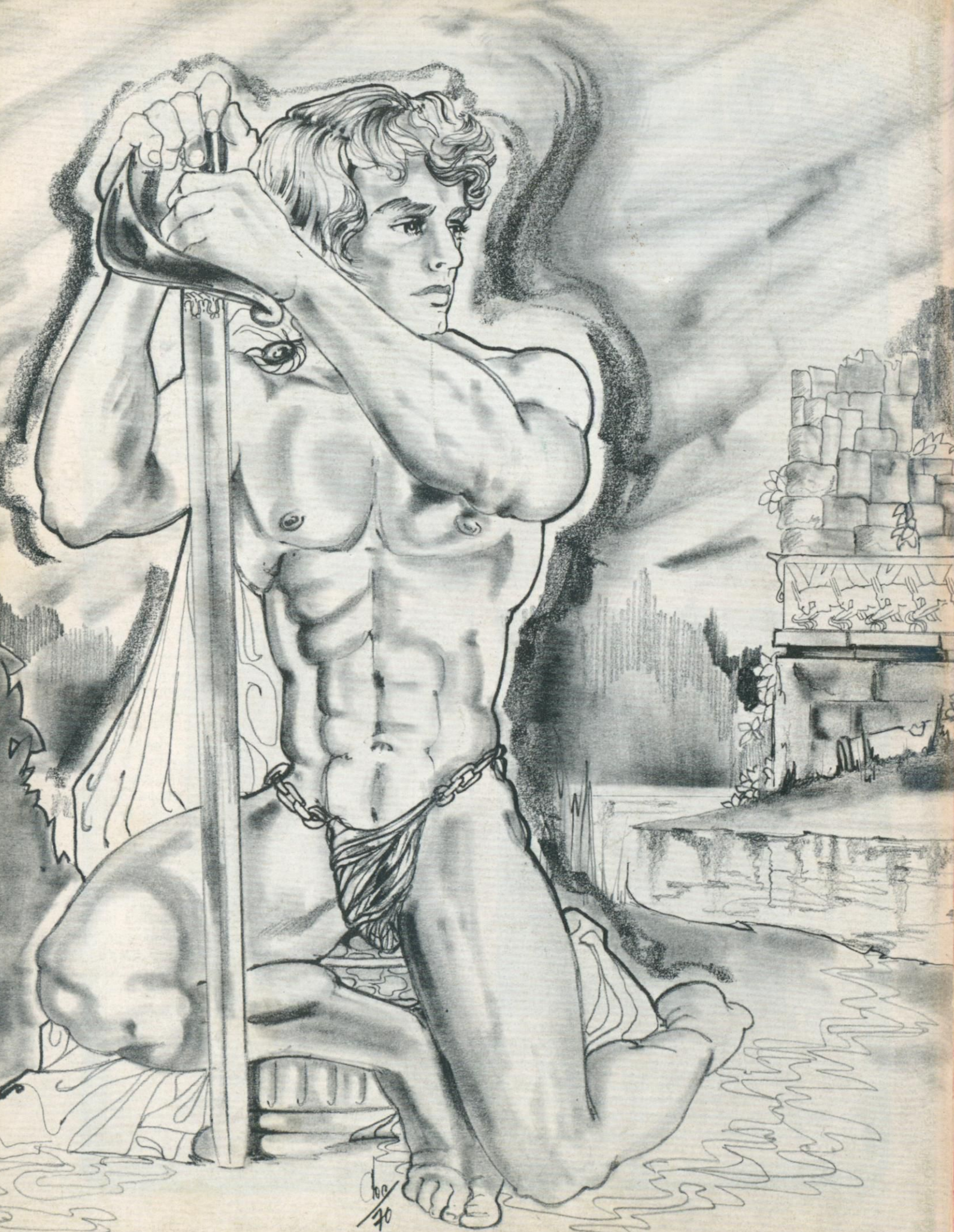




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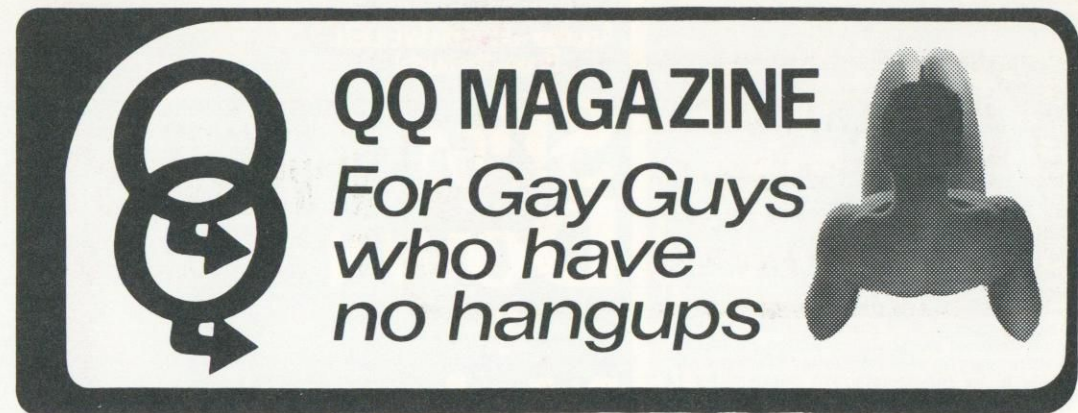
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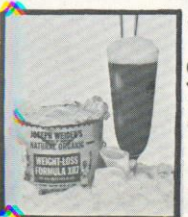


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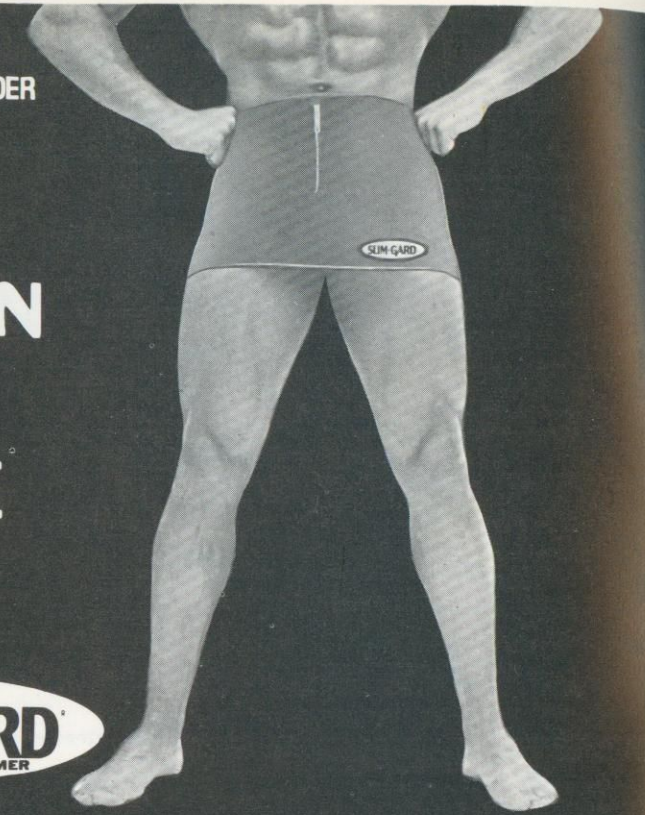
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Editorial comment: The gay liberation movement is a blurred concept for most people, even gay people caught up in it. Straights generally regard the movement as a threat to all things held sacred by "decent law-abiding citizens." They condemn homosexuality as a sickness and insist there can be no deviation from the heterosexual lifestyle, lest society at large fall apart at the seams.

To gays "looking in" on the movement, reaction ranges from indifference to intolerance—depending on how the movement relates to one's own life. For example, a gay guy in his forties or older, comfortably settled in with a lover, secure in his job, who has long accepted leading a double life, resents the movement because of the attention it calls to itself, for fear that he might suddenly be noticed by everyone around him. In his eyes, discovery could signal the destruction of his world, for even if his job is secure in terms of civil liberties, he is unlikely to put up a fight if he is confronted and dismissed because of his homosexuality—because his hetero-homosexual lifestyle hasn't conditioned him to fight for his rights. For these reasons such homosexuals are usually hostile concerning the movement.

A gay guy in his thirties who is not as "established" usually regards the movement with indifference. Relatively comfortable and secure in his home and job he simply doesn't want to "make waves." He is in the middle—not as enthusiastic as younger fellows who envision total gay freedom, but not as jaded as his elders, who consider gay integration a pipe dream. He usually sees good and bad points in both positions and prefers to "ride the waves," hoping for gay freedom, but will not participate until it has caught on. In the meantime, such guys prefer to lead double lives, not to the extent older gays do, but at least within the confines of behavior dictated by society in general. He prefers sex to marching, erotic stimulation to mental activity along revolutionary lines.

Guys in their twenties and younger, not yet settled in life, still insecure in (Continued on page 40)

Guest Editorial

Hanging In Together

By **Craig Rodwell**

THE gay liberation movement is not monolithic or of a single mind; there are many sharp differences in approach, style, and goals among the 200 or so gay lib organizations around the U.S. There are even gay people in some of these groups (notably the Gay Liberation Front) who don't regard other gay groups who don't mouth a "radical rhetoric" as being part of gay liberation. (Personally, I think that view is myopic at best and authoritarian-minded at worst. To my mind, any group of gay people who join together to improve our collective or self status is a part of the gay liberation movement.)

For the purpose of clarifying the differences between the various organizations, I will divide them into three general categories—radical, militant activist, and social service:

Radical. Gay lib groups that fall into this general category include the Gay Liberation Front (branches in Los Angeles, Berkeley, New York, Philadelphia, and a few smaller cities around the U.S.); radical lesbians; and many of the college campus organizations (Gay Students Liberation, New York University; Madison Alliance for Homosexual Equality, University of Wisconsin; Gay Liberation, San Francisco State College; and GLF, Iowa State—among others). Some members actually advocate physical violence as a means of achieving goals, and while this attitude is not typical of so-called "gay radicals" (who identify with Marxism, etc., and support such groups as the Black Panthers), the general public usually attributes (Continued on page 45)



ONE midnight some years ago Dimitri Mitropoulos, then the conductor of the New York Philharmonic, was picked up during a raid on a gay movie house on New York's 42nd Street. At that time the laws against cruising were harsh, and frequent crackdowns and surprise raids invariably netted a big catch of gay guys doing their own thing.

Asked why one of his position risked his international reputation by attending such an obviously homosexual meeting place at that time of night, Mitropoulos replied "A symphony conductor is the loneliest of men . . . the pressures of his art deny him the pleasures of ordinary social contacts.

"I must commit to memory each day one of the involved scores such as the Philharmonic plays and I spend long hours in total concentration so that I can actually photograph it in my mind to make it possible to lead more than one hundred men through the vast complexities of the music.

"By day's end I'm physically and emotionally drained, like a squeezed sponge, and so I come down here in the quietude of night seeking an interesting, if ephemeral, companionship . . . someone I can talk with and relate to in my own way—hopefully one who speaks my language . . . preferably a stimulating young Greek, or—if not Greek—at least young. Then my cares disappear, the pieces once again fall into place, and I am refreshed and ready for tomorrow's concert."

A VERY CANDID INTERVIEW!

Variations on this theme of loneliness, born of total dedication and commitment to one's art, recur apace. A few years after the Mitropoulos incident an almost identical answer was given by a young male dancer who had then just set the British ballet world aflame.

On being interviewed (this was before he appeared in the United States) he described his London flat . . . his books . . . his records (often an antidote for loneliness), and when asked why he so seldom made the London nightlife scene, he said "All day I must concentrate on new ballets and steps to be learned, while recreating older ballets which must be recalled with utmost fidelity.

"Moreover, I work long and hard to improve my own dancing and this leaves little time during the course of the day to cultivate friendships. So when I am very lonely—and I frequently am—I walk along the London docks at night. And when I feel the need for companionship—which I frequently do—I pick up a sailor."

Of course no interview with this great artist today would yield such nuggets of priceless candor. His manager would have been alerted . . . on hand, and *en garde* to parry the thrust of any leading question!

FRANKLY NUREYEV!

The more famous the dancer, the more he has come to resent any intrusion into his private life. He is particularly resentful of the interview which tends to set him against himself . . . interviews that are downright accusatory and which, in fact, become 'the case against'. And so within this purview it is all the more interesting to note the reaction of Rudolf Nureyev to a recent dig by a newspaper reporter.

When stung by the sharp arrow of that one question most male ballet dancers seem vulnerable to, he deflected

it with easy grace, humor and a certain wry truth.

"Why haven't you married?" asked the interviewer, dropping the other shoe.

"Because it would never be an honest or sincere relationship. Of course I have a personal life . . . something goes on, I'm sure. But I really don't think the public should know about that. Do you?"

Touche!

PRIVATE AND NOT-SO-PRIVATE LIVES

Today the public's blanket presumption and acceptance of homosexuality in much of the dance world is a reversal of its attitude during the earlier days of motion pictures when such a star as Ramon Novarro would be automatically given the 'ivory tower' treatment.

Although he might cruise like a demented sailor, no hint of his sexual proclivities ever saw a line of print. He was 'the constant prince' . . . the *parfit gentil knight*. But just to prove that he was not completely the hairshirted ascetic, his studio would frequently contrive a 'romance' with a star (usually a lesbian . . . no troubles there!), and a gullible public believed every printed word. Or perhaps they suspected and really wanted to be fooled.

Today—in the light of our 'new permissiveness'—the need for such deception is obsolescent. Paradoxically, because contemporary star buildup requires a rapid, media-saturated exposure utilizing every trick and gimmick, an actor can, and often does, arrive at fame through being cast in a scene of homosexual involvement, making gay not only good . . . but *in!* The homosexual scene, like the nude scene, has become almost a *must* in today's successful motion picture.

If you doubt this may we urge you to see the movie *Something For Everyone* when it makes the rounds again, and discover a beautiful young man named Anthony Corlan who plays a shattering revolutionary role. The brilliance of his performance in the homosexual scenes should spur him to swift and well-deserved renown. He will astound you with his virtuosic star potential. Also, to further prove the point, don't miss *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* if it's still around, and also *The Servant*, which has already been seen on TV.

As a corollary, no longer need the fact of once having been judged 'indiscreet' hang like a Damocletian sword over the head of an aspiring actor. For instance, everyone in gay life knows that Alain Delon was photographed in the nude by John Paignton years ago. These photographs are now collectors' items.

Whether done on a dare, or as a whim, for bread, or for whatever reason—if reason indeed be needed—to have posed in his beautiful buff and beautiful bare at that point in time when physique photography was proscribed to budding actors as a sure way

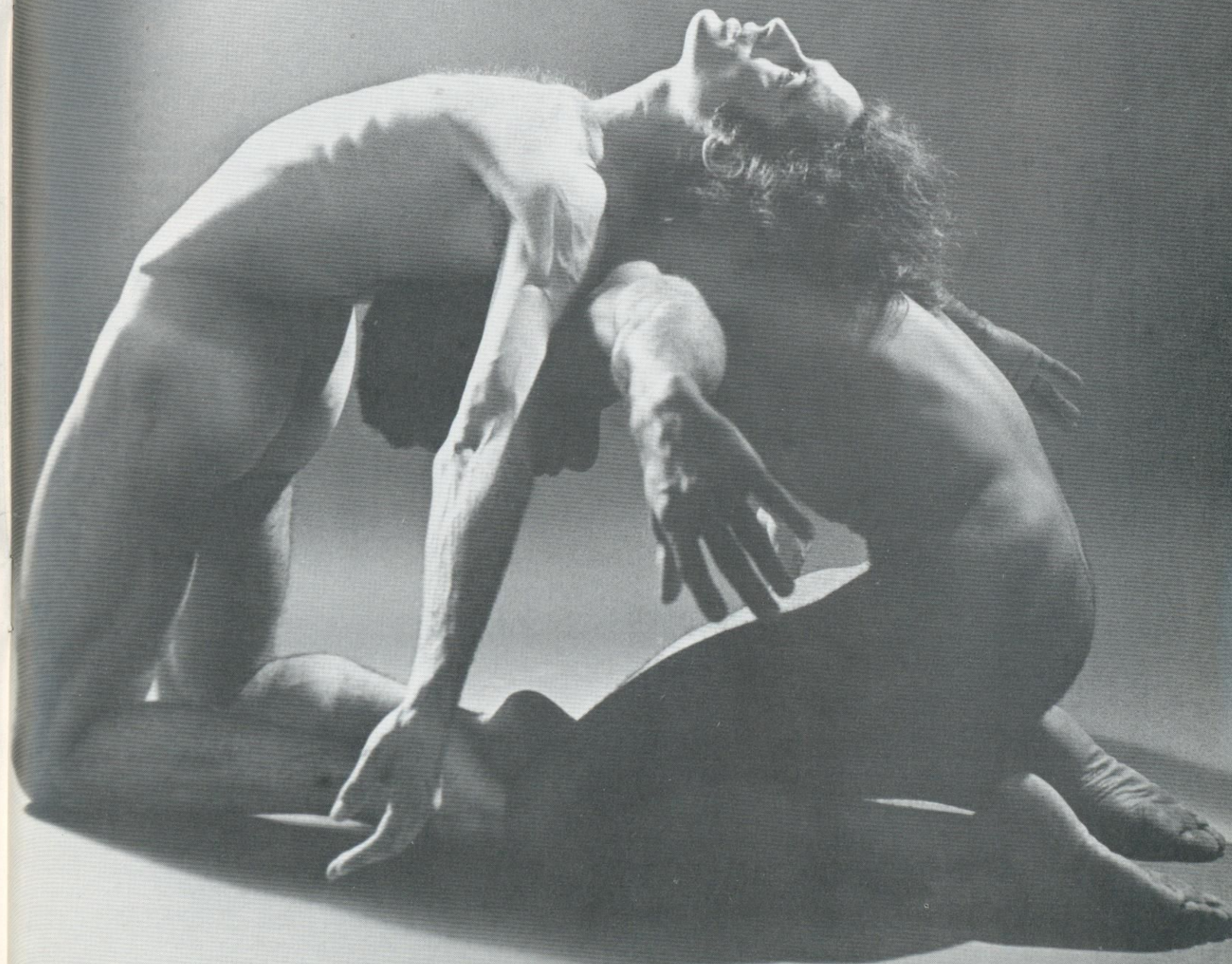
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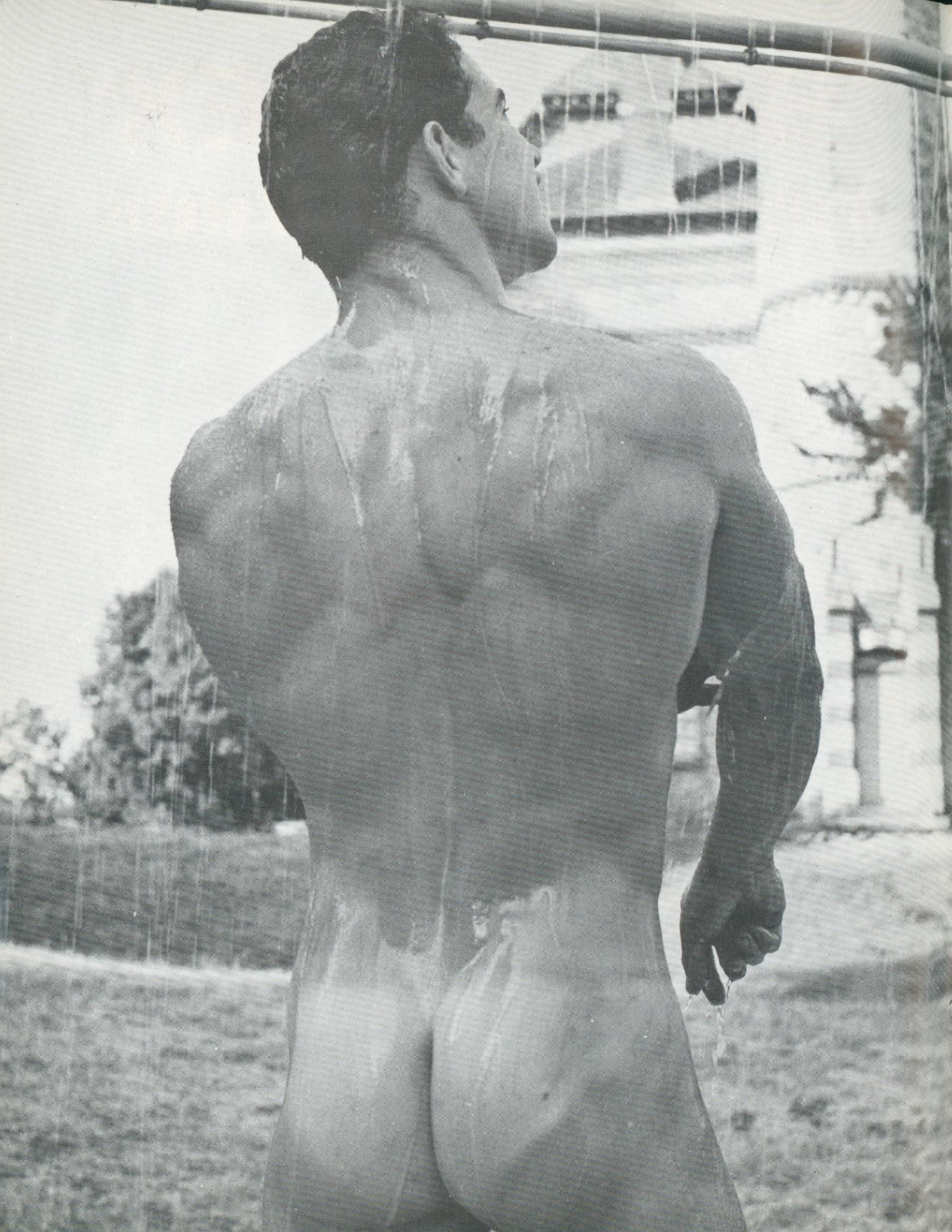
Photo credit: A sensual and moving scene from "The Glade," Jeff Duncan's newest dance work. It may be the first male love duet, the first homosexual dance with a happy ending, ever performed. The idealized pas de deux of male love was first seen at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last October; it received rave reviews. Mr. Duncan serves his company as choreographer and dancer. Readers of the Young Physique may recall the beautiful body studies of him which appeared several years ago. The dance company regularly performs at the Brooklyn Academy of Music between tours. For a schedule of performances—possibly some in your area—write Mr. Duncan at Dance Theatre Workshop, 215 West 20th St., New York, N. Y. 10011.

BALLETSEX

A STORY OF BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

BY WALTER NORRIS





CIRCUMCISION

The controversy continues: soap or surgery?

By Roger Watson

JUST recently The Journal of the American Medical Association published a report urging physicians to reconsider the controversial subject of circumcision. Written by Dr. E. Noel Preston, a pediatrician, the report challenged the view of many American physicians that routine circumcision of newborn males is a useful and justifiable procedure.

Circumcision is performed on 80 per cent of all males born in this country. Of those not circumcised, many more have it done voluntarily when they enter the armed services, for hygienic reasons.

Physicians and laymen alike who favor circumcision claim that it is necessary to assure cleanliness, and also that it helps prevent venereal disease and cancer (though there is little evidence to support the latter).

Opposers believe circumcision is unnecessary as a hygienic measure if children are taught to wash the phallus as they are other body parts; that it does not help prevent venereal disease and cancer; that if carelessly done can cause a deformed look; and that it can lessen sensitivity.

The origins of circumcision are muddled; the subject was covered in the Spring 1969 QQ. General speaking, it is a widespread practice in the United States because of the Jewish influence (this is especially true in New York City), and is uncommon in western Europe and throughout most of the world.

Among homosexuals it is probably favored by the majority, from a hygienic standpoint only. Attitude is

definitely related to personal experiences (such as repeated sex with uncircumcised fellows who happen to be dirty) and where one lives (in areas where there are many Jews, who practice circumcision because of religious dictate, an uncircumcised fellow is likely to develop a hangup if the majority of guys he has sex with are circumcised, if he is made to feel different, or if he is rejected in bed by some circumcised fellows who have prejudices based on bad experiences or established beliefs).

