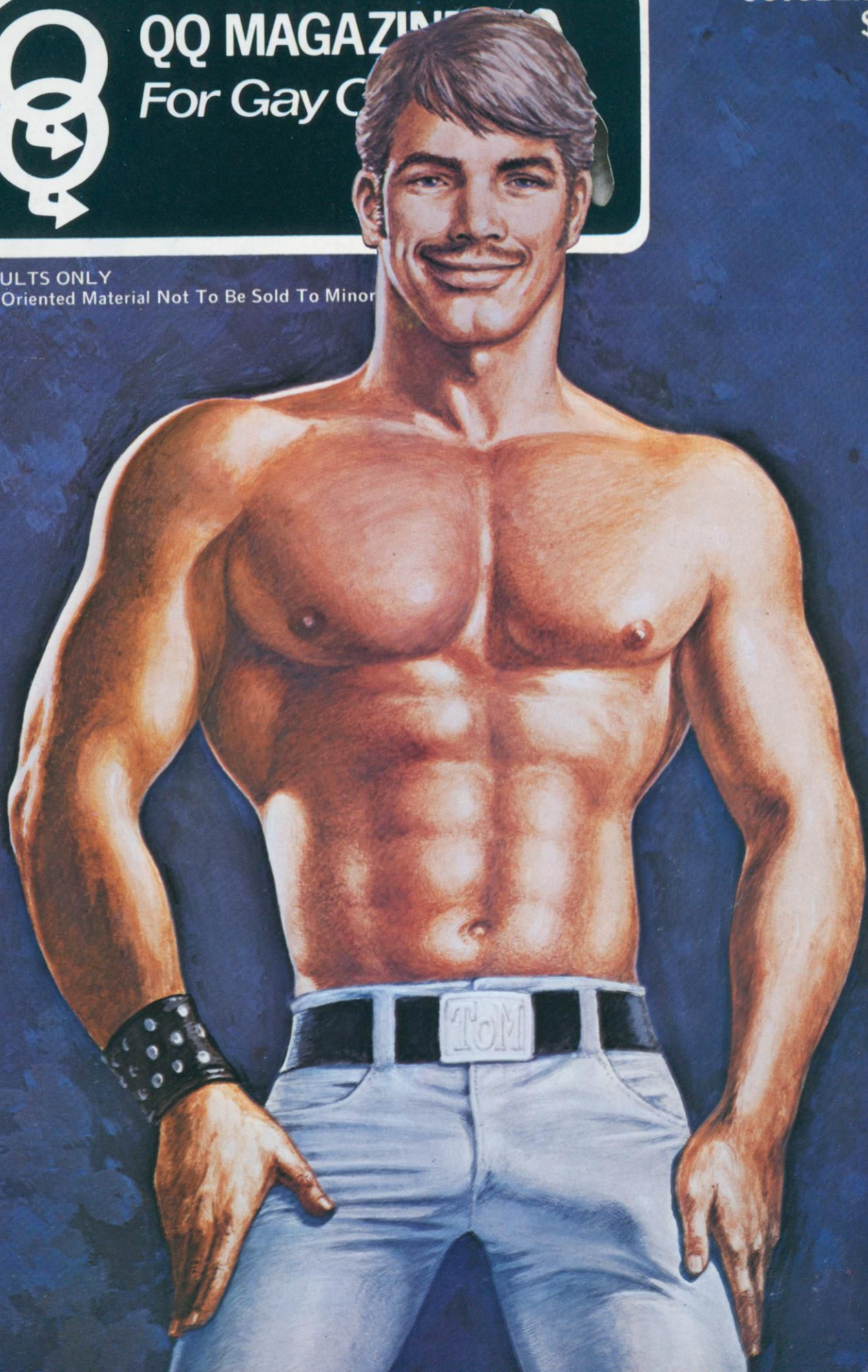




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QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

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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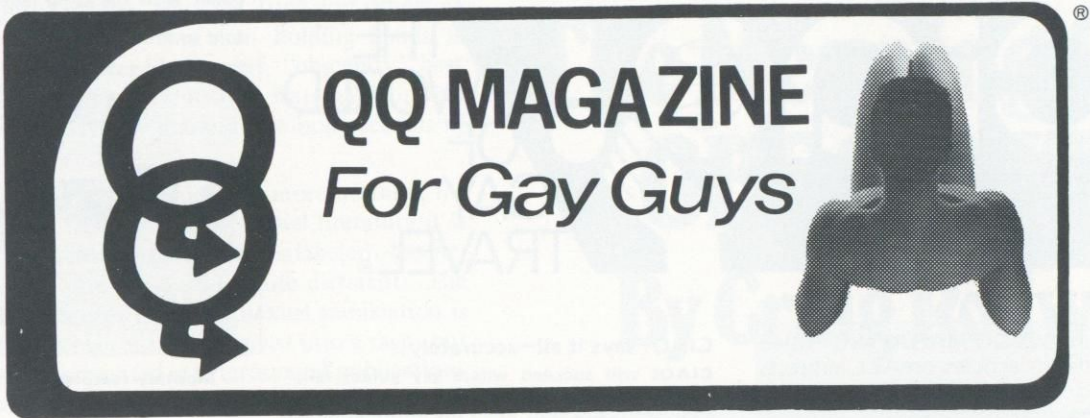
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ANNOUNCING . . . A NEW MAGAZINE FROM THE GUYS AT QQ
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CIAO! will show you the action too!

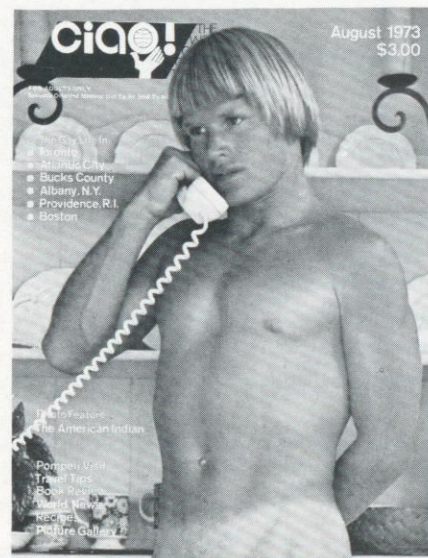
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The Italian word "Ciao!" (we pronounce it "Chow!") says it all—"So long . . . it was great, Baby . . . see you around sometime!" That's what sex is like for most gay guys on the move . . . beautiful but fleeting—and CIAO! will always be beautiful and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

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THE term *obscenity* is so loaded with personal value-judgments that it is virtually impossible to give it a universal definition. To Richard Nixon, Norman Vincent Peale, Billy Graham, Mao Tse Tung and others of like ilk, the mere sight of two men holding hands is "obscene." To many others like myself, "obscenity" best describes Richard Nixon's involvement in Watergate, or Mao Tse Tung's lieutenant saying "there are no homosexuals in China."

The obscenity issue is one which has more meaning for Gay people than for hets. In heterosexual literature it is only the most extreme overt sexuality that is labeled *obscene*, but in Gay literature the standard is quite different. The mere sight of male genitals in a homosexual publication is enough to send the average anti-permissivist into a rage—but the same photographs presented in heterosexual publications are somehow acceptable. To illustrate this point, take for example the instant acceptance by the general public of the new "magazines for women" (*Playgirl* being the best known) which in no small way feature male nudes—when for years homosexual magazines have done the same thing with resultant oppression from the general public.

Some of you undoubtedly remember *One Magazine*, the first Gay publication in the U.S.A. In the early 1950s the U.S. Post Office decided that *One* was obscene and banned it from the mails. *One* took the Post Office to court and after a protracted battle that went all the way to the Supreme Court, *One* won its case. But the most frightening aspect of that case was that the magazine was a rather literate journal of Gay poetry, fiction, letters, news, etc. In the more than 100 issues of *One* there were no pictures of nudes; and in only one issue was there a drawing of a male nude.

Even among some Gay liberationists the belief persists that all sexually-oriented material is obscene. It is ironic and prophetic that the reactionaries among heterosexuals and many radicals among Gay people have this common bond. An example may be found in the Radical Effeminists, a group of Gay radicals who have a patronizing attitude towards women, who refused sale of their publication to my bookshop because I carried *erotic* Gay magazines and books such as *QQ Magazine* and "Song of the Loon." I was only too pleased not to carry the Effeminists' publication and thereby reaffirm the idea that not only is Gay good, but also that Gay sex is good.

As Gay Liberation makes greater and greater strides and we begin to relate to one another on levels other than sexual we will find that we Gay people really do like one another; sex then assumes its place as just another part of our Gay existence. By taking the emphasis off Gay sex we find that it is even more pleasurable, more open, more fulfilling—because as we move away from the image of ourselves that hets have forced us to assume we begin to define what our lives are really all about.

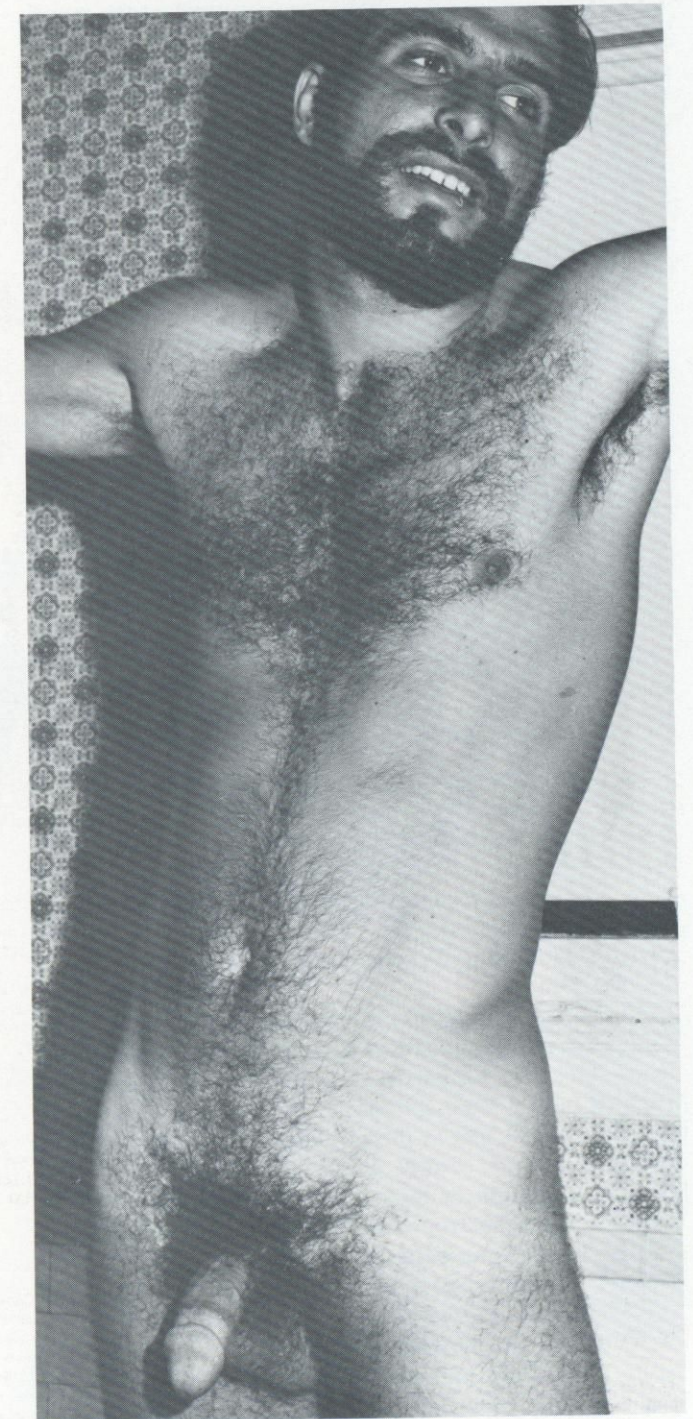
There is nothing good or bad, healthy or unhealthy, positive or negative about Gay sex *in itself* or any other life function—but heterosexual society judges it *obscene*. As Shakespeare said, "There is nothing good or bad; but thinking makes it so." We must think positively. Our Gay lifestyle *in itself* is neither good nor bad—but simply one of several possible choices. For those who have chosen it—it is good. It is beautiful.

We must never let those who would do us wrong convince us otherwise.

September/October 1973

Editorial

The Meaning Of OBSCENITY By Craig Rodwell



Setting The Stage For Sex How To Help Your Lover Along

by Walter Norris

IN Thailand when a gay guy meets someone attractive and takes him home for sex, he follows a trendy gay ritual designed to smoothly overcome any uptightness or initial hesitation he may sense. The idea is to conduct the sexual preliminaries/foreplay in an atmosphere and environment so natural, familiar and comfortable that any indecision or self-consciousness may be quickly banished, with the happy result that love can then be celebrated in the most favorable climate of unfettered desire, with total freedom of physical play and sexual improvisation. "Getting to know you . . . making things free and easy . . ."

How does he do this? With the simplest things . . . fruits and flowers. After a few moments of pleasant 'getting-to-yes-you' chitchat he will prepare a glass of freshly-squeezed passion fruit juice which—custom holds—has almost magical aphrodisiacal powers. The fact that such powers are more suggested than real is not in the least important. Both know what this part of the ritual is all about and so the effect is the same.

What makes it more aphrodisiacal and effective is what comes next. Both sip from the same glass, and so a meeting of lips is implied since each turns the glass and places his lips precisely where the other's had been. Nothing alcoholic is served because the gay Thai believes alcohol is more of a sexual 'down' than 'up' and that total senso-sexual awareness which he is trying to evoke would be blunted to a considerable degree.

"O LILY OF THE LOTUS!"

Of course Thailand is also lotus-land, and this beautiful flower, in a wholly natural, ecological way, creates a more erotic climate for sexual caprice. The host, having brought the more formal and stylized preliminaries to a successful close, leads his lover into the bedroom. First each slowly and erotically undresses the other . . . there is a prolonged tactile exploration of bodies, and then the first *actual* meeting of lips.

He then sees that his lover is ensconced on a *futon* on the floor, his head resting comfortably on a pillow around which he slowly places lotus petals . . . strewing others gently along his nude body. More aphrodisia! The lotus has a sensually exotic fragrance, and as the reclining male turns and twists and undulates in ecstasy during a now more passionate kissing exploration of his body—the tempo of such movement having gone from *lento* to *molto agitato*—his head now crushes the lotus petals and the divine aroma is released in clouds of urgent desire. By now his body is so exquisitely attuned to the slightest nuance of his lover, simply by responding in the most natural way to the simple things of nature all around him, that he gives himself in complete abandon to the other—his nerves afire . . . greedy tongues of

flame licking out at new delights.

SEX BY MOONLIGHT . . .

The gay Thai—as well as others of the Orient—delights in having sex by moonlight. He prefers not to rely on artificial illumination, however minimal and subdued. He is a perfectionist, unwilling to obtrude something contrived (however eroticizing it might be under other auspices) on what is here and now *all-natural*. And so he throws open his window, letting the full moon shine down on his lover . . . its beams giving his body a greater visual perfection since it blurs/smoothes any imperfections or harshness of line . . . creating, in effect, an altar of love.

Sex by winter moonlight is also a joy for him. The moonbeams piercing the clear cold of a Thai winter night create a togetherness under wraps that establishes its own cachet of super-eroticism. A total sexual experience to be remembered and treasured!

. . . AND IN THE RAIN

In the warm months during the monsoon period, gay Thai lovers meet in a rain forest, or in some other outdoor place where their nude bodies can respond rapturously and rhapsodically to sex in the beating rain. Rain, of course, is as gently sadistic as it is purifying. Scourge by water . . . all uptightness banished, leaving only beauty of body and spirit and the shining cleanliness of vigorous masculine love!

SEXUAL TIMING/CONVENIENCE

What is apparent in these examples of Thai sex is the *duality of sexual timing and convenience*. It is the perfect follow-through from moment of first meeting until consummation, with the most thoughtful consideration of each other.

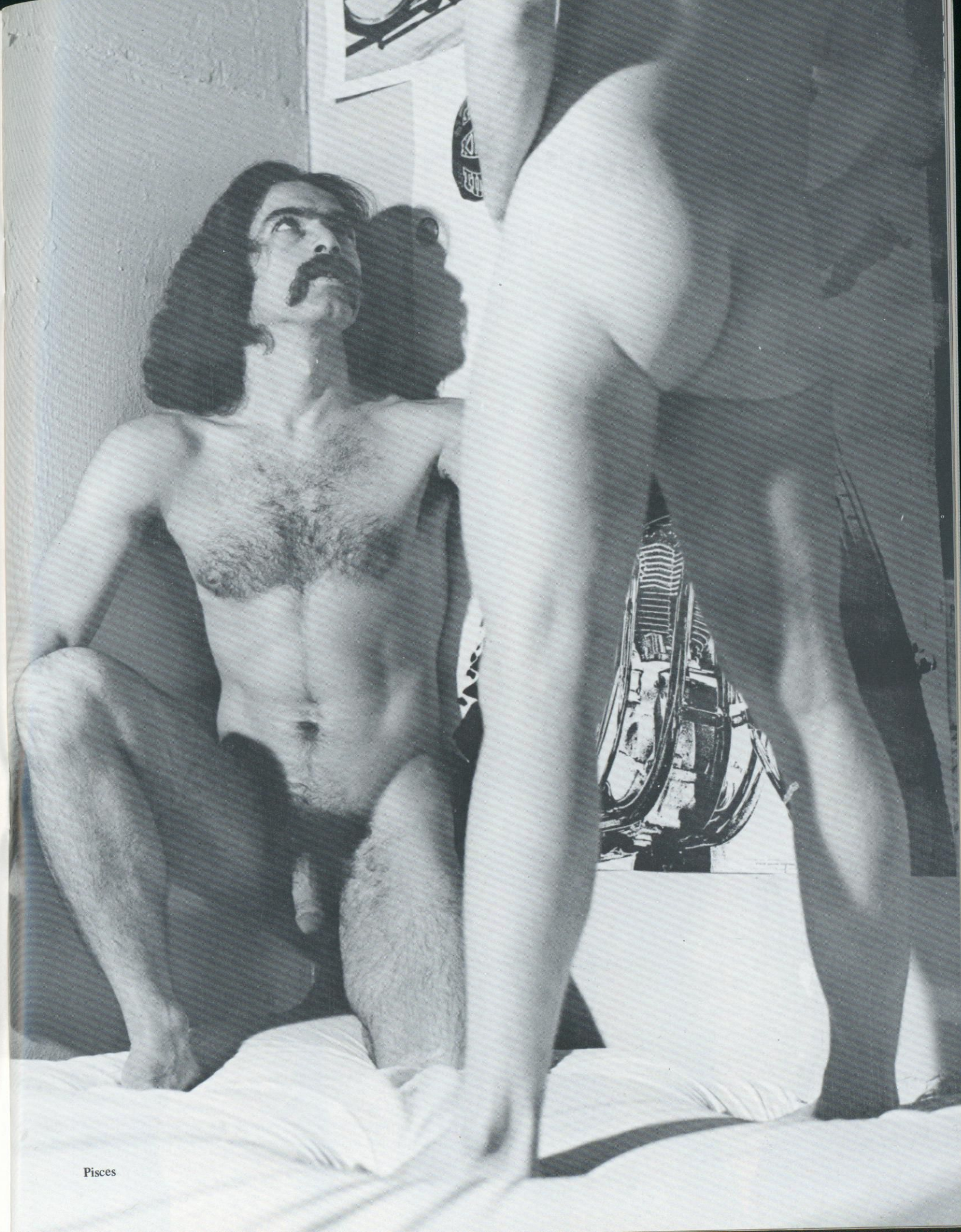
There will not have been a single moment of fumbling, of awkwardness; nothing gauche, nothing out of place—not a gesture nor a word. It is this important aspect of timing/convenience that makes the entire encounter function so smoothly, and with such gratification to both partners, that QQ would like to discuss at this time.

Granted that the Thai ritual may be somewhat arcane by contemporary razzle-dazzle gay norms . . . also that there are many who like sexual matters speeded up so that *many* exciting lovers can be 'fitted in' a busy cruising schedule . . . still others who like fast john sex, as well as those who are fetishists of one persuasion or another—leather, vascularity, fist, S&M or whatever—who will first work to satisfy the fetish (self) and, secondarily, the lover.

But whenever possible to bring someone home for an evening of gradual-to-overpowering sexual buildup—of really on-a-trip sex—the Thai

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QQ

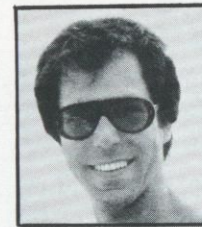


Pisces



"I went straight (for 15 minutes)!"

by George Desantis
Publisher, QQ/BODY/CIAO!



JUST imagine how perverse it would seem to Archie Bunker if in a moment of weakness he found himself having sex with a guy . . . and you'll know how I felt when I balled with a real live chick. Me—a guy who has been gay for what amounts to half a lifetime . . . who has been sexually active for 21 out of 36 years (I made it with men when I was 11) . . . who has had opportunities to screw cunt—but never the slightest desire to do so . . . and who really doesn't like women in the first place!

I've said it before and I'll say it again: I'll go to any extreme to get interesting material for my magazines and this plunge (pun intended) was even more extraordinary for me than my circumcision last year. (At the risk of being commercial that experience was detailed in the December 1972 *QQ Magazine*.)

This article won't tell you very much about sex technique but I thought you might enjoy reading about what may be the most amusing experience of my life and perhaps see yourself in a similar situation. What made me go through with it can be summed up in a word: curiosity. I happen to believe that almost everything should be experienced at least once because it's this sort of thing that embellishes one's life—and while I have no desire to bang another female I don't regret having done so because it has at least reaffirmed my infatuation with men.

Last winter I vacationed in Acapulco and while there gathered information for an article for *Ciao!*—our gay travel magazine. (See "Acapulco" in the June 1973 issue.) In making the rounds I visited a brothel in a bad section of town; I had heard it was gay. The area is not cruised by taxis and the streets are dangerous after dark because people are poor and sometimes mug for a few extra bucks so I made arrangements with my driver to pick me up an hour later. A quick tour of *La Huerta* told me that although it was possible to meet other gay tourists making the rounds, and even an occasional gay hustler, the *brothel cum nightclub* was essentially for straight guys interested in renting a chick for a few minutes.

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So there I sat—at a table at one end of an outdoor dance floor sipping a *Coke* and watching the *ladies of the night* priming their butts for another (hopefully) lucrative evening. A couple of them came over and rubbed my pecs and patted me on the ass—hoping I'd bite . . . but I was embarrassed because I was out of my element and really didn't have the *machismo* to carry it through.

