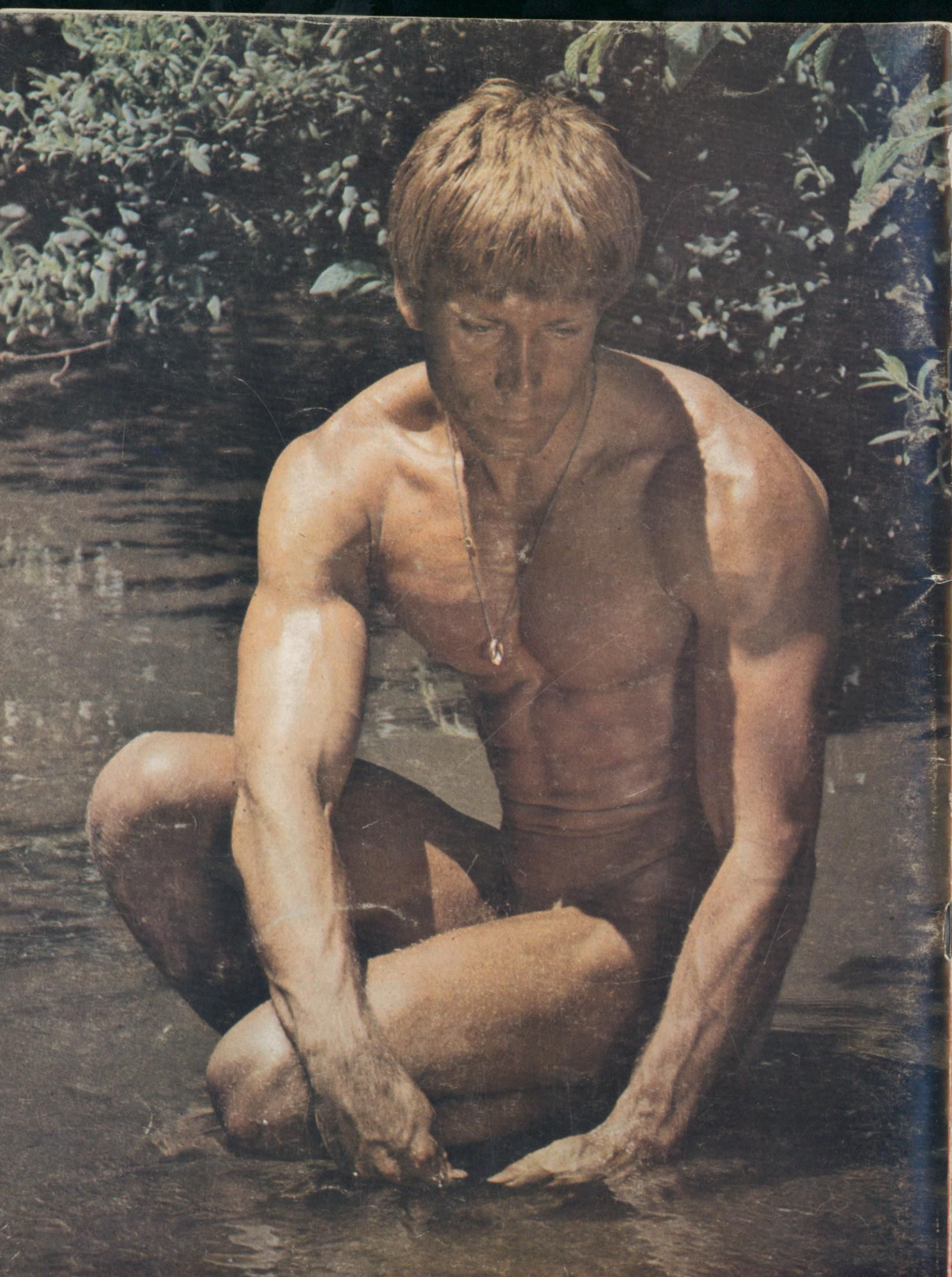
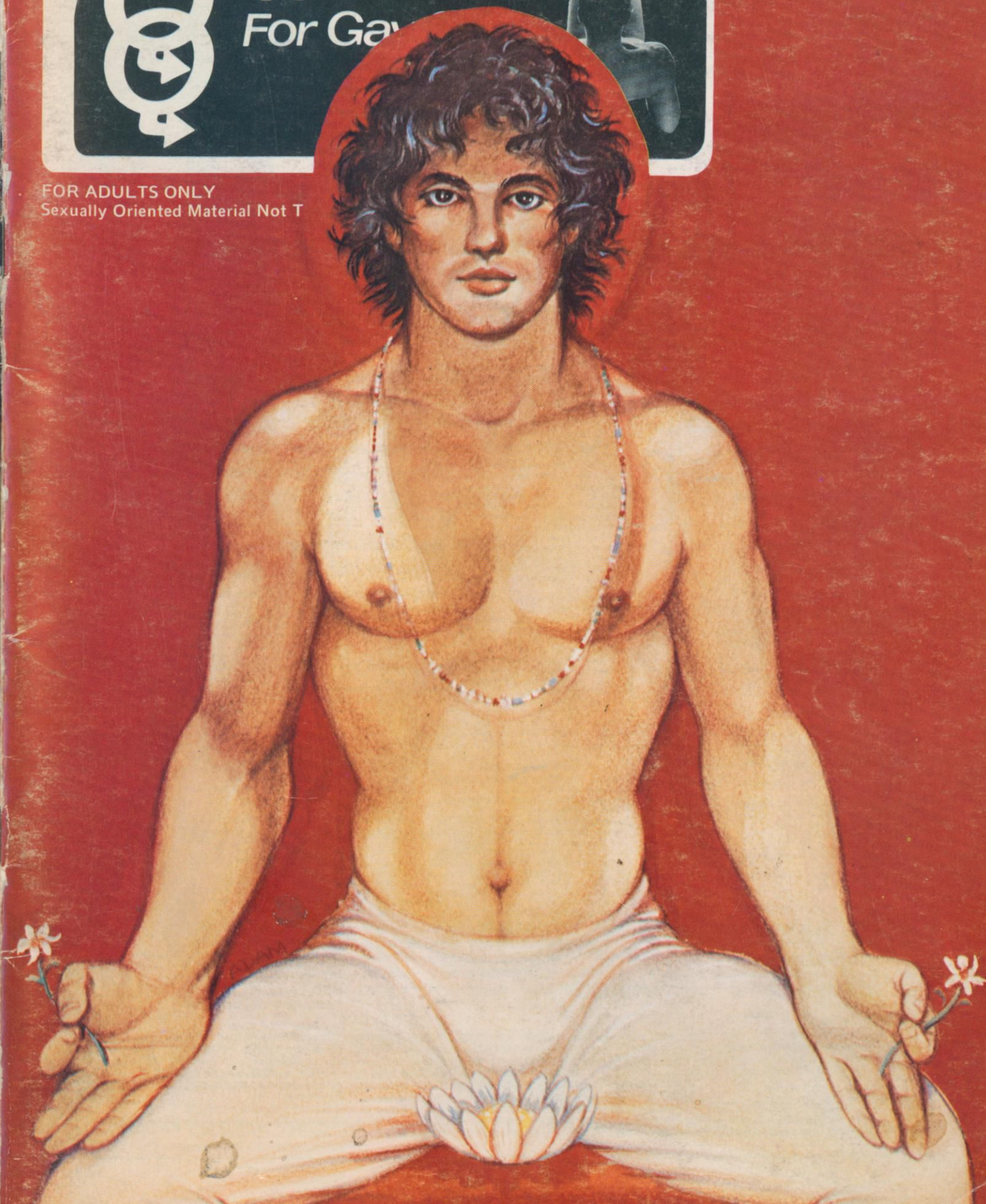




February 1975
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The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, 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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appeared through 1972. Many of the cities reported on in the past have been updated and are listed below. If you are interested in gay travel, or if you desire information on a particular city please see the ad for back issues of CIAO! in this magazine, as well as the article reprint notice in the ad for back issues of QQ Magazine.

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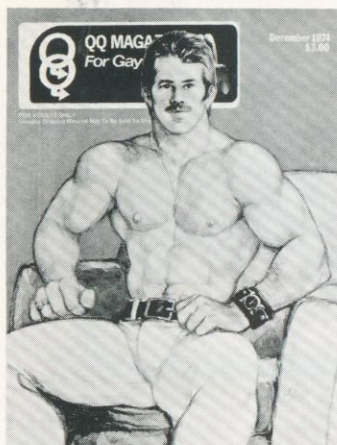
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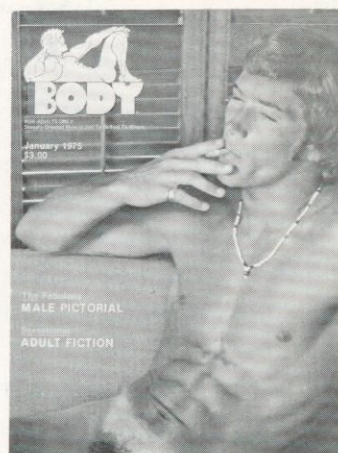


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Editorial

Ye Gods! Another Gay Travel Directory?

By the Editors



Alexander

IT'S so important these days to get your money's worth—and for gay guys there is nothing more wasteful than spending hundreds of dollars on a holiday only to get where you're going totally unprepared as far as the gay scene is concerned. Still worse; going to places where homosexuals are actually discriminated against.

Whether you travel short distances to nearby cities or thousands of miles—the wise gay traveler is a happy guy because he knows where to find the action and enjoy himself.

A directory of addresses of gay bars, baths, parks, etc., etc., is a *passport to adventure*—but an inaccurate list can spell disappointment and danger. It is so unfortunate that nearly all existing gay travel directories are rip-offs of guides published years ago—usually crammed with addresses of places that are no longer open. Explanations are often lacking—possibly directing you to dangerous areas.

Even the handful of better guides that are available have shortcomings. They frequently provide random listings—never indicating whether a place is actually gay or one where young-guys-only go or that a particular park or beach has a meat-rack. You have to do the guess-work; you go and hit or miss—at your expense. Those that do "key" their listings often provide inadequate explanations—such as using the letter *H* to signify *hotel* but nothing else. *A gay hotel? Sex on the premises? Hustlers?*

Then there are technical flaws—like placing the page containing the explanation of keys buried *somewhere* up front; referring to it can be a nuisance when you have to search to find it. Or using a book-type binding that almost always has loose pages that fall out. Or using a conspicuous cover—making it impossible for the discreet traveler to whip it out on the plane or get it past Customs without embarrassment. Or deliberately publishing a thick directory filled with meaningless information and big type to give the impression that the buyer is getting a lot for his money—but actually

January/February 1975

making it difficult for the traveler to tote.

We have come up with what we believe to be a *final* gay travel directory—one which renders all other existing guidebooks obsolete. It is *accurate*. Our information comes from the editors of our gay travel magazine; they travel throughout the world constantly, gathering information for *Ciao!* All the cities listed were checked the last week of October—for release in late November (they are coming off the press as you read this—in time for Xmas . . . a perfect stocking-stuffer!). It is an *international* directory—which means you do not have to purchase separate guidebooks for the U.S. and Europe. We cover the U.S., Canada, Mexico, Central America, the Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, the Middle East, Asia, and the Pacific (including Australia and New Zealand).

We have managed to cram nearly 4,000 accurate and up-to-date listings in a compact booklet which measures 3x5 (small enough to carry in your shirt pocket)—by using only one line per listing and utilizing a concise system of keys which permit you to instantly find out exactly what to expect at each place—young guys, old guys, sex, no booze, entertainment, food, lesbians, hustlers, muggers, cops, even dangerous animals (in jungle meat-racks!). The page containing the explanation of keys is opposite the inside back cover—so you can flip back and forth quickly to interpret each and every listing.

Most guides list bars and baths. We do too—plus hotels, restaurants, gay movie houses, streets, parks, beaches—and we dare to do what almost no one does . . . we list action spots like johns that swing with steamy sex. *We bare it all!* Moreover—each city has a key that indicates which issue of *Ciao!* contains a big article on that particular place—so you can dig out your back issues or send for the copies you need and read a complete article filled with valuable *detailed* information before you go—to help make your vacation really meaningful.

Our travel directory is bound with staples—like this magazine. The pages are secure and will never fall out no matter how much you use it. Its cover is plain; leather-grained and durable with absolutely no "tell-tale" printing. You can take it out anywhere no matter how discreet you are. We have used "6-point" type—easy to read but small enough to get nearly 4,000 listings in a booklet that fits in the palm of your hand. That means you can carry it wherever you go—as you move from place to place.

And we have included other features—such as helpful hints on finding action in college towns, or what you can expect to pay hustlers—and how to handle them. We use little space for this information—because we do not mince words.

What do we call our guidebook? "*Private Stock*"—your personal address book for hot times!

Ye Gods! Another gay travel directory? No. Not just another . . . the *only* annual guidebook you will ever want—at a realistic price of only \$5!

Forgive us for using our editorial space to sound off commercially—but we feel this publication is so important to the gay community. Please see our ad on page 35—and never ever again spend an evening by yourself on your travels!

The Dynamics Of Fellatio

The Technical Basics Of Oral Sex

By Roger Watson

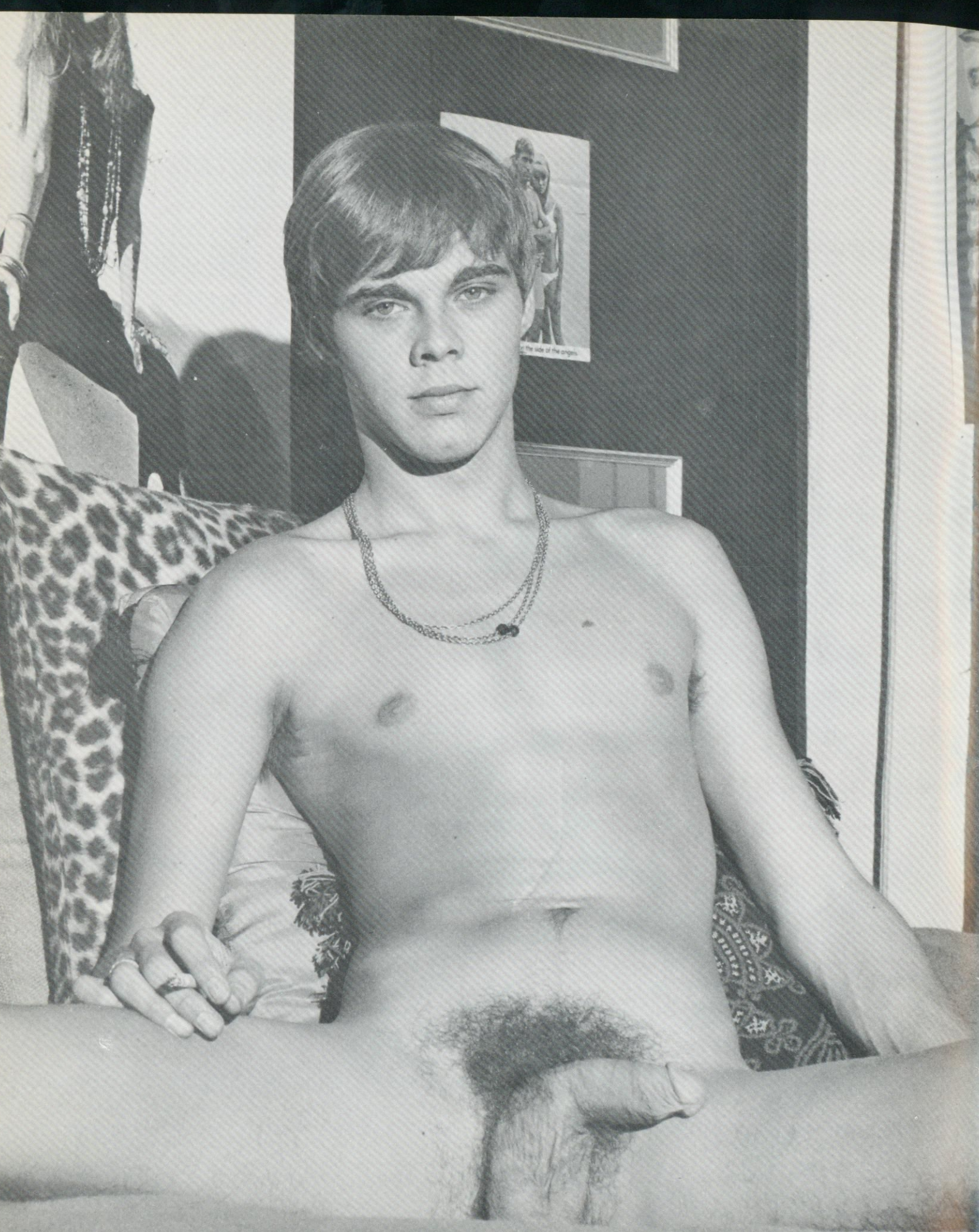
EVERY year sees a new crop of young guys joining our gay society, and each year the crop is bigger. This may be due in part to frequent TV panel shows that are devoted to what makes a gay guy gay—so that what used to be done covertly or clandestinely now has the cachet of growing acceptance by society in general. In fact, gay sex—particularly oral sex—has become so popular that many straight people are now into it.

With gay sex having 'come of age' as it were, some newcomers approach it with eagerness—unafraid. Others, more cautious by nature, want to know more about the semantics of sucking, and so it is largely for this latter group that we have prepared this article, dealing with the basics of it, so that upon this foundation the gay neophyte can build a splendid repertoire of sexual variations and meet any partner on equal ground and come out of the encounter with colors flying.

Variety is the most important thing in oral sex, because the idea is to bring another to the peak of excitement and orgasm in a *reasonable* time, without having to work yourself into a lather doing so, in order that when it is your turn to be the recipient of all this joy you'll not be so fatigued that you can't respond freshly and rapturously to your partner's urging. Since there are some practical considerations we should touch on briefly before we get into the dynamics of fellatio, let's begin with

A Description of Fellatio. In fellatio, the erect, or hard-on phallus of the partner is taken into one's mouth and stroked by means of rhythmically moving one's head and tongue on and around it. Of prime importance: the teeth should not be allowed (Continued on page 30)





GLITTER ROCK



From Funky And Clunky
To Kinky And Freaky



By Terry McWaters

"GOD! What a freak!" If you—as a gay guy—might have heard someone make that remark about your appearance just a couple of years ago, your psyche might have sustained such a trauma as to retire you forthwith to your closet, nevermore to be seen again in gay circles. But today, whether straight or gay or D-plus-A, when making the disco-rock or rock concert scene and someone calls out an admiring "Freaky!" to you, you should be justifiably ecstatic. It's the supreme compliment. You've arrived . . . you're *in* . . . you're a member of the cast of a new kind of Theatre of the Absurd—the world of Glitter Rock.

Although it may not previously have been said in print, rock—all rock, from the early Elvis rock through the Beatles rock, to hard rock and acid rock, and now the theatricality of glitter and/or freak rock—has been sexually liberating . . . the great unshackler of latent gay people, of diehard straights, and on-the-fence bisexuals. Rock has brought more of them from closet and cloister than most of the social gains won by the abolition of laws against homosexual persecution.

This is because there's a bit of the ham in everyone. Of course we have more of it and utilize it with far greater flair, because in a predominantly straight world every day has been a masquerade in which we have outwitted our tormentors. And so in the wild exaggeration of glitter-rock music, and in the wilder flamboyance of glitter-rock costuming, and the most outrageous put-ons, the 'loner' finds just the theater he needs to become a 'joiner'. Since there is safety in numbers (where not to be 'in' is *sin*) the shy or uncertain individual can commit himself openly to a full gay life . . . the supposedly intransigent straight can dabble a toe in gay waters without being ostracized by the Wasps . . . and the oscillating bisexual can quickly determine which side of his toast he'd rather have buttered.

WHAT IS GLITTER ROCK?

It sounds simplistic, but rock without 'glitter' would be just rock, period. And rock, period, was going nowhere fast. Most showbiz pulsetakers had begun to think rock *per se* had run its course (for how many great rock compositions past the Beatles can you hum, or even name?). And so rock entrepreneurs (having nightmares about lost millions of records and dollars) and talented people (with visions of stardom dancing before their eyes), fearing a cut-off to fame and fortune, conceived the idea of the most bizarre rock of all . . . to

do something so exaggerated, so preposterous and so unbelievable, that filling an amphitheater like the huge Hollywood Bowl would be easier than filling a 200-seat gay porno-theater with a new change of program. And that is how we have gone from E as in Elvis to E as in Elton John, the wildest English glitter rock star, who recently filled the Bowl to capacity. Imagine *you* are there when Elton is about to come on. The mind boggles at detailing all that transpires, but here are some ghoulic-goodies for starters:

Just before the Elton Entrance, a group of beautiful mermaids in glittery sequined tails undulate around the pools in front of the stage on which there are five grand pianos painted in pastel colors . . . one pink, another lemon, a chartreuse, an avocado and an aquamarine. On each piano lid there is a huge letter, the total of five spelling E-L-T-O-N. Then, if you've been watching the TV reruns of the old Busby Berkeley MGM musicals, where *everything* was cantilevered on exaggeration, you won't be surprised to see a huge staircase, behind which hangs an immense backdrop emblazoned with a 'blow yourself up' image of the star dressed *à la* Fred Astaire in top hat and tails.

Now the lights go up, and slinking out on stage is the mistress of ceremonies in a gown that does plenty of slinking of its own. She's Linda Lovelace, the gal with the oral capacity to accommodate a boa, with room enough left for a McDonald's hamburger—the star of *Deep Throat*. With an imperious wave of her hand she summons down the staircase none other than bosomy Mae West in sixty yards more of sequins. Then more goodies and ghoulies . . . Jane Russell, Elvis, Frankenstein, Groucho Marx and Batman; a cavalcade of gorgeously-costumed and cleverly made-up actors brought up at the end by "His Serene Highness, The Pope!" as Linda describes him. Then, to a deafening roar of the audience, plus what seems to be the thunder of kettledrums in the background, the staircase glows like the Apollo XI blastoff, and down its length strides our hero—Elton John.

