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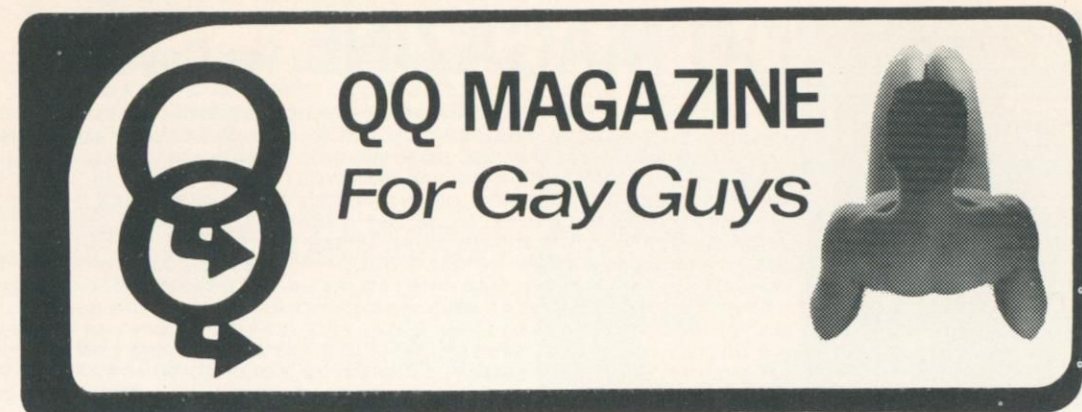
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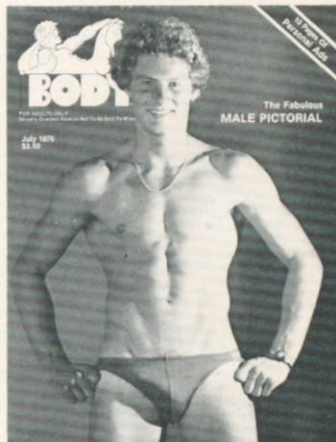


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NAME..... AGE.....
 ADDRESS.....
 CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

IN our April 1976 edition we published an editorial entitled "The Spirit of 1976?" Its message was brief—and we reprint it here verbatim rather than provide a lengthy explanation of its content.

The Liberty Bell is in Pennsylvania, you know—in Philadelphia, to be exact. We all know what it stands for . . . The Spirit of 1776. The fellow who wrote the following letter happens to live in Pennsylvania, not too far from Philadelphia. Surely, he must know about the Liberty Bell. Is his message . . . The Spirit of 1976?

The letter reached our offices a few weeks ago. It was among several objecting to the exclusive presentation of Black models in our special Caribbean issue of *Ciao!* We present it verbatim, as it was written for publisher George Desantis:

Hey De Sante

Why don't you come off of it. There is not that many niggers in the whole United States and Africa. Why don't you start to print a gay magazine for gay people.

I am,
(Signed)

Another writer, a travel agent—a man you'd think would be interested in all the peoples of the world—objected strongly by saying, "... the darkies go or my subscription goes!"

In this magazine, and in all our magazines, except for special publications such as our Caribbean issue (which we felt was fitting for an all-Black presentation), we try and have something for everybody. Certainly, we use more White models and few Blacks because we strive for a "slice of life" presentation—and there are more White gays than Blacks. Page through this magazine. It is typical of our color balance. We think it's a realistic balance. A fair balance. A desirable balance.

Do you?

Really, we want to know. If we are running too many Black models—or, for some, too many White models—let us know. We value your opinion. Is our friend from Pennsylvania right? Tell us. We will respect your privacy and not publish your name or letter. All we want to do is give you the magazines you want.

Overall, reader response was—by actual count—about 50 in support of our policy, and of blacks in general, to one to the contrary. We present only a few typical excerpts here. And we are especially grateful to those of you who felt so strongly about your feelings that permission to publish your name was given—though we have decided against doing this for numerous reasons.

THE PROS

If you will permit this Canadian to butt his nose in where it is probably not wanted, here is a message for those of your readers who object to the black models appearing in QQ publications: Yours is the nation that is supposed to have taught us all, through your living example, the meaning of freedom. What a pity that a few of you remain slaves to your own fears and prejudices. And what an irony that guys, who so often feel the galling sting of intolerance, should allow that particular hatred to poison their own values. Shame! But the greatest pity and the sorriest irony I reserve for those of you who have never learned to find beauty in mankind's almost infinite variety. It is a source of sublime pleasure, open to anyone who will accept it. —Vancouver, B.C.

How tragic! How degrading! How incomprehensible that one minority group should show such vehemence against another minority group. When will all this "pecking order" mentality be educated out of us? The variation of skin color should only enhance and intensify that (Continued on page 38)

July/August 1976

Editorial

Our Readers Reply: THE SPIRIT OF 1976?



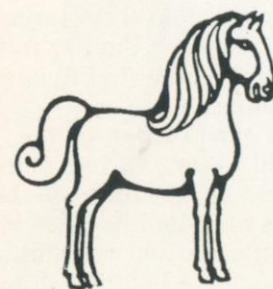
Alexander



DRAGON: Characteristics . . . subtle, healthy, passionate, secretive; a daredevil. Birth years . . . 1904, 1916, 1928, 1940, 1952, 1964, 1976.



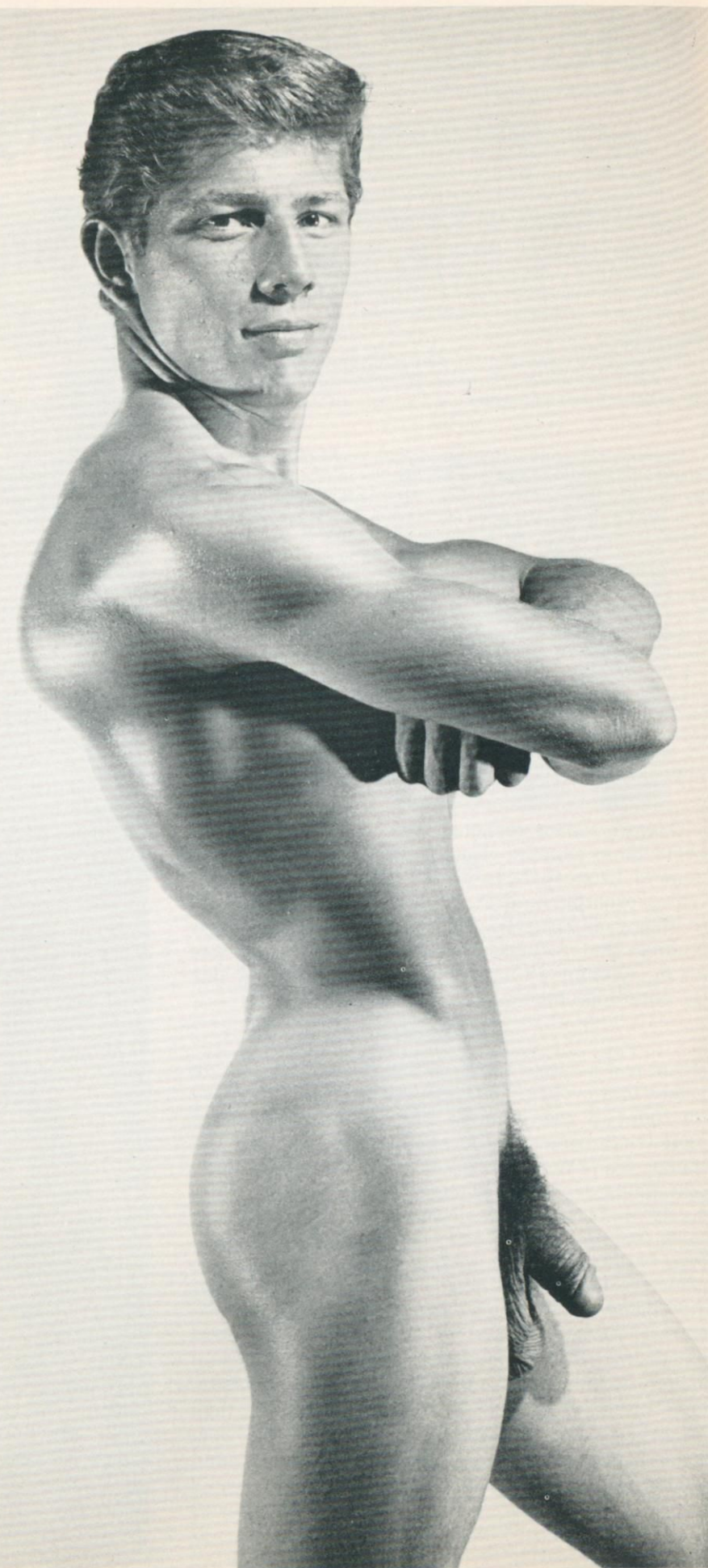
SNAKE: Characteristics . . . intelligent, energetic, personally attractive. Birth years . . . 1905, 1917, 1929, 1941, 1953, 1965, 1977.



HORSE: Characteristics . . . cheerful, impulsive, loyal, daring, independent. Birth years . . . 1906, 1918, 1930, 1942, 1954, 1966, 1978.



SHEEP: Characteristics . . . creative, warmhearted, shy, elegant. Birth years . . . 1907, 1919, 1931, 1943, 1955, 1967, 1979.



Kensington Road

The Fortune-Cookie Zodiac

The Year Of The Dragon

By Scott Young

FOR all his surface stoicism the Chinese is an eternal optimist; under that mask of seeming impassivity is a man looking for new fun ways. Although his appearance belies it, the Chinese, despite the tribulations that are so often his portion, is no 'gloom 'n doomer' . . . he looks to the future with anticipation, rather than with doubt and dread, operating on the principle that the more eagerly he looks to life, the fewer pratfalls he'll take.

Perhaps you've noticed this when you've bought fortune cookies. Did you ever get one with a sinister message? No, and very likely you never will. If the prophesy about your 'fortune' isn't very enthusiastic, cookie, at least it will be couched in terms of a 'reverse negative' that's by no means downputting. For example: "Chances of success . . . *not bad!*" 'Not bad' being relative, philosophically it's another way of saying "Ya gotta have *heart!*" For most Chinese, psyching themselves to happiness has always been a kind of survival kit; for us, it can be a way of getting more from life if we follow the 'fortune-cookie' zodiac.

The Chinese Lunar Calendar follows a twelve-year sequence, instead of the twelve-month lunar cycle around which those of the western world chart their horoscopes. Each year is represented by a particular animal. Thus when the sign under which he was born reappears after a twelve-year hiatus, you may be sure he's going to make the most of it. After all, sages even before Confucius have decreed that only good fortune will come his way during the 365 days his sign is in the ascendancy, and he's not going to miss a trick! It's the year of *his* thing . . . and none of that 'do this today' or 'beware of that, tomorrow' that keeps so many of the occidental world dangling on the tenterhooks of daily zodiacal anxiety.

The twelve signs of the Chinese lunar cycle are the Hare, the Dragon, the Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Rooster, Dog, Boar, Rat, Ox and Tiger, and one born under a particular sign is believed to take on all of the excelling qualities of his animal 'sponsor', and none of the bad ones. Although all signs are considered to be equally auspicious—however in different ways—some are more 'equal' than others.

For example, 1975 was the Year of the Hare, and one born under that sign is characteristically 'talented and lucky, a good friend and lover, and—like the rabbit—peace-loving'. The entrance of the Year of the Hare was joyfully celebrated by the

Chinese of that birth sign, yet such celebrations were somewhat muted, lacking the boisterousness that ushered in the Year of the Dragon in 1976. Characteristically, those born under the sign of the Dragon are healthy, extremely passionate and quite extroverted; they are further described as being hunch players. Daredevils at heart, they like to take chances.

THE DRAGON'S BIRTHDAY

Thus the celebrations in any North American city with a large Chinese population—New York, San Francisco and Vancouver, especially—were equally wild and daredevilish. In New York, even the police got happily into the act. Having served through other Year of the Dragon celebrations they made an obvious gesture of stuffing great wads of cotton around their ears—the better *not* to hear the sound of firecrackers going off all around them throughout the celebrations. Also they closed their eyes to the sale of fireworks, and—especially—to the openness of street gambling in Chinatown.

Some helped with the construction of the 'great fiery dragons' which, this year, looked more like tipsy lions. It's said that the depression hit the dragon-building business also, and because it takes about sixty men to construct a real ripsnorter of a dragon, and only two to bring a lion to roaring life, what most Chinese saw was a long length of fire-breathing dragon with a lion's face! No matter . . . the Chinese are nothing if not imaginative. It *was* a dragon!

The idea of the dragon's appearance in any Chinese celebration is twofold. First, it prances along the street, pausing before doorways to drive out evil spirits and usher in happiness for those born under its sign. Then, by tradition, the businessman or householder whose place is visited by the dragon has a red envelope ready, filled with money, and this is offered as a 'sacrifice' to the dragon, which promptly 'gobbles it up' via a hand that emerges through the jaws of the 'beast'. Also by tradition, this goes to charitable causes.

Beyond the sheer boisterousness of the celebration—the never-ending firecracker blasts, the horns and parades—there were the 12-course family dinners . . . feasting around the clock . . . and all kinds of street entertainments, particularly martial-arts exhibitions (every corner with its home-grown



MONKEY: Characteristics . . . adventurous, nimble-witted, charming, genius-type. Birth years . . . 1908, 1920, 1932, 1944, 1956, 1968, 1980.



ROOSTER: Characteristics . . . self-confident, daring, tends to undertake too much. Birth years . . . 1909, 1921, 1933, 1945, 1957, 1969, 1981.



DOG: Characteristics . . . affectionate, good-humored, warmhearted, a good friend. Birth years . . . 1910, 1922, 1934, 1946, 1958, 1970, 1982.



BOAR: Characteristics . . . likes puzzles, great lover in the grand style. Likes fine wines; gourmet. Birth years . . . 1911, 1923, 1935, 1947, 1959, 1971, 1983.

Bruce Lee). Of course the only labor performed during the celebration of the Year of the Dragon was by waiters carrying huge platters of food through the jam-packed restaurants of Chinatown.

There are certain taboos observed on this day of days. For one thing, it is considered bad luck to perform any unnecessary chore. Floors must not be swept, nor windows washed. And for the twenty-four hours of feasting, food should be prepared in advance and heated only as needed.

Hair must not be shampooed, nor cut. That should be done the day before. And the Chinese wears the finest clothing he can afford. Temples all over Chinatown are ablaze with light and heady with the scent of sandalwood incense as its citizens pray for the prosperity and happiness of the entire community for the ensuing year, and for those who have been fortunate enough to have been born under the sign of the Dragon. Any Chinese holiday is an occasion, and if you are visiting a city with a considerable Chinese population you should make a point of sharing it.

LUNAR SIGNS OF SEXUAL SIGNIFICANCE

The Chinese read into every lunar change signs of sexual significance. As deeply as they believe in the now-proven power of ginseng, so have they always believed that those born under the various lunar signs are endowed with special sexual powers. It is interesting to note that many of these are quite similar to those of our own western zodiac. There is much gay significance to this also, and you might care to study this brief comparison to see how closely/sexually you and your gay Chinese counterpart are attuned.

Capricorn, for all that it means 'goat-horned', travels happily in the same gay orbit as the Chinese sign of the *Lamb*. Both imply creativeness and a feeling for elegance within a social framework that's not far out. Each has a feeling for stability and conformity. Sexually, both like to romance their lovers rather than quick-trick it. In bed, regardless of any other mien of conformity, both respond vibrantly to unusual sexual variations.

Taurus has much in common with the Chinese *Boar*. The Taurean loves the grand style and knows supremely well how to fit it into his lovemaking. He likes fine wines; erotic paintings and seductive music when sexing. So does the man born under the sign of the Boar. Both are sexually insatiable. Once is *not* enough! It is said that the Chinese who first discovered the ginseng plant and its sexual effectiveness was born under the sign of the Boar. His spirit lives on!

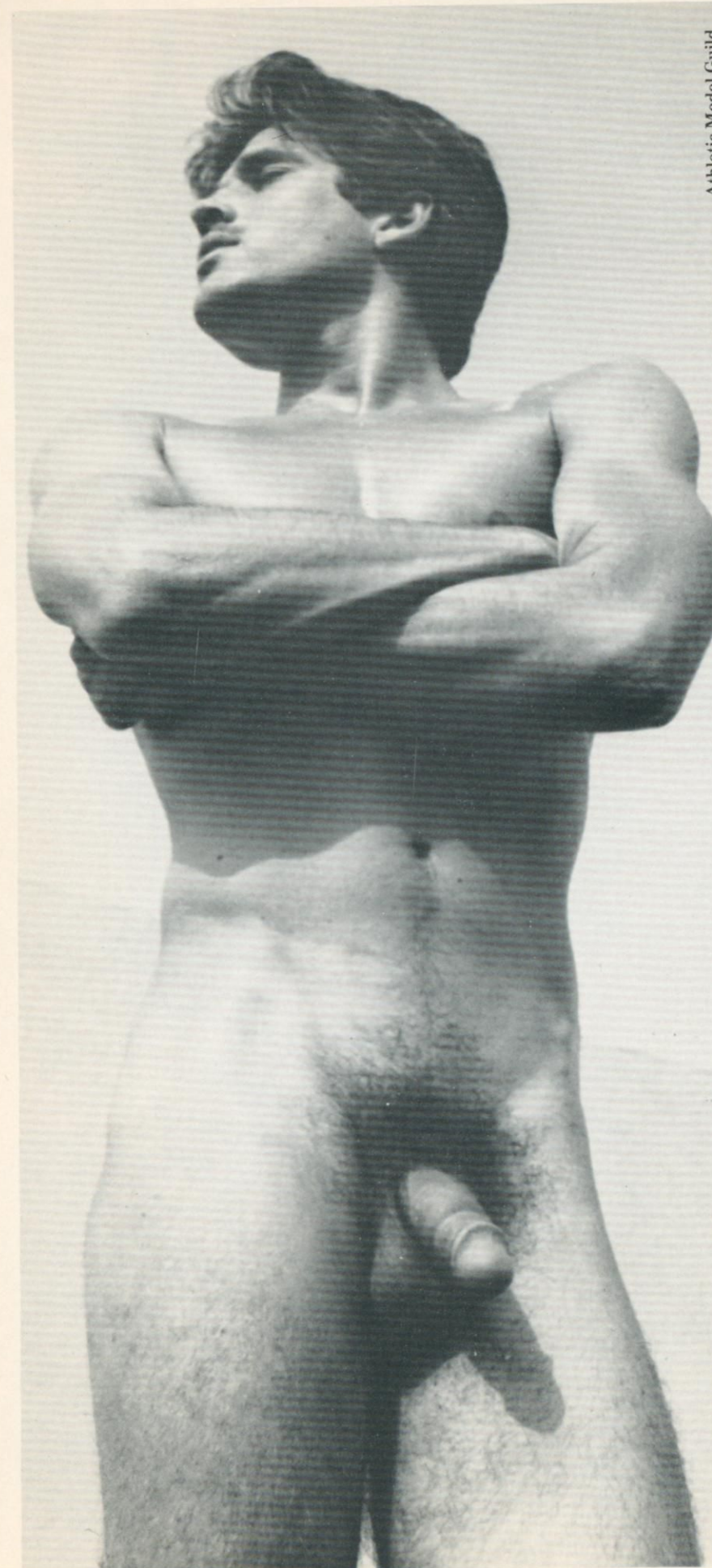
Aries, the ram, finds almost a blood brother in the Chinese *Tiger*. Both can charm the birds off the trees . . . both are generous to a fault . . . and both are so warmhearted they genuinely despair at forsaking a lover. Both, however, leave behind a trail of sad-eyed tricks who—having first been overcome by incredible sexpertise—took their passion for real. Also, because of a joint need for far-out adventure, the Ram and the Tiger like threesomes or moresomes, and to experiment with all kinds of eroticizers, such as the wilder sex toys. (The Chinese, you may recall, invented many sex toys.)

