



QQ MAGAZINE

For Gay Guys



FEB. 1972

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QQ

FOR ADULTS ONLY
Sexually Oriented Material Not To Be Sold To Minors

QQ VISITS A
"HOUSE OF BOYS"

ACHIEVE
SEXUAL ECSTASY

MEET
TOM
OF FINLAND



DAE

QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new readers desiring information which we make available through the sale of back issues (see ad in this magazine). Past articles are grouped according to general classification. Subjects are listed by exact title and by subject. The numbers following each title indicate volume, number, and page. For example: Sex Variations . . . 2:1:6 indicates Volume 2, Number 1 (Winter 1969-70 issue), Page 6. New readers may use the back issue ad in this magazine, which lists volume numbers and dates, to help locate particular issues. Each month we will revise this index, adding articles from the previous issue.

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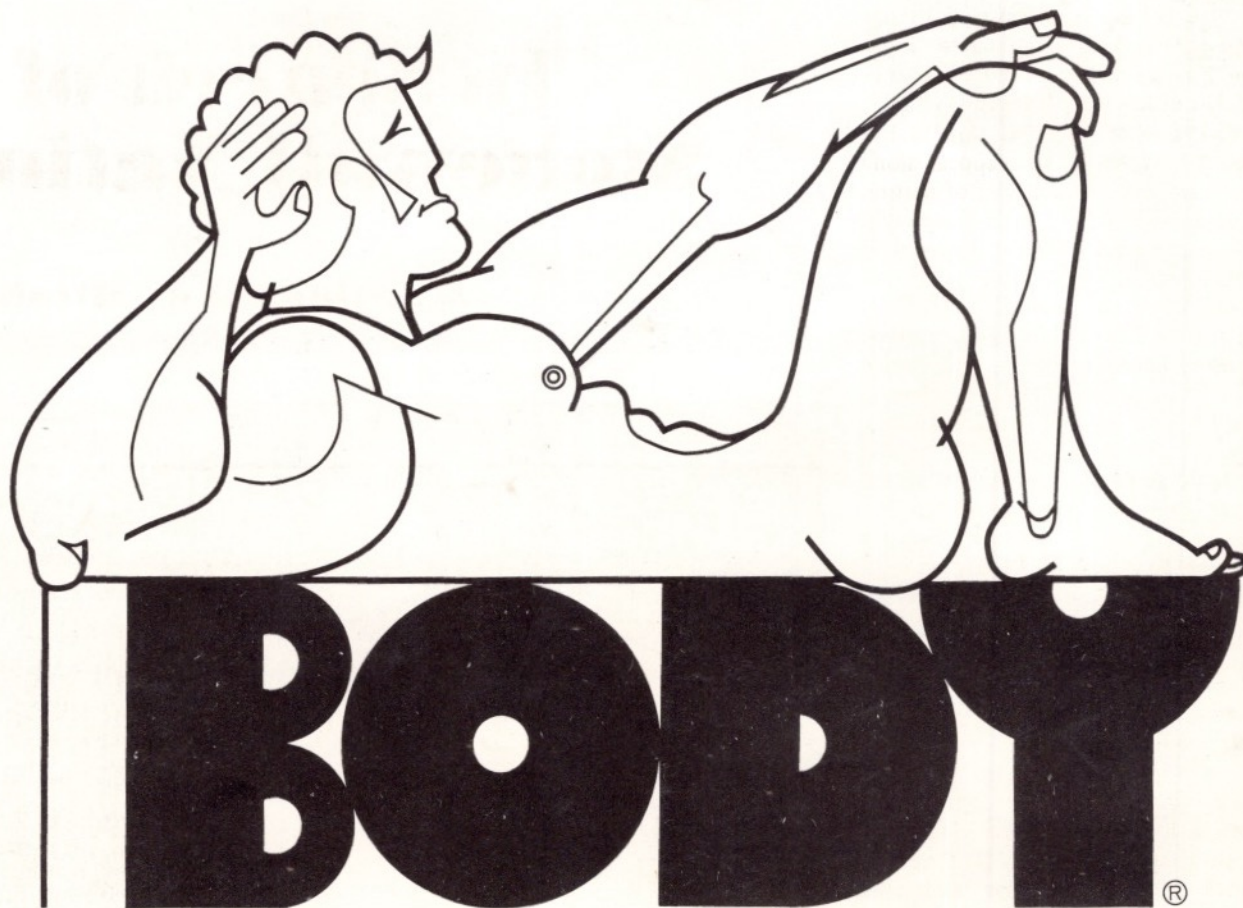
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NOTICE TO OUR READERS: If in reading other magazines and newspapers (any language) you find any article, photograph, comic strip, etc., which has already appeared in QQ, please send us a copy. We will send you the purchase price plus postage plus a year's subscription to QQ by way of thanks. (Ads and certain photographs in QQ owned by established physique studios are not the property of QQ and do not apply.)

NEW From The Guys At QQ . . . The Most Beautiful GAY PHOTO-FEATURE MAGAZINE Ever Produced . . .



Is BODY Just Another Gay Picture Magazine?

No. **BODY** is dedicated to the beauty of the male physique in its entirety. Unlike all other gay picture magazines which concentrate on the phallus only—**BODY** will also pay attention to beautiful faces and great bodies. In fact—only in **BODY** will you find the IDEAL MALE. More than 50 beautiful models will be featured in every issue—ranging in type from heavily muscled to rugged to lithe swimmer to sensitive young men. There will be something for everyone. What every model will have in common is a big phallus, firm buttocks, handsome body, and beautiful face.

Is BODY Like QQ Magazine?

Only in quality. Whereas QQ Magazine features articles WITH pictures—**BODY** features pictures WITH articles. Like QQ Magazine **BODY** is a big 8½X11 printed on heavy glossy stock. It has the same number of pages—plus a color cover, color center-spread (of the most beautiful frontal nudes seen anywhere), and color back cover.

What Kind Of Photo Features?

Here are just a few features you'll find in the first issue and succeeding numbers:
 • **BODY** visits a gay nudist camp . . . guys stripping down and at play in the great outdoors.
 • **BODY** goes shopping in America's most luxurious health foods store . . . and a bare-assed mammothly-hung shopper like this you've never seen before—and definitely not with a shopping cart!
 • **BODY** attends a birthday party in the home of two lovers. Both beautiful swimmer types pop

champagne bottles . . . and each other!

• **BODY** presents the grooviest twin brothers in the U.S.A. Compare their beautiful young bods and find out once and for all if twin brothers REALLY are built alike!
 • **BODY** is there when a young hippie welcomes his ole buddy from Paducah at his sex pad in New York. They smoke, play music, and sack out for old times' sake—and you're there with them!
 • **BODY** travels to the nude gay beaches of the world—where the young and hung are the brightest things in the sun!

Will All Pictures Be Undraped Frontal Nudes?

About 90 percent. There will also be rear views for those who groove on backsides. Very rarely will guys in clothing be featured. **BODY** is about bodies.

Will BODY Be Sold At Newsstands?

No. **BODY** comes on too strong for the average newsdealer. It will be sold only at a few select outlets in major cities—but, mainly, it will be sold BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY. The cover price is \$2—but at the U.S. subscription rate of \$8 a year for 6 bi-monthly issues . . . it comes to about \$1.33 a magazine. (Subscribers outside the U.S.A. must send \$3 more for additional postage.) Magazines are sent in heavy manila envelopes which are plainly marked and individually sealed. CANNOT BE SOLD TO THOSE UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE.

When Will BODY Come Out?

The first issue will reach subscribers on or

about December 21, 1971 (the cover date on this issue is "February-March 1972"). Thereafter, **BODY** will come out every other month—February, April, June, August, October, and November. IT WILL ALTERNATE WITH QQ MAGAZINE . . . which means that if you subscribe to both magazines you will receive 1 magazine every month from the guys at QQ.

BECOME A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER NOW . . . ORDER TODAY AND RECEIVE YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF BODY ON OR ABOUT DEC. 21, 1971 . . . USE THIS HANDY COUPON TO ORDER:

Send to: QQ PUBLISHING CO., INC.
 Suite 400, 255 W. 34th St.
 New York, N. Y. 10001

Check one:

- ☐ Find \$8 enclosed (\$11 outside the U.S.A.) for a 1-year subscription to **BODY** (6 issues)
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I attest by my signature that I am 21 years or older:

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Please Print Clearly)

In Search of a Stonewall Nation

By Michael J. Mitchell

THE *Duchess* casts a trailing bowline and glides out onto the glass lagoon. Bones of empty moorings stand out starkly in the water, where only a short time ago huge pleasure vessels hugged their blackened shapes. Ranks of blue, red and vari-colored wagons have begun to reappear along the wharf. A farewell kiss of nature, borne on lips of wind, smells faintly of pine and bayberry. Comrades, who remain behind on vacation or an extended weekend, raise their cocktails in salute as the Lady passes in review. *To those about to die . . . we salute you.* Carefree laughs and funky music quickly fade beyond the breakwater. Silence. A speechless silence engulfs the little ferry and renders all senses numb. Only the eyes can witness . . . eyes which strain to capture every moment, to record for a life's eternity, a few summer's moments. No laughter, no songs, no jokes; no joy as before. The fast receding island burns vermillion with the fading of the light. Shortly, only glowing embers will mark a blackened cinder under a moonless sky.

To visitors to Fire Island, this scene at a weekend's close is familiar, if not deeply poignant. The natural beauty of its sandswept landscape, eternal surf, and rampant undergrowth, recalls a primordial instinct in the most culturalized human beings. The camaraderie is born of an almost overwhelming jubilation in having found, in the company of fellow gays, a state of awesome tranquillity both from within and without. Yet it's inevitable that the questions should arise and their impact burn slowly, but with a phosphorescent whiteness. Why am I a fugitive in paradise? Wouldn't it be beautiful if every day could contain the essence of a Fire Island weekend?

As if in answer to these questions, it has not been surprising to see a faltering, yet growing desire among gays to find a cultural homeland, or at least a community; a refuge for the wounded, the persecuted, and those burning to reevaluate the priorities in their lives in a new climate of freedom and unencumbered cultural evolution. History is replete with the chronicles of people who carved their special destinies in the rocks of hostile physical and social environments. Most familiar to recent memory is the Jew, and more currently, the American Negro. In a period when the spirit of individuality is making

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THE FREEDOM OF SEXUAL ECSTASY

ACHIEVE IT WITH THREE EROTIC CONCENTRATIONS

BY WALTER NORRIS

A popular belief about gay sex is that it helps if one gets a bit tiddly beforehand to give the most and get the most from it. Some say a brace of cocktails puts the patina of loving-kindness on everything, concealing little flaws and smoothing out big awkwardnesses, thus releasing all inhibitions from the point of 'on the make' to 'make out' without being sidetracked into the junction of just 'make do'.

Others claim that 'his royal highness' (grass) works even better because it stretches the silken ladder of time to half-past infinity, and in the resultant space one has time to weave wantonly beautiful sex-thoughts into wickedly beautiful sex-patterns, something many find impossible because of self-consciousness or some other hangup.

Of course the premise is that every gay guy wants to make love without inhibition, to receive it without embarrassment and to give it without restraint. So if, in trying to fulfill this desire, he finds it necessary to head for the nearest bar for a couple of tension-unwinders before cruising—or to later light up a joint when cruisy trick is *fait accompli*—he can hardly be faulted for practicality in trying to overcome inhibition, embarrassment and restraint, as anyone who has experienced *sleepy* sex (sex at just the drowsy-arousal stage) or *mellow* sex (sex after a couple of divine Margueritas) will testify.

SEXILLUSION

While this works well for a time, the nuance threshold of alcohol and grass is quickly reached, so that when more is consumed sex is thrown out of focus as illusion supersedes fact, and he begins to think of himself as a great lover dispensing super-phallic sex with pile-driver clout when actually he is giving less, and with less zip—like a tired

mongoose after a hectic day in the snakepit—because it gets too soft, too soon. Even sadder is when even a semblance of erection becomes illusory.

What compounds the felony is that while it all seems bright and beautiful to the lover-in-illusion, he is unable to detect that it has become meaningless to his lover-of-the-nonce who would just like to get it over with and get the hell out and never darken his door again. Are there crowns in heaven for sexual martyrs like this? *Seigneur!*

One doubts that any gay guy could find fault with grass or alcohol as erotic sensitizers if either could be so accurately measured or so discerningly used that the *conscious* mind is suppressed *just to the point* where inhibition is unfettered, embarrassment gives way to eagerness, and wintry restraint melts into summery relaxation which, of course, is *numero-uno* in achieving true sexual ecstasy. Unfortunately arrival at the threshold of sexual nuance is affected by too-indulgent use, or by using too much, so that a tad too much tequila or a shard too much grass can blow the scene.

THE SEX OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS

Why tip the scales against you when your subconscious mind can be so subtly trained that the most erotic fantasies take possession of you and urge you on to that greatest of physical responses—abandoning yourself *totally* to *every* sexual encounter?

Because the subconscious neither censors nor celebrates it knows no such hangups as shyness, embarrassment, inhibition or self-consciousness. If you will transplant into its vastness of total recall your most erotic desires through some easy-to-do and exciting-to-even-think-about sexual *Concentrations* it will

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IF THOSE "MODELS AVAILABLE" ADS IN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPERS HAVE ALWAYS INTRIGUED YOU . . . AND IF YOU HAVE EVER WONDERED WHAT HAPPENS AFTER YOU PHONE—THIS REVEALING ARTICLE ON ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S TOP MALE MADAMS MAY CAUSE YOU TO STOP WONDERING AND START DIALING. CALL-BOY SERVICES EXIST IN MOST COSMOPOLITAN CITIES ACROSS THE COUNTRY. ABOUT 25¢ WILL BUY YOU A NEWSPAPER—\$25 AN HOUR OF PLEASURE. COME NOW FOR A PREVIEW WITH QQ MAGAZINE . . .

BACKSTAGE AT A "HOUSE OF BOYS"

BY DONALD ROBERTSON

WE arrived for our luncheon interview in a limousine which was approximately half a block long and featured a stocked bar as one of the lesser luxuries on board. A more provocative feature was the driver, a beautiful, well-built youth about nineteen years old. Both he and the car were available for hire, together or separately. My companion, the Madam of a call-boy service, was not—with occasional exceptions.

Like many other horny gays, I have always found my curiosity, among other things, aroused by the provocative free press advertisements offering the modeling services "at your place or mine" of "beautiful, versatile young men." How, I wondered, would this operation compare with the street and bar hustling scene which has caused so much grief and such little satisfaction to so many gay people? Well, there was only one way to find out: go and see.

Madam George gave me a warm welcome, followed by an unhurried and unrehearsed tour of the House. The living room, swimming pool, billiard area and TV room had all been draped with quiet and friendly handsome young men, any one of whom was capable of driving me up the wall. And I had forgotten my Master Charge! Even now, after our elegant arrival at a famous gay restaurant, my salivary glands were still operating at maximum output, and not from thoughts of lunch.

George started off by telling me that his beginning in the sex business was as a hustler of women, but that he soon made the traditional shift to men. After some hassles with the police over his curbside activities he decided to go all out and establish a truly professional, first class call-boy service.

The advertisement to which I had responded was one of the rare solicitations by the House itself. Most ads are placed by the models, thus decentralizing the operation and diluting police pressures. Actually, the bulk of the business accrues from a regular clientele and their referrals, often in the form of a *present*. George himself checks out each new client and so far has managed to operate discreetly for several years, and without harassment.

It is also by referral that most of the models come into his employ, recommended either by customers or, more often, by the boys of the House. None of them is under eighteen and most are twenty-three to twenty-eight years old, although older men are available on request. George interviews each, not necessarily in bed (the fool!), to determine the boy's attitude towards satisfying a customer. So-called straights and would-be bisexuals are rejected

because George feels that only an honest-to-goodness homosexual is going to relate instinctively and spontaneously to the client and his needs. As you would expect, each of the boys must be above average in looks and possess a pleasing build. An oversized cock is not a prerequisite, nor, of course, a handicap. All must be sexually versatile, though, as well as clean and well-groomed. Each must be mature in mannerism and demonstrate the capability of holding a strain-free conversation. In other words, you would experience no discomfort in taking any of the models to dinner or to a private party as your guest or nephew or whatever, and at your own home you are guaranteed pleasant company as well as sexual gratification.

I questioned George regarding the factors motivating the boys to enter this type of work. Most, it seems, start out with strong feelings of family rejection and are involved in a constant search of acceptance. On the other hand, many of the models come from fine, harmonious, and even wealthy homes. This type of boy is seeking excitement and the extra money, often for college expenses. In either case, the boys are strongly sexed and enjoy the joint (pardon me) benefits of sexual relief and an impressive income.

For these boys the call service presents a decidedly healthier situation than they could find anywhere else—professionally—even with a union. The bar or street scene, if they've tried it, has usually proved unrewarding and often dangerous. As Jon Voight found out in "Midnight Cowboy," clients of the street often welsh on payment; many are real weirdos or sadists; and very few show any interest in the boy other than to use his body. None of these things abate the boys' feelings of alienation or provide a buoyant stimulation. On the other hand, the House clientele is discreet, usually of necessity, and normally offer more of an affectionate interlude than a strictly *get-your-rocks-off* approach. Usually the client is a repeat customer who desires to maintain an amicable relationship with the organization as well as the boy. Also, they are less likely to be cheapskates, and tips add substantially to the call-boy's income. The models remain on call from one to eleven p.m. every day except Sunday (you've heard that before) but can pass this time at the House, in their own apartment or anywhere that they can be reached by phone. The House provides up to four or five calls a day and the boys are allowed to smoke grass or drink in moderation while with the client. There's no restriction against the use of poppers, although most

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Touch and Glow

The Language of Love

By Terry McWaters

MANY gay guys have long been able to express themselves naturally through a uniquely effective language by which they can convey so much, so quickly and so sincerely, without speaking a word. It's the candid 'speech' of *touch* . . . a tactile communication that speaks volumes words never could.

So powerful is touch in its ability to break down barriers between people, to penetrate more subtly and more deeply and lingeringly into the subconscious with messages of love and desire, simple affection, or just good fellowship, that Bruno Bettelheim, the noted psychoanalyst says: "The ability to experience touch as *pleasant* must precede any human relation." Echoing him in his buckskin baritone is former President Lyndon B. Johnson who often takes the measure of a man by hugging him. Says LBJ: "I must feel a man's skin to know him." Amen to that!

