



QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

Feb. 1973
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Sex
Orient

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.

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ANNOUNCING . . . A NEW MAGAZINE FROM THE GUYS AT QQ
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First there was QQ MAGAZINE—filled with in-depth articles on ALL subjects of great interest to gay guys . . . PLUS some great body pictures . . .

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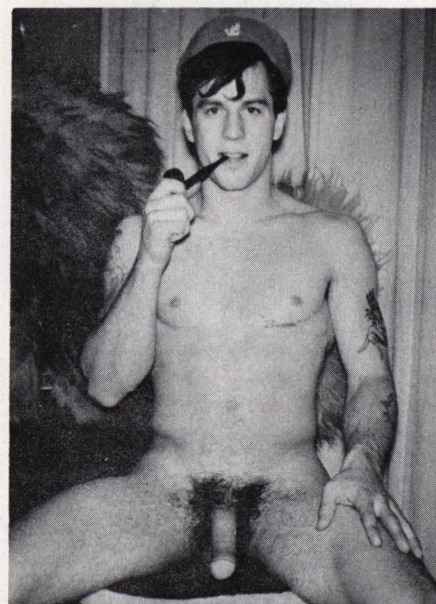
And now a new magazine—CIAO!—a little like QQ (many articles) and a little like BODY (many pictures) but ENTIRELY NEW—devoted to the World of Gay Travel!

CIAO! tells you where the action is!

Every issue of CIAO! will feature colorful articles on the world's gay cities—complete listings and everything will be rated. Many articles will contain maps as well as photographs of local streets, bars, baths, etc., to show you exactly where the action is and how to get to it. We'll tell you what it's like too. Gay restaurants will be featured, as well as news as it happens around the world—and lots of travel tips geared to fill your vacations with sex.

CIAO! will show you the action too!

In addition to pictures taken on location every issue of CIAO! will contain dozens of full-page photographs of the world's greatest studs—including four big ones in living color!



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CIAO! will succeed where gay guides fail. Most gay travel listings are inaccurate to begin with and even when the information is good—by the time it's written up and printed and sold in book form it's months old. When you get there bars have closed and you find vacant lots. CIAO! works fast. Its editors will gather information and write it up—and days before publication contact correspondents around the world and make fast trips to check things out. All information will be up to date—and because of this it stands a better chance of being useful months later.



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Articles will be so colorfully written that even armchair travellers will treasure every issue. Just take a look at some of the features in the first issue: Great Gay Islands of the World—featuring Manhattan (New York City), Fire Island, Puerto Rico, Capri, Sylt, Île du Levant, and Mykonos. Gay Holidays in the Sun—like Miami where there's lots of wintertime sex at the beach. Japanese Sex Shrine—dedicated to worshipping the phallus . . . where tourists can buy giant dildoes. Turkish Wrestlers—in their glory writhing around in slippery oil. Picture Gallery of International Studs—to show you where the biggest ones are. Plus much more.

CIAO! says it all!

The Italian word "Ciao!" (we pronounce it "Chow!") says it all—"So long . . . it was great, Baby . . . see you around sometime!" That's what sex is like for most gay guys on the move . . . beautiful but fleeting—and CIAO! will always be beautiful and new . . . every issue completely different from the last.

CIAO! is a big magazine!

Like QQ and BODY CIAO! is a big 8½x11 magazine—printed on the same heavy glossy paper with the same love and care. CIAO! is loaded with frontal nudes and cannot be sold to those under 21. Sorry.



CIAO! shows you Fire Island!

CIAO! is a great travel bargain!

Why waste time going to places where gay guys are not welcome—and where sex is hit or miss? Be sure by knowing in advance—by reading CIAO! It comes out 6 times a year, every other month and will be sold at only a handful of bookstores in the bigger cities for \$3 a copy. We urge you to subscribe and save money . . . a 1-year subscription is only \$12 in the U.S.A. (\$15 in Canada and Mexico; \$17 all other countries). That's only \$2 an issue (on the subscription rate). Magazines are sent in heavy "glazed" manila envelopes which are plainly marked and individually sealed—and in 4 years of being in business we have never missed a publication date . . . and we're proud of it.



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DON'T you think statistics are fun? For example: if you're young and horny and living in a big city where guys are available whenever you get the urge, you probably have sex nearly every day. Barring illness and other "dry days" this means achieving orgasm about 300 times a year—and since the average ejaculation is a half teaspoonful, and 12 teaspoonsful equal an ounce, this means you spend 12.5 ounces (or over a cup and a half!) a year—and probably swallow as much.

Or, to put it another way: If you indulge in passive oral sex your mouth accommodates 162.5 feet of cock a year—using the same 300 times a year and an average length of 6.5 inches. I'd hate to have to compute the piston strokes!

Using the same 300 days and 6.5 inches—you "traverse" 162.5 feet of rectum every year if you like screwing, or take that much if you're the bottom man.

Which all leads to the high price of poppers . . . and the price increase of QQ Magazine.

Four years ago, when we started out, it cost us under a dime (envelope included) to mail a single copy here in the U.S.A. Now it costs us 36.6 cents a copy. All our other costs have risen proportionately—including salaries and everything involved in producing and delivering a magazine.

Four years ago the subscription price per issue was \$1.25. Two years later we raised it to \$1.33, and a little over a year ago, to \$1.50 a copy on the subscription rate. The increases were small and only brought in enough extra revenue to help us break even. In all this time our cover price of \$2 has remained unchanged.

From the start (and you know this to be true if you are a charter subscriber) we have endeavored to constantly improve our magazine, and I think we have succeeded. We take pride in our work because it is a labor of love; we will not compromise on quality. And I believe you appreciate improvements and love our magazine as I do.

We want to inform and entertain—and we want to instill self pride in our readers . . . being gay really is beautiful—and this comes through in our articles. I suppose that makes us crusaders—but we cannot voice our beliefs—and yours . . . for gay guys everywhere—without a magazine . . . and we do not want a huge profit . . . only a fair profit which enables us to meet our bills without sweating and permits us to grow.

Starting with this issue our subscription rate is going up \$3 a year—from \$9 to \$12 in the U.S.A. That's only 50 cents more a magazine. The cover price goes from \$2 to \$3—which will enable us to get a fair price from our retail dealers (who get the lion's share of a sale). By subscribing—or by renewing your subscription—you save \$6 a year over newsstand price.

The increase commences with this issue—so if your subscription to QQ Magazine hasn't run out yet, rest assured that you will receive each and every copy coming to you at the old rate. The same applies to BODY subscribers. But all new subscriptions or renewals arriving after the release of this issue will be at the new rate.

Our economy seems to be in a helluva shape. I don't know who's to blame and where it will all end, but we've all got to live with it. We promise to hold our price down, as we have done in the past—and we can only hope that you will not find this increase unreasonable . . . and that you will continue to support us.

Thank you . . . sincerely.

January/February 1973

EDITORIAL

THE HIGH PRICE OF POPPERS

BY GEORGE DESANTIS



Western Photography Guild

SEX IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

"Call Me Dirty Names!"

by Walter Norris

IF your saintly mother occasionally gives vent to her ire with a faint "darn," yet should one day explode in wrath with a resounding "Fuck!," you might find your buns bouncing around the floor from the shock waves of this surprise verbal thunderclap.

It happens like this in sex, too. When used sparingly—and to shock—as part of a lover's sexual strategy, the commonest four-letter word can zap a shot of adrenalin into a flaccid phallus, turning the dullest game of diddle-the-cock into a freaked-out experience. The important thing, however, is the sparing use of such words. Through constant repetition the force of their impact is dissipated and they become just banal, yet when reserved as shock tactics in a sexual surprise attack they can be absolutely devastating.

For instance, if after a few minutes of kissing and wordless sounds *you* take command, increasing the pressure of your palms along the sides of your lover's body, then suddenly grip him vise-like at his waist, at which point you growl savagely "I'm going to *fuck* you!", his anus goes twitchy-twitchy-twot as his rectal sphincter muscles open widely for a depth charge. "Yes. . .yes!" he thrills to your urgency. "Fuck me *all the way!*" (If he's been fearful about being fucked at all he's now so turned-on he fears you won't go in far *enough!*)

What is the chemistry of four-letter words that catalyzes them into such irresistible sexurgency, tilting the sexual picture to such a different angle that not only do we see it in a different perspective, but are so overpowered by its bolder dramatic sweep that sadists are often turned momentarily into masochists, and masochists into instant sadists? It is the polarization effect such words have. If one uses them so rarely that they always stay in 'mint condition' and speaks them to a lover in a sexual encounter only when their ultimate effect has been calculated and the time is right (ripe), they fuse everything senso-sexual into a powerful detonative charge.

The four-letter word 'puts it all together'. . .welding all the amorphous ends of sexual indecision into one giant whammy. Until then sex is so often without character or profile that one is at wits' end trying to figure how to get things really swinging. Depolarize sex by using up your store of 'dirty' words and phrases in advance and you diffuse if not actually *defuse* its exciting potential.

An example: you cruise an attractive number and bring him home in anticipation of having great sex. However, along the way he says "Y'know it's great running into you. This started out as such a fuckin' lousy day that I dreaded even the thought of going near that motherfuckin' meat rack. I've had such shit luck there lately. Tell me, do you

find it like that, too?"

Buddybuddy-like you answer in kind, "I sure do. Would you believe that the tricks I've been taking home these days all turn out to be so fuckin' freaked-out on dope, or are so fuckin' mixed-up otherwise, or are just plain shitheads to begin with I can't cope with them? Sometimes it's just not worth the effort. The whole thing pisses me off."

Well, you blew it . . . both of you! Now the thrilling sexurgency of really *deep* in anal sex has been dissipated, and as far as the delight of a rich golden shower is concerned you might just as well pour a can of stale beer over him. Rimming? Yekkh! Just a routine tongue-a-lickit, tongue-a-lickit. . .or to return to the vernacular, it's just a shitty deal all around (if you'll excuse the pun).

Having repeated your favorite four-letter words so much their effect is blunted if not totally destroyed for that particular sex encounter. All you can do is go at it the same old way, unimaginatively assuming the same tried-and-true positions. . .doing the same familiar things the same familiar way and being creative about nothing. You're right back at 'knit one, purl two'.

Before continuing this discussion of the semantics of four-letter words as part of a sexual strategy, it should be noted that there is that rare individual, the *coprolaliac*, who derives sexual pleasure only from speaking four-letter words. 'Talking dirty' to himself or to someone—imaginary or real or to a voice at a safe telephonic distance—is to him the ultimate sexual pleasure. Participation in actual sex has no attraction for him. Quite likely if it were offered to him he would run from it as though pursued by the Furies. His hangup is a rare form of sexual *selfishness*—among other Freudianisms—and we hope to bring you soon an article on this seldom-mentioned aspect of gay (although it happens just as frequently in straight) sex life.

'WEASEL WORDS'

There is such power and challenge in the choice and use of sex words. . .not just 'dirty' words like 'shit' and 'fuck', but many that are clinical, sex-descriptive or sex-related. . . that weaker words should not be used before or during sexual communication. Shall we examine a few?

Penis. Although it is the correct anatomical name for 'sheer joy', the word *penis* is a 'weasel' word to most gay guys who feel that it takes the edge off sex in some intangible way. Certainly the prospect of sex with a 'penis' somehow seems less attractive than it should.

Consider this: if a trick strips and you murmur with genuine admiration "My, what a large *penis* you have!" it still smacks of

(Continued on page 30)





"It's not nice to fool Mother Nature!"

The Folly of Increasing Phallic Size Through Silicone

Author's Name Withheld

LIKE "the love that dare not speak its name," there are many of us who dare not admit that we are size queens. Inadvertently it sometimes comes out, followed by an embarrassing blush or an awkward gulp. The uneasiness is generally dispelled when the embarrassed party finds out that his companion feels the same way. But what happens when the thought is inward, when one questions his own endowment? It is a more closely guarded thought, since egalitarianism is a word with many meanings: some are more equal than others. And regardless of how large our natural physical proportions might be we will not admit, but harbor, a gnawing desire to be bigger. That's a human failing: we won't let well enough alone. We fantasize something monstrously huge, as if somehow superiority begins and ends with a piece of flesh straddled between two legs. But physiognomy has its hereditary limits; what we are born with is what we end up with. When we try tampering with our limitations is when we get in trouble. I tried it—and with dire results.

This is how it unwittingly began: I met a friend one night at the baths. We had been intimate in the past. As I walked down the hallway, I heard someone call my name. I looked into the half-opened door, and there was Jim reclining seductively on a bed, a towel draped over his midsection. There was a conspiratorial whisper in his voice; he was dying to tell me something. That something, as it turned out (he tore the towel away to show me) was an unmistakable change in his cock. He proudly showed it to me. Jim wasn't small to begin with, so when I saw the change I sort of whistled through my teeth in disbelief. It was absolutely huge by comparison with what he once had. I marvelled at the transformation, and could hardly wait to hear the details. Before I had a chance to ask, Jim volunteered to tell me how it happened: he had given himself injections of silicone. Toying and slowly stroking his cock with my hand, it began to get harder as my own flesh insinuatingly pushed my towel upwards. We waited no longer. The sensations we experienced that night were even greater and more pleasurable than ever before. It was an erotic and

(Continued on page 32)

January/February 1973





GAY SEX GAMES

New Sex Toys/Ploys for Joyful Lovers

by Terry McWaters

WHEN you were a boppy teenager did you ever play 'postoffice' (secretly delighting in the merry mixup that 'forced' you to kiss a boy!), or did you ever surreptitiously insert a large wooden stick as a phallus in the crotch of someone else's snowman? However innocent it may have appeared at the time, you were playing a sex game—acting out a sexual impulse—even though no one may have thought of it in quite that Freudian way.

Sex games are fun games—sport without the 'true grit' factor. It may be more accurate to describe them as 'sportive' since they are not played against the element of chance that makes them a blast for the winner and a bomb for the loser. In sex games everyone wins. They make it possible for two or more partners to experience sex as delightful play, as sheer joy leading to a wilder ecstasy that might not be reached any other way.

Various hangups—usually performance—often make it difficult for one to relate fully to another during sex, yet by playing a sex game beforehand such hangups are forgotten as both performers engage in a game for the non-competitive fun of it.

Since there is no 'point system' in sex games, tension which might otherwise build up by trying to stay 'top dog' gives way to a *continuous* sense of erotic pleasure at an almost *climactic* level! A noted sociologist says that "In play there is a release from set patterns of behavior and interpretation, thus one's world opens up for the possible emergence of new forms of activity, relationship and communication." How true this is of sexual play.

In two earlier articles published in *QQ Magazine* (*Variations On A Sexual Theme*—Volume 2, Number 1; and *Supermarket Sex*—Volume 2, Number 4) we brought to the attention of our readers a vast number of sex 'fun things'. We treasure the letters of those who said they had been greatly stimulated sexually by our 'revelations'.

Now they've asked for more, and so as a response to them as well as to suggest a point of departure for those who didn't read the articles and who are currently either jaded by or inhibited in sex here are *QQ's* new sex toys/ploys. They're all mighty effective yet quite harmless and we hope you'll give each a good try. If you've been stuck on the same old couch, doing the same old tricks the same old way, try these and recapture the joy of sexual change. That's what creative sex is all about!

PLAYING THE GAME OF SEXUAL 'SMORGASBORD'—THE 'JELLY' GAME

This sex game, even in selected partials, can be a turn-on for your own brand of sex as well as a whopping experience complete in itself! Before your lover arrives there are several things you should do, arrange, prepare or anticipate. January/February 1973

First, give yourself a complete enema . . . then, since you will not want to reveal the magic in store for him, he may arrive both enigmatically and 'enematically' unprepared (although in an age of sexual non-surprises this is unlikely) and so you should have a Fleet's enema ready, just in case. Also have nearby . . .

- 1) A **spray container of whipped cream** (if you don't have to count calories), or low-calorie substitute (if you do).
- 2) A **bowl of fresh 'finger' grapes** (they're phallically inspired and add a festive fillip to the fantastic frigging).
- 3) A **bowl of maraschino cherries with stems**. They're sweeter, juicier, have no troublesome pits, and may be quickly entwined by the stems into a strand, necklace, small 'nipple corsages' or bandeaux for his muscular arms or his forehead. This is absolutely pagan so be warned! If he gets a glimpse of himself in your mirror he may orgasm before your sex production gets under way.
- 4) A **jar of thin honey** (*Golden Blossom* is fine) or a jar of your favorite jelly or jam.
- 5) A **jar of mayonnaise** if you like the taste contrast of sweet and salty.
- 6) **Some fresh, firm strawberries**. Don't use frozen berries because, once thawed, they are too icky-gory to work with.

Before he arrives cover the sexual couch with a rubber sheet (a real turn-on if he is a rubber fetishist!). Or use some sheets of drycleaner's plastic joined with transparent tape. So now you're ready. Let him be the 'smorgasbord' first, having him lie face upward while you set his 'table' with tasties. First place a garland of cherries around his forehead. While doing this you may recite one of the many couplets/quatrains the medieval French used to weave magic spells on Midsummer Eve. A lovely one, previously quoted in *QQ Magazine* is from Leconte de Lisle's *Les Elfes*.

*Couronnés de Thym et de Marjolaine
Les Elfes joyeux dansent sur la plaine.*

or if you think your French is not as musical as you'd like it to be, let him have it in English:

*Wreathed in thyme and marjoram
The elves dance joyously over the field.*

or try something more modern by Rimbaud. His *Les Illuminations* is available in an excellent translation (and may be more wildly your thing). The medieval French were given to curses with verses to put lovers under a spell, so try it. Choose something to your liking or which may seem ideally suited to the mood of the moment. It may be a new gig for him and you'll find that he'll simply love it! And from that point he'll be putty in your hands and you may continue all the more fluidly with your planned ritual.

Next twist the stems of two (Continued on page 39)

TOYS THAT SNAP, CRACKLE 'N POP

by Louis Jekyll

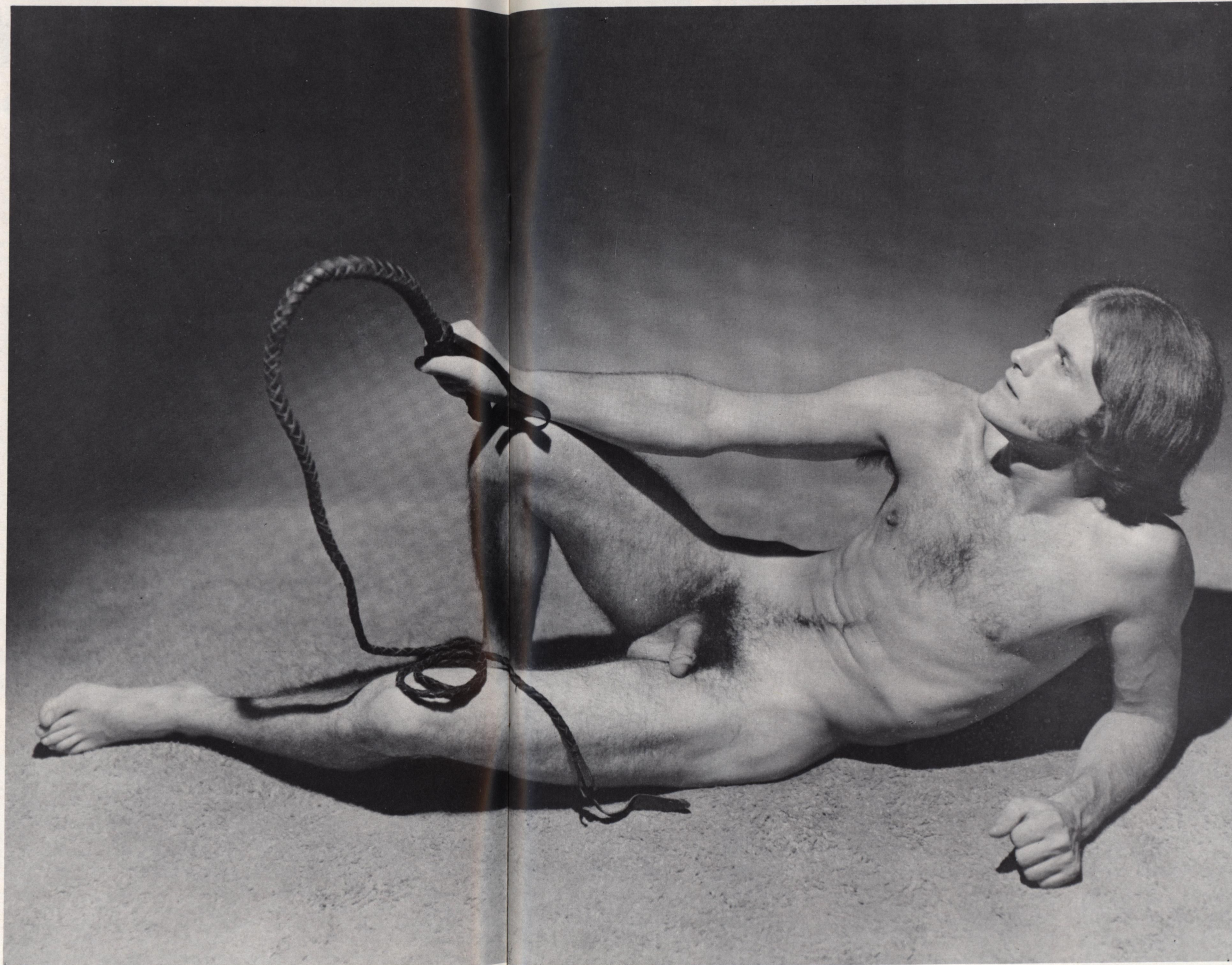
TO paraphrase the legendary P.T. Barnum, for every item on the market there is a consumer. This fact is repeatedly borne out by the most cursory glance at any of the underground periodicals which usually carry such an assortment of treasures as to boggle the mind—or at least titillate the imagination.

For the dedicated sado-masochist there is a plethora of goodies to be found in the rapidly-rising number of sex shops springing up around the country. A visit to one of these emporiums can open up whole new vistas to a mind open and ready for some experimentation. If you're easily shocked stay away, but if the prospect of expanding your sexual horizons is attractive to you drop in and browse around.

In addition, most larger cities boast at least a couple of leather-crafters who operate privately out of their homes. Check the bulletin board of your local leather bar.

The burgeoning sadist, once he has been exposed to the exotic world of leather, is usually anxious to further his education and improve on his technique. If his imagination is fertile enough, he can usually create his own little instruments of playful torture, but in case he is in need of some assistance we present herein a limited directory for his further edification.

Head Masks. These come in various shapes and sizes but the most useful and durable are of course made from soft leather and cover the entire head. Take your favorite 'm' along and try it on him for size. The best masks will have slits for eyes and mouth that can be covered and snapped or zipped shut. To derive the most benefit from it, the mask should lace up the back with rawhide strips to better accommodate the various-sized heads that will hopefully be encased therein. And don't forget to leave an opening for the nose. This item is generally expensive, starting at around \$65.00. If this amount is outside the realm of your budget, visit local Army-Navy store and pick up a felt ski mask *(Continued on page 37)*





Cross-Sexual Casting

by John Marvin

A couple of years ago, Hollywood observers were amused by one of the oddest casting problems ever to confront a movie company—filling the title role in the film *THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY*. Miss Jorgensen herself is said to have preferred that the part be played by a woman, but many actors and actresses alike were tested before the part finally went to John Hansen, an attractive, baby-faced young actor sufficiently androgenous to tackle the role. Several times since that historic, if undistinguished, film, casting directors have been faced with similar problems. The lead character in the low-budget picture *DINAH EAST* was a glamorous movie star who was privately a man in drag; the “leading man” in the British soap opera *I WANT WHAT I WANT* also passed himself off as a woman; and there was even a mad scientist who changed into a woman in the thriller *DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE*. Three similar situations, each handled in a different way—the first was played by a man, the second by a woman, and the third role was double-cast.

Actually, cross-sexual casting—the hiring of a person of one sex to play a character of the other—is not at all a recent phenomenon in show business. In the late sixteenth century, when theater was just becoming a popular pastime, females were barred from appearing on the stage, as it was not considered a fitting occupation for a woman. The theater was evolving from the travelling shows and circuses, and the first actors were jugglers and clowns, and were considered on approximately the same social level as prostitutes. The first theaters did double duty housing cock fights and bear-bating contests, and were frequented by the lowest kinds of people.

Thus, actresses were totally unknown in the Elizabethan theater, and all the women's parts in the plays were performed by young boys apprenticed to the theater group until their voices changed and they grew into male parts. There is evidence that some of these youngsters were very accomplished performers—the characters of Juliet and of Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's plays, for instance, are very challenging parts which were originally written for certain young actors from Will's stable of apprentices.

In the last decade of the sixteenth century there arose a popular theatrical tradition obviously created to take advantage of this problem in casting—the character that Prof. Victor Freeburg, in his study, *Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama*, called the “female page.” In literally hundreds of plays from the Elizabethan and the following Jacobean periods of theater we find instances of women disguising

themselves as boys or men for a variety of purposes from simple practical jokes to spying on husbands or boyfriends. Thus, we have a boy playing a woman disguised as a boy! Occasionally we even find plays in which a boy played a woman who disguised herself as a boy, who subsequently disguised “himself” as another woman!