He's wearing what is known in rock circles as 'glitter-rock basic' . . . a blinding white satin cowboy jumpsuit. But what is not so basic—and the tipoff to this wild charade—is the glitter-rock *exaggeration* of floaty-fluffy white maribou feathers (and nothing floats or fluffs better than maribou). From his manly shoulders to his marshmallow heels he's all maribou *macho* . . . and cinched around his swivel hips is a pair of silver *lamé* shorts. His head is also wreathed in maribou, and as if this were not enough to blow the



mind he piles exaggeration upon exaggeration—the *raison d'être* of glitter rock; or from funky and clunky to kinky and freaky.

He masks his face with a pair of huge glasses made up of the five letters of his E-L-T-O-Name carved out of glowing lucite and made more brilliant with small electric lights imbedded into the frames. Your eyes are transfixed by the 'O' that seems to spin around like a pinwheel on takeoff, and you wonder "What *else?*" or "How can he top *that?*" Well E-L-T-O-N can, and does.

He slinks to his own *personal* piano—that's the one draped in a fallen arras of pink satin and glowing with light. Then, as if by magic, the lids of the five pastel pianos magically open and out fly coveys of white doves . . . hundreds of them . . . who soar out over the audience. And this, dear reader, signifies only the *beginning* of the concert!

What follows would take an entire book to describe. Suffice it to say rock, now—specifically *glitter* rock—is at zenith, having come a long way from the late fifties when parents refused to permit their teen-age children to see an Elvis film, in which all that handsome, humpy guy did was just to stand there with a simple pair of jeans anchored around his sexily-gyrating pelvis and sing something country 'n purty like *Houn' Dog* and *Love Me Tender*.

THEATRE/CAMP ROCK

From the spontaneity, the 'youthativity', the simple beauty and earthy rhythm of early rock, through the memorable songs and zaniness of the Beatles . . . far past the acid rock of the LSDroppers . . . we are now in the most commercial stage of glitter/freak rock—specifically the campy and theatrical aspects of it. In the 'too muchness' of its exaggeration we have what someone calls, "an imitation of life in the forties, imprisoned and magnified to ear-splitting, eye-popping dimensions in an echo chamber." No longer is rock a never-ending strumming of a badly-tuned guitar by a player who knows only three chords, and has *no* voice. It is hardnosed and fiercely-competitive entertainment, exemplified by a wide variety of types.

For example, by Bette Midler and her wild wigs, her clunky shoes, her lips that look like two red apples searching for a Better Crocker recipe. She is the biggest of the 'Forties Girls' to date, and her swift arrow of success has been her 'really let go' bitchy jokes, her campy stage manner (which endears her to gay guys just as much as—in her tormented, quite different way—Judy Garland did with her throbbing voice and understanding of gay people), and The Divine Miss M's put-on as Mother Fag Hag. She is, of course, a superb comedienne (given any medium) who can bat out one-line/one-word quips as fast and tellingly as Groucho ever could. Midler epitomizes the outrageously *funny* preposterous . . . the exaggerated freak 'rockette'. She's a lot of gutsy fun.

Black comedy—or freakier—rock is spearheaded by such entertainers as Alice Cooper. He's the most decadently spectacular, or more spectacularly decadent. Like Midler, he has an enormous talent that could be channeled into many theatrical directions. But he has chosen a very ghoulish medium—the theme is self-destruction (and you can read all kinds of Freudian

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symbolism in what he does), doing *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* rip-offs looking like an unburied cadaver, with his Medusa-like long, snaky hair . . . blacked-out eyes that look like tunnels with no end . . . dressed in Woolworth 98-cent pantyhose (here a split, there a run), plus a super-butth leather belt . . . coming on with juicy Draculanian fangs advancing a foot ahead of his body, and screaming Gypsy curses as he writhes and suff-f-ers with supernatural passion. Cooper emphasizes the 'horror freakiness' of glitter/freak rock. While surrounded by all kinds of necrophilia, including a full-sized guillotine, he 'rocks' it up with a tune that threads through his act—"I Love the Dead (before they're cold!)" before going through the head-chopping bit by a hooded medieval executioner. Very blood-and-gutsy, and his followers are frozen in their seats while he's on stage. His is really the theatre of the macabre. An American Grand Guignol.

TRANSSEXUAL ROCK

Another variation of glitter/freak rock is that chosen by such fascinating performers as David Bowie, Lou Reed and Jobriath . . . transsexual rock. Bowie (he no longer uses the 'David') exploits this medium with complete mastery. As a simply fantastic female impersonator he was once included in the list of a famous Hollywood dress designer as one of the ten best-dressed women of the world.

Don't think of Bowie's rock act, however, in terms of 'drag show'. It is light years away from that. He is a man one must listen to extremely carefully because his songs are so varied—spinning off from a central theme (in some odd way he reminds one of Dory Previn and her plaintive songs of the rejected). In his extraordinarily talented way Bowie is *being* something, *doing* something, *saying/explaining* something about the current fast-shifting tides of sexual crossover.

Lou Reed lacks voice and instrumental technique (actually his instrumental accompaniment is used only as a background for what he is trying to project). In this, he is a precise example of our earlier quotation about "an imitation of life in the forties, imprisoned and magnified in an echo chamber." He, however, focuses on the Berlin cabaret scene as it was, not in the forties, but in the Dietrich late twenties/early thirties, and as such he is more in the Helmut Berger vein as exemplified by the transvestite scene in *The Damned*. For all his lack of voice/technique, he is more quickly understood and more accessible than Bowie.

Jobriath is a relative newcomer, but he has come on strong in a quite bizarre way. For example, he is the only rock entertainer (certainly the only one associated with transsexual rock) to have appeared on huge advertisements on the sides of the New York City buses . . . and nude. Of course, non-pubically. See how glitter/freak rock is shaking up our staid, straight world?

Then too, as a self-professed "true fairy" he vows that all other female impersonators, after seeing his performance, might just as well take their tits and go! Recently his press agent revealed that "Jobriath will star in a Broadway extravaganza that will feature him appearing in the middle of an eight-foot lucite cube that becomes a fifty-foot sexual" (Continued on page 49)

January/February 1975





The Greatest Invention Since The Human Mouth **ACCU-JAC**

By George Desantis

FROM time to time we receive requests from various sellers of sexually related products to evaluate them for our readers—and almost never do we respond. Thus, it was with skepticism that we accepted a sample from the manufacturer of a device which appears to be the most revolutionary cock massager yet—an instrument which took four years to perfect.

When ACCU-JAC arrived about a month ago I tested it myself, several times, alone and with friends and also had a dozen others experiment with the basic unit and its accessories. The results were so uniformly positive and reports so glowing that we not only consented to evaluating ACCU-JAC but also made arrangements with its manufacturer to act as one of its distributors to further service our customers with the unusual products they want.

What you are about to read might rightly be interpreted as a plug for a product which is now part of our line—but our evaluation is nonetheless sincere. If you already own a unit I hope my comments will provide fresh information regarding the use of ACCU-JAC. If you do not own ACCU-JAC but think you might like having one this report may help you decide one way or the other. And if you have absolutely no intention of ever buying ACCU-JAC then you will at least be informed about an unusual apparatus that is turning up in more and more gay bedrooms across the country and which is even being featured in gay porno flicks.

ACCU-JAC BASICS

First—let me tell you that although ACCU-JAC operates on electricity absolutely no electrical parts ever touch you; it is as completely safe to use as a radio. Safer. Because its transformer reduces the 110 volts coming out of your wall to a harmless 12 volts. The vacuum formed around your cock—which will be discussed later—cannot cause any harm whatsoever. There is no irritation; a rough hand or a mouth full of teeth can and often do cause more damage to a sensitive organ.

There are four basic parts:

1. A small **transformer** which has two electric cords. One is plugged into any wall outlet; this delivers the current to the transformer—which passes through the other cord which is plugged into the pump.

2. The **pump** is a sealed unit which is never opened. It looks something like a tool kit with handle. In addition to the socket which accommodates the cord from the transformer there is an on/off switch and a brass nipple to which one end of a length of plastic hose is attached.

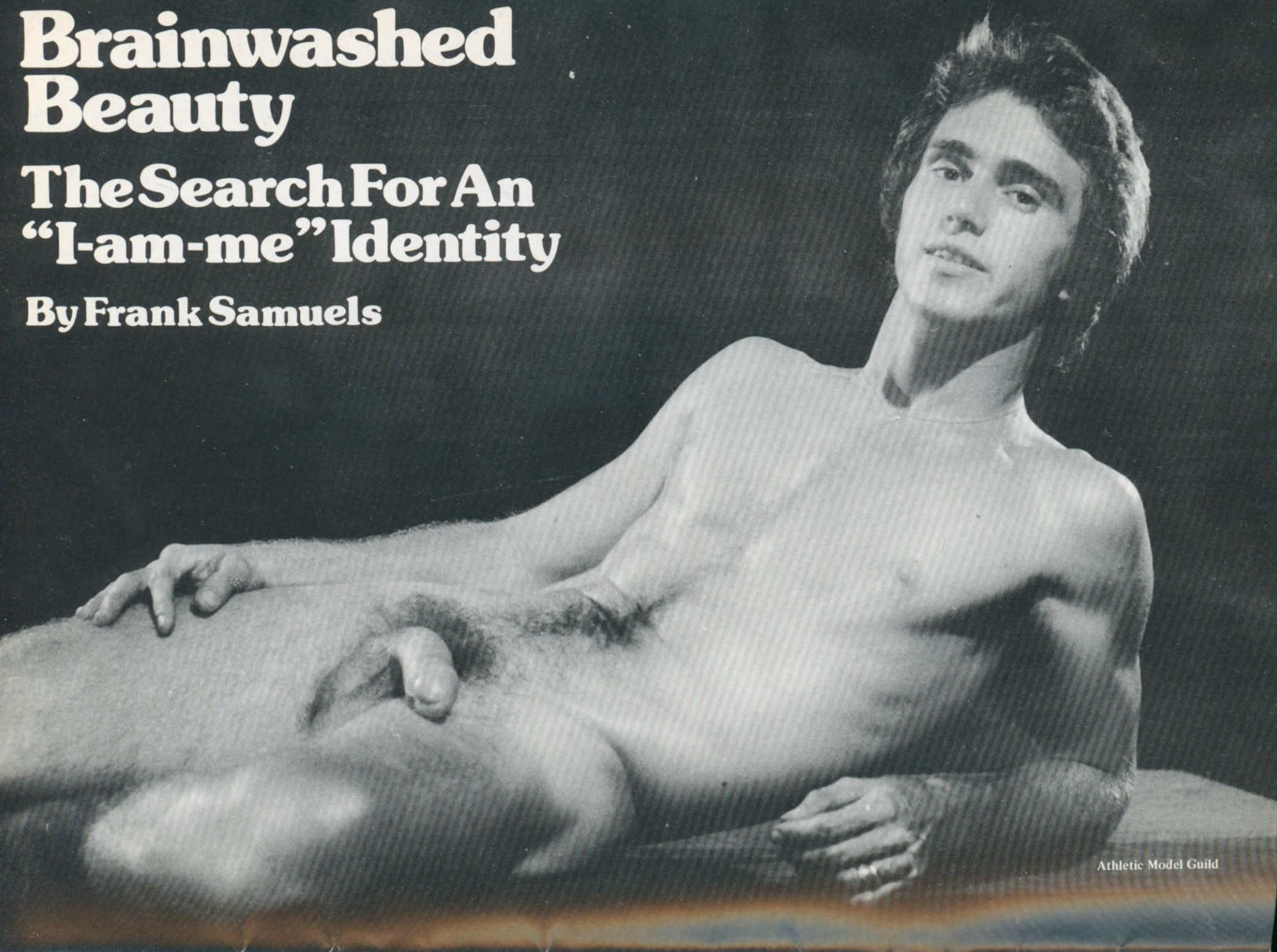
(Continued on page 50)



Brainwashed Beauty

The Search For An "I-am-me" Identity

By Frank Samuels



Athletic Model Guild

January/February 1975

WHEN Michelangelo created his statue of David more than four hundred years ago he revealed the secret of true male beauty, yet only in the last few years has his message been understood as well as he'd meant it to be. The secret is this: *absolute* perfection of physical beauty—that is, absolutely 'perfect' features and an absolutely 'perfect' body—is inevitably boring because it does not communicate. It has 'said' everything just by being absolutely perfect. Therefore, it does not relate to us, nor we to it. The man who is 'blessed' with such absolute perfection has nothing to compete for anymore, and so, lacking points of contrast that would give him comparative dimensions, he is beauty held incommunicado—the sole occupant of a museum of which he is the sole custodian.

Michelangelo must have had this in mind when he sculptured David because he gave him a few minuses along with all those glorious pluses. So when we visit David and see in him what some might think absolute perfection, we really are seeing the sum of these pluses and minuses (a slightly too-large head . . . a slight disproportion of upper body to lower . . . and other minute calibrations that Michelangelo 'built in' as a contrast to that beautiful face), all of which—unified—make him real and communicative (especially to gay people) . . . a man we can truly relate to. Although he is the undisputed king of all the lesser creatures that inhabit the Uffizi Palace, David is no museum piece. Reach out . . . touch . . . there is pulse and life!

Disgusted with certain excesses of the Renaissance movement—notably its over-literalization, and the unreality of its insistence on 'superfection'—it may have been that Michelangelo was seeking to create in David not a *perfect*, but a *unique* man . . . a man with his own signature that makes him stand out head and shoulders *among* others, rather than *apart* from them. A communicative perfection.

In subtly blending David's small imperfections into his overall magnificence, Michelangelo's message across the years has been a measure for determining beauty, in any age. He seems to say "Experiment. Create a 'you' of your own . . . try for an 'I-am-me' image. It will give you a stronger personality, a greater dimension, and make you human and humpy rather than just handsome. Above all, it will help you realize that *each of us is beautiful in his own way.*"

PACKAGED BEAUTY

Possibly the reason why Americans have been so late in developing an I-am-me image is that Hollywood has miscast itself in the role of a Michelangelo. Because of the Hollywood tradition of gilding the lily; of not letting the natural goodlooks of a star shine through, but the triumph of the makeup artist; the average American moviegoer has been brainwashed into believing that only the super-perfect features of the stars—as seen at their super-perfect best on the screen—generate that aura of glamor that exerts such influence over our own attempts at 'being beautiful,' as Rimbaud said. Unlike the real Michelangelo whose David is not so perfect that we can't communicate with him, Hollywood set an impossible standard for us to aim at.

An example of this may be frequently seen on your television set. Robert

Taylor epitomized the 'Hollywood classical' face. Although a man of amazing natural goodlooks, he was never seen on the screen until he had been 'superfected' by the makeup artist. As a result, when he appeared in *Camille* with Garbo, it was he who was the more 'beautiful'. Yet in spite of being upstaged by the makeup department, Garbo triumphed because of her considerable acting skill. Taylor looked wooden, stiff . . . mummified under all that makeup. Look for this during the next rerun of *Camille* on your screen.

Unlike other countries, the United States mingles many nationalities, and so we have never had a really *typical* 'American' ideal of male beauty. The nearest we have come to this might possibly be the 'boy next door' or the midwestern farm boy with his gentle, character-filled facial features, bronzed skin and light hair. In motion pictures Tab Hunter was the prototype of this ideal in his earlier films. In recent years the more rugged Jon Voight typifies the ideal. In non-film areas, the golfer, Jack Nicklaus, is also noteworthy—interesting because as an older man he sustains the image . . . proving the ideal a valid one.

SIC TRANSIT

With the surge of foreign films that projected a greater naturalness of a star's looks—less reliance on makeup—many studios here grew wiser, and we saw such 'less pretty' and more believable types as William Holden and Marlon Brando—handsome, but communicatively so. The Tyrone Power/Robert Taylor types were on the wane. American men responded to this as a fairer challenge, and, as most readers recall, a clearer, more assertive 'American ideal' began to emerge. An I-am-me image. Still, we hadn't gone far enough.

Then, in the wake of the motion picture shakeup of several years ago (the demise of big studios such as MGM . . . the new *cinéma vérité* or 'tell it like it is' films . . . sexual explicitness that the major studios could not film, nor could large family-type theaters (such as New York's Radio City Music Hall) exhibit . . . plus the acid reaction of young people to the grinding-on of the Vietnam incursion . . . emerging Gay Lib), the firmly established concepts of goodlooks—and what *makes* a man handsome/a woman beautiful—began to change more rapidly. With the collapse of most major studios and their power as image-makers, Hollywood's idea of beauty also collapsed. 'Hollywood classical' was out. Oddly, much of this must be credited to the hippie culture of that period which spoofed it so unmercifully that it no longer had validity. Out went the cardboard idols; in came Beatty, Fonda, Eastwood and McQueen, and with them

• THE CULT OF NATURALNESS

Today we have come full circle with the cult of total realism . . . of complete naturalness. If it sometimes seems that we also have a cult of the grotesque, well, so much the better. It serves *its* purpose, and *a* purpose that affects us all, as we shall see. In the Michelangelan theory of beauty's pluses and minuses we have a clearer perspective of what male goodlooks can be, how it relates to us, and how we can claim our fair share.

(Continued on page 46)



Madonnas Of The Movies

By
Paul
Marvin

It is intermission. The first half of the show has been a blockbuster, what with Carol Channing, Katharine Hepburn, Gypsy Rose Lee and Joan Crawford all doing their thing on the same stage—portrayed, that is, by the great "male actress" Charles Pierce. Before the second act begins, Pierce comes out center stage and talks intimately to the audience. He has a special friend to introduce, a star of great reputation who has distinguished herself in endless charitable pursuits, and has come this evening to see the show. The expectation of the audience is that he will do yet another impression, but instead a frail little lady stands up and takes a timid bow, and we slowly begin to realize that this is Martha Raye. Wild applause. We are in the presence of a minor legend, a great lady who has made us laugh in the past, and more, has created in us feelings of deep and nostalgic admiration.

The second act begins and shortly we vaguely notice that Miss Raye is excusing herself quietly, heading for the powder room. In the clamor of hilarious laughter during still another of Charles Pierce's incredible impersonations, we forget that Martha has been gone quite a long time. Then, unexpectedly, during a subdued torch-song which Pierce performs as Marlene Dietrich, the unbelieving audience literally falls apart when the curtain parts and out comes Martha Raye, wearing the same black dress that Pierce had worn in Act One (only it is about eight sizes too big!); her hair is absolutely disheveled, and she has a cigarette hanging out of her nose! The rest of the show is simply up for grabs. For the next half-hour or so, Charles and Martha ad-lib each other like they had been rehearsing for weeks, and we all realize that we have had a very special treat—we have witnessed the love affair between a top-rate comic who appreciates the stars who give him his material, and a top-rate star who appreciates the loving support of a tremendous audience—a gay audience.

This repartee between female star and gay audience has been going on for a long time, and it is no secret to people in or out of show business. The first reason for the mutual attraction no doubt, is the standard explanation that the female star represents the mother image to Gays, and the gay audience gives the star a loyalty unrivalled in its devotion and dependability. But the attraction is much deeper than that. Often the Gay not only admires the star, but actually identifies with her personally.

This phenomenon of gay men identifying with female celebrities is based on reasons as interesting as they are complex. The woman in our society is publicly adored, regarded with awe and reverence (you remember apple pie and motherhood? It all goes back to motherhood!), and they are traditionally taken care

of by strong men. Everybody seems to want to give them things and do things for them, expecting nothing in return (except sex!). Many gay men see this as heaven, where no arrangement could be better.

But meanwhile, back at reality, we begin to realize that the above "public" image of women is mainly superficial. With all the awe, reverence and adoration, there is very little respect. Women are kept in their place, in many ways suppressed, and are often treated with a condescending, chauvinistic attitude. Gays can *really* identify with this!

Enter the female superstar.

Now here is a woman who gets admiration *and* respect, whom everyone wants to do things for, who is cared for by strong men, yet is a free agent, occupies a place of her own, and is, in a word, liberated. That, of course, is the key—liberation. It is a condition that any Gay would emulate if he could. And it is no accident that Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation are coming at the same time. It is the same movement, in effect—the freedom of a downtrodden group of people to rise to complete equality and deserved respect. The Gay has long admired liberated stars, and now wants that self-sufficiency for himself. It will be interesting to note whether Gays continue to worship the female star as they get progressively more liberated.

The history of star worship is as old as the history of stardom itself. The public has always looked for those people who were "larger than life," in a sometimes vain search for their own meaning. In ancient times, royalty were the stars. But in America we have no royalty except the rich, and those with wealth were not exactly beloved by the common people when the working classes began to come into their own after the industrial revolution. Fortunately for the star-watchers, the decline of the popularity of royalty coincided with the rise of mass entertainment, and the first superstars were made by the promoters of shows and concerts. It can only be imagined what a flutter was produced in the hearts of turn-of-the-century Gays at the mention of Jenny Lind, the great soprano. Of course, no concert singer could even begin to compete with the mass exposure of a motion picture star, and when movies began to take hold of the entertainment industry, there were stars and superstars like never before.

It often doesn't seem so, but we are really very close in time to the first big stars of the motion picture era. As evidence of this, remember that at least three of the very biggest stars—and favorites of Gays for over half a century—are still very much with us: Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, and of course the inimitable Mae West.

Mae West is absolutely incredible. Still living in a lavish apartment in Hollywood, she still drives



around—pardon me—is *driven* around in her limousine and still makes personal appearances looking like she did before most of us were born. Her affection for Gays is legendary, and her nightclub act in Las Vegas in the '50s sported some of the biggest musclemen in the business at the time, including Mickey Hargitay, the husband of Jayne Mansfield. No one but Miss West could have so effectively thumbed her nose at the establishment by appealing almost directly to a gay audience. She was the forerunner of the current "Gay is chic" movement. But then, she has always been a forerunner. Her debut as both an actress and playwright on Broadway was with a play simply entitled *Sex*. And that was in 1926! Since then, her continuous use of obvious sexual references has provided beautiful material for impersonators and impressionists of both the "Charles Pierce" (drag) and "Rich Little" (straight) variety. There is the famous, "Is that a pistol in your pocket, or are you glad to see me?", and of course, the unforgettable, "When I'm good, I'm very, very good; and when I'm bad, I'm better!" Mae West is still listed in the Los Angeles telephone directory. The whole world ought to give her a call and thank her for advancing the concept that sex is desirable and fun. She once even wrote a play about homosexuals entitled *The Drag*. In a recent magazine interview, she said that homosexuals "are just female souls in men's bodies." While this may not be true of all Gays, it is definitely the reason for much of the popularity of people like Miss West.