Touch is the most forceful medium of communication because it is *visceral*. Its message reaches you instantly . . . without the clichés, banality or the 'iffiness' or words that often cause one to doubt their sincerity. The gentlest pressure of a questing hand on a throbbing thigh will elicit a more rapturous response than "I love you" chanted *au chapelet* a thousand times.

Touch and glow.

THE CONSUMMATE MASTERY OF TOUCH

The power of touch works so amazingly because the skin is a most remarkable sensory apparatus. In addition to its protective reaction to heat and cold, and its many hygienic functions, from the tips of your toes to the top of your head it acts as a radar system through which your nerve endings pick up and relay to your brain the most exciting tidbits of information.

The more your skin becomes attuned to sensory perception, the more prolific, versatile and rewarding your sex life can be, because with less dependence on words and more on tactile impulse the more daring and improvisational you can make it.

We often say (perhaps too often) that the greatest joy in sex derives from its improvisational aspect: whatever you can contrive—at that moment—to make it a sublime and unforgettable experience. Improvisation keeps the

landscape of sex always alive, fresh and green.

It is highly unlikely that a lover has ever been 'talked' to climax. Litanies of love words, incantations, swirling incense, or good intentions avail little. But with an extensive *tactile* vocabulary at one's command nothing else is needed. Each success begets an even greater one!

THE ART OF EROTIC SENSITIZATION

You will happily discover that acquiring fluency in the tactile language of love is fascinating as you begin to practice certain erotic sensitization techniques which we shall describe. Please don't think of them as regimented 'program of exercises' nor a pragmatic learning process (instant turn-off, both!) but as a means of exploring the hidden depths of self to evoke more exciting sexual powers than you've ever imagined you might possess.

THE SEXY HANDSHAKE

While it is easy to oversimplify, if taken from the point of a simple handshake one clearly sees the myriad possibilities of touch and what it can instantly 'say' and do. Of course there are handshakes and handshakes, and while no one is turned on (or very much) by five fingers of wilted lettuce, the forced heartiness of an over-athletic handshake can be equally disaffecting because it is so misleading.

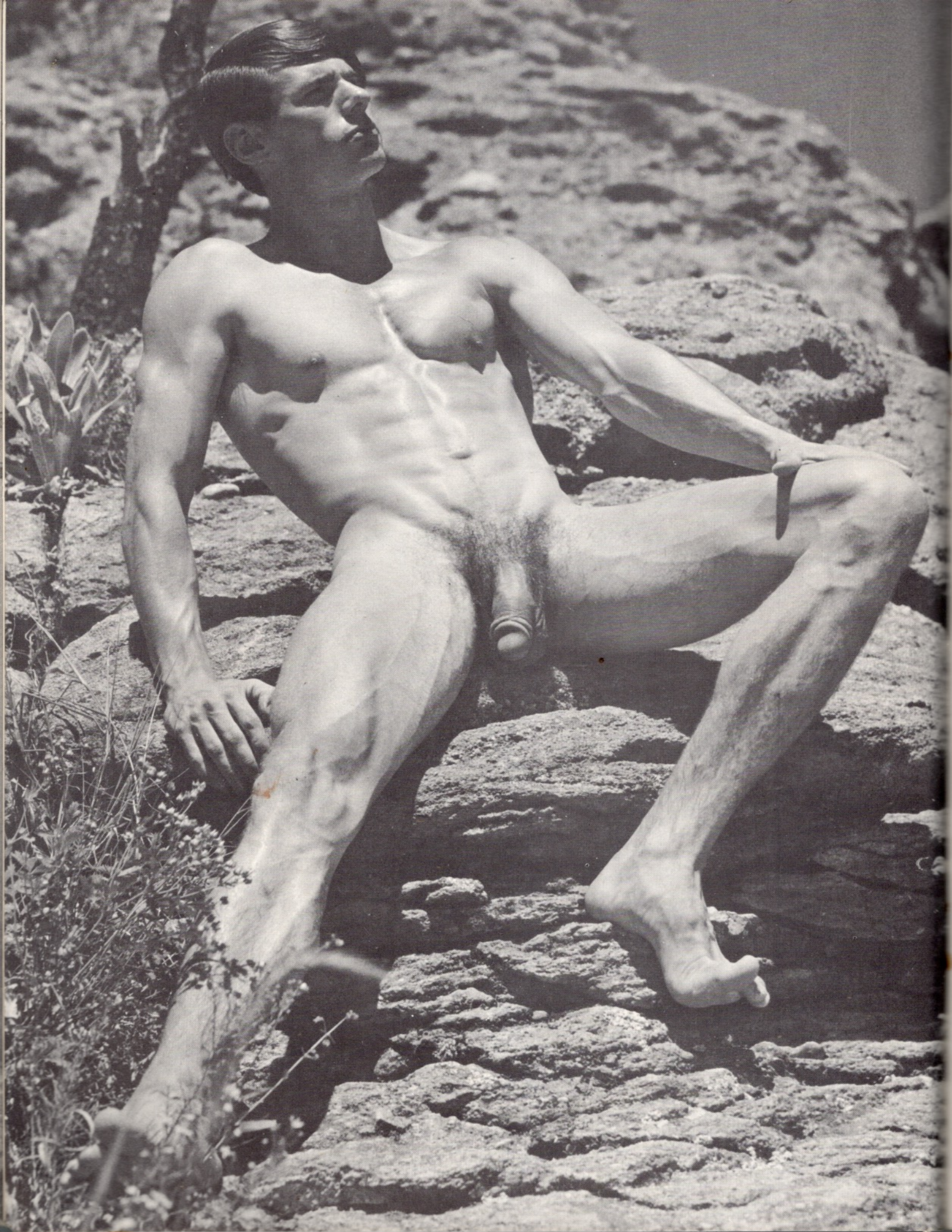
Should your handshake suggest a rawhide ruggedness and a lustier bravado than you may actually possess, and he is therefore beguiled into expecting a night of real gut-issue sex with a Harry Chess type, the beddy-bye denouement can be cruelly embarrassing, as well as an essay in complete frustration for both.

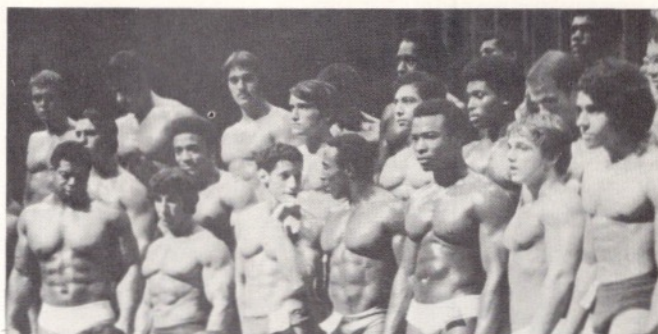
Fraudulent sex is the worst kind because it debases both participants (often traumatically) who—with clearer perception and greater candor in touch communication—might be more gratifyingly satisfied with compatible others, each in his own desired way.

Where the handshake takes on sudden and *involved* meaning for gay guys is when the hand is given pleasantly and firmly, avoiding any obvious pumping, and *allowed to remain cloistered quiescently for a few seconds* without any semaphoric SOS of the individual fingers (like *this* little piggy went to

(Continued on page 38)







Above: Left—Senior Pro Mr. America Peter Caputo. His exercise routine was featured in *QQ Magazine* last year. Right—Teenage Pro Mr. America Louis Ferrigno. Right, top: A few of the contestants—who rose en masse on a hydraulic lift. Right, bottom: The teenage contestants were especially attractive . . . and ravishing. (Photos by Henry Peters)

Make Mine Muscles

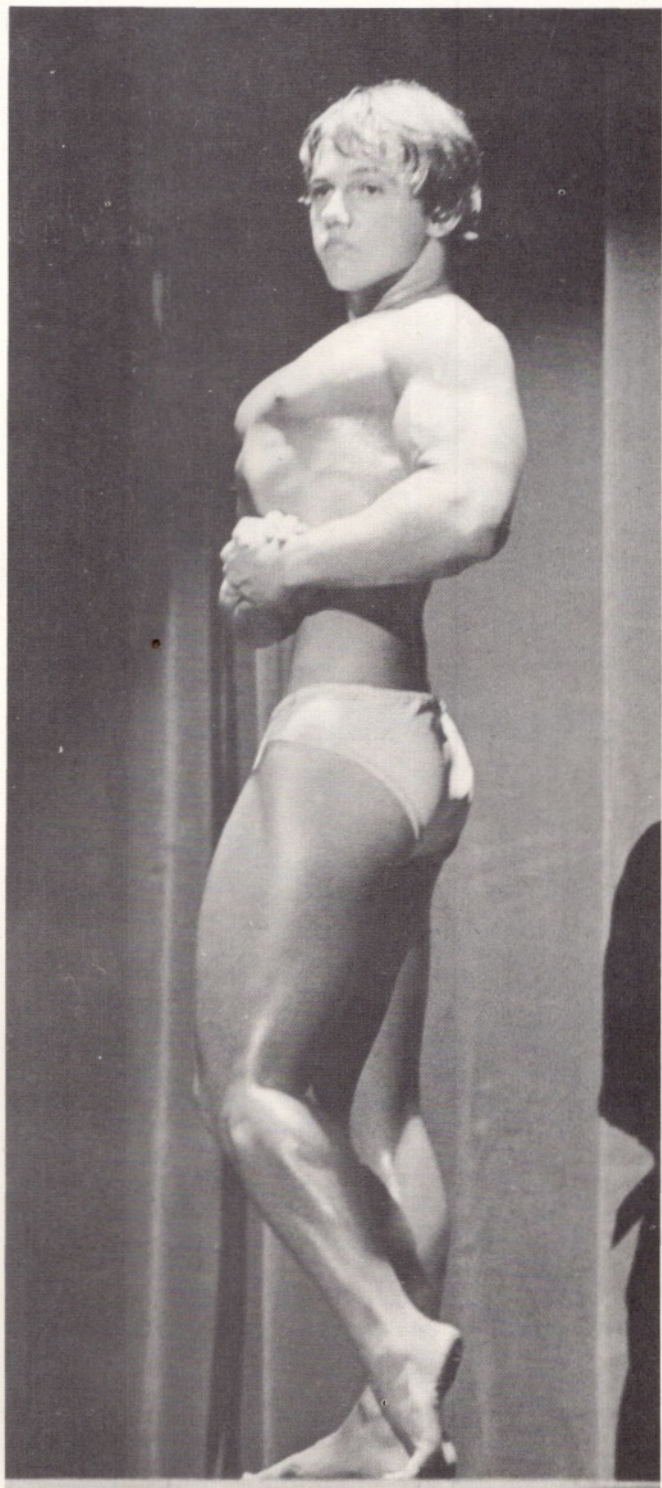
By The Editors

THIS year the Professional Teenage and Senior Mr. America and Senior Mr. World contests played before 2,000 fans. More than 75 champs came—some from as far away as Japan—in order to compete.

Spectacular presentations included the introduction of all the contestants—who rose en masse on a hydraulic lift at a Radio City. *QQ Magazine* readers in attendance were thrilled to see Peter Caputo (who was featured in the January-February 1971 issue) win the coveted Pro Mr. America contest. Louisiana's Boyer Coe won the Pro Mr. World. The teenagers were especially attractive Louis Ferrigno, a 19 year-old who's 6'5" tall, won. In addition to trophies, Peter received a trip to London, Boyer was presented with \$500 cash.

There was music and entertainment. Famous muscle contest promoter Bud Parker (who is now editor of *BODY magazine*) emceed. The contests were sponsored by the World Body Building Guild.

January/February 1972





TOM: A SELF-PORTRAIT

An Appreciation Tom of Finland

By Orsen

TOM of Finland has established himself in the last ten years as an acknowledged giant in male physique art. He is the creator of a huge stable of tough handsome studs whose amazing adventures are guaranteed to keep a world-wide audience permanently turned-on. But, apart from his personal friends (I'm happy to be one), I doubt if many of his fans know anything about the man himself. As an artist myself, I've a tremendous admiration for his beautiful technique and rich imagination, and I welcome the opportunity to pay him this tribute long overdue.

Perhaps the first point to establish is that Tom is a Finn, and lives in Finland. Busy with a full-time job, he sometimes finds time to turn out a regular stream of goodies featuring his own special mixture of muscles, motorcycles, boots, and breeches.

Finland is a pretty cold country for much of the year, so the men wear leather jackets and long boots as a matter of course, and until very recently many also wore the well-fitting flared breeches that Tom has made his particular trademark. He received his first pair of boots at the age of five, and absolutely refused to be parted from them; at night they had to stand by the bed! That first pair have

had many successors, including some which he generously gave me three years ago—and I can tell you they're the most comfortable boots I've ever owned, and look great.

When you first meet Tom, broad-shouldered, well-built, with a sexy moustache, he's rather withdrawn, showing the formal politeness of many Northern Europeans. He's a little hesitant about his English—which in fact is much better than he gives himself credit for. On closer acquaintance he's extremely friendly and generous, with a shy sense of humor, and gets very enthusiastic about his favourite topics, which include (apart from physique art) good food and wine, theatre, movies, and travel. He goes to Spain for sunshine, and nearly every year spends some time in London, where he has many friends.

Tom is a very modest guy and it's quite difficult to get him to talk about his work, but basically he draws because he enjoys it, to please himself, and really gets a great personal kick out of creating his rugged supermen. This I feel is the secret of his success—the terrific sense of life and enjoyment that almost bursts off the page. Tom combines gusto and impact with a drawing technique so meticulously polished and detailed he is able to make the wildest scene

believable. The exaggerations are so consistent that he creates a complete, private superworld where we can all look like Flash Gordon, and *everybody* makes out.

Tom's first attempts at physique art were closely linked to the photographs in the good old heavy muscle magazines, the only physique books available in Finland at that time. He would find a picture of a well-built athlete and think, "Ah, *he* would look really good in boots and breeches." Or, "This one should have sideburns and a moustache." He would then alter the photograph accordingly. The next step was to copy poses, learning every detail of the muscles and body positions, often working on two or three guys together—which provided the beginnings of Tom's talent for group scenes.

The big breakthrough came when he found a couple of copies of Athletic Model Guild's "Physique Pictorial," which provided—along with more conventional muscle shots—pictures of cowboys in jeans and boots, and sailors and Marines in uniform, of motorcyclists in leather, and lots and lots of wrestling.

Tom says the photographs of guys in jeans were a revelation—"I had just never realized how sexy they could look." Indeed, it's difficult to remember that fifteen years ago hardly anyone in Europe had seen real levis, let alone worn them.

Tom was also very interested in the work of such artists as Quaintance. Although he has never attempted the classic Greek and Roman scenes which were Quaintance's speciality, that artists cowboy paintings featuring those fabulously sleek torsos had great influence on Tom of Finland.

But Tom decided that his first full set of drawings should not be in any way copied after American art, so he began work on "The Men of the Forests of Finland," concentrating on light-hearted scenes of life in a logging camp, with rough, tough hunks in jeans or breeches and the splendid thick back-laced thigh-boots of the Finnish lumberjacks.

A.M.G., to their everlasting credit, saw the talent in these early efforts, published them and encouraged Tom to do more, suggesting interesting themes and ideas. Sometimes he worked from film stills; sometimes his sketches were turned into films. He produced his first motorcyclists, grin-





ning from under shiny peaked caps, in belted leather jockstraps and long boots. There was "The Prison Bully," perhaps his first S&M drawing, "The Hitchhiker," "The Supermarket Thief," and the picture I consider his first masterpiece, "The Lazy Sailor." It was this drawing that provided Tom's entrance into realistic art. His hairy stud was free of pseudo-classical whimsy, artistic drapes, and emasculated demi-gods. The subject was a contemporary pipe-dream, firmly and confidently drawn. After ten years I still find it a turn-on!

During the next years Tom worked on a long series of successful sets for A.M.G., including "The Cyclist and the Thief," "Two Hoods in Hollywood," "The Careless Cyclist," and "Punishment of a Cycle Thief." He also produced some fine drawings for the British "Scan" magazine, and some even better ones for Scott Studio.

The Scott pictures include several that Tom himself feels are among his best work, such as "The Cyclist and the Sailor," where a very simple old situation has been transformed into a real knock-out by the close inter-relationship of the figures and the strong sensual atmosphere.

He has done a great many private commissions, always preferring to concentrate on the particular themes that he understands best. "People often ask me to do very interesting subjects, but if I know they are not right for me, it's better to refuse than to disappoint with bad work." His subjects are always contemporary. "It has to be *now*," he says.

The relaxation of censorship laws in many countries has given Tom the opportunity to develop the famous series of "Kake" picture stories, and perhaps this is the place to explain the word "kake"—in case you've wondered, as I did. Well, "kake" is a Finnish male nickname, most nearly equivalent to "butch," given to sexy young stud-types, and, as Tom says with a grin, "I know some boys like that, so I called the hero after them."