The Chinese *Monkey* has no animal counterpart in our occidental horoscopy. Oddly, though, the personality of one born under the sign of the Monkey is exactly in tune with that of the *Sagittarian* whose bow is always cocked for a new lover. Both are nimble-witted, genius types. Both are highly adventurous, relishing each new affair. Both demand total sexual freedom. No 'monkey-business' with the Monkey, unless you *do* mean 'business'.

Pisceans may not at first relish the thought of being orbited with a rat, but the Chinese *Rat* is something quite special. Both are dreamers of the 'life can be beautiful' school. Both are perfectionists . . . idealists. And both will go to almost any lengths to draw love from a partner simply as a compelling desire to please, rather than out of sheer curiosity. The simultaneous wish to create beauty all around leads them into rhapsodies of sex, rather than to the reasonably quickly-over-with encounter.

On the other hand, the remaining similarity between orientals and occidentals born under compatible signs is that of *Scorpio* to the Chinese *Rooster*. Both are self-confident,

(Continued on page 38)



Athletic Model Guild



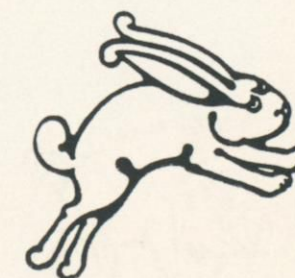
RAT: Characteristics . . . ambitious, overly generous, a perfectionist, an idealist. As a lover he likes to please, rather than please himself. Birth years . . . 1900, 1912, 1924, 1936, 1948, 1960, 1972, 1984.



OX: Characteristics . . . a born leader, always in command sexually. Hates failure. Birth years . . . 1901, 1913, 1925, 1937, 1949, 1961, 1973, 1985.



TIGER: Characteristics . . . a very intense individual. Very warm, charming. A fickle lover. Birth years . . . 1902, 1914, 1926, 1938, 1950, 1962, 1974, 1986.



RABBIT: Characteristics . . . talented, lucky, peace-loving. A person of equitable temperament. Birth years . . . 1903, 1915, 1927, 1939, 1951, 1963, 1975, 1987.



Sierra Domino

Will We Ever Have A Song Of Our Own?

By Gerald Moore

IN our youth-oriented society I'm beginning to feel as hoary as Moses. Although I'm not laying down the law, I'm just not satisfied with the way things have been going for our community. During my forty-odd years I've watched, observed and even participated as the fight to claim our rights has slowly come out of the closets; screamed into the streets; clamored into the courts. I've read, studied and learned that we occupy a unique niche in this society. Because, no matter how much some of us have contributed—great works of art, famous plays, popular novels; no matter how hard others of us have worked—at everyday jobs, vital executive positions, important political posts; no matter how quickly the general public has snatched up our contributions—clothing fads, life-styles, “in” things—we still, most of us, are reduced to knowing the love that dare not speak its name in psychologically damaging secrecy and personally humiliating intimidation.

Gay chic may be neat in the Big Apple. It may be OK to say, “You're damn straight, I'm gay!” in gay L.A. But anywhere else in this brutally one-sided society, “Watch it!”—as Geraldine used to put it bluntly. They'll run you out of town on a rail or jam you in their jail if you give 'em half a chance. It was not always so. Sophocles, Sappho, some say Shakespeare, and scores of other brothers and sisters in the past were free to write great poems and hymns to homo-erotic love and friendship, while garnering public acclaim at the same time. Nero diddled while Rome burned; here we get burned for diddling! Thus the great outpouring from the cornucopia of our productive authors, wits, talents, song-writers, actors, singers and style-setters, all has been designed for, and destined to cater to, the heterosexual masses who laud our creative ability on one hand—and harass, jibe, tantalize, beat us up, arrest us, and fire us from our jobs, on the other hand.

In the last few years the picture has been slowly changing. Sure, we have our own films now, but they are mostly cheap porno. Our real talent goes to the general public. We've our own books too, but many are written just to cash in on the increasingly recognized size of the homosexual market. We even have our own jewelry, t-shirts, clothing stores and newspapers. The *Wall Street Journal* is not one of them, of course. But in a recent article, “Campaigns to Sell to Homosexual Market Are Being Launched by More Big Firms,” they discuss openly that, for the first time, such national firms as Falstaff Brewing, Columbia Pictures, Simon & Schuster

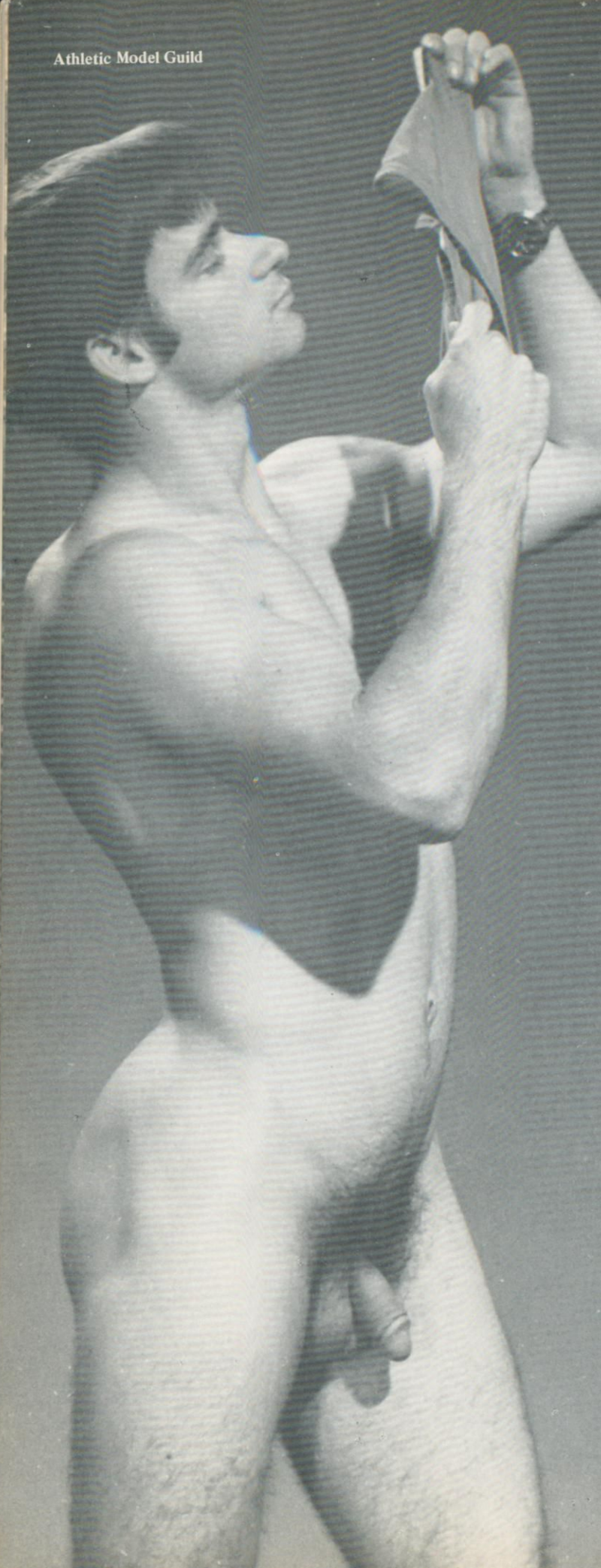
Books, and many others are aware that there is an enormous number of homosexuals out there just waiting to buy their goodies. Well, really! Tell us something we didn't always know! But of course, the straights are always the last to find out about anything!

Bloomingdale's, a leading New York department store, last summer offered a line of towels carrying the imprint of Continental Baths, a well-known homosexual sauna in that city. The store says they sold so well that they decided to stock a whole section with Continental Baths t-shirts, sweat shirts, and other items.

“This is the campiest thing we've ever done,” says a spokeswoman. “I don't think our executives are particularly worried about it. I don't think we'll attract more customers than we already have,” she adds. Well, fuck you very much, spokeswoman! I'm tired of condescending attitudes, double standards, and your whole bit. You want our money, but not us!

I keep asking myself, “Why do we take it?” The blacks wouldn't and don't. They'd boycott, picket or burn the store down. Of course, blacks *have* to stick together—they can't *deny* being black when the heat comes down! Well let Bloomingdale's stock their tacky t-shirts and grovel for our green. There's something far more important our community needs to help bind us together; something that would generate a unity of pride, a feeling of belonging, a knowledge that we wouldn't have to beg, borrow or buy from the straights any longer. Music! Music is the message—the most intensely personal feeling of all. I've always called songs ‘emotional shorthand’. The blacks have a jillion ‘message’, ‘power’ and ‘experience’ songs. Music has changed an entire generation of kids. What I want to know is *will we ever have a song of our own?*

I go back to the smoke-filled bars of the 50s and remember. They were always on bad-neighborhood back-streets. We parked our cars blocks away so that nobody would recognize us. We'd sneak in those forbidden places and quickly grab a drink and a grope in the almost-darkness. Then, gathering around the juke box with our friends, we'd take for ourselves certain songs that were really intended for straights. Johnny Mathis was a favorite with “The Twelfth of Never” and other such croony ballads, as was Johnny Ray. He had a million-seller with “The Little White Cloud That Cried,” which was the subject of much derision at the time. Laurie Henshaw wrote in the British paper *Melody Maker* in 1952 that Ray, “a 25 year-old Oregon-born vocalist, has jumped from



the \$90 to \$2,000 bracket by hitting on the excruciating formula of virtually breaking into tears while singing a song . . . if an artist has to descend to this level to capture the masses, then the outlook for popular music is bleak indeed."

Nonetheless, Ray went on to other giant hits, such as "Such a Night," which was banned from the airwaves on the grounds of sexual suggestiveness:

*It was a night, ooh,
Ooh, what a night it was . . .
The moon was bright,
Ooh, how bright it was . . .
I gave my heart in sweet surrender,
How well I remember,
I'll always remember . . .*

Sounds pretty tame today, doesn't it? But banned back in those 'fabulous 50s' that everybody's so nostalgic about! While Johnny Ray's penchant for getting himself arrested ruined his career, there were others that we liked back then—Sinatra, Como, Frankie Laine, Tony Bennett, Eddie Fisher; but female singers were the really "in" thing with the "out" crowd. Dinah Washington was very popular with "Where Are You," "This Bitter Earth," and others. Toni Fisher had "The Big Hurt," and, of course, Judy Garland was "Over the Rainbow"—which I always hated for some unknown reason. Della Reese had "The Lady Is a Tramp"—which I loved for similarly inexplicable reasons. And I can't forget Peggy Lee with her giant hit version of the rhythm-and-blues classic, "Fever." She seemed to try her best to pronounce it "Peter," and still get by the bluenosing censors . . . *Peter! in the morning, and Peter! all through the night.*

When I graduated from high school in the mid-fifties to bolder bars and backroom brazenness, we all dug Little Richard, who today calls himself 'the black Liberace'. We knew it back then and laughed to the double-meaning lyrics of "Rip It Up," "Good Golly Miss Molly," "Long Tall Sally," and "Miss Ann" . . . *Whoa-oh-oh, Miss Ann, you can do it like no one else can . . . Good Golly, Miss Molly, sure like to ball . . . Well, long tall Sally, she's really built for speed, she's got everything that Uncle John needs . . .* The public didn't know he was really puttin' it over on 'em; they ate him up, figuratively speaking, of course. They thought he was joking when he used to go down on his microphone!

Going down in history—even further back—I can recall "Nature Boy" by the great Nat King Cole, a haunting melody of the meaning of love, with gay overtones—if you want to take it that way:

*There was a boy, a very strange enchanted boy,
And tho' he wandered very far, very far, over land
and sea,
A little shy, and sad of eye, but very wise was he.*

Before that was Ray Bourbon, out of New Orleans—the famous, or notorious, dragster, depending on where you lived and how far out of the closet you were. He/she did songs originally written for women, "There's Nothing Like a Man," and "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," which he changed to "A Hard Man is Good to Find." *Risque* in that day, but his recordings only served to reinforce the stereotype

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that all homosexuals liked to dress up like women! And before that, a real woman was popular—Sophie Tucker. She sang stuff like "Mr. Segal Make It Legal," and was a "heavy" favorite in more ways than one. Her voice was outweighed only by her excessive avoirdupois! Eartha Kitt, on the other hand, was lean, sensuous, sultry, and whispered to us the lyrics of such suggestive songs as "Too Darned Hot" and "I Wanta Be Evil."

And who could forget Frances Faye, with her man's crew cut, making it big with hits such as "Let Me Be Gay" . . . no, I'm just kidding, it was really called "Let Me Be Happy." Another favorite of gays back then was Dagmar. The titles of any of her songs escape me now. It's just as well. She was nothing more than tits and blond hair!

Digging back as far as I can into this subject, the earliest reference to homosexuality I could unearth on any recording is Huddie Ledbetter's blues song of the 30s—recorded before I was born, thank you!—telling of his sexual prowess with both males and females. It's titled "Get Along Boy" and repeats the catch line *I got a pretty boy to bring me his money*. Pretty strong stuff, but never intended for virgin white ears. I uncovered it while doing research on an article about the blues.

But let me get out of that stone age and into the stoned age known as the "Sexy Sixties" by some. Even I thought our time had come at last. But the first few years produced little more than the previous five decades. We still had to borrow songs intended for straights. There was Barbra Streisand who scored with "People" and others. Morgana King served up a delicious "Taste of Honey" while Nina Simone implored us "Don't Smoke In Bed" and to "Put a Little Sugar in My Bowl." Barbara Lynn came out, in more ways than one, with the strange and obscure "Dina and Patrina" . . . *Let me hip you to Dina, and Patrina, oh, oh Dina, she's the world. Where there's one, there's the other, oh Patrina, what a lucky girl . . . Dina and Patrina.* It was not a hit.

But the now tired and almost retired Sinatra came across with a new one, and every gay was heard to say that "Strangers in the Night" was really a gay song . . . *Strangers in the night, exchanging glances . . . lovers at first sight, who knew the chances we'd be making love before this night was through.* It really wasn't a gay song, of course, even though many accepted it as sort of the Gay National Anthem for a long while.

Also, around '61 or so, Patti Page "The Singing Rage" put out a rare, overtly homosexual disc. Party records were big at the time and sold mostly "under the counter." Patti's record was a take-off on Jimmie Dean's country-pop hit "Big Bad John." Her version was crudely titled "Big Queer John," and the lyrics went something like this, as she talked the song in her almost-butch voice:

*Now Big John was a hell of a man,
But a lot of people just didn't understand.
He wore chartreuse pants and swung a mighty
purse . . .*

When Big John hit town (Continued on page 31)

July/August 1976



Gay 'Jocks'

A New Macho Symbol

By Terry McWaters

THE insistent 'try for elegance' that dominated the gay fashion scene in the late 1960s and early 1970s has lost its urgency in the light of today's trendy casual styles. It's not that we've lost our natural creativity and love of the beautiful—far from it. Individuality always has been, and always will be the hallmark of gay people, and no matter how 'casual' a gay guy dresses today, he still does it with that flair 'n dare straights wish they had, but can only give an envious, over-the-shoulder second glance and wonder why they haven't.

What has reversed this trend? Why are we now as insistently *casual*? Most gay thought is that we're in the middle of a *macho* period, and that casual clothes generate more *machismo* than suited elegance. It's probably an extension of the 'let it all hang out' thrust, and in casual clothes there's more opportunity for it all to hang out . . . especially felicitous for those with more of it to hang.

Perhaps the trend began during the last bitter years of the Vietnam fiasco, when the rumpydumpy gray-green jumpsuit was adopted by hippies and 'flower children' (remember flower children?), and worn communally as a uniform of protest. Its connotation with the military gave it a cachet of virile masculinity—it had a kind of built-in *machismo*—shapeless though the garment was.

Although no less 'protestant', gay clothes designers used it as a basic model and reproduced it in richer fabrics and exciting colors. At the same time they tightened the line in the rear . . . also giving it more style and contour elsewhere, especially in the kissy-balls department. With less 'dump', and more 'rump' and 'hump', it's still quite a turn-on, and much favored by young Latins in New York's far-out gay discos, who wear it tight-assed and balls-cocked in varicolored satins and soft leather, and when the computerized lights hit this awesome spectacle . . . well, more macho there ain't!

