

On a personal level, most sensible individuals would agree that marijuana—even though it is a non-addictive, mild hallucinogenic—is nothing for toddlers to mess around with. It is the very nature of youth to seek ever-increasing thrills, to experiment and push out until the ultimate sensation is experienced. So it depends not so much on how old you are, but how mature and self-aware you are, whether, in fact, you know your own limitations—to determine whether you should smoke grass. It follows that the use of LSD—"acid"—should be a personal decision. Most regular users of acid would agree that if you have an unstable personality, experimenting with acid, especially unaided by an experienced guide, can lead to a bad trip, a bummer. That is, acid can have such a powerful, mind-expanding impact that the immature individual may feel inadequate to come to grips with it, and freak out. Those who have tried acid a few times or use it regularly generally agree that it is a wonderful thing with almost religiously-potent influence. Sex, while tripping, is said to be nirvana. Even so, these same acid heads, with the possible exception of Dr. Leary, generally would agree that it's not everyone's cup of tea.

In contrast, the chances of a bummer with grass are almost nil. There has been considerable scientific research about marijuana (though not all of it has been made public), and no one yet has come up with any solid evidence of harm. Grass has been around at least since American soldiers rode into Mexico in pursuit of Pancho Villa and came back with silly grins on their faces. LSD has not been with us for so long, and the scientific jury on its possible dangers is still out. Some research, for example, has shown the use of acid may influence genetic composition and lead to deformed babies. To date, no matter how hard we try, no homosexuals have been known to give birth to babies, so that's at least one thing we don't have to worry about.

In summary, the answer to the question about marijuana leading to the use of acid or hard drugs must be an individual decision. If you are so young and immature that you can't control your desire to move on to the next, more thrilling stimulant, you should be prepared to suffer the legal and psychological consequences, if any. If you like a cocktail after work, but know enough not to get smashed out of your mind on booze every night of the week, you'll find marijuana no more addictive than eating a piece of cherry pie and then developing an uncontrollable urge to gulp down four banana splits and a dozen chocolate eclairs.

Moderation is just as much a virtue in the use of pot—or acid—as in eating, drinking or, for that matter, sex. A masochist may get his jollies by being beaten with a leather belt as a preliminary to sex. But few in the S/M set would advocate physical mutilation because it's just going too far. Death may be the ultimate climax, but no one has come back from the grave recently to tell us whether it was worth the cost.

Related to the issue of pot leading to addiction to hard drugs is the question,

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Related to the issue of pot leading to addiction to hard drugs is the question,

"Who needs it? I get all the thrill I need from just plain, old sex without any kind of outside, artificial stimulants like pot or poppers."

Bully for you! But don't feel like the lone stranger; the fact is, homosexuals throughout history have done quite well without any aphrodisiacs whatsoever. And the population explosion suggests that our straight brethren are doing all right, too! The matter of procreation notwithstanding, one might ask, "Who needs sex at all?" An occasional session with Mother Thumb and her four daughters or a periodic wet dream really is all that biology requires. If Freud was right, we all could sublimate our libidos, become creative artists and magazines like QQ would go out of business.

The point is, sex—straight and gay—seems here to stay. One might as well enjoy it thoroughly and creatively by trying new techniques, aphrodisiacs or whatever else turns you on, as to limit yourself to just one sexual position. Bread and water can sustain life, but who would want to go very long without some protein, either in the form of a juicy steak or a shot of seminal fluid!

Assuming, then, that you have decided not to knock it until you've tried it, be prepared for a letdown. It's sad but true that with most people, the first two or three times has little effect. It's frustrating as hell to be with that really groovy guy, put on some head music, light some candles, burn some incense and sit there puffing like a steam engine—and feel nothing.

When you get drunk you can usually tell when it's starting to happen. Not so with grass. You may expect some big kick or thrill, but the effect of marijuana is slow and varies tremendously among individuals. This is due to two things: you and the grass. Remember that one can of beer can get you drunk as a skunk sometimes, whereas on other occasions you can drink all night and be sober as a judge. With marijuana, you're probably afraid to let go. As for the grass itself, it may have been cut too soon, too late or simply may not be a very potent species. Also, it may have been adulterated or you may not be holding the smoke in your lungs long enough.

(The delightfully whimsical book, "A Child's Garden of Grass" by Jack S. Margolis and Richard Clorfene offers, among other things, practical suggestions on techniques of preparing, smoking and even eating marijuana. A Contact book, it sells for \$2.95 at most hippie bookstores or psychedelic shops.)

If you feel uptight the first or second time you light up a joint, it is the holy obligation of your friend to talk you into getting high. This is because pot greatly heightens your suggestibility. It's true that initially you may feel yourself simply being "taken," that his comments are the only thing that is making you feel this way, but sooner or later the grass will take effect. The main thing is to relax and just let it happen. Don't be concerned if he seems to be higher than a kite and you're still rolling joints and holding your breath like mad. The more you smoke grass, the less you need to get higher quicker. So if you've smoked for an hour and nothing seems to be happening, sit back and listen to the music

for awhile. Let it creep up on you, and don't be surprised if after awhile you feel some physical symptoms.

A typical sensation is to be sitting and grooving to "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" and then experience a mild tingling. Perhaps you'll feel a band of light pressure around your shoulders or a lightness in the calves. You may feel like sighing, deep and long. There may be a slight chill, but not enough to cause any discomfort. Most of all, you will relax, perhaps even feeling a little drowsy. Take a long, deep sigh. Light up a regular cigarette and see how refreshing it tastes. If you are suffering from any kind of pain, as with arthritis, it may seem to go away. It will be of no interest to QQ readers, but it's noteworthy nonetheless that some suburban housewives who experience great pain from menstrual cramps find marijuana more beneficial than Midol.

By now your friend should feel fairly high himself. Assuming that the purpose of the whole scene is sex, he may suggest (sly fellow!) that you kick off your shoes and take off your shirt. When you stand up to do so, you may feel a bit woozy, but the nice thing about grass is that it doesn't affect your nervous system or coordination like booze does. You're always in control of your emotions and thoughts. If an unpleasant thought slinks into your brain, you can wave your magic wand and it's gone quicker than Puff, the Magic Dragon.

To test whether you are getting high, your friend next ought to play some really great head music. Actually, any kind of music will do—Beethoven can be as groovy as the Beatles—but something like an album of the Doors, the Band or the sound track from "Hair" may send you floating or skidding or hopping or leaping into Never Never Land. Next try some nibbles—anything to chew on that has a pronounced flavor like orange-wedge candy, peanuts or left-over salmon loaf. A sip of beer will send thousands of bubbles squishing through your teeth. That's fine, because smoking grass, like sniffing poppers, frequently makes your mouth feel dry. Roll a spoonful of apple jelly around in your mouth. Suddenly, apples are exploding like tiny flavor buds all over the place. You sit down and meditate about the apple in the Garden of Eden or Newton sitting under an apple tree or the Great Apple in the Sky who looks down and smiles on us all.

Next, watch for distortion in time and space. It seems like three days ago that your friend asked you to crawl over to his side of the bed; the distance between the two of you seems gargantuan. You also may become terribly amused by the slightest thing. Giggling fits are quite common; relax and enjoy it. It may be nothing more than your friend's observation that you seem to take a long time getting unzipped, or it may be a real thigh-slapper of a punch-line—whatever, things always seem funnier when you're high.

