





QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys



Apr. 1972
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FOR ADULTS ONLY
Sexually Oriented Material Not To Be Sold To Minors

Meet the
"Graffiti King"

Gay Travel
LONDON
ATLANTA

How to
Undress Your Lover

QQ Attends
a Leather Party



A. JAY '71

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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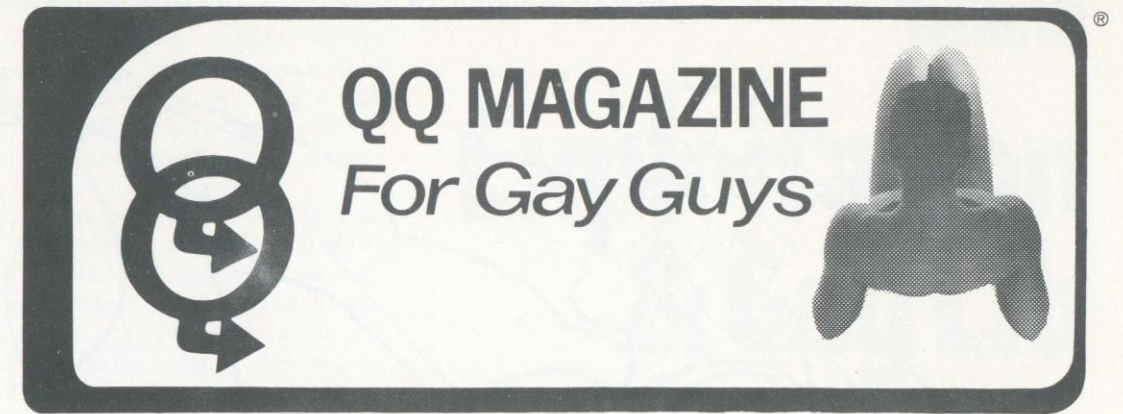
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Lovers in the Dark
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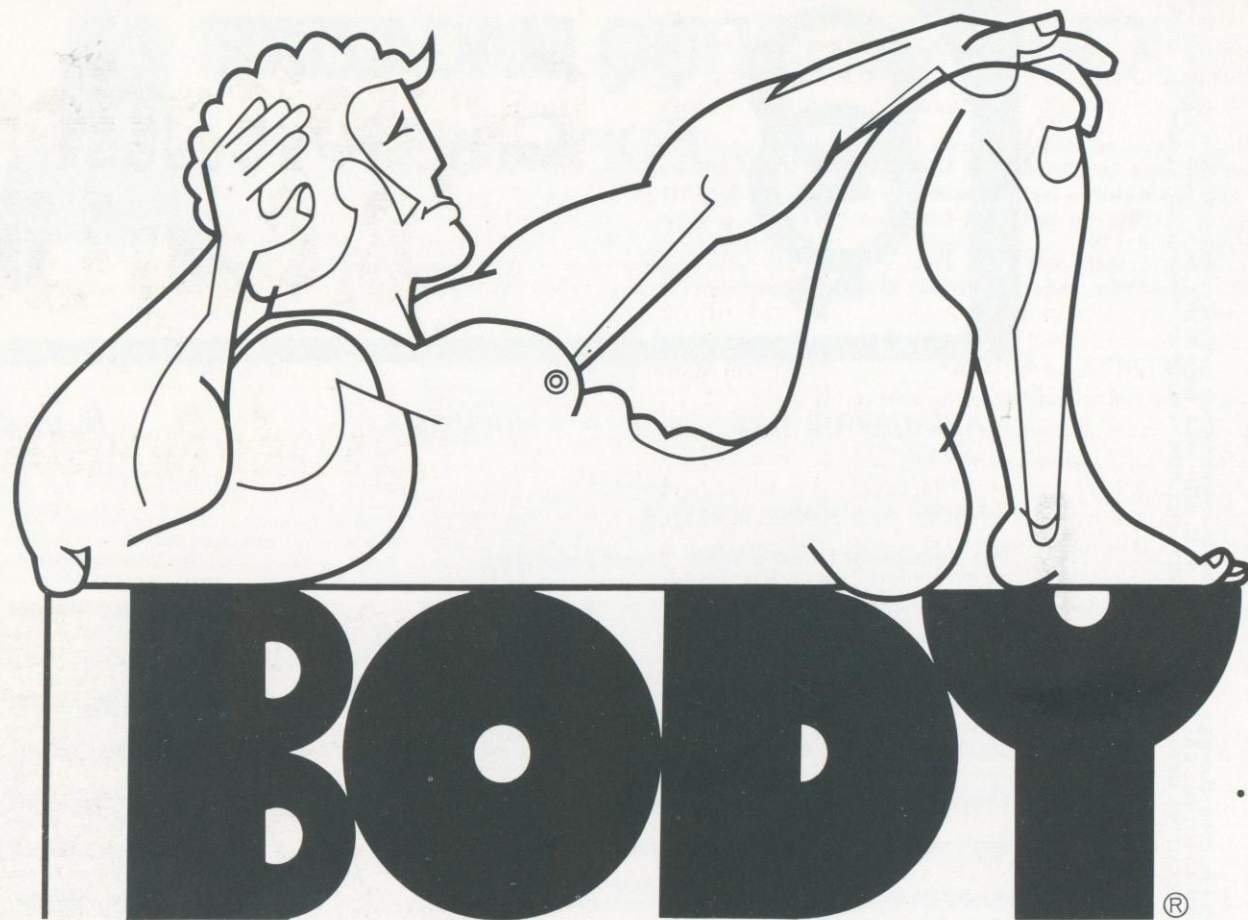
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Is BODY Like QQ Magazine?

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.

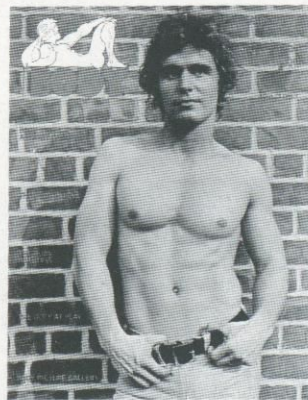
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Here are just a few typical features you'll find in every issue of **BODY** magazine:

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- **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!
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champagne bottles . . . and each other!

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EXPLOITATION of the Gay Liberation Movement by criminal syndicates, embezzlers, pseudo-religious groups, and even politicians has in the past year become a major problem which must be faced if the movement is to become a major force in reshaping society, and if the corner is to be turned in the battle against sexism.

Probably the major problem we face at this time is, what seems to many of us, an obvious and concerted effort by the same "syndicates" which have controlled the only social institutions Gay people have been allowed in this country—the bars and baths, to co-opt Gay Liberation and turn it into an advertising and public relations gimmick to perpetuate their control over Gay bars and baths, thus perpetuating and increasing their economic stranglehold on the Gay community and "keeping us in our place."

To fully understand how this particular kind of exploitation is taking place, one would have to be an expert in state liquor laws, licensing procedures and understand how deep the collusion is between the syndicate and the police. This is usually done by using what is known as a "front". To illustrate, a Gay person appears on the records as the "owner" of a particular bar or baths or restaurant. As for outward appearances, the operation looks "clean"—while it is in fact being used as a syndicate dope-drop, or a front for prostitution, or a conduit for hijacked liquor, or blackmail, or you-name-it. If there's money in it, they're doing it!

There are a number of ways you can find out if a particular establishment is being controlled by the syndicate; ask yourself some of these questions: Do the people who claim to be the owners have sufficient finances of their own to have opened the place? What is the background of the apparent owners? Have they previously had a history of working in syndicate-controlled places? Is the landlord of the building the same as in other buildings where there are syndicate operations? If it's a bar and they have dancing, do they have a cabaret license?

A number of Gay Lib organizations throughout the country have had their treasuries stolen or funds embezzled in the past couple of years. When any movement starts to attract widespread attention, there are always a few people around who see an easy way to make some money. They get into an organization, talk big about "Gay unity" or "Off the pig!" and before you know it, they're in a position of leadership, and eventually it's discovered that hundreds or thousands of dollars are missing. The most conspicuous example of this is the recent discovery in one of the largest established Gay organizations that the head of it had embezzled thousands over a period of several years.

The only way to keep this type of exploitation in the movement to a minimum is to make sure that your organization has adequate bookkeeping procedures, issues regular financial statements showing income and expense to the members and again, looks into the background and history of people who appear out of the blue and present themselves for leadership positions in the group.

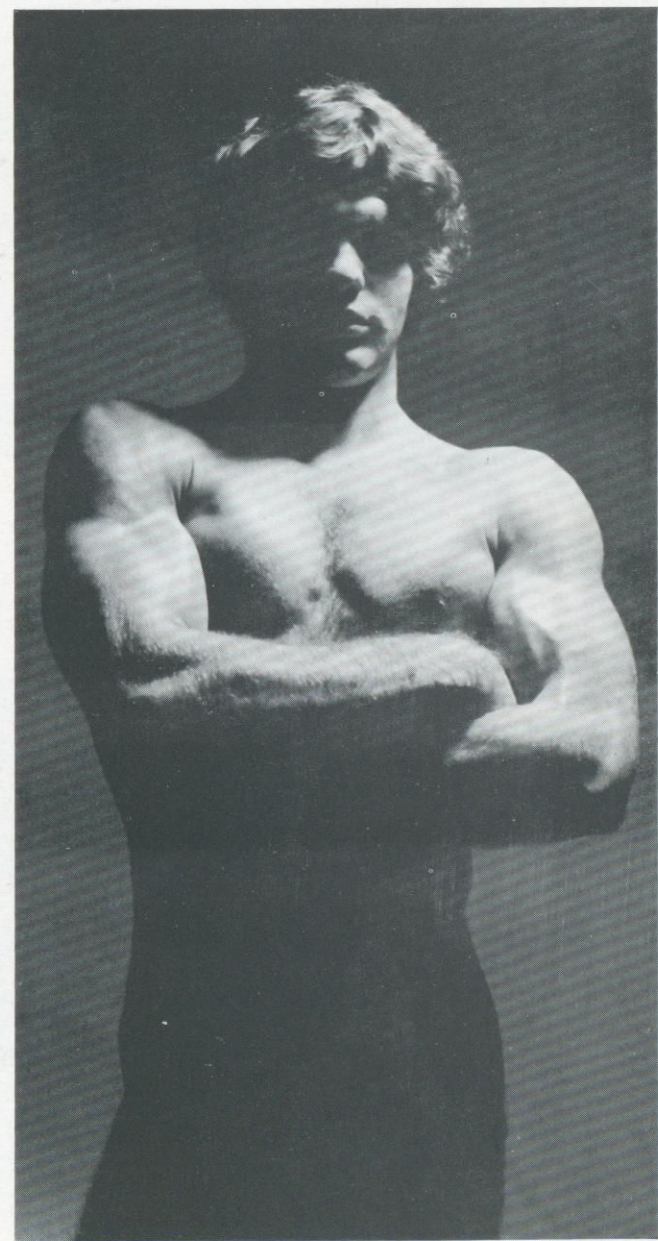
In the name of religion, a new kind of exploitation of Gay people is taking place in America. We now have the spectacle of people who last year were electrical engineers or bartenders, all of a sudden "finding religion" and becoming the pastor of a new Gay church, collecting fees for performing "marriage"

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Editorial

Exploitation & Gay Lib

By Craig Rodwell



METECUE



COLT STUDIO: CLOSE RELATIONS

Put Your Lover Under a Spell

Erotic Sensitizers To Drive Him Up a Wall!

By Walter Norris

GAY sophisticates delight in saying that the modern dancer is the most incandescent lover, and with good reason. Above all he must be creatively erotic because nearly everything in modern dance is erotically orientated.

By contrast with the aloof classical disciplines of ballet modern dance vibrates to a sensually trinitarian conception of the body—the head being intellectually erotic, the trunk (also arms, hands and fingers) emotionally erotic . . . the legs most physically so. Moreover, in the wordlessness of this art form, communication—being totally physical—becomes even more erotic, which was discussed more fully in *Touch And Glow* in the previous issue of *QQ Magazine*.

Because the dancer's every gesture of sinuous arms and hands, every sensuous curve of his body and breathtaking sex-slicing of legs churns up such a storm of eroticism, when he brings this creative talent into the bedroom a lover having sex with him is quite spoiled for a time for any other.

Although one's experience with modern dance and dancers may be nonexistent, and dance classes either unavailable or otherwise out of the question, still—one might wonder—aren't there other and more accessible erotic sensitizers?

Indeed yes . . . lots of them . . . and you can have a marvelous time experimenting with them right now. When you discover how effectively they eroticize/sensitize your own body, imagine the fun you'll have in surprising and delighting a lover!

At the outset—even as with the dancer—it is definitely on the plus side to have a good body. But by 'good' body it should not be presupposed that one must have a super-boy physique. However, at least you should have a body of which you're not ashamed. Trim . . . that'll do quite nicely, for in erotic sensitization it is more important what one feels than sees.

Unless your lover comes to you laden with leather—as in whips, boots and belts (which, of course, are erotic sensitizers of a different *genre*)—and wants to flagellate you

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to the moon, or you him, you'll find that the first step toward erotic sensitization is to be *gentle* about it. The simple techniques outlined here depend on just this gentleness of approach. You will certainly want to try them all.

HOW TO SENSITIZE IMPORTANT EROGENOUS ZONES

For all its utilitarian usage the palm of the hand is one of the principal erogenous zones. So put this erotic sensitizer to work when cruising a darkened theater (or a darkened 'anywhere' since it is effective only as long as the technique remains confidential and invisible . . . otherwise it can seem embarrassingly unmasculine and even downright coy).

While seated beside an interesting number, and having played a tentative game of 'kneesies' to a positive response, take his hand in yours and begin a gentle stimulation of the palm. Gently move your fingertips in a circular motion—creating patterns on the palm—and you will be surprised at what a turbulence of vibrations you set up not only in him but in yourself. Also you can get a pretty good idea from his reaction how he'll respond to other heavenly tortures you've planned for him once you get him home.

You may also extend this sensitization by moving your forefinger between the thumb and base of his forefinger. It's a quickie 'dry run' that will produce instantaneous eroticization which you, too, will strongly feel, but not to the degree that he will!

EROTICIZING THE ELBOW

The erotic sensitization of the palm may be (also invisibly) extended to the inside of his elbow, for even through the folds of cloth of shirt and jacket he will sensually respond to small, gentle, circular motions of your sensitive fingers. This will relax any uptightness and disarm him . . . or, to put it another way, it will overcome any resistance he might initially have felt. (In bed gentle blow-kissing of both his palm and elbow can make him putty in your hands. More on blow-kissing in just a few moments.)

(Continued on page 36)



Cleanliness Below the Belt

Pertinent Pointers About Gay Ecology

By Frank Samuels

WHILE groovy guys in growing numbers find the uncircumcised phallus a cornucopia of gay delights, anyone who is uncut will rarely have a trick who reacts to it the same way twice unless it has been given the tender-loving-care treatment beforehand.

For if it is 'yummy' today it may well be 'uggy' tomorrow and if he thought you absolutely devoon last night as he slithered his tongue excitedly under your prepuce—and could hardly wait to see you again today—he may find himself suddenly switched off . . . expressing embarrassment that he can't make the scene as before for reasons he simply can't explain. He can, of course . . . he's just being polite.

His disillusionment may have had much to do with smegma and smegma has much to do with what you eat. While that tired cliché "you are what you eat" still makes the rounds, as it is indicative of one's sexual ecology it is truer than one might think. Smegma forms under the prepuce and the longer it remains the riper it grows. To many devotees of Roman Roll it may taste like a creamy Camembert after 'aging' for one hour, or a 'he breathed fire on me' Limburger after several.

Smegma is an accumulation of secretions of the penile glands. While it is not filth it can become malodorous to downright 'gaggy' if allowed to remain for a few hours. The catalyst can be just a wayward drop of urine trapped under the prepuce, redolent of the garlicky salami sandwich you had for lunch . . . or a bottle of beer in the afternoon . . . or even just one spear of asparagus you may have had for dinner.

Garlic is detectable in a short time, not only orally and urinally, but porously (the body seems in an inordinate haste to expel this powerful aphrodisiac). The character of garlic is changed from its peasant aroma of earthiness/goodness by metabolism. The extract of hops which ferments beer is actually 'refermented' metabolically and has a sour odor when expelled in the urine. As for asparagus it can be detected in the urine in less than fifteen minutes after eating!

Among other foods that over-ripen smegma are sweetbreads, liver, chives, caviar (or any roe), venison (due to the marinade used to reduce its gaminess), or any meat preserved in pickling spices, such as corned beef and pastrami . . . even some kinds of highly-spiced luncheon meats.

So if you are proud—and why not—of your inch(es) of lace curtains, especially if the foreskin drapes in pocket-like scallops like an elegant

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London Lovin'

By Ralph M. Davis
& David Parker

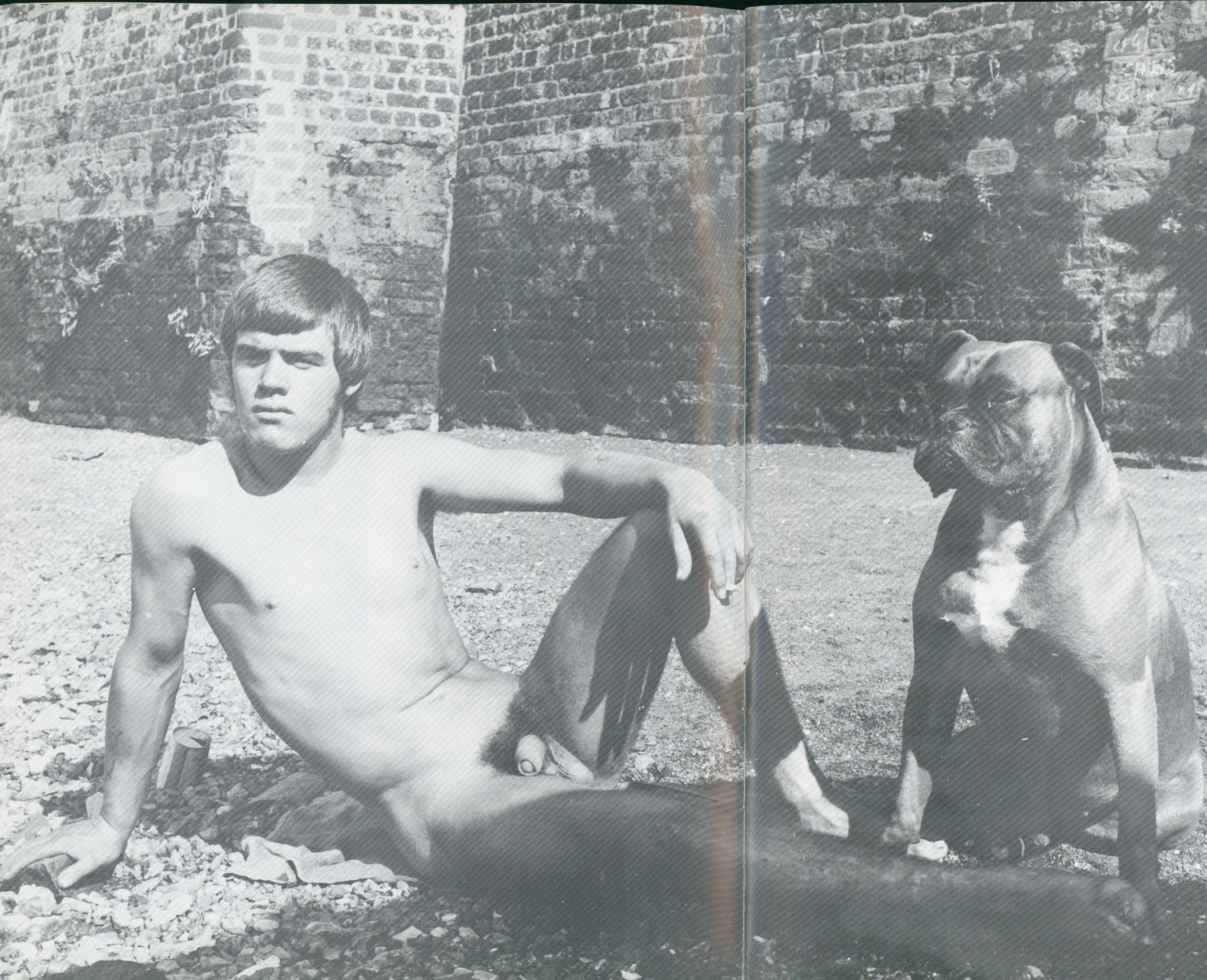
LONDON is a mixed bag—and a big bag at that. It all appears to be so vast and complex to the visitor that just getting around without getting lost or spending a fortune on taxis seems impossible.