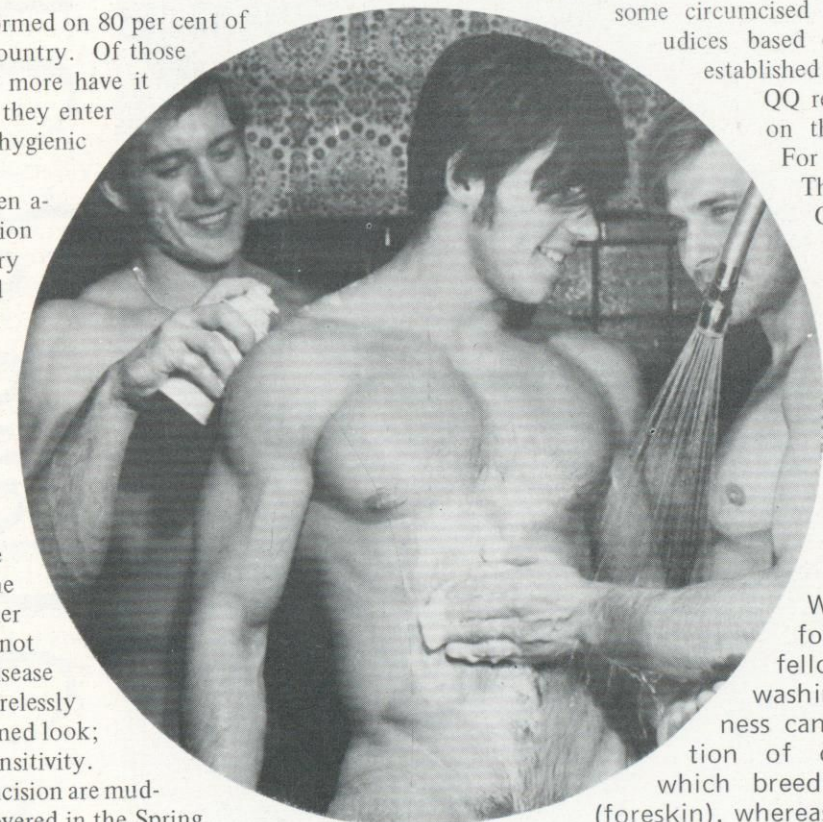
QQ receives dozens of letters on the subject every week.

For this reason a section of The Homosexual Health Guidebook is devoted to answering the most frequently-asked questions about circumcision. We present a few questions and answers from the Guidebook here, for our general readership:

What are the advantages of circumcision?

Cleanliness is one. While it is quite easy for an uncircumcised fellow to keep clean by washing regularly, carelessness can result in the formation of odoriferous bacteria which breed under the prepuce (foreskin), whereas this possibility does not exist in circumcised fellows. Another advantage is psychological. Because of the unavoidable connotations concerning cleanliness associated with the uncircumcised penis, too many gay fellows refrain from indulging in oral sex with an uncircumcised partner, especially if the performer has had an unfortunate

(Continued on page 46)



COLT



The Wand of Youth

By Frank Samuels

Cosmetic Surgery: A Second Chance at Youth and Love

A famous plastic surgeon recently observed that "If fifteen years ago a man had come to see me about a face-lift I would have instantly known he was a homosexual, an actor, or both." Proof again that in the search for the Fountain of Youth gay guys get there first and live it up longest!

"Unless the straight individual were a latter-day Dorian Gray," he continued, "or excessively unattractive like a baggy beastie from Dante's *Inferno*—with everything to gain and absolutely nothing to lose—he rarely resorted to the complete face-lift."

A reason for this was a contradictory vanity—the surgical face-lift of yesteryear left tell-tale scars around the ears. But today's surgical techniques leave no more than the faintest hairline scar and with hairstyles being long, full, and with deeper sideburns, even this is hidden. Because of the safety and now-invisibility of plastic surgery, homo- and heterosexuals alike are being drawn to it, but from two opposing points: the gay guy uses it to compete *for* . . . the straight, to compete *against*.

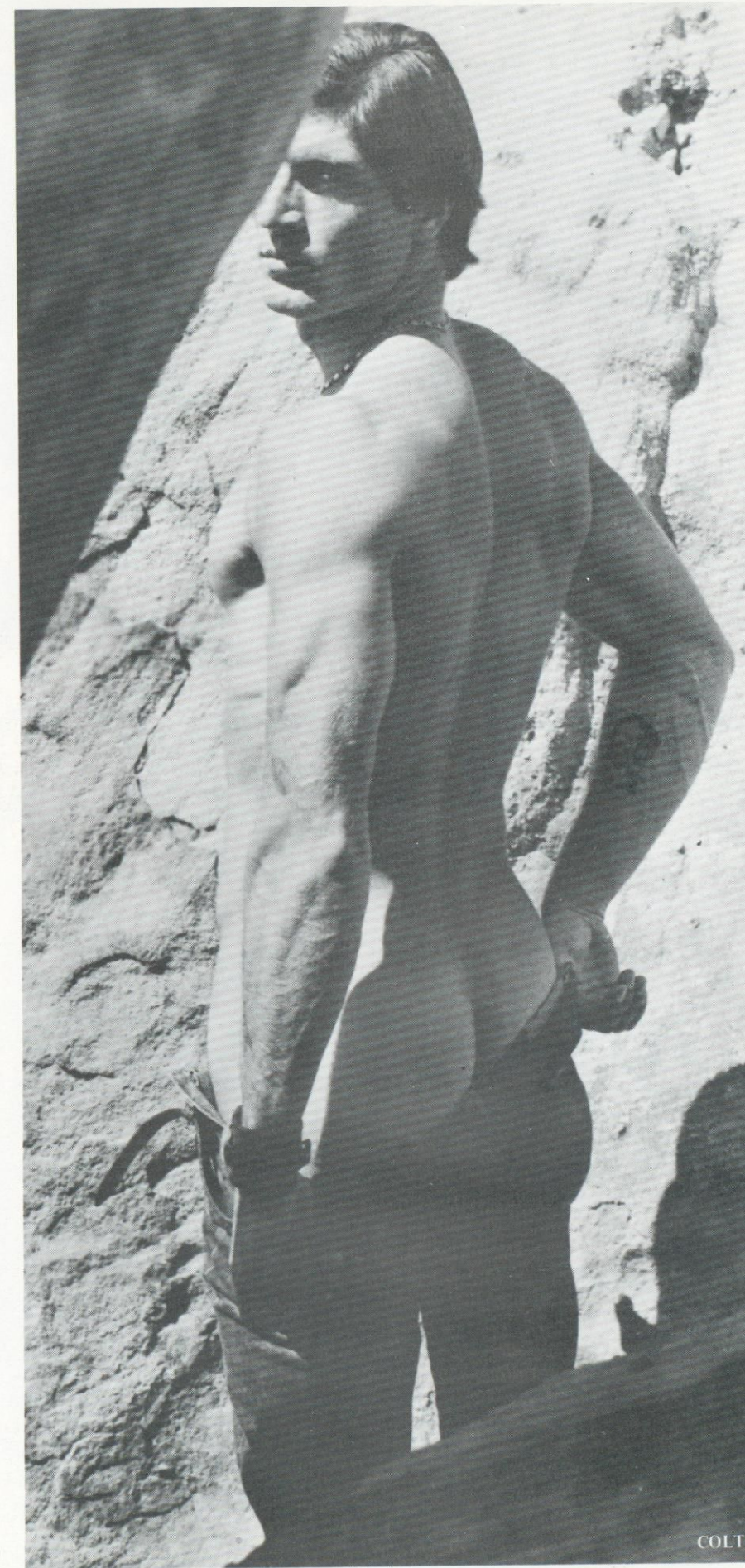
In the business world of ever-fiercer internecine warfare the straight individual competes *against* ever-younger men . . . *against* being passed over for promotion . . . *against* forced retirement on a piddling pension before he's had time to make his pile. Paradoxically, in this war *against* youth the only effective weapon permitted *is* youth. And so he must look perennially young(er) and keep fit(ter). Plastic surgery makes possible 70% of this . . . a daily dalliance with the barbells takes care of 20% more . . . and the other 10% derives from both. Looking and feeling young means *thinking* young.

Although the gay guy may be affected by this problem he has much of it already licked, no matter his chronological age. He always *thinks* young, and any health-studio director will tell you that his gym is peopled principally by happy homosexuals who almost make a career of the body beautiful. Thus when the gayounguy or gaynotsoyounguy turns to cosmetic surgery it is either for the sake of looking even handsomer, or as young as he thinks and feels, or both. He's just updating his image!

TODAY, VANITY IS IN . . . SELF-NEGLECT OUT

The concept of plastic surgery is being continually updated, too. While some still equate it with the primitive state of its (Continued on page 38)

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COLT



BAUBLES, BANGLES, AND BAYOU BOYS

MARDI GRAS: FAREWELL TO MEAT IN NEW ORLEANS

BY DAVID PARKER

WHILE it is quite true that the literal meaning of "carnival" is not "a farewell to meat," this notion is popularly accepted, for Mardi Gras, or "Fat Tuesday," or "Shrove Tuesday," the last day of Carnival season does indeed mark the beginning of the Lenten season, when Catholics refrain from eating meat.

The Carnival season in New Orleans opens officially on January 6th, twelve days after Christmas, and is marked by a succession of elaborate costume balls. This season things got started early, with a ball held by the Squires on December 23rd. The balls will continue right up to and into February 23rd, Mardi Gras Day this year (note: Mardi Gras

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1972 will be February 15th). The Mardi Gras season, the last part of Carnival season, opens two weeks before Shrove Tuesday and is marked by a series of street parades in which thousands participate. The last day, February 23rd, is when "all hell breaks loose" in New Orleans, when paraders and onlookers alike turn the city into "one big helluva ballroom." The custom of tossing things (such as hard candy) induces a party spirit and not only helps "break ice," but makes it sizzle. Kissing and groping are rampant, and in thick crowds, especially in gay areas, more than one masked reveler has been defrocked on the spot.

This season there are 64 official costume balls, and countless others which might be more accurately termed "parties," especially in the gay community. One is Krewe of Apollo, one of five gay organization balls. Apollo last year had the distinction of being the first gay ball to be held in a major hotel ballroom the Sunday before Mardi Gras (everyone vies to schedule his ball this weekend). It's almost impossible to get an invitation to one of these affairs unless you know a member personally.

But on Mardi Gras Day it's everyone's party, and this is the best time of all. Perhaps the most fun is had by those who wear costumes and masks; gay plumage and the anonymity a mask affords relax inhibitions and dispel shyness.

As one QQ reader describes it, "It's as though Mardi Gras Day were the only day left to live and everyone is convinced that tomorrow will never come. And even if it does come, we all know that what we do on Mardi Gras won't be remembered the next morning, so we all try and cram as much fun and sex into that day as possible—and it's pretty hard not to succeed. It's impossible to sit on the sidelines and 'observe' because someone will come along and offer you a drink, and no Southern gentleman would dare refuse. In fact, a guy could stand in one place and get bombed on free drinks if he had a mind to do so."

The centers of gay activity are Bourbon St., especially in the block running between Pete's Place (800 Bourbon St.) and The Caverns (801 Bourbon St.), both swinging gay bars, and Lafitte's in Exile (902 Bourbon St.), which is young and groovy, and along Royal St. (Bourbon and Royal Sts. run parallel to each other), between St. Peter and Toulouse Sts., an area which is almost exclusively gay. The "route" starts in the 800 block of either main thoroughfare, runs up as far as one or two blocks from Canal St., and then back again to the 800's, where one repeats the Big Rectangle. That may take you hours, however, as the crowds are unbelievably big.

Gay guys especially jam the vicinity of Lafitte's. Shoulder to shoulder about fifteen deep you try and push your way through, being groped all the way, only to find you might have to wait several hours before someone comes out and makes room for you and the others waiting to get in. If you do manage entrance you'll have a fabulous time, and as much sex as you can stand.

QQ

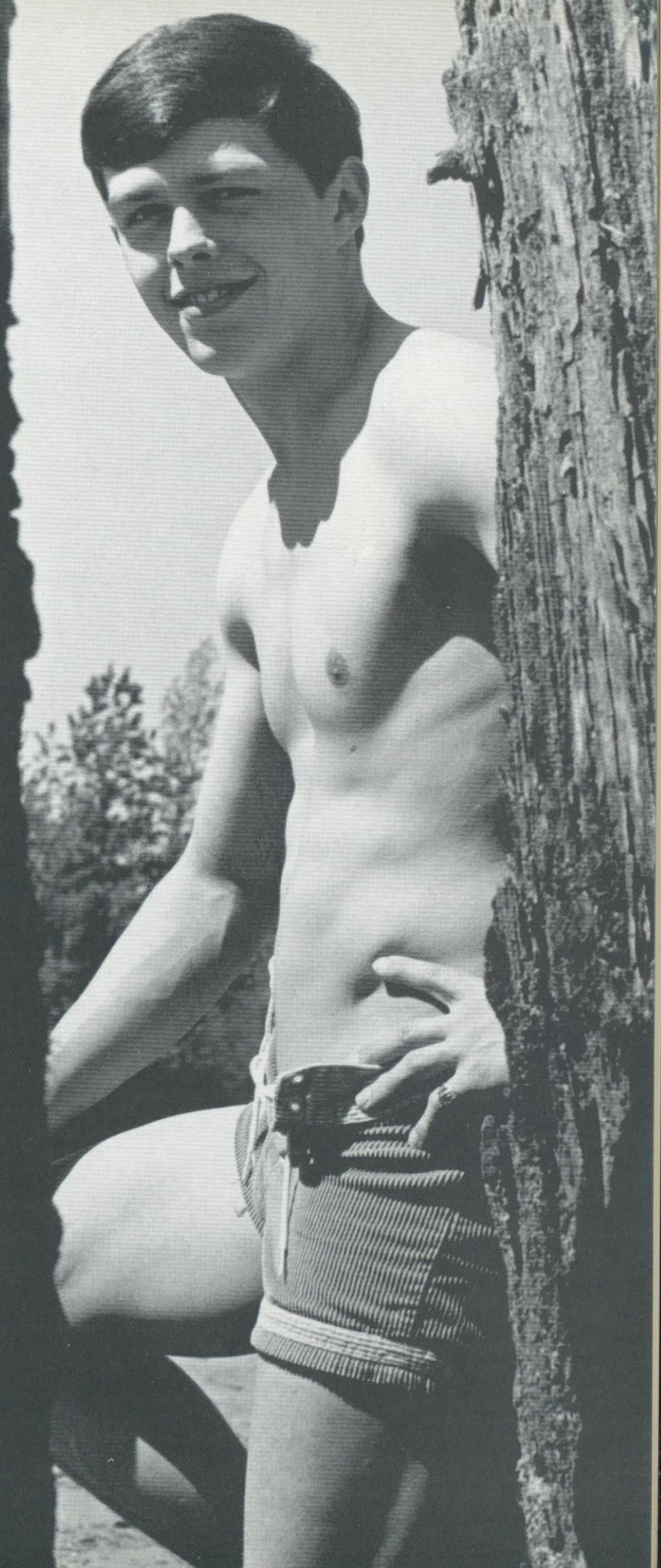
Customers at Lafitte's usually plan in advance by cutting holes in appropriate places in their outfits to make easy access possible. Once in awhile a bartender will jump up and shine a flashlight in the direction of any "suspicious sounds" and yell out something campy. Of course everyone laughs and no one pays the slightest attention to the bartender, who gets right back to mixing drinks. Pete's Place and The Caverns are also popular. Same sex fast dancing is permitted at Pete's all year, but on Mardi Gras Day laws are relaxed and even forgotten, and bodies "close in" for action on the dance floor at Pete's and The Caverns, both big bars.

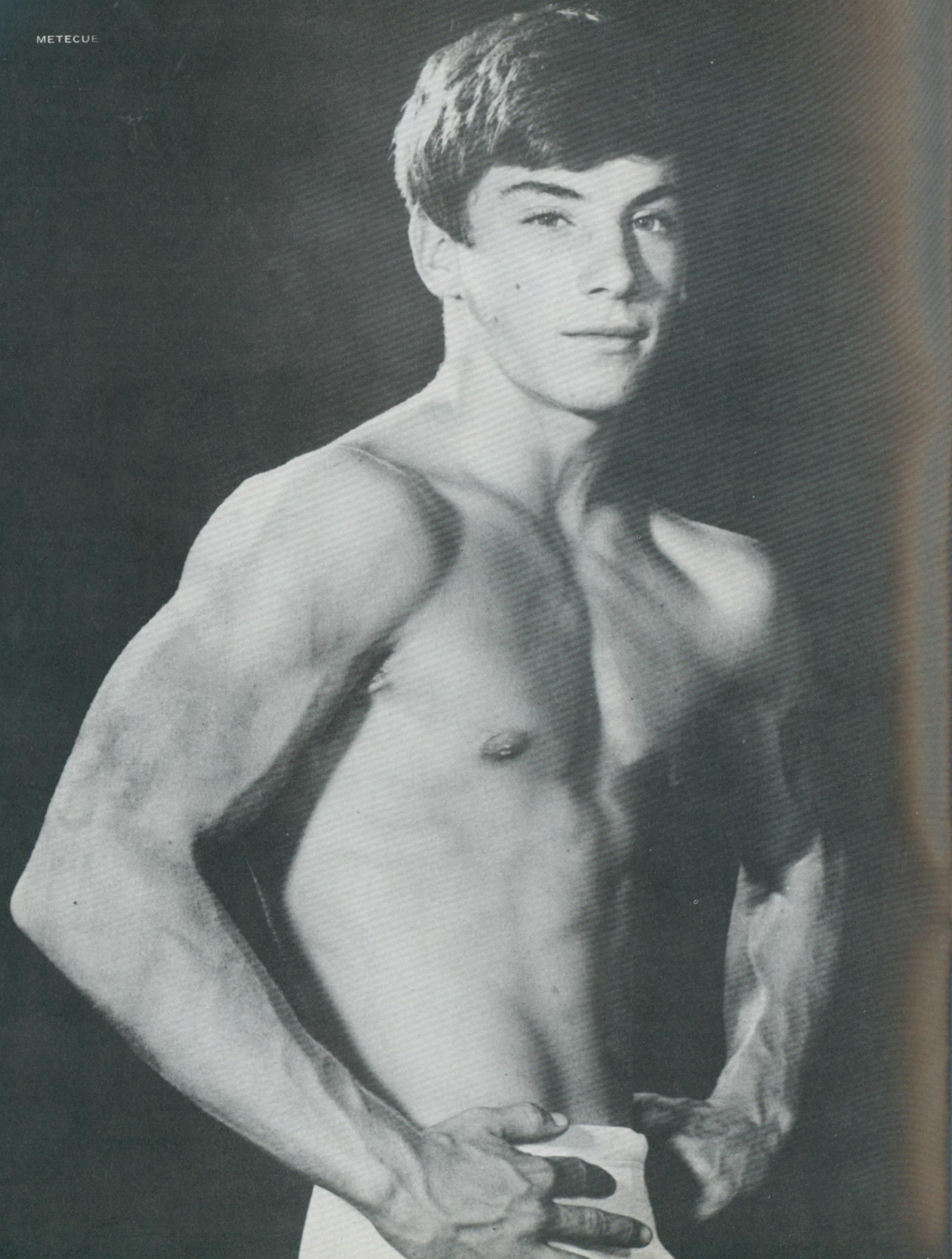
Outside Lafitte's, around 2 or 3 on Mardi Gras afternoon, a costume contest is held, and it is gay for the most part. The costumes which were worn at the balls are displayed, and the event draws a big crowd.

Mardi Gras Day starts about 9 a.m., when Rex and the members of his Krewe parade the streets, and runs until midnight, after the parade of Comus, the last one of the season, when it starts to taper off. But for gays the holiday usually extends itself well into Ash Wednesday, for those who remain in bars, as well as those who have accepted invitations to participate in homestyle orgies. Such invitations come easily if you are attractive, and almost any gay guy can enhance his looks with a provocative costume (except for genital nudity, brevity is legal). Unfortunately, many visitors leave New Orleans on Ash Wednesday. I say "unfortunately" because it sometimes takes several weeks for New Orleans to unwind, and activity is kept at peak level in gay bars until the police start cracking down again, long after the confetti has been swept away.

Concerning hotels, rates skyrocket during Mardi Gras season. The weekend preceding Mardi Gras Day and throughout the holiday marks double rates at most hotels. This is especially true of better hotels in the French Quarter (where everyone wants to be). You should not be shocked if you're asked to pay as much as \$50 a night for a single. Of course, the YMCA is a great place to stay. The best one for action (there are two Y's in New Orleans) is the Central Branch, 936 St. Charles St. Space is limited, and it's unlikely that you'll manage a reservation at this (Continued on page 42)

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GIBSON BOY

INS-AND-OUTS AND UPS-AND-DOWNS OF THE MODELING PROFESSION

BY TERRY McWATERS

AS this issue appears on the newsstands, dozens of young men will be leaving the halls of academe to head for big cities everywhere, converging on the many model agencies... certain that their fresh faces and trim bodies will be immediately translated into fame and fortune via newspapers, fashion magazines, and—say it prayerfully—television. QQ hopes to reach you in time with words of caution and helpful suggestions to help pave the way.

Some hopefuls will be accepted and succeed handsomely from the start.

Wholesome types are always in demand as models. While conservative hairstyles and dress hold little appeal for young buyers, advertisers of such commodities as foods and medicines and other products which appeal mainly to adults prefer this type over swingers. Such models are less controversial and don't arouse hostile feelings in buyers who are likely to avoid the product being sold if it is shown being used by a physical type they resent. Also, the wholesome type imparts a feeling of purity and cleanliness, thus making him an ideal seller of goods related to health.



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contemporary American life. If you would like to model let us put *you* in the picture and examine some of these reasons. First should be

YOUR FACE

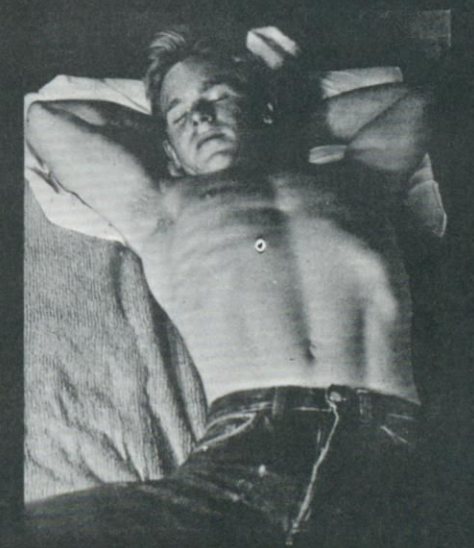
Your friends and your mirror have told you that you are exceptionally good-looking. "You should be a model!" they enthuse. And so, perhaps, you should. But only if your face has a definitive bone structure that permits the play of light and shadow which creates

(Continued on page 52)

This kind of modeling usually advances a guy's career in one direction only—pornography. It can be lots of fun for the model, though seldom lucrative—as porno sellers are exploiters who pay as little as possible, and can cause nightmares later on if the model happens to establish his profession; a legitimate career can be ruined if the industry discovers some of his old pictures—because advertisers can't chance notoriety and loss of sales if buyers find out a model who has come to represent a certain product once diddled with dildoes and donges.

Heavily muscled types are usually avoided by advertisers of goods which appeal to the general public—which means they are almost entirely neglected. Such models should concentrate on posing for photographs which are going to be used in physique magazines or by artists and sculptors, or on modeling live before art classes. Occasionally, they will be called on by advertisers if muscles are needed to help promote specialized products, as the Lestoil and Salvo detergent commercials will attest, where product strength is a selling factor. (Colt Studio)

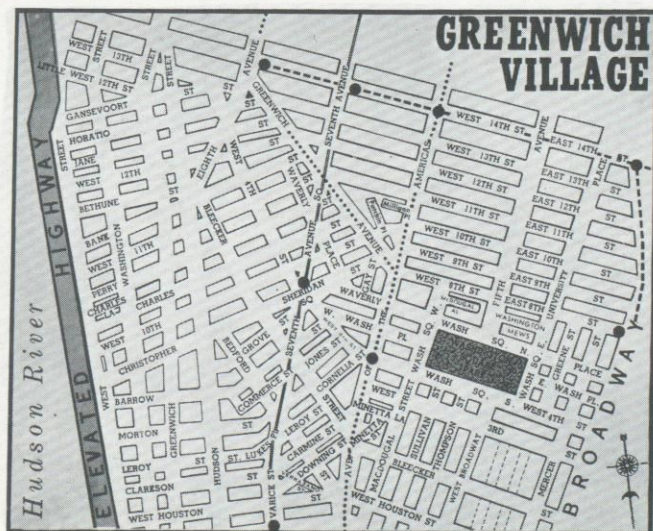
More will make an abortive try and be forgotten by spring. Still others will never get past the receptionist's desk. Why? Many reasons: some basic and factual, others just nebulous impressions, but all valid because they apply peculiarly to the most glamorous profession in



GREENWICH VILLAGE

A PICTURE TOUR OF THE WORLD'S GAY CAPITAL

TEXT & PHOTOS BY GEORGE DESANTIS



The Village is a maze of streets, and getting around can be difficult. This map will help. Photo above of Christopher St. pier, once the scene of truck orgies (discussed in text).

GREENWICH VILLAGE is a 'mood place'—for me and thousands of others who have made it their home. Every time I walk its streets—and that's every day, because I live in the Village—something I see . . . a building, a doorway, a street corner . . . joggles my memory, taking me back ten, fifteen, twenty years ago, or even yesterday, recalling bittersweet memories. *There* is where I met my first lover. *Here* is where a guy picked me up and chickened out when he heard I was only seventeen—"jail bait." *Over there* is where we had sex in an alley because we both lived at home and had no other place to go, and we thought we were in love—for a half hour, anyway. *And there* is where I once stood every evening, making pickups and being picked up. Ah, sweet memories . . .