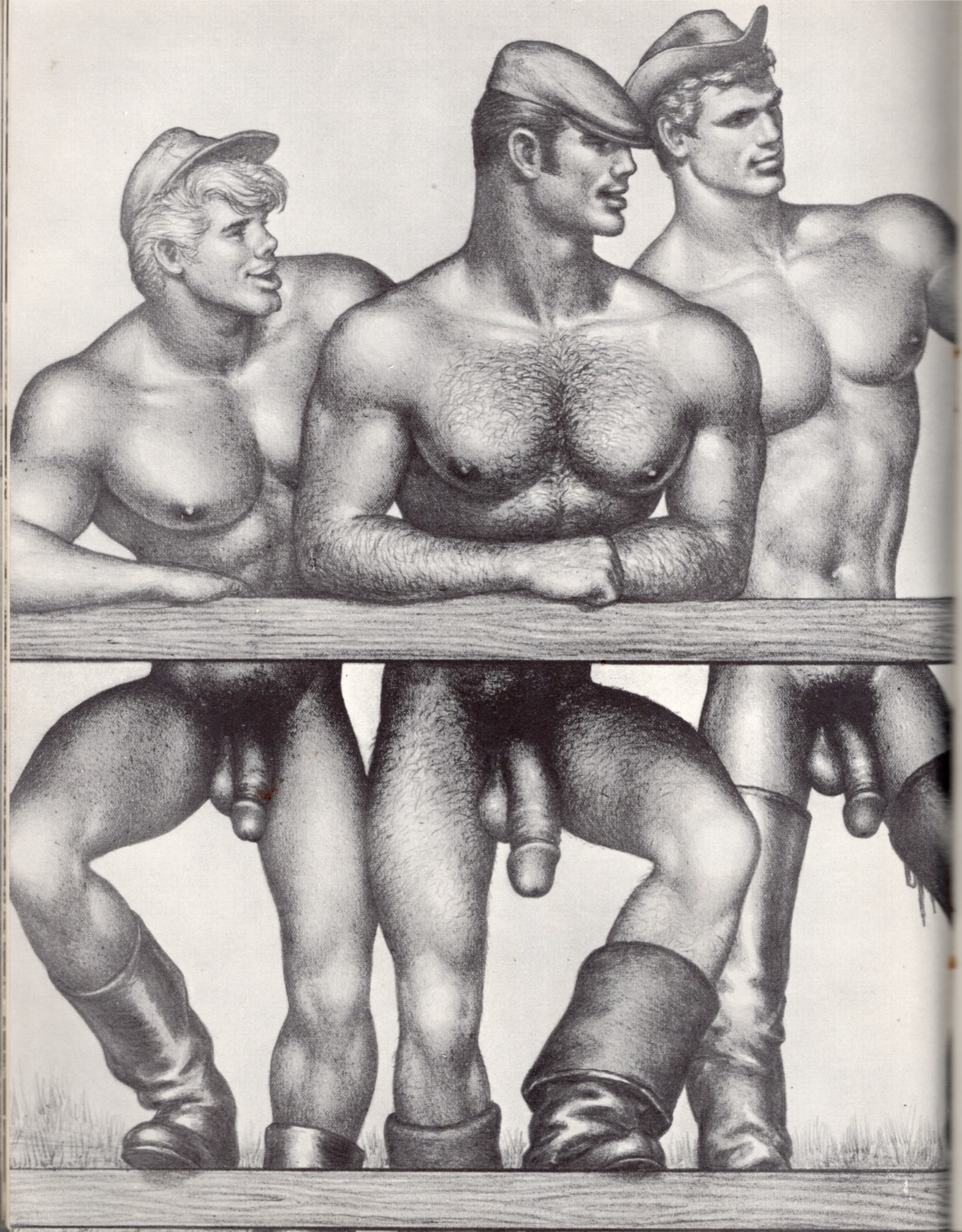
Tom's sense of humour is an important element in his pictures, without in any way spoiling the exciting action. In the midst of a busy scene a hand quietly appears, having a crafty grope all its own, and you have to look carefully to determine whose hand it is. Or look closely at some of the cap badges and belt buckles; you'll be surprised . . . or maybe you won't!

The "Kake" stories and a large number of other drawings are particularly interesting in their attitude regarding the police. In contrast to almost all other gay literature and art, the cop comes out pretty strong in Tom's world, being rated an equal winner in the virility stakes with the sailor and the motorcyclist. Of course, the uniform of the motorcycle cop—peaked cap, leather jacket, big belt, breeches, and boots—is always a great turn-on for the S&M element in the audience, and perhaps Tom is also indulging in some kind of fantasy that makes fashionable young gays in San Tropez dress up in full U.S. Army khaki, although they'd rather die than wear it for real.

What will be the next developments for Tom? What are his plans? He's designed everything from T-shirts to tattoos, and was once even asked to design a "leather number" at the Folies Bergere—but he didn't think the dancers had the "right kind" of figures!

He's anxious not to repeat himself, and is always looking for new themes, but has to be careful not to alter his "types" and faces too much from what is expected in a







Tom drawing. He feels that the "Kake" formula, with its almost "strip cartoon" style, has been fully worked-out, and would like to return to the more detailed pencil studies, and to the beautiful full-colour paintings for which he hardly ever has time. Also, he'd like to be getting a rather larger slice of the financial cake, because, like many other artists, he's found it's the middle-men who make the real money. Contrary to what you may think, he's *not* a millionaire.

A "serious assessment" of Tom's work is quite irrelevant in my opinion. He is simply a superb entertainer, vigorous, inventive, and unpretentious. His pictures don't pretend to be great art; they are frankly and cheerfully physical, sometimes brutal, but never nasty or sentimental.

Tom loves to draw, and is also very conscious of how eagerly his fans await the next pictures, so, as he says, "I suppose I will continue."

Let's hope so!



Playtime in the Corral

The Anatomy of a Leather Bar

By Louis Jekyll

GAY activists are *zappers*—and favorite targets include bars which restrict the dress of their customers to leather and Western only. Owners of such bars feel that once the sweater set moves in the motorcycle crowd moves out. Hence, in order to survive as leather bars, such establishments must restrict entry to definite types.

What types? Can a man really be judged by his clothes? Are gays in sweaters less masculine than gay guys decked out in black leather? Are gay leathermen different in every respect from Joe College homosexuals? What makes leather bars tick?

In order to answer these questions and many more I decided to visit a popular leather bar myself. The one I chose was ideally located in an industrial area. Except for the motorcycles parked outside it'd easily pass for just another rough neighborhood bar of the straight variety, calling little or no attention to itself. Once inside, however, it's another world.

I arrived at midnight on a Saturday, reputedly the busiest night of the week, though cruisers maintain that week nights are better for making out because the thinner crowds are less competitive. Beer in hand, I settled down to examine the surroundings.

The ambience of the bar was excellent, with black walls setting off the colorful motorcycle club banners strung around the main room. Two strategically-mirrored walls aided cross-cruising. A narrow bench ran along the wall opposite the bar, and there was the requisite pool table, dominating the rear of the long, wide room. Dangling from the ceiling at intervals over the bar were lengths of heavy chain, used for hanging motorcycle helmets. (The bar even stocks a few "courtesy helmets" for those cyclists who are not inclined to carry a spare, since it is unlawful in many states for anyone to ride a motorcycle without a helmet, and this includes buddy riders.) The back room, equally long and somewhat wider, was done in black-light.

I scouted around for what appeared to be a friendly face and finally settled on a young guy in his middle twenties, lean and good-looking in boots and jeans and leather jacket open to expose a hard expanse of bare chest. We exchanged first looks, then smiles, but he was obviously not inclined to make the first move. Casually, I ambled over to where he was standing and edged my way next to him at the bar. The amenities quickly disposed of, I learned that his name was Roger, that he lived in town and had been involved in the leather scene for some six years, which encompassed nearly all of his gay life. I gathered from the chains dangling from his left shoulder that he was "S" (sadist, as opposed to masochist) and he confirmed it, adding that this was not always a hard and fast rule, though

most of the guys observed it. "It gets a little confusing sometimes," he elaborated. "I'd say the majority of guys in here who dig the scene are 'M'—though some of them won't admit it until you get them home alone. Even some of the 'S' types are switchable, but hell, man, that's groovy. I say do your thing, whatever it is. Life is too fucking short!" Asked just what his "thing" was, he responded readily that he dug it a little rough but not way out. "I draw the line at blood," he said emphatically. "Not that I have anything against it—I just don't go that route." Further tactful probing revealed that Roger was a bright young man, a college graduate, and served his time in Nam ("It was a fucking mess, but there were a few groovy moments.") and was now employed by a prominent brokerage firm. He owned a small Honda but was saving up for a BMW which he claimed was the best bike going for long-distance hauls. When I offered to buy him another beer, Roger smiled graciously and declined. "You're a nice guy but you're not my type." I assured him that my intentions were honorable, and pressed the beer on him, urging him to talk further about himself and particularly about his initiation into the leather scene.

"It started in boot," he confided, "right after I got drafted. You know how you form attachments—well, this guy Pete bunked next to me and we started palling around together—you know, double-dating, balling chicks, all that shit. Well, one weekend we went to New York, picked up these two broads on Eighth Avenue and took 'em to a cheap hotel. But we were so bombed out of our minds that we couldn't even make it, so we got rid of them and passed out on the bed. Maybe a couple of hours later, I woke up and felt a warm mouth on my cock and right away I figured the girls had come back so I just relaxed and enjoyed it. Then, I don't know what the hell made me suspicious, but I pulled the blanket off and it wasn't a broad down there between my legs—it was my ole buddy Pete. Man, I never moved so fast in my life! I kicked him off me and jumped off that bed like it was full of hot coals. For a minute I just stood there staring down at him, and I noticed fear in his eyes—but excitement too. He said something like, 'If you're gonna beat the shit out of me go ahead—I don't give a fuck. I've wanted to do that for a long time.' I don't know what it was—the tone of his voice, the look in his eyes or my own latent desires coming out. Next thing I knew I was back on the bed, straddling his chest. Even when he started to choke I couldn't stop. Man, it was too fucking much!"

Admittedly enthralled by his story, I pressed him for further details. After sex and a long hot shower for them both, Roger and Pete sat

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AC-DC ...or just plain GAY?

By John Roberts

CONSIDER the following cases:

Don is a 20 year-old junior at a large Midwestern university. Good-looking, self-assured and popular, Don is a member of one of the large fraternities on campus. On Friday night he has a date with a cheerleader named Linda and they spend the night in a motel. The next night he has a date with Bob, a 21 year-old senior who has his own apartment off campus. The two have sex into the night.

Jon is a 24 year-old graduate student at a California university and lives off campus with his wife, a 21 year-old coed. They are happily married. But often Jon pays a visit during the day to the university library where, through a large glory hole in the men's restroom, he engages in oral sex with homosexuals.

Bill is a 30 year-old real estate salesman in a large city in the East. He is a steady dater and lately has come in contact with three-ways and group sex. During a session with a married couple, Bill engaged in oral sex with the husband while having intercourse with the wife.

Hank is an 18 year-old student at a high school in the South. Extremely popular, he dates often and has had intercourse with many coeds. One Saturday night after a particularly frustrating date, Hank drove to a section of the town frequented by homosexuals and was picked up and taken home by one who fellated him.

Which of the above four guys would you guess are bisexuals? None? All of them? The first two? Whatever your guess, you might be right. The point is, most psychiatrists and psychologists wouldn't know either.

For years the subject of bisexuality has puzzled researchers. Is there really such a person as the bisexual? Is he really a homosexual who enjoys sexual relations with females as well? Or is he really straight but merely liberal enough to engage in homosexual relations as well?

Even Webster has difficulty defining the term "bisexual." "Possessing characteristics of or sexually oriented toward both sexes," is about the briefest nutshell description available. Whether it is adequate is another matter.

Today's free-thinking, free-loving relaxed sexual atmosphere has brought bisexuality to the foreground. The marquee of a Hollywood exploitation theatre announces its newest offering, "The Bisexual Built for Two." And Hollywood gets into the act with offerings such as "Something for Everyone," in which Michael York manages to

keep everybody in the household happy including the brother and sister; and "Midnight Cowboy" in which a stud hustler is paid by both men and women to sell his wares.

What is the case, of course, is that bisexuality is on the increase in recent years. Today's relaxed moral attitudes and the liberal thinking of the so-called "sexual rebellion" of the late 60's and early 70's have permitted it to come to the fore in tolerated, and often accepted sexual behavior.

Pinpointing a certain type of bisexual may be as difficult as defining the bisexual. The most common type of bisexual, the one who "swings both ways," would probably fit both 20 year-old Don and 24 year-old Jon. He may have sexual relations with a girl one night and with a boy the next and think nothing more of it than wearing two different shirts.

There is also the bisexual who may find he participates in such activity only in a group or three-way situation. During a sex party or orgy he may find his heterosexual inhibitions gone, and, involved in the situation, take on a male as well as a female. In three-way activity, such as 30 year-old Bill experienced, he may find himself engaging in "normal" intercourse with the woman and at the same time may feel the urge to engage in oral sex with the man.

There is also the borderline case. The male who is heterosexual most of the time, but who may get himself relieved in homosexual activity once in awhile. He may not even reciprocate in such activity. Hank, our 18 year-old example would fit into this niche. Many gay guys get more of a kick "making" this type of bisexual, who is basically "straight," than sexing with other gay guys.

Another type of borderline case may be the swinger who, although he does not physically take part in any sexual activity with a member of the same sex, may be turned on to it in close proximity in group orgy situations. He may be involved in bisexuality psychologically, if not physically.

Most bisexuals today are not ashamed to admit they are. In fact, many are proud of their dual capabilities. They often find that they are sought-after party guests, especially orgies, because they can please most anyone.

A young college student friend of mine recently told me that he experienced only heterosexual activity until his sophomore year when he and his fraternity buddy, both stood up for dates on Saturday evening, went out together drinking. As is often the case, an alcoholic state loosened inhibitions and the

(Continued on page 40)

SEX IS SOMETIMES IN LAS VEGAS

BY JOHN ROBERTS

GAY guys who are planning a trip to the gambling spa of the nation might be wise to take a lover along if they feel they might get horny while they're there. The town is not big enough to offer lots of gay activity, and, after all, the main reason for going to Vegas is to gamble, drink and see the shows, and not have sex.

There are gay bars in Las Vegas and they are active, but the lay of the land makes it difficult to reach them in order to score. And those who don't like staying up all night (which many in Vegas do) may find that the bars don't get going until after the midnight hotel shows are over and that's 2 a.m. By the time you meet someone, go to his place or to your hotel room, and make it, the sun is coming up. But then, many people choose to sleep during the day anyway and stay up all night.

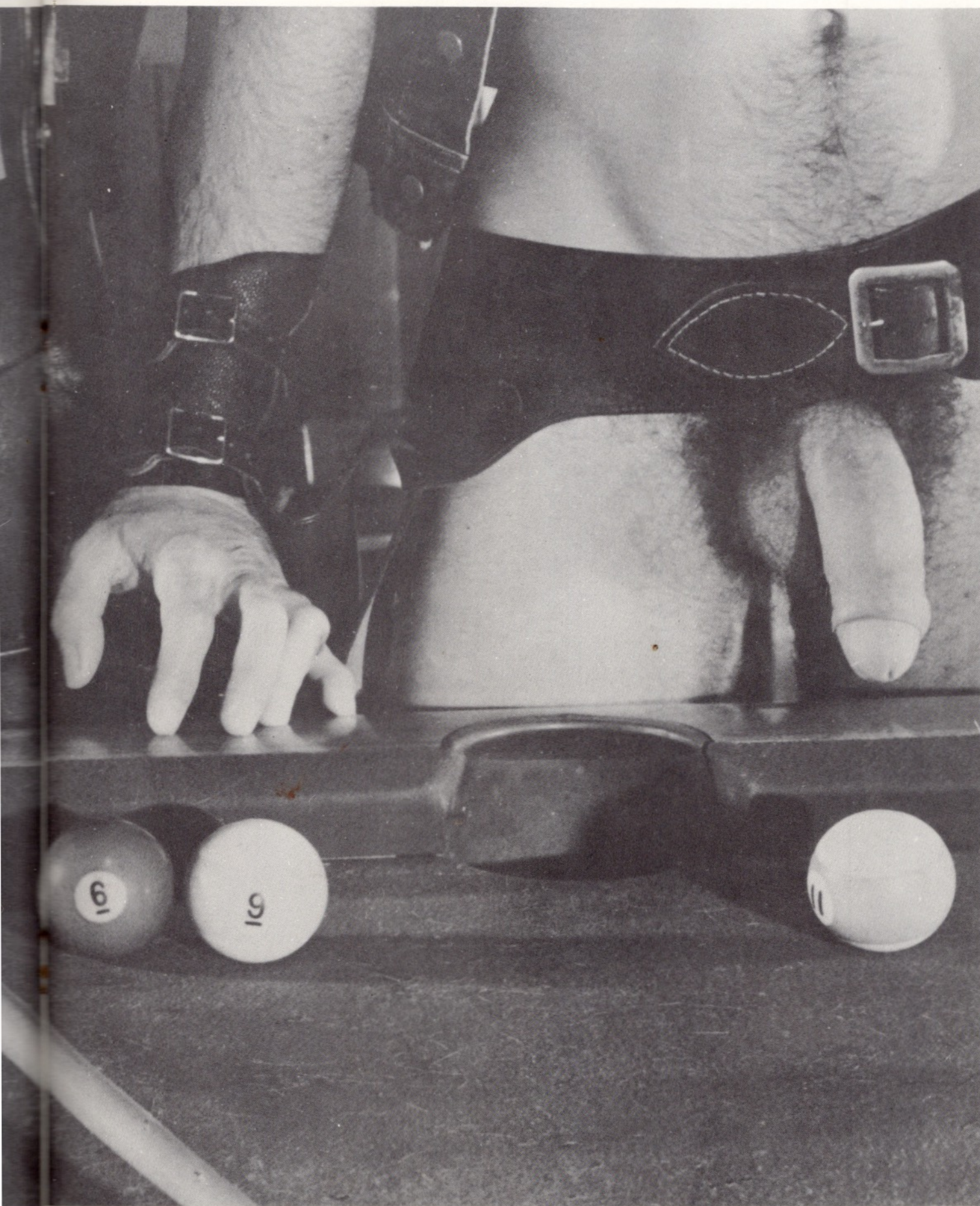
The Strip is exciting. It is a melting pot of all kinds of people, all determined to break the bank. And even if you don't gamble, it's worth the trip just to watch everybody else. By night, Las Vegas is a stunning example of what electricity can do. It is no surprise that the crime rate is low. The place is so brightly lit at night that nobody would have the nerve to pull a heist. And then there are the lounge shows and dinner shows and midnight shows, with every hotel attempting to outdraw the others. The International peddles Elvis Presley with a gigantic 10-foot teddy bear sitting just inside the main entrance, and the Sahara proclaims Johnny Carson's visit with red Christmas lights atop its tower. There is no disputing the fact that Vegas offers more in the way of live entertainment than any other place in the nation, save New York.

If you're planning to budget yourself in Vegas, forget it. Although it can be done, it's simply not as much fun to have to scrimp and watch every penny. Vegas is a town founded on money and you should go prepared.

In hotels you have a wide choice. If you can't get reservations at a big one (often the case) you can settle for one of hundreds of surrounding motels. But sometimes bad motels are more expensive than good hotels. Recently a motel between downtown and the Strip has been advertising in gay publications. It is Ye Kings Rest (526 Las Vegas Blvd. South), but it is small and has no pool, which is almost a must in the town

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REFLECTING ON TEN YEARS OF GAY LIB REFLECTING ON TEN YEARS OF GAY LIB

BY CRAIG RODWELL
BY CRAIG RODWELL

TEN years, a decade, a tenth of a century—it's still difficult for me to believe I've been active in the movement that long; ten years ago, as far as I know, I was the only person who was under 21, but—now as I was described recently in a book on Gay Lib—I'm considered an "oldtimer." And yet, everything seems new and exciting, as it must be in any healthy and historically important movement such as Gay Liberation.

I remember ten years ago walking hand-in-hand with a friend through the Greenwich Village Art Show. Surprisingly (or, on second thought, not surprisingly), the most shocked reactions came from other Gay people. But today it's an everyday occurrence to see Gay couples walking arm-in-arm or hand-in-hand on Village streets. No one is shocked or surprised anymore, except for occasional non-community hets.