For this reason the short timer who plans ahead will get more done with minimal effort. If your visit spans a week or more, time is not of the essence and perhaps losing your way will prove the most pleasant way of discovering quaint streets and places not ordinarily seen by tourists.

While taxi fares can take an alarming amount of your budget you had better count on this mode of travel. The drivers are courteous and honest and the cabs are big and comfortable (you can get in practically standing upright). However, if you've got to travel from one main thoroughfare or square to another and there is a direct line bus or subway, by all means go this way because it is different and lots of fun. The buses are double-deckered and the Underground is homey, what with smoking permitted in some cars and seats that are covered with tweed cloth. And it's cheap.

You'll want to see the major sights. The Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. Westminster Abbey. The Tower of London. Madame Tussaud's. The Globe Theatre. Tower Bridge. The new London Bridge (the original—or, to be precise—one of the originals, since it was rebuilt many times—now occupies a patch of desert in Arizona where it spans a man-made recreation of part of the Thames). Its residential sections, such as Chelsea, Mayfair, and Kensington—each quite unique.

Or shop. There are many unusual stores specializing in everything from ribbons to whips. Fortnum & Mason





is an entire department store filled to the brim with domestic and imported gourmet foods. Colorful Covent Market, north of The Strand, is a great place to visit early in the morning about 5 a.m., when fresh fruits and vegetables are processed for sale by wholesalers. The fruit is among the finest you'll find anywhere, and you'll be tempted to buy a small bag of juicy peaches or whatever for breakfast. Go on over to the fresh-cut flower section. Colorful. Or take a taxi to Billingsgate, where the fishmongers wear specially fashioned flat-topped hats on which they balance bushels of seafood. Or the Silver Vaults and Portobello Rd. markets for silver and antiques. It's best Saturdays.

As far as straight dining is concerned (we'll get to gay restaurants later on) there are some good restaurants in London—contrary to popular notion. British fare is plain and it is quite true that toast is served cold but if you like kidney pie or prime ribs with Yorkshire pudding you'll surely enjoy Simpson's, 100 The Strand. Coat and tie. The food at Cafe Royal, 68 Regent St., W.1, is good but the atmosphere is better. Victorian. Oscar Wilde spent much time here—which makes it kind of mandatory for gay visitors. Elegant and expensive. Sheekey's, 29 St. Martin's Ct., is great for fish. You're bound to see major and minor actors here, and perhaps strike up an acquaintance with a handsome hopeful. London is cosmopolitan and therefore has hundreds of interesting restaurants. Some are good and some are bad . . . it's like anywhere else in the world in this respect.

Pubs are friendly places—even the ones that are straight. Especially interesting are the Cheshire Cheese, Wine Office Ct., 145 Fleet St., E.C. 4. Food is served and it's a colorful place to have lunch. You'll be seated at a long table with local businessmen or a small table of your own in a Dickens-like planked room. Perhaps you'll be lucky enough to get Sam Johnson's old chair. The Jamaica Wine House, St. Michael's Alley, off Cornhill, E.C. 3, was once a warehouse and therefore colorfully filled with wine barrels and the like. The Sherlock Holmes, Northumberland St., W.C. 2, features memorabilia of the famous character, including a model of his famous study. The Anchor, Bankside, S.E. 1, has a back room which once concealed escaped convicts. And Ye Watling, 39 Bow Lane, E.C. 4, was favored by Wren's men, when they rebuilt London after the Great Fire.

The main thing to remember about pubs or bars in general is that they're open week days from 11:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., and then again from 5:30 p.m. until 11 p.m., and Sundays from 12 p.m. to 2 p.m., and 7:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. This means that if you're planning to spend the evening at a gay bar (we'll get to them soon) don't plan on an extended dinner or going to the theatre.

If you enjoy the theatre you'll love London. Admission is low and the acting is good. The two shows now running in London which are worth mentioning because they are gay in nature are "Butley," starring Alan Bates, and Danny La Rue (he's a drag) at The Palace. The British love drag; many small towns in and around London and beyond have drag shows every weekend.

Medical assistance is great—and the only nice thing about losing a filling or breaking a leg in London is that you'll get things squared away free. A few drugstores are open all night long, for whatever medicines you use. Also, KH3, the wonder "youth pill" previously discussed in *QQ*, is sold over the counter in London. No prescription necessary.

Now about the gay life. Keep one thing in mind and

QQ

you'll do well: Britons are shy and seldom talk first. Say hello and from that point on he's all yours. Curiously, however, the only place where Britons come on as strong as aggressive cruisers here at home is in the public johns. Urinal cruising is big, especially at places like the Underground john in Piccadilly Circus. Stand there and join the lineup of erections . . . 25—count 'em . . . 25 rarin' to go. Just make certain he sees you giving him that 'come hither look' as you zip up. He'll follow.

The gay places worth noting are:

HOTELS

The Bolton Hotel, 216 Old Brompton Rd., S.W. 5, has the unique distinction of having a gay bar that is popular with leather guys. You need go out only when you're hungry . . . for food. The Charborough Hotel, 43 Stanhope Gardens, S.W. 7 is another gay place to stay. Neither place offers elegance, however, and if creature comforts are important to you then see your travel agent about lodging. Of course, there's always the London Central YMCA.

RESTAURANTS

The few restaurants that are gay which you might want to try simply because they are, are Mandy's, 30 Henrietta St., W.C. 2, an elegant private club with dancing. Tourists, though, can enter with a passport. The Masquerade, 310 Earl's Court Rd., S.W.5 (entrance on Earl's Court Sq.), has a discotheque which is free to diners; otherwise there is a \$1.25 charge. Minimal charge for a meal there is \$3.75 with \$6.25 being average. Another discotheque, popular with the gay crowd, is Yours and Mine, in the El Sombrero Restaurant, 142 Kensington High St., W. 8. It is open every day except Tuesday from 10:30 p.m. to 3 a.m. and there is a \$1.25 entrance charge. Simple Simon Restaurant, a few blocks from the Masquerade, at 234 Old Brompton Rd., S.W. 5, is mixed but pleasant. Near Simple Simon and also mixed is Yours Faithfully, 159 Old Brompton Rd., S.W. 5. Charming.

THE BATHS

The baths are kind of strange in London. Most of them are sans privacy and ablaze with candle power (they're so bright you almost need sunglasses). As if these factors aren't discouraging enough, the basic nature of the Briton—reserved!—is enough to make you scream. You'll pace the floors staring and drooling but unless you can lure him to a dark corner or have the nerve to go down on him come what may you'll leave frustrated—if you don't manage to take him along. It's really a grand bore. If you must go—and, let's face it, the prospect is always exciting—try the Premier Sauna, 10 Upper St. Martin's Ln., W.C.2; the Sauna Baths, 396 The Strand, W.C. 2; the Savoy Turkish Baths, 91 Jermyn St., S.W. 1; and the King's Sauna, 11 Abingdon Rd., off Kensington High St., which is new and comes closest to resembling American-style baths as far as possible action is concerned. It's difficult to get a membership, however.

THE CLUBS

Britons have personal favorites, of course, but you'll want to try a variety. Like Mandy's, previously mentioned, most clubs are private, but your passport will get you a temporary membership without hassle.

The Rockingham Club, (Continued on page 46)

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METECUE: BOB LOCKLIN



Graffiti King

By George Desantis

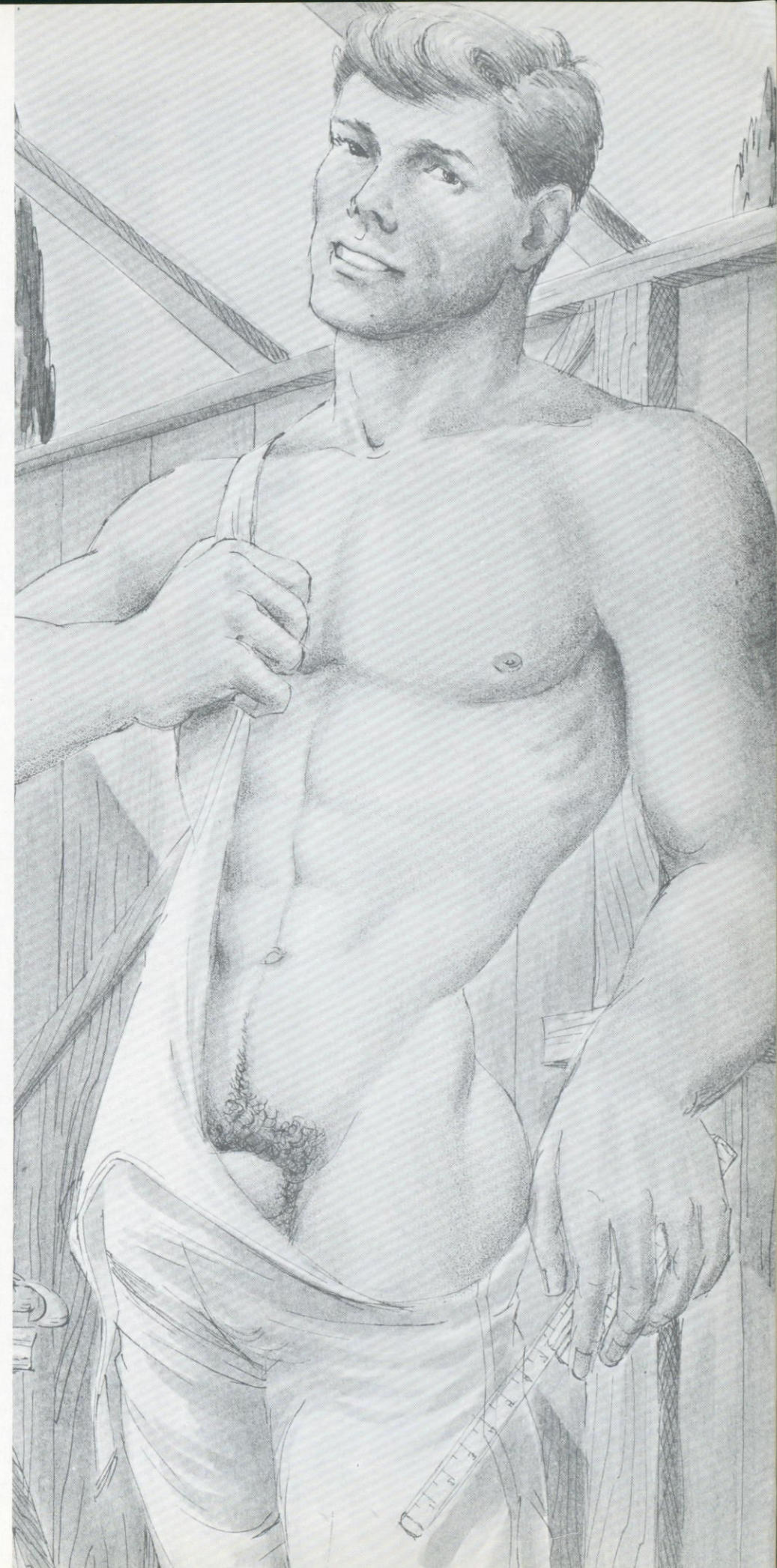
IT took me nearly five years to discover who the Graffiti King actually was.

Shortly after entering college I discovered the cruisy johns and became immediately addicted. They were active enough, but even when no one was around the excitement of it all was sustained by the erotic drawings left by the King on the walls of the toilet stalls. He specialized in All-American types, twosomes and threesomes plugged into each other in various positions. And they were big, sometimes taking up an entire wall. The drawings served as a prelude to sex for gay guys, and probably served thousands of closet cases and "straights" who came to look and masturbate down through the years.

Often guys would add messages concerning a particular work of art on display: "I was the model for this drawing. Call me at 060-0000." I did one day and learned the folly of answering such ads; when I arrived at the "Model's" apartment I was greeted by a 400-pounder who had more hair than a gorilla. Needless to say I made some silly excuse about forgetting my cigarettes and beating it out of there post haste.

Often the cleaning men would wash the accumulated graffiti away without erasing the King's sketches. Once I overheard two of them talking: "It's dirty but it's art. I don't think I should wash it off just yet." A similar comment was made by a straight classmate of mine. I was standing at the mirror when he came in with his buddy to show him the King's newest creation. His pal remarked that the drawing was "sick," and my friend retorted, "But it's art, man . . . it's art!" And it was.

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Before discovering the identity of the King I was given a set of photographed sketches of the "Barn Series" by a friend. The series was the King's first, I later learned, and probably his most famous, copies having made the rounds in collections all over the world. In case you haven't seen the "Barn Series," it's a set of about twelve drawings, showing two farm boys meeting on a road just as it begins to storm. The dark-haired stud is on his motorbike. The blond in coveralls invites him into the barn to dry off. They strip, have a drink, and go into every imaginable sex thing. The last drawing reveals the young farmer's brother masturbating up in the hayloft, thus indicating that this utterly fantastic scene will go on and on.

The guy who gave me my set of drawings was a fellow john cruiser who always carried a camera around, taking photos of the King's graffiti in the toilet stalls. To my knowledge he is the only person to have "collected" copies of the King's major works, because the King preferred drawing on john walls to art board. We have him to thank for the numerous sketches circulating in photograph form today.

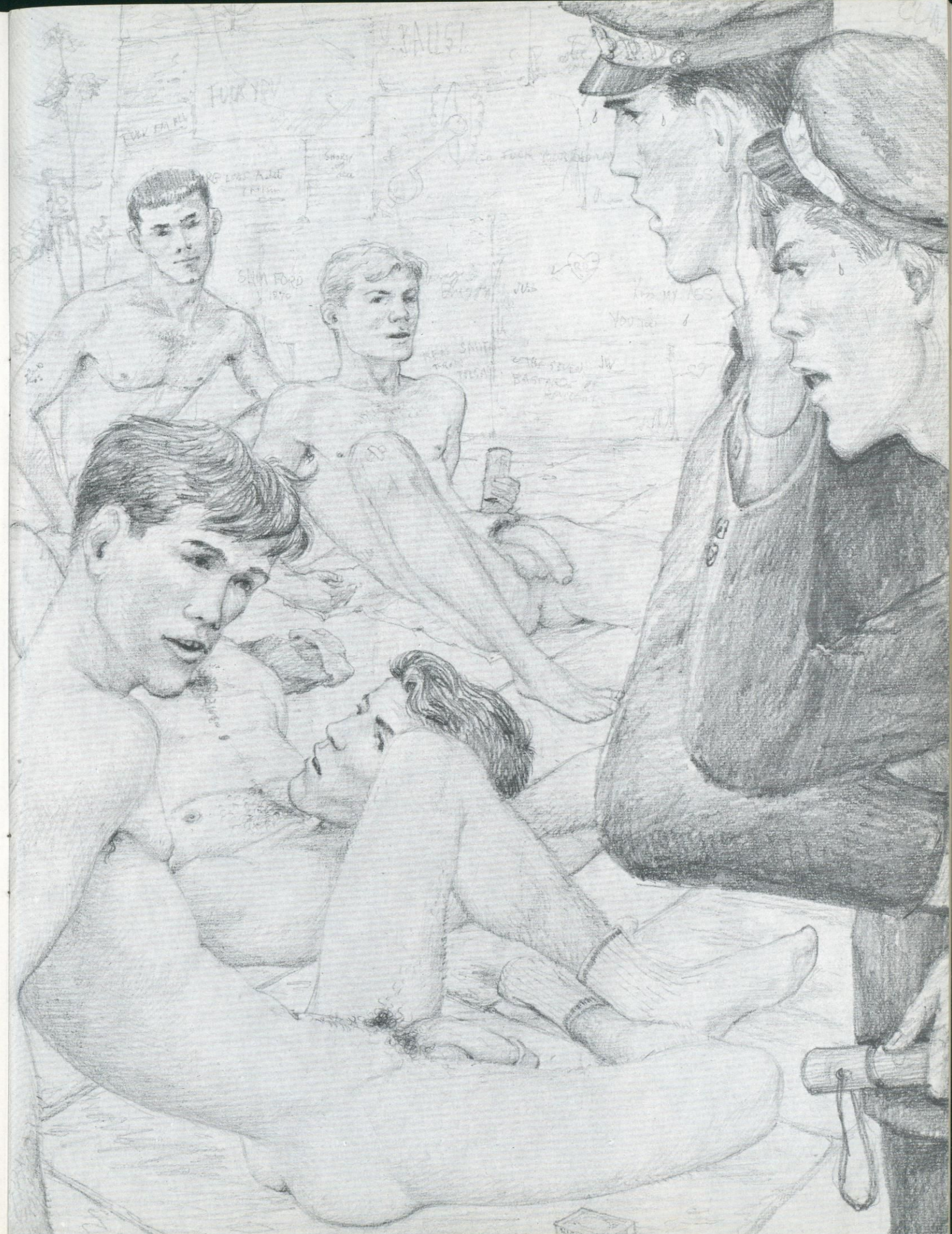
But not too much remains. The King never drew for profit but solely for his own pleasure and that of friends. Consequently, after the drawings became frayed and soiled after much use they were destroyed. Shortly after doing the "Barn Series" a couple of thugs showed up at his door and stole the originals at gunpoint. Happily, he had a set of negatives from which he made many copies—before the cops showed up and confiscated the negatives. Somehow they got into the hands of a crooked cop and about a year later prints made from these negatives were being peddled on the beach at Santa Monica.

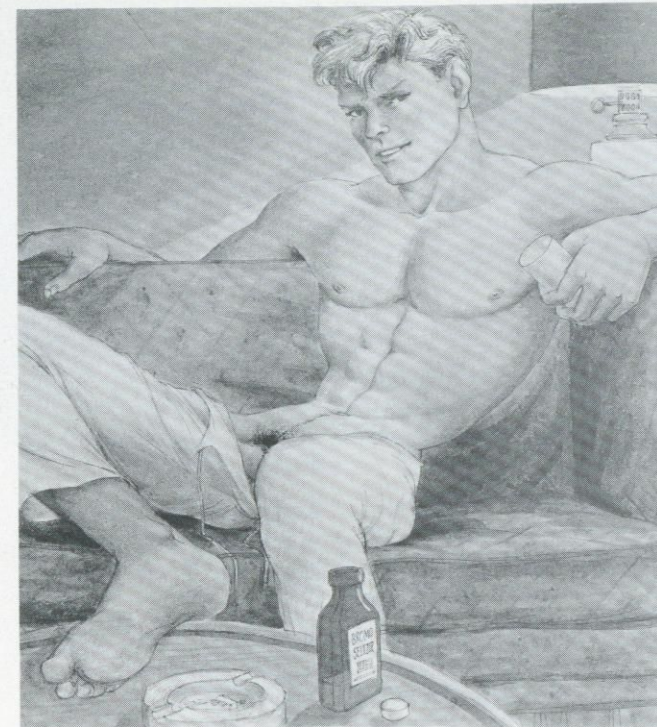
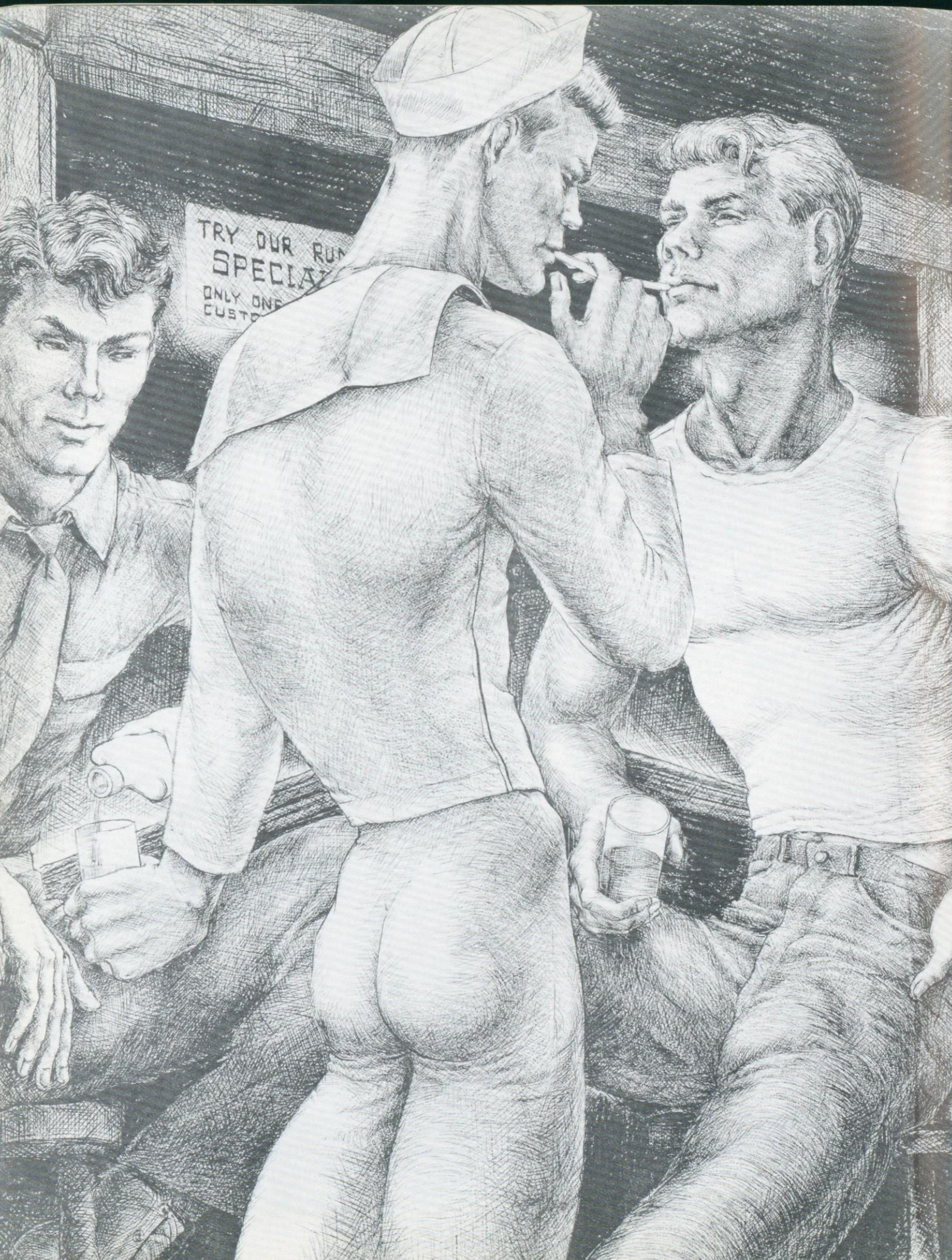
Another famous series done by the King is called "Under the Bridge." It shows a bunch of studs lazing and sexing under a bridge when the cops show up. Needless to say the fuzz get in on the act—and they're welcome . . . because cops like these you've never seen!