The opposite situation—a man who masquerades as a woman—was also used in plays of the period, but was not nearly as popular as the reverse, possibly because men dressing as women were a common part of every play anyway—all the women's parts were played by men, after all—and thus held no particular novelty value. Men disguising as women were found almost exclusively in farcical situations, whereas the woman disguised as a man was equally at home in comedy, romantic drama, and even tragedy.

Homosexuality, per se, was never a subject in Elizabethan drama, but plays in which girls masqueraded as boys and vice versa are fertile ground indeed for situations in which we today can easily recognize strong homosexual undercurrents. A stock complication whenever a girl dressed as a boy was to have some young maiden fall in love with “him,” and one of the most frequent motives for having a man dress as a woman was to have some comic character court, and sometimes even marry, “her.”

One of the oddest and most overtone-laden plays of school was *GALLATHEA*, by J. Lyly, published in 1585. In this play, the god Neptune calls for the sacrifice of a virgin, and Gallathea and Phillida, two girls who find that they fit that description, disguise themselves as boys in order to escape. When they meet, each of them thinks that the other is really a boy, and they soon fall in love with each other. After many complications with other female suitors, the two girls are again safe and reveal themselves to each other as females. However, by this time they are so deeply in love that this doesn't matter, and the play finally ends with the goddess Venus promising to transform one of them into a male so that they may marry and live happily ever after. And there you have it—the world's first sex-change operation.

Shakespeare frequently drew on the tradition of the “female page,” and many of his plays have such characters. Shakespeare, however, did not vary much from the basic formula, while his contemporaries were adding new and different variations, trying to stay one jump ahead of the competition. In the middle of the seventeenth century, with the arrival of the Restoration theater, women began appearing on stage, but by this time the “female page” was such a popular character with audiences that she continued to appear regularly for some time, although the casting quirk that first prompted her was no longer present.

As a matter of fact, about this time the Elizabethan

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This page, top left: The coy romantic scenes between Peter Pan and Wendy in J.M. Barrie's play often draw laughter from today's audiences, who are not fooled by actresses playing the boy. This scene from the 1925 film version, with Betty Bronson as Peter and Mary Brian as Wendy. Top right: Walt Disney's PETER PAN presented the most masculine image of the boy to date, as he is traditionally played by an actress on stage. Only in occasional European productions has he been played by a man. Second from top, this page: Stan Laurel frequently played drag scenes in the Laurel and Hardy comedies, and in his earlier comedies as a single, also. On the left is a scene from THAT'S MY WIFE. On the right, JITTERBUGS. Second from bottom, this page: On the left, William Powell disguised as a woman as part of an involved romantic scheme in LOVE CRAZY. Such drag scenes were common in the cycle of screwball comedies of the thirties and forties. On the right, the popularity of the comedian in drag is demonstrated by this newspaper ad for the East Side Kids comedy, THE CLANCY STREET BOYS, featuring Huntz Hall as the girl. This page, bottom: Arthur Lucan appeared in a popular series of movies as Old Mother Riley, a character he originated on the music hall stages. Here "she" is menaced by Bela Lugosi in OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE, released in America as MY SON THE VAMPIRE. Opposite page, top: Comedian Jimmy Durante, in drag, wages his own private war in the war-time comedy, YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW. Opposite page, middle: Actor John Hansen meets with Christine Jorgensen on the set of THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY, in which Hansen played the world's first sex-change. Opposite page, bottom: Handsome John Ventantonio plays a mysterious photographer in the current MGM thriller PRIVATE PARTS. At the end of the film, however, it is revealed that the character is really a girl who was reared by her man-hating mama.

custom of having boys play the women's parts reversed itself. The idea arose that youngsters did not have the emotional depth to play important roles—although some of Shakespeare's women's parts would seem to refute this—and women began to be routinely cast in the boy's parts. In opera particularly, all the important children's roles were written for matured altos until Menotti broke the tradition just a couple of decades ago in his AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS, written for the critical eye of the television camera, in which the all-important lead youngster is sung by a boy soprano.

One of the most obvious extensions of this tradition into the present day is Sir James M. Barrie's classic children's play PETER PAN. When first performed in 1904, the role was played by Nina Boucicault, the producer's wife, and has ever since been cast as a woman. Likewise, the Lost Boys, Peter's band of ragamuffins, were cast as women with the single exception of Slightly, one of the more important of them, who, for some reason, was always played by a man even while the other boys were not. (One of the early actors to play Slightly was Noel Coward.) To this day the script contains an odd and entirely unmotivated scene added the night before the first opening in which Slightly is thrown out of the tree house before the other boys hop into their communal bed—a necessary concession to Victorian morals.

There have been productions with a male Peter Pan—the first in history was a German production in 1952, and of course the Walt Disney animated version was a boyish character with the voice of the late Bobby Driscoll—but as recently as two years ago, when Universal Pictures was discussing a major live-action film version, the two most likely candidates for the role were Audrey Hepburn and Mia Farrow. Today's audiences—even the children's audiences—are, of course, very hip, and today when a female Peter Pan makes romantic advances to an equally female Wendy, the scene usually draws a great deal of sniggering, but nonetheless, the tradition goes on.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the motion picture very rapidly became the theater of the masses. The eye of the camera is much more revealing than the eye of the theater-goer, and it was quickly discovered that women really did not make very convincing little boys on the screen, and so with rare exceptions, the movies' boy's roles have reverted to real live boys.

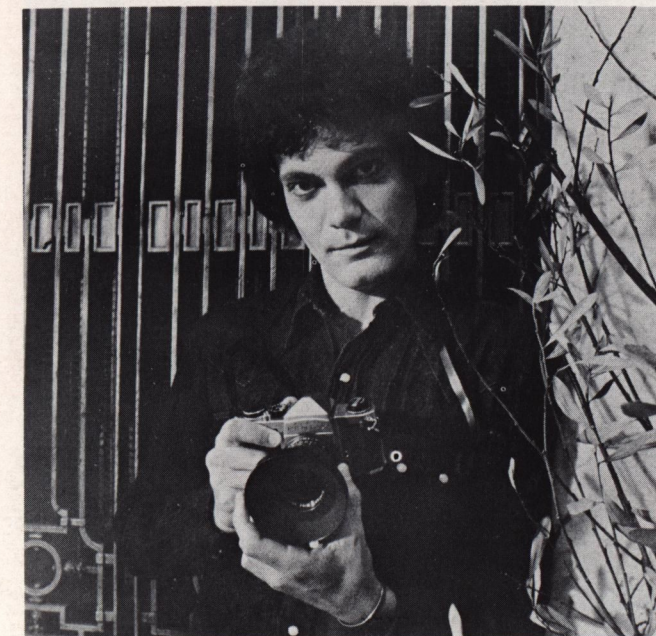
There do exist, though, two early films in which actresses Sara Bernhardt and Asta Neilsen tackled the theater's greatest male role—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Shakespeare's multi-faceted character has long attracted actresses as well as actors; only a season or two ago Dame Judith Anderson attempted the role to generally derisive reviews. But in the Victorian age there was a fashionable school of thought to the effect that much of the enigma of Hamlet's character could be explained if he were, in fact, a girl who had been reared as a boy for political reasons. This concept prompted several of the top actresses of the period to try the part, and these two performances were preserved for us by the new medium of the motion picture.

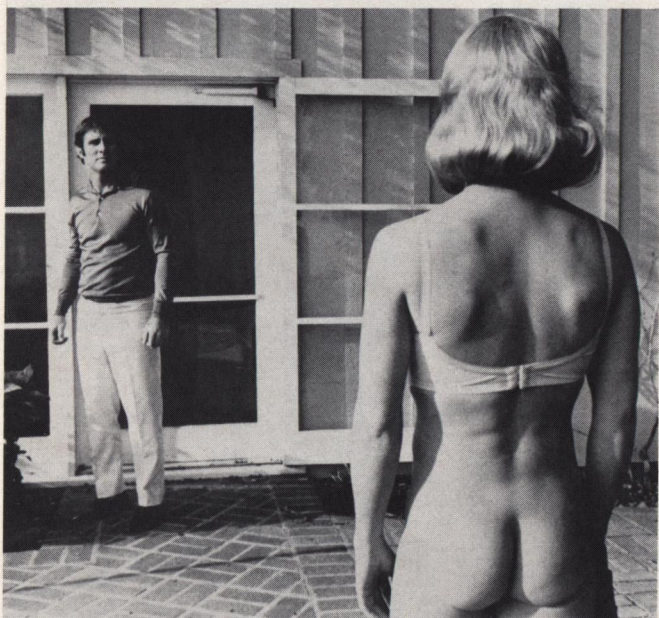
While the movies have only rarely brought us a performer of one sex actually playing a character of the other sex, they quite frequently have picked up on the comic possibilities of a character in drag. One of the first films ever made was a one-minute view of female impersonator Gilbert Saroni playing an old maid talking animatedly in her drawing room, and since that time, nearly every major comedian has at least once essayed a scene in drag.

Considering the popularity of the comedian in drag, it is little wonder that Brandon Thomas's popular Victorian farce, CHARLEY'S AUNT, has been filmed no less than four times. The story concerns a college student who reluctantly agrees to impersonate a classmate's widowed aunt from Brazil ("where the nuts come from") in order to provide the classmate with a chaperone so that he may receive a visit from his fiancée without scandalizing Victorian morals. The plot is complicated by many factors, including no less than two suitors for the "aunt" and the arrival of the real aunt. The play has become one of the most famous and frequently performed pieces of the period, and in the movies, the "aunt" has been played by Sydney Chaplin (Charlie's brother), Charley Ruggles, Jack Benny, and, in a musical version called WHERE'S CHARLEY, by Ray Bolger.

CHARLEY'S AUNT set the tone, if not the content, for most of the instances of female impersonation in the movies. Generally a comedian, in an attempt to escape some nefarious purpose, disguises as a woman and runs into all the standard problems, including, almost inevitably, a would-be swain. Charlie Chaplin played women in at least two of his films, once to gain access to a movie studio, and once to escape a girl-friend's outraged papa. Popular female impersonator Julian Eltinge, who had originated the role of Charley's Aunt on the New York stage, made a number of early movie comedies, as did another female impersonator, who brought his character Sweedie, a Swedish maid, to the screen and then remained in movies the rest of his life—Wallace Beery was his name. Even the rugged former U.S. Marshal Tom Mix played a female role in one of his westerns, A WESTERN MASQUERADE. Laurel and Hardy also often used drag humor in their films. Stan Laurel, particularly, disguised himself as a woman in several films, and in one Laurel and Hardy comedy called TWICE TWO, each of the boys appeared as the other's wife.

In the sound era, William Powell disguised himself as his





Top: Raquel Welch, as the successful sex-change patient, MYRA BRECKENRIDGE, is about to unveil the remarkable assets of actor Roger Herren. She later rapes the naked Herren as an act of revenge against the entire male gender. Middle: Jeremy Stockwell graphically demonstrates that he is really a male to an admirer who thought he was actually the movie goddess Dinah East, in the film of that title. Bottom: On the left, the villain in the Italian import THE YOUNG, THE EVIL, AND THE SAVAGE was a man who disguised himself as a female school teacher in order to commit murder. The role appears to have been played by a woman. On the right, Anne Heywood played a man who spent most of his time in drag in I WANT WHAT I WANT. In the female portions of the characterization, she was quite effective, but not as a man.

own matronly sister in LOVE CRAZY in order to help persuade Myrna Loy not to divorce him. In DEVIL DOLL, Lionel Barrymore played a little grey-haired lady in order to cover his evil doings, a ruse also used by Lon Chaney, Sr. in both versions of THE UNHOLY THREE. Jimmy Durante appeared in drag in a night club skit in the wartime comedy YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW, and suave Cary Grant dressed as a WAC in order to return with his new bride to America in I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE. Kirk Douglas eluded the king's soldiers as a woman in THE CRIMSON PIRATE. In the one classically absurd film made by the popular rock group The Monkees, entitled HEAD, female impersonator T.C. Jones appeared in one scene as a belligerent waitress. And, in NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY, Rod Steiger disguised himself as a woman in order to gain the confidence of a potential victim. (In an ironic inside joke, the prostitute whom Steiger murders in this sequence is also played by a man.) In England, where female impersonators are particularly popular, Peter Sellers has played the duchess of a tiny European principality in THE MOUSE THAT ROARED, Alistair Sim has played the headmistress of a very unusual girls' school in THE BELLES OF ST. TRINIAN'S, and Alec Guinness has committed larceny in drag in KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS. Finally, of course, there is the drag classic of all time, SOME LIKE IT HOT, in which Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis, escaping from gangsters, join an all-girl orchestra led by the all-girl Marilyn Monroe.

On the distaff side there has not been nearly as much disguising, although Greta Garbo did dress as a man in ANNA CHRISTIE, as did Katharine Hepburn in SYLVIA SCARLET, Annabella in WINGS OF THE MORNING, Signe Hasso in THE HOUSE ON 92nd STREET, and Nita Talbot in A VERY SPECIAL FAVOR, among others. And, in the silent movies, there were still a couple of hold-overs from the theatrical tradition of women playing boy's parts, such as Mary Pickford's portrayal of Little Lord Fauntleroy and Betty Bronson's Peter Pan.

One of the few instances until very recently when movie audiences were given a man actually playing the part of a woman was a highly successful series of British comedies starring Arthur Lucan, a veteran music hall female impersonator, in his characterization of Old Mother Riley, a vociferous Irish washerwoman. Lucan made a dozen or more Old Mother Riley films between 1937 and 1952, but only the last of them, OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE, was ever released in America—under the cutesy-poo title MY SON THE VAMPIRE—due primarily to the presence of Bela Lugosi in the cast.

In many recent films, men in drag have been used to symbolize the ultimate in depravity and degradation. In THE DAMNED, for instance, we know that German society is on the outs immediately because we are intro-

duced to the young hero, played by Helmut Berger, doing an impersonation of Marlene Dietrich. Such situations have become almost a staple commodity in the many James Bond-like spy films of the past decade. The opening sequence of THUNDERBALL has Agent 007 dispatching a spy dressed in widow's weeds, to show the depths to which the enemy is sinking. Similar characters appear in such films as LICENSED TO KILL, WHERE BULLETS FLY, and in THE KREMLIN LETTER, in which the late George Sanders appeared as a female impersonator in a twelfth-rate night club.

It is necessary to make a distinction here which we have allowed to pass until now—that between actual "cross-sexual casting" as we originally defined it and a simple female impersonation. In the majority of the films mentioned above, the actor or actress in question has been playing someone of his or her own sex, who, within the context of the plot, disguises himself or herself as someone of the opposite sex. Thus, the humor of I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE, for instance, was in the fact that Cary Grant was a man trying to get away with disguising himself as a woman. This, then, is a female impersonation, as opposed to the character of Old Mother Riley, which is cross-sexually cast—she is actually supposed to be a woman with her own daughter to prove it, although played by a man. In fact, many American viewers of MY SON THE VAMPIRE, unaware of the music hall tradition carried on by Arthur Lucan, actually believe that Old Mother Riley is played by a comedienne.

A particularly difficult film to define in these terms is a low-budget thriller produced in 1961 by William Castle, titled HOMICIDAL. The central character in this tale is Emily, a Swedish nurse hired by Warren Webster to care for his old nanny, now paralyzed by a stroke. Emily is a homicidal maniac, who does away with the nanny and tries to do likewise with the hero and heroine, played by Glenn Corbett and Patricia Breslin. However, in one of the most complex and confusing denouements ever conceived, Warren and Emily turn out to be the same person, biologically a female, who had been reared as the boy, Warren, so as to please his/her father, who would have disinherited a girl. The Emily disguise is for the purpose of polishing off the nanny, who is the only person who knows of the deception, and having someone to blame the murder on who can then disappear, leaving Warren home free to collect the loot. If you can follow that, you're better than most audiences, who found the plot terribly confusing, but were astounded at the performance of actress Jean Arless in the dual role of Warren and Emily. Both characters appear throughout the film, and no attempt is made to hide either of them or to play down close-ups of either face, and yet the disguise is nearly perfect, and probably not seen through by one viewer in a theater-full. (Continued on page 40)

January/February 1973



GAY PORTLAND

QQ CRUISES THE CITY OF ROSES

BY DAVID BARTEL

GAY 'sexopolitans' of the West Coast who entertain the quirky notion that supersex on a grand scale is available to them in the larger California cities and who hie themselves each weekend to San Diego, Los Angeles or San Francisco, might just for once make a detour through the Northwest Passage and discover Portland which has a spellbinding sexual sorcery uniquely its own.

Here in this beautiful City of Roses—itsself reason enough for going—gay guys have a lot more going for them (or going for them in delightfully different ways) than their presumptively more sophisticated brothers in the larger metropolitan areas.

For one thing, Oregon is one of the few states in which consensual homophile sex is legal . . . it's practically fuzz-free and you'll have a hard time getting into trouble unless you overact or overreact so publicly they have no choice but to put you in the pokey overnight for your own protection.

In a way it's rather like Tallulah on the opening night of a new play. Just before going on stage to gobble up the rest of the actors she'd drop to her knees and pray "Dear God, just don't let me 'too much it' tonight!" The gay visitor in Portland must feel rather like that when making the sex scene. Because there's so much of it, so freely available, and centered in such a concentrated cruising area, you

a) can't possibly miss a trick (they're all there) and
b) can't resist them (they're so attractive and eager) and so the temptation to overextend yourself and let the hairpins fall where they may is a hazard to be reckoned with. For just once you may agree with Shakespeare that 'one can have too much of a good thing', however freaked-out heretical that must seem to most gay guys!

THE CITY OF HEAVENLY HUSTLERS

Your initial impression of Portland may well be that the city fathers have worked in concert to make gay life accessible and pleasant. You will first be attracted to Portland's gay area. Sexually the city is Janus-faced. Looking toward the Southeast you see a nice residential area where the homes look freshly painted and the lawns are manicured every day. With the exception of Mount Tabor Park where cruising is usually good there is nothing openly gay in this sector.

But face the Southwest (central/business) and you'll see all the gay action . . . it thrives zestfully in a relatively few blocks which makes it easy to cruise 'n score more. In this area you will find

1) A great outdoor cruising area (it's also the principal stalking ground of Portland's 'heavenly hustlers' (more about these in a moment) . . . it's equally great for car cruising, and not excelled in volume

of 'trade' or intensity of action by any other outdoor cruising range in the United States.

- 2) A theater with a really swinging john.
- 3) A wild bus-station john.
- 4) Two great baths.
- 5) About seven gay taverns where only beer/wines are sold, as well as about five cocktail lounges where liquor is also sold (in Portland taverns close at 1 a.m. while cocktail lounges/liquor bars may stay open until 2:30 a.m.).

Now if at first glance this doesn't seem to add up to a lot remember that everything gay in Portland is just 'fingertips away'—almost literally—and that contacts are made so fast and furiously you'll be sorely tried to figure how to take care of them all! With respect to where to take them you'll have no 'housing problem' since, with the exception of the Sheraton (Southeast side), all hotels are in the immediate vicinity.

Having set the stage *QQ Magazine's* travel editors happily hope that we have transported you vicariously to this clean and fresh and vitally-alive city with its acres of beautiful parks (some very cruisy) and well-lighted streets (the city planners wanted everything safe, open and free here—even sex—so they wisely omitted from the blueprints all dark mugging alleys . . . no small comfort). And so, having put you generally in the picture, here are some little splashettes of color from Portland's gay palette which may point up some interesting individual places and provide an additional incentive for you to turn what is now an armchair visit into the real thing . . . and soon. You'll like!

OUTDOOR CRUISING

'Camp Street', or just 'on Camp' is the unofficial gay appellation for an exciting outdoor cruising area stretching along Yamhill Street from Second to Sixth Avenues, Southwest (since, as mentioned earlier, all the 'carrying on' is centered in the Southwest district, we shall omit this designation from all addresses following, indicating another district only where it applies).

This is where you'll meet those 'heavenly hustlers'. In Portland hustlers are a breed apart . . . they're like none you've encountered anywhere in the world. Why? Because they're all 'working their way through college' . . . literally!

This alone tells you much about them: that they're young (17 to 21), intelligent, mannerly (Western style, and that's real mannerly, pardner!), usually goodlooking or fresh looking (and that's a switch) . . . that generally they are athletic (college sports) or possibly bodybuilders who get their 'lumps' in Sam Loprinzi's fine gym at 2414 Southwest 41st Avenue . . . and that working one's way through college being almost impossible

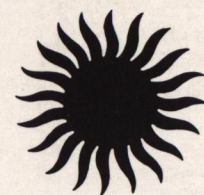
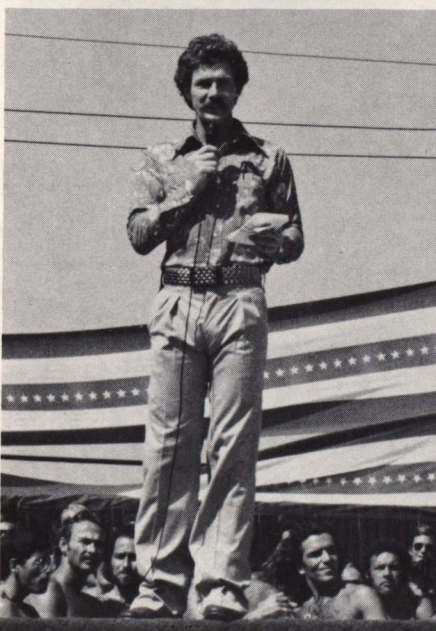
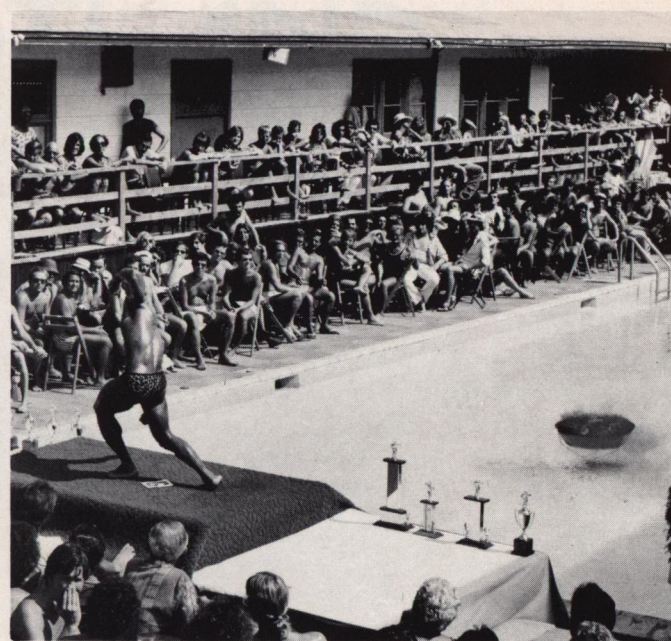
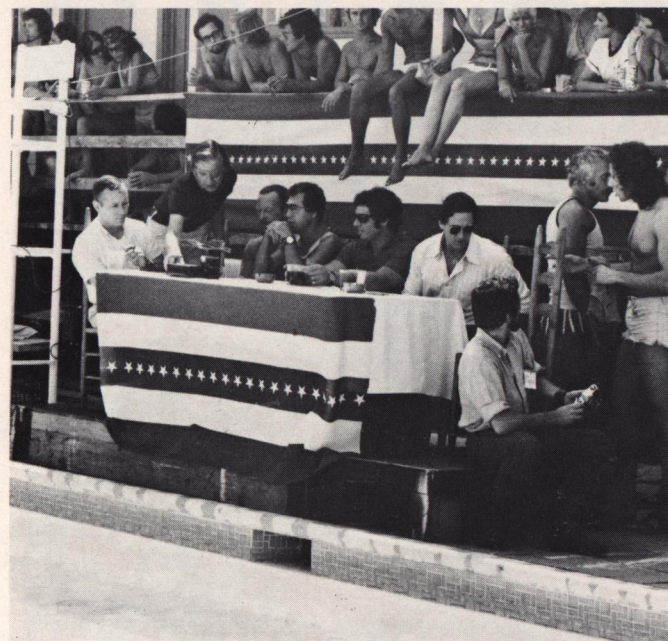
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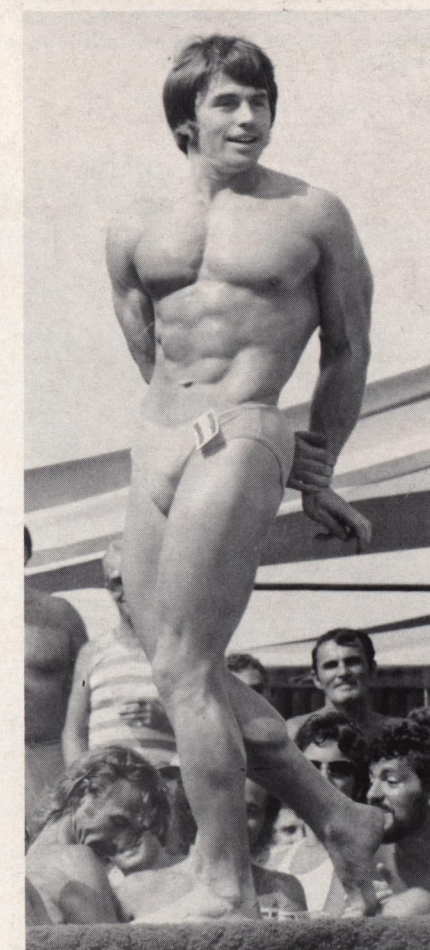
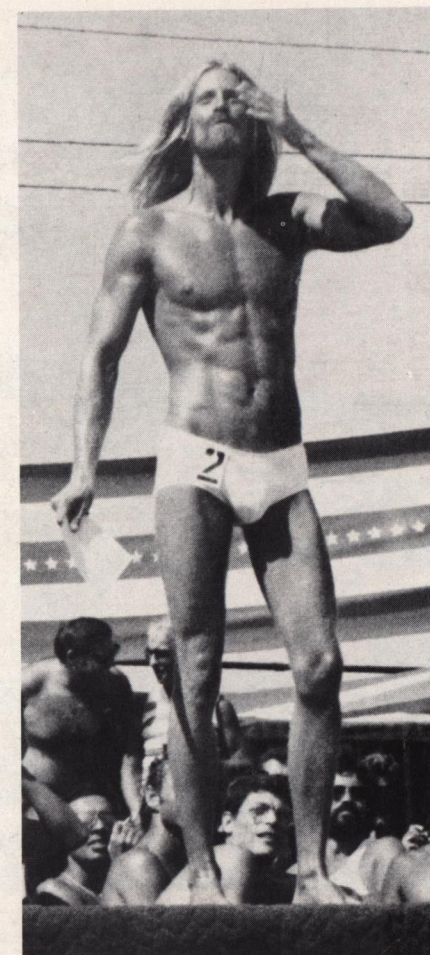


Bruce of Los Angeles

January/February 1973



MR. FIRE ISLAND



THE third annual Mr. Fire Island contest came off with all the excitement of a World Olympics. From the moment the torch lit the flame in mock-Olympics fashion (a pan filled with kerosene was used) to the Grand Finale there was no letup in applause from an enthusiastic crowd of over a thousand spectators—mostly guys, and mostly gay.