Since high school, I've been an inveterate "cutter-outer" of newspaper and magazine articles concerning Homosexuality. But whereas ten years ago, it was a rare and special moment when I came across such an article, today it is virtually an everyday happening. In fact, I find myself now deciding which articles to cut out and save and which not to. And I fully expect in the *next* ten years to rarely cut-and-save articles because of their tremendous volume. In this same vein, ten years ago it was easy for me to keep complete sets of Gay publications, since there were so few. But today, there are dozens of such periodicals and it would take a professional librarian to collect and collate complete sets.

Ten years ago, it was almost unheard of for a Gay person to inform his or her family of The Fact. Today, especially among young people, it's a question of when and how to inform family and friends. Personally, I regard this as one of the healthiest changes in the last decade. After all, if we can't educate our families and friends (theoretically, those who already love us as individuals) to support our cause, there really isn't much hope of reforming the politicians, jurists, employers, police, teachers, etc., strangers all.

Even in the Gay organizations ten years ago, most of the controversy was around such questions as: "Are we really mentally ill? Are we simply the product of over-

protective mothers or fathers? Which psychiatrist should we go to? Today, the main questions being debated in Gay Lib are: What Hetero institution should we zap next? Should Gay people work within The System or work for the revolution? How can we get parents to raise their children in a non-sexist way? Should we plan for 40,000 or 50,000 in this year's Christopher Street Liberation Day march? How many thousands of beers should we get for this week's dance?

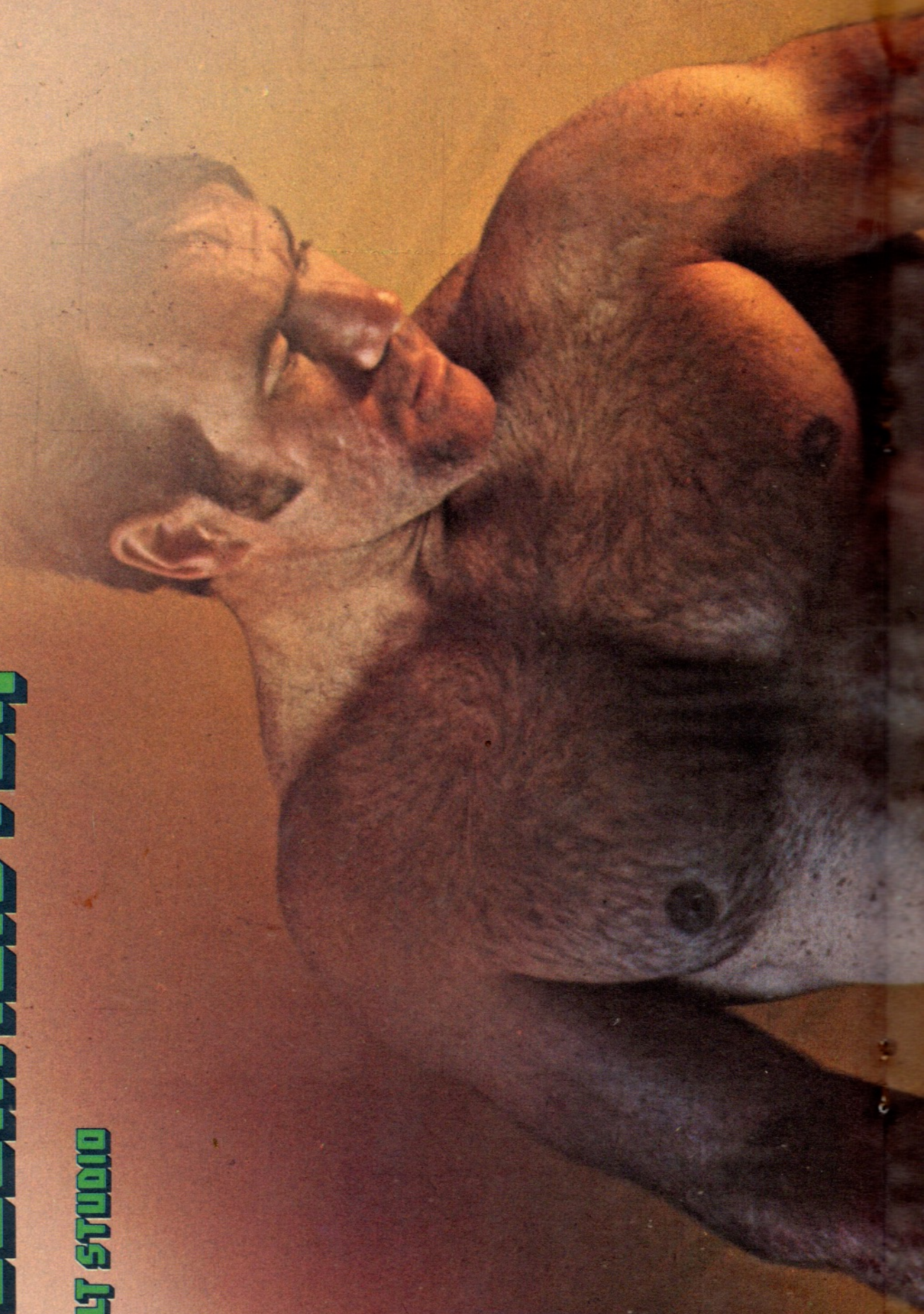
Yes, for Gay men and women, especially in the larger cities, the past ten years have brought great changes; but what about the next ten years? I don't mean to compete with Criswell, but here's a list of things I think, and hope, will happen in the 70's which will greatly affect the lives of millions of Gay people in this country and elsewhere:

Widespread support by practicing heterosexuals. I think it is only a matter of time before large numbers of parents will recognize the ideal that children should be raised as free human beings, *from birth*. In other words, parents will not feel the need to "brainwash" their offspring with their own particular views and opinions, whether it be religious, political, racial, sexual or what-have-you. Boy-children will not be treated differently from girl-children. The whole idea that boys should be raised with blue blankets, fire engines, toy soldiers and boxing gloves and that girls should be raised with pink blankets, toy stoves, doll houses and sewing kits will be considered archaic and repressive. Some boys will grow up to be good baseball players; some girls will grow up to be good baseball players. Some boys will grow up to be good cooks or nurses; some girls will grow up to be good cooks and nurses; some boys and girls will grow up to be Catholics or Protestants; some boys and girls will grow up to be Jews, Buddhists, Mohammedans. Some boys and girls will grow up to be politically-minded; and some boys and girls will be non-politically-minded. And yes, some boys and girls will grow up to be Homosexuals or Bisexuals; and some boys and girls will be heterosexual.

Colleges and universities for Gay people. At the present time, every major college and university in the world is based on the needs, aspirations (Continued on page 41)

QO'S MAN OF THE MONTH
LEDERMEISTER

COLT STUDIO





Your Cruising Inquirer

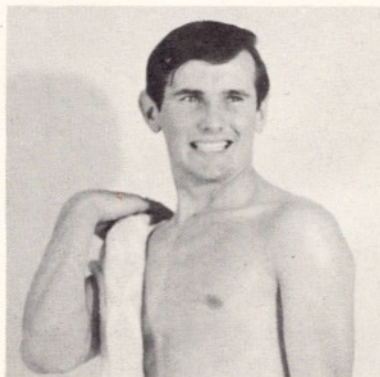
In each issue of QQ we will report on a question asked by Your Cruising Inquirer.

The Question
Do you like S&M?

Where Asked
1972 Whip Makers Convention
The Answers



George Washington Brown, Biloxi, Miss., slave: "Dey done beat me 'til I was black 'n blue."



Dallas Star, Austin, Texas, cowboy: "How do you think I got these false teeth, sweetie!"



Max Grim, Tucson, Ariz., undertaker: "They're my favorite chocolate . . . they don't melt in your hands."



Wilbur Goober, Peru, Ind., florist: "Can anybody join?"

HOUSE OF BOYS (Continued from page 9)

of the kids don't feel the need for them. All in all, it's a cool situation, certainly preferable to a boy pounding his own mutton for nothing.

You might wonder why anyone in a large city would need the services of a call boy when the bars and baths offer so much low-cost and inviting sex. In some cases, naturally, the customer is too unattractive to appeal to the type of young man whom he generally seeks, but the majority, strangely or not, are very competitive gay people in the twenty-two to forty-five age bracket. George's eighty-four year-old client who goes down regularly on one of the boys obviously doesn't find the bar scene too productive, but the House also serves a handsome nineteen year-old student who saves his money for periodic visits. For him it's an ego trip, lording it over the boys, and as you might expect, the models prefer to sack out with the good-natured older man rather than with the good-looking youth with the superior attitude.

Included in the clientele are two lovers, each of whom seeks his sexual variety through the same discreet channel (the House, that is) with neither being aware that the other is utilizing the same outlet. There is also the father who broke down and cried when he found out about the House. It seems that the beauty and build of his teenage son had him on the brink of committing a tragic indiscretion and now he has a safe, vicarious outlet for this incestuous passion. (God only knows where the son is getting his!)

The House is a safe outlet. The boys are exceptionally clean, douche before each house call, and receive regular blood tests and medical examinations. The boy has too good a thing going for him to risk expulsion from the House because of bad behavior or indifferent performance, and his income is sufficiently high to keep him honest. Unlike the masseurs whose ads sound similar, the models deliver the goods you want at the established price without expensive "extra" options.

I guessed rightly that the House receives a lot of strange or off-beat requests. Not strange, but the most common, are the "size queen" demands, some of which would have to be satisfied with cattle. After all, everyone gets turned on by a huge cock, except for a bitter few, so if you're going to pay for it why not get the meat of your choice! George tries to discourage this request, not because he can't satisfy it, but because the boys who are well hung and respond to these calls rapidly sense that their tremendous trappings are the sole purpose of the encounter and they, as people, receive no consideration. Most of the well-endowed boys leave the House after three weeks or so, repelled and unsatisfied by this passive, fetish scene.

On most calls, the boys end up (you bet!) spending about twenty minutes of the hour in conversation and drink with the host, another twenty or thirty in sex, and the remainder cleaning up. Usually, it's a one-time go at the sex unless the customer

is hot for a more thorough session. I asked how the kids managed, even at the slower pace, to handle four or five men each day. Although it was obvious to me that they must be pretty horny types I wasn't prepared for the answer that some have lovers to whom they return at night for additional sport, while others head for the baths to get the rest of it out of their systems. And they haven't been faking it during the day, although some patrons don't take the trouble to satisfy the boy, raunchy as he might be.

Although the House will go along with a good many weirdo scenes, George won't cater to the S&M crowd or tolerate any aggressiveness of that sort. One man who tried to put handcuffs on a boy ended up wearing them himself while awaiting the arrival of George to give him a cease and desist lecture. This doesn't mean that life for the models is dull, however. Take, for instance, the out-of-towner who visits every three months. On these occasions George closes down the House and sends twenty-five boys together to the man's hotel room. The host then plays ringmaster while all twenty-five lie naked on the floor and masturbate. As each calls out his approaching climax, our man runs around catching the joy juice and praying, no doubt, that not too many come simultaneously. At twenty-five dollars a load that would be a bloody shame, although obviously not a crisis in this case.

Another client with less ambition, or possibly less money, hires five of the boys to masturbate over him and ejaculate simultaneously on his face, which is quite a scheduling feat when you consider the timing problem that only two people often have. Even more humble and more common are the two-boy scenes, including the one staged by a customer who had the pair work him over rather vigorously at both ends while he went overboard with the poppers. It was quite a ball, no doubt, until he got carried away and died. Possibly this is the ultimate tribute to a hustler, but what are a couple of young fellows to do for the next act? They phoned Madam George, of course, and he helped them air the room and dress the man in evening clothes. Then the boys called the police and told them that they had checked the bedroom after waiting too long a time for their host to dress for dinner, and had found him dead. One more courtesy of a well-run House under whose auspices you can screw yourself to death with the least fuss and scandal.

Most people with out-of-the-way tastes need only one model with whom to do their thing. The calorie queen is a good example. He creates a human sundae (or "goo-goo boy") by covering the boy's cock and ass with whipped cream and chocolate syrup, respectively representative of cum and a certain bodily excretion. He then proceeds to eat the sweets while loudly proclaiming the vicarious qualities and delights of the pseudo-emissions. Even that must get boring, though; after all it's the same flavor every time. Another man grooves on the remainder of the sundae—the cherry. After toyfully inserting rectally the equivalent of a full cartridge of cherries he waits with eager lips for the human trigger to fire the red missiles one by one

into his hungry mouth. You haven't tried everything yet, have you?

Actually, most of the sessions involve only normal, routine sex, and some clients are satisfied by the least exotic entertainment—mutual masturbation. A 400-pound man doesn't even go that far; he gets his rocks off by tickling the call boy. Whatever your bag, it's going to cost you twenty-five dollars for the night, unless you want the complete package of limousine and two boys for \$175. The car and driver are yours until two a.m. and the other boy stays night.

About once a month a potential customer is rejected because he is too repugnant or filthy, and sometimes the rates are raised when something such as gross obesity is involved, but even then it's dependent on what the client expects of the boy. Age and physical appearance in themselves are not the determining criteria since the boys find some of the people in the older or rather unattractive categories to be undemanding fun types. The House doesn't practice racial discrimination, although they like to be informed of the situation so they don't end up, for instance, sending a Mississippi boy to service a Negro.

For their services, the boys get a 40% commission whether they use their own apartment, the client's home or the House facilities. The turnover rate is rather high and the majority remain with George only two months, although he has some who are still with him after as long as three years. I wondered where the boys ended up after leaving George, and was pleased to learn that he has confirmed that twenty-five of the more than five hundred boys who were once with him are now earning more than \$15,000 a year in business and the professions. Among the House graduates are one surgeon, three doctors of medicine, three professors, fifteen school teachers, and three prominent actors. It's hard to tell how many of the remainder have been equally successful.

George thinks of his operation as a useful sociological service rather than a whorehouse. For the father who is hung up on his son, for the lover who is seeking some discreet variety, for the older or physique-handicapped man who would otherwise be frustrated, for the teenager whose thing is paying for it, for the many with different bags, and for all those who want only exciting sex with a handsome young man, the House is a godsend!

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January/February 1972

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.

THE KH3 CONTROVERSY CONTINUES

Gentlemen:

I enjoy your magazine and find most of the articles interesting, but I was especially dismayed by the article in a recent issue of QQ on "The Youth Pill." This article, concerning the supposed uses of procaine injections, is bound to be extremely misleading, not to say potentially dangerous, for most of your readers. In fact, the issue of procaine injections has been the subject of a great deal of medical investigation, and while not all the answers are in at this time, certain facts are known. The most important concerns "Dr. Peter Rothschild," whose seemingly fraudulent claims to a medical degree and research background were devastatingly reviewed at length in an article in *Medical World News*, March, 1970. That article not only discussed this man's dubious background, but also went into detail concerning the uses and abuses of procaine injections. It is your writer, not the medical profession, who is perpetrating a conspiracy when he refers to articles in the lay press and neglects conflicting articles in the medical press.

There is in fact a great deal of research on the process of aging and the possibilities of altering that process through chemical or other intervention. Everyone, naturally, has an appropriate interest in such a subject. People are well advised, however, to



be extremely cautious when exposing themselves to new and unproven methods, especially when they are administered in such unlikely places as Mexico or the Bahamas. One must always question why, if such treatment is completely legitimate, is it not practiced in more traditional centers. In the case of Dr. Rothschild, the answer is obvious.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed, Medical Doctor)
(Town in) Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Watson:

Your article on KH3 in the October issue was most interesting. I had heard of Dr. Aslan's work via an article in *Punch* several years ago and had gone as far as writing to Hungary to get her address. But when I broached the subject to my physician he discounted it, so I pursued the subject no further.

Your article has aroused my interest and desire for action. Your conclusion that "the solution does not lie in obtaining supplies of KH3 illegally" is correct. However, I do not have your faith in the "enlightenment of the medical profession." Growth which requires effort does not occur without a stimulus, which—it seems to me—the medical profession lacks. I quote from Philip Slater's *The Pursuit of Loneliness*, "The recruitment of physicians selectively favors cold, ungiving, exploitative, competitive, and mercenary personality (Continued on page 44)

PLAYTIME IN THE CORRAL

(Continued from page 21)

up in that dingy hotel room smoking and talking. Pete confessed that he was gay, that he dug Roger like crazy, and that he would do anything—anything—to please him. "I just sat there listening to all this," Roger continued, "wondering whether I was going off my rocker. This was my first experience with another guy, and though I wasn't quite sure exactly what my feelings were, the whole scene, and especially his subservience, was turning me on. I guess I had some of the sadist in me even then, because I didn't give him the satisfaction of knowing that I was getting turned on. We just got dressed and got the hell out of there, and didn't talk all the way back to the base. But gradually, little by little, I would do things to let him know that I was accepting his offer. Like, I'd leave my shoes by his bed and they'd be shined and in my locker next day. Things like that. We didn't make it again until our next leave. We went back to that same hotel, but this time no broads. It was the wildest and best night of my life up to that time. I don't think Pete even knew anything about a formal leather scene as such but he sure knew everything else there was to know!" And since then? "Pete and I got split up after basic training and I wound up in Nam. After that I settled down, finished college and got a job. Shortly after I arrived here I was cruising a movie and met this number wearing leather head to toe. I let him pick me up—he was a sexy bastard—and take me home. When we got there he started to pull out all these fucking whips and chains and I got a little panicky, thinking that he was intending to use them on me. But he made his intentions pretty clear right off the bat—he was "M"—and we had a fucking ball. I learned a lot that night

too—that there was a leather crowd that had their own bar, for instance. He loaned me some leather and took me down there the next night and I've been hung up on leather ever since. And here I am."

I offered to stand him another beer, but his decline was a firm one this time, and sensing that he was itching to get to his cruising, I bowed out. By now the bar was getting really crowded, and it was a little difficult to maneuver. The "hunters" were slowly pacing back and forth from one room to the other, eyes searching and staring. One pair, dark and brooding and set in a tanned, bearded face crowned with a black leather cap, caught mine and held them, and I saw interest flicker. I responded and our eyes held as he went past me, to drape himself languidly over the juke box. Taking a deep breath, I walked over to him and struck up a conversation.