Some people, whether on their first trip or their 400th, become very meditative and introspective when tripping. Marijuana is a euphoric plant with mild sedative powers. So you may feel very passive and want to explore the inner you. Profound revelations (which you rarely are able to remember the next morning) may be discovered in the way

your ear is formed or the texture of a wool necktie. You may be slightly annoyed when your friend wants to have sex because you are having such a good time doing whatever it is you're doing.

Forget it. For now, no matter how passive or sleepy or introspective you may feel, comes the best part: sex while high.

Grass per se is not an aphrodisiac in the sense that Spanish fly, substances with Vitamin E or some herbs are. (See "Turning on with Aphrodisiacs" in the Summer 1969 issue of QQ.) Grass, rather, is a true aphrodisiac in the dictionary sense of "the combination of various sensuous reactions . . . (which) tend to bring on a state of general euphoria conducive to sexual expression." Since euphoria is grass' bag, hop right in!

Remember, marijuana has the effect of greatly enhancing all five senses. Thus, rubbing your hand across his hairy chest may seem like wafting over wind-blown wheat fields. His eyes may appear to be deep pools of crystal blue water. The after-shave he put on this morning may smell overwhelmingly romantic. When he whispers in your ear, it's like choirs of angels. A soul kiss makes your tongue tingle with profound delight. Moreover, marijuana has a synesthetic effect, which means you perceive a stimulus with a sense other than the one being stimulated. You may "feel" his voice or "taste" the shadows your bodies are making on the ceiling. The gentle background music, the fragrant incense, the flickering candlelight, the touch of his hand on your thigh—all combine to make the rapture you read about in those paperbacks seem like so many words. This is it, baby, the bestest, most lingering, most delicious sex possible.

But wait! If this is the first time you've had sex with this guy, or the first time you've been high, you might gulp a deep breath and wonder, "What if he wants to do something I don't want to do? Suppose he turns into a raving sadist and wants to crush a cigarette out in my navel?" The answer is that no one undergoes that kind of personality switcheroo while high on grass. Since marijuana is such a psychological thing, you can always come down; you control your emotions and behavior. When drunk, some little drag queens may turn into super-butch studs or that magnificent sadist may dissolve in a crying jag while tripping on acid. But these things just don't happen with grass. What it does do is remove inhibitions by increasing the pleasant feelings of your body and the serenity of your environment. So if you've always wondered what it would be like to take it up the old whazoo, now is the time to try it, especially if he's patient and experienced. If a groovy 69 is your bag, hop to it and enjoy the thrill of simultaneously getting and giving exquisite pleasure. Imaginative new positions lead to magnificent sensations. Even masturbation can be a real kick while high . . . the penis seems soooooo long.

Pot indeed can open new vistas for you. It lends itself to whatever kind of sex you groove on—and sets the stage for the magnificent delights which come in discovering still another variation of that most beautiful trip of all—making love.

**Self-Acceptance Is The First Step
To Happiness**

IN HIS IMAGE

(Continued from page 53)

To some, the church or synagogue stands for intolerant rejection. The fact that some ministers, priests and rabbis, influenced by the "New Morality," are only now adopting more enlightened attitudes seems nothing less than a Johnny-come-lately condescension of the most patronizing sort: "Sin is passe; sickness is in and if you poor dears would just promise to see a psychiatrist, why then of course we'd be happy to serve you communion."

To others, the chance to participate in church activities—the color, the drama, those heavenly swish robes!—represents an escape from closet queen dreariness. The satire of Peter Luke's "Hadrian VII" notwithstanding, many homosexuals find the opportunity to preside over "High Tea" during a finance committee meeting a link with stability and respectability. A New York Times article earlier this year quoted officials as estimating that across the country there are as many as 100 to 200 churches that are quietly known as congenial to homosexuals.

To still other homosexuals, despite all the sophisticated scoffing, the church provides genuine, heartfelt spiritual guidance. The need for this is represented in Michael's parting line in "Boys in the Band" that he might just "take in" a Mass. The pathetic lament of John Rechy's "City of Night" hustler is "Why can't dogs go to Heaven?" Is Heaven (the Church) closed to dogs (homosexuals)? Or do homosexuals, by definition, close the door of the Church themselves?

It's obvious, in other words, that aside from sex itself, religion can be the most intimate, personal, emotional aspect of a gay guy's life at one time or another. It can lead to guilt feelings so intense as to provoke suicidal melancholy—or it can provide a glorious affirmation that love is good, the Creator worth worshiping, and all of life profoundly relevant and meaningful.

How did such a diverse reaction to the Church's position on homosexuality develop? As Shakespeare noted, the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, but this much is clear: among Western religions, there has always been an exceedingly dim view of sexual deviance and the most celebrated instance is the story of Sodom and Gomorrah. The sin of the Sodomites—who, even gay guys must admit, apparently were a tacky crowd—is referred to repeatedly throughout the Bible in terms of contempt that would make Cotton Mather look like a gay guru. Interestingly enough, the movie which Hollywood pasted together a few years ago about Sodom portrayed a gaggle of lesbians cavorting around. Presumably, the spectacle of dykes making eyes at one another (the film stopped short of showing them making anything else) was more tolerable to movie censors than if it had been boys running around.

In Genesis 19, however, it is two angels, not lesbians, who visit Lot on a mission to find 10 righteous men. The angels gave the Sodomites hot pants and they started cruising like mad at once. "Both young and old, all the people to the last man" surrounded Lot's house and called out: "Where are the

men who came to you tonight? Bring them out to us, that we may know them." Lot, properly chagrined, replied, "I beg of you, my brothers, do not act so wickedly. Behold, I have two daughters who have not known man; let me bring them out to you, and do to them as you please; only do nothing to these men . . ." Significantly, the Sodom queens couldn't care a bobby pin about Lot's virgin daughters, and they practically broke down the door trying to get at the angels. The angels, however, rebuffed them and, as everyone knows, the next morning the Sodomites perished in brimstone and fire—and even Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt for looking back at the spectacle.

So endeth the reading of today's lesson, but not the scholarly disputations about it. As theologians will, some experts have debated the meaning of Genesis 19. For example, Dr. D. Bailey wrote a book in 1955, "Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition," as his contribution to the Wolfenden Committee whose report later was adopted legalizing homosexual acts among consenting adults in Great Britain. Dr. Bailey suggested there was no sexual significance in the verb "know," translated from the Hebrew "yadha," in the sentence where the Sodomites wanted "to know" the visiting angels. His idea is that "yadha" merely meant "seeking information," because otherwise the verb would have been "shakhabh" which means "to lie" in the coital sense. This theory, however, is shot down in a book by an English priest, the Rev. Michael J. Buckley, D.D., "Morality and the Homosexual; A Catholic Approach to a Moral Problem." He contends the interpretation of the whole story of Sodom's destruction must be taken in context and that "yadha" has a sexual meaning in the text, indeed a homosexual one . . . All the Sodomites were guilty of intending to commit homosexual acts, and this furnished the necessary proof of the sinfulness of the city—no just men could be found."

Even if one gives three cheers for Dr. Bailey's and not a hoot for Fr. Buckley's interpretation, other Old Testament references clearly indicate that the path of the Hebrews in regard to sexuality was to be straight, period. For example, the wearing of women's garments by a man is an "abomination," according to Deuteronomy 23:5. "Cult prostitutes" of either sex were highly frowned upon (Deut. 23:17). Leviticus 20:13 has this disquieting comment: "If a man lies with a male as with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination; they shall be put to death, their blood is upon them."

