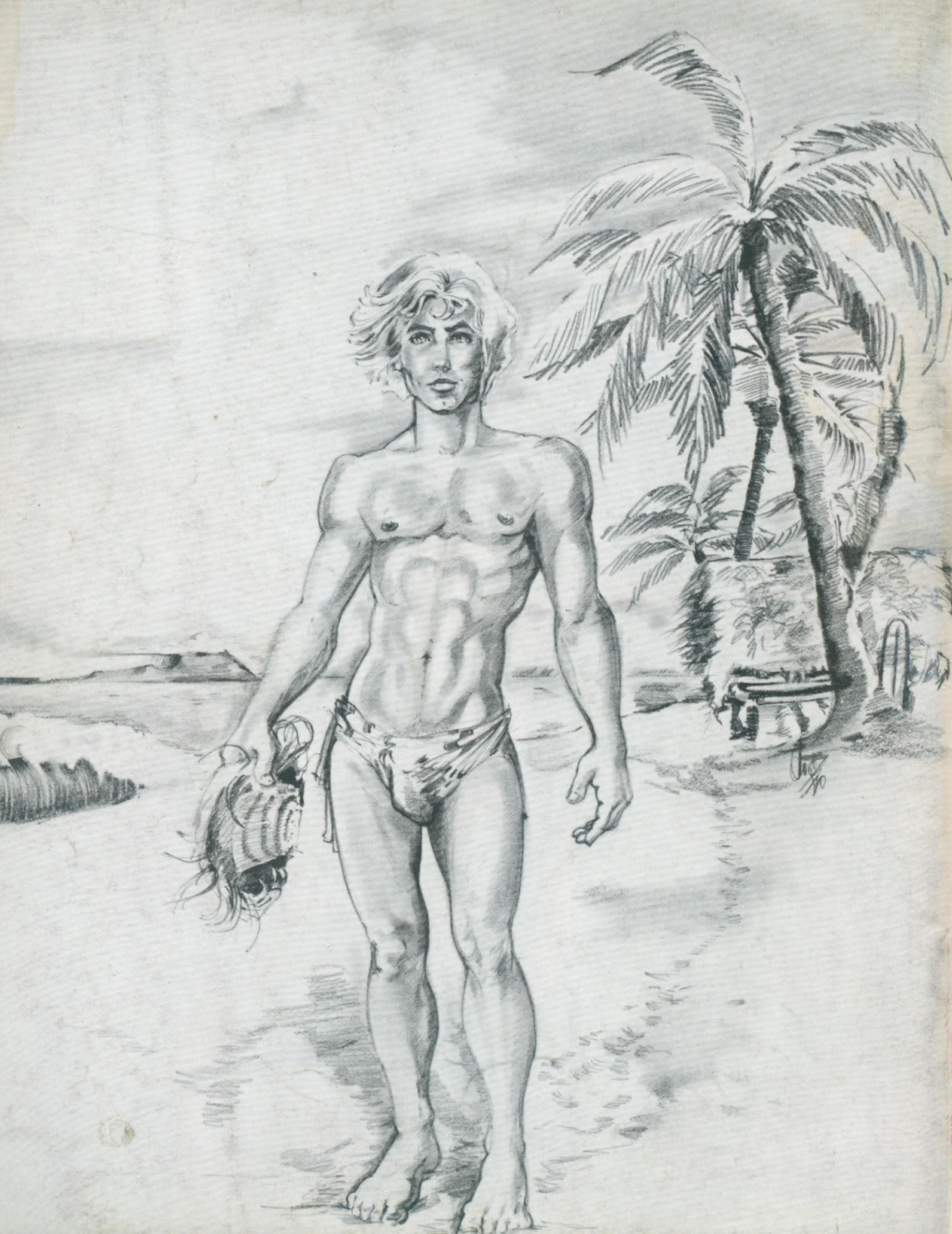




QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys
who have
no hangups



June 1971

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GAY TORONTO

THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THE LAW

WORLD'S
ONLY
GAY
COMIC
STRIP

CRUISING COPENHAGEN

IMPROVE YOUR VOICE

GAY SEXSTYLES



NOW!—An entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON"—(Proven by thousands) to help a guy with a pot belly lose up to 3½ inches and give him a sleek, sexy waist—Or to help a chubby fellow lose up to 17 pounds—**ALL IN JUST 14 DAYS** with the New **SLIM GARD** and **SLIMMER'S KIT**! We wanted more proof of this amazing fast-working plan so we conducted a controlled test at a leading university. The students reported waist losses of up to 3.25 inches and overall fat losses of up to 17 pounds—**IN ONLY 2 WEEKS!** Results came so fast with our "Slimmer's Kit" that the students called it a 'small miracle'.

Forget vibrators, electronic machines, rubber or weighted belts, pills, crash diets or other gimmicks—the government claims such devices, by themselves, are practically useless for slimming and shaping.

The Slimmer Kit is a guaranteed, simple 3-part program that really works. It takes only 15 minutes a day for 14 days to help create a more exciting and sexier-looking you! So if you are serious about trying our foolproof way of slimming down and shaping up, we're ready to send the whole "Slimmer's Kit" for you to try out—secretly and privately—for 14 days...and on my Money-Back Guarantee offer. So let's get started, Tiger...you have nothing to lose but a flabby waist or a fat body!

1 THE "SLIM GARD"

The Instant Slimmer—Trims inches off your waist, hips and lower back—without dieting. Slip on **SLIM GARD**—the entirely new "science weapon" that when used with the **SLIMMER'S** routine will take up to 3.25 inches off your waist in only 2 weeks—and keep it off. So, go on—slip on **SLIM GARD** the Instant Slimmer. Then, take it easy, for while you're sitting around, watching TV, relaxing or eating, you waist, hips and small-of-the-back are getting an effortless "going over" that takes inches off your soft belly without your even knowing it! It hugs your body gently but firmly, keeping warm air in—cool air out—trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the **SLIMMER'S** Routine work effectively for the fat or slender man. Instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds...and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight. When you have slimmed down, you are given a simple "maintenance" program that will keep you slim and trim for the rest of your life. And **SLIM GARD** is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows...except the inches that go! You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

THE "SLIM GARD"

(Made to last for years)
and The Slimmer's Routine
Only

Comes in
sizes:
Medium, Large **\$9.98**

2 "SLIMMER" SHAKE

Helps You Lose Up to a Pound-A-Day—14 Pounds in 14 Days—Without Losing Your Strength and Vigor. If you're 10 to 100 pounds overweight and want even faster weight losses—up to a-pound-a-day, Part 2 of Joe Weider's famous **SLIMMER'S** Formula is the easiest and most delicious way to do it. It's called The "SLIMMER" Shake—a scrumptious, protein-enriched milkshake-flavored drink. It supplies nutrients to your body that charge it with power and vim while it slenderizes you. Even chubby guys who won't even lift a finger can lose up to a-pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days—just drinking The **SLIMMER** Shake! It's the first and the best for fast weight losses... that's why even the world's strongest and best-built men and Olympic champions drink it to get in shape quickly.

"SLIMMER" SHAKE (Complete nutritious meal-in-a-glass) and The Slimmer's Routine
Only **\$11.98**
(2 weeks supply)
(choice of chocolate or vanilla)

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Breakthrough!

Slim Down & Make Out with

JOE WEIDER'S
SLIM-GARD
THE INSTANT SLIMMER

GIVE YOUR WAIST SEX APPEAL!

FREE!
THE **SLIMMER'S**
ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks To Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 of the Slimming Formula, the surprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier, more Exciting You! You need this routine NOW—because it's the youthful-appearing person who gets and stays ahead!—**AND IT'S YOURS FREE!**

SPECIAL OFFER!

3 SLIM GARD AND SLIMMER'S SHAKE
and The Slimmer's Routine **ALL THREE** (\$21.98 value) For only **\$17.96**

INSTANTLY LOOK SLIMMER
LOSE UP TO 3.25 INCHES IN 14 DAYS!
Go Ahead... Start Moving Your Belt Back A Few Notches, Instantly... And Keep It There.

SHAKE YOUR WORLD
Now You Can Have a Slimmer, Sexier Waist and a "Turned On" Sleek Body—Fast!

ACT NOW! Take advantage of this great opportunity while the special Money-Back Guarantee is still in effect. MAIL COUPON TODAY—the unconditional Guarantee below assures you of absolutely **NO RISK!**

I GUARANTEE YOU A WAIST LOSS OF UP TO 3.25" —A WEIGHT LOSS OF UP TO 17 POUNDS—IN THE NEXT 14 DAYS—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!—FAIR?

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My entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON" and the **SLIMMER'S** Formula really works! That's why I can guarantee these results. I have tested it over 2 years with astonishing results and just recently a **CONTROLLED TEST WAS CONDUCTED AT A LEADING UNIVERSITY AND AS MENTIONED BEFORE, THE STUDENTS REPORTED WAIST LOSSES OF UP TO 3.25 INCHES AND OVERALL FAT LOSSES OF UP TO 17 POUNDS—IN JUST 14 DAYS.**

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Check size: ☐ Medium (30-38) ☐ Large (39-47)
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LIBRARIES post signs requesting silence because people are too inconsiderate to respect the rights of others and must be reminded that readers want to concentrate. Silence is also desired by most guys who cruise steam baths because unnecessary noise is disturbing.

Until now there seemed to exist a general wish for silence at the baths—and everyone was considerate of everyone else... perhaps because until now the only kind of baths a guy could cruise was unattractive and the idea was to get in and get it done as quickly as possible. But while it was being done it was great; the action was hot and

(Continued on page 30)

Around the World in 80 Ways

How to Speak 'Analanguage' with Forked Tongue

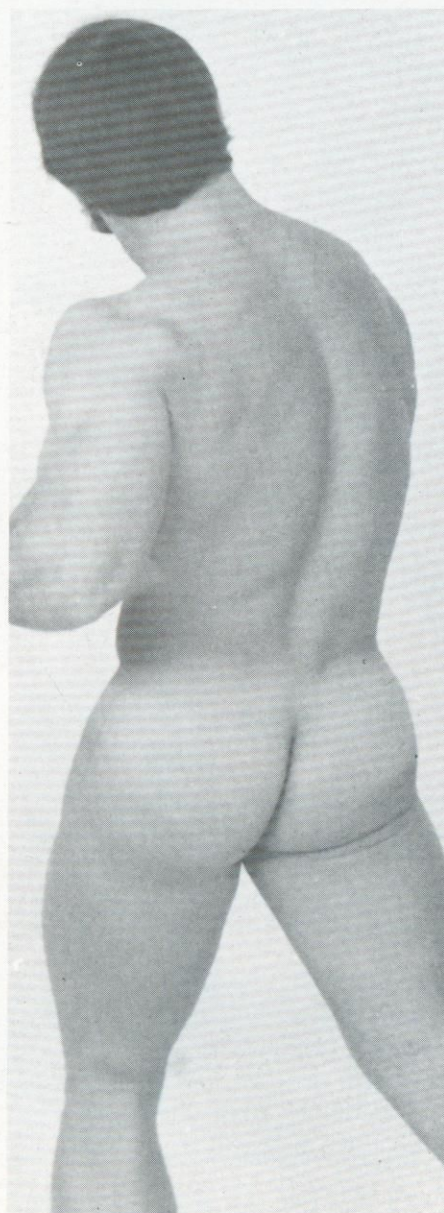
By Walter Norris

HAVE you ever been embarrassed by an inability to improvise excitingly for a special lover at a special moment . . . or to match him trick for trick . . . or by failing to cut a caper with a super-stud because you suddenly realized you couldn't 'go all the way'?

Wisely you'd have shrugged it off with 'great mate . . . just bad vibes'—forgetting it instantly and completely. But if it is a remembered embarrassment that haunts you at each successive sexual sortie you will never know the glorious realization of *sensuality felt* and *sexuality expressed* that can make your life a procession of golden conquests.

It is well to reflect that everything memorable about sex is the 'here and now' of it . . . anything you can contrive to make it transcendent *at the moment*. You can't rejoice if you are a slave to your own recurrent anxieties. Your sense of adventure must remain keen. With it you can channel an explosion of purplest lust into an implosion of wordless physical communion, yet without it sensuality ebbs and your body telegraphs this to your partner through your hesitant approach and indecisive sexual articulation. Ritualistic, mechanical, robot-like sex—as from a childhood lesson learned by rote—substitutes for neither sensual abandon nor sexual invention. Merely to 'go through the motions' is something even a neophyte can do.

Freedom from hangups—complete relaxation—creates a climate for unique senso-sexual expression because it per-



mits *experimentation through impulse*. When the derring-do of high adventure is in command your mind is free . . . your body relaxed . . . tension flows from your sacroiliac, shoulders and the uptight centers of your brain. Now you improvise madly . . . taking love as it comes . . . coping effectively with any lover at any time, whether he is someone you've never seen and haven't the vaguest idea of his sexual preferences, or someone as dearly familiar as Santa Claus who can still be delightfully surprised into an unpredictable sexual response time after time after time!

THE 'CLOSET QUEEN' SYNDROME

However, expert you are, to express but one variation of homo-erotic intercourse—such as *fellatio*—is limiting, frustrating, and inhibits most of your gay life by turning you into that sexual semi-recluse, the 'closet queen', who spends what should be rewarding hours of sexual participation in wishful thinking and envious watching of others who have learned the beauty of sexual expression through *all* its myriad phases and nuances.

An exciting way to extend your sexual 'vocabulary' is to take a tongue-close view of anorectal intercourse. Two factors militating against complete participation and enjoyment of this fascinating expression of homo-sensuality are that (1) to the anxious 'analinguist' there is a fear of possible hepatitis resulting from poor rectal hygiene, while (2) to the potential pederast it is the need to overcome hesitancy (Continued on page 36)

QQ



FELLATIO

AN EXPERT SPEAKS OUT ON TECHNIQUE

BY MITCH KENNEDY

A favorite friend of QQ has a pat expression that is gross but quite true: "Everybody sucks . . . but not well." About half the gay population of the world should take note . . . and perfect an art which is basic to their homosexuality.

Being a success in life is being successful at whatever you do. If you are a doctor you should doctor well. If you are a waiter you should wait well. If you suck you should suck well. Or skip it.

Nearly all gay guys indulge in fellatio, but too few are fully aware of its delights because they have had the misfortune of never having had it performed properly on themselves, and do not know how to perform it well on others. They gnaw and bite and chew and scrape and gag, or drool and stroke ever so lightly thus making it impossible for all but the very sensitive to achieve orgasm.

Lest we chance getting off to a vulgar start, let us refer to QQ's Homosexual Health Guidebook for a clinical introduction to fellatio, before discussing technique:

Describe fellatio.

It is a form of sodomy punishable by law in most places, but indulged in naturally by all of God's creatures. The erect phallus is taken into the mouth, and stroked by means of rhythmically moving the head and tongue. The lips are pressed firmly against the phallus, teeth retracted to prevent injury. The performer salivates freely in order to assure a smooth back and forth stroke. Sometimes the fingers are used to aid stroking the phallus. Speed is varied, according to observation and perception; an experienced performer will sense what is desired if the recipient does not make specific requests. This action is sustained, or interrupted and resumed if the

partners so desire, until orgasm is achieved.

Is fellatio harmful?

Fellatio is not in the least physically harmful. It can be psychologically damaging to some persons, but this is rare among homosexuals.

What is "69-ing?"

When both partners perform fellatio on each other at the same time.

What is a "daisy chain?"

When numerous persons perform fellatio on one another simultaneously. The same term applies to mass anal intercourse.

Can I catch anything by performing fellatio?

V.D., if your partner is infected. Other wise, it is entirely safe.

Can a long phallus damage my throat if I perform fellatio?

Possibly, if your partner is especially large and rough. Constant pounding against the back of the throat can cause minor irritation. Rarely, a fellow is choked to death by an unyielding partner who forces his phallus into the throat and prevents his partner from pulling away for several minutes; suffocation is caused.

I "gag" when performing fellatio. How can I cure this?

Practice makes perfect. Plus mental acceptance of the act. The thought of performing fellatio may be what is causing you to gag, perhaps because as a child you were taught to associate dirt with the phallus.

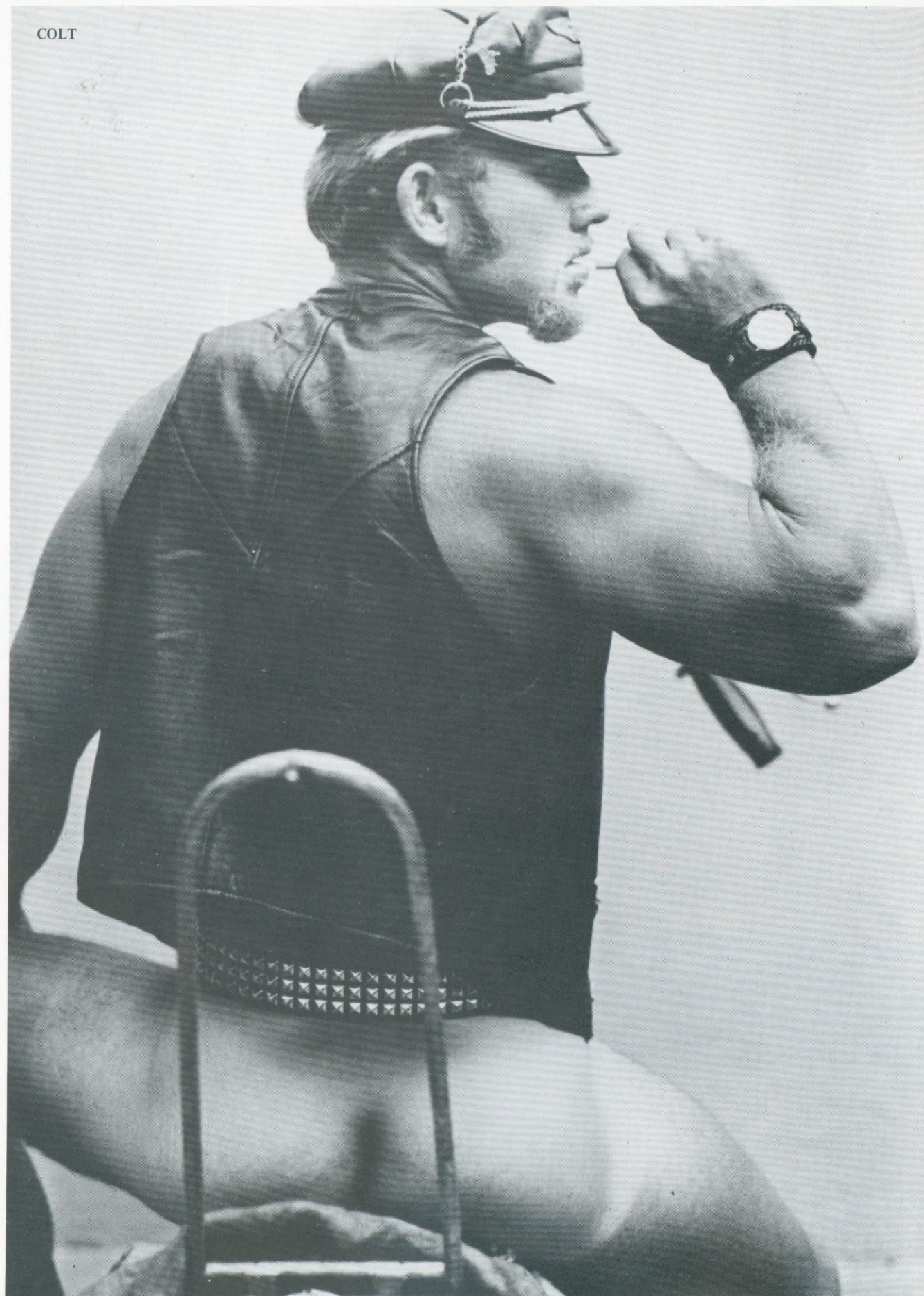
Will swallowing semen hurt me?

Swallowing semen ("cum") is not at all harmful. However, if you over-indulge, i.e., at an orgy, you may experience an upset stomach.

(Continued on page 34)



METECUE



TORONTO

CITY OF GAY CONTRASTS

BY DAVID BARTEL

ANYONE visiting Toronto for the first time will be struck by the many puzzling paradoxes of this colossus of the North. Seemingly laid out by an inexorable slide rule, it may appear to be the biggest, tallest, longest, widest, squarest pile of coldest masonry. Yet a visit to one of its gay districts will quickly prove that while stone may indeed be the warp of the city, the woof is a glowing damask brocade of bold designs whose colors are soft rather than bright, being muted by the passage of time. For Toronto is as old as the oldest American city . . . a sentimental lady who wears her heart under her 'fascinator'.

Toronto's anomalies extend to her gay life. For instance, if someone mentions *The August Club* you might think it an organization of citizens in the late summer of life . . . or a club of political plushbottoms with powerless prostates. Yet how delighted you will be to discover it is one of the swiftest gay clubs in Toronto—the best place to dance (it's 'lezz-less')—where the crowd is young, congenial, and active on the dance floor. It is purposely kept liquorless just so gayoungguys under 18 can also join in the fun . . . and many a boppy teener has made his debut at *The August Club*.

May/June 1971

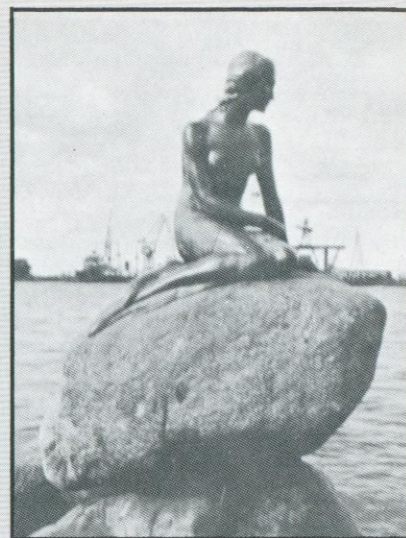
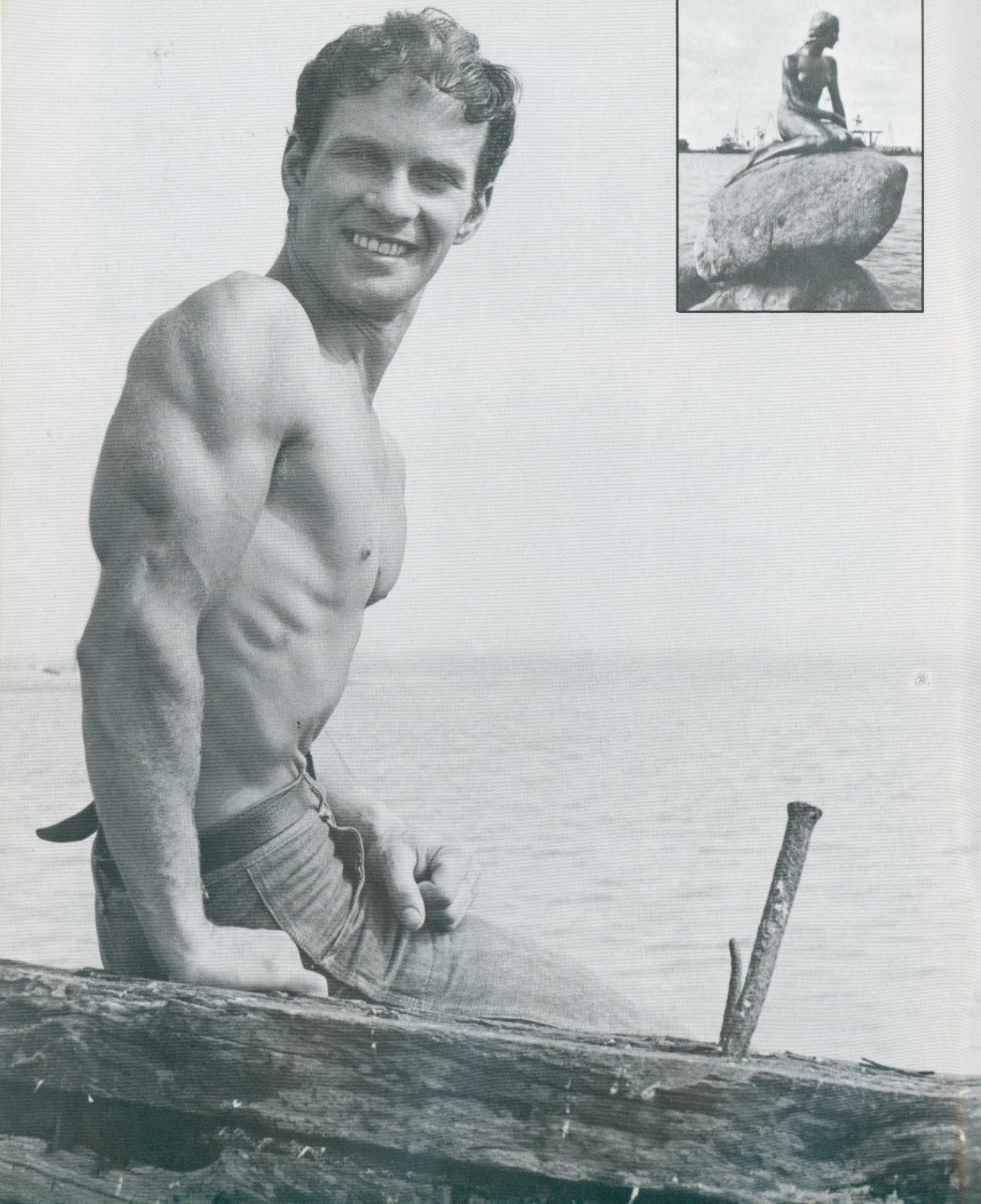
THE ANOMALY OF THE TORONTO 'FUZZ'

Unlike cities of an almost unilateral faith—such as Montreal and Quebec—where the heavy hand of the clergy constricts gay life, Toronto has a happier blend of religions, with the Golden Rule the way of life. Certainly you can 'do unto others' and have them 'do unto you' as much as you like. Just as long as you don't make a public spectacle the fuzz won't give you a second glance.

Gay bars and clubs are frequently inspected by the police and operate in harmony with them and so there are no raids or harassment . . . drugs and under-age drinking being of greater concern. Gay guys respect the *status quo* by socializing in their own bars and clubs—rarely at straight establishments—and it is this anomaly that adds so much to the relaxed, friendly gay life of the city.