Terry was a bodybuilder (a casual glance at his torso, encased in a skin-tight T-shirt, dispelled all doubts), about 30, a self-employed and apparently successful carpenter. Tight white jeans hugged his narrow hips and molded the muscular legs. Black engineer boots and a cigarette drooping arrogantly from the corner of his mouth completed the picture. From this burly specimen I got the question that I was to hear more than once before the night was over: "What do you dig?" It was asked almost contemptuously, as though the answer were assured and obvious. When I replied that I was a "beginner" as far as the scene was concerned, his lip curled and he looked away in dismissal. Further attempts at conversation met with no response at all so I finally gave up and moved away. In so doing, I noticed a rather plump, middle-aged man, spilling out of denim jacket and levis, sitting at the bar smiling broadly at me, obviously an amused witness to the scene that had just occurred. I walked over and

introduced myself and his grin broadened. "What's the matter—couldn't hack it?" he asked. I related frankly what had passed between Mr. Muscles and me and his smile became less malicious and more comforting. "Don't feel bad," he said. "Where Terry is concerned, many are called but few are chosen." With little persuasion on my part, he went on to explain that Terry was one of the more sought-after men in the bar, but that his standards were so high that not many could meet them. "Most of the time he goes home alone," my informant advised. "He'd rather beat off with his fantasies than settle for less than what he wants."

Intrigued more than ever, I asked him to elaborate on Terry's prerequisites, which he did willingly. "A typical scene with Terry," he explained, "means going the whole route. He's a carpenter, you know, and he's got this great living loft. He built himself the most fantastic rack for stringing people up—rightside up, upside down, sideways—you name it. He's got equipment coming out of his asshole, mostly made by himself. And he's rough! Fantastic with a bullwhip—I've seen it. Oh, yes, he's something of an exhibitionist—doesn't mind putting on a show for a select group once in awhile. Saturday nights if he can find some new talent to swing from his rigging, he occasionally takes along a few groovy numbers to admire him at work. Quite a guy."

I agreed that he was, and speculated idly on the possibility of wrangling an invitation to Terry's party, if one was to take place that night. More, I expect, to impress me with his influence (real or imagined) than motivated by his munificence, he agreed to put in a good word in my behalf. I was advised to check with him periodically between now and closing. He confided that his name was "Doc," and I surmised that he was about 45 years old. I further extracted from him the information that he was a

What you see is what you get.

The aesthetic of **The Young Male Figure** (Crown, \$7.95) is, has been, and always will be the primal concern of the homosexual eye. Our appreciation, our respect, our love for the beauty of the male face and body, second only to male love itself, is the greatest thing we homosexuals have going for us.

We enjoy looking at pretty boys; we are excited by a youth's virile body; we achieve intellectual orgasm contemplating a sexy male nude. Muscles, sinews, brawn, grace, virility, heroism, strength, nobility, dynamics, energy and vitality are all ours to admire, ours to adore, ours to idolize.

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In the past, gay guys have had to settle for finding an occasional work of male art here and there, isolated,

obscure, hidden away in museum closets. Now, however, in a deluxe

BOOK REVIEW

THE YOUNG MALE FIGURE



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edition with 275 illustrations, art historian Brandt Aymar has provided us with a comprehensive collection which can lie around seductively on anyone's coffee table.

Representing paintings, sculpture, and drawings from ancient Egypt to the present, this handsome volume is as informative as it is attractive, though neither heavy on historical detail, nor skimpy on reproductions. It is an authoritative display of the masculine face and figure as artistic expressions of masculine power, diversity, and charm. Even a cursory perusal of the 240 art book size pages should sharpen your eye, enhance your imagination, and quicken your pulse.

One small regret is the absence of color plates, but at \$7.95 you can't really carp. Hopefully, the popularity of this book will inspire the author and publisher to issue a companion work in color. Until that happens we can be more than pleased with this one.

The Young Male Figure is liberated. Dynamite!

—Orlando Paris

professor of English literature at a nearby college.

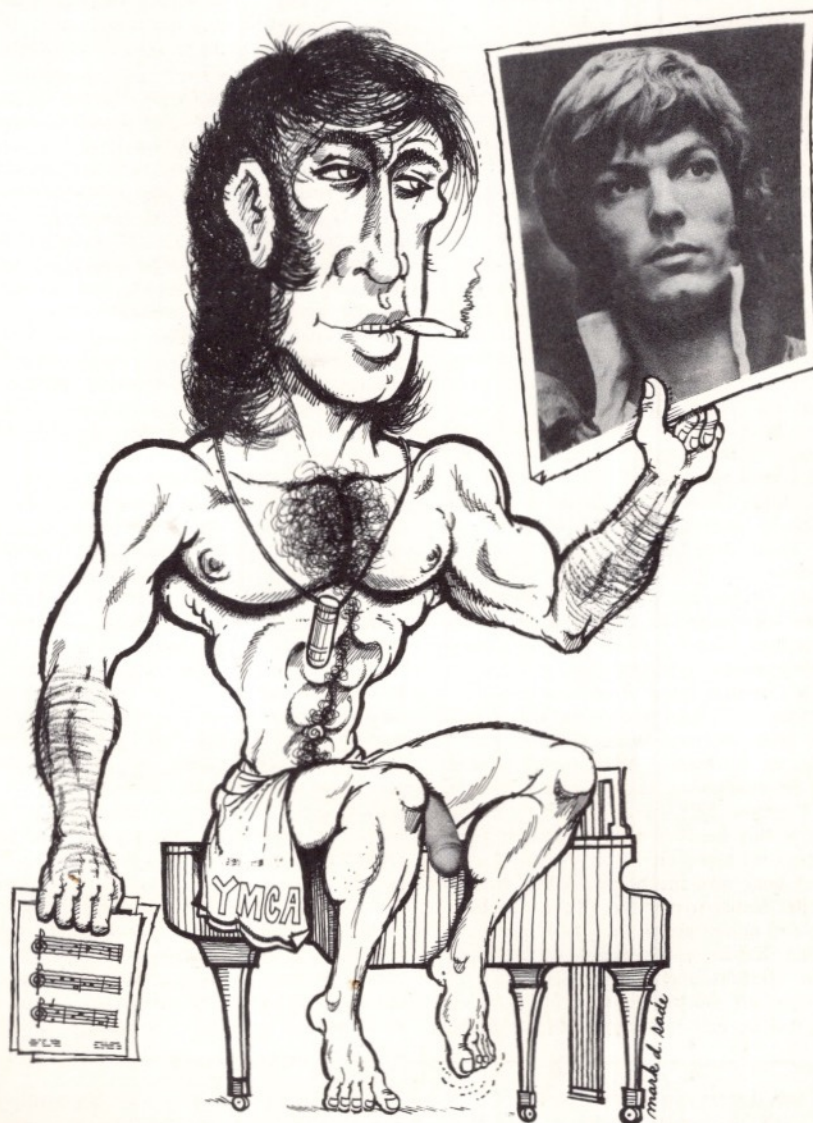
As I left him perched precariously on his bar stool, I mused how ironic it was that so far I had chalked up a stockbroker, a carpenter and a college professor. Not exactly what I had expected. I wandered idly into the back room, which was now nearly filled to capacity, looking over the crowd. The types were indeed varied, ranging from clean-cut leved young men to cowboys, to hippies (some in leather) to the "heavies" decked out in leather from cap to boots. Beards abounded and, though I had heard it was now in disfavor, there was a smattering of long-hairs as well. But one thing impressed most of all: nearly every guy in the bar at least *looked* masculine. There was no prancing or mincing about here; most of the guys stood around in little clusters of three or four, talking animatedly, while the "hunters" just stood around or stalked back and forth from one room to the other, eyes alert for the least sign of encouragement.

It was one of these clusters that I spotted my next interviewee, a startlingly handsome young man with the blackest eyes I have ever seen and a face that might easily have graced a movie poster. With the instinct that comes from long hours of cruising, he sensed my interest from three feet away and gave me a penetrating look of appraisal. A faint smile touched the corners of his mouth and I responded, more enthusiastically. At an opportune break in the conversation, he left his group and ambled over casually to where I was standing, braced against the wall. His greeting was friendly and direct, and I was instantly disarmed.

"Hi. My name's Rick," he said, extending his hand. "I'm Lou," I said, returning his firm shake. For a few moments we exchanged pleasant banalities, increasingly difficult to do with the din of the loudspeakers battering *The Who* against our eardrums, until he suddenly suggested that we leave the bar for a little fresh air. I agreed. As we passed Doc on the way out, I noticed the bemused rise of his eyebrows and whispered hurriedly, "Be right back," barely catching his grunted, "I doubt it," directed at my retreating back.

The air was cool and pleasant. Rick and I walked without direction, and talked easily, as though we had known each other for years instead of a few minutes. I was admittedly surprised to learn that he was a florist, with his own shop located in a fashionable section of town. Nothing about this guy, who was certainly no more than 28, would have excited the least suspicion in anyone that he was gay, much less, as it developed, a way-out masochist. He told me that he'd come out in the leather scene some five years ago, introduced into it by a fellow florist. "It was deceptively easy," he said. "His name was Bill, and we worked together at this shop. I really dug him when we met but didn't know until later that he was gay. After awhile he picked up on my feelings and one day followed me into the john at work and just let it all hang out. I did him right there in the john. That was just the beginning—man, that guy really put me through changes. I smoked my first joint with him, and did a lot of other things for the first time. He had a bike and we

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THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

Tchaikovsky

PETER Ilyitch Tchaikovsky didn't want to be gay. Too much of his short life—he died of cholera in 1893, at age fifty-three—was spent in unhappiness about it. Certain conditions in the Russia of a century ago were not conducive to being happy about being gay. Closeted concealment was the necessary *modus vivendi* for most Russian homosexuals, and that meant lots of frustration. Tchaikovsky compensated somewhat for his by writing about them in his diary and in letters to friends, but homosexuality was never openly named, it was always referred to as "the."

Homosexuality ran in the family, for Tchaikovsky's brother Modeste was also gay. So was his nephew and heir, Bob Davydoff, who later killed himself.

At the pinnacle of success, when he was thirty-seven years old and had been named director of the newly founded Moscow conservatory, and already had some of his most famous works behind him, Tchaikovsky tried to go straight by marrying Antonina Milyukova, a pupil at the conservatory. The 28 year-old wife had been informed of Peter's true temperament but was (Continued on page 42)

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used to take these long weekend camping trips in the summer. Once, he tied me naked under a bridge in broad daylight and we went through a whole scene with traffic rolling by right over our heads—things like that. He was heavy into leather and naturally I had to follow suit—to the extent that I eventually bought my own bike, even though I was scared to death of the fuckers. But Bill taught me one other very important thing—that being masochistic doesn't necessarily mean being effeminate. That bothered me for awhile—I used to lie awake nights after every scene wondering what was wrong with me, trying to analyze what it was I felt every time his belt slashed across my ass. Then one day I realized that it didn't matter a damn. S&M is sex, man, and that's just where it's at. Once I came to terms with that there was no more problem, and I could relax and enjoy."

Without any definite plan, we had circled the block and were now approaching the entrance to the bar. Pressing my advantage, I asked Rick if he had ever made it with Terry. "Sure," he admitted, "a few times. Terry's fantastic. Not like a lot of these clods who start swinging the minute you're inside the door. This guy's got finesse!" He fixed me with those penetrating eyes. "You're not 'M' are you?" "Hell, no," I said truthfully. "But I haven't got a place to take you and I heard that Terry likes parties. I figured if you've got any pull with this guy we might all go over to his place." He considered this for a moment. "Might work out," he decided. "I'll talk to him."

The bar was in full swing when we re-entered, accompanied by the door attendant's quip about a "quickie." Terry was not to be seen, and Rick set off in search of him, advising me to meet him at the juke box in about 15 minutes. I squeezed through to the bar, avoiding Doc's quizzical look, and bought another beer. A familiar voice called my name, and I turned, surprised to see someone I actually knew.

"Lou! What the fuck are you doing here?" A little flustered, I shook hands with Mac, a friend of many years standing. "I could ask the same thing about you," I rejoined, mustering up a smile. "I didn't know you dug this scene."

Mac was a man of about 35, and had been a friend of mine for years. You wouldn't call him handsome, but he had a kind of rugged good looks best described as "masculine." He worked for an ad agency, where we had met when I was doing copywriting. Our mutual surprise was genuine, because although we had run around together quite a bit over the years, the usual string of parties, dinners, theater, I had never had an inkling that he even owned a leather jacket, much less patronized the leather bars.

Once past the initial surprise, we settled down to conversation. Mac admitted that his interest in leather was an old one. "Many's the time," he smiled, "after you and I had made the rounds of the bars, I'd go home, make a quick change and come down here. I'm not into S&M—but I do like this butch atmosphere, and frankly I'm more apt to meet my type in here than anywhere else. You should know how much I hate real nellies!" I had to admit the truth of this and also that this was my first

visit. When I further confided the purpose of the visit he laughed. "Not possible," he said cheerfully. "There just isn't any such thing as an 'average leather type'. Hell, just look around you. See that guy over there?" The fellow he indicated was standing a few feet away, tall enough to stand out from the crowd. "He's a butcher in a meat market. He has a rubber fetish—his bedroom is full of it—sheets, clothes, boots, you name it. The guy he's talking to is a boot boy—loves to lick and polish boots, the more the merrier. He's a cab driver. And him—" indicating a tall lanky cowboy—"he's into piss. No pain, just digs getting pissed on. He can shoot without touching himself if the right guy is doing it. He's a hustler but he's 'off-duty' when he's in here."

"How about that guy?" I asked, nodding towards a well-built young man who was just ambling past. "He swings both ways," Mac advised. "Digs it rough." And that guy over there," he continued, pointing out a short chubby man in full regalia, "looks mean as hell but doesn't dig S&M either. He's a leather fetishist—just digs wearing it, feeling it against his skin. He's a school teacher."

"You're really disillusioning me! What percentage of guys in here would you say are really S&M?"

He shrugged. "Hard to tell. I don't know everybody in the place, but of the guys I do know I'd say maybe 25 percent." And of the remaining 75 percent? "Guys like me, mostly. They wear leather or denim, and they're all looking for a man to make it with. Not everybody in here fills that bill, naturally, but I guess this is the closest you can come to it. Oh, sure, you'll get a lot of S&M overtones in the kind of sex you find here, but it's pretty mild. I've made it with a lot of guys who want mental domination, and maybe a little tit-play, but that's about it."

I glanced at my watch. It was almost time for my appointed meeting with Rick and I didn't want to miss it. A scene at Terry's, I felt sure, would really put the cap on the evening. I shook hands with Mac, confirmed a dinner date we had made for next week, and made my way back to the juke box, which was now spilling over with the blood and guts of Janis Joplin. A few minutes later, Rick appeared.

"It's all set," he said. "We'll be leaving in a few minutes." A short while later Terry strolled up through the crowd, with a short, stocky bodybuilder in tow, who was wearing his hair close-cropped and sporting a custom-made leather athletic shirt and tattoos on biceps and forearms. Without a word, we followed the pair out the door and across the sidewalk to the line of bikes standing guard like ominous sentinels in the sallow glow of the street lamp. "Crew-cut" piled onto the buddy seat of Terry's Harley and I did the same with Rick's Moto Guzzi. My heart was beating a little faster than usual—I'd never ridden a bike before. The machines both roared to life and we went flying down the highway. Once my initial nervousness had passed, I began to relax and enjoy the ride. Snuggled up tight against the firmness of Rick's back and buttocks, I began to feel the sensual excitement of wheeling down the road on a sex

QQ

machine like this with somebody you dig. By the time we arrived at Terry's address, a run-down looking tenement I was thoroughly exhilarated, and tingling inside with a mixture of both excitement and apprehension, the former caused by the proximity of Rick and the latter welling up from curiosity about what was to come.

Bikes securely locked against thieves, we hurried into the building, following Terry's lead up three flights of shabby stairs to the fourth floor. Once inside his surprisingly comfortable pad, Terry flicked a switch, bathing the room in a variety of multi-colored lights which flickered and moved, casting ominous shadows along walls and into corners. It was just one large room, a loft running the full length of the building. To the front was Terry's workshop, occupying about half the space, and the rear section was allotted to his living quarters. It was well but sparsely furnished with furniture mostly made by Terry himself, and had obviously been well thought-out. Without uttering a word, Terry strode purposefully through the multi-hued gloom of the pad and another switch was flicked on, rivetting our attention to the rear wall of the building. Three baby spots fixed to the ceiling poured light onto a brick wall, criss-crossed with heavy wooden beams studded with metal rings. Chains and straps dangled, dipped and looped in a dizzying design. Doc had not exaggerated about this rigging—elaborate it was! Terry stood, arms crossed, before this altar, for all the world like a high priest at a sacrificial ceremony, and I felt a slight tingle playing up my spine. The man was, without a doubt, frightening.

"Let's go," he said softly, and Rick immediately moved forward, unzipping his jacket as he went. I stood frozen to the floor, unsure what was expected of me, and Crew-cut made no move either, except to drape himself against a wall, half-hidden in shadow. Rick halted a few feet before the edifice, discarded his jacket and began hurriedly to strip. Naked, he approached Terry slowly, and despite myself I felt a surge of desire watching his firm beautiful body marching forward, as though to execution. Without further ado, Rick's body was seized and quickly melded by Terry's strong hands into a part of the eerie sculpture of brick, wood and metal. For long, almost unbearable moments, the only motion was from Terry's hands, slowly caressing the firm white flesh of his now-helpless victim. From where I stood, I could see Rick responding to these caresses, as his head rolled slowly from side to side and low, barely audible moans squeezed through his lips.

Terry moved back, bit by slow bit, and I noticed that he now held in one hand an evil-looking belt, liberally sprinkled with gleaming metal studs. He doubled up the belt and rubbed it gently over Rick's ass, causing him to tremble until his whole body was quivering in anticipation. A few more steps farther back and the belt swayed back and forth in Terry's hand, occasionally brushing against Rick, causing him to jump. Then that strong arm suddenly swung back in a wide arc and the loud *crack* of leather meeting flesh jarred the silence. Rick froze, and in the light draping his body I could

January/February 1972

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...

1950s

The '50s marked the painful beginning of The Decline and Fall of the Hollywood Empire, the victim of its hated enemy, TV. But even in a period of decline, there were still plenty of new male stars around for gays to dream about. This was the period in which, with the advent of James Dean, the die for the future was cast. Sexual charisma *plus* talent became the criterion for true durability.

But in the long run, physical charisma ranked first. It's like making a pickup. All you know at first is what you see, so beauty matters most at that point, and character, personality, and ability are something you find out about later.