I had heard about the Village when I was nine or ten, when an aunt from Florida used to visit my parents in Brooklyn, and never missed an opportunity to spend an evening in the Village with her friends, looking for "queers." They got a big kick out of it, but always came back disappointed that they had only seen one or two. Naive as

they were, little did they realize that they had probably rubbed shoulders with hundreds of homosexuals in the course of an evening, because they couldn't recognize them; they expected to see stereotypes they had heard about in straight society, femmes and drags, which, thank God, have never been abundant in gay society.

When I was eleven I got enough nerve to make my first solo trip to the Village from Brooklyn, an hour by subway. Instinct guided me, but I was unsuccessful in my pursuit of a partner, because—like my aunt—I was certain homosexuals were what I had been taught they were. Foolish me; if I had only looked to myself—and I've always taken pride in my masculinity, though I am not hung-up over it—I would have realized most homosexuals felt and looked as I did. Those hunts were made periodically until I was thirteen, when I struck pay dirt. It happened on Bleecker Street. It was dark, and our eyes met. He was eighteen and adventurous enough to try it with chicken. Naturally, he didn't believe it was my first time because I was too skilled in bed—thanks to a comprehensive education in porno, evil

child that I was. In any case, that opened a whole new world for me, in 1949, and permanently notched a love cut in my heart for Greenwich Village.

I immediately became addicted to sex and made nightly trips to the Village, over the objections of my parents who thought I was staying out too late. When the time came to choose a college, in 1954, I decided on New York University—Washington Square College, in the heart of Sex Country. And it was during my years at N.Y.U. (five, because I couldn't make up my mind as to whether I wanted to be a doctor or college teacher of public address) that I came to know the Village intimately and love it dearly.

It was my first prime of life in those days. It was then that I met my first lover, on Charles Street. It was then that a new friend, who has since become one of my close friends, then editor of a leading physique magazine, introduced me to gay bars as soon as I turned eighteen. My first was Mary's, on 8th Street, famous for many years, surviving until Wagner became mayor and crushed a lot of gay action during his Reign of Gay Terror. The Main Street and Old

Colony were down the street, both long gone. The latter suffered a lot of notoriety when some nut picked up a guy there, went home with him, and in the dark inserted a live eel (which he had been carrying in a plastic gym bag). It not only tore the victim's anus to shreds but caused the guy to lose his mind. During those days my lover and I made a lot of friends and centered our lives around orgies.



8th St., honky-tonk drag, looking into 'Village Square'—where Greenwich Ave. begins.

And there were peaceful times, too, moments of solitude, when I'd walk the Village in the morning, sometimes between classes, discovering quaint shops and quiet streets, getting to know my way around—which wasn't easy, because much of the Village is laid out along streets which were originally cow paths that ran in every direction. One summer, when I was nineteen, I took a job as an assistant purser (ticket taker, if you want to know the truth) on the Hudson River Day Line. By day I felt like Mark Twain, going up and down the Hudson, and by night I lived in heaven in my small but happy room in the Village.

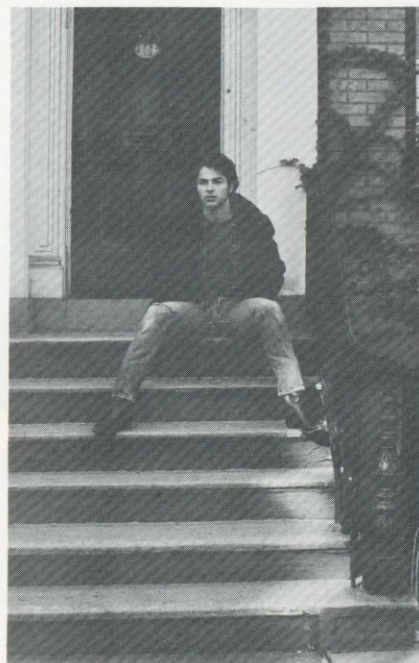


A typical Village shop. This is an old-fashioned candy store in Christopher St.

In 1959, when I was graduated, I left for Indiana to study and teach (on a fellowship) at Purdue. When I was given my walking papers two years later—banned forever from teaching because I was exposed as a homosexual—I naturally returned to New York, and eventually landed a job and made

my home in the Village.

So, you see, I'm a confirmed Villager, and I cannot find freedom of expression anywhere else, to the degree that I find it here (though I love visiting other gay centers, especially beautiful San Francisco). Here is where I belong. Like thousands of other confirmed Villagers, gay and straight alike, I feel a kind of loyalty to the Village. It's a friendly place, where even impersonal New Yorkers feel the urge to smile and say hello. It's peaceful, where inbetween high-rise apartment buildings, are hundreds of small brownstones brimming with turn-of-the-century charm. It's where, if you live in such a brownstone, you can go out on a snowy evening, when the Village is still, away from the clamor of Times Square (just thirty blocks uptown), and find someone beautiful and take him back to your cozy apartment for sex in front of a fireplace. I guess it's having the best of two worlds—country living in a city setting, and perhaps this is what makes the Village so special.



There are many beautiful brownstones in the Village. Some have been around a long time.

If you are a Villager, or even if you live in New York, I hope this article will give you some additional insight into this unique neighborhood. If you are an out-of-towner (and most Villagers were once out-of-towners) you will eventually visit the Village, and perhaps make it your home. This article is especially for you, to make your visit more meaningful and rewarding.

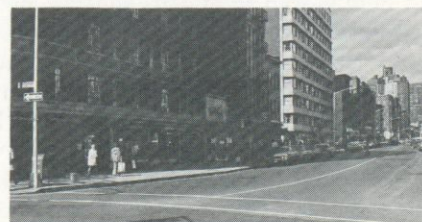
In touring the Village, I suppose the

logical place to start is 8th Street and 6th Avenue, once known as Village Square, though no one refers to it in this way anymore. It's a honky-tonk intersection, where tourists and residents alike jam the streets. Here is where you'll find Howard Johnson's (the john used to be great before it was remodeled; now it's hit-and-miss) and Nathan's (of Coney Island), where you can get a hotdog any time of day or night. Whelans', the drugstore on the northeast corner, has long been a favorite meeting place for friends and lovers. And casting its shadow across the square is the nearby public library, once Jefferson Market Courthouse; before that, a complex of food stalls, a fire house, and a jail, with its clock tower reaching skyward like a castle in Bavaria.



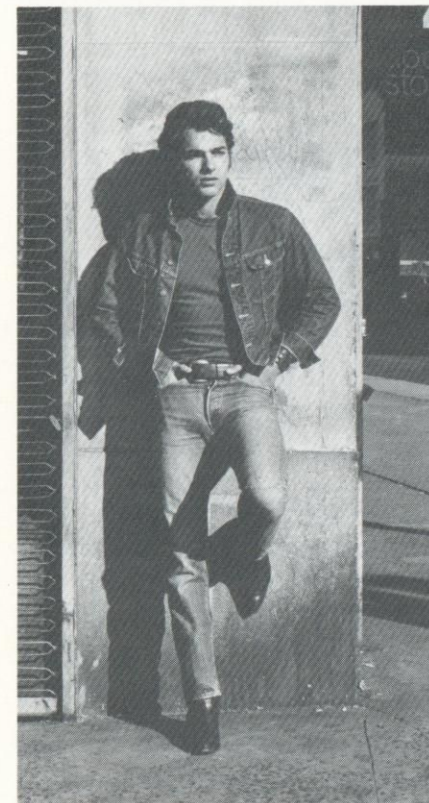
'Village Square'—6th Ave. & 8th St.

Greenwich Avenue starts here, and if you walk west you will pass a colorful fruit market. Across the street, practically on the square, is the Women's House of Detention. If you stop and listen you can hear the lesbians yell messages out the windows, to lovers in neighboring cells. Further up is Sutter's, a famous pastry shop, where you can stop for coffee and cake. Across the street, Tor's (No. 21), a small informal restaurant that is decidedly gay and has an outdoor cafe in summer. All along the avenue are interesting shops where you can buy anything from gay beachwear to incense. The cruisiest part of Greenwich Avenue is the section lying between 6th and 7th Avenues. The remaining section, between 7th and 8th Avenues, is less active, but you can meet someone there any time of day or night, nonetheless. Greenwich Avenue ends at 8th Avenue.



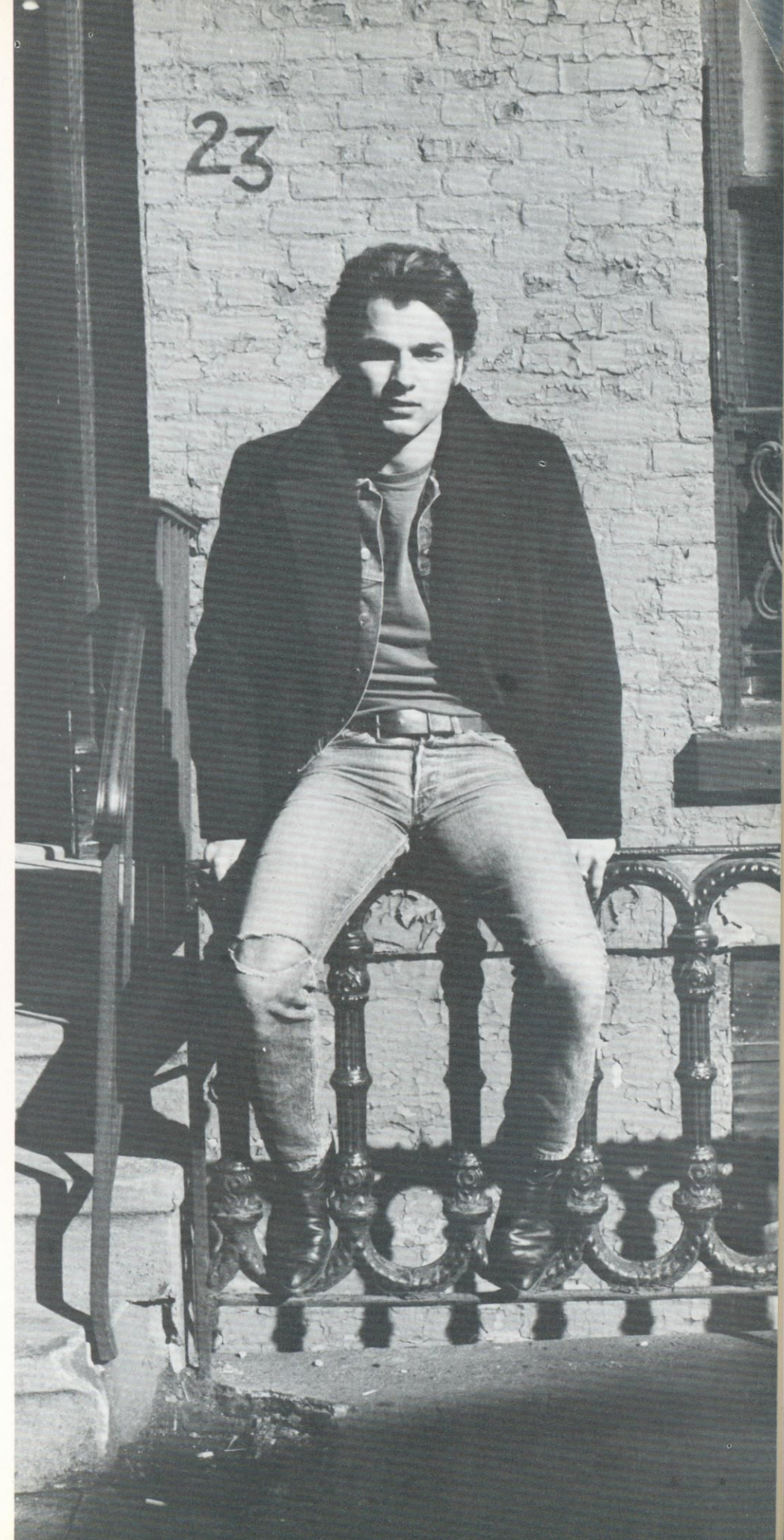
Greenwich Ave., looking west.

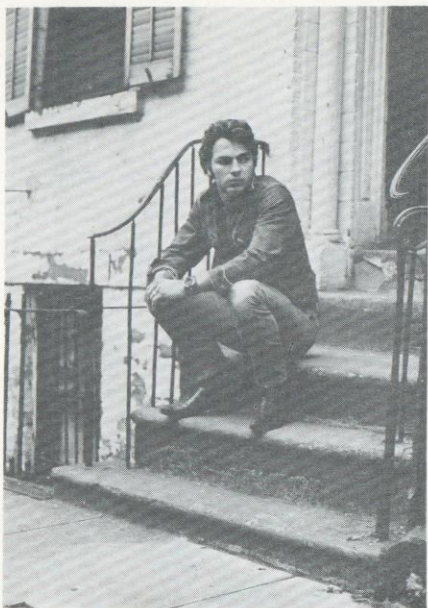
The origin of Greenwich Avenue is interesting. When the Village got started in 1739, the result of a small-pox epidemic in what is now called lower Manhattan (at that time that WAS New York City), wealthy landowners moved their families to the country, two or three miles north. The area was then called Greenwich, and was mostly farm land for growing tobacco. A path was cut along the Hudson River (then called North River), which is our present-day Greenwich Street. In bad weather it was impassable, so an alternate route had to be blazed further east, in the vicinity of what we now call the Bowery (3rd Avenue). These paths ran south to north, so a connecting road was cut. That road was called Monument Lane. Today, the section lying east of 6th Avenue is 8th Street, and the section lying west of 6th Avenue is Greenwich Avenue.



Greenwich Ave. & Christopher St. is one of the more active cruising corners in the Village. Right: A railing on Christopher St.

If, after leaving 6th Avenue and 8th Street you walk only one block west along Greenwich Avenue and turn left into Christopher Street, you will be on one of the main gay thoroughfares of the Village. Any time of year, but especially in warm weather, the street is lined with cruisers, who lean against walls and sit on stoops. About a block March/April 1971





The stoop of 14 Gay St., where "My Sister Eileen" was written.

in is where Gay Street starts (it runs only one block long). Ruth McKenny wrote "My Sister Eileen" when she lived at No. 14. Further up the street you will pass the Northern Dispensary, which was erected in 1831 and which is still in use. When St. Vincent's Hospital was built in 1856, at 7th Avenue and West 11th Street, pressure was relaxed on the Dispensary. (St. Vincent's, by the way, has a great emergency clinic, where you can go for a tetanus shot, or removal of a dildo you've shoved too hard, at any time of day or night.) Anyway, the building is interesting because it occupies an entire block (which is very small), and also because it has remained unchanged to this day. (Literary buffs will be interested to know that Edgar Allan Poe, a resident of the Village, was treated for a cold at the Dispensary in 1836.)



Left: The Northern Dispensary, as it looked in 1885. Right: The Dispensary today, seen from Waverly Pl. Along its rear runs Christopher St. Sheridan Square is to the left.

Further up the street, in the vicinity of Sheridan Square (corner of Christopher Street and 7th Avenue), is where the Stonewall Bar once was. It was raided in 1969, and the ensuing gay riots—which were discussed at length in the Fall 1970 QQ—gave birth to the gay liberation movement as we know it today. It is here that gay marches are now formed, and where gay protests take place. In a way, Sheridan Square has become an unofficial gay battleground, used by groups who seek public attention.



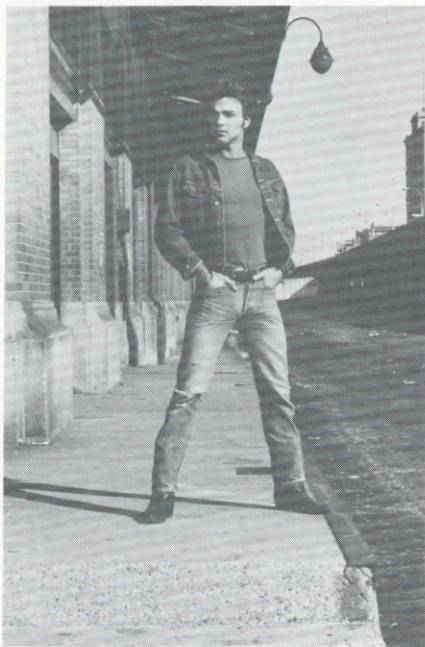
A railing popular with cruisers, on Christopher St., looking west into Sheridan Square.

Cross 7th Avenue and continue westward. You will pass many interesting shops and several gay bars, the most noteworthy being Danny's, at No. 139. Typecasting is mixed, leaning to gay hippies these days. Closer to the Hudson River, where Christopher Street ends, is Christopher's End, a gay discotheque featuring nude go-go boys and a spontaneous (for the customers) "back room"—where impromptu orgies take place on and off all night. The place is raided periodically, but it doesn't seem to bother anyone because it's always packed. Technically an after-hours club (no membership card required at this writing), it opens late



and closes around 8 the next morning.

Walk to the corner, where West Street crosses Christopher, and turn left. One block more and you'll find Keller's at No. 384, a leather bar. Across the street is the Christopher Street pier, where—until recently—fantastic orgies took place in parked trailer trucks. The scene was made famous by the movie, "The Detective." Last year, it is rumored, the prospective owners of several after-hours clubs went to the police, explaining that if they were permitted to operate places with back rooms where group sex would be immune to police harassment, it would get the guys out of the trucks and into the bars. The trucks have always been a problem for the police, so, it is rumored, they agreed. Even if this story is untrue, the facts are that the trucks have been eliminated and replaced with low flower planters, and the after-hours clubs are in full swing. I wonder where we'll go when the clubs eventually close, as they surely will—if political history in this city is any teacher.

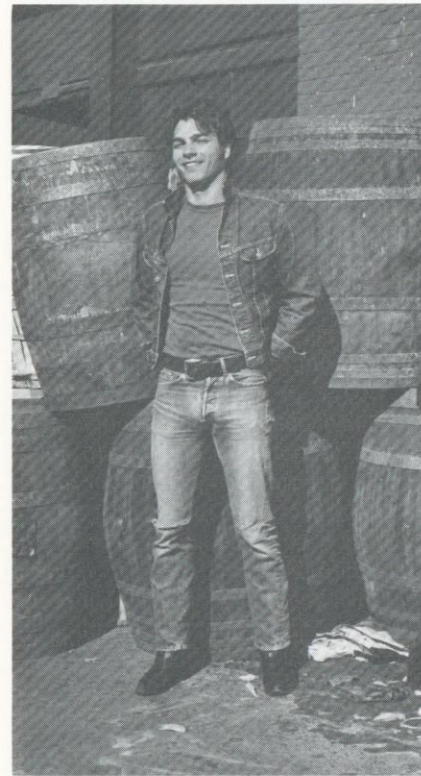


The docks along West St., foot of Christopher St. Several leather bars are in this area.

If you start at Christopher Street and walk north along West Street, you'll arrive at the Tool Box (No. 507), a leather bar. Upstairs is the Carnival; back room policy. Turn right into Little West 12th Street and walk one block to Washington Street and you'll arrive at the Den, a leather bar. Upstairs is an after-hours club (membership card required for admission), the Zodiac. Their back room is small and

QQ

sweaty. In the same area, at 421 West 13th Street, is the "original" back room bar, the Zoo. It has a big room, but its popularity is in its decline. A membership card is required. Nearby is Hades, Jane Street at West, another private back room bar. At Greenwich and Perry Streets you will find the Stud, where the motorcycle set gathers.

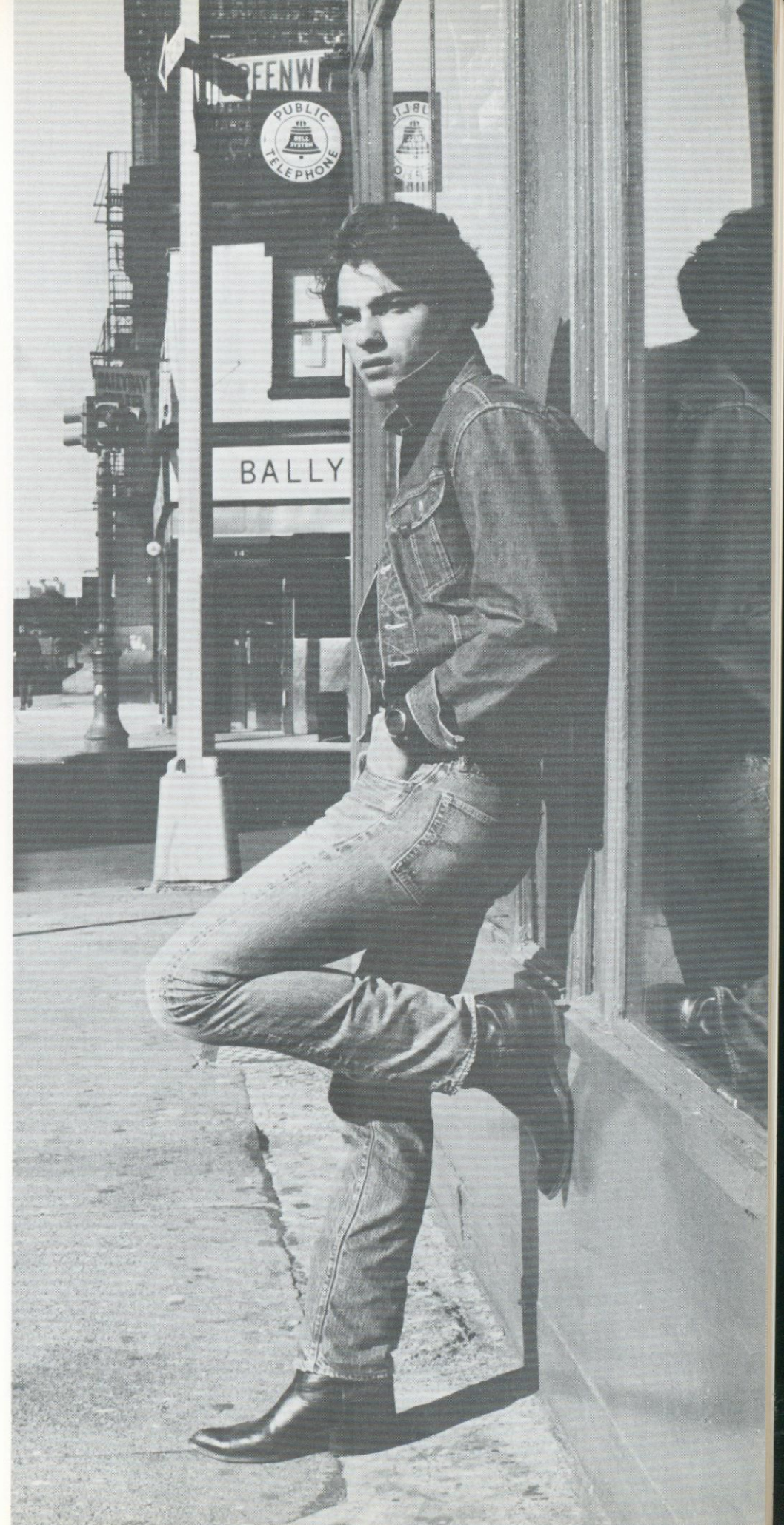


The West Village is filled with commercial markets and sex bars. Right: Outside Danny's Bar, Christopher and Greenwich Sts.

Walk west to 14th Street and 9th Avenue and at 26 9th Avenue you can take an elevator up (if you have a membership card) to the Barn, a big place that has a huge bar, dance floor, and big back room. Downstairs, in the same building, is the Triangle Bar, which leather guys like. The Triangle is not far from the west end of Greenwich Avenue, which ends at 8th Avenue—in case you want a fast route back to 8th Street and 6th Avenue.

At this point I would like to say that all of the information in this article is well-known to gay guys living in New York, and also by the police. QQ's policy is never to reveal the names of persons or places that are not known to the police, as we do not want to cause problems. All the places listed in this article have already appeared in various gay newspapers in wide circulation in New York. Moreover, before leaving the west end of the Village, where most of the after-hours

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clubs are, a word concerning membership might be in order. To secure a card, you either have to go on a weekday evening (most after-hours clubs open around 10 or 11), when the crowds aren't especially heavy, and when the guy at the door is more likely to admit you and give you a card, or you will have to go with a friend who has a card, and hope that you can get one of your own once inside. The availability of cards seems to be in direct relationship to how thin the crowds are; cards are given freely when business starts to taper off. Sometimes, you can use one card to enter other clubs, especially on relatively quiet nights. Even with a card, admission averages \$1 on weekday nights, and \$3 on weekends, but that gets you one or more drinks.



Right: The circle in Washington Square. Above: Washington Arch dominates this aerial view of Washington Square Park.