Of course much of the Old Testament, especially the Pentateuch, is devoted to defining the Israelites as chosen people. Thus a ban on homosexuality distinguished them from other tribes and competing religions. This point is made in "A New Catechism," the tolerant statement by Holland's liberal Roman Catholic clergy. The Dutch Catechism notes that the "very sharp" scriptural strictures "denounce a homosexuality which had become a prevalent fashion."

Indeed, the "prevalent fashion" had continued even unto Jesus' time. Thus Paul, one of the most significant influences in developing Christian philosophy, wrote to

the Romans a warning of the "reprobate mind" which turns away from God (Romans I, 26):

"For this reason, God gave them up to dishonorable passions. Their women exchanged natural relations for unnatural, and the men likewise gave up natural relations with women and were consumed with passion for one another, men committing shameless acts with men and receiving in their own persons the due penalty for their error."

Fr. Buckley, the English priest, notes that Paul infers that "arsenokoitai" (active male sodomists) are "responsible for their actions because they are guilty of leaving the natural use of women. Many writers uphold that the early Christians regarded such addiction to homosexual practices as a sign of national degeneration and the inevitable accompaniment of idolatry."

It's easy to understand why the early church fathers would associate homosexuality with idolatry and "national degeneration." It had always been thus. It wasn't just a Cecil B. DeMille "Ten Commandments" worshiping of the golden calf that led to warnings about idolatry—it was the idolatrous sexual hanky-panky that went on among Egyptian and Canaanite religious adherents. Similarly, in the early days of the Christian Church, Roman and Hellenistic cultures took a very lenient view of homosexuality against which the Christians were sharply at odds. One has only to recall any Biblical movie about the Roman empire with its inevitable banquet-orgy scene to get the picture that the gay life was linked, whether accurately or otherwise, with voluptuous, decadent degeneracy. The good guys led ascetic lives and only made the scene with pure maidens wearing veils and no makeup; the bad guys lounged around on couches while slave boys dangled grapes above their greedy mouths.

The theory that the early Church triumphed in part because of Rome's decadence has continuing popularity and illustrates the subtle link between Church and state which has led to grief for many homosexuals. Many modern politicians like to compare Rome's decay with the present change in American moral patterns. And the Raffertys, Reagans, and Agnews, in turn, have their counterparts in conservative religious sects that urge repression of what essentially is a life style different from their own. Since the contemporary life-style features tolerance for homosexuality and bi-sexuality, the meaning is not lost in ridicule of "effete" snobs or warnings about homosexuals as vaguely less than patriotic persons. Indeed, the prosecutor at the Chicago conspiracy trial was quoted in the Los Angeles Free Press as having told an audience after the verdict, "We've lost our kids to the freaking fag revolution . . . Bobby Seale had more guts and charisma than any of them (the other defendants), and he was the only one I don't think was a fag." To which every Bible-beating, Elmer Gantry evangelist can shout, "Amen, brother, let's get back to the old-time religion before we decline and fall like Rome."

In reality, whatever role homosexuality played in the fall of Rome and ascent of the Church is moot. Undoubtedly, there was moral laxity. But the question is whether

homosexuality per se represents moral laxity, then or now. "Freaking fag revolution" indeed when one considers that height of moral and ethical culture, the glory that was Greece. Mary Renault's novels, including her latest, "Fire From Heaven," attest that homosexuality then was considered natural and honorable. Even so, revolutionaries—among whom the apostles must certainly be included—have in every time and every place sought to project onto their enemies the most lurid, debased image. If that includes homosexuality and if the power of church and state are combined, woe unto the deviant. The article "Of Things That Crawl in the Night" in the Winter 1970 issue of QQ graphically illustrates the medieval tortures inflicted upon those suspected of unnatural behavior.

Martin Hoffman, in his thoughtful book "The Gay World," suggests that a proper attitude on the part of the straight world towards homosexuals would be to emulate the separation of church and state embodied in the American Constitution. "I suggest," Hoffman writes, "that we view homosexuals as a minority group, and begin to seriously consider giving them the full legal rights and social privileges that we have finally given to some minority groups (e.g., Roman Catholics) and that we talk about giving to others."

The irony is that the early church has developed into the Roman Catholic Church which now enjoys a tolerance the original church fathers never would have granted to homosexuals. In fact, they took a martyr's pride in disassociating themselves from the carryings-on of decadent Rome. There were injunctions to avoid the "malakoi" (effeminate men) and "those who lie with mankind" (in the Vulgate, "masculorum concubitores"). Augustine contended that "those shameful acts such as were committed in Sodom, ought everywhere and always to be detested and punished."

In this context it's inevitable that the provocative question rises, "Was Jesus himself a homosexual?" The very idea is blasphemous to some, alluring to others. Scholars admit that relatively little is known of His life itself, and most of that is second-hand description from the apostles who were zealous promoters rather than objective historians. Moreover, it has been traditional in the last 2,000 years for artists to depict Jesus in the form which reflects their own ethnic or cultural images—Jesus as a Negro, Dutch burgher, etc. One of the most hilarious, if not scandalous, reactions to this custom was young Portnoy's when he visited the home of Italian Catholics above whose kitchen sink hung "a picture of Jesus Christ floating up to Heaven in a pink nightgown." Alexander, detesting his own Jewishness while also rejecting the tawdriness of some Christian art, muses, "(If He actually) looked as he does in that picture, (He) was without a doubt The Pansy of Palestine. In a page-boy haircut, with a Palmolive complexion—and wearing a gown that I realize today must have come from Fredericks of Hollywood!"

Those who would, for their own reasons, depict Jesus as a homosexual make the case that he was more influenced by and attracted to His mother than to Joseph; He was never reported to have married or had any romantic attachment to women; He associated primarily with men and called the disciple

John "beloved." Most Christians, however, and certainly all straight people in general, would regard such speculation as irrelevant. They would note that as the Son of God, celibacy was at the least theologically expedient. Other incidents such as his forgiveness of the woman at the well and the comforting of Mary Magdalene, Christians would assert, simply are typical of Christ's message of love and redemption for all. To many others, gay guys included, it is enough that the message of Jesus—whatever his sexual proclivities—encompasses understanding, enlightenment and by far the most useful code of ethical conduct in history: the Sermon on the Mount.

In fact, it is a re-examination of the teachings, if not the life, of Jesus which has led in part to the hopeful new movement of rapprochement between homosexuals and the Church. The Vatican council, the ecumenical movement, the emergence of the hippie culture, the "New Morality,"—even the "Playboy" philosophy—all have had beneficial spin-offs for the gay life. It may be woefully overdue, and some gay guys still may feel they must wear a big scarlet "H" before entering a church. But that the times they are a-changin', there can be no doubt.

In 1964, for example, following a police raid on a gay dance, the Council on Religion and the Homosexual was formed in San Francisco. About half a dozen such groups now exist in other cities. The United Church of Christ has taken the lead among many mainstream Protestant denominations in suggesting more dialogue between homosexuals and the Church. The Society of Friends has published an enlightened pamphlet, "Toward a Quaker View of Sex," which advocates greater understanding. Norman Pittenger, a prominent Anglican, has written that homosexual acts are "good...insofar as they contribute to the movement of persons towards mutual fulfillment and fulfillment in mutuality, with all the accompanying characteristics of love." The Rev. Lew Durham of San Francisco's notably progressive Glide Memorial Methodist Church puts it more succinctly: "I never read a rule that the Church is supposed to inquire into what its members do in bed."

