QQ MAGAZINE®
For Gay Guys

DECEMBER 1971

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QQ

FOR ADULTS ONLY
Sexually Oriented Material Not To Be Sold To Minors

Exclusive Interview With
MICHAEL GREER
Star of "Fortune and Men's Eyes"

Gay Travel
SAN DIEGO/PHOENIX

Harry Bollx '71

QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new readers desiring information which we make available through the sale of back issues (see ad in this magazine). Past articles are grouped according to general classification. Subjects are listed by exact title and by subject. The numbers following each title indicate volume, number, and page. For example: Sex Variations . . . . 2:1:6 indicates Volume 2, Number 1 (Winter 1969-70 issue), Page 6. New readers may use the back issue ad in this magazine, which lists volume numbers and dates, to help locate particular issues. Each month we will revise this index, adding articles from the previous issue.

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Remember: A complete collection of QQ Magazine is a ready reference for all your questions concerning gay life.

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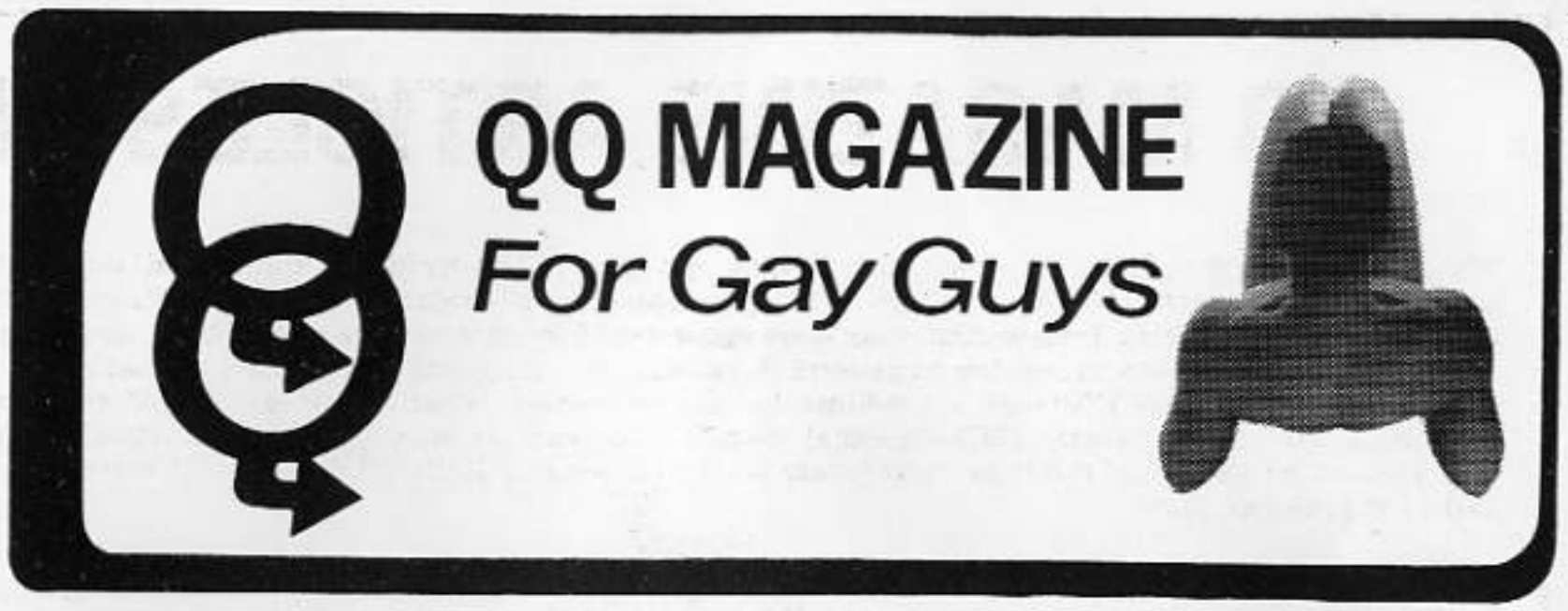

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS: If in reading other magazines and newspapers (any language) you find any article, photograph, comic strip, etc., which has already appeared in QQ, please send us a copy. We will send you the purchase price plus postage plus a year's subscription to QQ by way of thanks. (Ads and certain photographs in QQ owned by established physique studios are not the property of QQ and do not apply.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Due to our new policy conerning frontal nudes, QQ Magazine will no longer be sold at retail newsstands and bookstores—except for a few select outlets. We therefore request that our subscribers please inform friends who previously purchased QQ Magazine in person that it is now available almost exclusively by mail only. This month's editorial fully explains our use of frontal nudes and the reasons which prompted it. Starting in our next issue a list of dealers selling QQ Magazine on the retail level will appear—but since we are limiting retail distribution to only a few outlets in major cities we again request that subscribers please inform friends that QQ Magazine is now a "subscription only" magazine. Thank you.

Editorial

"Announcing...."

By George Desantis

WHEN I conceived of *QQ Magazine* nearly three years ago it was in my mind's eye pretty much what it is today. I had originally intended it to be a subscription item and didn't even want to get involved with newsstand distribution. But I did want to reach a lot of people, and at the time it appeared the only way to do it was through retail outlets. I was wrong.