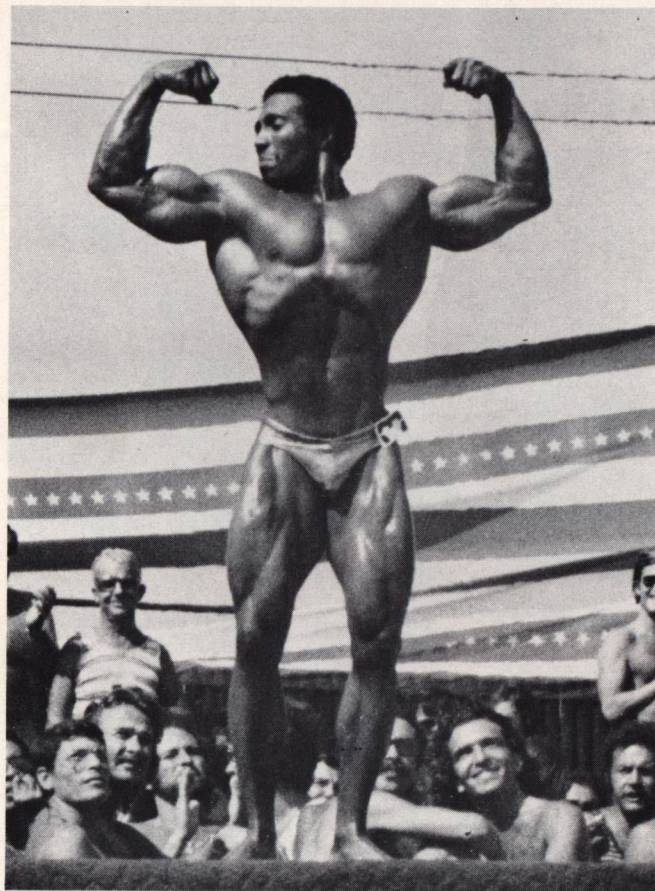
The contestants came in all shapes and sizes—some famous musclemen among them. Those who got the most applause were Ron Collins (an Island resident whose lithe bod and contemporary look appealed to most people), John Kemper (a blond bodybuilder with that All American look), and Steve Michalik (the current Mr. America)—who was guest poser.

Poolside at the Beach Hotel & Club in Cherry Grove made an ideal setting—as always . . . and its manager and contest organizer Michael Fesco was his usual suave self—as always (he and Johnny Pool emceed). Terri and Suzy were their elegant selves in drag—and Yetta made his/her singing debut.

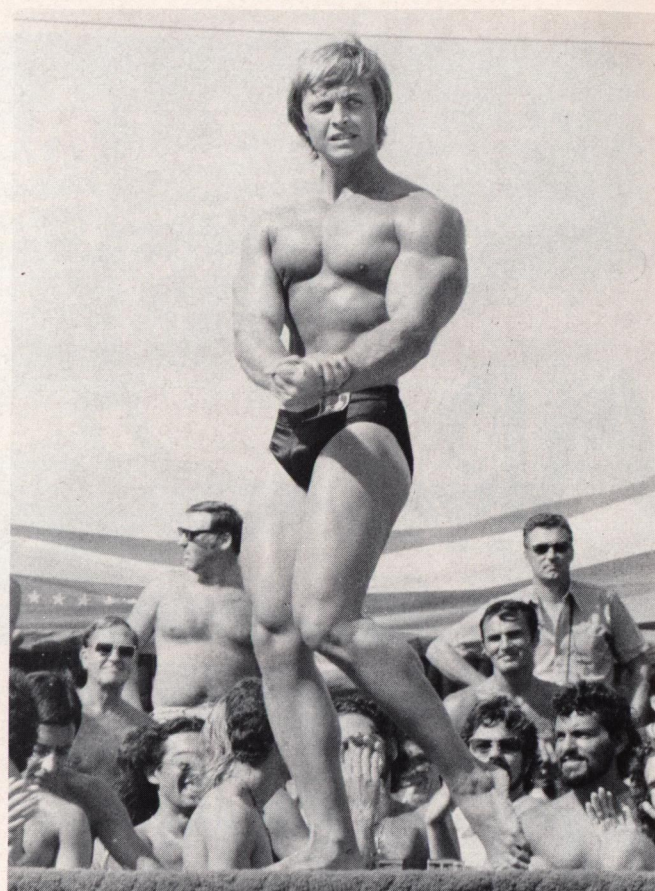
Judging were George Desantis (*QQ* publisher); Wakefield Poole (who produced the movie "Boys in the Sand"); Lenny Russell (owner of the Sheridan Square Health Club); Don Hall (who writes for the Fire Island News); Kurt Bieber (who modeled for the book "Little Me" some years ago); Jules Levine (owner of the R & J Health Club); and Steve Michalik (1972 AAU Mr. America).

Opposite page, top left: The judges, left to right—Lenny Russell; Don Hall (bending over); Wakefield Poole; George Desantis (wrist watch); Jules Levine; Steve Michalik (end of table); Kurt Bieber (standing behind Steve). Seated next to the table, below Steve, is one of our photographers, Thomas Nasrallah. Top right: The Beach Hotel & Club provides an ideal setting for a muscle show—outdoors at poolside. The annual event always attracts a big crowd. Middle left: Terri in drag . . . elegance! Middle right: Suzy performs for an appreciative audience. Bottom left: Handsome Michael Fesco, Beach Hotel & Club Manager at Cherry Grove. He organized and emceed the show. Bottom center: Suzy dwarfs Leon Brown—accepting his award for Best Arms. Bottom right: Yetta whispers sweet nothings to Bill Grant—who won Best Chest. Bill also won the overall title. This page, top: Ron Collins was a crowd pleaser. Bottom: Paul Rehus looked great. He models and sells his pictures through classifieds—which you may have seen in gay newspapers. (Photos by Al Edwards and Thomas Nasrallah)

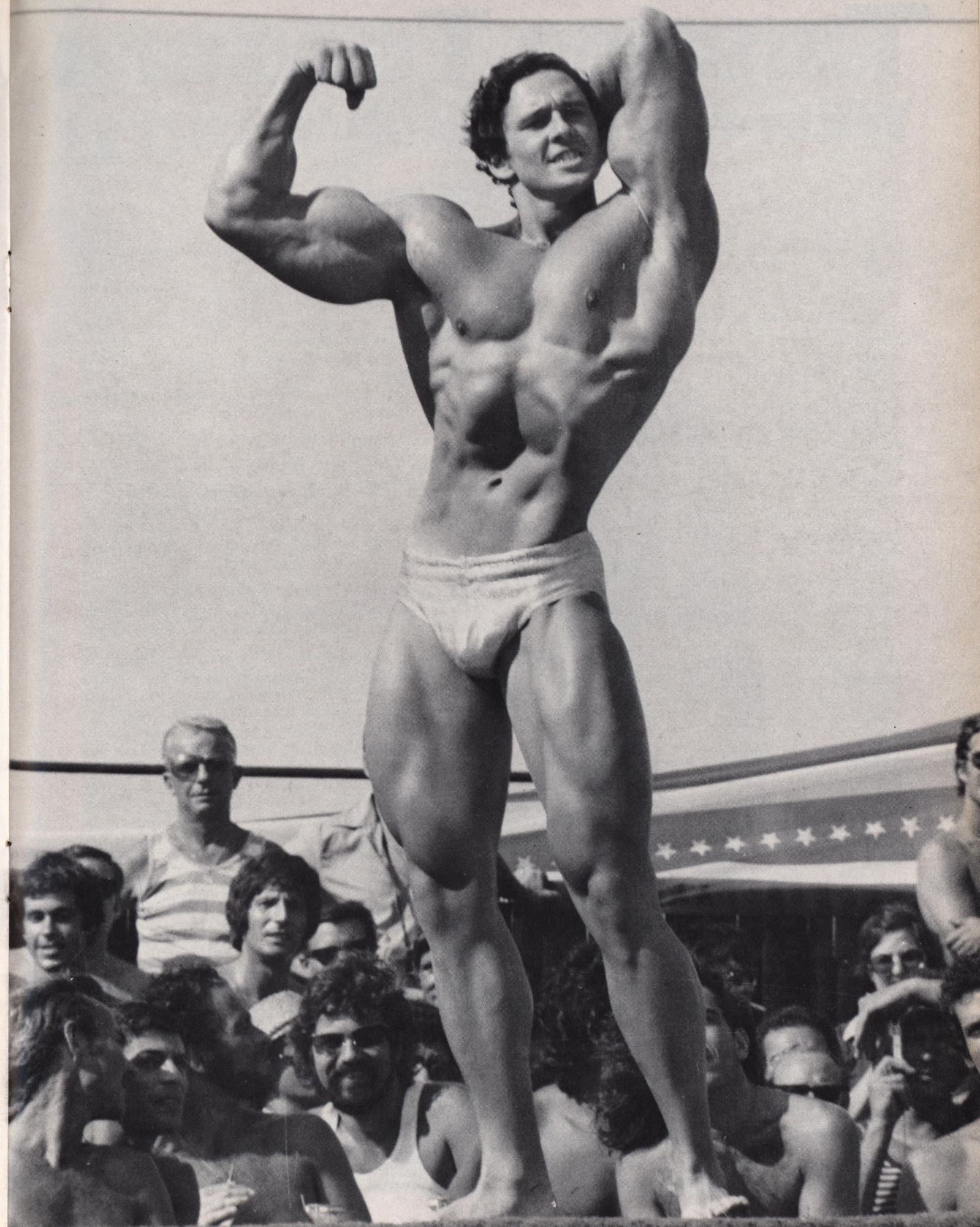
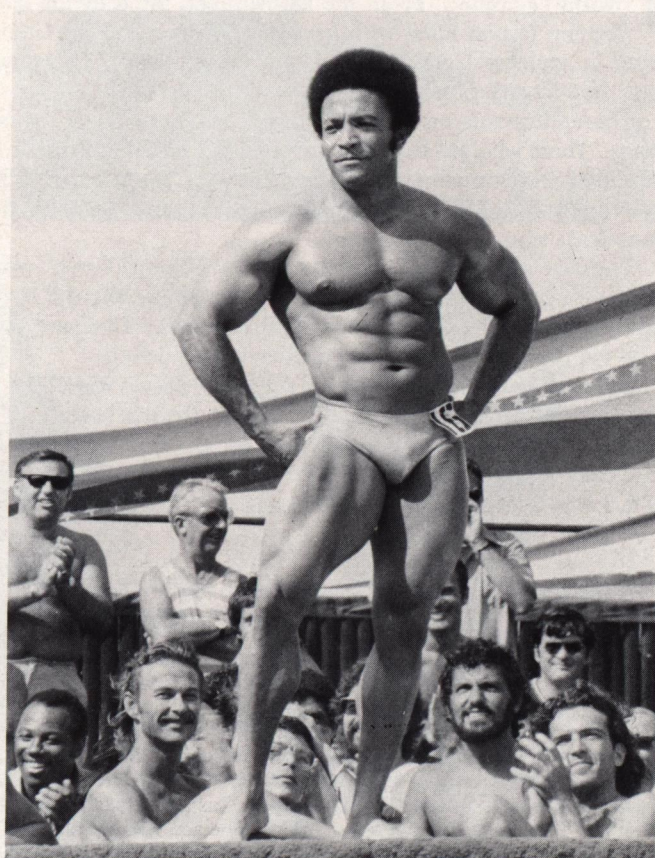
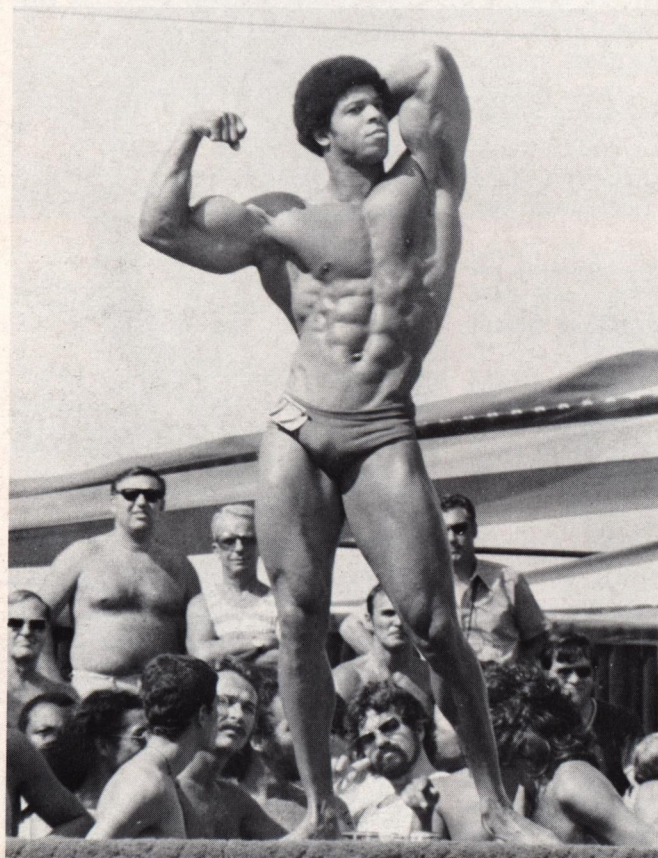
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Above: Leon Brown placed 4th—and won Best Arms. Below: Bill Grant won the overall title as well as most of the “best bodypart” awards. Weeks later he went on to win the Professional Mr. America contest. (Top photo by Al Edwards; bottom photo by Thomas Nasrallah)



Above: John Kemper won the special Mr. Groovy award—determined by audience applause. Below: John Maldonado always looks great . . . he placed 2nd. Opposite page: 1972 Mr. America Steve Michalik was guest poser. He also judged. Did you see him on the Dick Cavett Show last summer? (Photos by Thomas Nasrallah)



Tangier Teasers

Where sex is cash 'n tarry!

By Hal Warner

"I've so often heard that one really has to have a thing about Tangier to even think of going there in the first place," said a gayounguy who had just returned from a summer of 'doing' Europe, "I decided to skip it entirely."

"Too bad," replied his companion who knows the city well, "for once you do go there's so much to have a 'thing' about you may never want to come home!"

What the former implied is something that often puzzles others: that so little seeps out about gay life in Tangier—unlike Paris, Amsterdam, Munich, London and other cities of more publicized gay activity—there is no compelling reason for going. Yet as his more experienced friend knows, Tangier is a city of such an infinite variety of lifestyles/sex-styles there is something for everyone and it's going on all the time.

So why not find out for yourself? *QQ Magazine's* travel department can help by pointing out some important 'Tangierables' that will make it easier for you to plan your trip so that you can have more time for more fun once you get there.

HOW TO GET THERE

While practicality may seem a very unromantic beginning for such an exotic/erotic tour, our facts-and-figures wizards would like to show you how very easy it is to make the Moroccan scene by freeing you of all bothersome travel details (no small consideration). You have these happy options:

a) Include Tangier as part of an all-Moroccan vacation, doing the whole bit—Casablanca, Fez, Marrakech, Rabat—with Tangier as the last exciting stop before shoving off for home. Ask Pan Am to fly you directly to Casablanca and directly from Tangier for \$287.50 round-trip. Flying time: an unbelievably short 6½ hours!

b) Sample the delights of Tangier for a couple of days by making it the last leg of an all-European vacation, using Southern Spain (Algeiras) as your takeoff point. There are three ways to do this:

1) *Take the hydrofoil (Transtour)* from Algeiras. Crossing time: 1 hour. Fare \$5.80 one way.

2) *Take the ferry (Transmediterranea)* from Algeiras to Tangier. Crossing time: 2 hours. Fare: from \$4.35 one way.

3) *Drive across.* If you decide to tour Europe via rented car don't turn it in so soon. Drive it on the *Transmediterranea* and drive it off in Tangier. The fare is \$16. Now what could be easier?

Gay stopover tip: No need to waste precious cruising moments once you've arrived in Algeiras. Don't just twid-

dle . . . *diddle!* There are golden opportunities for sex here while you wait for the *Transmediterranea*. After all, ferries are like buses . . . there's always another one coming along.

Why not stay at the luxurious *Hotel Reina Cristina* for a day or two? Or at least cruise its beautiful garden and terrace where hot-eyed Spanish tricks will have spotted you long before you do them. Also the 'juan' at the hotel (it's just too elegant to be called a 'john'). Don't expect any of that Flamenco heel-stomping around the urinals but do expect some fast action in the *cubicolos!*

MOROCCAN TRAVEL FACTS

To make your tour even easier it will help to know that

a) *All you need, once off ferry, hydrofoil or plane, is your passport.* No visa is required for up to three months. And if you find your lover(s) simply irresistible and would like to carry-on longer, just go to the local police department and ask for an extension. Immediate!

b) *No vaccination certificate required.* However, if you take along Faithful Rover he'll have to have an international health and inoculation certificate. It's a dog's life—period.

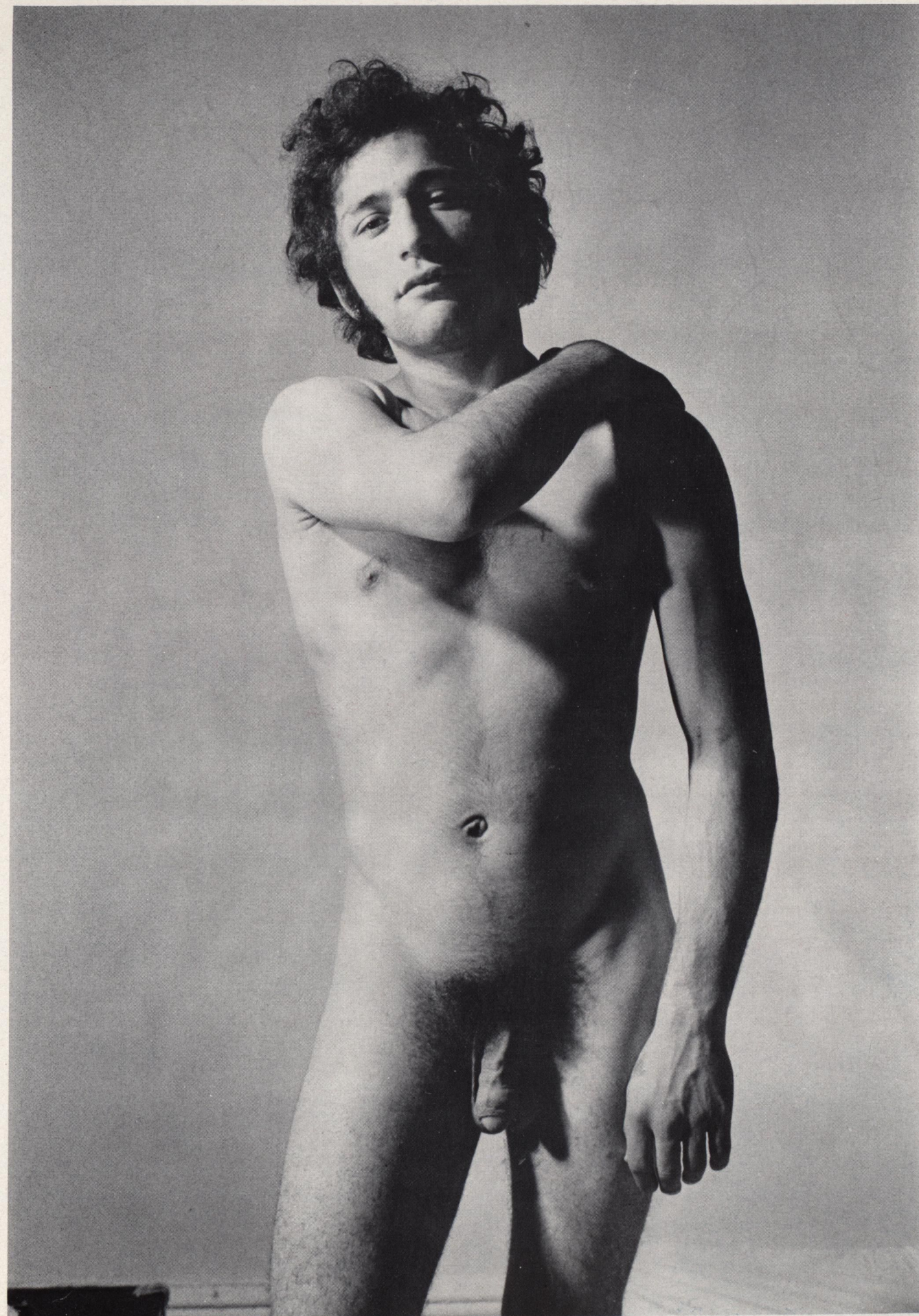
c) *Money.* In Morocco the unit of currency is the dirham (DH) which is about 22 cents American, roughly equaling the French franc and the American quarter. It will help you cope/compute to think of it as both franc and quarter . . . 'tipping in French'—thinking *economy* (and one can be shamelessly parsimonious in a foreign language, don't you think?) so that you'll have more dirhams for the bazaars to 'buy American'—thinking *splurge*. Dirhams can be bought only inside Morocco. It is illegal to import or take them out. You'll have to spend them before you leave, or—if you have the true missionary zeal—why not donate them to the Moroccan League of the Unfistfucked Poor? Help them overcome and 'get the upper hand' (if you'll forgive the expression). *Can they overcome?* Baby they can over-come! Of course if you're going to be chinchy about it you can have your last few dirhams 'translated' back into the Yankee dollah.

d) *If you drive you must take out third-party insurance* at \$16.50 a month unless you have a holdover insurance Green Card from Europe. You can do this upon your arrival at Customs and you'll find it quite handy when a carful of group-gropies get Arabically rabid. This often happens when the occupants of the car are frisky seven-year-olds (as in chicken) or the frantic seven-foot-talls (as in the Watusi/Arab/Berber/Jew combination trick, and more about both phenomena later in this article).

e) *Your American driver's license is honored in Morocco,* and if you have your own car it goes duty-free for six months.

(Continued on page 43)

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QQ's Man of the Month scotty

by Bruce of Los Angeles





*I have more
fun with you
than anybody
Lige Clarke
and Jack Nichols*

book review

Lyric

"Lyric" is a word defined by my Random House Dictionary as "having the form and musical quality of a song, and especially the character of a songlike outpouring of the poet's own thoughts and feelings."

"I have more fun with you than anybody", by John Nichols and Elijah Clarke (Lige & Jack), St. Martin's Press, 152 pgs., \$5.95, is, above all, lyric.

Like a song, no, a symphony, it has movement: now largo, now presto, now allegro, now lento con amore.

Like a symphony, its format is even, controlled, safe from dreary pre-beginnings and dragged-out conclusions.

Like a symphony (in this case a symphonic duet), it fairly leaps with joy, with insight, with honesty, with freedom.

The authors, Lige and Jack, known perhaps to some of you for their journalistic endeavors, have been lovers for some eight years. Here, in a volume I find too slim by far, is the story of their love, their ups and downs (yes, they have downs, too, just like you and me.), and their shared views on every conceivable topic from drag to politics to religion to family to Gay Liberation.

I won't risk spoiling it for you by attempting to paraphrase any of these views. I can only promise you great breaths of fresh air, vast amounts of level-headed observation, and a strong undercurrent of love, tenderness, and charity, not as much for each other as for Everyman—surely a sign of some maturity and no little wisdom.