Liberal religious groups such as the Unitarian—Universalist Association, Reform Jewish congregations, Ethical Culture Society and the Quakers have long been amenable to patterns of sexual expression other than the old "missionary position." Such groups, and not excluding courageously liberal individual clergymen in other denominations, are coming to realize that "ALL God's children" means just that, not just all God's straight children. It used to be quite avant-garde to sponsor a Mattachine Society speaker at a campus ministry forum on sexuality. Now it's old hat.

The Church of the Holy Apostles at 9th Avenue and 28th Street in New York opens its doors to regular West Side Discussion Group lectures, social gatherings, movies and meetings for and about homosexuals. San Francisco's Glide Memorial last year held a "Gay Life With Style" evening complete with performances by a drag queen from Finnochio's, comedy skits by performers from the Frolic Room and even a love ballad dedicated to his lover by the city's gay folksinger, Don Burton. (Burton is shown

with his lover, Leo Laurance of the Committee for Homosexual Freedom, in an article on "God, Gurus and Gay Guerrillas" in the March, 1970, issue of "Holiday.") Further representative of the San Francisco Bay Area's enlightened attitude was a Memorial Mass held last year at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Berkeley for a man killed by Berkeley police who charged that the victim was homosexual. The shooting was deplorable; the Mass, concelebrated by two Catholic priests, was moving and appropriate.

It no longer is so shockingly unusual to find gay clergymen. Some, like the Rev. Mr. Perry, or Tom Maurer, field director of the Kinsey Institute study of homosexuality in San Francisco, freely admit their clerical background and use it to advantage in counseling homosexuals. Other gay priests and ministers remain in their pulpits but discreetly work for more enlightened attitudes within the Church. Other homosexual clergymen find that leaving their official positions, though not necessarily the Church, provides greater opportunity to live a full, essentially more Christian life.

Even the staunch, monolithic Roman Catholic Church has been influenced by the new morality based on the consideration of each person as an individual with emphasis on individual responsibility rather than on mere observance of laws. "The Dutch Catechism," in spite of much controversy, has received an imprimatur and its brief discussion of homosexuality opens wide avenues of hope:

"There are a certain number of people whose eroticism cannot be directed to the other sex, but apparently only to the sex to which they themselves belong. Lack of frank discussion has allowed a number of opinions to be formed about them which are unjust when applied generally, because those who have such inclinations in fact are often hard-working and honorable people. It is not the fault of the individual if he or she is not attracted to the other sex. The causes of homosexuality are unknown...."

For an official Catholic publication to assert that homosexuals "can't help it" shows how astonishingly far the Church has come in its re-evaluation of homosexuality. Nonetheless, this has not been far enough for some, and so the Metropolitan Community Church and others like it assert total independence. Thus the most novel ceremony of the MCC is its gay wedding service with "spouse" substituted for "husband" or "wife" in an otherwise Anglican service. To some, straight and gay, this may seem like going too far in an effort to legitimize what many still consider basically nonconformist behavior. To others, straight and gay, this may seem like the epitome of what a loving Church should do—sanction love.

In any event, the gay marriage ceremony represents the cutting edge of the movement towards bringing the Church to the homosexual and vice-versa. So, too, is the Memorial Mass in Berkeley symbolic of the promise of life after death to those who believe that "God so loved the world He gave His only begotten Son that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him shall have everlasting life."

Marriages and funerals are two of the Church's most important ceremonies. (One wag, following a wedding ceremony performed by the Rev. Mr. Perry, inquired if

infant baptism or confirmation services would be next.) But sacraments are only outward manifestations of inward spiritual commitments. No organized religion, unless it resorted to the rack and thumbscrew, has ever completely been able to dictate how individuals shall live. The Church thus represents, to believers and non-believers alike, a continuing puzzle. As homosexuals, we may find within it admirably effective moral guidelines cheek by jowl with doleful prohibitions of what we are. It obviously must remain an individual choice of what to accept, what to ignore.

If nothing else, homosexuals already have one up on organized religion in that we have long ago embraced a brotherhood of love, if not of sexuality, which is what the ecumenical movement has been seeking for years. The confraternity of gay guys, the acceptance of one another simply for what we are, puts the wrangling over doctrine and structure of theologians to shame.

Still, it remains up to the individual. Like Job, we may challenge the voice in the whirlwind to prove that being gay is not good. Or, like Jacob, we may wrestle with our angels and find that they are God. Our names, then—like Jacob's—might rightly be changed to Israel, which means literally, one who strives with God. Perhaps we cannot find the answers to our questions, but we can love the quest for the answers and achieve an appreciative understanding that adds richness and depth to our loves and lives. This much is certain: the unexamined life is not worth living. Since religion is so much a part of life, those who dismiss it because it dismisses them are simply being short-sighted. Ultimately, the solution is as simple as it is old: If the Church draws a circle to exclude us, we may merely draw a larger circle to include it—a circle of brotherhood with love, honor and understanding.

GYPSY FEET (Continued from page 31)

sued the Municipal Railroad because the mishap turned her into a nympho. Where Chinatown, my Chinatown hides—behind its inscrutable red-lacquered exterior—militant youth gangs who lean toward the Red Guard. Where the SFPD's Sgt. Sunshine smoked pot. Where the orange-colored Golden Gate spans the bay which The City is polluting with half-treated sewage. Where there are, in other words, all the usual urban woes Americans have come to know so well. The middle class is fleeing to the suburbs to escape high taxes, high rents (less than New York, more than Chicago or LA), high crime rates and hippies who are high. The City, Capital of Gayland, beautiful, tolerant, enlightened, clean, sophisticated, cosmopolitan; San Francisco has among the nation's highest rates of suicide, venereal disease and alcoholism. Behind every silver lining there is a cloud.

* * *

The Embarcadero YMCA. Celebrated in a dozen dirtybooks, beloved by generations of horny GIs (and one-man USOs), far and away the most swinging Y in the nation. (Its nine floors are held together by dried seminal fluid and its narrow, institutional halls echo with ecstatic groans. Located in

a cruddy part of The City, once notorious, next to a Post Office annex, the Embarcadero Y barely escaped demolition to make way for a freeway by about two yards. So if you get a fourth-floor room next to the bay, you'll choke on smog as traffic zips by your window. A few gay oldtimers sit around in the Foster's Cafeteria just off the lobby dreaming of those handsome Marines they had upstairs back during the Spanish-American War. The graffiti on the john walls, elaborately specific and meticulously illustrated, probably goes back no further than the war to end all wars. The showers run day and night, undoubtedly giving the Embarcadero Y an outrageously disproportionate water bill. The guard may ask to see your key and suggest that you stay on your own floor, and then again he may not. The rooms are tiny and poorly furnished. And what goes on in those hot, steamy showers and poorly furnished rooms? Ah, gentle reader, to your imagination I leave that as the sun slowly slips behind the Golden Gate and a foghorn moans mournfully in the distance.