It might be noted in passing that many gay individuals still prefer the original jumpsuit—formlessness and all. Generally these are no-nonsense S&M guys, or those who use it as a macho alternate at times when they're not gussied up to the ears in 'formal' leather. On them it's also a turn-on, in a quirky way . . . more of a put-on.

While touching on the military influence in the macho-appeal of casual clothes, it might be further noted that the ruggedly-attractive cable-knit pullover, worn by gays and straights last winter, stems from a far earlier campaign—the War of the Roses—when the light summer tunics of soldiers

gave way to the winter doublets of warmer cable-knit wool. And as we have seen, the cable-knit pullover, even when worn universally in a kind of monochromatic ecru or beige, can produce instant *machismo* where none had existed. Another example of the macho-power of casual clothes.

BLUE-COLLAR MACHISMO

Along with the jumpsuit, we entered the era of the hard-hat workman with his high-cut, ripple-soled, babyshit-tan work shoes. Although the hard hat symbolized nothing to gay people except a hard time, the shoes did, and nothing of this period was more macho. Truly a phenomenon still, for although unbeautiful, the workman's shoe remains viable in its original form, and today any man—gay or straight—dressed in tight denims, with either denim or leather jacket, plus work shoes, simply oozes *machismo*, no matter that otherwise (and elsewhere) he may be as limp as a lily.

Some, though, prefer a sharper-styled shoe/boot closely related to the workman's shoe, but in shades of bone, exhumed cadaver, steer-horn, light beige and/or mottled. The Frye shoe/boot, cast somewhat in this mold, is quite popular, and treasured by many of us. As in the case of dandifying the jumpsuit, elegantizing the workman's shoe a little has neither formalized its casualness nor emasculated its *machismo*. Rather, such shoes have the virtue of blending with many other kinds of casual outfits—most, in fact, and in much the same way off-white bucks did when college men wore them with nearly everything a few years ago. They were almost a trademark. Remember Pat Boone?

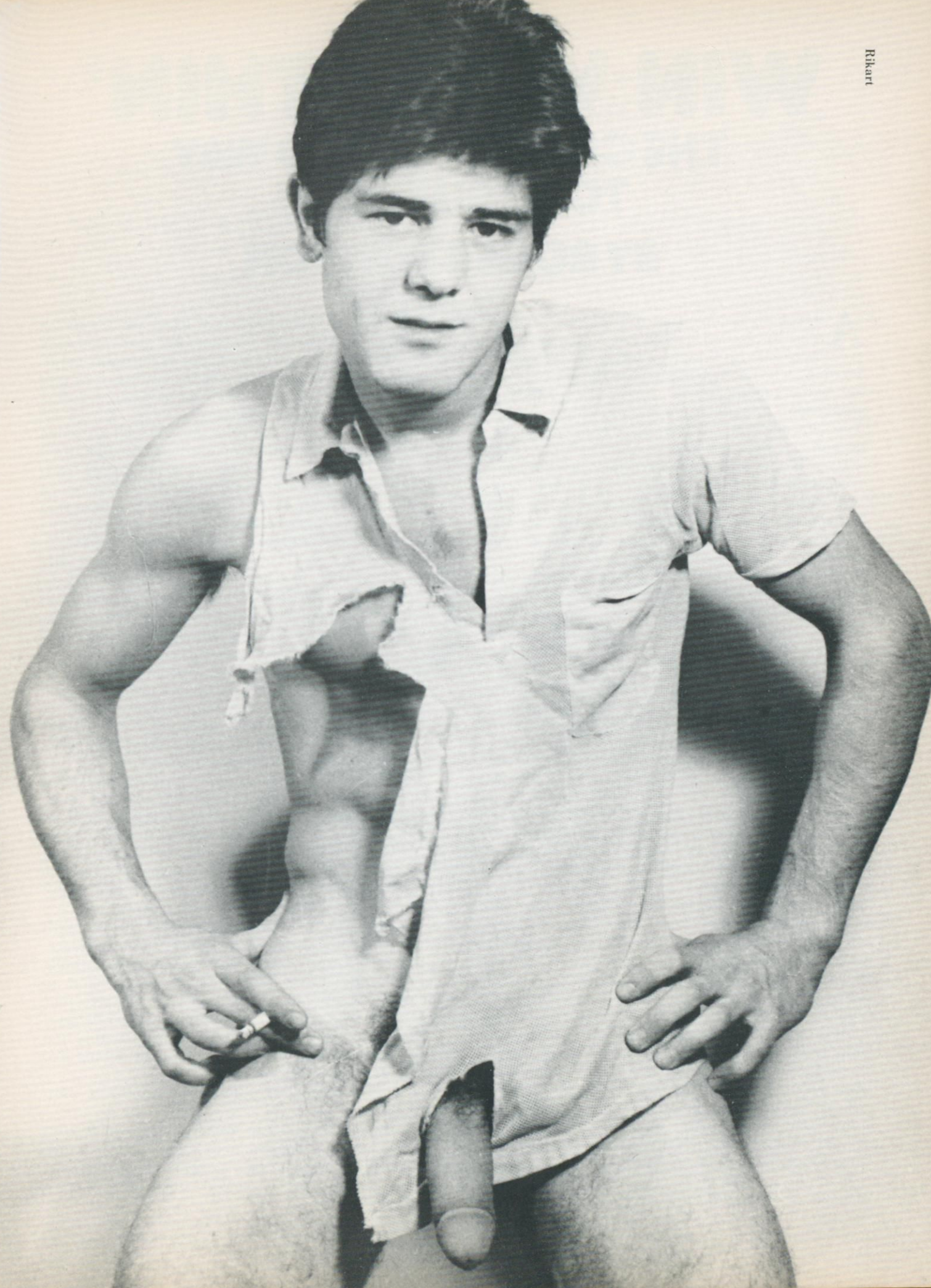
TV—AND THE JOCK AGE

Color television undoubtedly has been the major influence in the trend to more casual clothes. But what is perhaps more significant—and gayly related—is that it has brought us into *the age of the jock* . . . we have jock-appeal, jock-macho, jock-with-itness, the jock casual, the jock functional, jock insignia/symbolism, and, as if you hadn't noticed (or didn't already own a pair or two!), the jock *shoe*, which is so handsome it might be called 'jock formal'.

All this jock input has had a salutary effect on gay life in 'athleticizing' the gay image. Happily, this comes at the time when gay men are making themselves a force to be reckoned with in professional sports. Readers will recall that we went into this in depth

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WIN WITH 'THIN'

THE COMPUTERIZED WAY TO A TRIM BODY

BY ROGER WATSON

A trim body is important to everyone if only for reasons of good health, but to the active gay individual it's more than just a matter of health—it's vital to his success in the competition of the sexual arena where, by inverse bodyweight proportion, *less* gets 'more' and *more* gets you 'less'. In our world a trim body will always be in fashion . . . *thin* is always 'in'.

Until a few years ago we paid for the sin of overeating during the winter with Spartan efforts to "get in shape for summer." Heavier clothing that had concealed our folly gave way to summer attire which cruelly revealed it. Gay people in warm climates, of course, were vulnerable all year long. Light clothing, or almost no (bikini) clothing made keeping fit a year-round job. But now, even in cold climates, gay guys wear tight dungarees and T-shirts around the calendar, thus the body is clearly outlined, and the need for body conditioning is no longer just a seasonal project but a daily duty.

Everyone is trying, at least minimally, to keep bodyweight within reasonable bounds. As testimony to this, note how many packaged foods now list caloric and nutritional values/ratios on the package label. At first, only the cereal processors did this, largely in response to the demands of child-nutrition experts. But as the 'thin is in' trend continues we note this information appearing on the labels of many frozen fruits and vegetables, and, especially, on starch foods such as Buitoni spaghetti. At least the information has been put there; it's up to the buyer to use it wisely.

The proliferation of books about dieting is another case in point. Each year we are deluged with new ones, and while each tries to make dieting a simpler matter, the result is to make it more confusing. This is possibly due to the fact that each author seeks to tie weight-loss to his own special, newly-discovered technique (such as the Atkins no-carbohydrate diet, the effectiveness of which is initially monitored via daily urine tests . . . the body being placed into a state of benign ketosis through lack of carbohydrates—this being revealed by urine-coated Ketostix, before and after meals), or else some unusual low-calorie (and usually boringly-tasteless) food around which the diet is to be centered (brown rice, for example, as a staple of the Zen diet).

In all this quagmire of serious thought and honest endeavor the actual basis of weight control becomes obscured, yet it is so simple one wonders why any diet-book author doesn't mention it at least once per

chapter, just to keep the diet in focus and the dieter in control of his senses. It is this: *Eat more food than your body can use and it is stored as unbeautiful fat. Conversely, if you are overweight, eat less food and your body will use the stored fat as fuel, and thus occurs a beautiful weight loss.*

As we know, the *calorie* is the unit of food value (energy) that determines weight-loss or weight-gain . . . not the category of food, or some special food. Calories are calories, and they appear in all foods . . . more in some, less in others. And it is here that the dieter succeeds or fails.

Too little attention to calories, and you forget . . . weight creeps on. Too much attention to them, and you can become a nervous wreck! What has long been needed, therefore, is something to 'get it all together' . . . something that would make calorie-counting so easy, and keep the dieter so alert, that the diet would, in effect, *take care of itself*. No fuss, no tears. In this way one would not be restricted to certain foods, but could enjoy all foods in some reasonable proportion, and happily lose weight at a reasonable poundage each week until one's *ideal* weight is *achieved*. Then, in this 'thin is in' age, *maintain* that trim waistline all year long.

That is why *QQ Magazine* considers it a real service to our readers to tell you about a new, ingenious, down-to-earth device manufactured in California and distributed through Good Life Products, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1500, New York, N.Y. 10001. It's called the *Calcuweightor*, and it is actually a *calorie-counting computer*, for only \$20!

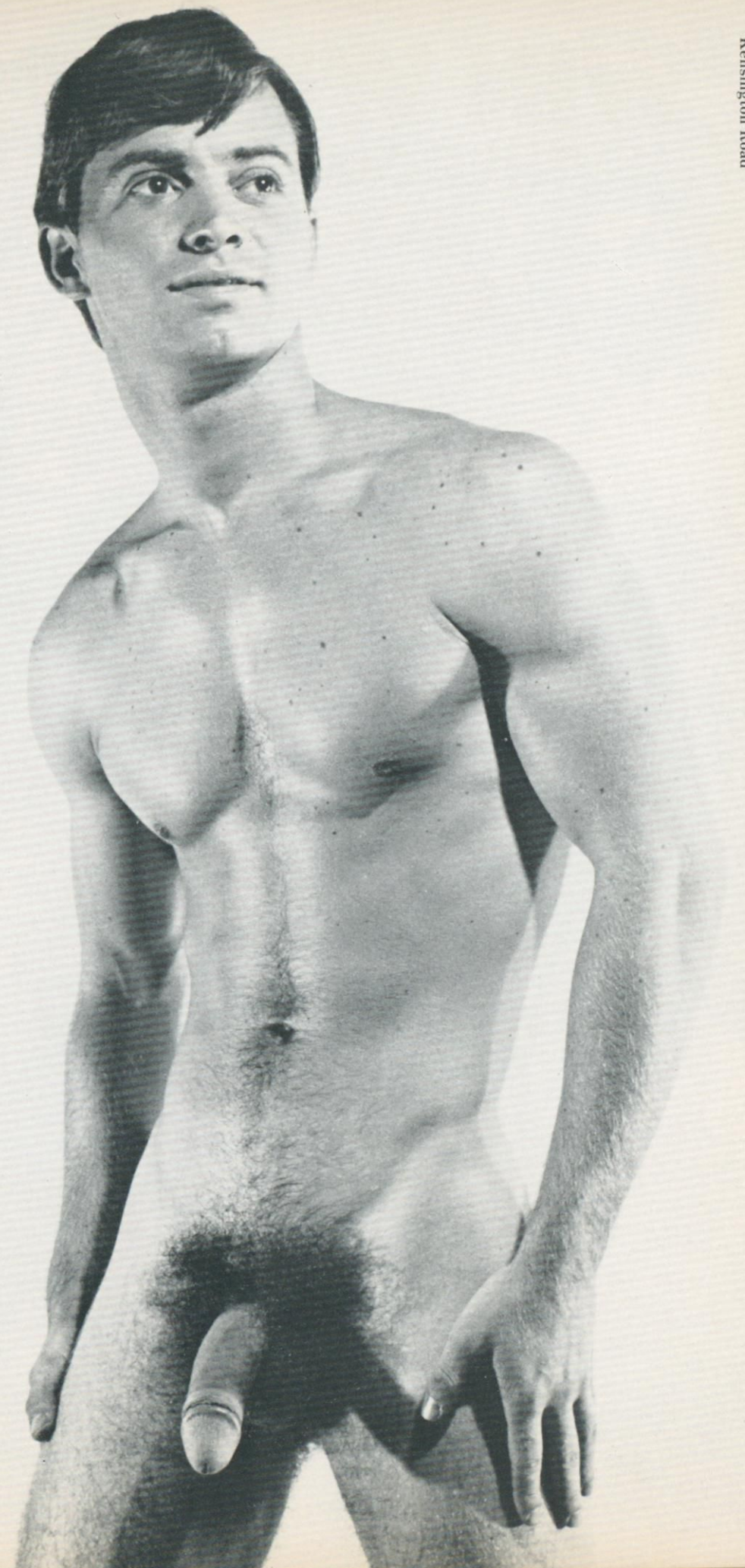
The editors of *QQ magazine* have always refrained from enthusing over any commercial product until we were sure it would be of benefit to our readers. But this is one invention that works so beautifully hand-in-glove with the gay individual's need to maintain a trim body we are happy to bring it to your attention. It takes all the guesswork out of dieting, and is a functional adjunct to any book on dieting and caloric values. It is many things, and we should like to mention some of them here.

The *Calcuweightor* is made up of these components:

1. The machine itself, which weighs foods (raw and/or cooked) in grams, ounces and *calories*. Other diet scales weigh foods in terms of grams and ounces, but no other machine measures food in *calories*.
2. The *Weighing Tray*. All foods are placed in the Weighing Tray. (If hot

(Continued on page 46)

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Athletic Model Guild

The Pink Triangle: Homosexuality In Nazi Germany

By Frank Rector

WHAT place did homosexuality have in Nazi Germany? It was outlawed and punishable by death. Between 1937 and 1945, the Nazis executed about 250,000 homosexuals in Germany, Denmark, France, Poland, Hungary, and elsewhere. *Fags* simply did not fit the Nazis' Wagnerian notion of what Teutonic Supermen of the Super Race ought to be: "Slim and strong," demanded Adolf Hitler, "as fast as a greyhound, as tough as leather, and as hard as Krupp steel" . . . and, he might have added (but didn't) "as straight as an arrow." The Führer liked his men tall, blond, trim, sleekly muscled, and, yes, good-looking—but, no, definitely not *queer*.

Nevertheless, Nazism was outrageously gay. In fact, the SA (Storm Troopers), the first Nazi uniformed organization, was accused of being practically a homophile club. Leather and steel—male power—reigned supreme.

For gay S&M'ers, Nazi Germany is an endless orgy of fantasies, no matter which end of the whip attracts you. In his autobiography, published a few years ago in Europe, a Belgian tells how he was arrested at his university in 1944 by the Gestapo, which rightly suspected him of working for the underground. The Belgian, then 25 and an amateur boxer, was shipped off to an SS prison inside Germany. He says that almost the first visitor to his cell was a young SS guard, a blond, handsome youth still in his teens. He held a flexible steel ruler. Warned to expect such a "welcome," the student, without being told, stood up, dropped his trousers and underwear, and grabbed his ankles. The German administered 25 stinging strokes across his bare buttocks, and, still without uttering a word, departed. (Yet, he was lucky. The war's end saved him from the gas chamber.)

In her new movie, *Seven Beauties*, film director Lina Wertmuller portrays more Nazi "discipline"—two male concentration camp inmates are flogged on their bare buttocks as the full prisoner population—all male—looks on, which was standard fare in Himmler's camps for gays and non-gays alike. Wertmuller's footage is fiction, but in Europe S&M devotees still talk about a film said to have been actually shot in a prison camp showing young boys being whipped and raped by their Nazi guards. Since no one claims to have *seen* the film, its existence may be just wishful thinking—or it may not. The Nazis had a penchant for documenting and/or photographing or filming everything they did, even when it was forbidden to do so.