I learned the identity of the King quite accidentally. It was on a quiet Saturday afternoon shortly before the college was going to close for the weekend. I had been cruising a john when I decided to leave in order to get some studying done in the library. Just as I was leaving a muscular blond guy in his thirties came in and took my stall. For the next half hour or so I sat at a desk studying, in a location that permitted me to keep my eye on the john door. No one entered or left. I went back, satisfied myself with the stranger, and when he left I entered his stall and—lo and behold!—the Graffiti King had left his mark . . . another great piece of *pornart* carefully executed, meticulously shaded with red pencil in the right places, waiting to thrill countless hundreds next week.

I had always admired the King's appreciation of the male form and welcomed the opportunity to purchase about fifty of his sketches in photograph form from a collector friend a few years ago. That led to a "formal introduction" to the King, which resulted in his doing a cover for *QQ* (the Summer 1970 edition, showing two boys playing a game on the beach). It recently occurred to me—in view of the favorable comments we have received on our spread on Tom of Finland in the last issue—that our readers would enjoy "meeting" the King. Hence, this feature—and we plan to run something similar on other great *pornartists* in future editions of *QQ*.

I have since come to know the King better. He's a quiet





gentleman. Now in his late forties he's still blond, still muscular, and still attractive. His new moustache keeps him right in there with the swingers. The King loves to travel and never carries a camera. Instead, he takes his pad and sketches people and places. Much of what he draws is given to the new friends he makes wherever he goes.

The King must remain anonymous because he is realistic and values his job. In this respect he is like Tom of Finland. Our most difficult task was selecting drawings, both originals and copies, that were "soft-core" enough for *QQ*, which is published within the limits of the law. Most of the King's art gets right down to things in a hurry, and his wildest sketches are his best because he never puts heart into the tame stuff. Nonetheless, what you see here will at least serve as an introduction to the King's work.

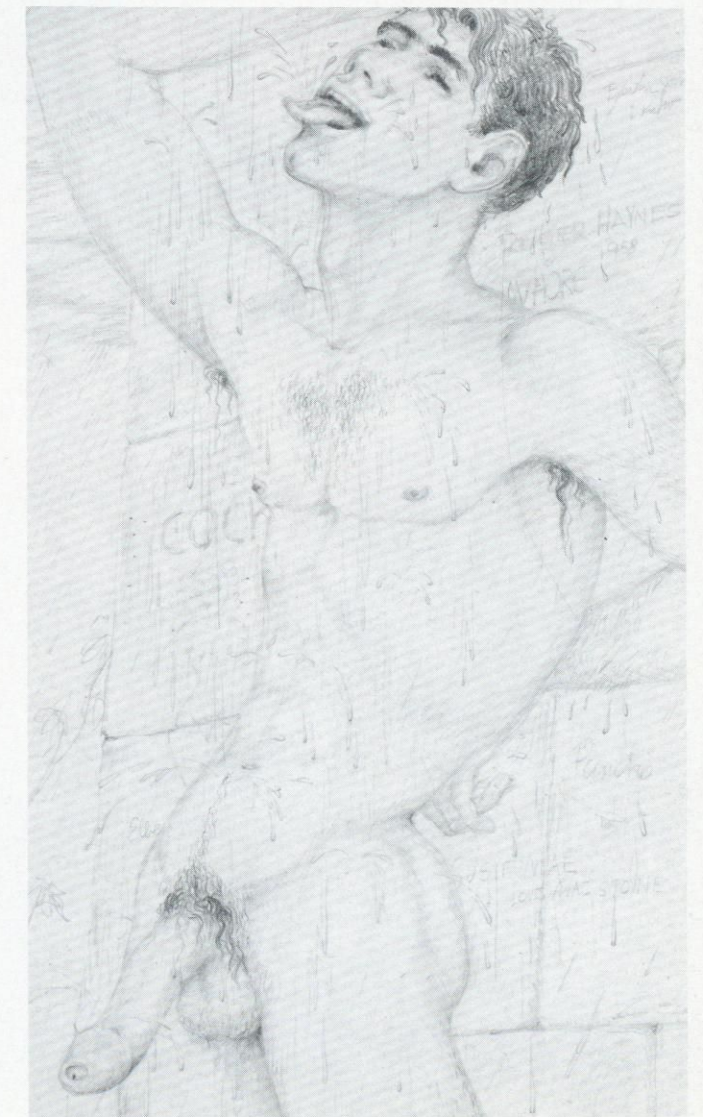
The King and I are planning to publish an original series of *pornart* for sale through *QQ*. A. Jay is also preparing a set of his own. Other artists will be commissioned for similar collections in the future. Announcements will appear in this magazine as soon as the collections become available.

Just recently a book of *pornart* done by the King—mostly copies of old drawings—appeared in the gay book shops. He found out about it when he visited one in order to buy a magazine. He has never seen Dollar 1 for his efforts, and because, like Tom of Finland, he must protect his anonymity, he can't do a thing about it. It is ironic that when the King discovered "his" book he was low on funds and couldn't even afford a copy.

Pornartists come and go but only a few stand out. Men like Cadmus. Quaintance. Tom of Finland. The Graffiti King. They deserve our praise because they have provided us with much pleasure. The Graffiti King rests. His masterpieces are no longer put on john walls—to the loss of younger john cruisers who will never know their stimulating effect. But the King lives and his work will be preserved by *QQ*.

All hail the Graffiti King! Long live the King!

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An Offering

By Louis Jekyll

The editors neither condemn nor condone the S&M scene. It is part of gay life. In presenting this and other articles on the social aspect of sado-masochism it is our intention to enlighten and not in any way whatsoever suggest the reader's indulgence in such activities. Here now we present an account of a leather party. It is factual—and typical of gatherings that take place regularly throughout the world, among homosexuals and heterosexuals as well.

THE invitation arrived as expected. I had been forewarned by my lover Rick to expect it and instinctively, when glancing through the day's mail, I picked out the black envelope, hand-addressed in white ink, to open first. Hastily I extracted a drawing of a heavily-muscled stud wearing leather vest, jeans and boots and a convincingly mean expression. Inside, the printed message insisted:

*You are PERSUADED to attend
An Offering
At Hank & Tom's*

and went on to give the date, time and place, ending with the curiously titillating legend:

*We are not responsible
For the consequences
Befalling those
Who fail to attend;
Nor are we responsible
For the consequences
Befalling those
Who DO attend!*

Later that night, over dinner at Rick's, we discussed the upcoming event, and the originality and black humor of the "summons" itself.

"It's really the leather party of the year," Rick assured me. "This is the hard-core group, basically, with some groovy fringe. You'll meet almost everybody worth knowing that you haven't met before."

Rick and I had met at the local leather watering-hole some weeks before, where I had come to scrutinize and stayed to participate. Although I dislike labels, I must admit that "Slave" and "Master" describes our relationship aptly. Through Rick and several other

(Continued on page 32)



Cinema Buff

Male Nudity in the Movies

By John Marvin

FOR gay guys who enjoy seeing an attractive young male in the nude (and don't we all?) the past few years have produced some of the most voyeuristically satisfying movies ever made. Some of the sexiest actors in the movies, both little-known players and top stars, have stripped to the skin recently to film nude scenes that range from coy, peek-a-boo glimpses of cheek to extensive, full-frontal exposure. Some of these scenes have been completely necessary within the context of the script, others were obviously included simply because the producers realized that a nude man has as much potential box office power as a nude woman. But the end result for the eager viewer has been an opportunity to see some of the highest-quality male nudity ever available.

Actually, male nudity is not all that recent an innovation in the movies, although never before has it been so prevalent, and never before have any established star-calibre actors taken the plunge for their art. As early as 1894, however, the first motion picture was projected on the first screen, and a multi-billion dollar industry was born. The demand for new film was overwhelming, and in the next few years, the whole world was crawling with cameramen out to photograph anything that moved. In that more bucolic era, nothing moved quite so much as a band of youngsters at the Old Swimming Hole, and there survive today several charming little film clips of laughing boys, as unashamedly naked as the day they were born, skinny-dipping in rivers and lakes in all parts of the world.

Soon, however, the novelty of the first movies wore off, and audiences demanded more of motion pictures than simply motion. So the story-telling film was born, and producers began to demand stories to film at the rate of several dozen a week. Naturally, it was only a matter of time until they tried one of the most popular adventure novels of the time, Edgar Rice Burroughs' *TARZAN OF THE APES*. The first Tarzan movie, starring Elmo Lincoln as the jungle swinger, was made in 1918. It traced the story of Tarzan's early years, and, as in the book, the youthful Tarzan was quite late in discovering clothing, much to the delight, I am sure, of many members of the audience. The boy Tarzan was played by Gordon Griffith, a popular child actor of the day, and in the vast majority of his scenes he appeared completely nude. The sight of this freckle-faced young imp cavorting naked through the woods must have gladdened the heart of many a chicken hawk of the day, and it still has tremendous charm today, over half a century

later.

The "Roaring Twenties" was the era of the sexy Latin Lover, best personified in Rudolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro, and we can be sure that while millions of giddy housewives were swooning at their every sultry glance, erotic daydreams were being set in motion in more than a few male admirers, as well. Neither star ever actually appeared nude in a film, although both of them frequently played strip-down scenes full of unfulfilled promise, and both often played scenes in just about as little clothing as was socially acceptable, much to the satisfaction of countless fans, to be sure.

Such modesty was not always extended to extras and bit players, however, and to the alert viewer, the silent films offer interesting little nude vignettes surprisingly often. There was, of course, the Old Swimming Hole scene, without which no story of rural Americana would be complete. Then there was the original production of *BEN HUR*, in which a nude slave was chained to the wall in the ship's galley, or *THE BIG PARADE*, in which a couple of nude soldiers were used for a laugh, or *WINGS* (the first film to win an Academy Award for Best Picture) in which we are shown half-a-dozen naked teenagers getting their physical examinations.

Late in the 1920's, however, the notorious Hayes Office came into being to clean up the movies, the first motion picture code was born. Among the code's many rules, nudity was specifically laid to rest, even on the part of young children. To be sure, C. B. deMille was still able to slip a nude slave into Charles Laughton's cortege in *SIGN OF THE CROSS*, a band of ragamuffins was still able to strip Billy Mauch to the skin in *ANTHONY ADVERSE*, and Tommy Kelly was still able to go skinny-dipping in the *ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER*, but for the most part, American movie-goers had seen the last of the male derriere for a good little while.

Not so in Europe, however, where nudity was still a staple in the movies when it was logically called for. Among the more famous of these are the German production *KAMRADSCHAFT*, in which we see several men, both from the front and the rear, in a large shower room, the Italian *FABIOLA*, with its scantily clad and unclad Roman soldiers, and the Swedish *ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS*, with its nude teenage couple in a midnight swim.

Probably the first hint of things to come was in the early 1960's when George Pal was producing a minor science fiction effort called *ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS*. For years the studios had gotten publicity mileage out of press releases announcing that when some glamor queen or another had done a bathing scene all extra men had been cleared from the set, out of consideration for her

Meet Stephen Montgomery—who is not in the movies . . . but should be. He recently joined the guys at QQ as Secretary to the Publisher. (Desantis photo)

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modesty. So, some press agent for the new picture announced that its star, ex-football player Paul Mantey, had filmed a nude bathing scene for which all females had been cleared from the set, with the exception of a female chimpanzee who was in the scene. The actual scene was completely disappointing, being a typical well-camouflaged affair, but for the first time a Hollywood publicity department seemed to think that there might be some interest in a male nude scene.

Then, in 1966, the barriers began to crumble. The first actor with a previously established "star" name to appear fully nude in a major film was probably Jay North, television's Dennis the Menace. The film was MAYA, a pleasant little adventure movie, and the scene was a variation of the classic Old Swimming Hole situation, but at 13 years of age, North was well enough along the road to maturity that he couldn't really still qualify as an innocent little child, and the scene's strong emphasis on his nicely turned bare buttocks undoubtedly made many a movie patron sit up and take notice. Not for half a century had a major American movie made such extensive use of a completely stark-naked male of any age.

Later that year, however, came the real turning point in the movies' use of male nudity. The film was John Huston's THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING, a re-telling of the stories in the first five chapters of Genesis, including, of course, the story of Adam and Eve. It was not the first time the Primitive Pair had been on the screen—in 1958 a Mexican film of the story had been released, but it was a sterile affair, with its Adam (Carlos Baena) clad throughout in a distractingly obvious flesh-colored brief, and a minor comedy called THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE had given us Martin Milner well covered with fig leaves. Huston's Adam showed no such modesty, and what an Adam he was! Michael Parks, in his screen debut, played scene after exquisitely-photographed scene completely nude, and, although frontal nudity was scrupulously avoided, gay fans were given ample opportunity to enjoy his highly enjoyable backside, just as God created it. There was an equally nude Eve participating as well, but it was Parks who got all the publicity, including a mammoth reclining nude photo on a billboard overlooking Times Square in New York—surely some kind of a first in itself!

Parks, his performance, and his nudity generated an immediate and unprecedented interest among audiences that couldn't be ignored. Press agents immediately hailed him Hollywood's Hottest Young Nude Actor, a title difficult to challenge at that time, and promised him in a forthcoming film in which he would appear nude throughout the picture—a film that unfortunately never got produced.

About the same time another, different sort of film came along with another male nude scene. The film was THE TRIP, and its star, Peter Fonda, was well established as a personable young leading man type from a series of

Top to bottom: Michael Parks was the first fully matured actor to play extensive nude scenes, in his role as Adam in John Huston's THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING. Next, the main character in TEOREMA, played by Terence Stamp, went to bed with anything that moved. Here he's seen getting ready for action with his host's teenage son. Glimpses of his front and rear were seen. Last, Michael Blodget, sexy beach boy and surfing movie star, has delighted his fans of both sexes by dropping his swim trunks in a couple of recent films, seen here in THE VELVET VAMPIRE.

QQ

insipid comedy and dramatic films. Fonda wanted desperately to break the goody-goody image Hollywood had moulded for him, and THE TRIP was the ideal picture for it, challenging, as it did, every value old-line Hollywood held sacred. So much controversy was raised over the film's alleged advocacy of drug use, however, that its detractors hardly even noticed that Fonda played one entire, fairly lengthy sequence with his completely exposed backside in full view of the camera. Surprisingly, this aspect was not highly publicised, and most stills of the scene show him well bundled in a bath robe, but his fans knew about it, and they streamed to the film in droves.

With this, the race was on in earnest, and the next few years saw a rash of male nudity in theatrical films that reached faddish proportions.

Male nudity was, in fact, one of the few devices in which the major Hollywood studios got the drop on the independent exploitation films. With the exception of a few serious-intentioned filmmakers, the independents concentrated exclusively on female nudity, and the leading man in the average low-budget sexploiter was a dumpy, middle-aged type who made love with his pants fully on, to the relief of anyone who cares about masculine beauty. It was not until after Hollywood discovered the possibility of increased box office returns by stripping its leading men that the exploiters began to cast attractive men in their films, and require all their clothes to be shed.

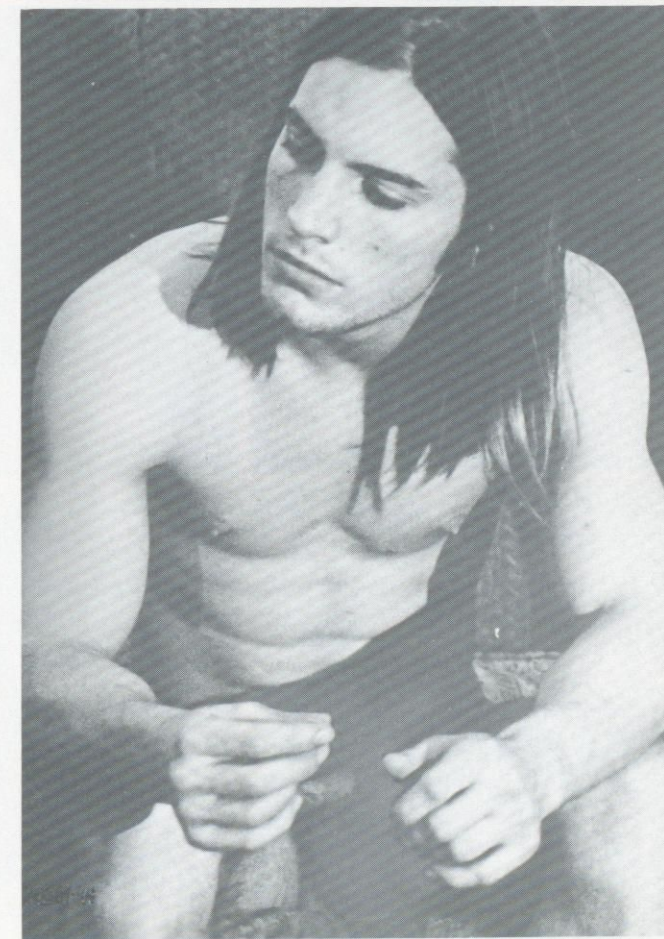
The exploitation field is still primarily directed toward the girls, but it has produced one or two leading men who should have plenty of appeal to gay audiences—especially Patrick Alain, the slender and muscular star of THAR SHE BLOWS, and Frank Harris, the winsome lead in ADULTERY FOR FUN AND PROFIT and other hard-core pornographic features.

But gays need hardly turn to heterosexual erotica for male nudity, for in the past half-dozen years a whole new field of homosexual exploitation films has opened up, and it owes its very existence to the efforts of one man—Pat Rocco. Rocco, who had enjoyed a spectacularly unsuccessful career as an actor, singer, director, entrepreneur, and all-round businessman, turned his hand to photography in the late '60's, and quickly established his Bizarre Productions with its unique, stylishly kinky brand of photography. Rocco's films range from campy, home-movie comedy to soap-opera melodrama awash in its own bathos, but in their heyday, they could outrank almost any Hollywood product in box office power.