Starting out again at 8th Street and 6th Avenue, walk east along 8th Street (you'll pass a lot of interesting clothing shops and restaurants) as far as MacDougal (first intersection, starting at 8th Street). Turn right and walk one block to the corner of MacDougal and Waverly Place. This is the northeast corner of Washington Square Park. It's recently been remodeled. Several years ago the fence running along the west side of the park used to be a popular 'meat rack'—where a guy could display his wares and meet someone easily. But that was when there weren't as many other meeting spots (back room bars, baths, et al), and police harassment just isn't worth the trouble. The park is cruisy, mainly during the day, as night cruising is risky because of the prevalence of dope addicts who frequent the park. (Unfortunately, a lot of undesirables are drawn to the Village. It seems to be getting out of hand lately, what with so many robberies and muggings—making the Village almost as dangerous as other parts of New York City.) In summer there are free evening concerts in the park, and the circular fountain in the center is where musical groups gather to play

QQ

on Sundays; crowds gather round, to enjoy the entertainment, and relax in a friendly atmosphere. And twice yearly, in spring and summer, an outdoor art show is held in the Village; the streets surrounding the park come ablaze with paintings.



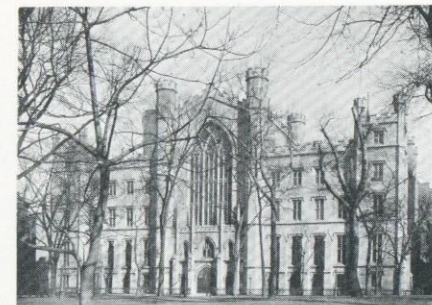
Top: A rock group in Washington Square Park. Middle: The 'meat rack' along the west side of the park. Bottom: Building Washington Arch at the turn of the century.

The area was still a potter's field and gallows in 1824, when it was converted to a park, then the pride of New York. Greek Revival homes were built on the north side; some, preserved by N.Y.U., still stand and are very much in use. The east side of the park was the site of Henry James' home and N.Y.U.'s first building, constructed in 1831. In the middle of the park—near the circle I've already mentioned—a temporary arch was constructed in 1889, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Washington's inauguration. A permanent Washington's Arch, in the style of the Arc de Triomphe, was constructed with stone in 1895. It is here that Fifth Avenue starts, and

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the arch is of course one of New York's landmarks. You might be interested to know that the statue of George Washington on the arch was posed for by Charles Atlas.

In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century N.Y.U. was short of money and decided to rent living space in its main building. Residents (who also taught there) included Samuel F. B. Morse, who actually invented the telegraph by stringing wires between classrooms, and Samuel Colt, who perfected the Colt revolver in that building. Later lodgers included Walt Whitman and Winslow Homer. I often wonder if the Johns were as active then as they are today, in the building that replaced the original in 1894—which I spent so much time in as a student. A short distance away is Mercer Street, where you will find the Oscar Wilde Memorial Book Shop at No. 291.



Top: N.Y.U. in 1894. Bottom: N.Y.U. (Washington Square College) as it looks today. Both views from Washington Square Park.

Standing on the corner of Waverly Place and University Place, walk one block north and you'll be back at 8th Street. Walk east as far as the Bowery and you'll be in the "East Village," so designated by the many ex-Villagers who moved to this section because they could no longer afford the steep rents in the west. The East Village has become home for artists, writers, and runaway kids who have gone hippie. Of interest to gay guys is the St. Marks Baths in St. Marks Place (8th Street, as it is called east of Lafayette Street). Less expensive than uptown tubs, and groovy long hairs make it worthwhile.



St. Marks Pl. in the East Village. St. Marks Baths can be seen at right.

The oldest part of the Village is the southwest district, especially the section lying within a "triangle" formed by 7th Avenue, Bedford Street, and Commerce Street. Here you will find many old buildings. There's an old clapboard house at the corner of Bedford and Grove Streets. Right behind it is a small wooden building, two stories high. It is believed to be the old slave quarters for the larger house. And behind that, an interesting building called Twin Peaks. It was in this area that the first mansion—Richmond Hill—was built in the Village, in 1867. A more modern "mansion" is attended by kingly studs who can be found there . . . Colt Studios is in this neighborhood. In this same area is a beautiful private street, St. Luke's Place. It's lined with unusual ginkgo trees, and at least one brownstone keeps a gas light burning out front most of the time. Also in this section is the Finale, a popular-with-gay-guys restaurant at 48 Barrow.



Top: Corner of Bedford and Grove Sts., discussed in article. Bottom: St. Luke's Pl.



Typical Village brownstones in Morton St., one of the nicer streets in the West Village.

The southcentral section of the Village is where Old World Italians live. They settled in at the turn of the century. The area has produced many creative geniuses, including Fiorello LaGuardia, who was born in Sullivan Street. The east end of Bleecker Street is where you can buy all kinds of Italian delicacies. In June the Feast of St. Anthony—an outdoor food festival not unlike a block party—is held; it's very popular with gay guys. You might also be interested to know that the Reader's Digest was started in a basement at 1 Minetta Lane, in the 20's.



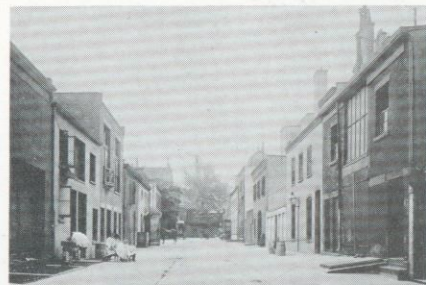
The South Village, where Old World Italians and young gay guys occupy tenements.

Pick up West 3rd Street, which marks the northern boundary of the south Village, and walk west. You'll pass a couple of gay bars. There's the Tenth of Always at No. 82, and the Gold Bug at No. 85. Along West 4th Street, as you walk west, you'll pass a lot of interesting places. Luv Cage, a private after-hours club, is on this street, near 6th Avenue. So is Scotland Yard, a dance bar, at No. 146. The Haven, right off West 4th at 1 Sheridan Square, is an after-hours club that serves fruit juice only, and back on

West 4th at No. 239 is Fedora's, a great little restaurant tops with gay guys.

The west end of Bleecker Street is also interesting. There are a few good restaurants here, and lots of antique shops. Walk west and when you reach Hudson Street (8th Avenue), turn left and walk along Hudson as far as Christopher, where you'll find the Studio Bookshop (gay books). On the way you'll pass a lot of fascinating antique shops and the Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson, another restaurant that draws the gay crowd. Bleecker and Hudson are cruisy, of course.

There are several private alleys in the Village, where you can see some very attractive old dwellings, originally carriage houses for the larger buildings behind them. Two such alleys are MacDougal Alley, off MacDougal Street just south of 8th Street, and Washington Mews, off University Place, between Waverly Place and 8th Street.



Top: MacDougal Alley at the turn of the century. Opposite page: As it looks today. Bottom: Washington Mews, another private alley.

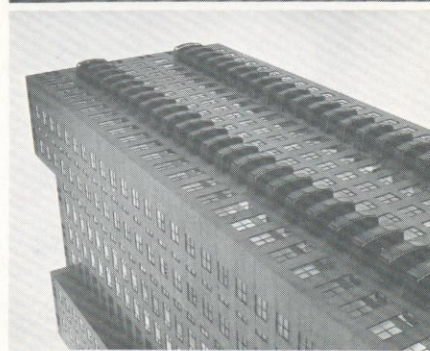
Hopping around to wind up things, the Gansevoort pier, at the foot of Gansevoort Street on the Hudson River, is a favorite place for Sunday sunners in the summer. Herman Melville wrote "Billy Budd" here, his gayest work. It was while he held down an obscure job as a customs official on the pier, in 1866. He had already written "Moby Dick" and "Mardi," but was relatively unknown. Anyway, I wonder how many gay Villagers inspired "Billy."

The New School for Social Research is on West 12th Street, east of 6th Avenue. It has a couple of gay johns, and is of course famous for its unusual

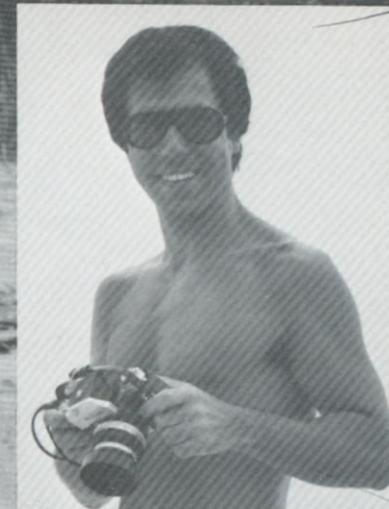
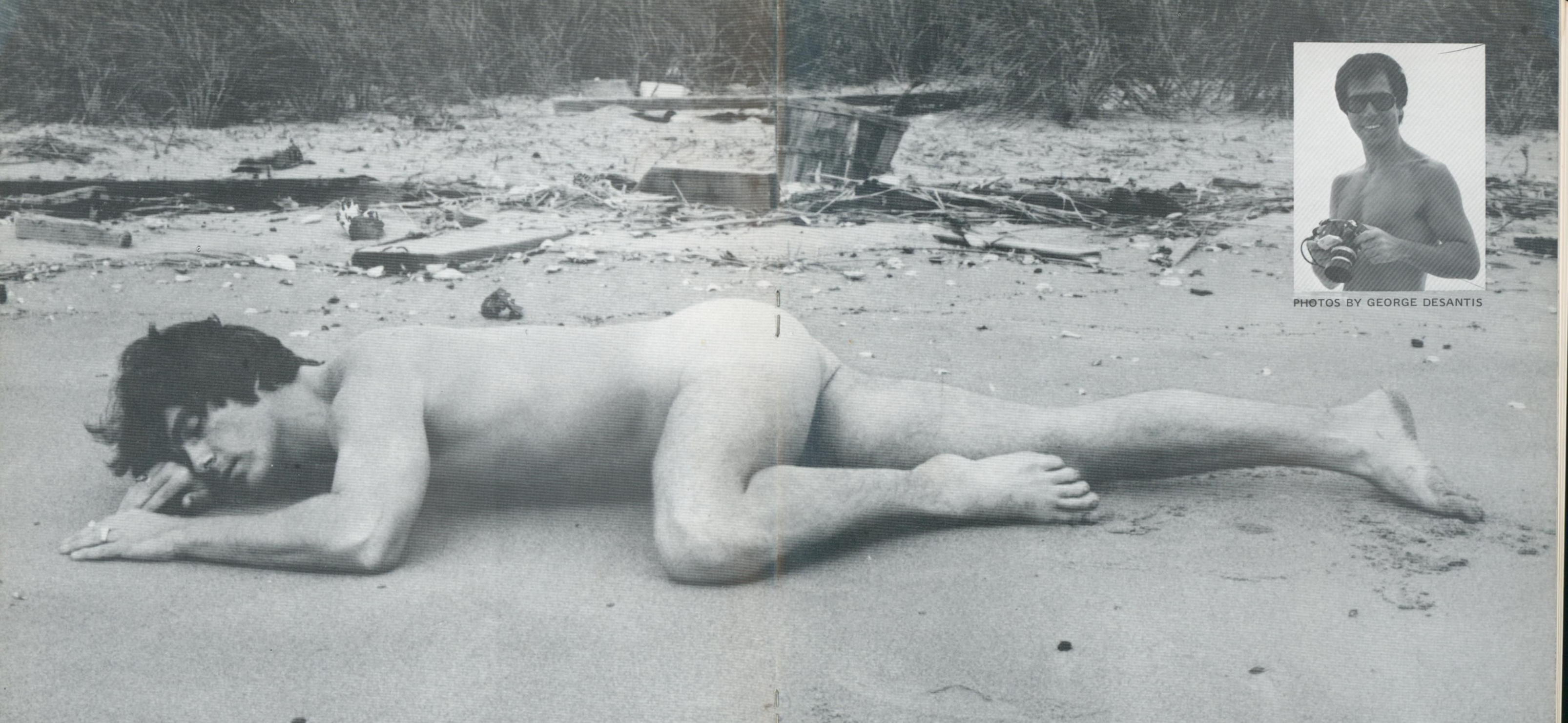
courses. Oldtimers will recall that a short distance away, in West 10th Street, the Rhinelander Houses once stood. Designed by James Renwick Jr. (who was the architect for St. Patrick's Cathedral) in the 1850's, they lasted until 1955, when they were demolished to make room for new buildings. The iron balconies were reminiscent of the Creole South, and the front yards were especially loved by gay guys who have an eye for beauty. Carr's, another gay bar, is at 104 West 10th Street.

It can safely be said that the Village has been the home of more creative geniuses than any other part of the world. The list is endless, ranging from such men as John Adams and Alexander Hamilton in the 1700's, to Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Currier (of Currier & Ives fame) in the 1800's, to O. Henry (the Village inspired his many stories) in the early 1900's, to John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway in the 1920's, to the countless thousands who live and thrive here today.

But what is really important to gay guys is that the Village belongs to US. At times it may not seem so, what with occasional outbursts by the police—depending on who's in City Hall, but when the dust settles even those who prefer to believe otherwise concede that Greenwich Village is synonymous with gay life. Its spirit soars—and carries with it the winds of gay freedom.



Centuries-old buildings contrast greatly with modern structures in Greenwich Village.



PHOTOS BY GEORGE DESANTIS

BRIEF INTERLUDE

FROM AN ORDINARY DAY OF WORK

BY PHILIP BAILEY

... whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul ... then, I account it high time to get to the sea as soon as I can ... If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me ... Say, you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it ... Why is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity ... ? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus.

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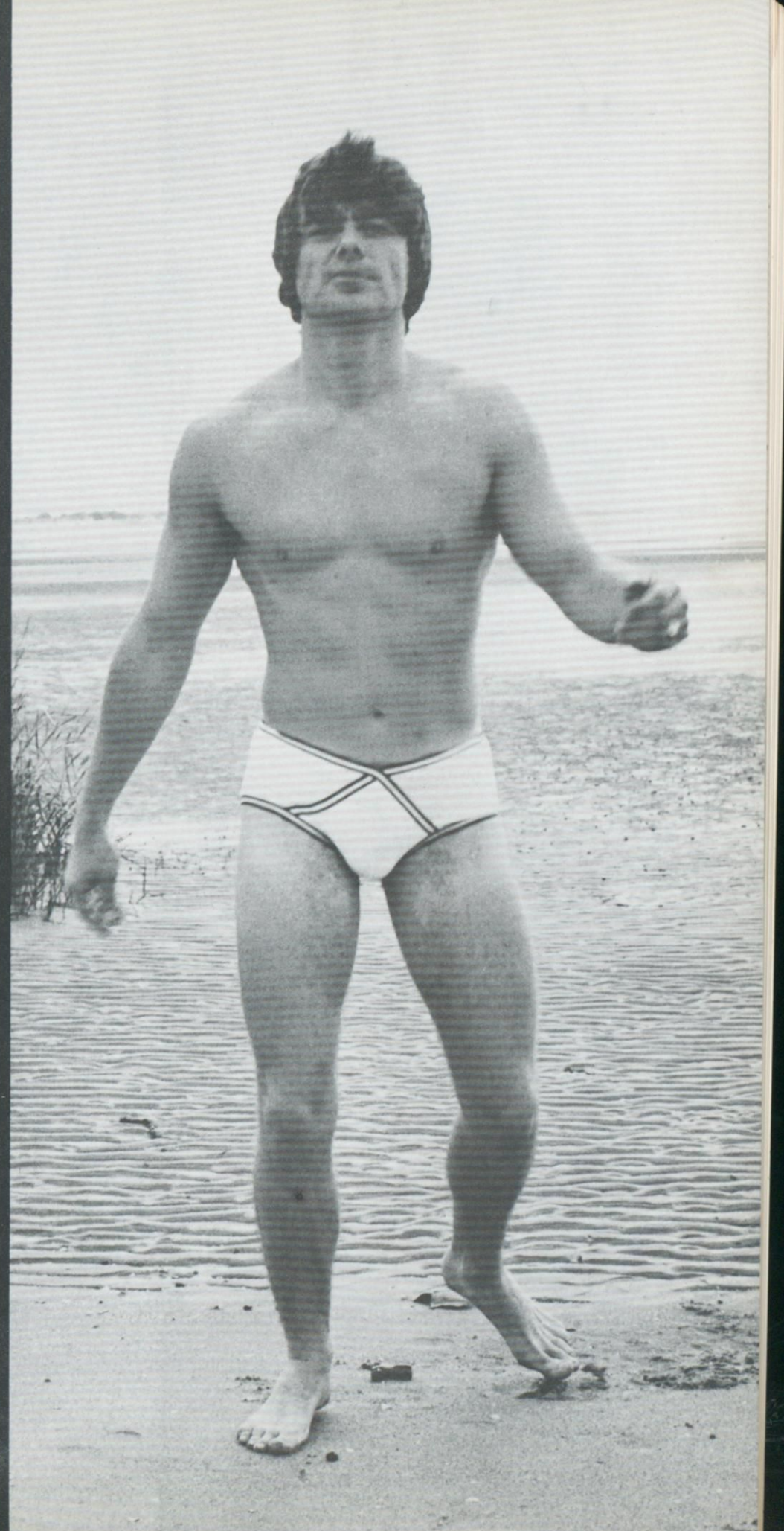
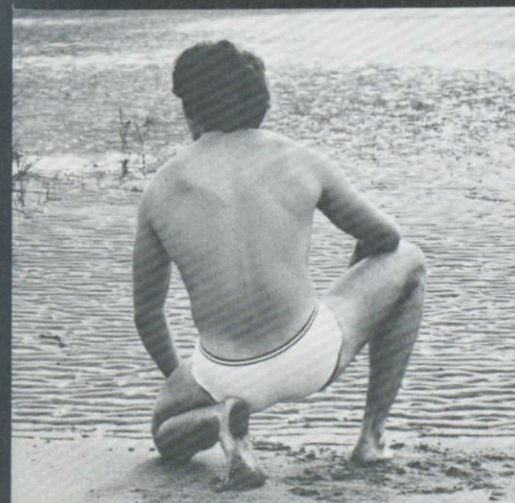
who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all ...

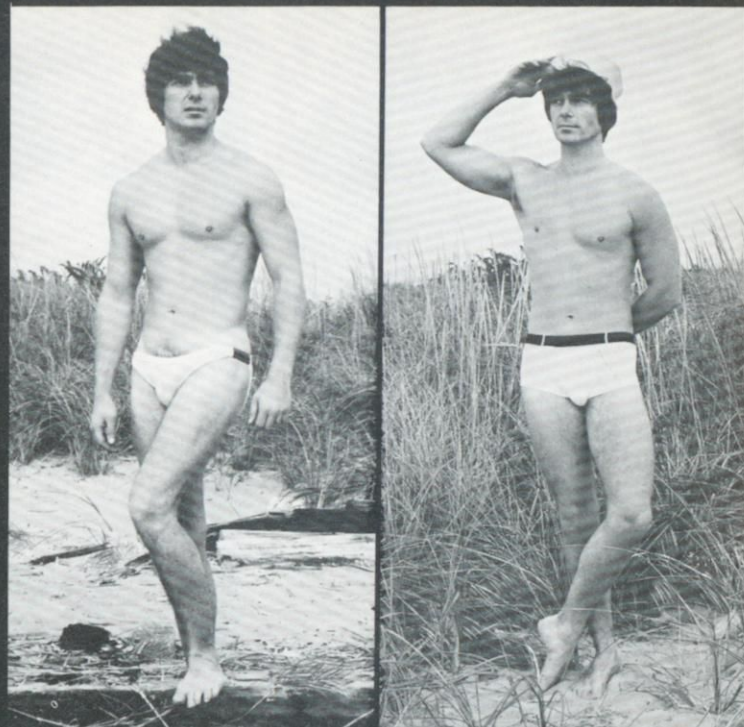
— Herman Melville
Moby Dick

SO says Ishmael in *Moby Dick*. So it was with QQ publisher George Desantis and actor Craig Dudley just recently, when they took a *brief interlude* from an ordinary day of work and went down to the water to romp in some sexciting hip-huggers. Here now is QQ's selection of stylish briefs to turn you and your lover on visually, and by extending foreplay a precious few moments, thus prolonging sexual discovery:

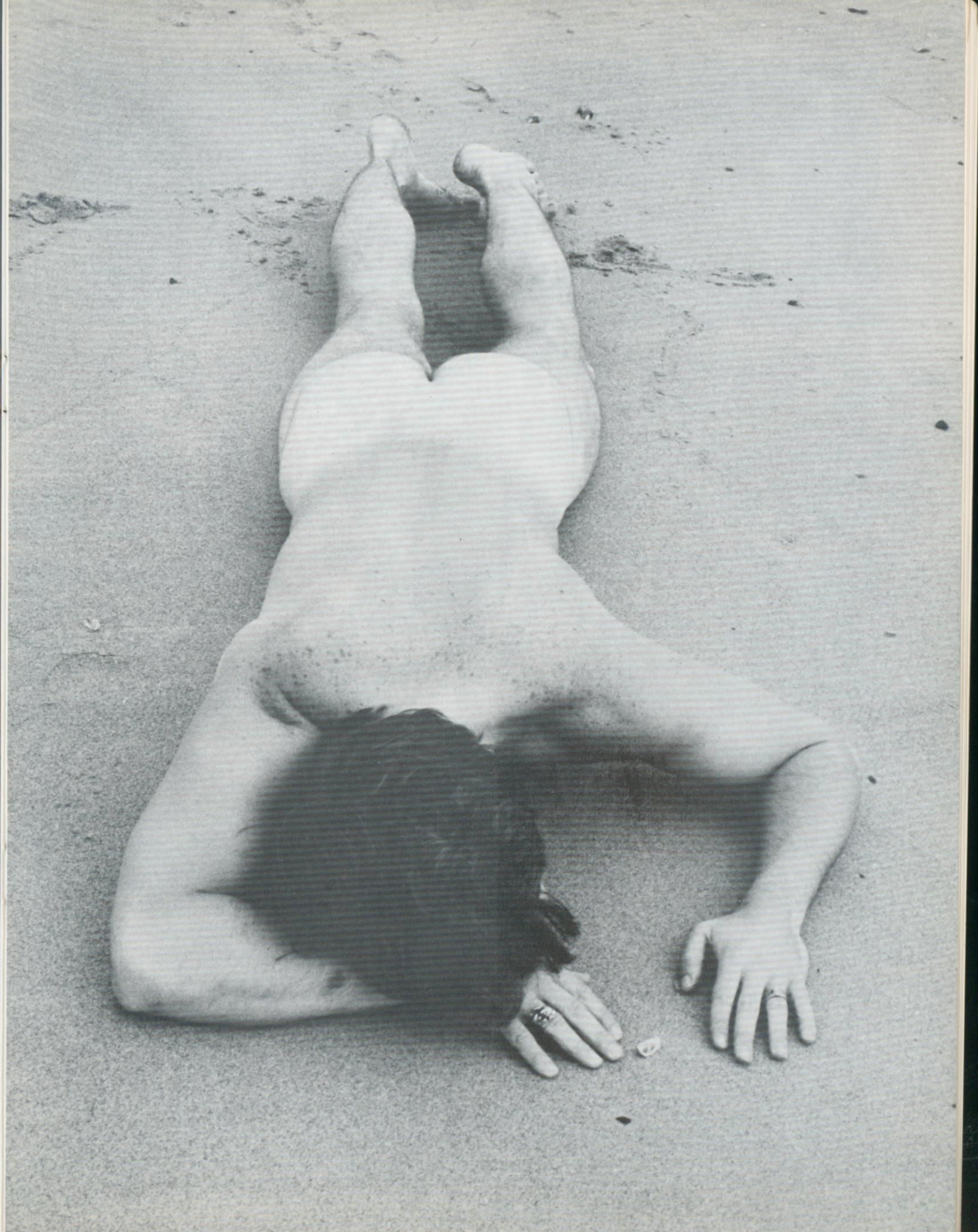


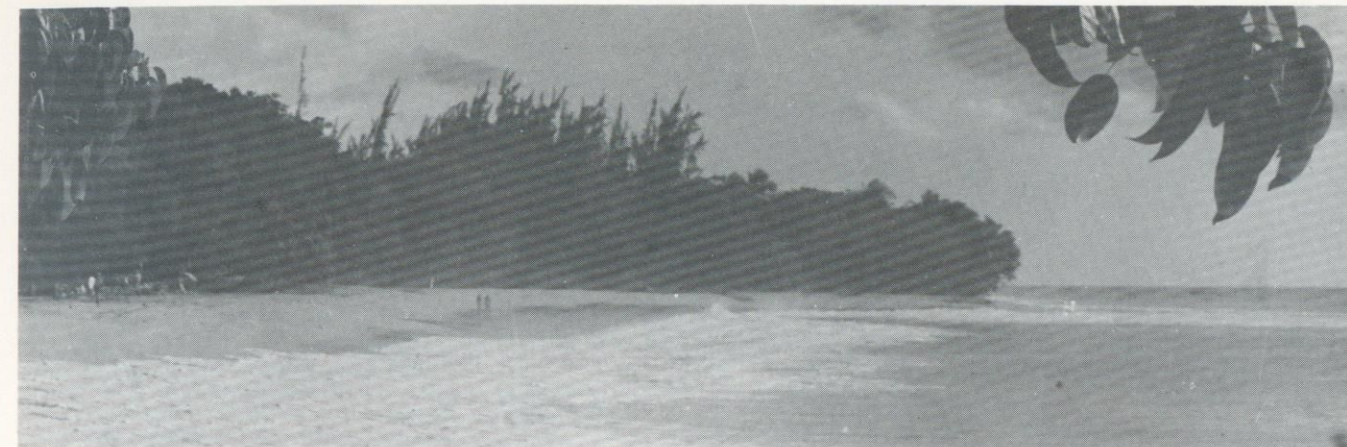
Craig Dudley has an eye to the future as a professional actor. He was trained in England and has already appeared in several successful plays. Versatile, he's equally at home in Shakespearean roles as in fun parts, such as the movie "Sticks and Stones," in which he starred. From time to time he models. At 5'9" Craig weighs 155 pounds and has ideal proportions to accommodate any modeling situation. Left: HOM briefs are a popular French import. This one is cotton mesh with reinforced pouch. Like the other stylish hip-huggers in this photo feature, it does not have a fly; its elasticized bands make it easy to slip on and off. HOM briefs are sold at better men's shops, especially those found in gay neighborhoods across the country. Average price is \$4.00. (The wrist band is by the Marquis de Suede, and is \$8.00, custom-made.) Right and below: Sir Edwin's "Big Shot" cotton brief comes with red and blue "cross-over" trim. It's a real hip-hugger and doesn't "inch up" when you move around, as Craig demonstrates here. The bands are elasticized, and there is no fly. Available at specialty men's shops for about \$4.00.