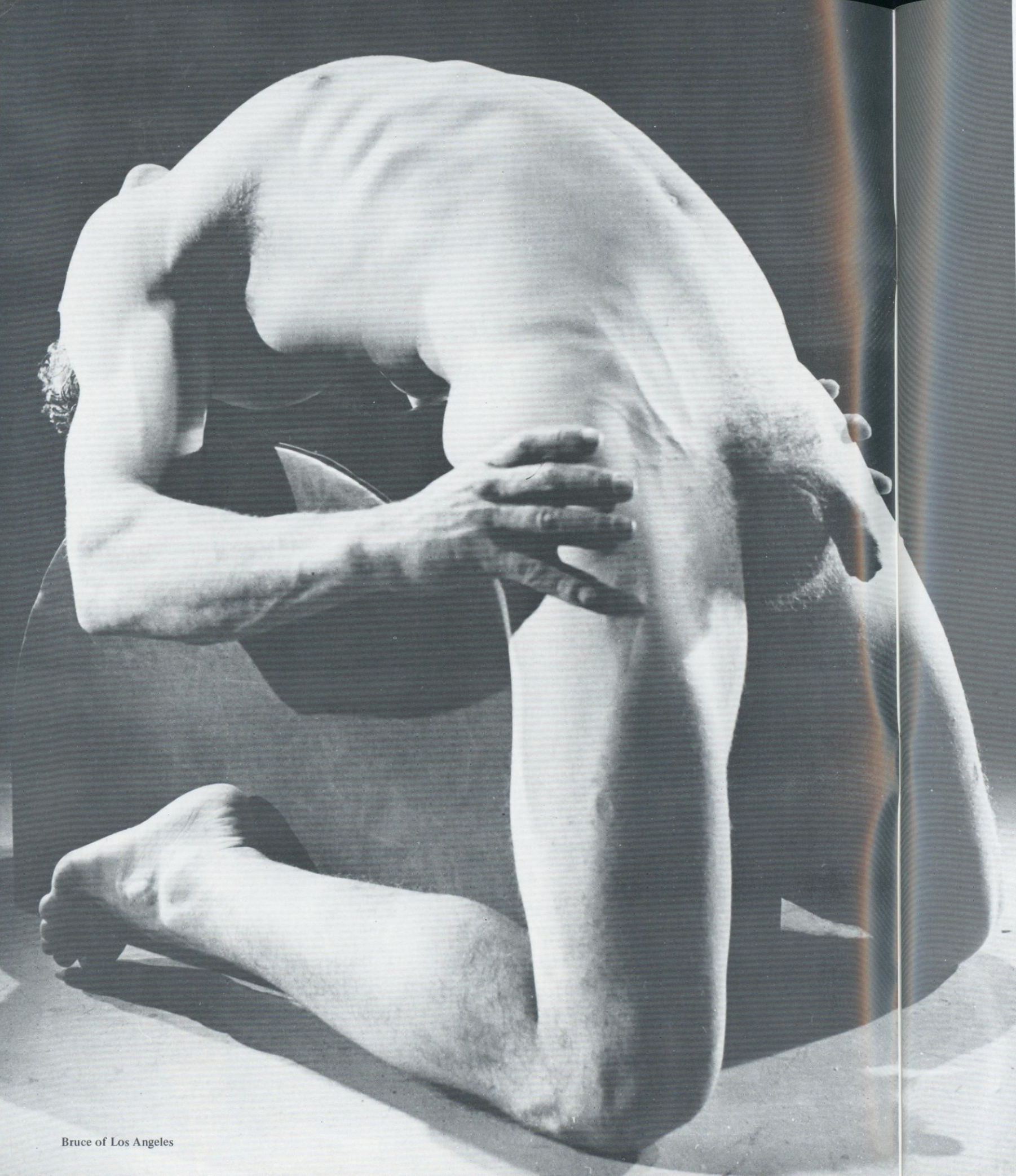
Emma sauntered over. She was about 22 or 23, not unattractive as women go, I suppose—big tits, fat ass, too much lipstick and reeking of *Avon* . . . probably a knockout for most straight guys but less than ordinary for me. She smiled and introduced herself in broken English and a thick accent, and added, "Want to make love to me-e-e?" I was too flustered to answer so I just smiled and shrugged. She took the gesture as a bargaining stall and quickly added, "Me chee-e-eep . . . only \$12 . . . \$10 for me, \$2 for room . . . good price."

Now there I was—gay as pink ink and yet a male chauvinist pig who was taught it was proper to give his seat to little old ladies . . . so a refusal would not only make me feel impolite but in this situation was—in my own mind—a threat to my masculinity. Besides, I have a few gay friends who keep telling me how great it is to screw an occasional chick—and several bisexual kids I make it with regularly who swear they enjoy it as much with gals as with guys . . . and I thought it might provide material for *QQ Magazine* and broaden my outlook in the bargain. All this flashed through my rabid mind in 5 seconds—and with a final swig of my *Coke* I got up and followed her.

The motel units surrounding the dance floor were small. Her tiny room had a dresser at one end and a low bed at the other. She turned her back to me and asked me to unzip her dress. So far I was safe; I knew how this was done because I remembered having done the same thing for my mother when I was about 6.

There she stood—5' 3" of Mexican jellybean decked out in *Fruit o' the Loom* panties. There I stood—wondering what in the hell I had gotten myself

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Bruce of Los Angeles

ART DECO

BY TERRY McWATERS

BY late autumn of 1967 the revival of interest in Art Nouveau had passed its peak, and along with the release of *Bonnie and Clyde* its end was clearly in sight, to be replaced—almost overnight—by a resurgence of interest in Art Deco, that hardy art form that has also known its periods of waxing/waning popularity, and which is now not only a very much 'in' art—of particular significance to gay people—but which shows an even more robust health that augurs well for its longevity.

One may well ask what *Bonnie and Clyde* could possibly have to do with an art movement, and the answer is, first, that not only was the film liberally sprinkled with quotations from Art Deco; that in fact it was our first Art Deco film of the neo-Deco period; but that it arrived at that floods-of-springtime point when the United States, as well as some European countries (notably England, France and Germany) had begun to throw off the shackles of conventional morality for the new freedom of 'doing your thing', or 'togetherness', of 'that's my bag', and of 'sexual permissiveness' . . . remembering also that this was the time of emerging Gay Lib; the 'socially-acceptable' pornographic movie, along with all the other sloganized liberalisms we have come to know, and which have become important integers of our lifestyle.

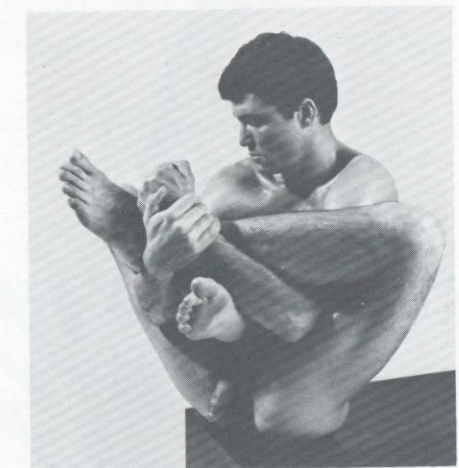
THE 'COMMENTATIVE' ART

Bonnie and Clyde literally blew the hell out of the last bastion of post-World War II sexual uptightness, and for all the film's excess, its overstatement and tomatoketchuppy gore, it provided a kind of running commentary on the care-freedoms of the 1920s—that period which Art Deco principally relates to—and which, far from brutalizing us, made that era seem such a camp that our less violent inhibitions were released and we began to revel in the sheer decadence just 'doing what comes naturally'.

It was rather like going barefoot on the beach for the first time after a long, cold winter. *Bonnie and Clyde* made us feel wickedly decadent, and as any gay person will agree—a little decadence is a pretty good thing. Certainly the feeling of 'anything goes' makes any sexual encounter a more wildly exciting thing.

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The Spice Cookery of India

Curries That Go M-m-m!

By Tony Giordano

MOST of us who entertain a great deal are sometimes driven to our wits' end trying to plan a menu we haven't already repeated dozens of times. Often we hit upon the idea of having an exotic curry, and while this looks great on paper, experience has taught us that a curry usually has a digestive 'repeat' factor that lasts for days. For example, the 'remembrance' of Sunday's curried lamb can linger so insistently on the tongue throughout the week that when next Sunday's roast of beef is placed before us it seems to have an oddly Oriental taste that throws the meal a little out of focus.

In the best Indian cookery the *exotique* of curry never lingers more than a few hours, thus tomorrow's dinner will have no overtones of today's. The reason is this: what we know in the United States as curry—curry powder—is not used by fine Indian cooks. To them a curry sauce is made from a mixture of fine spices, freshly ground at the time of cooking. It is not a commercially pulverized product that changes character, rancidizes or becomes otherwise stale through exposure to air.

Precisely stated, it is the *evanescent freshness* of Indian spices that delights the tastebuds, just as, conversely, it is the *dry staleness* of curry powder that causes the taste to linger too long.

Actually the word 'curry' is a colloquial rendering of the south Indian word *kari*, meaning a sauce. The curry sauce varies with the *type of food* and the *style of cooking*. In the North, most dishes are built around lamb; in the South—because of Brahman religious beliefs—meat is not eaten, and so there are delicious vegetable curries. Madras specializes in dishes whose bases are grains or lentils, while along the coastal strip of Kerala seafood is the dietary staff of life, and thus their curries reflect this difference in type of food and food preparation.

A principal reason why only fresh spices, or freshly-ground dried spices are used in the preparation of foods is that for more than 3000 years of Frigidareless Indian heat it has been necessary to preserve foods for short periods so that they will not spoil. Also, the Indians believe that their spices have great medicinal or therapeutic value. They say their native curries keep them healthy and cure or prevent many common ailments.

A noted Indian chef, internationally famous for his curries (he travels all over the world holding seminars in Indian spice cookery in gourmet cooking schools and among the culinary staffs of great hotels), tells us that there is a basic mixture of spices called *garam masala* around which each regional chef creates his own curries. He says "The commercial powder known as curry is based on this mixture.

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However, because it lies around so long after being pulverized before being packaged, it reaches the consumer stale, almost totally devoid of anything resembling the taste of the lively original spices. And the longer the package lies on the kitchen shelf after being opened, the staler and more rancid it becomes. This mixture contains cinnamon, nutmeg, cumin, fennel, turmeric, cloves and cardamom. By grinding them fresh each time they are to be used, one may cook a hundred dishes without one tasting reminiscently of the others! For example, one might add to the basic *garam masala* some fresh coconut, or honey, sugar, nuts or raisins. Each gives the curry a different character and makes the dish unforgettable."

Also he believes that in recipes where butter is required, both as an ingredient, and as a cooking fat, the only butter one should use is

INDIAN CLARIFIED BUTTER

"Only clarified butter should be used in the preparation of curried meats," he says. "However, 'clarified' is interpreted in so many ways I should like to make it clear just what I mean by the term. Clarified butter, to me, is far from the 'drawn' butter so dear to the hearts of European cooks. To clarify butter, first only pure butter—unsalted and unwhipped—should be used. It should be placed in a pan and melted over moderate heat. Then, once melted, strain it through the very finest sieve. Only the clear liquid, without a shred of dross, results. Clarified butter will not sputter nor 'brown' quickly, nor will it burn as quickly as unclarified. It coats the meat evenly and helps to bring out a rich, golden color. It is similar to what we call *ghee* in India."

FOUR DELICIOUS INDIAN SPICED DISHES

This gifted chef has passed on some of his most delightful recipes and we'd like to share them with you. The next time you feel the urge to extend your hospitality to your friends, try these delicious curries and spiced Indian dishes: *Chicken tandoori, New Delhi style . . . Rudyard Kipling Chicken Curry . . . Scampi saute a l'Indienne . . . and Spicy Lamb Chops, New Delhi style.*

CHICKEN TANDOORI NEW DELHI STYLE

Ingredients (to serve 6 to 8 persons)

- ½ cup olive oil
- 8 ounces plain yoghurt, whipped with a whisk.
- ½ cup freshly-ground ginger
- 2 tbsp chopped tarragon
- 4 tbsp minced garlic

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Coping With Male Menopause

by Roger Watson

IF you are about to enter your forties, or even if they seem light years away, this article may help you cope with male menopause. Unlike female menopause, which is essentially a physical *change of life*, the male version is to a great extent psychological; knowing what to expect and how you can adjust emotionally could save you years of depression and premature sexual decline.

Male menopause is more accurately called *climacteric*. Whereas women do undergo a physical change in their forties, caused primarily by glandular upsets, men experience no such sudden physical disturbance but instead a gradual loss of virility which is blown out of proportion by the psyche as a result of sexual rejection. To elaborate upon this statement and clarify the factors contributing to climacteric in gay guys it is first necessary to understand the role of testosterone, the male sex hormone that is produced by the testes.

Everyone knows that testosterone starts to manufacture during puberty. It is this hormone that causes hair to grow on the face and body and which also contributes in no small way to a boy's sexual development. Normally, testosterone starts spurting at age 14 and increases until age 18 to 20—the end result being a beautiful man. Interestingly, its production can be delayed by, say, an unduly protective mother who refuses to let her boy “grow up”—because the physical release of the hormone can be controlled by mental attitude. To understand this fully simply bear in mind that the testes are controlled by the endocrine glandular system which is controlled by the pituitary gland in the brain, and that the testes cannot manufacture secretions (testosterone and sperm) unless they receive chemical or hormonal orders from the pituitary; the pituitary cannot send out its messages without chemicals commonly referred to as *releasing factors*, which are secreted by the hypothalamus or “message center” of the brain. In other words—think sexy thoughts and the hypothalamus orders the pituitary to order the testes to secrete testosterone and sperm—but if the hypothalamus is denied stimuli (seeing a humpy guy, for example) via the central nervous system (messages from the eyes take this route) then there can be no flow from the testes—and this stimuli can be blocked by a protective mother who keeps her adolescent son from learning and, more importantly, *experiencing* the facts of life. Release usually comes when the boy gets older and mother can no longer keep him tied to her apron strings.

Related to climacteric—if the production of testosterone is delayed it will in turn inhibit a full blossoming of the male because it is this hormone that causes male aggressiveness and virility via stimulation of the central nervous system. It is also a catalyst that permits amino acids to penetrate the muscle cells where they are used to manufacture more

muscle cells, resulting in muscular size and strength. Since muscular growth occurs naturally in the teens and reaches its peak at age 18 or so—by delaying the production of testosterone physical growth is actually squelched. The result is often a less than virile man. *Such a man will generally experience climacteric sooner than guys who have matured properly.*

Testosterone, as previously stated, reaches peak production at 18 to 20. Thereafter its output declines gradually; at age 40 production is less than half, and at age 70 to 80 completely stopped—in most men (there are exceptions, of course). It therefore becomes clear that male climacteric is not truly physical, as in females where sex hormones cease production during middle age; in the male the gradual loss of sexual power (virility, in general) is bolstered by mental attitude (awareness of aging and inability to compete with the younger generation). Let me clarify; here's what happens:

A guy reaches his late thirties and early forties and suddenly—because his testes are now manufacturing half their peak output of testosterone—he finds it physically difficult to sustain an erection or ejaculate as many times as he used to. Added to this—and this is so true of most gay guys—he is jaded so it takes greater and greater stimuli to turn him on. All other things being equal in two gay men of 40 (meaning testosterone output) the man who is more easily excited by the “same old thing” has a greater chance of performing successfully in bed—whereas the guy who just isn't thrilled by an ordinary lay will fail. It is the latter who attempts to provide greater stimuli and in ever-increasing amounts. He resorts to john cruising because danger adds to his excitement, or suddenly resorts to numbers sex. He tires of the same lover and finds excitement only in new conquests; he bombards his eyes with porno in order to stimulate the hypothalamus tremendously so that it in turn will command the pituitary to order the testes to do their job.

Thus true climacteric is actually false at age 40 or 50 or even 60 because there really is no sudden loss of the sex hormone and some is manufactured until very late in life—for most men even at the time of death. Knowing this, a man can prepare himself for sexual decline (caused by the reduction of testosterone) by strengthening his psyche so as to counterbalance the physical loss with a sort of mental boost.

Keeping oneself physically fit is vital to this extent; a youthful appearance keeps a guy *feeling* sexually alive and because his body is attractive he is able to compete with men years younger. Even in this youth culture of ours mature men are

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QQ



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SHORT STORY

FOND DECEIVER

by PAUL DAMON

DANNY dragged himself up the three narrow flights of stairs in the dusty hallway, pushing against the baked air. With each step he hesitated, vaguely rebelling against coming home so early on an August afternoon—when there wasn't even any school or anything—yet . . . no, he couldn't go back, not after crying in front of them. That was an even more unpardonable sin. He would *never* be able to go back.

The tears began suddenly once more as he remembered the group of friends laughing at him, and Joey's voice mumbling uncertainly. "I can't play with you any more. My mother won't let me; she says your father's a drunk."

"Well he *isn't*," Danny yelled quickly, feeling his face redden. "And besides, your mother's fat and stupid, and she doesn't know anything . . . my father doesn't even live with us anymore."

"No," Joey countered with more certainty, "he don't live with *you*, 'cause he lives with a whore!"

"He does *not*, you lousy shithead!" Danny screamed, throwing himself at the boy and swinging his arms wildly in rage and shame.

The team selection for the ball game was forgotten now, in the rising spirit of a newer, more entertaining game.

"Yes he does!" shouted one of the boys, laughing, "We've all seen her shaking it down the street!"

"Yeah, and she's got big tits, too!" another chimed in.

"And a fat ass . . ."

"And she gives her customers the clap!"

Danny tried to ignore the others, concentrating only on Joey. "He does *not*! You dirty bastard . . . your mother eats SHIT!" The fear of crying gave Danny the strength to push the slightly older boy to the ground before Joey could prepare himself. His frenzy might have carried him off in triumph, the hero of trial by combat with his father's activities forgotten in the bargain, but for the imagination of his friends. Pulling him off Joey with clever taunts and jeers, they formed a wide ring around Danny, pointing at him and laughing, and mocking in a sing-song chant:

"Your father likes who-ores,
Your father likes who-ores,
Your father likes who-ores . . ."

Danny climbed the last few steps in the dark hallway. *I could've beat him good if those other guys'd minded their business*, he thought. The dimness of the staircase combined with the smell of old dust and the cushioned noises of the world outside to create a kind of lazy, timeless moment.

He sat down on the landing to his family's flat and jammed his chin between his two palms as he studied the drifting pattern of the tired, biologically-impossible flowers

and leaves in the cracked linoleum runner covering the stairs. He tried to keep the tears in this time. "I'll never play with any of them again," he murmured to the linoleum. "I'll spit in their lousy eyes when they try to talk to me."

Danny stroked his long, thin arms unconsciously as he dreamed of fighting the boys off one by one—like that guy in the Tarzan movie last Saturday—and laughing at them for being so weak as they hit the ground, crying in pain and terror. Wiping his face on the end of the striped T-shirt he had worn for the game, Danny rose and walked softly to the apartment door. He knew his mother would be working at the diner, but he still held his breath as he turned the knob slowly, praying silently that his brothers and sisters would also be out. Since they were older, they were all in that forbidden world of adulthood—aliens, and meddlers.

The living room was quiet, but ablaze with light dancing into the room through the two large windows, disturbing Danny's mood by destroying the comfortable indistinctness of the dark hallway. Accentuated by the light, the worn but always clean furniture stood out in clearly defined edges and corners, drawing Danny back from the brief dreams of a second before. He let out a long breath and walked to the kitchen at the other end of the apartment in the slightly bowed posture adopted by the very tall and thin. Taking a bottle of Coke from the refrigerator, he whirled around swiftly and with one powerful blow to the neck, severed the head of the wily Sir Daniel, Knight errant, off his guard.

Danny moved awkwardly to the kitchen table and sat down, playing with the stiff folds of the oilcloth covering as he cursed whoever was responsible for his being born in this stupid time. He dreamed of the heroes he had read about in his impressive collection of *Classics Illustrated*—Ivanhoe . . . Robin Hood . . . Achilles. He imagined himself as Leonidas, fighting off thousands of Persians with only a handful of friends . . . the tiny band defending each other, back to back, side by side . . . each knowing he would die, but each determined to protect his special friend as long as possible. *That's the way a guy should die, boy!*

I should've been born then, Danny thought angrily as he squeezed the bottle hard with both hands. He shifted full attention to the bottle and tried to crush the thick glass. *Damn Joey and his stupid fat mother. What does she know about anything anyway? I'm not gonna contaminate her stupid kid. And besides, he's not a drunk.* But thinking the thought didn't make it real. Hadn't his mother made him call every tavern and grill in town, looking for support money? "They'll call him to the phone if a man asks, try to sound like a man . . ." And Danny had felt grown up, and important, until the bartender (Continued on page 48)



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1973 AAU Mr. America Contest

by Bud Parker

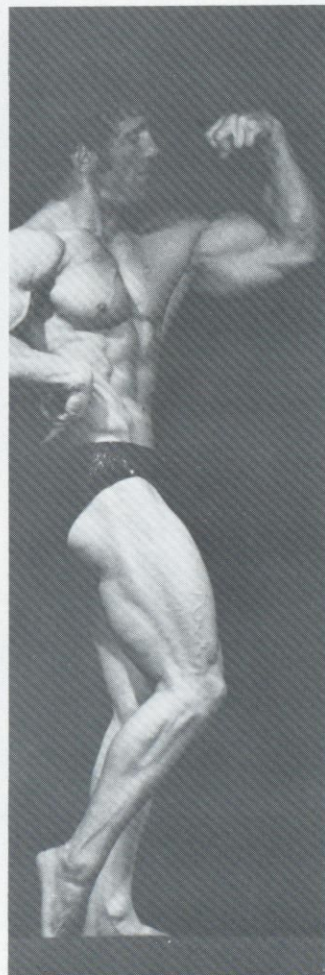
ON June 10th Williamsburg, Va. played host to the 1973 Mr. America Contest. Jim Morris (opposite page, left) won the title. Peter Grymkowski (same photo, right) placed 2nd, and Anibal Lopez was 3rd.

The photo below, on the left, shows the winners of the Most Muscular division, a special category separate from the overall contest. Left to right: Peter Grymkowski, 2nd; Jim Morris, 1st; and Willie Johnson, 3rd.