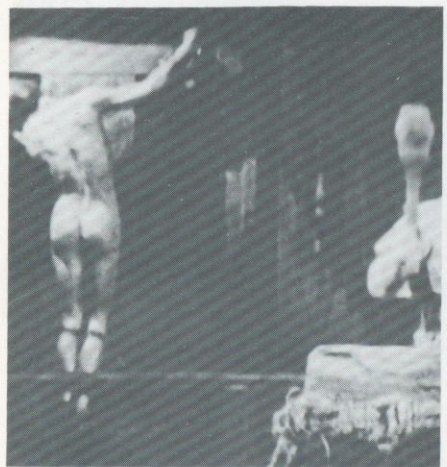
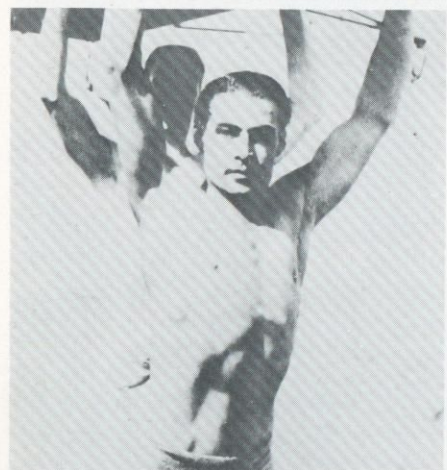
Meanwhile, in Hollywood proper, the male nudity fad was growing, fed by the fact that the studios were turning out a string of youth-oriented films, and were recognizing, reporting on, and exploiting the greater sexual freedom of the age. In the intervening years dozens of fabulously sexy young actors have been introduced in movies of varying import, and virtually all of them have been called upon to

Top: Peter Fonda was one of the first major stars to strip down for a film, in this swimming pool sequence from THE TRIP. He has been featured nude in other films—but stills are difficult to come by since they are limited by the studio and snatched up by collectors as soon as retail movie photo dealers get a supply. The Fonda backside has made many a fan drool all over his popcorn. Bottom: Joe Dallesandro's bod was exploited by Andy Warhol from the start. His films feature him nude most of the time—and nothing is covered . . . unlike this air-brushed studio release from TRASH.

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do at least one, and often several scenes without a stitch of clothing.

Robert Forster made his debut in another John Huston film, REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE as a young soldier given to taking nude horseback rides in the woods, and later, in MEDIUM COOL, we saw him frolicking in the nude with his girl friend.

Christopher Jones, one of the most beautiful of the new male stars, is conned into modeling in the nude in THREE IN THE ATTIC for a painting that turns out to be only of his face. It seems that the girl who made the painting "just wanted to take a little peek."

The film version of Ray Bradbury's THE ILLUSTRATED MAN begins with co-star Robert Drivas shucking his clothes and going skinny-dipping in a lake. It is interesting to note that this delightful and revealing sequence had absolutely nothing at all to do with the film that followed.

One of the most beautifully photographed male nude scenes (with one of the most beautiful male nudes, incidentally) must surely be the one in the recent lavish production of ROMEO AND JULIET, in which 17 year-old Leonard Whiting is seen lying provocatively on the bed after his wedding

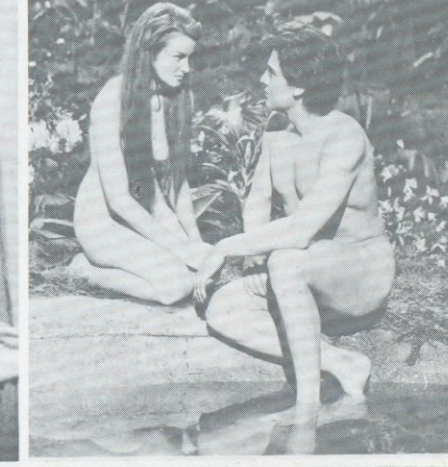
Left column, top to bottom: Gordon Griffith played the youthful hero in the original TARZAN OF THE APES in 1918. It was not until he was ready to grow up into Elmo Lincoln that he discovered clothing. Next, Rudolph Valentino, who often played scenes in a minimum of clothing. And, this completely nude extra in the original BEN HUR, filmed in 1926, was but one of several male nudes to be found in silent movies. Last, Cecil B. deMille added much to the decor and a subtle extra dimension to the character of Nero in SIGN OF THE CROSS by providing Charles Laughton with a young, attractive, and completely nude personal slave. Right column, top to bottom: Among the first Hollywood films to exploit male nudity was REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE. Private Williams, played by sexy Robert Forster, enjoyed riding horseback nude. Seen next is Leonard Whiting as the lover in ROMEO AND JULIET. Franco Zeffirelli's film brought a new dimension to filmed romances by including this scene. And in THAR SHE BLOWS Patrick Alain broke ground for virile, handsome, and naked leading men in the sexploitation field. Last, Rod Steiger was one of many of Hollywood's "older generation" to try to challenge the younger men at the skin game. Steiger was seen unclad, but nonetheless well decorated in this scene from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN. His co-star in the film, Robert Drivas, also stripped to the buff for another sequence.

night. It is said that broodingly handsome Michael York, a co-star in the film, had originally been scheduled to appear nude in another sequence, but unfortunately these plans were scrapped somewhere along the line. York has, however, done a couple of other brief nude appearances, in THE STRANGE AFFAIR and in JUSTINE.

In the old days of Hollywood, studios would occasionally re-shoot love scenes from their films in somewhat racier versions for the European release prints. An ironic twist, however, recently found Barry Evans, a young British actor, stripping to the skin to film nude scenes expressly for the American release version of HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.

But one of the most interesting careers is that of Don Johnson. Johnson first became known to Los Angeles theatergoers for his appearance there in Sal Mineo's stage production of FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, a play about homosexuality in prisons. Johnson and co-star Mineo both appeared on stage in the nude in a graphic shower room rape scene, the notoriety of which kept the show open for over a year. Sailing on the popularity of this production, (Continued on page 45)

Left column, top to bottom: Hywel Bennett is a rising young British star who has played nude scenes in most of his films. This one is from TWISTED NERVE, in which he played a psychopathic killer with a penchant for exposing himself. And, in FRIENDS 17 year-old Sean Bury played a 15 year-old who enters a common law marriage with a girl his own age. Next, Beau Bridges is resurrected in a morgue in GAILY, GAILY, one of several nude scenes he has filmed. Last, this modest glimpse of cheek was about as much as Wendell Burton could be talked into displaying in FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES. The film's notorious homosexual story line panicked Burton into widely advertising his own heterosexuality, which was never much in doubt to begin with. Right column, top to bottom: Michael Burns played a conniving hustler in THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK, a film whose entire advertising campaign was built around a full-nude photograph of its young leading man. Next, Academy Award nominee Ryan O'Neal goes for a midnight skinny-dip in his first starring role in THE BIG BOUNCE. And, Carlos Baena and Christiane Martel played Adam and Eve in the Mexican film of that title, but unlike the first couple in John Huston's later film, this Adam and Eve were born with their underwear on. Last, despite its wholesome "G" rating, POPI gave us many bare-assed views of its young stars, 12 year-old Miguel Alejandro (left) and 10 year-old Ruben Figueroa, seen here with Alan Arkin.



QQ's Men of the Month
Longfellows

Colt Studio





ATLANTA LUSTLIFE

BY DAVID BARTEL

WERE you so moonstruck by "Gone With The Wind" that even today you think of Atlanta as the city of Rhett, Scarlett, Tara and Butterfly McQueen? "You ain't just whistlin' Dixie!" you may rhapsodize in the vernacular, for legends—even fictional ones—lead a long and interesting life.

Contemporary Atlanta still holds one in thrall, and if a gay friend announces his intention of flying down there for a weekend and you don't hear from him in a month, you may be sure he's still there . . . too busy cruising or too tired (and too happy) to leave. It's just that kind of place.

Unlike Montreal, San Francisco and New Orleans there are no spelled-out gay districts. And unlike Toronto and Quebec there is no real hub of homophile activity. In Atlanta the whole gay scene is painted on a big, sprawling canvas. Streets, parks, bars . . . everything *sprawls*. If there is a locus-focus for hocus-pocus it's simply that 'everything begins just off Peachtree' because anything of gay significance is directional only from the takeoff point of Peachtree Street.

Because of this divergence the prospective visitor to Atlanta should arrange in advance with Avis or Hertz for a car during his stay. With some considerable distances to be covered, plus one's laudable desire to cram in as much fun as possible during the allotted time span, taxi fares (enormously expensive to begin with) can mount to a shattering climax.

Then too, once behind the wheel, you'll delight in exploring this beautiful city of the beautiful people—over a million of them—whose hearts are young and gay (at least every other one!). First, of course, you'll want creature comforts like . . .

STAYIN' IN ATLANTA

No matter what city they visit, gay guys invariably head for the local YMCA because long experience has taught them that here is (a) where the action begins, or (b) where it is centered. Not so the Atlanta Y. One glance around its lobby reveals more wrinkles than twinkles—but if luck is with you the pool (nude swimming!) and steam rooms may prove rewarding. The Y is at 145 Luckie St.

There is no gay hotel in Atlanta but the *Riveria Motel* at 1630 Peachtree St. has a circular bar that serves at least several gay 'n available guys every day. How convenient if you are staying here and meet Mr. Right sipping a mint julep!

If you like living in the lap of luxury try the *Marriott* or *Regency Hyatt House*, each of which has 800 rooms (singles from \$26 per day). If you opt for the Marriott you'll find its

(Continued on page 40)

Letters

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



GAY WORLD POSTAGE

CUT UP TO THE ARMPITS

Dear Editor:

I applaud your new frontal nudity policy and am pleased to see the variety of "types" you feature in your magazine. I happen to dig uncircumcised guys and curse the day my parents had me cut.

When the ritualistic mutilation was performed on me I was four years old—old enough to suffer the ordeal. The wish to have the damage repaired has persisted, and even strengthened by reading such studies as the Foley Report. Last summer I put an ad in the *Barb* out here, asking if any doctor in the area had some restorative technique to replace foreskin. There were, of course, the phone freaks, as well as incensed uptights who advised me to see a shrink, and even one nice guy who had gone to a shrink in order to discuss the same problem. He was referred to a plastic surgeon, who told him a skin graft could be made but that the whole affair would be "leathery" for a few years.

So I'm writing this letter to you, to ask if you have heard of such an operation. Any answers?

Cut up to the armpits,
W. B.
Berkeley, Calif.

Ed: We know of no one who has performed such an operation. While it may be possible to graft on a shaft

of skin, sensitivity in the glans penis (head), to the extent that it exists in the uncircumcised phallus, could never be restored—and that is the idea behind not having a fellow circumcised in the first place (excepting cosmetic considerations, etc.). Historically, many Hebrews in ancient times developed hangups concerning the loss of foreskin and even wore elaborate leather coverings as a substitute. For the most part, however, here in 1972 America, the opposite is true; if anything, hangups exist among those who are uncircumcised, thanks to false notions concerning cleanliness, or the lack of it, and the attitudes that exist which prevent some circumcised fellows from indulging in oral sex with those who have foreskin. The subject has already been dealt with at length in QQ (see Articles Index on page 2), as well as in this issue—and the only conclusion we can draw is that both varieties are equally attractive and that all gay guys should accept their own equipment and that of others freely and lovingly and without reservation.

THE TROJAN STUD

Dear guys:

I've been a subscriber to QQ for over two years and enjoy it immensely. But in all your sex articles you fail to cover one thing—the old reliable condom! Don't laugh! A rubber is a very butch, (Continued on page 47)

AN OFFERING

(Continued from page 21)

encounters since that first night I was rapidly becoming entrenched as a sadist of the first rank, and relishing every minute of it. And now, this sought-after invitation from the most prominent couple in the leather scene cinched the fact that I had finally and officially "arrived."

"I really want you to enjoy this bash," Rick continued, looking mischievous, "so I'm going to give you part of a special present now."

He disappeared into the bedroom and came out with an attractively wrapped box, placing it on the table next to my coffee.

"Open it now," he urged. "I can't stand the suspense!"

I carefully undid the leather thongs (noting wryly that I would have use for them later) and slit through the wrapping to the box. Lifting the lid, I uncovered a garment made, not surprisingly, of leather. It was soft and smooth to the touch, obviously of good quality, but not until I lifted it out and let it hang full length did I recognize it as a pair of chaps, albeit rather unusual ones. I expressed genuine surprise and pleasure, which elicited from my lover the delighted response of a child.

"Try them on," Rick said, and a few minutes later I had slipped out of my jeans and was encased in the skin-tight material, zipped up the legs from hem to crotch and laced in around the waist. However, unlike the ordinary chaps, the crotch and ass were completely covered. "Watch," Rick said, and grabbed for my crotch, and seconds later he was holding in his hand a codpiece, which had come unsnapped, exposing my genitals completely. "Now turn around," he said, and when I had done so his facile fingers manipulated a couple of zippers and came away with the whole back section, exposing my ass completely.

"Now," said Rick, sitting back on his heels and admiring his handiwork, "you're really ready for action!"

"Well, hell," I commented, smiling, "Why wait for the party? Since you're already down there . . ."

The night of the party Rick arrived at my pad looking his dazzling best, which for Rick is pretty damned groovy. We had agreed to take my bike, since, whatever happened in the interim, I was determined to end up the night alone together. It was cold as a bitch, and Rick huddled close to my back on the buddy seat, sharing the warmth.

Hank and Tom lived in a private house, in a relatively quiet part of town. We parked alongside the few other bikes that had also braved the weather, climbed the stoop and rang the bell. The door was opened by a tall, well-built stud, dressed only in boots, leather shorts and gloves, and a hood that encased his whole head, with slits at the eyes and nose and a zipper closing off the mouth. I thought the body looked vaguely familiar but couldn't be absolutely sure. Wordlessly, he held his hand out for the invitation, which I surrendered, and ushered us into the wide hallway.

The party was in full swing (we had

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planned it to arrive some two hours after the starting time) and people were coming and going, wandering in and out of rooms and up and down the stairs. Rick, who had attended last year's party, and one or two more intimate ones since, had explained to me that the house consisted of three floors plus the basement, which was the "playroom." We went in search of our hosts, greeting several friends and tricks along the way, and finally found them in the living room. Greetings were exchanged, introductions made to a few people we didn't know, and Hank directed us to the bar. The bartender could have doubled for the doorman, and at first glance I thought it was the same guy, until a little closer look revealed a slightly bulkier body with a bit more definition. But the costume was identical. This, I remarked to Rick, was the life!

Armed with drinks, we plunged headlong into the crowd, socializing and rapping briefly with several guys en route, and eventually found ourselves in the hallway once again.

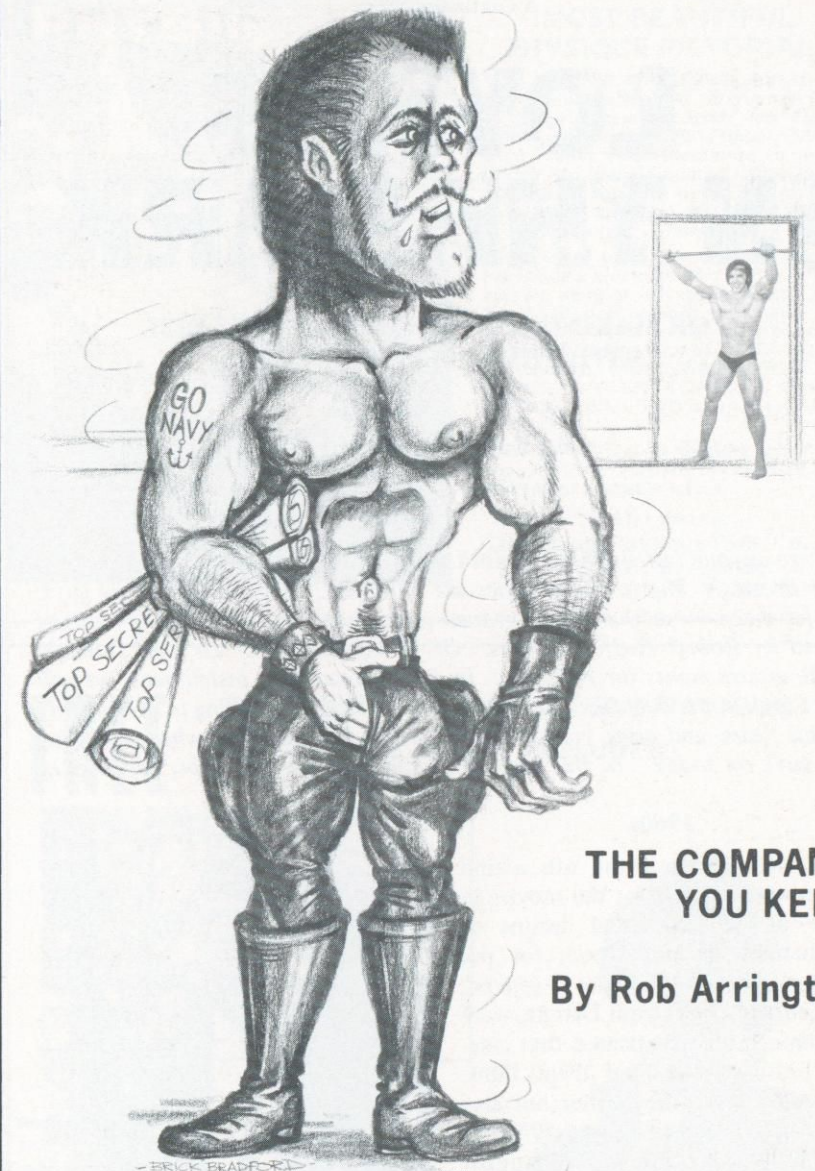
"Let's see what's happening upstairs," I suggested, and Rick acquiesced. Upstairs, it turned out, was a slightly different scene. Lights were dimmer in the hallway and the conversation level much lower and more intimate. Here and there guys stood around in couples or small groups, talking softly, and a few loners leaned invitingly against the wall, eyes checking the comings and goings, eager to pounce.

The two bedroom doors stood open and we entered the first. It took a few moments for our eyes to become accustomed to the dimly-lit interior, and we then noted about fifteen or so people in the room. Every corner was occupied by two or three guys, some just standing quietly and watching, others engaged in some form or other of sex play. On the bed itself four bodies in various states of undress were almost inextricably entwined, and even from the doorway we could hear the various sounds of moaning and heavy breathing, punctuated with an occasional bowel-wrenching groan which could only indicate impending climax.

We stood and watched for a while before moving on to the adjoining bedroom. Here the scene was similar, if a little more crowded. With some difficulty, we found a patch of blank wall from where we were able to observe most of the action. The fellow on my right, apparently liking what he saw, lost no time in making advances, his hand sliding over my thigh to the crotch, kneading gently. Feeling my immediate response, he sank to his knees in front of me. Rick, ever helpful, undid the snaps and slipped the codpiece into my pocket.

Rick, meanwhile, turned to the couple on his left who had been eyeing him intently. In a few moments his leather jeans were down around his knees and he was being avidly devoured front and rear. Passers-by, ever on the prowl, intermittently stopped to grope and feel, and occasionally the cold metal of a popper inhaler was shoved into my nose, spinning me off into an orbit of feverish intensity.

Not wanting to come too soon, I gently pulled away from my companion and, patting Rick on the ass, pressed into the crowd. Hands and mouths followed me March/April 1972



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

By Rob Arrington

ALFRED REDL

COLONEL Alfred Redl was given a choice at the end. Shoot himself or be shot. Since the dashing colonel—whose love for luxurious living was exceeded only by his sexual appetite for other men—loathed the idea of an ignominious death before a firing squad, he accepted the offer of his accusers. He sat down at the desk in his sumptuously appointed apartment, pressed the muzzle of the revolver against his brow, and pulled the trigger.

Alfred Redl certainly wasn't born

to the luxury he died in. He was the ninth child of a poor railroad employee, and most of his miserable childhood was spent dreaming of himself in a much better life. Since he was intelligent and studious, he succeeded in obtaining an appointment in the army. The Austro-Hungarian Imperial Army in those days, two decades before the outbreak of the first World War, was a good stepping stone to success for a young man with talent and ambition. Alfred Redl (Continued on page 39)

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

1960s

So here we are in the '60s, a kind of late golden age for the movies in spite of the continued decline of production in Hollywood, for pix became of age and movies in general, particularly those from Europe, were becoming so sophisticated that cinema buffs were calling them films. Not only were they artier but also more meaningful and certainly franker. Sex was brought out from under the bed sheets and displayed so openly that the viewer no longer had to overwork his imagination to know what was going on.