* * *

Coming into The City. Sourdough bread for sale at the San Francisco International Airport; some kind of local tradition—all the restaurants serve it along with Napa Valley wine. Also many groovy GIs: to and from Vietnam; Fort Ord down on the coast; Travis Air Force Base; Treasure Island; Presidio of San Francisco where the Army tried to convict some guys in the stockade for singing "We Shall Overcome." Drunken sailors trying to pick up the hookers in the Tenderloin area downtown, just as they used to in the Barbary Coast saloons. Equally horny sailors from the Bon Homme Richard ("Bonnie Dick") checking into the Ritch Street Baths on Saturday night to check out the psychedelic playroom.

Driving up US 101 from the airport to The City. A Granny Goose potato chip billboard with a mean-looking cowpoke snarling something about "Smile when you say that, pahdnah." Welcome to San Francisco. Where they invented doing your own thing, whether being a closet queen Granny Goose or an S&M cowpoke—just so long as you don't do it on Market Street at high noon and frighten the horses or the BART subway workmen.

Coming into The City: Greyhound Bus Depot. Yuck. Double yuck! Like every dreary, ammonia-stinking bus station in every Podunk Center. Cruisy, but at your own risk.

Coming into The City: Driving through Reno, a last hopeful yank on the one-armed bandits at Dave's Bar, over the Sierra (the plural of which is not Sierras), past Sacramento (give Ronnie-Poo Reagan the finger as you drive by), to Oakland past Berkeley (right on, brothers!). Traffic winnows down to the toll plaza where it's 50 cents going into The City, free coming out. No pedestrians on the Oakland Bay Bridge; that's why all the suicides jump off the Golden Gate. California, the terminus of the lemming-like western migration; if you can't make it here, buddy, there's only the bridge left for you. Up over the bridge at twilight: a Matson freighter fights the undertow to nudge out towards the Pacific; Alcatraz over

on your right where last Thanksgiving the Whites took roasted turkeys to the Indians who then occupied it; then, suddenly, there it is. The City in all its splendor, the crown jewel sparkling in the sun like Liz Taylor's diamond. The glass elevator shaft at the Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill, the bay-windowed, bronze-toned Bank of America building, the Ferry Building lit up like a queen going to a drag ball, Coit Tower, the phallic symbol to end all phallic symbols (actually designed as the nozzle of a fireman's hose in commemoration of the firemen who died in the Ought Six earthquake and fire). You take the exit for the Embarcadero and kerplunk you're suddenly off the freeway for the reason that the freeway has ended. That's because the State wanted to tear up the waterfront to put in a double-decker freeway. The San Franciscans wanted their view of the bay unsullied by a freeway. The San Franciscans won; the freeway just stops in mid-air. Would the residents of Newark, Chicago or Los Angeles halt the ever onward march of progress in the name of mere aesthetics?

* * *

Any compilation of recommended bars must be highly individual. You go to those you like or where you make out, which doesn't mean that they are the other guy's cup of tea. Whatever follows by way of suggested bars, baths or restaurants represents nothing more than those that I've been to and liked. Others may be even groovier. Herewith are excerpts from my experiences in The City:

The Opera Club "where Jose, the beloved Dowager Empress of San Francisco performs—and reforms—the opera;" the Frolic Room with its go-go boys (relax, Vickie Vice Squad, they wear scantie panties); the Fantasy, a gay nightclub where Michael Greer used to do his incredibly talented Mona Lisa routine and where a zany outfit known as The New Faces now do some wildly funny routines; the Waterfront, with live rock bands on Sundays; Gordon's, a good restaurant with modest prices; the Speakeasy, a fairly new bike bar that seems to be "in" right now; and, of course, three of the groovy bars on Folsom Street—the "Miracle Mile"—which are perceptively described in one ad: "The Stud, the turned-on, spaced out super groovy bar where heads meet; the Ramrod, for those of you who have never seen a cowboy, this is Marlboro country; Fe-Be's, a taste of leather. Park your bike outside and pick up your S&M black and blue stamps (at the leather shop upstairs, complete with tongue depressants, choke chains, "napkin rings" and anything else "for the needs of the community")."

* * *

People in the News: Sandy Sanchez, owner of Gordon's restaurant and secretary of the Tavern Guild (comprising most of the Bay Area's 50-some gay bars): "If a banker tries to refuse me a loan because I'm in a gay business, I can lay out my money and ask him which are gay dollars and which aren't. I buy \$40,000 worth of meat from my butcher, and by God he's going to treat me with respect or never see me again."

(From "The Gay Mecca," in San Francisco Magazine, April, 1970.)

Helen Matthews, co-director of the Kinsey Institute study of Bay Area homosexuality and a doctoral candidate at Indiana University, contends, "We chose San Francisco for our survey because on a per capita basis there are more homosexuals here than in any other city in the country. (This is) a tribute to The City's very liberal atmosphere—it seems to keep straight people—including the police—from getting too uptight and harassing in overt ways those who may be different." (In the San Francisco Chronicle, April 6, 1970.)

* * *

Kult-cha. Do we got Kult-cha? You betcha! We got, e.g., a pretty good symphony with this guy Ozawa conducting, one of the finest repertory theater companies in the nation (ACT), lots of touring companies coming through town, an outstanding Oriental art collection at the De Young museum and, my favorite of all, the opera. Oh lordy, do we got opera. Like, fer instance, we got this here "Aida" with all them purty boys gussied up like Nubian slaves and Egyptian spear carriers and when they start clanging the cymbals with that Triumphal March, they all start wiggling their little buns and they prance around the stage and why, I swan, there ain't been so much fun since the sow ate her babies!

* * *

Other bars, other restaurants. The Baj: tiny, good food, a scrumptious maitre d' in a black leather vest. The Lion Pub: young crowd, collegiate, wallpaper shows a couple from ancient Greece doing it in a dozen different positions. The Oak Room: Herb Caen, the Chronicle columnist, keeps telling everyone it's gay. On The Levee: leather bar, good food, kookie but talented pianist who also plays the organ, or whatever. The Paradox: dancing, a sprinkling of dykes, fairly hippie. The Rendezvous: dancing, walk up one flight and watch the pretty boys in marshmallow pumps and fluffy sweaters stand around striking poses. Sutter's Mill: good food, tie required. Jackson's: fireplace, fun bar, offers the best roquefort dressing this side of the Mississippi.

* * *

This is the 100th anniversary of Golden Gate Park, similar to New York's Central Park, 103 acres of beauty and repose reclaimed from 103 acres of sand dunes—and reasonably cruisy without the risk of muggings. But in The City, the place for al fresco cruising and whatnot is Land's End, beyond the Golden Gate and near the Cliff House. Monterey pines, shrubs and sandy paths strewn with empty beer cans. KY tubes and used poppers make a setting for a mid-summer night's dream. The Financial District junior executive, the school teacher with a couple of free periods, the hustler out for a quickie—all converge here, especially late in the afternoon. At night it can be dangerous. The bunkers, a series of abandoned World War II emplacements further south, are doubly dangerous round the clock.

* * *

San Francisco is a melting pot. So what else is new? So are Honolulu, New York and Des Moines. But seriously, folks, there are,

(Continued on page 52)

Introducing
New, Cheesiest
**The Super
Adventures
of
Harry Chess!**

CLEAN, DECENT, WHOLESOME
Lettuce Juice
Today's ultimate weapon
against intimate odor.