Below, center: Doug Beaver, a popular contestant. Below, right: Jim Morris, 1973 Mr. America.

The next big muscle contest here in the U.S.A. is the

1973 WBBG Pro Mr. America/Mr. World Show on Sat., Sept. 8th, 8 p.m. Hunter College Auditorium, New York City. Honored guest is Steve Reeves of "Hercules" movie fame. Guest posers include such famous muscle stars as Frank Zane and Sergio Oliva, both major title holders. Earlier that day the City of New York will honor Reeves in a special parade down Fifth Avenue. If you would like to meet Reeves in person when he arrives at Kennedy International Airport, probably on Friday, the 7th, telephone Dan Lurie at (212) 258-3900 early that week for detailed information. Admission to the special welcoming party is free but you must present your ticket for the show on the 8th to get in.





Miss & Mr. Britain Show

By Bud Parker

JUST as the 1973 Mr. America contest was coming off in the U.S.A., the 42nd Annual Miss & Mr. Britain Show was making a smash in England. This year it was held in Manchester.

Roy Duval won. He's seen here standing next to the new Miss Britain, Christine Charles. Eddie McDonough, far left, was 3rd, and Imlach Shearer, far right, attained 2nd.

Below, the Jr. Mr. Britain winners, left to right: Sam Boyd, 3rd; Bob Goodliffe, 2nd; David Little, 1st; and Martin Evans, 4th.

For those interested, the 1973 NABBA Mr. Universe contest will be held at the New Victoria Theatre in London on Sept. 22nd. For detailed information write to NABBA, Halton House, 20/30 Holborn, London, E.C.1.



THE TIMING GAYME

How To Say "Hello!" In Sex

By Frank Samuels

ONE of the fonder fantasies of gay life is that the more successful the sexual encounter, the more we like to believe it just 'happened' that way as a spontaneous dual response to some celestial master plan over which we had no control . . . that it was inspired, or that we were mere 'puppets on a sexual string'.

It's a nice thought, and while illusion/delusion is a beautiful and often necessary part of great sex, the fact is the experienced gay guy knows full well that any such successful encounter depends largely on the pre-involvement of sexual communication . . . on the little time-proved 'rituals' that help us say "hello" to each other, and, in a few minutes' acquaintanceship, develop some firm basis for sexual procedure.

These ritualistic approaches to sex may be *brief* (sometimes it's better so—even necessary, as in fast john sex—so that one 'says' much in a very short time), or *prolonged* to some degree (although it can be so prolonged that one talks the other to sheer boredom, or continues to interlard the conversation with so many irrelevancies that when the time would ordinarily be at hand for getting down to the serious business of sex, the trick has been psychéd out of it, rather than into it).

SEXUAL 'MORSE CODE'

Degree of communication is everything to good sex—visual, verbal, tactile communication *just to the degree* it is actually needed . . . and not a word more. It should always be more telegraphic than analytical . . . saying lots with little in a kind of sexual 'Morse code'. The time to discover hidden depths in each other is later—much later, when you have decided that the relationship is worth pursuing. Without such accurately-judged pre-involvement timing, *fast* sex can turn out disappointingly slow (a drag), and what might have been a voyage of discovery in *deliberate* sex is so conversationally drawn-out that the encounter falls under the sheer weight of words, preventing any sexual creativity and inventiveness. One thing is certain in gay life . . . you must produce in basically precise ways, no matter whether you like it fast or slow or in-between. Knowing *how*, and how *long* to extend the pre-sexual involvement is *everything* to good sex.

Depending on the meeting ground of sex there are six basic pre-sex getting-acquainted rituals. They are not complicated, can be easily stored in your memory bank, to be extended, amplified or otherwise altered to whatever degree/style you think necessary to impress your quarry of the moment. They will give you greater cruising confidence. The first ritual is one for what is perhaps the most usual gay

situation—

BAR CRUISING

This may require your most subtle cruising technique, for without subtlety in the midst of clamoring/competing others the whole communications scene can disintegrate without your having gotten anywhere with him. While it is true that a fast, direct approach often works more effectively in bar cruising (based on the canny assumption that he wouldn't be there in the first place unless he expected to be picked up, or vice versa), or if—for other reasons—he is not as serenely confident and poised as you, and thus may be repelled rather than attracted.

It is wise to note first whether he seems receptive to the gay atmosphere of the bar. Does he look around, studying others individually, noting what each says and does? Does he appear to want to get with it . . . as if hoping that someone will 'deformalize' him by speaking a word or phrase that can or will draw him into the inner circle? Do you intuit such an eagerness? If so, then a direct approach such as casually moving over with your drink and saying something even as 'everyday' as "Hi . . . you're new here, aren't you?" will instantly pull his finger from the conversational dike.

But if, on the other hand, he seems withdrawn . . . looks down at his drink—fingering/turning it—more often than he looks upward and around at the others . . . if you sense that he is put off through the campiness/gregariousness of others, your opening gambit should be *eye-cruising*. Of course you needn't do anything so flamboyantly obvious as rolling your eyes and raising your eyebrows, as if understudying Bette Davis in *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* This can be quite as shattering as a shout!

Do it subtly . . . casually on, casually away, then casually back again so that he feels both your interest and a sense of security in your quiet bar manners. Two or three glances should do it, and then if he continues to look at you, or if you detect the faintest glimmer of a smile lightening his face, move over and say whatever you like that is equally gentle and subtle. "Hi . . . I'm John Doe . . . it's nice to see a new face here." Right off you've made him feel at home . . . in a sense you're playing host. You have not pilloried him with a direct question that requires such a direct/immediate answer that it shatters his composure and/or sensitivity. Rather you have stated a fact. He will feel both flattered that you've singled him out from all the others for special attention, and so grateful that you apparently think he's interesting enough you'd like to know more about him, that he'll blurt out his name, where he's from; in seconds he will have become a fountain

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Bruce of Los Angeles



An Original Book The Ebanykus Journal by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the fourth installment of "The Ebanykus Journal," a novel by Dakota Jonson. A condensation of the book will appear in six consecutive issues of QQ Magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1974. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of six months in preparing this abbreviated version—in order to present a story which is as detailed as the original. And now, we invite you to share with us the sex-filled adventures of fiction's first Gay lover-detectives who find themselves entangled in a web of intrigue, dope, a kinky 'bull ritual', and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER IV

MAN, I didn't have to wait long for action. The phone was ringing the minute I zapped into the driveway.

It was Rip Zonderling. Now what the fuck was he calling me about? Did he wanna ball at this hour?

"Can I see you, Jonquil?"

"Jesus, Rip, you kidding? It's two o'clock in the morning and I'm all fucked out."

"How come?" he laughed. "I didn't think Ebanykus was there. I thought . . ." I heard a quick intake.

"Thought what?"

Silence. Well, that was interesting. Thought Ebanykus was in New York? Now how'd he know that?

"No, man, I just wanna talk," he covered, "How about the beach tomorrow? You gonna be at Fowler Lane?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I'll see you there. Okay? Like around noon."

"That's when I'll be there."

"Down by Paulie's Backyard."

"Yeah. Paulie's Backyard."

I didn't sleep much. I cursed myself for letting Ebanykus get away from me, sweating and worried he might get himself killed. Like Jimmy. Well, perhaps I'd learn something from Rip tomorrow. And another thing kept gnawing at me. How did Rip know Ebanykus wasn't home? Had maybe Rip got a call? From Carlos?

First thing in the morning I called Hippolyta, but she had no idea at all where Ebanykus might be hanging out. We rapped about Jimmy's death, and she told me she finally got Ariadne out of jail—on Sunday morning. "Her fuckin' parents got back from Acapulco sometime Saturday," she said, "they wired a Suffolk County judge they're in thick with and got Ariadne released to me. What a hassle! Right?"

"Is Ariadne there now?" I asked.

"No. I tried to get her to go back to her folks—you know, Dobbs Ferry—but the little cunt probably high-tailed it for David's in Bridgehampton.

I asked her for David's phone number but she didn't have it. "It's unlisted," she said, "so you can't get it. Maybe they

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don't even have a phone. Who knows?"

I got to Fowler Lane a little after twelve, but Rip's car wasn't in the parking lot. I remembered the car well from the day he followed me home, a dusty, five-year-old, dilapidated Mustang. No sign of Rip on the beach either. I wandered down to Paulie's Backyard picking my way among the hairdressers—it was Monday—a couple I'd balled with—but didn't stop to say hello.

Paulie's Backyard. Yeah. A Southampton institution until Paulie went off and got married. To a woman, that is. The Backyard is like a cozy bird's nest up in the dunes nestled in the rosehips. When Paulie headquartered there on his days off, man, the action was beautiful. He used to bring all the comforts—a blanket, a thermos of salty dogs, KY and fuck books. But, alas, no more Paulie, so I never bothered to go up there anymore.

Where was Rip? I drifted further down toward Southampton Town Beach to a stretch of wide sand totally deserted. And I got a nostalgic rush for Ebanykus, remembering the day—only last week!—when he first stepped into my life, naked from the sea. Now I felt like I'd lost him forever.

Well, as they say, there's always another cock around, and what happens? Sure enough, through the heat waves comes this humpy body swinging ass down across the far end of the dunes. So, I plopped my bikinied buns in the sand, assuming a muscle-tight pose.

Damn! It was the straight David, wearing nothing but a pair of buttoned Levis, a couple of buttons unbuttoned, of course, and his fuckin' dick hanging like he was the fantasy stud of the century. He recognized me after a subtle cruise, shrugging his thick shoulders and smiling a come-on grin—like, dig it.

"Hi, Jonquil," he said, his voice deep and gravelly. "Ebanykus told me all about this beach. Thought I'd find you here."

"Oh. Yeah."

He laughed. "No. Honest. Anyway, you know—well, me and Ariadne never seem to make it. She's always running to Hippolyta's or her folks in Dobbs Ferry, and I can never have her at my place. A guy gets horny."

"Yeah. Well, too bad Paulie's not here anymore."

"Oh, yeah, I heard about him too. Yeah. Too bad."

I unwound to a standing position to cover a hardon.

"Hey, look, David, I'm frantic. Ebanykus and I had a fight yesterday and I dropped him in town. You got any idea where he might be?"

He frowned, but never lost his smile. "Jeeze, man, I dunno. But you shouldn't worry. He can handle himself okay. What did you fight about?"

"Oh, hell, I'm not really sure. The raid and Diana and Jimmy . . ."

(Continued on page 35)



HAITI

ISLAND OF LAZY LOVERS

by David Bartel

IF you've been racking up too many ciphers on your sexual scoreboard lately and are puzzled about how you can quickly reverse this dismaying trend, *QQ* has the ideal solution to your problem. Pack your bag with some summer-light clothing and take the next Pan-Am flight to Haiti.

From the moment you deplane in Port-au-Prince until you regretfully head back home, you can flirt and fuck, be screwed and sucked by the horniest young humpyhungs in the Caribbean . . . and the laziest. Fast john-cruisers and numbers guys take notice: the fuckalazy, suckalazy Haitian hustler (they're mostly all hustlers here . . . they're just too poor to do it for free) likes to take his time. It figures: given his subtropical climate, his native resistance to speed in anything, plus the fact that it takes time for him to wheel his huge sexual catapult into place and fire the first depth charge, he's not one to race the clock . . . he's in no hurry for the 'catapultout'. Lay a few bucks on him and he's yours for hour-r-rs . . . even all night.

'Gangbusters', as well as those devotees of the 'slow-poke' group encounter, should find this of singular interest. *Because* of him and *through* him you will learn where the wildest orgies are likely to be taking place back in the hills . . . or up the mountainside . . . 'back of the moon'.

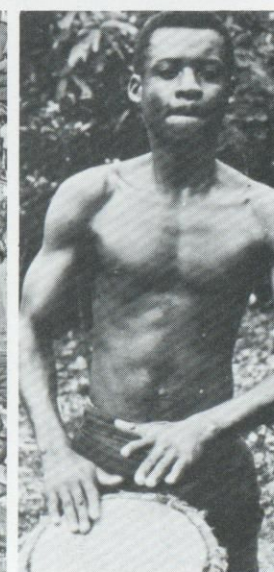
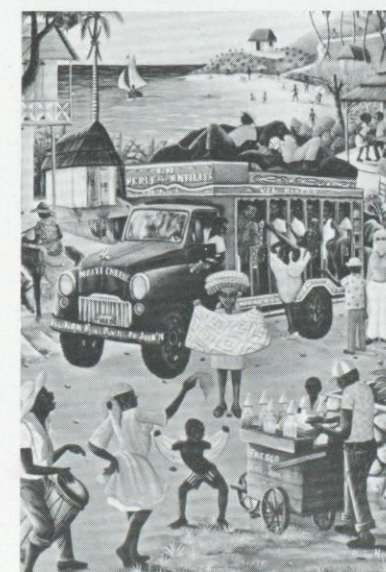
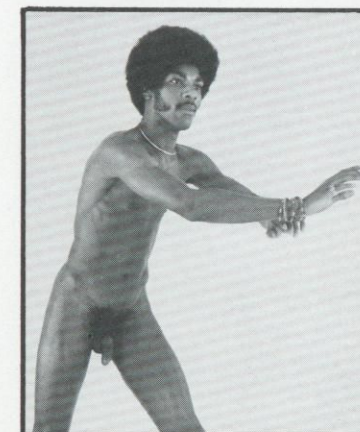
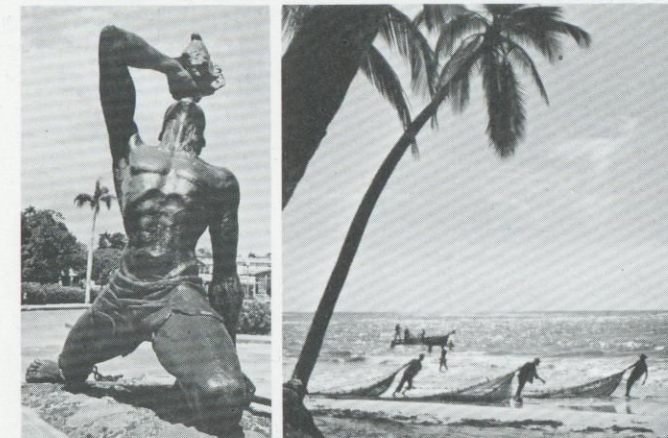
He will know because all day his ears will have been 'antennaed' to the telegraphic drumbeat of the voodoo *hougan* (priest). The African drum came along with the slaves to Haiti in the late eighteenth century and it is as much a part of Haitian life now, as then. As a visitor you may not be conscious of its variations in pitch, rhythm and pattern. Only the Haitian knows what the subtle differences mean.

VOODOO PROTOCOL

The sex orgies that inevitably follow the voodoo ceremony are not planned. They're spontaneous, being irresistible postludes to the religious ritual—a further letting-off-of-steam in response to a primitive religious enthusiasm (much as the Japanese over-respond to the erotic stimulation of their famed religious Festival of the Phallus). The voodoo ceremony always takes place at night—when it's cool—in secret places. It is nothing like those staged affairs that the downtown Port-au-Prince hotels put on for a gaggle of giggly tourists. It is a hair-raising, freaked-out orgy that occurs nowhere else in the world except, perhaps, in Dahomey where so much that is Haitian has its primal roots.

We should like to emphasize that these post-voodoo orgies are not specifically gay. (Continued on page 39)

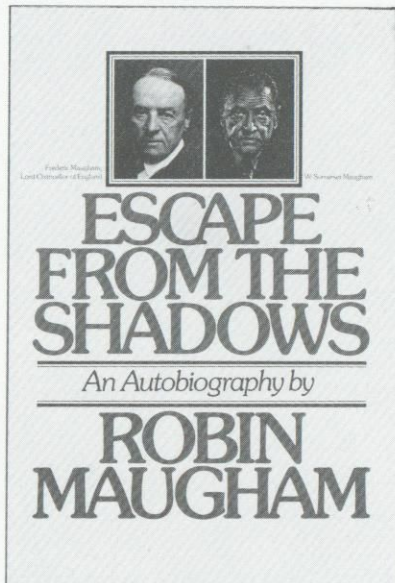
September/October 1973



QQ's Man of the Month
Brad
By Dudley



book review



Something exciting is happening in Gay Literature.

Gay guys have become, at last, human beings. They laugh, cry, eat, sing, suffer, and sleep like anyone else. In sum, they live and die like human beings, not like neurotic psychopaths, not like twisted freaks, and not like sex-crazed, over-endowed super-studs, either.

In the past couple of months I've read a collection of biographical essays, two novels, a TV script, a psychiatric treatise, and now an autobiography in which the gay heroes are all sane, literate, articulate, and thoroughly likeable men.

It took Gay Lit quite a while to evolve to this point, and I would like to see it continue along this line as I want to celebrate its appearance whenever it surfaces.

The autobiography which happily joins this small circle of liberated Gay Lit is *Escape From The Shadows* by Robin Maugham (McGraw-Hill, 262 pgs., helpfully indexed, \$8.95).

The "Shadows" of the title refer, actually, to Robin Maugham's father and uncle (W. Somerset Maugham), but in addition, and perhaps more so, to the early closet life of the author's. Thus the book tells three fascinating tales of Maugham's escape from the tyranny of his Victorian father, from the overwhelming literary prowess of his uncle, and from his own and other people's misconception of the role homosexuality plays in his life.

These three stories are inter-

twined and are presented in straight autobiographical style, with no hedging, no evasion—even when it obviously hurts (as when a lover walks out).

Presumably lots of fools went to Eton and Cambridge in the thirties, but Robin Maugham was no fool. Trying to live his own life, with a deep love of music and a fledgling writing talent was virtually impossible, given his demanding father, but he managed with great verve. Visiting his uncle at his villa in the South of France brought him face to face with the ups and downs of his emerging homosexuality, but he early learned to roll with those punches, too.

The war years were ugly, but Maugham, as a tank commander in the Egyptian desert, discovered the poetry of coexistence with one's fellow man. Severely wounded by shrapnel in his forehead, he was sent back to England, but he was able, thanks to a driving ambition to be of value, to not only produce a magazine (Convoy), but also to organize a worthwhile British intelligence in the Mid-East.

After the war, Maugham continually tested his own endurance traveling, writing (novels, short stories, travel articles, a biography, plays, film scripts, etc.—a monumental volume of work) continuously, and working hard at the problems of becoming a whole man he could call his own.

Plagued by illness (the shrapnel wound was persistently, chronically critical), diabetes, bouts with alcohol, with his legs crushed in an earthquake at Agadir, it is a wonder Maugham lived at all, much less accomplished any serious writing.

But he did, and the last half or so of *Escape From The Shadows* chronicles these days, replete with laughs and tears, larded with anecdotes of his relationships with Sir Winston Churchill, Sir Noël Coward, and dozens of other luminaries bright and dim. It also covers his coming out, in no way dramatic, totally without scenes or hysterics, simply the slow process of learning to live with and to like himself as he was: gay, without guilt and torment.

In a previous book, reviewed in these pages, *The Wrong People*, Robin Maugham wrote, as the title implies, a gay novel in which gays do not make out too well at all. The old stereotypes. The old stereotypical ending. Well done, but not my cup of tea.

With *Escape From The Shadows* Robin Maugham has at last written an honest gay book, and it deserves our careful attention.

We all have Shadows. It's illuminating and entertaining to see how Maugham escaped his.

And we should all be so lucky.

—Orlando Paris

SETTING THE STAGE FOR SEX

(Continued from page 6)

example makes a perfect pattern of what to do. It will prevent any cluster-clouds of tension from gathering . . . there will be a perfect harmony of sexual give and take . . . and the timing will be so perfect, so casual and just right, with everything just there when it's needed, that each can give his very best to the encounter.

SETTING THE STAGE

It is doubtful that you'll have any passion fruit handy. But any unusual or exotic drink or mixture (such as a crush) will do as well. Blender cookbooks are full of them. For an erotically exciting one try Geoffrey Holder's 'Coconut Rocks Martini' which was described in detail in our Book Review (*Geoffrey Holder's Caribbean Cookbook*) in *Ciao!* of last month's issue. Now that's something to get the evening really started in fine style!

Although the drink should be something so exotically wild as to excite the taste buds, the important thing about this prelude is the oneness of drink/glass/lips/lovers it creates—rather like the ritual of religious communion where the congregation receives from the chalice.

It's equally unlikely that you have a pond of lotus blossoms from which you can pick a sexual bouquet. But your corner florist has roses . . . creamy yellow roses . . . and they have such a heavenly fragrance. The man doesn't live—gay or straight—whose gonads don't simply burst with sexual ecstasy when his nude body is strewn with flower petals. The supreme compliment. Instant Nijinsky—*instant Spectre de la Rose!*

LIGHTING

Unless your lover reacts fully to sex only when psychedelic lights are flashed wildly, the less obtrusive the lighting in your bedroom, the better for sex. There are several ways you can contrive a 'lovely lighting'. The quickest is the wall dimmer. A dimmer can be easily installed and you have complete control of the lighting—adjusting it to whatever degree of incandescence you feel is suitable—or which he expresses a preference for.

There are some gay guys who—for reasons innumerable—can have successful sex only when the room is so brilliantly lit it suggests that they're on stage! Usually this is someone who has such a fantastically beautiful body (of which he is always acutely conscious) and cannot give his sexual best unless he sees that the light of admiration in your eyes is also turned up high. He needs visual proof that you are impressed, otherwise orgasm will be delayed indefinitely, and you are worn to a frazz-z-zul in the process. Also, your lover may not have the greatest physique in the world, but a phallus of such La Stupenda proportions that he must watch your reaction to it constantly. He wants it spotlighted . . . like a 100-karat diamond in a jeweler's show window.

Most men, however, prefer a light from a distance . . . as from another room, shining softly/mutedly through the bedroom door. It is not so immediate, so here, as a bedroom light, and it creates fanciful patterns and shadows that add interest and excitement to the encounter. Little harshnesses are blurred

. . . a less than perfect body is not so cruelly exposed to silent criticism . . . actual or imagined.

Flickering lights from candles in sconces on the wall are quite erotic and they make interesting patterns on the body. But be sure that each sconce is filled. Never just one candle in a two-bracket sconce . . . it's like a missing front tooth—an attention-getter. Not just five candles in a seven-branch candelabrum. Remember, in the fellatio-receiving position he sees everything in pinpoint focus and his attention will be irresistibly drawn to this imbalance. Completeness, or the suggestion of it, is most important in every aspect of sexual unity in the bedroom . . . so fill 'em up, and let your light shine!