The Nazi *zeitgeist* in which homosexuality was condemned and savagely repressed—but yet flourished—sprung in part from Hitler himself. He disapproved of homosexuality, yet, for all his Siegfried-in-Valhalla

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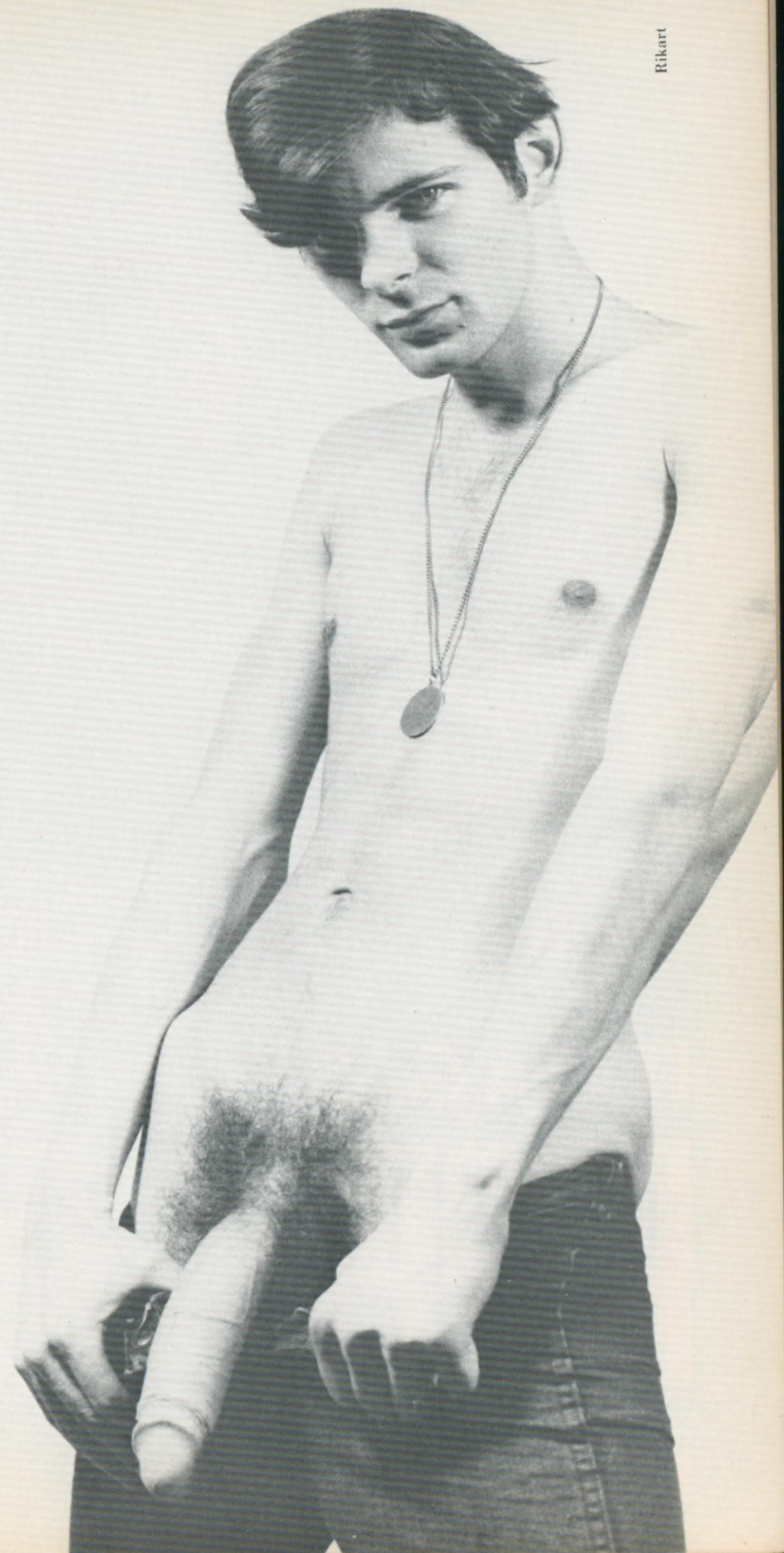
'EROTI-CAINE' A 'Coke-Teaser'

By Frank Samuels

COCAINE is criminally a no-no and medically iffy. If found *on* you, perhaps a stiff sentence; if found *inside* you—perhaps a slab in the morgue. Still, many gay guys are into it in a new, unusual way as a genital eroticizer. In Sherlock Holmes's day it was "Quick, Watson, the needle!" Cocain solution by injection. Oscar Wilde preferred to sniff the powder, carrying on a chain around his neck a sterling silver spoon for exact measurement—much as we 'wear' poppers today. Until the law got rough about hard drugs, mainliners and sniffers were about equal. Sniffers now outnumber mainliners because being picked up for some minor offense and having a telltale arm inspection is not a happy thought. Also, for the sniffer, the only detectable evidence may be a caking of powder in the nostrils.

Latin straights from Peru and Cuba started the 'eroti-caine' trend. So add to mainliners and sniffers, the 'rubbers'. They discovered that rubbing coke into the vagina not only sensitized it outasight, but, being analgesic, made for untiring intercourse. In turn, gay Latins found this worked effectively in anal sex. The paradoxical effect of sensitizing/analgesizing a partner's anus made him eagerly receptive to even monster meat (where he might have had some trepidation), and wildly responsive to the deepest phallic thrust because of a 'painless anus'. There's a bonus for the aggressor, too. Having rubbed coke onto his phallus as well, it becomes so super-sensitive that during the act the turn-on grows, and when orgasm comes . . . it's *beyond*! So if your present sexual mantra isn't working as well as you'd like, try a new guru who might have this in mind. We just thought you'd like to know.

July/August 1976



IT'S A GAS! POPPERSEX

BY WALTER NORRIS

IN grandmother's day girls were prone to pine, pant, and feign a faint—in that order—especially in early summer. Although in those days a gal might appear to be as strong as a horse (and probably was, for that matter), the stronger she looked, the more frequently she would take to her bed with "the vapors," as the expression went . . . all the oftener when those tiny pickle seeds she'd planted in her vegetable garden had now 'studded' the vines with stallion-sized cucumbers.

Way back then, sex was such an untenable taboo-boo-hoo until she had reached the altar, that she resorted to a masturbational ploy to keep from going absolutely bonkers from denial of sex until the time when some likely swain got around to proposing. And so, plucking a choice cucuwhopper from the vine she would stagger into the house, complaining of faintness and palpitations. Her mother (no stranger herself to this ruse) would summon the doctor who (also no stranger to this annual put-on) would glance at the calendar, smile, 'diagnose' her condition in advance, and arrive with a supply of amyl nitrite, along with placebo pills and powders for the 'patient'.

Having examined her, and assuring himself that nothing was really wrong except an acute case of sexual 'hots', or twitching twot, he would leave a packet of twelve ampoules, 'urging' her to break open one and inhale "the vapors" whenever she felt another 'attack' coming on. Quick as a flash, the moment he'd gone, she'd lather the cuke with cold cream and begin to wildly dredge her vagina with it. Then, having brought herself to the verge of Big O, she'd break open an ampoule, sniff the pungent, lacquer-smelling gas, and trip into a sexual other world—the amyl nitrite extending the journey by many fantastically erotic miles.

Although the chemical properties of *genuine* amyl nitrite—or 'poppers', as we say today—have not changed since grandma's day, nor has its clinical use in the treatment of certain coronary dysfunction, its *alter ego* as a sex stimulant (Continued on page 41)



Gay San Diego

By Ralph W. Davis

FEW small cities offer so much gay diversion as San Diego. In early evening the downtown literally swells with restless young men who flaunt their sexual readiness as boldly as the aging residents flaunt their wealth. Most of these young men are inexperienced and come here from small towns across America for their military training. They bring with them their quaint provincialism and All-American good looks. With passes in their pockets, they wander the streets, parks and movies with a naivete and curiosity which makes plucking easy.

For this reason, older San Diego residents, living off comfortable incomes, find the city ideal for satisfying their insatiable appetites. At dusk these local gays converge on the city from all directions and almost rapaciously strip the young of their innocence before sending them back to their bases a little wiser and often a little richer. Consequently, San Diego is a microcosm of life, of the old and the young, of the wise and the innocent, meeting together briefly in dark places for their moment. Unlike larger cities, these symbiotic encounters are less strained and tense, making San Diego more a garden of pleasure than a jungle of fear.

Physically, San Diego is beautiful, with an even Mediterranean climate that makes life lazy and luxurious. Trapped between sea and mountains, the city stretches to the edges of both and gleams spic-and-span like no other American city. It is a fairytale city, both modern and quaintly old, and from almost any angle it is picturesque. The homes are anything from middle-class nice to upper-class palatial. There is a ghetto, but it is out of sight so that the city isn't defaced.

OUTSIDE CRUISING

Pacific Highway, between Broadway and Laurel, is referred to by many local gays as "*Milk Run*." This is because so many servicemen thumb back and forth, and sell or give themselves away to whomever meets their fancy. "*Cannibal Square*" is another popular place for mating. Any type can be found here, from white to black, from straight to gay, from winos to teetotalers. It is a melange of men who have one thought in mind: Getting It Off! In the evening they often stand around the curb at Fourth and Broadway (in the Plaza, as it's popularly called) and look longingly at the drivers who pause for a light. A full smile is all one needs to communicate one's needs to these humpy youths. The same types who visit Cannibal Square also head for the Greyhound Bus Station.

The *Balboa Park johns* are notorious, especially the three on Sixth Avenue. Unfortunately, they are very hot. By the Ford Pavilion across from the Starlight Theatre is a john which always gets heavy cruising. Behind it is a wooded area which descends the hill. At night screams of pleasure fill the air and drown out the music from the nearby theatre.

Other johns worth a visit are: the one by the Bahia Hotel (after dark); the one at the Mission Bay Inlet at El Carmel Street off 3350 Mission Blvd. (next to the Yacht Club); the Physics Building and the old Arts and Science Building at San Diego State University. It is best, if you visit any of these johns, to be careful. The police have been known to spoil some of the fun.

There are three places for swimming. One is the "*Fruit Bowl*" (as some call it) on Coast Boulevard in front of the Casa de Manana apartment complex in La Jolla. At night the john becomes very cruisy, as does the beach area. The other place is the Mission Bay Beach by the amusement park near the parking lot at Ventura Street. Many gays sun on the sands here, and some even cruise the changing room nearby. They both are especially good during the summer months. Finally, there is bare-ass beach. It is about a half-hour walk from the Torrey Pines State Parking lot at the base of the golf course. It is often called *Black's Beach*. If you should have difficulty finding it, ask anyone. It has a national reputation, and straights and gays from all over head here during the warmer months for full exposure.

Athletic Model Guild

July/August 1976



"Cannibal Square"



Balboa Park Johns



"Fruit Bowl"



Mission Bay Beach



Aztec/Casino



Vulcan Baths



Glen's Turkish Bath



Gent's Turkish Bath



Atlas Steam & Sauna



The Hut

MOVIE THEATRES

At 645 Fifth Avenue is another place that attracts gays. This is the *Casino Theatre*. Unfortunately, every fifteen minutes management checks the theatre. But next door, at 665 Fifth, cruising is usually easier. The management at the *Aztec* doesn't seem quite as attentive to what's happening there as at the Casino. Both theatres charge \$1.50 to enter and have late, late shows.

If the 25-cent arcades turn you on, there are many of them on and off Broadway, downtown. Unfortunately, the police are a major nuisance and they make a big show of raiding the book stores. Still many gays visit.

THE BATHS

There are five baths in San Diego of particular interest to gays. Perhaps *Dave's* and the *Vulcan* are the two most popular ones. Glen's and Gent's are usually best on weekends. The Vulcan is at 805 W. Cedar, just a short walk from the YMCA. On Monday and Wednesday, it is packed to capacity because of the \$2.50 specials per person for entry. Other times the admission is \$5. It is a clean, well-managed baths. There is a sundeck and a whirlpool bath.

Dave's (Coast Security) is at 4969 Santa Monica in Ocean Beach. It is a private baths which is open only to members. Visitors must be sponsored. It is a chain baths, and like the others on the West Coast it is clean and nice. They offer—besides the usual diversions—a swimming pool and gym.

The three downtown baths are:

Atlas, at 743 Columbia (across the park from Bee Jay's). They too have Monday and Wednesday specials of \$2.50. On Tuesday, rooms are \$2; on Sundays, \$3. Lockers are always \$2. They have masseurs for hire. They also make home visits, and some are very humpy-looking men. If you are interested, call and check the prices.

Gent's, at 540 F St., is the largest baths. Like all downtown baths, all types visit. On Monday and Wednesday there is also a \$2.50 special. This baths attracts gays and straights, and even potential gays . . . who won't kiss! Because of the large mixture of types, use common sense before plunging into a frenzy of activity.

Finally, there is *Glen's* at 867 Fourth Ave. The help here is very courteous and shows appreciation for your visit by placing 'thank you' signs everywhere. There is a special military rate of \$2.50 all the time. Everyone else pays \$5. But on Monday through Thursday there is a \$2 special for everyone.

THE BARS

Although San Diego doesn't have the rough, masculine crowd found in L.A., it does have a few bars that attract this type. But they are sometimes so mixed it is difficult to be sure who will show up. These bars are:

The Hole, at 2820 Lytton Street. This bar is pushing hard for the leather/western crowd. In *The Crypt* (their leather shop) almost any toy or leather item can be bought. On Fridays and Saturdays, it is an after-hours bar. Only beer and wine are served until 2 a.m.

The Hut, at 2581 University St. (North Park) has a cowboy atmosphere. But it can't be considered strictly a cowboy bar. All types visit. Every night it is open after hours. On Friday and Saturday it is open 24 hours. After two, though, only light drinks are served. Food is also served. No dancing. Incidentally, the bar is located under the San Diego sign.

Bee Jay's, at 750 India Street, is another bar that attracts the masculine types. Its Sunday brunch from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. is very popular and for \$2 you can get a steak-and-egg breakfast, and for fifteen cents more, a beer.

Finally, there is the *Riff Raff* at 1005 Kettner St. (near the YMCA). This bar also tries to attract the masculine types. Most, though, are older—although the ages can be very mixed. They have only a beer-and-

wine license, and they are open from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m.

The disco bars are:

The Ball Express, 4025 Pacific Coast Highway. This is the city's most popular dance bar. Hours are from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday through Thursday. After 10 p.m., there is a \$1 cover charge. On Friday and Saturday the bar opens at 8 p.m. and food (primarily sandwiches) is served from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. on weekends.

The Barbary Coast, 2341 Pacific Coast Highway. There isn't any cover charge here. Since the Ball Express opened, it has lost some of its regulars. But it still packs them in. Young crowd goes here, like the Ball Express, for dancing.

Diablo's, at 2533 El Cajon Blvd., is a popular dance bar which attracts mostly girls. Some men head here for dancing, though.

Mothers, 2501 Kettner (at Laurel St.). This used to be The Club and was once popular with the leather crowd. Now it has become a disco bar that attracts the young. It has the usual computerized lights on the dance floor, and an outside patio. No food. Hours, from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. weekdays; Saturdays and Sundays from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m.

The show bars are:

Show Biz Supper Club at 1421 University (Hillcrest). On Wednesday through Sunday, they put on a drag show at 9:15 p.m. and 11 p.m. which has been favored by all residents of the city. It won the San Diego Entertainment Award last year. Although the show is amateurish, it is funny and fresh. Dinner is served from 7:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. Opens at 6 p.m. Monday and Wednesday it's closed.

Chez T. Cabaret at 4629 Cass Street. They also have shows, but not nearly as good as those at the Show Biz.

The other bars are:

The Shadows, 6035 Fairmont (East San Diego). There is live entertainment here and mellow music. No dancing. Hours: 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. They plan to open after hours soon.

Babe's No. 3, 4321 Fairmont. This bar attracts the 35-plus age group. No dancing. Strictly a bar for

(Continued on page 30)
July/August 1976



Bee Jay's



Riff Raff



Ball Express



The Barbary Coast



Mothers



Show Biz Supper Club



Babe's 540 Club



A Different Drum



Outrigger

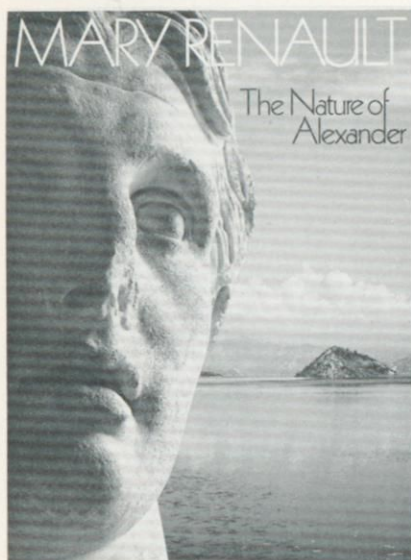


Basin Street

QQ's Man of The Month
Gerry
By Dudley



BOOK REVIEW



At first glance, Mary Renault's *The Nature Of Alexander* (\$17.95, 231 pgs., Pantheon Books) is, indeed, quite a book. At closer scrutiny it is something of a fraud. On careful reading it is sheer disappointment.

What Mary Renault may have been attempting—a biography of Alexander—fails to materialize. Instead, in spite of page after page of obscure verbiage, what barely does come across is a benevolent thumb-nail sketch. And this is repeated over and over. Time and again Alexander is proven wise, virtuous, generous, skillful (at least in battle) and an entertaining historical figure who is, doubtlessly, interesting to examine.

Where Mary Renault failed is in the very conception of this book. If her interest was to pay homage to her hero, a more concise, but lengthy article on that theme would have succeeded. If she had intended to write a history, three volumes would have about done it.

However, here she has apparently pulled together every available note about the man and simply compiled them, with little thought to smoothness of narrative or style, in loose chronological order. The reader is overwhelmed with detail which suffocates not only the reader, but also the very image of Alexander, which presumably she is trying to create. This superabundance of detail manifests itself in two ways: the over-use of unfamiliar names (there is a four and one-half page index of them at the back) and the all-too-frequent use of unfamiliar words. (Do you know, for example, what "cornel wood" and "caltrops" are?)

These abuses result in the reader's—at least this reader's—feeling both stupid and irritated, and eventually, heavy-lidded, closing the

book, wishing only that she had chosen, rather, to write another novel.

Of particular interest to gays—and to Alexander, for that matter—is his life-long attachment to Hephaestion and a lesser, but more overt, liaison with The Persian Boy, Bagoas. These are dealt with in the most superficial manner, and a picture of Alexander's homosexuality develops like a blurred negative: fuzzy and sketchy, with no illuminating detail whatsoever. It is as if Mary Renault said, "Nobody took it as in the least bit odd in those days, so I won't bother to give it much attention here."

The price and size (7 1/4" x 9 3/4") would lead one to believe this is a "coffee-table book." There are, certainly, many plates, and many of these are full-age, full-color. However, the majority of the color pages are merely scenic, and although they do give a feel for the regions of Alexander's conquests they are in no way different from those to be found in travel brochures or the pages of the National Geographic.

One black-and-white photo infuriated me. The picture is of a strawberry-leaf wreath. The caption reads, in its entirety, "Strawberry-leaf wreath wrought in gold with the delicacy of nature." The foot-note at the back tells even less about the wreath. I want to know who was likely to have worn it? When? On what occasion? And, further aggravation: the photo bleeds off the page and a quarter of the wreath has been lopped off. Why? Could the photo not have been reduced to show the entire wreath? It is this generally sloppy concern for the art-work which disqualifies this book from a spot on my coffee table.