PUTTING YOU IN THE TORONTO PICTURE

As a 'North-South-East-West' city Toronto's foursquare compass points make it easily cruisable. The principal thoroughfare is Yonge (pronounced 'young') Street which runs north and south and is easily navigable by subway. Six streets (King, Queen, *(Continued on page 40)*



ASK the guy who's been there. Chances are, his eyes will flash, his lids will lower, his tongue will lick his smiling lips, and you will hear the sexiest "Oh, wow!" you've ever heard outside of bed.

Copenhagen is . . . gay, free, clean, beautiful, exciting, safe, fun, pretty, civilized, warm, cheerful, friendly and gay again. All this and more. Copenhagen is a gay up mood, a time of carefree pleasure, a place of unforgettable sensuality, an atmosphere of year 'round springtime. And, yes, a young Dane's fancy does lightly turn to thoughts of you-know-what. And if not love, he'll settle for sex.

"Kastrup" is the name of Copenhagen's super-efficient airport, the magic gateway to the land of Danish delights. In this sea of sexy Nordic types, all smiling (with none of their southern neighbors' arrogance: Danes *adore* Americans) you will not even notice how quickly and politely you are passed through Customs.

Hop the bus (65¢) to the downtown Air Terminal and keep your eyes open; you'll easily orient yourself to the uncomplicated layout of Copenhagen (unless you can't take your eyes off the Danes). Hint: This is one of very many good reasons to arrive in mid-morning; not, in any case, after dark, when it's not so easy to find your way around.

At the Terminal, 'buy' some local currency, locker your luggage, and take a cab (or walk about 20 minutes) to the *Coq Trading Co.* at Peder Huitfeldts Straede 16. The Coq is the home of the largest homophile movement in Scandinavia, and since homosexuality is perfectly legal in Denmark there is nothing sleazy, shady, nor suspect about their offices and services.

The boys at the Coq are great. They will help you get located, advise you of places to stay, provide you (free) with a small map of Copenhagen pin-pointing the gay bars, and answer any questions you may have about gay life in Denmark, including medical and legal referrals (which, of course, we hope you do not need, but it's nice to know about anyway). They publish a Danish homophile magazine, and also have the largest selection of exclusively gay art and porno on view for your browsing and purchasing pleasure.

At the Coq, too, you can get up-to-date info on gay film shows and gay live shows. Most visitors prefer to spend their fun money on these superbly wild shows which become cherished memories, rather than on the published porno which can be an embarrassing pain when clearing Customs on the way home. They will also fill you in on the summertime-only sex cruises on a luxury steamer which plies the sound between Denmark and Sweden. Anything goes on board, and most gay guys do, too!

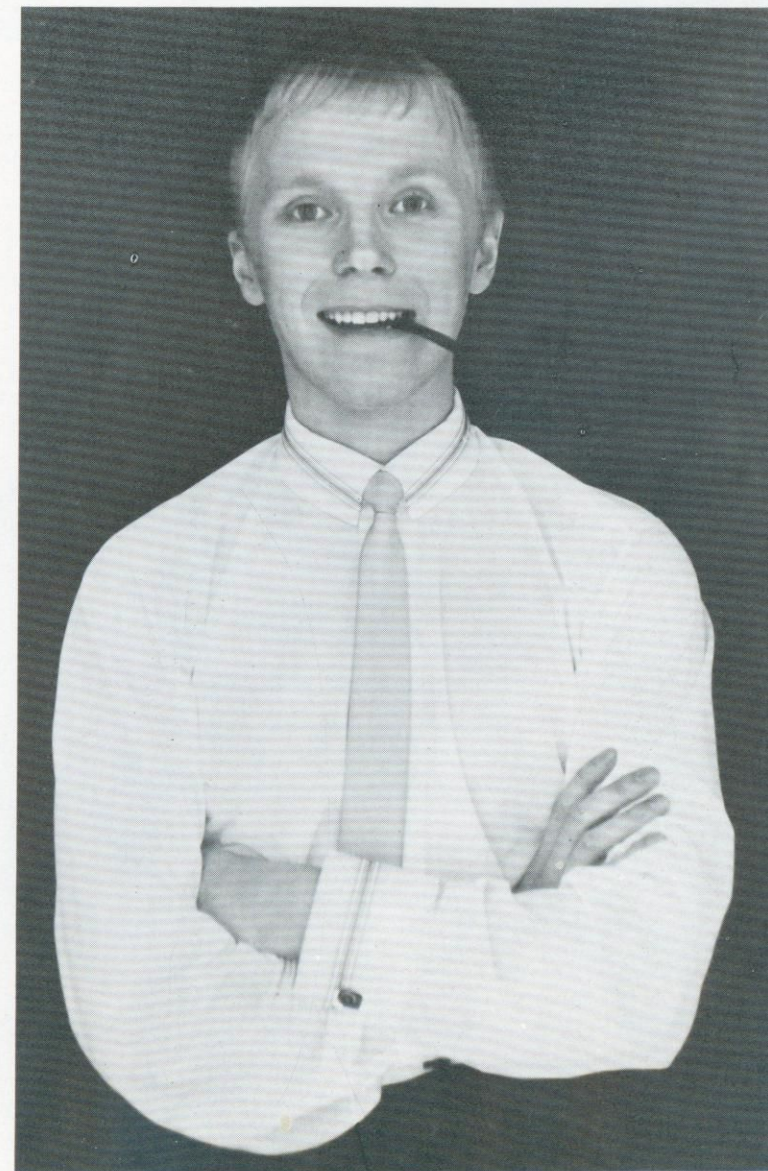
Should you wish to get settled in a hotel right away, try either the Christiansborg Hotel, Drontvaergade 45, near the Amalienborg Palace, or the Ryes Hotel, Ryesgade 73, a bit farther out. However, unless a gay

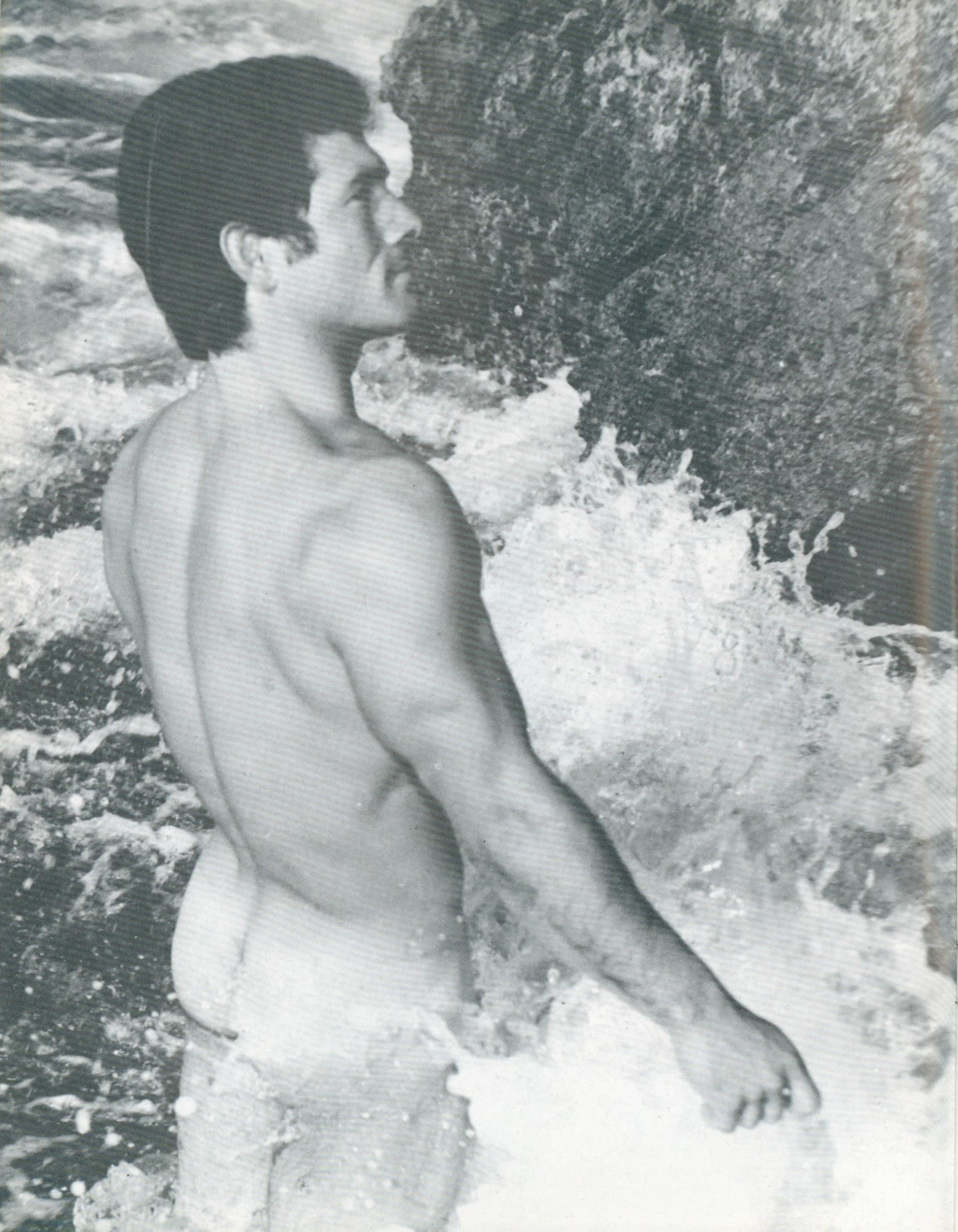
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May/June 1971

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN

BY ORLANDO PARIS





MU SCL EM EN

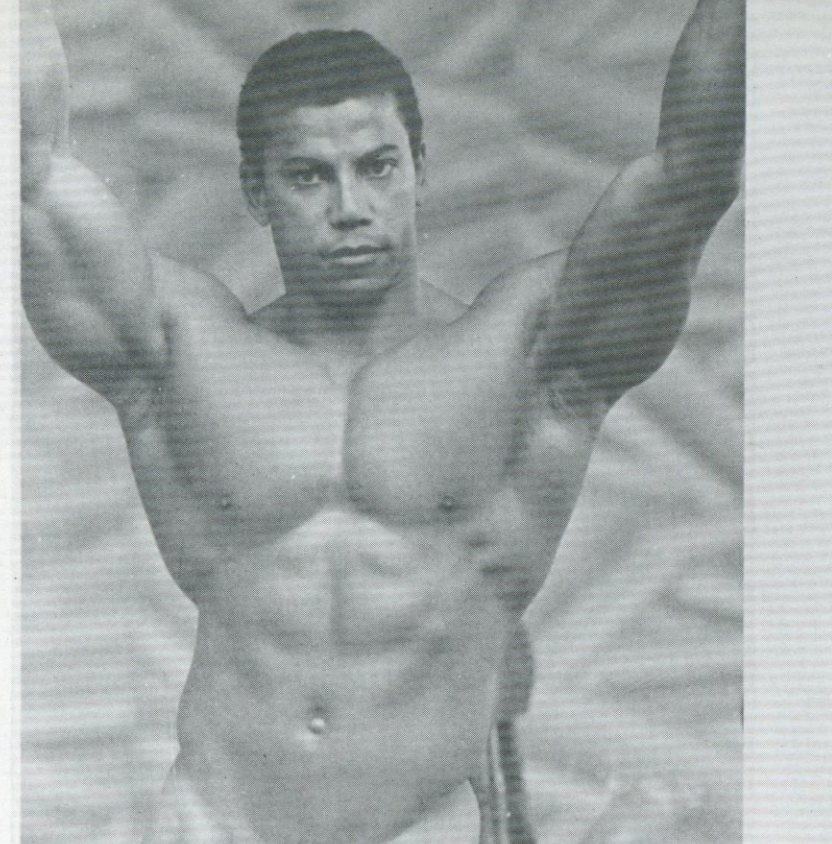
A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO THOSE MEN OF MIGHT

HAIL! Hail! The gang's all here—from the far reaches of America . . . Europe . . . Asia—flexing their muscles for you. This month *QQ Magazine* salutes the musclemen of the world—paying tribute to those men of might through a gallery of international stars.

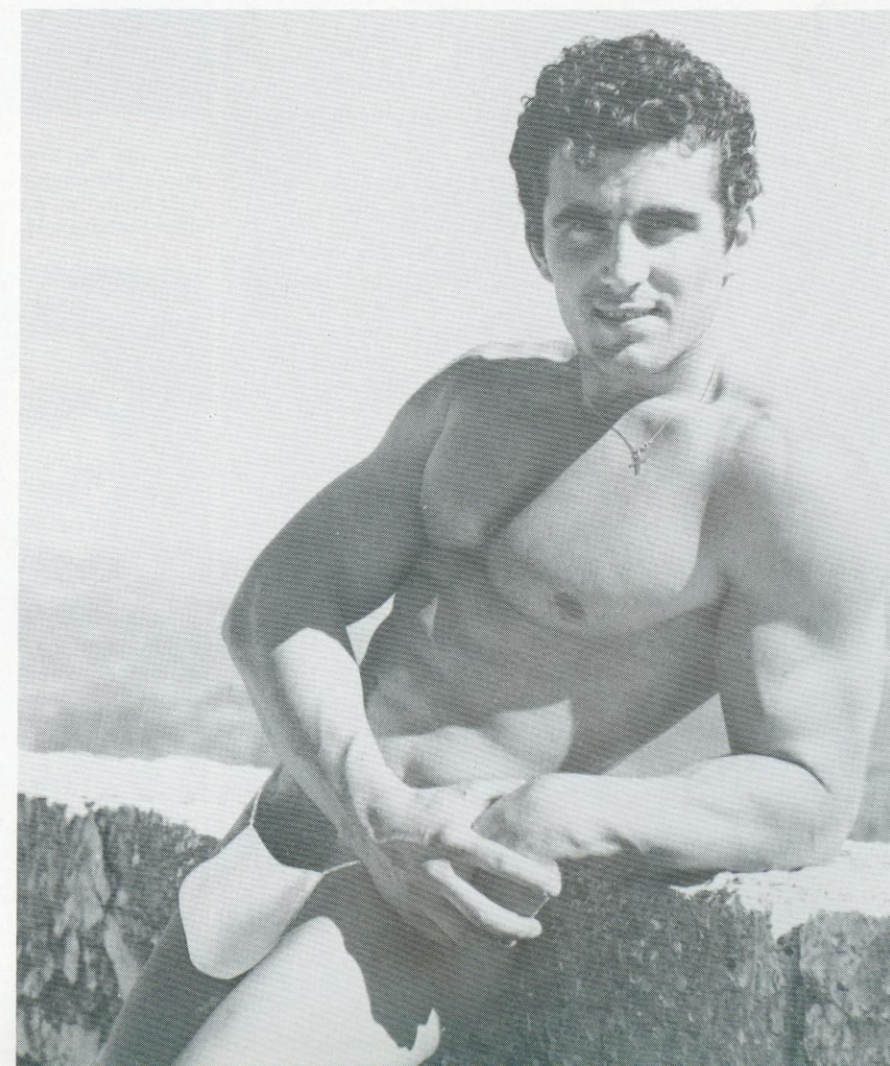
The musclemen you see here are representative of the finest physiques in the world, displaying not only great muscular size, but also symmetry and shape. Some gay guys dig musclemen, while others are turned off by them. We have chosen to honor those who—while big—are aesthetically proportioned and therefore more appealing than their Herculean counterparts.

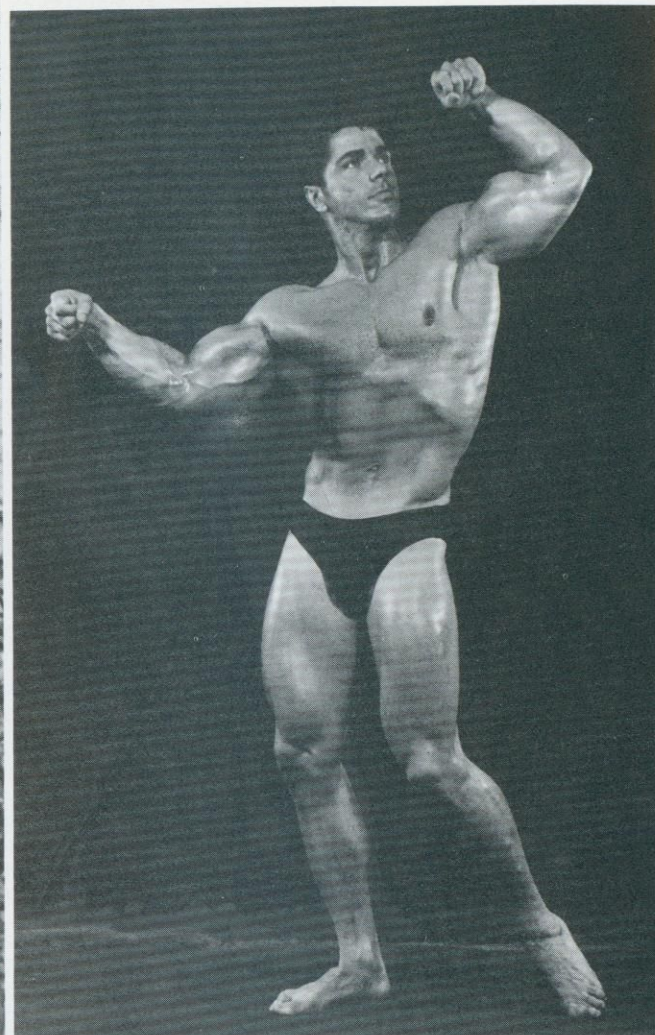
Hail the musclemen—guys whose physical perfection reflects the very essence of our gay lifestyle!

May/June 1971

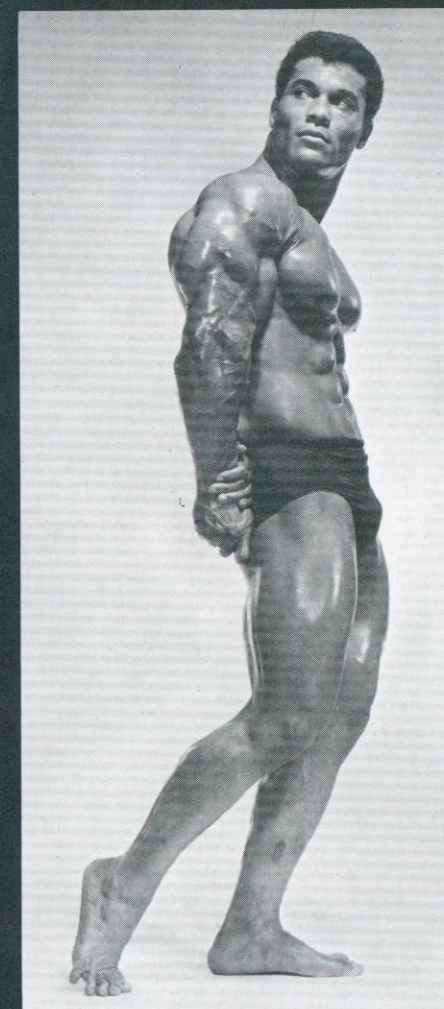
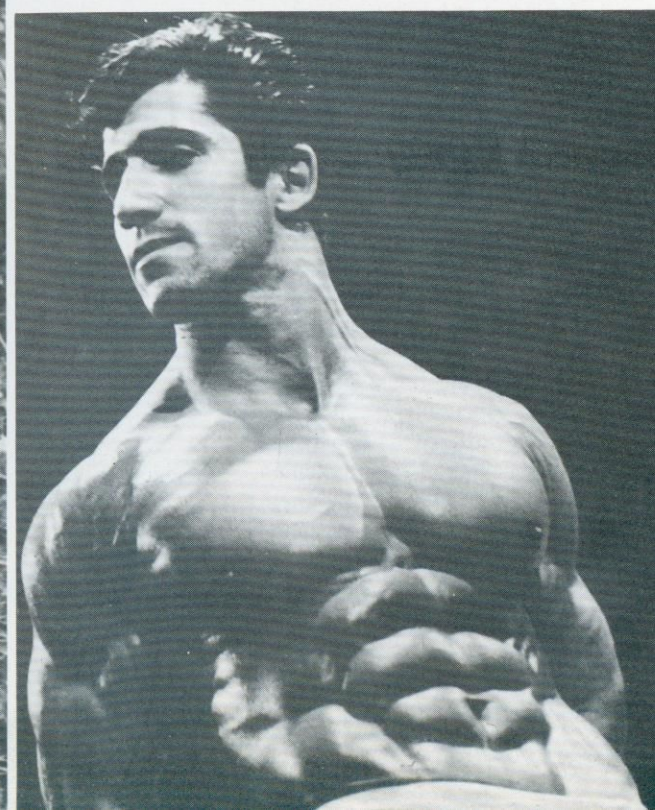


Opposite page: Beautifully proportioned Gio Greco, Mr. Italy, vacations in Nice, France frequently. (Ferrero) Above: Mr. America Chris Dickerson is studying to be an opera singer. He appears on TV talk shows regularly. (Colt Studio) Below: Beautifully proportioned Francois Rossi, Mr. France, makes Nice his home-away-from-home. (Ferrero)

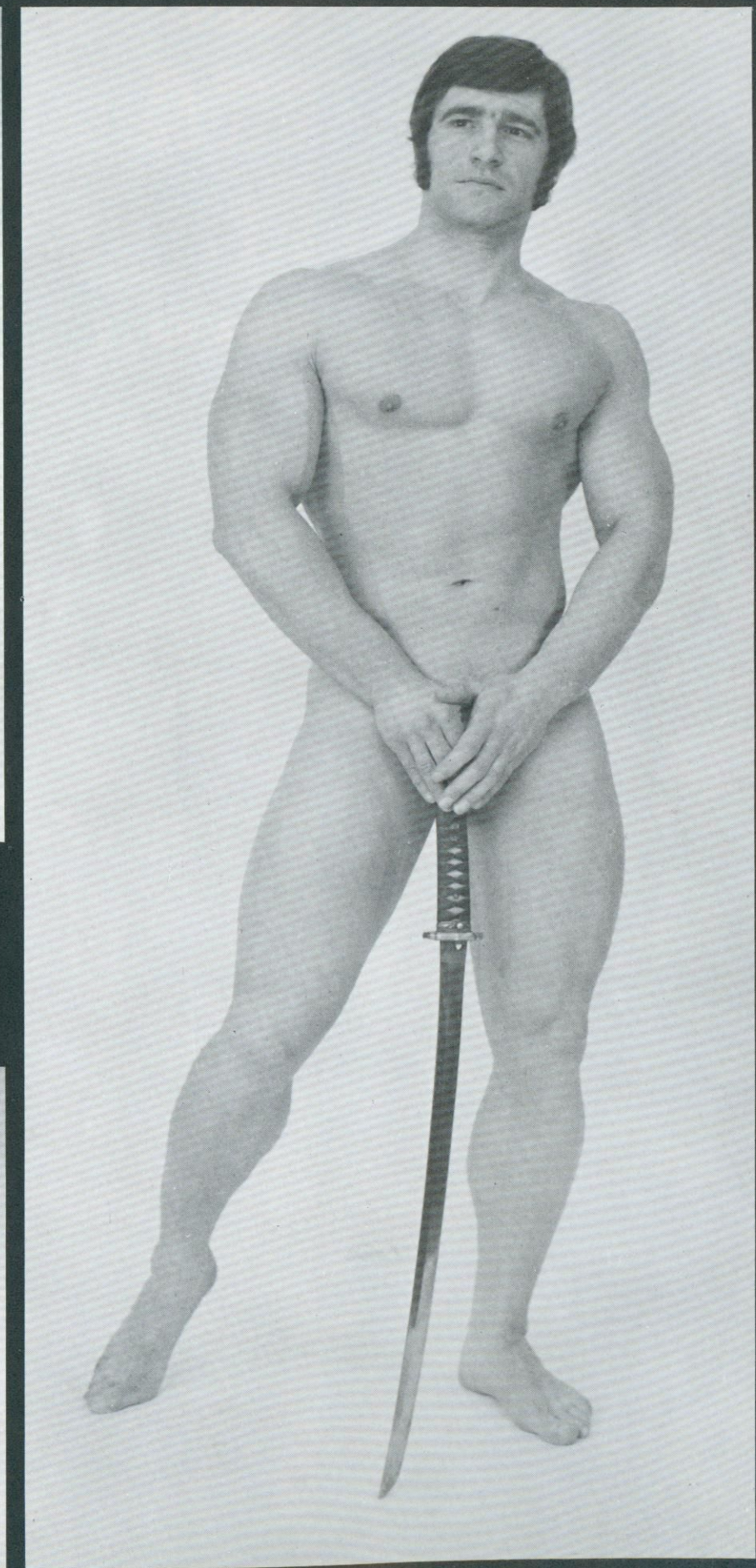
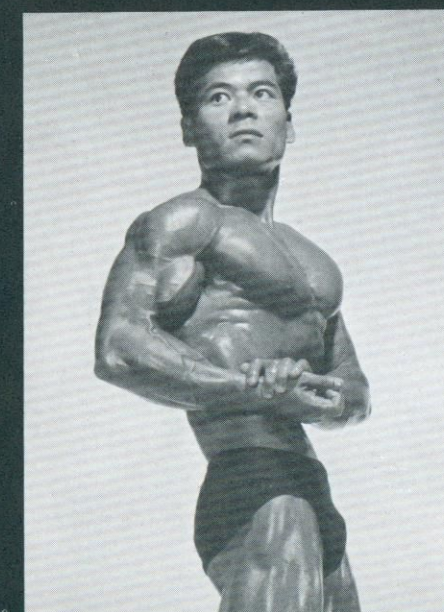




Left: Jr. Mr. France Jean-Marie Negri frequently poses for many famous photographers. (Ferrero) Above: Dennis Gauthier, who hails from St. Jean, Quebec, is a Mr. Canada winner. Below: Kassem Yazbek, Mr. Syria, is famous for his fantastic midsection.



Above: Rick Wayne has won numerous physique titles, including Mr. Great Britain, Mr. Europe, and Mr. World. He is now making plans to open a health studio at one of the big hotels in Barbados. (Caruso) Below: Kazutosi Ozasa, Mr. Japan, is only 5'3" tall—but a yard wide. (Caruso) Right: Fabulous Serge Jacobs, Mr. Belgium, is always on call as a model.



Fiction

TALSEN INTERLUDE

BY MICHAEL J. MITCHELL

HE had come home, but no one cheered. Most of the town's population, along with the usual assortment of local personages, watched in proper reverence as the polished oak casket was slowly positioned over its hallowed depository. As if in some final benediction, a sudden breeze rippled the bright new flag as it was ceremoniously withdrawn and the final cradle for Gary Mooreland was lowered into the past of Hue, Da Nang and so many other meaningless battles. With the State Guard commander at his right and the town president at his left, the priest gave his final blessing after which the gathering disbanded for their homes where time could begin to erase the memory of Gary and the pervading guilt of "wartime" apathy which struck down hundreds like Gary throughout the state.