Left: This sheer "see-through" nylon brief comes in black and white. The bands are elasticized and there is no fly. Available by mail-order from "That Look," 2512 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90027, it sells for \$5.95. Upper left: Kapart's "Super-Twen-Slip" is a German import. It is made of polyester and cotton, and comes in white, blue, beige, and pink, with multi-colored elasticized side-band. No fly. Sold at specialty men's stores for about \$4.00. Upper right: "Mariner," by 3 Matelots is a French import that sells for about \$4.00 at better men's stores. It is made of cotton and has a decorative elasticized waist-band, giving it its "swimsuit look." No fly. Bottom left: Another "That Look" creation in snake or leopard print. It is an undergarment, but can be worn at the beach. Made of sheer nylon, it is also available with a narrow 1½" side, for \$5.95. No fly. Bottom right: Shieser's "Men-Fit Sporty" is nylon and comes in assorted colors. It has a reinforced pouch but no fly and can be worn at the beach (the undergarment becomes "see-through" when wet). About \$4.00 at better men's stores.





MR. WORLD RAPS ON GAY LIFE IN **BARBADOS**

BY BUD PARKER

BARBADOS is a beautifully situated island straddling the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea in an archipelago 300 miles northeast of Venezuela. It's small, only 21 miles long and 14 miles wide, yet has nearly 100 hotels, guest houses, and commercial apartments to accommodate thousands of tourists who are attracted to its green hills and white beaches. Hilly but not mountainous, it is laden with flowers, and boasts comfortable temperatures and 3,000 sun hours a year.

The "Bajans," as the natives like calling themselves, are descendants of the Arawak Indians. Their accent is almost musical. They are warm and friendly, bright (over 98 per cent literacy rate) and liberal.

Rick Wayne (who is actually from St. Lucia, a small island 30 air minutes north of Barbados) moved to England

a few years ago, but before moving spent a great deal of time in Barbados. He has been living in New York for nearly a year, and frequently travels to Barbados on holidays, as he is planning to open a health studio there and settle down permanently.

Rick came to the States to replace me when I left my position as editor of Muscle Builder magazine to join QQ. We had known each other for some years; Rick edited the English make-over of Muscle Builder in London, and also competed in several physique contests I ran. Thus, through personal meetings and letters we became friends, and have remained so to this day.

Rick is typically Bajan, friendly and full of life. I've yet to see him frown, and his liberal attitude makes him a winner in any crowd. As a

(Continued on page 36)



BARBADOS

(Continued from page 35)

physique champion, he is of course internationally famous, having won such titles as Mr. Great Britain, Mr. Europe, and Mr. World. Readers of The Young Physique and Beach Adonis will recall the beautiful studies of him by Scott and Ferrero. He has been featured in every bodybuilding publication in the world, and now, as editor of the world's leading physical culture magazine, commands even greater respect in bodybuilding circles. Last summer he thrilled hundreds at Fire Island, by winning QQ's Mr. Fire Island contest.

It occurred to me to ask Rick about the gay scene in Barbados. I suppose you might call Rick a typical swinger who is aware of everybody's sexual scene, except that he has been enlightened for years, whereas most swingers are just finding out about life. Rick takes joy in life, loving every minute of it, and has always assumed a live-and-let-live attitude.

Naturally, because he is more aware of the gay scene as it applies to bodybuilders (who are constantly sought-after by gay guys who make a hobby of making it with Mr. Muscles) than of gay life in general, certain things stand out in his mind to a greater degree. For instance, in asking him about gay bars in Barbados, he was more knowledgeable of places frequented by hustling bodybuilders than those favored by "free gays." Nonetheless, the interview proved revealing:

Bud: I know you're from St. Lucia, Rick. Before rapping about gay life in Barbados, what's it like in St. Lucia?

Rick: Quiet. The gay scene in Barbados is somewhat commercial....

Bud: Does that mean hustlers?

Rick: Yes and no. There are plenty of local hustlers in Barbados who concentrate on tourists, but gay life in general is pretty hectic because Barbados is such a popular vacation spot. People in general are just finding out about St. Lucia, which is as beautiful as Barbados but still undeveloped and unspoiled. Gay guys are beginning to discover St. Lucia, where they can pursue their pleasures in a more relaxed atmosphere.

Bud: Are there actually gay places in St. Lucia?

Rick: Sure. There's a chalet-type hotel called the East Winds Club, which is about 20 minutes from Castries. Actually, it's not gay in the usual sense, but it's definitely where the gay crowd gathers. The bar is separate from the rooms and it's open to the public. A lot of bodybuilders hang out there, probably because the bar is manned by four top physique men, and also because the gay guys provide a kind of market for them. The crowd is international, and really jumps with calypso music. The place is surrounded by tall reeds, so I suppose gay guys do their thing in the bushes, too.

Bud: You mean during the day, like between lying around on the beach?

Rick: Yeah, and at night too; the beach is lit by floodlights which anyone can turn out.

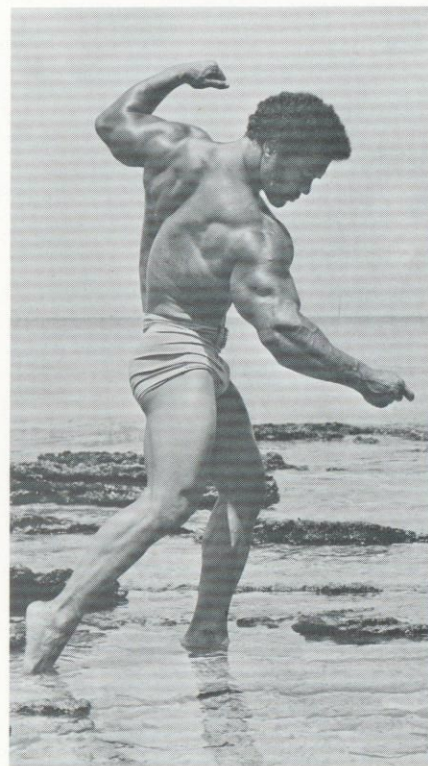
Bud: How do the locals feel about all this?

Rick: They think nothing of it. Live-and-

let-live is everybody's attitude. Like when I was a kid we thought nothing of posing nude on the beach, for anyone who had a camera. I mean that's the way we grew up, with a healthy respect for the body. People who consider the body sinful, or concern themselves with what someone else does with his body, are stupid. In St. Lucia and Barbados, we're too sophisticated to have hangups about anyone else's lifestyle.

Bud: What are the other action spots in St. Lucia?

Rick: That's about it, as far as I know. Of course, if you're there—wherever that happens to be—and someone else who does your thing is there at the same time—then I suppose you can say the entire island has great potential. New hotels are going up, and I guess that will bring more action. The St. Lucia Beach Hotel is THE place now, and most vacationers pretty much spend most of their time in and around the hotel. The action is really in Barbados.



Rick Wayne at Paradise Beach in Barbados.

Bud: Okay. Where?

Rick: I suppose Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, is about as good a place as any to start. Trafalgar Square at Broad Street is a small version of New York's 42nd Street, as far as hustlers are concerned. In Shepherd Street, an alley off Broad, there's the Flying Fish Club. It takes its name from the eating fish the island is famous for. Like the Winds, it's not totally gay, but a place where any gay guy in town stops, and locals interested in free sex or wanting to sell themselves go there too.

Bud: What's the going rate for hustlers in Barbados?

Rick: As much as they can get. I suppose \$10 is average. Bodybuilders usually get more. A lot of guys are satisfied with promises, if they seem sincere, because they're all looking for ways to get to the

States, which means they'll do almost anything to get a visa. I know one top U.N. diplomat who flies down regularly for a fresh supply of houseboys. He takes them off to New York or Geneva, or wherever he happens to be stationed, gives them an allowance, and in return gets service and sex.

Bud: Yeah, I've heard about the guy from a mutual friend of ours, who tells me he takes his "slaves" out to Fire Island in the summer, and has them serve him lunch while the bodybuilders in the area close in and grab whatever they can eat. Did he ever get you in bed?

Rick: Once, but not sexually. He offered me a pad when I was in New York for a contest. I couldn't have done anything anyway... he had the worst breath I've ever smelled.

Bud: Okay, let's get back to Barbados. What else in Bridgetown?

Rick: Harry's is famous. It's a nightclub that features West Indian acts. Everything goes there—straight couples, gay guys, hustlers... the whole international scene. I've heard of other places, like the Escape Cafe Bar, the Beau Brummel, and Jeff's Restaurant. They're all in the Trafalgar Square area, but I've never been to any of them.

Bud: What's the beach scene like?

Rick: Groovy... for everyone. Paradise Beach is beautiful. That's where the Paradise Beach Club is.

Bud: Where's the gay action?

Rick: On the beach, facing the water, to the right... back in the bushes. But that's usually during the day. At night everyone stays around the hotel... the Club is actually a hotel... and you can make out there pretty well.

Bud: Any other places?

Rick: Yes. The Hotel Caribbee has a swinging sun deck which is very popular with gay guys. Accra Beach, not far from the Caribbee, swings too. The gay crowd is thick where the lifeguards sit. There's action in the bushes at both ends of the main beach.

Bud: More. More.

Rick: That's about it, as far as I know. It's just a great place to go, no matter what your scene. I'd also like to say that I've always been liberal-minded, and perhaps this was bolstered in England. I mean normal is normal to the guy saying the word. I'm very wary of that word—normal.

Bud: I'm sure you've been propositioned a lot, Rick. How do you feel about gay guys?

Rick: I meet all kinds of people. Some are good, some are bad. You just have to judge people on an individual basis. I know a lot of bodybuilders who hustle and claim they despise the buyers, and I think this is wrong. There's something in it for everyone, and the least anyone can do is admit it and enjoy it. I mean, if that's your bag, great... everyone makes out.

Bud: You're recently married. How does Hazel feel about your attitudes?

Rick: She feels the same as I do. We're both liberal thinkers and take a lot of pride in it. We lead our private lives as we wish, and strongly believe that everyone else should. We both believe the world would be a lot better off if everyone didn't try so hard to make everyone else so miserable.

And so ended the interview.



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THE WAND OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 11)

'nose-bob' days, it is now so ramified as to include—

Dermabrasion for the planing-off of disfiguring acne scars. Done in the physician's office, you leave at once, either loosely bandaged or wimped like Sister Lesbia after a rough Saturday-night orgy at the convent. In a few days or weeks the crusty scab-layer disappears and your planed skin is homogenous in texture with the unscarred skin.

Rhinoplasty (from 'rhino', meaning nose, and 'plasty' meaning surgery) can slim down a fleshy tip of the nose . . . smooth a hump in the middle . . . straighten a hook . . . narrow or shorten the nose by molding bone and cartilage . . . and even give you a very mod tip-tilted affair that makes you look years younger, or more insouciant, and transports your psyche to the days of wine and roses.

This is a totally safe operation done under local anesthetic and takes less than two hours. Count on a couple of days in the hospital. But before you go home make sure the surgeon gives you your S&M Black-and Blue Stamps, for that's what you'll be around the eyes for several days. You may have to wear a temporary bandage and splint over your nose. In about two weeks the swelling will have receded and in less than a month you're playing Captain Cruisy with a trick in every port!

However, before submitting to major nose surgery give a thought to how you'll look *after* the operation. Your remodeled nose should blend with your other features into a harmoniously-symmetrical facial contour. For example: if the lower third of your face is naturally rather long, shortening the nose a bit too much will make it look even longer. Thus the problem you hope to correct by surgery can create a facial imbalance of another kind.

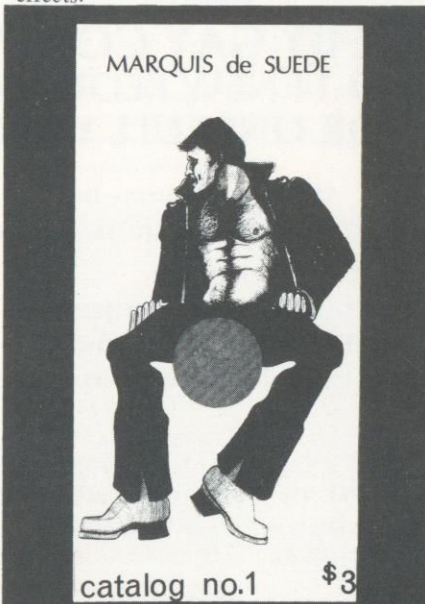
A frank discussion with your surgeon can save you time, disappointment and money. Ask him to draw an exact sketch of how you'll look with your new face, and then decide. Should he be one of those chisel-wielders from the Stone Age of plastic surgery who doodles a cartoon of you instead, or says "Now I can give you a choice of three noses." Forget him . . . his technique is limited!

The Gay 'Receder'. Quite often the man with a long nose has a short or receding chin. If the sum of this addition is y-o-u and you find yourself on the operating table for nose surgery, why not let your surgeon take twenty minutes longer to lengthen your chin? How? By custom-cutting it to your facial requirements and contouring it with an insertion of silicone rubber. By making the incision inside the mouth, or beneath the chin, the scar will be imperceptible.

Body Contouring. Belly Lifts, Arm Lifts and Thigh Lifts and body skin-tightening also concern the plastic surgeon and are indicated for the gay guy who has taken long seminars in Martinis and has a blighting bloat as his diploma . . . as well as for one who has been considerably overweight for a long time and who has gone on a sudden,

dramatic reducing diet resulting in a too-rapid loss of weight and skin elasticity.

Any weight-loss exceeding 1 to 2 pounds per week is a fast weight-loss, speaking cosmetically. (This is not meant to negate expert medical opinion recommending even faster weight-loss when deemed necessary for reasons of imminent ill-health.) However, the skin of one who has been quite overweight for some time will have stretched to accommodate the excess poundage, and so any weight-loss exceeding 2 pounds weekly will not permit the skin to regain *all* its elasticity, nor at the same rate of speed, and will inevitably produce these bizarre effects:



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A Poochy 'Pinafore'—that droopy looseness of stretched and now-empty abdominal skin that sways as you walk, prohibiting (or it should) the wearing of jeans and skin-tights (and skimpy-scants *never!*), and which, when your body is nude, makes your 'jewels of the madonna' look like 'the grapes of wrath'. A very slow *one-pound-weekly* reduction will prevent this by giving the skin a chance to retain its elasticity as your weight *gradually* decreases. Or . . .

An 'Unembraceable You'. Fast weight-loss almost immediately shows in sagging tissue of the upper arms, making them look unmuscular, unmasculine and unsexy. Or . . .

Crepey Thighs. Like your upper arms, your inner thighs reflect a too-rapid weight-loss in an excess of wrinkling . . . a sure turn-off. You need firm, skin-tight, muscular thighs so exciting that even the veins get horny . . . creating a picture-frame for your

'pretties' and keeping you kissy around the kazoo!

IMPORTANT!

This fact has not been noted in articles for the layman dealing with cosmetic surgery of the body. If you are moderate-to-much overweight be sure to reduce to *near* the exact poundage medically-approved for your height and bone structure. (We'll get around to that word 'near' in a moment.) Then have your surgeon contour your body by removing any trace of hanging, crepey skin or 'hippiness'.

The actual poundage of surgically-removed skin and excess tissue in itself constitutes a considerable reduction in weight. So if your goal is, say, 150 pounds ultimate bodyweight, reduce slowly scale-wise to 160. The surgeon's snicker-snee will take off the other 10 pounds.

Now if sometime after surgery you decide you want your waist wispier or waspier, your thighs thinner, or both, and begin a *new* reducing diet . . . look out! You'll have to have further surgery to take up the *additional* slack. Once you've achieved a satisfactory body tightening, *don't make waves!* Maintain your weight at a near-constant figure.

No exercise system can 'exercise off' a 'pinafore'. Since it is not muscular it will not respond to exercise. It is just an appendage. We repeat: diet and exercise until you reach a pre-determined poundage. Surgery then will thrill you with the beautiful change it makes in your body.

WHAT DOES IT COST?

Plastic surgery is expensive but too important to shop around for bargains (otherwise you can wind up looking like the Untombed Mummy of Myra Breckenridge). Actually it depends on where you have it done (New York and Los Angeles are highest) . . . the eminence of your surgeon . . . and whether your medical insurance plan covers all or part of it.

Surgery performed specifically for the cosmetic reasons given here is usually not covered by the 'Blues'. But if by reason of disfiguring accident or disease such surgery is prescribed, this can change the picture. Otherwise be prepared to fork over something like this:

For a small *facial lesion*—\$50 to \$150. This is done in the surgeon's office and after a day's mild flirtation with a Band-Aid you're as good as new . . . far better looking . . . and brashly self-confident!

For *rhinoplasty*—\$500 to \$2000, depending on how much 'rhino' or how much 'plasty'.

For correction of a *receding chin*—\$350 to \$500. If done simultaneously with your nose surgery it may be included in the overall charge or charged additionally from \$50 to \$100.

For *ear flattening*. If the thought of going through life looking like a loving cup is depressing, get more love with less 'cup' by having your ears flattened, reduced or reshaped for \$350 to \$700.

For *dermabrasion*—\$500 to \$1000 depending on the extent of the surgery.

For a partial-to-complete *face-lift*—\$750 to \$2000.

For *baggy eyelids* (men of all ages have

'em). If your eyelids sag so deeply you have to hold them up with one hand while groping for greater glories with the other, make cruising a groovy-twoovy for \$500 to \$1000.

For *hair plug grafts*—\$5 to \$25 per plug. However, since up to 1000 plugs may be required (and your scalp may in time reject them!) this is both expensive and quite unnecessary in the light of today's handsome wigs. It's purely a matter of choice, pocketbook, status and/or prestige.

Now to these charges add the cost of any hospital stay. Since only two to four days are usually required, depending on the extent of the operation and your 'healability', this doesn't add more than \$200 to \$400 to the entire bill. Be sure to check with your medical-insurance plan for possible assistance here.

PLASTIC POINTS TO REMEMBER

1) **You can't look younger with an older nose.** As you grow older (often just past 25) your nose drops . . . gets longer. Thus when having any kind of face-lift, however minimal, your surgeon should shorten your nose a bit. Not a whole nose job . . . just enough to take out the droop. As your nose comes up you look younger.

2) **Eyes are a giveaway.** They really give away your age more than any other feature. Young guys have a different look in their eyes. To have a face-lift done without making the eyes look younger is defeating.

3) **If you have very oily skin, or are the so-called 'thick-skin' type, or if you have a short neck, you have other problems to solve surgically.** Thick, olive skin heals with a scar that is somewhat more noticeable than on other types of skin. And because of the amount of fat and the configuration of the shorter neck, not as much tissue can be removed.

These problems aside . . .

HOW DOES ONE CHOOSE A PLASTIC SURGEON?

Your family doctor should be your first consultant. He can check with his *Directory of Medical Specialists*, a compendium of more than 1000 physicians certified as plastic surgeons. Or . . .

The medical society of the county in which you live will supply you with the names of qualified specialists, all of whom have trained for seven years following medical school, and have then passed the most exacting examinations. Or . . .

Inquire at a first-class voluntary (non-profit) hospital whose director may recommend a staff surgeon who performs the particular operation you seek. Many university or teaching hospitals like Johns Hopkins in Baltimore or New York University Medical Center have fabulous plastic surgeons who teach and practice the most modern methods. The Division of Reconstructive Surgery of New York University Medical Center is outstanding. Then there are fine specialized hospitals like the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in New York.

In every large city—and many smaller ones—you will find competent men. Today's plastic surgeon is a true artist who can work miracles. The scalpel in his hand is really the wand of youth.

March/April 1971

Letters

QQ always enjoys hearing from its readers. If there is anything you would like to share with others—your feelings concerning an article, or comments on someplace recently visited, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 400, 255 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless requested.



GAY WORLD POSTAGE

MAIL FRAUD

Dear Editor:

I've just been "taken" by a dishonest company selling gay books by mail. "Once burned, twice wary . . ." but I never learn. It's too bad, too, because honest companies like yours suffer; any guy who has been taken a few times by someone selling gay books, etc., thinks twice before ordering again—from *anyone* else. In fact, I hesitated for months before subscribing to QQ, because I've lost so much money on merchandise ordered and never received. (I'm so glad I finally did subscribe; QQ is great, and I'm happy that a truly honest outfit is at last serving the gay community).

But what about the crooks? What can we do?

Yours truly,
J. B.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Ed: We gay guys have created the gay exploiter, by allowing him to flourish by continually responding to his mail-order ads, and ordering again even after being taken once or twice. He knows he can steal and get away with it because he knows most gay guys will not complain because they do not want to get "involved." Even if you're smart enough to stop after losing money to a certain company you should make an attempt to get your money back, rather than chalk it up to experience. And there are ways you can do this without getting involved with your own post office, etc. Here are some ways to protect

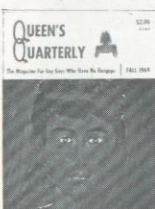
yourself from being taken, and how to retaliate if you are: 1. Avoid ads that appear in fly-by-night publications, especially if they are gay, because such publications are natural vehicles for dishonest advertisers. 2. If a lot of money is involved, before ordering send a general letter of inquiry about the merchandise. A conscientious (and honest) advertiser will usually respond within two weeks, even if by note scribbled across the top of an order blank (this is frequently done by busy people, but even a note is an indication that he cares enough about your business to write). This "test" doesn't always work, but it's better than ordering "blind." 3. If you do order, allow six weeks for delivery. Most companies allow three weeks for checks to clear (there are crooks among buyers, too, whose bad checks can cost an honest merchant a lot of money), and it sometimes takes three weeks for parcel post shipments. If you do not receive the merchandise in six weeks: a) Send a polite letter of inquiry. Wait 10 days. If nothing happens, b) send a letter of warning, informing the advertiser that if he fails to respond within 10 days you will report him to his local postmaster for mail fraud (address: Postmaster, his city, state, and zip code); his local police chief for operating an illegal business (address: Police Chief, his city, state, and zip code); his local Better Business Bureau (address: Better Business Bureau, his city and state); his State Attorney General for using the (Continued on page 42)

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Some of the articles are—SELF-DEFENSE; CRABS; TRAVEL (MOSCOW); APHRODISIACS; WINES; 'TAORMINA' PHOTOS



Vol. 1, No. 4 (Fall 1969)

Some of the articles are—GAY PARTIES; SEX MUSIC; CRUISING BARS; JAPAN; V.D.; WHY STRAIGHT GUYS FEAR GAY GUYS; "HARRY CHES"



Vol. 2, No. 1 (Winter 1969-70)

Some of the articles are—SEX VARIATIONS; GAY BATHS; HUSTLERS; SAN JUAN; MONTREAL; CLOSET QUEENS; "HARRY CHES"



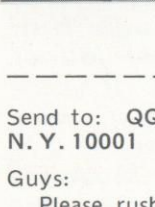
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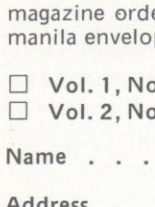
Vol. 2, No. 3 (Summer 1970)

Some of the articles are—MASTURBATION TECHNIQUES; MARIJUANA DURING SEX; GAY LIFE IN THE MILITARY; GAY BEACHES OF THE WORLD; A PORTFOLIO OF COLT DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS; LEATHERWEAR FASHIONS; INCREASING PENIS SIZE; RELIGION AND THE HOMOSEXUAL; SUMMER HAIR CARE; TRAVEL—FIRE ISLAND/SAN FRANCISCO; FICTION; BOOK REVIEW; "HARRY CHES"; EXCITING MODELS; CARTOONS



Vol. 2, No. 4 (Fall 1970)

Some of the articles are—SUPERMARKET SEX; 50 YEARS OF GAY LIFE IN AMERICA; GAY MARRIAGE; MOVIE STARS GAY GUYS LOVE; COMPLETE 'SHAPE UP AND MAKE OUT' SECTION; MR. FIRE ISLAND CONTEST PHOTOS; DRUGS AND PILLS; TRAVEL—QUEBEC/U.S. GAY STREETS; GAY WRITINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE; "HARRY CHES"; EXCITING MODELS; CARTOONS



Vol. 3, No. 1 (January/February 1971)

Some of the articles are—GIANT PICTURE FEATURE ON "MR. GROOVY GUY" AT FIRE ISLAND; CALIFORNIA WINES; MR. EASTERN AMERICA'S EXERCISE ROUTINE; MALE COSMETICS; FASHIONS; BODY LANGUAGE; GAY POETRY; TRAVEL—LOS ANGELES; WHAT TO DO WHEN MOTHER VISITS; "MR. AMERICA" CONTEST PICTURES; FICTION; "HARRY CHES"; CARTOONS; BOOK REVIEW

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

(Continued from page 5)

their love lives and jobs, have less to lose and more to gamble—and it is this group that comprises the bulk of gay liberationists. This age group, largely a product of the sexual revolution, is less uptight about sex and actually considers it less vital than older gays do, perhaps because it is readily available these days (as compared with the somewhat limited activity gays past thirty experienced growing up) and, hence, less stimulating—sexual attraction being greater if it is elusive (the pursuit of sex usually provides as much excitement as the culmination of it, and in populated cities, at least, an abundance of partners has eliminated the "hunt" to a great extent). Moreover, youngsters are generally idealistic because they haven't suffered the knocks of life, as everyone must as one matures. Hence, they are less apt to see the bleak side, and channel their energies in a wholly positive manner—rather than use sex as an "escape" from reality.