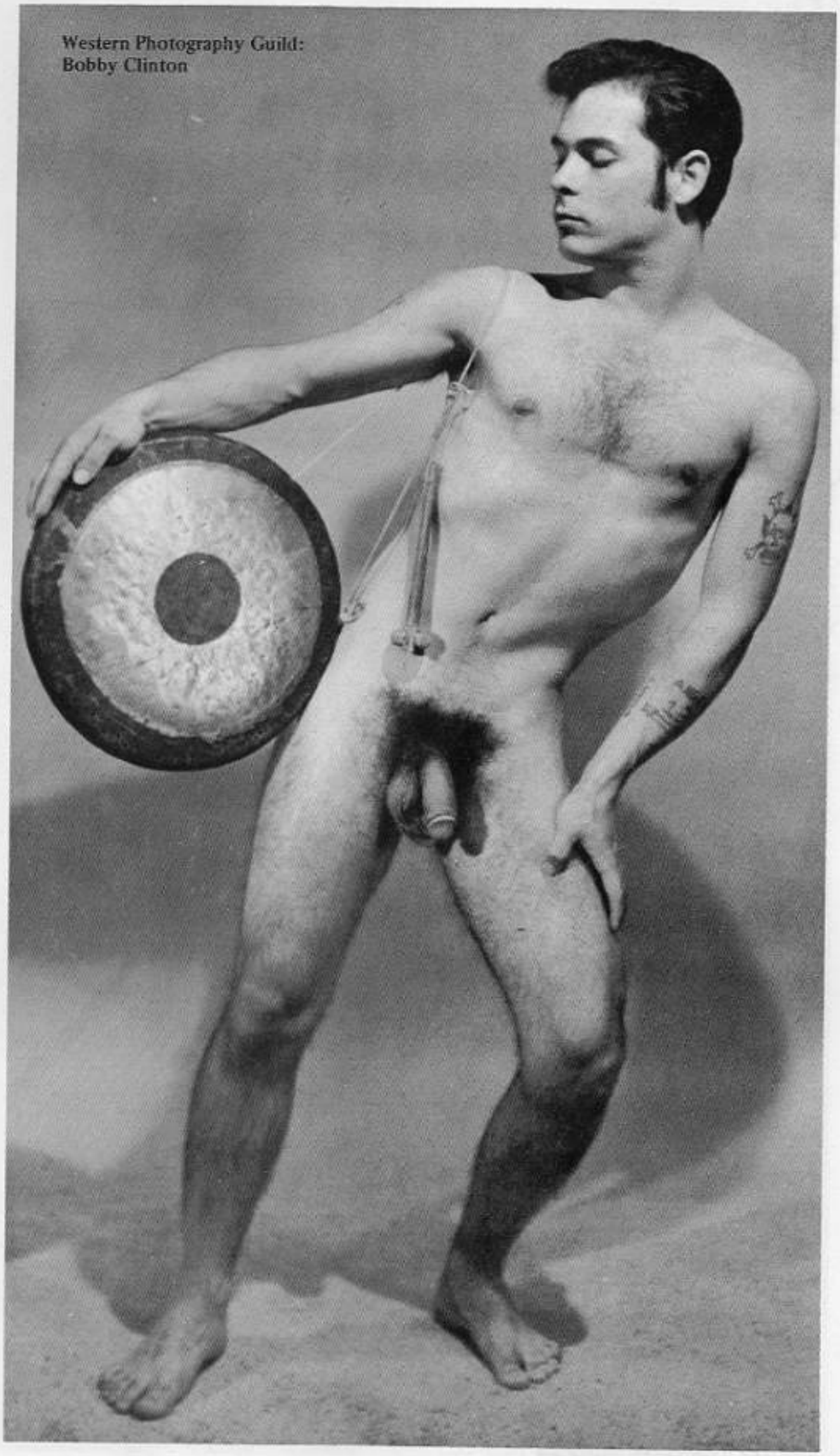
Since the beginning our subscriptions have continually climbed and have been for well over a year eighty-five percent of our circulation. *QQ Magazine* is now Number 1 in the world, outselling all other gay publications *combined*. In contrast, the newsstand distribution has grown slowly, and at its best represented about fifteen percent of our readership.

Newsstand distribution has inherent problems. The publisher must contend with sloppy bookkeeping by his distributor. This sometimes involves thousands of magazines—and the figures are always in the distributor's favor. Many wholesalers (who receive magazines from the distributor) are dishonest. They frequently claim low sales, submitting figures on "sworn affidavits," and refuse to return "unsold" magazines—which they place on sale in underground bookstores. The publisher loses all the way around: expense of printing thousands of magazines sent to those particular wholesalers; plus shipping charges; plus sales potential resulting from the sale of past issues if the magazines could be recovered.

Then there is prejudice. In spite of what gay libbers would have you believe, homosexuality is still a dirty word in this country, and straight wholesalers and newsdealers who carry gay publications are not exempt. Motivated solely by profit, they still refuse to distribute and display gay publications properly, and regard buyers with contempt.

Frontal nudes cannot be used because most newsdealers will not sell magazines containing them. You may be interested to know that several foreign wholesalers discontinued taking *QQ Magazine* as a result of our centerspread in the May-June 1971 issue—a Colt drawing showing two guys necking.