The glamorous sex symbol is the alter-ego of those Gays who would rather be women, for some Gays are continuously preoccupied with a desire to be sexy. Of course, the sexy screen goddess probably holds an allure for masculine Gays as well, since she may be appreciated for her beauty and conveniently might be a good cover as well. Besides, this type of woman exudes freedom and independence, which in themselves are qualities yearned for by those who might still be in the closet but would like to break out into the open.

In looking at the glamorous actresses, one always poignantly remembers those whose lives *seemed* glamorous and enviable, but turned out to be empty and unfulfilling, often ending early under tragic circumstances.

The first of these who comes to mind is Marilyn Monroe. Her career as the innocuous, naively sincere blonde beauty was the epitome of rags-to-riches success. She was the envy of women and a turn-on for men, and was as highly regarded by Gays in her time as Valentino was loved by young housewives in his time. Marilyn's death was a deep shock to her admirers, and was felt by no one more deeply than by Gays. There was immediate identification with the tragedy of drug overdoses and depressions, because many Gays have had similar experiences as a result of their feelings of inferior social status.

The early movie era lost Jean Harlow, and more recently the deaths of Inger Stevens and Janis Joplin have dredged up deep remorse and sadness in those who for one reason or another feel that their lives, too, are hopeless and oppressed.

The stars whose lives do not end early sometimes rise to even greater popularity. The sexy screen goddess may mellow with just a little age, and then becomes the great "Mother Earth Goddess" who takes everything under her wing and makes it all O.K. David Merrick realized the appeal of such a star in his productions of *Hello, Dolly!*, and his casting shows it. The show opened with Carol Channing, a favorite of Gays because of her glamorous, gaudy costumes, her gravelly, intimate voice and her slightly kooky outlook on everything. The list of her successors in the show reads like a "Who's Who" of glamorous-mellowing stars: Mary Martin, Betty Grable, Martha Raye, Ginger Rogers, and, inevitably, Ethel Merman. Then Merrick had the brilliant idea of doing *Dolly* with an all-black cast, and chose another all-time favorite of Gays the world over, Miss Pearl Bailey. Now, if Pearl Mae isn't outspoken and an uncompromising lover of people, then no one is. Gays can't help but appreciate a woman like that, who treats everyone the same no matter what his beliefs, color, national origin, size or shape.

If the sexy screen star mellows with just a little age, then she ripens with a lot of age. A few, like Crawford, West, and Marlene Dietrich remain glamorous all their lives, while others move into character roles and become larger-than-life parodies of themselves. There is a special charm about these stars who outlast their notoriety to become legends in their own time. And it is

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these the transvestites and impersonators most often mimic. They are colorful, flamboyant, the feminine mystique carried to its ultimate expression.

Bette Davis, perhaps the most impersonated female star in the world, is just such a personality. Somewhere between *The Corn is Green* (1945) and *All About Eve* (1950), the great character that was Bette Davis began overtaking the regular human being, and began to put her on the universal level. She became trapped by the image which she created, and which today makes her what she is. There is no escape for her. She will always be the wide-eyed, innocent old lady who has just murdered her old boyfriend in the crumbling Southern mansion with the garden shears. She will also always be the prototype "fag hag" (we use the term endearingly), who only recently has commented adversely about her massive Gay following.

It is highly doubtful that anyone who has ever been to a nightclub performance of any female impersonator has failed to see a Bette Davis impression. It is simply the *sine qua non* of supper-club impressionists; if an impressionist ever left her out of an act, he would probably be reminded by someone in the audience.

Speaking of Bette Davis, one of the greatest impersonators who ever minced the stages of the Sunset Strip or Finnochio's was the inimitable Thomas Craig—better known as T.C.—Jones. Critics raved about him, and it was inevitably said, "He is absolutely fantastic. He does Bette Davis better than she does!" Of course, T.C. Jones' own descriptions of the stars he "did" were classics in their own right: Bette Davis was "nervous-Beyond-the-Forrest-Nellie"; Katharine Hepburn was a "tall, pink pipecleaner with freckles"; and of Tallulah Bankhead: "Her entrance into a room makes Loretta Young look like Ed Sullivan." Impersonators owe a lot to the stars, though, and T.C. Jones was always quite kind, never vicious, in his impressions of the great ones.

Interestingly enough, one of the great stars of movies is rarely if ever done by impressionists, probably because the bulk of her career was spent in silent films. But Gloria Swanson's return to the screen in the person of Norma Desmond is both a star and a story with which Gays identify strongly. Norma Desmond is an aging, decaying former silent star who lives in a mansion, but is afraid to show her face for fear her former popularity will be gone. She plans a film comeback with the help of a young, struggling writer, a comeback which will tragically never take place. Few films grip the soul of Gay audiences like *Sunset Boulevard* because of the importance of the popularity of youth and the dreadful fear of losing everything to advancing age.

Of course, though the fears are there, time rarely makes monsters of us and with time we come to accept growing older, despite our earlier feelings of horror at the thought. It is fortunate that we can overcome these fears and not end up like Norma Desmond.

Speaking of growing older, some of the vintage stars (female) become quite masculine as their characters become more and more distorted, and the juxtaposition of the female image and the masculinity makes these stars quite interesting. Invariably, this mixture creates a character which is gruff and seemingly hard, but which softens sentimentally at just the right moment.

Mark Twain's "Aunt Polly" character in *Tom Sawyer* is a perfect example, and was played beautifully in the 1938 film by May Robson. Her performance was truly heartbreaking, as she realized that her strong, unflinching womanhood had just been too much for Tom, who had run off and been presumably drowned. Of course, the deep sentiment turned once again into stony scowling when Tom hilariously showed up at his own funeral!

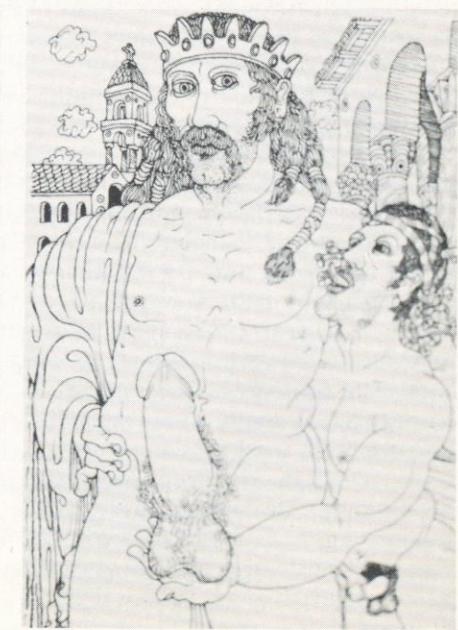
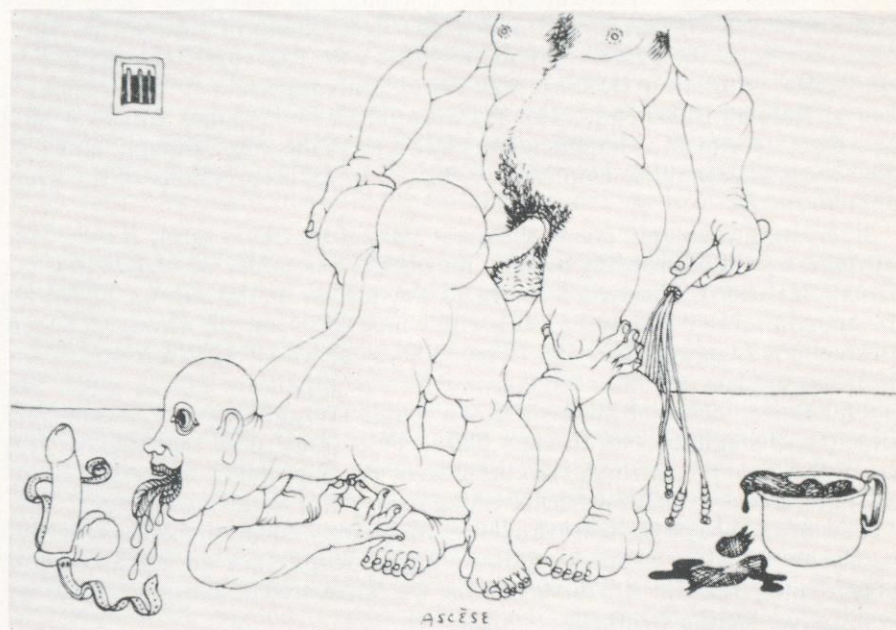
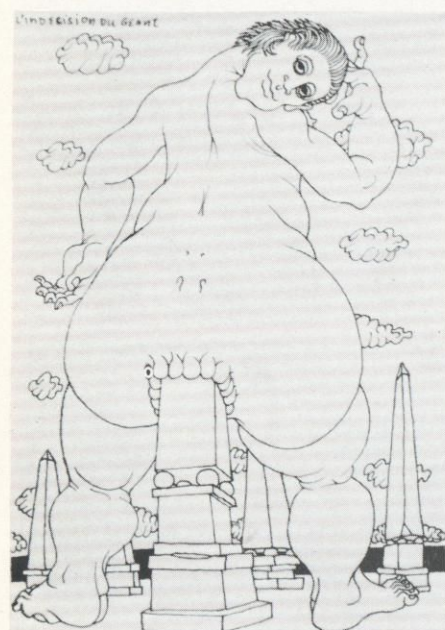
Marjorie Main, in her portrayals of Tugboat Annie and Ma Kettle, was a perfect mixture of sentiment and toughness, and Gays seem to respect that mixture, found in few people, which allowed the old broad to get just about everything she wanted from life. And every Gay in the audience must have applauded the great Marie Dressler as she braided up one side and down the other her overbearing husband, Wallace Beery, in *Min and Bill*.

Lucille Ball got away with it for years (and will for eternity through re-runs of *I Love Lucy*), and consequently is a favorite of many, many Gays worldwide. Miss Ball has a unique appeal, as she is quite popular today with very young Gays, still in their teens, youngsters who see in her the beloved crazy person who screws up everything, but for

(Continued on page 48)

January/February 1975





EROTICA!

IT comes as no surprise that the only museum of erotic art in the entire world is in San Francisco. Its very existence comments on the civil freedom and sophistication the city enjoys.

The International Museum of Erotic Art is in Powell Street just a couple of blocks from Union Square. More than 2,000 visitors pass through its doors each week to view at least that many exhibits.

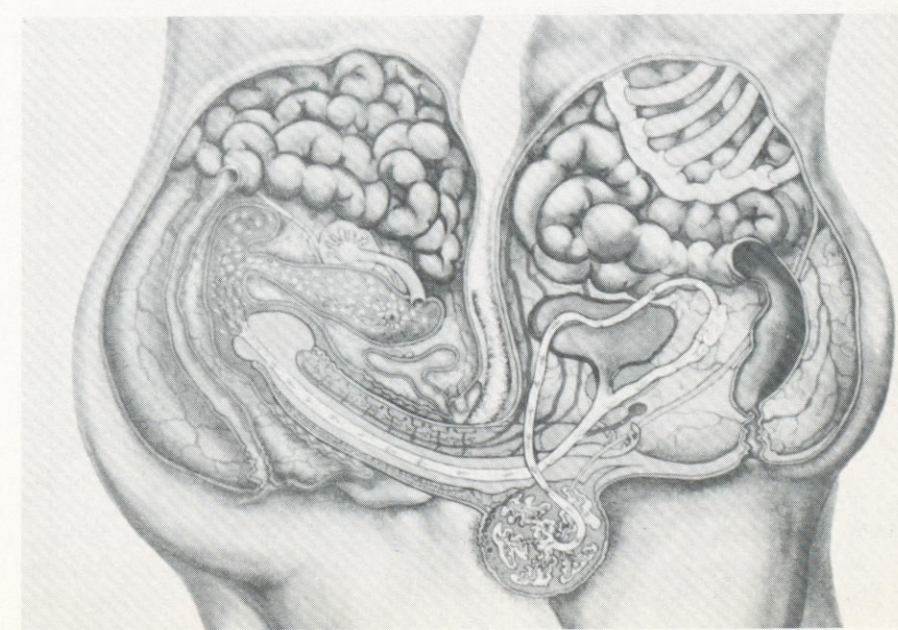
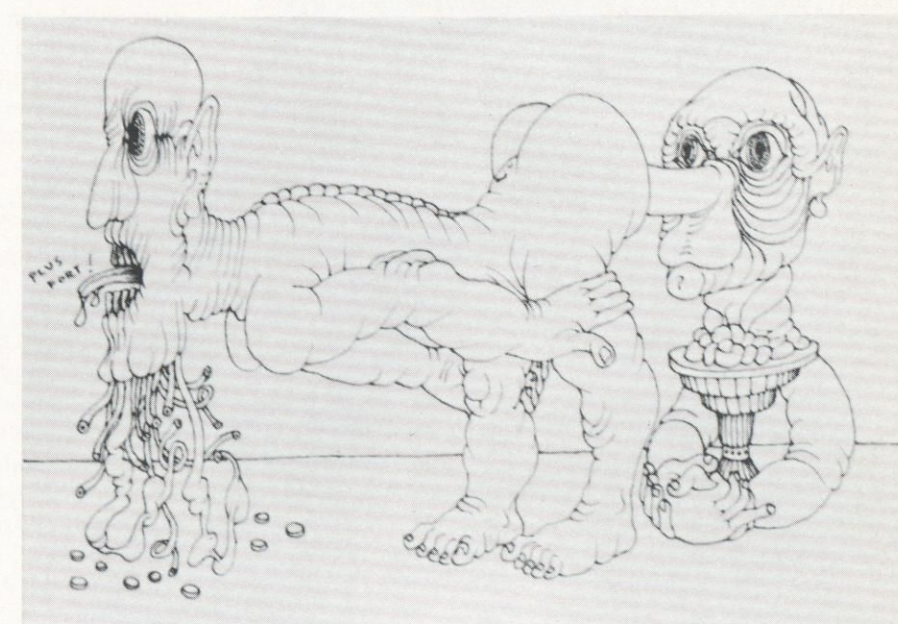
Much of what is displayed is heterosexual erotica but there are numerous items of special interest to gay viewers. This is particularly evident in the temporary exhibits which are changed four times a year; gay art is frequently featured.

Such an exhibit was that of Cuban painter Ramon Alejandro, who lives in Paris. His gay erotica comprises only a small part of his total output—but is his most interesting; in it he bares his imagination and exposes his sexual fantasies.

You see here nine of Alejandro's drawings. Study them not only for their obvious humor but also for their hidden meanings. (The tenth drawing at the bottom of the page on the right depicts the anatomy of heterosexual intercourse and is typical of the contemporary works on permanent display.)

We are grateful to the Museum for giving Alan Tuck permission to photograph Alejandro's drawings for our pages. And we urge you to visit this most interesting museum on your next trip to beautiful San Francisco.

January/February 1975



An Original Book

The Socrates Caper

by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the sequel to "The Ebanykus Journal," a book which appeared in serial form in QQ Magazine throughout 1973. A condensation of "The Socrates Caper" will be run in six consecutive issues of this magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1975. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of several 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 . . . and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER V

WE hustled everyone out of the Broadway so they wouldn't see Gene Bouclé's body, using the excuse we were closing for special cleanup. The chance of a suspect still being in the building seemed remote. Whoever had killed Gene had fled over the rooftop by now through the hidden door.

Gregorio was near hysteria as soon as we told him, breaking into sobs and yelling "Elliott! That goddamn Elliott! He killed him! Why?"

We had to talk him out of it fast. He was lashing out to find a victim for his grief, but once we calmed him down, he accepted, as much as we did, that Elliott couldn't kill anyone. And we told Gregorio about the hidden door to the roof.

Elliott had given us authority over the phone to refund money to those who'd been inside less than eight hours, and he called the police. He got to the Broadway almost as fast as the cops.

Shit, any one of us could've killed Gene—even Gregorio himself.

Gregorio broke down again when they carried Gene out. Poor Bouclé. In life he was a prick, playing everyone against the other. But murder? Man, I almost broke down myself. It was sick.

How long had Gene been dead? Our alibis would depend on that. If it was before midnight, we'd be clear—except for Elliott. Who had come in over the roof, if anyone?

The detective in charge, Elliott's friend, "Dick-in-the-closet" as we were calling him, was no homophobe, even if he did have a kind of fifties greaser look about him. He was a humpy number, actually, square cut and square jawed and solid muscle. Who knows? Maybe he did swing with guys. If so, he was together about it, with no sneers or snides about the environment he was in at the Baths. And apparently, Elliott had won his confidence, if not his ass.

But during questions on the dance floor while his men were dusting for prints and poking around

upstairs, Dick said he wanted to close us down.

And, damn it, the cops *were* onto the hidden room and stairway to the roof. I was pissed Elliott had never mentioned this to us.

Dick, the detective, also said we'd all have to "stay in touch" until he checked our stories with Gene's time of death. We said nothing about Gregorio's ex-relationship with Gene. I couldn't believe Gregorio would kill anyone either.

The real hangup was Dick's wanting to close us down. Ebanykus saved the day, but I could've kicked him in the ass for it.

"Look, how we gonna find out who did these murders, Dick, if you close the Broadway?" Good ol' Ebanykus. He had to open his beautiful mouth.

"Whaddya mean, son?" I loved that, Dick calling my lover, "son!"

"I mean, the killer will strike again for sure, but only if we're open. Right? We can be ready and waiting."

"How's that?"

"Well, like we can plant a decoy up there. Someone who can chase him off, or follow him, or something."

"Are you volunteering? I don't think I've got anyone in the precinct who's relaxed enough to come in here and pose in a turkish towel."

"Well, sure, I'll do it."

Elliott raised a weary hand. "I can't let you, Ebanykus. We're dealing with mobsters—hoods. They'll stop at nothing." "I doubt if the Syndicate's pulling this, Elliott," said Dick, the detective. "It's got to be some kind of nut. Both boys were molested—and I mean—well, why beat around the bush, I mean screwed good before they were killed—and not raped, mind you. It had to be someone they knew, or had just met, and decided to do a turn with."

Gregorio was unable to stifle a groan and twisted away. Dick looked at him with professional coldness, but there was a thaw in his voice. "I'm sorry," he said, "but we have to deal with the facts. Okay, Eban . . ."

"Ebanykus," my lover interrupted with a disarming smile.

"Eban—ee—well, okay. We'll try it your way. We'll let you stay open, Elliott. Stay closed today and reopen tonight, and you can stay open tomorrow, Saturday, all day and Sunday too. If nothing develops by then, we'll take another look." He got up and stretched. "I want all of you to stay close until we check your alibis with time of death. I'm sorry, but you're all suspect." He shot another hard look at Gregorio. "I'll try to assign a man to help you, Eban, if I can (Continued on page 43)

QQ

Alexander





Photo by Ramon

Barefoot & Bareass In California

Sun & Steam In Tinsel Town

By Dakota Jonson

THE town is a turn-on . . . most all its five hundred square miles! Wherever you go, the guys are gorgeous . . . stunning, statuesque bronzed bodies with flowing, flaxen hair; neatly trimmed Latins, Blacks and Orientals; blow job artists in remote antique shops; the Akron john on Sunset Boulevard in East Hollywood . . .

Dig the Peruvian surfer following his endless summer. You pick him up hitch-hiking on Santa Monica Boulevard and drive him to his salt water destiny. Or the blond gas station attendant at Roscoe and Louise in San Fernando Valley (Reseda) early in the morning, hanging there after you pay for petrol, his eager cock bulging in brown cords, friendly as a horny stud in a male massage parlor (there's one at 5859 Melrose in Hollywood called Selma Health Studios).

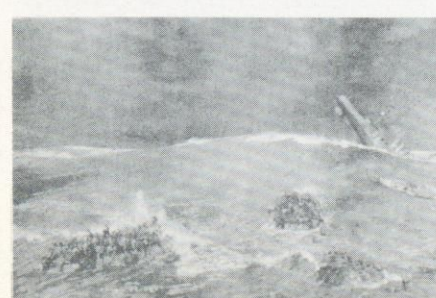
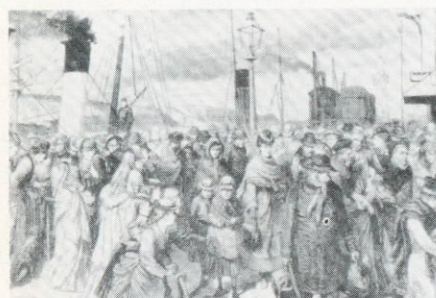
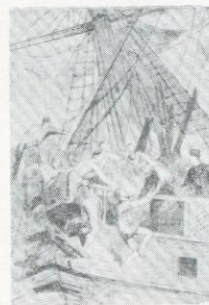
There are about twenty tubs in and around this huge megalopolis—the largest "city" in the world—but only a very few to be recommended. There are at least forty miles of sand and spray between formerly-nude Venice and the spooky meatrack under the crumbling ruins of Pacific Ocean Park . . . all the way up to the legalized nakedness of "Pirate's Cove" at Zuma Beach and rocky rendezvous.

Kismet? The ultimate? Action awaits you in every crash of the wave and swing of the sauna door? Maybe.

I came as a stranger, but frankly the best way (Continued on page 37)

1. Venice Beach, looking north towards the nude section. 2. Pacific Ocean Park Pier. The gay section is on its north side. Meat rack underneath. 3. Looking south toward Pacific Ocean Park Pier and the gay section. 4. Roman Holiday Spa. 5. Hollywood Spa. 6. State Beach. Marion Davies' home is on the left. 7. "Pirate's Cove." Sometimes there's action on the rocks. 8. Nudists at "Pirate's Cove."