These attitudes, as related to age, are more or less reflected in various movement groups. For example, perhaps the youngest and most radical group is the Gay Liberation Front. Members are wholly dedicated to the pursuit of their goals, and many devote their entire time to the movement. Their only loss can be their status in the movement—and so, they pursue their goals with fire and brimstone.

Other groups are more or less a conglomeration of age groups. Mixed in with perhaps overenthusiastic youngsters are stabler gays who have already gotten a start in business. Maturity is thus introduced, and often serves to temper the actions of younger members. Examples of this approach can be found in the various militant activists, discussed by Craig Rodwell in his editorial.

The "old-line" homophile organizations are the product of straight society, and operate within a straight framework. Because such groups were around "way back when" no one else was doing anything, they stood out and won recognition by the general public. Therein lies their influence, for they have weathered time and have conformed according to straight dictate. Hence, they appear to be "sensible" to straights (as compared with the "no nonsense" approach of "new line" groups), who are more apt to listen because demands are more or less in line with straight concepts of gay freedom. This is the main reason younger, more dynamic groups cannot tolerate older gay organizations, and in fact come to blows with them frequently. To youngsters, members of such groups are "Uncle Tom's."

This old-line approach not only dominates the homophile organizations that have been around for many years, but also permeates several gay commercial enterprises, which—because of finances—prefer to stay in line and abide by straight rules. Some gay publications take this approach and preach "sensible advancement" for gays, thereby alienating radicals, but keeping complacent gays and straights on their side.

Unfortunately, several prominent old-line leaders, in order to make a living, have participated in gay commercial enterprises.

QQ

This has the effect of limiting the usefulness of, say, a gay publication, because friendships develop among group leaders and staff and editorial policy is consciously or unconsciously bent to conform to the beliefs of those involved in putting out, say, a gay newspaper. Such publications would be better off presenting all points of view equally, permitting the reader to make up his own mind, rather than dictating a laissez faire or even revolutionary point of view.

Employment of homophile group leaders by commercial publishers of gay materials has another bad effect on the movement: It is unfortunate that some of these men are quite radical concerning sexual practices. Sexual participation is a personal matter, but as a representative of hundreds of organization members, and of homosexuals in general—who are diverse in their sexstyles, it is wrong for a group leader to reveal his particular sexual hangups (e.g., an obsession with dildoes), which inevitably come out in his articles. Any homosexual writer is free to present personal beliefs—much as they are expressed in QQ—but if a man is a representative of homosexuals in general he must place his ego and desire to satisfy it by revealing his personality aside, lest he cast a false image on all homosexuals, by professing to be a "typical example."

In rebuttal, old-line leaders will argue that while they may go astray once in awhile, by not representing the gay norm in their writings, members of the new-line are frequently "hippie types," who are not truly representative of the average homosexual.

To further clarify the difference between the gay liberation groups we have invited Craig Rodwell, a prominent leader in the movement who is not strongly affiliated with any particular group to present his points of view for your consideration.

'BALLESEX'

(Continued from page 6)

not to find room at the top, suggests to many (and certainly to gay guys) at least the hint of an intriguing sexual ambivalence.

But now—in these changing times—when to his great talent, his extravagant good looks, unassailable masculinity and the irresistible sex-appeal of his incomparable body is added the 'hidden persuader' of 'is he or isn't he', it is easy to understand why among his legions of fans he numbers men of all sexual persuasions. In the cinema world Alain Delon is king of his domain.

WHAT THEN OF 'BALLE ROYALTY'?

You will find it regally alive every night in *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty* when such great dancers as Erik Bruhn, Anthony Dowell, Michael Coleman, Richard Cragun, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous and Rudolf Nureyev incarnate Prince Siegfried and Prince Flordmund. True princes, they bring royalty to glowing life in their noble bearing, magnificent physiques and classical features. They have the miraculous gift of drawing us into their realm and permitting us the joy of being in their company.

Yet in the world of ballet, handsomeness of face and figure is not solely the possession of its stars. Here, where beauty reigns, ugliness is vile and every man is handsome.

March/April 1971

If in fact he may not be divinely so, his costume transfigures whatever is amiss.

Tights create the illusion of perfection by concealing minor flaws and correcting imbalances . . . extending linearity to one whose natural physical characteristics may be more peasant than poet, while affording precious verticality to one whose stature is somewhat less impressive than Michelangelo's *David*.

But they do much, much more! The muscular grinding of a dancer's thighs in skintights triggers a throat-clutching emotion so drivingly sex-wild the gay balletomane's eyes are glazedly glued to the compelling charge of churning buttocks and the feral animalism of swelling crotch (although more than one dancer has confessed 'what nature's hexed I stuff with Kleenex'). Emotion swirls like waves of incense so powerful that—to quote Walt Whitman—even 'the scent of his armpits is aroma finer than prayer' (which also suggests that Whitman was often on his knees for more than paternosters).

In this erotic fusion of sheer physical beauty with the stirring *musculo-sexualis* of such perfection in action, the dancer's magnificent body soaring and turning in the air often seems ready to burst into flames, causing one to rationalize that he must be equally pyrotechnical in bed. (He is!)

Unlike the cinema star, or stars in other fields, who are invariably protected, escorted or otherwise insulated from the public, here is no remote idol to be worshipped from afar, but a passionately human individual we intuit as gay and easily identify with, under whose seemingly aloof facade and Spartan control lie 'dark pools and eddies, warm springs and hidden delights'. And so he becomes not only the most desirable, but the most believably attainable lover.

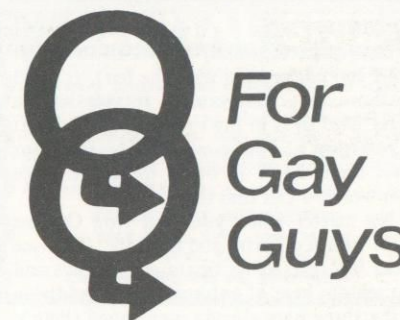
But this 'attainability' is a sometime thing. For instance, if his company is on tour, then his opportunities for *liaisons d'amour* with exciting strangers occur frequently because he is on his own much of the time. If he is appearing in a city of some size he will likely make the local baths his first cruising port of call. Here he really comes into his own sexually. (In one of New York's most famous baths a huge framed photograph of Rudi is a magnet for all eyes!)

While on tour the dancer can also attend the madly gay parties balletomanes love giving for him . . . he can wear his most beautiful clothes, the most fantastic original designs . . . and do all the wackily wonderful things a great dancer like Nureyev dares to do and delights in.

But during the heart of his season the grind of an almost continuous 'class, then rehearsal, then more class, then more rehearsal, then company class and performance' schedule makes it difficult for him to meet other interesting gay guys. This inevitably increases his feeling of loneliness, and because loneliness in the midst of clamor is so crushing he turns to other dancers in his company for an accommodation in sexual rejoicing.

Thus 'balletsex' becomes somewhat inbred and it's a pity, too, because it makes us all losers. But it is especially regrettable that the dancer, who gives so much beauty and excitement to the world, often reaps so little in return.

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THE GAY PLAYBOY

"QQ—For Gay Guys Who Have No Hangups" is being praised by gay guys everywhere. The straight press is calling it the GAY PLAYBOY—for "healthy homosexuals."

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BAYOU BOYS

(Continued from page 15)

late date.

Gay guys especially like Lafitte Guest House (no connection with the bar), at 1003 Bourbon St. Lucky you! if you have a friend who lives in the French Quarter. But if you don't, you're advised to see your travel agent NOW in order to secure space wherever you can find it.

No matter when you visit New Orleans you'll find it colorful and friendly. The vice squad has relaxed its treatment of gays and you seldom hear of entrapment. In addition to the three bars already mentioned (Pete's, The Caverns, and Lafitte's), groovy watering holes include Galley House, The French Bull, The Grog, Alice Brady's, Manny's Den, and the newest, The Upstairs. Drinking age is 18, and most bars never close.

The Canal Street Baths (512 Gravier St.) is open 24 hours a day, and always swings. If outdoor cruising is your bag, try Jackson Square, best during the day, especially on Saturdays and Sundays; the French Quarter, especially Bourbon and Royal Sts. at night; Esplanade St., between Dauphine and Royal Sts.; and the corner of Iberville and Royal Sts., for hustlers. The public john in the French Market used to be great, when partitions between stalls were waist-high, but has declined in recent years, thanks to modernization.

Porno buffs are advised to visit some of the stores listed on Pg. 2 of this magazine, under the Louisiana heading. The Aquarius charges 50 cents admission to browse, but the amount is applied to your purchase.

New Orleans is of course jammed with restaurants. If your budget permits, you will certainly want to dine at Galatoire's, wonderful for crabmeat dishes. Brennan's is outstanding for French Creole, and famous for its breakfasts. Arnaud's serves fabulous shrimp. Antoine's is the most famous of all, and no trip to New Orleans can be complete without stopping there. Commander's Palace is also famous, and excellent.

In gay restaurants, try Erny's (Royal St. near Dumain St.); The Coffee Pot (714 St. Peter St.); and Cafe du Monde Coffee Shop in the French Market for probably the world's best coffee and doughnuts, where everyone goes after a night on the town. A new paperback, "The Underground Gourmet Guide to New Orleans," describes a lot of colorful restaurants which are popular with gay guys. You can pick up a copy at better bookstalls when you arrive.

I won't belabor you with general sight-seeing information, except to say that both the Greater New Orleans Tourist & Convention Commission at 400 Royal St., and the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce, Camp and Gravier Sts., are helpful in furnishing information by mail or in person. Your travel agent is also a good source, in case you desire to ride a river steamer, or make the jazz scene. Frankly, if you cover the gay spots already mentioned and spend most of your time in the French Quarter you'll fill your time nicely.

Regarding clothing, weather in New Orleans during Mardi Gras is unpredictable. It can be damp and cold, or very warm. Take a variety of clothing. Also, comfortable

shoes since you'll be doing a lot of standing and walking. Naturally, you will want to take a costume if you're planning to wear one. Otherwise, casual wear is fine, and a suit if you're planning to visit the better restaurants. Temperatures are pleasant in spring and fall, and tee shirts are comfortable. In summer it is hot and sticky and often unbearable.

Baubles, bangles, and bayou boys at Mardi Gras, or simply bayou boys at any other time of year—the charm of New Orleans will captivate you and call you back again and again.



Don Fitzpatrick (right), who sent us this snapshot, placed 3rd in the 1970 costume competition opposite Lafitte's.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 39)

U. S. mails for fraud and operating an illegal business (address: State Attorney General, capital of his state). Moreover, inform him that you will write to the publisher who ran his ad, thereby causing him possible denial of future advertising space (most honest publishers will comply). Give him 10 days to respond. 4. If he does not respond, carry out your threat. Chances are you will get action before this becomes necessary, because crooks much prefer to make an occasional refund rather than risk possible investigation, etc. If not, perhaps an actual investigation, initiated by your letters to the various authorities, will "inspire" him to send a refund, or the merchandise. And even if you lose your money, you will at least have had the satisfaction of bringing him to the attention of the authorities, and possibly saving someone else a lot of trouble. 5. When ordering merchandise from any company, never send cash. There are dishonest employees in the post office, not to mention those opening mail on the receiving end, and everybody suffers . . . you lose your money and an honest advertiser gets a black eye he doesn't deserve. Moreover, when dealing with any mail-order company, cash—even when received—cannot be "checked out" later on if anything goes wrong, whereas a cancelled check or money-order stub serves as a permanent record of the transaction.

JOCK-STRAPS TURN HIM ON

Dear Editor:

I have for the longest time been "turned on" by jock-straps, even more than by a

naked guy. I mean, jock-straps—period, when they're being worn or even when I see one on a locker room bench or on display in a store window. Whenever I see a jock-strap my heart starts pounding, and I get horny as hell.

Is this unusual or unnatural? What is wrong with me? Will I ever get over my fixation? Please try and answer my questions because I don't dare ask anyone else . . . I'd be too embarrassed.

Sincerely yours,
P. N.
Boston, Mass.

Ed: There is nothing wrong with you. Each of us is a product of his environment, and for whatever unimportant reasons are behind it, at some stage in growing up, an experience involving a jock-strap must have impressed you greatly. Perhaps it was seeing someone especially beautiful and exciting wearing one at school, which aroused deep-rooted homosexual feelings (quite natural feelings, I might add), when you were too young to know what sex was all about. No matter. Obviously, every time you see a jock-strap now, it triggers a response—which is in some way related to the past. It's natural and healthy to be aroused, no matter what triggers excitement. The only bad that can come of it is that a particular thing (in your case, a jock-strap) might become necessary to excite you sexually, and that of course would limit your desire to culminate a relationship with someone if that "essential" part (a jock-strap) were missing. But if you are aroused sexually in the ordinary sense, great; and if he is wearing a jock-strap and that excites you to an even greater extent, wonderful. Frankly, it's nice hearing from someone once in awhile who hasn't "seen it all," or "done it all," and having a minor hangup over a jock-strap is a lot healthier than being jaded because you've "been the route." Don't worry about getting excited every time you see a jock-strap . . . just don't become obsessed with it. Even in this day of "licensed nudity" and sexual freedom, people seem unchanged . . . a little mystery, a little coverup, makes the human body seem even more alluring.



QQ

MATTHEW'S GONE BUTCH

Hi there, George!

And how the fuck are ya today? How is every little big thing? Sure enjoyed your last QQ. Really terrific. Keeps getting better all the time. Also, sort of makes me want to visit Fire Island one of these days.

Had a great time in Hawaii—sex, sex, sex. No, I'm not complaining.

I'm sending you a few snapshots of the NEW ME. I've changed my image . . . maybe you can tell. It's either levi or leather—strictly masculine . . . no more way-out, flamboyant clothes for me!

Luv and piece,
Matthew of Glendale
Glendale, Calif.



Matthew got lei'd in Hawaii.

HUSTLERS NOT WANTED

Dear Editor:

I really dig baths—that is, public baths . . . steam rooms. In fact, I plan all my vacations around baths. Whenever I hear of a groovy one, maybe one that features something special (like 10 year-olds), I'm off like Mary Poppins.

I first learned of the baths in San Juan, Puerto Rico through David Parker's article in your Winter 1969 issue. Couldn't make it last season, though, as I was off checking out chicken in Mexico. Anyway, I subscribe to QQ and as soon as my January-February issue arrived I noticed the baths ad, and got hot for some steam in Old San Juan, so down I flew—and the baths made my vacation perfect.

I'm sure it comes as no news that Puerto Rico is great. Trouble is, while vacationers are groovy, it seems that whenever you meet a local kid he turns out to be a hustler. Almost everywhere I've been that carries over into the steam room; when you go to the baths in a foreign country, you usually have top sex with another vacationer, or end up paying a local hustler,

March/April 1971

who's there on his own, or who is part of the operation. It makes for an expensive evening, to say the least, and "paying for it" is really a turn-off for me.

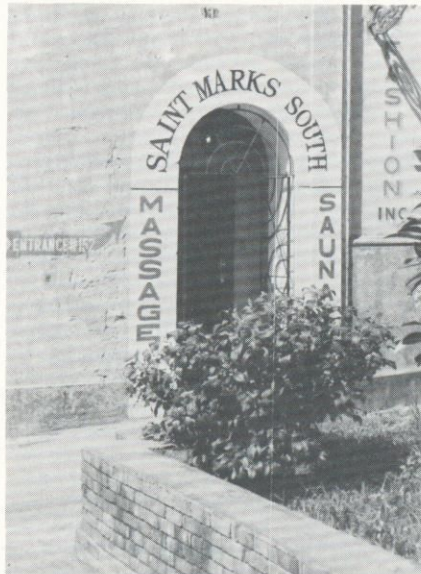
I want all your readers to know that they'll be pleasantly surprised when they visit Saint Marks South in Puerto Rico. I found out that locals check in early in the evening (because they've got to get to work the next day), and as they leave vacationers replace them. So, if you go in for 24 hours, as I do, it's great variety, and it cost me only around \$4 or \$5. I didn't take a private room, which was around \$2 more, because there was enough action in the dorm.

But, what I started to say—the guys who run the place have been building a steady crop of hot-blooded locals who come in strictly for fun. In fact, one night I did take a hustler up with me, and I was asked by the manager to take him out when I left. Hustlers who go up there on their own are turned away . . . it's nice knowing the owners aren't strictly out for the buck.

It's almost impossible to make out in the bars there because of that whole social bit; everyone wants to stay around and dance (except for a handful of sex bars, which aren't that great). I found myself going to the baths early in the evening for some hot Latinos . . . then I'd leave when the bars opened around 10 . . . and a couple hours later, with some bourbon under my belt, I'd go back for seconds.

Anyway, I thought you guys'd like passing this information on, and also I thought you'd appreciate a "check" on one of your advertisers. I'm going down again in February for some of that beautiful sunshine . . . and sauna.

All the best,
R. D.
Washington, D.C.



"NAKED FESTIVAL" RECALLED

Dear Editor:

One of my prized possessions is a copy of the beautiful book, "Naked Festival," thanks to you; I learned of it through David Loo's article in your Fall 1969 QQ. Mr. Loo's praise and the sensual photographs from the book, which you used to illustrate

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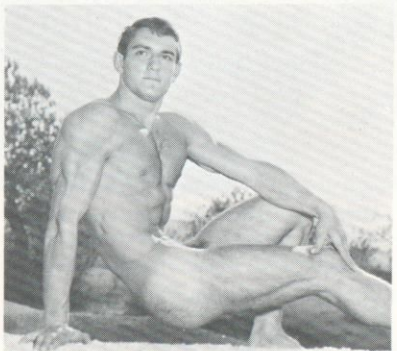
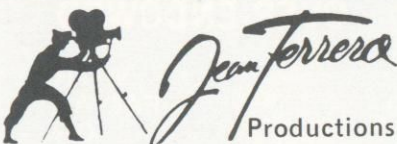
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the text, prompted me to secure a copy. I treasure it.

I wonder how many of your readers realize that Yukio Mishima, who recently committed hara-kiri in Japan as a protest against the country's post-World War II Constitution, which forbids war and imposes limitations on military activity, is the same Mishima who wrote the introduction to "Naked Festival." He was a brilliant writer, often called "Japan's Renaissance Man" and "The Japanese Hemingway."

His death has political overtones, of course, which may or may not strike a pleasant chord with you, but no one can deny that we have lost a most sensitive literary genius.

Sincerely yours,
D. G.
Rome, Italy

Ed: Readers may be interested in a few excerpts concerning Mishima, which appeared in the Dec. 3, 1970 Village Voice, in an article entitled "A Memory of Mishima," by Fabion Bowers: "... Mishima first caught the eye of the faggot contingent in 1945. He was only 20, then quite good-looking . . . One night Truman Capote (he was on his way to Japan to write about Josh Logan's and Jim Michener's "Sayonara" and was cultivating anybody who could give him letters of introduction) and I and others went to a drag striptease place called Club 82, and we sent Mishima a card. He wrote back thanking us for the picture of "such a perverse place." . . . Kabuki was "in," because it was so heroically of the past. And he told me of his one-night stand with a Kabuki actor as being most unsatisfactory, because "it was like sleeping with a woman." He continued his cult of the body, but it turned into Japanese martial arts instead of foreign style barbells and weights as it had begun. He published a book of self pictures, as well as other handsome youths, and called it "Young Samurai" or "Golden Samurai," I forget which. Already you could see Mishima's body sagging, and it must have been hard for him to grow old and lose his looks. He insisted on that crew cut of his, and fancied a hachimaki (head cloth) which, actually, is designed to keep long hair out of your eyes . . . One night Mishima flew over to America just for sex. He came up and had dinner with me and described quite bluntly what he wanted and asked could I steer him to the right place. I should have been the hospitable host and taken him on a tour of the gay bars downtown, but I didn't and didn't want to, and really didn't feel qualified. Maybe I was flat broke or something of the sort. At any rate I took him around the neighborhood, introduced him to anyone we ran into, straight, gay, or in-between. But it was one of those nights. Nothing happened. Nobody around here was interested in "Japan's greatest novelist." Even his meticulously expensive suit and tie didn't impress anyone. Finally, I put him in a taxi and I felt both stupid and remiss that I hadn't helped a friend in need. His need for a white man that night was very great, and his specifications were detailed. Afterward, it flashed into my mind that Mishima was impotent . . . With Mishima's sexual impotence, if it was, there seemed a creative decline, if it was. He stopped writing dramatic stories and began living

them. Surrounded by a bevy of beautiful boys, the pick of the nation's right wing, he played at all the masculine games of beating each other up, competing in eternal sports, leather jackets, and if it weren't so Western, cold showers in the morning. (He did stand naked in the snow after hot baths.) And still he had to make his power felt . . . in art, in politics, as head of an army . . . Later that night Mishima went on the prowl, and in San Francisco he found exactly what he wanted . . . or so he told me next day as I saw him off to Japan at the airport."



From the book, "Naked Festival."

MORE 'MOST PROMISING'

Dear Editor:

I saw your Mr. Fire Island Contest this summer. Loved it.

What ever happened to the guy who won 'Most Promising'? I thought we'd be seeing more pictures of him in QQ after your contest article in the Fall issue. Can we have another picture of Louis Romano?

Thanks,
L. T.
Montreal, Canada



Louis Romano and his bongos.

GUEST EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

violence to these groups because they have come to regard certain aggressive acts performed by a handful as typical.

Militant Activist. Generally included in this group are the Gay Activist Alliance (New York); Chicago Gay Alliance; Metropolitan Community Church (Los Angeles, Miami, Phoenix, Chicago, Honolulu, San Diego, and San Francisco); Homophile Union of Boston; Kalos Society (Hartford); and some of the student groups. Orderly demonstrations, sit-ins, direct confrontations with politicians, etc., are typical examples of how these groups operate.

Social Service. Included in this group are the organizations which primarily deal with the homosexual on an individual basis through social activities, discussion groups, counseling, referrals, etc., such as the Mattachine Society (San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Washington); West Side Discussion Group (New York); Daughters of Bilitis (Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cleveland, Reno, New York); Institute for Social Ethics (Hartford). These groups almost always function within a straight framework of social acceptability.

One of the main issues dividing people in the movement, both intraorganizational and interorganizational, is the question of gay separatism: Should we work towards a separate society for gay people, or should we work to integrate the homosexual into society at large? The leading advocates of separatism are Don Jackson of Berkeley and Craig Schoonmaker of Homosexuals Intransigent (New York). You have surely read of Don Jackson's involvement in getting gay people to take over Alpine County in California. His plan works something like this:

First, about 400 gay men and women will move en masse to Alpine County (located on the California-Nevada border near Lake Tahoe) to establish residence; and after three months' residency they will register to vote. The next step would be to have a recall election to throw out of office all the straight politicians (at present there are only about 300 registered voters in Alpine County) and then elect gay people to all the vacated offices. After the takeover of Alpine County is effected, they would then work to take over the state of Nevada through much the same process, only, of course, involving tens of thousands of gay men and women.

On the east coast, Craig Schoonmaker is working to get gay people to move into already-heavily-gay-populated areas in New York City (Greenwich Village, Manhattan's West 60's and 70's, Brooklyn Heights) and eventually to elect gay congressmen or congresswomen to represent gay people in the national government.