Because of these irritants and others (to me), plus the fact that our strength lies with subscribers and not newsstand sales, I *(Continued on page 52)*



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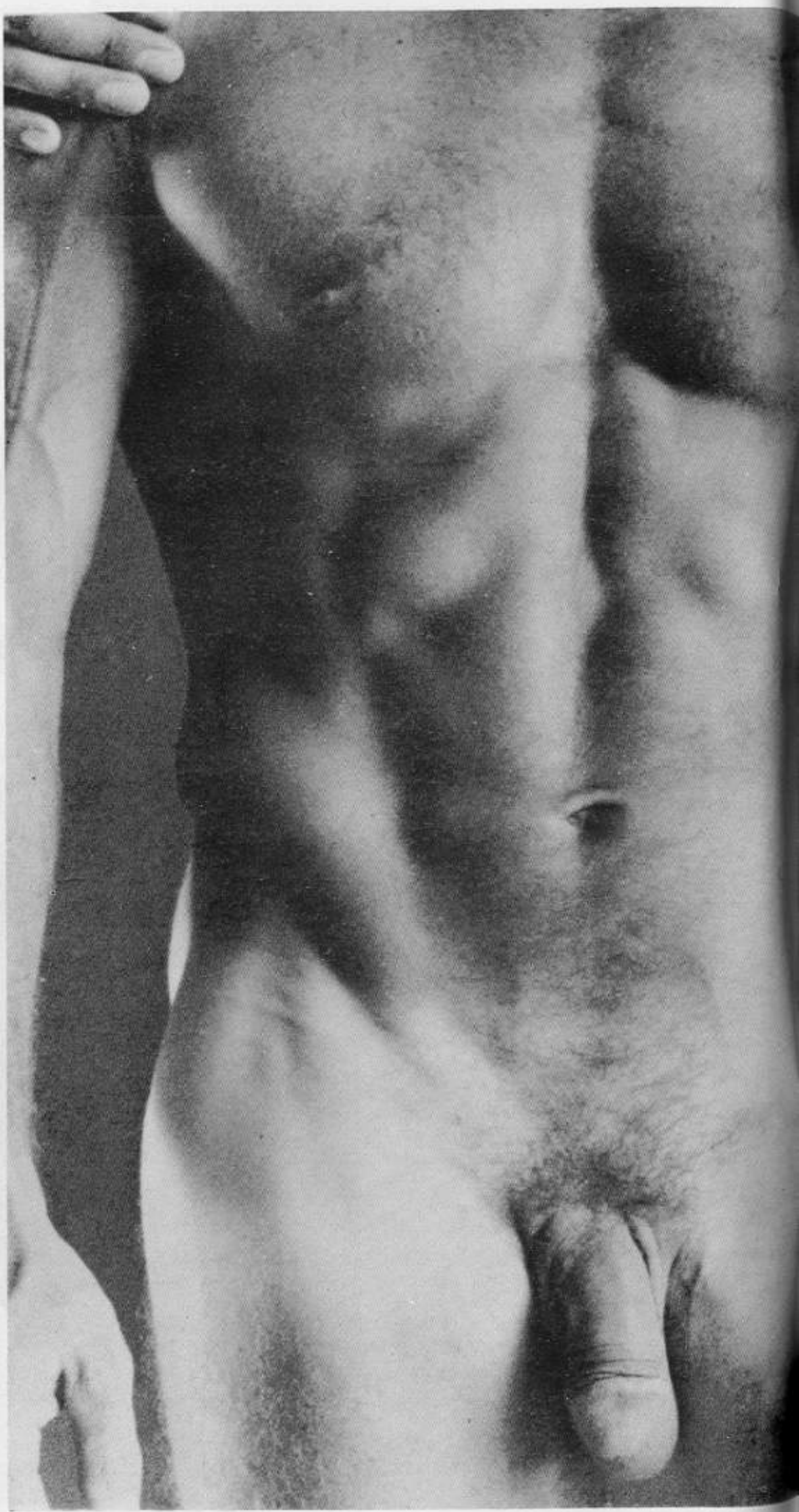
Fiction

On with the show!