The Seasexuals The Gay Life Of A Dowager Queen

By Jon Lorrimer

ON the face of it, it seems inconceivable that a fuel crisis could trigger a sex hazard. But it can, and did, and brought shudders to the hearts of those nautical gay guys who, preferring not to fly, look forward each year to a trip abroad via ocean liner. For many whose energy rhythms and sexual processes are decycled and delayed by jet lag this is the high point of 'life in city pent' . . . a leisurely five-day crossing to Europe or—more lengthily—a cruise around the world in the roomiest, most pleasant quarters . . . with gourmet dining as a shipboard way of life . . . and all to the sound of 'musical cabins', or "Which deck has the orgy today?" The sex hazard resulted principally from the sudden spurts in fuel prices, rather than lack of fuel; a fact that made shipowners shudder—and here is how it happened:

On March 28, 1974 the liner *France*, with her gay red stacks and jaunty blue bonnets, was circling the tip of Africa, midway her famous cruise around the world, for which her passengers had paid a minimum of \$5,770 for an inside cabin on D Deck to \$116,874 for the three-bedroom Normandie Suite, when the news was flashed that the *France* would be taken out of service at the end of the cruise. The reason given was the disastrous and almost everyday boosts in fuel costs. The *France*, cruising at 30 knots, burns one ton of fuel per nautical mile. When she had left Le Havre on January 4 fuel had cost the usual \$20 a ton. But upon her arrival in New York to begin her around-the-world cruise she discovered that refueling would cost \$35 a ton. Smiling bravely through her tears she sailed on to Rio de Janeiro where, to her acute dismay, the price of fuel had shot up to \$120 a ton. "Mon Dieu!" the owners must have thought. "Wouldn't it be wiser to cancel the rest of the cruise, fly the passengers back to New York and refund the balance of the cruise price?" Gallic valor, however, won over Gallic thrift, and so the cruise continued although—with still further increases in fuel costs as a possibility—they must have felt they'd have to do something drastic to cut cruising costs . . . such as cutting out the caviar at cocktail time, or the *pâté de foie gras* at dinner. Fortunately the crisis eased before such drastic measures were required. Moreover, the French Government announced that the state subsidy to the French Line to keep this dowager queen gliding over the ocean in grand style would be considerably increased, thus assuring gay guys and happy everyone a continuation of their nautical way of life. Although there has been further talk that the *France* may be taken out of service it is hoped that mounting public pressure will cause a rescission of any such plan.

We need the *France* badly because her breed is rapidly becoming extinct. The *Queen Mary*—that floating museum of Art Deco at its finest flowering—is now a sightseeing attraction at Long Beach. Her sister, the *Queen Elizabeth* drowned in Hong Kong harbor. Her cousin, the *United States* is gathering barnacles at Newport News; while other distant relatives on the Italian side are soon to be taken out of transatlantic service to serve the more profitable Caribbean cruise trade. Thus with the few exceptions of sporadic winter crossings (but of course many more in summer) by a German, a Swedish, a Greek, a Norwegian and two Dutch ships of far lesser size and comfort (and opportunities), the *France* (hopefully) and the still-dewy bride—the *QE2*—are the only real glamour queens plying the ocean strip to Europe.

For all its historicity, travel by ship has become an acquired taste for the new few—gay or straight. It's just not popular now, nor is it likely to be again, with the general public—principally because everyone seems to be in a rush to get from *here* to *there* . . . as if what's over there is of such compelling interest that not a precious second of travel time must be lost in getting to the scene of the action.

(Continued on page 40)

Athletic Model Guild

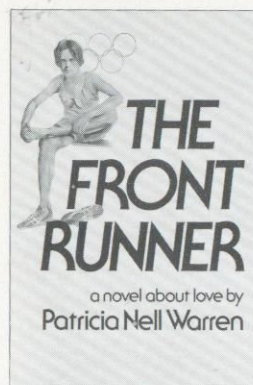


QQ's Man of the Month
Bart

By Dudley



Book Review



Never before has a really top-flight gay male (differing from Lesbian) novel been written by a woman. (That is not meant as a sexist remark; it's a cold fact—and deplorable.) Happily, here now is *The Front Runner*, by Patricia Nell Warren, William Morrow & Co., 346 pgs., \$7.95.

First, let me disabuse you of any sexist prejudices you may have. There really is no valid reason why a woman cannot write a good male gay novel. With any perception at all she knows about guys making it with other guys, and the mechanics are not too hard to figure out. What is important is that she have an appreciation of the depth possible in a gay love; and this, precisely, is what *The Front Runner* is all about.

The Front Runner is a strong, butch, up-beat gay love story, set against the background of collegiate and international track competition. (Incidentally, Ms. Warren knows her field. She was, herself, a long-distance runner who helped force the A.A.U. to eliminate anti-female discrimination from track policy.)

Track, as you may know, is highly competitive and "pure," i.e., not legally a contact sport. (And, if you think reading a book concerned with track might be a bore, you're wrong. It's full of drama, danger, suspense, and excitement.) What we often forget when we see those great bodies in motion is that track requires an immense amount of training and discipline. Ms. Warren really lays this on, and the result is that we know her characters are not just horsing around; they are deeply dedicated and highly motivated. These forces pervade their every waking moment, including their love and sex lives, and it follows that they don't horse around much there either.

Now take track as the dominant scene. Set it in the context (1975-76) of a conservative officialdom being forced to recognize openly gay athletes as qualified athletes at Olympic levels. Inject a love be-

tween a champion and his coach. The sparks fly as from cleats on cinder.

The Front Runner is narrated in the first person by Harlan Brown, an ex-Marine in his late thirties, a successful track coach at a progressive upstate New York college. Harlan is initially a classic closet case: crewcut, no fraternization, all that shit. In the course of the novel he comes out as beautifully, sensitively, and honestly as any man has ever done; and he comes out with a hard-on, too.

Billy Sive (I swear there is something sexy about the name I can't put my finger on) is the front runner—a runner who stays out front rather than one who follows the pack and spurts—openly gay, super-honorable, not an overly-endowed Greek god, but healthy, free and mostly happy; and he works at all three. Billy Sive is the kind of character you're with from the starting gun. It is simply impossible to dislike him; I fell in love with him.

Billy's two best friends, Vince and Jacques, also runners, are lovers with good and bad points, just like people. In fact, all of Ms. Warren's characters are drawn that way. There is Billy's divorced father, a (conveniently) gay civil rights lawyer, a transvestite (whom we first meet at the Continental Baths!), a dyke (just one, a nice one), a flagellated kid-refugee from an S&M whorehouse who is on shit, and lots of others (oh, yes, Billy's stupidly funny, bitchy mother) who are all round, not flat; etched deeply, not sketched lightly; human beings, not cardboard constructions.

Because Ms. Warren is a first-rate storyteller her characters, settings, and drama all hang together, superbly orchestrated. Her novel catches up the reader. You live it, breathe it, laugh, grin and cry.

You may very well gag on the lump in your throat. But again, Ms. Warren succeeds; no maudlin crap, no fake sentimentality. Her characters remain true: they pick themselves up and run on, taking the reader right along with them.

Every gay writer, male or female, should put *The Front Runner* on his must-list. It is a model of carefully-worked construction. Dialog consistently rings true. Characters and situations are dramatically genuine. The pace is the crescendo every writer strives for; and, almost unbelievably, the final movement is no letdown; it takes you soaring.

I urge you as bluntly as possible to read *The Front Runner*. It may be a long time before as good a gay novel comes along.

Even then, it'll be hard to beat *The Front Runner*.

—Orlando Paris

THE DYNAMICS OF FELLATIO (Continued from page 6)

to touch the phallus. The mouth should be opened wide enough so that the teeth are 'retracted' and do not abrade the sensitive flesh of the phallus. The usual reaction—a quite natural one—is for the partner to lose his erection simply as a means of protection. To assure a smooth stroke back and forth, the lips should be pressed firmly against the phallus. It should not be allowed to just 'wallow around' in your mouth (not much excitement in that!). Also, by salivating you help make the stroking smoother because this is a natural lubrication. The fingers (especially in fellating a very large phallus) should be used. Try to make them an extension of your mouth, so that you stroke and suck in tandem. In this way the partner has the feeling of being in a really 'deep throat'. This 'unit functioning' is the basic working position of fellatio and everything else is a variation of it . . . done in just a different way, in a different position, under different circumstances. Often the partner will suggest certain variations he'd like you to perform. More often, however, he won't say anything, but just signify by sighing and moaning that you are pleasing him . . . or, by guidance-touching of his hands on your head, indicate some variation that will please him more. One must quickly learn how to read these signals, otherwise a certain degree of sexual rapport is lost, and if not quickly regained this can delay orgasm interminably.

Is there any harm in fellatio? Physically, no. But if forced against the will to suck an individual one would not otherwise have chosen (forced oral rape, as it were), or forced to perform in some way one finds repellent, this can be psychologically damaging. Traumas such as this are extremely rare. Because homosexuals usually enter into the act with joy—or possibly curiosity—there is no danger. Legally, fellatio comes under the heading of sodomy, which is a punishable offense in most places.

What does '69-ing' mean? It is a term derived from the position two partners must assume when sucking each other simultaneously. This sexual mutuality is very desirable if the physiques of both men make the 69-ing position possible and—equally as important—comfortable.

What is a 'daisy chain'? Numerous persons sucking one another simultaneously. It also refers to mass anal intercourse. However, the term is now somewhat obsolescent—men with *macho* detest the femininity of the word (it's curiously old-fashioned). They refer to group sex as just an *orgy*. And an orgy continued for many hours, or days, is called a *marathon*.

Is there a disease factor in fellatio? VD, of course, which is a factor in any form of sex—heterosex or homosex—if your partner is infected. It's wise to know the symptoms of VD, and a newer venereal disease called VVD—Viral Venereal Disease. While the former is caused by bacteria, the latter is caused by a virus. For more complete information on this latter form of VD, please refer to the December 1974 issue of *QQ Magazine* which covered all aspects of this disease. Knowing the symptoms of VD or

QQ

VVD is important. Prompt treatment can then save the day.

Can fellatio injure the throat? Actually no . . . only if your partner's phallus is super-large and/or unnecessarily roughly used. This may result in a minor irritation. There have been rare examples of a brutish or emotionally-overcome partner forcing his phallus into the other's throat, preventing breathing. Obviously suffocation results from this. It almost never happens. And if it does, you have a fist . . . hit him squarely on the testicles and he'll pull out instantly.

How can 'gagging' during fellatio be prevented? It is usually only a psychological reaction. Perhaps as a child you were taught to associate dirt/filth with the phallus and it is your 'memory bank' that causes you to gag. Practice, as they say, makes perfect, however, and so when you feel a 'gag' coming on, switch to some other oral variation for a few moments, or take a slight rest pause. When you take the phallus again it will go in easily, and far more deeply than you ever thought it might.

Is there any harm in swallowing semen? Semen, come, or 'cum' as it is often spelled, is not at all harmful. It's pure protein . . . and good for you! However, if you overindulge—such as bringing a half-dozen or more to orgasm in an orgy—you may experience some kind of temporary stomach discomfort or temporary diarrhea.

THE ESSENTIALS OF GOOD ORAL SEX

Successful fellatio involves eleven essentials: [1] pressure; [2] moisture; [3] rhythm (speed); [4] suction; [5] tickling; [6] licking; [7] body position; [8] manipulation; [9] coordination; [10] conscious awareness; and [11] final withdrawal.

All of these essentials must be combined and made easily subject to variations—the latter being most important because each partner is different; has different tastes; prefers different variations; is structurally different; is phallically different (longer or thicker, larger or smaller) and responds in his own unique way. Through constant practice one becomes aware of even the slightest positive/negative response from his partner and either continues with it (for how can you argue with success?) or varies it (until he intuits that his partner is being totally satisfied).

[1] *Pressure.* Lips control pressure on the phallus. The teeth should be 'pulled' into the jaw as the mouth is opened wide and the lips are pursed. However, don't tense the lips so much that their inflexible rigidity feels like a sharp blade on your partner's phallus. Think 'taut', not 'tight'. On the other hand, never let your lips go loose. Think 'pliable' not 'floppy'. The tongue should also be tensed just slightly and lowered as the phallus enters the mouth . . . and raised as it withdraws. The lip-tongue action beautifully controls the exact amount of tension needed, and the feeling should be that of *firmness* on the phallus . . . not hardness. If pressure is too great your partner will in some way indicate this, such as withdrawing in obvious discomfort.

[2] *Moisture.* Lubrication—through salivation—is as necessary to sucking as K-Y or Vaseline is to anal sex. It's better to salivate too much than not at all, inasmuch as a dry mouth can cause some irritation through the



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

Richard Wagner

AS Shakespeare might have said of Richard Wagner if he'd lived in the composer's time, "Me thinks Dick protests too much." Yes, entirely too much. In the public eye, it was women, women, women with the musical titan. But in the closet—and out of it in one glaring instance—the colorful, dramatically inclined conceiver of such thunderous operatic accomplishments as *Tristan and Isolde*, *Lohengrin*, and *The Ring of the Nibelungs* had a decided yen for boys.

Even Wagner's notorious tomcatting didn't hold up under scrutiny, for the women he chased were the traditional types homosexuals feel safe with—un-

attainable because of social reasons, age, or marital status.

Wagner's own first marriage was a long, loveless and childless mess, and his second marriage—to the wife of his then best friend, pianist-conductor Hans von Bulow—didn't take place until his world-famous romantic interlude with Ludwig II, King of Bavaria, was at an end.

It was through the sponsorship of "Mad" Ludwig that Wagner reached fruition in his career and his emotional life. Ludwig's royal sponsorship made possible the costly mounting of Wagner's major, lengthy and extravagant operas, something that might have been forever thwarted if Ludwig (Continued on page 50)

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:

19TH CENTURY AMERICAN LOVERS

The affair of *Walt Whitman* and *Peter Doyle* is legendary in gay annals. At first thought, they might seem unlikely lovers—the great poet and the horse-car conductor. But the fact is that although the author of *Leaves of Grass* was friendly with the intellectuals of his age, he also enjoyed the company of uneducated but handsome young la-

borers, seamen, and longshoremen, so it isn't surprising that he and Doyle formed a liaison.

Doyle was quite frank about it, and said, "We were familiar at once. I put my hand on his knee, and we understood."

No such candid observation was left for gay history by *Jack Chase*, the lover of novelist *Herman Melville*, but Melville himself is clear enough about his feelings (Continued on page 50)

rhythmic, piston-like movement of mouth on phallus. It can also be just as uncomfortable for your partner.

[3] *Rhythm* (speed). This is your SPM—your 'strokes per minute' . . . the steady rhythm at which you bring your mouth up and down on the phallus. Is there an average? Sixty strokes per minute is about average.

Rather than stroke faster, stroke more slowly (some partners really prefer slower stroking because it gives them a chance to savor the act). Very fast (frantic) sucking generally produces nothing more than fatigue for you, and possible discomfort and puzzlement for your partner. "What's the hurry?" he will wonder. Whatever speed you choose, you'll soon know if it's the right speed by your partner's reaction. Here are some signs and portents: if he begins to masturbate in your mouth while you are sucking, you are probably hurting him, and he's too polite to say so. (Generally this will be pain from your teeth.) The slight gesture is meant to throw you off a little. Or he may attempt to thrust his body upward or forward (this will depend, of course, on whether you are lying or kneeling), rather than remain passive. This is your cue to 'simmer down' and take it easy. In other words, if he 'climbs up', you 'climb down'.

[4] *Suction*. A mild suction should be sustained throughout oral sex, and increased slightly with each successive phallic lunge/plunge. There is a good reason for this. Suction helps maintain and increase the sensation of pressure, thereby creating a tighter housing for the shaft. It makes for a 'neat interior'.

Suction is created by 'pulling in' slightly on air already trapped in your mouth. (You can practice this right now. Without taking in any extra air, simply 'suck' in your cheeks, making a big dimple in each cheek.) That's the technique. Don't carry this too far (and there is always a strong temptation to do this) because a vacuum will be created that will (a) make the movement of the phallus into your mouth sluggish . . . difficult . . . even tortuous, while (b) causing pain to your partner (especially a very sensitive one . . . certainly one who is uncircumcised).

[5] *Tickling*. This brings into action the tip of your tongue. And it does a valuable auxiliary job. For example, while the phallus should never be withdrawn (or released, from the aggressor's point of view) except for necessary rest periods, but kept in the mouth for the duration of your 'turn at bat', the tip of the phallus should be stroked in a variety of ways by the tip of your tongue. If your partner is not circumcised, you have practically a whole treasure trove to explore with your tongue. In and under the foreskin, then down and around the ring of the *glans penis*, or rolling back the foreskin (or trying to) with your tongue. You can drive him to sheer ecstasy with this ploy, so don't fail to use it. It will give you time to rest from your plunging labors—to recuperate, as it might be termed—so that when you start 'deep throating' it again you'll be as fresh as when you started.

While you are reading this, practice on your thumb. Although your thumb is by no means the sensitive instrument your phallus is, you will be surprised at how erotic even this can be! An even better idea is to practice

on one of the new sex toys—rubber dildoes—since these are molded rubber that follow exactly the convolutions of the phallus. You can have a complete college education in the fine art of fellatio with a sex toy. You should have two or three—in various sizes—from modest to Super Whopper. Then you'll never be taken by surprise when Mr. Gigantic comes along!

[6] *Licking*. Although somewhat related to tickling, licking is like a broader brush stroke of an artist on his canvas. Here one 'swashes' at the phallus, rather than just dallies with it. You might also 'dive for pleasure' by sliding your tongue erotically up and down the *corpus spongiosum* (that huge vein/tube running from the top (frenum) to the testicles). Whip it with your tongue . . . caress it . . . slowly slide one edge of your tongue against it, then the whole tongue . . . then down and up the other side. The best place to begin is at the *testicles*. The sensation is immediate there, and mounts as you tongue upward. Just have fun up and down . . . and go ver-r-ry slowly. If you do, he will have the oddest sensation that his phallus is doubling in size! This sends him on an ego trip, of course, and you can imagine with what rapturous expectation he will greet the resumption of your stroking when you again take it deeply into your mouth.

While your jaws are relaxing for a few moments, the use of this little trick will keep his phallus stimulated. No loss of erection. Too often the inexperienced aggressor 'rest-pauses' too long before redoubling his sucking/stroking. Thus the erection is lost, and the whole scene must be remounted.

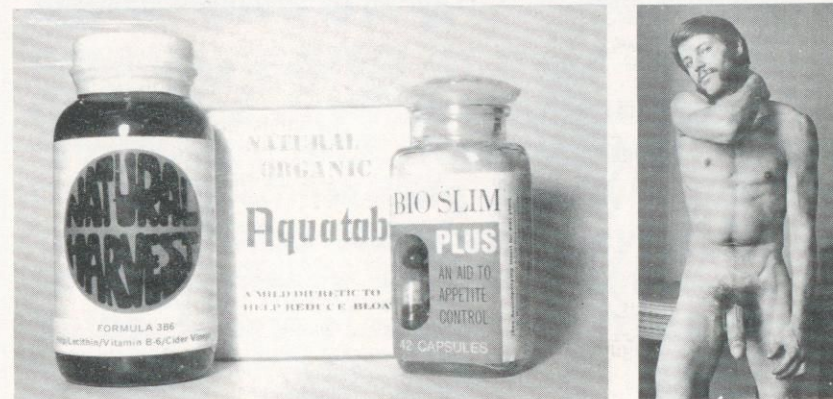
Sucking, and being sucked, is not all 'peaks'. Little plateaus, or leveling-off periods are needed. This special swish/swashing of the *corpus spongiosum* in such a plateau is most effective. The big vein on the underside is quite elastic and porous (spongy . . . from *spongiosum*, of course) and the suction of your mouth on the pores brings blood to the surface, causing it to rise and swell. If at the same time you lavish love on his phallus with your hand, the effect is one of continuous excitement. Also, if he has a very long and very thick phallus, this technique is excellent for helping bring it to initial erection. You won't waste so much of your energy on just sucking it to get it up.

[7] *Body Position*. Basic, and most popular, is the position in which the performer is hunched over his reclining partner, head laced over the phallus. Another basic position is to kneel before your partner (this is the only possible position when you are doing someone in a john or, as the saying goes, place of public inconvenience). In the comfort of a bedroom, however, many other positions/variations are possible, such as the 69 position, previously mentioned, in which one lies flat atop the other, or side by side. The latter is more comfortable, especially if the topmounter is a hefty fellow. Also in 69-ing the 'touch system' can be used. One can tap the other to indicate a need for reduced stroking speed if premature ejaculation seems imminent. In this way, both can come simultaneously—the most desirable and complete sex.

Other positions: performer sitting, facing partner, with partner standing at phallus-to-mouth level (especially effective if the performer has a long body). Or performer

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lying on his back, head propped up and forward on a firm pillow, partner sitting on chest, body angled forward for phallic insertion. Here, however, there is a 'tooth problem'. The performer's teeth are at such an angle as to cause scraping. There's no problem on the downstroke, only on the upstroke, because the friction-plus-suction may pull your lips away from your teeth, thus baring them to the phallus. Practice this right now and you'll see how it works. Simply insert *both* your thumbs in your mouth (one on *top* of the other, *not* side by side... this makes a pretty good phallus for our purpose). Now withdraw your thumbs as you would in stroking. Did you feel your teeth on your thumbs as you pulled them out? Try it again, keeping your lips over your teeth, drawing as far back as possible. In time—because you are now conscious of this—it will become automatic, and as you pull down/back with your lips you will thrust them a little farther forward, and never scratch that beautiful thing. You might do a little double-thumb practice every day. It will act as a 'refresher course' and keep your lips on target... not your teeth.

Many other positions are possible, but they depend principally on the type of build each partner has. Long bone lengths can make certain positions easily possible for a couple... yet very uncomfortable for another. Experience will teach you how to judge, and how to cope.