And the sexy '60s brought a new flood of beautiful and talented people to the cinema scene for the delectation of gays everywhere.

Warren Beatty exudes sex, and his career hit its peak with his great performance in the sensational *Bonnie and Clyde*. As Clyde, Beatty didn't know where his sex was at, but the gays got the word.

Robert Redford is a very sexy blond who is going places, and the direction is up! He's a fine actor who was playing leads on Broadway and in films by the time he was in his middle twenties. His best screen inter-

(Continued on page 44)



ROBERT REDFORD IN
"BAREFOOT IN THE PARK"

everywhere, in a frantic, dizzying whirl of bodies and poppers. After several more minutes of this I decided I'd had enough for the moment, found Rick still involved with his two buddies, and pulled him out of the room, despite the anxious hands attempting to pull us both back into the action. In the hallway, we re-arranged our clothes and Rick suggested that we investigate the top floor.

We mounted the stairs and entered into a huge room that ran the full length of the building. The sight that greeted us here was something out of a Roman orgy, twentieth-century style. Several slide and movie projectors were running simultaneously, throwing wild images on the bare white walls and ceiling, from colorful psychedelic distortions to beautiful erotic nudes to scenes of the most brutal sado-masochism. The speaker system which pervaded the entire house was given full reign here and blasted out the acid rock music to ear-splitting dimensions. The floor was dotted with waterbeds, the mattresses transparent so that the blinking colored lights beneath each one weirdly illuminated the orgiastic rituals being performed on top. The air was heavy with the smell of grass and poppers.

"Christ!" Rick muttered, as impressed as I, "they've really outdone themselves this time!"

I spotted two groovy young studs, sole occupants of a bed across the room, and recognized them as familiar faces from the leather bar. A few nights earlier, I had pointed them out to Rick, suggesting that a foursome with this particular couple might prove worthwhile, and Rick had agreed. They saw us at almost the same time, and waved us over to join them. Dave, the "M" of the two, was in his late twenties, with a body that advertised many long hours of dedicated weight-lifting. His buddy Steve, the "S", was equally attractive in a lean wiry way. Ensnared on the bed, we spoke little, Rick and I becoming absorbed in the light show surrounding us, until I felt Dave's hand on my thigh. Without further ado, I settled back comfortably to enjoy the ride. Rick and Steve followed suit, and we were shortly all four tangled up in a welter of leather and raw flesh, completely oblivious to everything happening around us.

A long while later, at least temporarily sated, we lounged comfortably on the bed, smoking, talking, Dave in the cradle of my arm with my fingers lightly teasing his well-chewed nipples, with Rick and Steve equally intimate. We were vaguely aware of dim shadowy forms moving slowly around us, and occasionally one of them would come close enough to take shape, and a hand or mouth would dart down between our legs and move quickly on.

"Have you guys been down to the playroom yet?" Steve asked, and when I replied in the negative he suggested we all take a look. Pulling ourselves together, we began the descent to the lower level.

The playroom, like the top floor, ran the full length of the house. It had been finished neatly in wood paneling, excepting the real wall, which was solid brick. Padded, built-in benches lined the walls and the only illumination came from a light track that circled the ceiling, spilling out garish hues of red, blue, green and amber. The sight that

QQ

greeted us as we reached the bottom stairs was even wilder than before. Here, the floor was spread wall-to-wall with mattresses, and there was very little of it that was not occupied. Although there was some activity here too, almost everyone's attention was riveted to the brick wall where, spread-eagled and suspended by leather straps from the ceiling, our friend the "doorman", now minus his shorts, was being given very solicitous attention by a small group of studs, among them our hosts. We looked around for a place to sit and Rick spotted a clearing just big enough to accommodate the four of us. Carefully trying to avoid crushing hands and feet in the process, we picked our way over to the spot and settled down to enjoy the spectacle.

The "M" was hanging upside down, his back to us, and one of the group was kneeling between him and the wall, his open crotch at the victim's mouth level, manipulating his head back and forth. Another of the studs was using a lethal-looking vibrating dildo on the "M", and Hank and Tom were out front, alternately applying a tawse to the victim's already-inflamed backside. This continued for some time, until eventually the guy was released and circulation allowed to return to his hands and feet. He was then rehung, this time head up and facing forward. Steve leaned over to me and whispered, "Here's where he gets his first rings."

Never having seen or performed this particular operation, I watched in fascination as the victim's nipples were carefully washed and sterilized and then Tom produced a small, sharp needle, of the rug-sewing variety. While Hank administered poppers to the willing "M", Tom applied the needle expertly to the left nipple. I was surprised at the speed and apparent ease with which this was accomplished. The victim tensed, every muscle delineated in the uncanny light, one quick thrust and the needle was through. It was left lodged in the nipple and a second needle was speedily applied to the right nipple. For some minutes Tom worked the needles in and out, revolving them continuously, before removing the first one altogether. Quickly, a gold ring was slipped through the hole and twisted closed. The identical procedure followed with the second nipple and the operation was completed. The victim was then released and, in apparent gratitude, plunged to his knees before Hank, Tom and the others and proceeded to express his appreciation with deft manipulations of a practiced tongue. As if on cue, the crowd came to life, and spectators were suddenly transformed into active participants. Belts and whips flew and groans of pain and pleasure permeated the room....

Back on the ground floor, our drinks freshly replenished, we exchanged phone numbers with Steve and Dave and spent the balance of the evening in pleasant, frivolous rapping with friends. At about four in the morning the crowd began to thin out, and, after thanking our hosts for a memorable evening, Rick and I rode back through the freezing night to his pad, cold but happy. Inside the cozy warmth of his March/April 1972



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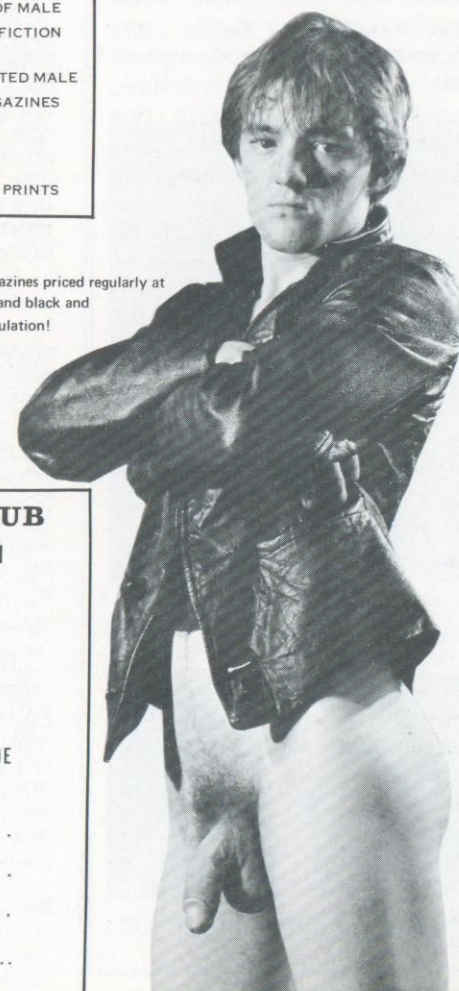
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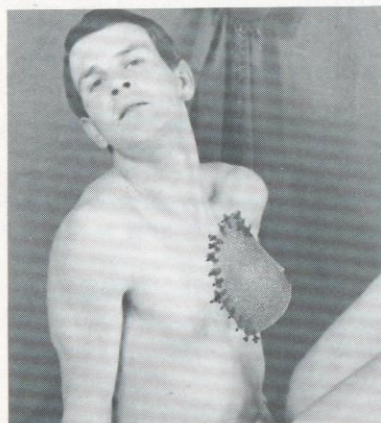
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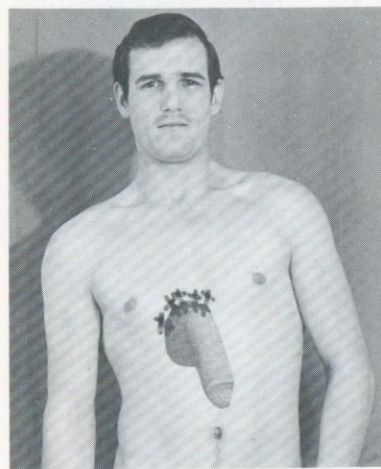
Your Cruising Inquirer

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

The Question
What do you think about sex change?
Where Asked
1972 Transvestites' Gang Bang
The Answers



Chester Brestman, Los Angeles, Calif., dairy worker: "I haven't made my mind up yet."



Linus Goof, New York, N. Y., controller: "Something went wrong."



Al Kutchakokoff, Chicago, Ill., butcher: "Terrific!"

living room, settled on the couch with a nightcap, Rick nuzzled up against my shoulder, I said to him, "Now it's my turn to give you a present."

I unzipped the pocket of my leather jacket and extracted a small gift-wrapped package. Eagerly, Rick tore it open, lifted the lid of the small jewel-case and revealed the two 24-karat gold rings nestled side by side on a bed of cotton. He looked at me and smiled.

"In that case . . ." he said, and, pulling open the drawer of an end table, he handed me a package of about the same size and shape. My puzzled frown quickly gave way to a smile as I opened the box and saw the two needles.

"One thing about me," I said. "When it comes to presents I'm a little kid . . . can't wait to play with my new toys . . .!"

...

PUT YOUR LOVER UNDER A SPELL (Continued from page 7)

EROTIC STIMULATION OF HIS NECK

Once home here is where you may strike your first pay load. Whether he's standing, sitting, prone, on his side, or however, if his neck is available to you take this opportunity to *gently* massage it from the base upward . . . never from the ears downward since he is most vulnerable here and any 'attack'—however gentle—at the top of the neck renders him fearful, although such fears are groundless.

After just a few moments finger sensitization/massage, either kiss-and-blow or lick-and-blow. This 'and blow' is important and it should be done immediately after the moisture of your lips and tongue has been applied. It is the *evaporation of the moisture* from the neck (or from any other erogenous zone) that heightens sensation and send shudders of uncontrollable ecstasy throughout his torso from neck to base of spine.

Never just go *kissy-kissy-kissy* (as you might be tempted to do with a baby not long away from its placental home, and who responds rapturously to wetness), nor *licka-licka-licka* as if he were a jumbo ice cream cone (and never *slurp!*) without following with a gentle blowing. In fact one should not exactly 'blow'. Rather, partially close your lips and just 'purr' a gentle southerly breeze on and around the moistened area. If you make distressingly labored or gusty sounds—like the village smithy—he may gain the uneasy impression that you're more erratic than erotic. Don't make monsoons!

EROTICIZING THE EAR

This is 'iffy'. If he's excessively masculine he may not enjoy this, even expressing distaste with a strong unmistakable gesture. And if he's Spanish his native *machismo* will—in most cases—turn him off. So how can one tell? Generally, if he has reacted sensuously to your erotic stimulation of his neck, you're on pretty safe operational ground.

Try this: press your cheek gently against his ear . . . nuzzle it a bit. If his response is non-negative or, hopefully, even faintly positive, begin to outline the contours of his ear lovingly with your not-too-moist lips.

Moisture at ear level should be held to a minimum because the crackling of the tiniest air bubbles reverberates against the tympanum and causes an instant turn-off, if not actual pain.

LIMN 'N RIM

Still in business? *Gently* insert your tongue *into* his ear and moisten it *very slightly*. No Niagara. Now cup your lips and either enclose his ear completely (if it is shell-like) or a sizable area of it (if it's like a canna lily) but *do not blow*. Instead, *inhale* ver-r-ry gently to evaporate the wetness and create an erotic sensitization the like of which he has never experienced. *Wild!*

The ear is extremely vulnerable to both touch and sound, and while the tongue is warmly welcome to most gay guys, the slightest blowing into the ear can wreak havoc. Certainly it can ruin the entire sex scene (you'll find it impossible to remount it), and his reaction may be so violent as to render you *hors de combat!*

'NIBBLOING'

Nibble his ear lobe? Well, maybe, but not until you have determined how he reacts to other erotic sensitizers. 'Nibbbling' is a chancy thing. To many gay guys it seems somehow quaintly feminine . . . like a chintz-draped table in a bachelor apartment. Not 'wrong' . . . just odd. Why not nose-nuzzle his earlobe a bit at first, waiting until—by some nuance of direction—he expresses a predilection for it. Then, with this green light of his warm response, go ahead!

'LINGUALOVE'

Does the term 'tongue bath' embarrass you? Then perhaps QQ's distillate word for a more erotic variation of it (as *fantasex* is a QQ distillation of masturbation) will help you give more to and get more from it. Lingualove can be a most erotic sensitizer when done with finesse, but is more often a turn-off if the lingualover—in hewing to an older technique—errs on the side of doing too much.

While some prefer to literally 'tongue bathe' the entire body from head to toe leaving not a single inch of skin unlathered, as if painting a house, others, by choosing specific erogenous zones to kiss-and-blow/lick-and-blow and linking them smoothly by a sensuous massage of the cheek, find they can concentrate more erotically on each area. In this way what might once have been deemed a sexual 'duty' can now be anticipated with almost passion—choked pleasure!

Here is a basic working technique to which, of course, you will want to add the art of your own improvisation. Because it is so easy to become immersed in lingualove it can be time-consuming if a self-disciplined pace is not maintained. Thus the primal point to be remembered is to get *on* with it. *No lallygagging!*

With your lover lying face downward begin at a point above his ankles and kiss-and-blow certain predetermined erogenous areas of his legs. Outlining the contours of the *inner* calves is most erotic. However the outer contours are too hard and unyielding and do not respond to any kind of sensitiz-

QQ

ing, so why waste time, motion and perfectly good spit? Smoothly 'cheek' it from these inner outlines to the center of the calves. You will find this a very sensitive area, and made even more so as he responds by flexing his *gastrocnemius* to signal his pleasure (which, of course, makes it all the more erotically inspirational for *you!*).

Press on. Now you're at the backs of his knees. They react beautifully to kiss 'n blowing. Plant three or four good smooches or licks here (it's a large area). Then 'cheek' it on up to the buttocks where you can take more time. However, don't delve into the mysteries of his anus or you may never get out. Besides, that's for something even more fascinating!

The midway point of your upward kiss-and-blow journey should be the base of his spine. Now change your technique to something more dramatic because you have a vaster area to sensitize. Lick, not kiss, the spine from its base right up to the middle of the shoulder blades. A big, juicy *swoosh!* This will drive him up the wall. But *don't blow dry*. Don't lose a second. After getting in your licks (if you'll forgive the expression) on his spine, while he's still shuddering with ecstasy flop him over like a hot griddle cake and begin the downward trip to the pubic area. (The sheet will absorb the moisture.)

STRICTLY FROM 'NIPPLESVILLE'

Having earlier sensitized his neck you might now begin a longer dalliance with his pectorals and nipples, commencing at the outer sector of the pectoral and kiss-and-blowing over to the nipple. There's so much more you can do nipple-wise by practicing the 'raisin trick' beforehand. In this you work with both the harder, sun-dried raisin (Sun Maid) and the softer, juicier sultana (even with a full-sized grape since nipples come in all sizes and shapes).

Place a raisin between teeth and tongue. Rotate it sensuously with your tongue (improvising wild patterns) then slide it from side to side with your teeth. Knead/press it with your lips but don't break the skin. Remember: this would be equally abrasive to a real, live nipple since the texture of the raisin and the skin of a nipple are amazingly similar. Gently does it! Whatever you can do with a raisin is easily transferable to a nipple.

A NIPPLE-NIPPING VARIATION

In actual nipple-sensitization you can add variety to this by pressing your slightly-parted teeth against the nipple, leaving a space for the tip of your tongue to emerge and moisten the nipple. Then, as the moisture is applied, *inhale* through your teeth (making some sexy sounds if you like) to effect evaporation of moisture. Don't chew or bite unless you have determined that he desires this, otherwise you may find yourself stone cold on the floor hours later with lover long gone! Continue to cheek-massage/kiss-and-blow/lick-and-blow your way down to his navel where you will want to tarry a bit since this is a vast erogenous zone that can take a lot of sensitizing. Pull out all the stops! Then begin the final leg of your journey to his pubic paradise where you can improvise as madly as you are driven to . . . secure in the knowledge March/April 1972

that he is now totally eroticized!

THIS ONE'S A REAL 'ORGASS'!

However overpowering any of these erotic sensitizers may prove, the effect of them can be heightened to an almost unbearable poignancy with a pair of *sleek fur gloves* (mink, sable, seal, pony, fawn, even Guernsey . . . but never synthetic because of the static electricity they generate). While you work the sensual miracles of kiss-and-blow give your lover a *fur massage*. There is no need to describe a particular technique because once you've put on the gloves you just do what comes naturally, freely, animalistically.

A fur massage under the testicles during *fellatio* can blast him into such an orgasm it'll come out your ears. Better have some sponges handy . . . it's a real 'orgass'! (Also this is a good ploy for a lover who is difficult to bring to orgasm—or slow. No lallygagging here!)

Be sure that only the fur comes in contact with his body. Inasmuch as the palm-sides of gloves are usually of leather or some cold, stiff material, simply wear the left glove on your right hand and the right glove on your left, inside out, and you'll have no problem.

The effect on your lover—especially in the dark—is absolutely phantasmagorical . . . as if he were being raped by a *minotaur*. This astounding sensation you will equally share because the moment you put on your gloves you are transported in time backward 2000 years to the plains of Crete . . . half man, half bull with pawing hooves (fur-gloved hands), and phallus at the ready! It is the ultimate sensuality.

Please don't miss this experience lest, as T. S. Eliot says, "Footfalls echo in the memory down the passage which we did not take . . ."

...

EXPLOITATION & GAY LIB

(Continued from page 5)

ceremonies which are poor imitations of hetero marriage rites, not to mention a very subtle way of telling Gay people that they should be like heteros by aping their institutions—such as marriage, church-sponsored skin flick festivals, bingo, and collecting large sums for "missionary" work. Don't be misled . . . there's big money in religion.

The form of exploitation of our people which upsets me most is when politicians solicit our votes with big promises; but when they get elected, they forget about us and their promises. The most outstanding example of this is U.S. Rep. Bella Abzug (D-Manhattan) who, during her campaign for the House in 1970, appeared before Gay organizations in New York City promising to submit bills in Congress to guarantee to Gay people nationally equal opportunity in employment and housing. It is generally agreed in her Congressional District that the margin of her victory was attributed to her heavy support from Gay people. But, of course, since her election a year and a half ago, she has done nothing for Gay people that she promised.

At a Candidates Night meeting in Greenwich House shortly before the election,

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BOOK REVIEW



Luchino Visconti, it is said . . . Luchino Visconti, who brought you "The Damned" and "Death in Venice", is hard at work on a new film with the working title of "All Is But Toys."

Helmut Berger, whom you may remember as the terribly wicked Nazi who raped his Mom in "The Damned", will play the lead.

"All Is But Toys" will bio Ludwig II, known, sometimes affectionately, as the Mad King of Bavaria.

It should be a mad movie.

Now is your chance, friends, to read the book.

Or, if your interests don't run to sinful cinema; say, you just want to decorate your apartment opulently; or be a patron of the arts; or learn how to king it up in the Grand Manner; the self-same book will suffice as your gay guide to glory.

THE DREAM KING by Wilfrid Blunt (Viking Press, 264 pgs., \$14.95) is far and away the best book, on these several counts, to make its appearance (whether the publishers like it or not) on the gay literary scene in years.

Ostensibly, Mr. Blunt has written a straight biography of Ludwig II. This he has done damn well, incorporating the long story of the

king's romantic infatuation with Richard Wagner; his short-lived romance (?) and engagement to his cousin, Sophie; his unmatched talent as a builder of fantastic castles; and, quite calmly, his homosexuality.

Regarding Wagner, Mr. Blunt has, in great detail, yet without being in the least pedantic, set down a story of youthful passion, unrequited and for an older, much older, man. That Ludwig was responsible in large part (financially, if in no other way) for *Tristan and Isolde*, the immense *Ring* cycle, and *Parsifal* can no longer be in dispute, and this, if nothing else, is to his enduring credit.

As for Sophie, Mr. Blunt interweaves with the Wagner tale a story of family pressures ("Why don't you marry Sophie? She's a nice girl.") which, again to Ludwig's credit, he has the guts to ignore, breaking off an engagement foredoomed.