By Ralph W. Davis

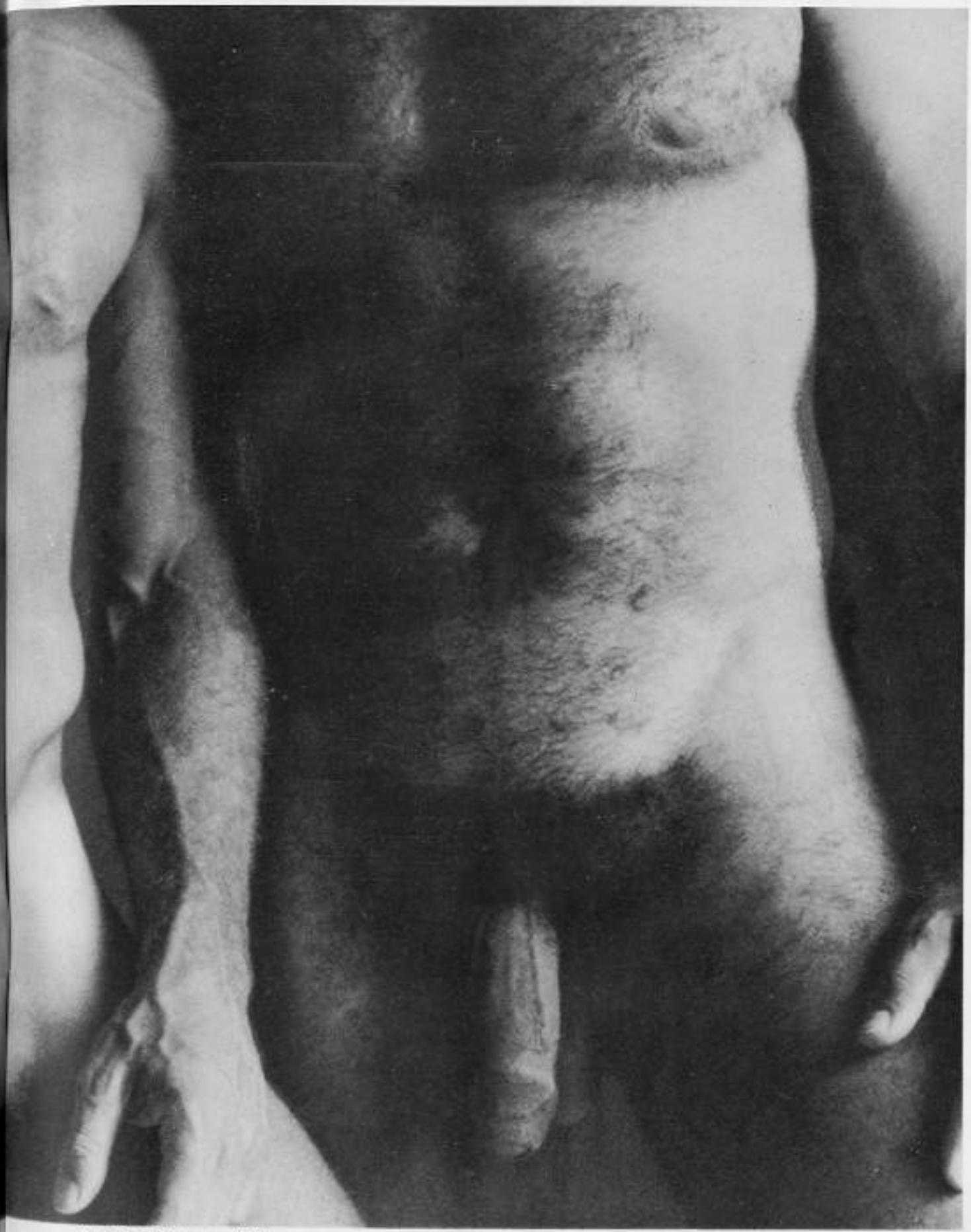


THE world was *his* stage, and he was the best actor on it, Clark thought. It was this attitude toward life that had made him successful for years at the *oldest* profession. Like a good actor who was cast in the perfect role, Clark skillfully read his lines. He knew the importance of lighting and props and movement; and slipping in and out of character (from a hard hat to a banker) could be done at the grab of a crotch. But opportunities weren't as plentiful as once . . . say ten years ago. Competition was becoming fierce, and every hick like his new neighbor in the apartment downstairs was doing it, and professionally, but at amateur rates! The scream for youth didn't help business either. Although Clark didn't feel all the pressures yet of change, he did foresee a day when the stage lights would go out for him all over the world, and standing around in bars, looking handsome, would no longer be his scene. A new life was beginning to take shape for him. Tonight this realization was sunk deep when Terry stood him up.

"And on Sunday!" he thought, flinging his jock strap across the room. *"The slowest night of the week."*

In all his career, no one *ever* stood him up. To know his career was on a down hill filled him with despair. This was only the beginning. Tomorrow it would be someone else . . . and finally one day *no one* . . . no one to cringe at the snap of his whip, no one to swoon at the sound of his voice. He would be alone, without an audience! The most award-winning performance of his career would go by unheralded, and he would be like all the others before him, only another has-been who lived in his memories . . . with only a few trophies for comfort!

But Clark wasn't a quitter. What made him great in this tough business was his incredible perseverance. If changes were *(Continued on page 32)*



Michael Greer, as 'Queenie' in "Fortune and Men's Eyes."

QQ TALKS WITH MICHAEL GREER

INTERVIEW & CANDID PHOTOS BY DONALD ROBERTSON

THE name of Michael Greer was unfamiliar to many gay people until "Fortune and Men's Eyes" introduced Queenie to the stage of the Coronet Theatre in Los Angeles. His spectacular success there and in the New York and Honolulu productions was followed closely by a hilarious performance as Malcolm in "The Gay Deceivers," by a little-publicized role as Danny in "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," and by the much-emphasized starring role in the movie version of "Fortune," a Cannes Film Festival nominee.

Actually, Michael Greer has been performing professionally since the age of ten and was well-known to audiences at the Purple Onion, Arthur's, and The Bitter End, as well as the Redwood Room in Los Angeles where, as he says, he brought talkies to the gay bars. TV audiences have seen his starring role on "Ironside" and campuses throughout the nation have reverberated to the clever humor and expert timing of this popular singer, writer and comedian.

Our interview sessions took place over a two-month period, interrupted by trips to Canada in connection with the movie "Fortune," a session at The Bitter End in New York, phone calls from MGM and Columbia, a query concerning an interview with Earle Wilson, a recording session, and rehearsals and performances in Los Angeles nightclubs, campuses and coffee houses.

It wasn't difficult establishing a fine rapport with this serious, intense and warm entertainer who has given us a frank insight into the sensitivity and personality of the real Michael Greer.

QQ: Michael, with no visible advertising you've been playing to full houses at the Bla Bla Cafe in North Hollywood. What led to your selection of this relatively unknown coffee house as a showcase for your talents?

Greer: Well, I've just come back from Canada and the filming of "Fortune" and I'm kind of in a limbo. The singing group The Rest of Our Lives plays there and I like their work very much and thought that it would be a good place for us to put some things together, audition some new material, and see how we worked together in preparation for the college thing which we recently did. We went to Redwood City and it was an unmitigated disaster because of lack of publicity and general disorganization, including my own, and then to Utah State which was really a fine success. But the Bla Bla has a nice atmosphere to it; the crowd is kind of mixed in that you really don't know or care what anyone is: they're just good people. Besides, the owner lets me have free coffee.

QQ: Were you surprised by your success on the Mormon campus?

Greer: Not really. I was curious as to whether anyone's material would go over. I envisioned oxen, Conestoga wagons and polygamy, but I found that the kids were pretty much interested in the same things as elsewhere. My humor didn't strike them as being abnormal; it just struck them as being funny, so it worked very nicely.