Unable to shake the stupefying effects of the shock which was slowly overcoming him with the realization of Gary's death, Kert stood entranced at the sight of the open grave. His eyes took in the whole scene without moving while his mind struggled to equate the visual image to a mental one, but unable to fashion even a one-word thought, he stood transfixed. Not until his father's strong arm hugged his shoulders did Kert return to the nonessentials of the moment's reality. The comradely tenderness of his father's embrace urged Kert away from the cemetery toward the waiting family car, both unwilling to speak even if they could have found a word or two of proper application.

As spring matured into summer, Gary's memory became more and more of an afterthought to current events conversation and less and less of a topic of deep moral significance. For most—except Kert who, aware of time's deteriorating effect, was becoming increasingly puzzled as he was preoccupied with flash-backs of their youthful years together. It wasn't just the memory of their association, but the deep emotional implications which now accompanied details which never before confronted him with such stark clarity. With each passing day the pleasure of reminiscence turned to the itching of curiosity and soon into the preoccupying irritation of doubt provoked by unanswered questions about the past.

Probably no two boys had ever been closer than Gary and Kert. Although Gary had always been slightly bigger than Kert, he was never known to have used his superior strength to try to dominate or threaten, which won him both genuine respect as well as admiration, especially from Kert. It seemed like just last week that the Larsens had moved here from Minnesota and Kert entered the fourth grade. The second day of school Kert was confronted by the class bully and would surely have come off second best if Gary had not appeared to champion his honor. From then on their friendship grew and matured as did the two boys as they went from grade school into high school.

They had gone through the usual adolescent adjustments and experimentations together and never failed to share their darkest thoughts and most startling discoveries. Smoking their first cigarette behind Pete McDonald's garage, reading girlie books in Gary's basement, making the football team together, sharing

(Continued on page 43)

Fiction

LARRY AND THE LIEUTENANT

BY ROB ARRINGTON

LARRY had hated Basic in the beginning, and still did in many ways, but with four weeks of it behind him and four more to go, he wished he could stop it right where it was until he knew what, if anything, was going to happen between him and the lieutenant.

It was certain that Recruit Larry Buchanan and First Lieutenant Phillip Norton Rynsdale wanted something to happen between them. The messages that flashed between Larry's brown eyes and the lieutenant's blue ones said so. But just because they both wanted it didn't mean it would happen. It was an uptight situation, fraught with risk.

Larry was thinking about that as he emerged from the mess hall after evening chow just in time to see the lieutenant come out of the orderly room to join the post commander's daughter, who waited for him in her car. The lieutenant, basking in his blond handsomeness, sensed Larry's nearness, as he always did, and turned for a moment. The face said nothing but the eyes said, "Patience." Then the lieutenant turned his attention back to the smiling, adoring, pretty young woman in the Mustang convertible. The rumor was that Lieutenant Rynsdale was going to marry her, but Larry didn't believe that for a moment.

"I wonder if he's giving it to her."

Bert had come up suddenly from behind just as the two drove off, and Larry wondered, for a worried moment, whether Bert had seen the lieutenant look at him. Apparently not, for he immediately changed the subject and asked Larry to go to the post exchange and drink beer with him. Larry didn't want to go, but he knew that Bert suspected he had been deliberately avoiding him, so he consented, and after they had shined their mess gear and put their lockers in order for tomorrow's inspection, they went out into the red Georgia sunset and headed for the PX, passing the bachelor officers' quarters on the way. Larry knew that the lieutenant occupied a corner room in the back of the BOQ, for he had seen him standing at the window one night, but of course he wouldn't be there now. He was out with the post commander's daughter, pretending to be what he wasn't.

Drill Instructor Halvorsen, a seamed veteran whose hash marks ran all the way back to the Korean War, was holding court with a captive audience of recruits in the PX, bombasting them with beer-primed observations on the vast differences between the United States Army of Then and Now. Larry and Bert were commanded to sit down with them, and were regaled with the DI's pontificating remarks about how easy recruits had it nowadays in this Dream

Post filled with swimming pools, golf courses, tennis courts, and service clubs. Larry would have liked to point out that Basic trainees seldom had time to taste the dream pleasures, what with the nightmare world of physical training, classes, close-order drill, full-field displays, marksmanship practice, and KP and guard duty that was forced on them.

"But one thing hasn't changed," Halvorsen said as he wound up his dissertation on the differences between Then and Now, "and that's the wall between officers and enlisted men. Officers *always* think you're crap!"

No! protested Larry vehemently inside himself. Lieutenant Phillip Norton Rynsdale wasn't like that—his name alone bespoke of his compassion and gentility even if his bearing and manner had not—and Larry was hard put not to say so out loud as the DI proceeded with a besotted denigration of the company's officers. Still, he didn't want trouble with Halvorsen, so he suppressed himself and got away at the first opportunity, Bert trailing along. But outside, as they walked through the shadowy evening, still pungent with the cloying heat they'd suffered from all day, Bert presented him with another problem.

"Let's go to the obstacle course," he said whisperingly.

"No, it's too dangerous," Larry said quickly, although actually it was a fairly safe place for having sex since no guard patrol walked through it and no camp lights crept into its bosky labyrinth.

"It's not that risky," Bert said insistently. "Come on. I need it and you must, too—unless you've been getting it from someone else."

Larry now regretted the furtive sexual encounters he'd had with Bert during the first two weeks of Basic. But he'd been so glad to find a compatible person among all these straights that he'd willingly taken the risk in the beginning.

"I just don't want to risk an undesirable discharge . . ."

"Crap!" Bert burst in explosively. "You'd risk it for Rynsdale!"

So Bert knew! Larry wasn't really surprised, for how could you hide something like this from another gay? It was obvious that Bert was angry because he felt Larry had rejected him, and somehow Larry had to make him understand that it wasn't that at all.

"Bert, I want us to be friends, but . . ."

"But not lovers, huh?" Bert said coldly.

"We weren't meant to be lovers," Larry said desperately. "There's a different kind of need between us."

"Crap!" Bert snapped again. "Did anyone ever tell you how stupid you are?"

(Continued on page 38)

SEX BYWAYS OF THE WORLD

STREET SCENE

By Peter Denicourt

CRUISE BY GAY COMPUTER MEET UP TO 14 NEW PEOPLE A MONTH FOR ONE FULL YEAR

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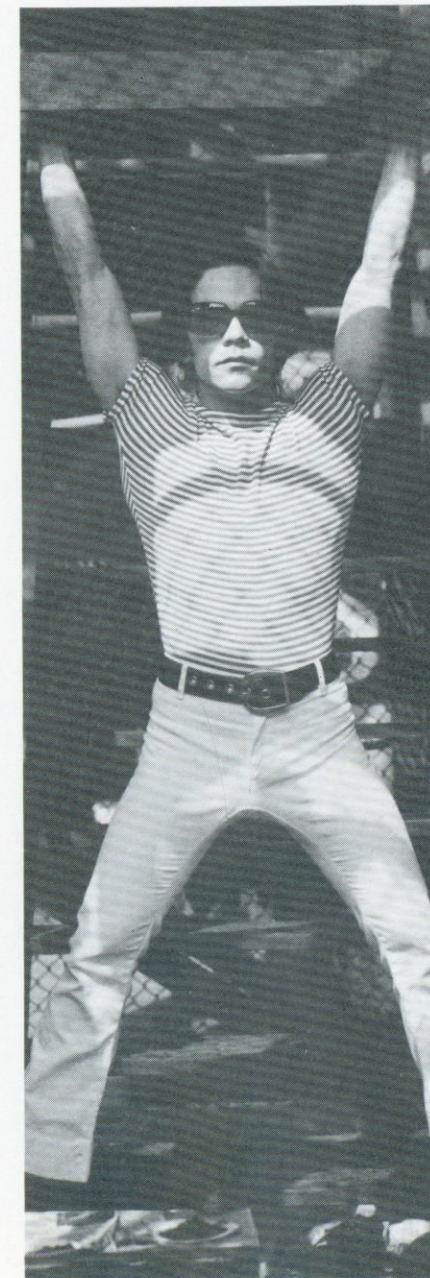
THIS CONCLUDES OUR REPORT ON STREET CRUISING... THE FIRST PART — "SEX BYWAYS OF THE U.S.A." — APPEARED IN THE FALL 1970 ISSUE

EYES meet. Follow the leader. Fear of rejection. Stop for a cigarette. That first difficult word. It's said. You smile. He smiles. "Your place or mine?"

Street cruising is fast, inexpensive, and exciting—and no more dangerous than meeting a stranger at a bar. The usual precautions should be taken. Concerning the police. Concerning hustlers. You should be especially aware of hustlers in foreign countries—and if you think you have encountered one don't hesitate to question him and beg off or at least come to terms regarding payment.

The following directory is by no means complete. We have chosen to list only those streets which are established cruising grounds. Every village, no matter how small... every city, no matter how big, has its meeting places—in foreign countries usually a square or plaza, often a river bank, and always main thoroughfares. If you find yourself in an unusually small town and do not know where to go, try the areas surrounding your hotel and other tourist hotels, the railroad station or bus depot, courthouse, library, YMCA, or college campus. (Graffiti on a john wall can give you a lead.)

Best time of day varies. In most foreign countries early evening is best in small villages and late evening in big cities and resort towns. Generally speaking, that time of day is best when most people are out strolling, as compared with action here in America—



which starts after most people have gone to bed.

You're bound to score here:

ARGENTINA: BUENOS AIRES—Santa Fe from Callao to Florida; Lavallar from Carlos Pellegrini to Florida; Florida from Marcelo de Alvear to Ave. de Mayo; Corrientes from Florida to Callao... CORDOBA—Plaza St. Martin; Plaza Velez Sarsfield; Ave. Argentina to Plaza Centenario; Rio Primero (along river)... MAR DEL PLATA—Plaza Colon; Promenade, J. B. Albedi and Ave. P. Luro and Ave. 25 de Mayo; Fish Pier Jetty... MENDOZA—Plaza Independencia; Calle Las Heras... PARANA—Plaza St. Martin... SALTA—Plaza 9 de Julio; area along Rio Arias... SANTA FE—Plaza Mayo; Plaza St. Martin... SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO—Plaza Libertad; area along Rio Arias... TIGRA—Boat Landing and bridge... TUCUMAN—Plaza Independencia; Plaza Belgrano; area Government Palace.

AUSTRALIA: MELBOURNE—South Yarra (suburb), area between South Yarra Station and Punt Road... SYDNEY—Kingscross area; north side of Kirribilli.

AUSTRIA: VIENNA—Area surrounding Rathaus; streets to left off Karntner Strasse, walking from opera to Stephen's Church.

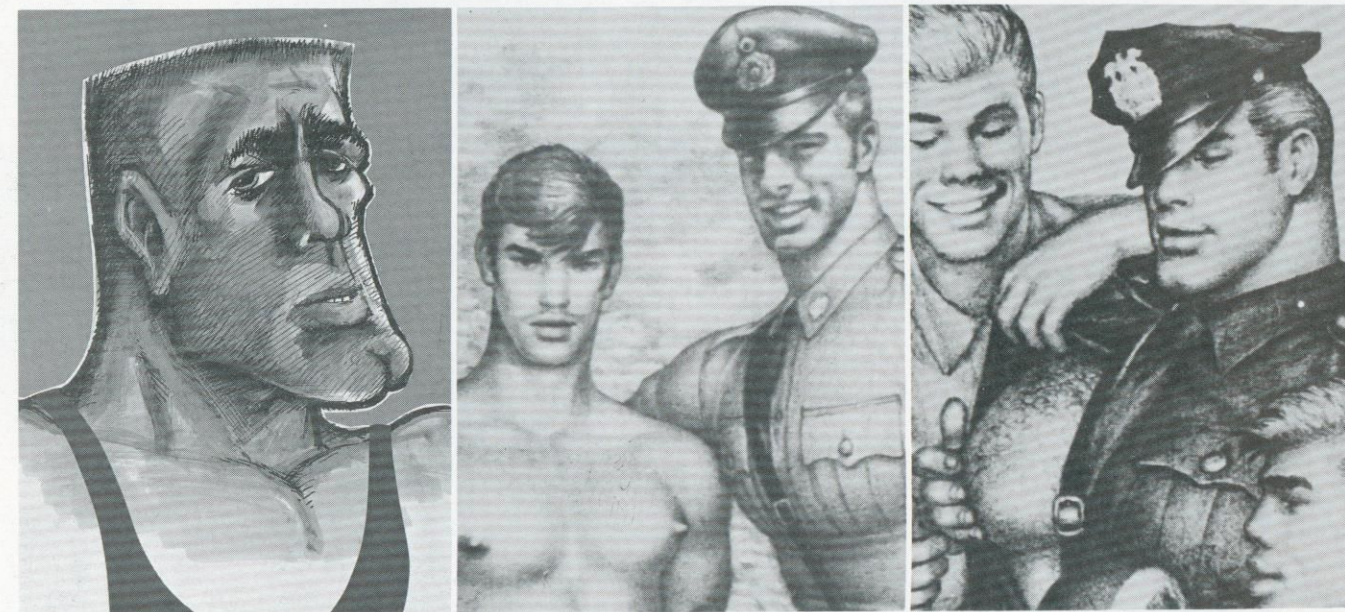
BRAZIL: BELEM—Avenida Presidente Vargas; Quayside... MACAPA—area surrounding "Tower of London;" Jetty... MANAUS—Ave. Rebeiros; Quayside... NATAL—area along Potengi River... RECIFE—Rua do Pilar district; Promenade at Boa Veagin (along sea)... RIO DE JANEIRO—Avenida Rio Branco; Largo da Carioca; end of Avenida Presidente Vargas (navy base)... SANTIAGO DE BAHIA—Promenade, Rua Chile to Praca Castra Alves; Promenade, Praca 2 de Julho; Promenade, Avenida Oceanica to Rio Vermelho; Old Fort and Lighthouse... SANTOS—Promenade, Gonzaga to Avenida Conselheiro; Promenade, beach front... SAO PAULO—Promenade Avenida Iperanza, between Praca Roosevelt and Praca da Republica; steps along viaducts leading down to Parque Anhangabau (especially around viaduct de Char); steps at foot of Rua 7 de Abril... VITORIA—Promenade, Embarcadero; steps coming down from Government House; cathedral area to Praca Roosevelt to Parque Moscosa to Praia Costa Pereira and down into Avenida Jeronimo.

GUYANA: GEORGETOWN—Promenade, river front; sea wall.

BRITISH WEST INDIES: BRIDGETOWN (BARBADOS)—Trafalgar Square and Broad St... NASSAU (BAHAMAS)—Rawson Square... ST. JOHNS (ANTIGUA)—Pier.

CANADA: HALIFAX (NOVA SCOTIA)—Citadel Hill; (Continued on page 46)

JOHNNY COP WANTS YOU!



Art: Left, Marc de Sade; center/right, Tom of Finland

THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THE LAW

BY CRAIG RODWELL

THE law as it applies to homosexuals has been the subject of numerous articles and books in recent years. Most of them have dealt with law reform; that is, removing from the statute books the laws which attempt to proscribe what consenting adults of the same sex may do with each other sexually. While it is quite true that we have advanced somewhat concerning law reform (an example being Illinois, where homosexuals have experienced greater legal rights for years), the fact remains that interpretation of the law has remained virtually unchanged.

The laws in this country—and in most other places—function according to heterosexual dictate, and within a straight framework. Wherever the term “consenting adults” is used there is great room for individual interpretation, because the concept is subject to prevailing social mores and cannot be enforced. There are so many loopholes that an extremely hostile law enforcement agent can interpret the law to suit himself and legally wreak havoc on homosexuals.

For example, Riis Park—a bathing beach which is located about an hour from mid-Manhattan, by public transportation—has an entirely gay section which is packed on weekends. On the busiest Sundays of the summer—the Memorial Day and Labor Day weekends—plainclothes lawmen station themselves on the boardwalk outside the bath house and give tickets for violation of park regulations which specify that the “legal” limit for men’s bathing suits is mid-way between the knee and thigh, and covering the navel. This is only one of countless laws regulating “decency” which have remained on the books for decades, and which have little general application today. Straights would not stand for enforcement of such a silly law, and would react swiftly and even violently if the matter were pressed, but the average gay guy who is ticketed for violation of this law usually does not object and simply pays the fine. The police have a “quota” of tickets to give out on these particular weekends. Naturally, gay guys—who are always “up” on the

(Continued on page 30)

Lip Service

The Art of Mouth-to-Mouth Resexcitation

By Terry McWaters

SPEEDY sex with a sudden stranger may be the groove of Numbers Queens and many others, but gay guys whose sexstyle is in the romantic tradition usually prefer a bit more dallying with their 'dillying'.

To the former the act of sex, casually sought and quickly satisfied without tears or regrets, is complete and reason enough for rejoicing. But those of the latter group seek to transmute a perhaps equally casual first meeting into a more extended interpersonal relationship. Fast sex is not enough for these romanticists because it neither challenges their creative sexuality nor satisfies their deeply-felt artistic needs.

Thus a catalyst is necessary—strong, workable, yet nuanced—and what can be stronger, more workable and more nuanced than the nexus-plexus-sexus of a kiss? Of course a juicy smooch may satisfy an easy-to-please few, but only the transcendental *art* of kissing can evoke that delightful loveplay that leads to supreme erotic fantasies.

Your kiss reveals to what depths of passion your lover has plumb-ed. It is the most eloquent tribute you can pay him. Yet because of heritage, custom, or a personality hangup there are many men who cannot or will not yield to this expression of aroused eroticism. This is often true of the military. For instance, 'co-op' kissing may be 'out of bounds' to a gay Marine because he fears it will rob him of that rugged masculinity which is so much a part of his service tradition.

Also by heritage or custom many gay guys in Spanish-speaking countries generally refuse to kiss or be kissed. They are affronted by the suggestion . . . even angered to the point

of total turn-off if the issue is pressed. Their antipathy may be summed-up in the Spanish word *macho*, which has several definitions, but which—to them—polarizes their pride in the sheer strutting *animalism* of their maleness.

THE STRAWBERRY ORGASM

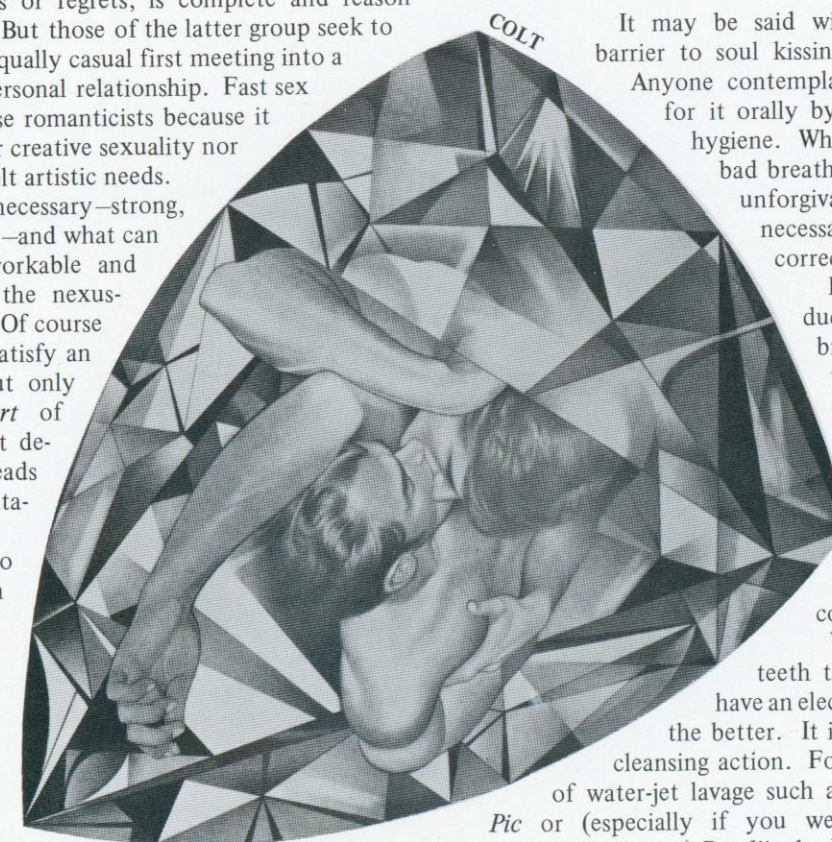
It may be said with truth that an initial barrier to soul kissing is simply bad breath. Anyone contemplating sex should prepare for it orally by practicing good mouth hygiene. While insidious at any time, bad breath during sex is absolutely unforgivable because it is so unnecessary and so very easily correctible.

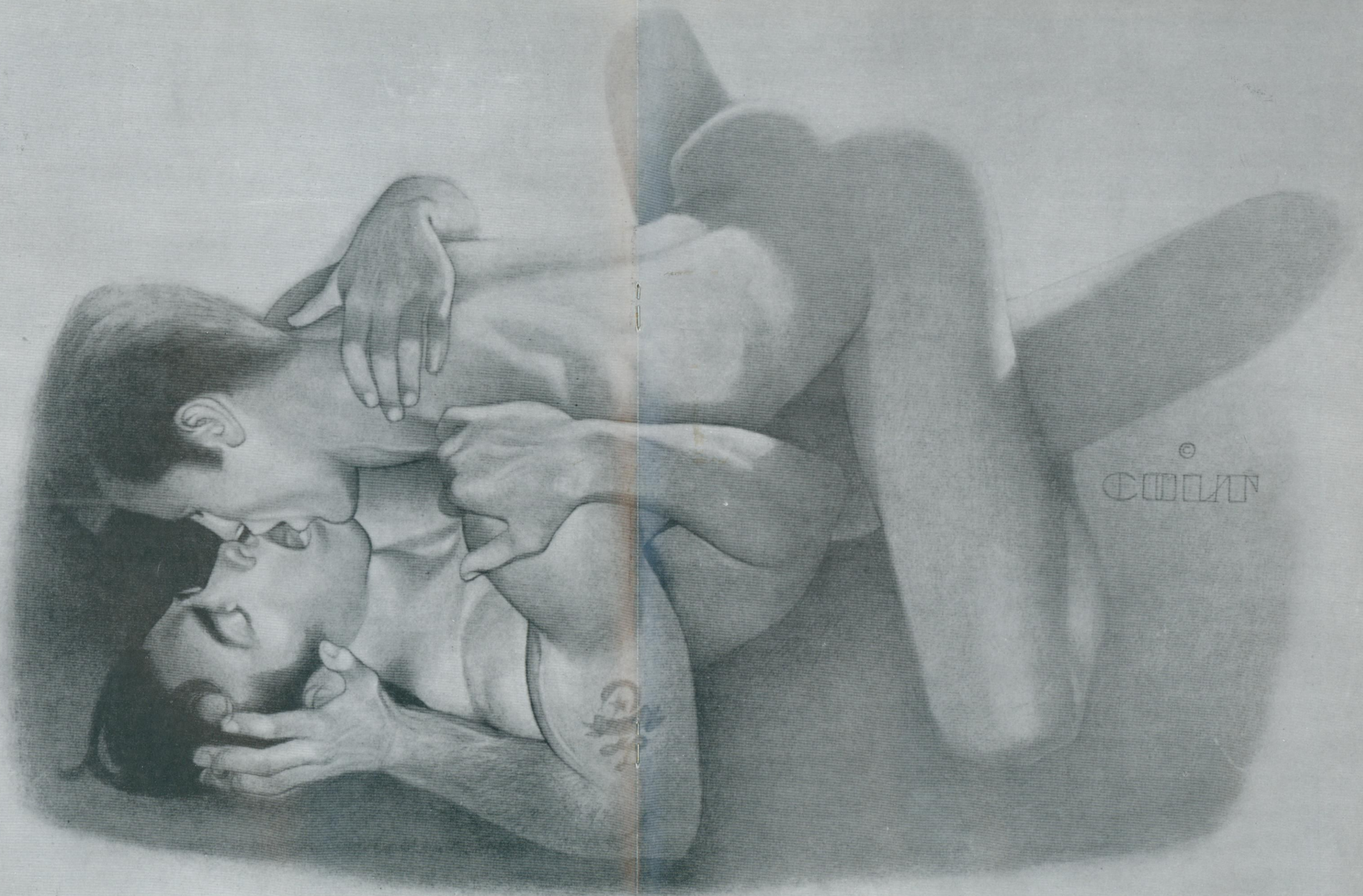
First, anything that produces and/or prolongs bad breath should be eliminated. Especially to be avoided are cigarettes and alcohol, particularly gin (the aromatics of which almost defy concealment), and the 'boilermaker'—that 'wet-possum breath' concoction of beer and whisky.

You should brush your teeth three times daily. If you have an electric toothbrush, so much the better. It is far more effective in its cleansing action. Follow this with some form of water-jet lavage such as that supplied by *Water Pic* or (especially if you wear some kind of small orthodontal appliance) *Readijet* by Parke-Davis.

Although short-lived, various mouth washes provide a degree of temporary good-breath insurance. However, many breath correctors substitute tastes or odors not to everyone's liking. Moreover, chlorophyll tablets can coat your tongue with such a bizarre color your lover may be startled into the belief that he's soul-kissing with Erda, The Green-Tongued Torso, to paraphrase Anna Russell.

(Text continued on page 32; illustration next page)





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COLLIER

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

continuous—without unnecessary “socializing.”

In the days of the “old baths” (and they’re still part of the scene) a few really attractive places (one being the original Club Baths in San Francisco) provided a “new look” but retained atmosphere; while posh effects were bountiful the mood was most definitely sensual and socializing (in a “party” sense) was subdued or at least confined to quiet lounges. Then the “new baths” owners came along and looked to places like the Club for examples. They rubber-stamped “the look” successfully (some even incorporated the term “club” in their names in order to trade on the good will of that original establishment), but—it now appears—have gone too far.

Besides general cleanliness and such desirable features as darkened dorms and carousel showers they have instituted live nightclub-type entertainment in their lounges, and free suppers—forgetting these extras are extras and the main reason guys cruise baths is for sex. In other words—perhaps unknowingly (most proprietors are straight)—the emphasis at the new baths has shifted from *sexualizing* to *socializing*.