Stylistically "I have more fun with you than anybody" is also innovative. At first one balks a bit at "Jack did this, and Lige did that, and we had a ball." Then, after a

few pages, it falls into place, and the subjective "we" becomes music to one's ears. Music, again, because "we" are gay, "we" are proud, and "we" are, if nothing else, happy. And all this is communicated articulately if not, indeed, eloquently.

A long-term liaison is not everybody's bag. In fact, there are probably more guys who swing on only an occasional cock than there are who are exclusively gay. But for those of us who do dig the gay full-time a moment usually comes when settling down with one guy does beat the bars-baths-beach bit.

"I have more fun with you than anybody" should be a how-to bible for all such homosexually inclined persons. No, it does not say, "Don't bitch your lover." No, it doesn't say, "Serve lettuce with sperm on Tuesdays." On the contrary, it celebrates the beauty of life a *deux* with or without bitching, with or without Tuesday's Caesar salad. It is a reminder, to be kept close at hand, that nobody is perfect but that everybody has the potential for love, and above all that we all share the responsibility to see love extended to all men.

And yet, rarely does the word "love" appear. It doesn't have to. It's inherent in every sentence; it's intrinsic to every thought; it pervades the book as murmurs and glances are found in the bars, as shadows and gropes are found in the baths, as bikinis and laughter are found at the beach.

In an "Acknowledgments" section the authors thank Dr. George Weinberg, author of *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*, for first suggesting they write their book. I join with them in these thanks. For a few hours I had more fun with Lige and Jack than anybody.

You will, too.

—Orlando Paris

FOUR-LETTER WORDS

(Continued from page 6)

Little Red Riding Hood and can be something of a turn-off (even a put-down if he's quite proud of its size and appearance and simply revels in the thought of all the wicked things it can do!).

Better to fall *whoosh* on your knees with "Wow. . . what a cock-k-k!" quickly shielding your eyes against this blinding vision (but only for the briefest moment, natch. . . don't miss a single memorable look!). Right away you revv-up his engine to full speed ahead by underscoring his exemplary 'manhead' with your apt choice of word/phrase/gesture. You may be sure that for this high compliment (well-deserved, as he sees it) he'll double your pleasure every step of the way.

'Penis' divides because it is *weak*. 'Cock' unites because it is *strong*. 'Penis' always sounds deflated. . . 'cock' always inflated for it is impossible to hear the word 'cock' without instantly envisioning a big 'heavenly body' vitally alive and already half erected.

Phallus. When writing clinically about the male sex organ *QQ Magazine* has always favored the word *phallus*. Of Greek origin (actually *phallos*, as many readers will be quick to remind us), it is just as anatomically correct as the Latin *penis*.

We feel that phallus has such a nice juicy sound: that it is so 'phat' and 'philling' and running over with the 'milk' of human kindness (especially that!). Also it has a 'phuller' sound, don't you think? And, come to mention it, how about 'phallandering' as an alternative word for 'cruising'? Not such a good idea? Okay. . . phorget it.

'Phallus' also has its humorous connotation as this hoary black-comedy limerick will point out. . .

A fuck-starved gay guy named Callas

Used a dynamite cap for a phallus
They found his glans penis on a gondola
in Venice

And bits of his ass in Dallas.

Privates. It goes without saying that we offer our prayers each beddybye for those overly-modest individuals who still refer to the male genitals as 'private parts' or, worse, as 'my privates' (thus niggardly suggesting that an entire regiment of young studs is concealed therein, but which an unzipped examination discloses as just a lone 'private', usually a skinny one with a total lack of military enthusiasm). Such weasel words! Such squeamish and unlovely words. . . words from which the very seed of cock-power has been stripped. How can one have even passable sex with a number who still thinks of his genitals by either of those Victorian terms?

Piss. Whether one's expression for urine/urinate harks back to childhood and one describes this function variously as 'pee' or 'wee wee' or 'piddle' or even quite clinically as urine or urinate, such weak expressions should not be used during sex. They should not even be allowed 'thought space'. This occasion should not be used to 'give a specimen' but to celebrate glorious sexual love with the climaxing fetish of a golden shower. So never 'piddle' on a lover. . . never 'pee' on

him or 'wee wee'. *Piss* on him!

'Wee wee' suggests only a drop or two. . . 'pee'—a thin stream. . . 'piddle' suggests that you're sort of letting it plop around while you take your time. But piss? What strength of character it has! What power. . . like a shot from a space gun! How cleansing it is (it's as antiseptic as all hell!). And how punishing (ringing overtones of S/M)!

"Let me *have* it, let me have it all, dah-lin! Piss in my *mouth*. . . *piss* on me. . . all over me!" Tallu would passionately command. In the entire lexicon of gay four-letter words none has greater sex power when used at just the right moment.

Shit. This is the most freely-used of all four-letter words yet in its sexual involvement it is strangely paradoxical. With some exceptions, of course, it is never used by the gay guy who really grooves on what the word suggests. The fetish he ritualizes 'in depth' is an expression of love so great and all-consuming and deeply personal he cannot speak its name, for in his view to do so would *defile* it!

A wise sex partner will not mention it in his presence—not even in the most casual conversation. He may command him to "Eat my ass!" at which forceful direction his lover's tongue will slip with the speed of sound from tokus to tonsils without stopping for the traffic signal at the curve of the sigmoid colon! But a command to "Eat my *shit*!" would likely turn him off so quickly and violently he would vomit on the spot. How many, how strange and how powerful are the subtle nuances inherent in this commonest of four-letter words.

On the other hand 'shit' is invariably used as an epithet in a gay sado-masochistic encounter. The masochist, seeking to be abased—to be told forcefully many times in many ways how unattractive/vile/sexually inadequate he is loves to be castigated.

"Call me dirty names!" he implores, and the sadist—eager to accommodate him—erupts with the raunchiest four-letter words in his repertory. "You *shithead*!" or "you *shit sex*!"

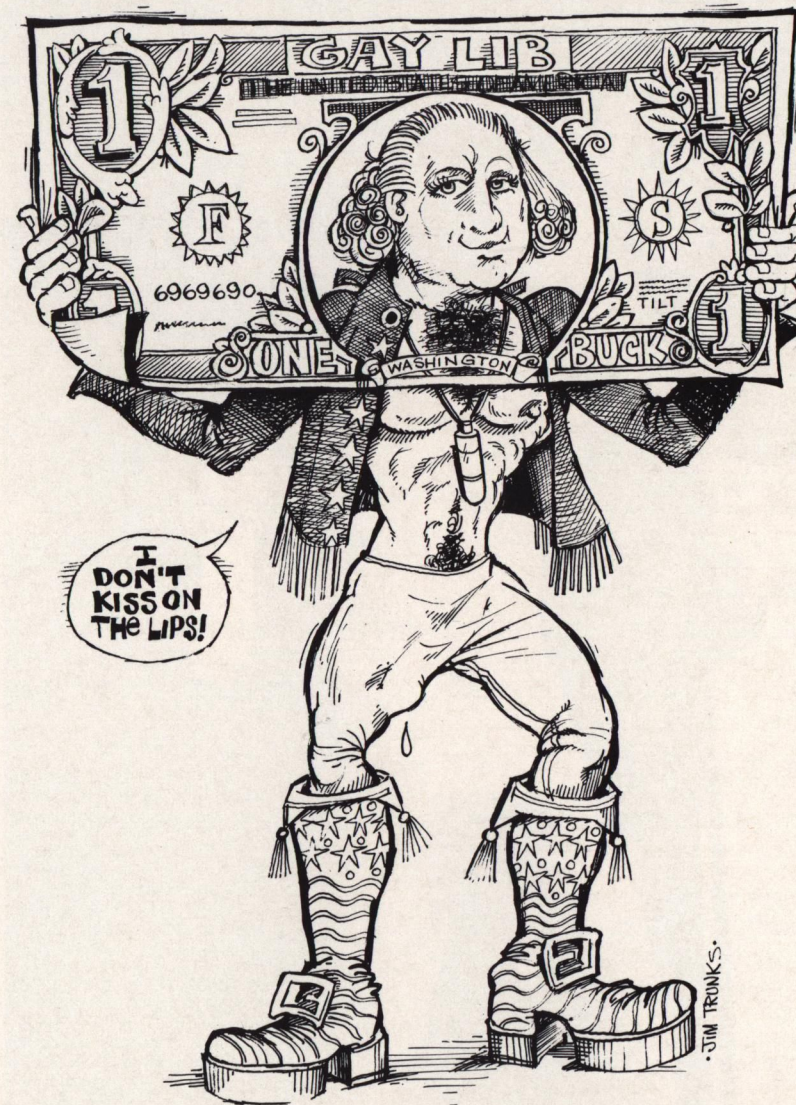
In demanding complete obedience the sadist orgasmically cracks his rocks as he notes the abject compliance of the other while the masochist—grooving to all this verbal (and sometimes physical) mayhem—cracks his.

Four-letter words are equally important to 'mock' sadists and masochists from whom and for whom some kind of sexual direction or 'on high' command is needed to make the sexual scene really far-out.

Gripping a lover's head with both hands (or by his hair, as if about to pull it from its roots). . . or mock-forcing a lover's head down on the cock while firing a barrage of choice four-letter words. . . is the greatest sex for many gay guys. ("Eat it, you *motherfucker*!" "Suck it, you *fuck face*!")

Fuck. As you see it all comes back to this word which would seem to attest to its power as the strongest four-letter word of all. There are some who pussyfoot around the issue and use the 'alternate' word 'frig' but in truth it is no alternate word. While it is not exactly a 'weasel' word, the frivolousness of 'frig' has a weakening effect.

It is not passionate or powerful like



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

George Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a homosexual? Absurd, you say.

The Father of Our Country began liking boys at a very tender age.

The first male object of George's devotion was his older half-brother Lawrence, whom George hero-worshipped from the time he was about ten. Whether there was actually an "incestuous" relationship between them isn't certain, but George's emotional feelings about Lawrence were clear enough. He was absolutely stricken when Lawrence died

in 1752, when George was twenty.

His enduring and heady intoxication with Lawrence whetted George's appetite for male romancing, and he was ripe for a gay affair. It seems likely that he had one with a rugged frontiersman named Christopher Gist. As a young army major with the local militia, George did some scouting of the wilds at that time. His guide was Gist, and it seems probable that George shared more than danger with his frontiersman guide on their long cold

(Continued on page 47)



Royal Flush

By Rob Arrington

Gay is good. Gay is great. Gay is even royal! The facts are, sir, that royal purple was also royal lavender even back in the days before there was much recorded history that has survived. Tomb art has revealed that homosexuality was anything but unknown in the golden age of ancient Egypt, five thousand years into the dim past, so we safely assume that of the many Pharaohs who graced the Egyptian throne through a bevy of dynasties, there were plenty among them who liked the boys. In eight consecutive installments we will take a look at some famous gay rulers. This month...

THE FRENCH FRENCHED

Various courts in France were gayly oriented until the revolution

put an end to the courts themselves, but it was during the reign of Henry III (1551-1589) that kingly gay life reached (Continued on page 47)

'fuck'. 'Frig' is a boy trying to do a man's job.

While all four-letter words are highly erotic, 'fuck' is all thunder and lightning. When it is unleashed at the right moment it is invincible!

...

MOTHER NATURE

(Continued from page 9)

heated session.

It was then I asked him the question: would he give me some injections? He said he would, but was careful to point out that the responsibility would be mine. My imagination was so aroused by the sexual possibilities that I answered, yes, absolutely. We arranged a meeting at his office the following night.

Let me tell you something about Jim. He is Hungarian by birth and fled that country when the Russians invaded Hungary during the fifties. I knew that he had studied pre-med at a Hungarian university and knew a helluva lot about drugs and surgery. This answered his easy access to silicone and other related pharmaceutical products. However, silicone needs a prescription; but the question is rhetorical: if you have a contact you can get anything. Poppers, anyone?

It was obvious why Jim wanted me to come to his office at night. His partner would be gone, as well as customers and employees. It was a perfect time for the 'operation'.

I couldn't wait until the time came for me to meet Jim. He let me in, then locked the door. The office was hardly that. It was a very elegant establishment with private rooms, reclining chairs with built-in vibrators; hairdrying and steaming machines; reducing equipment; and a room that was outfitted like an operating arena. It was into this room that Jim took me. There was a leather-covered table, disinfecting pans, medical utensils, several syringes and hypodermic needles. Highly professional-looking, I thought. And it was.

Excitedly I sat watching Jim preparing himself and the instruments. He put on a white smock, and covered his hands with surgical gloves. He began by sterilizing the syringes and needles. "The needle may hurt a bit," he said, "but there's no uncomfortable feeling when the silicone is injected. You'll notice it traversing through the veins in your cock, but with massage it will all blend in beautifully. Lumps may form later but don't worry, I've got a machine that can break the silicone down."

I couldn't have cared less about some mild complications. All I wanted was to get the silicone in my body and feast on the results. I waited impatiently.

I watched Jim pour the silicone into a large syringe and attach the hypodermic needle. I noticed that the fluid was colorless, the consistency of corn syrup; it was thick and very heavy.

The first injection was inserted towards the center and right side of the shaft, directly under the epidermis. The second injection was to the left of center. A third injection was made slightly below the glans towards the head of the shaft. The last injection

was made at the top part of the base.

My eyes focused intently at the silicone zig-zagging its way under the skin. It seemed like a mole rooting mounds of rounded dirt as it dug a tunnel. The thickness of the shaft grew with each injection.

"Does it hurt?" asked Jim.

"No," I answered. The needle was no more painful than a pin-prick.

Jim massaged my cock after each injection, spreading the silicone evenly over the whole shaft. The sensation was insanely pleasurable.

"How does it feel?" he said.

"I love it!" I said, looking at the metamorphosis taking place. Man, I thought I had a big dick, but this was something else!

"Well, I'm finished for now," Jim said with satisfaction. "Like it?"

"I think it's fucking sensational!" I said, not able to control my excitement.

"When that settles down in a week or two, we'll give it a few more injections."

"Great. Let's go to my apartment and celebrate."

"I'll have a drink with you, but no sex," Jim said. "Let it rest a few days; there's always a danger of infection from the openings I made, so let's not take any chances."

By the time my treatments were over my cock was almost three and a half inches in diameter and almost eight inches long. The main force of the silicone was in enlarging the circumference. The length was somewhat increased, only because of the large amount of silicone—a dangerous amount, as I was to find out later. Not being an expert on fluid weights, I would still wager that close to a pint of silicone was injected into my cock. When erect (as always seemed the case now), my cock looked normal to the unpracticed eye, although inordinately huge. When flaccid there was an element of doubt, since the glans was totally out of proportion to the thickness of the shaft.

There ensued a period of intense abandon, although my work was not affected by the change. Later, that, too, was to take a drastic turn. My cock (and I) were constantly in demand. It was almost impossible to hide it—even in the loosest of pants. However, not one to hide my new-found bravado, it hung provocatively down the left side of my leg in tight-fitting jeans, sans shorts. (Putting it on the "show-side" would have been ludicrously obscene.)

Oh, they came running... the fat, the lean, the ugly, the beautiful! I chose—and I disposed. And it was a high time I had for a few months. A superiority, an arrogance asserted itself. I was the hung, very handsome stud that everyone wanted. I had my admirers and I had my slaves... "My God, that's the biggest piece of meat I've ever seen!" or "I've never wrapped my mouth around anything like that. Wow-wee!"

And then it started. The heavy, viscous silicone began moving. It formed pouches on one side of the shaft, then the other side. It would flow into the scrotum, then lodge itself in the shaft. By the sheer momentum of gravity the silicone finally forced its weight into the foreskin. I had not been circumcised, and it settled into the prepuce, slowly smothering the glans and strangling the opening. It now became almost impossible to pull back the skin past the head. So heavily engorged was the shaft that little suppleness remained to manipulate my cock; nor, for that matter, to cleanse the head. It

January/February 1973

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 a place you visited recently, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless specifically requested.

CIRCUMCISION AFRICAN STYLE

Dear George:

Reading about your circumcision in the December issue brought back memories of four boys I saw in Africa three hours after they had been cut. It looked as if they had swollen cucumbers between their legs. And no wonder—considering how it's done.

When a boy reaches puberty, at about 12 to 14, he spends three days and nights in the forest wearing a grass hood over his head with several sets of eyes painted on it. This is meant to ward off evil spirits he might encounter at this time. Then he returns to the village where the men greet him. His hood and whatever else he is wearing are removed and he is then scrubbed in the river with sand until he is practically shiny. Then, with all the eldersmen looking on, he and his companions—if any—stand in a line while the tribal doctor cuts their foreskins off. This is usually accomplished with a sharpened piece of metal or clam shell which is razor-sharp. The kids usually get a full erection while awaiting their turn—so the doctor must pull the foreskin forward—stretching it well past the glans—and wack it off. An assistant then takes a handful of cow dung and cups the stuff over the bleeding cock. The boys lie in the hot sun for about two hours as the dung bakes. Later they take another bath in the river—and from then on they are considered men.



9¢

GAY WORLD POSTAGE

Thanks for a very interesting and informative article on how it's done American style.

Cordially,
T. J.
Los Angeles, Calif.

YEAR OF THE ASS

Dear Editor:

Thank you so much for including occasional ass shots in your beautiful magazines. So many other pictorials run frontals only—ignoring us "bottomcultists."

Clothing designers tell us this is the Year of the Ass—with emphasis being placed on balloon bottoms and the like. Can't wait to pop a few with my hot tongue!

Sincerely,
J. R.
Dallas, Tex.

TOM OF FINLAND

Dear Editor:

You mentioned in your article on Tom of Finland some months ago that he was going to do a series of art studies which would be advertised in your magazine. I would love to collect art by Tom—whom I consider the greatest "pornartist" (to borrow your phrase) in the world.

What's doing?

Yours truly,
T. L.
Atlanta, Ga.

Ed: Tom is busy preparing a series of art portfolios exclusively for us. They are nearing (Continued on page 49)

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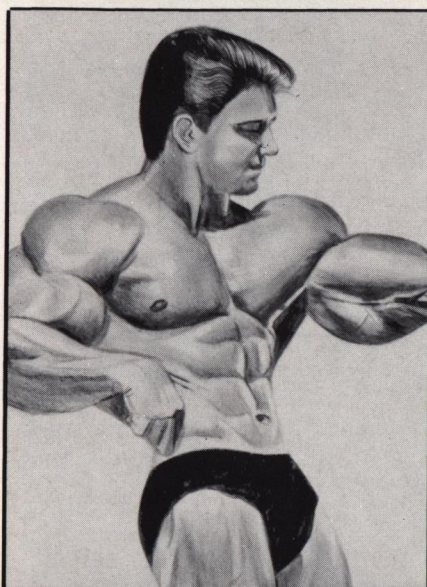
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had to be dug out, so to speak, laboriously.
It was now one lump of misshapen flesh.

Weeks later a throbbing pain created a newer anxiety in my genitals. The glans reddened perceptibly, and for the first time since my eventful "treatments" a horrible regret began to assert itself. So disconcerting were the feelings that my concentration began wavering. Anxiety for my health set in, and trying to relieve my self-recriminations, I began drinking with a vengeance. I remember being late one morning at the office. It didn't matter to anyone else (I was the chief honcho), but to me it was unforgettable—and unforfeitable.

The constant awareness of my problem, the unresolution, the bouts of logical balance had been tilted dangerously, and I feared for my sanity. I could not come up with a solution; I did not know whom to turn to, nor whom to confide in. (Jim had left the country—mysteriously—and I was unable to secure his new address.) It became insufferable. I decided to take a vacation. I flew to Mexico. Aimlessly I travelled from point to point, from coast to coast, from beach to beach, and drank myself silly. I lay awake night upon endless night trying to extricate my dilemma by some decision—anything positively decisive—yet I could find no answer. It was an impasse, blackness, a void, surreal. No exit?

Exhausted mentally I flew back home. The first thing I did was to take a leave of absence from my work. It did no good; without the diversion at the office there were no restrictions on my time. Now I could think about my problem constantly. I was drinking heavily now; my anxiety grew worse as my cock began swelling and throbbing more insistently. Was there a gay doctor I could confide in? I remembered one I hadn't visited in years. I called and made an appointment.

I could see the agitation in "Dr. Smith's" eyes. He had never heard of nor seen a case like mine. He looked at me with incredulity and concern; I knew he could not help me.

"There is no one in this city that can be trusted with a case like this," he said. I suggest that you go to New York. It's obvious there is obstruction in the tissue but I wouldn't begin to have a solution." He shook his head in sheer helplessness. "You had better go immediately."

Frightened and confused I called a friend in New York.

"For heaven's sake . . . tell me what's wrong," my friend insisted on the telephone.

"I can't explain it now," I said. "Can I come up to New York and stay with you? I am afraid of being alone. I'll tell you when I get there."

"Sure," he said, and hung up.

In a daze I flew up the same day and met my friend at his apartment. I explained everything in the minutest detail. Robert was a friend I could trust. He had been my professor in college and at one time we had been lovers. He was more than understanding.

"You've come to the right man," Robert said. "I think I know a doctor, he's a plastic surgeon, and I'm sure he knows his stuff." Robert didn't hesitate a minute; he picked up the phone, found "Dr. Bjorkland" (not his real name) in and explained my problem. He asked me to come in the next morning.

For the first time in months I felt a wave of relief.

The doctor was a tall, middle-aged man, a Norwegian. I immediately knew he had cases similar to mine, although it was the first time he had seen silicone in a cock, he told me.

"You know, women have it done on their breasts," he said. "But the law does not permit doctors to make injections directly into the breasts. The normal procedure is an incision underneath the breasts. A plastic bag with silicone is inserted; if there are any complications we can easily take the bag out. But injecting the substance directly into the body is very dangerous."

He left me with little doubt of the seriousness of my problem, and told me something that quite horrified me. He recounted an episode that happened in Norway in World War II.

After the invasion of Norway by the Germans, the SS conducted numerous medical experiments on Norwegian prisoners, much like the Nazis had done in the concentration camps with the Jews. To the SS officers in charge, the experiments on these human guinea pigs had sexual overtones of sadistic intent. The handsomest Norwegian males were herded into "beauty clinics." Wanting to enhance the sexual beauty of the prisoners, the SS officers ordered the doctors to inject their buttocks with paraffin. (Silicone was unknown at the time.) This was meant to create firmer and more rounded buttocks; it was apparently a favorite SS aberration.

The process, according to the doctor, was very painful since the paraffin (which is a hard wax in its raw state) had to be melted before it could be inserted into a syringe. Then the injections were made.

Imagine a fluid substance injected into the body, filling tissues of flesh, then hardening into countless shreds of foreign matter. He remembered what had happened at the end of the war. A team of plastic surgeons—himself included—had to operate on the ex-prisoners. The pain to these men, he told me, was excruciating. The buttocks had to be cut over and over again until all of the paraffin had been excised. That, and countless other operations were performed for cosmetic correction. And, of course, the buttocks would never be the same.

Now the doctor was faced with another unique challenge: me. He offered to perform the operation free, but wanted to call in "Dr. Edelman" (not his real name), a noted urological surgeon, for consultation on the case. I willingly agreed.

Two more anguished days went by before I heard from "Dr. Edelman." I went to his office. He looked at me critically, unsympathetically.

"What in hell possessed you to have a thing like that done?" he demanded. It's a dead piece of sausage."

I was indefensibly stuck for something rational to say. I stared at him dumbly.

"Okay," he said, "I'll see your doctor and then we'll get you into hospital for surgery next week."

That was all. The ordeal was just beginning.

I checked into the hospital on a Monday and signed a surgical waiver at Admitting. The next day the two doctors operated on me.

I woke up in an observation room. I knew it was over. A nurse leaned over and asked me if I knew where I was.

I stared around the room. "Yes," I weakly replied.

A canopy cradled my midsection in my hospital bedroom; I knew only that I was heavily bandaged. A plastic tube ran from my cock to a bag on one side of the bed. As I recovered from the anaesthetic the pain became more intense. The nurse gave me a shot to quiet me. Euphoria set in but it could hardly dispel my anxiety. Was the operation a success? Was I whole . . . or castrated? I didn't know. I waited for the doctors.

In the late afternoon both doctors paid me a visit. They told me the operation was partially successful; they had done as much as possible during this "phase." I now knew there would have to be another operation.

"You're all right," they said. "But there was a large amount of embedded silicone. We had to cut both the penis and the scrotum to get at the stuff. There was a partial circumcision, but I had to leave half of it on, since I will need that skin for the next operation."

"Will I need plastic surgery?" I asked.

"We can't tell right now until we're sure all of the silicone is out," they answered. "We won't know that for a very long time. You will have to heal well first."

I was not to realize how dangerously innovative and complicated the operation had been. To my knowledge it had been the first time an operation like this had been performed. You could tell with the doctors that it was "wait-and-see." There was no past reference; no ready answers.

Two weeks went by and the pain was still intolerable. By now I was able to get out of bed; I was ordered to take three sitz baths daily. This was to help promote healing but I noticed to my dismay that the skin of the shaft in the stitched areas was atrophying. I was wheeled into Cystology the next morning and operated on by Dr. Bjorklund. I was given a local anaesthetic and had to bear the numb feeling of a scalpel slicing the dead skin off my shaft. Stupidly I covered my eyes with my hands, as if somehow, the reality of the scene would disappear.