Mr. Greer checks the QQ interview while enjoying the sun in the author's Hollywood backyard.

QQ: On the other hand, how do you account for the poor turnout that you got at USC?

Greer: Man, the girls are afraid to go out on that campus at night for fear of getting raped, and the guys are afraid to go out for fear of getting caught.

QQ: I know that you have tremendous appeal with the under-thirty crowd; do you feel that you are establishing the same rapport with older audiences?

Greer: In different ways. I've had about twelve years of experience in every conceivable kind of club, with gay bars providing a tremendous breakthrough for me. Initially, I went to a few of the so-called straight clubs in California and naturally they weren't interested because I was totally unknown at the time and besides, they wanted a chick with big boobs. The gay bars had their drag shows but drag, for any reason other than humor, has never appealed to me. I've never had a desire at any time to pass myself off as a woman or even to feel attractive in a feminine way. To put on a funny hat or a wig to get a laugh has great appeal for me. But I could go to a few of the gay bars in town that had shows and they would take a chance with me. The fact that I could open my mouth was a breakthrough because everyone was doing record pantomime. Several friends have told me that I brought talkies to the gay bars. What was the question?

QQ: I was questioning your rapport with older audiences.

Greer: Oh, right. I try to gear my material to the audience, considering their age and environment as well as any ethnical preponderance. For instance, if I play the Catskills I try a

ON GROWING UP: ". . . when you're living on a farm near a small town in Illinois there doesn't seem to be any way for a kid to get to Hollywood—or even grow up."

ON HOMOSEXUALS: "Sixty or seventy percent of the world's culture has been maintained, enhanced and glorified by homosexuals."

ON SAN FRANCISCO: "If I could . . . have everything else going for me, I would like to be able to top it all by saying that I had been born in San Francisco."

lot of Jewish humor. I've always been able to bridge gaps because I really do have an intuitive understanding of people. All my life I've wanted to entertain, and this involvement develops an instinctive ability to make broad changes that will give appeal and laughter to older people.

QQ: We've seen you use practically the same material for essentially straight and essentially gay audiences, suggesting a universality in your material. Is this the case?

Greer: I've never tried to write in the kind of jokes that a good number of gay performers are guilty of using. It doesn't impress me to hear a comic who finds humor only in the most obvious entendre: you know, the physical jokes and 'Mary this' and 'Mary that'. It's unfair to an audience. Even at the 524, the Redwood Room, the Fantasy and many of the other fine gay clubs that I have worked, I was doing pretty much what I'm doing now: strictly humor, not straight, not gay, just funny, although naturally I'd add an emphasis if the room were especially heterosexual or homosexual. I've never tried to strictly separate the two; there isn't that much separation anyway. I just look at everyone as people. Does that make sense?

QQ: Very much so. Do you write all your own material?

Greer: Yes, I do. In the late 50s and early 60s when I was very green I wasn't against lifting someone else's material. I wanted so much to succeed as a performer that I was ready to try anything, but I haven't done that in ten or twelve years. There's no need; fortunately, I am able to write.

QQ: Your facial expressions and physical gestures are a performance in themselves; did you really pick them up from a campy mother, as you claim?

Greer: Actually, all mothers are campy, but my mother has a fine sense of humor and a great feel for things theatrical. In fact, most of my family, who are Irish, are crazy, comic characters and I'm proud to be one. My facial expressions, however, are just there and I'm not aware of them most of the time. They do help to punch a line or give some accent to a take, a monologue or a joke. Besides, it's really not me who is performing: it's a professional me. I haven't analyzed the onstage and offstage me's; they're the same person and yet offstage I'm easily embarrassed by a great many things and really kind of naive, which I'm sure is going to be difficult for anyone to believe because onstage or on camera I'm able to do outrageous things with complete freedom. I think the difference is that I don't have to be responsible for Malcolm in "The Gay Deceivers," although a great portion of the public tries to make me responsible. I'm not like Malcolm. I liked him; I liked him very much; I thought he was a funny person and a good queen, but personally it would embarrass the shit out of me if I

ON HIS SEXUALITY: ". . . I cannot truthfully say whether I'm heterosexual or homosexual: I just don't know myself. I've experienced both . . . ."

ON BEING TYPED: "Any actor worth his salt is different (in private life) or he isn't acting. When they assume that I'm a 24-hour faggot . . . it really pisses me off . . . ."

ON BAD TRIPS: "You get a good look at what you've allowed yourself to become and all those bugaboos start creaping out and staring at you from the medicine cabinet."

ON POT: "Marijuana, I love; it's fabulous and so much better than booze, and it has become as common as hors d'oeuvres in California."

ON JUDY GARLAND: ". . . (she) was made a legend by the gays; they were the ones who forgave her and made all of those comebacks possible."

ON USC: "Man, the girls are afraid to go out on the campus at night for fear of getting raped, and the guys are afraid to go out for fear of getting caught."

walked around like that. It's just not where my head is at. I can do it professionally to amuse, but that's about it.

QQ: Do you think that Malcolm was representative of a good many homosexuals?

Greer: Well, certainly not the majority, but he was representative of a type of homosexual just as certain straight people are representative of, let's say, a Clint Eastwood type of man. Actually, the Malcolm I created was a composite of many people, some whom I'd known and others whom I'd seen. Again, Man, people have asked me if I was embarrassed to do it or was I worried about hurting my image. It seems that there are a lot of people that I'm never going to convince that I'm not Malcolm, that I'm not a mad queen who spends her time face down in a flower bed. I can't worry about those people as long as I know that there is a difference, and the only people who get typed are those who can't do anything else or who don't want to do anything else. I want to play all sorts of people, including, as I've already done, characters that other actors are afraid to try.