Of course the sexualists still come and the action is sometimes steamy and continuous. But a typical Saturday night at a new baths sees more than the sexualists; the socializers arrive with friends and lovers who groove to music and free food . . . and sex *if* it happens. What is really disturbing is that the socializers wander in pairs and groups, peeking in like little boys looking under a mannequin’s dress, commenting loudly on the action. Too embarrassed to have sex in front of their friends, or too jaded (a consequence of being caught up in a Sexual Revolution which makes sex *too* available), they prefer talking about others: “Oh, Mary, look at her-r-r meat!” And just as the giggles commence an attendant makes the rounds, yelling, “Donuts now being served in the lounge!” The action guys burst out laughing (it all seems so silly!), and the ones on top go limp. Everyone stops what he is doing (if you can’t fight ‘em join ‘em!) and goes for donuts. Later it’s back to the dorm . . . ad infinitum. Even private rooms aren’t immune; the walls are thin.

When the evening is over, after having spent as much as \$10.00 or more, the sexualists have gotten about half as much as they used to get at the old baths, and the socializers talk about how strong the coffee was, or how great the songs were. In other words, for the socializers (and they do seem to be in the majority these days) sex is secondary—and they force their ways on others . . . if in no other way by lousing up sensuality with joviality.

The situation is often worse at baths which operate as private clubs, because most of the members have already made it with one another and have reached the chatting stage. Only when there are more strangers than usual (members’ guests) does the emphasis shift back to sex.

Judging by our mail, the sexualists are flocking back to the old baths. They tell us

they dislike the dirt but prefer roaches to “butterflies.” Consensus has it that the old places are on the upswing—because the social set avoids them like the plague and also because they are drawing a groovier crowd . . . young gays and bi-sexual hippies who cannot afford the high prices charged at “steam palaces”—prices necessitated by the costs of providing entertainment and free food . . . which no one really wants in the first place.

If the new baths owners would only remember that a guy’s appetite for food and sex come at different times . . . if they would eliminate the extraneous frills . . . if they would still maintain cleanliness . . . if they would use the money spent on food and singers for softer towels and more mattresses . . . if they would reduce their expenses by cutting out “freebies” and pass the savings on to the customers—they would succeed in replacing the old baths by providing an attractive yet sensual atmosphere without getting away from sex. Silence is most definitely erotic—and that’s what steam baths are really all about.

Editor’s note: *Silence can be controlled at the baths. There seems to be a lot of unnecessary talking in gay johns lately—by the same “socializers” discussed above . . . a new kind of gay born of the Sexual Revolution. It is up to all of us to request silence and shut up ourselves—or get out. We would appreciate hearing from our readers on this subject.*

JOHNNY COP WANTS YOU!

(Continued from page 25)

latest swimsuits—are easy marks.

Nine years ago I was ticketed. I objected strenuously and accused the officer of “harassing gay people”—and he knew he was doing just that. But it wasn’t as safe to speak up in those days as it is today, and I was grabbed by the scruff of my neck and hauled off to a private room in the bath house. There he called me a lot of names, such as “Faggot!” and “Queer!”—knocked me to the floor and pressed me for my name and address. I decided to remain silent. He picked me up and literally dragged me to the local precinct, where I was locked in a cell. Later that night I was taken to Night Court in lower Manhattan.

As I stood before the judge, bare-footed and in my swimsuit, I was asked why I refused to speak. I related my story. The judge took me aside and in a fatherly way apologized for the treatment I had received and informed me that I was free to go but that I would have to appear in court a couple of weeks later and pay a \$10 or \$15 fine.” (It should be noted here that this judge was the only kind lawman I encountered during my ordeal.)

To make a long story short, when I appeared in court two weeks later the judge realized I was gay and immediately became hostile. He ordered me to pay \$25 or spend three days in jail. I tried to explain that I had only \$21 with me, because I was led to believe (by the first judge) that the fine would be \$15 or less. He yelled for the bailiff and ordered him to take me away.

I was fingerprinted and handcuffed and put in a van. When I arrived at the Brooklyn

House of Detention I heard one particularly big and menacing officer say to a guard, “This faggot refuses to speak.” Word had gotten around. The guard smashed my head against the bars and knocked my wallet to the floor. “Pick it up, Faggot!” he yelled. I really couldn’t believe it was happening to me—for “violation” of a silly law which in no way is applicable in the usual sense today—but it was. Then I was put in a “Queen’s Tank,” which every jail has—a separate cell for homosexuals. I didn’t mind this (in fact, it probably protected me from being raped by aggressive straights—a common occurrence in all jails), but I did mind denial of certain “privileges” for the three days I remained imprisoned—commissary rights (for toilet paper, sugar, candy, etc.), movies, outdoor recreation. Moreover, my head was shaved—something which is not done to straight “prisoners.”

My point in relating this incident is that regardless of what the law books say, we as homosexuals are discriminated against by individual law enforcement interpretation—and we are at the mercy of Johnny Cop. Old laws are being used to harass gay people. Just recently, a specific interpretation of a valid law, but a law which would not have been used if a heterosexual were involved, was applied to deny a homosexual a driver’s license in Connecticut. The law, concerning the rights of ex-convicts (the man was imprisoned on a morals charge), would not have been used had the applicant been straight—as “society had been paid.” But because the man was gay and had a “gay criminal record”—discrimination was based on his homosexuality.

As a child growing up in the Midwest I was taught to respect the police and the courts. But as a homosexual adult in New York City, I have learned that a gay person must always be on guard against the police and the courts. I have seen too many pay-offs to policemen by Mafia-types in gay bars; I have noted too many incidents of harassment of gay people—without justification; I have read about too many murder cases involving gay victims where the heterosexual killer got off light because he “resisted homosexual advances.” To top things off, the International Association of Police Chiefs in convention recently voted unanimously to actively oppose political candidates who favor homosexual law reform.

It has become painfully clear to me that “laws” are made and enforced by and for heterosexual men. One of the goals of gay liberation is a just society in which laws are made and enforced by and for all people. Gay people have been historically patient and quiet, and meek—but the anger and frustration that is daily building in our community must be recognized and channeled. The Christopher Street Riots in 1969 put the nation on notice that we are not as patient and quiet and meek as they believed. Since then we have made some advancement, if only in increased concern and involvement in law reform among gay people who are protesting loudly. We *must* be heard . . . we *will* be heard.

In future issues of *QQ Magazine* I will discuss other aspects of the homosexual and the law which concern our community. And the law should concern all gay people—because we are equally vulnerable. There

QQ

are certain “basics” we should be aware of. For example, in the area of arrest, while it might serve a heterosexual to cooperate with the police by giving whatever information is asked for, the homosexual literally takes his life in his hands by telling too much. Any homosexual being arrested should be reasonably cooperative, but should not give any more information than his name and address until he sees his lawyer—lest that information be misinterpreted and used against him by the prejudiced. Moreover, homosexuals must always be on guard against certain ploys used by the police, an example being the “Beauty and the Beast Approach” used to interrogate homosexuals: Two officers will question you, one pretending to be especially hostile, the other trying to be your “friend.” As soon as the hostile guy leaves, the homosexual—believing he has found a kind ear—tells *everything* . . . and finds himself in a lot of trouble.

Then there is the matter of finding a lawyer, which I will also discuss at length later on. Generally speaking, finding a good lawyer is like finding a good doctor—and you just can’t do it by running to the Yellow Pages in an emergency. Ask around. At least one of your friends has probably had an experience with a lawyer. It’s a good idea, when you’re not in need, to visit that lawyer, in order to “size him up.” Most lawyers are happy to meet prospective clients, and there is no charge. If you haven’t done this, and if you are arrested, contact the nearest branch of the American Civil Liberties Union; they will assist you in finding someone who is experienced in your kind of cases. If you are indigent, seek help from the Legal Aid Society (note: similar organizations operate under various names in different cities). If, after being arrested, you have time to seek help from a local homophile organization, all the better. But don’t go in “blind.” Never pour out your life story to someone you are not sure of (and this you must base on the past experiences of friends, and heresy). For instance, among certain homophile “leaders” there are individuals who misuse their position—which they then use to their advantage . . . by passing the information on to criminals who use it to blackmail you later on, or rob your apartment when you’re out. The fact that a man heads a homophile organization is no mark of his personal character. Another common practice among these unscrupulous few men who should be put out of office is to bleed those in trouble by referring them to shyster lawyers who charge outrageous fees, and then “kick-back” part of that fee; it’s a nice living for some “leaders” who are otherwise unemployed.

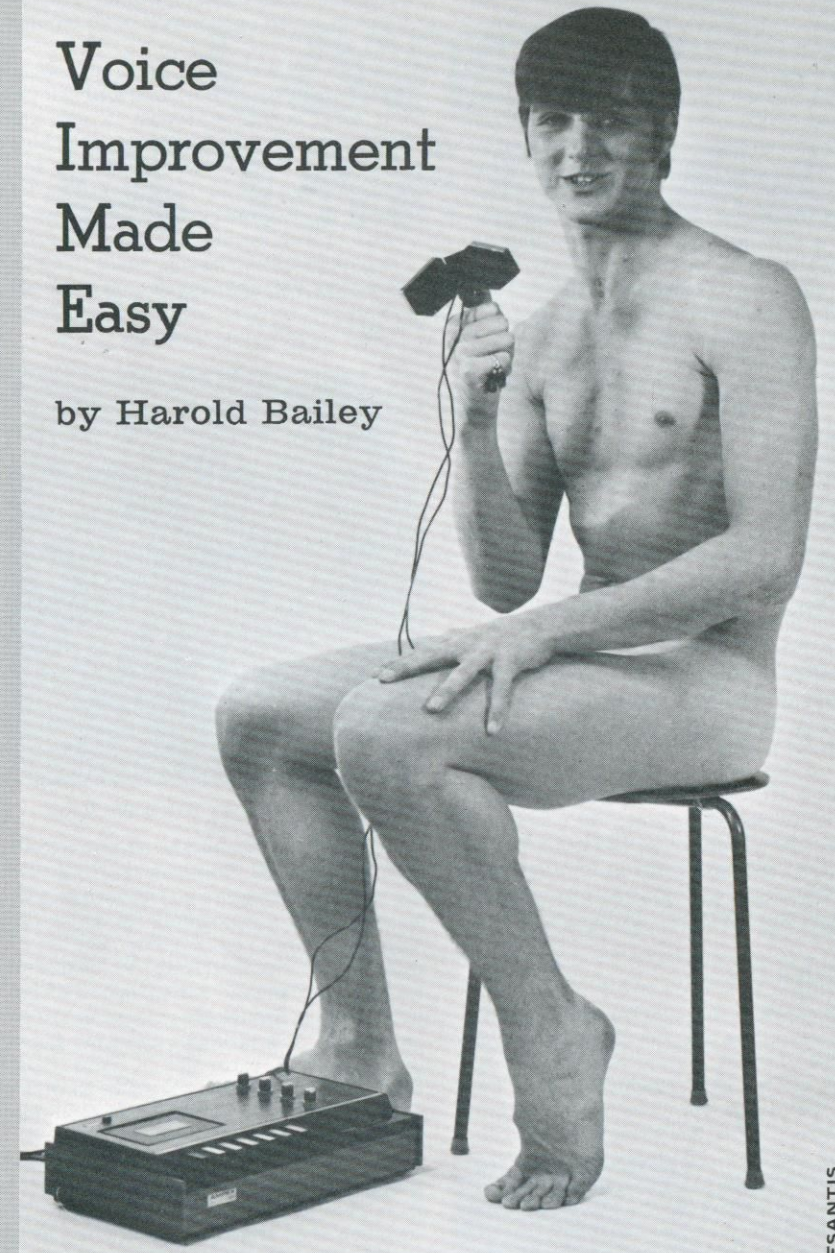
We have a long way to go before laws are changed favorably for homosexuals—and an even greater distance before mere interpretation of general laws changes so that individuals cannot twist words to our disadvantage. With each passing day we are gaining strength—and the more YOU become involved in these matters the faster will we all achieve the rights we are entitled to—and which we so justly deserve.

Subscribers: Please notify us of address change to insure on-time delivery of *QQ*.

May/June 1971

Voice Improvement Made Easy

by Harold Bailey



DESANTIS

YOU saunter over to this groovy leather guy and ask, “How ya doin’, Buddy?” “Just sooo-per,” he shrills. Image destroyed!

A WOW swimmer turns you on with his air of self-confidence and bronzed muscles glistening wet. “That was a great dive,” you say, hoping the compliment will get you in. “Th-th-th-thanks,” he stutters in a low voice you can hardly hear. Image destroyed!

Your roommate takes a call from a Jo Daniels and tells you about the

girl having phoned when you were out. “Girl?” you ask. You call and it turns out to be *Joe* (whose last name you never got), that cute kid you met in a john last week. Since you never spoke but wrote out messages on toilet tissue you were left with a butch impression. Image destroyed!

What we say and how we voice it contribute to our total image. Every gay guy should strive for solid masculine tones, neither soft nor shrill, gruff nor (Continued on page 32)

LIP SERVICE

(Continued from page 27)

Nature supplies the best breath correctors, three of which are fresh strawberries, parsley and coffee beans. Whole cloves, although natural, are too pungent and the taste/odor lasts so long a lover may think he's having sex with a chewing-gum machine. Gay guys of an earlier day favored the 'strawberry orgasm' . . . eating fresh strawberries to cleanse the system, particularly the tongue . . . even brushing their teeth with them. If you'd like a real taste delight, try brushing, mashing or slushing some icy-cold strawberries around your tongue, gums and teeth. How exhilaratingly they firm your gums and make them glow-go-go with a healthy pink . . . and how clean your teeth feel . . . and how swiftly bad breath is banished!

Parsley is also a miracle worker in producing clean, natural breath, but you can't keep it fresh while carrying it around. However, you can carry several coffee beans in a pocket. Before the moment of truth, chew a few beans to a pulp. Bad breath vanishes, along with the initially pungent taste of the beans.

In pre-Water Pic days, when a guy wanted to make the kissiest impression he snatched a piece of whalebone from his mother's corset. Before trysting he would scrape his tongue several times with it (well back to the uvula) until no trace of tongue accretion (the principal cause of bad breath) showed on the whalebone. Of course you can do this as well or better with a tongue depressor. Carry one as you do a comb and give your tongue a scrape-a-rape-a-rape for extra breath protection before giving your all.

LEATHER LIPS

Leather looks larrupin' on some gay guys, but leather lips are something else. Dry, cracked lips are uncomfortable and can switch off the most switched-on lover who does not relish the idea of sex with a saddlebag. Also, the more prolonged the kissing marathon, the more lip moisture is dissipated. You can prevent this by drinking a large glass of freshly squeezed orange or grapefruit juice beforehand . . . also lemonade from fresh lemons. Note that 'freshly squeezed' alert. It is the power of Vitamin C in tandem with the citrus juice that releases a *continuum* of tissue moisture. Since Vitamin C is largely absent from canned, reconstituted (bottle or container), or frozen orange/grapefruit juice or frozen lemonade, the juice alone cannot work total moisture magic.

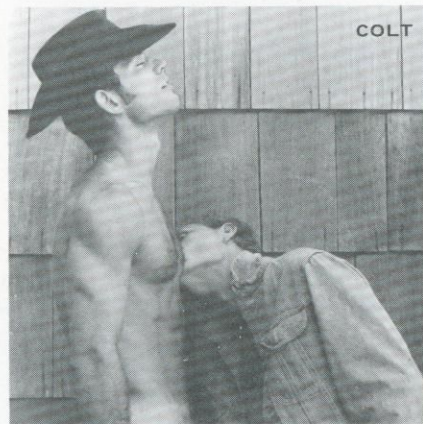
To keep your lips pliant, try another old-fashioned trick. Open a capsule of Vitamins A & D with a pin and stir drops of the oils into pure lanolin (the highest refining, which looks like light clover honey). Applying this to your lips morning and night—and before a kissing duel—can work wonders. Lanolin *creams* contain but a smidgin of lanolin. Worse, they're perfumed (anathema to many gay guys), but a good drugstore will have both the pure lanolin as well as capsules of A & D oils. So mix your witches brew and bewitch-h-h!

It is desirable to have satiny, 'bee stung',

pliant lips that, when parted sexily

a) groove to the most subtle nuances of kissing, and thus you are able to create the wildest lip patterns, making a sexual encounter an exploration into infinity . . . and

b) the more pliant your lips, the more effectively suction is produced which, in turn, creates a vacuum of delirium between your feverishly searching mouths. Tightly sealing the lips and drawing out all air by suction is a lip *basic* for the most celestial soul kissing. And if you groove on saliva or other variations of wet kissing, you'll find our juice/suction recommendations of special value in evoking heightened sensation and a reciprocating sexuality.



DON'T BE A 'WOODY WOODPECKER'

It is a mistake to quickly overpower your lover with instant fiery passion (he senses the too-sudden emotion is spurious), or with an over-assertive masculinity (by giving too much, too soon, you play out your bag of tricks before a semblance of climax is reached, and unless your technique of improvisation is formidable you are forced to repeat each trick making a fraud and a bore of a beautiful expression). Also avoid applying wrestling holds worthy of an Olympic champion. Any of these can turn your lover off in a trice!

It is well to remember that the first gentle tongue-to-tongue hello, before your faces even touch, can be shattering. The sensation is so wild and promises so much, anything you do afterward can be a disaster or an anticlimax if you don't proceed considerably, rhythmically and with good 'mouth manners'. Later you may press your face and lips against his as strongly as passion drives you, but always—always—keep your tongue relaxed and flexible. You should *implant* and *impregnate* with it . . . not *inject* and *impale*. Don't go rat-a-tat-a-tat with it, like Woody Woodpecker having a go at a tasty telephone pole . . . nor turn it into a pneumatic drill for a drive down his glottis.

If your tongue is adamantly rigid throughout the penetration you will miss whole areas of sensual stimulation. It will remain a tool rather than a tease. No matter how hard the pressure of your lips, always keep your tongue flexibly 'inquisitive'. By allowing some leeway between your questing mouths (a kind of squeeze-spongy flexibility) your lips can quickly adjust to exciting new patterns and improvisations that will make

every moment a new surprise . . . a new delight!

Don't be so continually on the move that you seem bent on devouring him in a few gulps. Save a bit of boy for dessert. You can do this by relaxing a few moments and gently running your tongue over each of his lips . . . or by gently nibbling each lip individually. However, if he is startled or seems even faintly displeased, desist and pull another trick from your repertoire . . . like a lovely rimming of his palate, his gums and teeth. Any of these can work up a helluva head of steam!

Reciprocity is always good etiquette, so apply it here. Let *him* take over operations for awhile . . . let him rip off a rhapsody for *you* . . . let him move *you* up there with the angels. Then, when it's your turn to spell him, begin again at the *same* kissing tempo where he left off. Naturally you will want to *accelerando* and *crescendo* from that point, but don't blow the scene into the dust of lust by upstaging him with your technique. Oneupmanship has no place in the kissing game; it's strictly a mutual affair. And it can be even more mutually rewarding if you

KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR HANDS

An admonition: unless you know your lover well it is unwise to place your hand(s) around his neck until he is obviously tripping up the passion ladder. Freud could give you a dozen reasons why, but fundamentally it is that a man's neck is a most vulnerable area, and unfamiliar hands reaching for it (particularly if you're someone just cruised) can throw him into a state of super-alertness or even panic.

Work first with your fingers, especially the middle finger. Why? Because it is the most sensitive. Your thumb works in group (and grope) concert . . . your forefinger is prodding and practical and rarely nuanced. Your little finger is weak and less sensitive, while the fourth finger works synergistically with the third. Sensual arousal comes from tracing even the simplest patterns on your lover's face with your middle finger. Just the mere limning of his jawline, chin, ears, and eyebrows can transport him into shuddering ecstasies if you do it with art and with love.

But once you've fingerpainted him with the colors of your imagination, and are more in his confidence—and he in yours—you should then work with your hands anywhere and everywhere, anyway and every way, to whatever degree your sensitivity and his growing response indicate. Then will open before you vast spaces for creative improvisation. Explore them all lest nostalgia break your heart.

VOICE IMPROVEMENT

(Continued from page 31)

hoarse. If you groove on quickies, what a guy sounds like means nothing since conversation is nil, but if you enjoy a complete scene then you want your guy to sound good too. How disappointing it is to meet a stud who sounds like a chick. It's enough to turn you off.

Voice reveals character, or lack of it. It reflects self-confidence and charm and can

brand you a groovy guy or a swish.

WHY WE SPEAK AS WE DO

Choice of words and how we voice them reflect background. If your parents spoke in low tones, for example, you most likely speak softly. In other words, we learn by imitating—and if we had poor examples as youngsters, bad habits stay with us unless we recognize and eliminate them.

Poor speech patterns are not only learned at home; they are reflections of our associations. If you lie down with drag queens, to paraphrase that old doggy saying, you will sound like one yourself. There is nothing attractive about drag queens and their shrill whinings.

Sometimes, out of consciousness of our somewhat delicate behavior, we force low tones. A deep bellow is just as unpleasant as a pitch shrill enough to crack a plastic inhaler. Strive for pleasant, relaxed tones—within the capabilities of your physical structure.

Physical structure is basic. The size of your jaw and mouth; how your teeth are arranged; the thickness of your lips and gums; the size of the larynx ('voice box' contained in the Adam's apple); construction of the rib cage; and hearing loss (it is difficult to imitate sounds if you are deaf) all contribute to the formation of speech sounds and vocalizing them. Physical traits do limit, but you can nonetheless make full use of your potential by learning to use what you have to greatest advantage. For instance, if you have a 'lazy jaw,' no matter what you say will sound low simply because you do not open your mouth.

Speech is a muscular activity and muscles are definitely controlled by our emotions. A moderate amount of emotional stress is good for rich tones, but too much, especially in the throat, can make you shrill. Relax when you speak. Shed your hangups and you'll sound better.

IMPROVEMENT CAN BE EASY

The first step to improvement is recognition of your faults. It's so easy to rationalize by saying, 'So what! As long as I'm good in bed, who cares about my voice! That would be okay if you never got out of bed.

Learn to listen to others. Pay attention not only to what good speakers say but how they say it. Imitate them. Use a tape recorder and learn to listen to your own voice. Ask a friend to point out your flaws, and then work on them one at a time. Regular practice will yield automatic usage.

If your speech is slurred, move that tongue. If you speak in a monotone, put feeling in what you say—lowering your voice here, raising it there. If you sound uninteresting, stress important words.

Your library is an excellent source of books on speech improvement. If you are at school, endeavor to join a public speaking class—also offered by private establishments off the campus (the Dale Carnegie centers across the country offer such courses). But most important is an awareness of good speech, recognition of your faults, and conscientious practice. These simple steps can be your fastest route to voice improvement.

A Continuing Series

LOVERS IN THE DARK

... OR MAKING IT IN CINEMATIC PARADISE WITH THE SUPER SEX STARS

By Roy Caleb Agard

Is there anyone out there who hasn't made it with a movie star yet? Like in your dreams? That's what movies are all about. Especially for gay guys. Movies mean more than being groped in the last row. Like seeing yourself locked in Robert Redford's arms. Or Warren Beatty's. Or Keir Dullea's. Great afterthoughts for Fantasex. In seven consecutive installments we will take a look at the beefcake that caused a lot of heavy breathing in the balcony in past years—and bring you up to date on the Cinema Studs who are turning gay guys on today. In this issue—let's make it with the super sex stars of the...

1910s

Movies became popular in the 1890s and continued to grow in popularity with each succeeding year. Audiences were so fascinated by the screen itself and its moving figures that little attention was paid to the performers—until 1910 . . . when the star system got its start. Gay guys were really in business when the first five Cinema Studs came on bright and clear:

Antonio Moreno was a big one in the 1910s and a bigger one in the 20s, when he played leading man to such female sex symbols as Greta Garbo and Pola Negri. He was a darkly handsome Spaniard, and Elinor Glyn, who created 'It,' said that he definitely had it, along with Clara Bow and Rex, the Wild Stallion. But 'It' failed to keep him on top when talkies came; his accent reduced him to character parts.



Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno in "In the Latin Quarter."

Wallace Reid displayed a great, practically nude image as an Indian in *The Deerslayer* in 1911, and after that his career zoomed. He appeared opposite opera star Geraldine Farrar in several colorful romantic roles—including that of Don Jose in *Carmen*. Reid died of drug addiction in 1923, at the height of his career.

Turn to Page 46 for More



1911 audiences gasped when they saw Wallace Reid's bod in "The Deerslayer."

FELLATIO

(Continued from page 9)

Fellatio is the most common and most natural of all homosexual acts—because of our preoccupation with the phallus and the male anatomy; the phallus and mouth are natural couplers. I shall dispense with sex foreplay—a subject which has been covered numerous times in past issues of QQ—and get right down to the nitty gritty:

Successful fellatio involves eleven essentials: (1) pressure; (2) moisture; (3) rhythm (speed); (4) suction; (5) tickling; (6) licking; (7) body position; (8) manipulation; (9) co-ordination; (10) conscious awareness; and (11) final withdrawal. These essentials must be combined and varied, emphasis being dictated by differences in individual partners; it is a conscious awareness on the performer's part—of his partner's reactions—that permits him to execute the act successfully. The performer must be aware of even the slightest positive or negative responses from his mate and vary technique accordingly . . . instantly. Let's now examine the essentials:

(1) **Pressure.** Lips control pressure on the phallus. The teeth are retracted by "pulling" them into the jaw as the mouth is opened and the lips are pursed. If the lips are tensed greatly they will become rigid and cause the mouth opening to be too tight; this places a blade-like tension on the intruding phallus. Hence, the lips should be taut but not rigid. The proper amount of muscular tension will keep them pliable but never "floppy." Likewise, the tongue should be tensed slightly, lowered as the phallus enters, and raised as it withdraws. The lip-tongue action controls tension, which when properly executed creates a soft yet firm vise-like grip on the phallus. Conscious awareness of partner response will indicate if pressure is too great or too low, and "adjustments" can be made.

(2) **Moisture.** Constant salivation is essential to smooth action. The performer must learn to control salivation so as to provide a natural and constant lubricant. A dry mouth can cause great discomfort and inhibit the piston-like action. It can also cause mild but painful abrasion on the moving phallus, and performer's lips. Too much saliva can ease friction to too great an extent. Saliva flow can be learned by practicing licking envelopes; the glue aids salivation and you will soon find you are able to turn on flow at will, by practicing with dozens of envelopes, licked at varying speeds. On "dry days" (and this is possible if you have eaten certain foods) take some extra orange juice to lubricate your system, or keep a jigger of your favorite cordial on your nightstand, and sip it from time to time. Actual practice will refine your ability to salivate freely and at will.