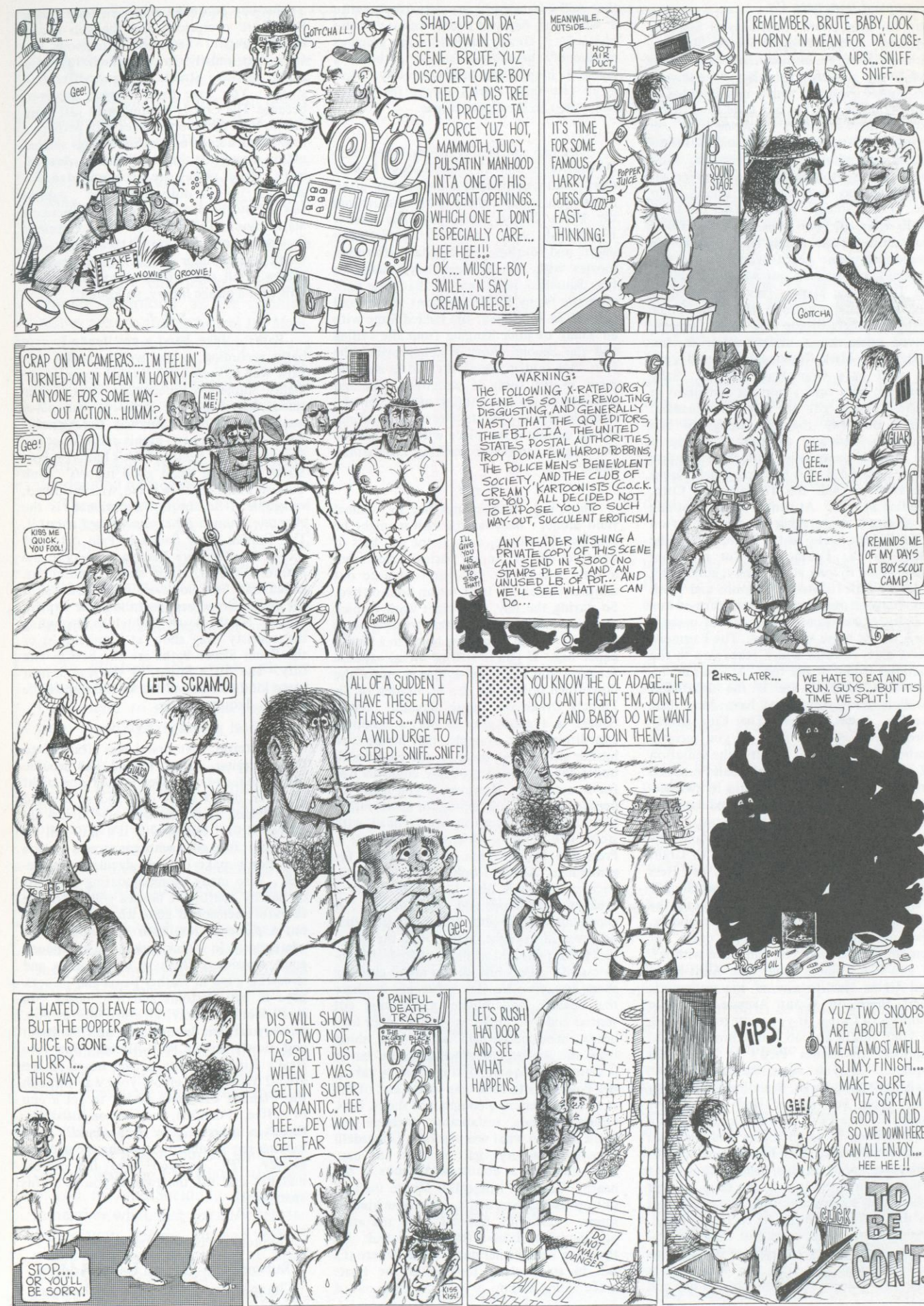
EPISODE FOUR:
Hole! Calcutta!

OUR TWO HAPLESS HEROES...
HARRY CHESSE AND MICKEY MUSCLE
HAVE AGAIN FALLEN INTO THE EVIL,
FUGGING CLUTCHES OF THAT SUPER-NASTY,
MOTHER-FUGGER, LEWD LEATHER, AND
HIS SADISTIC NEPHEWS.

HARRY, GROOVIEST OF ALL THE TOP
SUPER-SUCCULENT AGENTS, WAS LEFT
HANGING BARE-ASS OVER A BOILING
VAT OF POPPER JUICE... THE ONLY THING
SAVING HIM FROM BECOMING HARRY
STROGANOF WAS ONE SLEAZY, PRE-
CARIOUS ROPE! AND THAT WAS SLOWLY
BEING SINGED APART... AS ONE OF

LEWD'S ROTTEN PARTING GESTURES!!!
BACK AT LEWD'S FOUL, SINISTER BATHS,
MICKEY FACED AN EVEN MORE EROTIC,
TERRIBLE FATE... TO CO-STAR IN LEWD'S
GIGANTIC, WIDE SCREEN, FULL-COLOR,
SUPER-STEREO, PORNO PRODUCTION
OF "THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK INDIAN"
WITH NONE OTHER THAN THAT HUMPY,
HERGULEAN, SEX-CRAZED, TEXAS
CHAMPION WRESTLER... BRUTE
BROWNSVILLE!!

TO CONTINUE...



(Continued from page 49)

man for man, more Americans of Spanish, Japanese, Italian, Basque, Scotch, Russian, Chinese, Mexican, Samoan, African, Indian and Navajo descent in the Bay Area than in the United Nations, which was founded in San Francisco. So if your taste runs to the exotic, there's always someone you can sprinkle with some soy sauce and Parmesan cheese and enjoy con mucho gusto. And speaking of gastronomes, The City offers far more than gay restaurants for dining pleasure. For a straight night out on the town (well, after all, your Aunt Maud and Uncle Max from Omaha might just pop in unannounced some night when you're not tricking), try starting out with cocktails at the Top of the Mark. This is in the Mark Hopkins Hotel on Snob Hill near Grace Cathedral where Bishop Pike used to preach, among other things, understanding for homosexuals. Mark Hopkins, incidentally, got his start as a Gold Rush grocer. Sally Stanford, who runs a popular restaurant in Marin County, got her start as a madam. That's the way they do things in San Francisco. Anyway, the view from Top of the Mark is panoramic, with the exception of the damned B of A building which blocks the view, as will the Transamerica Corp. building in time. At sunset there is nothing so civilized as watching the fog roll in on little Golden Gate feet. Then, across the street to the Fairmont, if for no other reason than to look at the lobby, gorgeously redolent with its marble columns and plush red rugs—all amounting to a turn-of-the-century extravaganza which would make a Paris whore blush with envy. The Fairmont has a glass elevator which takes you to the Carousel Room at the top. As you ride up, you first look to see if the apartment dwellers across the street have done their evening dishes. Then The City slowly spreads out at your feet. If you secretly harbor pretensions of royalty, the sensation of ascending to your throne as San Francisco prostrates itself at your feet in its twinkled splendor will be queenly exhilarating. It's also a gas if you're high on pot. After a drink on the rotating bar, take the California Street cable car down to Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, Yew Hess Hay! (You never saw "Flower Drum Song"? Well then, forget it!) Browse among the Chinatown shops for a jade letter opener, his and his matching "happy coats" or something else that you can't live without. If you like Chinese food, take Aunt Maud and Uncle Max to any of the restaurants right there on Grant Avenue, e.g., the Empress of China. If you want to put a rose in your mouth and do your famous Carmen number, try Señor Pico's in Ghirardelli Square. If you want Russian, Basque, Italian, English, Swiss, Scandinavian or Kwakiutl food, buy one of Herb Caen's tour guides to The City. San Francisco offers a smorgasbord of small mama and papa-san restaurants which San Franciscans love to "discover" and tell their friends about, but which Caen discovered a long time ago and which now loiter seductively like prostitutes in dark streets waiting to be rediscovered. Without exception, service at these hidden-away, non-touristy restaurants is courteous and congenial. By God, the simple fact is that San Franciscans know how to live and

they will not tolerate any wise-assed maitre d' who can't find you a table unless you slip him a fiver. Dining out is done in a gracious moderately hedonistic fashion as befits a gracious, moderately hedonistic city. And if all else fails, there's always the Doggy Diner next to the Opera House.