After my bandages were uncovered I looked at my cock in horror. It was a piece of bloody flesh, literally skinned alive. I returned to the sitz baths. They released me the following week.

Exactly two months went by at Robert's apartment. It was "Tea and Sympathy" all the way. He comforted me, fed me and—within the limits of my present condition—loved me. Then came the time for the second "phase". Back I went to the hospital.

More silicone was removed, and I lost the other half of my foreskin. Whether it was grafted elsewhere, I never found out. This time I only remained two weeks in the hospital. I went back to Robert's.

On an impulse one day, I called two friends in California. I told them I had been in the hospital. Not wanting to tell them the real reason for the hospitalization, I merely said I had a growth in my groin and that it had been removed by surgery. They suggested I come out and recuperate at their ranch in the San Fernando Valley. It sounded like a great idea, and I said I'd let them know once I checked with my doctor.

After two more visits to their offices, both doctors cleared me; they thought I was well enough to make the trip. I was still in pain, but I had tired of New York. Fearing to be that far away from the only doctors familiar with my case, I nevertheless persuaded myself to fly to the West Coast.

The change was salubrious, and I spent most of my time getting tanned and swimming in my hosts' pool. I left the horseback riding to them—for obvious reasons.

During the blissful weeks that followed I ruminated on something Dr. Edelman had told me in his office. I tried to erase it from my mind; it haunted my fear of castration.

"The scrotum is healing very nicely," he had said. "The penis is coming along, too."

I had replied: "It looks scarred and ugly as hell. In fact, I think it's grotesque." It had been obvious to me that Dr. Edelman despised homosexuals. He never came right out and said it, but the feeling was implicit enough. He also had a quick temper.

"Look, you did something bad and now you're paying for it. Be lucky you've got it at all. You almost lost it, you know. So don't knock it!" Crudely he added the *coup de grace*: "Why, in a few months you'll be able to walk into any john and pick up somebody."

I flushed with anger. But what stuck most in my mind was that I had almost lost it!

Now as I sat in the California sun I thought New York, the hospital and the doctors were the last of it. Yet luck wasn't with me. Distance does not erase a condition; it follows like a spectre wherever you go.

Along with an unrelated incident, my groin began to swell. This was accompanied by piercing pangs of pain. It got worse, and I was afraid to discuss this new complication with my hosts. Masochistically, I bore the pain in silence.

The "unrelated" incident finally forced me into a decisive act. As was my custom since the operations, I always sat carefully on the commode to urinate. On this particular day, I was sitting as usual in the bathroom when I felt a stabbing pain rush through my cock. I remembered shooting up from the commode and screaming. I looked down and there was blood streaming out of my cock. The bowl was covered with blood.

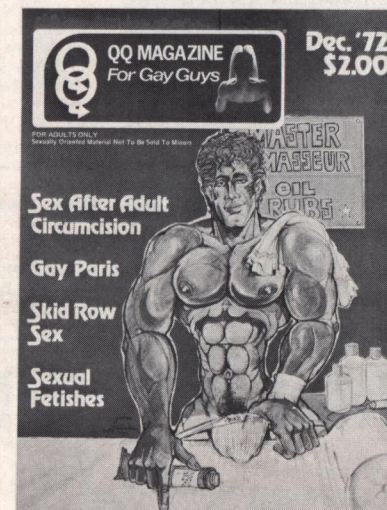
I stayed in the bathroom, daubing my cock with tissue and checking the blood flow. It finally stopped down to a trickle. I covered myself with gauze, and pulling up my shorts and pants, ran to a phone in the kitchen.

A secretarial service answered Dr. Edelman's phone. She said he wasn't in; I said it was an emergency. She told me she'd try to find him and have him call me back. I thanked her and hung up. I waited by the phone.

Fifteen minutes passed. It seemed like hours.

Dr. Edelman was on the phone. I explained what happened. He knew immediately what it was—I had passed a kidney stone. He assured me the stone had nothing to do with the operations, and suggested that I see a urologist there. I then told him about the swelling in my groin . . . and the pain. He asked me where the swelling was exactly. I said, right above the base of the penis, the V-shaped area between the thighs. He thought about this a moment,

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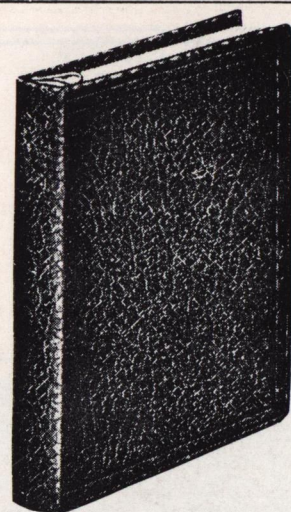
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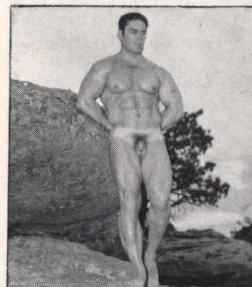
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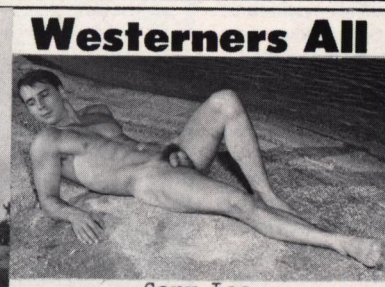
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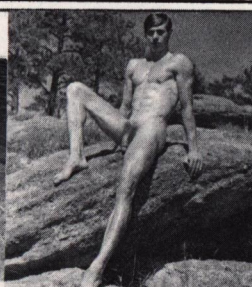
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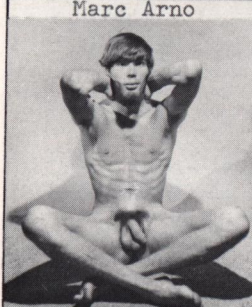
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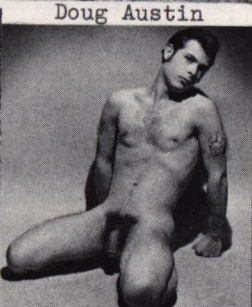
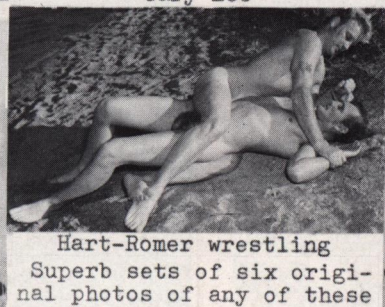
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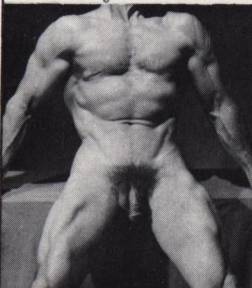
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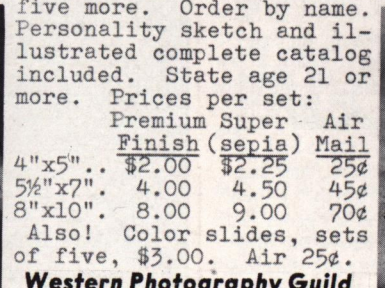
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deducing that there might be an obstruction in the lymph glands. Guardedly I asked, “Isn’t it all out?” He knew I meant the silicone. “Well, I think so,” he replied. It wasn’t very reassuring. The doctor suggested that I mention the swelling also to the urologist. I said I would, then asked where or to whom I should go in California. He couldn’t think of a doctor personally; he then remembered an excellent urological department at a famous medical center in Los Angeles. I thanked him and hung up.

Once there, a doctor took down my whole medical history. He told me that I would have to remain at the hospital and, possibly, undergo exploratory surgery.

I was given a room, and a team of urologists put me through a battery of examinations; then once again I was hauled down to surgery.

I woke up to see the team of doctors ringed around my bed. I listened to the results: my kidneys had been examined and were totally free of stones. As for the swelling, the silicone had obstructed the lymph glands (just as Dr. Edelman had surmised) and that is what was causing the swelling. The fluids in the glands were not being ejected normally, and the backing-up of the fluids was aggravating the whole groin region.

“What about the pain?” I asked. “What can be done about that?”

“Nothing,” said one of the doctors. “You’re going to have to live with it. Silicone is a fluid substance; it travels. Operating on you would be a bloody mess, and the chances of success are minimal.”

“Well, what about plastic surgery?”

“That’s one thing we can do,” the doctor continued, “but not right now. Maybe in a good eight months.”

Eight months! I thought. They let me go after four days.

Waiting in California for eight months was impossible. I had to get back to my job, so I flew back to Florida with the pain and swelling intact. I tried not to think about it.

With work, it appeared that I wasn’t hurting as much. But then it started all over again—the persistent throbbing, then a redening and a swelling in the extremities of the cock. Four pockets of silicone had formed under the skin. At least, I thought, the goddam thing was localizing itself. But it was obvious that the pockets were causing the irritation. (I had learned to live with the swelling in my groin.)

Fortuitously, it happened that I had to make a trip to New York. I called my doctors when I got there. They both examined me in their offices; it was agreed that I needed another operation. I arranged to take a leave from my office. I remained in New York until I was admitted (for the third time!) to the hospital. Castration complex, here we go again. Will anything be left? I wondered.

“We think all the silicone is out now,” the doctors said to me after the operation. “However, you have been operated on so many times, the blood flow has been greatly restricted, so you’re going to take a while to heal. Ordinarily the penis heals better than any part of the body because of the blood. The bad part is, there wasn’t enough skin I could use as I had before with the foreskin.”

“Okay, what about the swelling in the groin?” I asked. “We opened that area and took a biopsy of the lymph glands. We should have those results in a few days.”

QQ

“Will the swelling go down?” I persisted. “We don’t know; we shall have to wait and see.”

“What about plastic surgery?”

“We won’t know that, either, until you heal sufficiently; and that’s going to be a while.” They left the room; I was left with the same irreducible equation: wait-and-see.

I went through three debridement sessions. Debridement, I found out, is the surgical removal of contaminated tissue. This time, I was not hauled down to Cystology; it was done in my room, after I had been drugged with a local anesthetic. The intern doing the removal of the dead skin thought I definitely would require plastic surgery. After I had screwed enough courage to look at my cock, I knew it was true. It was a mess of horizontal gouges hacked from the top to the bottom. It was a horrible sight, and I made a point of avoiding a look when my wound was dressed and undressed.

This time, I left the hospital in three weeks. At this writing, I do not know when, or if, I shall have another operation. The swelling in the groin is still there, the pain somewhat more benign. The sitz baths continue, and the dressing and undressing.

A postscript might be in order now. I know of others who have had injections. I recall trying to dissuade a friend from having them. He went ahead anyway, having had four treatments in all at \$100 a treatment. This happened in Hollywood, where most silicone treatments are given. Male actors are particularly prone to silicone, as are female models. I know that many chorus girls in Las Vegas have had treatments, and some with frightful results. If silicone accidentally gets into the bloodstream it can cause permanent damage to the heart. One girl suffers from heart murmurs, and another one from failing eyesight.

If something goes wrong with silicone, we seldom hear about it. Most people are frightened to talk about it, others are embarrassed. Guilt plays a large part. But I think it ought to be brought out in the open where medical treatment would be available, and where the medical profession could better their professional skills through research and development in combatting the misuse and application of silicone.

Periodically you will see advertisements in newspapers, particularly underground and gay-type media, reading something like: “SILICONE, MEN AND WOMEN, call . . .”

Don’t call. Save yourself the anguish.

...

TOYS THAT SNAP

(Continued from page 12)

for about 49 cents. This will cover the face only from forehead to beneath the chin and straps on across the top of the head and around the sides. If you’re handy with a needle (or you know an ‘m’ who is) you can easily sew in covers for the eyes and mouth.

Blindfolds. Leather is again recommended, and if the mere blockage of sight is your object, the executioner-type mask, minus the slits for the eyes, works very well. But improvisation is easy here, the simplest being a layer of cotton batting laid over the closed eyes and adhesive-taped in place. A simple handkerchief is not terribly effective

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since it is almost always impossible to achieve total blindness.

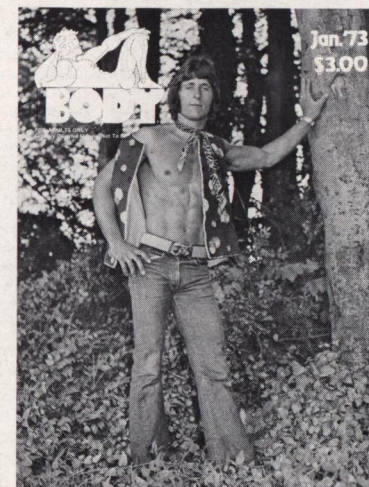
Gags. There’s such an assortment of this particular item that space does not allow us to cover all of them here. Suffice it to say that the most popular gags range from a simple rubber ball, about three inches in diameter, pierced through and strung on a piece of rawhide which is then tied in back, to an elaborate leather gag. The latter can consist of a pear-shaped piece of styrofoam, covered with leather, which is attached to a wide leather strap. The ‘pear’ fits into the mouth and the strap secures it in place and snaps or buckles in the back. Increasingly, horse bits with a difference are coming into vogue, the difference being that the metal bar which fits between the teeth is padded and covered with leather. This item does not cut off all sound—the ‘m’ is still able to moan and groan, and if that turns you on then this is your baby. Caution: not every ‘m’ you meet will be able to take the bit. Oftentimes, this instrument causes a rapid flow of saliva which could eventually choke a man. Watch it!

Earplugs. Although you will usually want your ‘m’ to be able to hear your every command, occasionally it is effective (particularly when the ‘m’ is strung up or tied down) to plug up his ears so that he has no idea of what’s coming next (don’t underestimate the element of surprise, it can build up to exquisite heights of tension). Your local drugstore will almost certainly carry an assortment of earplugs commonly used by swimmers. These are not 100% effective but certainly satisfactory for your purposes.

Collars. The uses of a collar are twofold, reaping both mental and physical rewards. A leather collar around the neck is closely associated with a dog, connoting ownership by his master, and the moment such a collar is locked around the neck of your ‘m’ this relationship is firmly established, giving you the definite upper hand. Your wallet will determine whether you prefer to pick up an inexpensive collar at your local pet shop (be sure to buy a large enough size) or to invest fifteen or twenty dollars in an elaborate three-inch wide sturdy collar dotted with studs of varying design.

Tit Clamps and Rings. My first pair of tit clamps came, believe it or not, from Woolworth’s, being the flat-edged paper clamps that sell for something like two for a quarter and come in two or three sizes. These are perfectly respectable and are now enjoying wide use. For the more advanced ‘m’ you may want to pick up the more lethal alligator electrical clamps from a hardware store. The sex shops carry an extensive variety of professionally-made clamps. The most satisfying in my experience have been the flat-edged variety which clamp on the nipple, and to which are attached by a thin chain pyramid-shaped leather-covered metal weights. You’ll find, incidentally, that the closer to the edge of the nipple you place the clamp, the greater the pain. Tit rings, on the other hand, should be approached warily and ‘installed’ carefully. There is a danger of infection here, which is a drag for both the ‘S’ and the ‘m’, and to avoid this a few simple precautions should be taken beforehand. Most sadists who perform this operation have, from experience, determined what type of needle best suits their particular talents. For myself, I use a curved rug

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needle sharpened to a fine point, which I soak in alcohol. The tits of the 'm' and hands of the 'S' should be sterilized with something like PhisoHex. Use a little KY or Vaseline on the needle to facilitate penetration, and if you're feeling particularly kind-hearted, you might freeze the tits beforehand with a spray available at the drug store. This won't kill the pain entirely but it helps some. Penetration should be made as quickly as possible, and once completed, leave the needle in for about ten to fifteen minutes, keeping it in motion for part of that time so that the blood, if any, does not congeal around the needle. Once the hole has been established, remove the needle and immediately insert the ring. The best type of ring to use is one made especially for the purpose, of thin gold such as is worn in the ear (other metals will discolor and may cause infection). The diameter of the ring will naturally be determined by the size of the nipple. If you are the 'cautious-type' masochist, consult your gay doctor and, if you provide the rings, he will probably perform the operation for you in the safety and sterility of his office.

Restraints. Again, this item comes in many and varied forms, ranging from simple rope and rawhide to elaborate chain-and-leather-strap affairs. The budding 'S' usually starts with a pair of handcuffs, which are found in many sporting goods or army-navy stores. Naturally, you will be governed here by the restrictions of your home, and just how obvious you can make your string-up or tie-down rigging. I am constantly amazed at the fiendishly clever way in which rings and bolts are concealed in the average city apartment. Open-eye hooks screwed into the ceiling are camouflaged by lamps hanging from chains, which come down at the required time. Rings screwed into walls are used to hang pictures or other *objets d'art*, which quickly disappear before an S&M scene, to be replaced by chains. Marine rings sink into the floor and lie flat, snugly concealed by a rug, until called into use. Given a little thought and careful preparation, it is not exceptionally difficult to devise an ingeniously-disguised arrangement that will fool even mom when she comes to visit.

Whatever you're using, be it rope or a leather buckle-type restraint that locks on, be sure not to fasten it too tightly. The object of these articles is to render your victim helpless, NOT cut off his circulation. Sloppiness in this area can cause a great deal of damage, particularly to a person's hands. I have known cases where it took more than a week for the use of a man's hands to return fully to normal. The most common type of professional restraints are leather wrist or ankle bands that buckle on. These bands are attached to a length of chain, the last link of which is a slide bolt that opens and slips into the ring fastened to your wall and then snaps shut. Canvas luggage straps are cheaper and just as effective but the tightness around the wrist is less easy to control.

Cock Rings. There is possibly a gay male somewhere in this country who has not experimented with this little item but I don't know him. Cock rings are very much in vogue at the moment, and are available in a variety of sizes and materials, according to your particular endowment. The object of this gadget is to slip over the balls and then over the cock, so that it rests snugly at the base of the cock. Presumably the ring does

help to maintain a more durable erection by trapping the blood swelling the cock, but it is not recommended that it be worn for any great period of time. I have found the rubber rings the most comfortable, since they are just a bit more flexible than the metal and allow for greater comfort. But rubber or metal, this little toy is inexpensive enough for just about anybody to afford.

Ball Weights. The basic design of the ball weight is a band that circles the base of the scrotum just tightly enough so that it will not slip off over the balls. By means of rope or chain, weights are attached to the band, thereby causing the full weight to fall upon the balls themselves. Your best bet is to buy a band-and-chain to which you can then attach weights of varying sizes, rather than a single permanent weight. Masochists vary like the weather, and what is 'the limit' for one may well be the starting point for another.

Dildos. Little need be said here concerning this topic, since the dildo is by now as common a household word as the vacuum cleaner. Size is up to you (a variety is recommended, so that you may progress from smaller to larger as the evening wears on) and the most important thing to consider is the material of the dildo itself. The most satisfactory material I have found is a springy rubber which is firm and yet flexible as most cocks are. You will find a wide assortment of designs, including cast-from-life items which include the hole in the head of the cock as well as every vein. Some are made to be held in the hand and inserted by a second party, while others come fully equipped with vises or suction cups for attachment to a convenient surface. Still others are available with a syringe at the base which shoots liquid through the shaft and out the hole and there is also the battery-operated variety that vibrates. I would, however, recommend only a dildo with balls attached at the base to circumvent the obvious danger of slipping the whole thing inside, which could be embarrassing and dangerous, requiring removal by a surgeon.

A relatively new addition to the scene is the fucking machine (believe it or not). I have long since seen these devilish gadgets at work in Europe, and now they are just being introduced into this country. Unfortunately, the domestic variety is made of light-weight plastic and is not entirely satisfactory, but for the man who has everything this could be the answer.

The above listing only scratches the surface as far as leather toys are concerned, and is more-or-less confined to the type article you would find in the sex shops. But the talent that brands the sadist 'unique' is the one that conjures up ideas and implements of his own devising. Keep your eyes and ears open and do a little browsing through Woolworth's or your hardware, drug and Army-Navy stores. The search for new toys is a never-ending one (and can sometimes entail a considerable investment) but the enterprising sadist who wants to devote the time and money will find the grooviest masochists beating a path to his door!

• • •

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GAY SEX GAMES

(Continued from page 11)

cherries and make triangles for his ears . . . entwine cherry circlets around his arms . . . make clusters for his nipples . . . place a grape or strawberry in his navel . . . 'gird his loins' with other strands . . . make him a cherry cock ring (he'll flip!) . . . insert finger grapes between his toes and encircle each ankle with cherries to give his beautiful feet the look of a pagan Mercury!

While this may appear time-consuming it is not because maraschinos can be easily/dexterously worked with. But it is well to have a few of the larger strands prepared in advance (and a bit more securely by joining the cherry stems with thread). A twist of the end stems as you place them on his body will serve as a final connection. The charm of the mood is evoked by an improvisational *esprit*, so the more 'set' pieces you have the stronger may be his impression that they've come from some kind of assembly line. Also don't try to 'fit' him exactly. The looser and more casually the better. Don't feel you must sew him threads with the precision of a tailor.

Now before you get into the second phase of the seance you might let him see how beautiful he looks. If you have an overhead mirror he will, of course, have followed you step by step. Otherwise turn your panel mirror so that he can see his entire reflection head-on. But don't be surprised if this works somewhat to your disadvantage since he may become so instantly charged with what he sees that he'll orgasm before you have a chance to get in a single lick (if you'll forgive the expression) and you may wind up with only the 'crumbs' from under the sexual smorgasbord!

However, if he has the eager look of "Wonder what's next on the menu?" let him know unmistakably that *he* is. Begin to kiss, kiss-and-blow, suction-nibble, nibble-and blow, tongue-tease or tongue-thump or tongue squeeze . . . working like one demented until you have expressed the last drop of juice from every berry from his head to his genitals. By this time he should be screaming with freaked-out ecstasy for the phallic *coup de grace*, so plunge with your mouth . . . plunge, plunge, plunge . . . a few giant strokes from *glans* right down to cherry cock ring and he's off!

That's the end of Phase I. While his seminal reservoir is refilling you may begin

PHASE II

Lovingly cradle him in your arms and turn him over so that he lies prone. Very *carefully* bring the muzzle of your whipped cream gun to the ready, insert it gently into his anus and fire rockets of the white lava up his anal canal. Don't stop until the gun is empty. Let him lie peacefully for a few moments while he savors the savage sensation of the cool cream. Then begin with his toes. Press with your hands against the sides of his toes so that the grapes between burst with passion. Sip some of the juice but save some so that you can make sexy slurping sounds as you tongue him up the backs of his legs, his calves and thighs . . . going kissy-kissy-kissy with a wet tongue until you reach his anus.

January/February 1973



A O O XMAS

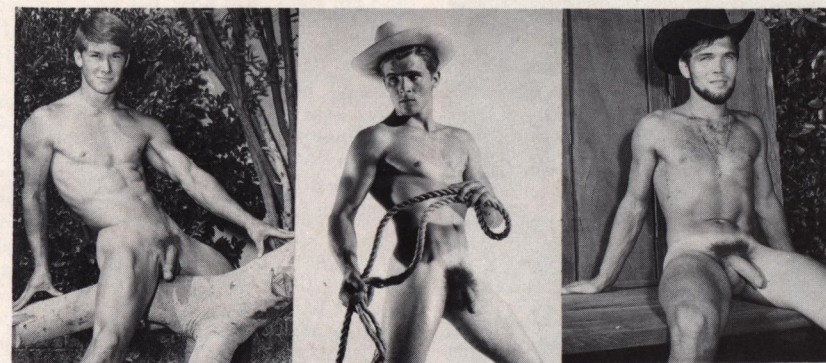
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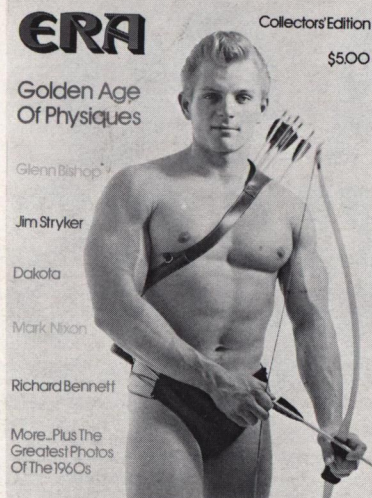
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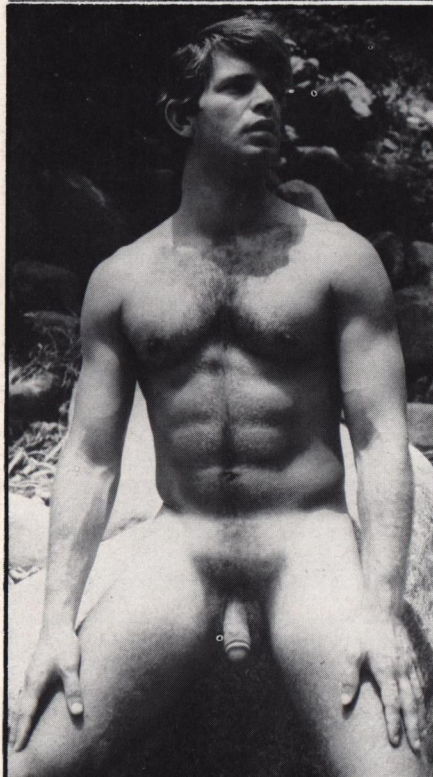


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Now you have certain options: (1) Get in there with your mouth and tongue and begin suctioning the white 'lava' (this is helpful if you've always been wary about analingual sex... it's just the thing to free you of *that* hangup!). Also it may prove to be the most thrilling experience of your life to date. Don't swallow the cream because (a) it gets too 'cloggy' and slows the action, and (b) if his enema was not complete it can be hazardous. Rather, once started, let it flow out and down on the rubber sheet. Work in as deeply as you like. (2) If analingual sex leaves you somewhat unfulfilled at the time, use your hand on yourself. No need to fantasize since all the inspiration is right there before you. (3) Or after a brief initial tonguing/suctioning (just to get the lava started) get in there with your phallus and do everything you've never done before. It's easy because whipped cream is just the finest lubricant you can use... and it's so elegant, too!