[8] *Manipulation*. The performer's hands can assist in fellatio. But they should not bear the brunt of the work. Don't depend too much on your hands, lest your partner says disgustedly, "I didn't come here to be jerked off!" Usually the most subtle ways in which you use your fingers are the best. The index finger and thumb can be looped around the phallus and made to serve as a extra set of 'lips'. This is helpful if you have someone who is difficult to bring to erection.

Here, however, some lubrication is beneficial; salivate freely in order to moisten your fingers. Also, if you are gently probing his anus, or stroking his nipples, saliva-moistened fingers are more erotic (and in the anus, saliva prevents sticking and abrasion).

A thing about nipples: you may find that his pectorals respond (swell) faster and fuller if you won't just pick at the nipples with your thumb and forefinger. The nipple is not a bell button. Don't press it. Rather, try gently squeezing/kneading them *between index and middle finger*. You get a longer stroke this way, and the nipple feels encompassed, rather than attacked. Never make clockwise/counter-clockwise rotations with the nipples. They are so sensitive that pain quickly results and much of your sexual rapport vanishes. (Likewise in sucking the nipples... suck, don't bite, unless he has a masochistic feeling for this... in which case he'll tell you.)

Often you will have a partner who wants your middle finger inserted in his anus while you're sucking. This produces a stimulation of the prostate gland (which can be felt in the rectum), and helps bring him to orgasm more quickly. Sometimes such a partner will have done this to himself so often during masturbation that he can't really 'orgasm' with a partner unless he has this homey comfort.

[9] *Coordination*. Everything we have

touched on in this article must be combined to assure total pleasure. Variety, as we said, is essential, and combinations/variations should be frequently changed during an encounter. Otherwise your technique will simply be too reminiscent of everyone else's... no surprises. Changing variations assures a chain of eroticizations that makes orgasm a glory and wonder each time... like the first time. If you will practice each of these eleven essentials singly until you have them down pat—second nature—and *then* combine them, you will be able to consider yourself an expert fellationist.

[10] *Conscious awareness*. Since each of us is unique there is no one utilitarian, all-purpose sucking technique that works all the time for every partner. If you have mastered and favor a particular technique, never 'insist' with it. Be always aware of what your partner wants. *He's* the one to please. Learn to be so watchful, and so attuned to the subtle shadings of another's fellational preferences that you can switch at once from your accustomed style. For example, if your partner begins to move uncomfortably, or pulls his phallus from your mouth voluntarily, obviously he is not being delighted with what you are doing. So reexamine and recoup. Begin something else. Anything. It may be that you are being gentle when he'd like you to be a little rougher. Or vice versa. If he begins thrusting vigorously into your throat, that's *your* cue to get a little rougher. But 'rough him up' by degrees... until you sense by his quiescence that what you are now doing is just right.

[11] *Final withdrawal*. Even if you don't wish to swallow your partner's semen, hold his phallus in your mouth until he has completely ejaculated. Give just a few (three or four) more gentle lip suction to round out the act to make it a perfect ending. Look 'swoony' if you like. It adds to the illusion. You can hold the semen in your mouth, and surreptitiously spit it into a handy napkin or towel, as if you were just wiping your face. It is also important that the performer remain still during this time because at this point the phallus is at its most sensitive. Try in every way to let him see that you savor the withdrawal. It's the supreme compliment. Don't pull away with a "well, that's that!" as if you were dusting off your hands after throwing out the refuse. It's a shame when a competent performer has pulled out all the stops in fellatio, and then—after withdrawal—gives the slightest suggestion of contempt for his partner. It's bad manners. And really bad sex.

We hope these suggestions will be of help. Some of the little tricks mentioned here are unfamiliar to even the most expert fellationists.

...

GLITTER ROCK
(Continued from page 11)

symbol, which next turns into the Empire State Building, with the star—as King Kong—on top. Next, he reaches up and pulls down a plane, then tears off his gorilla head—like Marlene Dietrich in *Blonde Venus*—and pares down to a monkey-fur January/February 1975

1975 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY



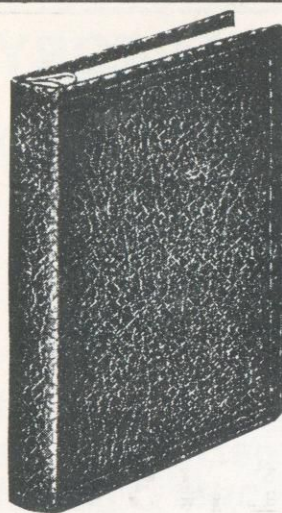
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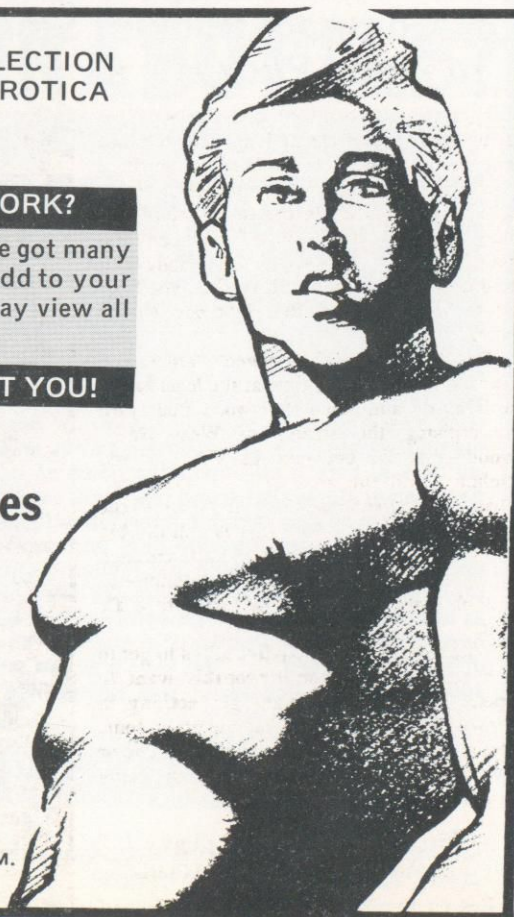
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bikini. Of course that's just Act One!” Fay! Fay! Faysie Wray! Are you out there somewhere gnashing your gnails? English freak rock groups are invading the United States, too. One of the recent ones was the Rocky Horror Show. This fantastic freak-rock show played a long engagement in London, then headed for California, and is due in New York. Its star is Tim Curry who plays a character that seems to be part Frankenstein monster, part Bowie, part Mick Jagger, plus a generous helping of a truck driver in drag. Again, this is another in the new genre of rock that projects *backward* into time and exaggerates characters and theatrical devices that—in their time—were horror a'plenty.

It just may be, however, that freak/horror rock will soon have seen its day along with the earlier forms. But *glitter* rock is big—and getting bigger—having taken people, particularly gay people, by storm in large cities. It should have a very long life because it is the *only* form of rock that's not just something that one merely watches as a spectator and is shocked/amused by, nor *listens* to and is aurally beguiled, entertained or turned-on. It has a lot of both, but the difference is that it is the only *participatory* rock, and thus is totally accessible . . . for everyone.

It also has its freaky costumes (but mostly 'freaky' as 'funky'), and it has a white-hot rhythmic beat. And it has its special forum—its own theater—the discotheque. The 'impresario' of disco glitter rock is the disc jockey . . . if he's really with it he is almost canonized by his followers . . . it is he who gets it all together. And it is the glitter-rock disco that has brought gay people of every social stratum together—particularly blacks with whites—and a gay, or bi-and-gay disco can be distinguished from a straight disco by one inescapable characteristic—the music never stops . . . the deejay blending (weaving, he calls it) one number into the next . . . like a man playing three-Frisbee Frisbee. In essence, what he strives for is a kind of 'programed hysteria' . . . working the dancers to ever-higher peaks of frenzy. A deejay will tell you that the straights simply want to knock themselves out in the first half-hour or so and split for sex; while gay people want to keep going . . . disco-cruising all around the big room. Sex is for later—much later. Thus there is no letdown in rhythm . . . it keeps going continuously, for if it were interrupted, the silences would be deadly and self-defeating. There's no 'getting ready' for the next dance. No separated, stylized, individual dance patterns (such as going from something like the cha-cha-cha into The Pony or The Shing-a-Ling), no shifting of rhythm. It's all on-going buildup . . . everything getting louder, hotter, wilder, sexier and more turned-on with each passing hour.

Here is where you will note the very unusual and quite distinctive glitter-rock costumes worn by different types of gay guys. If they are Latin you'll generally find them in the majority at such New York discos as Le Joint and the Grand Ballroom. They dominate the scene with their Apple Jack jackets and marshmallow shoes. Moreover, they are the most athletic . . . they are the 'somersaulters', and when the strobes hit them in action it looks like a sea of whirling

dervishes. That's *their* thing.

Another, and almost as regimented costume is the yellow jumpsuit. It is favored by a greater mixture of middle-income types (perhaps less Latin, a third black and the rest white). These humpy gay guys are the mainstay of such discos as Better Days and The Gallery. When you see this vastness of yellow under strobes it can 'out-freak' the freakiest theatre rock.

The idea of the jumpsuit is inspired—especially for gay guys. Because of its zipper from neck to navel (and beyond if you've had it made this way), the sound of zipping/un-zipping is sometimes almost as loud as the music. In the psychedelic lighting there is much kissing (and no one thinks about it . . . there's an ambience of omnisexuality), much groping, and continuing around the floor it's easy to see how worked up one can get. The lighting intensifies both the music, the mood and the beat; as the night wears on it gets *really* hardparty . . . and build-d-ds!

In more elegant discos—more elegant jumpsuits. Of course this can be repeated in discos throughout the country. But the elegant jumpsuit typifies the rock patrons of Le Jardin—a huge ballroom in the Hotel Diplomat at 43rd Street near Sixth Avenue; also at Nell Gwyn's Taverne just across the street from Grand Central Station. Here the management prefers that you come in your formal best. If there is really a 'formal' side to glitter rock, it's spelled out here. While patrons dress in many different kinds of outfits, the gay guys are standouts in jumpsuits of satin—either in pastel colors, or shiny white, or—as some of the more macho prefer—off-white, and in synthetics (such as vinyl) or soft form-molding leather. Contrasting with this will be one or more identifying symbols applied in strobe colors. Also sequin panels are very in—anything 'sparkly' or 'spangly'. After all, it's *glitter* rock.

Shoes are marshmallows or high, clunky leather. Never sneakers because they are murder on wood . . . the rubber wears off and makes the going sticky.

Generally, jumpsuits are form-fitting (as applied to the disco scene), especially if you have the *build*. And of course no one in a form-fitting jumpsuit is going to wear anything underneath. Let it all hang out! Moreover, it is customary to call more directed attention to the genitals by having an arrow or slash or some other subtle semaphoric device tailored into, or applied on the jumpsuit. In strobe colors, of course.

Hairstyles for the glitter-rockers are shorter . . . the moustache is in . . . and wire-frame glasses are worn. Typically the rocker wears a tiny gold ring in his left ear (gay and proud, it says). All, of whatever category, are The Beautiful People . . . and glitter rock is their theater/music hall/forum.

Still another type is the man who gags on the word 'formal'. No white-satin jumpsuits for him . . . no Apple Jack jackets. His outfit is the looser, baggier Nam-type jumpsuit or fatigues, and he wears either flat shoes with crepe soles, or leather boots. His, also, are the wire-frame glasses, the ear-ring and moustache. Often his glasses hide his glazed-over eyes that would tip off any knowledgeable person that he's high on pot or stoned on drugs.

Because of this he will usually not be great January/February 1975

sex . . . not as great as the others who are pitched to an ever-hardparty mood by music and lights and costumes. Although he lives in a world of the sensual—he is far less sexual in bed than he thinks he is. He'd rather touch, stroke, kiss and mingle . . . he moves slowly, takes too much time to do too little, and is—in a way—in a kind of trance. In short, he lives in a pink illusion . . . passion is in his mind but not his genitals. In group sex he prefers to remain 'cum-less' . . . as trade he is a disappointment because he cannot respond enthusiastically. He is simply trying to sustain, as long as he can, what is to him a beautiful mood.

And that, in its way, is as much a part of the rock scene as the others. It all makes up the great big, growing world of freak and glitter rock. The whole enchilada.

...

BAREFOOT & BAREASS (Continued from page 25)

to do this town is within the embrace of comrades . . . to be “introduced.” That smile on the blond attendant's face and handful of cock is as evanescent as the last foaming breaker; and the Peruvian is trying to make a buck—or is Vice. I came as a stranger—although not a stranger to this “city”—return of the native after ten years and found a pall of paranoia still hanging over “my L.A.” like stinging smog. It's hard for guys to forget years of the most incredible kind of police rip-off guys have ever known—anywhere. Supposedly the new D.A. Pines, and the new black Mayor Bradley are changing all this, but fear lingers.

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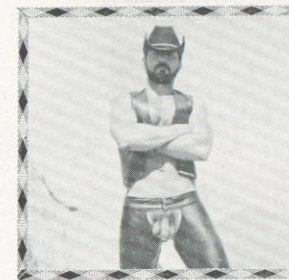
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head for the Ocean . . . for Santa Monica, that is. At the coast, take Ocean Avenue south to Venice Boulevard and go to the parking lot on the Beach. Then start to walk, north. It's several miles up to Muscle Beach. You can also hop up these several miles in your car, but each time you park it can cost you a dollar. Also you'll miss meeting people, and the swimming is good—in the waves, cruisy.

A hundred yards or so north of the Venice parking lot, beyond the rock wall (not the rock jetty but the wall on the sand) is famous Venice nude beach—no longer nude at this writing. This could change any time. Now that the gawkers have nothing to gawk at, the beach is again quietly gay, and gets more so as you approach the Felliniesque disaster of old Pacific Ocean Park pier. Close to the south side of the pier you might run into chicken, as I did, so young they could be just hatched out of the egg—I mean, like thirteen and fourteen, and gay.

You can walk beneath the ruins of this former amusement park, the piers held up by a forest of pilings buried in wet sand, waves rolling in on your left as you go north. Anything can come at you in the murky light ("Got a cigarette, buddy?") and you may wish to jog out of there, but as you approach the other side of the pilings you will note surfers and other types wandering back into the darkness . . . dangerous, but exciting.

The beach north of the Pier is a good place to settle for awhile. In fact, you might wish to park here in the first place. If so, you can reach the lot (a huge area starting at Pico Boulevard) by coming down Ocean Avenue and pulling in before you get to Venice. You'll see the fallen-over tower of the old parachute jump out on the horizon. Anyway, this beach is gay, on the north side of the pier—the landmark of "Jack's-By-the-Sea."

Also you're right next to the meat rack. Pay no attention to the No Trespassing signs.

If you feel up to it, you can continue walking north to Muscle Beach. But there's no action in the johns, except to check out cock in the open urinals.

On your way home, stay off the Freeways and try a hitch hiker, with the usual caution reserved for pick-ups. Or take Venice Boulevard back to town and stop at the *Roman Holiday Health Club*, about a five minute drive from the coast at 12814 Venice Boulevard at Beethoven. Open 24 hours, the guys are friendly and eager, the crowd, a mixed breed of color, size, age and shape, most thirty-plus. But, if you haven't made out on the sand or under the pier, here's a good place for real action. It's small, lockers and rooms, sun deck, tiny sauna, tiny pool, comfortable lounge area and massage from turn-on help. Five bucks an entrance—fifteen for entrance and massage. Most important, it's public and you won't be hassled to join. Public baths seem to be the trend in L.A. now. But most baths are still private because of raids in the past, and some won't sell you a membership unless you are vouched for by a member.

RECOMMENDED TUBS

It will seem at first like you've got a big choice, but you are advised not to waste your time driving all over the city, only to be disappointed. *Third Street Baths* at 8709 West Third, for example, advertises, but

won't sell you a membership unless you know somebody—No exceptions. The Corral Club won't sell anybody a membership.

Roman Holiday on Venice Boulevard (see above).

Hollywood Spa, 1769 North Cahuenga Blvd., a block and a half north of Hollywood Blvd. Save your money and give your time to this place. It's in the heart of Hollywood and very much the kind of scene you find in San Francisco—good, mixed crowd, young and humpy and a bit of the older crowd if that's your scene. No membership fee. Five bucks an entrance. The rooms downstairs are big and stucco walls, like in an old monastery. A large sauna and active. A small steam room, a bit too hot. A gym in back, small TV lounge area . . . pool downstairs, good size, rooms upstairs, smaller than down, and lockers . . . a dorm for orgies on busy nights; several draped open rooms for guys without rooms and watchers. A sun deck. Everyone makes out here. Go. Don, the manager, says "Oh yes, we'll have to become private . . . everybody does . . ." But, as of now, it is not.

SWINGING BEACHES

State Beach. Not nude. An institution. Take San Vicente out of West Los Angeles. You can pick it up off Wilshire Boulevard near Veterans Hospital beyond UCLA and Westwood Village. Turn right on San Vicente and go all the way to Seventh Street in Santa Monica. Turn right and you will be led into West Channel Road and the beach. Get there early (no later than 9 a.m.) if you want to park on the beach on weekends. The beach is right at the head of the pedestrian underpass, partly in front of and mostly to the right of the old Marion Davies home.

State Beach (also called "Will Rogers" State Beach, but there are several of these) attracts the nobility of Hollywood gay society . . . high camp and elegant . . . the wicker basket picnic crowd, the scrabble-on-the-sand and bridge club set, with enough humpy wild ones scattered here and there to make it interesting. You can make out here on your own and get spirited off to a house on a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, but if you're a stranger, don't think for a minute you'll be able to crack into one of those large "in" groups . . . it's very difficult to get anyone in the group away from the clique long enough to make out with him. But then, anything is possible. An "introduction" will help.

"*Pirate's Cove*." By far, the most unique experience under the sun in Los Angeles County. North of Malibu. Go early. Stay late. The crowd is naked and friendly . . . teeny tots, mothers, fathers, brothers, uncles, sisters, young and old, and a beautiful percentage of beautiful swinging, gay cocks. Oddly enough, in the midst of this nudist community, cruising abounds. Meeting guys is easy, and he may not even look at your meat before falling in love. People don't even touch in the cove. For action, you've got to go hiking around the south end over rocks and cliffs.

This beach is also known as "Point Dume" or simply "the nude beach up at Zuma." It's in the county of Los Angeles, out of reach of the neanderthal L.A. City Council which has banned nudity, temporarily it is hoped, on the city beaches. At "Pirate's Cove" it's

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secluded, and a lifeguard is posted at one end of the beach with a telephone—however, with his trunks on.

How to get there. On the Coast Highway which runs along the ocean, go north of Malibu. A particularly scenic way to get to the coast is all the way out of Hollywood on the Ventura Freeway to Malibu Canyon Road which takes you up through wild, rugged mountains. At the coast, turn right and go north. You'll go through Malibu. You'll come to Paradise Cove. Then, shortly afterwards, when you come to the sign which says "Zuma Beach—Next Right," do not turn right, but get in the left lane and take the road sign which says "Westward Beach Road." Go down to the beach and swing along to the left. Keep going until you come to a couple of humpy numbers (usually) who will collect 50 cents for parking. Keep going as far as you can. If you're early enough (no later than 10 a.m. on weekends), you can park pretty close to the cove. Park and keep walking toward the jutting cliff which reaches out into the water. There are a couple of johns—no action, but interesting, now and then. Walk toward the cliff. You'll have to climb around the end of the cliff over the rocks to get into the cove. Take it off, and enjoy.

There is a sort of meatrack beyond the other side of the cove . . . for those who feel like mountain goats, and a lot of people do. You'll have to climb quite a way to find real action, but I've seen more than one budding romance unfolding in the area closer in . . . between naked guys, that is. Romantic setting with waves crashing in, in front of you.

The swimming here is great . . . body surfing, and a good place to meet and talk along the shore. Now and then you get gawkers up on the cliffs. One day the Sheriff came down to say hello. There was a scramble for cover-up, but it proved unnecessary.

Alone in L.A.? Well, it's a particular kind of trip—a kind of lonely one, if you're not going to stay very long. It takes awhile to really get into the L.A. scene. Of course, San Francisco is only an hour away by plane. And there are plenty of nude beaches on the way, if you drive up the coast. The phenomenon is spreading all the way from San Diego.

You might say, who needs L.A.? You can have a good time and action here—if you don't expect too much. L.A. can be a place of surprises. But they might come too far apart for the guy who wants it 'now'.

...

THE SEASEXUALS (Continued from page 26)

Gay people, especially, who favor ocean travel and have come to know the 'sexualities' of shipboard life, will rightly say that the gay jetters are missing a lot of sex action . . . possibly more than they'll find once abroad! The trick is in knowing the 'why' and 'how' of it, and in this article we should like to offer some pointers to make the going greater. So here are our

SEASEXUAL TIPS

The Loner. The first thing we should point

out is that if you are a shy guy or a sexual loner you are at a scoring disadvantage aboard ship. The reason for this is clear when one takes into account that one's cruising range may be limited on a transatlantic crossing. If you travel via tourist class on the QE2, for example, you are generally restricted to your own deck(s), thus the loner is 'loner' and the selective cruiser or shy has less to select from and more to be shy about. You can't ascend the giddy heights to the poshest deck unless you need to send a cable, or for a very special reason. Usually a ship's steward must accompany you just so you won't get lost, or dally too long and thus contaminate the 'upper clawsses'.

But if you are going first-class the entire ship is yours. You have unlimited cruising range; if nothing proves interesting on your own deck you will find it among the hoi-polloi below. All this changes when the QE2 (also the France) switches from the Southampton-New York shuttle to cruising in Caribbean waters. Then it becomes 'the happy ship', as they say . . . one class throughout. So, as you see, things get a little cozier. In general, the ships of other lines also adhere to this more-and-less policy, with few exceptions.