Never place a solitary candle by the bedside. In the first place it is too close . . . too eye-compelling. It mesmerizes, diverting one's attention from the larger 'candlestick' at hand (or, what's better, in mouth). Also it suggests that you're cutting down on your candle bill. Not flattering.

Also 'fat' candles are sexier than skinny ones. The reason is obvious. Colored candles are sexier than white candles. While some interior designers insist that only white or natural (beeswax) candles are correct for true elegance in room decoration, this does not hold true in the bedroom. Color suggests sexual warmth as does the candlelight. One adds to the completeness of the other, and to the whole seance. And don't forget: if you have a wild trick and it's the night of a full moon, throw open your window and let him have it . . . head on! It can have a powerful and unforgettable effect on him—and you, too.

YOUR 'OPERATING TABLE'

Think of yourself as a sexy Dr. Kildare and have all your 'operating instruments' at hand. Never destroy sexual mood by getting up for various appurtenances. It can be disastrous to get worked up for a grand thrust and have to cool it while you plow through your medicine chest for the KY. (You may have been so upset by a previous trick you may have forgotten where you stashed it, and this, additionally, is time-wasting, mood-unsettling, and phallic 'downing'.)

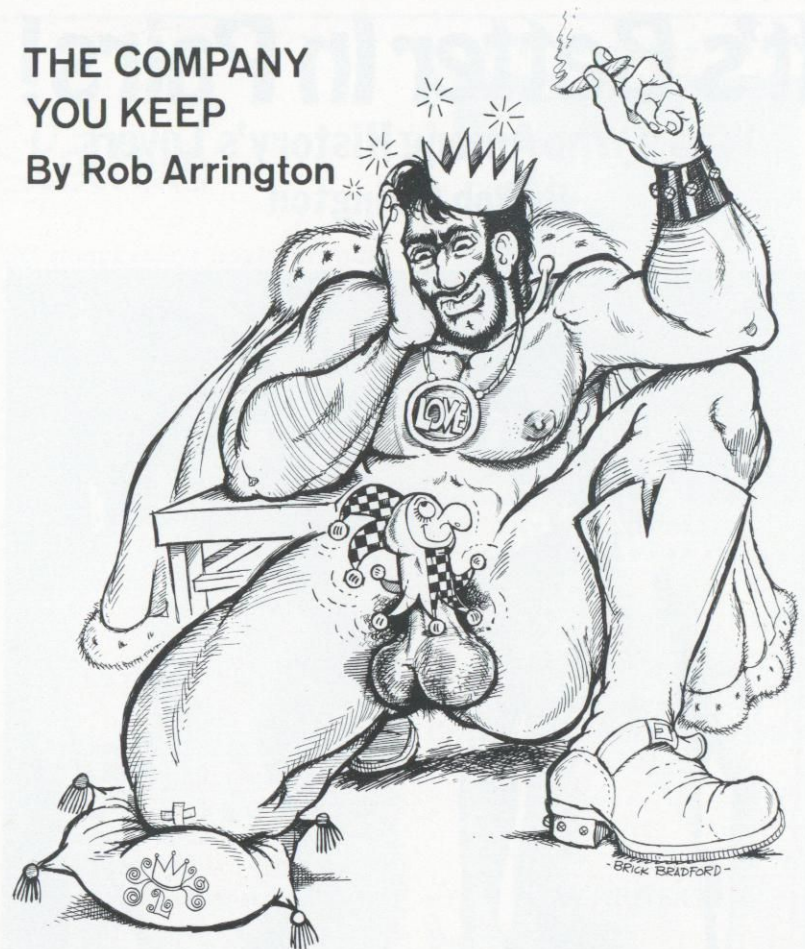
A low table by your bedside should be prepared with whatever you will use during sex. In addition to KY or whatever lubricant you favor, your table should have towel(s) . . . felt-bottomed or weighted, non-rattling, non-upsettable ashtrays . . . any toys that can whip up more excitement (especially an electric vibrator for an electric fist-fuck, if—though used to fist-fucking—he has not been 'electrified') . . . some joints, plus lighter, if you are both devotees of pot . . . and some poppers. Everything should be so easily at hand that there is not a moment lost from the sexual act . . . it should all just flow in Thai-style, each movement—for whatever purpose—being a continuation of the previous-into-the-next one.

YOUR BED

If your bedroom is equipped with a convertible couch or 'sleep sofa' rather than a bed, don't cause him to lose a perfectly decent erection while you perform one of the Seven Labors of Hercules as you pull the guts out of it getting it into operational position. All your foreplay finesse will have

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

By Rob Arrington



Mad Ludwig

LOVE was big in the royal set in Bavaria in the last century, and it undid two famous Ludwigs. Kings Ludwig I and II were grandfather and grandson, and the main difference between them was that Grandpa loved a girl—the famous Lola Montez—while Grandson loved a man—famous composer Richard Wagner.

In fact, Grandpa got into such hot water with his scandalized populace over his costly cavortings with the luscious Lola, that he was forced to abdicate, and the crown passed to his daughter and her consort, who fathered and mothered two sons, Ludwig and Otto, both of whom were eventually homosexual and ultimately insane, Ludwig destined to go down in history with the fit-

ting epithet, Mad Ludwig.

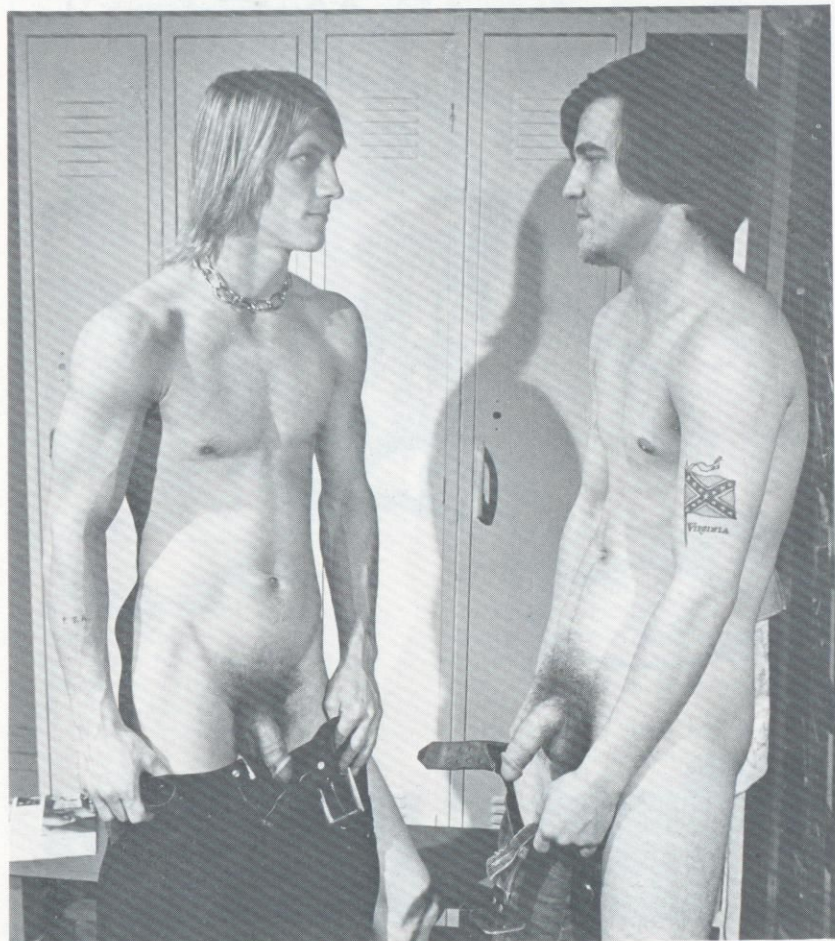
Ludwig ascended the throne at a tender eighteen, blessed with a handsome face and figure that had the girls ga-ga in and out of the royal circle. But Ludwig was not the least ga-ga over any girl, and although he was briefly engaged to a girl of the nobility who would have made a suitable bride, he never repeated the traumatic mistake. In the course of his reign he devoted a little time to affairs of state and a lot of time to art, literature, music, the theatre, and, ultimately, to castle-building on the most grandiose scale. The latter hobby, resulting in fairy-tale castles the likes of which the world has not seen since, created an enduring monument to the mad king.

But

It's Better In Pairs!

Who's Who Among History's Lovers

By Rob Arrington



Look behind a famous man and you'll find a lover in his shadow nine times out of ten. From Caesar right up through Lawrence of Arabia and our contemporary great men, lots and lots of them have had lovers, both famous and anonymous, who have admired them and inspired them and have, in many cases, strongly influenced the marks they've left on history and the works they've left behind. Famous gay pairs have been a part of the human scene since history began. This month:

The slaying of the giant Goliath was one of the things the legendary King DAVID of Judah and Israel was famous for in the course of the fruitful life he lived in the Old Testament period 1000 years before Christ. His passionate adulterous affair with the beautiful Bathsheba, mother of Solomon, was another.

But Bathsheba was certainly not his first love or his most important one. JONATHAN was.

Jonathan was the son of King

Saul, who invited the youthful David to live at his court after David, a simple shepherd lad at the time, got a head start on his famed niche in history by eliminating Goliath with a slingshot. If Saul had sensed what was going to happen, he would have withdrawn the invitation. For Saul's son and David yielded to a compulsive attraction between them and became lovers.

The affair was so blatant that Saul
(Continued on page 47)

gone for naught if you are not prepared for beddy-bye. Have it opened before you go out cruising, so all will be ready to receive him when you bring him home. So what's to lose? You'd have to open it later anyway—even if no trick.

ATMOSPHERE

Adjust the thermostat in your room to a 'nekkid-boy' temperature . . . a tad warmer than a 'clothes-on' 68. Remember, a breeze from an air-conditioner that at first caresses the nude body can soon create a wind-chill equal to a 10-degree drop in temperature. You can't get much sex-mileage out of goose-pimples. While some like to screw in the snow (a fad/fetish started by a movie in which Alain Delon starred), it ain't for everyone and the wind-chill factor can be a real turn-off. Use your noggin! *Au contraire*—don't have the thermostat turned up much above 74, otherwise when the sexual give-and-take and thrust-and-parry really get to giving 'n thrusting 'n taking 'n parrying, the room will seemingly sizzle at a torrid 90. After all you want to fornicate the boy, not cremate him!

If you like music with sex—and if he also expresses a preference for it—first find out what type of music he likes. If you have some cassettes of it, slot it in and worry no more. Or perhaps you have a local radio station that features just the type he likes. Otherwise, mood music of the 'singing strings' type will usually work as a beautiful background . . . or something a little rockier—Tijuana Brass. If you are a collector of *QQ Magazine* you might refer to Volume 1, Number 4, and the article *Music To Sex Up The Dawn With* . . . many helpful ideas with respect to choices of music were given and could be just what you need. Have a look. Many options.

Finally . . . help your lover by helping yourself. While he is undressing you, rub your nipples . . . outline your pectorals suggestively with your fingers (this, by the way, is a trick famous bodybuilders use to keep a high pectoral pump just before going on the posing platform—try it and see how well it works). Let him see by gesture, look and sound (faster breathing . . . sexy moans . . . catching your breath at some of his touches) that he is turning you on. Your increased tempo in touching him will then raise his thermostat, and after more intensive foreplay you are ready for the moment of truth. It will all seem so perfect and so right. And in hindsight you will appreciate all the more what preparation can mean in bringing a sexual encounter to its most sublime conclusion.

...

ART DECO

(Continued from page 11)

It might be said that the slogan advertising the film made an even more precise sexual point that "Love was almost enough for them, but murder made the delicious difference." Depending on one's personal reaction, Clyde was sexually ambivalent/had no great sexurge/was impotent to the point of being asexual until he had a carbine in his hand. Symbolically a burst of gunfire cleared the air and released his sexual uptightness.

If this seems to bear little relation to the Art Deco movement, it might be further noted that Bonnie was somewhat lesbianized by the characteristically dykish styles of this era on which Art Deco comments so powerfully: the short, choppy, butch hairstyles, the woman-negating, formless dress/suit with its 'breastlessness' and unsexy long skirt . . . the clunky shoes. She, too, became sexually aroused only when Clyde had blazed away. It was this suggested ambivalence that caused lesbians of the day to identify so closely with Art Deco . . . it suggested such concordance with their lifestyles that they have come to think of it as 'their' art with a message secretly their own (a little surprise for them later on!).

Thus in bringing the lustiness of the Roaring Twenties into focus, Art Deco is, first of all, a 'commentative' art unlike (with the possible exception of Toulouse-Lautrec) the portraiture of Rembrandt, Hals and Gainsborough . . . the impressionist art of Renoir and Cezanne . . . the cubism of Gertrude Stein's day and the surrealism of Dali's (although Art Deco strongly reflects both cubist and surrealist influences) . . . or of today's abstract painters and sculptors.

ART 'DECODENT'

Next, as we have seen, it is both a kind of Art 'Decotharsis' (since it helped release an era from its sexual uptightness), and an Art 'Decodent' (having led us more persuasively along the path of 'sin'), as well, of course, as an *Art Decoratif*, from which it gets its abbreviated name.

It should not be thought of only as the art of a particular period (since other art forms flourished contemporaneously), or of social reform or social comment—although it was all of these—because it is demonstrably a living art of great validity, beauty, charm, wit, drama, inventiveness and function . . . as well as being of gay significance, as we shall see more fully later on here.

Unfortunately there are some art critics of knowledge and sophistication who reject Art Deco as meretricious, saying that it is either *kitsch* or *klötz*. 'Kitsch' is a German word meaning trash(y) or vulgar; while 'klötz', being both German and Yiddish, can be translated as awkward or clumsy.

There may be some truth to this with respect to furniture of the Belgian/German school of Art Deco. German sofas of that period, for example, were very 'fat' . . . heavily upholstered, with all curves and no angles. While they looked (and undoubtedly were) very comfortable, each detail tended to flow into another in such a seamless way that the sofa was turned into a kind of blimpy 'blob' ensemble.

An Art Deco sofa might well look as if it could comfortably seat 200-pound soprano Helen Traubel on one side, 200-pound Kirsten Flagstad on the other, with 'little' 300-pound Lauritz Melchior sandwiched in the middle . . . all singing their Wagnerian lungs out. One feels that if they had simultaneously delivered themselves of a giant beer/kraut fart into the sofa it would have turned into a dirigible wafting them off to Valhalla without one of them missing a note!

Yet there were, and are, such beautiful Art Deco pieces that have found their way into the world's great museums, each honored piece showing influences/nuances of the

September/October 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.

LA DOLCE VENETO

Dear Editor:

What beautiful magazines you guys put out. I enjoy all the articles and pictures in all your magazines but particularly liked the piece on Pompeii in the August 1973 *Ciao!* I love Italy.

I've just returned from Rome and thought your readers might like knowing the latest on its cruising scene.

The Via Veneto is fast becoming another 42nd Street—and things are so organized that the south end is for female prostitutes while the north is man country. The action starts at 10 p.m. There's always plenty to choose from and even if you're shy that presents no problems along the Via Veneto because the hustlers are aggressive and pursue American buyers with a passion. So much so in fact that a turndown occasionally results in violence—and it's this that the police are trying to eliminate. Unfortunately most American johns are reluctant to bring charges against prospective bedmates even when they get nasty in the street.

One way of avoiding a showdown with a hustler when the conversation seems to be taking a wrong turn is to thank him for talking with you as you slip him an American dollar, explaining that you must leave for an appointment and hope to see him another time.

I look forward to seeing an article



9c

GAY WORLD POSTAGE

on Venice in *Ciao!*. It's a beautiful city with much cruising along the Grand Canal, as well as in the public johns.

Ciao!

F.L.

Boston, Mass.

GAY WRITERS

Dear Editor:

You guys seem to have an edge on great writers. I always enjoy the articles in your magazines because they are beautifully written and have something to say as well. So many of the other gay publications print fluff.

Sincerely,

D.J.

Chicago, Ill.

Ed: Thank you. We take great pride in our talented writers—those on our staff and our contributors as well. It is quite true that many gay writers get by with what they write and not how they write it. They find a market because many publishers believe their authority (being gay) compensates for a poorly written article. Comedian Mort Sahl never passes up an opportunity to knock gay people (for whatever psychological reasons/hangups he has), and therefore does not deserve our support—but he said a mouthful worth hearing on a recent Johnny Carson stint. In comparing Oscar Wilde with the average gay writer today: "Wilde was a talented writer who knew (Continued on page 51)



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artist's native culture . . . graceful consoles/tables . . . wrought-iron fire screens/mermaid andirons . . . handsome 'fun' clocks (a grandfather clock might have the blown up modern dial of a rectangular wristwatch, chaste, severe vertical contours of chrome/ebony, with the door opening on a liquor bar!); fantastic lighting fixtures and lamps. Art Deco was 'into' everything of that period, and in every kind of workable medium from pottery and porcelain to glass, bronze, aluminum, steel, fabrics, paintings and, especially, posters. It has created a very trendy

'LESBIANA'

It has long been a sorrow to gay males that they cannot, or must not, express affection for each other in public . . . not by so much as a fleeting kiss, a holding of hands while walking a busy street, any kind of embrace other than a quick hug of hearty congratulation, or that 'Hi, fella!' jab on the shoulder after a long absence of a special friend . . . never the most fleeting touch of faces in public, or the slightest gesture of affectionate regard. None of these is permissible unless we simply don't care what the heteroworld thinks, and we've not come that far by any means.

On the other hand the gay ladies can do this anytime and all the time, anywhere, and nothing is thought of it. They can kiss up a storm (and passersby will only smile at 'two schoolgirl friends who have perhaps met again after many years') . . . they can enter johns together and spend hours (It's expected . . . anyone knows that 'girls have secrets or secret things they can't talk about in public').

They can walk for blocks with arms entwined around each other's waist, bobbing their faces together occasionally for a quick little kiss ("Ah, such nice girls . . . what good friends they must be!"). It all seems so typically, routinely and 'normally' what girls would do that no one is the least concerned that two oven-ready coozes have just been defrosted. Only if one actually whipped out a giant-sized dildo, buckled it around her waist and began to charge at the other on the sidewalk at high noon, would anyone suspect anything out of the ordinary.

So much in Art Deco is of lesbianic direction that our gaygirls have, as mentioned, adopted it as their 'very own' art, and thus in their homes and apartments are tables, mantels and walls covered with Lalique vases, medallions, posters, and bibelots of every kind, on which two or more nude girls are seen in various stages of sex, from 'pre' to 'post', and in every kind of erotic sexual position (a favorite one is two nude girls rising from the sea . . . facing each other, backs arched, vulvas vasculating and touching . . . the clustering, fingering, teasing and kissing of breasts . . . the artful brushing of hands/fingers against palpitating pubes, with sex now so loud the thumping of a sexual pulse can almost be heard. Not to mention soul kisses of the deepest apparent tongue penetration.

In effect, Art Deco has become the cachet of 'lesbiana'. Any woman who might be invited into such a home for the first time would certainly know at a glance what she was in for . . . without a word being spoken.

THE ART DECO OF JEAN COCTEAU

Jean Cocteau resented this. As a homo-

sexual who loved Art Deco he thought it too 'gay-feminized' in its smaller forms, and so he set about changing its image somewhat with some 'gay-masculinization'. One of his finest contributions is a stunning gay drawing which has become popularly known among gay Art Deco lovers in France as *après la débauche au tombeau Egyptien* (orgy's end in an Egyptian tomb).

This powerful drawing has been copied time and again, and one finds it on posters and tapestries of every dimension. Undoubtedly it is at its most erotically obsessive in a tapestry covering one entire end of a dining salon in an Italian villa. The walls and ceiling of this room are covered with delicate cane-work so that the overall effect is one of a large casket or coffin—simulating the interior of an Egyptian tomb. The table and sideboard and chairs are in the slender, delicate style of Louis-Philippe, with all of the ornaments, excepting the opaline lamps (Art Deco) and the large flower-pots holder (Second Empire) being of the same period.

But the tapestry transforms the scene—not alone by its exotic-erotic inferences, but by its heroic scale—and thus we are transported directly into a just-opened Egyptian mausoleum. As the moon shines through the opening, we see a magnificently-built young soldier standing nude, contemplating his compatriots who have obviously fuck-freaked themselves out of this world, and who now lie in a sexual stupor among the mummies and artifacts of thousands of years ago.

Then, in true Art Deco tradition, a mummy stands in his case facing us, as if—like a Greek chorus—commenting on the scene. Only his eyes and nose are visible, but rather than looking mummified he seems quite alive . . . his eyes are slitted and traces of a smile lighten his face, as if he had thoroughly relished the proceedings and wished that someone would unwrap his bindings so that he could join in the fun!

IT'S ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS

Another favorite device of Art Deco is the use of two-walled or three-walled mirrors to give life to a poster or painting. Thus one of the most popular Art Deco ideas of the Thirties was the blown-up poster of a jazz band . . . an entire orchestra of blacks complete with life-size grand piano, drums, sousaphone and other instruments, with the musicians in wildly swinging action . . . covering one entire end of a room (like Cocteau's painting), the whole being reflected into one mirror, then bounced into each of the two others. The fantastic effect when seen on entering was of being in some gigantic ballroom!

As you see, with very little effort, one can blow up a picture of his favorite orgy scene or sexual whatever, cover one end of a room with it, install ceiling-high mirrors around the other three sides, and really live!

A TEMPLE OF ART DECO

It is safe to say that 90,000,000 people have visited New York City's famed Radio City Music Hall. It is also safe to say that of those ninety-million fewer than a hundred have realized that they were in an absolute temple of Art Deco! The next time you are in the city go once more . . . forget about the Rockettes and the Mighty Wurlitzer, the vastness of the auditorium and the stages

that rise and lower like fountains. Look at the main lobby. Go to the men's room. Ascend the grand staircase for a better look. Observe the bronze doors and plaques. Here you will find the most definitive expression of Art Deco in America.

That great artist Donald Deskey designed the interior of the Music Hall . . . the fabrics, furniture, lamps and wallpapers are his. And contributing to the ensemble effect were other splendid artists who worked in the Art Deco medium: William Zorach, the sculptor . . . Ruth Reeves who designed the rug . . . Ezra Winter who painted the large mural above the stairway in the lobby that is absolutely breathtaking in scope (and which 89,999,900 people who have visited the Music Hall have never seen because they couldn't take their eyes off the Zu-Zus, the Mounds bars and the Planter's Peanuts at the candy counter).