So now you've completed Phase II. By this time his seminal reservoirs have been re-filled so turn him again face upward and spread him with honey or jam/jelly. If he is hair-free, cover his body down to and around the scrotum, not forgetting the phallus (there's nothing more mind-blowing than a Jelly Suck). And if you are a devotee of Roman Roll (uncircumcised meat!) add a new sensation to your dynamic with Strawberry Smegma! However, if he is hairy in patches do it area-wise. Honeyize the hairless areas, 'mayonnize' the hairy places. Honey mats hair and every kiss is a tug that causes discomfort. Mayonnaise is lubricating and soothing (and tasty and sexy!) and can be quickly removed by tongue or shower. Caution: it is better to use low-calorie jells if you have a weight problem, otherwise this phase of the sexual encounter can slap several unwanted pounds on your body.

There's no need to outline a technique for Phase III since it is in many ways similar to Phase I, but the sensation is quite different for your lover since the element of *viscosity* changes things. The honey/jam/jelly seems to become a second skin and when you are performing he has the oddest feeling that you're cannibalizing him. Tongue(s) of fire!

This phase can be completed in a very short time (he'll quickly orgasm even if it's the *third* time) which is a mercy since the first two phases—prolonged through more preparation—may have taken the ginger out of you. You can put it back, however, when it's your turn to be 'smorgasbord'. This unusual game is one your lover can quickly learn the rules for and he'll be so delighted he'll want to do for you what you've done for him!

THE 'SEX OIL' GAME

Get some good unscented vegetable oil from your health-food store (safflower is best because it is more manageable). Mix with it some appealing oil essence which you can get from a drug store (or, if you live in a Spanish neighborhood, from your nearby *botanica*). Musk is 'in' right now, however you may prefer sandalwood or some other quite masculine scent. Florals (especially rose) are too feminine. Besides, they cloy when the sexual temperature rises and actually don't mix too well with oil.

Sensually anoint every part of his body—

head to toe/front to back—and he'll do the same for you. Take special care to cover the phallus and to doubly oil the inner thighs since most of the gyrations which follow begin with, stem from, or wind up in this area.

Now onto your rubber sheet as in The 'Jelly' Game. Begin to writhe, fuck, wrestle... anything and everything your sex fertile mind suggests. Part of the charm/mood is evoked by the identification with a scent dually used which makes each of you seem a part of the other... there is a greater urge to share love and sensuality.

You may also gyrate in a long sheath made of two plastic waste bags. Snip off the ends of both bags, splice them with transparent tape, get inside and—whether standing or lying—let your imagination run riot!

THE 'JUNGLE DRUMS' SEX GAME

If you vacation in Honolulu don't fail to bring home some *puli-puli* sticks. These are thin shards of bamboo usually formed into brush/mallets and they'll drive your lover stark raving *banahnas!* The idea is to play 'jungle drums' all over his nude body.

Savagely sensuous, *pulis* make a terrific opening gambit in the sex game. Or used medianly in the encounter—or when interest flags—they can fire your lover with a new enthusiasm. *Pulis* goad even the most jaded lover to a new sexual derring-do. If there is a Japanese import store in your community you may find *pulis* there since such stores often carry Hawaiian/Polynesian imports as well as Japanese.

QQ'S 'DOUBLE DONG' SEX GAME

While we're in an Oriental mood—and since the Oriental expression has it that 'one picture is worth a thousand words'—we invite your attention to the dildo ads in this magazine.

Right away you'll be intrigued by the many creative sex toys QQ has lined up for you. But we'd like to call your attention particularly to the *Gemini 18*. You simply won't believe!

One might say that in this game both partners take a 'backward' look at sex since the two-headed dong is meant for two lovers who want a simultaneous tandem fuck and, without two accommodating companions, 'back to back' is the only way to pull it off (or put it in). There's a lot of 'dong' for each, too... the *Gemini 18* is quite long (a full 18 inches plus 2 divine inches of meaty diameter!).

The beauty of all sex toys is that they evoke total sensuality by their creative naturalness. Moreover they are so 'humanly' made that they spice any sex game whether for one or more.

So play some of the sex games outlined here... turn on with the new sexual fire they bring into your life!

...

CROSS-SEXUAL (Continued from page 19)

A similar device was used, to somewhat less effect, in an obscure Italian import released in 1968 under the title of **THE YOUNG, THE EVIL, AND THE SAVAGE**. The chief villain in this whodunnit turns out

to be the long-lost brother of the heroine, whom we have seen throughout the film disguised as a female teacher at the sister's private girls' school, in which disguise he has tried to do away with the sister so as to inherit the family jewels, or something of that sort. Although our research could not confirm it, we presume that the role was played by a woman. In any case, the task was less difficult than that of Jean Arless in **HOMICIDAL**, because the brother is not seen as himself until the film's climax, so there was no necessity to do double duty as two characters.

A similar character inhabits the current MGM release, **PRIVATE PARTS**. Actor John Ventantonio plays a mysterious photographer who lurks around lovers' lane photographing the action, but at the film's end, with the help of a bare-breasted female stand-in, he is revealed to really be a girl, who was raised as a boy by his/her man-hating mama in an attempt to protect him/her from the evils of the opposite sex.

When the morass of sexual confusion in **HOMICIDAL** is waded through, we find at the bottom an actress playing a woman, albeit one who is thought by the other characters and (hopefully) by the audience to be a man. On the other hand, the character in **THE YOUNG, THE EVIL, AND THE SAVAGE**, intended to be a man in reality, appears to have been played by a woman, and the character in **PRIVATE PARTS**, supposed to be a woman, is actually played by a man. An even more complicated case is the designation of the central character in **THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY**.

The filmed biography of the world's first sex-change operation seemed somehow doomed to failure from the start. Determined not to make just another exploitation film, the producers confused restraint with outright stodginess and came up with a film so old-fashioned and conservative looking that the subject matter and the one or two cautious, modest nude scenes seemed glaringly out of character. The choice was made not to cast two people—a man and a woman—but to try to get away with a single performer, but the question remained, who and of which sex? Miss Jorgensen herself wanted a woman to play the part, probably out of the exaggerated concern of many transsexuals that they not be considered homosexual; a man in drag would have more of these connotations. On the other hand, a male has more success in passing as a woman than a woman has passing as a man, aided as he is by the artificialities of feminine make-up and costume.

The role was finally given to John Hansen, who has since expressed concern that it may have been the undoing of his career. He had a vulnerable, soft-spoken quality that worked well in the early episodes, and with a carefully tailored wardrobe to cover his stocky, broad-shouldered physique, he was equally credible in the latter half of the film. The script, however, tottered precariously on the border of melodrama, and was directed with heavy-handed awkwardness that made cardboard stereotypes of the characters. While it is quite likely impossible to bring the Christine Jorgensen story to the screen successfully, the actual attempt is certainly not the best of all possible tries.

Similar problems arose in a subsequent

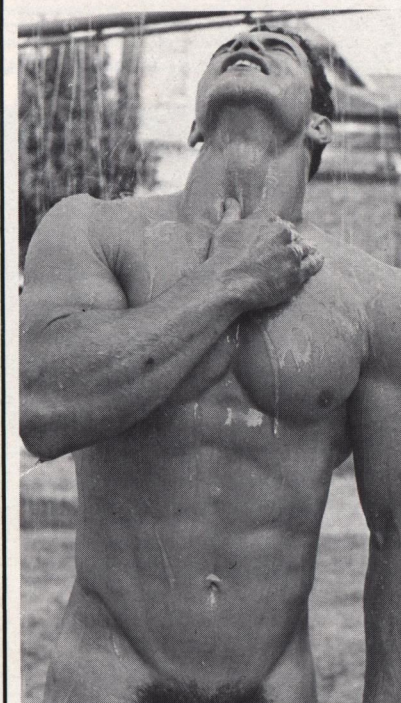
fictionalized account of a transsexual produced in England under the title **I WANT WHAT I WANT**. This was the story of an effeminate boy named Roy who moves away from home and takes up life in a distant city as Wendy, an aloof young lady, prior to preparing for a sex-change operation. In this case, the part was given to an actress—no less than the talented Anne Heywood, who had won wide acclaim a couple of years before for her role as the lesbian householder in **THE FOX**. Miss Heywood amply demonstrated the perils of a woman trying to play a man on the screen—the charade did not work for a minute. One wonders whatever became of **HOMICIDAL**'s Jean Arless now that she was needed. The final inanity came when we were given Miss Heywood, unconvincing in full male drag, in a back nude shot and asked to believe that this curvaceously feminine bottom belonged to a man. Ironically, it was as a man in female drag that Miss Heywood was most effective, imbuing "Wendy" with just enough masculinity to really create the impression of a very convincing female impersonation.

Those more versed in transsexuality than your reviewer have said that **I WANT WHAT I WANT** was a remarkably accurate portrayal of the situation, although we found it merely contrived and unconvincing. The problem of a man in drag finding himself attracted to a heterosexual male who thinks him a female has real dramatic possibilities, but Miss Heywood's character was a bit too distant and reserved to project the proper sense of suffering. On the whole, the film had a lot more going for it than its ill-fated prototype, but still must be classed as an interesting failure.

It would be somehow unsporting to demand that **DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** stand up to the same critical standards of the films we have just been discussing for it had none of their pretensions. This amiable thriller from England's Hammer Studios, noted for their string of glossy, high-budget horror films, was meant to be nothing more than a divertissement, and as such it succeeded admirably where its high-minded predecessors failed. The story, as the title suggests, concerned the straight-laced Dr. Jekyll, who this time popped his secret potion and turned into the scarlet lady of the night, Ms. Hyde. Sticky casting problems were avoided by giving the part of the doctor to Ralph Bates and the (you should excuse the expression) "lady" to Martine Beswick, both alumni of several Hammer Films bloodbaths who do happen to bear a remarkable physical resemblance to each other. One can't help wondering what thoughts ran through the mind of the character who, after a frolic in the hay with the delectable Ms. Hyde, saw her change before his eyes into his old friend, Dr. Jekyll!

The idea of double-casting such a part was not without precedent. It was first done by 20th-Century Fox in their costly and controversial **MYRA BRECKENRIDGE**. Beset with such problems as a temperamental director, a cat-fight between the two leading actresses, and squabbles among the studio heads, to say nothing of hysterically adverse critical notices, the film is actually a reasonably successful and highly entertaining camp farce concerning the homosexual Myron Breckenridge (played by film critic

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Rex Reed) who gets a sex change operation becoming the buxom Myra (Raquel Welch) and setting out to revenge himself on the entire male sex. This he does by anally raping a gorgeous young stud (Roger Herren) and then seducing the stud's dewy-eyed girl friend away.

The film's firm basis in fantasy allowed Reed and Miss Welch to appear interchangeably, and sometimes even together, to suggest symbolically the identity conflict in the character. It was a fascinating touch, and one wishes that the directors of THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY or I WANT WHAT I WANT had had sufficient subtlety to find some similar device within the stylistic confines of their stories.

Pretension, or rather lack thereof, was also responsible for the success of the low-budgeted but thoughtfully produced DINAH EAST. This picture could never quite seem to make up its mind whether it wanted to be a serious drama or an exploitation picture, and it is one of the few that has managed with a fair amount of success to tread the thin line between the two. The cast has several highly attractive young men, all of whom had nude scenes, yet they all had a perfectly acceptable level of acting talent, as well, and the nudity was so well integrated into the film as a whole that one never felt that the skin was there for any other reason than that it was fun to look at—which, of course, it certainly was. Jeremy Stockwell, a veteran of the New York stage, played the title role, a young man who, disguised as a woman, rises to fame as one of the great sex goddesses of the screen. The story deals in soap opera fashion with his/her attempts to find love and happiness while keeping the secret safe. As a woman, Stockwell is generally successful, although full-screen close-ups do tend to give away the secret from time to time—as a drag queen, Stockwell has a beard problem. Aside from Stockwell, the film's standout performers are Matt Bennett, a burly John Huston look-alike who plays the casual but enduring love interest, and Reid Smith, a beautiful and talented actor who plays Dinah's adopted son, and does the film's most revealing and enjoyable nude scenes.

Like MYRA BRECKENRIDGE and DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE, DINAH EAST does not make the mistake of taking itself too seriously, and thus can get away with the little inconsistencies and suspensions of disbelief that trip up the more self-consciously "important" films.

The idea of actors or actresses routinely taking on roles written for the opposite sex was quickly abandoned in the movies' earliest days, and except for the recent flurry of off-beat films, shows no signs of ever reviving. Likewise, the device of the sex-change operation was, of course, a cinematic gimmick from the start, and such stories have probably already seen their day, unless someone finds a really novel new approach to take. However, the character in drag, usually for comic reasons, is going as strongly as ever, and the huge popularity of Flip Wilson's Geraldine character and George Kirby's impersonations of Ella Fitzgerald on television bear the promise of a new spate of drag comics and, almost inevitably, another remake of CHARLEY'S AUNT. The drag comedian is, after all, a theatrical tradition dating back nearly four centuries,

and he will probably be with us for that many years to come.

...

GAY PORTLAND

(Continued from page 20)

these days—and a chore/bore at any time—hustling is a lot easier and pays better than schlepping the Encyclopedia Britannica from door to door, not to mention waiting on tables in college dining rooms (Portland State University, the University of Portland and Reed College are here).

But 'Camp' is for 'everybody' cruising so don't miss it. Also cruise the surrounding area, for many of these beauties who are inherently shy and 'born to blush unseen' in brighter lights really 'light up this forest of the night'. (Sudden irrelevant thought: a 'shy' hustler? In Portland y'd better believe it!) However, just don't kick up so blatantly that the otherwise liberal fuzz will have to take you in hand. Remember, it's downtown where you're on top of everything (and hopefully vice versa) so take it easy so that you can cruise other places like

Washington Park . . . and

Rooster Rock State Park (the east end, about 30 miles east of Portland on the Columbia River. Fine if you're Avis/Hertzizing it).

GAY MOVIE HOUSE

Blue Mouse Theater. Now isn't that a squeak? Makes you want to pick up your kilt and go skittering off to the john. So skitter . . . and meet 'upset' others who skittered in long before you. No Mickey Mice here!

GAY BATHS

The Workout Baths, 531 Twelfth. Young, lively crowd. They should call this the 'Everything Baths' because that's what it has: good gym . . . muscle guys . . . beautiful bods . . . 'heavenly hustlers' . . . posing exhibitions . . . 'adult' gay movies . . . light shows . . . waterbeds . . . all the TV-type amenities (if you simply must) . . . open 24 hours daily and if you want to bring a friend you can get two admissions for the price of one on Tuesday from 6 a.m.

Majestic Baths, 303 Twelfth. New and popular. Dig its luxurious carpeted glory-hole booth!

Olympic Sauna and Baths, 359 Morrison. Open all day. From 11 a.m. until 2 p.m. each day the admission fee is only \$1.50. Take a friend on Wednesday nights and you can both sauna 'n steam 'n swing for the price of one. Some complain management's Big-Brotherly . . . others say there's a tad too much prying/probing (but that's what baths are all about, isn't it?). So if this doesn't bother you, forget it and enjoy!

BUS STOP

Another reason for Portland's gay uniqueness (in an oblique way) is its Greyhound Bus Station john—sadly once 'twas, now 'tisn't. Call it instead the Greyhound 'Bust' Station. Reason: too many complaints from traveling squares/straights, and since Portland prides itself on its civic good manners when too many complaints arise about anything that may be considered 'so-

cially offensive' you may be sure the fuzz will bust it. Under constant surveillance. Instead, cruise the

Trailways Bus Depot, 1010 Sixth Ave. Wild and wonderful with interesting gay guys from everywhere. Easy contacts . . . no fuzz-buzz at this writing. Heavy military patronage, and because of this a note of caution: in any West Coast port of entry or point of transfer you'll be tempted by the mass influx of servicemen. Some have infections even they don't know about. So be wise: have your doctor do the gamma globulin bit for you before trekking West, particularly if you're a devotee of the Numbers Game in fast bus-station john-cruising. Why risk?

GAY BARS/TAVERNS

The Riptide, 933 Stark. A very pretty place where everyone comes after the gay taverns (remember taverns close at 1 a.m.) for a nightcap. Very lively crowd, mostly young . . . excellent mixed drinks and go-go boys having a go-go at it. Close dancing permitted on its spacious hardwood floor. Cocktail lounge . . . stage for occasional drag shows. Probably the most popular gay bar in Portland.

Roman's Tavern, 728 Ninth. Under the same management as The Riptide . . . the owner seemingly has a propensity for employing only goodlooking young bartenders for both his establishments. Would you believe a roller-skating bartender? That's handsome Kim! Roman's is quite popular with the thirtyish/moneyish crowd. While to the newcomer this place may seem a bit cliquey at first this is just a facade . . . a few pleasant words spoken casually to a likely lover will break the ice. In Portland's gay bars if you will translate seeming 'reserve' as 'quietly exuberant elegance' you won't have the slightest trouble getting your message across and making wonderful friends.

Zorba the Greek, 626 Park. An absolutely delightful tavern run by two absolutely delightful Greeks, Angelo and Leonora Markantonatos. Warm-hearted, understanding people, they make a point of getting acquainted with newcomers and often introduce them to Zorba regulars. One of their more convivial attractions is their Sunday-afternoon buffet where really excellent food can be had for under a dollar (spaghetti and meatballs . . . also just about the best barbecue you've ever tasted!). The accent is on 'posh' here. White Greek columns, a blue-blue Athenian ceiling . . . flocked walls . . . marble tables . . . upholstered chairs . . . plus the best sandwiches and the greatest beer in Portland. Lots of laughs. Don't miss!

The Tavern, 122 Yamhill. A great place for the somewhat older crowd. Much raw brick, mirrored bar and red/gray decor . . . a very comfortable place made more so by a cozy corner with a fireplace, some comfortable chairs and a coffee table where you can relax with a new friend. There's even a billiard table where you can 'rack' up the balls with an interesting number, getting a 'bead' on him, so to speak . . . or, to continue in this ruttish vernacular, getting 'cued' before getting 'fucked'.

The Other Inn, 242 Alder, is a tavern with billiard overtones. This is the 'butchest' bar in Portland . . . it attracts the leather and levi set and is the hangout of the new Black Rose Chapter of the Knights of Malta.

Its most noticeable asset is Mama Bernice.

Club Northwest, 217 Fourth, Northwest (note this change of gay venue). Lesbians lurk . . . dancing permitted . . . shows at 10 and midnight on Sunday.

Dinty Moore's, 924 Third, is the place to go if you like things a little earthy. This place is in a rather seedy area, surprising for gay Portland. Beer/wine only . . . hustlers (who are not working their way through college) . . . moochers . . . more poolplayers (as you may have gathered balling is taken very seriously in Portland—no matter what kind. A real down-to-earth place and a decided change from other gay bars here.

Some observations about other gay bars/taverns: The Family Zoo, 820 Oak . . . gay, young, funky, freakie, loud . . . may be your thing. Dahl and Penne's, 604 Second . . . gay, hustlers, dark back room; go late for best action (between 1 and 2:30 a.m.). Sexy bartenders. Also Dema's Tavern, 208 Third. Drag shows at 9:30 and 11 on Fridays and Saturdays.

Lastly a kind of 'mixed bag' of gay puzzles. The Park Haviland Hotel, 731 Salmon (also a good place to make your headquarters while in Portland). There's a lot going on here, much of which simply doesn't meet the casual eye. You have to look for it or 'smoke it out'. So many interesting people live here . . . it's a haven for TV professionals, brawny railroad workers, bodybuilders, college guys, professional athletes, entertainers, hustlers . . . straight and gay, couth and not—you name it and it's probably here.

At least once during your visit to Portland cruise the two downstairs bars/cocktail lounges. Most think the Casbah (the larger one, having the ubiquitous pool table) is the more active. More intime—perhaps a trifle more elegant—is the 'soft-sell' makeout place . . . the Interlude. There's also the Top of the Park, which is usually dull/straight, but on occasion more gayly worthwhile, so give a looksee. And then after the bars/taverns close there's the coffee shop. Any gay type you've missed so far will likely be here. In short here's where you'll find a cross-section of Portland's gay life . . . a good reason for coming here.

As you see, there's something for everyone in Portland . . . so come up and give it a whirl! You'll be glad you did.

...

TANGIER TEASERS

(Continued from page 26)

TANGIER AT FIRST LOVE

Now that you have arrived in Tangier so QQ quickly and easily, what meets the eye?

First, the beautiful city itself with its rolling hills that sensuously encircle a lovely bay . . . its Yacht Club, alongside which are moored the colorful boats of Tangier's wealthy visitors—like something out of the Arabian Nights . . . and its spacious sandy beach (Plage de sable) dotted with exotic tents belonging to members of individual sexual enclaves, each with its own diversions that rival anything along the French Riviera.

Of late certain gay travel guidebooks have said that Tangier is to Morocco what Tijuana is to Mexico . . . the inference being that it's on the honky-tonk side. But for that matter what city is without its raffish

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districts? San Francisco has its Hashbury—London its Soho . . . New York its Times Square . . . New Orleans its Bourbon beat. But this is what gives life and color to a city so don't fail to visit Tangier because of such a blanket indictment or you'll miss one of the most fascinating cities in the world.

Next, its people. Tangier's proud citizens call it the 'crossroads of the world' because of the great confluence of all-Asian, all-African, all-European, and now all-American peoples. This may be particularly noted in the large number of expatriate American painters of whom there are now more in Tangier's swollen art colony than in Carmel, Provincetown, Taos and Greenwich Village combined. Most are gay . . . certainly no one is indifferent.

However if the thought of meeting other gay guys from back home leaves you monumentally unmoved—as though you'd never left home—consider what you'll see the moment you step off the *Transmediterranea*:

A whole 'school' of young boys swarming around the boat . . . happy, eager youngsters with graceful bodies and beautiful faces, none of whom is more than 12 years old. Huge? You simply might not take our word for it . . . you must see for yourself!

Listen to them as they cry their 'wares'. One may single you out and if he can't interest you in sexy postcards, condoms, pot or hash he will then "in an ascending spiral of iniquity," as Margaret Rutherford would say, offer you first "my sister who is a virgin, I swear by Allah" . . . then, divining that you are gay "my brother whose cock is bigger than the minaret on the Great Mosque!" If this should fail and he sees he cannot sell you 'a pig in a poke' he will make the supreme sacrifice. "Me . . . come with me. I have place and I'm even beeger than he is!"

You may want to go at once and you may do so without a single qualm for here's the reason why:

MOROCCAN 'MORALITY'

Having accepted his offer you should instantly forget such uptight Americanisms as 'immoral' and 'having carnal knowledge' or 'contributing to the delinquency of a minor'. Such Victorian claptrap is meaningless in a country whose index of socio-sexual values is so different, for what is 'immoral' in the United States is simply 'amoral' in Morocco . . . 'amoral' being defined not as 'without morals' but 'without concern' or 'without care'. Here sex is a fact of life that concerns everyone in his own special way, and how one goes about it, and with whom, and at whatever age, is strictly one's own business.

Moreover, you just can't have 'carnal knowledge' of a boy when he already knows so much about the wiles and wonders of sex he can teach you a thing or three.

And as for 'contributing to the delinquency of a minor' be assured that the only 'contribution' you can make is money, and that far from being a 'delinquent' he is very likely the sole support of a family of younger brothers and sisters who would have to beg in the streets of Tangier if he didn't bring home money enough to feed and clothe them.

'Minor'? It has little meaning here in this country where the aging process is so rapid. A 'minor' is only a suckling babe, for what could be 'minor' about a boy who eja-

culates at 7 and is practically over the hill at 14?

WHAT PRICE GLORY-HOLE?

Your young friend will indeed 'have a place'. While it may be the most primitive you have ever seen it will be clean and neat and absolutely functional because he takes pride in his 'business premises'.

His fee will be 10 to 20 dirhams (roughly \$2 to \$4) depending on how much he believes he has delighted you or how many variations he has employed. However, remember that sex with him is strictly business—'cash 'n tarry' (but only very briefly because he must hurry back to the dock in time to hustle the next ferryload)—so don't from a surge of over-protectiveness offer him more. Besides it might spoil him!

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QW SON

SAY



"Cocksucker in Warsaw
called 'Pole-lick'!"

While the hotels in Tangier frown on anyone dining on chicken in the bedroom, if by some ruse you get him up there this should be considered a tippable extra and you should reward him accordingly . . . 5 dirhams more will be about right. But since sex is, of necessity (his), going to be short, whether the surroundings are primitive or posh means little, so you might just as well let him take you to his place . . . feed you the 'cues' and be free of any entanglement.