(3) **Rhythm (speed).** This refers to the stroke rate which is achieved by head control (the "strokes per minute" at which you bring your mouth up and down on the phallus). Sixty strokes per minute is considered average and comfortable for most people, performers and partners alike. Rarely will you find someone who desires greater speed, but frequently will you encounter guys who prefer to have the phallus "savored," preferring about 30 SPM. You

will eventually develop your own particular SPM, which you should apply if mastered. Adjust rhythm according to individual. If your speed (in combination with the other essentials) is suitable your partner's reaction will be favorable (which you will know via conscious awareness of his responses), but if he indicates pain, which manifests itself in a variety of ways (softening of the phallus, or an attempt on his part to masturbate, or an attempt on his part to thrust rather than remain passive), switch to a lower or higher gear. Variety is most important; speed should be varied to heighten sensations by causing physical contrasts. In other words, your "main gear" should be driven, but slow down and speed up as your partner climbs upward.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QW SON

SAY



"Boy who pickle deer
make dill-doe!"

(4) **Suction.** Fellatio is unessentially an act of sucking, and referring to it as such is misleading. Nevertheless, sucking is an essential part of performance, and not everyone utilizes this ingredient, because they have developed faulty technique which mainly involves pressure (or lack of it) and rhythm. A mild suction should be sustained throughout fellatio, and increased slightly on each successive phallic plunge. This helps maintain and even increase the sensation of pressure, thereby creating a tighter, hotter housing for the shaft. Suction is not created by taking in outside air, but rather by "pulling in" slightly on air which is

already trapped in the mouth, which is of course plugged with the phallus. If there is too much suction a vacuum will be created, making phallic movement sluggish and even causing great pain for those who are very sensitive, i.e., the uncircumcised.

(5) **Tickling.** This refers to the use of the tongue tip. On withdrawal of the phallus (note: it should never be withdrawn completely, except during "rest periods," but rather kept in the mouth for the duration) the tip of the phallus should be stroked with the tongue tip as it moves to and fro. This is especially desirable where uncircumcised organs are concerned, as heightened sensations can be achieved by stroking the super-sensitive head under the partially retracted foreskin. Tickling is achieved in a fraction of a moment, but most certainly is a refinement which separates the pros from the wishers. Practice on your thumb, and actual performance will improve technique.

(6) **Licking.** This is somewhat related to tickling, when the tongue tip takes a broader-than-tickling swash of the phallus. It is also effective if during a lengthy session (which might be deliberate if both partners pause every few moments in order to extend the act) the tongue is applied to the length of the shaft, the scrotum, and related areas.

(7) **Body position.** The most popular positions are performer hunched over his reclining partner, head placed over the phallus, and also performer kneeling in front of his partner, head in front of the phallus. The latter is generally practiced in public places of *inconvenience*, such as johns. In a private bedroom, where greater variety is possible, other positions include: performer sitting on partner's chest, hunched over the phallus; performer and partner lying face-to-face on their sides; performer and partner lying in "69" position (for mutual gratification) on their sides (maximum comfort), or with one partner on top of the other (minimum comfort, especially if the fellow on top is heavy and immobile . . . the "touch system" can be used—tapping each other to indicate speed so as to delay premature ejaculation for one partner, thereby assuring simultaneous orgasm); performer sitting, facing partner, with partner standing at phallus-to-mouth level (sometimes desired when the performer has a long torso); performer lying on his back, head propped up and forward on a firm pillow, partner sitting on chest, body angled forward for insertion (positioning is crucial, as performer's teeth are at such an angle as to cause possible scraping); performer lying on his back, partner in a pushup-like position, phallus over partner's head (partner sustains pumping action); and partner lying on edge of bed, hips on edge of mattress, legs spread, feet on floor . . . performer sitting on partner's chest, hunched forward, phallus in mouth, nose inserted in anus (possible when partner's phallus is of considerable length, or semi-rigid, and when performer and partner desire simultaneous fellatio and *analnasus*). Position can be "mixed" at will, for variety.

(8) **Manipulation.** The performer's hands can assist in fellatio—provided they serve as an aid and not a substitute. The index finger and thumb can be looped around the phallus and made to serve as an "extra set

of lips." This works especially well on fellows who require a lot of stimulation. The fingers can be moistened with saliva and used to probe the anus, or stroke the nipples to increase excitement. But here again conscious awareness is vital—because some partners are distracted by finger action and too much stroking and probing can cause discomfort and interfere with the main action. Occasionally, a fellow is encountered who prefers to have the performer's middle finger inserted in the anus, to help stimulate the prostate and assist orgasm. To this same end some partners stock a variety of dildoes.

(9) **Coordination.** All the above essentials must be combined in order to assure total pleasure. Variety is essential and combinations should be changed throughout the act. The essentials must be utilized simultaneously, and so must be mastered singly at first and then in combination. For the inexperienced, as well as for those who have had numbers experience but who are still lacking technique, it is suggested that the basics be perfected first and then that refinements be developed until total co-ordination is achieved.

(10) **Conscious awareness.** Every partner is different. While a performer who has mastered a particular style should practice it, he should nonetheless maintain a conscious awareness throughout each act and vary his approach in order to satisfy his partner. If he finds his partner squirming uncomfortably, or voluntarily withdrawing and resorting to masturbation, he should at once evaluate his technique and vary it to accommodate his mate. This is especially true of pressure and rhythm. Some partners desire rough treatment, and if this is indicated (perhaps by violent thrusts to the back of the throat) the performer should attempt to modify his technique if possible.

(11) **Final withdrawal.** Even if a performer does not wish to consume his partner's semen, the phallus should be held in the mouth until the spurting has subsided. While ejaculation is occurring the performer should remain still, as the phallus is extremely sensitive during this time. However, the performer should not cease stroking prematurely, at the very moment orgasm occurs, as this might cause incomplete ejaculation; two or three final strokes will assure total delivery. When orgasm has occurred, the performer should wait a few moments and then make a few final strokes—but very light ones—before slowly lifting his head, to savor the withdrawal rather than convey a feeling of disgusted accomplishment. This last point should be remembered by performers who choose to experience orgasm simultaneously, via masturbation, and are "turned off" after ejaculation. The semen can then be swallowed if desired, or released in a towel.

We do not condone or condemn fellatio. Instead, we merely present suggestions for improvement for those who already indulge, but who come on like meek pussycats or starved lions. (*Purr-r-r-r!*)

Look for some big news on contests you can win—in our next issue, out in May. Full details will be given for photographers and writers alike.

May/June 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.



9c GAY WORLD POSTAGE

ON LEPERS AND TOES

Dear Guys:

QQ continues to look splendid. I hope to send you another article soon—and look forward to seeing it in print.

Have been busy writing outrageous novels, too far out the agent tells me for any New York publisher to handle, both novels with a gay slant. One I wrote last summer I call "Zap: A Book for Lepers." The new one, "How to Make Love to a Foot," is about a foot fetishist, about which I know little but have come to fantasize a lot about. It is going wildly and well. My guy, 46, finally locates his long-lost mother, 80, in a nudist colony, fucks her, and she drops dead. Then there's a ritual murder, a psychedelic trip inside Mae West's cunt, etc.

My personal life goes on swimmingly. Some 20 lovers last month, and clap in the ass. This slowed me down somewhat, but am swinging again. Feel real alive, as long as I get enough sleep.

I'm planning to be in New York in April or May. See you then.

Love,
John Bridge
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed: Mr. Bridge, who "came out" at 40, has written for QQ twice. His personal experiences were related in the Winter 1969-70 and Summer 1970 issues. "Two Boys," a book of erotic poetry by Mr. Bridge, will be published by QQ later this year.

HOOSIER RECALLS FIRE ISLAND

Dear George:

Your extremely fine writeup and pictorial layout on Fire Island in the January-February issue evoked a flood of memories for me, as I happen to be an old Cherry Grovite from way, way back. First visited the Island back in the summer of 1948, when Cherry Grove was really primitive and the old Duffy's Hotel was still standing. Was a regular at the Island until 1950, when I entered the Air Force and vanished off the scene until the mid-1950s. My last extended stay on the Island was around 1960, just after some of the modern conveniences were gaining a foothold to sort of ruin things for many of us oldtimers. That was just about the time that telephones were being installed in many of the houses and electricity was also coming in. Plans were also afoot to put in a central water system because of the pollution in the sub-surface water. The water system was badly needed because the water out there was completely unfit to drink. Have not been back to the Island for about ten years now because so much of the fun went out of the place when everything went modern.

Would love to see some of the present-day Grovites try to survive without all of the creature comforts they have. That place was really fun when one had to "rough it" by pumping water, cleaning and filling kerosene lamps, taking showers out on the

(Continued on page 44)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 WAYS

(Continued from page 6)

and/or awkwardness in performance. With both problems easy to solve, let's explore the subject of colonic cleanliness before going lickalittle-ittle-ittle into a hi-diddle-griddle.

THE COMPLETE HI-COLONIC 'WHEN YOU'RE HAVING MORE THAN ONE'

Cleanliness supposedly being next to godliness, surely nothing can be sexually safer than anilingus with an internally pure young Apollo. Nothing chancy there, and a simple anorectal cleansing will suffice for the duration of the seance (assuming that you don't play the game of love toys all night). But in group-sex encounters, or 'marathons' (to use the gay term for sex where the participants are numerous and you can't take a curtain call until dawn), cleansing of the colon from stem to stern (literally) is indicated.

There is good reason other than anti-sepsis for the complete multi-sex enema. Secure in the knowledge that you are spotless internally you can approach the couch(es) knowing that you can safely make a complete sexual response and derive complete sexual pleasure from the most titillating tongue as well as from many phallic sizes and techniques.

For one thing you no longer need brace yourself, holding in both your abdominal and *gluteus maximus* muscles for dear life as though to ward off the dread possibility of an embarrassing effluvium while your partner is deep in the ecstasies of anilingus. For another, neither will applied pederasty be a disaster since your colon—now completely clear—will have nothing to 'send on' to spoil the mood of the moment. No sticky wickets!

If you will keep before you a mental picture of your healthily-clean colon . . . visualizing it as a pretty pussy pink or blushing meat red . . . you can rest secure that being now wholly flexible it will open almost vaginally to accommodate anything size-wise from the Teeny Weenie Genie to the legendary phallus of Seabiscuit.

TWO EFFECTIVE HI-COLONICS

If there is a physiotherapist in your community he will undoubtedly have an apparatus that gives a colonic irrigation (the technical term) with water. This is functional and easy to do because you simply lie on your back throughout the cleansing, a procedure that usually takes about fifteen minutes. This technique is recommended when a 'surprise' marathon is to take place a few hours later.

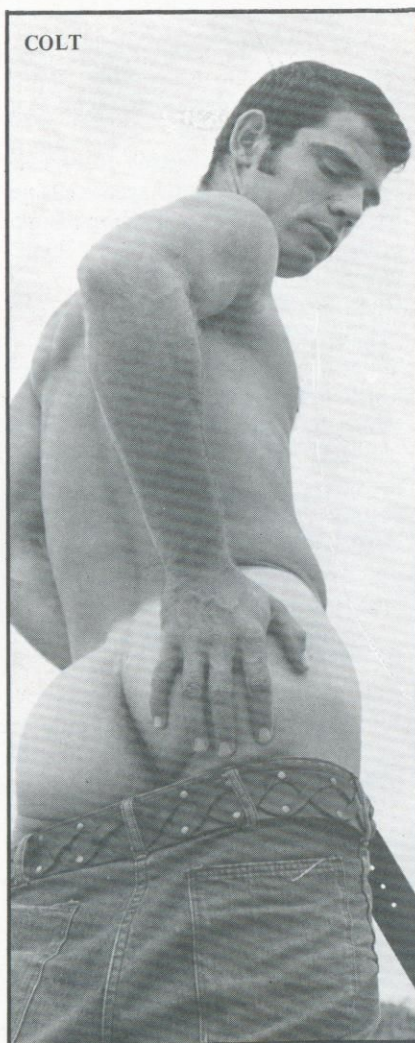
But if you have a day's advance word here is a most effective way to do it yourself at home. But reserve this for state occasions lest it become habit-forming, causing your eliminative system to groove only on laxatives. Here's the 24-hour time-cycle technique:

- Dinner the night before (approximately 24 hours before the marathon) should be limited to liquids or liquefying foods (milk, cottage cheese, gelatin, custard, ice cream, coffee, tea). At 10:00 p.m. take three tablespoons of odorless, taste-

less castor oil (the label of the bottle should so indicate) with a glass of orange juice. This is not 'icky' nor 'ugh' and there's no kickback.

- Evacuate upon arising the next morning, and when you've determined this to be complete, give yourself a *Fleet's Enema* (you can get it from any drugstore), a quickie, easy-to-do enema that flushes the last particle of waste from the anorectal-sigmoidal area.
- Have a liquid breakfast. Skip lunch. Have anything you wish, and as much as you want, at dinner because what you eat will not have time to reach the lower colon 'where the action is' until well after the longest marathon.

Then try on your tricks for size . . . let come what may (and may a lot of it!). You're in for a trouble-free, carefree, enjoyable evening. (Special note: if you simply cannot take odorless, tasteless castor oil you may substitute five generous tablespoons of milk of magnesia and follow the same procedure as with castor oil. But to be doubly sure, repeat the *Fleet's Enema* about thirty minutes before the marathon.)



MIDI- AND MINI-ENEMAS

Since one doesn't use an elephant gun to hunt a mouse there's no need to use the preceding maxi-enema if you are tricking with but one or two. A midi-enema is enough for this and here is how it is

performed. Insert a Squibb *Glycerin Suppository* as far into the rectum as you can. You can get these at any drugstore and you must be sure that the suppository is *glycerin* and not the greasy hemorrhoidal type. In fifteen minutes or less it will have effected a lower-tract cleansing. Follow this with a *Fleet's* as a rinse and you're all set for diddle the duo.

Simpler still is the mini-enema for one. Just the *Fleet's* before you make the scene . . . or a brief warm-water enema using about half a bag of water. Or if you have a bidet in your bathroom, a few pleasant moments in communion with it will do splendidly! Shower after the enema.

A dietary suggestion for devotees of anal sex: If you are anosexually active you should omit from your daily diet all 'gritty' foods such as fruits with small seeds, rye bread, poppyseed rolls and sesame sticks . . . as well as 'bloopy' foods like oatmeal and other cereals. The former can tear your lover's tongue to tatters, while the latter—should his tongue trigger a gas pocket while exploring the mysteries of your anal sphincter—can blast him clear outasight!

Never eat cabbage, coleslaw, Brussels sprouts, asparagus or turnips. By avoiding these gassy, clogging foods, and by drinking a small glass of sauerkraut juice each day (get the unsalted kind from your local health-food store), your eliminative system will maintain its regularity and be all the easier to 'quickie-douche' at propitious moments, and you need never fear the surprise release of a firkin of figs nor a fetid fucculence of flatulence.

AN IMPORTANT HYGIENIC CAUTION

If you are overcome by *prima vista* passion for an intriguing gayounguy who, as you later learn at the moment of truth, is not as hygienically pure as a young Apollo should be, beware! However brief the sexual contact, have your physician give you a shot of gamma globulin to avert any possible contamination. Moreover, if your anosexual life is pretty regular it will do no harm, and much good, to have a prophylactic inoculation of gamma globulin every four to six weeks since protection lasts only about this long. In most cases a 2cc booster will safeguard your health, but if ever you should contract infectious hepatitis its effects will be minimized. Because hepatitis can result from many things, and is not essentially a 'gay' disease, you need not be specific with your physician as to why you need gamma globulin. (Let him think it was a girl!). Anosexuality is a beautiful expression of love but even a rose has an occasional thorn.

References to it appear in books of both the Old and New Testament yet there are still those in contemporary gay life who would like to experience it but have only the vaguest idea of how to effectuate it. It also appeals to many straight guys—particularly Marines, sailors and soldiers—who find *fellatio* abhorrent. Such men are often repelled by the very thought of being kissed or embraced by a man, yet—once they have experienced anal sex—are immediate converts who remain fervent practitioners.

And so because QQ has been asked to shed some light on the rituals of this sexual art to those who are still in the dark about

QQ

it, we offer in digest form some suggestions of readers who have found them rewardingly satisfactory in providing and deriving the greatest pleasure with the least discomfort and freedom from injury. In view of the increasing interest and acceptance of anosexuality we are happy to perform this as a public service.

CONTEMPORARY ANOSEXUAL TECHNIQUES

The art of anal intercourse is intensely personal, yet—as in the practice of any art—a certain discipline, however loving, is necessary, for without it a mutual rejoicing in this beautiful ritual of sensual love is impossible because neither celebrant can give or receive all he would like to. Generally the trouble is in not knowing or not choosing the most comfortable and felicitous position. Of course this varies from person to person, or body type to body type, but you must never guess about it. *Know!*

HOW TO COPE WITH A MUSCLE MAN

If a handsome, powerfully-built Mr. America strides the beach, his fantastic muscles catching every eye, quickening every pulse, you may exult in being the first to score. "What a build!" you marvel. "He must be great in bed!" But he may turn out an absolute clod. In bed you may discover that his muscles add up to 240 pounds of sheer heft, and to maneuver him into any effectively-workable position is like beaching Moby Dick. And those beautiful buns that lay a-baking on the beach have now become Scylla and Charybdis guarding the sacred portals of his anal canal, so that the slightest touch of your hands or caress of downy cheek causes them to bristle . . . tensing as tightly as when posed for a 'Best Back' award.

If you're lucky you can get him to assume a quasi-triangular toes-down, head-down, buttocks-pointed-heavenward position which releases all gluteal tension so that the anal arena opens widely, as to a flurry of trumpets. Fork your tongue into an instant broadsword and *char-r-r-r-ge!* He may appreciate your thoughtfulness in quite another way, for this position is, of course, the ideal one for performing Pushups. And so he gets a double bonus in being able to complete a triceps-deltoid workout while you play a rhythmic game of 'rim-around-the-rosie'.

POSITIONS FOR MEN OF MORE REALISTIC BUILD

Fortunately not everyone is a Mr. America type, and so those of more slender build can quickly assume positions that afford a far greater variety of analingual or pederastic play. Possibly the most elementary position, which is also the most comfortable, giving free phallic entry and minimizing any initial discomfort that the novice might experience, is the one in which you lie on your back with your knees raised slightly . . . legs spread apart . . . hips thrust forward and upward. Your kneeling partner then mounts, with his phallus entering the rectum according to its natural trajectory. The longer the phallus the better, since it must travel some distance before it can reach the opening and be inserted successfully.

May/June 1971



Variation I

However, if his phallus is not long, anticipate this difficulty by doing this: in that same position, pull your legs still further backward until your knees are near your head . . . grasping them underneath the knee-joints for secure support and steadiness of position. Your hips will rise still higher (and if you place a pillow or foam-rubber pad under them, so much the higher and more comfortable), and the anus opens much wider. A full-phallic or deeply-analingual entry can then be made with consummate ease.

Variation II

Some prefer a modification of this in which one lies on a higher surface such as a comfortably padded table. The modern dining table (with standardized 30" height) is just right. Assuming the same position as in Variation I, the buttocks arrive near the edge of the table. The aggressor stands and is thus able to provide a greater phallic and pelvic (not to say emotional) thrust.

Because his knees can move freely so that he can 'stand and deliver' he can partially cradle your body in his arms and draw you still nearer to execute a free-wheeling pelvic drive from mild to wild, producing fast or slow vibrations which roto-rotoer deep into the rectum. (Perhaps someone will invent a table with sliding 'cradle'—like the trough of a baby scale—with handles, which will be wilder still. You shove it and love it!) This is a most effective position for anyone, including our big Mr. America type . . . and particularly for one who has bumpety-bump butterball buns with *crevasse* so deep normal entry is difficult and insertion almost impossible.

(If the table is a bit too high the

aggressor may stand on the Sears catalog, Webster's Unabridged, an encyclopedia, or (if in New York) the Manhattan telephone directory to make the position of phallus-to-anus a flush or unilateral one. However, should the table seem a bit too low, he need only bend his knees to the degree necessary.)

Variation III

If you are a lithely-slender build you can make the moment sublime by resting your lower legs across his shoulders, one leg on each side of his neck. As he phallically telegraphs his desire to move more deeply into your 'sanctum sanctimonium' you can assist by pulling him closer with the pressure of your legs. Union complete, a simultaneous orgasm is factually possible. When this seems about to occur, if you will both unleash 'poppers' the sensation can be extended almost to next Thanksgiving!

This technique is much favored by gay physicians, chiropractors and osteopaths whose office examining-tables are adjustable in height to 'wheel!' The better to give postgraduate seminars in sexual 'therapy' to delighted 'students'.

Variation IV

By using the table position just described (a higher than Hollywood-type bed is also excellent), anilingus and/or *fellatio* can be effectively applied since the aggressor can kneel on comfortable pads and address himself to testicles, anus or phallus which are now wholly accessible as a unit. For an aggressor who is short-winded, who tires easily, or who has just had the ginger taken out of him by the largest phallus in captivity, this affords a quick change of venue so that some form of sex play can be continued until he has regained his strength, wind, or wits.

Variation V

The familiar position of recipient lying lengthwise face down, aggressor likewise on top of him, is uncomfortable for many gay guys. It works well when both are quite slender, since the weight of the topmounter is not excessively burdensome . . . and when the buttocks of the recipient are long and sloping, rather than bouncingly 'buntiful'. It is still widely used, but once the freer access via table has been experienced few revert to this older style.

It has one advantage, however, on those occasions when phallus-to-anus contact is not possible or likely, such as a formal party. If, say, at some *fete champetre* you catch someone interesting in the middle of a Morris dance and playfully wrestle him into the hydrangeas to practice a 'dry run' while fully clothed (just to get the feel of things), you may find this leading happily to absolutely unmentionable moments later, and elsewhere. So Variation V really can't be faulted.

It goes without saying—or should—that anal entry by the phallus should be attempted only when it has been lubricated with K-Y, Vaseline or mayonnaise. (Or, in a pinch, you can just spit on it.)

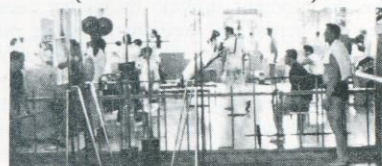
In future issues, as you continue to send in suggestions, we should like to discuss other anosexual techniques, particularly those relating to what some call 'a moon flight' . . . 'a voyage to a small planet' . . . or 'a trip around the world'.

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LARRY AND THE LIEUTENANT

(Continued from page 21)

You've got hot nuts for someone who wouldn't spit on you—"

"It isn't hot nuts, it's . . ."

"Love?" Bert laughed shrilly. "You really are stupid . . ."

Larry couldn't stand it a moment longer. He bolted, close to tears, and that night, as he lay awake, while the others slept heavily around him, the tears really did come. He loved the lieutenant no matter what Bert thought, and he wanted to feel the lieutenant in his mouth and he wanted to feel himself in the lieutenant's mouth. He wanted the lieutenant's lips all over him and he wanted his lips all over the lieutenant. And he cried because he didn't think it was ever going to happen.

Hopelessness sat heavily on him, but he managed to get through the rigors of the rest of the week with an even better performance than before. Crazily enough, despite his despair he was turning out to be a good soldier. He hadn't had a single gig since the first day of Basic, and this week he was commended by the battalion commander during inspection for the exactitude of his full-field display and by the company commander at retreat one day for the perfection of his appearance and for his precise execution of the manual-of-arms.

He tried to look cheerful on Saturday afternoon as he headed for the service club, where he was to meet his parents, who were stopping briefly on their way to Florida. Amazingly, as he passed a wooded area near the club, the lieutenant appeared from between two pine trees, not a dozen yards away. The lieutenant smiled, and his eyes melted into Larry's, saying that at last the moment was here, that they would go back into the woods and consummate their love. But Larry could only walk on, in a state of terrible excitement and confusion, for his parents were waiting for him, and it was only a minute later that it dawned on him that the lieutenant would have no way of knowing he had to meet them. The lieutenant would think Larry had rejected him! Larry hurried back to the woods to explain, but the lieutenant was gone.

Feeling doomed, he tried to conceal his heartsickness from his parents, who were so glad to see him that they wouldn't have noticed anyway. They said that Mary Ellen sent her love together with a reminder that he hadn't answered her letters. He said that he would write to her soon, but of course he didn't intend to, for that farce-phase of his life was over forever. Then his father reminisced about his experiences in World War II and said that Rita Hayworth, the love goddess of the 1940s, had been his company's favorite pin-up, and asked who were the favorite pin-ups of Larry's "barracks buddies."

"We don't have any pin-ups," Larry said uneasily, and was glad that his mother, undoubtedly feeling a certain jealousy about Rita Hayworth, changed the subject. In a few minutes, when they ran out of things to talk about, as they always did, Larry suggested that they drive around the post. As they did so, he hoped the lieutenant would see them, and understand why Larry had

fled. But there was no sign of him as they drove past motor pools and the stockade and post headquarters and then one company training area after another, with Larry's mother commenting periodically about how neat and orderly everything was and with Larry commenting just as often that the ruthless sameness of it all was depressing.

In another hour the ordeal was over, and Larry parted with them at the main gate, where white-helmeted MPs kept ramrodded vigilance. They promised to send postcards from Miami Beach, and were off, and Larry returned leadenly to the barracks, bereaved that the lieutenant had not seen him with them. It did not help to walk into the midst of one of Ciminelli's bull sessions on the subject of "fags." Ciminelli and his cohorts were the crudest and crassest of all the recruits. It was Larry's misfortune to have his bunk located near them.

"What do you think, Buchanan?" Ciminelli said, just as Larry started to turn to leave, thinking the dayroom might be a better place to be in the circumstances. "Should fags be drummed out of the service?"

Larry forced himself to look at the lumbering Ciminelli, wondering if the ignorant—whose only knowledgeable subject was the female anatomy—suspected he was gay. Or was he just jealous because Larry was doing far better in training than he was?

"Why should they be drummed out?" Larry asked evenly.

"Why, for being fags," Ciminelli said with sneering contempt.

"Is there any scientific proof that a homosexual is any worse, or any better, a soldier than a so-called 'normal' man is?" Larry found himself saying, surprised at his courage.

"Homosexual!" hooted Ciminelli. "Now isn't that a pretty name? How come you don't call a fag a fag, Buchanan?"