The principal opposition to the gay separatists has come from the social service groups and various gay newspapers; and most of the support, particularly for the takeover of Alpine County, has come from individuals. At this writing, over 500 people have signed up to move into Alpine County in the first wave, scheduled for early 1971. I heard on a TV newscast the other night that already March/April 1971

the County officials have threatened to call out the National Guard to repel the "invasion."

While I personally would not be about to take up roots and move to Alpine County, I can see great good coming out of the effort if it is not dominated and dictated to by the "radical rhetorics." None of us would even be thinking of the idea of gay ghettos if we did not live in a society which legislates against our lifestyle, denies us our self-respect (or, at least it attempts to), denies us employment and justifies murder if the victim is "queer."

Another issue which is stirring up dust in the gay lib movement (as it is in other movements) is whether we, as homosexual men and women, should work within the present system to further our goals or whether we should, to put it bluntly, support the "revolution."

Again, this issue crosses organizational lines except for the social service groups, which are wholly committed to working within the system. While the radical groups describe themselves as revolutionary, many of the individuals in them are, to varying degrees, in favor of working within the system.

It was over this issue of revolution vs. evolution that a number of the militant activist groups were formed as a breakaway from the "revolutionists" in the Gay Liberation Front—e.g., Gay Activists Alliance and Chicago Gay Alliance. Good points on both sides have been won: Through the support of GAA in New York a congresswoman and a N.Y. state assemblyman were elected; and through the pressure of GLFers, Huey Newton issued a statement in support of gay liberation and Castro has apparently relaxed his harsh treatment of homosexuals in Cuba.

My personal opinion is that we as gay people should look to the examples of what has happened in other revolutions around the world. Virtually all of the resulting fascist-communist dictatorships which came to power after revolutions (Cuba, Russia, Algeria, Indonesia, etc.) have resulted in severe and barbarous repression of homosexuals. While, admittedly, we have a long, long way to go in the United States before gay people are granted even the most basic rights, I feel we have no other viable choice, for the time being, at least, but to work within the present system. Of course, if a fascist dictatorship comes in this country, as recently predicted by Billy Graham, I will be the first one to support a revolution as I think most other gay people will. It is no secret that we are not any better liked by the extremists on the right than we are by those on the left. Homosexuals seem to be the only universally-accepted scapegoat for the right and the left; and for that reason, we have much more to gain through peaceful and orderly change.

In spite of the many differences on issues and methods which divide the organizations and people, in general, it is important to remember that our commonality is much greater than the sum total of our differences. All of us, as gay people, suffer from basically the same prejudices, myths, unjust laws and policies. We must strive to join together to demonstrate our solidarity—and in unison win our freedom.

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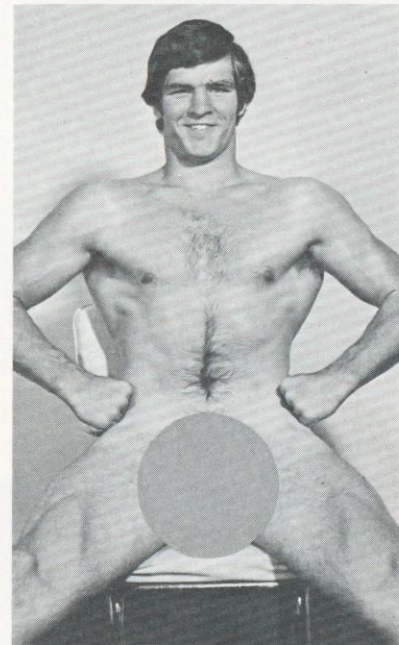
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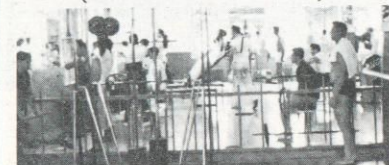
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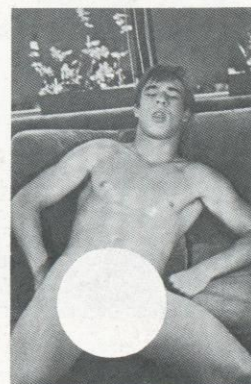
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CIRCUMCISION

(Continued from page 9)

experience. This form of rejection can lead to emotional instability on the part of the uncircumcised person. A third advantage is appearance. While those who prefer the uncircumcised phallus will argue that the penis is beautiful in its natural state, too much foreskin can make the penis ugly. In its absence a penis can take on a new attractiveness if it is well-formed to begin with.

Are there any disadvantages of circumcision?

Yes. Sensitivity is sometimes lost in the glans penis ("head"). Also, a bad circumcision can result in a "butchered look."

What is the main advantage of being uncircumcised?

Greater sensitivity in the glans penis ("head"). If it is well-formed and there is not too much foreskin, the "uncut" phallus can be much more attractive in its natural state, compared with the circumcised variety.

I am not concerned with appearance, as my penis is well-formed. However, my foreskin is tight and it is difficult to keep clean. I am past age 20. Is it advisable to be circumcised?

Sometimes circumcision isn't necessary to correct a tight foreskin; a simple "slit" in the prepuce, which can be

performed in a doctor's office, will usually correct the condition. If circumcision is the best solution, however (you can decide after consulting your doctor), by all means, have it done. A tight foreskin is unsanitary and unsightly.

How late in life can circumcision be done?

Moses had it done at age 99.

Can circumcision be done successfully in adults, say, past age 20?

Certainly. After it has healed its redness will disappear and it will look as if it was done at birth. A good surgeon should be chosen, however; sloppy work is possible if you place yourself in the hands of an unskilled man.

Will I lose a lot of sensitivity by being circumcised?

A little. Not enough to matter.

Can a circumcision be performed in a doctor's office?

Yes, but it is usually performed at a hospital, where greater facilities are available (should you bleed excessively, etc.).

How long does it take to be circumcised?

The actual operation can be done in minutes. You will probably have to be hospitalized 3 days. A week or two later the stitches will be removed (in the doctor's office), and in a month you can resume normal sexual activity, exercising a little caution at first.



"My God, Man, why didn't you say you had a hangup before we left the bar!"

QQ

How much does a circumcision cost?
It depends on the doctor. Average fee is \$50, plus hospitalization. It can be done for less if you report to a city hospital, but choice of surgeons will not be yours.

I like being uncircumcised. I believe the uncircumcised phallus is more attractive, and more sensitive. But I live in New York, where the Jewish influence is strong, and it seems that most fellows I meet are circumcised. I feel different, and I'm self-conscious in public locker rooms, etc. What should I do?

If you are experiencing mental anguish, then have yourself circumcised; it will improve your personality. If not, concentrate on the positive aspects of being uncircumcised in order to overcome insecurity and feelings of inferiority.

In describing the natural phallus, 'uncircumcised' sounds so clinical. Isn't there another expression I can use . . . in bed?

Yes. "Roman Roll"—an expression coined by a QQ staff member many years ago, and which has at least caught on in his circle of uncut buddies (which he definitely prefers). It acknowledges that most Italians are uncircumcised, hence, "Roman"—and "Roll" from the natural motion of the foreskin. An explicit term which at once makes its point, it can be said in polite society, and it's only a matter of time before Webster adopts it, we feel certain.



March/April 1971

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Cruising by Gerald Walker (Stein and Day, \$5.95) deals with a weirdo who freaks out stabbing numbers, hacking off their endowments, and police efforts, personified by a cute rookie decoy, to catch him.

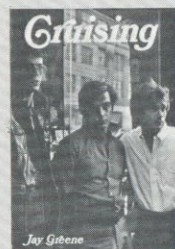
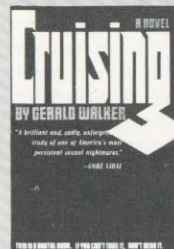
The creep, Stuart Richards, has a background full of clues; e.g., a broken family, explaining how he got that way. Suspense is generated by the fact that Stuart's condition is getting worse.

The cop, John Lynch, is not overjoyed with his new assignment, at first, but he gets with it. His past had its share of heart-breaks, too.

The cop's boss, Captain Edelson, rounds out the cast: he is professionally on the skids. With this case he can save his career. Oh, wow, One's interest (not for one second prurient) is gently held by this trio, about the way a fly on the ceiling commands your attention on a hot morning. You vaguely wonder if the telegraphed surprise-ending happens as you think it will. It does.

The writing is preciously play-on-wordy to set an oh-so-cleverly-gay tone: "Staten Island fairy." "Thwick-hello, blade, and good-bye fag. Push-button magic. They should call it a swish-blade." Ad nauseam.

BOOK REVIEW



The story even has a moral: queers deserve what they get.

O.K., so Gerald Walker's first novel is an anti-gay, third-rate Jack-the-Ripper imitation, hoked up by being written in a fake gay idiom. The question now is, Why?

To obtain sexual attention; i.e., more money?

To pave the path to Hollywood as a gay exploiter?

To remove any doubts about the author's hangups?

It must be one or both of the first two. Mr. Walker is definitely 100% straight: every one of his

homosexual characters is crude, witless, and generally loathesome. (As in real life, Mr. Walker?) Besides, the dust jacket says he lives with his wife and son. Tough.

Save your six bucks and consider: *Cruising* by Jay Greene (Midwood, \$1.95), a new paperback by a veteran gay underground writer. This *Cruising* looks like a trashie, but you know the old saying about books and their covers. Mr. Greene's characters are honestly drawn; they are all humanly good and bad. His story has an exciting plot; it is dramatically taut. It makes no attempt at phony moralizing, but it is gay. It is really gay, with gut problems of gay love, jealousy, humor, fear, straight put-downs, and lots of good healthy gay sex.

It is not terribly profound, but it doesn't try to be.

Thought-provoking, yes; dull, no. Entertaining? Hell, yes!

The fact that *Cruising* is the title of both books may work as an advantage for Mr. Walker. It won't, however, if you'll remember the good one is a paperback (with three droozy types on the cover), and the bad one is a hard-cover (the only thing hard about it) and it costs too much.

— Orlando Paris

LAST CALL (Continued from page 54)

has put a flagrantly unfair stigma on homosexuality. This, quite naturally, bugs many gay guys, particularly more mature ones who came out before the whole New Morality philosophy with its do-your-own-thing credo made Gay Power a badge to wear with honor. As these men get older, they may begin to feel that gay life is passing them by.

They start hitting the bottle to drown their sorrows. Whatever hangups they may have about homosexuality are compounded tenfold by the stigma of being a dependent drinker or, eventually, an out-and-out alcoholic.

How many gay guys become alcoholics?

Experts say that about two-thirds of the nation's adult population drinks and approximately one in every 13 drinkers is afflicted with alcoholism. Time magazine, using Kinsey's statistics, last year estimated that there are 2,600,000 men in America who are exclusively homosexual. Using those figures, one comes up with the estimate that there are around 135,000 exclusively homosexual men who are alcoholics.

That's undoubtedly a very conservative estimate because more than two-thirds of the homosexual population probably drinks.

Hoffman, for example, tried to estimate the number of patrons in San Francisco gay bars on any Saturday night between midnight and 1 a.m. His estimate, made in 1968 when, he says, there were 40 gay bars in the city, was approximately 6,000. There now are closer to 60 gay bars in San Francisco.

Another reason the 135,000 figure is too low is because Time was talking only about Kinsey's category of "exclusive" homosexuals (four per cent of the adult male population), whereas Kinsey also estimated that fully 10 per cent of American men have long periods of more or less exclusive homosexuality. Some researchers even consider Kinsey's 10 per cent figure too low because his study is 22 years old. The Times article suggested the figures might be inflated, but also noted a National Institute of Mental Health estimate that between three and four million Americans are predominantly homosexual.

Statistics on both homosexuality and alcoholism may be vague, but even a figure like 135,000 gay alcoholics represents a frightful loss. On a personal level, the problem is as real and specific as the DT's.

Oddly enough, as much as gay guys drink, and as long as alcohol has been around, there persists a number of myths about drinking. It's time now to cut through the boozy fog of some of these mistaken ideas and shed some light on alcoholism. Knowing the warning signs could be a matter of life and death to you or someone you know who drinks too much.

For example, alcohol sometimes is regarded as an aphrodisiac. It is not. Technically, alcohol is a sedative and, in sufficient quantities, is an anesthetic.

Cruising a gay bar, one might assume that if you get a potential trick all liquored up, he will succumb to anything you might March/April 1971

want to do in bed. This is because alcohol does indeed release inhibitions, but by the time you get your friend home, chances are he'll just conk out. The only thing you'll have to show for it in the morning is a hangover and an unused tube of KY.

Another myth is that if you just stick to beer or wine you won't become an alcoholic. It is true that the beer-drinker is less likely to become alcoholic, but that's simply because it takes so much beer to get one drunk. Despite this, many alcoholics drink only beer, and "winos" generally drink wine fortified with spirits. Merely sipping wine at the dinner table is not likely to make one an alcoholic.

Young drinkers sometimes have the idea that an ability to drink more than other people is a sign of virility. Heaven knows, gay guys are interested in virility, but the fact is that a capacity to drink more than their friends is an abnormal reaction to alcohol. Arrested alcoholics have testified that they always did drink more than anyone else and that their troubles started right there.

If you are a social drinker who has, say, two or three cocktails every night, you may or may not be on the road to alcoholism. There is no precise border between merely occasional or moderate drinking and alcoholism. It varies considerably with the individual and his social group. The question is whether you *have* to have those two or three drinks every night. If so, you might be classified a dependent drinker, and it is from this group that alcoholics emerge.

The difference between heavy drinking and alcoholic drinking is loss of control. The alcoholic consistently drinks more than he planned to; he gets drunk at the wrong time in the wrong place. He gulps them down in the mistaken belief that he can consume more than others.

Early symptoms of alcoholism are a need to drink and the idea that liquor enhances one's self confidence. Drinks are always brought along for outings; plenty of time for drinking is allotted before dinner; a raise, a promotion or simply Thank God It's Friday are all reasons for breaking out the booze.

In these early stages the drinker shows no more than typical symptoms of drunken behavior—he rarely gets sick, rarely has blackouts where he walks and talks but has no memory of it afterwards. This stage lasts, with individual variations, for about 10 years.

In the middle stage, the drinker consumes more and shows it more often. Hangovers become acute, blackouts are frequent, drinking is constantly on his mind. The fact that something is terribly wrong is now obvious to almost anyone who knows him well. The middle stage may last two to five years, depending on circumstances.

The last stage is what everyone thinks an alcoholic is. The drinker is a slob and knows it and doesn't care. He cannot function without liquor and lives only to drink. He also drinks only to live.

Alcoholism is a progressive disease for which there is no cure. It moves inexorably from good to bad to worse. Nothing can stop it except stopping drinking. Then alcoholism becomes arrested, just as in

(Continued on page 52)

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THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

The man in buckskin was handsome and stalwart and so was the young Cheyenne Indian he faced. The two had met in a desolate canyon to parley, but there wasn't much talk between them. Their eyes said all that was needed. They went behind a boulder, the buckskin and the breechclout came off, and the white man mounted the Cheyenne. It was a beautiful experience.

The white man was an Indian fighter as well as an Indian lover, but he loved white men as well. Previously, as a spy for the Union, he had used his wonderful face and body to great advantage in espionage. Many a loving and lustful Confederate had gone to bed with him and a few had even guessed he was a spy, but they hadn't given him away, even for the Cause. He was simply too great a lover.

After the Civil War he was employed as an Army scout, along with Buffalo Bill Cody, who was not his lover but was certainly his friend. In later years he was a star in Cody's Wild West Show, and as great a marksman as the buffalo

WILD BILL HICKOK

hunter himself. He was the lover of many as the show toured, and no one that his mouth touched was ever quite the same again.

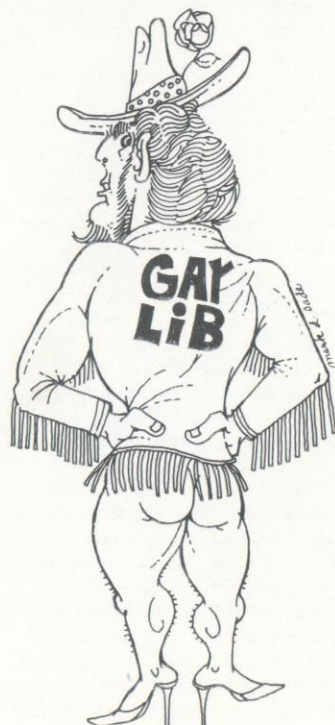
His restless soul and his superb marksmanship kept taking him back out West, where he served as a marshal on several occasions and gunned down many an outlaw. In 1876 his lust for new adventure took him to the Black Hills of Dakota, where gold had been discovered. He discovered none himself, but he found a handsome miner who was his faithful lover for a spell.

He went to a place named Deadwood where he met Martha "Calamity Jane" Canary. History has them as lovers, but they were really only great friends, for Calamity was a lesbian. Still, she thought so much of him that she asked to be buried beside him, and was, when she died in 1903.

He had been dead a long time by then, shot in the back in 1876 by a man whose name has gone down in ignominy—Jack McCall.

Who was he?

He was Wild Bill Hickok.

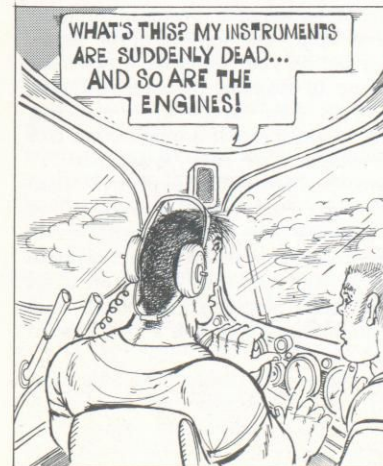
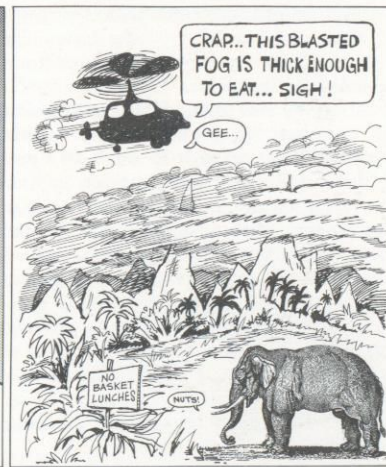
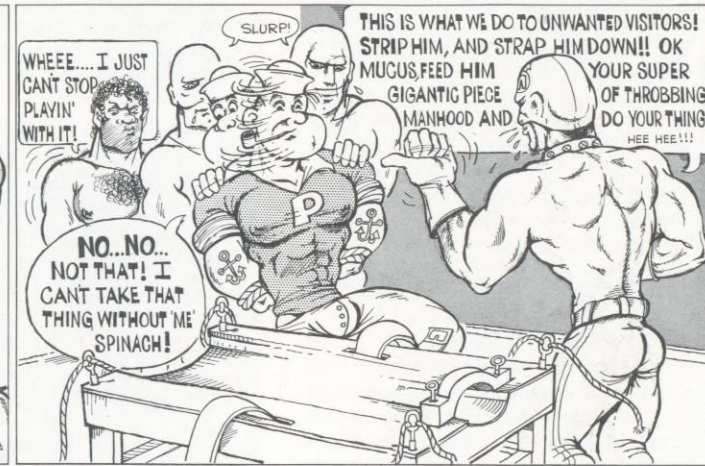
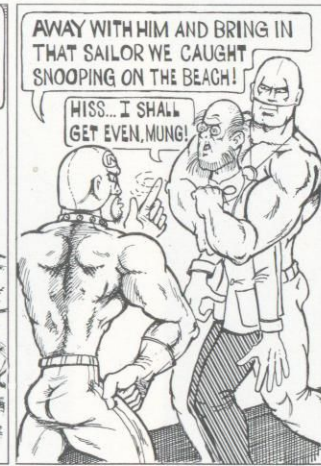
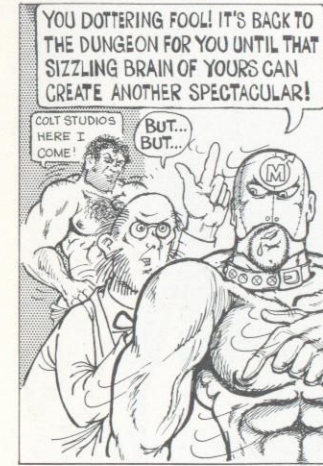
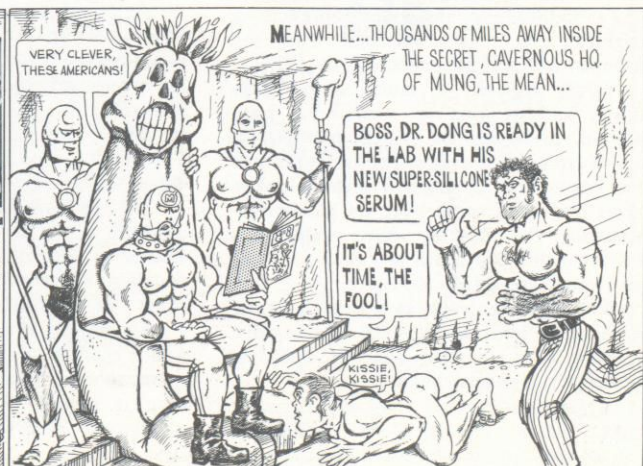
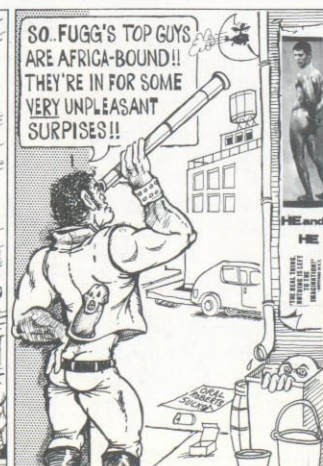
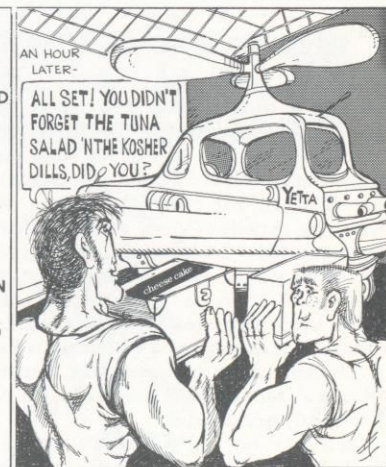
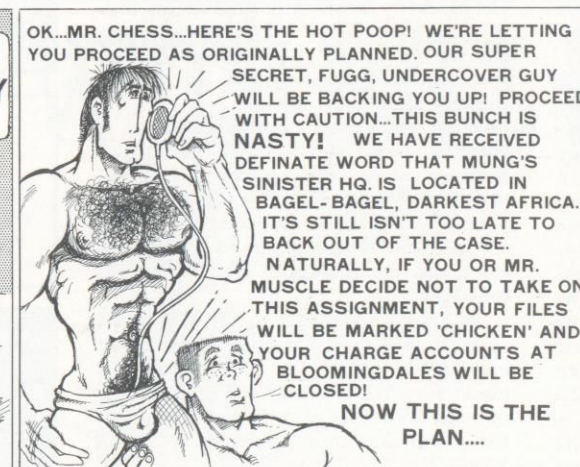
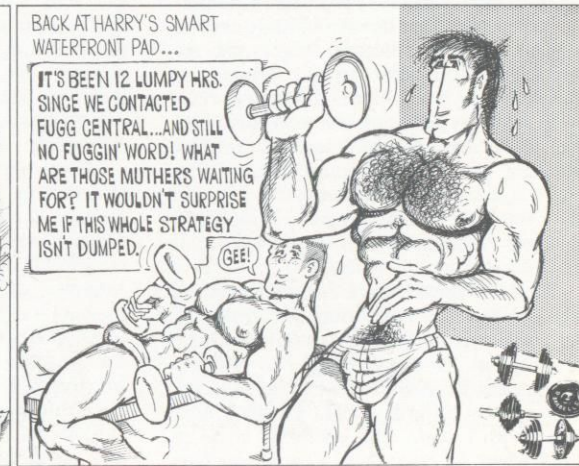
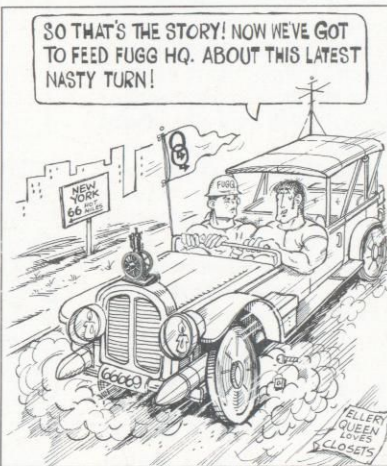
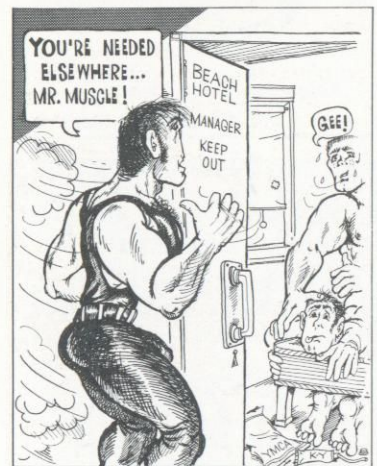
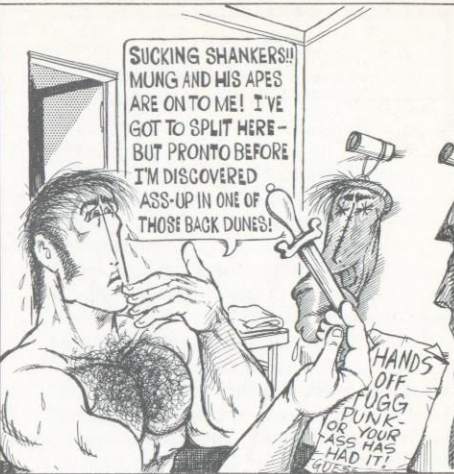


MAD 'N MUCKY The Super Adventures of Harry Chess!