If you think highly of him (and you will) you might mention that you'd like to see him again and perhaps meet others just as fascinating. You may be sure the word will go out faster than a speeding bullet and so,

at these very low prices, you may very well be booked solid for the 'tour'! But whatever trick he sends you will ask 4 dirhams more. He must get his 'commission' y'know!

MOROCCAN MIXUP

Mix together: ¼ blue-eyed, blond (sometimes), Nordic-looking Berber . . . ¼ sensuous-hipped, sensualipped Sephardic (Spanish-Portuguese) Jew . . . ¼ Arab with flashing smile and 32 perfect whitewhite teeth and what do you get?

You get a seven-foot-tall Moroccan 'conglomerate' with a stunningly handsome face . . . a glowing-from-within, rich-textured skin of *café au lait* . . . a Steve Reeves physique, and a *presence* that simply takes your breath away!

This should not surprise you since legend has it that Tangier was founded by Antea, son of Neptune and Earth, and that Hercules divided the two continents to create the Straits of Gibraltar where the Mediterranean and the Atlantic merge their waters. So you see someone in Morocco has been minding the Mixmaster for more than 2000 years.

Put this Jolly Brown Giant in a *kaftan* or a long Arabian *burnous* and by Allah you've seen everything. At least you *think* you've seen everything until he lifts the hem of his *kaftan*. Then . . . oh, well, the mind boggles at having to filch from the dictionary a properly overpowering adjective. Maybe there just wasn't the emphasis on big phalluses in Webster's day. Suffice it to say that bigger ones just don't exist.

It is said by some Moroccan gay guys that the *kaftan* was designed to accommodate the tremendous volume of such genitalia . . . that no pants—however voluminous and 'Sinbaddy'—could conceal such a monster, especially when it is aroused (which it is most of the time). Others regard it more practically as a ventilating device, for as the skirt of the *kaftan* swirls, the gentle breeze it stirs up cools the crotch.

Perhaps they're both right, for while it seems a shame that anything so noble must be covered at all, its proud owner can rejoice in the knowledge that Allah has seen fit to give him a cool tool.

Where does one meet these men? Everywhere in Tangier; invariably in the Medina—the old city—not far from the beach. Of course not all are gay—not by any means!—but the gay ones, the *freely* available ones and the hustlers are easily distinguishable by their far greater numbers and by the fact that they move in stately procession, like a herd of gorgeous giraffes, in and around the four five-star hotels (five-star being the Moroccan government's designation of *most expensive*).

These are the *Hotel Les Almohades* on the *Avenue de l'Armée Royale* . . . *Hotel El Minzah* at 85 *rue de la Liberté* . . . the *Hotel Intercontinental* on the *Boulevard de Paris*, and the *Hotel Rif* (there are more at this latter hotel because it is situated on one of the cruisiest streets in Tangier . . . the *Avenue d'Espagne*).

You shouldn't have the slightest difficulty making contact because sex is obviously what this procession is all about. Nor should language difficulties arise since most of them (as do all other Moroccans) speak Arabic, Spanish, Portuguese, French and possibly some English. Try a few of your best Berlitz in whichever and you should be

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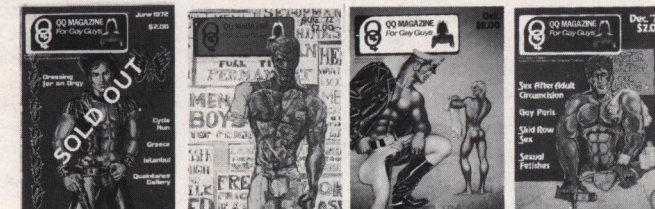
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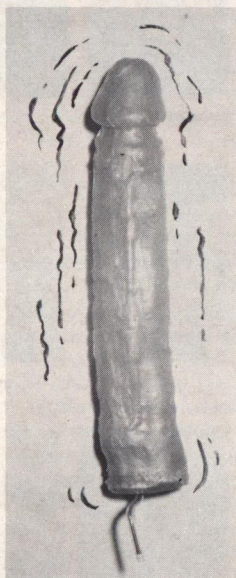
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delighted with the response.

However, your questing eyebrow is actually all that's needed. A sensuous answering wink or a graceful inclination of his noble head will get matters moving beautifully. Then, if hustler, he will usually raise both arms, placing all ten fingers upward in plain view. He does this to obviate any initial misunderstanding about payment, and it means ten dollars, not ten dirhams (so don't make that mistake!). Or perhaps ten fingers and a repeat performance of five . . . or, if he's really on an ego trip, he'll flash ten fingers twice.

Anyway it's worth it no matter what his sexual semaphore indicates. Your only regret may be that you find it just too much to cope with . . . all the rest of that big, big thing you couldn't even get to sticky-slurp just going to waste for want of a Doggy Bag to take it home in!

Between these two extremes of seven-year-old big/seven-foot-tall big are thousands of handsome gay Moroccans of average height, as well as those of a greater admixture of French blood, in which case they will generally be about five-feet-six or just slightly less. All have a distinctive and most interesting complexion color, being variously brown-beige, pinky-beige or beige-grey.

You will meet them while cruising outdoors along the *Avenue d'Espagne*, mentioned earlier, which is closest to the beach . . . the *Rue de la Casbah* adjacent to the Medina . . . the *Petit Secco* near the Great Mosque within the Medina . . . the *Rue de Belgique-Boulevard Pasteur-Boulevard Mohammed V*, all of which are roughly one street with various junctions. They just meander along in search of each other until they finally meet. If these gay Moroccans are not devout Moslems (in which case Allah forbids the consumption of alcohol) you will find them in these

GAY BARS

Oasis, conveniently located on cruisey *Avenue d'Espagne*.

El Djenina, 8 Rue Grotius (which is not only a discreet gay bar but a similarly discreet hotel with a restaurant serving excellent food . . . a good bet all around).

L'Isba, 5 Rue Raphael (log cabin decor—hustlers, too).

Marco Polo, on the beach.

The Tangerinn, on the Rue Magellan . . . it's the bar of the *Hotel Muniria* and has a nice garden. You can take tricks in the *Hotel Muniria*.

Bar 007, Rue Goya.

Carousel, 6 Rue Rubens (the only bar open at lunch time) on the ocean near the *Hotel Miramar*.

And the bars of all the five-star hotels just mentioned after 6 p.m. Everything rather 'turns gay' around this time although until then it had been more-or-less straight.

GAY HOTELS

Hotel Balima, 13 Rue Magellan. Clean and neat . . . understanding American proprietor . . . convenient to all bars . . . very cruisey. Cost: about \$5 which gives you breakfast as well as your room.

Hotel Dante, 25 Rue Dante (all gay). This hotel, like the *Balima*, is a three-star hotel, meaning that the government fixes the rate at about \$5 per person including demi-pension (breakfast).

Hotel Marie Antoinette, 6 Rue Francisco

de Victoria. An all-male hotel which, as you might correctly guess is largely gay. Also three-star.

Atlas Hotel, 50 Rue Musa Ben Nusair (gay annex has small apartments where you can take tricks).

Grand Hotel Villa de France, 143 Rue de Hollande.

Hotel Velazquez, 13 Rue Velazquez.

Hotel Chella, 47-49 Rue Jeanne-d'Arc.

Africa Hotel, 17 Rue Moussa Ben Nous-sait.

Or if you really want to live it up lavishly (and surprisingly inexpensively) any of the previously-mentioned five-star hotels will welcome you for about \$15 single with demi-pension, and about \$18 with full pension.

AS FOR FOOD

This is a good rule to remember. In any North African country, while the water is good, you still may develop Montezuma's Revenge . . . a kind of traveler's diarrhea. So take along a couple of bottles of Vichy or Perrier water just in case. The wise traveler knows better than to eat any uncooked food and to eat no fruit that's been peeled. However, with gay respect to the latter this does not apply to the circumcised phallus. So eat hearty!

Restaurants in Tangier may be divided into two groups . . . those serving international food and those serving Moroccan dishes. International food is served in hotel dining rooms of four-star and five-star hotels. Good Moroccan restaurants are everywhere. Do try some of the delicious Moroccan specialties which are generally based on or around lamb: *mechoui* (whole roast mutton); *pastilla* (a large flat pie with mutton, eggs, pigeon, chicken, vegetables, subtle spices); *couscous* (semolina steamed with mutton, chicken, vegetables, chick peas, raisins and a hot sauce). Try delicious Moroccan bread . . . always eaten warm.

We've saved some goodies for last and suggest that you don't miss these

BATHS

Windmill Beach and Bath House on the cruisey *Avenue d'Espagne*. A beach pavilion with baths, changing rooms, bar and snack bar. Sociably gay. English management.

Turkish Baths (nameless one) in the center of the Kasbah. Cubicles for two . . . hot-asses on hot marble and soapy, steamy tricks. Inexpensive. There is generally a queue lined up waiting to get a piece of the action.

And don't miss

Manolo's, 47 Rue Ben Charki . . . a house just inside the Medina. It's rather tricky to reach at first, but here's how: walk or taxi to the steps of the American Cinema, turn left at the top of the stairs, walk a short distance down the passage and turn right into another narrow passage, marked *Ben Charki* and you're there. It's like something out of a Colette novel . . . much shaded lights, draperies, cubicles . . . the works. It's so popular you'll be wise to telephone in advance. The man to call is Manuel Merino Garcia. He's the proprietor, and the number is 39-081.

So as we mentioned at the beginning of this article in Tangier there's something for everyone and it's going on all the time. And for just a \$5 ferry ride from Algeiras.

Like now?

THE SYNDICATE (Continued from page 54)

newspapers reported that an organized black-mail ring with mob connections had blackmailed Gay males, including a U.S. Congressman, a prominent television entertainer and an Air Force General.

3. Thousands of Gay people have been turned into "pill-freaks" and worse through the easy accessibility of any kind of drug in mob-run Gay bars.

4. Syndicate-run Gay bars are a major outlet for other mob businesses—such as hijacked liquor and food, jukeboxes, vending machines—not to mention prostitution, blackmail and drug-pushing.

5. Certain Gay publications regularly give free space in the form of listings to the various syndicate Gay operations—the bars, baths, movie houses.

6. Even Gay Lib organizations have not been immune to the approaches of our "friends" in the underworld. A local mobster was quoted recently as saying, "I contribute to the (a Gay Lib organization's name) Legal Defense Fund so we won't be zapped." And to this day, the vast majority of Gay Lib organizations have virtually ignored the problem of syndicate/Mafia domination of Gay bars, which are, let's face it, the most important social institution that Gay people are allowed to have in this culture.

It is no secret among most Gay people that many of our major Gay institutions have long been controlled by the syndicate. If we are ever to gain control over our own lives, it must be clear that one of our major goals in the Gay Liberation movement is to rid our community of the parasites who have lured us into their closets. The closet of the Gay bar where we are allowed to stand against the walls and stare at other Gay people while paying exorbitant prices for watered-down drinks. The closet of the porno shop where we are allowed to spend \$10 for a male-nude magazine wrapped in cellophane and put quarters into vending machine to see a minute of two men making love. The closet of the drug-induced state where we can attain a euphoric state of temporary bliss. The closet of the Gay movie house where we have the "privilege" of spending \$5 to see nude males for a couple hours.

There is going to be a long and difficult struggle on the part of thousands of Gay people before we can begin to tip the scales in this fight to wrest control of Gay institutions from the syndicate. But at the end of that struggle is the day when Gay people, particularly those who are just coming out, can go into a Gay bar or baths or movie house or bookshop and feel that they are a vital part of a Gay community where we interact on a free and loving basis.

In my next column, I will suggest ways that all of us can help in this struggle.

ROYAL FLUSH (Continued from page 32)

its quintessence. Henry started his reign as a war conqueror and a womanizer, but he found his true nature on a visit to Venice, January/February 1973

and returned to France feminized, covered with rouge and precious stones and surrounded by parrots and little dogs.

The king presided at various court functions in sumptuous drag. One costume is described as a pink damask gown embroidered with pearls, with trefoils of pearls and emeralds decorating the sleeves. Henry was in drag so often that, as one observer of his time recorded for history, "the people who saw him found it hard to tell if they were looking at a woman-King or a man-Queen."

Male orgies were the order of the day during Henry's reign, of course, and his courtiers were all handsome young men called *mignons*. Henry even had a touch of sado-masochism about him, and on days of religious penitence, he energetically flagellated his *mignons* after the ceremonial processions.

(In our next issue . . . "Oh, Those Greats!")

...

COMPANY YOU KEEP (Continued from page 31)

nights together in the forest.

Indeed, the two shared a close relationship during the period when Washington, at age twenty-five, was named commander-in-chief of the Virginia militia and there were frequent opportunities to have Gist at his side.

George would probably have been content enough to pursue his rustic romance with Gist indefinitely if he hadn't had the matter of his social and military position to consider. In those days men of his station always married, whether they were gay or not, and although George had evaded the issue until then with the dodge that the woman he loved was already married, he had to take steps soon if he was to save face.

Fortuitously, the rich widow Martha Custis entered the picture, and she was the perfect prospective wife for a gay man. Four children from her marriage had satisfied her maternal instinct, and all she wanted from a second husband was companionship. George was pleased at the opportunity to enter into a state of marital respectability with an "understanding" wife who would put no undue demands on him. She must not have, for the Father of Our Country was never a father in any other way.

Martha was a perfect wife for George and didn't interfere in the least in the important military and political adventures he undertook that eventually got him the Presidency. During that period of his life, George met Alexander Hamilton, who was probably the big gay love of his life. During the Revolution, Hamilton was George's private secretary, aide-de-camp, and faithful companion.

It seems significant that there was a rift between the two men after the war, when Hamilton suddenly married. But Hamilton's marriage apparently no more stood in the way of a gay relationship than George's had, for the two men resumed their fellowship later and Hamilton was subsequently entrusted with high office during Washington's term as President.

...

The Big Squirt

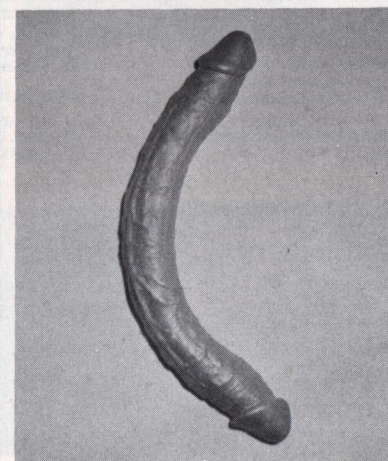


THE BIG SQUIRT is more faithful than Old Faithful because you say W-H-E-N! Flesh-like, flesh-colored and 7" long. Bulb fills with your favorite hand lotion, etc. Solid rubber, completely washable. (May we suggest that you order an extra as a novel salad dressing dispenser? It will shock and amuse your guests.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG SQUIRT . . . \$12.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

The Gemini 18



THE GEMINI 18 can be used as a "single" by those who like length—or a "double" by two at the same time. Flesh-like, flesh-colored solid rubber over 18" long and better than 2" in diameter. Molded from life, very realistic. Over 2 lbs. of springy rubber. Completely washable. (A tip for the economy-minded: It can be divided in half by cutting, for two good-sized singles.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE GEMINI 18 . . . \$19.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

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Paris Book Lounge
315 E. Washington Blvd.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Shack
3024 N. Scottsdale Rd.
Scottsdale, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA

Adonis
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San Francisco, Calif.
The Bayou Lounge
1640 Main St.
Redwood City, Calif.
Book Bin
4459 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.
Book Circus
8230 Santa Monica Blvd.
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Bachelor's Library
826 - 15th St.
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Haven Book Store
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Haven Book Store
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Chicago, Ill.
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Chicago, Ill.

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Sidney's News Stand*
917 Decatur St.
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Esplanade Paperback
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Nini's Corner
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Highland Park, Mich.
Uptown Bookstore*
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Highland Park, Mich.

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St. Louis, Mo.

8th Street News
119 No. 8th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Magazine & Book Exch.
1900 No. Union
St. Louis, Mo.

Olive Street News
3608 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.

6th Street News
208 No. 6th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Time-To-Read News Co.
7 West 12th St.
Kansas City, Mo.

Washington Avenue News
707 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK

D&S Book Store
136 W. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

Legend Gallery
152 Seventh Ave. So.
New York, N. Y.

Midtown Bookstore*
138 W. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

News Stand
S. W. Corner
42nd St. & 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Oscar Wilde Mem. Bookshop*
291 Mercer St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
500 Hudson St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
166 W. 72nd St.
New York, N. Y.

Village Variety
37 Eighth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Parker's Newsstand
117 E. Green St.
High Point, N. C.

OHIO

Fantasy Bookstore
113 N. Erie St.
Toledo, Ohio
Paperback Book Store
10200 Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA

Adult Book Shoppe
942 Market St. (2nd Fl.)
Philadelphia, Pa.

TENNESSEE

Commerce Street News
609 Commerce St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentleman's Bookstore
2612 Franklin Rd.
Nashville, Tenn.

Market Street News
929 Market St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Music City News
105 Fifth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

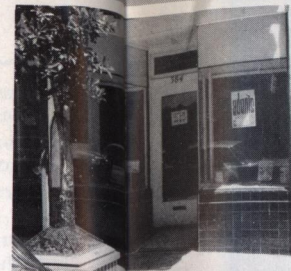
Swinger's World
400 Broadway St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Time to Read
226 Fourth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

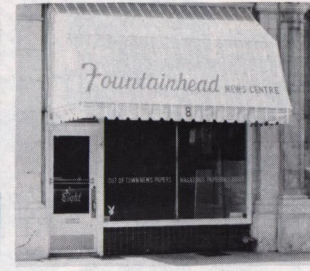
TEXAS

Commerce Street News
1513 Commerce
Dallas, Texas

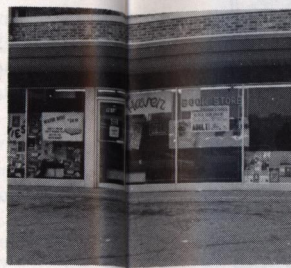
Story Book
1312 West Alabama
Houston, Texas



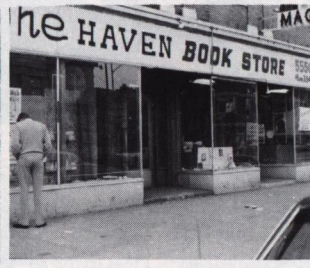
Adonis, San Francisco



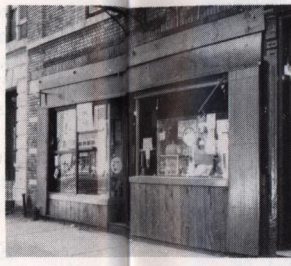
Fountainhead, Jacksonville



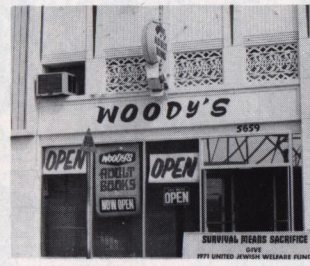
Haven, Chicago



Haven, Chicago



Legend, NYC



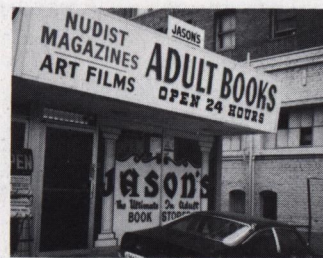
Woody's, Hollywood



Gentleman's, Nashville



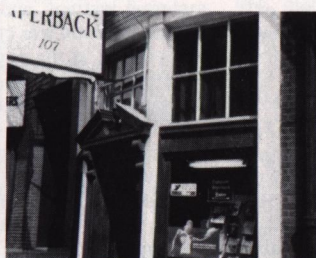
Market, Chattanooga



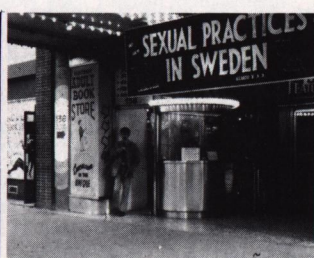
Jason's, Hollywood



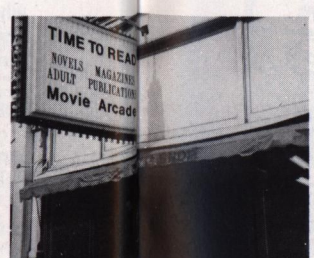
Haven, Chicago



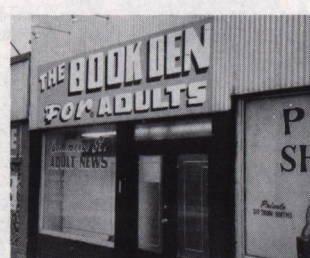
Esplanade, Boston



Midtown, NYC



Time to Read, Nashville



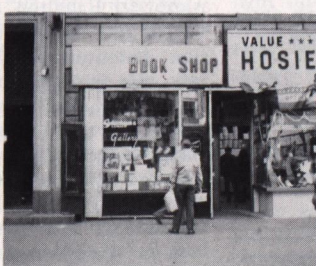
Commerce, Nashville



Oscar Wilde, NYC



Studio (Downtown), NYC



Studio (Uptown), NYC



Village Variety, NYC



Music City, Nashville

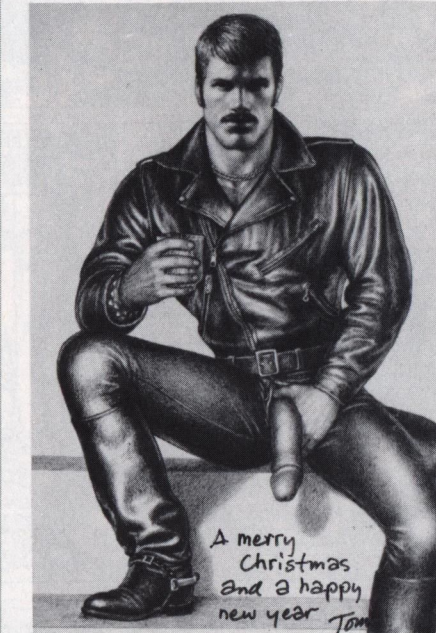


Swinger's, Nashville

LETTERS

(Continued from page 33)

completion and should reach us some time in late November. The art will be sold by direct mail (our subscribers will have the opportunity to order limited editions first) and through our magazines. Tom of Finland admirers will be happy to know that he has done another cover for us—for our next issue. This month we share with you the Christmas card we received from Tom last year:



GAY GUINEA PIGS

Dear Editor:

A recent edition of *Science News* featured a column on electrical stimulation in humans. It clearly points up the fact that scientists in general consider homosexuality a disease—even in this age of enlightenment. I am requesting that you reprint the column—and ask your readers to send letters of protest to Robert G. Heath at Tulane University.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
H. H.
Boston, Mass.

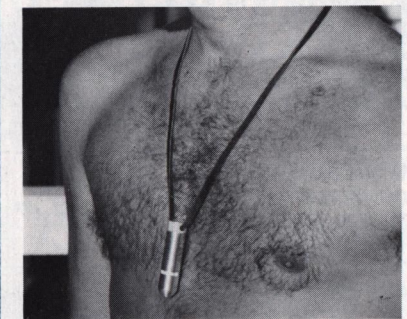
Ed: Thank you for sending the clipping—which speaks for itself:

"The potential for control of the brain by electrical stimulation has been vividly demonstrated in animals. The treatment is as powerful in humans but has been less often publicized, probably because of the serious emotional and ethical issues involved. These issues will move from theoretical to practical concern as research on humans gains momentum.