Inasmuch as your deck is likely to have a plethora of shuffleboard courts and ping-pong tables (the latter seemingly packed with nuns going on, or returning from a pilgrimage to Rome, and having a high old time kicking up with battledore and shuttlecock)—after you have made the rounds of the deck from stem to stern, if you have not spied someone with an also-roving eye, head for

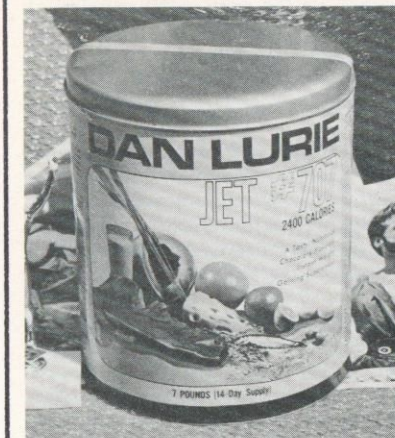
The Sauna. Now here is Make-out Country. Any steam room is a great leveler. It's all there hanging out and you're sure to find just what you're looking for. But any sauna has its 'season' . . . a certain time during the day/evening that's special for certain types. At around 10 a.m. it may be filled with businessmen boiling out the booze from the night before (usually they're all poker-straight anyway . . . or too stoned to care about sex . . . and in their fuzzy thinking they're still back in the office with the ship being merely an extension of their operations). At a somewhat later time it may be jam-packed with those determined exercise addicts who have been volleyballing it (which is about as much 'balling it' as you're likely to get from them).

But at some point—before your ship really gets its feet in the water for the sprint across the briny—the gay grapevine/hotline will start sending off unmistakable signals, and you—like every other gay guy on board—will get the message and head for the sauna. It's your time now! So the steam room should be your first objective. If, however, you missed the signals and failed to see the giddier ones making it for the sauna, keep checking it out until you find the gay 'time slot'. While the steam room may not be as steamy as the one back home, remember—there's a lot of 'take-out' stuff, and of such is an orgy born.

The Orgy Room. It can be yours or anyone's. This is one thing a ship offers that a plane can't. A big, comfortable room with plenty of bed space, plus wall-to-wall, deep-pile carpeting in case of an overflow. And it can go on and on and on with nothing to disturb your rapture . . . only the sound of the waves and the cry of seagulls without. You can sex up a storm all night, go back to

January/February 1975

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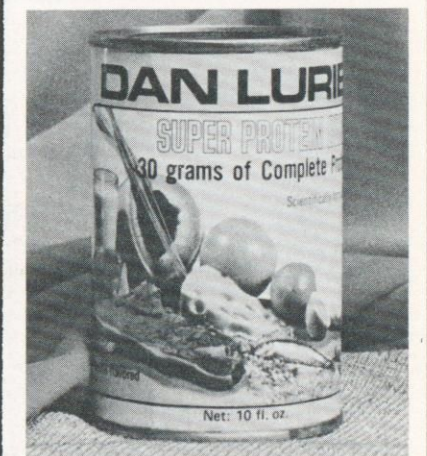


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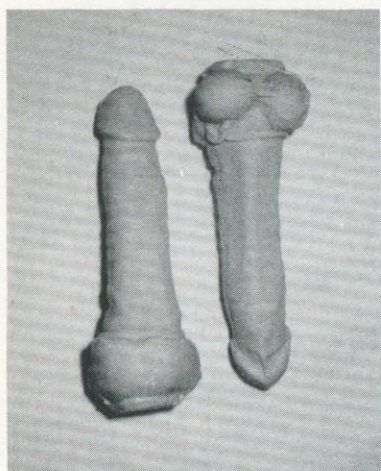


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the sauna in the morning and refresh your deliciously-aching muscles, and do it all over again with a complete change of cast, and without missing a cue. When Le Havre/Cherbourg/Southampton (if you're crossing to Europe), or the next island paradise of your cruise looms on the horizon, you'll hate to leave the boat, wishing you could dig in and screw some more. Any port of call—however exotic—will somehow seem anticlimactic.

The Discotheque. Every ship—proud or humble—now has its disco. It must . . . it's a way of life. But if discos turn you off quicker than Betty Friedan, they won't on shipboard. For gay guys the disco is a good and different venue to size up/pick up an interesting number. You're confident that with all those milling bodies around you something good will come your way. Look around at the spectators—you'll find you're practically eyeball-to-eyeball with queering gays. You couldn't pay them to get on the dance floor, though. They're there to watch and wait. Make the disco when it's at its straight swingingest . . . that's when the gay crowd comes to get things lined up. Pass it by at other times lest you get inveigled into a hour of absolutely-nothing-at-all that leads to absolutely-nowhere-at-all.

The Ship's Gymnasium. Not everyone who makes with the muscles on board ship comes here for the exercise. Often it's just something to do to pass the time. But that something often turns out to be *someone*. It's a great gay showcase. Someone quite special is sure to turn up . . . some great bod you'd otherwise have missed in other recreational areas of the ship. So work out with him. A good opening ploy is to offer to hand him a weight he'll need as he lies on the bench for a Press or a Flye. He'll thank you nicely, of course, and already you'll be off on a good cruising start. All gyms have a common denominator—clubbiness—since everyone is presumed to be there in a concerted effort to improve the physique. As both of you get more involved in your 'togetherness' routine—he thinking how pumped his pees are . . . you thinking how kissy they are . . . an incipient sexual rapport is established; strengthened in the shower where a 'rigid' inspection lets you both see what's in store for you; and climaxed in his cabin or yours.

The Bar. You can go bar cruising on board ship as easily (and with the same happy results) as you do back home. The bars in first-class are on the elegant side—and so is the cruising. But bars in tourist or on lower decks are fun places. Not gay, of course . . . just gay *and* . . . or straight *and* . . . but the pairing off of like with like is quick and easy. Besides, shipboard bars are, in a way, related to homestyle hospitality. No one is a stranger for long. You can move about freely, risking a little more than you might in a metropolitan gay bar. After all, what can the bartender do . . . throw you in the drink?

The Ship's Personnel. You can often score your greatest triumphs with those entrusted with the care of the ship. This may seem odd, because during the hours when the ship's personnel are on duty they seem uncommunicative to the point of being faceless. Of course they snap to attention to help you when you need help, but—sadly—it's always with a maximum of courtesy and a minimum of lust. But my . . . how things do change once their tour of duty is over! Facelessness

vanishes . . . rugged individualism enters the picture. Please bear in mind that *no* one of the ship's company is going five-days-across-the-ocean without sex. Using that as your premise, here are some simple tips on how to make out. (1) Make a point of dawdling in the pool when it's *their* time to swim. (2) Arrange to delay your exercise routine just enough to be finishing the last rep of your last set in the gym when it's *their* time to work out. (3) Take the last lap of your cruise around deck at night when it's *their* time for a constitutional. (4) Stay in the bar until every other passenger has gone, sipping the last few swallows of your drink when it's *their* time for their union-allotted tot of rum or glass of beer. The smallest pleasantries exchanged in any one of these situations can lead to a sudden and fruitful acquaintance . . . and you may be swept off your feet and into an orgy below decks before you can sweep him off his! As you see, you have a whole new shuffleboard game . . . and with perhaps wilder sex than you've ever experienced. Why?

Because these hunky humpies have been all over the world many times and in countries you may only have dreamed of visiting . . . and they will have picked up bizarre sexual techniques either unknown or at least not commonly known to the Western world. Since they will have applied these techniques to their colleagues time after time after time—and who are now as familiar and as thrilling as a dildo you've outgrown—it should not seem strange that they'd like to show you a thing or three.

Of course, the degree of sexual urge is related to the nationality of the crewmen. For example, if you are on a German ship you may be sure that the personnel is predominantly bisexual or outright gay. *Mittel Europa* has always been sexually ambivalent. Long before our American psychiatrists decided that homosexuals merely follow a different sexual orientation, the Germans, Czechs, Poles, Yugoslavians and other of Central Europe were already 'oriented' with a capital 'O'. So expect an easier availability on a German ship.

Italians—hotblooded devils, and as handsome as all get-out—are, in the main, women-chasers. However, if there are no women in sight you can be sure they're not going to waste a single sexual moment nor a drop of sexual excitement. Like *hell-I-lo!* Also they can be the merchant navy's biggest hustlers. And if the crewmen come from southern Italy (like Sicily and Sardinia) they have the biggest of the biggest. Flash any one of them a soulful look and a secret smile and you've scored.

Typical British reserve tends to crack up aboard ship . . . your humpy crewmen aboard the *QE2* are anything but shy about gay sex. Oddly, there are always more young guys in the crew than older 'salts'. Eager! And on the *France*? Ah . . . *l'amour, l'amour*, and say no more!

SINGLES CRUISES

Before you plunk down one dollar for a 'gay glamour cruise' to anywhere, check out the constituency of the passenger list . . . or have a gander at the gender, as it were. Of course there are no publicized 'gay cruises' in our gay sense, if indeed there are any at all; but if you discover that the makeup of the cruise is largely female (and worse, female

singles), avoid it like a chancre. Too many such tours, being about 98 percent female, usually turn out to be a 100 percent lesbianic merger, and so the hapless male is left to such artful devices as discovering new ways to masturbate (are there?), or doing the off-hours bit with the crew (most of whom, unfortunately, will be so overworked servicing the 2 percent straight females, they'll have no time for you). This do-it-yourself or catch-as-catch-can type of sex is not enough to last a month or so of a cruise, and so you return to port totally frustrated.

Try taking a cruise that has a common interest for *all* aboard . . . a common reason for going in the first place—music festivals . . . art . . . old temples . . . archeology or whatever. In this way you'll have a better balance of the sexes. And if, perchance, there are more guys than gals (oh happy day!) you'll find even hardline straights queued up outside your door waiting for "Next!"

There are fascinating cruise tours everywhere. As we mentioned earlier, the fuel cost-rises (which largely determine the cost of the cruise) have made them much more expensive. While it is sad that so many great transatlantic ships have been 'turned out to pasture', we leave you on the happier note that there are still some dowager queens of the seas that are cruising everywhere. It may be that such a cruise will be the most memorable experience of your life. Just be sure to check all your options before going (and check out all your *others* while aboard!).
Bon voyage!

THE SOCRATES CAPER (Continued from page 22)

find one who's not too fuckin' nervous and too fuckin' worried about his fuckin' manhood." (Suddenly Dick the Detective and I were friends for life.)

"Right on," Ebanykus said, "and I got my lover to help out, too."

"Oh yes," Dick said frowning. "that would be—"

"Jonquil."

"Yes . . ." Did I see a look of wistfulness in Dick?

We neglected to tell him about our "army of lovers" who'd be hanging in Saturday night, but if all went as planned, he'd find out soon enough . . .

Breakfast at the St. Regis, Jack Strong's idea, naturally. Jack Strong, the big shot organizer. And, naturally, he would foot the bill. And, naturally, he would have to make an entrance—a late one, that is.

Elliott had picked me up in his matronly Jaguar, dragging me away from Ebanykus' warm bod at nine-thirty. How I hated leaving those ever-lovin' arms. We got to the hotel before Gus, but surprisingly, we'd no sooner been seated by the friendly Maitre d' than Gus came paddling across the thick carpet right on time. Fussing with his hair and seeming stone sober, which, as it happened, he was.

We ordered coffee and orange juice, then Elliott and I zeroed in on the bird, Swann. He was all smiles this morning. Not the trace of

a frown or hangover. The smile never left his face. It was almost as if he wasn't listening.

"Gus," Elliott began after amenities, trying to control the sharp edge of his voice, "before Jack gets here we'd better get a few things out of the way . . ."

"Oh yes, of course. Go right ahead. You look a little tired, Elliott, and worried."

"Yes, I suppose I am worried. But we need your help."

Gus only smiled.

"Jonquil can tell you the story."

"Ah yes, Jonquil. I never did find out why you chose the name—but, then, I suspect it was Ebanykus who chose it for you. It's a Narcissus, yet you don't quite seem the type . . ."

"Yeah," I interrupted quickly afraid he might get carried away with idle chatter, "yeah, it's something like that." I took a deep breath and sized him up. He was grinning peacefully. Had Elliott been right? Was Gus ready to give in to us and tell the Syndicate to go screw? There was only one way to find out—my way . . .

"Gus," I said, "I think they've got you by the balls . . ."

"My dear Jonquil, nobody has ever, nor ever will have me by the balls . . ."

"I met your lovely Holly Love, your wife, on Wednesday after I parted from you and the greasy bartender . . ."

"I'm sorry he wasn't to your liking."

"Well, look, Gus, to make a long story short, your fears were well founded. Holly caught onto me fast, and a little blond number who's been hassling Elliott and, more recently, me—a nasty little homophobe . . ."

"What on earth is a homophobe?"

"Someone who hates faggots," I said. "Anyway, he zapped me on the cranium and dumped me. Guess where he and your lovely wife dumped me, Gus?"

"On the slopes of the Aphaian Temple," Gus responded with a Byronesque air.

"Only it was not the Island of Aegina, but Rhodes."

"Among the famous marbles," sighed Gus.

"You don't seem to dig . . ."

"Oh yes, Jonquil—and my dear Elliott, I most certainly do dig. As soon as you told me about Gene Boucle's painting hanging in Jack Strong's dining room, I knew. Holly was now ready to sell me up the river to Ossining."

At the mention of Gene, Elliott and I reflexed noticeably, but we'd agreed not to lay the murder on until Jack arrived and we'd got them both to agree to the Press Conference.

"They'll send you to jail, Gus," Elliott said gruffly. "Are you mad? How in heaven's name are you going to stop them? They told Jonquil they'd give you only forty-eight hours . . . At least give me your Power of Attorney—some temporary control over your interests, at least . . ."

"My dears, you're both in such a sweat! Let's get that nice waiter over here and order some strawberries and cream. They're lovely here . . ."

"Of course I'm in a sweat!" Elliott bellowed.

"Please, please, Elliott. Keep your voice down!" Gus smirked and lit one of his foul-smelling Turkish cigarettes. I braced myself against the onslaught of horse-man-

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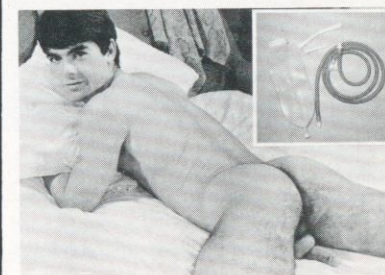
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ure smoke.

"On advice of counsel," he said, taking a full drag, "I've been in touch with the State Department. A dear, old friend of mine, Elliott. Did I tell you about him? I've confessed everything to him, including where he can find the precious Elysian Marbles. Such a pity to turn them over to those barbarians in Athens! I had wanted to see them at the Metropolitan. It was in my last testament . . . my legacy . . . my contribution to civilization. They were a disorganized disaster when I stumbled on them. If I hadn't brought them out, the world would never have known how beautiful . . . how exquisite . . . Well, I certainly had no intention of profiting from them. When I found them in Rhodes, I felt as Charles Robert Cockerell must've felt when he chanced upon the Aegina Marbles with his friends . . . Only I was alone, except for a darling little Greek boy . . . But, just as the Aegina treasure, my Elysian Marbles were not properly cared for—scattered on a hillside. I went to great expense to smuggle them out. And, now the world shall see them. And I have named Miss Holly Love, a.k.a. Mrs. Augustus Swann—greedy bitch—as accessory to the theft. So, poof! What's Jack Strong and the Syndicate going to do with me now?"

"Gus," Elliott cried in a whisper, "you'll go to jail!"

"Perhaps . . . but never mind that now . . ."

Jack Strong was making his entrance, which, by not seeming to be an entrance, was—coming off stunningly—a grand sweep across the room, eyes front, dismissing the Maitre d' with an impatient wave of his hand.

"Good morning! Good morning!" he exclaimed, coming up to the table. "Have you ordered?"

"No," Elliott replied.

"Good!" Jack pulled up a chair and settled in. He was dressed like a midwestern bank president. "Well now, what's on the agenda? I believe you called this meeting, young man," he said turning to me. "What's your order of business?"

Gus leaned back and smoked like he was on grass, like, he was lounging in the deck chair on board a cruise ship touring the Greek isles. Elliott twiddled nervously with the white cloth napkin which still lay folded in front of him.

Never one to keep my load when I'm ready to let go of it, I said, "We want to hold a press conference at the Broadway tomorrow night. Saturday. In the evening about midnight. We wanted you to know. I've got to get to the media by noon to have an effect. Even noon might be too late."

Came then a pregnant pause while it sunk in.

Then Gus leaned forward and rasped through puffing smoke, "Brilliant!"

Jack wasn't so quick. "Yes . . . yes, I suppose it is," he conceded, "but to what purpose?"

"To lay on exactly how the mob's trying to gain control of the Broadway," I said, "and how we're not gonna let 'em do it."

Jack's voice tightened. "Why do you wish to antagonize the Syndicate? To what purpose?" "To take the wind out of their bloomers, for one thing," Elliott said.

"But they might react violently . . ."

"How will they even know what we're doing," Gus croaked with a devilish leer, "unless, of course, one of us tells them in advance . . ."

"Let's not start accusing one another," Elliott cut in, and lowering his voice, he turned to Jack. "They've already reacted violently." He paused and signalled me with a twitch of his jaw. "Two murders now . . ."

"Two?" Jack and Gus in unison.

Another pause. "Gene Bouclé," Elliott said flatly. "He was found strangled last night, or rather early this morning, around one o'clock. Gene Bouclé is dead."

Jack bolted forward, rattling the Tiffany. Gus sat upright and knocked over his water glass. "God!" he cried.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON

SAY



"Boy who screw dolphin
do it on porpoise!"

Silence spread over us like a fog. Finally Elliott said, "Forgive me for breaking it to you like this, but we've simply got to come to an agreed plan of action fast. I believe Jonquil's press conference is the most effective thing we can do now. Let's get this mess right out in the open . . . tell the public who owns the Broadway Baths and who's trying to take it over. Personally, I believe this will make the Syndicate run for cover, and, hopefully, will smoke out the killer at the same time . . ."

"Well I don't agree," Jack interrupted. "What will you do should they storm into the Broadway in the midst of the press conference? This could produce an adverse

effect—the Broadway Baths, center of a riot!"

"Or an effect in our favor," I interjected, "if we toss the bums out. The public loves an underdog."

"You're insane!" he sneered. "A bunch of queers fighting the Syndicate! Tell me—please tell me how you're going to accomplish that!"

I glared at him. "That's a chance we queers and faggots will have to take. Better than sittin' on our ass doing nothing."

"What's your opinion, Gus?" Jack asked.

"I've told you my opinion. You were not listening. I think it's a brilliant proposition, and my dear, dear Jack, one doesn't say 'queer' anymore . . ."

"Well, it would seem I'm out-voted," Jack said, pushing his chair back and standing over us like an outraged tyrant. "But I'm warning you. If anything more happens—any more killing—I'm washing my hands of the whole kit and kaboodle. And if you dare reveal my interest in the Broadway," now lowering his voice, "I'll sue both of you blind! This is a very delicate matter for me. I have other, legitimate interests."

"The Broadway's not legitimate?" Elliott said with ice in his voice.

"You can finish breakfast without me. Do as you please, but remember my warning!"

"In the days of tyrants . . . in the sixth century before Christ," Gus hissed, "Ristogiton and Harmodius were lovers who killed the tyrant and freed the people . . ."

"You're all mad," Jack exclaimed, and without another word, turned and stalked away.

"Run, Jack, run," Gus chortled. "Run and tell, Jack. Run and tell your playmates, Jack. Run, Jack, run . . ." He coughed. "I frankly don't feel like eating either. I'm going home and get drunk."

"You know, Jonquil, Saturday night's a lousy night to hold a press conference," Elliott said after Gus had waddled across the dining room and out the door and we were alone.

I had to agree with him. "But what choice have we got? Friendly Dick, the Detective, gives us until Monday to trap the Boston Strangler, and the Syndicate's gonna rip off Gus . . . and anyway, Elliott, I can't quite get it together by tonight."

"And anyway I'm hungry," he said. "I'm sorry, but I am. So let's you and I have a feast, Jonquil."

"The condemned ate a hearty meal . . ." He flicked his fingers at the waiter. "I gotta start making calls," I said.

"It can wait one more hour, Jonquil. Don't worry, you'll get the media girls and boys there without any trouble."

So, I said to myself, why not? I could do with some hanging loose, and Elliott was good company. He needed a little calm before the tempest.

After settling into Eggs Benedict and ham, champagne and toasted orange muffins, we returned to the subject of Gus again and the Elysian Marbles.

"Do you really think Gus told his friend in the State Department about the Elysian Marbles?" I asked.

His fatherly image tangled into a grimace. "You never know about Gus," he said. "Changeable. Unpredictable. When I think of the years I wasted on him!" The grimace

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became a smile. "But I haven't answered your question, have I? Yes. I do believe he's done just that. It's in his character. Gus is always dreaming of Oz, somewhere over the rainbow. Never found it. He wanted freedom from me, yet needed dependency. And he's got this ongoing compulsion toward self-destruction. I guess he never quite got used to the idea of the pleasure derived from sleeping with men Incidentally, Jonquil, I noted some interest in Ebanykus. Has Ebanykus become involved in the ALK society?"

"Yes. He felt he should"

"Well, tell Ebanykus to be careful around Gus. He can become quite possessive"

"Thanks for the warning, but what about you?"

"Me? What about me?"

"When are you gonna get yourself hitched up again?"

"I'd like that," he said, his fork poised.

"I hope you know there are a lotta guys around town who'd turn onto you, given the opportunity."

"Oh yes Well, I'll get to it someday."

"We'll be glad to help the cause."

He laughed fully without holding back. He was a beautiful man when he laughed like that. I guess you could say, he was totally himself—together. Yeah, man, all of his fifty years would make some guy a good lover, if he'd only let it happen.

"You and Ebanykus. Yes, I could see what you did for Gregorio. But Garret's type is a little young for me, don't you think?"

"Age has got nothing to do with it," I said.

"Well, I hope Garret is more responsible than poor Gene Bouclé." He sighed. "Poor Gene Bouclé. What a tragedy! Gregorio needs a good lover—someone to come home to and keep him warm at night. I hope Garret is more—more—"

"The word is together," I said, "and, yes, he is."