Stroll around and look at the Art Deco benches in purest style, also done by Deskey . . . the aluminum and painted-wood side table . . . the wood cabinets with aluminum bands and marble top on which rest priceless Sèvres vases. Go into the men's smoking room and study the aluminum paper with the story of tobacco blocked in deep tobacco brown. And while there examine the sofa with its modified German overstuffing.

Everything that's good about Art Deco is represented here, with none of the kitsch and none of the klötz. And the amazing thing is to reflect that the Music Hall was built in 1932 and when one views its interior today it seems as with it as a moon-flight!

Also, as you fly away from New York, look down at the tower of the Chrysler Building. Standing head and shoulders above pedestrian other buildings is pure Art Deco with a crown.

Art Deco has a powerful story to tell. It is an art of yesterday and tomorrow, and it'll be around for a long time because it is a commentative art and there's a lot to comment on!

...

THE EBANYKUS JOURNAL

(Continued from page 25)

"Jimmy. The guy got killed Saturday night?"

"Yeah. You think he was killed too? How'd you figure it?"

He chuckled. "I gotta confess. See, man, I heard from Ebanykus this morning and he handed me the whole thing—Diana's ritual shit, you know, and how you're onto the dope hassle."

"Well, where the fuck is he?"

"He didn't say. You know how he is. Ambiguous. But I got an idea . . ."

"Well where? He still sore at me?"

"Naw, man. See, he still thinks Jimmy was killed . . ."

"Well, so do I, now. In fact, I'm sure . . ."

"How?"

"It's a long story . . ."

"But Ebanykus is hanging on to the King Must Die ceremony as the reason. But, look, man, he really doesn't wanna see you get into it—into trouble."

"Shit!"

"No. Honest. See, if it was a dope burn

killed Jimmy, Ebanykus would know for sure. Like—well, maybe he didn't tell you, but we used to deal a little couple of years ago—just grass, nothing heavier. So, anyway, we hung out in the East Village—we're still onto a few pads—and see, he's down there trying to connect with Diana's scene, not dope. A lotta Diana's 'bulls' come from there."

"Which still means a dope hassle—but, look, David, where is he? You know where he is, don't you?"

"Well, not exactly . . ."

"He told you not to tell me, is that it?"

"Well, yeah, man. And, look, you shouldn't get mixed in. Anyway, he's moving around, and it'd be hard to reach him. He said he was gonna call you . . ."

"Is he still dealing, David?"

"No. You gotta believe that. Not at all. Me neither. Ariadne made me quit when we started running together. Look, I gotta ask you a favor."

"Sure. What is it?"

"Could me and Ariadne sack out at your house sometime? Like, maybe later this week? Like I said, we ain't got no place to go."

"Yeah, David. Why not?"

He laughed. "You wanna watch?"

"You prick," I said, grabbing him by the neck. "Don't tempt me."

"Yeah. Well, I was only kidding."

"Sure."

"Well, look, I gotta split. Okay?"

"David, if you talk to Ebanykus before I do, tell him I found Carlos."

All happiness faded from his face like he'd blown a fuse. "Carlos? He messin' into this?"

"Well, as I said, it's a long story. Anyway, Ebanykus will understand. Tell him Carlos isn't dead, after all."

The smile returned. "Oh, yeah." He squinted his brown eyes. "Well, see ya."

I watched him walk away toward Southampton, fighting my desire to run after him, rip his pants off and eat his beautiful cock. Oh, well. Can't have 'em all.

So, where was Rip Zonderling? I decided to check out the parking lot again, but just as I got near the sand cliff in front of Paulie's Backyard, I spotted Rip gazelling away from me down through the beach grass.

"Hey, Rip!" I yelled. He stopped in his tracks.

Man, Rip may've been shook and haggard Saturday night at the *Millstone*, but you should've seen him now! He turned to stare blankly at me with dark, hollowed eyes. His mouth parted as if to speak. But all that came out of him was a croaking sound like the cry of a frightened animal. He raised a hand to brush caked sand from his temple. The hand trembled. He started to weave like a drunk and dropped an arm on my shoulder to steady himself. "Can we get outta here?" he said. "This fuckin' beach gives me the creeps . . ."

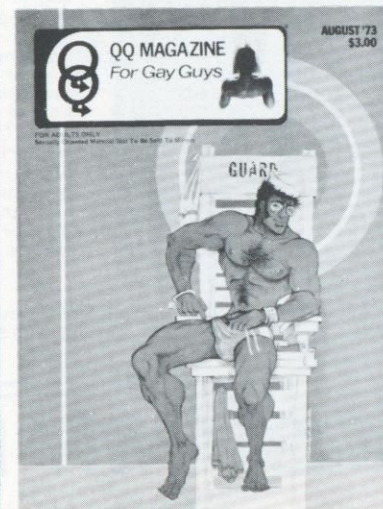
"Well, sure, man. You okay?"

"Come on, Jonquil, for chrissakes, let's split. I mean—it looks like rain."

He was right. The clouds had thickened in the west. Suddenly he seemed to plug into a fresh source of energy. He spun around and ran toward the parking lot, kicking sand. I caught up to him, leaning against his Mustang.

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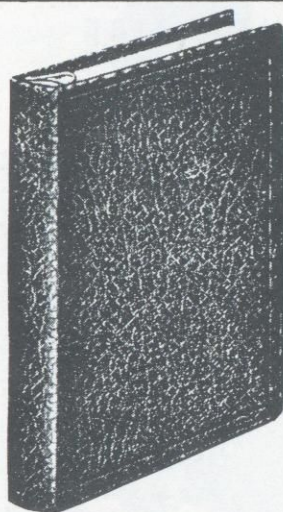
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“You gotta dig what I tell you,” he wheezed. “You and Ebanykus gotta stay away from YOCK. You think Jimmy died of an overdose? Forget it. Diana killed him. So, stay away, dig?”

“So what’re you doin’ in it?” I asked quietly. “Why don’t you go to the police?”

His features congealed like hardened clay. He sprung away from the car door, opened it and fell into the driver’s seat. His fingers shot out at me. I recoiled, expecting a knife like with Carlos, but it was only a yellow envelope.

“Figure this out, man, and you got the secret of YOCK. Then you’ll be goddamn sure to keep away from Diana.” And before I could reply, he’d revved up, taking off like a jackrabbit, spewing sand and potato dust and bits of asphalt into my lungs.

“Well shit!” I screamed after him.

I looked at the envelope. Was this the riddle Carlos had mentioned? Why was Rip laying it on me now? Scrawled in red block letters were three lines:

THE LION AND THE BULL FUCK
UNTIL THE RAM COMES,
FOLLOWING THE FISHES.
THREE KNOWS THE SECRET OF
FOUR-ONE.

Jesus! Did he think I was some kind of idiot? What kind of a wild-goose chase was this? I wandered down to the beach again, stewing, studying the riddle. What did it mean? And why was everyone trying to keep me away from YOCK? I almost crumpled up the envelope and tossed it into the ocean.

And why had Rip come running out of the dunes like a scared deer? I glanced down toward Paulie’s Backyard and noticed a clump of shadows on the horizon—six or seven guys standing on the rise. There seemed to be a lot of movement. I hurried toward them and dashed up the slope just as one of the figures broke away and sprinted along the ridge toward the parking area. Lightning flashed in the distance and it started to rain. Nobody spoke. I pushed through them and inched down into Paulie’s Backyard, afraid of what I’d find, half-expecting—hoping to discover Paulie sitting there, smiling up at me.

But it wasn’t Paulie. It was Carlos.

He lay on his back, small and naked with a thread of fine black hair curling from his stomach to his crotch, his legs spread wide. Blood washed by the rain trickled down the side of his trim body.

The stiletto he’d threatened me with the night before now was buried deep in his chest.

Someone had gone for the police and ambulance, so I split for home—fast. And the first thing I did was try to reach Ebanykus at his mother’s house. No luck. But no sooner did I hang up than the phone rang.

The voice came at me, young and hoarse and beautiful. Ebanykus. “What’s happenin’?” he said.

“Ebanykus! Christ, man, when are you comin’ home?”

“Hey, Jonquil . . .”

“Look, Ebanykus, Carlos—your friend Carlos just got knifed on the beach at Fowler Lane. I found him—I mean, in Paulie’s Backyard. Rip Zonderling did it. I mean, he had to . . .”

I ran out of breath, but there was no response from the other end. I began to

listen to my old shack creak, the branches and leaves of the maple tree in the driveway rustling against the windows.

“How’d you know it was Carlos?” he asked.

“Never the fuck mind. When are you coming home?”

“I can’t man! Not yet. I just called to tell you I found out what’s going down . . .” In the background a radio began to blast suddenly. “I mean, I found out more about YOCK, see?”

“What more is there to find out about YOCK, for chrissakes? Don’t give me that shit. Somethin’ heavier than YOCK’s going down, and I want you out of it!”

“No! I can’t. Look, stop worrying. I’m gonna be in the ceremony this Saturday . . .”

“Saturday? What ceremony? YOCK?”

“Yeah. See, Diana split to Water Mill. The fuzz was nosing around too much in Sag Harbor. That’s what I heard.”

“Ebanykus, why are you into this? What’s YOCK gotta do with you—with us? You dealing again?”

“No, man. I ain’t dealing—oh, shit—I gotta do it . . .” A man’s voice shouted, “Hey, Ebanykus, hang the fuck up!”

I was ready to rip the telephone off the wall.

“Gotta go, Jonquil.”

“You listen to me, Ebanykus! I talked to David today. He and Ariadne are gonna stay at the house this week.”

“Our place?”

“Yeah, our place . . .”

“Hey, man, do me a favor. If you do see David—tell him—it’s vital—tell him to stay far away from YOCK Saturday, okay? And tell him—oh, shit—just tell him . . .”

“How’s David figure in this?”

“Oh, forget it—look, I gotta hang up.”

“Ebanykus, where are you? How can I . . .”

“I’ll call tomorrow.”

There was a click. All that was left of him was the buzz of the dial tone. I slammed the receiver, walked around the counter near the sink and hurled a wine glass against the wall.

Well, fuck and shit! Talk about frustrated! I spun out to the living room bumping into chairs, screaming. By the time I cooled, I was determined—a charging bull. But who could I hit? What did I know? What the fuck did it have to do with me?

Plenty. But I was like a drag queen who didn’t know how to dress and couldn’t find her clothes in the first place.

Shit, here I’d been hollering about a dope hassle and didn’t know beans. I had to find out.

But who could I talk to—right now—here in the Hamptons?

I flopped into the davenport in a slow broil. Well, yeah. There was someone—a trick I’d brought home from the Millstone last Spring, a freaked out, skinny boy from Southampton College. What was his name? I remembered his smooth, angular body, his silken, shoulder-length blond hair and groovy little ass, and that he was only eighteen. Duane—that was his name—and I’d even scratched his number in the address book under ‘D’.

I called him and he said, sure, come on over. He was stoned when I got to his house, a

September/October 1973

tiny two-story frame under a jungle-clump of oak trees near a rye field in Water Mill close to the railroad. He was upstairs in a cramped bedroom, the shades pulled, sitting on a dirty, unmade bed in the midst of scattered books, used towels and dirty socks. He was sucking languidly on a water pipe. The air was cloyed with the peppery smell of hash. Breathe and you flew.

He wanted to screw, but I cooled it. I drew on the hookah a couple of times to be right. I prodded him gently, and finally he started to give.

“Oh yeah, man, I know about dope,” he said with a kind of cynical wistfulness, waving his hand through the clogged air and looking at me with glazed eyes. “What’s the ripoff?”

I explained it, just touching on Diana, but hitting hard on the *Golden Door* raid.

“Yeah,” he began, “I was at the *Golden Door*, but too speedy for them. I jumped out a back window from the second floor and limped into the woods with my pecker swingin’. Wow, man—hey, you sure you don’t wanna fuck? I feel like gettin’ fucked . . .”

I resisted.

“So, how do you figure it?” I asked.

“I figure it—I figure I wanna get fucked.”

“No, c’mon, man.”

“Yeah . . .” He drew on the pipe again, half-smiled and reached into his trousers and pulled at his dick. “Yeah—no? Okay, let’s see—the *Golden Door*—man, you’re ignorant, aren’t you?”

“Yes. I am.”

“Well, see, the *Golden Door*—that’s easy. Everybody knows what went down at the *Golden Door*, man—” he laughed nervously. “*Golden Door* was busted because of the man . . .”

“The cops?”

“No, not the cops—the man. Mister Junk . . .”

“Mister who?”

“Don’t rush me, baby. Gimme air.”

“Sorry.”

“Yeah, you’re real ignorant. Look, Mister Junk—and I don’t know *who* he is—he don’t dig pot none, and that’s what *Golden Door*’s about . . .” he chuckled, high-pitched, “. . . man, *Golden Door*’s the smoke center in all the eastern region—stretched out from Vermont to Florida—*Golden Door*’s got the name—but that’s *all* it’s got. Dig?”

“So, why should Mister Junk . . .?”

“I told you, don’t rush me. See, Mister Junk—let’s call him Numero Uno—Number One—see, he don’t dig the grass—jeeze, you’re dumb—’cause see, grass keeps you off the heavy stuff—cocaine and horse and all that expensive shit—and that’s where’s the bread, baby—in heroin—not in grass.”

I began to see light through the smoke.

“That’s why they ripped off *Golden Door*, ’cause he don’t dig us smoking—see? Simple, isn’t it? And the cat who makes the phone call—what’s his name?—it was in the papers—Jimmy. Yeah. Jimmy. Hey, what’s he look like?”

“How’d you know Jimmy called the cops?”

“He’s dead, isn’t he?”

“Yeah. He’s dead.”

“Well, yeah, see, this Jimmy, he was working for the man, for Number One. Or maybe—hey, what’s Jimmy look like—sort of skinny like me?”

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"Oh, sort of like you—yeah, only skinnier. Black hair, his ribs showed, hung, tall, sort of gaunt—I mean, El Greco . . ."

"Oh, wow, man, who's that—?"
"Well, goddamn it, Duane, he was skinny, that's all, and good looking, lots of hash marks . . ."

"Yeah, that's him. Has to be."
"Who?"

"The guy up at college. There all the time—regular as a fix once a week. See, he was pusher at college—the main line, baby. Heroin. We all knew him. But, see, he was just out front, you dig? Too out front to be all over Long Island with it . . ."

"I don't dig."
"I mean, he just took care of us—well, man, not me, I'm not into that shit—yet! He took care of the college, that's all."

"You mean, he was working for the man—Mister—Number One . . .?"

"No. See, he—Jimmy—he was working for the one who was working for Number One. Jimmy was third level. There's Number One who contracts. Then there's the cat who distributes. Then, there's lots of little Jimmys running around, and . . ."

Suddenly he pulled the pipe from his thin, cracked mouth and exclaimed, "Dig! I got it! Wow! Man, don't I get heavy flashes on good hash! Man, I'm a genius!" He got up from the bed and started jumping around the room hugging himself and flailing his arms like he was sending signals from a battleship. "See, man, I got it! Sure, man! This crazy Jimmy—he was trying to take over from the distributor—dig? He got himself connected with Number One and said, look, I want it all—not just the stinking old college—I want all the action—all of Long Island, and maybe even New York!"

He let out a shriek of delight as if he'd just found a hoard of hash that'd last him a lifetime. "So, then, Number One says, sure, Jimmy, take it all, but first you gotta rip off *Golden Door*. Mean scene, man. 'Cause, see, then Number One goes behind Jimmy's back and tells his distributor, Jimmy's trying to rip you off so get rid of him. Only he doesn't tell until Jimmy does his dirty work and rips off *Golden Door*. That way he—Number One—kills off *Golden Door* grass and Jimmy at the same time!"

"Yeah, Duane. Dig. So, now tell me who is Number One? And who's his distributor who killed Jimmy?"

"You are ignorant," he said. "Nobody knows that, except runners like Jimmy. But whoever the distributor is, that's the cat who killed Jimmy. Anyway, I heard something else—now dig this—whoever the distributor is, is also the connection. See, this Number One is some fat cat with a big house in Easthampton, and whoever his distributor is, is bringing the stuff in as well, like I said, a connection and distributor. How the fuck you gonna knock out a distributor like that? Jimmy was crazy . . ."

He began to come down and fell back onto the bed, stretching out, his legs open, a pair of loose, cream-colored cords and no shirt, and shit—he started curling my hair. Then he rolled over on his flat stomach and lay there a moment. "Ah, come on, man," he said, "make love!"

Shit! I mean, there he was. Why not? I dropped on the bed and turned him toward me and kissed him. His mouth was dry, but his tongue moved inside me like butterfly wings. I pushed him away gently.

"Look, Duane, you think this Diana's the chick—the distributor working for Number One—and Jimmy tried to hassle her, and she killed him off during the YOCK ceremony?"

"Oh, shit, man, who's Diana?"
"I told you, the one into YOCK."

He moaned and rolled onto his back again and glared at me. Then he sighed. "Yeah, well, you're really on some heavy trip, aren't you?"

"Yes. I am."
"Okay, well, yeah. Well, I guess it could be Diana—she's the broad with the tattoo, huh?"

"Yeah, and you'll be hearing more about the tattoo. There's another guy's got it they found on the beach today."

"Oh, shit, man. I can't take anymore. Come on, dig it." He rolled over again, reaching under the wrinkled pillow for a sniffer.

"And now there's another guy laid a riddle on me," I persisted. "You hear anything about a riddle?"

"Oh, yeah, man, we used to laugh about it. Something like you could only connect with the pusher if you could answer the riddle. We thought it was a joke."

"No joke at all."
I wanted to get away now. It was all beginning to come together. But Duane wouldn't give up on me. And, what the hell, his ass was enticing as strawberry ice cream.

What the hell. I grabbed the sniffer from him and took a whiff and jumped up to strip bare. Stark naked and erect, I took another whiff of the popper and crawled into the sack with him. His skin was smooth and warm and the hump of his ass—well, it was Carlos all over again. A wild, lunging fuck like I wanted to destroy him, or kill my love for Ebanykus.

But, honest, Ebanykus, if you should ever read this you gotta believe something.

After sex I got up, pulled on my jeans and ruffled the back of Duane's head and came out of it feeling empty. I'm not knocking Duane, you understand. But it didn't mean anything. It was just like the old days in New York when I was living alone and would get blown in a subway john and would come out of it feeling lonely, desperately wanting a lover—someone to come home to and share a life with.

I walked down the stairs of Duane's house feeling that way, and outside into the rain—thinking of you Ebanykus, praying you'd come back to me.

Next month—Chapter V. The YOCK riddle is solved, and love is where it's at. Don't miss this exciting installment of "The Ebanykus Journal!"

"I WENT STRAIGHT"

(Continued from page 9)

into this time.

The next part was easy because it was something I knew how to do: undress and get into bed. Now I wondered how I could get and sustain an erection—and was amazed that I could do both . . . not because I was sexually aroused but because the scene was so bizarre, so sick, so way-out that the

perversity of it all really turned me on.

I realized I had to mount her but didn't know how. Somewhere along the line I had read that there are two holes—maybe two cunt holes, maybe one cunt and an ordinary asshole . . . I don't know—but I wasn't about to make a fool of myself and stick it in the wrong place so I quickly assumed a position that would force her to position my cock; I arched my hips, cock dangling over cunt—and when she saw I was in limbo she reached down and guided it in God-knows-where.

Well, guys, it felt like a loose asshole . . . I mean like she could have used 10 stitches. Far be it from me to judge womanhood on this single experience—but I really can't imagine any cunt being much tighter . . . which may explain why more and more guys are coming out. There I was trying to pump mush, Emma moaning, "*Mucho grande . . . mucho grande*." (I have enough for anyone but I don't really consider myself *mucho grande*—so I just figured it was part of her repertoire.) Then she says, "Suck my titties." I figure, what the hell!—I've come this far . . . so I start nibbling on her fat tits. My love bites were nothing more than tickles (any guy would have thought so)—but right away she says, "No so hard . . . no hurt . . . no hurt." So I stop. I'm still pumping and getting nowhere fast, beginning to feel really bored and hoping I'd cum and get it over with . . . and all the while holding back giggles because I was thinking about writing this article.

By now 10 minutes have passed and I'm still hard and pumping. "You feenish?" Emma asks. "No," I answer. Another couple of minutes pass and she looks up with mournful eyes and asks again, "You feenish?" "No," I say. "Me feenish," she says. So I pull out—not really caring if she really was. Any straight guy would have fucked her harder out of anger but I couldn't have cared less. I could have quit then but Acapulco is such a bummer for gay contacts that since making it with a guy later that night was iffy I figured I'd might as well cum now—so I kneeled over her belly, took a big whiff of popper (which I had been holding in my hand all the time, and which confused her), closed my eyes and imagined Emma was *Emanuel*, jerked off and shot my load all over her belly.

She jumped up and rushed to the shower; I did the same and scrubbed my cock. I quickly dressed, paid her \$12 and said no tearful goodbyes.

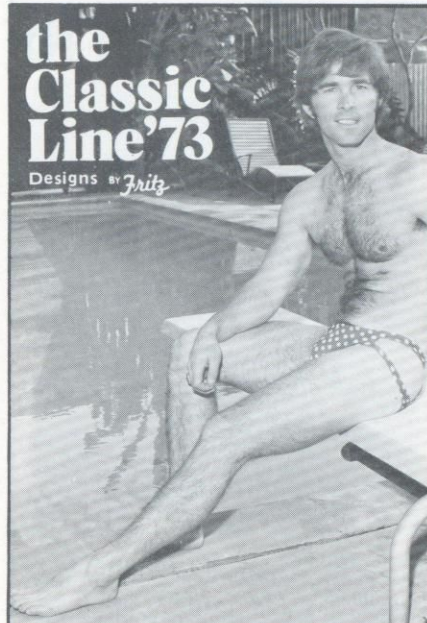
My taxi pulled up a few minutes later and took me back to my place—where I dabbed my cock with antibiotic salve and took 3 *Tetracyclines*. With my luck, I figured, Number 10,000—Number 1 Cunt—would give me my first case of clap!

(P.S. She didn't.)

HAITI

(Continued from page 27)

They are sexual 'spinoffs' in which gay, straight and bi participate, although not in unison. The pairing-off or grouping-off is unmistakable . . . one gravitates to whatever interests one most, sexually. You might say it's a classic example of togetherness in which



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The Gemini 18

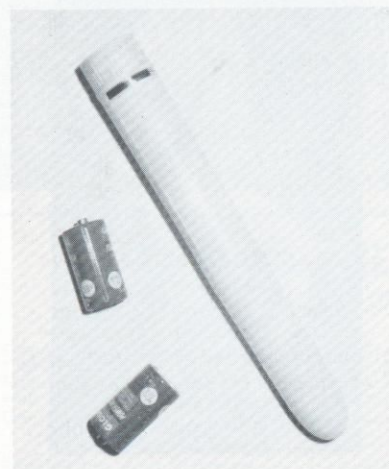


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everyone does his own thing individually.