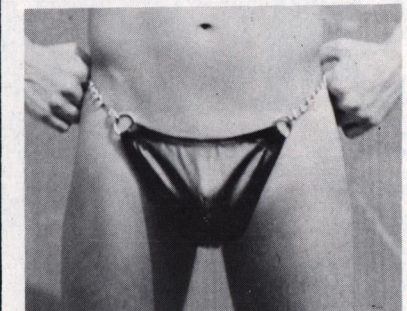
"At Tulane University's School of Medicine in New Orleans Robert G. Heath has developed a method of employing electrical brain stimulation for the development of new behaviors in human beings. Charles E. Moan, also of Tulane, described to the meeting of the Southeastern Psychological Association in Atlanta last week how this

Marquis de Suede

20 West 22nd Street
New York, N. Y. 10001



No. E14—It is called an inhaler and we hope you have a ball with it. Needless to say, you can fill it with your own secret potion. Spun aluminum on a leather thong \$7.50



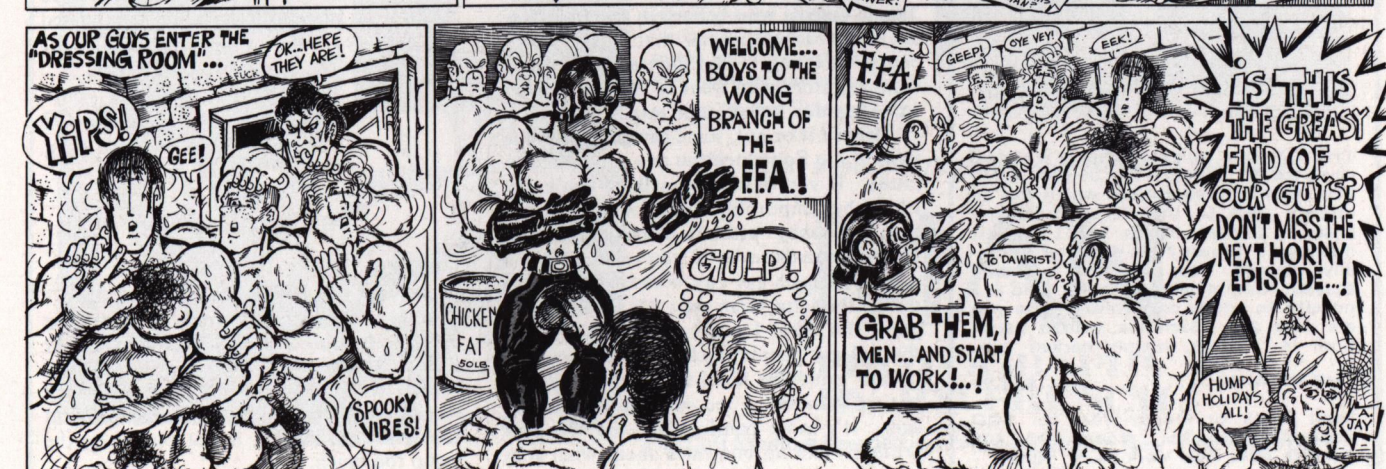
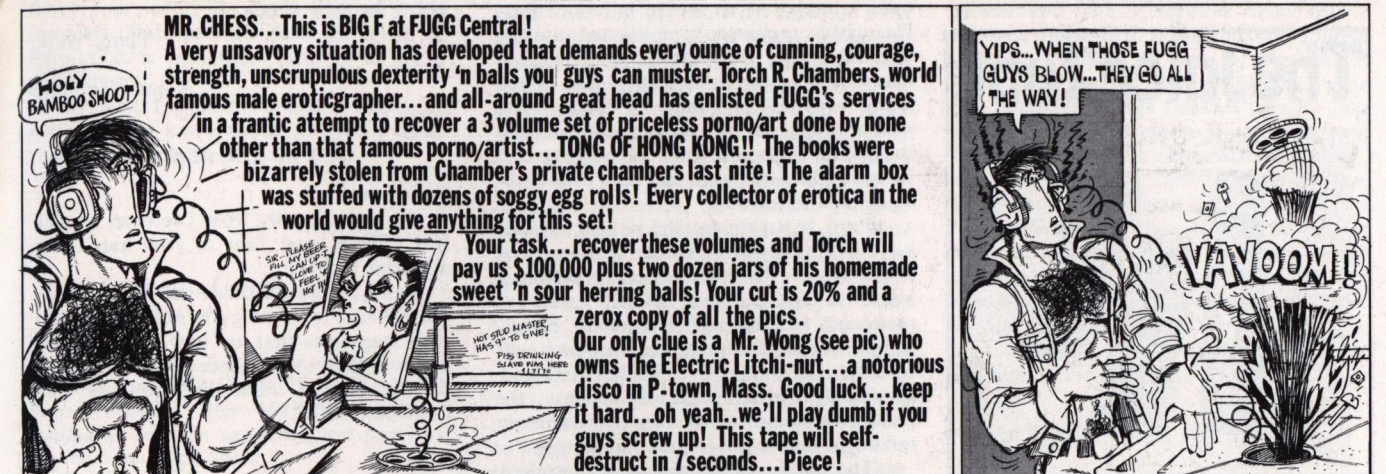
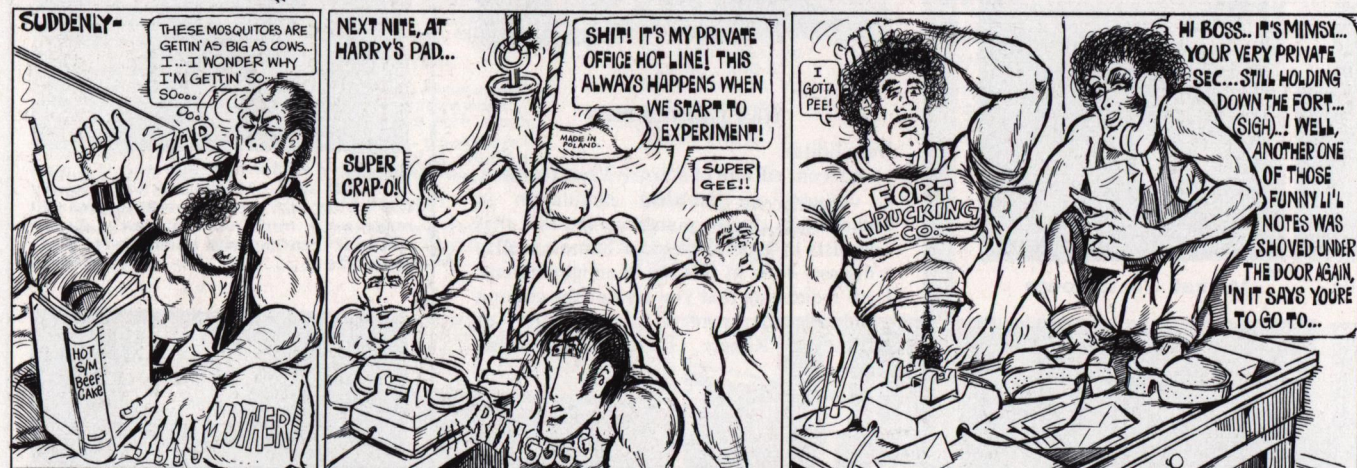
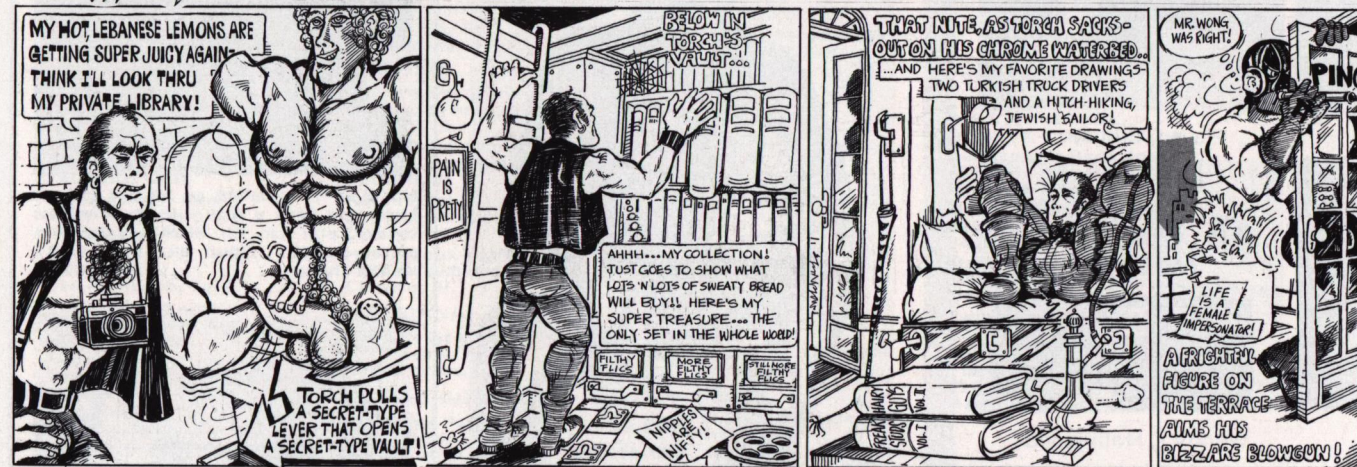
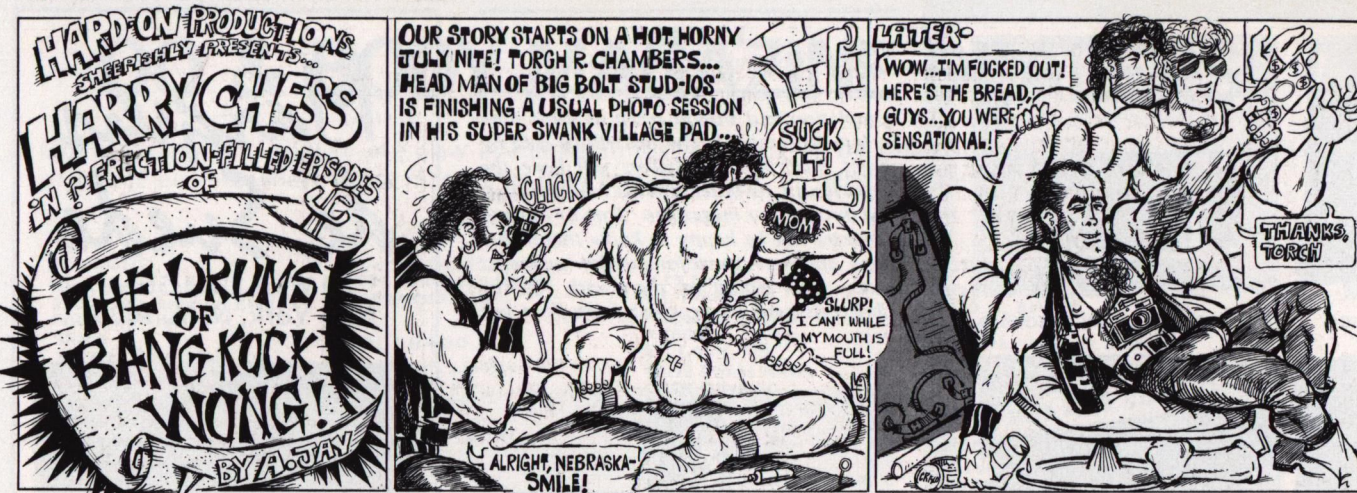
No. J72—Leather turn you on? If it does... nuff said. If you are not sure, try this on for size and we venture you will make your mind up real fast. Glove-soft black leather with chain waist. State waist size \$12.50



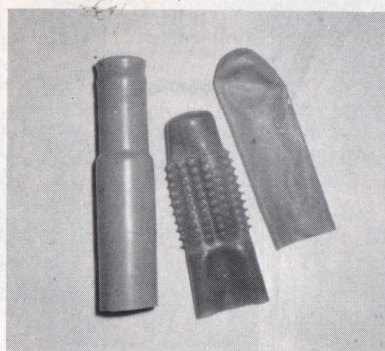
No. B1—Narrow wrist band, or that special ring to go on other private parts. Wherever you choose, all we need is your circumference and the style you want: PYRAMID, DOME, OBLONG, or CHAIN \$3.00 ea./3 for \$8.50

On all orders please add \$1.25 postage and handling. No C.O.D. or stamps.

For New Fall/Winter
Catalogue Of Leather & Sportswear
Send 25¢ To Dept. QQ11



The Juice Tube

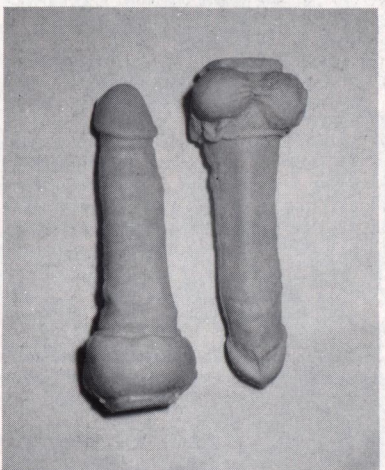


THE JUICE TUBE is a soft, hollow rubber tube which comes with two completely washable condom-like insert liners—one smooth, one lined with dozens of little “nipples.” The main section is 4½” deep by 1¾” diameter. Because it is a tight fit its action is caused by squeezing which produces warm suction and friction. Must be used with lubricant. The top insert is a 1½” depression which can be used to accommodate a “finger vibrator” (sold at most drugstores) which is not necessary for use. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE JUICE TUBE \$12.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Rm. 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

The Titanic



THE TITANIC is so big 'n heavy it almost sinks itself! A full 2 lbs. of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber which has an internal wire so that it can hold any angle. Overall length is 11” (shaft measures 9”); over 2” in diameter. Actually molded from life—and perfectly shaped. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE TITANIC \$14.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

brain stimulation succeeded in one patient. Pleasurable responses were elicited in a 24-year-old male homosexual by electrical stimulation of electrodes implanted in the septal area of the patient's brain. The pleasure relaxed the patient and allowed therapists to expose him to heterosexual stimuli and situations he had previously feared and rejected.

“Prior to treatment the patient showed signs of paranoid psychosis with suicidal tendencies. His homosexual experiences began at age 12 and he had never experienced heterosexual relations. Prostitution, alcohol and drugs had become a way of life. He was in a depressed state and showed signs of temporal lobe epilepsy. He failed to respond to any form of psychiatric treatment before the stimulation therapy.

“The subtle brain stimulation resulted in the patient's experiencing and displaying improved mood, self-confidence, generalized muscle relaxation, euphoria, elation, interpersonal warmth, tension release and sexual arousal. Added Moan, “It was during subjectively pleasurable states such as these that he became sexually motivated and masturbated upon viewing a heterosexual stag film.” The therapists administered the pleasurable electrical stimulation to the patient at appropriate times during the therapy and it was used as a form of positive reinforcement in an over-all therapy. When allowed self-control of the device, the patient stimulated himself electrically 1,300 times in a three-hour period.

“The electrodes have been removed from the patient's brain, and, according to Moan, a one-year followup shows that he has solved many of his personal problems and is leading an actively and exclusively heterosexual life.”

Ed: Tulane is in New Orleans, La. If you want to send letters of protest but do not want to get involved, please send them to us for forwarding.

“YIPPIE FAGGOTS”

Dear Editor:

I hope all your readers saw the article entitled “Report from Convention City” in the New York Times Magazine (July 9, 1972). In it Ben Novack, founder and board chairman of the Fontainebleau Hotel is quoted, on speaking about the Democratic National Convention: “What right do these punks have to come down here and turn our beautiful city into a cesspool? Those Yippie faggots who believe in free love, free sex, love each other, all that.” He was of course referring to the thousands of young demonstrators who went to Miami in order to be heard in behalf of all minorities.

Believe it or not, some gay guides list the john at the Fontainebleau as a good place to cruise. If you've ever been there you know it's all but impossible for an outsider to get into the lobby without being checked by security guards—even if you're dressed in a suit. Perhaps a gay guy occasionally makes out in the john there—but it's anything but gay. But what I really want to suggest is that all gay people—including entertainers—should avoid the hotel and its homosexual-hating founder. I recommend the Holiday Inn. It's more comfortable and less pretentious—and no one cares about what goes on in your room. Or check in at any other

hotel, or the Y.M.C.A.

Yours truly,
G. H.
Kansas City, Mo.

OUT OF THE CLOSET

Gentlemen:

At last! Exactly what I've been waiting for! Please send four of your hard-cover magazine binders.

Later I hope to order more. I have all those beautiful Young Physique and other such magazines that are now being kept in boxes in the closet. Since I have come out of the closet, I think it's high time they came out too!

Sincerely,
K. D.
Sioux City, Ia.

INVISIBLE GONORRHEA

Dear Editor:

You may be aware that ‘invisible gonorrhea’ is the latest menace to guys who get their sex in numbers. Ordinary gonorrhea is difficult to detect in women by virtue of their anatomy and because they suffer no apparent discomfort. But men experience a burning discharge and pus. Once detected it is easily cured with antibiotics administered orally.

The symptomless variety in men was discovered in the 1960s—but only recently has the disease been observed on a large scale, the result of a government program which calls for medical screening of servicemen returning from Southeast Asia.

Blood tests are useless where gonorrhea is concerned—though all promiscuous gay guys should make it a point to have their blood checked at least once every six months for syphilis. If you suspect you have gonorrhea then have your doctor treat you; it's harmless and inexpensive. But if you insist on being sure before going on drugs then be prepared to endure the pain of having a thin metal wire inserted in the urethra—which is used to scrape cell samples from the mucous membranes.

Scientists predict 2.5 million new cases of gonorrhea in 1973—and gay guys are particularly vulnerable simply because we have frequent sex. Good sex is predicated on good health—and we should protect our health by having regular checkups.

Your article on syphilis and gonorrhea in the Fall 1969 edition should be updated and repeated. It was excellent—and needs telling again.

Sincerely yours,
G. F., M.D.
New York, N. Y.

“MY DING-A-LING”

Dear Guys:

In case you haven't heard it yet, there's a great new party record around—a song called “My Ding-a-ling.” It's sung by Chuck Berry. The record is pressed by Chess, and comes in 45. You can get it at almost any record store—but because some people find the lyrics offensive it is not played on the radio too much.

There's nothing really gay about it, but

QQ

Berry does sound like Little Richard at his campiest best—and it's just the kind of thing that is sometimes needed to get a party started.

Anyway, I think it's fun—and I thought you'd like to know about it. And I think your magazine is great. Keep it up!

Yours truly,
T. K.
Memphis, Tenn.

THE REAL MR. AMERICA

Guys:

I attended the A.A.U. Mr. America contest this summer at York, Pa., and enjoyed it tremendously. Steve Michalik won; I was thrilled to see him again as guest poser at the Mr. Fire Island Show.

But I'm confused. I've always thought the A.A.U. was the only organization that ran the Mr. America contest, and yet two other Mr. America contests were held in Brooklyn in September.

Which contest is the real one? Who is the real Mr. America?

Since you guys seem to keep up with the various muscle contests around the country, I thought you might be able to clear up my confusion.

A faithful reader,
A. P.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ed: Although the A.A.U. claims exclusive right to the Mr. America title, it would be difficult to prove in court. The Amateur Athletic Union did in fact challenge the International Federation of Bodybuilders (I.F.B.B.) on their ‘unlicensed’ use of the title in 1970—the result being an unofficial

settlement out of court by heads of both organizations who agreed it was not advantageous to duplicate titles, and that both groups would profit by utilizing the same bodybuilders in different contests. Since the Mr. America contest was originated by the A.A.U., the I.F.B.B. agreed to change theirs to ‘Mr. Americas’, and further, to designate themselves the Amateur Athletic Bodybuilders' Association (A.A.B.A.). Now there seems to be developing a spirit of co-operation between the groups—after years of rivalry. The Mr. Americas was one of the two Mr. America contests held in Brooklyn. The other was strictly professional, and in no way conflicted with the amateur contests. That one was the Professional Mr. America contest, run by the World Bodybuilding Guild. The Mr. Americas was won by an ex-football player named Mike Katz, from Connecticut. The Pro Mr. America was won by Bill Grant, who won the Mr. Fire Island contest just weeks before his big victory. Grant works for American Airlines, as a steward. Pictures of Grant and the A.A.U. Mr. America, Steve Michalik, appear in this issue (see the spread on the Mr. Fire Island contest). In addition to a big trophy Grant won a trip to London to compete in the Amateur Mr. Universe contest—in which he placed high. You might be interested to know that Bud Parker served as I.F.B.B. American Director for nine years, and ran that organization's Mr. America contests during that time (his last was held at Town Hall in New York City, in 1970). He is generally credited with having originated a variety show format for muscle contests, not previously done, which helped increase the popularity of these shows. Bud is now affiliated with the W.B.B.G. through his

connections with a magazine called Muscle Training Illustrated, a bodybuilding journal which he edits. As most of our readers know, ‘Bud Parker’ is the professional name QQ publisher George Desantis uses for that part of his life. He chose it years ago, long before he started his own publishing house, not because of any kind of closet hangup, but because he thought ‘Bud Parker’ had a more athletic ring than his own name. He has always used ‘Bud’ as a nickname—which is what his close friends call him. He may resume running muscle shows on a big scale, but not for guys with big muscles. That is, the only qualification contestants must have is a humpy look.

RIGHT UP TO THE THIGH!

Dear Editor:

Your articles on sexual fetishes and the response they get (judging by the letters you publish) seems to indicate that you are giving us what we want. Well, can you top this:

I can get fist-fucked by a leg right up to the thigh! Does that shock you? It bombs my friends right out of their skulls whenever I tell them about my experiences.

Naturally, I don't tell them *everything*—but I'll tell you how I do it: I have a good friend who happens to be a dwarf. His upper body is fantastically muscular, but he has tiny feet and short legs—so taking him is no tougher than letting a big truck driver do it with his fist.

If you can top that one I want to know about it!

Sincerely,
D. L.
Boston, Mass.

THE ULTIMATE

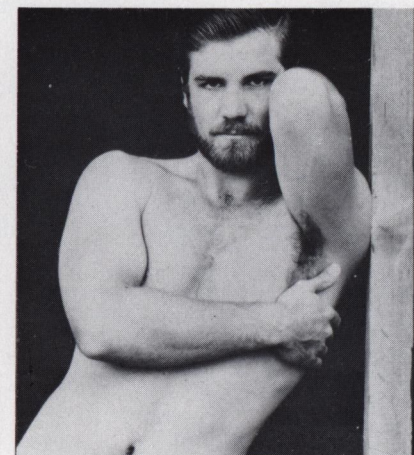
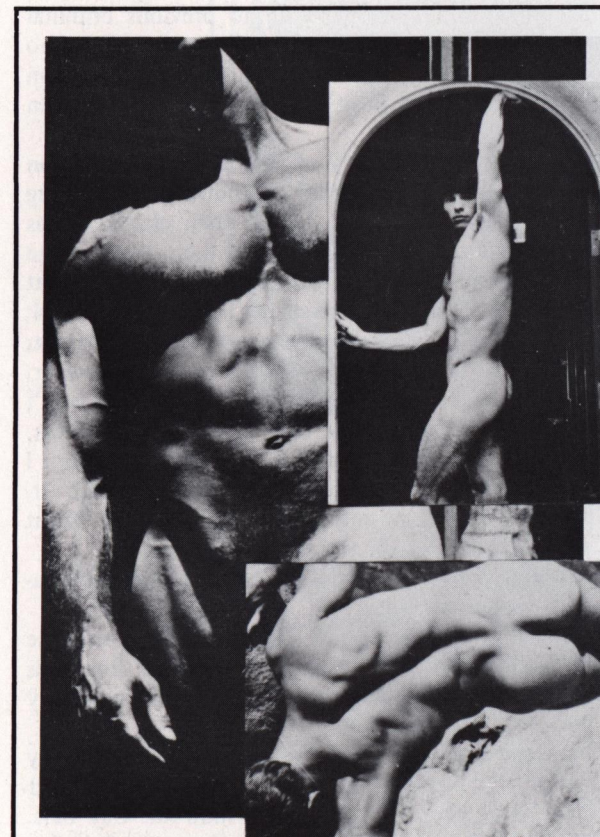
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The Lavender Syndicate

by Craig Rodwell



WHEN I "came out" at 13, one of the first things I learned about my new life was that most of the Gay bars were controlled by: "the syndicate." So when I started going to them I didn't have to ask who those creepy straight guys in business suits were at the door.

It wasn't too many years ago—at least in New York State—when a Gay bar, per se, was illegal; the State Liquor Authority had a regulation which, in effect, made serving a drink to a Homosexual grounds for a bar losing its liquor license. In the mid-sixties, three of us who were active at that time with the Mattachine Society of New York conducted a "sip-in" at a Gay bar in Greenwich Village. We entered the bar with various reporters in tow, announced that we were Homosexuals and asked that we be served a drink. The bartender then refused to serve us—which enabled us to set up a case with the City Commission on Human Rights, and which a few months later led to the State Liquor Authority's changing its regulations, permitting Homosexual people to be served.

Aside from winning for Gay people the right to be served drinks in licensed premises, we had thought that this new legal status for Gay bars would help break the syndicate's stranglehold; we thought that Gay people themselves would step forward and open Gay bars; we thought that, at last, Gay people would begin to gain control over their own institutions. We had no illusions this would happen overnight, but we did think the corner had been turned.

We were wrong. Not only has the syndicate tightened its grip on Gay bars . . . they have opened new so-called Gay establishments—movie houses, pornoshops, baths, etc. The major difference between now and then is that now you rarely see any of the creepy straight guys in business suits. Most of the mob-run Gay establishments are run by "fronts." In other words, in a business where licensing is involved, such as bars, baths, movie houses, the only way to get a license is for someone with no previous criminal record to apply for it. Consequently, Gay people (with no previous criminal records) now appear as the owners—on paper—even though they didn't have a penny to invest in the operation.

In the past few years, many of us in the Gay Liberation Movement have been approached by mob figures offering us the ownership of record of one of their places. I was approached to be the "front" for one of their "male movie houses" here in New York City; and the only way I got out of it was by playing dumb. I kept saying I didn't understand; and since I didn't have any money to put into the business, I couldn't see why they would want me to be the owner. After a month or so, they finally gave up on me. I won't say that I wasn't tempted; the idea of having a business, doing no work, and getting paid for it, is appealing. But I also realized that once I got in with them, that would be it. I would be known by law enforcement agencies as a "front for organized crime" for the rest of my life.

To give you some idea of the extent of syndicate operations in our Gay community:

1. Nationally, Gay syndicate operations run into the hundreds of millions of dollars bracket. There are thousands of mob-controlled Gay bars, movie houses, pornography shops, etc.

2. Thousands of Gay males have been and are today being blackmailed through contacts with syndicate-run "call-boy" services or thorough contacts in mob-run Gay bars. One of these blackmail rings was broken temporarily a few years ago when the

(Continued on page 47)

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