QQ: What has been your family's reaction to your performances as Queenie and Malcolm?

Greer: It's been one of complete understanding and pride. Not pride that I played this character or that, simply pride that I am succeeding as an actor. They know me, you see, so they don't see any marked change. When they see me on the stage they just laugh like anyone else. They know that it's just a job and that I do it well.

QQ: Has family support been a big factor in the success of your career?

Greer: No, not really: if anything, they didn't take much of it too seriously. When I was a kid of three or four I was telling everyone that I was going to be in the movies, but when you're living on a farm near a small town in Illinois there doesn't seem to be any way for a kid to get to Hollywood—or even grow up. It's now that my family is really starting to get behind me. It pisses me off in a way: It's like "we knew it all along" and they never did. I had a hard time getting them to stop laughing long enough for me to prove that I could do it.

QQ: Behind the comic's mask there is often a sad or tragic undertone. Are you implying that this generalization applies to you?

Greer: It's difficult to talk about sadness and loneliness because they're almost cliches. My parents both married and divorced three times and I grew up in a lot of States and families, feeling something of a pawn. I bitched about it and hated it, Man, especially going to two schools in a year. When I would finally fit into a group of friends someone would get a divorce and we would move again. It made me very *(Continued on page 39)*

ON POPPERS: "I've heard doctors say that each sniff takes a minute off your life but I wasn't looking forward to the last twenty minutes of my life anyway."

ON TELEVISION: ". . . I don't like the censorship involved. I don't like to work that way; I like to speak out and not hide anything."

ON GAY LIBERATION: "I admire Reverend Troy Perry and the people who are really working at it but the queens who jump on for the ride are a pain in the ass."

COLT STUDIO:
"JUDD AND COMPANY"

Slavery 1971

By Louis Jekyll

WANTED: Docile male, must be attractive, well-built and obedient. Photo & phone a must. Get down on your knees and write to Jerry, Box 21, New York, N. Y.

SLOWLY, with mounting excitement, Tom re-read the titillating ad, his heart beating just a bit faster. Week after week, the most faithful of devotees, he had appeared at the newsstand on his corner and snapped up the latest issue of his favorite underground newspaper, rushing home with it tucked tightly under his arm as though in deadly fear of losing it. Once inside the warm, familiar confines of his apartment, stripped down and ensconced on the bed, a freshly-opened can of beer at his elbow, Tom would glance quickly at the cover page, then slowly, almost tortuously, carefully examine the paper, unfolding each new page as though it would certainly contain a rare treasure. Occasionally his attention would be arrested by an article on "the leather boys," or his eyes would become riveted to a photograph of a virile, hairy-chested stud clad in leather. To these particular items Tom would devote several precious minutes, savoring each as a gourmet rolls each sip of wine on his tongue, anticipating the course to follow. Finally . . . *the classifieds!* Beginning at the very top of the page, his eager eyes absorbing every word of every ad, hoping . . . hoping . . . .

A lean crop this issue. "Jerry's" was the only ad of interest. One final reading, and Tom put the paper aside and leaned back on the bed, his eyes closed. *Jerry. What would he be like?* His mind, responding to the growing warmth between his legs, conjured up an image to meet his requirements: tall, of course, at least six feet, dark-hair, swarthy skin, a mat of glossy black hair staining the wide chest, hard brown nipples punctuating the firm, swelling pecs. Perhaps, this time, a tattoo—a panther—no, an eagle, wings unfurled, talons clawing the hard biceps; the stomach flat and hard, of course; the tapered waist hugged by a wide studded garrison belt. The cock—let's see—uncircumsized, hanging over heavy balls, thick and solid-looking, even soft. Hairy legs, firm and straight, plunging down into knee-length leather boots. A motorcycle cap and leather gauntlets encasing large hands . . . a sneer distorting the mouth and glinting hard brown eyes completed the picture.

"If only . . ." Tom thought, his cock throbbing, *"if only I dared . . . ."*

Get down on your knees and write . . . .

The words, spit from that snarling mouth, were like a slap in the face. Tom sat up in surprise, looking quickly around the room. Feeling a little foolish, he realized that his fantasy had spoken to him, in a voice as real and commanding as any he had ever heard. Once more, his eye caught the ad in the discarded paper. Reading it over, he could once again almost hear that steely voice urging him on. But never had Tom followed his inclination to reply to any of these ads. Guys who advertised, he was sure, were bound to be ugly or fat, or both. Up to now, Tom had never actually experienced the ecstasy of submitting his body to the desires and domination of another, stronger-willed man, though these fantasies consumed many of his waking hours. But now, maybe, just this once . . . what the hell!

Feeling a little giddy, Tom maneuvered the distance from bed to desk, found a sheet of paper and a ball point and sat down at the desk. No! If he was going to do it, by god, he would do it right. Back to the bed, down on his knees, the newspaper cushioning the writing paper, he began, slowly, to write. "Dear Jerry . . . ."