Wagner and Sophie fade as Ludwig reaches 22, and for the next eighteen years until his death (murder? suicide?) at 40 (in 1886) Ludwig indulges—to the detriment of his state treasury and the dismay of his political advisors, for neither of which he could care less—in the

design and building of three major castles. His everlasting monuments are the imitation medieval Neuschwanstein, the madly rococo Linderhof, and Herrenchiemsee, which out-Versailles Versailles.

It is in this rarified domain that THE DREAM KING really excels. The book is illustrated with reproductions of almost 150 paintings, drawings, and photos, including 48 pages of superb color plates. This reviewer has never, ever seen such consistently excellent color photography as in the interiors and exteriors of Ludwig's extravagant castles. Sharp, clear, colorful enough to dazzle the eye; moody, detailed, brilliant enough to stun the imagination: these photographs bring Ludwig's mad world to life, infusing it with a real, today emotion which allows us to believe that even in this sometimes cruddy world dreams do, occasionally, come true.

If for no other reason than the photos I urge any gay guy to run out and buy THE DREAM KING. From a scholarly viewpoint, the book is meticulously indexed; there are a chronology of Ludwig's life, a comprehensive bibliography, and a convenient listing of color plates.

Wilfrid Blunt has, on top of all this, another thing going for him. He treats Ludwig's homosexuality factually, dispassionately, without an ounce of moral disdain, let alone indignation. He relates only what can be verified from letters and diaries extant, seeking neither sensation nor white-wash. THE DREAM KING is the first biography I have ever read (gay libbers please note) which deals frankly with its subject's homosexuality, offering neither condemnation nor patronizing condescension, but merely reporting and letting live, in this case, it must be admitted, quite tragically.

One final note: if you think \$14.95 is a lot to pay for a book go to your bookstore and leaf through THE DREAM KING. (If they don't have it ask them to get it.) Then think of all the booze, tricks, grass, KY, poppers and trashie novels you can buy. THE DREAM KING will outlast all of them, and, on your coffee-table—or bed-side table—will be an enduring source of pleasure, firing your imagination to heights gayer and wilder than you ever imagined.

Wilfrid Blunt quotes W. B. Yeats, suggesting that above Ludwig's castle doors might well be inscribed, "Tread softly because you tread on my dreams." These dreams may well be yours.

"All Is But Toys" should be a good movie, too. Watch for it.

—Orlando Paris

Bella was asked in front of 400 people if she would pledge to march with her Gay constituents in the June 1971 Christopher Street Liberation Day march. She stood, placed her hand over her heart and promised to do so. This promise elicited the only standing ovation received by any of the candidates that evening. And yet, when Christopher Street Liberation Day rolled around and 20,000 Gay people were marching, Congresswoman Abzug was sitting at home. She didn't even bother to make excuses or apologies—just silence. Needless to say, she will not receive the same wide support from Gay people in her re-election campaign.

The most offensive form of political exploitation of Gay Liberation recently has come from the so-called Socialist Workers Party (SWP). Until about a year ago, Gay people who were discovered in the SWP were unceremoniously kicked out of the party. But when Gay Liberation started to become a mass movement, all of a sudden, virtually overnight, SWP began to heavily exploit Gay Lib in New York, Houston, Washington, Los Angeles, Chicago and other cities. Almost every issue of their party newspaper, *The Militant*, contained articles on Gay Liberation and gave the impression that SWP not only supported the movement but was a founder of it.

Most of the mass peace marches in the past few years have been organized by SWP members and front groups such as the New York Peace Action Coalition. You may have seen some of their full-page ads in New York papers advertising these marches and listing names of people who supported them; and in the past year, those lists have included the same 4 or 5 individuals in the Gay Liberation movement who like to present themselves as the "leaders and spokesmen of the Homosexual Community." I should add here that I, too, was approached by SWP to have my name included in these ads; and to the best of my knowledge, I was the only person who declined and I told them why. Namely, by having these endorsements by the same 4 or 5 individuals as representing Gay Liberation, the movement tends to be defined nationally and locally by the views and personalities of these people; thus SWP is attempting to define the Gay Liberation movement. (Incidentally, SWP is controlled and run by honky hetero men.)

The Gay movement is a diverse and constantly evolving and changing organism; and we must resist attempts by media or syndicates or clergy or political parties to pigeonhole us, to label us, to define us, or to tell us who our leaders are, if, indeed, we need "movement stars." John Kyper of Boston's Gay Male Liberation, summed it up well in his recent article in *WIN Magazine*, on "Will Success Spoil Gay Lib?":

"To date, the movement's openness has been its greatest strength. No one voice can speak as the spokesman for gay liberation. There is a healthy, if at times trying, interplay of ideas; and a variety of organizations now exists to fulfill different needs. The purpose of gay liberation is to give homosexuals an outlet from the paranoia that society forces upon us. Not only do we want to create

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alternatives to the bars and the urban meat racks; we must also challenge the Social Lie through political action. We must encourage an atmosphere where gay people can trust each other."

And we will build this common trust in many ways, one of which is by becoming more sophisticated both socially and politically by being aware of the exploiters in our ranks and by judging our movement friends not by what they say but by what they do. Actions *do* speak louder than words.

♦ ♦ ♦

ALFRED REDL

(Continued from page 33)

had plenty of both.

In the army he discovered the real reason why he had not liked girls in his adolescence, and learned why the prostitutes the other cadets consorted with were so repulsive to him. He was gay, and his first affair, with another cadet, soon led to a succession of affairs. Redl was an ardent lover, and as he got into his thirties and moved toward his forties, his preference was for men considerably younger than himself, and he liked to shower them with gifts.

But that presented a problem, for Redl was already living beyond his means, and his career was threatened by a tower of debts. Russian agents found out about his homosexuality and debts and made him an offer he could not refuse. They were willing to pay for information about Austria's defense plans which Redl had ready access to as deputy chief of intelligence. The alternative? Exposure of Redl's homosexuality to his army superiors.

It was sexual blackmail, but Redl had little choice but to accept. Disgrace, court-martial, and dismissal from the army was the alternative. So Redl stole secrets, for which he was handsomely paid. He lived more and more luxuriously, explaining away his fine apartment and its splendid appointments as the proceeds of a legacy. His was a gay life in many ways, but with a Damocles sword hanging over him at all times. He got in deeper and deeper, and was in the midst of an expensive love affair with a beautiful young officer when his treason was discovered. He was allowed to take his own life because the army wanted to avoid the scandal of an open trial, although there was scandal enough anyway, and the Redl affair rocked chancelleries all over Europe. The colonel's young lover, who had been unaware of Redl's treason, was drummed out of the service. It was 1913, the eve of the beginning of the first World War.

Alfred Redl was forty-nine when he pulled the trigger that ended his life. Ten years later his remains were removed from their resting place because no one came forward to pay the next decade's grave rent.

His remains vanished forever, but the effect of his life on history still has not. The Redl case has been cited time and again in attempts to argue that homosexuals are security risks in positions involving confidential information useful to an enemy.

♦ ♦ ♦

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GAY ATLANTA

(Continued from page 31)

Windjammer Bar a popular meeting place for other gay guys making their own try for elegance.

Less expensive, though no less comfortable, is the *Dinkler Plaza Hotel* right smack dab in the heart of town. Its famous *Alibi Room* echoes not only to those little white lies, but to the pitter-patter of cruisy feet as gay young-to-40+ businessmen flock by day, while those of still maturer years flock by night, so you can see there's an awful lot of flocking going on by everyone of every age . . . every day.

CRUISIN' WHILE DININ'

Atlanta is famous for its cooking and there is no shortage of gourmet restaurants. Any travel directory will furnish you with a list so we'll move right on to gay eating spots even if they haven't been featured in *Holiday Magazine*.

The *Prince George Inn*, 114 Sixth St., NE, a special favorite of gay guys (though it is mixed), is just a half a block off Peachtree (where everything begins 'just off of'). Its lounge is an interior designer's dream with walls of deep mulled-wine red, corniced with rows of flags. The management's consideration of its male guests is boundless and runs from 'hospitality hour' between 5:00 and 8:00 with drinks by Dave—who shakes the fastest and biggest cocktail in the South—to the best steak dinner in Atlanta for just \$3.95 with a glass of wine thrown in for sheer giddiness. But do wear a coat and tie. It's elegant.

The *Other Room*, 931 Monroe Dr. NE, is convenient in that it's next to Chuck's Rathskeller, a gay bar described below. It is also elegant.

Gene & Gabe's, 1578 Piedmont Ave. NE, is very popular with gay guys though it is mixed. You must "brown bag" it, however; bring your own liquor and order setups.

THE HOLES OF GLORY

Back from cornpone safari, *QQ's* gay spies have filed their recommendations and non-recommendations of gay bars . . . like

The *Armory*, 834-36 Juniper St. NE, near the Prince George Inn. This intimate cocktail lounge is elegant and you must wear a coat and tie. It's best during the week at 'happy hour' (5:00 to 7:00), when downtown businessmen gather to discuss stocks and bondage or other gay matters of the day.

The *Blue Room*, 80 Cain St., is near the downtown bus depots and attracts a pretty seedy crowd. If you want hustlers and rough stuff give it a try.

The *Cameo Lounge*, 188 William St. NW, is like the Blue Room, same location and scene. Be careful.

Chuck's Rathskeller, 931 Monroe Dr. NE, is billed as "the gayest bar in the world." That it may not be but it is BIG. There are four bars. Formerly a huge ballroom where the great bands of Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and others played in the 40's, it became country-western . . . and is now one of the swingin'est gay watering holes south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Wild weekends . . . crowds staggering

. . . management figures about 3,000 on Friday and Saturday night. *Imag-gine!* During the week there are drag shows, and on weekends live bands. All types are in attendance—so everyone makes out . . . or should.

The *Cove*, 586 Worcester Dr. NE, may be the cruisiest bar in town. It has a big, square bar plus a smaller bar in the back room. Discotheque dancing on a good-sized floor. Especially favored by neighborhood gayoungs on the make for an interesting stranger to take home for the night. Owner Frank is an "institution."

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QOO SON

SAY



"Boy who stick finger in dike
get fist in mouth!"

Dupree's Tavern, 716 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, may be the only "leather bar" in town. Lots of lesbians too. Beer only.

Mr. P's, 551 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, is the oldest gay bar in town (est. 1929). Here's where drag shows got started. It's a fun spot and food is served.

Peach's Back Room, Rear 114 Sixth St. NE, has red velvet walls, minors and good conversation. It's near the Prince George Inn. Black guys particularly favor it.

The *Onyx*, 339 W. Peachtree NE, is new . . . very dark . . . much fake candlelight. The crowd eschews the ankle-deep carpet in the tables area and bellies up to the bar for group therapy. The circularity of the bar makes it ideal for eyeball-to-eyeball cruising.

The *Sweet Gum Head*, 2284 Cheshire Bridge Rd. NE, is where thousands of young

'n beautiful swingers gather to dance to music provided by a live disc jockey on weekends. The popular drag shows are a camp—featuring such favorites as "Barbra Streisand," "Carol Channing," and scenes from "Gone With The Wind." Arrive early if you want to get in.

FOR THE 'STEAM 'N DREAMERS'

Knights of the bath regularly assemble at *Club South*, 76 Fourth St. NW. The sauna is smallish, the orgy room largish, the crowd bearish. If you're new in town (it's membership) scratch your eyebrow with your pinky to make certain the clerk knows you're gay. Then pay \$1 for a "trial membership" plus \$5.50 admission and you're in. Best weekends.

ECOLOGICAL CRUISING

Piedmont Park is 185 acres of cruising delight—ordinarily. Of late there have been muggings and stabbings and closer police supervision. The bushes are still good—but don't risk it after dark.

Winn Park is a night spot—but by car only. Don't walk.

Grant Park attracts rough hustlers who favor prowling the zoo. Riskier than makin' it with Leo the Lion!

Cypress at Fifth St. NE is good cruising territory. Cypress is the street that runs parallel to Peachtree, which is also cruised late at night.

The *Public Library*, Carnegie Pl. NW, serves as a backdrop for the dramas that take place out front. Hustlers go from \$5 to \$25 all night long.

Just remember that if you like outdoor cruising and have a green thumb that just itches to grope behind the begonias, be sure to keep a sharp lookout for the fuzz, who are rough . . . not to mention the rough trade, which is rough-h-her!

HERE 'N THERE

Like bus depot action? Try the *Greyhound* station, 81 Cain St. NW. Typical. *Trailways*, 200 Spring St. NW, is dangerous—cops 'n robbers.

Enjoy skin flicks? Go to the *Gay Paree Cinema*, 90 Walton St., where penetration pierces the silver screen. The sex shows downtown aren't as good. Lots of fakin' it for \$4 a throw—and mostly straight action.

Favor sex mags? Visit *Mr. B. Books and Cards*, 32 Cain St. NW. There are peep shows on the second floor for 50¢—and that gets you a viewing box for action on the screen . . . and with your neighbor.

SOMETHIN' FOR EVERYONE

Atlanta, of course, has a magnificent symphony orchestra . . . each year the Metropolitan Opera includes Atlanta in its spring tour . . . here is the best regional ballet company in the South . . . and its art center ranks with any counterpart in the North. Any or all of these can make your gaystay all the richer. If you'll add Atlanta to *QQ's* other suggestions for lustful vacation spots you'll discover how excitingly you've extended the patterns of your personal sexual dynamic . . . for the more patterns we become aware of through having more avenues of turn-on, the fuller and richer our lives become.

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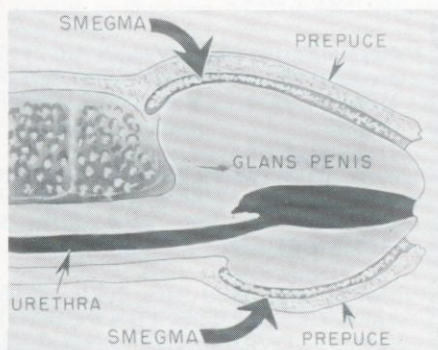
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CLEANLINESS (Continued from page 9)

Austrian shade, eschew the foods/herbs just mentioned on a sex day unless you intend to thoroughly cleanse the phallus after each encore. The longer the foreskin the more frequently you should cleanse it. Even four times a day will not be too frequent.

THE IRRITANTS IN SMEGMA

Good phallic hygiene prevents or reduces the irritation of smegma. If permitted to lie embedded for more than six hours it begins to harden and becomes not only more difficult to remove (which is itself an irritant) but acts abrasively against both the underside of the prepuce and the *glans penis* which is extremely sensitive. Anyone who experiences even a slight tenderness of the *glans* tends to fall into the 'comfort pattern' . . . to avoid certain sexual variations by 'favoring' the phallus to such an extent that any really powerful sexual drive or intricate sex pattern is thwarted. If genital hygiene continues to be neglected one can become, in a sense, something of a phallic invalid. Why miss out on fun and games?



ARE YOU UNAWARE OF OFFENDING?

While it is sad enough when one is *carelessly* neglectful of genital cleanliness, sadder still is one who is *unaware* of offending. What might be a perfect evening of celestial delight with an attractive number who is uncircumcised—and who has foreskin enough to drive a dozen grooving lovers to sheer madness—can be totally ruined if one can't get beyond the smegma barrier to perform all the wild tongue variations that can be so mind-blowing.

Then the lover-in-ignorance begins to think he's said something wrong, is doing something odd, or is somehow inept. Thus when trick after trick has been quickly turned-off and either too ashamed or embarrassed to tell why, he can build a king-size personality hangup, even suffering a trauma that may deny him sex completely. It would be a blessing if someone would tell him but this will rarely happen because, as the saying goes, "While only your best friend will tell you that you have bad breath, best friends don't have sex!"

FOR THE CUT AND THE UNCUT

When a gay guy—circumcised or not, for this applies to each—becomes upset because a great trick he's just connected with is now

patently disenchanted, he worriedly asks himself "What's wrong? I know I'm clean for I bathed very carefully this morning."

Unfortunately 'morning' may have been quite some time ago and several sexual alerts may have signaled in the meantime. For instance, if you're a really horny guy (and isn't it a love that you are!) it is well to reflect that every time you passed a sexy number your sex glands reacted automatically. If it were possible for you to examine your phallus after each passing goodie you might notice that the *glans penis* had secreted a small amount of pre-intercourse lubricant in anticipation of a sex-play that did not occur . . . and that your phallus is moist, or oily, with perhaps a thin coating of excreta not only covering the *glans penis* but having entered the prepuce (if any) or rolling down the underside of the phallus (if none).

Over a period of several hours bacteria will have begun to multiply and it is the combination of smegma plus bacteria that produces offensive odor . . . further exacerbated if you saw just one too many gorgeous numbers in your rounds-about-the-town and had to stop in the nearest john to fantasex 'what might have been' . . . or if (which is nice) you had sex once or twice or even thrice while there. In such cramped quarters it is possible that if only one dollop of semen escapes your watchful eye and mixes with the gamey effluvia of existing smegma/bacteria you can offend even more quickly without being aware that you do.



TRY THIS MINI-CLEANSER

The subject of genital hygiene is dealt with most thoroughly in *The Homosexual Health Guidebook* which is available through QQ Magazine. It would be wise to refer to this treatise not only for up-to-date informa-

tion about douching and other hygienic techniques but for dozens of other homo-health reasons.

First, of course, one should bathe carefully morning and night, always rolling back the foreskin gently as far as possible and soap-bathing/rinsing every molecule of smegma from it. However, if you are quite active sexually—or if you become sexually excited quickly and frequently—two major baths, although thorough, are not enough to sustain you sexually through the day.

Many men elect to carry in a pocket or wallet one or more foil envelopes of *Wash 'n Dri*, those marvelous little moist towelettes women use as facial fresheners. Just one towelette cleanses the entire phallus; in seconds it's dry and ready for come-what-may (hopefully lots). Another very good one is *Adam Genital Towelettes* by Ah Men. Advertised as a genital deodorant in towelette form, these marvelously scented mini-cleansers not only do what they're supposed to, but also flavor in either lemon/lime or wine. What a delightful surprise for your lover!

Not only do these quickie mini-cleansers work effectively to keep both cut/uncut phalluses clean, but they are quite effective as anorectal cleansers. To keep the anus and rectum clean for any impromptu sexual encounter, the same care should be taken as with the phallus as regards the morning and evening bath. Much soap and a gentle finger-stroking of the anus as far up as possible should be a rule of thumb. (For more extended douching techniques for special occasions refer to *The Homosexual Health Guidebook*.)

If you are active in anal sex you will find still another drugstore product of much help. Formulated for anorectal use as an emollient, many gay guys use it as a cleansing 'follow-up'. It's called *Balneol* and you apply it by first spreading it on toilet paper, or by finger-stroking (which is better) after cleansing the area with soap and water or by some other lavage.

Some say this excellent lotion helps keep 'stretch' in the anal wall, making phallic entry easier for both the cut and the uncut. For the man with considerable foreskin it helps him effect a complete entry the very first plunge . . . a sublime pleasure he may not have heretofore experienced. It is ideal for soothing irritation and has the added virtues of being fragrant and un-messy (unlike an ointment). It makes anal sex a new delight, although surely this is not what the manufacturer had in mind. Many say it's wild!

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Dyspareunia is a big five-dollar word meaning 'painful intercourse' . . . any kind. Or 'sore cock' to be blunt. To the gay guy with a 'monk's cowl' foreskin it means that sex is more of a cross to bear than an ecstasy achieved. While all pointers about gay ecology herein apply as well to the man with the *supertight* ('blind') foreskin, he must work at them all the more diligently and often since even the tiniest buildup of smegma under his already-tight foreskin can cause extreme pain when his phallus grows hard.