Tab Hunter was a blond beauty that just about every gay in the balcony would have loved taking home to bed. He was a lousy actor in the early days, but he improved. He was the teenage rage of the '50s, but teeners are fickle, and when his followers grew older they abandoned him in spite of his increasingly good performances in such pix as *Damn Yankees*. He went on to *The Tab Hunter Show* on TV in the '60s and made

(Continued on page 43)



Tab Hunter, in "Island of Desire."

deltoids . . . the cupping of his churning gluteal muscles . . . or the diamond-shaped outlines of his muscular calves, and on, on, ever-passionately on until you arrive at the *there* and the mindspinning climax of orgasm, which can be extended to almost forever—if you wish—with 'poppers'.

Another great joy you will derive from the ability to concentrate instantly and deeply is the blissful freedom with which you can assume any love position . . . evoke any erotic nuance . . . call into fluid play every technique. In short, you can do anything and everything you've ever wanted to because your subconscious will surface simultaneously with all the pent-up desires and erotic dreams that you transplanted into it long ago, and which you would not have believed could be recreated in actual sex.

'Think' star . . . see beauty . . . learn concentration . . . and know love.

Concentration 3 —AN EROTIC SENSITIZER FOR THE GENITAL AREA

This unusual exercise does many unusual things in a very unusual way. It strengthens the entire genital area with sensuous and wholly natural massage. It creates an intense (almost 'divorced') awareness of genital 'self' and beauty of torso. And it evokes a most poignant erotic stimulation.

While still in sitting position on the rug, with your legs crossed, bring your heels back until they rest against your under-thighs. Allow your back to lower slowly and gracefully to the rug. Clasp your hands once again around your genitals.

Now 'think' a long, classic, ballet-dancer's neck. Simply 'think' length into your neck and gently try to lengthen it as much as you can. (Think of yourself as Rudolf Nureyev in *Swan Lake* and right away your neck will grow handsomely longer!) You are now in starting position.

Simultaneously press down on your genitals and suck in your abdomen (or, to put it another way, pull in your abdomen by concentration on the abdominal muscles) and raise your chest as high as you can, slowly and gently, so that only your head and now-longer neck and lower body remain on the floor.

Hold this 'bow' or cantilever for a slow count of 3, trying gently to lengthen your neck even more . . . to create an even greater depression of your abdominal cavity so that you feel it right down to the genitals as your waistline becomes practically nonexistent . . . then slowly and gently lower your back to the floor and repeat 9 times.

You may also do this movement on the bed if the floor proves uncomfortable (for after all we want you to love us, not hate us!). Also, if your arms are somewhat short so that you feel the least bit uncomfortable in clasp the genitals while performing the movement, bring them up just to the base of your abdomen, pressing in gently as your chest rises.

But even better, don't think of this movement as an exercise, although it is—and a whopping good one for many things—and instead transplant into your subconscious the vision that you are making a sacrifice of love, self and sex to Eros way, way up there on Mount Olympus. So give him everything! While at first blush this may seem a bit January/February 1972

much, it will make a deeper impression on your subconscious and help you get more from the movement, especially if you really love your body and want it to love and be loved . . . and you should.

Music helps tremendously in this *Concentration*—especially the most erotically-sensitizing kind. If you will refer to Volume 1, Number 4 of *QQ Magazine* (you may still obtain it from the QQ Publishing Company if you don't have a copy) to the article *Music To Sex Up The Dawn With*, you will find much helpful information in respect to this.

Done daily, along with the other *Concentrations*, this creates a most amazing flexibility of the body so that even the most bizarre sexual postures can be flowed into or out of with consummate ease. Any awkwardness of movement, or tentativeness or indecision about trying a different approach, is precluded and you and your lover can gyrate, undulate and fornicate in any sexual position ever conceived (as well as some that haven't been!).

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GUEST EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

every effort to reassert itself, gays too are seeking to realize and expand the homosexual experience to its fullest extent.

Since the Stonewall Inn uprising and the birth of Gay Liberation, there have been several attempts at establishing predominantly gay communities. The selection of Alpine County in the far reaches of California's Sierra Nevadas appeared to be an impossible choice; relative position being only one of the more outstanding shortcomings. Basically, however, the selection was logical; low population density, scenic beauty, economic development potential, adequate territory and an intact political structure—the real base of modern social power—all for the taking. Yes, the area did have dynamic potential for a people often credited with exceptional creative and intellectual talents. Yet, the whole project died before it even reached the firing line; its sudden demise now attributed to several causes, each potentially fatal in its own right.

The country has possessed a number of vacation colonies, well populated by gays, for quite a few years. Alpine County was often mentioned in relation to Squaw Valley and Lake Tahoe as a party to this recreational land development scheme. Almost every gay has mused about strutting the boards on Fire Island; cruising the beaches at La Jolla and Malibu; frolicking at Saugatuck; and camping in Provincetown. Each of these is world-famous for its own unique scenic attractions and vacation pleasures. In each, an atmosphere of mutual tolerance exists between straights and gays, which is evident in a more relaxed public disposition and more spontaneous behavior.

However, is this what is really needed? Can a week's vacation compensate for a year's deprivation, inhibition and double role-playing? If it weren't for the necessary economics of everyday life, for which we endure the hardships of a rejected minority in a straight society, we'd probably all have

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retired to one of these colonies long ago. Something more economically balanced, diversified and fertile is required.

Close inspection of cities which are thickly populated by gays, such as New York and San Francisco, and the gay vacation colonies reveals a common shortcoming regarding politics: apathy. Even where gays predominate, straights make all the laws. Would gay control bring about different laws? No one will know until our political potential is developed. The effort is worthwhile. Surely this is something more to strive for than orgies in the Grove and soirees in the Pines.

It is further evident that homosexual cultural development is almost nil. Oh sure, there're the traditional "artists' colonies," but that talent could be easily encompassed upon a thumbnail. What is developed and available is good, but anyone seeking new and vibrant homosexual cultural offerings will face intellectual starvation. Why not a Tanglewood on Fire Island; an Oscar Wilde Center for the Performing Arts at Provincetown; a Rodin Museum of Art in San Francisco? It would seem that present major cultural works are coming from the more depressed areas and not these gay havens. Look how much beautiful "non-existent" Black culture has been suddenly "discovered" since Blacks decided to take charge of their own affairs instead of acquiescing in momentarily stronger and better financed White offerings.

Is there a need, within the gay community, for a Stonewall Nation? Desire shouldn't be confused with need. Moreover, would desire itself be present if social and political pressures were significantly reduced against gays in straight society? Much of both the present need and desire stem from an urge to hide, run away, and otherwise relieve the pressures of everything from family relations to jobs. The fact is, the gay community is in the throes of an identity crisis. Dr. Jekyll, the HOMO-sexual can't seem to reconcile himself with Mr. Hyde, the homo-SEXUAL. Since the gay community can't figure out who it is, it can't be expected to know what it wants.

Proponents of the Stonewall Nation argue that this is due to lack of a shelter in which to construct a system of values and goals. Opponents charge that without knowing what "homosexual" fully means (never having had a chance to fully develop itself since Golden Greece), all that will result will be the perpetuation of cultural ghettos. There was first the ghetto of the soul and then the ghetto of the street confined by the walls of basic economic power politics. If straight people were suddenly non-existent, would homosexuality have any meaning? Some say that gay liberation is planned obsolescence; a stage towards greater person-to-person interrelations, regardless of sex. Others champion the right to discover the full potential of special relationships and to live by them, exclusive or inclusive of all others. A majority must emerge before the Stonewall matter can be settled. The following two hypothetical examples further illustrate the roots of this impasse:

Tom and Dave have been married for five years. Dave is a college grad while Tom is not, yet both hold important and well

paying jobs. Tom's employer knows Tom is gay, but the subject is never discussed and there exists a mutual respect, both personal and professional. The two young men live in a residential area of middle class people where they purchased a home three years ago. Although there is no social mixing beyond the day-to-day communications and small favors, there is an atmosphere of compatibility. There is no attempt to limit the number of male friends seen at their home at any one time. Quiet, yet well attended parties are held without adverse consequences. Tom's parents live a thousand miles away and know only scant details about his personal life while Dave suspects that his mother knows, but she has never

and loyalty investigations. Both young men feel uncomfortable in their jobs, while the work itself is highly satisfying. Dan's parents drove him from their home after learning he was gay. Mark's know and accept it, often coming for dinner and short visits. They started to buy a home, but settled on an apartment after learning of problems another couple was having with straight neighbors. The two lovers spend one night a week at a homophile social groups and make contributions to different gay projects. Liberation to Dan and Mark would be holding hands on the street to openly show their pride in each other and in the love they share.

This contrast shouldn't be taken for polarization, just a difference of philosophy created by different experiences as gays in contemporary American society. For those, mostly older gays, who have found their niche with the help of money and position, the Stonewall Nation is irrelevant. This has carried over into the vacation colonies where, although there are gays who have invested in costly homes and businesses, there is no sense of commitment or purpose beyond day-to-day weather conditions and operating costs. Again, the need is not present.

If there is to emerge a true spiritual and physical community on a national scale, there must be motivation, a need, which will make all gays sacrifice to construct it. It will require greater vision and thinking in terms of a greater commitment to other gays. The desire to discover more and express more must be shown to be obtainable within such a structure, provided a substantial contribution is made. Greater communication is necessary in order that the joys and sorrows of the homosexual experience not be isolated and thus leave distorted impressions in different sectors of corps. *It would be wise to remember that times may not remain as liberal as they are now and a return of violent repression could only be met and resisted by a strong cohesive identity and commitment.* If the need is not present, then the Stonewall Nation is not worth the effort, and significant progress and benefit can be found at the small group and local level. However, if each gay individual is to have any real feeling of worth and importance, he can't refuse to recognize other gays and their experiences. An identity for the community, with all the pains of its birth, must be decided by gays, for gays, or the choice may not remain in our hands for long . . . the second burning of the Reichstag has already become a reality!

• • •

TOUCH AND GLOW

(Continued from page 10)

market . . . and this little piggy went cruising).

By maintaining a *pleasantly firm* pressure as you look at him straight in the eyes (assuming that he is not looking at you with one eye while the other strays strabismically toward some other attractive trick in the vicinity) you will have quietly and definitely stated your interest and your desire to be with him.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

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SAY



"Boy who cruise Mexican tearoom
called "La-cock-a-watcha!"

confronted him in any way. The two lovers have made no attempts to get involved in the local homophile groups, telling their friends that they're not joiners. For Tom and Dave, liberation means the time and money to travel.

Dan and Mark have also been married for five years. Mark is a college grad and holds a highly competitive job with an advertising agency which allows him little private life as the "right" personal image is often necessary in closing an account. It is usually necessary to bring along a straight girl for appearances when entertaining clients. Dan has a government job with the Postal Service and is careful to guard himself against security

Should he give a quick answering pressure and/or a gentle patty-cake on your behind with his free hand, bravo! You will know at once that he's a warm, sincere guy who wants to get the show on the road. If not, withdraw your hand without repining and forget the ten-second episode just as quickly ... check it off as bad vibes.

WHEN LOVE COMES A TAPPING

John cruising also has its economical language of touch, for as you tap out your message of desire with your shoe and your hidden quarry in the adjacent cubicle answers 'yes' with shoe-against-your-shoe, the same direct communication is achieved ... saying lots with little ... and the hell with it if his foot response is nil. He just may be a zombie from Outer Catatonia who has stopped by to relieve himself, so chalk up a cipher and tap away in another cubicle. *Somebody* in there likes you!

HOW TO INCREASE SENSORY AWARENESS

With the success of this kind of "hello, I like you!" you've brought him home. But now, with "Hello, I love you!" on the agenda, a more erotic sensitization can make the occasion more exciting. This can be done through a heightened awareness that involves not only the fingers and hands, but the lips, tongue and mouth.

Now 'sensory awareness' is not as esoteric as it sounds. It simply means that by treating certain details of the *prelude* to sex in a different way—or through use of another of your five senses—you can make every moment of the encounter something to treasure ... lavishing on your lover all your thoughts and inspiration—and especially your talent for improvisation—to make sex a resounding hallelujah instead of just another run-through of an all-too-familiar script.

Your initial concern should be to prevent any awkwardness from spoiling the 'overture'. From the moment he steps into your bedroom climax should build upon climax ... smoothly ... seamlessly.

Trouble usually develops through a lack of sensitivity or of dexterity in helping one's lover disrobe. Of course you'll want to, because if everything is too quickly flung on display—like bargain-basement ready-to-wear—what follows may be just as functional and uninspired. The 'unveiling' should be a beautiful part of the whole sex caper, and most sensuously done—like a slow-motion striptease.

However, beware of three trouble spots along the way, for if they are not negotiated with skill and nuance he may be turned off, or at least turned *down* to the point where you must start anew (and it's never very satisfactory). These three Trojan horses are:

his necktie or scarf
the topmost button of his shirt
his belt

With a little finger practice this can be done quite smoothly and erotically, with each disrobing phase leading smoothly into the next with unexpected little bonuses of joy all the way down.

If you have an accommodating friend who perhaps would like to practice these little exercises with you, fine. You'll January/February 1972

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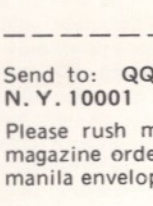
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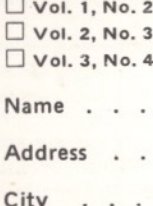
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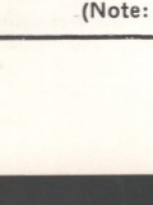
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discover just how sensuous they can be when he practices them on you. But in the absence of a companion you may practice on a bed since it approximates the 'volume' or resistance, bodywise, of the lover who will materialize at another time. Ask your cooperative friend to wear (or place on the bed)

- a knotted necktie or scarf
- a shirt buttoned to the collar
- a wide belt of contemporary design—buckled.

WORK FIRST FOR TEXTURAL SENSITIVENESS

First study each object, trying in your mind's eye to sense the textural difference of the various materials. Now sensuously feel the silky-satin-crepiness of the tie or scarf with just the tips of your fingers. Then gently trace the contours of the knot, as if you were sculpting it . . . note that your fingers are becoming sensitized as you continue tracing the folds of the tie or scarf.

Think of the tie not as an accessory but as an actual part of your lover's body. Open your fingers and gently *insinuate* them around the knot and begin to loosen it. Avoid 'picky' or jerky movements. Visualize the tie/scarf as *unfolding* rather than being functionally *untied*.

Once it's open begin to work on the collar button of the shirt, but with *one* hand so that your free hand may explore his (hopefully soon to be) thoracic mysteries from neck to nipples . . . working gradually downward button-by-button until the shirt is completely open.

From the second to the last button, however, increase the tempo of the unbuttoning as if hinting at the urgency of your growing passion (after all, there's a bit of billow in the shirt from Button 2 downward, so there's no need to build a symphony around the opening of Buttons 3,4,5 or 6 . . . even 7 if he's really tall).

With shirt now open for tactile exploration of his manly chest (however vicarious at present) you are ready to go to work on the belt. Kneel, either in front of your cooperative friend, or by the bedside (both for local color and to establish the characterization) and take the flap of the belt in your mouth, gripping it with your teeth and preparing to slide it in order to release it from the buckle.

In actual sex this is not only wildly sensuous if done well (also wildly corny if done inexpertly!) but it leaves your hands free to begin an in-depth exploration of that area of your lover's body just exposed.

At this point he may become rather passionately involved and may urge you on to greater efforts with the pressure of his hands on your neck or shoulders. If so, *beware!*

Should his touch so move you that you glance upward starry-eyed . . . belt in mouth . . . as he gazes downward with passion-filled eyes, you can easily look like a faithful St. Bernard waiting at a mountain pass with a cask of handy brandy . . . a situation he may find so hilarious his belly-laugh can give you concussion!

Once having released the belt and baring him from the waist down

TRY THIS EROTIC SENSITIZER

Here is where touch is transcendental. Begin with his buttocks, first cradling them lovingly for a moment, then trace little patterns with your now-sensitized (they'll be on fire!) fingers.

As he begins contracting and relaxing his gluteal muscles (and it's a cinch he will, else he has a heart of purest lead), squeeze/release them with your hands in rhythm with his muscular convulsions. Together-ness of motion and rhythm is everything from this point onward.

Then after a few moments begin to work your fingers lovingly around and into the entrance to his *crevasse* . . . allowing your most erotically-sensitized middle finger to slither like a cobra into his rectum up to the point where his prostate gland can be seductively felt.

Massage it slowly without pressing too hard until his body begins to shudder ecstatically, or until he begins a rhythmic swaying. (There'll be *some* detectable reaction for certainly with all this activity he's not going to stand there like Johnny Appleseed!)

Now synchronize your hand/finger/mouth movements, drawing your fingers up between his legs with the most sensitively-patterned nuances, arriving at his testicles simultaneously with the descent of your mouth on his phallus.

Play the entire striptease, from necktie to phallic hello, in slow motion, increasing the tempo to *allegro delicioso* little-by-little as your hands descend . . . building little climaxes-on-climaxes every inch of the way. Such sophisticated and nuanced foreplay establishes you as a great sex artist, and when you've eased him into bed for Act II he'll show his admiration and awed appreciation in ways unaccountable to him that will blow your mind!

But do your homework!

...

AC-DC . . . OR JUST PLAIN GAY?

(Continued from page 23)

two satisfied each other by jacking each other off. Since that time, he said, they have "messed around" often when they did not have dates or late at night when they were "horny." And the sexual activity has evolved from jacking off to oral and anal sex. While both are hetero in all other respects and still engage in heterosexual intercourse with coeds, they have found they enjoy each other's bodies as well.

Many psychologists claim that the young man who is heterosexual and allows himself to be serviced by a homosexual, but who does not reciprocate in any way, cannot be called a true bisexual. Although he is involved in sexual activity with a member of the same sex, the actual degree of involvement may be the dividing line. They say that unless he makes some kind of move himself homosexually, he cannot be classified as a bisexual.

It should be noted that the bisexual may also be a female, and it is believed that there are a good many more bisexual females than there are bisexual males. While she may find heterosexual activity satisfying, she may also feel drawn to some sort of

QQ

lesbian activity.

Freud was the first to state that man is a bisexual animal, but since then, evidence has shown that he may be more truly called "polysexual." That is, he may be capable of having sex in many ways; alone, with the opposite sex, with the same sex, with an animal, even with inanimate objects.

It is noted that bisexuality may be easier to understand if we do not lose sight of the fact that there is no such thing as a 100 per cent male or 100 per cent female.