"I don't like the term, and when I don't like a term, I don't use it. I wouldn't call a homosexual a fag any more than I would call a black a nigger—or an Italian a wop!" Larry looked steadily at the bully, determined not to back down now, knowing that if he did, he would never hear the end of it.

Ciminelli was at a loss for words for a moment. Then his face darkened and he said, "Do you know something, Buchanan? You're too damned pretty for belief!"

The tone was acidulous, but full of jealousy. In other circumstances, Larry would have been glad to be envied for his looks. As it was, he was afraid. Fortunately the squad leader came into the barracks at that fortuitous moment to pick a detail, and the bull session ended abruptly.

That evening, as Larry passed the officers' club, where a dance was in progress, he saw the lieutenant going in with the post commander's daughter. She wore a towering hairdo that looked as if it might topple her, and her sleek body was tucked into a white evening gown. The lieutenant saw Larry and looked away sharply at once, confirming Larry's fear that he was angry because he thought Larry had rejected him today. How could Larry let him know that it was only a terrible misunderstanding? He could only hope that the lieutenant would read the real truth in his eyes.

But for the next two weeks the lieutenant didn't look at him. During that creeping but also paradoxically racing period of time, which took them up to two weeks from the end of Basic, Lieutenant Phillip Norton Ryndale looking around, above, beyond, and through Larry Buchanan, but never at him. Worrying about it, Larry scarcely slept in spite of the great physical exhaustion a series of relentless training days left him in—days of physical training, classes, inspections, marksmanship and bayonet practice, and runs over the mile-long obstacle course.

Yet as training advanced, he did even better as a soldier than before. In six weeks of concentrated torture, of continuous efforts to rob him of this last shred of personal identity, of inflicting the most horrendous physical and mental anguish on him, the Service had left him feeling and looking better than he ever had before in his twenty years of life.

The evening before the battalion was to leave for a few days of field training under simulated battle conditions, Larry stole silently to the rear of the BOQ and found the lieutenant in his room, stripped to the waist. He just stood there, bathed in yellowish light, turned toward the window, as if he knew Larry was outside watching. He had a magnificent chest, a godlike chest—as godlike and magnificent as was his handsome face—and Larry wondered if he would now take off his shorts and let him see the rest of his beauty. But the light went out and the lieutenant vanished, probably to bed. They all needed a good night's sleep to prepare for the rigors of the forced march to the field tomorrow.

But Larry did not sleep well, with the lieutenant so much on his mind, and the night ended too soon and he was tumbled out with the rest of them into the fiery Georgia dawn for assembly. After chow they were hurried back to the barracks to don their packs with their bivouac gear and strap on their rifles. Outside again, lined up in columns of two, they marched down a white ribbon of road through the gate to a troop route cutting through pine-clad hills to the vast complex of ranges, compass courses, and bivouac and maneuver areas, spotted here and there with woodland, that sat in sandy lassitude far beyond the post proper.

No breath of coolness soothed them as they walked, their gear weighing more and more heavily upon them as the sun rose higher and the sweat crawled grittily down their steaming bodies. Some recruits were gasping with their discomfort by the time they took their first break, but Larry's torment wasn't physical, it was something far worse. The lieutenant had chosen to march so close to Larry that he could have reached out and touched him, and the lieutenant still would not look at him.

When they reached the bivouac area, irony dealt him a hard blow when he was assigned to share a tent with Bert. In sweating silence they erected their shelter halves together, put their blankets and equipment inside, and parted for evening chow, which was battle rations doled out from the field kitchen. Larry ate the tasteless concoction away from the others, hidden behind a tree, and thought of the

lieutenant. There would be no chance to see the lieutenant stripped to the waist tonight. There would probably never be a chance to see the lieutenant stripped again.

He waited until he thought Bert would be asleep before he went back to the tent, but Bert was awake and waiting, and said anxiously, "For God's sake, let's be friends again," and after a moment, Larry said, "All right, Bert, but you'll have to understand—" But he didn't finish that for Bert burst in with, "Oh, you won't have to worry about me from now on, just as long as we can talk."

He was glad that at least this was right again, for he and Bert needed each other's friendship desperately in this alien situation they were so helplessly trapped in. The new understanding between them helped Larry to get through the next day better. It was a brutal day. All day long they walked and crawled over four square miles of mock battleground, guns at ready, helmets on, muscles straining and aching. Periodically they stopped to dig in under the assaulting sun, and then moved out when the squad leader shouted "Advance!"—and then they took aim and yelled "bang, bang!" when the "enemy" was sighted.

There was no reprieve that night. After chow they did night patrol in full camouflage, with mud, dirt, and burned cork rubbed onto their faces, hands, clothes, boots, bayonets, and rifles. There was more crawling, digging, advancing, and crying "bang, bang!" except that it was even more unbearable in the humid night than it had been in the broiling day.

Larry's squad finished its night exercises near the bivouac area, and Larry dropped his gear at the tent and set off for the oasis he'd come across today, hoping no one else would have the same idea. It was a kind of secret place, a sparkling spring, screened from the world by a ring of pines and bushes. There was no one there, and Larry stripped and slipped into the glistening water, dappled with moonlight sprinkling through the treetops, and tried to soak away the dirt and sweat and aches.

He started when he heard the bushes crackle and stood stock-still as the lieutenant appeared. The lieutenant—looking more godlike than ever in the moonlight—smiled at him, as if he at last understood everything and was deeply regretful that he hadn't before. But he didn't say a word. He simply slowly undressed, carefully folding his clothes and putting them on the bank while Larry watched in awe-struck silence and wondered how he had found him tonight. Intuition? Or had he simply followed him here? But what did it matter? What mattered was that the lieutenant was here, he was naked, he was walking into the water, he was embracing Larry, their lips were meeting, and their hardnesses were pressing together.

They left the water and lay down on the grass and the lieutenant made love up and down Larry's body with his tongue, and Larry had never known such ecstasy as this. He never wanted it to end, but of course it did, for a while, after they sixty-nined and came together. Afterward, they rested with Larry's head on the lieutenant's shoulder, and then the lieutenant turned him over and mounted him. This time Larry was even

Your Cruising Inquirer

In each issue of QQ we will report on a question asked by Your Cruising Inquirer.

The Question

Do you indulge in analingus?

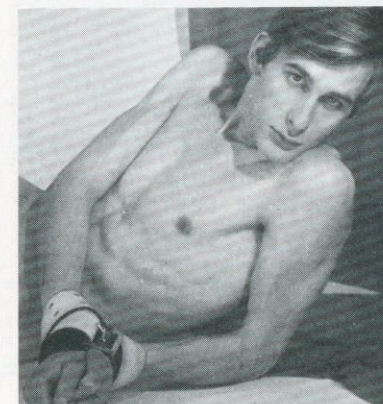
Where Asked

1971 Hard Hats' Convention

The Answers



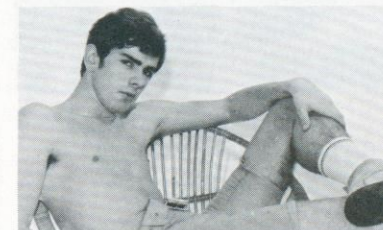
Matthew of Glendale, Glendale, Calif., playboy: "You bet your sweet ass!"



Mickey Heart, Akron, Ohio, nurse: "Do I have a choice?"



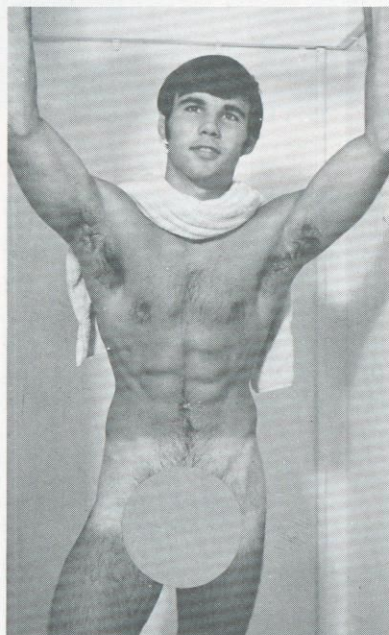
Mack Bruno, Brooklyn, N. Y., construction worker: "No!"



Rod Hitumhard, Seattle, Wash., self-employed: "That'll be \$5 extra!"

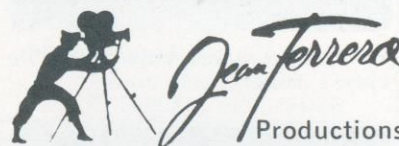
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more ecstatic than before, and it didn't even hurt.

The lieutenant finally spoke—"Tomorrow night, here, same time?"—and Larry only nodded. He hadn't said a word, and he couldn't now, either. They parted and returned separately to the bivouac, and Larry was glad Bert was asleep, for surely Bert, seeing Larry befogged with his wonderment, would have guessed what had happened.

Larry floated through the next day, oblivious to the hardships of training, and that night at the spring, what happened between him and the lieutenant seemed even more beautiful than it had last night. And the next night even more so. But that was the battalion's last night in the field, and what was to happen in the future? There was much to be afraid about the future. Only one week of Basic remained, and then Larry would go on to advanced training, either here or at some other post. It must be here, where he could see the lieutenant, he kept thinking on the long, sweating march back to the post the next day, and he wondered when the lieutenant would seek him out to talk about their future together.

But the lieutenant did nothing. Indeed, he stopped looking at Larry again, as if the interlude in the field had been nothing but a dream. Had it? Larry began to wonder desperately when he saw the lieutenant out with the post commander's daughter several evenings running. Then, with just one day of Basic remaining, the orders were posted and Larry's hopes hit bottom when he saw that he was to be transferred to South Carolina. At dusk he took a terrible chance and walked in the back door of the BOQ. The lieutenant was sitting in his room with the lights out, and he was not surprised to see Larry.

"I know you think we have to talk," the lieutenant said, "but what is there to say?"

"Everything," Larry said. "We've never talked about anything."

"Don't you understand?" the lieutenant said gently. "It was all said in what was felt between us."

"Felt? Don't you feel it still? Don't you love me? What about our future together?"

The lieutenant sighed, "Aren't you mature enough to understand that there can be none? You'll go your way and I'll go mine."

"But it can't just end this way!"

"It must," the lieutenant said. "Would you rather it hadn't happened?"

"If there's no future to it, I wish it hadn't."

"I think you'll change your mind about that sometime," the lieutenant said. "And now you'd better go."

Larry was weeping when he staggered outside, and he hated the lieutenant—hated him as much as he'd loved him—for being so cruel. He walked around numbly for a long time, and did not return to the barracks until lights out so no one would see his reddened eyes. But Bert guessed it all anyway the next morning when he saw the despair in Larry's face. Larry said, "You were right, Bert, I'm nothing to him," and Bert gripped his shoulder. There was nothing he could say to help.

That evening after retreat, the squad

leader told Larry he was the best recruit he'd seen go through Basic in a long time, and said the DI thought so, too, but Larry was too sad about the lieutenant to feel happy that he had earned the respect of the cadre. He did not even turn out with Bert and the others at the PX to celebrate the end of Basic. He numbly sorted out what had to be turned in to the supply sergeant in the morning and packed the rest. He was glad now that he was being transferred. He never wanted to see the lieutenant again.

"You'll go your way and I'll go mine," the lieutenant had said, but what he had really said was that ambition meant more to him than love. The lieutenant did not intend to risk his career for the sake of love. No, he was going to marry the post commander's daughter and start climbing the ladder. He would probably be a general someday, and Larry hoped the stars on his epaulets would only bring him misery.

The next morning Larry said good-by to Bert and fell out with his gear with the five others from his company who were going to South Carolina. As they drove off in the weapons carrier that was to take them to the railroad station in town, the post commander's daughter's car pulled in behind them and followed, with the lieutenant alone in it. The other recruits, busily conjecturing on their future all the way to town, did not notice. But Larry's eyes were rooted on the car following them. What did it mean?

At the station, the lieutenant stayed in the car, and Larry kept stealing glances at him while he and the other recruits waited for the train to come in. When it did, Larry boarded and took a window seat. The lieutenant had gotten out of the car and had come onto the platform and was scanning the windows, looking for him. Their eyes met and the lieutenant smiled, and his eyes seemed to say that at last he understood himself, that he hadn't meant what he'd said about there being no future for them together, that South Carolina wasn't far away, that they would find a way to see each other.

The train started up and the lieutenant was soon lost from sight, and Larry wondered if that was what the lieutenant's eyes had said? Or had they simply said good-by?

TORONTO: CITY OF GAY CONTRASTS

(Continued from page 13)

Dundas, College, Wellesley and Bloor) bisect Yonge to create the hub of gay life in Toronto. The most concentrated area lies along the two blocks just north of College Street. But beyond Bloor Street... forget it.

LODGING FOR A NIGHT

If you drive to Toronto you'll find the *Four Seasons Motel* at Clinton and Jarvis Streets quite superior and even sedately giddy. However, if you're training or planing you'll find Toronto's hotels unfailingly excellent, with the *Royal York* the most elegant and expensive (with hustlers to match at \$20 up). But because the *Royal York* is south it's some distance from the gay area.

Nearer the center of gay activity is the

QQ

King Edward Sheraton on King Street. A few dollars less expensive, the hustlers here are in a slightly lower bracket at about \$10 average. Still more economical is the *Ford Hotel* at the corner of Bay and Dundas Streets, getting more into the cruising area... a fact clearly evident in the greater population of hustlers who are even less expensive. (Supply and demand, you know.)

However, the place to stay is the YMCA which is just half a block from Yonge at 40 College Street, right in the heart of cruise country! Single rooms range from \$5 to \$7 per day (the difference is the furniture... a \$7 room has a desk where you can write home to Mother). Doubles are \$4 per person. Cruising is most active on weekends when the place fills up with visitors. Interesting note: you may swim nude in the YMCA pool from 9 until 9, but on Sunday—when it is open from until 5—you must hide your jewels under a swimsuit. Quaint?

SAUNASONICE!

How about baths? Lotza goodies! Toronto has many excellent steam and/or sauna baths. The *Roman Sauna Bath* on Bay Street (just off cruise College) is the most popular with gay guys. It's very crowded on Friday and Saturday evenings after the bars close. "And you can't miss!" QQ promises. However the mixture is a bit different on Saturday afternoons... mostly gay college guys with a few who aren't (this being subject to instant change once they get the soap out of their eyes).

The *International Steam Baths* at 458 Spadina Avenue (also at College) is a favorite with the college crowd. The *Oak Leaf Baths* at 218 Bathurst Street, at Queen (still right there in the swingy-cruisy area) is popular with gay guys. There are other baths but QQ does not recommend them because of their general untidiness and the fact that they're squarely and unremittably straight.

IN THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Outdoor cruising is rewarding from May onward when the weather is ideal and students from all over Ontario come looking for summer jobs. Since many fail, gay life becomes even gayer because of the many new and interesting hustlers. They blend quickly and beautifully into the scene. These attractive boys, like most Toronto gayoungs, are outgoing and easy to meet. (A quick smile for a likely trick will invariably bring an answering smile... a hello... or a brief stop for a chat. One rarely gets a cold shoulder.) Turn it on!

Also in summer, cruise *Philosopher's Walk* on the University of Toronto campus behind the Royal Ontario Museum (just off Bloor Street), and Woodline Beach and especially *Hanlan's Point* on Toronto Island which is almost 100% gay.

In summer take a Saturday stroll along Yonge Street. You can combine business with pleasure, shopping for exciting and beautiful clothes with one eye while keeping the other peeled for an exciting and beautiful number. Or explore still further on Yonge from College to Bloor where the styles are 'modder' and the tricks madder. Then there's 'Old Faithful'—the *Greyhound Bus Station* (isn't there always? Nice May/June 1971

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doggie . . .) and the *Ford Hotel* which glare at each other from opposite sides of Bay and Dundas Streets.

At night the best cruising is again along Yonge Street (you'll soon begin to feel you've never left home!), but this time from College northward to the *Parkside Tavern*, which brings us again to *The August Club* and other . . .

GAY BARS/CLUBS/TAVERNS AND GAY DANCING CLUBS

The August Club sits astride the *Parkside Tavern* at 530 Yonge Street. No sign advertises the Club . . . it's just *there*. Open only on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights from 9:30 until 4:00 (until 2:00 on Sunday) this very large *dancing club* features the finest discothèque music and decor. Liquor is not served, and a \$2 admission fee is the only charge. Girls are not admitted (Women's Lib, stay thy lesbian hand!) and hustlers are discouraged . . . even barred if overtly looking for trade. Soft drinks, snacks and coffee are available, and its clean operation makes it a model for all other gay dancing clubs in Toronto and elsewhere. Gay guys come each week from as far as Buffalo and Cleveland!

If *The August Club* is the most popular gay dancing club in Toronto, the *Parkside Tavern*, just below, is an equally popular gay *tavern*. The distinction is this: *taverns* sell beer . . . *gay bars/clubs* sell liquor, must close at 1:00 a.m. and are not open Sunday. *Gay dancing clubs*—which can sell neither liquor nor beer—may remain open until 4:00 a.m. and are permitted to open on

Sunday. (On Sunday in Toronto you can get a drink only with a meal.) So if you want to drink, your strategy might be to cruise the *Parkside Tavern* until you've slaked libido and thirst, then go upstairs for dancing at *The August Club* . . . and thus have the best of all possible worlds.

La Trique is a gay dancing club on Breadalbane Street just a few doors from the *Parkside Tavern*. It has later hours, being open from 11:00 p.m. to 6:00 a.m. so after whirling at *The August Club* you might try a 'trique' at *La Trique*.

OTHER BARS/OTHER CLUBS

The *St. Charles Bar* (one block from the *Parkside Tavern*) at 484 Yonge Street may be your best bet for a first beer as it has a more cosmopolitan gay crowd. It's U-shaped, has two entries (plus one for a straight discothèque upstairs), and two rooms called *The Golden Clock* and *The Crown*. The clientele of these rooms differs greatly. You may note that *The Golden Clock* is a favorite with business men, with some younger guys congregating at the bar and tables.

On the other hand, *The Crown Room* is peopled by University students and even younger gay guys . . . with a sprinkling of leather on weekends. For your debut you should begin the grand tour through the *Clock*, continuing through the short corridor leading to the *Crown*. This gives you a chance to note the more desirable possibilities, so on the second round you'll know exactly where to sit. Beer is 25¢ a glass in the *Crown* until 9:00 p.m. when the lights

are dimmed and bottle beer only is served.

The *Letros Tavern* at 38 King Street East (one block east of the ubiquitous Yonge) also has two rooms—piggy-backed—and it is extremely popular. The *Nile Room* downstairs is favored by Toronto's gayoung poshes as well as the cutest hustlers in all Ontario. The crowd dresses more elegantly than in other bars, but Toronto's informality makes it quite all right to dress casually. Except for the hustlers the patrons of the *Nile* are harder to meet (a Toronto paradox in reverse!). It is usually packed by 10:00 p.m. on Saturdays, and the overflow is taken care of in the *Cobra Room* upstairs. The *Letros Tavern* is not just for the young, but for everyone of gay persuasion in this friendly big city.

Congenial business men can be found at the *Black Knight Bar* in the *Royal York Hotel* . . . the bar of the *King Edward Sheraton* . . . and the bar of the *Westbury Hotel* at 475 Yonge Street.

Cruising tip: while it may seem hard to believe, *the thing* to do in cruising Toronto's gay bars/clubs/taverns is to send over a drink to someone who seems a likely possibility. (Even a whole group.) This will reward you with at least a 'thank you' sent back by the waiter . . . even mimed if the recipient is not too far away. If he feels likewise he'll probably ask you to join him. It should be noted that this isn't just a gay ploy, but a friendly custom all over provincial Canada and northern New York. Strangers like to get to know each other, so you'll strike pay dirt if he's gay, and if not . . . well, you may make a nice straight acquaintance whom you should promptly try to convert.

A yes/no bar is the *Tropical Room* of the *Ford Hotel*. Partly gay . . . popular with both business men and gayoungs. It's quieter than the other places . . . there's entertainment nightly . . . it's informal . . . general dress . . . and if you're not amused you can always cruise the lively john in the *Ford*.

GAY THEATERS

The *Rio Theater* on Yonge (near College) and the *Biltmore* are the most popular for cruising. Both are open from 10:00 a.m. until midnight. The *Royal Alexandria*—a legitimate theater—on King Street, is currently playing *Hair*, as this is written. The balcony of the theater is especially cruisy . . . so arrange to have your seat up there. Why waste time? Usually the *O'Keefe Centre* has a musical show, a fine play, the National Ballet of Canada, or a concert . . . and you should go if only to see the handsomest performing arts center in North America.

Toronto also has its hippie haven—Yorkville Village—a very interesting place to visit, especially in summer. There are many lively coffee houses and discothèques, and some terrific clothing stores with the latest mod fashions . . . much like Carnaby Street in London. This area is two blocks north of Bloor Street, starting at Bay Street, going westward for two blocks, continuing into Cumberland Avenue one block south of Yorkville Avenue. It's fascinating at night and the cruising, as you may imagine, is exciting.

QQ has not recommended specific places

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to dine because Toronto abounds in fine restaurants. Unlike Montreal and Quebec—where, being French, it was important to point out places of unusual gourmet interest—Toronto is best with its English, Scottish and native Canadian cuisine, and you won't go wrong in your choice of any attractive restaurant. The dining rooms of the *Royal York*, the *King Edward Sheraton*, and the *Westbury* are among the finest anywhere, and, like similar establishments, they are proportionately expensive.

Because of its many excellent and inexpensive cafeterias and grill rooms and moderately-priced hotels and motels, you can spend a delightful weekend in Toronto at little cost . . . a weekend you'll long remember. In fact, some have liked it so much they've taken roots here . . . and isn't that a pleasant thought!

TALSEN INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 20)

each other's newest romance; all this and more did they share together and exclusively.

Kert remembered in particular the night he and Gary coaxed Gary's uncle out of several six-packs, after they had won the conference title from Cedarbrook in their senior year, and the two of them went skinny-dipping in the Talsen above the dam. The full moon's cold light illuminated their playground as the two frolicked in the gentle current, drinking warm beer, wrestling on the beach, drinking more beer and laughing. The image of the moonlight glistening off the ripples in Gary's wet muscular back, upon which he had carried the weight of the team captaincy, now captivated him with a feeling he couldn't explain. The more he tried to define the sensation, the more irritated Kert became with himself as he fought the creeping realization that perhaps they had been more physically attracted than his chauvinistic male ego wanted to admit. He was just about to force the whole incident from his mind when he remembered their conversation just before the two of them drifted off into a slumber of drunken exhaustion.

"Kert . . .", Gary began rather awkwardly, ". . . we've been friends for a long time now . . . and . . . well, we'll be graduating in a few months . . ."

"Yah, I know," Kert replied, sensing a special seriousness about what Gary was trying to formulate in his mind.

"I'll probably enlist after school," Gary continued, ". . . and . . . well, we'll be separated, maybe for good. I know this sounds stupid, but we should have something to . . . well . . . symbolize our friendship . . . something special."

Deeply touched by Gary's humility and affection, Kert agreed and although the two lay silently on the blanket looking up at the cloudless sky, Kert knew that they were both searching for some idea of what that special "something" might be. However, soon overcome by the sheer physical exhaustion of the game and swimming, plus the tranquilizing effect of alcohol, the two drifted off into a deep slumber. When they awoke in the morning, Kert clearly remembered their conversation, but fearful of

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embarrassing Gary over something he might not have otherwise conceded except in a moment of intoxicated liberation, he waited for Gary to mention it again. To this day he had never raised the subject again which puzzled Kert. It was this incident and others like it that now seemed to have a new and deeper significance for Kert than they ever had before, yet he couldn't understand why.

Kert's inner turmoil and preoccupation with his past relationship with Gary were beginning to ruin his power of concentration and it showed. Down at the repair garage, Kert's boss was becoming a little anxious about the numerous complaints recently attributed to his repair work. Although the boss wasn't pressuring Kert, whose work had always been the best in town, Kert rebuked himself for his poor showing which only increased his emotional anxiety and frustration. To make matters worse he found himself and Carrol growing more and more distant with each silly quarrel they'd have on their dates. They were his fault and he knew it. He couldn't blame her for wanting attention and affection, yet somehow he couldn't bring himself to get as deeply involved as usual in their romance. This only made him irritable with himself when she hinted at his unintentioned rejection of her.

By the time blackberries had ripened and the three o'clock temperature was averaging ninety-five in the shade, summer was well established and Kert knew that he couldn't go on much longer under the great emotional strain and inner conflict which now wracked his mind.

The Larsens were just finishing their noon meal one day, of which Kert had eaten only half his usual portion, when Emma Larsen, Kert's mother, raised the inevitable:

"Why you don't even eat normal anymore. An' you're always moonin' around," she complained, not stopping with the dirty dishes she was washing. "We don't see much of Carrol anymore either . . . why it's as if you were a stranger even in your own home."

Kert was becoming increasingly irritated and annoyed with his mother's plaintive voice and endless questions for which he had mentally tortured himself to find the answers, but to no avail.

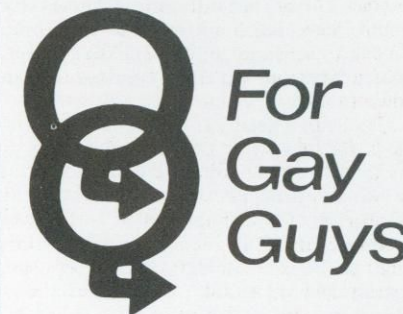
"It must have something to do with that Gary you once hung around with." At the mention of Gary's name, Kert felt the hot blood of anger rush to his temples. "If you ask me," she continued in a matter-of-fact way, "it's just plain unhealthy and unnatural."

The word "unnatural" hit Kert with all the impact of a right hook making him jump to his feet, pounding his clenched fist on the table and upsetting his coffee cup.

"Damn it all, you've got no right to talk that way about Gary. You didn't even know him that well. Everyone in this God-forsaken town has written him off. Well I haven't because I LOVED HIM!"

Kert stopped cold, utterly stunned by what he had just heard himself say—as if someone had suddenly inserted the words for him. Standing stark-faced and open-mouthed in the void of silence for an

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eternity of seconds, Kert stormed out the screen door in humiliated rage, cursing himself for what he was sure was a sick and perverted feeling. Surely now he had disgraced Gary's memory, for he knew Gary would have been ashamed to hear him. Unable to separate guilt, humiliation, anger, uncertainty and white-hot emotion, he ran down to the grain shed.