Viscous lubricants provide only minimal

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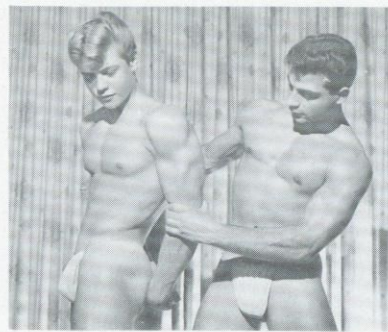
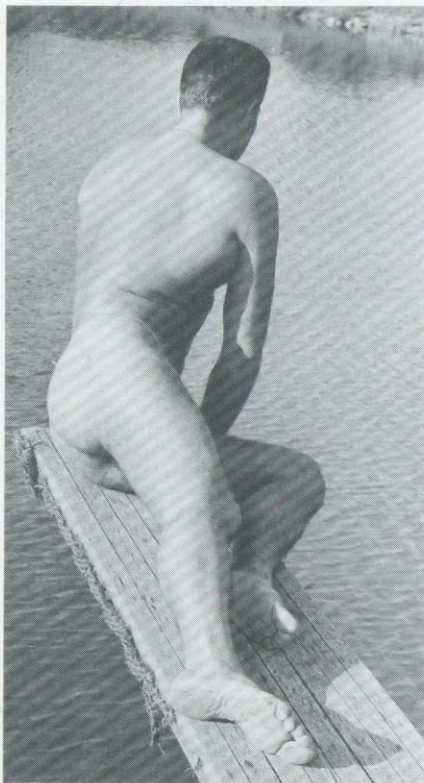
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facility, and although the very thought of complete circumcision is anathema to him—as indeed it is to many—it might be well for him to consult with his physician about the possibility of a 'mandarin' circumcision. This is a mini-circumcision . . . a slight slit, as in the skirt of a Chinese costume . . . so that the skin draws back freely when desired. Gay others, who may have found their quite-long foreskin to be a turn-off to certain lovers, might also consider having another type of mini-circumcision performed . . . putting a 'hem' in the lace curtains at whatever length one prefers. Such operations are often performed right in the physicians' office. Even if he prefers to take you to a hospital only a couple of days' stay will be required.

In either case the genital area becomes more accessible to effective hygiene . . . dyspareunia is prevented . . . and one's pleasure in sex is increased a thousandfold.

•••

LOVERS IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 34)

pretation was as Sundance in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, and even the straights got the message that there was more going on between Butch and Sundance than mere pats on the back.

Clint Eastwood. Yes, this star of spaghetti Westerns—who has graduated to leading roles in multi-million-dollar Hollywood epics lately—swarms with sunbaked sex appeal. The handsome Eastwood face is seamed with toughness and the bod is lean, wiry, and hard, and it's easy to dream yourself into being left highly sexually satisfied by him.

Marcello Mastroianni was one of the first sensations of the decade. This smooth and highly sexual Italian burst into top stardom in Fellini's monumental *La Dolce Vita* and became an immediate object of worldwide panting desire. He still is.

Albert Finney presented a different kind of sexiness—a lusty type—as *Tom Jones*, and has remained a favorite of gays in subsequent roles. Like Mastroianni and many other discoveries of the '60s, he can act, too.

George Peppard. Now here's a big blond for you. And sexy, as he revealed in such pix as *The Carpetbaggers* and *The Blue Max*. Peppard is another of the new genre of actor who can turn in a good performance as well as a good appearance.

Steve McQueen can too when he's given a decent script. One of the few superstars to rise from TV, McQueen has had enduring appeal as an offbeat leading man. His looks are offbeat, too, but he has a strong sexual aura that comes right down from the screen and grabs you.

Sean Connery. Talk about strong sexual auras! Here's the guy who practically invented that particular brand of charisma. As James Bond, Connery carried sexual exaltation to new peaks, and his bouts in bed not only made the girls cream but got the boys in the balcony where it hurts best, too. Connery not only displayed a great face and bod. He has proved in post-Bond roles that he can act, too.

Maximilian Schell. Certainly this Austrian star is a fine actor, as he has well proved in such pix as *Judgment at Nuremberg*. He was also very strong in a homosexual part in the play *A Patriot for Me*, which hit Broadway last year. Schell has perfect features, but there is intelligence and character showing through that marvelous facade, too.

Terence Stamp has worn hair coloring ranging from blond for *Billy Budd* to black for *The Collector*, but any color looks fine with that great face and those penetrating blue eyes! Stamp is a fine actor, and one of his more provocative roles was in *Teorema*, in which he had sex with everyone in the cast, male and female alike.

Alain Delon is another beautiful man with beautiful eyes, and a soulful look that makes you think he would be a faithful lover. But his role in *Purple Noon* as the unfaithful lover of a rich man whom he murdered was what got him his start. It was a French film—they didn't talk about such things in American pix back in 1960—and after its release his career zoomed. Today he is an international star.

•••

MALE NUDITY

(Continued from page 27)

he made his screen debut in *THE MAGIC GARDEN OF STANLEY SWEETHEART*. Publicity strongly emphasized Johnson's potential as a sex symbol, and advertisements for the film featured a picture of him curled up in bed, naked. Even the basically straight press commented on his beauty, and the more daring of them admitted that one of the most beautiful features of this beautiful boy was his frequently exposed ass. Unfortunately, although his ass was very much in evidence in *STANLEY SWEETHEART*, it was the best thing in an otherwise dull film. Since then, Johnson has made a much better, although fully clothed, appearance in a very entertaining film, *ZACHARIAH*, and has entertained Los Angeles stage audiences with another role, this time in a play that required him to be on stage for a full two hours completely naked, although unfortunately all but a few moments of that time was spent covered up in a bed.

Don Johnson's career is still struggling, which is particularly unfortunate when one considers that he is the first young actor to make such a concerted pitch to become a sex symbol for the emerging gay audience. Sexy he certainly is, and one can only hope that he develops the fan following to make his career move.

In the movie version of Johnson's stage hit, *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES*, his part went to attractive young Wendell Burton. Gay audiences were hopeful. In *THE STERILE CUCKOO*, Burton had had a strip-down scene that had chickened out when it came right down to the pay-off, but what he had revealed led many fans to want to see the rest. Unfortunately, Burton is not only a bit modest, but very much a confirmed heterosexual, and the thought of a fan following like those who were rhapsodizing over the beauties of Don Johnson's backside scared him a little. He was

eventually talked into doing two brief, peek-a-boo nude scenes, but the famous shower-room rape scene found both Burton and Zoëy Hall, who played the Mineo role, with their pants still up. In subsequent publicity during the film's release, Burton made such an issue of announcing his heterosexuality that he may well have defeated his purpose by planting questions in the minds of some who might well have never otherwise thought of it.

Meanwhile, more and more young aspiring stars are playing nude scenes in more and more pictures. The roster of actors with at least one nude scene to their credit includes Michael Sarrazin (*EYE OF THE CAT*, *PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS*, *IN SEARCH OF GREGORY*), Beau Bridges (*GAILY*, *GAILY* and *THE CHRISTIAN LICORICE STORE*), Michael Douglas (*HAIL, HERO*), Jordan Christopher (*PIDGEOONS* and *ANGEL*, *ANGEL*, *DOWN WE GO*), Michael Burns (*THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK*), Kristoffer Tabari (*MAKING IT*), John Moulder Brown (*DEEP END*), Michael Blodgett (*THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN* and *THE VELVET VAMPIRE*), Ryan O'Neal (*THE BIG BOUNCE*), Michael Margotta (*DRIVE, HE SAID*), Timothy Bottoms (*JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN*), Robert F. Lyons (*THE TODD KILLINGS*), Steve Curry (*GLEN AND RANDA*), Robert Walker, Jr. (*ROAD TO SALINA*), Bruce Davison (*LAST SUMMER* and *THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT*), and Sean Bury (*FRIENDS*). And that is only a partial list!

Not to be outstripped by the youngsters, even some of Hollywood's more matured, well established stars have gone the nude-scene route; to name a few: Charlton Heston (*PLANET OF THE APES* and *NUMBER ONE*), Burt Lancaster (*THE SWIMMER*), Kirk Douglas (*THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN*), and Jack Palance (*THE MERCENARY*).

Some actors have done so many nude scenes that they have almost become the actor's trademark, to be included somewhere in each of his films. Hywel Bennett, for instance, did a full stripdown in *TWISTED NERVE* which ended with a full-screen close-up as he pulled his undershorts slowly down over his buttocks, and has since done nude scenes in most of his films, including *LOOT* and *THE VIRGIN SOLDIERS*. Alan Bates' brief nude bit was trimmed from release prints of *GEORGIE GIRL* for some reason, but he has made up for it since by going nude in *KING OF HEARTS*, *THE FIXER*, and *WOMEN IN LOVE*. In the latter, his nude wrestling match with Oliver Reed marked the first extensive male frontal nudity in a theatrical film.

Producers have even combined the elements of nudity and homosexuality to bring us such varied fare as *MYRA BRECKINRIDGE*, in which much publicity but little footage was given to Roger Herren's magnificent backside, and *DINAH EAST*, an independent film that transcended the exploitation genre, but still gave audiences long, loving looks at every one of its attractive male stars. Homosexuality was a theme in *THE DAMNED*, in which Helmut Berger appeared both nude, and in drag in a Marlene Dietrich impression. Berger spent more time out of his clothes than in them

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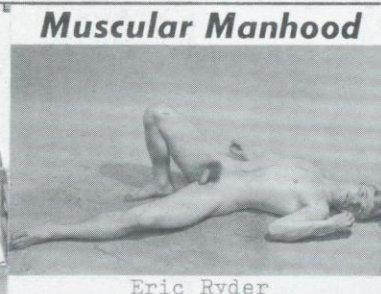
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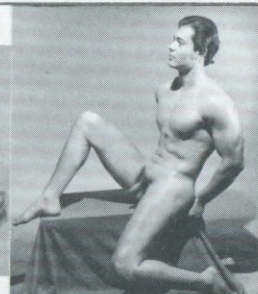
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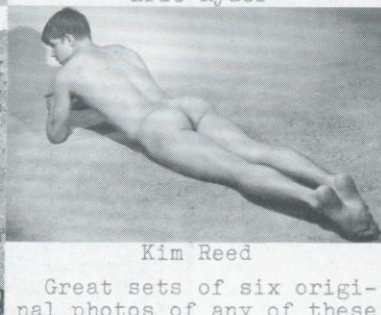
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in THE SECRET OF DORIAN GRAY, to no one's disappointment.

As of course had to happen, the novelty value of seeing a man on the giant screen completely stripped of his clothing has finally worn off, and the absolute certainty of seeing each new male star in the buff has abated, but the excesses did bring with them a new awareness of reality, and a movie audience could recently be heard laughing in derision at an example of the old movie custom of having cavalry soldiers bathing in a mountain stream with their pants on. Nudity is clearly here to stay, and if producers will not go out of their way in the future to find ways of stripping their male stars, they at least will not go out of their way to find ways of avoiding it if the story seems to require it. And while this may or may not be enough to satisfy the voyeur in us all, it is an artistic freedom the movies have long needed.

LONDON LOVIN' (Continued from page 13)

9 Archer St., W. 1, recently celebrated its twenty-second year. It's elegant. For about \$2.50 you can get a 3-month membership.

Another old club, sixteen years old to be exact, is the Spartan Club, 62 Tachbrook St., S.W.1. Admission is only about 63¢. The Arts and Battledress Club (A & B Club), 27 Wardour St., W.1 (entrance on Rupert Ct.) is good for making out. Next to it, at 31 Wardour, is the Apollo Club, still another good spot.

If you want to see a cabaret show then you should go to the Cabal Club, 64 Frith St., W.1. It is best to call first (437-0795) regarding show time. At 6 Panton St., S.W.1, you'll find the Carousel Club. There is dancing, and it's best on weekends. To enter the Escort Club, 89A Pimlico Rd., S.W.1, there is a charge of about \$1.00. Finally, the Festival Club, at 2 Brydges Pl., W.C.2.

Two clubs in London that don't serve liquor but are worth visiting are The Catacombs, 279A Old Brompton Rd., S.W.5 (entrance on Finborough Rd.); and Le Gigolo Coffee Club, 338 Kings Rd., S.W.3. The Catacombs has music and dancing and is open daily from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. There is usually a cabaret show on Sunday afternoons. For Sunday hours and show time call 370-1333. Le Gigolo is another late club (10 p.m. to 2 a.m.). Admission is about 50¢ and part of it goes towards your first coffee or soft drink. The management at both places is courteous.

THE BARS/PUBS

Bars/Pubs which aren't private and just as popular as private clubs include: The Bolton Hotel, 216 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.5, upstairs, from about 6:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. The Iron Bridge Tavern, 447 East Indian Dock Rd., E.14, is mixed and open from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Kent Arms, 206 Albert Rd., E.16, is also mixed and open from 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Salisbury, 90 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2, opens at 6 p.m. and closes at 11 p.m. The White Bear Inn, 233 Piccadilly, W.1, keeps the same hours. The Pig and Whistle, 14 Little Chester St.,

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S.W.1, is elegant and gay only on Sundays between 12 p.m. and 2 p.m.

There are of course other gay bars in London but these will give you a good start.

THE JOHNS

If you like cruising public johns try the one at Victoria Station between tracks 12 and 15. It's always busy. The Underground at Piccadilly Circus, mentioned above, is wild. (If you enter the Underground from the Glasshouse St. entrance, you'll find it on your right.) Generally speaking, the Underground johns are cruised—but do so with caution because they are watched.

THE STREETS

King's Rd. from Sloane Sq. to Le Gigolo Coffee Club is usually very cruisy, especially on weekends. Many gays live in Chelsea, and this section of town has a decidedly gay mood—even during the day when the streets are filled with straight tourists. Probably the gayest section of town is the Earl's Ct./Old Brompton Rd. area. And Wharfedale St., between Finborough and Coleherne Rds., is good for late evening cruising. This street is only a few doors from The Catacombs. Leather guys favor this part of town.

THE PARKS

Wimbledon Common, a large public park, is exciting after dark. It's popular with gays—and hustlers and muggers and police. The action is near the windmill. Sections of Hyde Park are cruised, but dangerous. Start out at the Speaker's Corner end.

THE FLICKS

The gayest movie theatre in London is the Biograph Cinema, 47 Wilton Rd. S.W.1. It's close to Victoria Station. Much cruising a la 42nd St. style—and the same types. A smaller crowd gathers at the Eros News Theatre in Piccadilly Circus. The john is to the left of the screen and—especially on Sunday evenings—can get steamy . . . if you take the initiative.

London is usually the first stopping off point for most American tourists heading for Europe. It's a good introduction to foreign travel—because it's different enough from home yet comfortable because there is no language barrier. The tempo regarding gay life is a curious mixture of aggressive American and subtle European styles and for this reason will condition you for the remainder of your eastward journey—to countries where Americans are fair game for hustlers of every description . . . where sex is a cool happening about twenty degrees below heated American action. You'll enjoy London—and London will enjoy you; Americans are in demand because of their attitudes towards sex . . . and the ability to satisfy.

STRIP DOWN (Continued from page 54)

There are times to dress to the hilt but not when sex is anticipated. At these times you should wear the sexiest yet simplest March/April 1972

outfits—those which show you off best but which can also be removed easily. A tight T-shirt can be raised up and whisked off in seconds. Tight jeans with an ordinary belt and zipper can be dropped even faster. And boots with zippers can be pried off in a flash—whether you do it yourself or he does it for you.

No matter who does the undressing, do it slowly. Linger. Tease. Pause for a puff or a sniff. Kiss, and as you remove each piece of clothing work your lips slowly downward. Hesitate before other garments are removed and run your parted lips lightly over various parts of his body, as you breathe hot air through his clothing. While you are working the midsection take one hand and start to remove his boots and socks. He should help by raising his foot slightly. Caress him with your free hand as clothing comes off. As you work on him he can do likewise so that the same garments are removed at the same time, for simultaneous discovery. And when they are removed just let them drop to the floor, or toss them lightly onto a chair. Don't stop to pick them up and fold neatly. As your shorts are slipped off—and this should be the last item—you should be at bedside so that you can both slip in and back. Or, if done standing, you can lower yourself as you remove his shorts while caressing him. Slowly remove your own, taking care not to stumble forward or fall backward. Raise up ever so slowly, passing your lips over his body, and then ease into bed.

Stripping down should not interrupt lovemaking but should serve as a prelude to sex—and should be as sensual as two clever lovers can possibly make it. Practice makes perfect—and doing so will extend the most beautiful of all human relationships.

LETTERS (Continued from page 32)

masculine thing, as much as levis, boots, and jock straps are. I've been gay since I was 15 and I can think of hundreds of occasions when they were used, and not at my suggestion.

The lubricated ones are perfect for masturbation and also leave your lover less greasy. Besides protection from disease, there's less mess for the giver if the receiver has failed to douche. As for fellatio most guys would be horrified, but there are a lot of guys who enjoy sucking but not swallowing—and the condom offers the perfect solution. I've been down on a lot of straight servicemen who wouldn't do it until I suggested putting on a rubber.

So why not give us an article on rubbers. I'm sure a lot of gay guys are curious about them but are too shy to ask. How about it?

Yours truly,
H. G.
San Diego, Calif.

BLACK, GAY, AND PROUD

Gentlemen:

I have never written to a magazine before, but I had to let you know I enjoy QQ. It definitely fills a gap left by other publications.

Your new policy of frontal nudity is

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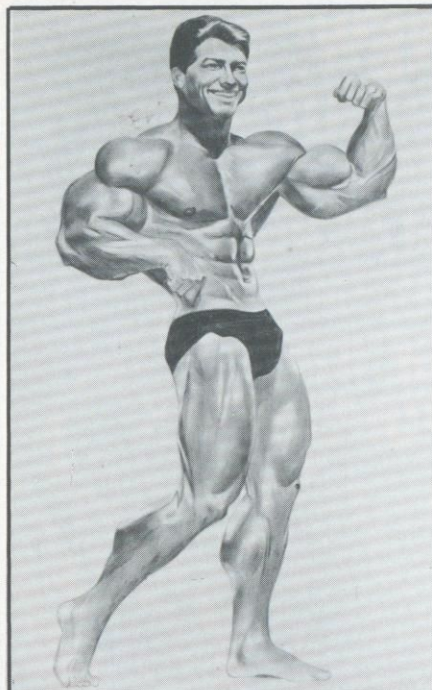
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are returned to us.

greatly appreciated, but I have one question
to ask: Why is it you have so few black guys
in *QQ*? I'm black and so are most of my
friends. We read *QQ* every chance we get
and would like to see some of "us" in there.
How about it?

Keep up the good work.

Black, Gay, and Proud,

B. A.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Ed: We make every attempt to include all
types in *QQ* Magazine, and more so in *BODY*
—which is essentially a picture magazine.
There is enough prejudice against homo-
sexuals without having to contend with
racial bigotry among ourselves, and we
realize that not only are many of our
readers black but also that many of our
white readers prefer black lovers. Hence,
we are conscious of the unavailability of
photos of black guys—because we make a
conscious effort to include them in both
magazines. It seems that the relatively few
black models around are heavily muscled—
in comparison with the greater range of
physique types among white models. We
object to running too many musclemen
regardless of skin color, but have still
endeavored to use such models in the past
because there was no choice. If you look
through your back issues you will find guys
like Franklyn Green, Rick Wayne, and Tony
Carroll—all heavily muscled blacks who
consented to appearing in our magazine.
We can't understand why it is so difficult to
get good photographs of handsome blacks
for our magazines, or why so few physique
photographers use black models. In support
of this statement, just examine the catalogs
of the major physique photographers. We
don't believe the shortage concerns prejudice
but rather a general unwillingness on the
part of blacks to model nude. Those who
do model are on the muscular side and prefer
to appear in trunks in straight bodybuilding
publications. In fact, the guys at *QQ*
produce such a publication for a leading
publisher in the muscle game—*Muscle Train-
ing Illustrated*, a magazine which is sold at
most newsstands across the country. In it
you will often find more blacks than whites.
Occasionally, we are permitted to use these
photos in our own publications, but in
most instances the models have objected
strenuously to our use of their photos. We
don't know what the solution is except to
say that we are conscious of the problem
and we are searching. We would greatly
appreciate hearing from any reader who has
access to quality photographs of handsome
black models. Please write us.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY!

Dear Editor:

Just recently I had the pleasure of seeing
an old favorite of mine in action in a muscle
contest. I speak of Helmut Riedmier, whose
beautiful pictures were the talk of the town
just a few years ago. He was featured in all
his magnificence in such physique pictorials
as "Champions All."

The contest I saw him in was held in
Paris—"Mr. Universe." Helmut, a "Mr.
Germany" winner in recent years, placed
high in the competition and looked fabulous.
His former bulkiness is now chiseled—and

that (not to mention his "most famous"
body part!) makes him tops with me.

Why don't you run a "before" and
"after" picture of Helmut?

Sincerely,

Jean-Claude Roland

Paris, France



"BEFORE"



"AFTER"

QQ TRAVELS WELL

Dear Sirs:

I want to tell you how much my friends
and I enjoy your magazine. When friends
who don't get *QQ* visit they always ask for
it at the door even before saying hello.