At 8:50 PM, six days later, Tom pulled up in a cab before a neat-looking brownstone building. Having nervously overtipped the driver in his addled state, Tom watched the yellow cab pull away, almost wistfully. Then he turned to survey the building, his eyes scanning the noncommittal, unsympathetic windows, wondering which apartment was Jerry's. Third floor front, he had said. Yes, there they were—shades carefully drawn, guarding its secrets well. Tom glanced at his watch. Ten minutes early. Slowly, he mounted the stoop and entered the small lobby of the building. There was the name, fairly leaping off the mailbox, and there the tiny black bell that would open the door either to fulfillment or disaster. He lit a cigarette (Jerry had been most specific about the time) and then, as the crawling minute-hand on his watch finally reached the twelve, he pressed the buzzer. The answering buzz released the lock on the inner door and Tom began the ascent to the third floor. Nice building, well-kept, not quite what he had expected. On the phone, Jerry had sounded . . . well . . . *oh, shit, what'd you expect, a goddam dungeon?* 3-F, in simple wrought-iron characters on the door. No bell. Faithful to his instructions, but unable to suppress a fearful glance at the doorway of the neighboring apartment, Tom got to his knees. Gently, he knocked. The door opened slowly, and Tom's first impression was of a pair of knee-length black engineer boots *(big feet!)* and muscular thighs with a sprinkling of black, curly hair. Up, up to the crotch, whose mysteries were encased in a shiny black leather pouch, fastened by straps to a wide belt *(studded!)* that snugly encircled the trim waist. A leather athletic shirt, obviously custom made, stretched over the barrel-like chest like a coat of shiny black paint, and Jerry noted with exhilaration that a patch of coarse hair jutted over the top of the shirt. Swelling biceps narrowed to heavy, hairy forearms and ended in long-fingered hands, in one of which was tightly clutched a mean-looking riding crop. Face tanned, jaw lined with a trim beard. The eyes were, indeed, evil-looking (at least from Tom's low vantage point) and the man, whom Tom guessed to be about thirty, was wearing nothing over his thick coal-black hair. All of this Tom noted in one quick upward swing of his eyes, and he felt a quick surge of relief, followed hard on by a tightening knot of desire in the pit of his stomach.

"Inside," Jerry snapped, the voice cold and authoritative, and Tom obediently crawled into the room on all fours, halting in the middle. He heard the door close softly behind him and suppressed a desire to raise his head and look around the room.

Jerry was again in front of him, only those huge boots in Tom's line of vision.

"Kiss them!" The voice was softer now, but had lost none of its assurance. Eagerly, feeling a tremulous shudder rushing through his body, Tom complied, planting his lips firmly on each boot in turn, surprised at the coolness of the leather, the faintly sour taste of polish.

"Now *(Continued on page 34)*

GS: A MASQUE FOR LOVING

A ROSE IS A ROSE IS NOT A ROSE

BY TERRY McWATERS

A few years ago any gay guy on holiday in New York would not have considered his trip a success until he'd paid a visit to the Main Street Bar in Greenwich Village, one of the few openly-acknowledged gay bars of the time.

Located on Eighth Street at the dead-end intersection of Macdougal Street—within easy groping distance of the famed 'Meat Rack' along Washington Square—it was far more than the usual gay bar. Anyone, gay or straight, who loved the Village as it was then would stop by during the business day for a chat with Steve, the bartender. But along about five each afternoon it became, by tacit agreement, a kind of club into whose warm, friendly, gossipy ambience gay guys of all ages were drawn, like a covey of happy carrier pigeons who had just delivered their final messages of the day.

Sadly the Main Street no longer exists, having fallen victim to one of the many Wagner Administration purges of the Sixties, but during its heyday it was a second home to some of the most creative talents in the world of arts and letters.

'FITZIE'

One of these was the redoubtable Mrs. Fitzhugh, a 65 year-old, 260-pound painter of considerable note—a writer of lesser—who stalked-and-caned her ponderous way down Eighth Street each afternoon, arriving precisely at a quarter to five to drape her enormous buttocks equidistantly across the center barstool which, by common consent, always remained vacant until she arrived, no matter how crowded the bar might be.

Nodding pleasantly to everyone, she wouldn't say a word until Steve had plied her with the stiffest Martini known to the spirit world. Then downing half of it in one giant swallow she'd explode with a resounding brontosaur belch that simultaneously triggered a chain reaction of little mouse farts, look apprehensively from right to left to see whether anyone had been inadvertently caught in the withering crossfire of her cavernous eructations . . . sigh relievedly if not . . . and begin the conversation expansively with "Well gentlemen, what of the universe today . . . what problems shall we solve?"

Steve would pass along the baskets of *hors d'oeuvres* (halves of yesterday's halves of peanuts/broken pretzels/*eminces* of potato chips that had already been 'eminced' several times in the days before) and the Main Street cocktail hour would officially begin.

Fitzie could talk up a fog about anything, and usually did, yet she loved to be drawn into a discussion of Gertrude Stein by her enthralled listeners, and usually was. If you had known her this would have seemed doubly relevant because not only was she a fountain of information about GS—having known her for many years in Paris—but as she sat at the bar leaning slightly forward, fingers lightly lacing her cocktail glass, she actually looked like the Gertrude Stein of the famous sculpture by Jo Davidson in which, with feet spread peasantly wide, she seems totally immersed in the prophylactic bliss of a healthy shit.

THE STEIN OF LEGEND AND FACT

"Although legends are rarely as fascinating as the people from whom they derive, in many ways Stein was an exception," Fitzie would say. "Those spicy anecdotes—the gossip—were all far sexier than the woman.

"Take all that Alice B. Toklas jazz, for instance. Legend has tried to spark this into a blazing lesbian relationship. Actually each was largely a prop for the other, their relationship was simply *(Continued on page 37)*

COLT STUDIO:
"SADDLE TRAMPS"

Some Subtle Secrets of Sex Appeal

Tricky Teasers for Teasy Tricks

By Walter Norris

TROMPE *l'oeil* has long been a favorite decorating device of interior designers, and whether one translates this as a 'look through' or a 'fool the eye'—and it is and does—it is more often a tease because whatever the eye is directed to beyond it, or is diverted from by indirection, becomes all the more interesting simply because it is showcased.