THERE'S NOTHING
I LUV MORE THAN
HARRY... 'N A HE-MAN
SIZE VIBRATOR!



AS YOU DOUBTLESS REMEMBER FROM OUR LAST, PULSATING EPISODE... OUR AGE, FUGG AGENT HARRY CHESSE AND HIS SWEATY SIDE-KICK, MICKEY MUSCLE WERE OFF AND RUFFING AGAIN! AFTER RECEIVING AN ANXIOUS CONTACT FROM THE TOP, OUR TWO HEROES HEADED FOR THAT DAZZLING WATERING-HOLE... GERRY GROOVE! WHILE MICKEY'S BREATH-TAKING, GLISTENING PHYSIQUE SPELLBOUND A CAPACITY AUDIENCE AT THE SMART MR. FIRE IS. SHOW, HARRY SLIPPED OFF FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM FUGG CENTRAL. IT WAS THE FUN-FILLED 'ELECTRIC CIRCUMCISION SAUNA' THAT HARRY GOT THE WORD: A MYSTERIOUS BADDIE... MUNG, THE MEAN 'N HIS GUYS KNOWN AS THE PAISLY PANZERS WERE ABOUT TO DESTROY THE PEACEFUL GAY LIB MOVEMENT BY TERRIBLY EROTIC MEANS! QUICKLY, HARRY DASHED BACK TO HIS LOCKER TO DON HIS HOT LEATHER JUMP-SUIT. BUT AS HE UNLOCKED HIS LOCKER ROOM DOOR... A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETED HARRY'S EYES!! A HUGE DEADLY DILDOE (A PAISLY PANZER FUN SOUVENIR) CARVED WITH HIS LIKENESS WAS DANGLING FROM A PEG WITH A BLUNT WARNING.....



(Continued from page 49)

diabetes. A cure would mean that alcoholics could subsequently drink normally. But alcoholics cannot; even the smallest amount of liquor can trigger the disease into becoming active again.

If you have a friend who is a dependent drinker, one practical step is to stop accepting his alibis. Alcoholics are great at making up excuses to disguise the fact that they are different from other drinkers. In severe cases, of course, the best thing to do is get professional treatment for your friend. Nagging won't do it.

Psychologists, public health clinics, group therapy, psychotherapy, Alcoholics Anonymous—all are resources. But first the drinker has to stop drinking.

The old Jack Lemmon movie, "Days of Wine and Roses," portrayed the heartbreak of a couple who started as moderate drinkers and then became alcoholics. In the end, his disease was arrested; hers was not. The same movie could have been made of dozens of gay guys whose lovers have left them because of their drinking. It is a painful, pitiful situation for those who destroy themselves through alcoholism, and thus deprive themselves and the rest of us of just a little more love.

GIBSON BOY

(Continued from page 17)

that drama of contrast that is basic to all good photography—especially commercial photography. When your face has the bones that make the angles that make the curves the photographer can work effectively, without fuss, and quickly . . . the latter being most important in view of the high hourly modeling fee involved.

Also, it's one thing to be good-looking but quite another to be *too* good-looking. The idea of modeling is to show off a product or an idea at *its* best, not *you* at *yours*. If your excessive handsomeness 'upstages' the product then you sell little for your client and your modeling days may be numbered. It is better to have a pleasant face, with good bones, but which is *forgettably* interesting, than one so strikingly handsome it seems to suffer from over-exposure even when seen but once or twice! You want to be called and re-called as a model. 'Handsome Harrys' are not around for long.

And if you have been thinking about plastic surgery to give you an 'in' face, think again. The faces most models seem to have in unison one year may be totally out of fashion the next. Models change with the changing styles, so if your face is dishearteningly absent from *Esquire*, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, *The New York Times* or Channel 2 (or 4, 5, 6 or 7) this year, it may be excitingly present in 1972.

DO YOU HAVE A GOOD BUILD?

Good . . . not super-great, we mean. You don't have to be a Steve Reeves to make it big in modeling. In fact Steve might have it tough. Why? Because in this instance his *physique* would dominate. Photography enlarges life, so if your build is on the more massively-muscular side you should trim down or you will photograph too heroically,

like a carving on Mount Rushmore. Ideally your modeling statistics should read like these:

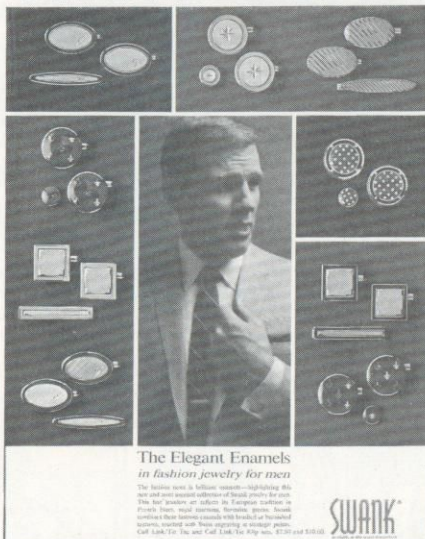
Height, 5'11" to 6'1"

Weight, 150 to 165

Jacket Size, 39 to 41 (some agencies prefer not more than 40)

Waist, 30 to 33 (with some insisting on not more than 32)

Inseam, 31 to 33



The Elegant Enamels in fashion jewelry for men

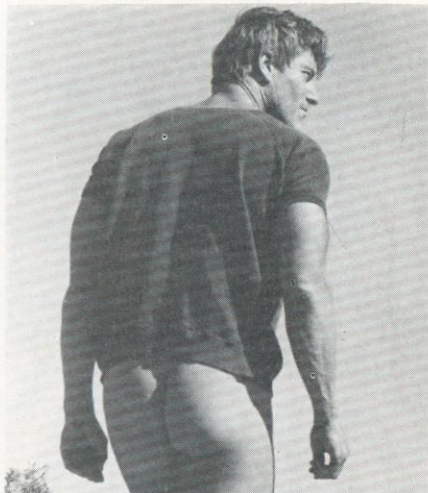
The Enamels are in fashion jewelry for men. They are made of solid gold, silver, or platinum. They are available in a variety of designs, including watches, rings, and pendants. They are also available in a variety of colors, including white, yellow, and rose gold.

SWANK

Bob Hover is an example of a rarity—a male model who got to the top by starting out as beefcake. His rise to fame is discussed in "Gibson Boy." Top: A Togof photo taken about 15 years ago which has appeared in numerous *physique* magazines. Exposure led to legitimate modeling assignments. Center: One of Bob's first jobs, for a lesser-known cigarette company. Bottom: Today Hover's face is familiar to buyers everywhere.

It is axiomatic that the male model should appear taller than the female. A *grotesquerie* occurs when the situation is reversed . . . one of those nebulous impressions mentioned earlier. A female model is chosen initially for her height . . . add to this her clunky, orthopedic or high-heeled shoes and the verticality is extended to the point where she photographically 'subdues' the male. Hence any male model who does not rise to the near 6-foot standard should wear elevator shoes. Of course shorter models are occasionally used for special projects, but 'occasionally' is too 'iffy' when you're trying to make it as a model. Among other important considerations is . . .

the photographer can work effectively, without fuss, and quickly . . . the latter being



John Iverson mixes modeling with acting. He co-starred in "Song of the Loon." (Colt)

YOUR ADAPTABILITY

You must have more than a good face and a good body working for you. You must also have a gutsy energy and bouncing-ball drive that carry you valiantly over long hours of often grueling work. You must not become fretful and uncooperative when asked to repeat a pose many times simply because your female colleague has proved to be the absolute bitch you thought she'd be. And you must go fluidly from pose to pose, being always attentive to the photographer's instruction, realizing that he seeks only to produce the best possible picture.

You will also spend a good deal of your earnings on health studios, saunas and Jacuzzi's, not to mention overhead sunlamp rooms, to keep your body in tiptop condition . . . and on your wardrobe which must be kept up to ultradate (because you must furnish your own except when modeling fashions, in which case it is supplied *pro tem* by the manufacturer, shop or designer) . . . on good (and therefore expensive) hair-stylists who must create a personalized design that not only flatters you but serves your special needs so that it is 'mod' without being 'too', and relates to the requirements of many varied modeling assignments with just a minor change or two at the time of shooting.

You will need a comfortable apartment (rest is essential) within easy commuting distance of your assignments. Since these usually take place in the midtown area you

QQ

should be prepared to pay a somewhat higher rental. Add to this your telephone answering service (without which you would lose valuable appointments) and you will see how important it is to work often, with the very best agencies, and for the highest possible fees.

WHAT DOES A MODEL EARN?

Top models who represent themselves (and you must be very well known to do this) set their own fees, but the going rate for agency models is \$50 an hour. However, if you are sent out of town 'on location' the rates zoom, and your expenses, including to-and-from transportation, are paid.

If you make the TV commercial scene your pay is high to the point of being astronomical. The Screen Actors Guild sets a current scale of \$136 per eight-hour day of shooting. Already you've figured that this is far less than \$50 per hour. But when the commercial you've appeared in is televised for the usual 13-week cycle, depending on how many times it is shown per day, per week or per cycle . . . and on how many other stations it appears on throughout the country . . . you receive additional or 'residual' fees which can add up to several thousand dollars . . . and isn't that nice! The beauty of this is that you can continue modeling as much as you like (or can) while picking plums off the commercial Christmas tree for just 'doing nothing'!

HOW DO YOU CONNECT WITH A MODEL AGENCY?

Several years ago a young Marine named Bob Hover was just about to conclude his tour of duty. While on leave he walked into Abe Goldberg's famous gym on New York's Lower East Side and peeled off his uniform for a workout. He never finished the first set of the first exercise because a canny young photographer—well known to readers of *The Young Physique* as Togof (a scrambling of 'fotog')—took one look at Bob's six-foot, lithely-muscular body . . . his Dutch blond hair . . . his pleasantly handsome face with well-defined bone structure . . . noted the easy grace of his walk and his sunny smile . . . and had him before his camera in almost less time than it takes to tell this.

While interested primarily in physique shots, Togof took time to do several which would appeal particularly to a model agency. Quickly developing them he said to Bob, "Come on, let's go . . . I want John Harkrider to look you over." At that time Harkrider had a very popular and successful agency, the 'in' agency of its time, and so a short subway ride later found Bob and Togof striding through the agency door.

But before they'd had time to introduce themselves and state their business the excited secretary buzzed the Harkrider bell so frantically the great man came almost spinning out. When he saw the reason for her agitation he said, "Young man, come into my office. I have a wonderful assignment for you right now . . . can you make it?" And so, almost quicker than lightning, began a fabulous modeling career that has continued for more than fifteen years . . . a career that embraces not only photographic assignments but films and much TV, and it's safe to say the clothes designer doesn't exist who has not at some time used the March/April 1971

famous Hover face and physique . . . not to mention manufacturers of cigarettes and countless—literally countless—other products. And his photographer—Togof, who is now the famous Mel Sokolsky—lights up *Harper's Bazaar* and other glamor magazines with his peerless color artistry.

But it's not done that way anymore. Rarely does anything so impromptu occur. Today it's done with portfolios, composites, and appointments . . . with an assist from the postman.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON

SAY



"Boy who do trick not always magician!"

Your portfolio should be a handsome leather case with plastic 'windows' containing the very finest photographs of yourself, which—when shown to an agency, client, photographer or other commercial contact—tell him instantly how you look in street clothes, casual wear, swimwear and underwear, as well as in various 'situations' from the casual to the dramatic (especially needed when auditioning for anything TV).

These photographs should be made by the finest cameraman you can afford; they can destroy your chances if not. Do not accept the advice of ads offering bargain prices for such work. In such an event your photographs will be quickie rush jobs without even a modicum of artistic presentation. If they look cheaply produced you may be sure an agency will regard you as doubtful. Here, more than at any other

time, you must put on a good front. Such a portfolio of good photographs may run to several hundred dollars, but regard it as a wise investment and do not attempt to economize. If anything, *splurge*!

Your composite is a *printed* record of what you look like and do. It can be just a one-page affair with just one picture, or a more elaborate creation of several pages (most are) showing essentially what your portfolio pictures do. In addition, some pertinent information should be included:

Height/weight

Color of hair/eyes/complexion

Your suit/glove/shoe size

Your waist/inseam measurements

The age group with which you facially identify. Thus if you are 25 but look facially 21 (and gay guys always look far younger than their calendar years, for some happy reason!), that's the age group with which you identify. No need to quote calendar age, this being photographically irrelevant. (Also, if you look older than your years, that, too, is the age group with which you identify).

The name of the agency representing you.

And (especially for TV) any 'credits' you wish to enumerate (where you've worked, with whom, what directors, and what types of things you've done).

Your composite should also have the benefit of expert photographic fidelity . . . each photograph should print sharp and clear on quality glossy paper. It is then sent by your agency to whatever clients they believe would be most interested. The finest photographers, the best printers of composites, and the best model agencies are listed in the *Madison Avenue Handbook*, that bible of the profession, which you can get from bookstores and quality newsstands in New York (Gottfried Brothers, 600 Madison Avenue, is a good one), or by writing to Peter Glenn Publications, 145 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. The price is \$6.95 plus 30¢ postage. This handbook has listings for major U.S. cities, as well as Mexico and Canada, but is strongest on the New York scene.

Deal only with reputable people, not just from the standpoint of modeling, but in the professions related to it. Otherwise you may suffer financially, artistically, and possibly in many degrading ways. Avoid advertisements like these which appear in various underground newspapers:

Professional model agency needs good-looking men for strictly legitimate photography.

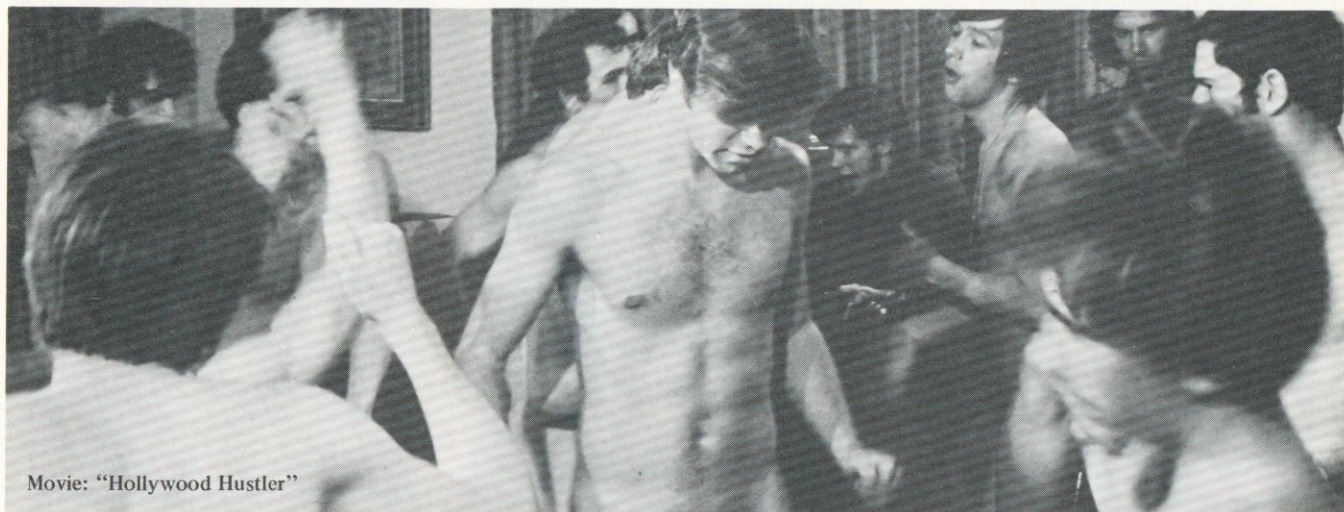
Translation: 'Legitimacy' being pre-supposed, what he really means is pornography. Or . . .

Need suntanned, handsome Southern California bodybuilder-type model not over 24. Top fee paid.

Translation: Dirty Old Man wants cut trick for a \$20 lay in the hay.

Once hooked into something like this the word gets around or your 'legitimate' pictures do. A reputable agency is always on guard about things like this so when you later trip lightly in with your portfolio you can trip as lightly out again . . . you'll never make it past the receptionist's desk!

LAST CALL



Movie: "Hollywood Hustler"

ALCOHOLISM ON THE GAY SCENE

BY ALAN HENNING, PH.D.

THE New York Times recently reported that young people are shunning alcohol in favor of pot. One tavern owner was quoted as saying he always could tell when a new supply of marijuana had arrived in town because his college-age business dropped. At gay bars in larger cities you now see some customers sipping Cokes or 7-Up because they are there merely to cruise; they've already gotten high at home on grass.

Yet, sociologists claim that homosexuals as a group are likely to become alcoholics. So does that mean you should go on the wagon? Hell no! A dry martini tastes good after work, a cold beer when you've been cruising the beach, a Bloody Mary at a Sunday brunch. No Carrie Nations at QQ chopping up saloons! (And if drag were our bag, it wouldn't be turn-of-the-century black bonnets.)

Sociologists specializing in sub-cultures tell us alcoholism is highest among homosexuals (and lowest among Jews and Orientals). Two theories have been advanced to explain why:

First, gay bars are such a big part of gay life.

In his book, "The Gay World," Martin Hoffman writes: "The gay bar plays a central role in the life of very many homosexuals—one which is much more important than the role played by straight bars in the life of all but a few heterosexuals.

"This is connected intimately with the use of the gay bar as a sexual marketplace and, of course, with the fact that homosexuals, as homosexuals, have really no place else where they can congregate without disclosing to the straight world that they are homosexuals."

Gay guys never set off on vacation without taking a

guide to gay bars with them. In medium-sized cities, all you really need is the name of one gay bar; inquiries there provide the names of others. These guides illustrate just how important bars are to us. In a strange city, the bar can become an entrance to a whole new circle of friends. Even if you're only looking for a one-night stand, the bar is the most efficient, safest place in which to make contact. Saturday nights at the bar become the highlight of the week's social activities.

Always it's the bar, the bar, the bar. And you don't walk in and order a glass of milk; it's a beer, a martini, a gin and tonic and then another and another. It's almost mandatory that while you're socializing with your schwesters or cruising that good-looking stranger, you hold a glass or a bottle in your hand.

And you drink from it.

And that, without moderation, can lead to alcoholism.

A second theory as to why homosexuals as a group are more likely to become alcoholics is linked with the very nature of homosexuality itself. This is the controversial notion that among both alcoholics and homosexuals there are propensities towards compulsive behavior.

QQ certainly doesn't subscribe to a "Boys in the Band" idea that, "Oh my God, we're all so sick, sick, sick!" Still, the dreary fact remains that America has a long way to go before being gay is as socially acceptable as, for example, being a Presbyterian, an accountant or a suburban homeowner. A Harris Poll a year ago reported that 63 per cent of those interviewed consider homosexuals "harmful to American life."

Society, in other words,

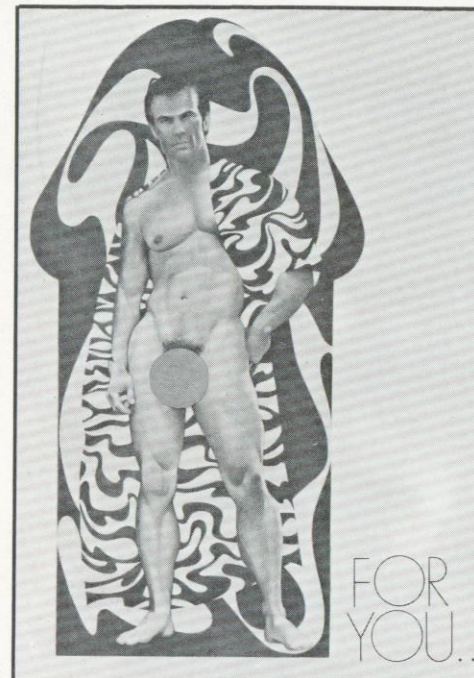
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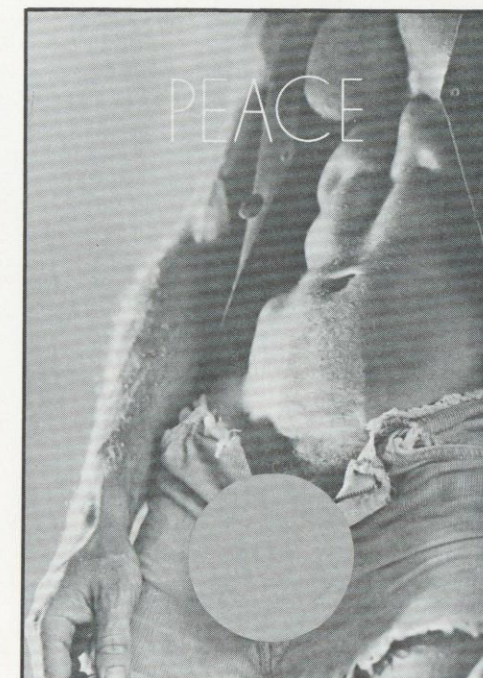
COLT

ALL-PURPOSE GREETING CARDS

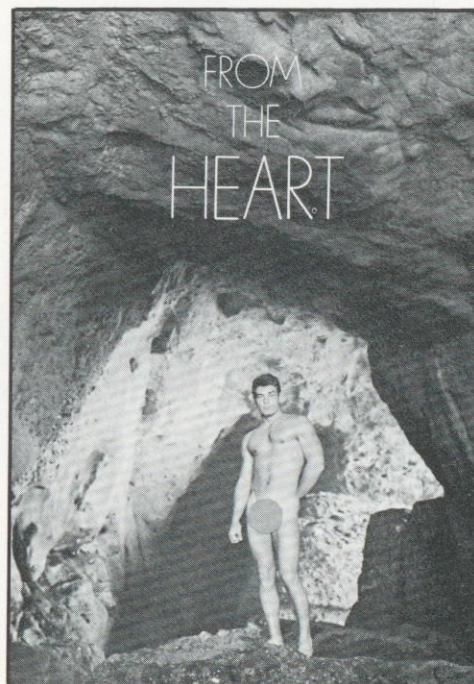
THE COLT STUDIO Box 187-A Village Station New York City 10014



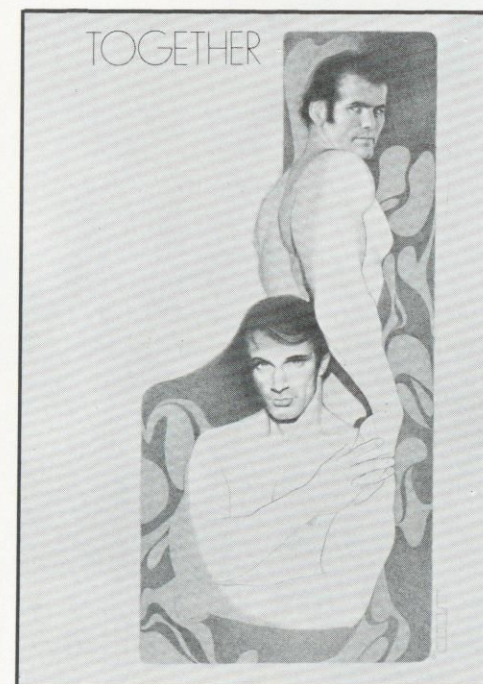
CD-1



CD-2



CD-3



CD-4

COLT quality enters the greeting card field! Happily, now you'll be able to share the Colt experience with your friends—and reflect your good taste at the same time. These beautiful cards are printed on extra glossy stock with a single message on the front (see examples above). The inside is completely plain, awaiting your own personal greeting. Be among the first to send these handsome expressions of the masculine image. Nudes (covered here for advertising purposes). State you are 21 or older.

20 deluxe 5x7 cards with envelopes, per box (PLEASE ORDER BY ITEM NUMBER) \$7.00

CD-5 — THE ASSORTMENT BOX, containing 5 of each of the above cards with envelopes, per box \$7.00

THE COLT CATALOG (28 pages, 64 illustrations of photos, drawings, posters, etc.) plus samples . . \$3.00