(Continued on page 52)

QQ & BODY MAGAZINE DEALERS

QQ Magazine and *BODY* are now available almost exclusively by subscription. The following is a list
of select outlets where these magazines may be purchased in person (*back issues also sold at these
locations):

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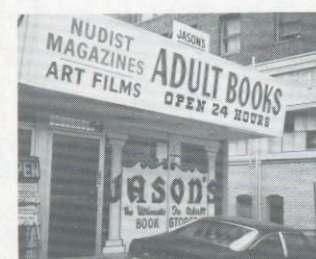
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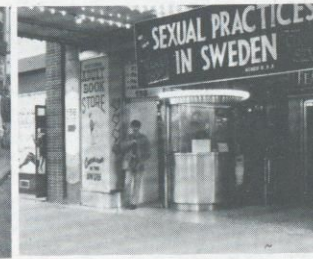
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Village Variety, NYC

The Super Adventures of Harry Chess!

HE'S REALLY NOT MY CUP OF TEA...

YEAH... BUT HE'S JUST MY KIND OF MEAT!

A JAY 71

AS OUR STORY OPENS, HARRY AND MICKEY ARE RELAXING ON THEIR CENTRAL PARK WEST WATERBED. IT HAS BEEN MANY MOONS SINCE THEY SMASHED MUNG 'N HIS INSIDIOUS MEANIES IN DARKEST AFRICA.

GEE! SHIT... IT'S MY VERY PRIVATE LINE!

WOW! BOSS... IT'S MIMSY... YOUR VERY PRIVATE SEC! REMEMBER ME? I DO HATE TO DISTURB YOU BOYS AT SUCH A THICK MOMENT (HEE HEE) BUT I FOUND ONE OF THOSE URGENT, MYSTERIOUS NOTES SHOVED MYSTERIOUSLY THRU THE CRACK OF THE DOOR (SIGH) OF THE MEN'S ROOM.

COME MAG

IT'S FROM Q.T.!! SHOOT ME THE POOP!

YOU'RE TO GO TO THE TEA-ROOM AT THE 66TH ST. STATION-3AM TONITE. 2ND BOOTH FROM THE END!

HEY MAC, CAN I WASH THE WINDOWS NOW?

AT THE SCENE - 3AM

WHAT A DUMP! IT'S SO FUGGIN' QUIET AROUND HERE...

FUCK JINKEY!

KISSIE CUCUMBERS!! WAY OUT!!!

KING KONG IS A SPEED FREAK!

WAYNE NEWTON IS A BULL DICK!

"HI... THIS IS Q.T. A SUPER EMERGENCY HAS DEVELOPED! Rash Hashanna, the Israeli title winner of: Mr. Olympia, Mr. World, Mr. Universe, Mr. America, Mr. Europe, Mr. Antarctic Circle, Mr. Fire Island, Mr. Groovy Guy, Mr. Double-headed Dildoe, and Mr. Amyl Nitrite has vanished three days ago without a trace! We're certain he has been kidnapped!!! We've kept it from leaking to the news media... but the whole affair will explode wide open very soon! That is why it needs all the discretion 'n cunning a super top FUGG agent like yourself can muster! Since the FBI and CIA are not talking... the whole smear has been unloaded into FUGG's laps! Our only lead in this nasty business is a very private and exclusive boys' school- Sour Rotten Academy- located on Agony Island... off California's Big Sur. Very desolated! But CAUTION IS ADVISED!!! The school is reigned over by a Baron Von Dreck, a former German SS general, who defected over to our side just before the war ended!"

HOT DINGLE-BERRIES...

YU! SHOVES BALLS!

HAPPINESS IS PETER CAPUTO ON WARM PIZZA!

BARON VON DRECK

"Naturally... if you, or your guys decide not to accept this assignment, Mr. Chess... your life-time passes to the Park-Miller will be scratched! So... good luck!! This tape will self-destruct in 6 seconds..."

YIPS- THOSE FUGG GUYS HAVE SUCH CO-ORDINATION!

GLOOOPPP!

LEONARD FRY USES CRISCO!

IT'S OFF TO HIGH ADVENTURE AGAIN! WELL... WHY RUSH? MAYBE I SHOULD GET SOME NURISHMENT FIRST...

HI!

LATER

HEY RANGID... BABY! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER HOT ONE TO WRAP OUR TONGUES AROUND! COME ON OVER!! PRONTO!

RIGHT ON!

GEE!

2 DAYS LATER:

OUR GOVER AS NEW STUDENTS- VERY RICH 'N SPOILED, WAS Q.T.'S IDEA, MICK! FUGG HAD TO PULL MUCHO STRINGS TO GET US IN ON SUCH A SHORT NOTICE.

SOUR ROTTEN ACADEMY FOR BOYS

SO YOU'RE MINE NEW STUDENTS!

HEY! HELP!

I AM 'DA BARON VON DRECK... 'UN DIS IZ MINE ASSISTANT, MR. OFFAL! ANY INFRACTION OF 'DA ACADEMY RULES WILL BE DELT WITH VER-R-RY PAINFULLY 'UN SWIFFLY. NOW GO INTO 'DA 'CLINIC 'UN STRIP FOR YOUR PHYSICAL...

BOSS... DAT HAIRY ONE LOOKS A BIT OVER 'DA HILL TO BE A STUDENT...

YAH... I THINK SOTTO... BUT HE MIGHT HAD HAD A ROUGH PUBERTY!!

CLINIC

WE SHALL WATCH 'DEM CLOSELY!

TWO VERY GOOT SPECIMENS (BLURP!) I CAN USE 'DEM IN MINE EXPERIMENTS BELOW!

THIS IS A VERY UNKOSHER PHYSICAL!

YOUR UNIFORMS FIT VELL! MR. OFFAL VILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR ROOM.... ATTENTION!!!!

LATER...

IT'S TIME TO SIGNAL RANCID!

GEE!

BELOW...

THERE'S HARRY! NOW TO SCALE THAT CLIFFE.. WOW! THAT MIGHT BE THE SUPER-BREAK I WAS LOOKING FOR!

SOUR ROTTEN ACADEMY WANTED: LIFE GUARD STRONG AND MUSCULAR APPLY WITHIN

YOUR UNIFORMS FIT VELL! MR. OFFAL VILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR ROOM.... ATTENTION!!!!

LATER...

IT'S TIME TO SIGNAL RANCID!

GEE!

YOU VERE RIGHT, OFFAL! DOS TWO ARE SPIES!!! I SHALL DEAL WITH THEM IN A VERY SPECIAL VAY... HEE HEE!!!

WELL... ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS COOL IT UNTIL RANCID GETS UP HERE. THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T DIG ABOUT THIS JOINT! HAVE YOU NOTICED MICK... THAT EVERYTHING IS STEEL, AND THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT?

SUDDENLY...

YIPS... WHAT THE FUCK?? WE'RE MOVING!

CLAMP!

GEE!

WHAT FREAKY FATE AWAITS OUR GUYS? THE NEXT RAW EPISODE WILL TELL...

YOU VERE RIGHT, OFFAL! DOS TWO ARE SPIES!!! I SHALL DEAL WITH THEM IN A VERY SPECIAL VAY... HEE HEE!!!

WELL... ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS COOL IT UNTIL RANCID GETS UP HERE. THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T DIG ABOUT THIS JOINT! HAVE YOU NOTICED MICK... THAT EVERYTHING IS STEEL, AND THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT?

SUDDENLY...

YIPS... WHAT THE FUCK?? WE'RE MOVING!

CLAMP!

GEE!

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If you are a subscriber please inform us of your new address as soon as you have it. Magazines will not be forwarded by the post-office, and we cannot forward them until they are returned to us.

Next week four of us are leaving from out here on Long Island for a trip to Ft. Lauderdale by boat. The only reading material anyone wanted to take along was *QQ*—especially the last one! Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
 C. G.
 Bethpage, N. Y.

FROM FINLAND WITH LOVE

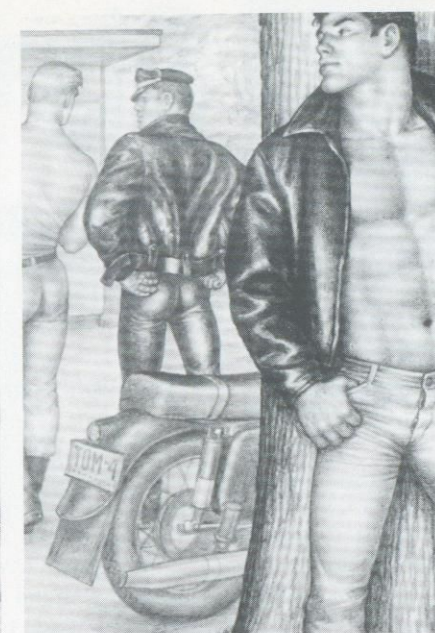
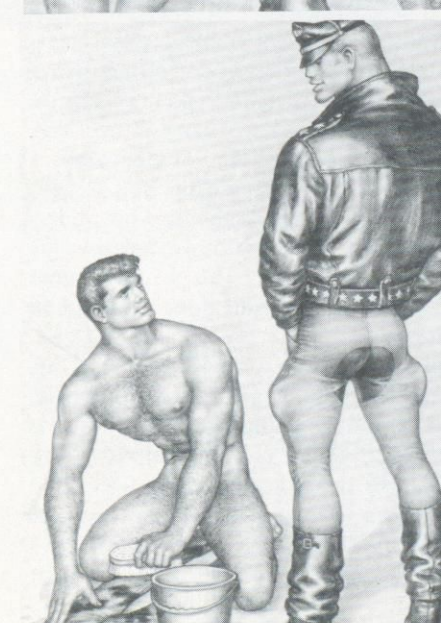
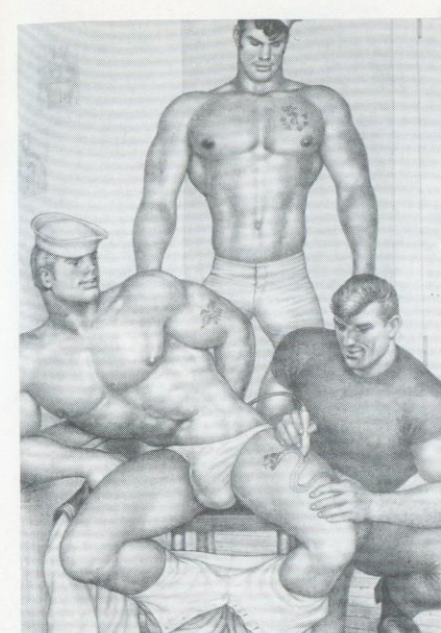
Dear George:

It was very kind of you to send the newest *QQ* to me. Thank you.

I was surprised (and flattered, of course) that you gave so much space to my pictures. I like *QQ* very much.

Best wishes,
 Tom(of Finland)
 Helsinki, Finland

*Ed: It is not like us to 'blow our own horn'—or exploit anyone to our advantage. Tom's letter was published only to show how much humility this great artist has. The response to his art in our last *QQ* was so great that we present here a 'bonus mini gallery' by Tom of Finland:*



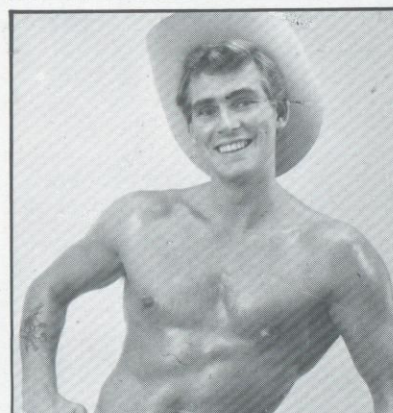
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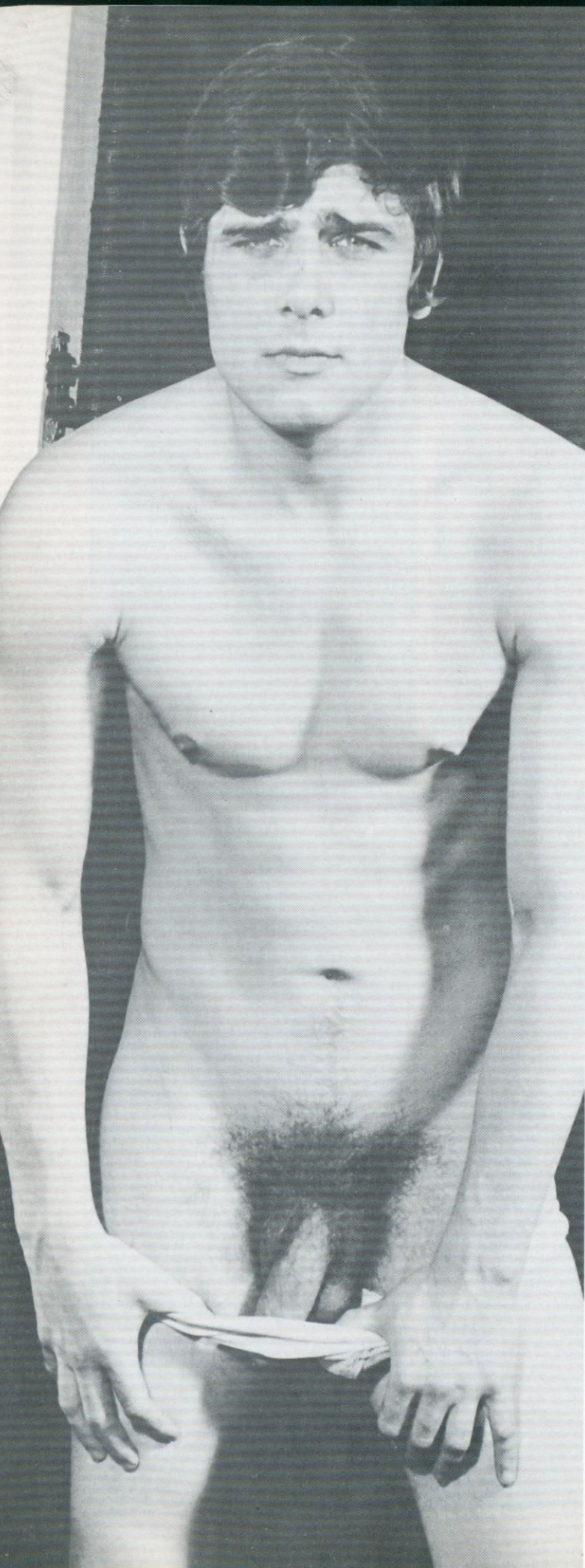
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Strip Down

By Philip Bailey

PERHAPS the most *unimaginative* design to come along in the way of men's slacks in recent years was the reincarnation of the button-down fly. Stylish though it may be, it is utterly inconceivable that a gay guy could have thought this one up—though the majority of fashion designers are most assuredly gay.

Clothing—all clothing—should be designed with its ultimate use in mind . . . removal. Our clothing is used—or should be used—to attract and excite. You may look striking in your jeans with their button-down fly, and they may enhance the appearance of your basket, even magnifying it, but when he finally gets you home and you're both mellow on wine and pot, helping each other, firmly yet gently to remove clothing, and he can't for the life of him maneuver the fly buttons out of their tight holes, you have a big turnoff going for you. Foreplay is interrupted and unless things go just right at this point what should ease into an ever-increasing sex tempo can become silly and outrageous. He might even stop in despair unless he's so hot for your bod that he takes you by the hip pockets and rips your jeans off.

A clever designer, realizing this drawback, eventually came up with a solution—mock fly buttons with a concealed easy-to-open zipper. He surely must have suffered one evening of interrupted foreplay before brainstorming for an answer.

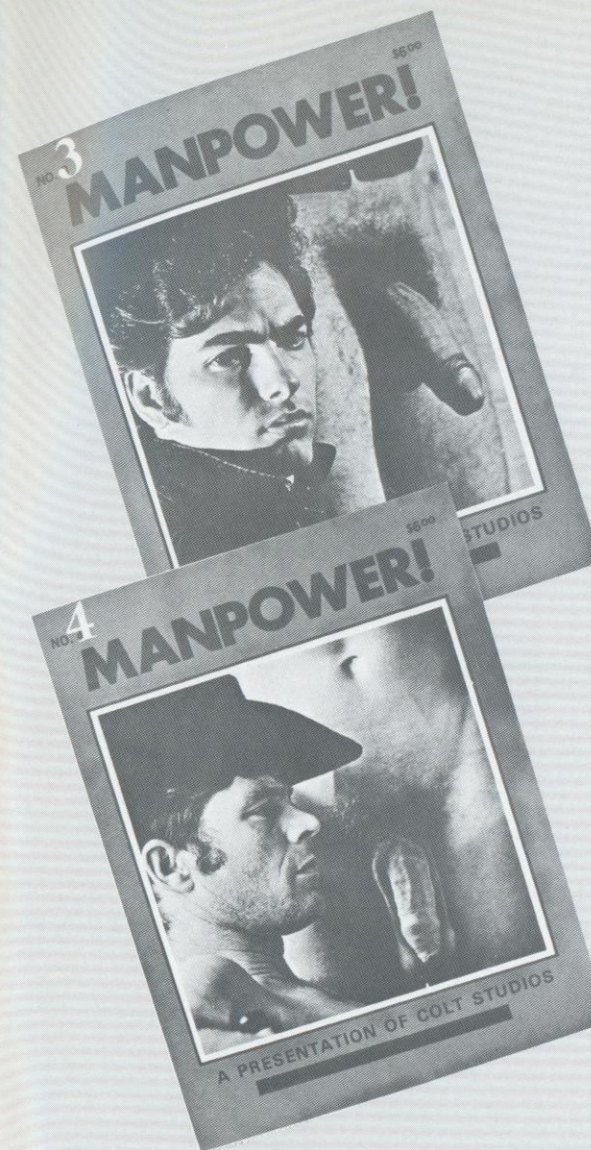
Undressing your partner, and getting undressed in return, can enhance sex itself. If done slowly, while kissing, faster as your hearts pound and your lips mesh, it becomes *part* of sex—and as each garment is removed and discoveries are made it makes the final revelation all the more exciting.

Consider these turnoffs: You get home feeling great, hungry for love. He takes off his coat and carefully hangs it up, brushing out the wrinkles. Then his jacket is carefully removed, as he searches for a rack to hang it on. He unbuckles and his pants fall to the floor, draping around his ankles. Then he removes his shirt and tie, and finally, steps out of his pants. Now he stands there in his underwear, socks and shoes still on. Unconsciously, he raises his undershirt and scratches his belly. This is how most straight men undress—and for this reason alone it should be avoided in a gay relationship.

There are other turnoffs: You undress him—but his clothing is so complicated that it requires careful removal. His shirt has small buttons hidden under piles of ruffles. He wears flashy mod cuff links that are all but impossible to remove with one hand. His tie, if he wears one, is knotted tightly. His belt buckle is a loop contraption that requires two or three ins-and-outs to unhook. There are tight buttons on his fly, and his knee-high boots are laced right up to the top.

(Continued on page 47)

QQ



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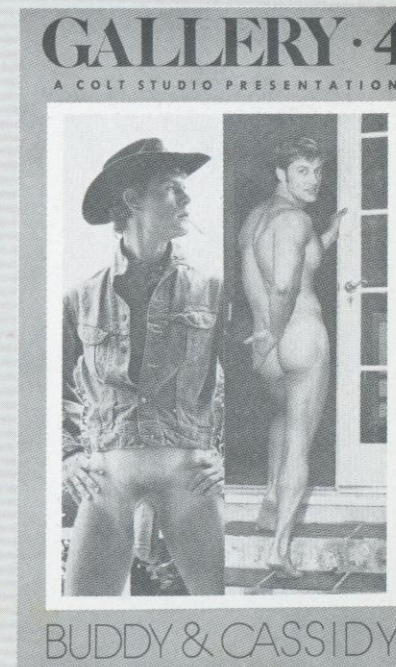
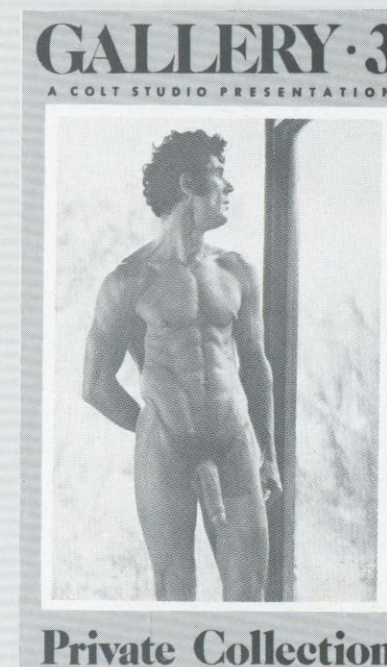
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