Once you've persuaded your Haitian hustler to invite you to a voodoo ceremony (and you'll have to importune him because he will not invite you on his own) . . . it is, first of all, a religious ceremony he knows you will not understand.

Next there is a simple protocol one must observe. Essentially it is just good manners. Sit quietly; don't rove around for a better look at the proceedings. And don't make the fatal mistake of bringing your camera. One flash of the bulb and you'll have a slit throat. Moreover, don't try to take part in the ritual by imitation (as you would, perhaps, in visiting a church of a different faith than yours). Neither smile at something that seems odd to you . . . nor look amused at something that may seem funny . . . the voodoo ritual is not an entertainment but a serious business.

Look moved (you will be!). And your Haitian hustler will certainly be . . . it's part of his 'other' religion. Gallons of holy water poured on the fires of his ancestral gods by the good *pères* of Holy Mother Church have never succeeded in extinguishing them but—as if it were gasoline—have made them burn all the brighter. The Haitian tends to 'fuse' his religions, often with the most enchanting results. For example, one of the beautiful murals in the Episcopal Cathedral of the Holy Trinity (*Ste. Trinité*) on the Rue Pavée, shows a very suntanned Jesus being baptized on an Esso oil drum!

CRUISING PORT-AU-PRINCE

Where can you meet these exciting Haitian hustlers? Where can you *not*? You really can't avoid them, any more than you can avoid the beggars who seem to grab at you from all sides. The hustler begins at four or five, dropping his pants and pissing in the gutter, showing off—even at that tender age—a whopper that portends a phallus *magnifique* come age nine or ten. If he sees you ogling his cock you'll be hit with "Gimme nickel!" He'll latch onto your hand, not letting it go until you give it to him. In a couple of years it'll be lots bigger and his price goes up to "Gimme quarter!" By the time he's fully grown—thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—"Gimme dollar!" So give 'em the nickel, quarter or dollar . . . and enjoy!

If you have scruples about buying 'nickel' chicken or 'quarter' teenyboy (even though cockawow and jizzumatically at the ready), if 'dollar' subteens are still a little too young for your sexual taste, and, particularly, if you'd rather cruise than be cruised, don't miss the lovely park in the

EXPOSITION GROUNDS

Here is where the city faces the bay across its most impressive and prestigious thoroughfare (and are you ready for the kookiness of this?)—President Truman Boulevard. Baptist Missouri in Atavistic Voodoo-land! The Exposition Grounds lie between the boulevard and the waterfront where the cruise ships tie up. Lots of gay sailors, Haitian hustlers, elegant gay guys from the Nawth . . . instant melting pot.

You'll love cruising this entire area. The buildings in the Exposition Grounds were erected for the 1949 Haitian Bicentennial and have now been converted into fine shops, elegant restaurants and government buildings. Our handsome new American Embassy is here, as is *La Maison Canada*—the most im-

pressive new office building; *Le Rond Point*, a restaurant serving the most delicious Creole food as well as *Le Carillon* which is famous for its German (of all things) cuisine.

Also in Exposition Grounds is the famed open-air *Théâtre de Verduze* where all kinds of local musical and dance groups perform. It's very busy, lively and cruisy. Here too is a favorite meeting-place of the townspeople—the *Gaguere Cockpit*; also the *International Casino*. By cruisy night you'll be entranced by the spectacular *Fontaine Lumineuse*, surely one of the world's most beautiful illuminated fountains.

Cruising here is easy because, of necessity, it must be simple since English is not spoken fluently by the Haitians. Even your high-school or college French may flabbergast them since they speak a dialect of centuries ago—Creole, a mixture of French/Spanish—which, to modern French, is pretty much what Elizabethan English might be to contemporary British speech.

So look into his eyes for a moment to let him know you're interested . . . then let your eyes travel sensuously down to his crotch, allowing your tongue to play slowly around your lips in anticipation. Then at the sign of a thumping hardon (it comes to life like a circus tent being raised!), you catch your breath in obvious wonderment. He smiles, you smile, and your hustler will know enough English to get down to the basics of 'how much' and 'where' (he'll know a place, never fear!) . . . and the rest is tactile communication which, after all, can't be improved on—now can it?

EXOTIC CRUISING

To the east of the Exposition Grounds—a short distance—is the famous *Iron Market* . . . a bit of Persia in Port-au-Prince. The Iron Market consists of two huge open metal warehouses joined by an entrance that looks like a bizarre Moslem minaret. The best time to cruise this Persian market (for that is what it really is!) is Saturday, when every kind of merchandise that will bring in a buck is brought into the city: handsome Haitian mahogany things you'll find nowhere else in the world (bring back a handsome salad bowl) . . . wildly-colored floppy strawhats (you'll be a conversation piece on the beach back home) . . . spicy soaps made from exotic Haitian herbs . . . sweet-smelling mangoes and passion fruit . . . less sweet-smelling fish . . . charms, dolls you can stick pins into to work off a 'pet' against an unwilling lover . . . Haitian primitives—paintings in vivid greens and reds . . . those color-roped-belted Haitian Levis that you wash, put on your nude body while still wet, and let them dry skintight to show off your beautiful buns, body lines and 'jewels' . . . also hustlers for sale who are more rugged than the city dudes, and who—although their command of English is less good than the 'princes' of Port-au-Prince, know the score to the last primitive cruising detail, and are won-n-derful!

Tip: You will certainly want to bring your camera along, but before you photograph any particular exhibit or stall, ask the owner's permission. You'll get cooperation instead of curses. Don't anger him . . . after all, he just may stick a pin in a doll named y-o-u! Moreover, he may be very helpful in arranging things that will help you get better pictures . . . and for this don't fail to give him

a dollar. He's poor, it'll delight him . . . and whathehell, it's only money, and you're on vacation.

LES CHAMPS DE MARS

A few blocks from the Iron Market and you're in another world. For here are the 'wargrounds'—*Les Champs de Mars*—more government buildings, and topping it all off is the domed *Palais National* where 'Papa Doc' the younger lives. This is one of the two principal cruising parks in Port-au-Prince. It should be understood, however, that cruising—while done in any overt/covert way—is all right, but don't attempt any on-the-spot consummation. Pickups aplenty, but just that—pickups. Take 'em home with you!

Also in this area are two places you should take time to visit: the new *Museum of Haitian Art* and the *Museum of the Institute of Ethnology*, not to mention the anchor of Columbus's wrecked flagship at the *National Museum*. The Johns here are cruisy at times. However, you owe it not only to yourself, but to the people of Haiti to see, and come to understand, their proud culture. If you have thought of Haiti as Demonology on the Caribbean, these museums will happily change your mind. If you fall in love with Port-au-Prince at first sight, these historical exhibits, artifacts, memorabilia, paintings, sculptures and *objets d'art* will not only help you understand them better, but appreciate them as a people all the more.

MORE OUTDOOR CRUISING

Another popular cruising area is the *Place de l'Independence*. But again, cruise with confidence but consummate with caution.

Behind the *Iron Market*, mentioned earlier, cruising is a rat race, particularly on Saturday until 4 p.m. when the Market closes. It's a kind of 'milling about' cruising that everyone participates in and enjoys—all types, all ages. Just don't brandish your money. They're very poor here and will swarm all around you, leaving you just as poor!

For fair-to-good beach cruising try *Ibo Beach*, just a short distance from downtown Port-au-Prince. The farther end is somewhat isolated, and it is here that beautiful young Haitian boys—'nickel chicken' . . . 'quarter teenyboys' . . . and 'dollar subteens' bathe in the nude. Lots of gay sunbathers of all ages. The setting is lovely, and there is an absence of police rigor.

WHERE TO STAY

For all its 250,000 population, Port-au-Prince's hotels have a total of only 500 rooms! But these hotels are modern in every way, each having special characteristics of its own.

The deluxe *Castel Haiti* has 70 rooms, pool, is air-conditioned, and guests have spectacular views of the countryside/mountainside.

By contrast the *Grand Hotel Olafsson* is a huge gingerbread castle that Ludwig of Bavaria might have envied! Pure French Colonial, and surely one of the world's most talked-about hostleries. Sheer posh throughout . . . but only 22 rooms! Gay lovers have long thought this an ideal place to get a serious love affair off under the happiest

September/October 1973

auspices. Come, and Hansel-and-Gretel it in the lap of luxury . . . *sans* witch. Even if you stay elsewhere, please make a point of inspecting the Olafsson. You'll talk about it for years to come!

Other hotels are the *Splendid*, 40 rooms, and very comfortably old-fashioned . . . also the *Beau Rivage* on President Truman Boulevard—air-conditioned. This unique hotel features get-together open-air dancing—boy-and (ugh!)—girl kind) *a la fête champêtre*. The still smaller *Park* (18 rooms) and *Plaza* (30 rooms) are convenient to the mainstream of Port-au-Prince downtown activity.

Port-au-Prince, however, is a several-tiered city . . . rather like a curved ziggurat or—as some have said—it's rather like New York's Guggenheim Museum upturned, it's 'buttertubs' architecture for once being righted—turned upward instead of downward. Also, because the configuration of the city as it ascends heavenward is exotically beautified by the deep green verdure and colorful fruits/flowers as far as the eye can see, some have said it looks like Carmen Miranda's fabulous headdresses!

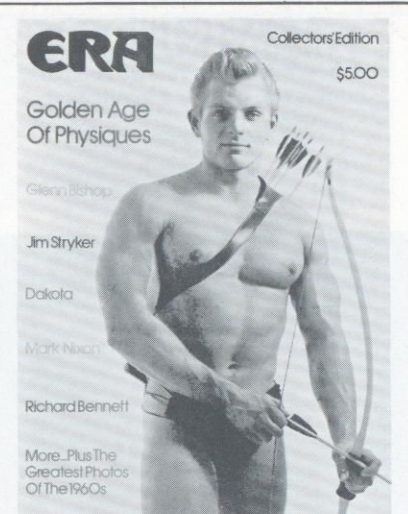
Five miles away, and about twenty minutes by car/taxi is the district known as Petionville—2000 feet higher than seaside Port-au-Prince. This is a kind of elegant *faubourg* with even more fashionable hotels like *El Rancho* (55 rooms, pool, air-conditioning, more spectacular views) . . . *Ibolele* (70 rooms, luxury personified, plus some of Haiti's most beautiful paintings) . . . *Le Château*, high on the mountainside with magnificent views and only 20 rooms, and the *Choucounne*, *Montana* and the *Damballa*, with about 35 rooms each, all beautiful, luxurious and it'll break your heart to have to leave. The area of Petionville is where the more sophisticated Europeans, particularly those of Paris orientation, live. In every sense it is an elegant foreign colony. Many beautiful homes, all awash in color and flowers. Petionville is at least 15 degrees cooler than downtown Port-au-Prince. It's also quietly gay here . . . especially in the hotel bars.

Still higher on Carmen Miranda's hat by a few twisting/turning miles and 1000 dizzying feet is Boutillier—still more breathtaking views of the city. Going higher! The next tier, a mile higher than sea level, is Kenscoff with its exotic market and oceans of poinsettias and bougainvillea. Then, after a few hair-raising corkscrew turns, you're almost as high as in Switzerland. Furcy, 7000 feet high, is the tip-top. From here, looking down, Port-au-Prince is a picture postcard floating on a blue, blue sea!

ABOUT GAY BARS

Although the Haitian Government tends to soft-pedal anything so patently gay as a gay bar, nevertheless gay life flourishes in ostensibly straight bars. Just as the ambience of any European hotel bar is an amalgam of gay/straight lifestyles, so does this apply to such posh hotels in Port-au-Prince as the

Castel Haiti Hotel bar which—in catering to the elegant tourist trade—is quite gay in the late afternoon to early evening. There is a generous mixture of gay diplomats from the many embassies and consulates in Port-au-Prince . . . bisexual German/Austrian business men . . . visiting Frenchmen and Dominicans (the Dominican Republic occupies the other half of Haiti's island), as well



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as horny American servicemen. It is the real international gay meeting place in Port-au-Prince. Give it a whirl!

The *Cabane Choucounne*, of the luxurious Hotel Choucounne, is a popular meeting place for Haitian gay guys at cocktail time, just as it is in Paris. Later, however, the thatched-roof Cabane becomes a nightclub catering to visitors.

Le Rond Point, which is on the Exposition Grounds mentioned earlier for its excellent food, has a divided sexual-orientation. Native Haitians tend to favor the upstairs—both gay and straight—while the lower floor has a generous mixture of all types—lots of gay guys. It has a decided advantage, too, in fronting on President Truman Boulevard, and thus in proximity to where the ships tie up, it is very cruisy. You won't fail to make-out here!

THE BEST TIME TO GO

Come at festival time! There are five:

1) *Mardi Gras* . . . a real African Mardi Gras the like of which you'll never see elsewhere—not in New Orleans or Rio de Janeiro. Huge parades, colorful primitive costumes, carnival King and Queen . . . the works. It's even cruiser then, if that's possible.

2) *Rara*, really a 'singing and a stamping'. This takes place in Leogane from Good Friday after 3 p.m. until Easter Sunday.

3) *Christmas*. Great bands in costume, dancing, singing, candle-carrying, torchlight parades. All day long . . . all night long through Christmastide.

4) *Native Festival at Saut d'Eau*, about an hour-and-a-half from Port-au-Prince. This festival continues during the week preceding the Day of the Virgin, July 16th. It's pure voodoo, and all voodoo, and is simply a 'must'.

5) *Carnival of Flowers*, held in early July. The dates vary, and it's best to check with your travel agent. If he doesn't know, write the Haiti Government Tourist Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019, or the Caribbean Travel Association, 20 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

But come anytime, if only for a weekend or short stay. You'll be immeasurably enriched both sexually and culturally if you do. It may also be said that your waistline will be 'enriched' too, once you tear into the superb Creole cooking of Haiti. Particularly if you dine in such incomparable restaurants as *Aux Cosaques*, on the Chemin de Dalles; *Le Carillon*, mentioned earlier . . . the *Cedres du Liban*, which has both Creole, and—as its name implies—Lebanese dishes.

Just above Petionville at Boutillier is *Le Perchoir* . . . way, way up in the clouds. Also *Le Picardie* in Petionville.

Haitian specialties include guinea hen with orange sauce . . . *langouste flambée* (flaming rock lobster) . . . *diri et djondjon* (a peasant dish that makes a gourmet's mouth water . . . and which is laughingly called—a pretty-near pronunciation, too—'dearie and john-john') . . . it's pure soul food rice and black mushrooms.

But what can really put your waistline in a state of shock are the native *pain patate* (sweet potato pudding), the inimitable Haitian coconut ice cream, made with fresh coconut and coconut milk (a sinfully jizzummy dessert) . . . also fresh mango ice cream and mango pudding.

SOME TRAVEL TIPS

1) Be prepared to bargain for everything in Haiti . . . it's part of the fun of going. For example, taxis: You can get a ride going anywhere in seaside Port-au-Prince, for just 20¢ (1 *gourde* . . . the Haitian unit of currency). However this means that the cab driver is permitted to pack his cab with passengers, and that each will be dropped off in relation to each nearer address, not first-come, first-go. Such cabs have gay red ribbons on their radiators.

Regular cabs, however, have no meters and (most agree) the drivers have no scruples either! Therefore, settle on the fare before you put one foot inside. Otherwise at the end of the trip the driver will scream so loudly and belabor you so much that you'll be glad to get out of his contraption for a fast \$10 or more! Since bargaining is a part of the exciting fun game called Haiti, keep at him until the price anywhere in Port-au-Prince is not more than \$3.50 . . . with tip. He'll still make a handsome profit, and when you step from his cab you'll be rewarded with a big, wide, buddy-buddy smile. Also, going down a steep hill the driver turns off the motor to save gas and you zoom along at more than 80 miles an hour around some really death-defying turns. That lump in your throat is your heart!

2) There are excellent American-trained physicians in all the larger hospitals in Port-au-Prince.

3) You may safely drink city water in Port-au-Prince . . . but bottled water only in other areas. Boil milk *everywhere*, however.

4) Peel all vegetables and fruits lest Montezuma's Revenge finally catches up with you!

5) Have a shot of gamma globulin before you fly down . . . a booster shot when you return home. Haitian behinds are beautiful, but sometimes the tongue gets so passionately involved in deeper areas where hygiene is not all that important to them, that you're hooked. Pity!

...

THE TIMING GAYME

(Continued from page 22)

of information.

You may find, however, that with such a sensitive individual an *extension* of pre-involvement communication is of great value. But not too long! As you talk more you give him greater confidence, so that when you casually say "Would you like to come up to my place for another drink?" he'll think himself heartless to decline. Or, perhaps less casually (if you sense there's a little more grooviness in him than meets the eye or ear) . . . "Why don't we split this noisy scene and build a quieter one of our own at my place? My apartment is nearby."

The simplest word or the most casual phrase is best, and all one needs to set the sexual scene in motion. One need not rack one's brain for something brilliant to say.

There are several variations of this approach, two of which you may find of specific interest. (1) *If you are over 30*, buy a drink and have it sent down the bar or over to his table. But don't move over just yet. You have paid him a high compliment.

Right away this gives you considerable input . . . but wait a moment for his reaction. You may be just what he's looking for. If so he'll flash a generous smile of thanks and/or a 'come on over' gesture, and you can zone in for the kill. Or if he is very elegant he will likely rise, stand in place, and gesture a toast to you. Walk right over and introduce yourself. He's obviously receptive. However, if his smile of thanks is frosty or fleeting . . . thin-lipped . . . seemingly forced, and there is not a warmly lingering look that seems to ask "Well-I-I . . . ?" . . . nothing ventured, nothing gained. In effect he has said "Sorry, guy . . . thanks, but no thanks." Think of it as only this: you just aren't his type. Nothing more, nothing less. You shouldn't feel more than a trace of embarrassment, if that.

But (2) *if you are under 30 and it is a dance bar*, then a brief, direct approach is best. It's more in character since, in a dance bar, things move at a faster clip . . . there's more vigor . . . more urgency. On the face of it this might seem a rather crude approach, but since the scene is so different, so should be your thinking. Look at it this way: since it is a dance-bar where guys meet to dance, asking someone to dance renders the technique academic. *Not* to is what would be out of character. It's no place to nurse a drink and wait. What else is there to do?

Also, in most gay dance-bars, only 'fast' dancing is permitted, and is almost wholly impersonal. When humparumping in the rhumba clinches is forbidden (and clinches are also a no-no), dancing is just another conversational variation; one more form of pre-involvement communication.

But rules aside, you have made contact, and the prognosis for a happy sexual follow-through is excellent. (Tip: just be sure you can *dance*, though! If Arthur Murray hasn't taught you dancing in a hurry, switch to Fred Astaire!) Also, take heart: if he declines your invitation to get up on the dance floor, maybe he doesn't know how to dance, which should save your wounded pride no end.

Keep in mind the various ploys you use in bar cruising. Review them from time to time, discarding the less-effective ones or those which are not quickly effective, and polish those which are. Try to stay on top with your cruising technique. It helps mightily.

OUTDOOR CRUISING

In our second cruising ritual the element of suspense—the chase—is added. Essentially it's a kind of 'carrot and stick' cruising. *You* advance, looking backward with promises of sugar plums dancing in your eyes . . . *he* takes the bait. *You* walk a little further . . . *he* steps right along (hopefully). Away from everyone the rest is then just gropy hello. This works well in cruisy parks, woods, and more-or-less thinned-out areas. It's obvious, of course, but rarely fails to work. In the heart of town, however, the familiar and 99% successful technique is the window-shopping gambit. With one eye on the goodies in the show-window, and the other obliquely behind, see if he steps up to your bait. When more than ten seconds have elapsed and you're both looking at the same diamond tiara in the window, obviously he's waiting for you to proceed. Take it from there. Any common conversational opening from "Hot, today, isn't it?" to "Pity . . . that

tiara's just not my size," will release floods of other ideas, and so you'll have scored.

But as we have often said in *QQ* . . . have a care for his feet. So many provincial cities still practice the ancient art of entrapment (although it is invariably ruled illegal in a trial, when it's too late . . . personal opprobrium has already been suffered), that the humpiest cops are often deployed to mid-town areas as plain-clothesmen, to make a pre-fixed quota of arrests. Look at his feet. Rarely will a cop wear loafers, thin-soled boots, or any kind of mod, dressy shoe. His feet cry out for comfort. Long on a probational beat, his dogs are flat, hard, sore and tired, and he 'favors' them with a characteristic police-beat gait . . . feet spread wide, shoes thick, even if they are his dress shoes. If there is just a little 'gay pussyfoot' in his gait, fine . . . it's unlikely that he's going to be faking this, and you're pretty much safe. Otherwise you may hear the fatal words "Fifty dollars or ninety days!"

MEAT RACK CRUISING

Here the tempo changes considerably, as does the approach. It's lots of eye/lots of grope without a word being said. Fast, too. Since everything's so out in the open, you don't need a microscope to see it in detail, nor intuition to guess at size/proportion. The bulge in his tight-fitting slacks/levis/leather tells you instantly whether he's too much to handle or too little to bother with.

Preening is the gambit in meat-rack cruising. You say with your eyes/hips/throbbing cock what you would with a beer/dance/conversational ploy in other types of cruising. Since preening is as conversational as words, be sure that all your equipment (your 'walkie-talkie') is strategically displayed and functioning furiously to get you the most eye-cruising mileage. Secure in your sexual arsenal—and with a gleam of admiration in your eye for his—a slight movement of the eyelid(s) is the only magnet you need. Be *bold* about it—never coy or shy. No need for preamble/buildup. Flick, follow and fuck.

NUDE MEAT-RACK CRUISING

Sex on a silver platter . . . like at Fire Island, P'town or Sylt. With everyone nude, the question of technique is academic. It's more a matter of choosing super from great, or great from good. In actual fact a nude meat-rack is an orgy waiting for the downbeat. You should need no help from us!