We were certain Jack Strong would go running to the Syndicate and Holly Love. In fact, we were counting on it. How they'd react, we'd have to wait and see . . . and be ready for them

Man, the phones must've been buzzing all over town that Friday, laying it on that something big was gonna break at the Broadway Baths Saturday night. By the time Elliott and I got back to the Broadway, we were a little smashed, and it was like I hardly had time to pick up the phone and make my calls, the incoming traffic was so heavy. "What's on?" "Is it a zap?" "Kenny tells me the Gays are taking over the Broadway tomorrow night. How can I help?"

It always was Gay, idiot. I wanted to say, but only. "Be there and bring your friends. Admission is free."

Gregorio and Garret were cuddled into the cage, ostensibly so Garret could learn how to handle the money, not each other. There was a little of both. Ebanykus dragged me upstairs to lay out his plan of action to trap the killer. Not very complex, actually, just a matter of watching and waiting for the "hidden" door to open. But if it turned out to be a Syndicate hood, he might not fuck around with screwing his victim. This time it might be a quick shot in the dark.

I split around two in the afternoon and hoofed and cabbed it to the major news-

papers and television newsrooms. I'd been heavy into the Public Relations gig before exiling myself to Southampton a few years back, so I could push my way into some of the important inner sanctums where a few old friends who weren't uptight about my Gayness, nor their own sexuality, were still holed up. "Where the fuck you been? Good to see you. The Broadway Baths? Sure, if it's news, we'll be there." And promised to get others in line.

Promises . . . promises

We reopened the Broadway Friday night. It was easy to see the grapevine had done its work. Guys came pouring in like the days before the hassle. So, we told everyone they'd get in free if they'd come again on Saturday.

Ebanykus and I kept vigil upstairs. No "help" had arrived from Dick, the detective, yet. And I really didn't think it would. Ebanykus must've made and remade that bed a million times. We took turns stretching out naked on it, our cheeks exposed. I got tired of telling guys, "No, man, I'm waiting for somebody. Thanks, anyway." Waiting, of course, for that somebody who would open the door from the roof.

But nobody did.

A cop did show up, however, about eleven, and got quickly into an orange towel. He was Puerto Rican with dark eyes, Viva Zapata moustache, heavy mouth and a chest like an Aztec god. Man, he was very together. Ebanykus and I realized how together when he shook hands with an erection prodding us, and shining orbs. I'm afraid he wasn't gonna be much help. Before we knew it, he'd dragged beautiful, black Jeff upstairs from the lunch counter, and popped him into one of the rooms. They came out for air periodically—first the cop, then Jeff. Both of them were hung like studs, and I don't think either one of them missed the chance to enjoy every inch

Well, what with the cop and Jeff balling, and me and Ebanykus ready to climb the walls waiting for that door to open, it got to be four in the morning, and nothing happened.

I was lying there acting as intended victim for the fuck-strangle artist, dropping off to sleep, when I felt a warm hand caressing my ass and insinuating a finger into my aching hole. I started to flip over and give with the "waiting for somebody," or expecting a gun in my face. It was a gun, all right, and it hung between the legs of Ebanykus.

"Sorry, man," he growled. "I ain't takin' no for an answer. And don't give me no shit about waiting for somebody. Youse gonna get fucked, man, and fucked good by this here dick here in your beautiful face. Eat it, baby, and turn over."

He pulled his towel away, revealing a stand-up rod, then locked the door and unscrewed the top of his silver bullet

In our next issue: Triumph of the Dykes and Faggots . . . a trip back to Athens!

BRAINWASHED BEAUTY (Continued from page 15)

This cult of naturalness, with respect to men, has taken three roads. The first is (and

it has long been the case with gay guys) a natural attractiveness assiduously worked for and maintained through simple, common-sense effort. The second is a grosser misinterpretation of naturalness in which almost no regard is held for the values of the first—a seeming disdain of working at anything that would give a man a more attractive image. The third is the outright espousal of one's own facial/physical flaws to the extent that they are never camouflaged by makeup or costume, but are, instead, pointed up through exaggeration until they become a kind of very real attraction! Some recognize this as sensible and honest—naturalness without pretense. Others see fun in being grotesquely appealing and call themselves by such endearing names as 'the uglies' or 'the gargoyles'. In this threnody of male goodlooks and non-goodlooks there is one thing common to all. Each has developed his own I-am-me image, and each thinks himself one of The Beautiful People.

NATURAL ENHANCEMENT

Although very few of us can be said to have an abundance of natural goodlooks, gay guys have always made the improvement and daily maintenance of personal appearance of prime importance. It has always been a kind of ground rule for success in gay life. And it extends throughout their lives, because gay people—more than straights—want to keep the flame of youth burning brightly . . . even hoping to be consumed by it in the end.

For this we have very simple rituals/formulae. All it takes is just a little extra effort. Exercise to keep the body firm, lithe and slender . . . a daily swim, or playing some sport such as tennis, or—as so many do—tackling the weights for a few minutes each day. Also, concern for the diet; making sure it is, first of all, nutritious, and that it be calorie-higher for the man who is underweight, and calorie-lower for one who is prone to corpulence.

An attractive hairstyle is also important . . . and everyone should have an individualized hairstyle because the hairstyle is the 'frame' of the picture that is you. If one has wildly protruding ears a hairstyle will conceal them, directing attention to one's better features. If the face is thin, a different hairstyle will give it fullness. Also, correcting badly shaped or discolored teeth. For example, what a pity it is when a man's most appealing natural feature is a radiant smile, yet he cannot turn it on to its incandescent best because it would reveal the sorry state of his teeth that could be so easily corrected by having them capped.

It is also important to know what to wear for one's type, and how to wear it. Simple things such as deciding whether blue denim is for you (the figure should be good), or wheat-colored (if it is not good, if it is too bony, too pelvically wide, if it 'lacks ass', and—especially when the behind has fallen as one grows older). Blue denim is not for the 'drag-assed' . . . wheats, on the other hand, are not only youthful and youthifying, but 'concealitory'. Then too, knowing whether the very big sunglasses, so 'in', are really for you. If your eyes are your greatest claim to attractiveness, why conceal them with glasses? There are more ways than one to be in. Or whether to wear clunky shoes of the very

high-heeled Li'l Abner type. If one lacks height they only call attention to the obvious . . . and if one is quite tall, they make the figure grotesque through exaggeration. So knowing where you 'stand' in shoes can enhance or detract from your overall I-am-me image. In short, one who values his own natural attractiveness and works assiduously to enhance and maintain it, is 'packaging' his goodlooks. He is not being packaged by the 'packagers'.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

Of course there is another side to the gay coin. Those who are into pot and poppers and, especially, the fantasy world of cocaine—the 'champagne of drugs' as a recent article in *The New York Times* calls it—because it is not addictive (in the sense that there is growing dependence on it; that dosages need not be increased to be 'felt', as with harder drugs; and that it need not be 'mainlined' but just politely sniffed from a rolled-up dollar bill) have gone 'natural' in a quite different way.

In this case, grooming is a turn-off. Flattering hairstyles are a no-no. The neat moustache of other gay guys is not the signature of this type. Rather it is in its longer length and 'scragginess'. Members of this sect care little about bathing, neatness in any form, diet (any old slice of pizza will do), and they couldn't care less that their bodies—while possibly not fat—are loose and flabby. They affect a small 'star' ear-ring in the left earlobe, which attests to the fact that they are now completely liberated . . . completely natural. Perhaps the greater divisiveness between the types mentioned is that men of the latter group groove only to others of their type—sexually and socially. They too have 'packaged' themselves, and in doing so have established a kind of gay counter-culture (at least it runs counter to all past gay ideals of male goodlooks). If some of the gay community feel that we have been ripped-off by this group, we must still remember that they are part of us . . . however deep-sixed they are in the sea of total, or 'let it all hang out' naturalness.

THE 'UGLIES'

Fire Island is a microcosm of gay life. It is all gay, and all dimensionally gay. Thus it came as no surprise this past summer that someone should get the idea of holding a 'Mr. Ugly' contest at the Monster Restaurant (although the name would seem to indicate a fittingly Freudian choice of venue, the Monster is a very elegant and most charming restaurant). This brought out all the unbeautiful people who think of themselves as The Beautiful People, too. In a very real sense they are, because to spoof one's own unattractiveness is itself charming. How can you argue with people who laugh at themselves? Anyway, the Mr. Ugly contest brought them out in droves . . . it was a riot . . . yet some felt that in a way it was a sad commentary of acceptance in our time. There are those who like to cling to their dreams of total male attractiveness and who deplore the fact that even in this age of total naturalness there are others who don't see it quite their way.

Yet it should be noted that this trend of lighting votive candles at the feet of ugliness, rather than beauty, revealed an unpleasant

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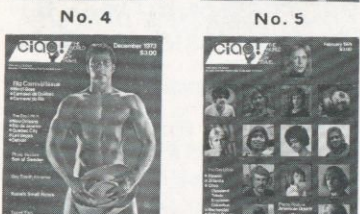
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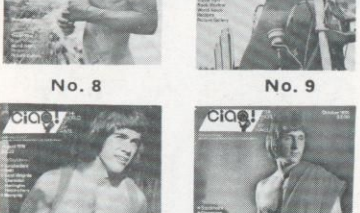
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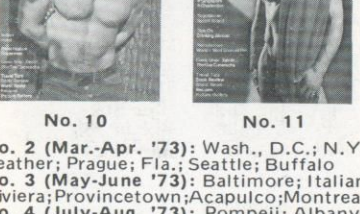
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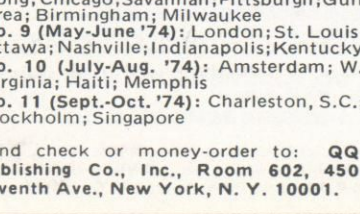
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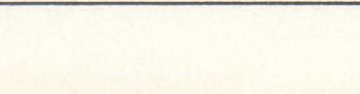
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snobbishness of the non-elite. Like the 'great unwashed' of our community, the uglies stayed with themselves, sexed only with themselves and, in general, put down anyone with any claim to attractiveness. The general complaint of the summer was that the uglies were dominant; they seemed to be fostering the idea that only ugly is good. Perhaps it is a defense mechanism or a reflex action. Or that 'only the ugly know what it means to be unattractive'. Maybe they're just fighting back, finding strength in numbers.

THE PROFESSIONAL UGLIES

Ever since Yul Brynner strode the stage with his hairless head in *The King And I*, actors have been capitalizing on lack of beauty—or the bizarre—if not extreme ugliness. Yet, paradoxically, out of this movement have come some of the sexiest men of our time. Telly Savalas, for example, has become a sex symbol to women—the same types of sex-mad women who used to slather over the prettified Robert Taylor and the godlike Tyrone Power. Savalas cultivates the image of ugliness . . . it's paying off like wild on television. Symbolic of his grotesque charm is his 'deliberately bald' head. As he has noted, he shaves every last hair off every day. Women stalk him in the streets . . . they drape themselves over him in restaurants . . . write letters to him begging for sex. His lack of beauty (as differentiated from downright unattractiveness) is doing for him what an excess of actual goodlooks might never do.

Charles Bronson is another example. Here is a man well into his fifties, yet if there is any greater sex symbol—to gay men and straight women—we would be pleased to make his acquaintance. Bronson has parlayed the most severely-plain features, a beetle-browed frown, the most brutish look, the most cantankerous behavior and the seeming threat of ever-impending violence into a seven-figure fortune.

Karl Malden of the popular TV series *San Francisco* is another who has capitalized on his lack of goodlooks. He has a nose that looks like an Idaho potato waiting for the masher. Malden has never resorted to the plastic surgeon's art, for as he says "I knew that with my face I would have to do something besides just stand there. It's basic human nature to look at something beautiful, whether it be a sculpture or a lovely scene from nature. To attract attention, I realized early in my career that I would have to project emotion. And that's what I've done in every role. Michael Douglas is the co-star of the series, yet he doesn't have to do anything. He's a really handsome kid. When he's on the screen there is a tendency to stare at him because he is so handsome. Since that couldn't happen to me, I pull little showbiz tricks to draw attention away from him."

If the obese individual thinks he has everything going against him he can take a tip for a very successful fatty . . . William Conrad. Conrad has a moon face, is fringily bald, has a kind of what-t-it? figure, and his only facial features worth cataloguing are his excellent teeth and his all-enveloping smile that he wears like a huge apron. And he's not young. As he says, "I'm fat, fortyish and balding—and I couldn't care less. Why should I worry about my weight? I'm

exceedingly healthy and do everything to the extreme. I laugh a lot, eat a lot, drink a lot, and I sure make love a lot. I don't know what I could do to improve myself!"

So we have come completely 'round the bend, from David, through the Taylor/Power syndrome, to naturalness in its three contemporary perspectives. With such a variety of types perhaps what is more important to gay people are male aggressiveness and large cock size. Certainly with so many of the meek among us, we respond wholeheartedly. And great beauty will often be (and usually is) passed up in favor of the man with the monster meat. With such a wide choice in the total concept of naturalness we are learning in this jaded old world that there is really something for everyone, and everyone for something.

...

MADONNAS OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 19)

whom everything always works out in the end. Kids often see themselves as screwing up everything and would like very much for their affairs to come out all right too; hence their admiration and love for Lucy.

With the current rage for nostalgia, Gays have a head-start a mile long. For many years, one of the primary images we have identified with is the star who seems to be an "outcast," a person whose struggling life seems now to be hitting the reefs, now to be springing back, only to take a turn for the worse again. Unlike the glamorous stars whose lives seem successful until a tragic end bares their secrets, these stars are plagued with public scrutiny of their sordid existences, and Gays feel deeply sorry for these stars.

Judy Garland has been called the most popular singing star among gay people anywhere; audiences have simply gone wild over Edith Piaf, the "little songbird" of Paris; and Billie Holiday's story was plastered over the forties in headline after headline. Garland was always looking for the "yellow brick road"; Holiday had the excruciating conflict of being praised to the skies for her talent, but hopelessly hooked on drugs; and until her dying performance at the Olympia Theatre, Piaf never stopped telling her audiences, *Non je ne regrette rien*—I have no regrets! These three great stars have one thing in common as the reason for their universal admiration by Gay people: in the face of insurmountable odds and terribly troubled lives, they kept going, kept trying, kept coming back at life with a determination to make it and prove to everyone that they were worthy of respect. What Gay has not had the same aspirations?

All the reasons for star-worship were summed up most beautifully by Jobriath, the recent sensation whose bisexual style of singing has become quite the rage in Rock music. He was asked by a television commentator how he felt being compared to Judy Garland and other female stars. His answer was that he felt very manly being compared to such people, "because they were stars. They had such big hearts."

Of course, inevitably, the world is changing. The memory of the old stars remains,

whether they are living or departed, but new stars are being made every day. And once in a while someone attains that elusive and indefinable status known as superstar. Are these legends of tomorrow taking the place of the stars of yesterday's stages and screens? I prefer to think that they are merely adding their talents and attractions to the great tradition of female stars who are admired by gay people.

The best indication of what the community is going for these days is, again, the career of the female impersonators, such as the great Jim Bailey. New York has virtually exploded in recent months with drag acts and feature coverage has been seen in Earl Wilson's column and *Newsweek* magazine, to name just two. With just a few exceptions, like Dietrich and Judy Garland and Jeannette MacDonald, the stars being imitated are the new breed. This would seem to indicate that the public is mainly interested in today's superstars, with a little nostalgia thrown in for security.

One of the very most popular "do's" in drag shows these days is Bette Midler. There is almost no question that Ms. Midler's popularity is due in large part to the gay community. She has appeared at "The Tubs" (as she refers to the baths in general) and at gay rallies in Washington Square. She is witty, outspoken and very much pro-Gay. And talented! She is indeed a credit to the gay community which so joyfully supports her.

Barbra Streisand is probably the superstar of today in almost every medium. Whether consciously or not, she has attracted a considerable gay following, mainly through her heart-tugging rendition of songs in her repertoire. A prime example of this is the old song "Happy Days Are Here Again," which she slowly sings like a regretful swan-song, making it at once sentimental and ironic, the statement that, sure, life is beautiful, but why haven't I seen any of it?

In the tradition of zany comedienne, Carol Burnett has picked up the ball and is running headlong through a great career with a veritable gaggle of Gays right around her. She laughs at herself, and suffuses her TV show with outrageous comic bits as well as tear-jerking portrayals of down-and-outs. She is an incarnation of ZaSu Pitts, as well as the heiress of the Imogene Coca—Judy Canova school of craziness. She is a fine actress as well.

And whether she likes to admit it or not, Liza Minnelli is the image of her tragi-comic mother. Though her life is not as ill-starred as Judy's, Liza has won over the many gay fans (and others) who loved Judy for her very hardships. Liza, most definitely, has her own style, but through it all is the same impetuous searching for life, the same "scared little girl" quality which brought Judy's fans to their knees begging for more.

Of course, at this point of talking about the old stars and their new replacements, one single fact must be noted, and noted well: no one will ever replace Mae West. In fact, she is the perfect example through which we can generalize about all the female stars who attract gay audiences: they are women who make sense as individuals. They are not the stereotype of the "perfect" stay-at-home wife and mother; they are erudite, sophisticated, worldly, experienced—and we love 'em.

We raised the question earlier of whether, as Gays become more liberated, they will continue to revere the female star as a symbol of self-sufficiency and freedom. The trend seems to be away from the cult-worship of such stars as Dietrich and Davis, Crawford and Swanson, who were unquestionably female, that is, feminine in every respect. Instead the trend seems to be going in the direction of much of today's society—toward the "unisex" image, or the person who embodies some qualities of both sexes. The woman may still predominate, but no longer will she have to have a man around, no longer will she always wear the frilly and fantastic gowns, and no longer will she have to speak softly except when angry. This is the way it ought to be.

Liberation means the freedom to be a human being, complete with all the characteristics which are naturally human. Undoubtedly we will still see a lot of star-worship among Gays, but it will not be on the basis of Gay-to-woman identification; it will be on the basis of human-to-human respect and admiration. And that's the way it ought to be.

...

IT'S BETTER IN PAIRS

(Continued from page 32)

for the seaman, whom he describes in his *White Jacket* as "the masterpiece of all God's works."

It isn't certain whether Jack Chase is a fictionalization of one specific lover or a composite of several Melville had in the course of his career as a sailor, which provided background material for his famous novel *Moby Dick*, but Melville has much to say in his books about the compelling attractions of seamen and of the physical and emotional attachments that occur among them during long voyages.

Stephen Collins Foster is famous for the legacy of popular songs he left, including "Oh! Sussanna!" and "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair." What he isn't so famous for is the gay love affair that sustained him in the tortured final part of his life.

Because marriage grated against his nature, Foster fled to New York and the Bowery to hide from his family. Soon he met handsome *George Cooper*, then a twenty-year-old student and ultimately the composer of "Sweet Genevieve," the famous barber-shop quarter song. Cooper was Foster's lover for several years until Foster's untimely death at age thirty-eight.

Cooper apparently was a faithful lover, for he returned to Foster after being called away to serve in the Civil War. The two collaborated on a number of songs, and their relationship was the only close one Foster had in his last years. It was to Cooper, not to his own family, that Foster willed his last effects.

In our next issue . . . "The German Affair."

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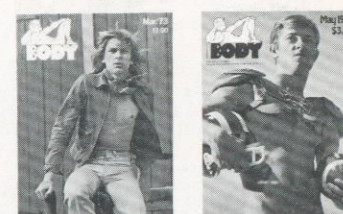
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hadn't been smitten first of all with

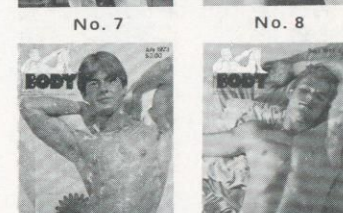
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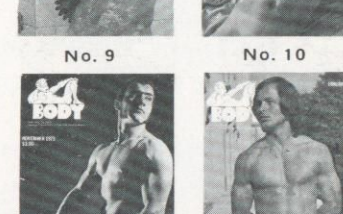
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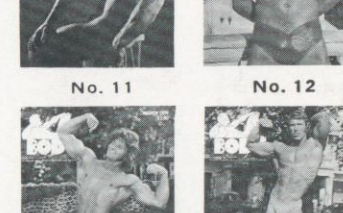
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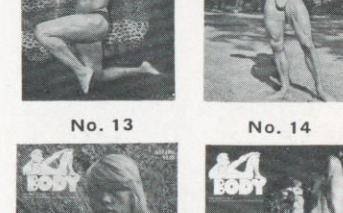
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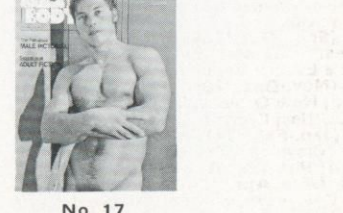
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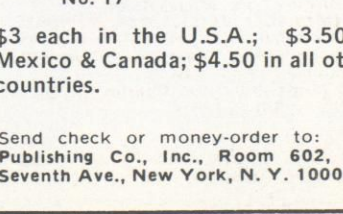
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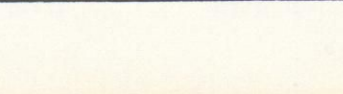
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Wagner's music and secondly with the composer himself.

The handsome monarch wrote effusive love letters to Wagner and declared himself the composer's admirer "unto death." Initially he lured Wagner to his castles "to discuss art." Ultimately he put Wagner up at court and later maintained him in a villa while he churned out the fabulous operas that immortalized him.

Wagner certainly knew what he was getting into with Ludwig—who was so gay that he couldn't tolerate the idea of an in-name-only marriage with the Duchess Sophie, and broke off their engagement—for Wagner wrote about Ludwig at the time, "Shall I be able to renounce women completely? With a deep sigh I confess I almost wish it. One look at his dear picture helps me again. Oh, the lovely youth! Now he is everything to me, world, wife and child."

Wagner also made note of his opinion on Green homosexual love in a published account in *Artwork of the Future*: "This love of man to man, in its primitive purity, proclaims itself as the noblest and least selfish utterance of man's sense of beauty, for it teaches man to sink and merge his entire self in the object of his affection. It not only included a purely spiritual bond of friendship, but this spiritual friendship was the blossom and the crown of physical friendship."