Each person is an uneven combination of masculinity and femininity, because the distribution of psychological and physical traits which are labeled "masculine" and "feminine" is not only unevenly balanced in each individual, but the combination also varies from individual to individual. Many experts claim that man is essentially an amalgam of male and female characteristics.

Carl G. Jung, one of Freud's followers, wrote on the subject: "Since the nature of the human being unites masculine and feminine elements, a man can live the feminine in himself, and a woman the masculine in herself."

Perhaps so, but the subject of bisexuality is one which remains essentially misunderstood today. What's significant to us homosexuals, however, is that existing sexual freedom, which has brought bisexuality and its general acceptance to the fore, brings us a greater array of available partners. Understanding can come later.

• • •

SIGN OF AGE

Now I am growing older,
My pilot light is out;
What used to be my sex appeal
Is now my water spout.
I used to feel embarrassed
To make the thing behave,
For every single morning
It would stand and watch me shave.
But now I am growing older,
And it sure gives me the blues,
To have the thing hang down my leg
And watch me shine my shoes.

LAS VEGAS

(Continued from page 24)

(it's hot!). Many gay guys have found the Stardust and Caesars Palace particularly to their liking. The Stardust, it is rumored, has many gay employees. (Your 21 dealer may give you a real break.) Caesars has the most class though. It reeks of money and elegance, while the Stardust is for the more economy-minded.

Naturally, Las Vegas employs many gays. There are countless jobs for waiters, busboys, dealers, lifeguards, beauticians and performers. And there doesn't seem to be any resentment for gays. Vegas welcomes all with open arms and it has seen its share of homosexuals. But the gay life is not out in the open and flaunted. Nevada has strict laws regarding homosexual acts and you

January/February 1972

could easily end up with a jail sentence instead of a fine.

A baths has just opened its doors nearer downtown Las Vegas. It's the Sir Gay Health Club (1413 N. Main St.) and it's open 24 hours, but it is having trouble getting established clientele because it's in the city limits and subject to police jurisdiction. The gay bars, however, are not in the city limits, but in the outlying areas of the Strip and are safer under county jurisdiction. The most popular gay spot is Le Cafe (corner of Tropicana Ave. and Paradise) and it has its best hours from midnight on. It has friendly bartenders, a young crowd, dancing and a live band on weekends. The Red Barn, an older establishment, is located a couple blocks away at 1317 E. Tropicana Avenue. It also has dancing, but is not as popular as Le Cafe. Maxine's (Nellis and Charleston) is farther out of town and struggling to make a go of it.

Of course, as is to be expected, you don't have to go to the bars to meet people. And often, if you do, you'll run into other out-of-towners. You can meet other guys walking around the casinos and on the Strip, but it takes patience. But in Vegas you've got lots of time; in fact, all night.

During the day most people just lie by the pools or sleep late (the day doesn't really start until about 6 in the evening). For body-watchers, poolside is paradise. For a real treat, watch the sun set while having a cocktail at the top of the Landmark Hotel. It's breathtaking.

Vegas is for gamblers—at the crap tables . . . and on the gay scene. Sex is only sometimes, and if it is your thing, you may be disappointed. It depends on you.

• • •

TEN YEARS OF GAY LIB

(Continued from page 27)

and desires of heterosexual people. Don't be too surprised if tomorrow you see an article in your local paper that a group of wealthy Gay people have gotten together the funds to start construction of a university for Gay students, a university based on the needs, aspirations and desires of Gay people. (At this writing there are over 100 Gay Lib groups on college campuses already.)

Coming-Out of well known Gay people. I eagerly look forward to the day (which is not far off) when many Gay people who are prominent in their respective fields—politics, arts, religion, sciences, education—lead their lives openly and proudly. The example this will give our young people and the effect it will have on society, in general, is very great indeed.

Gay people elected to public offices. The first Gay people (publicly known, that is) who will be elected will most likely be from the "Gay ghetto" areas of our large cities. Look for a Gay person to be elected, largely by Gay voters, to a public office from the Greenwich Village area in New York. Already there are plans in the works to run an independent Gay candidate for the New York State Senate next year. Also in such areas as Back Bay (Boston), Hollywood (Los Angeles), Near North (Chicago) and Nob Hill (San Francisco).

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Gay couples to raise children. Look for changes in the adoption laws around the country to enable Gay couples to adopt children. This will largely come about because of the crisis already existing; there are many more children up for adoption than there are parents willing to adopt. At the same time, the public generally will recognize that Gay people make good parents.

All-in-all, the next ten years will, I am convinced, see great changes in the daily lives of all Gay people and in the public image and attitude toward us. For those of us who are now "oldtimers" it will be a challenge to change with the times and not cling to the myths and false self-images we have had to contend with in the past.

There's only one thing I can guarantee you during the 70's. It will be an exciting time to be living—and loving.

• • •

TCHAIKOVSKY

(Continued from page 33)

certain she could "straighten" him.

Naturally she failed. Tchaikovsky quickly found that conventional marital relations were impossible for him, and his marriage so depressed him that he could not carry on with his work. He wrote to his sponsor, the rich Madame Nadezhda von Meck, that his wife was abhorrent to him.

The "marriage" ended after three months, but left Tchaikovsky so lingeringly melancholic that it was a long time before he could work again. He considered suicide several times when it seemed to him that his marital mistake had robbed him of his genius forever, and although he eventually managed to complete more major works, including the famous *1812 Overture*, before he died, he was close to insanity many times in the final sixteen years of his life.

But the unhappy Peter Tchaikovsky has left the world a rich legacy of his music, including the perennially popular *Swan Lake*, *Nutcracker*, *Symphonie Pathetique*, *Fifth Symphony*, and *Romeo and Juliet Overture*. He is unquestionably the most popular of the classical composers among both gays and straights.

• • •

BIG DALLAS

(Continued from page 54)

opposed to the old "beer and wine only" ruling. Hence, bars—especially gay bars—are really swinging these days. I personally like:

The *King of Clubs*, 2116 N. Field. There's dancing, and it's popular with the younger set. One room is called "Les Dames"—for real girls only. The same crowd also frequents the *Bayou Lodge*, 3717 Rawlins. Food is served and if you groove on black guys this is your bar.

The *Club Bon Soir*, 5601 W. Lovers Lane, also has dancing, but the crowd is not "teeny bopper," which makes the place more conducive to serious cruising. There is a free buffet every Sunday from 6 to 8 p.m.

Ronsue's, 3236 McKinney, has drag shows, but, surprisingly, draws a pretty

QQ

butch crowd. It's lots of fun. So is the *Swinger*, 4419 Live Oak. Very butch and the place to go for Western types.

That Joint ("TJ's"), 3307 McKinney, gets the biggest crowd of all. There's dancing and all types, ranging from Southern Belles to Cowboys. The john there gets pretty busy after hours on Saturday nights only.

The *Villa Fontana*, 1315 Skiles, advertises that it's the oldest gay bar in America. It's doors have been open since 1952. The crowd is mixed—all types of gays—and it can be fun.

If the *Villa* is the oldest gay bar in town—the *Candy Store*, 3014 Throckmorton, is the newest. It's popular with young guys who come to dance to strobe.

The *King of Clubs*, *Bayou Lodge*, *Club Bon Soir*, and the *Candy Store* are "private clubs"—which means you have to sign a guest card on the way in. Surprisingly, there are no leather bars in Dallas, perhaps because there are only a dozen or so guys who dig black leather, and also most gays in town automatically assume motorcycle gear means S&M, which is a turn-off even among Western studs.

Gene's Music Box, 307 S. Akard, is an after-hours place which is open on Fridays and Saturdays. All types converge here after the bars close. The john sees action and cruising is good in general.

For those who prefer johns, there are several good places besides those already mentioned. Lee Park, Hall St. at Cedar Springs St., has an active tearoom. It's

watched by the police—and it's popular with muggers. Safer but still risky is the john at Howard Johnson's, Ft. Worth Turnpike, 18 miles west of Dallas. Also try the Mid-Continent Truck Stop on Big Town Blvd., off I-20 just east of junction 1-30.

The Art Guild Theatre, Columbia St., which shows straight hard-core films, has a cruisy balcony—on the right, facing the screen. Literally loads of fun.

Unfortunately, there isn't a gay baths in town. The nearest is in Houston (*Mr. Frizby's*, 3401 Milam at Francis). If you're really hung up on going down in steam, stay at the Holiday and rent a portable steam cabinet, which is placed in your room for about \$2 an hour. Then make the rounds in Dallas and return with company.

Hospitality is a byword in Dallas. Making out is easy and even one nighters are likely to result in lasting friendships because Texans come on BIG!

• • •

LOVERS IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 35)

an occasional awful pic, and then dropped out of films. Lately he has been trying a comeback.

John Derek had plenty of dark male beauty going for him, a quality he retained into the '60s during a period of declining career opportunities. Not his fault! Derek was great, and plenty of gays sighed over him in the dark. He had a lot of half-dressed

scenes in various pix, which was to everyone's advantage, for his bod was as nice as his face.

Dewey Martin. Never seen Dewey Martin or even heard of him? If not, too bad. Dark, handsome, beautifully structured all over, teeming with virile sexual exudation, Martin was kept as undressed as possible by his producers in such flicks as *Land of the Pharaohs*. He is still active, more recently on TV.

Robert Wagner. This young man was so blankly perfect-looking in the '50s that he was almost insipid. But gays loved to imagine bedding down with him, although they loved the idea of it even more in the '60s when he matured and started giving the definite impression that he would make a great lover. He was pretty in the '50s and is handsome now. He had a recent big success in TV's *It Takes a Thief*.

Rock Hudson. Yes, we know, he's a lousy actor, but even these days he's not bad to look at and have an orgasm over. In the '50s he was an absolute sensation for the same sport. Believe it or not, he was a truck driver, and posted himself with his truck at various studio gates until he was discovered by an agent who subsequently gave him his famous name (real one, Roy Fitzgerald). In spite of his lack of talent, Hudson remains a superstar today and even still exudes a sort of sexual charisma. Maybe it's because he's so big. He looks as if he could crush you to pieces in bed.

Rossano Brazzi. Now there's a noble-looking Roman for you! Brazzi was big in



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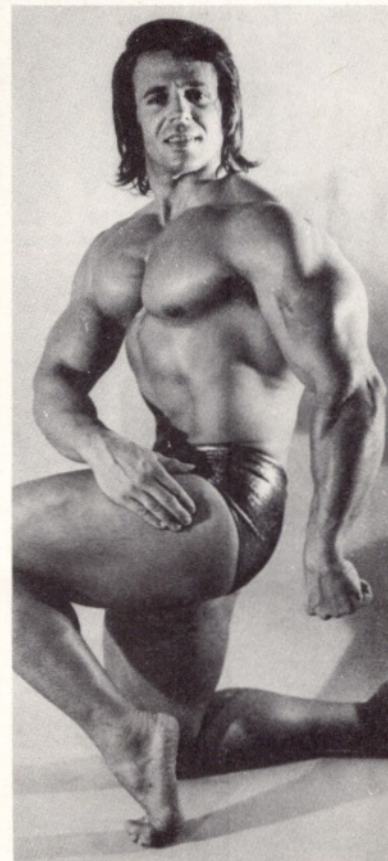
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What's more—we guarantee delivery before Xmas on all orders received before December 20, 1971. Send to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 400, 255 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y. 10001.

Italian movies before American Producers wisely used him in a poignant role in *Three Coins in a Fountain*. He promptly became a favorite of Americans, both gay and straight, and played leading man to such female favorites as Katharine Hepburn, in *Summertime*, and Ava Gardner, in *The Barefoot Contessa*. He was trapped in the recent TV debacle, *The Survivors*, and we can only hope he will live it down.

James Dean was the chief god in the pantheon of teenage idolatry in the '50s. He well deserved his accolades for he was, in spite of his youth, a very fine actor. He had great charisma, sexual and otherwise, and the discontented youth of his generation identified strongly with him after his brooding, rebellious, and sensitive performances in *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause*. He died in an automobile accident in 1954 at age twenty-four.

Stephen Boyd. Going from Dean to Boyd is descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, but we can't discount Boyd's function as a physical masterpiece. The Irish-born Boyd is a terrible actor (ironically, he gave one of his worst performances in *The Oscar*, an all-time awful flick about an actor supposedly competent enough to cop an Academy Award) in spite of the fact that he's had years and years of experience, having started acting as a child. No matter. He's beautiful, and producers wisely show off his magnificent bod as much as possible in such flicks as *Ben Hur*. Boyd is still active today and still looks as if he would be great in bed.

John Gavin would have probably gone a lot farther if TV hadn't cut down so drastically on the number of pictures being made in the '50s. Gavin had everything going for him in the way of physical makeup and presence. Besides, he seemed like a nice guy, and many a gay dreamed of him as a lover, especially in the period following his movie debut as a German soldier in *A Time to Love and a Time to Die*, a role similar to the one that carried Lew Ayres to the top in the '30s. The darkly handsome and well-built Gavin is still active today.

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DEALERS NOTE

If you own a newsstand, bookstore, baths, etc., and would like to carry QQ Magazine, please write us on business letterhead and we will send wholesale terms and prices. Readers who cannot subscribe and would like to purchase QQ Magazine from local retailers are asked to inform such retailers of our address so that orders may be placed. If this is not possible please send us your dealer's address and we will send particulars which will enable him to order. Thank you.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 31)

types with a result familiar to all."

Change (not necessarily progress) is accomplished by the haphazard interplay of various individual and social forces. The risk and tragedy of this approach is two-

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Steve Anthony



*Cope-Hart wres.



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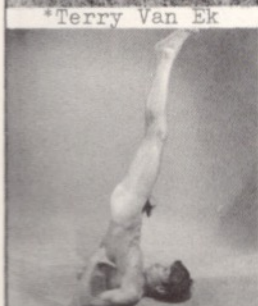
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*Terry Van Ek



*Austin-Lee wres.



Bill Layton

Harry Fisher

fold. There is the probability that the change will not occur or that if it does occur it will be negative. There is also more than probability there is the certainty that the change will take at least a generation (understanding the case). Your example of penicillin, the condition of blacks, homosexuals and women are cases in point in our culture. Neither of these consequences of "evolutionary" change can I accept without protest and attempt to facilitate change. To acquiesce in such complacency and inertia makes me share the guilt of the medical profession in condemning millions of middle aged and elderly people to the life of vegetables and the horrors of institutionalization when they probably could be restored to functioning and contributing human beings.

My mother recently died at the age of 92. During the last twelve years of her life she suffered from arthritis and softening of the spine so that she was in pain most of the time. For both these ailments the medical profession has only minimally palliative treatments. (Recently I have heard that in Costa Rica doctors are using pills for arthritis with revolutionary results.) When my mother suffered a severe hemorrhage and went into a coma near the end, however, there was a multiplicity of gadgets to maintain her as a vegetable with a technical definition of life. Thankfully, she passed away without having to undergo institutionalization and further vegetabilization. My point is (without derogating the technology of the medical profession) that, when they do nothing about the potential of such items as KH3, the medical profession abrogates and betrays the trust for which we reward them handsomely. The purpose of medicine is to increase the ability to live fully—at least it should be. To settle for the minimal achievement of maintaining life according to technical definition is a copy-out.

Sincerely,
H. H.

(Coincidentally, a town also in) Mass.

"YOUR KIND SHOULD BE SHOT!"

Dear(?) Sir:

Take (name of one of our subscribers) off your list. He is deceased. I am saving all your rotten brochures and if I hear from you again I will send them on to Mayor Lindsay to take action against you.

Your kind should be shot!

(Signed)
Mrs. E. G.
(Town in) New York

Ed: This note, obviously from a bereaved mother who has lost her son in the war, or from a dejected widow, was written by a bitter and terribly hurt individual. It is reprinted here not in mockery but to simply remind those of you who are so involved in Gay Lib that you sometimes forget what attitudes still exist towards homosexuals in thousands of hamlets across America. Its tone is similar to other letters we receive from time to time from persons in similar circumstances. The message should be clear to us all: Do not attempt to be a martyr if you live under oppression. Take pride in being gay and move if you can to where our kind flourishes and thrives—namely, cities such as San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago,

New York, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, etc.

KRISS IS CROOKED

Dear Sir:

I need your assistance.

Some months ago I responded to an ad in QQ and sent \$5 for "samples and info" to Photography by Kriss, in Hamilton, Canada. A short time later I received the merchandise ordered along with enticing offers for other things. I then sent \$50.

Weeks passed and I received nothing. I started writing many letters and have not received one reply—in months. I fear my money is lost and that I have been taken again.

Can you assist me in getting my merchandise or money back?

Yours truly,

H. J.

Beirut, Lebanon

Ed: I must preface my remarks concerning Frank E. Kriss by saying that we try in every way possible to "screen" our advertisers. To our knowledge this is the first lemon—and to those who have lost money as a result we apologize and will try to rectify the situation. When Kriss contacted us months ago in connection with placing an ad in QQ we believed he was honest. He had been in business for many years and his ads had appeared and were still being run in other gay publications. An exchange was offered—his ad would be run in exchange for photographs. We received a handful of photos, and while most of them were technically poor and of unattractive models, we decided to keep our word and run the ad—hoping for better selections later on. That ad appeared twice—in spite of the fact that Kriss did not send photos. His excuse was that he was busy and that he would eventually. Nobody complained about having been taken as a result of responding to the ad—so dropping his ad had nothing to do with him as an advertiser; we simply deleted the ad because nothing was being received in exchange, as agreed. Several months ago, Kriss "came back." This time he wanted to purchase a small display ad—which we accepted. It appeared in our October issue. Nobody complained. Consequently, when Kriss telephoned us in June to order another ad in the December issue we accepted it. His check for \$50 arrived. It was deposited. It bounced because it had been post-dated—which we didn't notice. It was re-deposited. It bounced again—this time because payment had been stopped. It was too late to pull the ad—and at this same time letters started pouring in from readers everywhere—letters similar to the above—that Kriss was not filling orders. Through these letters we learned that this has been Kriss' pattern for years—that he filled initial orders only in order to "hook" buyers into sending more . . . that he'd order ads in publications, pay for one or two and then bounce checks when the time came . . . that when he was caught in a bind by an irate customer he'd inevitably use the excuse that he was in the hospital. We are attempting to retrieve our \$50 through legal action. At the same time we are attempting to initiate an investigation by the law enforcement authorities in Hamilton in order to get Kriss to fill all

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orders received to date. If you have been victimized we suggest the following: (1) Write and tell us about it; (2) Write to the Chief of Police in Hamilton (address given below); (3) Write to the Postmaster in Hamilton (address given below); (4) Write to the president of the Bank where Kriss has his account—Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Greater Hamilton Shopping Centre, Barton and Kenilworth, Hamilton, Ont., Canada; (5) Write to Kriss at least once a week (make carbons if necessary)—Photography by Kriss, 85 McNulty Blvd., Hamilton, Ont., Canada; and (6) Telephone Kriss collect (don't waste your own money . . . reverse charges even if he doesn't accept them)—(416)547-3380. You will get results with a little patience. The police in Canada are good and will follow through. Oftentimes the police here in the States will ignore complaints because of their own prejudices concerning homosexuals . . . their attitude is "let them kill each other off." An example is La Place, La. The authorities there completely ignore letters sent concerning a seller of male nudes in that city—Murphy Sales—in spite of the fact that the company operates dishonestly. Our own letters to Canada have gotten results. We received a sympathetic letter from R. Collings, Inspector, Criminal Investigation Bureau, Persons Section, Department of Police, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, and also from A. B. Morris, Postmaster, Canada Post Office, Hamilton, Ont., Canada. Both officers have expressed their concern for justice and will act provided your claim is legitimate. To repeat what we have said in the past—to our knowledge all our advertisers are honest and have beautiful merchandise. We urge you to support them. If a lemon comes along now and then it should not reflect poorly on decent sellers—especially those who are gay and deserve your support. But if you have a bad experience, please tell us. If the example is not isolated, we will help destroy a dishonest businessman by urging our readers not to support him and also tell friends.