JOHN CRUISING

The ritual approach here is a *voiceless* one. Never go john cruising without your pencil and a small scratch pad. No words—spoken or written—are needed for open urinal cruising. It's all there . . . just keep an erection throbbing . . . ogle 'n boggle . . . moon 'n swoon . . . gaze 'n grope. If the others are doing the same and the whole john is swingingly gay for the nonce, fine . . . you have a gangbang. But in cubicles where tattletale straights may be lurking, and where the partitions separating the cubicles allow you only about two feet of working space at the base for making your points—where discretion is imperative—the element of risk, anticipation and intrigue enters the sexual picture to make it all the more exciting. Seated just a couple of feet away—sight unseen—may be the greatest trick of your

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cruising life!

First begin to tap with your shoe on the floor. Do you get a tapping answer? No? Tap again, this time allowing your shoe to travel toward his. If he taps his shoe over and touches yours, great. Now write your message. Be brief and specific about what you like, and where you can meet, assuming that entry into his cubicle via door is impractical (the lurking straights or lurking law). Slide it over under the partition, and have the courtesy to include your pencil with the message. He may have forgotten his, and is—in such a case—literally 'tongue-tied'. That's why you should never let a beautiful affair be aborted because you forgot to send along your pencil!

Caution: never make the mistake of semaphoring an adjacent cubicler by first leaning down and shoving your hand under the partition, wildly gesticulating with your fingers. He may think you're some other kind of bugger . . . like out of Watergate. Tap first . . . wave later. Otherwise you can wind up with smashed fingers or a broken wrist.

In a guarded john it is sometimes possible for a skinny partner to slide under the cubicle once tapping contact has indicated 'welcome'. This is fine if the floor isn't stinkypeed—it does obviate the need of going elsewhere, thus giving you more cruising mileage per cruising hour. But be sure you've received a definite tapped 'yes' before you risk it. The tapping technique works most effectively. You're never in doubt.

Finally a note on john etiquette. If others are making out when you arrive don't destroy their mood by talking. Remember: they're nervous enough listening for foot-steps of the fuzz while carrying on with their trade. Don't rattle them. Also, silence your transistor the moment you near a john—another mood destroyer. And never call out a greeting to even your most intimate friend. Give him a cozy wink and a smile, or mouth a wordless "hello."

MOVIE CRUISING

This ritual is performed in a kind of sexual Braille. No words are spoken (whispers later, perhaps) . . . there is no eye-cruising to relay a message. It's eyes forward on the screen even when your hand is slick-slimy with sudden semen.

First try a casual brush against his knee with yours. He didn't pull away? Score one, but don't take this as assent. He may really have been so engrossed in the picture that he failed to detect your sexual nuance. Press a little harder. Still there? Bravo! Now a little rubbing up and down . . . or/and think of your hand as being a little tired and let your fingers lightly graze his thigh. Do you get an answering rub . . . a pressure response? Fine. You can stop this silly business now and work right into the basket. Or, if the theater is sparsely filled, whisper a suggestion that you move to a deserted area. You can do a lot here, particularly if you've noted that the usher is lackadaisical and couldn't care less. Or you both can head for the john. Or arrange to meet outside. It takes only seconds to telegraph your intentions and get a response. Western Union was never like this!

If you are in the back of a theater standing with others waiting for seats, there

are many secret ploys you may use. Again, however, keep that usher in mind and keep your eyes on the screen. Touch the guy in front of you with the back of your hand . . . lean against him slightly (as if being crowded by those behind you). Or, if you have achieved an erection, do a little dry-run fucking by rubbing it against his buns. Or you can stand with hands clasped behind your back (palms facing backward), leaning backward so that they just accidentally encircle another's pubic area. Depending on the response (a little answering pressure, a whispered "thank you!" or some other indication of acquiescence) you will then know how to proceed. In this kind of cruising 'every little meaning has a movement all its own', to obvert a famous song. The hard-cock one is almost always surefire. Especially if you are huge. Just the wonder of anything so mammoth teasing him through folds of cloth sends sexy hackles up his back!

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QDD SON

SAY



"Book about boy who marry lesbian called 'cock 'n bull' story!"

BATHS CRUISING

Like nude meat-rack cruising, cruising baths is simple and to the point and the technique is all visible. Legs are spread/cock stiff/wanna blow? Or he lies prone rhythmically squeezing his buttocks, or slowly rotates his behind/wanna fuck? In hallways watch his eyes . . . a slight flicker of

intention and you follow him off to his room. It's all there—waiting. You can yes-or-no-it all you like. Nobody gets mad; there's always another arrival. And, of course, some baths have staked-out orgy rooms. However, don't go in looking for Walter Cronkite on TV.

Then, too, steam rooms have a terrific advantage. To see a ten-inch cock come boiling out of the steamy mist ready for action is one of nature's more uncontrolled spectacles . . . like 'Old Faithful'. Also, you may find that sex in a sauna is wild . . . there's something about a sauna that makes the sexual blood boil. You do wild things, mad things . . . unaccountable, aboriginal things. There's nothing quite like a sexy sauna. Here one forgets about even the least pragmatic rules of sexual come-on, and just follows a compelling urge. It all works out beautifully.

SEX AT HOME

Although QQ has frequently offered ideas on how to make sex at home more rewarding, and we urge readers to refer to the many articles on this, nevertheless within the actual framework of pre-sexual involvement there are some simple basics that should be rules of thumb.

No matter what the age of your trick, some kind of drink in his hand makes him more at ease . . . it loosens any uptightness, making him continually receptive to stepped-up ploys. Pot, too . . . practically universal by now. It is wise, however, to predetermine whether he has strong feelings against it. Music, too. This has been covered often, but it is appropriate here to again say that mood does so much to make a sexual relationship more improvisatory and creative. By helping to space out time it prevents hurrying . . . acts as an accompaniment to your mood . . . helps you enjoy each moment, rather than driving on with the next technique.

Also take time to do some pre-sex petting. This is not only a pleasure but a consideration of him as a person . . . a very nice person. You remove any trace of hard functionalism . . . of getting right down to bedrock buggery. Make your sofa your initial beachhead . . . work for sometime from there with all your little comforts/amenities/hospitalities, then, after a not too-extended time, into the bedroom. And here, take time to savor the mutual undressing. It's one of the most erotic sensitizers of the entire encounter. To go through it quickly is to miss much of the beauty of the affair.

In short: to come on too fast—to hurry in any way until the passion of actual sex drives you frantically onward—breaks the sublime illusion. Little 'cracks' like this soon break the wall, and the scenery comes tumbling down and you both feel a sadness and a loss. Even when orgasm has arrived and you're both spent for the moment, don't talk of mundane things. Don't talk at all. Just lie back and enjoy a cigarette, or more pot . . . or just continue to convey your feelings of strong manly love by kissing his body, or caressing it with your hand. There are no words to tell what to do or how to do it. It is something that simply wells up in you and you follow the dictates of your heart . . . and makes you proud that you're gay.

• • •

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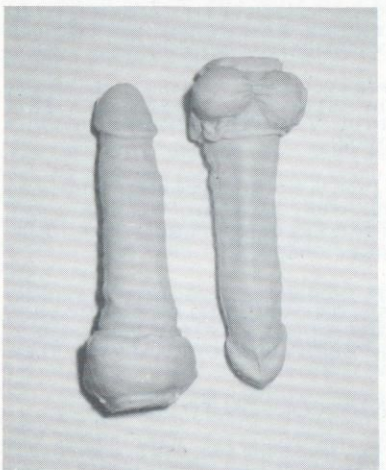


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SPICE COOKERY

(Continued from page 13)

- 2 tbsp freshly-chopped chives
- 2 tbsp freshly-chopped thyme
- 4 tbsp freshly-ground cayenne
- 2 tbsp powdered cinnamon
- 2 tbsp saffron
- 2 tbsp ground cardamom
- 2 tbsp freshly-ground black pepper
- 10 bay leaves crumbled
- 10 drops orange coloring
- Juice of 2 fresh lemons
- Salt to taste, begin gradually
- 2 tbsp freshly-ground hazelnuts

Two medium-sized chickens
Six tablespoons clarified butter.

Mix all the marinade ingredients. Make slits ½-inch deep by 2 to 3 inches in length in the chicken legs and breasts. Coat each chicken thoroughly with the marinade. Place in a covered utensil and leave at room temperature for about 2 to 3 hours. (Or place in refrigerator and marinate overnight.) Pre-heat the oven to 400 degrees. Remove most of the marinade from the chickens, leaving them generously ‘smeared’. Place side-by-side in a roasting pan with the clarified butter. Roast 15 minutes, reduce heat and continue roasting until chickens are done (usually this takes about an hour). To test whether they are done, pierce the legs with a small sharp knife. Is the juice a pale yellow? They’re beautifully done. A slight ‘pinkiness’? They are not . . . continue roasting for 5 to 15 minutes more.

Serve your chicken tandoori with rice and a simple salad of lettuce, tomatoes and sliced onions with a simple dressing. Or you can go ‘Indian’ all the way and make a *salat* of tomatoes, onions, radishes, hot green chillies, salt and black pepper, plus lemon juice. If you have an Indian store in your community get some *pappadoms*, thin miniature pancakes and crisp-fry them at the very last minute. Or you might have *tacos*. Or just thin toasted French bread slices.

This chicken tandoori is easy to prepare, and takes very little time. About 20 minutes to grind and mix the marinade, allowing 3 hours to overnight for marinating time, and just an hour or a little more for actual cooking. And remember, if you want to make your chicken look really dramatic with a more ‘orangey’ color, add a few extra drops of orange coloring. It’ll be a real presentation! And how your guests will love it!

CHICKEN CURRY RUDYARD KIPLING

Ingredients (to serve 4 persons)

- 1 medium chicken (in pieces)
- 2 large onions finely chopped
- ½ lb washed sliced fresh mushrooms
- ½ tsp ground cardamom
- ½ tsp powdered ginger
- 4 cayenne peppers crushed
- ½ tsp powdered turmeric
- ½ tsp freshly crushed garlic
- 8 ounces heavy cream
- ¼ lb clarified butter
- Salt to taste

Sauté the onions gently in a heavy casserole in the clarified butter, and stir them with a wooden spoon. Place chicken in casserole and brown lightly on both sides. Now combine *cardamom*, *turmeric*, *ginger*

and *crushed cayenne pepper* with the cream and pour over the chicken, along with the mushrooms and garlic. Again, stir well with a wooden spoon. Bring to a boil, then cover and cook in a slow oven until the chicken is done. Salt to taste, and serve with rice and chutney. Of greatest importance to this recipe is the onion cookery . . . it must be gentle and continued until the onions are a beautiful golden brown. Stir constantly with a wooden spoon only. Also, if your mixture of cream and spice seems scanty, remember that the juices from the chicken and mushrooms will extend the amount amply. Be sure to simmer your chicken slowly. It’s all so easy to do . . . taking only 30 minutes preparation time and 1 hour plus 45 minutes for actual cooking.

SCAMPI SAUTÉ À L'INDIENNE

Ingredients (to serve 4 persons)

- 1 lb fresh or parboiled shrimp
- 1 finely-chopped onion
- Piece of ginger, finely chopped
- 2 cloves crushed garlic
- 2 tbsp mashed fresh tomato
- ½ tsp paprika
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsp olive oil

Sauté the onion in oil over a moderate heat with a wooden spoon until golden. Add the shrimp and other ingredients. Stir until warmed well through. Salt to taste. Add 1 to 2 tbsp of the fish stock, the recipe for which follows.

Fish stock

- 2 lbs raw fish bones and trimmings (from your fish market)
- 2 small onions sliced
- 1 cup dry white wine (sauterne type)
- 10 black peppercorns
- Scant tsp *fresh* lemon juice
- Water to cover
- A few parsley stems without leaves
- Salt to taste

Place all ingredients in a pot or saucepan, covering the trimmings and bones with water. Boil 30 *seconds*, and continue to simmer for 30 *minutes*. If more flavor is needed, add more salt and/or more lemon juice and continue to simmer for a few minutes. Strain through a fine sieve and refrigerate. It takes only 6 minutes to prepare this, and about 45 minutes at the most to cook it. It will keep for quite some time by just reboiling it every two days or so. It will keep for weeks with such considerate and regular treatment, and you can have this delicious dish many times and delight your friends.

In this recipe you may use either live which you parboil and shell, or fresh, pre-cooked scampi which your fish market has prepared for you. Don’t use frozen shrimp (too tasteless). Also, if you are going to do your own parboiling/shelling, allow ample time to shell them!

LAMB CHOPS NEW DELHI STYLE

If you are budgeting on meat these days, (and who isn’t?), you may use shoulder lamb cut into small pieces instead of the wildly expensive lamb chops. It’s the spice that makes it a noble dish, no matter which cuts you use.

Ingredients (for serving 4 persons)

- 4 lean lamb chops, or 1 lb shoulder

- lamb
- ½ lb freshly-sliced onions (fine)
- 2 cloves crushed garlic
- ½ tsp fresh ginger, chopped/peeled
- ½ tsp crushed cayenne peppers
- ½ tsp crushed cardamom
- 1 tbsp mashed fresh tomato
- 1 cup heavy cream
- ½ lb fresh washed/sliced mushrooms
- 2 tbsp clarified butter

Sauté lamb in butter in a heavy saute pan (the base of a Dutch oven is fine), until it is golden brown. Remove lamb and add the onions/garlic to pan and sauté until onions are about half-cooked, stirring constantly with your wooden spoon. Now add the lamb and all other ingredients. Bring to a boil, cover, and cook slowly and gently until the sauce is thick and the meat and onions are thoroughly cooked.

If you find the sauce a little bland, add a bit more of every ‘hot’ ingredient. To prepare the lamb takes only 20 minutes . . . add 30 minutes for cooking and you have a very special party dish. Simple salads go well with all these dishes, and a nice fluffy rice pilaff makes them more oriental. Crusty French bread goes well with the lamb, and with the other dishes as well, if the pappadoms are not available.

A cold Chablis is a perfect wine for the *Scampi sauté à l’Indienne* . . . a good red Beaujolais goes nicely with the lamb . . . a fine ‘eating’ beer such as Carlsberg or Heineken or Dortmund makes the curried chicken a standout, while a sparkling cold *rose* wine such as the French *Nectarose* is a perfect accompaniment to the *Chicken tandoori*.

...

PAIRS

(Continued from page 32)

angrily declared that Jonathan would never marry and produce sons as long as David was around the palace deterring the “proper” course of events.

David ultimately went his way and pursued the round of adventures that eventually took him to his lofty position as king. But it is doubtful that he ever again enjoyed a love more blissful than the one he shared with Jonathan. When news of Jonathan’s death reached him, he said, “Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.”

(In our next issue . . . “The Greek Way.”)

...

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

at the point when Ludwig discovered Wagner his madness was limited to his immediate passion for the composer. And what passion it was! On those occasions when the king didn’t have Wagner at his side, he was busy writing love letters to him addressed to “My innermost beloved” or “Darling of my soul” and full of impassioned effusions such as “How I love you, my one, my highest good!” Wagner obviously knew where his bread was buttered, and his letters to the king were almost as fervid.

The net result of the unusual love affair September/October 1973

was that Ludwig spared no strain on the state treasury to mount Wagner’s ponderous and magnificent operas in splendid productions, and the kingdom and the world at large benefited greatly thereby, for without the king’s backing, Wagner could not have won the enormous success he ultimately did. But the populace didn’t take kindly to Ludwig’s lavishments on the composer, and soon the public outcry forced Wagner to move from the court where the king’s beneficence to him wouldn’t be so much in the limelight.

But Ludwig’s financial support of Wagner continued, and love letters flowed between them in a steady stream. Many have been preserved for the titillation of later generations. Whether there was actual physical consummation of the love between Ludwig and Wagner isn’t clear, but it is plain that the king capered physically with other favorites in the arts, among them a personable young actor named Joseph Kainz. But the king’s favorites weren’t confined exclusively to the arts. He also had a yen for soldiers and woodsmen.

The final years of Ludwig’s reign and life were marked with growing mental aberration and his grandiose castle-building spree. He spared no expense in putting up rococo castles, although once a building was finished he became immediately bored with it and got busy seeing about putting up the next one. Today the fabulous castles are glittering tourist attractions in Bavaria.

In 1886, when Mad Ludwig was forty-one, a commission of doctors concurred that he was insane, and a military group was sent to his then-resident castle to put him away. During a “walk” he presumably persuaded his captors to let him take for the purpose of reflection, he ended up drowned in a lake. Whether it was suicide or murder has never been determined.

...

MALE MENOPAUSE

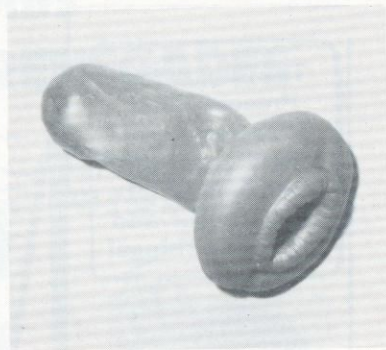
(Continued from page 14)

tremendously exciting to the average gay guy of any age—provided his appearance is virile. Men who have permitted themselves to go to pot, even at an early age, are not in great sexual demand—and this form of rejection can only serve to magnify the physical effects of climacteric.

Another way to overcome and/or minimize climacteric is to improve mental attitude. A man must have confidence in himself and perhaps be the aggressor to an even greater extent during middle age; few youngsters will chase an older man if only because they feel unsure of themselves and actually fear rejection by someone who is obviously more experienced—but few young guys will reject an older man who not only looks “with it” but projects confidence in manner and speech, who sends out signals to his youthful prospects that he probably knows how to handle himself in bed.

It is quite true that *birds of a feather flock together*—which in this context means that if your group of friends hasn’t aged gracefully and everyone is suffering the effects of climacteric—then save yourself by breaking away. Remember that *misery loves company*—and nothing will age you faster—

The Big Hole

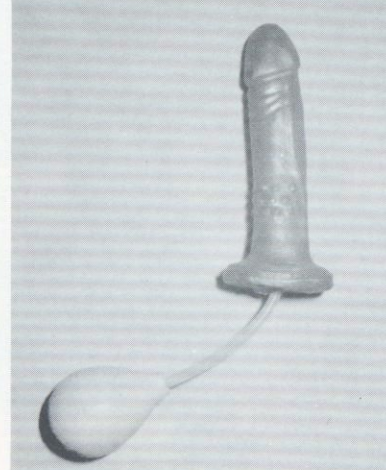


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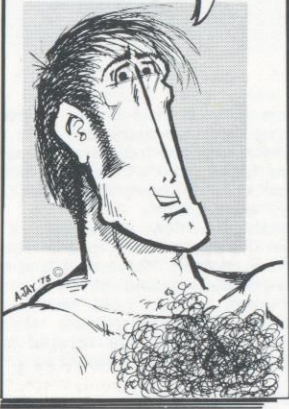
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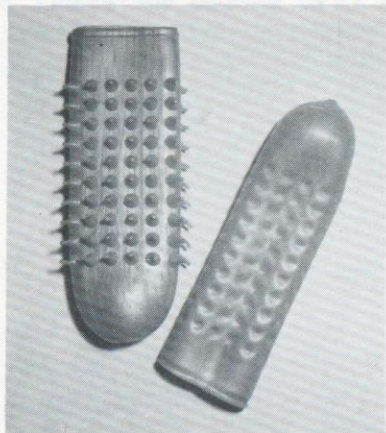
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emotionally—than sitting around with those gay buddies who insist on dwelling on talk about how great it used to be, how difficult it is to make out now, how necessary it is at this stage of life to resort to buying hustlers, *ad nauseam*. Don't listen because you'll only become depressed and experience a form of impotence—brought on by climacteric and defeatist attitudes.

F. Scott Fitzgerald once said, "There are no second acts in American lives." One might extend that to *gay lives*. When you are in your forties it's folly to think you can be the super stud you were at 20—but it's also folly to believe your sex life is over. It most definitely is not—and you will find this to be so if you seek new excitement in yourself. This can be generated by bolstering your mental outlook, as explained above; perhaps by a new set of clothes—not something won by teeny boppers but a switch from formal to casual dress; maybe by dieting and taking up mild exercise to improve your looks (exercise begun late in life should be approved by a physician).

The solution does not lie in seeking help from your doctor in the form of testosterone injections—which can cause cardiovascular disease and shorten your life by years. Salvation comes in facing life—in realizing that every age has its advantages... and most of all by staying young at heart.

...

FOND DECEIVER

(Continued from page 16)

said, "Sorry, kid, he ain't here, ain't been in all night."

He remembered seeing his father in the street a few days before, with a woman who had funny orange hair and legs like those in the movies. *That must be the one Joey's mother meant. She sure looked like a whore.* He concentrated hard on the bottle, causing it to slip between his fingers and crash loudly on the wooden floor. Quickly cleaning up the mess and wondering why he was always so clumsy, Danny heard a muffled noise from the bedrooms, and he jerked his head up, immediately framing an excuse in his mind. *But there's nothing... but I did hear... Kenny's room?... must be...*

Danny walked almost on tiptoe to his brother's room at the end of the kitchen. He waited a moment, listening, then pushed open the partially closed door and saw the sleeping figure lying on its back.

The fear of possibly doing something he shouldn't took second place to the mixture of admiration, envy and frustration he always felt when he saw Ken and compared the well-formed, athletic torso to his own lanky frame. *Nice tan... beautiful... I wish I were more... I don't care, thin guys can be handsome too... I can get more sun... set of weights...*

A thin film of sweat glistened in soft patches on Ken's body, dressed only in the shorts, sweat socks and tennis shoes he had worn to the high school tennis court. *He shouldn't have his sneakers on the bed...* Danny admired the mature curves of the wide chest and the flat hardness of the stomach muscles... *Ma'll kill him if she finds out...*

Creeping slowly, inch by soft inch, Danny

drew close to the big iron bed and gazed down at the figure, trying to force every detail to etch its image on his mind. Tentatively he touched his brother's right arm, thrown up and out in a careless semicircle around the head, and he hesitantly followed the line of smooth biceps with his finger. He flashed repeated stares at the eyes to see if they would open.

An inexplicable excitement rose in Danny as his glances moved from the black curls falling across Ken's forehead, down the strong neck to the square, moulded breasts and faintly-rippled belly. Then further, to the hips, narrow and smoothly-muscled, and the graceful, hard thighs. The strange feeling expanding inside him fascinated him perhaps more than the body in front of him, and Danny's hand stroked his brother's arm more boldly. He wished he could somehow switch bodies with Ken, somehow put his own brain inside this frame.