One good point is a fold-out map of Alexander's empire, showing the route of his conquest. For Alexander-buffs this, it would seem to me, might be worth examining, but non-Alexander-buffs will be frustrated by the omission of dates relating to the text, which surely would have made the map more interesting, if only as a guide to the ponderous slugging through the jungle of words.

The inside covers and fly-leaves bear identical photos of fluffy white clouds against a blue sky. I don't know what, if anything, that is supposed to signify, but it does suggest the substance, or the lack of it, between the covers. I was appalled that Mary Renault, well known as a serious student of Alexander's times, as well as competent novelist, should have spent (or wasted) her time on such a cloudy enterprise as *The Nature Of Alexander*.

An exciting, readable biography of Alexander remains to be written. This, I am sorry to report, is not it.

—Orlando Paris

SAN DIEGO

(Continued from page 27)

conservative people. Dinners are served from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. No food on Sunday. Food averages about \$3.50.

Babe's 540 Club, 540 West C Street, gets a young crowd at night, and during the day an older crowd. No dancing. Beer-and-wine license.

A Different Drum, 3175 India St., is a small, popular bar with go-go dancers. No cover charge. Open from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily.

The Brass Rail, 3796 Fifth Avenue (Hillcrest). This bar attracts an older crowd who think they are more elegant than they really are. Once very popular, it now survives on its old reputation.

Outrigger, 840 W. Mission Bay Drive (Mission Bay). This bar is a short distance from the beach area, popular with gays. It's extremely busy on weekends after everyone has returned from the beach. Sundays, especially. This is where to head if you like young, humpy surfers. Dancing. Beer/wine only.

Chee-Chee Club at 959 E. Broadway attracts an older crowd. It is rather seedy, and the business isn't always that good to warrant a visit. *Bradley's* at 303 Plaza (facing Cannibal Square) gets a tough crowd. Of course, it's usually very mixed. Watch yourself at both places.

King Richard at 613 Pearl Street (La Jolla) is a restaurant-bar popular with elegant types. It's mixed, of course, but not so mixed as to make cruising difficult. Hours from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from 5 p.m. No lunch. Cocktail hour is best.

The under-21 crowd goes to *Basin Street* at 3919 Fifth Avenue (Hillcrest). No booze, and there's a \$1 cover charge. Open from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Finally, there's *Jamie's* at 2930 Addison (off Rosecrans) near the U.S. Naval Training Center. This attracts mostly an older crowd who come here to dine. The food is good.

HOTELS

There are two popular places to stay: the *Armed Forces YMCA* at 500 W. Broadway, and the *Hotel San Diego*, 339 W. Broadway. Both are popular with servicemen. The Y charges \$5.30 per night and \$6.36 with TV. Everyone is welcome at the Y, in or out of uniform. Also the Y has a very busy john.

The Hotel San Diego is more expensive, of course. Singles run \$12.72; doubles \$15.90 and \$18.02. Rooms are comfortable and clean.

QQ

Nothing special, though. Recommended for those who want to bring friends to their room without being bothered by management.

If you should have any questions during your visit to San Diego you can always call the *Gay Information Center* at 232-7528. They have an Alcoholics Together group and other special services which might be of interest. For those who spend Sunday at church there is the *MCC* at 1355 Fern St. (Golden Hills). Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. There is a service on Wednesday at 8 p.m.

Although San Diego may be small, it is remarkably busy and has some good action. Unlike other cities near L.A., it doesn't live in the shadows of that city. Instead, it has a personality and charm all its own. So if you want some real action without fears and anxieties of larger cities, head here. You may just stay and never want to return home again.

...

A SONG OF OUR OWN?

(Continued from page 13)

he cruised like sin,
And above the door a sign said
'MEN'.
When John went in he got a big
surprise,
'Cause he'd never seen one quite
that size,
Big John . . . um, hum . . .
Big Queer John.

It's a collector's item, no doubt, and I still have a copy at home. I'm sure every gay activist today would like to smash it to smithereens, because of the stereotyping, the use of the obsolete word 'queer', and so on. But I think it was fine for its time. At least it admitted that homosexuals *do* in fact exist, something no record had done so explicitly before. And even though it was really poking fun at us, like the superior creature Man does to monkeys in a zoo, so what? I can take a joke. And a poke. I've been taking 'em all my life.

An important thing did happen during the sixties, however, and it's no joke! Gay people everywhere started coming out of their closets, in greater and greater numbers, no doubt spurred on by the so-called sexual revolution. Gay bars and clubs began to operate openly, even proudly, and they proliferated until there were bars catering to segments within the gigantic minority group known as homosexuals, now "Gays" with a capital "G." Drag shows were quite popular, and still are, and befeathered, bejeweled drag-queens mim-

July/August 1976



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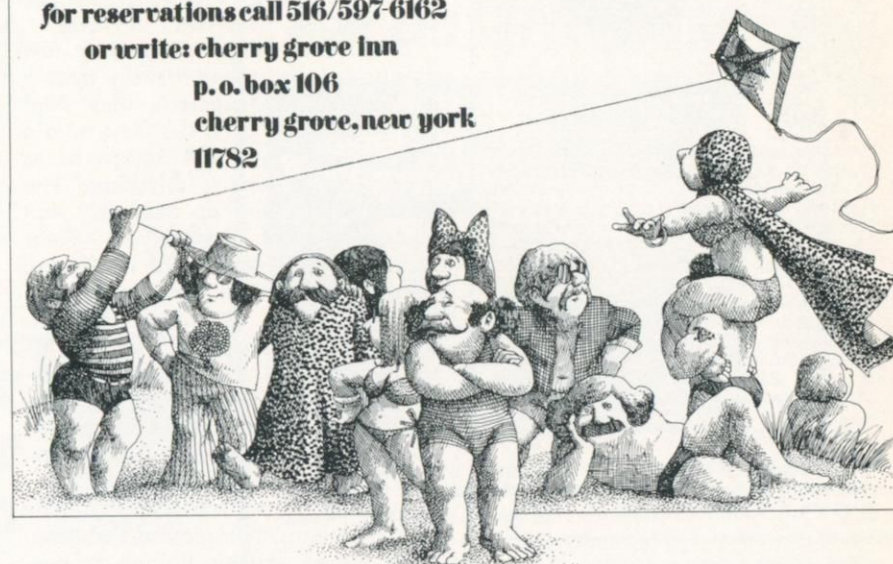
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HOT MOUTH \$10.95

Send to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. Order forms on page 54.

icked their old perennials, Judy Garland, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mae West, Carol Channing, and so on, as well as the newer popular singers, Diana Ross, Janis Joplin, and Bette Midler.

Other bars and clubs featured dancing, first to live bands, later to juke boxes. Since most city ordinances banned persons of the same sex dancing together, Gays were quick to latch onto the new type dances where they could dance separately or even alone . . . The Twist, the Hully-Gully, the Jerk, the Swim, the Shing-a-Ling, the Boogaloo, the Dog, and yea, even the *Dirty Dog*.

The sixties also spawned a few groups in our nation's most openly gay area, San Francisco, that were more open than even the Gays would accept; and Gays will accept or at least tolerate almost anything. The Cockettes dressed up like girls and made fools of themselves. Their records sold as well as ice in Alaska. Another insipid attempt was the latter-day taint of Little Richard, Sylvester and His Hot Band. They were *cold*! Dull, dumb and distasteful. Ignored by Gays and Straights alike as strictly bad taste. Likewise for the New York Dolls, who crossed on over into the 70s.

But there were a few surprises. The overtly unisex champion of the time, Mick Jagger and his Rolling Stones, shocked the record biz—and no doubt the parents of little kiddies who bought it—by bringing out an album called "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, Standing in the Shadows?" The lyrics were carefully couched in double-entendre, but the cover dispelled all doubts except to the dumbest louts; it showed the famous rock group of five sexy young males dressed in full drag. Just a hint of things to come, as the Rolling Stones could put over what the Cockettes couldn't. Mick would soon record "Cocksucker Blues," although the staid management of London Records refused to release it. However, it was pirated and sold widely under the counter. You'd have to hear it to believe it!

Not to be outdone, another young-male rock group, the Kinks, came out with a lusty hard-on rock-song "Lola"—perhaps the first overtly Gay record to attain any real popularity and acceptance. It became a world-wide hit and the lyrics go like this:

*She walked up to me and she asked me to dance,
I asked her her name, and in a baritone voice, she said Lola,
La la la la Lola.
I'm not dumb, but I can't understand
Why she walked like a woman, but talked like a man . . .*

Out of New York came the New York Dolls. But they came and went and nobody noticed them. Another song of note at the tail-end of this not-what-it-had-promised-to-be decade was from a group out of Houston. They had a national hit with a *dick-tified*, double-meaning ditty called "Let It All Hang Out!" Lots of people took the song literally—I think I saw my first cock-ring then—but since Bob Dylan had said "Everybody Must Get Stoned" and most people took the advice, before you could flick a wrist, the Sexy Sixties had become the Sizzling Seventies.

Dylan had also said "The Times They Are a-Changing"—and by 1970 the prophecy had been fulfilled. Not exactly as I had hoped, however. The public was finally well aware that there were many, many Gays in their midst, but the Gays themselves failed to come up with anything. This void was quickly filled by the likes of Alice Cooper, David Bowie, and other assorted freaks who put on shows to satisfy the straights' lust for sexual kinkiness—and only God and Clive Davis know how much harm their strange antics did to the image of Gay people everywhere. They did worse than reinforce the traditional limp-wrist lavender image; they went to outer extremities so absurd and bizarre that the wildest, hottest, screamingest young Gays I ever knew seem almost Christ-like by comparison.

I mean, what do you really expect from somebody who made it big by pretending to go down on his bass-player on stage during concerts? And Cooper, with snakes, beheading baby dolls and chickens, and hanging him-her-itself at the end of each show? And the group known as Black Widow, who dressed in S&M black leather and culminated their performances with a simulation of a sado-masochistic orgy? And Iggy Pop, the masochist of rock? He rolls in broken glass half-naked, beats himself in the mouth with the mike, 'til he's covered with blood, while screaming songs like "Wet My Bed," "Open Up and Bleed," and "Rich Bitch." Although covered with scars he has/had a beautiful body that attracts/attracted Gays. I mention these oddities, not because they are Gay or do Gay songs, but to show how the straights' tastes and sexual hangups are so contorted, they'll buy anything.

The genuine Gay audience moved on to saner stuff—the androgynous beauty of David Cassidy, even if he can't sing all that good. And they invented the discotheque craze that would soon sweep the nation, loved Barry White, Al Green, the Hughes

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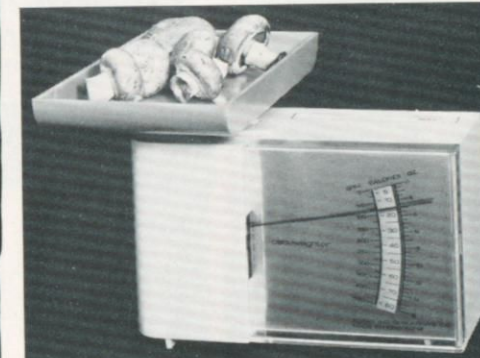
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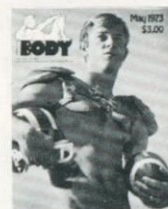
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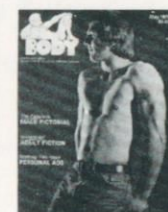


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Corporation, LaBelle, Bette Midler, Stevie Wonder, "Shame, Shame, Shame" Sylvia, Sly and his stoned Family, and many other—bumping their buns to the new beat and breaking records for groups who'd otherwise never have had a hit.

Then, Monti Rock III, the prize token-fruit of the Tonight Show, got his act together at last. After years of trying to be a star of one kind or another—actor, actress, model, hair-dresser, *bon vivant*—he collaborated with producer Bob Crewe and came out with the disco monster of all time, "Get Dancing," which was later to go to Number One on all the charts and radios everywhere. Monti didn't really do much in the song but sweat a lot. His female back-up group carried the melody . . . Here he comes, Disco-Tex, dancing with his sex-o-lettes, *Get Dancin', um-m-m-m-m*. Over the background, the beat, the general pandemonium, Monti shouts lines such as *Dance your dance! Let your hair out! My chiffon is wet, darling!* and ends with a desperate sounding *Thank you very much, I love you!* All this sounds crazy written down, but if you recall the record, it was terrific, right? Right! Even Monti couldn't believe its success. As he would later lisp to Johnny Carson, "Such a big hit, and I can't even sing, darling."

There were other songs which Gays took to have a double meaning, like "Ricki Don't Lose That Number." And other groups and singers, like Queen from England, Elton John, and Black Oak Arkansas, whose sexy leader Jim Dandy posed almost naked for a gay magazine. And there was suddenly *much* theatre, patterned after the success of "Hair," with its songs like "Masturbation Can Be Fun." New hits were "Let My People Come," "Phantom of the Paradise," and many others, some of which had openly Gay sub-plots, characters, and music. And there were corny attempts to make fun of us, like "The Ballad of Ben Gay" by The Purple Cowboys on Sixty-Nine label. But even the red-necks didn't bite on this one. They were busy resurrecting Hank Williams, swilling beer, poppin' pills, and finally even smoking a little grass.

Meanwhile, Folkways Records quietly released, in their usual unobtrusive fashion, two L.P.'s by soft-folk-rock singers, "Queen of 42nd Street" and "The Way I Am." Both albums contained openly Gay songs, but the idea of balladeers accompanying themselves on guitars was no longer "commercial." I'm sure almost nobody knew of these esoteric L.P.'s, much less bought them.

Gay Capitalism raised its head for the first time when Mickey Turner

QQ

released an L.P. on his own label, featuring himself singing romantic, straight standards over a lush orchestral background. He marketed the album by mail order and it sold well to the Gay market. Some of the songs were "My Way," "Killing Me Softly With His Song," "As Long As He Needs Me," and "It Must Be Him." I was disappointed that there was no original material, but the sort of a gay-Sinatra effort was a step forward.

Then there was a blast—whether forward or backward is a matter of opinion—when a group from, of all places, San Antonio, Texas, taco and tequila capital of the world, came completely out! Their L.P. was advertised as "the first GAYSEXROCK album ever." It was called "Rocket to Stardom" by Mickey's 7. Mickey Brewster had been a popular model in gay magazines and got together with a band to do the album in a medium-hard-rock style known as Texas rock (which is to say, like Johnny Winter, Z Z Top, etc. Lots of guitar, loud bass beat, muffled voices . . . yet one reviewer referred to the group as being "early Moby Grape" in style. *Strange!*).

All the songs were original compositions at last, with the notable exception of a new version of the Nat King Cole classic "Nature Boy." Titles included "Rock Around the Crotch," "Don't Let Go," "I Got My Right Hand," "Do It All Over You," "Funk-y-Butt," and the lead disco-oriented number "Medi-Care."

Well, I left my wife, she was a dirty old hag

And I went to my friend, they call him Barry the fag . . .

I wear my pants tight and nasty.

A whole lot of people, they're saying I'm trashy.

Well don't you get the wrong idea, 'Cause I don't care if I'm straight or queer,

And maybe I need him,

Or maybe I need Medi-care. . . .

This song, also released as a single, received a lot of airplay in certain major cities. Mainly on progressive FM stations, *very* progressive ones! Reviews ranged from enthusiastic acceptance ("destined to be a collector's item;" "every gay person must have it for the next orgy;" "a terrific first!") to total rejection. The closet cases at some magazines not only wouldn't review it, they refused to accept advertising for it. Certain Gay Libbers hated it because it used the forbidden words "queer," and "fag." I personally like what England's *Gay News* said about it best of all . . . "a noisy, adolescent musical jerk-off!" That's just what it was *supposed* to be, and the album sold far better than ever was expected July/August 1976

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when it was planned and released.

About the same time, the prestigious label, Mercury Records, became probably the first major label to introduce an openly all-Gay album. Its title was "Caravan Tonight" and the artist was Steven Grossman. He did a beautiful job on his original compositions, in a soft folk-rock vein; his songs touch coming-out, to one's parents. "Out"—his first lover who was tortured by psychiatrists into turning heterosexual; "You Don't Have To Be Ashamed"—the lies and hate spewed forth by the church; "Many Kinds Of Love." And cruising—"Dry Dock Dreaming." Bobby Flax and Lanny Lambert, independent record producers who did this project, say that they visited Cherry Grove, the famous Fire Island beach resort area, and decided then and there that the homosexual community constituted a large audience that popular music was neglecting. They advertised in the *Village Voice* for a "gay singer who sings of the gay experience," selected newcomer Steven Grossman, and persuaded Mercury to release the album. Mercury retained a New York Gay activist to act as marketing consultant, and a thorough promotional program was undertaken, resulting in the sale of around 10,000 copies, according to Mr. Flax. The record business considers this a modest but respectable showing for a folk album by a newcomer, but they are mute to the question: Will other such Gay-oriented albums be forthcoming?

Next was a lot of hype and hoopla about a sensational new Gay discovery named Jobriath. He did an album for another independent producer, who sold it to Electra Records. The producer got his "front" money, Jobriath disappeared, and I never heard anything more about the album except for a small article in *Penthouse*, obviously written by the producer himself. I was never able to buy the album in any shop, so I can't comment further on it.

The very latest rage in New York, New York, the city so nice they named it twice, is yet another openly Gay group called Wayne County. They've received lots of publicity, favorable reviews, and photo-coverage in a wide variety of magazines, but have yet to make the really big time. On stage, Wayne, the lead singer, starts out dressed as a girl and during the act changes sex to become a guy. Their songs are "Rock and Roll Enema," "If You Don't Want to Fuck Me, Fuck Off!" "Lower and Slower," and "Are You Man Enough to be a Woman?" I haven't seen them perform and they're currently negotiating for a recording contract. Perhaps they'll be

the first Gay Rock stars. At any rate, they're certainly getting a lot of attention right now.