He hadn't been sitting on the chopping block for long when he caught the figure of his father coming from the house for what he was sure would be a thorough rebuke for his disrespect which the senior Larsen had overheard from the den. Yet Kert didn't care, as he had already damned his self-respect and manhood. Nonetheless, Kert braced for his father's opening volley of parental indignation, but startled by the silence which remained unbroken, he turned around. As he did, he was confronted with his father's outstretched arm with which he handed Kert a very small cubic package wrapped in brown postal paper. As if in answer to Kert's puzzled look, the older man nodded towards the package as if to encourage Kert to open it.

He picked away the wrappings and removed the tiny cover of a black and white box. Inside was a class ring and all Kert had to see was the iridescent red of the stone and he knew it was Gary's. His heart pounded and his stomach became uneasy with excitement as he held the ring up to the light. At that moment he gasped.

Inside the tarnished silver band was a crude inscription, as if scratched in with a stick pin and it read: "For Kert." In a rice paddy or in a dense jungle someplace, Gary, knowing the end was near or perhaps already wounded, had left this only message to the world he left behind. Shocked beyond belief, Kert thought, "He remembered! This is the something special. It's the only thing he ever really prized and he gave it to me! I knew he'd remember, I knew it! I knew he felt the same way."

Suddenly, as quickly as the sense of Gary's presence had captured and filled him with overwhelming joy, so did the complete and irretrievable loss descend upon him with all its crushing reality. Burying his head in his father's chest, he began to sob uncontrollably, pouring out all the pain and anguish he had suppressed since Gary's death. The older man placed his two strong arms around his beloved son and with eyes shimmering with pride and sorrow, looked off toward the Talsen lazily working its way downstream, sparkling in the brilliance of a summer's high noon.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 35)

deck after the sun had warmed the water, and cooking on all sorts of makeshift stoves. It was really just a little too much!

Your article mentioned quite a few places that I remember and some that have evidently been re-named since I was out. Right across Ocean Walk from the Sea Shack used to be Pat's Bar and Guest House. The new hotel was there but it was a complete mess and everyone avoided the place. The Monster was very much there but was strictly a rooming house. Belvedere was occupied

by a bunch of guys who were forever throwing parties. And I remember how everyone talked about the "Tulle Shed," the house that had the first bidet in the bathroom.

We all had great fun in the old days staying on the Island whenever a mean "Noreaster" blew through and whenever we would have a hurricane. Hurricane parties were absolutely outasight with groups gathering together and sharing food, booze, playing bridge, and generally trying to keep everything from blowing away. Many of the kids would flee the Island whenever the barometer started dropping, but we hardy souls stayed on to hold things together. The Coast Guard got a little uptight with us a couple of times when we would not leave the Island during "Connie," "Carole," and "Diane" in the late 1950s, but we knew our dunes would protect us. Several of the communities on the Island suffered nasty damage but the Grove was safe and we only lost a few bits of roofing. Am certainly going to have to get back to the Island next season, but will probably feel terribly lost as most of my friends have given up their houses or passed away. Guess I will have to start all over again out there.

Also read the guest editorial with great interest and was most surprised to learn about your terrible experience at Purdue University. I must admit Indiana was quite "isolated" at the time, in the early 1960s, but things have certainly changed for the better. Indianapolis now has seven gay bars, two with drag shows, and dancing at five. This is really something for the "boondocks" of the Midwest! I must admit, however, that Purdue and all of Lafayette are still as straight and uptight as ever, for some unknown reason. Indiana University and all of Bloomington, in contrast, are wide open and IU even has a Gay Lib group on campus that is shaking everything up! Have had several reports from friends that public cruising on campus is absolutely outasight and so wild that it's almost obscene. Even staid old Muncie now has a wild gay bar with weekend drag shows and two other semi-gay bars for the quieter crowd. Ball State University is growing by leaps and bounds with gay activity increasing. Some of the faculty is freakier and wilder looking than many of the students!

Am looking forward to future issues of QQ with great interest. Thanks for making me look back at a very happy time indeed!

Most sincerely,
J. R.
Muncie, Ind.

TOUR THE GAY KEYS

Dear Editors:

How pleased we have been with the responses to our International Inn ad in QQ! We've made so many new friends—but now I must inform you that we have been forced to close the Inn because of general police harassment of gay establishments in Key Largo.

We advise all visitors to Key Largo to stay at the beautiful Shoreham, a motel operated by the Ocean Reef Club, a millionaire's paradise just north of Key Largo. Among its many attractions is a 24-hour bar and pool.

We ourselves are involved in a new enterprise, which—I'm happy to say—is going

great . . . we are serving as gay guides here in Florida. If people will write to us before coming down we will arrange specialized tours, etc., to make their vacations perfect—and rewarding. Our friends can write to us at Keys Guide, General Delivery, Key Largo, Fla. 33337.

Sincerely yours,
Jack Weber
Key Largo, Fla.

"ESTABLISHMENT FREAKS!"

To Whom It May Concern:

I am proud to say I marched in the Candlelight Procession on Christmas Eve, in the Village. Afterwards (as you know!) we gathered at a gay center for a celebration. I was disgusted to see that you had signs announcing that you donated the drinks.

The March was for gay liberationists and beautiful street people who are proud of being gay and poor—not establishment freaks like you. Stay away! You're not welcome!

Signed,
R. H.
New York, N. Y.

Ed: Sometime in November QQ publisher George Desantis learned from friend and writer Craig Rodwell that there would be a "Candlelight March" in the Village on Christmas Eve. Craig, who is very involved in the Gay Liberation Movement, was one of the organizers. He mentioned that a lot of food was needed for the gathering afterwards, at the Gay Community Center, on 3rd St. (At this writing the Center remains closed because it has become impossible to keep unemployed straights, junkies and the like from using the facilities.) George felt QQ should do something. Experience has taught him that there is little to be gained financially by making donations, or getting involved with gay liberationists—because (purely from a business standpoint) gay liberationists do not read gay magazines (generally speaking), and thus far the majority of participants in the Movement and in gay marches and the like are unemployed youngsters, whom Nixon refers to as "street people," who simply cannot afford to buy magazines. (This is unfortunate, as the Movement will not make great strides until responsible business people and community leaders get involved. Maturity is not the answer; even the older homophile organizations are sometimes led by mature social dropouts whose tongues are more venomous than their teenage counterparts.) Realizing that a donation of any sort would not profit QQ financially, that it would probably result in one or two new readers at most, George put commercial motivation aside and—in all sincerity—pledged what the organizers needed most, enough apple cider and hot cups for 500 people (estimates were high at this point). Since it is quite true that our staff members are "establishment freaks"—that we do like creature comforts, and devote our lives to hard work so that we can afford them, and also that we do value whatever love might exist between ourselves and our

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families—it was not possible for any of us to participate in the March or gathering because we had to be elsewhere on this special Eve. But we did want to say "Merry Christmas!" to everyone attending the gathering . . . to say "We at QQ love you because you are gay . . . and we wish we were here to tell you." We could do this only by making up a sign, a fairly insignificant sign, informing everyone that we were doing our part by offering our small gift of cider along with best wishes for a beautiful holiday season. Apart from thanks received from organizers, of the 200 to 300 who attended, the only acknowledgement of our participation came in the above letter. Was the reaction typical? Were there only street people at the gathering (they certainly do not represent the gay community!)? If the reaction was typical, and if the writer of the above letter is representative of the gay people involved in the Movement, the average gay guy—who is a beautiful person . . . responsible . . . intelligent . . . industrious and creative worker who is valuable to society—has much to fear. We can only hope that others who participated did not see us in the same light—for our gesture was sincere and without commercialism. We do want to thank Jan Barber, for photographing the cider table and our sign, and getting it to us through Craig, for you to see.



MISLEADING BATHS ADS

Dear Editor:

I can certainly understand why some baths must operate as private clubs in order to help keep out tough straights and protect members against the police—but strongly feel that if that's how they operate they should advertise as such. I recently traveled hundreds of miles by car in order to stay overnight in a certain city, on my way to my destination—because I wanted to visit a gay baths in that city, which I had seen advertised in the gay newspapers. If it hadn't been for this I would have flown. When I got to the baths I was turned away because I did not have a membership card. I do not look straight (nor am I a "queen") and pleading with the rude clerk didn't do any good. He simply told me to get a card, but couldn't offer any advice on how to go about it.

Again, I say a baths has a perfect right to operate as a private club—but not saying so in ads is in fact misleading advertising. I urge all your readers to do as I am doing—write to these various baths and demand that their ads relate all the facts. I also urge

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all members of such clubs to bring this to the attention of baths managers—lest they lose a lot of groovy guys who are able, willing, and ready to join.

Sincerely yours,
R. B.
Jackson, Miss.

Ed: We agree with you 100 per cent! And we advise any traveler in a similar predicament to go directly to the Yellow Pages and let your fingers do the walking through the public baths listing. You're bound to find one—perhaps not as new or sanitary as a "club," but maybe a haven for swinging travelers who have also been turned away by club managers.

NEW GAY MOVIE

Dear Editor:

I keep hearing about a new gay movie called "The Bar." The news columnists used to mention it but have stopped. Is it a regular movie? What is it about? When will it open?

Yours truly,
L. K.
Omaha, Nebr.

Ed: "The Bar" was filmed in New York last summer and was scheduled to open in November. Its delay was caused by faulty distribution. Now we are told it will open in late March. The movie stars Fanny Flagg (remember her Lady Bird Johnson sketches on TV?) and Carlton Carpenter. All imaginable types converge on a gay bar, where their lives are "dissected" by the camera. "The Bar" promises to examine the problems of homosexuals as "people" without a "Boys in the Band" approach. We cannot rate the movie as we have not seen it—but can only say that it will be of interest to gays and that we hope straights will be left with a good impression of us. When it does open, we are told, it will hit major theatres across the country.



A scene from "The Bar."

NEWS FOR COLLECTORS

Dear Friends:

I am thrilled with your magazine, and now have in my collections a complete set of QQ—except Volume 1, Number 1. If you ever make this volume available I do want it.

I have a complete collection of almost every gay magazine ever published—including some very rare volumes. I wonder how many of your readers know that gay magazines were published as early as 1896 . . . I possess the German "Der Eigene," issued in 1896 and 1897.

Yours sincerely,
K. R.
Copenhagen, Denmark

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Your business or personal message. Publisher reserves right to reject any ad. 50¢ per word (name and address count as 2 words). QQ out in May—ads must be in by March 25 (deadline for issue out July is May 25). Payment must accompany order. Mail will be received by us if requested. No extra charge for forwarding. Send order and payment to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 400, 255 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

THE GAY RECEIVER. Want to receive names and addresses from guys who want to hear from you? Then subscribe to The Gay Receiver, a pen pal club for gay guys. Send your name and address and \$2 to Alan Tuck Associates, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N. J. 07083. Must be 21 or over.

MUSCLE MOVIES. 8mm and Super 8 films of champion physique stars. Steve Reeves, Reg Park, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sergio Oliva, Rick Wayne, Dave Draper, Peter Caputo, many others. Actual physique posing captured on film, in color. Send \$2 for catalogs. Film Associates, P.O. Box 545, Venice, California 90291 U.S.A.

BE ESCORTED to places of interest—Miami/Key West/Beaches. "Pick your gay guide before you arrive. Trained and qualified." Write: Weber & Ballard, Keys Guide, General Delivery, Post Office, Key Largo, Fla. 33037.

ARIZONA GAY INFO. \$1 to Box 339, Tempe, Arizona 85281.

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FAMOUS PHYSIQUE NUDES bought, sold, swapped. Sample study \$2. List \$1. Art Studios, 171 Bay State Rd., Boston, Mass. 02215.

STREET SCENE

(Continued from page 23)

The Commons . . . KINGSTON (ONTARIO)—Area surrounding Queen's University . . . LONDON (ONTARIO)—Wellington & Dufferin Sts. . . . OTTAWA (ONTARIO)—Promenade along the Rideau Canal . . . ST. CATHERINES (ONTARIO)—Area surrounding Court House and City Hall; King and James Sts. . . . TORONTO (ONTARIO)—Philosopher's Walk, University of Toronto campus; rear of Royal Ontario Museum off Bloor St.; St. Joseph St. between Queen's Park and Bay St. (south side); Yonge St. from College St. north to Broadbalt St. (west side); St. Joseph St. between Governor and Wellesley Sts.; Jarvis and Dundas Sts. . . . WINDSOR (ONTARIO)—Boardwalk; waterfront at foot of Ovellette Ave. . . . MONTREAL (QUEBEC)—Canada Square; St. Catherine's St. W. . . . QUEBEC CITY (QUEBEC)—Dufferin Terrace . . . SHAWINIGAN (QUEBEC)—Fifth St., Blvd. St. Maurice . . . REGINA (SASKATCHEWAN)—Banks of Lake Woscona in front of Legislative Building off Albert St.

CHILE: ANTOFAGASTA—Plaza Colon . . . CONCEPCION—Plaza Aramas . . . IQUIQUE—Central Square . . . PUNTO ARENAS—Plaza Aramas . . . SANTIAGO—Plaza Aramas; Huerfanos St.; Promenade, Ave. 2nd de Mayo . . . VALPARAISO—Plaza Sotomayor; Plaza Victoria; Avenida Pedro M.; Plaza O'Higgins; Arro Artelleria . . . VINA DEL MAR—Plaza Vergara.

COLOMBIA: BARRANQUILLA—Plaza Colombus; Plaza Bollea . . . BOGOTA—Main Plaza.

COSTA RICA: SAN JOSE—Promenade, Avenidas Central and Segunda.

CHINA: HONG KONG—Area of Hilton Hotel; Promenade (benches along beach).

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: PRAGUE—St. Charles Bridge.

DENMARK: COPENHAGEN—Rad Hus Plads (square) and nearby streets, Vester-gade, Studrestraede, and Larsbjørnsstræde; Gothersgade (along Kongens Have Park); Frederiksborggade (on Israel Plads Sq.).

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: SANTO DOMINGO—Playa Independencia; Playa Colon; Malcon, Promenade Avenida George Washington; jetty.

ECUADOR: QUITO—Plaza Independencia; Plaza San Francisco and Bolivia.

EGYPT: CAIRO—Area outside Hilton Hotel and along river walk.

EL SALVADOR: SAN SALVADOR—Plaza Morazan.

ENGLAND: BOURNEMOUTH—West of pier . . . BRIGHTON—Middle Promenade . . . BLACKPOOL—North Pier Promenade . . . LONDON—Piccadilly Circus (Statue of Eros); Earl's Court area; Sloane House Square; Speaker's Corner (Hyde Park).

FINLAND: HELSINKI—Area between post office and Stockman's Department Store.

FRANCE: BAYONNE—River Bank . . . BIARRITZ—Promenade (near old port) . . . ST. TROPEZ—Promenade on pier . . . ORLEANS—Promenade (main park) . . . PARIS—Left Bank, near the University; Germain Avenue . . . ROUEN—Promenade on Square of Solferino.

GERMANY (EAST): EAST BERLIN—Place Warschauerstr. (corner of Karl Marx Allee); Place Frankfurter Allee (corner Deutschmeisterstrasse); Place Leninplace; Alexanderplatz . . . DRESDEN—Postplatz; Altmarkt. . . . HALLE—Platz (near main rail station) . . . MAGDEBURG—square outside main rail station.

GERMANY (WEST): HAMBURG—Area of main railroad station . . . HANOVER—Promenade Georgstrasse . . . MUNICH—main railroad station area.

GREECE: ATHENS—Constitution Square (hustlers); Kolonaki Square; streets in Plaka;

Klaphthmonos Square . . . RHODES—waterfront.

GUATEMALA: ANTIGUA—Plaza de Armas . . . GUATEMALA CITY—Sexta Avenida; Public Market.

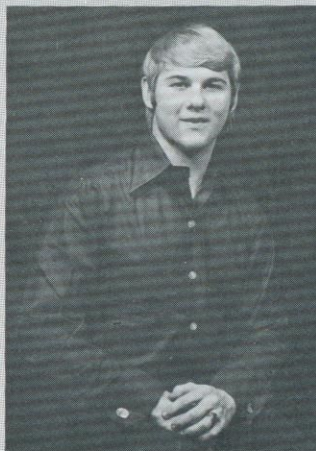
HOLLAND: AMSTERDAM—Rijksmuseum area; Rembrandtsplein area.

HONDURAS: TEGUCIGALPA—Plaza Morazan; Calle Bolivia; Avenida Paz Barahona.

HUNGARY: BUDAPEST—Square near main Library.

INDIA: BOMBAY—Church Gate (promenade along sea front) . . . CALCUTTA—Disli St.

ISRAEL: HAIFA—Arlazrov St. . . . TEL AVIV—Central Bus Station area; Dezingov St. from Dezingov Square; Gordon Steps, Hyar Kon St., Rothschild Blvd. from Schderoth Cinema to Bar-ilan St.; Esplanade in front of Dan Hotel; road along the sea from French Embassy to Park Lord Samuel.



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ITALY: CAPRI—The Square; Krupp Walk and Augustan Walk . . . FLORENCE—Ponte Vecchio (bridge); Piazza della Signoria; Piazza della Repubblica; Avenue Americo Vespucci (at river, north of Grand Hotel) . . . GENOA—Piazza Principi; Piazza G. Verdi . . . LA SPEZIA—Plaza Grande; Railroad station area . . . MILAN—Piazza del Virici; Dalverme Corso (promenade) . . . ROME—Spanish Steps; Via Veneto; Stazione Termini area; Piazza Navone; Trevi Fountain area . . . VENICE—Piazza San Marco; Promenade on the Grand Canal outside Doge's Palace . . . VERONA—area of the pier.

LEBANON: BEIRUT—Avenue de Paris (seaside), from American Embassy to Hotel Bristol; Rue de Phenicie (upper part of the bar area).

MALAYSIA: PENANG—City Council Bldg. area . . . SINGAPORE—Bugis St.

MEXICO: ACAPULCO—waterfront (in front of Zocola) . . . GUANAJUATO—Plaza opposite Hotel San Diego . . . HERMOSILLO—Central Plaza . . . MEXICO CITY—Hamburgo St. (Pink Zone) . . . SAN MIGUEL DE ALLEVEDA—Zocola Plaza . . . TAXCO Zocola Plaza . . . VERA CRUZ—Promenade (waterfront, Zocola to Hotel Emporia); Plaza de Armas.

MOROCCO: CASABLANCA—La Place de Mers de Sultan (square).

PERU: LIMA—Promenade between Plaza San Martin and Plaza Armas on Union; Plaza St. Martin; Plaza Armas (corner statue of Pizarro area); Quilca St.

PORTUGAL: LISBON—Front of railroad station; Avenida da Libertad; Estacao de Rosio Square; Plaza de Comercio; Rua de Arsenal.

RHODESIA: SALISBURY—Cecil Square.

RUSSIA: MOSCOW—Bolshoi Theatre Sq.

SCOTLAND: EDINBURGH—Rose St.

SOUTH AFRICA: CAPE TOWN—Promenade (along Sea Point Wall) . . . PORT ELIZABETH—Elizabeth Doukin Memorial.

SOUTH VIETNAM: SAIGON—Tudo St. (promenade).

SPAIN: BARCELONA—Las Ramblas; Plaza de Catalina . . . MADRID—Jose Antonio Blvd; Puerta del Sol . . . TORREMOLINOS—Pasaje Begona . . . VALENCIA—Plaza del Caudillo.

SURINAM: PARAMARIBO—Orangeplein (market/waterfront).

SWEDEN: ASCONA—Via San Pietro.

SWITZERLAND: BERN—Bundesgasse . . . GENEVA—Quai du Mont-Blanc.

THAILAND: BANGKOK—Raja Damri Road (near Erawan Hotel); New Road, corner of Suriwongse Road; Silom Road, Patpong Road, and Suriwongse Road; Promenade Sepan Makuan (bridge).

TURKEY: ANKARA—Main St. . . . ISTANBUL—Taxim Square area.

URUGUAY: MONTEVIDEO—Promenade, Plaza Independencia to Plaza Libertas.

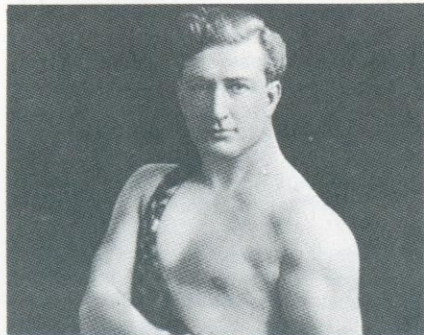
VENEZUELA: CARACAS—Plaza Venezuela; Avenida Sueve; Avenida Abraham Lincoln.

YUGOSLAVIA: BELGRADE—front of opera house . . . DUBROVNIK—Fountains at both ends of the main street; under the drawbridge.

LOVERS IN THE DARK

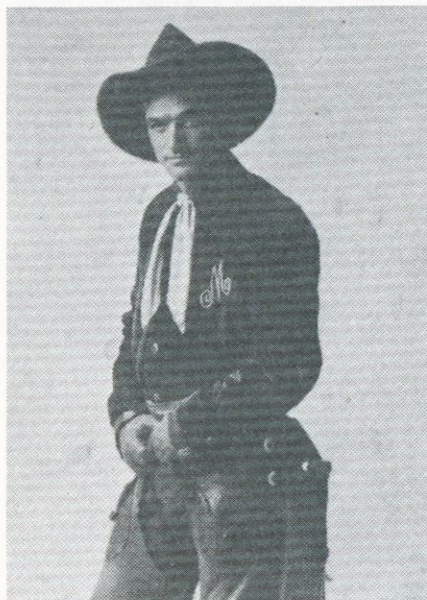
(Continued from page 33)

Francis X. Bushman was the big romance of this period. He played roles like Romeo and won Most Handsome Man awards one after the other. His career peaked in 1926 when he displayed his sexy bod as the villain in *Ben Hur*. He succumbed to talkies and younger and handsomer studs but continued to play small roles and remained active until his death in 1966.



Francis X. Bushman's muscles turned gay guys on in the 1910s.

Tom Mix probably ranks as the greatest cowboy superstar of all time. If adult gays didn't drool over him he certainly came on big with gay adolescents of the era. He was the great Western hero who made impossible dreams possible. Mix went on to even greater glory in the 20s, and in the 30s made a few talkies, including the original version of the classic *Destry Rides Again*. He died in an automobile crash in 1940.



Tom Mix made impossible dreams possible.

Richard Barthelmess was one of David Griffith's stars, appearing in such masterpieces of that great director as *Broken Blossoms* and *Way Down East*. Barthelmess displayed a clean-cut handsomeness and a quiet charm that endeared him to audiences right through the 20s. He was reduced to supporting roles in the early talkies and soon afterwards retired. His fortune had been made and he was able to live comfortably until his death in 1963.



Richard Barthelmess, in a scene from "Broken Blossoms."

In our next big issue . . . *Cinema Studs of the 1920s*. Don't miss it.

May/June 1971

COPENHAGEN

(Continued from page 15)

hotel is an absolute must in your plans, you would probably do as well or better and be happier in one of the more centrally located regular hotels. Fielding's Guide and \$5.00-a-Day list lots of these, and they are all clean (cleanliness is a Danish passion). Remember, gay is legal, and *nobody cares* what you do in the privacy of your room, though late night visitors are discouraged for security reasons and you should not shriek or moan too loud after 11:00 p.m.

If all else fails—rooms do become scarce June through August—and you haven't yet been invited to share a Danish pad, don't worry. Walk one block from the Air Terminal to the Railroad Station where at booth "P" the National Tourist Association will find you a room, confirm it and its price by phone on the spot, and give you directions for getting there. It might even turn out to be a room in a hospitable private home with a Viking prince in residence, but don't count on it. All we guarantee is that it will be friendly and comfortable, and, of course, reasonable and clean.

Incidentally, virtually every man, woman, and child (particularly gay guys) in Copenhagen speaks English—*except* cab drivers. Write down addresses, including your hotel, and show them to the driver. Danish, unlike French or Italian, is impossible to 'pick up' in a short stay.

Before giving you the throbbing details of cruising, bars, porno, movies and live shows, it would not be a bad idea to make a few general notes about homosexuality in Denmark, what it is and what it isn't.

Yes, Virginia, homosexuality is legal in Denmark, and sodomy, fellatio and whatever variations and combinations you can think up are perfectly o.k. Laws do exist against rape, threats of violence, mutilation, etc., and no, you cannot shoot your ex.

There is an 18 year age minimum for sex. If the police find out that you were balling that 16 year-old cutie-pie chicken you can expect to go to jail for 4-6 months if the trick is a known hustler, much longer if he's as innocent as he looks. The Danes know this and are not offended if you ask to see an I.D. card or driver's license; it's flattering to be considered maybe under 18, but worth the truth to get into the sack with you.

Prostitution is illegal—for the prostitute. You can pay for it if you want to, just don't forget the 18 age limit.

Indecent exposure is against the law, too, and the courteous Danish fuzz does check johns, public baths, and the parks. Be careful. It is often very easy to make initial contact in these places, but it is always wisest to go elsewhere to make out. Never is it very smart to take it out and wave it around.

Drag is o.k., but in some places it can be considered an affront to "public morals," so save the gowns and heels for clubs or private parties.

Gay dancing is a no-no in public, but private clubs (you may need a passport to get in the first time), gay discotheques, and plain gay bars with juke boxes for dancing

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abound. The styles vary from hard rock to Bachrach. If you don't dig that action, try it as a spectator sport. Your tippy toes may tap after all if that stunning Danish stud asks you pretty please. (Hint: *Never* cut in.)

Rolling is a baddy under Danish law. If this happens to you (unlikely), or if that sexy number you took to your hotel yesterday afternoon for a matinee borrowed your wallet and pearls, report it to the police. Since homosexuality is legal and prostitution is only illegal for the prostitute you have nothing to lose. Your name will not make the papers, and because Copenhagen is a relatively small city, the trash will probably be caught and your wallet and pearls will be returned to you.

Blackmail, under Danish law, is an extremely serious crime, worse than balling a 17 year-old hustler. Most hustlers know this and won't try it, but one of them might think that just possibly you do not know it. If he tries, run quickly into the safe arms of Lucy Law, preferably with a witness. Blackie will receive a very long jail sentence.

One last legal bit: You are required by law to see a doctor if you think you have V.D. Skip the expensive private medics. Go to the free clinic at Kommunehospitalet or to the Rudolph Bergs Hospital. Again, have no fear of publicity.