Whatever the physical nature of Ludwig's and Wagner's relationship was, that at least was not revealed in print. But Wagner certainly reached the pinnacle of his musical genius when he was under Ludwig's sponsorship. When the first performance of *The Ring of the Nibelungs* was presented at Bayreuth, it was dedicated to Ludwig, of course.

It was at this point that public uproar over the Ludwig-Wagner affair erupted, and it was no small scandal. Subsequently Wagner, who had been living at court, was separated from Ludwig. The composer went merrily on to an affair with the wife of his best friend which finally resulted in marriage after nine years. Ludwig's madness deepened over the years, and he came to a tragic end when he drowned in the Starnberger See at age forty-one.

Wagner's life was longer. He was seventy when he died in 1883, and he left a rich legacy of operatic works including, besides the *Ring*, *Tristan and Isolde*, and *Lohengrin*, the enduringly famous operas *Parsifal*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and *Meistersinger*.

• • •

ACCU-JAC

(Continued from page 13)

3. The plastic **hose** simply transports air between the pump and the massaging sleeve—the other end of the hose being attached to the tip of the sleeve.

4. The **massaging sleeve**—which approximates the length and circumference of your erect cock (you provide measurements when you order ACCU-JAC; additional sleeves of various circumferences may be purchased for friends)—is made of soft translucent vinyl, permitting you to see the action within. It is perfectly smooth but must fit to work;

providing the exact circumference of your cock when you order is crucial.

BASIC USE

You simply grease up with Vaseline and insert your flaccid or erect cock into the massaging sleeve; if you are soft when you enter you will probably achieve full erection within 30 seconds after the pump is switched on as a result of its unique action. Lubricant assures smoothness and helps seal air leaks around your cock so that a vacuum is formed as soon as you are erect. This holds the sleeve securely in place until you remove it by lifting it off or turning off the pump, thus breaking the vacuum. Because your hands are free you can thumb through porno or operate a movie projector or do whatever your particular turn-on happens to be—flat on your back, sitting, kneeling, standing or whatever position you favor.

The action of the sleeve is to rise up and down—steadily and insistently without let-up. The rhythm is fixed—and because it is orgasm is not reached as quickly as one might anticipate when having sex with a partner who can increase rhythm for a spurting finish. This prolongs the pleasant sensation of being sucked for anywhere between five minutes to an hour or more—depending upon your individual sensitivity and the stroke you are normally used to as well as the degree of your excitement. For most guys the extended sensation is a desirable byproduct of masturbating with ACCU-JAC. Others will find it a disadvantage at times and might in fact prefer to enjoy ACCU-JAC for, say, a half hour and then finish the job by hand. If you achieve orgasm with ACCU-JAC you will find that it too is extended for a few extra delicious seconds—causing you to ooze into a violent climax.

The action of ACCU-JAC more closely approximates being sucked than masturbating by hand. Its pump produces alternating suction and compression which actually pulls your cock into the sleeve and then releases it at a fixed speed of about one stroke per second. The vinyl sleeve retains body heat and produces warmth by its motion. Using lubricant not only assures smoothness and an air seal but because it softens from the heat it provides moisture. Slurping sounds are created by a combination of all these factors and it all adds up to a talented blow job—and there are no teeth to worry about. It is not a noisy machine and can be used in your own room without worry of detection—if you happen to live at home.

Cleaning is relatively simple. You simply rinse the sleeve in hot soapy water and dry thoroughly with paper towels. If any cum flows into the hose it can be rinsed clean the same way. There are no other parts to worry about. And a warranty protects all electrical parts.

POST-GRADUATE USES

If you are thinking about buying ACCU-JAC—I suggest you purchase only the basic unit; it consists of everything you need—the transformer, pump, hose, sleeve, some Vaseline, a cleaning brush and complete instructions. If you are sharing it with a lover whose cock is a different size then you might want to purchase an additional sleeve for him

(Continued on page 54)

Fabled Fire Island is the setting for this epic film teaming up BRUNO, the irresistible force, with ZACK, a very movable object! A cooling dip in the bay on a hot summer afternoon results in a chance meeting between our lusty heroes, setting off a series of dazzling fireworks—and we don't mean roman candles! Don't blame us if this steamy little film fogs up your screen...!

TARGET STUDIOS ANNOUNCES THE MOVIE OF THE YEAR

"BAYSIDE BRUNO & ZACK"

STARRING

Now, for the first time anywhere, Target presents BRUNO in motion!

VB-3.....200 ft. Super 8 Color.....\$28.00
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If you haven't as yet tripped into Target Territory here's your chance. Send us \$1.00 and we'll zip off to you like **fast** our lavish four-page brochure illustrating our current crop of photos, slides, movies, drawings, etc. PLUS free samples of our work.

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THE SUPER SUKULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY BYA JAY CHESS!

XXXRATED!
THE CURSE OF KAHLÚA BLEWA!
IN THIS ISSUE OUR FUGG GUYS... HARRY, MICKEY MUSCLE AND RANCID AGNEW MATCH WITS AND BRAVW WITH THE MYSTERIOUS MENACE - THE SCARLET SCUMBAG!

OUR ADVENTURE STARTS ON A HIGH CULTURAL NOTE! FIGS NEWTON SEMEN... THE GREAM-COOKIE KING, MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AND WORLD FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR WITH HIS NEPHEW, OREO ARE SAFARI-ING THRU THE STEAMY GUATEMALAN JUNGLE IN SEARCH OF A LEGENDARY INCAN TREASURE... A JADE STATUE WITH A SOLID GOLD PHALLUS (COCK TO YOU) REPUTED TO POSSESS BIZARRE POWERS! THEIR EXPEDITION SO FAR HAS BEEN FRUITLESS (SIGH)...! THE HEAD SAFARI GUIDE, KANKER KULLIGAN WIPES THE SWEAT OFF HIS DAMP BROW AND SPEAKS...

THE FUCKIN' NATIVE CHIEF WHO SOLD ME THIS MAP SWORE UP 'N DOWN ON HIS BLACK ASS THAT IT WOULD LEAD US RIGHT TO THE SACRED BURIAL SITE!
BUT KANKER... WE'VE BEEN TRAMPLING THE SAME BUSHES FOR HOURS!

SUDDENLY THEIR LUCK CHANGES...
BOSS MAN... DA BOYS JUST FOUND SOMETHIN' OVER DERE...
WHA?

GASP...!
AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE IT OUT... THE BURIAL SITE IS 3 PAGES PAST THE BOARD-WALK... AND I COLLECT THE JACKPOT!

WHAT DOES ALL THOSE HIEROGLYPHS MEAN, UNK?

WOW... LOOK UNCLE SEMEN... YOU WERE RIGHT!

MOMENTS LATER...
BE STILL MY WASP HEART!!! IT'S... IT'S THE SACRED SITE, ALL RIGHT! COMMENCE DIGGING...!
DAVID EISENHOWER: THE FACE YOU'D LOVE TO SIT ON!
CONGRATS... COLLECT JACKPOT!
SLURP!

AFTER HOURS OF DIGGING...
DO YOU THINK IT WISE, KANKER... TO OPEN IT?
HOLY SMOKES!
THIS SACRED CRYPT IS CURSED! KEEP THE FUCK OUT OF THIS MOUND, YOU!

INSIDE...
THE SACRED IDOL OF KAHLÚA BLEWA... IT'S BREATHE-TAKING!
DON'T BE STUPID!
DINT THERE GOES THE NEIGHBOR HOOD!

MUCH LATER THAT NITE AS EVERYONE SLEEPS... WELL ALMOST EVERYONE -
THIS SHOULD DO IT! THE IDOL WILL SOON BE MINE!

THE NEXT MORN... AFTER BREAKFAST, THE NATIVES BECOME RESTLESS...
ME HORNY! ME VERY HORNY! ME... SUPER HORNY!

ME STILL VERY HORNY!
YEAH!
FAR OUT!

YOU FUCKIE, HUNKY!
BUT... BUT... I'M A HARVARD MAN!
YEE-GOD!
IT WORKED... hee hee!

WAAAAAGGGG
NOW TO CALL THE SCARLET SCUMBAG 'N TELL HIM I HAVE THE IDOL!

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO HARRY'S VILLAGE PAD... IT'S MOVIE NITE!
LOOK AT THOSE HARD BUNS MOVE!
I LIKE THE PART WITH THE ROTO-ROOTER MAN...
RINGGGG

CHESS, SOMETHING HIGHLY SENSITIVE HAS JUST CROPPED UP... GRAB A PENCIL! AT MID-NIGHT YOU ARE TO HEAD FOR THE DOCKS AND THAT DESERTED PIER BLDG. ON WEST STREET FOR MY FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS! FIND ROOM.

IT'S THE BIG F!! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE OFF 'N' RUNNING ON A FUGG CAPER SUPER SOON!
WOW! HOT SPIT!
FUGG NOTES

MIDNIGHT...
ERIE LACKAWANA
THIS IS THE SPOT...

INSIDE...
LEGALIZE VERY SUGAR
EAT MY CREEPY!
FOR A HOT TIME CALL 4-5-9-8-3-0!

THIS IS THE ROOM... I HOPE THE FUGG TAPE RECORDER IS PLUGGED IN...

MR. CHESS... NEWTON SEMEN, THE WORLD FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR AND HIS NEPHEW ORRIO WERE FOUND BY SOME GUATEMALAN BOY SCOUTS A FEW HOURS AGO GANG-FUCKED! SEMEN HAD JUST UNEARTHED THE PRICELESS INCAN IDOL OF KAHLÚA BLEWA... WHICH IS REPUTED TO POSSESS SOME UNCANNY POWERS! IT'S BEEN LOST FOR CENTURIES AND WAS A FAB FIND. BUT THE IDOL AND THE SAFARI GUIDE, KANKER KULLIGAN ARE BOTH MISSING! YOUR JOB... RECOVER THE IDOL... SINCE THERE WILL BE SERIOUS DIPLOMATIC REPERCUSSIONS IF IT LEAKS OUT THAT KAHLÚA BLEWA WAS BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA! THE CIA, FBI, DAR. AND FUGG ARE COUNTING ON YOU BOYS! THIS TAPE WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 10 SECS!! KISSIE... KISSIE... KEEP IT HARD!

CHRIS... I WONDER IF HIS ASS HOLE IS COVERED BY BLUE SHIELD!
BAAM!

LATER BACK AT HARRY'S...
THIS IS IT GUYS... BIG F HAS JUST DUMPED A...
WHAT'S THE STORY, HAR?

BUT THERE'S NO LEADS! WHERE THE FUCK DO WE START?
HUMM... LET'S DO OUR SUPER SLEUTH BIT 'N CHECK OUT THE PHONE BOOK FOR KANKER KULLIGAN...

LICKIE RECTUMS... LOOK! HE'S LISTED IN SOHO... LET'S GO!
RIGHT ON (GEE!)
SCREECH!
NOT A HOT MINUTE TO SPARE... IT'S UP THERE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE TOO LATE...
KANKER KULLIGAN SAFARI GUIDE

INSIDE...
LOOK... SOMEONE STUCK A RED RUBBER OVER HIS HEAD. GASP... AND LEFT A CALLING CARD!
Gee!

WOW!
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SCARLET SCUMBAG! KEEP YOUR NOSES OUT OF THIS FUGG... OR YOU'LL END UP LIKE KULLIGAN!

MEANWHILE... A SINISTER SHADOW ON THE NEXT ROOFTOP TAKES CAREFUL AIM...
BULL'S-EYE!
TO BE CONT.!

The Greatest Invention Since The Human Mouth ACCU-JAC



If you are into masturbation then **ACCU-JAC** is for you. It is a professionally engineered massaging device that took four years of research and development.

ACCU-JAC uses alternating air pressure to move a smooth massaging membrane on the erect penis. The stroking motion is total and incorporates pressurized air flow which produces suction and compression to drive the massaging sleeve back and forth, thus **approximating actual fellatio. This total massage combined with gentle suction results in violent climax.**

No electrical parts ever touch you. **ACCU-JAC is completely safe and entirely harmless.** It is gentler than the hand or actual fellatio. A warranty is included to protect all electrical and mechanical parts.

The basic unit includes everything you need to use **ACCU-JAC** . . . there are no extras to buy. Additional sleeves for a variety of unusual sensations are available for later purchase. They are detailed in literature which accompanies **ACCU-JAC** and also in our 1975 Catalog advertised elsewhere in this magazine.

It is crucial that you furnish **exact measurements of your erect penis to ensure perfect fit** of the sleeve sent with your unit. If you are purchasing **ACCU-JAC** with a friend order an additional sleeve for the second person if his size is different from yours and/or you intend to use **ACCU-JAC** simultaneously with a T-connection accessory (see coupon).

If you wish to learn more about **ACCU-JAC** before purchasing see our detailed report in the February 1975 **QQ Magazine**. Send \$3.50 (\$4.50 in Canada & Mexico; \$5.00 all other countries) for a copy; \$1 for a Xerox copy of the report. Address on coupon.

Our prices include all shipping charges and taxes where applicable. We ship via insured parcel post. Cartons are sturdy and carefully packed and bear no revealing markings. U.S. residents desiring air service please add \$10 to your order. Enclose money-order to expedite shipment. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Price reflects manufacturer's 1974 increase.

Order from: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001**

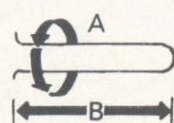
Please check:

- ☐ Complete **ACCU-JAC** with 1 massaging sleeve \$154.95
☐ Complete **ACCU-JAC** with 2 massaging sleeves \$164.95
☐ T-connection permitting two men to use **ACCU-JAC** simultaneously . . \$5.95

YOUR MEASUREMENTS (IF TWO SLEEVES ARE BEING ORDERED SEND MEASUREMENTS FOR BOTH MEN)

(A) Circumference near base inches

(B) Topside length inches



Name Age

Address

City State Zip

CANNOT BE SOLD TO THOSE UNDER 21

at the outset. Once you are familiar with **ACCU-JAC** you will probably want to buy some extra sleeves and accessories—but these should not be sent for until you can determine your needs after using it.

Here are some pleasurable suggestions:

The sleeve you receive with **ACCU-JAC** is a standard shape (Style No. 1). There are six other styles, some with bends, others with curves, and even one which accommodates a vibrator (which I personally prefer because the additional stimulation permits me to achieve orgasm in minutes). They are designed to create a variety of unusual sensations—which are explained in the literature that accompanies **ACCU-JAC** as well as in our catalog.

ACCU-JAC is unique—and a great reason for someone accepting an invitation to come on over. If this idea appeals to you then have a complete set (all available sizes) of Style No. 1 on hand—to accommodate all your friends.

If you want to share the fun with your buddy at the same time—then get a **Buddy-T**. This is a simple T-pipe connection which comes with enough hose—permitting two guys to use the same **ACCU-JAC** at the same time.

Even if you have the basic unit without these accessories you can still share the fun with a buddy. Suppose you're into threesomes but a third guy just isn't available. Simple. Invite **ACCU-JAC** to join the party. You can be **Lucky Pierre**—with your friend plugged into your rear and **ACCU-JAC** plugged in up front. Or slip into your buddy while he slips into **ACCU-JAC**.

If you're into car sex you can buy a simple adapter that permits you to use **ACCU-JAC** in your automobile—in which case you do not use the transformer but plug the pump directly into your cigarette lighter receptacle. Some guys actually take **ACCU-JAC** on car trips and let it suck away while they're driving. However, it isn't recommended unless you are familiar with the machine and completely relaxed about using it since its use could take your mind off the road and cause a serious accident. Moreover, if you have a tendency to speed and attract troopers—you might not be able to remove **ACCU-JAC** in time and that could cause problems.

Just use your imagination and it will run the gamut of uses. Like using **ACCU-JAC** for your third round with a buddy—when your jaws begin to ache and you're ready to scream for Preparation-H. And if you happen to be a jealous lover whose job takes him out of town frequently—what a perfect gift **ACCU-JAC** makes to help keep him out of the johns until you get back.

IS IT WORTH IT?

ACCU-JAC is expensive. Suggested retail for the basic unit is now \$150.00 plus shipping charges. Sleeves cost up to \$12.50; \$20.00 for the one with a vibrator. See our ad in this issue or send for our free 1975 catalog for exact prices—which include all shipping charges and taxes where applicable.

It is worth it? Ask if dining out is worth the cost when you can prepare a similar meal at home for a fraction of the amount. Some guys spend thousands on hustlers. More others waste hundreds on beer and cigarettes.

It is simply a matter of values.

GOOD HEALTH & SEXUAL VIGOR CAN BE YOURS

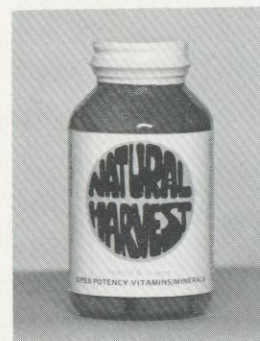
Vitamins are substances which are required by the body if it is to function properly. They are normally provided by foods but not always in sufficient quantities. This is particularly true of processed foods which have been depleted of their vitamin content.

When extraordinary demands tax the body its nutrients are drained and must be replenished. We do this through proper nutrition; by eating good foods and supplementing our meals with vitamins and minerals. Those of us who have sex every day are especially concerned about the ability to perform successfully and safeguard against impotency—a condition which may be aggravated when certain nutrients are lacking—particularly those vitamins associated with sexual potency.

We are now making available to our customers a superior line of natural and organic health aids which the publisher and editors of **QQ Magazine**, **Body and Ciao!** personally use. We urge you to read about each of the items we have specially selected so that you may decide for yourself as to their value to your health and sex life.



HIGH POTENCY MULTIPLE VITAMINS & MINERALS



This food supplement by Natural Harvest is a super high potency multiple vitamin, mineral, amino acid and lipotropic formula so essential to good health—particularly if you are sexually active. A single tablet once daily provides more than twice the potency of most other vitamin/mineral tablets, and far greater quality. Derived entirely from natural and organic sources.

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Vitamin A (Palmitate) 25,000 USP Units	625%
Vitamin D (Calciferol) 400 USP Units	100%
Vitamin C 150 mg.	500%
(From Rose Hips and other organic sources)	
Vitamin B ₁₂ (Cobalamin Concentrate) 50 mcg.	*
Vitamin B ₁ (Thiamine HCl) 25 mg.	2500%
Vitamin B ₂ (Riboflavin) 25 mg.	2000%
Vitamin B ₆ (Pyridoxine HCl) 15 mg.	*
Niacinamide 50 mg.	500%
Calcium Pantothenate 12.5 mg.	*
Vitamin E (d- α Tocopherol Acid Succinate) 12.5 Int'l. Units	..
Inositol 250 mg.	..
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Betaine HCl 25 mg.	..
Para Amino Benzoic Acid 15 mg.	..
Rutin 5 mg.	..
Citrus Bioflavonoids 15 mg.	..
Biotin 1 mcg.	..
Desiccated Liver 50 mg.	..
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Iron Gluconate 50 mg.	60%
Copper Gluconate 0.25 mg.	*
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Manganese Gluconate 6.15 mg.	*
Zinc Gluconate 2.2 mg.	*
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Calcium (from Bone Meal) 53.5 mg.	7%
Phosphorus (from Bone Meal) 24.3 mg.	3%
Protein (from Protein Coating), Alfalfa, Watercress, Parsley, Kelp, Lecithin, used as excipients.	

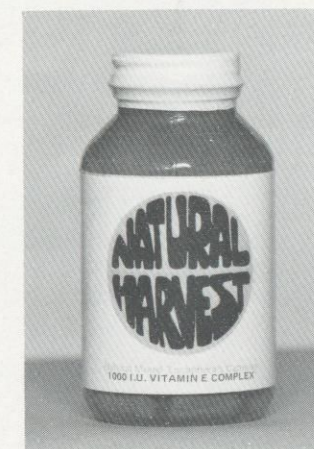
MDR—Minimum daily adult requirement

**Need in human nutrition undetermined

*MDR not established

MULTIPLE VITAMINS/MINERALS
100 Tablets (3 Months) \$6.95

VITAMIN E



Natural Harvest's natural Vitamin E-Complex capsules contain a massive 1,000 I.U. of mixed tocopherols (d-alpha, d-beta, d-delta, and d-gamma) in precise combination derived from natural vegetable oils in a base of wheat germ oil. Vitamin E helps utilize oxygen in the body and thus acts to curtail fatigue. This vitamin is necessary for reproduction in animals and is closely associated with sexual potency (severe Vitamin E deficiency in men irreparably damages the tissues in the testes where sperm is produced). Many men who are sexually active take Vitamin E but usually in concentrates which lack essential potency (usually 100 or 200 I.U. per capsule). It is our belief that such potencies contribute little if anything at all to sexual prowess. We therefore offer this super concentrate—a formula containing 1,000 I.U. per capsule, which is not readily available on the market.

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This wonder food is gathered from the bee colonies and unsprayed flower fields of Southern France (where it is believed that bee pollen has aphrodisiacal properties). Naturally dried, these tablets contain precisely the amino acids which our systems cannot manufacture. Rich in vitamins of the B-complex variety. Gram for gram more protein than meat, eggs or cheese. Each Natural Harvest 100% pure natural BEE POLLEN tablet contains 500 mg. pollen.

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Each of these supplements is essential to good health and an active sex life even if taken individually. But so convinced are we of the benefits they afford when taken in combination that we are offering **ALL 4** (when purchased at the same time) at a **SAVINGS OF \$5 OFF THE TOTAL PRICE.** You receive 1 bottle of each supplement—each containing 100 tablets/capsules (a supply which will last more than 3 months).



SEX COMBO
You get 1 bottle of each supplement—each containing 100 tablets/capsules (3-month supply). If purchased separately the total price is \$36.80 . . . you save \$5. Offer good only when all 4 supplements are purchased at the same time.
All 4 Supplements \$31.80

Sold to adults only (please state you are over 21). Specify which item(s) and quantity desired. Shipped via insured parcel post. We pay all postage. We do not accept returns.

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