* * *

Suburban eateries, watering holes, etc.: Houndstooth Inn in San Rafael, bloody marys and eggs benedict on Sunday afternoon with a razor-sharp witty pianist and the Marin County smart set; The Locker Room, Palo Alto, grovesville on Saturday night and during the Sunday afternoon movies with the Stanford boys; Sausalito Inn, Sausalito, right next to that little park with the funny Indian elephant statues and hippies; in Monterey, the Gilded Cage with all kinds of junk hanging from the ceiling and the Second Story which provides the Fort Ord soldier boys with a little nourishment in the form of scrambled eggs and hashbrowns, to say nothing of the clientele, after hours; the White Horse in Oakland, sitting around a fire place with that groovy UC English professor cracking Elizabethan puns.

* * *

Shopping. Man cannot live by seminal fluid alone. Busy as the visitor might be soaking up culture, suds at the gay bars or whatever else at the gay baths, there comes a time when you just can't squeeze out another climax—at least for an hour or two. So during the day you might want to pick up a souvenir or two, whether wearing pants or the type that you bring home in a brown paper bag. If you're rich or on an expense account, you might be staying at one of the downtown hotels like the St. Francis or Sir Francis Drake on Union Square. Union Square is a good area to start a shopping expedition. For example, that hippie-type hustler sitting over there on the park bench under the palm tree probably could be had for a mere \$20. However, if you really do persist in actually shopping for goods rather than services, Union Square is lined with stores like Gump's, Oriental art objects; J. Press and Brooks Bros., tweedy shops for gentlemen; Alfred Dunhill, famed for tobaccos and such like; I. Magnin's with a sybaritic bath shop; and many others. Or check out Polk Street, which really isn't that bad even in daylight, and browse the tacky-tacky boutiques, head shops and psychedelicates. Also some far-out men's clothing shops because The City, after all, is where the beatnik and hippie movements got started and you might as well get your love beads, head bands and see-through shirts from the source. Another shoppers' haven is Ghirardelli Square, best reached by taking the Powell-Hyde cable car to the end of the run. The Square is a complex of shops, bars, espresso houses, restaurants, theaters and more shops in what was once the Ghirardelli Chocolate factory right next to the bay. Accessible by a double-decker bus is the nearby Cannery where Del Monte used to put up its peaches, and has the same kind of shops. Cost-Plus Imports is in the area, pushing junk, some of which is a steal. All these are near Fisherman's Wharf where it's fun to stroll along looking at the boats while eating shrimp or crab cocktails out of

a paper cup. Most restaurants in Fisherman's Wharf are overpriced and the fish is not locally caught. Scattered throughout The City, but mostly in the Tenderloin and along Market Street, are gay dirtybook stores. You have to be careful, however, because The City is teeming with just plain old ho-hum dirtybook stores with perhaps a few faded copies of physique mags shoved off on a rack for the gay clientele. Accordingly, these places are recommended for stocking up on doity pik-sures: Adonis (owned by the president of San Francisco's Mattachine), Turk Street News, Fairmont Stationers and Le Salon. At least the clerks won't scratch their ass, pick their nose and bellow, "All right, fellahs, let's move on. This isn't a public li-bary, ya know!"

* * *

Baths: Like bars, a guy tends to rate baths according to how well he makes out. How well he makes out is rated according to highly subjective, personal, idiosyncratic standards. Like, for instance, who never makes out in a bath? Anyway, the Aquarius Bath on Turk is new, hippie and it's not my favorite. Never been to Jack's Baths on Post Street but have heard good reports. Club Turkish Baths on Turk is old, well furnished, venerable. So, in my experience, is the clientele, though others have raved about it. The Golden Door Sauna in Palo Alto just across the Bayshore Freeway, caters to the Stanford crowd. For sheer, continuous, exhausting fun, however, either Dave's, at the end of Broadway (past the Little Orphan Fannie North Beach nightclubs, including the touristy drag show at Finnochio's) or the Ritch Street Baths are the best in The City. The Ritch Street, by the way, is near some kind of railroad tracks and impossible to find. Inquire locally.

* * *

Polkstrasse: At first I was afraid to go there because it just looked like trouble spelled h-u-s-t-l-e-r. Got stoned one night at a bar, didn't make out, and so decided whatthehell, might as well give it the old college try. Surprise! It's not full of hustlers. Just guys who got stoned at bars and didn't make out and decided whatthehell. Also many accommodating residents of nearby apartment houses willing to give the aforementioned guys who didn't make out a place to rest their weary heads, or whatever. In other words, just damned good cruising. Guys in wheat jeans and sweaters, guys in leather pants and jackets, guys in bell bottoms and love beads. In every store doorway, at every intersection, in every car that drives slowly up Polk Street and slowly down Polk Street. Bop into Neal's Kitchen, right in the heart of the after-2 action, and elbow your way through the Flaming Creatures crowd to get a cup of coffee. Fortified, back out on the street, there's a cigarette glow in the dark, a good looking guy studiously studying the window display, "Hi, do you have the correct match?" and off the two of you go to his apartment.

* * *

Impressions of San Francisco.

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AS bitterly as wormwood, the St. Louis youth denounces the Church. "I couldn't care less about religion. It's a bunch of hocus-pocus and most people in the Church are hypocrites. The Church condemns me for being gay, so why shouldn't I condemn the Church for being unChristian. I've rejected it just as it's rejected me."

In New Orleans, the Galley, a popular gay bar in the French Quarter, suddenly empties at 5:25 each Sunday afternoon as the clientele rushes over to the Cathedral for Mass.

In Hollywood, Rev. Troy Perry, a leader in combatting Los Angeles' notorious police and social repression of homosexuals, preaches in his Metropolitan Community Church, predominantly gay, that love of any variety is good and that Christ never condemned homosexuality.

These are examples of the range of attitudes among gay guys towards religion: from outright rejection through habitual, peripheral, ambiguous participation to the emergence of a unique movement to bring the Church to the homosexual and vice versa.

To illustrate this range, ask the guests at the next gay dinner party you attend to summarize their religious teachings regarding homosexuality.

A Jew might point out that since Sodom and Gomorrah, Hebrews have vigorously condemned it. Some rabbis contend the ancient injunctions were intended to disassociate the Hebrews from the Canaanites and Egyptians who made homosexual acts part of their polytheistic worship. However, throughout the Diaspora and despite latter-day assimilation, Jews have emphasized family life and placed a tremendous obligation on their sons to marry. The point is beautifully illustrated in "Portnoy's Complaint" by Philip Roth when Portnoy, thinking out loud, notes other vices more wicked than masturbation:

"Worse yet . . . you (his parents) might have found yourself dining out on my 'deck' on Fire Island—the two of you, me, and Sheldon. And if you remember what that *goyische* lobster did to your *kishkas*, imagine what it would have been like trying to keep down Shelly's sauce bearnaise."