Why couldn't God make me like Ken... why do I have to look so shitty? Why... Terror shot through Danny's entire long body like an electric shock, a tingling shiver of cold, as he saw Ken's eyelids flutter and the chest move more rapidly. Danny's heart beat faster and he felt his throat pulsing as the fear of being caught filled his mind. Wildly he searched for an excuse, a reason for being there, for touching that arm. But... no, it was all right... Ken was still asleep. Wasn't he? Wouldn't he have hit Danny or something if he were awake?

With agonizing patience, Danny tried to calmly, slowly raise his hand away from the relaxed arm, praying to God that if he could only get away, if he could just escape before Ken woke... *I'll do anything, I'll pray twice a day, God, honest, and never lie or...* Danny's heart jerked again as his brother's left hand reached across his chest and grabbed Danny before he could break away. Danny pulled violently, whimpering softly, but the grasp held firm and he realized with a weak sob that he was caught.

Now he would get it! How could he explain? Ken would tell his mother and... but, what would he tell her? What had Danny done that was so wrong? *All I did was touch his stupid arm, to see if... if he was awake and wanted a soda or something, or to... yeah, that's it, to tell him to get his goddamned sneakers off the bed, yeah, and act mad 'cause they believe you quicker if you act mad like that, there's nothing wrong with touching your brother's arm for that.*

But Ken was still asleep; his eyes were still closed. He wasn't awake. His hand was, but... *can you do that? Some people walk in their sleep. Maybe he's just dreaming, maybe he doesn't know I'm here. When he wakes up, maybe he'll think he just dreamed it.*

Without opening his eyes, Ken slowly moved Danny's hand across his chest, and then rubbed it gently back. Then back again, and down, slowly, lightly, to the waist. Danny felt the corded muscles, tight and firm beneath the smooth, damp skin, and he shivered uncontrollably. *He's got to be awake! But then why doesn't he say anything? Anyway he's not yelling at me... maybe he's trying to... Oh God maybe he knows how I feel and everything and he's trying to be my friend Oh God!*

The hand moved slowly down, easily, until it reached the shorts, and then awk-

wardly as it rubbed Danny's hand roughly against the zipper and the bulge underneath. It stopped. The stomach moved rapidly, up and down. And the shorts moved, in a different, spasmodic rhythm.

Sensing the next step without knowing why, Danny fumbled with the zipper and belt until the shorts were down past Ken's knees. Preoccupied at first with the vital prayer that Ken's eyes stay closed, Danny was surprised when he saw it jumping up, big and rigid, straining with a lively rhythm to reach higher, then falling back and straining once more. *Boy, that's big, he thought, mentally comparing it to his own inferior one, and he became almost hypnotized by the matting of rough, unbelievably curly hair surrounding the entire area.*

Danny knew what happened when it grew like that; all the guys talked about it. First it gets big because the blood goes into it, then you stick it in her and rub, and white stuff comes out and makes a baby in her stomach. That's why women eat funny things like ice cream and pickles and junk when they're pregnant; they have to eat stuff that won't hurt the baby. He remembered his own attempts at doing it with himself, in the bathroom... *door locked... a whole hour... one hundred and one, one hundred and two, one hundred and three...* but nothing had happened. Nothing, except he had had to take a leak and he worried about being so different he couldn't make babies.

I'll bet Ken can do it though, he thought, and, as if to challenge Danny to prove he was right, Ken's hand guided Danny's to the pulsing, living thing, rubbing up and down... up and down. And as Danny's hand began to experiment with a kind of clinical interest, Ken's breathing increased and his taut stomach muscles seemed to writhe with his lower body. A tiny bead of glistening fluid traced its way down from the top, across Danny's hand, and down his fingers. Danny flinched at the first touch of the heavy sticky liquid, but Ken's hand tightened quickly.

Danny moved more willingly, grasping tightly and pumping faster and faster, fascinated now and eager to see what would happen. His fear had left him. After all, this wasn't so bad... just kind of silly. And practically anything was all right as long as the eyes didn't open. Then he could pretend it didn't happen... no one would know... ever. And Danny wouldn't tell.

... ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight... but why does he want me to do it? He can do it better himself, and my hand's getting tired. Danny moved more slowly, aware the grip had loosened on his hand, and he got ready to jump from the bed and out the door quickly, before Ken could realize it. But, sensing something of the sort, his brother grabbed Danny's hand harder and moved in unison with the thin fingers.

Oh, well... *might as well get it over with. It doesn't hurt, anyway... and, after all... it'll all be over soon...*

The bar was still relatively empty, as it would be for some time yet. Those few patrons who were there had already sought out their favorite vantage points and anchored themselves for the evening, each alone for the moment with his own private dreams. The focal point of the group was a youth in his early twenties, seated casually on a bar stool with his back leaning on the rail behind

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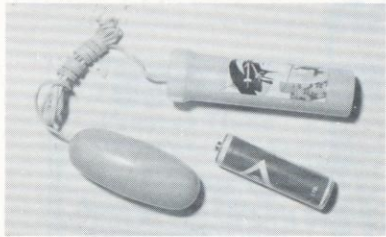
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him. He had crossed his arms over his chest, pushing the smooth pectoral muscles upward, and emphasizing to flattering advantage the careful development of the biceps and the V-shaped torso. He was lean, but not skinny. And his tall frame, dressed in tapered T-shirt and jeans, stated bluntly that what was underneath was very hard, and very virile. The pleasant face, therefore, didn't have to be handsome; it was enough as it was—nice, and clean-cut. And at the moment it was giving a good-natured grin, showing how much the youth enjoyed the attention of the two older men standing in front of him, draining their drinks impatiently, and devouring the young man with each hefty swallow.

The one on the young man's left finished his drink quickly and set it noisily on the bar, signaling for another round. He delicately patted his hair, and the few grey strands intermingled with the tangle of black at his wrists belied the jet-black hair of the head, combed fashionably forward. The face was smooth and slightly pale, and the eyebrows were perfectly formed, although perhaps a bit too thin.

The man continued in animated conversation with the youth sitting with studied ease in front of him, and his companion waited patiently for a chance to join in politely. Holding his head to one side, chin forward in a Gibson Girl pose of too many years before, he tried to catch a discreet glimpse of himself in the tinted mirror behind the bar. His right arm crossed his chest, supporting the elbow of the left arm which now raised the glass gracefully to his lips. Yes, the honey-colored hair was still perfectly in place . . . Christ, it should be, with the fortune I paid for this set . . . And the makeup was not that obvious, just enough to hide the majority of wrinkles acquired through years of tired living and tired drinking. His eyes were sad, with the trite melancholy of having seen too much too soon, but they would become immediately alive and sparkling when it was time to be younger. Highly-buffed fingernails gleamed in the dim bar light as a perfectly manicured hand rolled the tip of the glass over the surface of the man's lower lip. The man listened absently for an opening in the conversation while deciding which role to play with this one—giggly coquette, or aristocratic woman of the world?

"Well I do think it's the same for everyone when they first come out," his companion was saying sweetly to the grinning youth. "Don't you, hon?" he added, turning with a generous smile to his friend.

Danny touched the rim of his glass lightly to his chin and arched one eyebrow as his eyes swept coolly, casually, over the well-formed athletic torso in front of him, trying to force every detail to etch its image on his mind. "I don't know . . ." he said slowly, his gaze lingering on the spread thighs, "My first experience . . ." his mind flashed a scene from twenty-five years before . . . was in the air force. I was really quite butch, you know, like this one. I remember the first time . . . I was trade then . . . it was in the bus station in D.C., and this old sweetie came up to me, and said . . ."

Danny's eyes never left the body in front of him as he continued, not listening to his own words. He didn't have to, he really did

remember it well. Every detail of the story was etched permanently in his mind.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

—Goldsmith
The Captivity, Act I, Sc. I.

GREASING IT UP (Continued from page 54)

lubricant just for sex purposes. During sexual excitement a fluid appears at the tip of the penis, provided by the Cowper's gland near prostate. That clear, salty fluid that some guys leak like a leaky faucet, while others trickle, is not a premature ejaculation; it's their natural lubricant.

The natural lubricant serves two purposes—first, it removes any traces of urine from the urethra that might harm the sperm cells that pass over it, and secondly, it serves as a lubricant in aiding intercourse.

Naturally, in gay sex matters, we can forget the former since most males have no desire to get pregnant. The second, however, is important in lubricating the sex organ.

In heterosexual intercourse, the male's secretion is met by the female's, and together they normally provide sufficient lubrication for coitus. But in homosexual intercourse there is only the secretion from the penis, and none from the anal region, and therein lies the problem. And let's face it—when an amply endowed fucker meets a reasonably tight fuckee without the aid of a little grease, anything short of rape is the impossible dream.

It's possible, of course, to fuck without a lubricant, and in a pinch, often accomplished, but it's not exactly smooth sailing. In most cases it's not only painful for the giver, but even more painful for the receiver, unless he's stretched as wide as the Suez Canal.

Once you decide to indulge in a little anal intercourse, you're going to look for an artificial lubricant, and there are quite a few to pick from—including several which are satisfactory and have been used with success for fucking as well as for masturbation.

The most commonly used are Vaseline, K-Y, and various hand lotions and creams. While farm boys might prefer Corn Huskers Lotion, those with tender skin might have a liking for Jergens. For those who complain that K-Y, that old standby, becomes too sticky, a product called Lubrifax is less gooeey and lasts a little longer. Another excellent lubricant is Johnson's Baby Magic. Not Baby Lotion, which is absorbed too quickly into the skin.

When all these are lacking in the bathroom supply chest, improvise with baby oil (good for body freaks), or even that greasy kid stuff, hair oil or cream, such as Score. Guaranteed to keep your pubic hair in place.

And while you're in the bathroom, you may decide it's a lot more inviting to stay there and do it in the shower or tub. In that case, just grab a handy bottle of hair shampoo or a bar of soap and lather it up. A word of warning! Most soaps burn a little—and never

use Lava soap because it is quite abrasive.

If you're not athletic enough for bathroom gymnastics, but are still determined to get it on despite the seeming lack of lubricants, head for the kitchen. There's a whole wonderland of possibilities waiting here if your urge hasn't subsided by then.

For example, try a little Crisco or lard, margarine or unsalted butter. Even Wesson oil can be fun, but cooking oils can ruin the sheets forever unless you've got rubber ones or the cost of fucking doesn't matter. And often it doesn't.

For the gay guy who's really prepared, there are several products designed especially for fucking—creams which come in various fruit flavors and scents for those who like switch hitting. Ever smell pineapple while fucking?

And don't worry needlessly that the application of some artificial lubricant will end a trick's ardor. For most guys, a couple slaps of something greasy on the dick brings even a dying peter to full attention because it heightens the sensitivity. Ask anybody who's ever masturbated using a lubricant. And who hasn't? Unless you're uncircumcised, the use of something slick is almost essential to pleasant jerking off.

For those who enjoy a few toys in bed, such as dildos or vibrators, lubricants may be required to achieve full insertion of whatever you're inserting.

But God forbid you should ever find yourself stranded somewhere without a handy lubricant, like on a tropical island or in the back seat of a Volkswagen—don't fret. Remember that old adage—"A little spit and persuasion goes a long way."

LETTERS (Continued from page 33)

he was a homosexual; most gay writers today are talented homosexuals who think they're great writers."

BUMMER SEX

Dear Editor:

I'd be grateful if you'd publish this letter, if only because I think what I have you say (something you've said many times in the past) needs saying again: a gay guy is a failure in life if he is not good sex.

Sex is so inherent in our lifestyle that all of us should strive for perfection, and most of all to satisfy one's partner. So many guys I meet are poor bed partners. They bite when they suck, if they suck at all. They can't get fucked. They want most of all to satisfy themselves, by getting sucked or fucking regardless of what I'd like. And it's not just me; many of my friends have the same complaint.

All of us should strive to satisfy our partners. How much more enjoyable sex would be for everyone if we did.

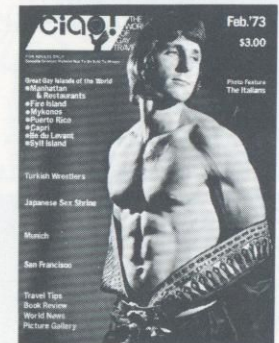
What greater gift can a gay guy give than love and great sex? Seems four out of every five guys I meet really fail at making love. Maybe it's because too many guys these days seem to be tuned in and turned on to poppers and pot and really hard drugs.

Bewildered,
H.K.
Indianapolis, Ind.

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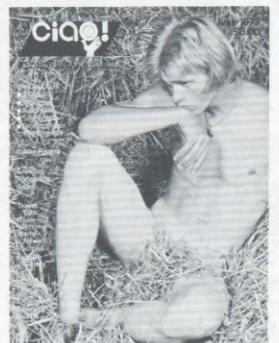
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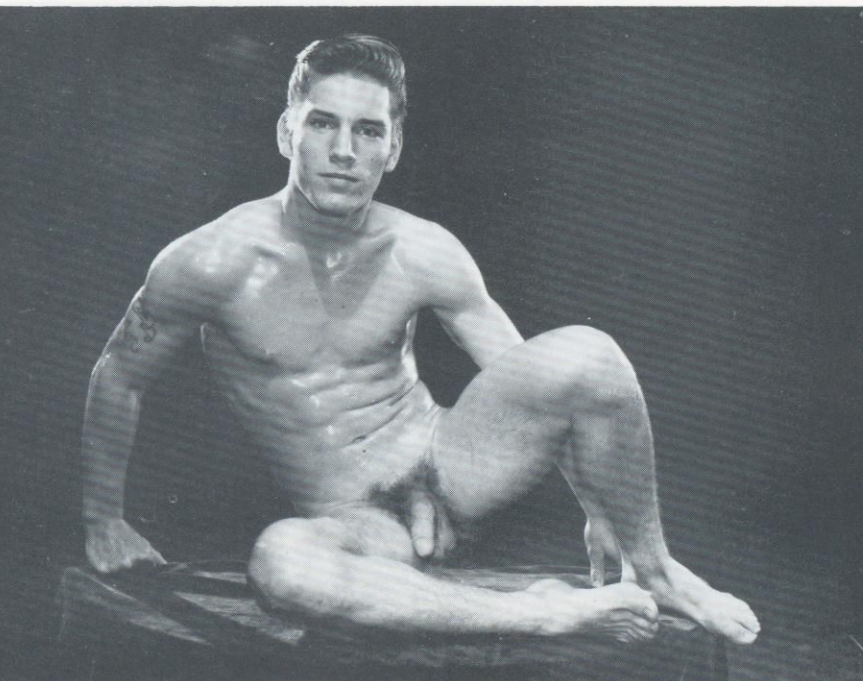


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A-RATED

THE SUPER SUGGESTED ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHES!
BY A-JAY

THE DRUMS OF BANG KOCK WONG!
EPISODE FIVE

WHAT IS BLACK AND BLUE... AND YELLOW AROUND A HARRY NAVEL? STOMACH! I HATE NO SHIRT! LEAVING CLINT WALKERS PISSING THROUGH HIS ANSWERS: JIM BROWN

HOT HORNY HUMPS...THINGS WERE LOOKING VERY THORNY FOR OUR SUPER-STUD HERO, HARRY CHES! AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST EPISODE... HARRY...NAKED 'N SPREAD-EAGLED, WAS AGAIN IN THE CRUEL CLUTCHES OF THAT ODIOUS ORIENTAL -BANG KOCK WONG, 'N HIS BADDIES! ONLY THIS TIME HE'S 30 FATHOMS DEEP... ABOARD WONG'S SINISTER SUB HEADING FOR CHINA WITH A HOT CARGO OF STOLEN, GAY PORNO! WONG'S POISONOUS PATIENCE WAS WEARING THIN AS HE TRIED TO FORCE HARRY TO DIVULGE THE HIDING PLACE OF MICKEY MUSCLE 'N RANCID AGNEW - HARRY'S CHUMS. BUT STUBBORNLY HARRY RESISTED... UNTIL THE SADISTIC WONG BROUGHT OUT HIS FAVORITE PET... A BULGARIAN LEECH THAT'S BEEN CROSS-BRED WITH A BRAZILIAN PIRANHA! SLOWLY... WONG FORCED THE LEECH'S RAZOR-SHARP JAWS OVER THE HEAD OF HARRY'S COCK... GASP! TO CONTINUE... BUT WAIT!!! ANOTHER BIZARRE SCENE HAD UNFOLDED AN HOUR BEFORE IN ANOTHER OMINOUS SUB

NOT FAR AWAY! BIG SPIKE SEPIA...NOTORIOUS UNDERLORD OF THE INFAMOUS 'RAFIA' (THE GAY, MATTY END OF THE MAFIA) TALKED TO HIS BOYS.....

I'LL LAY IT ON YA STRAIGHT, GUYS!

GODMOTHER

KUNG FU IS YENTA!

NASTY WORD HAS REACHED MA'EARDRUMS DAT DAT CHINK COCKSUCKER WONG HAS FINALLY MUSCLED IN ON OUR ENTERPRISES... 'N SNATCHED ALL DA' GAY PORNO AVAILABLE!!!

NO! NO! NO! NO!

YEAH... 'N HE'S GONNA MARKET DA STUFF HIMSELF!

SHIT!

SO GUYS... WE'RE GONNA HAVE TA' PERSUADE MR. WONG DAT IT WOULD BE HEALTHIER IF HE WENT INTO DA' LAUNDRY BUSINESS! WE SHOULD BE APPROACHIN HIS SUB ABOUT NOW!

WE AGAIN SIFT SKENES... AND IT'S BACK TO WONG'S SUB...

NO! NO!

YOUR COCK IS ABOUT TO FEEL LIKE A KOSHER DILL AT A BAR MITZVAH! HEE... HEE!

GROUP CHARGE!

JUST THEN...

READY... AIM... FIRE!

POW!

FUCKING FISH HEADS!?!

SHIT... THERE GOES LUNCH!

EEEK! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED! SURFACE... SURFACE... YOU FOOLS!!!

I JUST KNEW GEORGE MAHARS 'N THE SEABEES WOULD COME TO THE RESCUE!

AS MOMENTS PASS AND HARRY IS LEFT ALONE-

HEY MAN...WHAT'S HAPPENIN'? WE BLEW OUR COVER TO CHECK OUT THAT EXPLOSION!

UNTIE ME, QUICK!

PETER NEAPA NEAPA PAINTY HOBBY!

... SO THAT'S THE STORY! WONG 'N HIS CREW ARE ALL TOPSIDE TO INVESTIGATE! GRAB THE CONTROLS... WE JUST MIGHT MAKE THOSE PRICKS SUCK ASS!

RIGHT ON!

WARREN BEATTY IS MEATY!

GREY!

MEANWHILE... TOPSIDE

LOOK SIR... ANOTHER SUB... AND THE CREST ON ITS SIDE SAYS IT BELONGS TO...

ALICE COOPER 'N DEAR!

***!! 炸炸炸!! MY ARCH RIVAL... BIG SPIKE SEPIA... OF THE RAFIA! QUICK, MAN THE GUNS... IT'S A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

THE HATCH... IT'S SHUTTING... AND OUR ENGINES ARE STARTING!

BANG!

WHA..?

RUMBLE

OPEN THIS HATCH, CHES!

NOT BY THE HAIR ON MY CHEST, CHEST, CHEST! SAYONARA!

INSIDE...

LET'S SUBMERGE, AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE MOTHERS?

TOUGH TITTIE!

LOOK! THAT OTHER SUB IS PULLING UNDER TOO! I THINK IT AIN'T VERY HAPPY WE'RE SKIPPING WITH ALL THIS RIPE PORNO!

GEEZ GUYS

WOW! OUT OF SIGHT! YOU'RE RIGHT! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO PUSH THE ENGINES AND OUT-RUN THE...

NOT SO FAST!

KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH! MY TRIGGER FINGER HAS THE CHINESE ITCH!

WONG!

TUBE NO. 1

NOW THAT WE'VE OUT-RUN THAT FUCKING RAFIA SUB... I'LL DEAL WITH YOU PIGS! IN THERE...!

20 MIN. LATER

SO LONG... GHUMPS!!! ENJOY YOUR SWIM!

GULP!

A MINE BLOWER

SUDDENLY

GOTTA PEE!

GLUB-GLUB

YIPS... THAT RAFIA SUB IS COMING UP... RIGHT NEXT TO US!! WE'LL BE BLOWN (SIGH) TO BITS!!!

GEEPS!

MATTHEW GLENDAW WAS HERE!

CREAM CHICKEN

TNT MADE IN BROOK

WHAT A BALL-BUSTER! DON'T MISS THE BANG-UP, HAIR-RAISING CONCLUSION IN THE NEXT HOT ISSUE!

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GREASING IT UP

A GUIDE TO ARTIFICIAL LUBRICANTS

BY JOHN ROBERTS



Athletic Model Guild

NO doubt you've heard the one about the two guys, deep in the throes of passionate lovemaking, who decide to fuck and in the dark grab the Vicks Vaporub instead of Vaseline. Ouch! Don't laugh—it's happened to more than one hapless lothario. And it's gotta be the quickest way to end a sex session since halitosis.

Fortunately for most of us, such misfortune has not struck; probably because the gay guy who leads an active sex life is usually prepared for such an emergency—his medicine cabinet or bedside nightstand well supplied with whatever sex aids he needs to get it on, including a lubricant of some type.

Why a lubricant? Well, to set the record straight, nature has provided the normal healthy male with a natural

(Continued on page 51)

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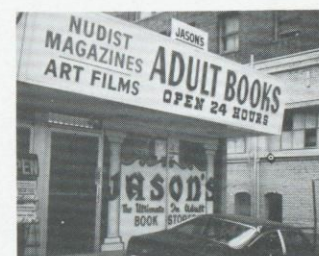
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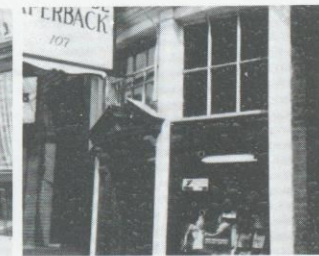
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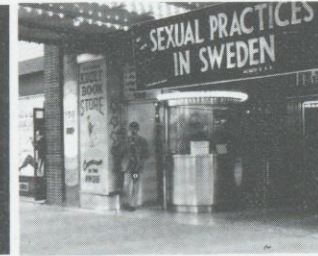
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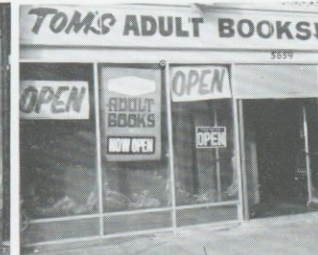
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