WE GOOFED

Dear Editor:

I enjoy QQ tremendously—especially now that it contains frontal nudes. Two authors whose articles I like contributed to your December issue—Donald Robertson (who wrote about Michael Greer and San Diego) and, I think, John Roberts (who wrote about Phoenix). I'm sure I recognize both styles—but you listed John Robertson for the Phoenix piece. Was this a mistake—or do you have still another writer whose name is Robertson?

Confused,
D. G.
Tucson, Ariz.

Ed: We goofed. Donald Robertson did write the Greer and San Diego articles. John Roberts—not Robertson—wrote the piece on Phoenix. Somehow our artist picked up an extra "son" and hooked it onto Roberts. Sorry.

REACTIONS TO THE "NEW" QQ

Guys:

I've just received my December issue of QQ and I can't begin to tell you how much

I am enjoying it. Those beautiful cocks really turned me on. I haven't had a hard-on like this in a heck of a long time. Next issue let's have a couple of beautiful assholes too. Okay? Keep up the good work. You're doing great.

I think I know all the sex techniques but I'm sending for your new Gay Sex Techniques anyway, and I'll bet my next blow job that you guys will come up with something different and exciting.

Luv,
J. D.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Telegram:

Received first copy of your magazine today and think you've done a terrific job. Particularly enjoyed your article on page 13 entitled "Slavery 1971."

C. B.
Hayward, Calif.

Telegram:

QQ has proven to be a real winner. On its first day in my store we sold out during the first 12 hours. Your new format has proven a great success. Please send me 100 additional copies immediately via air freight.

Woody's Adult Books
Hollywood, Calif.

Guys:

Your QQ is fabulous, and my friends and I look forward to each issue. I've collected them from the beginning and treasure them not only for their entertaining value but for the confidence they've helped me maintain. Occasionally, when I've felt a little depressed about my gay life, your QQ has helped me rekindle my assurance that gay is good!

Thanks,
M. K.
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Desantis:

Re: your new policy. You have changed QQ from a magazine that filled a void to a rag, one of many available in any two-bit book store. How sad. And will you please tell me what the hell "Your Cruising Inquirer" is supposed to be all about? Whatever happened to taste?

Signed,
D. N.
Boston, Mass.

Ed: The reactions thus far have been about 100 letters in favor of our new frontal policy to 1 against.

YMCA DIRECTORY

Dear Editor:

The YMCA offers a national and international directory of hostels—but the booklets aren't always available. Why don't you do an article on the YMCA and list the biggest ones—which, for obvious reasons, are of greater interest to gay guys?

Sincerely,
D. L.
Evanston, Ill.

Ed: The booklets you refer to are the "United States Residence Directory" and the "International Residence Directory." Both have comprehensive listings, including branch addresses, facilities, etc. They are difficult to secure—perhaps because they are free and only major YMCAs stock them. The

QQ

subject doesn't warrant an article, but as a service to our readers we list here the major Ys in the United States. (Very few gay guys traveling abroad stay at Ys, preferring small gay hotels or those in the Hilton category—as a matter of greater convenience and comfort.)

Alabama

Birmingham Y
526 N. 20th St.
Birmingham, Ala.
Tel. 324-4563

Mobile Y
61 S. Conception St.
Mobile, Ala.
Tel. 432-3621

Tuscaloosa Y
10th St. at Greensboro Ave.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Tel. 758-5503

Alaska

Anchorage Y
6th & F Sts.
Anchorage, Ak.

Arizona

Phoenix (Downtown) Y
350 N. First Ave.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Tel. 253-6181

Tucson (Central) Y
516 N. 5th Ave.
Tucson, Ariz.
Tel. 624-7471

California

Berkeley Y
2001 Allston Way
Berkeley, Calif.
Tel. 848-6800

Glendale Y
140 N. Louise
Glendale, Calif.
Tel. 242-8861

Hollywood Y
1553 N. Hudson Ave.
Hollywood, Calif.
Tel. 467-4161

Long Beach (Downtown) Y
600 Long Beach Blvd.
Long Beach, Calif.
Tel. 437-3534

Los Angeles (Downtown) Y
715 So. Hope St.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Tel. 627-4751

Oakland (Central) Y
2101 Telegraph Ave.
Oakland, Calif.
Tel. 451-5711

Pasadena Y
235 E. Holly St.
Pasadena, Calif.
Tel. 793-3131

San Diego (Armed Forces) Y
500 W. Broadway
San Diego, Calif.
Tel. 232-1133

San Diego (Downtown) Y

1115 - 8th Ave.
San Diego, Calif.
Tel. 232-7451

San Francisco (Met.) Y
220 Golden Gate Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.
Tel. 885-0460

San Francisco (Embarcadero) Y
166 Embarcadero
San Francisco, Calif.
Tel. 392-2191

San Francisco (Hotel) Y
351 Turk St.
San Francisco, Calif.
Tel. 673-2312

Colorado

Colorado Springs Y
206 E. Bijou St.
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Tel. 633-4643

Denver (Central) Y
25 E. 16th Ave.
Denver, Colo.
Tel. 244-4393

Connecticut

Bridgeport Y
651 State St.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Tel. 334-5551

Hartford Y
315 Pearl St.
Hartford, Conn.
Tel. 522-4183

New Haven Y
52 Howe St.
New Haven, Conn.
Tel. 865-3161

Delaware

Wilmington (Central) Y
11th & Washington Sts.
Wilmington, Del.
Tel. 656-6611

District of Columbia

D.C. (Central) Y
1736 G St. NW
Washington, D.C.
Tel. 628-8250

Florida

Miami (Downtown) Y
40 NE 3rd Ave.
Miami, Fla.
Tel. 374-8487

Pensacola (USO) Y
25 So. Spring
Pensacola, Fla.
Tel. 432-5773

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Atlanta (Downtown) Y
145 Luckie St., NW
Atlanta, Ga.
Tel. 525-5401

Hawaii

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Peoria Y

714 Hamilton Blvd.

Peoria, Ill.

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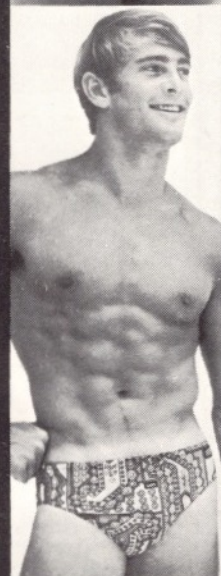


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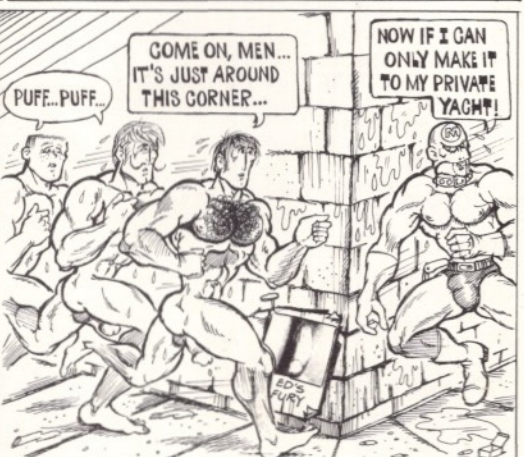
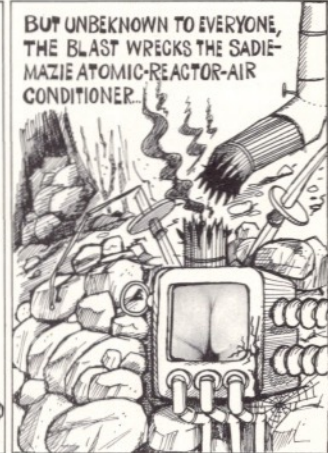
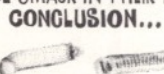
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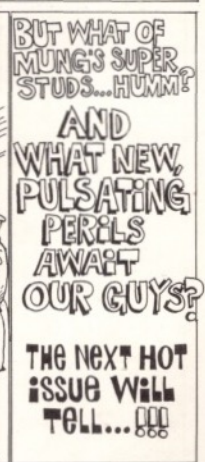
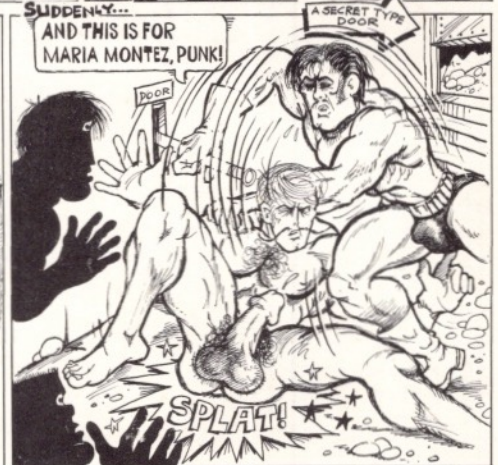
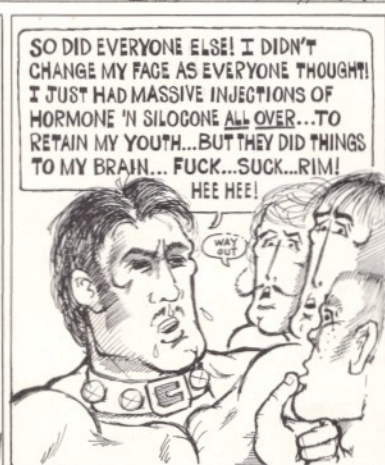
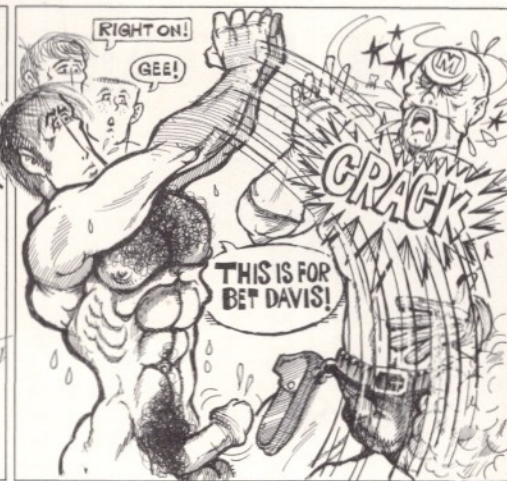


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QQ Magazine is now available almost exclusively by subscription—due to our new policy concerning frontal nudes. For those readers who cannot subscribe for one reason or another we make QQ Magazine available through the following select retail outlets (* back issues also sold at these locations):

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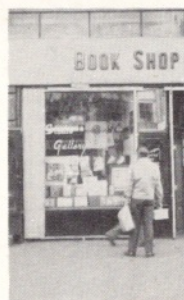
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BIG DALLAS

BY BUFFORD KING

THINK of Texas and visions of sugar plum fruitcakes from the Collins Street Bakery in Corsicana dance in your head—along with cowboys in tight levis. This month *QQ Magazine* visits Dallas.

The second largest city in Texas is known for its sophisticated formality, and yet, where gay life is concerned, the mood is decidedly informal and relaxed. Dallas is accustomed to welcoming visitors, and cowpokes are always a-pokin' in a big 'n friendly way.

John Neely Bryan founded Dallas as a trading post in 1840. In 1855 he established its first gay colony—quite accidentally. Several hundred Frenchmen were imported to start a Utopian colony. It failed, but the artists, writers, and musicians who remained became a strong cultural force in the frontier town—and it was in these sensitive young men that homosexuality blossomed. It continues to flourish today.

Dallas is still the home of many creative people and boasts an army of rugged gay guys who thrive in its stimulating atmosphere. Ballet, symphony, opera, theatre, art exhibitions, and Broadway musicals are all part of the scene—and so are gay bars where performers and local hunkies meet after the shows.

A lot of gay guys who visit Dallas like staying at the Downtown YMCA, 605 N. Ervay. Occasional contacts make it interesting enough. There's another branch at 2700 Flora St., but it's less likely that you'll make friends here. If you prefer elegance to busy shower rooms stay at the Statler Hilton or the Sheraton Dallas. Singles start at \$11, doubles at \$17. I prefer the Holiday Inn Central, which has a motel-type set-up, making it easy to slip in and out with overnight guests. Singles start at \$10, doubles at \$13.50, and like all Holiday Inns, all rooms are furnished with double beds.

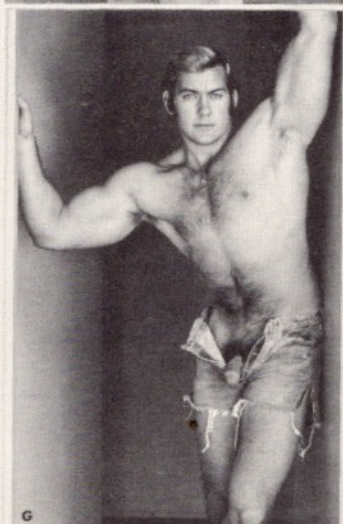
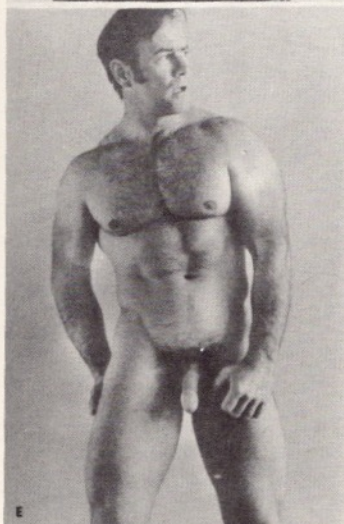
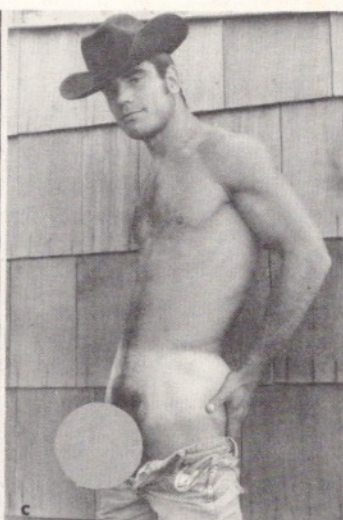
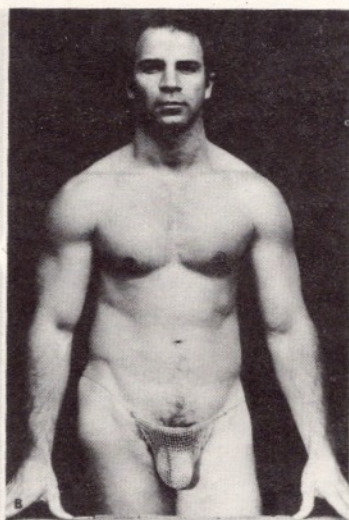
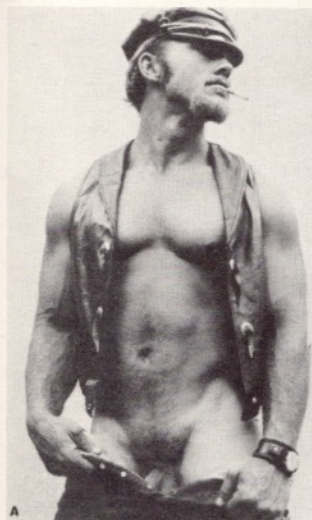
Good restaurants include *Arthur's* for steaks and lobster; *Mario's* for Italian food; *Trader Vic's* for international cuisine; *Ports au Call* for Polynesian specialties; *Château Briand* for outstanding fare; *La Tunisia* for exotic Middle Eastern cooking; and *Old Warsaw* for continental favorites. The "Miracle Mile" near the Airport boasts nearly two dozen restaurants which offer all kinds of food at all prices. There are also many inexpensive restaurants in town.

If you are planning to dine at the better restaurants and see shows make certain you pack at least one conservative suit. But if you are going to stay at the Y or Holiday Inn and limit your activities to gay bars you needn't take anything more elaborate than old dungarees and tee shirts. Gay bars are very informal; if you see guys in suits it's only because they're making the rounds after dinner or the theatre. Summers are very hot and winters are mild but still cold enough for sweaters and leather jackets.

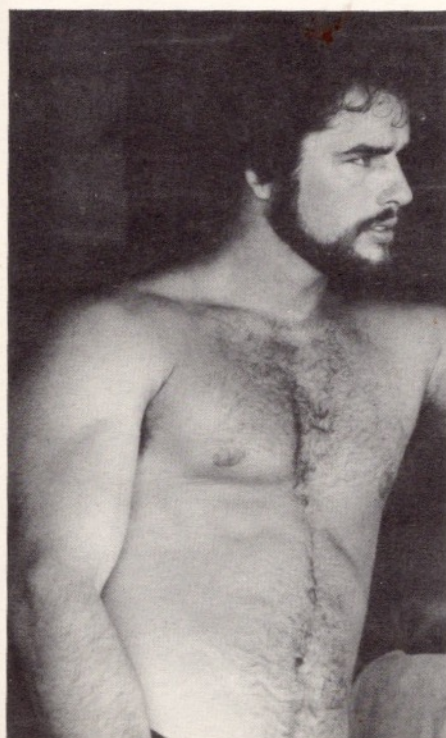
This year new laws were effected, thus making it legal to serve mixed drinks at bars—as (Continued on page 42)



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