And Mickey's 7, previously mentioned, is presently preparing for an all-out onslaught to hit the big time. They plan to launch their attack in New York in the very near future. The group has reorganized its personnel, dropping Mickey Brewster, and expanding their stage act to a sort of gay-cabaret—music, choreography, comedy. And new songs with a hoped-for wider appeal. "Straight to Hell," "A Friend Indeed," "Crime in the Sheets," "I'm Going To Bed Fred," and many others. Whether their rocket will carry them to the stardom they seek remains to be seen, but they, Wayne County, Steven Grossman, and Mickey Turner have all already proved that there is indeed a neglected market . . . that Gays are anxious and waiting . . . if only somebody will come up with the "right" material and present it in the "right" way!

In a recent *Playboy* interview, Elton John, the current rock-and-roll king, discusses himself, his attitude, his background, his songs, his reputedly-more-than-a-friend relationship with his long-time writer, Bernie Taupin, and many other up-front questions and answers. For example, when he says, "I'm not exactly your normal teenage idol," and *Playboy* asks, "What makes you say that?", he replies: "For one thing, I'm quite aware my hair's falling out . . . it must be because I was a silly cunt and dyed my hair a lot."

Elton also reveals many personal facets of his personality, such as his always close relationship with his mother; how he always disliked his father; who the people are that make him gasp ("Oh my God, Jagger, Sinatra, Elvis, Noel Coward, Edith Piaf, Katharine Hepburn, Dietrich, Judy Garland, Mae West . . ."), almost flirting, so to speak. But when *Playboy* gets more direct in questioning him about his, er, ah, sexual preferences, he treats the subject like a hot potato:

Playboy: "More recently, people like David Bowie—or even Led Zeppelin, when they showed up at an L.A. party in drag—have outdone the Stones in kinkiness and in projecting the androgynous image . . . do you get off the bisexuality scene?"

Elton: "Ah, I sort of got pneumonia sitting out in this theatre last night. So fucking cold. And, um, I played tennis on the court the other night . . ."

Playboy: "Our question had to do with the bisexual-chic trend.

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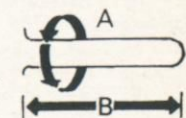
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The leather scene in San Francisco will be featured in the next QQ, out in August. Before that, in the August Ciao!, out in June, all of Gay San Francisco will be covered in detail. We tell you where it's happening!

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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

Elton: "I really don't know what to say about it."

Playboy: "Well, do you think it's more of a commercial act than a way of really turning audiences on different kinds of sexuality?"

Elton: "You hit the nail on the head." Another recent interview with soul-singer Latimore, who had the gigantic hit "Let's Straighten It Out," appeared in *Living Blues* magazine and was a bit more frank:

Living Blues: "Do you direct your songs to women a lot?"

Latimore: "Well, yeah, in a sense, mainly because women are a better audience. A woman is not nearly as insecure in her womanhood as a man is in his manhood. Very seldom do you ever hear of a woman trying to prove how much woman she is. Every man tries to prove how much man he is Another thing men'll do, like they'll have a whole lot of women, not because they have an insatiable appetite for women. No, they just do it to prove that 'I-can-get-so-and-so' and they're afraid not to go with women (because somebody might say), 'Well, you must be some kind of faggot or something' . . . that's when it's phony."

Come on fellows, out of the closets. Slim, young David Cassidy recently opened up and admitted the terrible secret that he's Gay to a German newspaper. When asked if he felt it would hurt his career when it became known, he replied that he didn't care; that people bought his songs because they liked them, but his fans didn't have the right to tell him who he could and could not sleep with. The latest rumor has it that David is planning to release some overtly, serious, Gay-experience songs in the near future. More power to him. Let's get with it, Mickey's 7, Wayne County, or some other as yet unknown, out there somewhere waiting in the wings. We're ready when you are. Will we ever have a song of our own?

FORTUNE-COOKIE

(Continued from page 8)

both are highly experimental in sex, and because of this both tend to over-assert or over-push, to demand more sexually of their partners in the shortest possible time than such partners may be prepared to give. These are the quick-trick devotees, and whether the john is in Shanghai or San Francisco they'll be operating

at full-speed-ahead!

The other Chinese lunar designations have little or nothing in common with the remaining occidental horoscope designations. In each case, however, there is an evidential charity and love and goodwill to all. Everyone wishes everyone else well. And after all, that's what it's all about—a love for our fellow men. And this old world can't have enough of that.

OUR READERS REPLY

(Continued from page 5)

beauty and energy. I think you show good balance between white and black models, although as a white person I'd be delighted with all black models. However, I am not interested in projecting my personal "turn on" to others, but if your magazine did not show both black and white models—I'd soon find my interest turning to other publications. —Indianapolis, Ind.

I am a black guy and have been a subscriber to your magazines for a number of years. Please do not change your magazines because of a few bigots. BODY, CIAO! and QQ are great the way they are. What attractive guys, black and white, you always come up with! —Charlotte, N.C.

Just ignore the fools who write the kind of letter you published . . . I happen to be white, but it takes a pretty hung-up gay to think that only whites are beautiful! —Brownsville, Pa.

I'm black, and I enjoy intelligent articles, which is one of the main reasons I subscribe to your magazines, but on reading the March-April issue one very harsh reality was brought home to me. A reality I spent the last two years trying to rationalize away . . . I went to Salt Lake City, Utah in Dec. 1973 for a two-year job stint. When I arrived I discovered the (Ed: name of gay bar deleted). I foolishly thought here was at last a haven where I could be welcomed, so I went a few times. The first time was bearable as this particular bartender was very cordial, but after a few visits I found a very distinct air of "well, come in, we will tolerate you but don't expect anything else." So I quit going, and the 22 months I stayed after I quit going I rationalized away the behavior. I subscribed to QQ and CIAO!—which were a godsend in that

citadel of white supremacy, and I went on vacations out of Utah. But I'm getting away from my point, that after reading your editorial my suspicions about the white gay were not unfounded . . . I have a very deep feeling that white is white and black is black and never will the twain meet Please continue to print the black models along with the white models. You have no idea what a great service you are performing for those of us who from time to time have to live in the "Siberias" of racial prejudice in Deez United States. —Sacramento, Calif.

I live in Canada. I always thought that we gays have enough problems without creating the additional one of discriminating according to skin colour! I abhor racial discrimination. Please don't let racial bigots influence your policy. Whatever skin colour you present in your photographs is just fine with me. Gay is gay, no matter what the skin colour is. —Lindsay, Ont.

I think you do an excellent job of giving a good variety—black, white, circumcised, uncircumcised, hairy, smooth, muscular, etc. (It would be good to have some with erections, too!) —Poway, Calif.

I have been viewing with pleasure and satisfaction the increasing number of black models appearing in QQ over the past year. I am white myself. —Stow, Oh.

I feel it would be a disservice to the gay community to deny the existence of gay blacks by excluding us from your magazine. One of the reasons I subscribe to your magazine is because of the inclusion of blacks. Many of my black gay brothers feel the same way. —Philadelphia, Pa.

I thoroughly support your black model policy. If anything, I'd say more! And what a high point with "Ronnie Moore" in the Feb. 1976 BODY; definitely more of Moore—and/or his likes; for one might detect that some of the models are rather tired and trashy—all cock (though, to be sure, I'm not complaining about that!) but little else to show in face, figure, or attitude—such that blacks even say: "Hey, are they representative of us?" Oh, yes, I'm white. And I count at least five generations before me in this land; a century and a half longer than the Bicentennial now marks. —Pittsburgh, Pa.

I want to say thank you very much for running photos of blacks in all three of your magazines. I find them far more
July/August 1976

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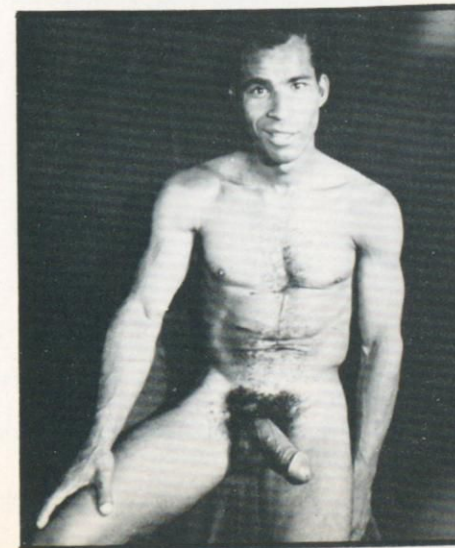
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CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

The December 1975 Ciao! is devoted entirely to the Gay Caribbean—including The Yucatan. Also covered are the Bahamas and Bermuda. Puerto Rico is the main feature—and gay life on 25 other Caribbean islands is exposed. Find out about little-known male brothels and where the sun shines bright on gay vacationers. This issue is virtually an Official Guide to the Gay Caribbean and because places change slowly on the islands the information will remain valid for years. If you are a wintertime vacationer—send for a copy now. Supply is limited. Specify issue by date when ordering. Only \$3.50 a copy in the U.S.A., \$4.50 in Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 elsewhere.

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exciting and beautiful than many of your white models (and I am white).
—New York, N.Y.

Your current ratio of black models is certainly fair. I, for one, would like to see more . . . To see letters like the ones mentioned in your editorial personally saddens me. Lord knows many of us have been waiting a long time to see black models included in a nationally circulated magazine for gay guys . . . Gays have traditionally been future-thinking people. Your magazines reflect that notion . . . And to the fellow who objected by saying, ". . . the darkies go or my subscription goes!"—if he does cancel just let me know and I'll subscribe.
—Washington, D.C.

I like to think I am quite varied in my tastes. I have been turned-on by pictures of guys of every race, ethnic group, creed or whatever. However, I will hasten to state that I am not turned-on by just anyone who is male. For example, in the April 1976 QQ I find that there are only three turn-on guys and two happen to be black.
—Honolulu, Hi.

Thank you for your up-front editorial . . . CIAO! is a travel magazine. What could be more logical than to picture the inhabitants of the area

discussed? It amazes and distresses me how ignorant prejudices carry over from the straight to the gay world. Justice, to me, in our cry for acceptance, would mean we would embrace others for their differences.
—Portland, Ore.

I'm sure you have black gays who subscribe to your magazine and have as much right to feel that your magazine is published for their enjoyment as well as the white gay subscribers. One would think if anyone would understand and see the ugliness of prejudice, with all that which is openly shown by society towards homosexuality, it would be the gay himself who would be more tolerant of all people . . . I apologize for my fellow Philadelphian . . . What makes any gay think he has the right to function in this society as he chooses if he's going to deny those same rights to another because of his race, religion or physical makeup? Such subscribers you don't need, and the gay community wouldn't miss.
—Sharon, Pa.

It is really disheartening in this day and age that we still have whites living in America, the land of the free (?), who still think black is bad and black men and women of this country are second-class. Even worse when

these whites are gay and express letters such as you mentioned in your editorial . . . I hope for the sake of Gay Pride in Gay America for all races that you won't let a handful of assholes stop you from showing a balanced color spectrum. QQ is the only magazine my lover and I subscribe to, because you do realize gay life covers all people and not just the pretty blue-eyed blonds. Blacks and other minorities are present everywhere, and they should be seen and heard. Unfortunately, not enough other gay pages show a cross-section of the gay world, which is the main reason that I refuse to buy these publications on a regular basis. —San Francisco, Calif.

I am white and like the beauty of the nude male body whether it be white or black; there is no difference to me . . . Your correspondent from Pennsylvania is wrong, absolutely, and shows a narrow-mindedness unbecoming of any gay person. —No. Blenheim, N.Y.

THE CONS

Yes, in my opinion you are running too many black models and I know of seven people that have cancelled their subscriptions because of it. Ninety-eight percent of our crimes here in Buffalo are done by blacks and I

myself have been mugged three times by them, so I feel that if they want my respect they will have to earn it . . . Having been a charter subscriber to all three magazines I must say that I get no kick out of looking at a black body and quickly turn the page or pages without looking at them . . . Please do not keep throwing them at us, they are now receiving free education, welfare, unemployment insurance, food stamps and all other benefits and whites are being discriminated against. It just could be that your friend from Pennsylvania could be right. —Buffalo, N.Y.

I didn't renew my subscription to CIAO! and BODY when it was up in December and don't really plan on renewing QQ because there are too many black models in all three mags . . . A little color goes a long way!
—Toledo, Oh.

. . . there will be no subscriptions when the content of your publication caters to the population of the inner cities (i.e., primarily poor who have no choice but to live by Negroes and minorities) . . . In response to your question . . . the answer is yes, you are running too many black models.
—West New York, N.J.

Although I enjoy your publications very much—and I feel they are by far the best on the market, I would have to agree that I prefer a very "token" amount of black-oriented photography. I too am in the travel business, and am interested in "all peoples" of the world, from a business and personal travel view, but do not have much of a sexual or pleasure-seeking interest. In understand that we all have separate views—and you serve a wide variety of interests. But I too have become a little upset over the increasing amount of space used in your pages for blacks over the past year or so.
—San Bernardino, Calif.

...

POPPERSEX (Continued from page 23)

has become so universal, and is particularly so much an adjunct of the gay sex-style, that no sexually-active gay guy would think of leaving home each day without either wearing a necklace of the tiny ampoules, or carrying in his pocket a convenient benzo-inhaler of amyl, if he expects to john-sex it, meatrack it, or cruise a lively action area.

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Moreover, the man who prefers self-sex is also happily into poppers; it makes fantasizing all the more ecstatic, unfathomably deep and more exciting, and he is lifted from the humdrum and routine of it as every orgasm is farther out than the previous one.

THE NON-ADDICTIVE HIGH

Poppers are not really addictive. Unlike pot-through-narcotics, they are not habit-forming, except in the sense that once you do turn on with them, and blast off into a supersonic new sexual 'holding pattern', you may regret your uptightness in not having tried them sooner. If the desire to experience high-to-higher peaks of sexual stimulation can be considered addiction, then we should all be so 'addicted'. Certainly a basic difference is that the drug addict is spaced out over a considerable period of time, while the time-span effect after inhaling a popper is minimal . . . your visit to the realm of Olympic sex is far too brief—lasting only a few minutes, at most.

It should be borne in mind, however, that poppers are not all that 'innocent' . . . they're not 'penny candy'. Amyl nitrite, as a drug/chemical, and a powerful one, is obtainable in its genuine form only by medical prescription. There is a danger in misuse of it because it is essentially a vasodilator for those suffering from the disabling heart disease—angina pectoris. Principally its function is to dilate the entire vascular system, opening wide all the capillaries, veins and arteries so that the heart can function strongly and actively, with cardiac pain diminished. It should be stressed (and paradoxically so!) that poppers, as a sexual stimulant, should be used only by those with normally strong hearts . . . by those with no health problems that might be aggravated by the more casual, more frequent use of amyl.

HOW POPPERS 'FEEL'

The label on the packet of poppers—such as the *Vaparole* brand of amyl nitrite, put out by Burroughs Wellcome Company, and *Vapaka*, put out by Newton Industries—will advise you that it is, first of all, poison; that it is a "rapidly acting vasodilator used in angina pectoris," and that to get them into action you should "Crush the covered capsule between the fingers (hold away from the face). Then carefully inhale the vapor. Keep away from open flame or spark."

Please note that word 'carefully', because 'uncareful' handling of the opened amyl can cause eye damage, at least to the degree of temporary vision difficulty. Also, never 'pop' the

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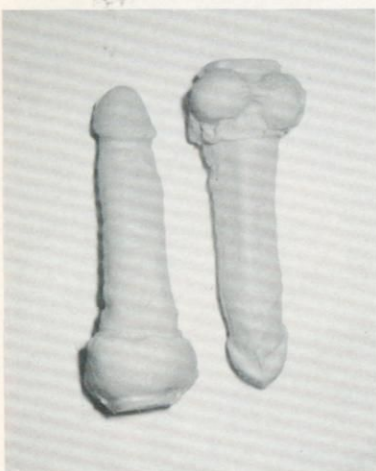
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popper with your teeth. Even a drop on the tongue can cause violent stomach upset. Also be sure that once you've 'whiffed' your fill of the popper you don't dump it into a nearby ashtray which may contain your lover's still-burning cigarette. A possible hazard. It also might be noted that many gay guys who have 'reserves' of poppers on hand store them in the refrigerator until ready for use. Keeps 'em fresher and stronger longer.

A single popper is no larger than a multi-vitamin capsule. You simply break the mesh-covered plastic casing... *pop!*... and you're in business! Bring it *carefully* up to the nostril(s) and inhale. It may take a little practice to do this smoothly for uninterrupted, unimpaired sex, for if you go at it ungently you may experience temporary coughing (which stops sex flat in its tracks until you can get it all together again); also, a too-violent inhalation can instantly inflame the mucous membranes (much as strong ammonia fumes do) and sex becomes impossible to continue without great pain... no fun!

There is a kind of 'occupational hazard' involved in the too-violent or too-speedy use of poppers. It is the fact that because amyl is a vasodilator, and the blood begins to flow far more freely throughout the body, the congestion of blood in the phallus, which made possible your erection, also ebbs to some degree... thus some gay guys must wait until they have the fullest erection before popping, otherwise there will be an interval of temporary 'incapacitation' until full erection is regained. Go at it *gent-t-ly* and this should not occur to any really noticeable degree.

The more gently you inhale the popper, the more deeply you can inhale, and the more your sensations climb to astronomical heights. Sexually, the sex act is *enlarged*... it is, first of all, played on a stage of far greater depth. Secondly, the characters involved take on deeper and more palpable dimensions. For example, your lover's body, which actually may be quite ordinary, becomes idyllically beautiful... and as your fingers touch him, every pore seems to be individually reaching out to him. And you... you float along in a gossamer veil of ecstasy; you're relaxed—so relaxed... you climb and climb and climb to heights undreamed of, and when orgasm arrives it is extended to a seeming infinity. Cummm-m-m-m!

If you have difficulty in, or perhaps an aversion to, sexing in a particular position, poppers tend to not only overcome such difficulty/aversion, but make it desirable. In a very true sense they can turn pain into pleasure

(simplistically, this is what happens when one suffering from *angina pectoris* inhales amyl... the original intent). Another plus for poppers is on the side of the shy gay guy who suffers not from pain, but from a lack of confidence in his sexual technique. One whiff of a popper can send him soaring with the angels! Instead of worrying about whether he can fully satisfy the fantastic trick at hand he 'cockily' begins to think "Bring on the next one and I'll polish him off, too!"