Now, on to the goodies:

Cruising is nowhere better than in Copenhagen. First, pick up a free map (the clearest and handiest is printed by Carlsberg Brewers, available at tourist offices, hotel lobbies, American Express, etc.). Now, locate the Rad Hus Plads, the magnificent square in front of the City Hall. This is not only the central geographical point for all of Copenhagen, terminus of bus lines, easy walk to Tivoli and other interesting spots, but it is also, day and night, the busiest cruising ground in town. There is an underground john in the middle of the square, and plenty of activity in the small side-streets nearby: Vestergade, Studiestraede, and Larsbjørnsstraede. Four of the best known gay bars are in this area, too: Cosy Bar, Masken, Can Can, and Fortuna. (See your Coq map for detailed addresses.) Two other streets, each with Johns and active cruising thereabouts, are Gothersgade along the Kongens Have Park, and Frederiksborggade in front of Israel Plads Square.

Copenhagen, beautiful city that it is, has lots of parks, but do be sensible about going alone at night. In summer nude male bodies lie soaking up the sun at Amager Foelled, across the Hans Christian Andersen—Langebrogade, along the Kastrup Airport road. At night, from 10:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m., try the Faelled-parken where Borgmester Jensens Alle loops along Nørre Alle, and also try the small park in front of the Tagensvej Hospital.

As for woodland/beach cruising, take the S train (S=suburban, 20 min. from the Railroad Station) to Charlottenlund. Walking through the woods towards Strandvej you will pass a long pond just before the Aquarium. All around that pond is it. Keep walking and you reach the beach. Further from Copenhagen there are a good many beaches, and all have a gay cruisy area, because, remember, it's legal. But there are

no particularly notorious beaches. Back in Copenhagen, sunbathing is also popular among gay guys on the Badeanstalt Dock, and there are lots of attractive pieces (not nude) at the city's seven pools. These are not necessarily functional, but they are ornamental.

Baths in Copenhagen are not as wild as some in other cities, but at least one, Bad København, Studiestraede 61-63, is good for cruising. There is too much light and the cubicles are really too small, so plan on going elsewhere after you've made a selection. B.K. is open 8:00 a.m. 'til 7:00 p.m., except Sundays. When you buy your ticket ask for "Badstuebad", otherwise, no steam room.

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Bars and clubs being generally a matter of personal tastes, we will let you follow your own instincts: You will soon find one you like. (Note: Most "guides" are out of date or incomplete, and you waste time looking for non-existent bars. Depend on Coq.) However, here are a few points applicable to all. Bars in Copenhagen have different hours. You can drink around the clock, but not in the same bar. If the bar you are in closes just follow the crowd to the nearest one that's open. 5:00 a.m. openers are popular for free coffee and, you guessed it, free Danish.

Drinking is expensive in Denmark, thanks to absolutely outrageous taxes. This is *not* a matter of high prices in gay bars. Prices are on a par with straight bars. "Pilsener" beer is much cheaper than "export" and is very good indeed. Ask for it and nurse it. You will not be pressured to drink up or drink faster. "Whiskey" means Scotch. The closest to Rye or Bourbon is "Canadien." Vodka and akvavit, the Danish schnaps, are good, lethal, and priced like export beer. American soft drinks are more expensive than the native ones. The best Danish soft drink is called Jolly Cola.

Porno shops are everywhere. But they pale fast, and you pass them by without a

glance after a day or two, particularly because most of the yuck hetero crap in the window turns you off. You will, though, want to see what gay porno is like, and along with the Coq display mentioned earlier, we can also suggest you stop by another exclusively gay shop, Chridex, at Nansensgade 56, to see their photos, slides and magazines. Bear in mind the cautionary word about Customs. A Danish exit stamp in your passport might spark a very thorough search of your luggage, particularly in France, Spain, England, and, worst of all, in the States. Buy no more than you can mail home first class or carry in an inside sport/suit coat pocket without bulging. Check prices, too. California makes about a 300% profit, thank you.

Coq and Chridex can also open the doors for you to gay films and live gay shows. (Hint: Do not ask cabbies.) These happy displays of male flesh in action are illegal in public, but perfectly legal in private clubs. You must become a club member at least 24 hours before you can participate in club activities (enforced). Membership is usually 25 Kroner (about \$3.50); three movies, approx. 1 hr., (\$2.60); live show, 3-4 hrs. (\$9.75). Individual massage, special private shows, escort services, etc., are also available at prices (not exorbitant) to be arranged according to your desires.

What is important to realize about these movies and shows is that they are good. They are top-grade professional entertainment. They are not cheap grainy stag party films as we know them, and they are not the cheap, tawdry, impersonation-type put-ons we are familiar with. The boys are all clean-looking guys, attractive, healthy, exciting, and they make out with one another (and more) in a forthright unashamed way, doing their thing naturally, enthusiastically, without fear that some really perverted creep is going to put them in jail or worse.

Whether on film or in the flesh, nothing is faked. The fluid that spurts is really warm, white, and creamy, and it is ejaculated in every conceivable way, always tastefully, often artistically, choreographed in one scene to a classical Russian concerto, in another act to hard rock: A mod go-go boy, strobed, disrobed, and probed, shoots high before your eyes.

The atmosphere of the lounges where these entertainments take place is comfortable, intimate, clean, even luxurious, a perfect setting to relax you to enjoy the programs. There is a bar; free coffee at intermissions, opportunities to meet the guys, and the good possibility of some fun afterwards. (Hint: Hang around; you'll see.) If you don't think you would dig that scene, stop by the Klub 48, a homophile organization at Allegeade 25, with "club activities" scheduled Thursday—Sunday, from 8:00 p.m. on.

Now, sooner or later you are going to go limp. What to do in Copenhagen when you can't get it up? A weekly (free) magazine, "This Week in Copenhagen," obtainable at hotels, rail station, tourist offices, etc., lists everything going on from fashion shows to football to folk-dancing. Here's a smattering of what's in store:

From May 1st to mid-September, there are the world-famous Tivoli Gardens, a wonderland of wild, inexpensive amusements

and good restaurants (and good cruising, too!) that will keep you busy for days and nights. Out of that season, theatre, ballet, and opera are open (and hotels are cheaper). Year 'round things: A terrific circus, lots of great art exhibits, visit either the Carlsberg or Tuborg Breweries (free beer!), fantastic shopping for what's-his-name on the Strøget Promenade, a university quarter (students!), docks (ships and sailors!), a beautiful countryside, museums (in Copenhagen alone 38 are listed ranging from Natural History to Modern Art!), a Resistance Museum describing the Nazi occupation, one of the world's top zoos (cruising!), a huge variety of tours and excursions in and around the city (Hydrofoil to Sweden? Visit the Little Mermaid of Langelinie by boat?), plus dozens of very good and inexpensive restaurants featuring the excellent Danish smørrebrød, open-faced sandwiches heaped with every imaginable delicacy from black caviar to red slabs of rare beef. Try some with Akavit for a real treat!

One last word: Regardless of what you may like or dislike, you are bound to like the Danes. They are honest. They are civil. They have a sense of humor. They have a sense of proportion. They enjoy loving and making love. They find foreigners interesting and exotic, and they make friends easily.

An American guy we know spent a long, wild night with a handsome Danish boy, and the next morning Mother not only served them a gigantic breakfast in bed, but also joined by Father and kid sister who sat around asking questions about America. Our friend doesn't exactly groove on family breakfasts, but for him it was the beginning of a life-long love affair with Copenhagen.

It could happen to you.



Wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen!



"UNE TABLE POUR DEUX!"

(Continued from page 11)

sophisticated preparation of the great classical dishes of the country.

- 2) *La cuisine bourgeoise*—homestyle or family-style cooking . . . and
- 3) *La cuisine regionale*—the provincial cookery of France that varies in style of preparation from province to province . . . always unique in its diversity, originality and richness.

The first two never intermingle or sound overtones of each other's style, although the relationship of *bourgeoise* to *regionale* is noticeable. Thus *boeuf bourguignonne* (beef simmered in red wine, to oversimplify this noble dish) will not be represented on the menu of a great *haute cuisine* establishment, nor will *Glazed Pheasant à la Marie-Jeanne* appear on the menu of its opposite number.

However, in the United States this rule does not prevail. It often does in New York, but in San Francisco (where the cuisine has a slight Italian nuance), and New Orleans (where its Creole origins and the smell of magnolias make it unforgettable) there is a bit of give-and-take which makes it all the more interesting. What a variety of infinite delights each style offers!

NEW YORK'S GRAND LUXE RESTAURANTS

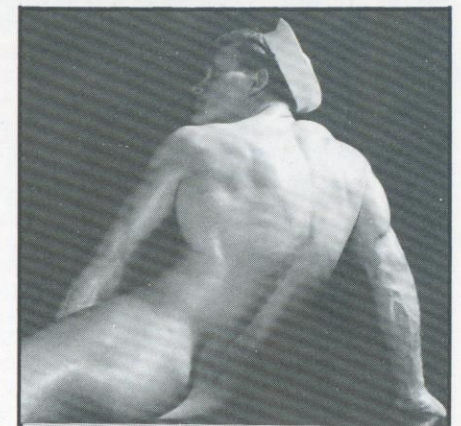
Gay guys, ever in a try for elegance, will find five *grand luxe* restaurants in New York where *la haute cuisine* is glorious—*La Caravelle* . . . *La Côte Basque* . . . *La Grenouille* . . . *Lafayette* . . . and *Lutèce*. By French custom such establishments do not have an *à la carte* menu, the chef has all the ginger taken out of him in the preparation of distinctive *prix fixe* luncheons and dinners.

La Côte Basque and *Lafayette* observe this tradition with fixed price luncheons from about \$8, and dinners from about \$12. Why so expensive? Because of the magnificent staff each employs . . . men who have been trained either at the famous cooks and waiters school in Paris, or—even more importantly—at the renowned Bellevoir School in Switzerland.

A *grand luxe* restaurant customarily has one *chef de cuisine* . . . one *saucier* (who does all the meats and fish served with sauces) . . . two *garde-manger* (for all the cold dishes and salads, and kitchen supervision) . . . one *entremetier* (for the soups, vegetables and eggs) . . . one *rotissier* (who roasts, broils and prepares foods for frying and sautéing) . . . one *pâtissier* (for cakes and desserts) . . . one *tourant* (who substitutes for each of the others on his day off) . . . and one *communiard* (who cooks for the help). Add to this the visible staff out front who help make your dinner so pleasant and memorable and it is clear why such restaurants are expensive.

Moreover, the design of each restaurant is a work of art. Surely no more beautiful restaurant exists in all the world than *La Côte Basque*. The murals painted on canvas by Bernard Lamotte are enchanting . . . particularly the view of the harbor at Saint Jean de Luz. The tiny fishing vessels and

(Continued on page 52)



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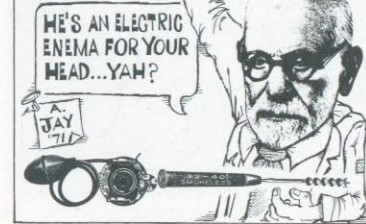
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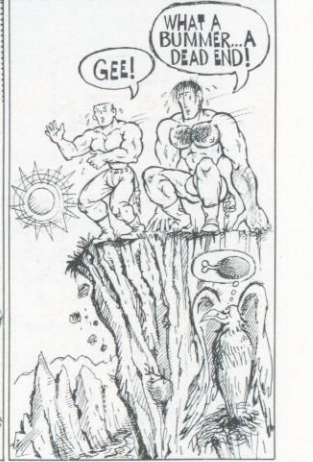
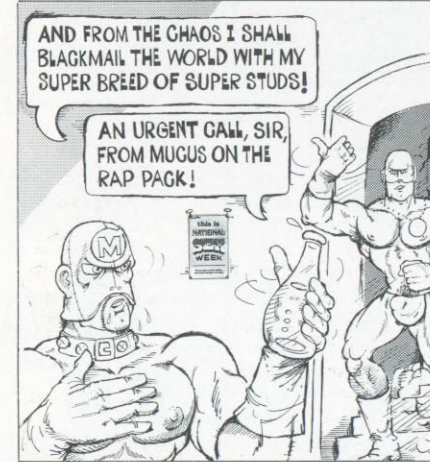
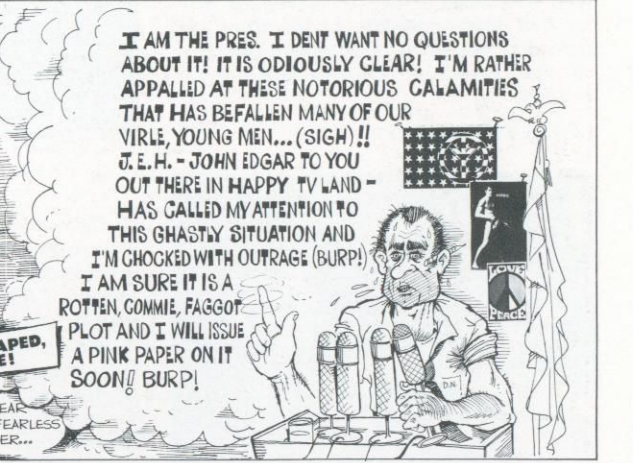
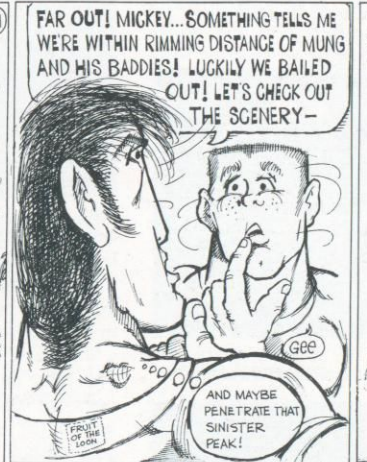
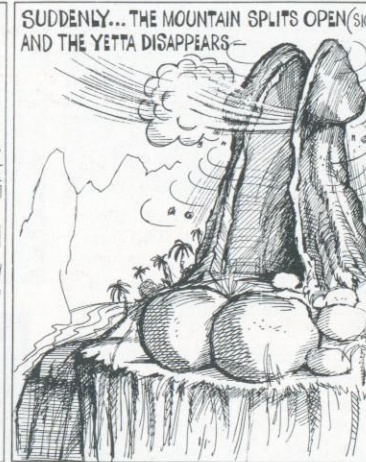
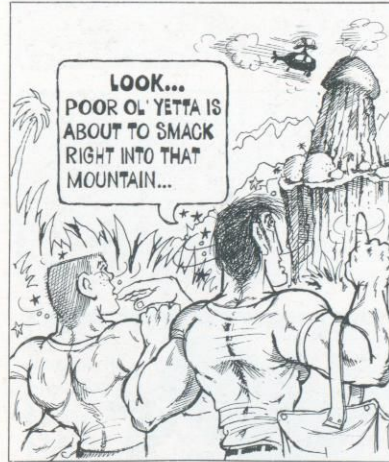
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(Continued from page 49)

cafés along the quay, and the tiled roofs, are so scaled in perspective and reproduced in such vivid colors that one is transported! Here is where the beautiful people come . . . and with good reason.

Of New York's restaurants offering *la cuisine bourgeoise*, *Le Veau d'Or* is in a class by itself. No matter whether one orders lobster *américaine*, tripe à la mode de Caen or a simple dish of boiled beef, that master chef Lucien Guillemaud makes each a work of sheer genius. *Le Veau d'Or* is always crowded—much waiting in line, especially by gay shoppers from nearby Bloomingdale's—but it is warm and friendly and you'll go again and again. Complete luncheons here start at about \$4.25, while complete dinners run from about \$6 to \$9.

Other restaurants in this category have been mentioned in QQ . . . among the best are *Mon Paris*, *Le Biarritz*, *Le Marmiton*, *Les Pyrénées*, *Le Bistro*, *L'Escargots*, *Brittany du Soir*, *Paris-Brest*, *Café du Soir* and *La Grillade*.

IN SAN FRANCISCO



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NEW ORLEANS AND ITS 'ESCALES'



Brennan's

Gay life in New Orleans grooves to a more daring beat gastronomically, for here occurs that yearly phenomenon which the French of this romantic city call *escales* . . . literally 'stopovers'. Here's the magic secret:

When Mardi Gras rolls around, New Orleans gay guys are happy hosts to gayankee friends and lovers who come not only for the merry pranks of carnival, but for the fabulous sex and equally fabulous food. *Escales* came about because of the many *haute cuisine* restaurants there. Since each has its specialty or specialties—and because time is of the essence—it is impossible to try them all during a short visit. Hence was dreamed up the 'progressive' dinner leading to 'progressive' sex later. According to the custom of *escales* one has a different course at a different restaurant and it works like this:

A group of gay revelers will meet for Sazeracs at the Hotel Roosevelt's *Sazerac Bar*. Then after much elegant conviviality

and giddy cruising everyone's off to *Arnaud's* for oysters *Bienville*. Next on the gay agenda is the *Gumbo Shop* for that hearty soup of New Orleans, with the fish course following either at *Galatoire's* (trout *aman-dine*), or *Brennan's* (stuffed flounder). Then on to fabled *Antoine's* for chicken *Rochambeau*, or to *Broussard's* for chicken *en papillote*. Dessert and coffee are a New Orleans must at *Les Pâtisseries aux Quatre Saisons* (you haven't lived!). Then after cruising some of the Bourbon Street night spots it's off to progressive sex with progressive partners and the end of a glorious evening!

Of course one may not care to make the trek to New Orleans to make the acquaintance of *la haute cuisine* (or a 'haute trique') . . . although it is certainly a heavenly way to do it. But should you visit any of the cities mentioned, do make a point of dining in at least one of the fine restaurants we've mentioned. All you need are an inquiring mind and a well-filled wallet.

Even minimal high-school French will guide you basically through the menu (if a translation does not appear conjointly, as it does in most fine restaurants). The only real hangup is *trying to understand the style in which a particular food is prepared*. For instance, how could anyone be expected to know that *Glazed Pheasant à la Marie-Jeanne*, mentioned earlier, requires two days of preparation, and that it is prepared with such gustatory delights as chestnuts, walnuts, green seedless grapes, cashew nuts, goose liver, *Demi-Glace* sauce and a host of other goodies?

And even in simpler dishes you should be assured that few French, except those whose business is food, know the details of the preparation. Of course almost any Frenchman will know that sole *Meunière* means that the fish is fried in butter and served with lemon. But few—very few—may know that

sole a *L'Anglaise* is broiled, dipped in eggs and browned . . . or that sole *Bercy* is baked with shallots . . . or that sole *Véronique* is simmered in white wine and served with white grapes . . . or that sole *bonne femme* is baked with mushrooms . . . or that sole *Monte Carlo* is prepared with anchovies and anchovy paste.

Since your waiter will not expect you to know the classic styles that are so much a part of his tradition, and because he will appreciate your consulting with him about them, inasmuch as he speaks quite understandable English, you will feel all the freer and the more encouraged to ask about them in detail, rather than self-consciously indicating something that in the end may not please you . . . which may turn out to be something quite different than you thought it would be . . . or which, *mea culpa*, may come to you as such a shock you may never darken the door of a French restaurant again . . . and that would be a tragedy!

Sayeth the prophet "Ask and ye shall receive . . . seek and ye shall find . . . knock and it shall be opened to you". Excellent advice to all who patronize French restaurants, although assuredly it is not what the good saint had in mind.

QQ

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G104



G107



G108



The Love that Dared Not Speak Its Name by H. Montgomery Hyde (Little, Brown & Co., \$7.95) bears the subtitle: "A Candid History of Homosexuality in Britain".

It is just that. It is candid: from the description of Edward II's murder (1327), "slain by the insertion of a burning stake in his anus", to today's familiar cries for sex and love, "Lonely young man seeks male friends (20's). Photos appreciated. All letters answered."

It is historical: from the Norman conquest to the passage of the 1967 Sexual Offences Act (based on the Wolfenden Report), every significant detail is carefully researched, documented and recorded.

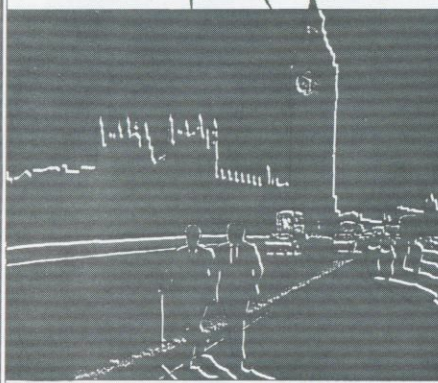
It deals with homosexuality: not merely Platonic friendships of famous people, but the balls and guts of quiet affairs, notorious scandals, lurid orgies, s/m scenes, male prostitution, lesbian loves; the entire gamut of homosexual experience.

And it concerns itself with Britain: in the area of sexual sophistication a relatively enlightened country. England is a nation with the closest ties to our own, i.e., a land we can easily look to for guidance (if only hopefully to avoid her past mistakes) along the

BOOK REVIEW

THE LOVE THAT DARED NOT SPEAK ITS NAME

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE



A Candid History of Homosexuality in Britain

mined road to homosexual freedom.

The Love adds up to this: it is one of the few books which merits a prominent place on the bookshelf of every concerned gay American.

For the militants of Gay Lib, it is a handbook for revolution, teaching not the mechanics of violent overthrow, but rather the value of tough, persistent, plodding efforts to expose, repeal, and rewrite unjust laws.

For those of us intellectually intrigued by—or simply curious about being gay—**The Love** gives us a sense of proportion, an insight into the background from which our current status derives, and suggests exciting possibilities for a brighter future.

And for those of us who are quietly enduring and, perhaps more importantly, for straights who should care, **The Love** puts our homosexuality into a calm, scholarly perspective from which, confidently, we both can learn that the struggle for true equality is a worthy, honorable endeavor, deserving attention, support, and hard work.

If you are serious, buy **The Love**. If you're interested, borrow it. If you don't give a damn, forget it: it's your loss.

—Orlando Paris

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

By Rob Arrington

JULIUS CAESAR

It is said of him that he was "husband to every woman and wife to every man." It wasn't said in scorn but admiration. He was a very great man, and there were no laws—moral or otherwise—against men loving other men in that age.

His homosexuality budded in his youth, when he was visiting the kingdom of Bithynia. Nicomedes, its king, was smitten with him and smothered the youth with his passion.

"Stay with me forever," the king begged, pressing the young man's smooth body to him, and the youth was tempted to accede, for the king was a great lover, and he feasted and gifted the youth sumptuously.

But the youth was too ambitious and talented to remain long as the concubine of a king. He returned to his country and embarked on a great career as a political and military leader. He was even the chief priest of Jupiter for a while.

He married three times, and had many extra-marital affairs with women, including one with a queen who has survived in history with fame almost

equal to his own.

But there was never a period when he wasn't a lover to other men, too. When he was his country's leading conquering general, one of the generals on his staff—a man who was destined to become almost as famous as he, and who eloquently and reverently spoke a great funeral oration over his body when he lay dead of assassins' wounds—performed stud service for him when they were on military campaigns together.

One of the last homosexual affairs in his life was with his grand-nephew, who was rewarded for granting his sexual favors by being named his heir.

He conquered Gaul and Britain for his country and he was its dictator when he was stabbed to death by his fellow noblemen because he was "too ambitious."

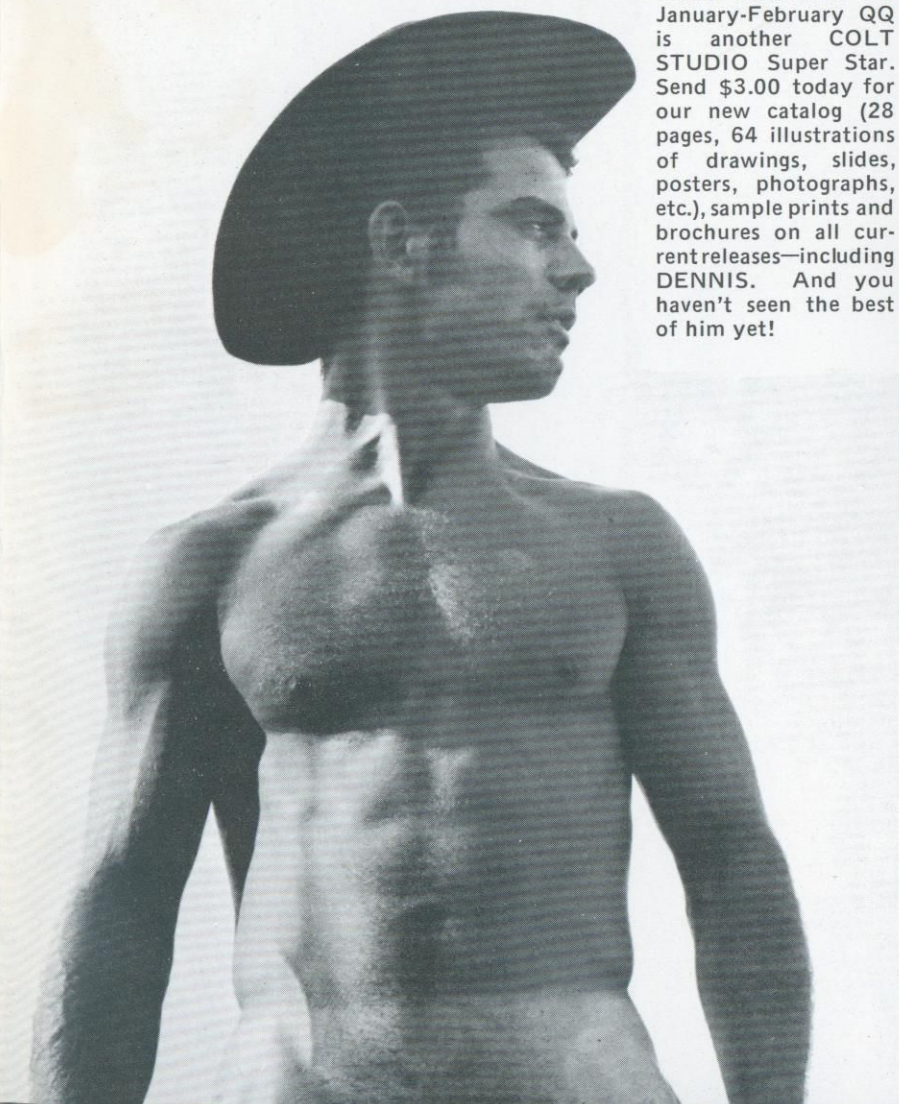
The queen he loved was Cleopatra. His stud-servicing general was Mark Antony. And his sexually compliant grand-nephew was eventually known as Emperor Augustus.

Who was he?

He was Julius Caesar.



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