... IF THE CHURCH DRAWS
A CIRCLE TO EXCLUDE US,
WE MAY MERELY DRAW A
LARGER CIRCLE TO
INCLUDE IT—A CIRCLE OF
BROTHERHOOD WITH
LOVE, HONOR AND
UNDERSTANDING

By
R. Michael Evans
& Edwin Gordon

A Catholic, asked about his religious standing, would note that it incorporates the Judaic laws on the subject which were amplified when St. Thomas Aquinas adapted Aristotelian philosophy of natural law to Christian theology. This holds that the mechanics of male and female anatomy obviously were made complementary for procreation. Hence, anything that deviates from the natural law in regard to sexuality is wrong. Male-male sex, ipso-facto, is a mortal sin. Catholics also might mention the fear which nuns in parochial schools instill of violating the Sixth Commandment, a fear which subconsciously surfaces in the question, "If the consequences of having sex with a girl are so dreadful, is it worth it?" And so, off to the confessional with the doleful admission, "Father, I have committed an impure deed."

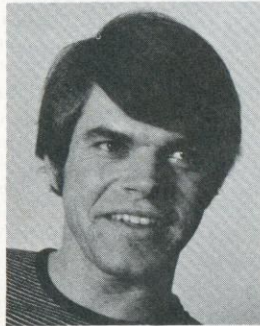
A Protestant, depending on how pentecostal and fundamentalistic his upbringing, generally would agree that the Church views homosexuality as an evil, though perhaps not so adamantly as does the Catholic Church. To fundamentalists, it is one of many wickednesses for which the acceptance of Christ as Savior is the only salvation from eternal hellfire. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and members of other mainstream Protestant denominations may recall only a deafening silence on the subject. If they ever confessed childhood experiments with the boy next door, their ministers probably just told them to take a cold shower.

Religion, by definition, for any person, is a confusing, controversial subject. It deals with the Big Questions: whence, whither and—most profoundly—why? It offers a ritual to mark every turning point in life, from joy at birth to solace at death. It is as old as a caveman worshipping a tree and as futuristic as the mystical reincarnation episode of "2001: A Space Odyssey." It can be as Establishment as Billy Graham preaching in the White House or as far-out hippie as the Southern California witchcraft cults. Untold good has been performed in the name of religion; horrendous harm has been done.

Moreover, among gay guys, organized religion presents further baffling paradoxes. (Continued on page 46)

Summer Hair Care

By Rudolph R. Grillo

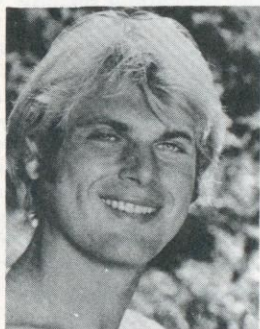


CONDITIONERS GIVE HAIR NEW LIFE

FREQUENT exposure to sun and salt water dousings, along with excessive use of hair sprays, dull hair. The elements can make hair brittle, and frequent shampooing, especially with harsh soaps found in bath houses, robs it of natural oils.

Vigorous brushing helps stimulate the oil glands in the scalp and has a "polishing" effect. Treat weekly with any good protein conditioner to restore hair life. If you prefer not using commercial preparations mix pure lanolin with mineral oil: (1) wash with a mild shampoo; (2) saturate with the mixture; (3) wrap with a moist towel which has been dipped in hot water and wrung out; and (4) let stand 20 minutes and then shampoo and dry.

Aaron Bedford, "Hollywood Hustler" (EROS I Theatre)



BRIGHTENING NATURAL HAIR COLOR

TOO much sun and surf can deaden natural hair color. To restore it periodically treat with a good rinse, or concoct your own by mixing equal parts of a mild shampoo, 20 volume peroxide, and water. This works best on light and medium shades but sometimes gives dark hair a reddish tint. (If your hair is dark then experiment by treating tips only, which can be snipped off if the effect is not desirable.) Regarding frequency of treatments follow bottle directions when using commercial color rinses; the peroxide mixture should not be used oftener than every 6 weeks as it is harsh on the hair. Always use a protein hair conditioner afterwards. Never use hair straighteners along with peroxide or other lightener; these treatments should be spaced weeks apart or the hair will be severely damaged.

Morgan Royce, "Song of the Loon" (Continental Theatres, Inc.)



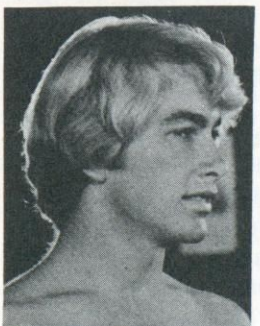
STREAKING WITH STRANDS OF GOLD

BLOND streaks running through brown hair is sensational. You are a virile sun god and innocent child all at once. Streaks will soften if you are rough looking, harden if you are delicate. It is youthful. Adventurous. Mysterious. Dazzling. Now.

For \$40 to \$65 you can have it done professionally at a beauty parlor. For under \$5 you can do it at home. You will need a good commercial lightener (Miss Clairol is highly recommended); a special streaking cap (such caps are sold at better cosmetics counters; they are made of rubber or plastic and perforated with holes, an effect you can achieve by punching tiny holes in an ordinary bathing cap); a crochet needle (for pulling strands of hair through the holes in the cap); and the aid of a patient lover.

Robert La Tourneaux, "Boys in the Band" (Cinema Center Films)

(Continued on page 39)



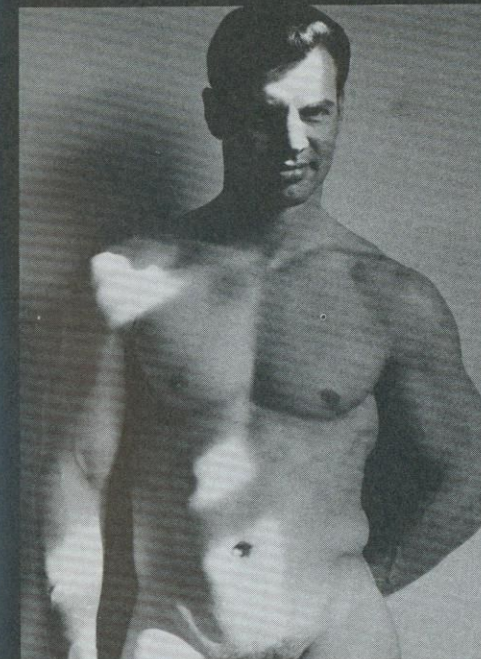
WIGS AND OTHER HAIRY MATTERS

WIGS, even those made from natural hair, take a beating in summertime sun. For this reason you should own at least two pieces so that as one begins to fade a spare can be worn while it is being restored by a specialist.

Too much hair in some areas is unattractive. Especially unsightly is a mat of hair on the back, shoulders and upper arms. By all means remove it if you think it will keep you from scoring. Use any good depilatory, or shave it off. (For long hair use an electric clipper, removing the stubble with an electric shaver or safety razor; to thin it use a razor comb.) But this sort of hair removal is only temporary and can irritate the skin. The only kind of removal that is permanent is by electrolysis.

Larry Neilsen, "Happy Birthday Davy" (Zenith Productions)

(Continued on page 39)



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