By no means do we suggest that the popper *per se* takes over, with the sniffer more-or-less going along for the ride. You are *always* in control... you are not narcotized, or all that spaced out. If one may use a cliché, perhaps it would be apposite to say that poppers "can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Essentially they heighten any sexual situation, making what ordinarily is routine something quite extraordinary and far-out. They are not, however, a substitute for a lackluster sex technique. The better and more inventive your sex technique, the more poppers heighten every attendant situation or 'turn of sexual phrase/nuance', so to speak. They act to effect erotic release by lowering one's inhibitions. In doing this, they provide a sensation of ongoing exhilaration/buildup... one is caught up in a kind of breathlessness at the sexual beauty of it all. In short, you can't believe you could ever have experienced such sexual exhilaration. In a brief few minutes poppers can turn your sexual world around 360 degrees!

POPPERIZED FIST-FUCKING

The subscription list of QQ Magazine, or any gay publication, must surely include a considerable number of gay guys who have never gotten into the receiving end of anal sex. Not that they have an aversion to it; more likely it's just that while it might seem eminently desirable, nevertheless they rationalize that they are somehow *structurally* unsuited to it. And so they miss out on a lot of really great sex because they believe their unstretched anus or lack of expertise would be a turn-off to a sensational trick. Poppers can remove all doubt and fear, and make 'the impossible dream' a *tour de force*. Like "Fill it 'n drill it!"

For some, the next step up the sexual ladder is fist-fucking—an advanced technique that has *initially* given every gay guy pause! One does not enter into fist-fucking lightly, or without some preparation, or 'homework' (practicing with larger and larger dildos, such as those illustrated elsewhere in this magazine). Otherwise fist-fucking can be a bumpy

QQ

road.

Of late, almost every gay pornoflick shown eventually gets down to fist-fucking (a climax hard to top). Often there are fist-fucking orgies, in which so many aggressors have their stiff arms up the recumbent 'victim' that the whole scene looks like a popsicle assembly line, as everyone happily sniffs away. It may be that fist-fuckers may eventually get around to calling poppers 'lollipoppers'.

There are certain fetishes or bizarre sexual variations that gay guys might dream of getting into, but haven't, because of certain ingrained inhibitions. The 'golden shower', for example... or breaking the color barrier of sex... Black to White... White to Black... rimming. Poppers, in relaxing tension and overcoming inhibitions, make all this possible, and add vivid colors to your sexual palette.

HOW MANY, HOW OFTEN?

Assume that you use poppers only for sex, it is doubtful that you would inhale as many as 36 in 4 days. This is the limit for safety, for, according to physicians, amyl nitrite can cause fatal poisoning, or severe lesions of the liver and kidneys. Excessive use can cause conversion of hemoglobin (red blood corpuscles which convey oxygen to the tissues) to methemoglobin (pollution of hemoglobin, caused by drugs). This, however, is rare.

Moreover, the effects of amyl nitrite are increased by alcohol consumption... don't popperize yourself if you're a bit tiddy. This is more important to those whose vital organs are not as strong as they might be... and which, occasionally, act up—poppers or no.

Many gay guys don't care to use poppers straight out of the tin. Instead, they prefer to break a capsule and immediately insert it into an empty benzo-inhaler (which you can get at any drug store). When the cap is screwed on, or the thumb placed over the opening, the potency of the contents is retained. The practicality of this is that you can make an instant insertion of the inhaler into the nostril(s) at strategic points of the sex scene—and/or as often as you like—without the fumes escaping around the sides. This also gives you a 'popper reserve' so that you don't have to stop the delightful delirium of sex to break open a new capsule. Some like to prepare two or three inhalers just before sex, particularly if it's to be extended (as in an orgy). This saves the bother of searching around for refills while playing 'beddy-boy'. Some even have dual-nostril inhalers! If you opt for the

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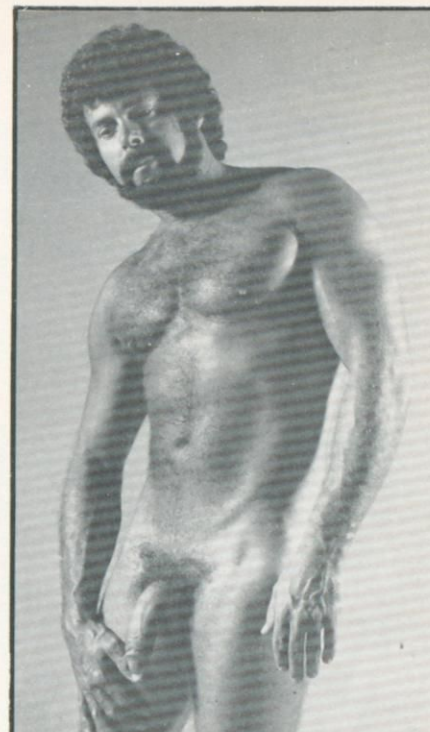
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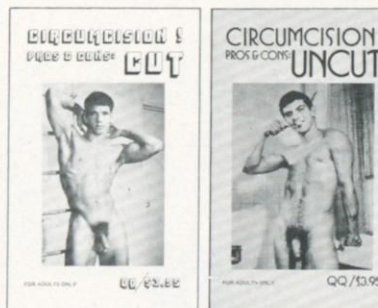
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benzo-inhaler method, be sure that you don't prepare it until just before sex. Even the best inhaler leaks a little. (The Watergate syndrome!)

POPPER AVAILABILITY

In the last few years the price of poppers has climbed. They were \$5 per tin . . . then \$7 . . . \$10 . . . now they are \$12 to \$15 or more for 12 ampoules.

There are several brands. The favorites, however, are *Vaparole* and *Vapaka*, the products respectively of Burroughs Wellcome and Newton Industries, as mentioned. Most gay guys swear by them, saying that they are the most powerful brands; last longer; and pack more of a wallop. Others are weaker, and often cause headaches, and last for only a few whiffs. However, when the stronger brands are not available, these are as readily accepted and used. Perhaps you are treated by a gay physician who will give you a repeat-prescription for the better brands. Or you may have a friend who has a connection with a lab, or a wholesale drug dealer.

Of late, sex-goods merchants have had their chemists busily at work on formulae which would make possible a popper that is not considered a drug—hence no prescription necessary—which would be easily available at any sex shop. 'Liquid popper' in a bottle was introduced several years ago. It resembles the real thing. It packs a far less wallop, however, but it does produce a somewhat similar effect to the real thing. Call it 'watered-down' popper. Most gay guys who have run out of their regular supply, and can't get more at the moment, use this imitation.

If you've tried to get a prescription for poppers and have failed, and/or you'd just like to get the 'feel' of poppers without going 'all the way' with the real thing, this imitation has a certain value. You'll find such products advertised in gay newspapers and magazines . . . and they are also available in sex/leather shops. The price is around \$5 per ounce for the liquid, with ampoules going for about \$10 a box. The liquid can be sniffed directly from the container, or you can place a few drops on a piece of tissue or cotton and insert it into a benzo-inhaler . . . just like a real popper. The ampoules, of course, are treated in the same way you do the genuine article.

Happy tripping!

Ed. note: QQ Magazine does not in any way condemn nor condone the use of poppers. We recognize that their use is widespread and we simply present the facts as we see them.

GAY 'JOCKS' (Continued from page 14)

in previous issues of QQ Magazine.

'SNEAKERS'

Unfortunately at present there is the anachronistic tendency of the shoe trade to equate old-style gym shoes (such as those hoary, flat-footed, canvas-and-rubber clodhoppers) with new-style athletic (jock) shoes, under the catch-all designation 'sneakers'. This is misleading, for if the difference is not clearly understood by one trying to be 'jock with-it', some pretty hairy *faux pas* can result. *Jock* shoes blend with almost *everything* . . . *sneakers* blend with almost *nothing*.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QDD SON

SAY



"Boy who save rooster from ax known as 'cock succor'!"

An example of this was the *gaffe* of comedian Woody Allen when he escorted Betty Ford to a Martha Graham dance presentation last year. He 'shoed up' in dinner jacket, black tie, and to prove the *he* was with it, a pair of white-white sneakers that might have been snatched from the nearest gym locker.

Of course it may be said that formal wear remains just that—formal—and

that nothing really blends with it except more of the same (although the drama of the white turtleneck, substituting for the ubiquitous starched shirt, is a decided improvement, and elegantly macho . . . and then a few years ago Van Johnson goosed up all that formal *noir* with a little casual *rouge*—red socks). But give the jock-shoe a little more time; it's bound to make the formal scene. It's a shoe with real talent.

THE GAY JOCK-SHOE

At present there are many makes/kinds of jock-shoes, and—more to the point—shoes for many purposes. We have the style created especially for the bike rider (everyone's in the saddle these days!); another is preferred by the bowler . . . another by the jogger . . . still another by the yachtsman; there is one for the keep-fitter, and a quite flexible one for the tennis player. And there are even jock-shoes for those who want to *look* like a jock, but aren't. Also, if you've watched much football on color television you'll have noticed that the neanderthal, cleated *football* shoe has given way completely to the dressy, athletically-elegant, almost balletically-styled *playing* shoe worn by such macho jocks as Joe Namath.

Although not touted as such, there really is a *cruising* jock-shoe that gay guys have been adopting as their own. You can spot it in an instant. It's the *Adidas*, the shoe with the *three diagonal stripes* in contrasting colors. It's the most famous of all jock-shoes, although we understand that Adidas, the German originator, lost its patent protection in the United States. Thus it may turn up with different colors, however the symbol will be the same. Look for the three diagonal stripes in the center of the shoe and you can't mistake it.

What makes *our* jock-shoe more gayly so is the Adidas bag. This was designed to carry such gym equipment as jock-shoes, jockstraps, gym shorts and liniment. The maker, however, might be surprised to learn that it now often holds a full-orgy supply of K-Y or Crisco, tricking towel(s), Tawashi, an extra supply of poppers, cock ring, a porno-magazine or two, and/or a sex toy such as our meaty, red-blooded *Gemini* with a *glans penis* at each end to add spice to the encounter with buns-to-buns double-fucking. Or perhaps a larger dildo, by one who is working his way through college to a degree in fist-fucking.

The various makes of jock-shoes have varying identifying symbols, just as has the Adidas brand. These have taken their cue from the explosion of color everywhere—particularly as

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noted on color TV—and specifically in masculine sports/fashion design, and there are combinations of green, yellow, orange, magenta and others. Often the symbols on the shoes repeat the insignia and colors of the athlete's shorts, or exercise costume.

Puma, the second most popular, has a backswept, curved stripe. Nike has a floating check-mark. Onitsuka Tiger (a Japanese import) has a curved crosshatch. The Converse All Star sports a star and a sidewise V. Pony, a fairly recent Canadian import, has a two-V design. Uniroyal's PRO-Keds have red-and-blue stripes at the sides of the toes. Most brands sell for upwards of \$11. The Uniroyal Jaguar, for example, a smart all-leather job with thin red-and-blue alternating stripes, goes for \$35.

So you see, whenever you're out looking for the 'gay jock', you can't mistake him if you know your symbols, although, heaven knows, there are countless straights who haven't the faintest idea that they may be 'running interference' for gay guys by wearing our shoes of the Adidas stripes (but who, come to think of it, might be intrigued by the idea . . . and the fascinating possibilities!). Nevertheless, these are the shoes that will strike a responsive gay chord, so check 'em out . . . and the guy who's

wearing 'em!

WIN WITH 'THIN'

(Continued from page 16)

foods are to be computed you first place the empty plate on the Weighing Tray and set the scale to zero.) All foods are listed in the *Calorie Index Manual*, each food preceded by a symbol (A, B, and so on, indicating the food category, previously researched and determined). Set the proper scale in the window on top of the *Calcuweightor*. Then place your first food on the tray/plate. You read the food directly in calories on the scale! Enter the number of calories in the *Digital Counter Windows*, using the *Digital Counters* (easy . . . you just 'click' the counters . . . no pencil/paper work!). Add successive foods in the same manner, each time checking for the appropriate symbol in the Manual and adjusting the *Calcuweightor* to receive it. Click it on your little list. Note the total. That's your lunch (or breakfast or dinner)! It's as easy as pie.

3. The *Calorie Index Manual* also includes a slip-in/slip-out *Calorie*

Intake Guide. This is also 'machined' to computerized accuracy. There are two 'wheels'. One lists your Actual Weight as determined from your bathroom scale; the other your Ideal or Preferred Weight. Align one with the other and a window shows your *Permissible Calories Today*, determined by your *Activity Level* of Low, Moderate or Heavy. You'll know in a flash how many calories you may have for your 'thin is in' body for that day, determined by whether you're mowing, lounging, jogging, swimming a number of feet/laps/miles . . . play tennis . . . cruise . . . whatever. Thus the actual calorie intake for each day is determined by the degree of activity you expend on that particular day . . . it does not remain statically at 900 or 1200 or 1600 or whatever figure might have been determined as an everyday norm, as is the case with ordinary weight-loss programs. In this way, because your food intake for any particular day is adjusted to the amount of energy expended (or to be expended . . . just be sure it is!), you'll feel neither starved nor stuffed, and the scale upon which you weigh yourself will not have those up-one-day, down-next-day fluctuations that can take the heart out of the dieter.

3. The *Edible Food Index*. All foods listed in the *Calorie Index* refer to

edible portions of food only; something no diet book seems to deal with. Let's take as an example a T-bone steak. A diet book might list this as having, ounce-wise, a total of 1000 calories—and this would mean uncooked. Yet the *Calcuweightor* asks you to "charge" yourself only 500 calories, since 50% of the weight is bone. Moreover, when cooked, it will weight not only grams/ounces less . . . but calorie less. Also, you might wish to have your steak well-done—the *Calcuweightor* obligingly decreases the caloric content accordingly! In essence, it "charges" you only for the edible portion of the food weighed . . . and that makes weight loss really computerized . . . and steady-as-she-goes! No peaks, no plateaus, no valleys. Just even cross-country dieting throughway!

Take an egg, as another example. There are eggs and eggs and eggs. Diet books will list them uniformly at about 76 calories each. Put an egg on your *Calcuweightor*. If it's Grade A small, yes, the *Calcuweightor* will register 76 calories. But what if it's a whopping Grade AA 'Large'? The *Calcuweightor* will not humor you! It tells you right to your face that it's 100 calories (or even more!). So you see, you can't get thrown off. You can't go wrong.

Processed foods, and pre-cooked (frozen) foods, such as one would find in a supermarket, are included in the *Calorie Index*. You'll find just what portions yield what weights in ounces/grams/calories. This, to the editors, was a real find, because more and more we are relying each day on the facility of flash-frozen foods, which, until now, have been a bugaboo for the conscientious dieter simply because he couldn't really determine all the ingredients of the particular frozen food. By listing these commercial foods, and weighing them on the *Calcuweightor*, all mystery is resolved. You can eat just what is correct for your Activity Level for that day, and never worry that you may be overeating (and you may be surprised to learn that you can have even more!)

We've mentioned 'Activity Level' several times in this article, and we thought you might be interested in how, and to what extent *Calcuweightor* determines this, so that it shows correctly on the dial of your *Calorie Intake Guide*.

Low Activity—this refers to anyone not normally engaged in active pursuits. Categories: student, office worker, one who drives a car most of the day . . . one not given to more exercise than sedentary work.

Moderate Activity—refers to those

who are fairly active. As examples: playing an hour of tennis, or 18 holes of golf, or swimming a mile, or walking four miles in a day. Delivery personnel.

High Activity—means lots of it. You'd have to be a steelworker or construction worker to fit into this category. Or else be a 36-hole golfer, or a two-miler swimmer, or play tennis for two hours with real pro skill, or walk 8 miles, or ride a bike for 35 miles. So you see, somewhere in this Activity Level you will find your norm for that day, and eat accordingly. Your *Calcuweightor* will computerize your needs . . . all that remains is the will power to make it work. But because the *Calcuweightor*-way is such a fun way, you'll breeze right through until you've achieved your ideal weight and that 'thin is in' figure that will make you a standout. If you'd like more information on the *Calcuweightor*, we suggest that you write *Good Life Products, Inc.*, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1500, New York, N.Y. 10001. It can be just what you've hoped for all these years . . . the sure way to an attractive body.

THE PINK TRIANGLE

(Continued from page 18)

visions of the "ideal" German male and society, he was also a realist who wouldn't give you spit for conventional morality, except when it concerned his master power plans. Thus, Der Führer, in actuality, moved against homosexuals only when political necessity dictated it.

The bourgeois and the military, especially the aristocratic Wehrmacht, grumbled to Hitler about the fancy goings-on among the the SA. But Hitler shrugged off the complaints and told the prufrocks to mind their own business. At one point, he became so irritated that he sternly admonished:

"Our uprising has nothing to do with bourgeois virtues. We are an uprising born of our nation's strength—the strength of its loins as well, if you like. I won't be a spoilsport to any of my men. If I demand the utmost of them, I must also permit them to let off steam as they please, not as it suits a lot of elderly church-hens. My lads are no angels, God knows, nor are they expected to be. I've no use for goody-goodies and League of Virtue-ites. I'm not interested in their private lives any more than I'll stand for any prying into my own private life."

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As more and more guys are liberated and shed hangups about their sex lives more and more get into anal antics. Pros know that a desirable partner is a clean one and that there is no greater turnoff than a colon that is full and impossible to control. Keep it clean and avoid discomfort and embarrassment. Just a few minutes before your evening shower does the job wherever you are when you have a handy **Folding Douche Bag**. Made of fine latex rubber with reinforced fittings. Bag holds 2 full quarts; 5-foot hose comes with durable thumb valve to control water flow. Screw-on accessories include a short vaginal-type syringe for a quick lower colon douche and a longer anal insert for a thorough colonic rinse. Folds compactly for easy traveling (carry-pouch included). Sent in a plain wrapper via insured parcel post with instructions and manufacturer's 6-year guarantee.

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That shut them up, but not for long. At that time, Hitler was primarily interested in wiping out his opposition and consolidating his power base. He was nursing a grand design for the future—genocide, total war, and total domination of the world—and he would brook no shrewish fussing about how many of his SA men and others of his supporters got their jollies. He needed the SA—it had swept him into power and kept him there. He needed its commander, Ernst Roehm—one of the most colorful and flagrant of the boys in the band. The SA—Hitler's instrument of terror—was his political right arm and he wasn't about to let it be castrated, at least not just yet. As long as he had a use for Roehm and the SA, he shielded him and the Storm Troopers from attack, wholly indifferent to who did what with whom in bed. He didn't like it, but he just didn't attach any importance to it so long as it didn't impinge on his designs.

Until 1934, gays in and out of the SA had a Fire Island romp. SA Chief of Staff Roehm spent happy days and nights in his beloved Berlin, sampling the delights of the gay hangouts, the Kleist-Kasino, the Silhouette, and the Turkish baths. He held boisterous banquets and orgies at his headquarters: "Chief of Staff Ernst Roehm requests the pleasure of the company of Brigadeführer Adolf Kob to a Punch Evening on Thursday, 17 May, at 9 p.m."

In a gesture of throwing a bone to the wolves, Hitler ordered in a Reich Decree of February 23, 1933, the closing of all places frequented by homosexuals, probably not really expecting the order to be obeyed (in many if not most cases, the order was ignored). In a Reich Decree of March 7, 1933, he also prohibited all pornography—but that was largely winked at, too. (Roehm had a magnificent collection of male beauties, and he constantly added to it right up to the time of his execution in 1934.)

Edmund Heines, Roehm's aide in more ways than one (aide-de-camp, lover, and beautiful-young-man procurer for Roehm), hosted in Berlin many a new SA commander who owed his rank primarily to homosexual achievement.

Fierce indignation was again voiced in the Party over the notorious sexscapades in the SA, but again Hitler turned a deaf ear. That is, he did until June 30, 1934, the Night of the Long Knives. Then, and later, hundreds of SA men, including Roehm, were shot. The Night of the Long Knives sprouted from the power jealousies of and was engineered by Heinrich Himmler (Roehm's underling) and Hermann Goering. The

Army cheered them on, with Dr. Joseph Goebbels smiling in the background. It was a horrific power struggle, and Roehm simply lost. He loved his Fuhrer to the bitter end, but love is not enough. Now, Hitler had no more use for Roehm, who suddenly became in Hitler's public pronouncement a "filthy homosexual."

The chief nemesis of the SA as a power body and of homosexuals throughout Germany and its conquered lands was basically Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler's doing. This supreme moralist of all time not only carried out the slaughter of homosexuals, he instigated it. Addressing his SS generals, he praised the ancient Germans, whose custom it was to drown homosexuals, and the Catholic Church, which used to burn them alive. "That was no punishment," he said, "merely the extinction of an abnormal life. It had to be removed just as we pull up weeds, toss them onto a heap, and burn them."

Himmler first began by cleaning his own house. About one homosexual per month was uncovered in the SS. The penalty was imprisonment in a civil jail, with just one "slight" refinement: After serving the sentence, Himmler secretly ordered that the SS culprit be "taken to a concentration camp and there shot while attempting to escape."

Later, Himmler secured Hitler's official sanction so that he could proceed against homosexuals with "legitimacy." On November 15, 1941, Himmler obtained a "Fuhrer's Decree Relating to the Maintenance of Purity in the SS and Police." A jubilant Himmler immediately sent the following memo to his SS and police commanders:

"In order to keep the SS and police free from homosexually inclined weaklings, the Fuhrer has ruled that any member of the SS or police who engages in indecent behaviour with another man or permits himself to be abused by him for indecent purposes will, regardless of age, be condemned to death and executed. In less grave cases, a term of not less than six years' penal servitude or imprisonment may be imposed."

How a case could be less grave was never spelled out. But it made no difference. Nearly all such cases led to the grave anyway (unless one had friends in high places, and even that sometimes didn't help).

As usual, civil "justice" and the courts followed the Party's lead. Reich Legal Director Hans Frank said, "Homosexual behaviour merits no mercy." Thus, Paragraph 1 of the Reich Amendment Law was drawn up. It specified the death penalty for

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homosexual "offenses," or, at the least, castration. (The Nazis didn't know that castration has no effect on sex drive and activity unless the operation is done in very early childhood.)

There are always exceptions, and there was one notable case in which the defendant drew a light sentence. In 1940, a court at Darmstadt sentenced a 19-year-old laborer in a small village to five years' imprisonment. The prosecution had indicted him on 127 counts of indecency with other youths (why others were let off scot free was never related). The sentence was mild because the court's medical adviser explained away the youth's misdemeanors as adolescent aberrations. That such a plethora of homosexual relationships should have existed among honest laborers and craftsmen in the "wholesome and healthy" countryside, with the youngsters of an entire village involved—this did not fit into the approved scheme of things and was greeted with utter perplexity. Under the Nazi creed, homosexuality was a symptom of depravity peculiar to degenerate individuals living in cities and those tainted with Jewish blood.

Even if the Nazis didn't have a Catholic view of homosexuality, the result still would have probably been the same. As Hans Peter Bleuel says in his book, *Sex and Society in Nazi Germany*, "in a Third Reich hungry for population and obsessed with the birth rate, homosexuality was an unpardonable crime." To the Nazis, male homosexuality was, aside from everything else, a political problem. This is borne out by the fact that lesbianism was largely ignored by the Nazis. It presented no reproductive issue of any consequence. Lesbians could and must bear children. Indeed, some were sent to SS stud farms, forced to copulate with carefully selected SS men, and produce more Nazis. Most lesbians were, however, married and had their share of children. Spinsterhood was unthinkable, even for a gay gal.*

With Himmler leading the pack, the witch hunt mushroomed. Prosecutions (read killings) of homosexuals in Germany rose 900 percent. And woe be even to a straight male if somebody who didn't like him denounced him as queer. He could expect a fast and painful visit from the Gestapo or some other branch of Himmler's SS State.

Special mention must be made here of Nazi-occupied Denmark because it illustrates how abysmally homosexuals were treated even by those opposed to the Nazis. Danish resistance to Nazi anti-Semitism was symbolized when its king, Christian

X, took to wearing a yellow Star of David in public, a brand the Nazis ordered the Jews to sew onto their clothing. Denmark's gentile population followed suit. They all started wearing Stars of David. This sign of fellowship with that particular persecuted minority resulted in the sparing of almost all Danish Jews.

Yet, while this undeniably laudable and brave action was being taken, the Danes indifferently stood by while the Nazis hunted down their homosexuals and carted them off to hell in the concentration camps.

Ostensibly, there were three descending levels of the concentration camp infernos. Class I (labor camps) represented the "mildest" form. Class II meant that living and working conditions were "more rigorous." Class III stood for the mills of death, which were utilized almost solely for the purpose of extermination. For various reasons, the SS never fully achieved its goal—to place all homosexuals in Class III camps. Most homosexuals did wind up in Class III camps—but it hardly mattered. Class I and II camps were no less an unspeakable nightmare. Dachau, for example, was always a Class I camp, which can only bring a grim smile to the lips of those who knew the camp.

The only difference was that in a Class III camp the inmates perished sooner, which, by horror logic, was a blessing. Homosexuals who were sent to other than a Class III camp were used for medical experiments; e.g., amputation of an arm or leg without anesthesia in experiments dealing with the treatment of combat-wound shock. The significance of a Class III assignment merely denotes how homosexuals were viewed in Nazi officialdom.

Eugene Kögon, former inmate and chronicler of the concentration camps, says in his book, *The Theory and Practice of Hell*: "The fate of the homosexuals in the concentration camps can only be described as ghastly. They were often segregated in special barracks and work details. Such segregation offered ample opportunity to unscrupulous elements in positions of power to engage in extortion and maltreatment In shipments to extermination camps, such as Nordhausen, Natzweiler, and Gross-Rosen, they furnished the highest proportionate share, for the camp [Class I and II camps] had an understandable tendency to slough off all elements considered least valuable or worthless. If anything could save them at all, it was to enter into sordid relationships within the camp, but this was as likely to endanger their lives as to save them. Theirs was an insoluble predicament

and virtually all of them perished."

The Pink Triangle (the pink cloth patch homosexuals were ordered to wear) was a target of both other prisoners and the SS. Nevertheless, homosexuality in the concentration camps was very widespread (only those who entered a camp wearing a Pink Triangle were marked for death for homosexual behavior). Homosexuality became almost institutionalized when boys began to arrive in the camps; 15 percent of the minors admitted to the concentration camps were less than 12 years old. Eighty-five percent were between 12 and 18.

The so-called Doll Boys were tempted by food; others were raped—by the older prisoners and by the SS. (Sal Mineo in the film, *Exodus*, plays a very poignant role as a former concentration camp Doll Boy.) Individual liaisons and especially boy brothels became a standard feature of concentration camp life.

When Himmler heard what was going on, he reacted typically. Kögon describes this scene in Buchenwald: "The SS suddenly singled out and herded together all Jewish and Gypsy youngsters. The screaming, sobbing children, frantically trying to get to their fathers or protectors among the prisoners, were surrounded by a wall of carbines and machine pistols and taken away to be shipped to Auschwitz for gassing."

If nothing else, Himmler was predictably consistent. His nephew, SS First Lieutenant Hans Himmler, got drunk and carelessly tattled some SS secrets. He was demoted and sentenced to death. He squeaked out of that one when he was "paroled" to the front line as a parachutist, a common enough reprieve. (In fact, it became so common—because of Hitler's desperate need to restock his ravaged troops—that there was even a plan afoot to take homosexuals out of camps and put them into uniform. The war's end aborted the plan.)

Young Hans Himmler might have gone on to glory in combat except for his unfortunate inability to keep his mouth shut. This time he was incarcerated for having made certain derogatory remarks. Poor Hans, he just couldn't stay out of trouble. He was executed at Dachau by order of Uncle Himmler.

Why? Because Hans shot his mouth off too much?

No.

Hans Himmler was executed because he was discovered to be a homosexual.

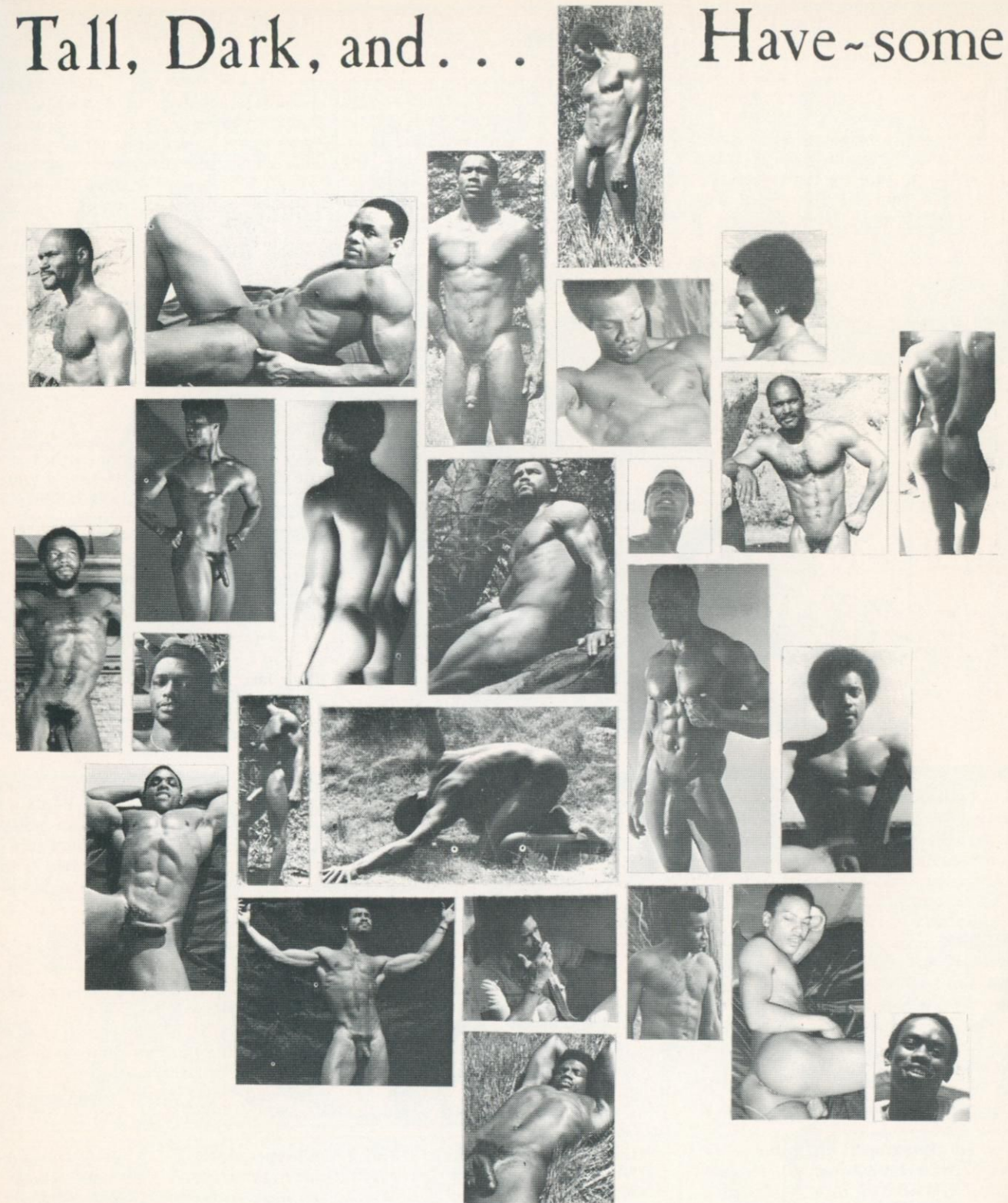
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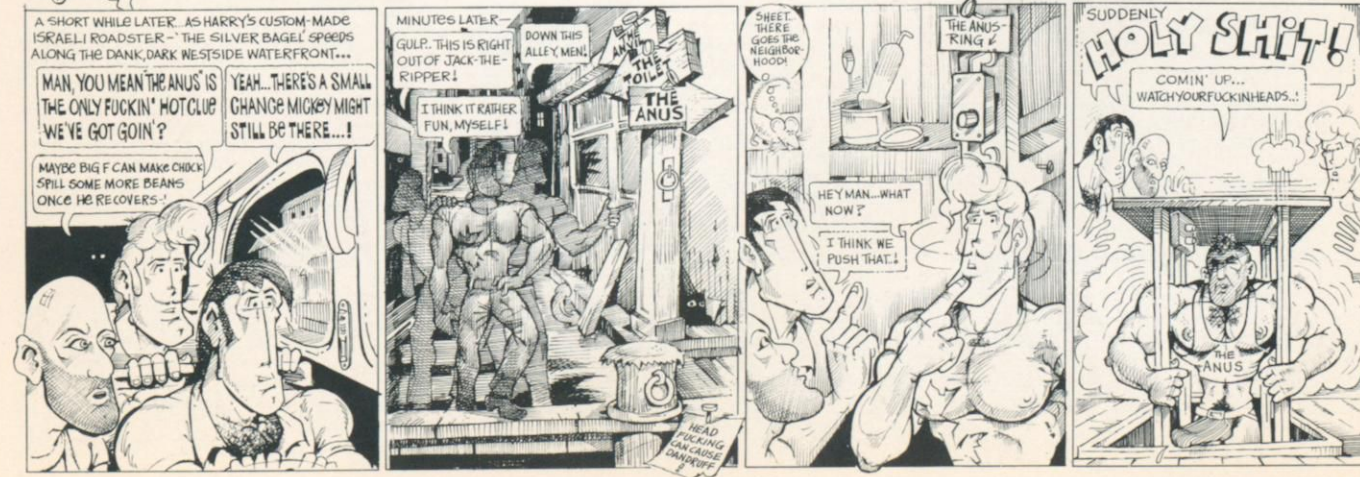
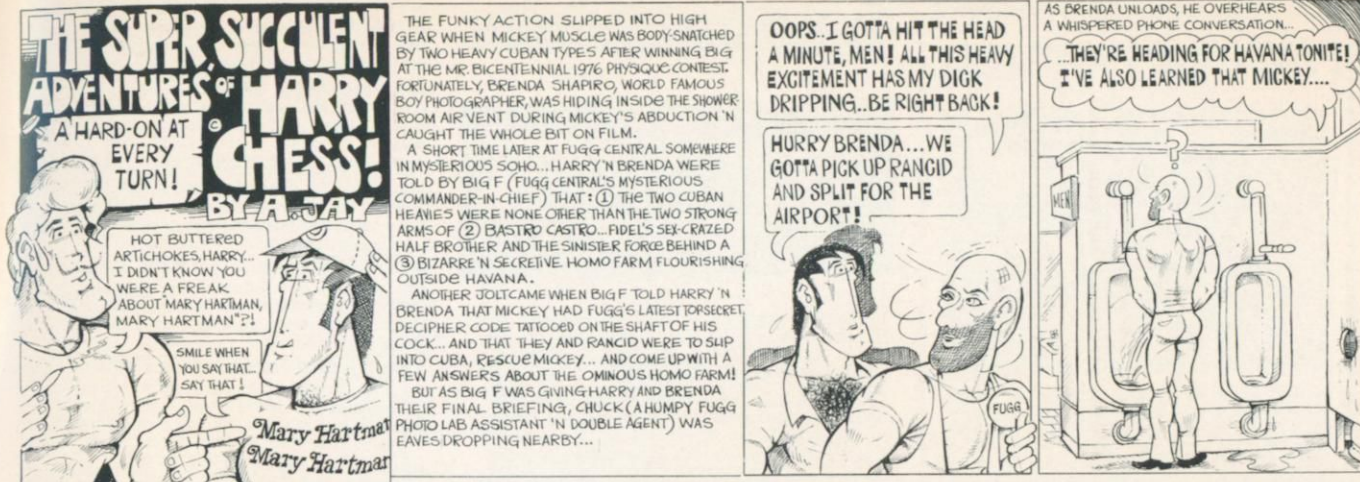


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