An example of this is the fried-egg man in a short-order restaurant. As you stand outside watching him frying eggs in the window, breakfast takes on an urgent immediacy; it's so somehow mouth-watering, tastebuddy and *now*. Of course, once inside, everything is just eggs and flapjacks and Cinderella back in her pumpkin coach. But for the moment ordinary foods have seemed gourmet-inspired.

Sex appeal is rather like that, too, being heightened considerably by a touch of showcasing which makes it so much more exciting it can often turn the most negative cruise into a positive tour-a-lure. Certainly men's contemporary clothes design has helped make this possible . . .

LIKE PANTS

While a zippered fly conceals the charms of an otherwise seductive might-be lover, today's pants have showy buttons that immeasurably increase one's sex appeal automatically. As a variation of *trompe l'oeil* (this time a tongue-in-cheek come-on) they sensually suggest a titillating tumescence going on below . . . like a cobra ready to strike. "A tisket, a tasket," a gay guy will thrill. "That one must have biscuits in his basket!" . . . little knowing it may be only a *petit-four*.

THE BIGGIE BASKET BOYS OF MERRIE ENGLAND

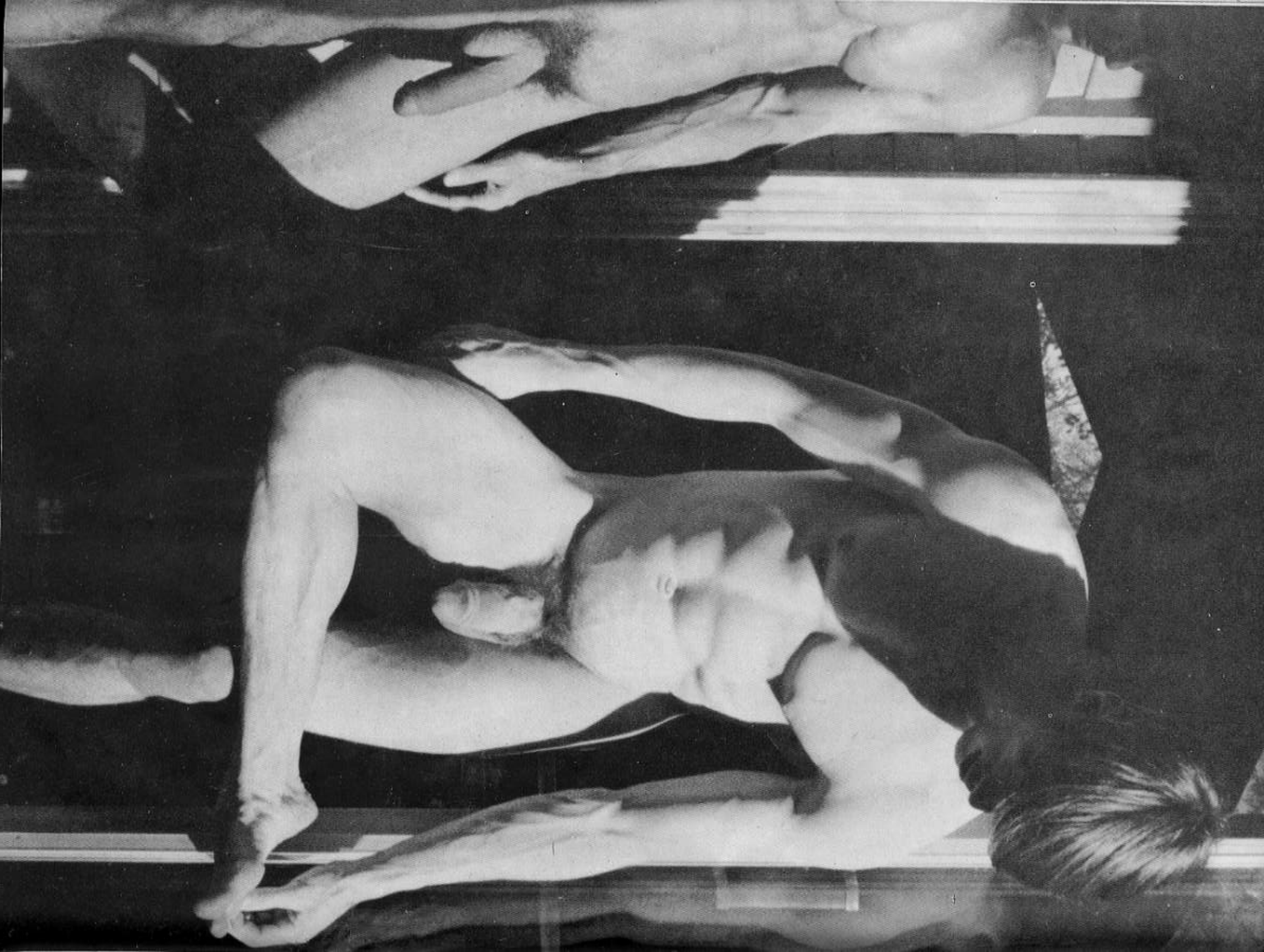
The basket *trompe l'oeil* is not new; it dates back to the sixteenth century when men began wearing tights. However, unlike male ballet tights of today—which are all of a piece—they were two long stockings stretching to the waist, and where they joined forces at the confluence of the crotch an unexpected and delightful *trompe l'oeil* was created. As you can imagine, Elizabethan gay guys seized the issue (if you will forgive the expression) . . . exploited it to the hilt . . . and so big baskets became the rampant rage, and the bigger the beddier.

This annoyed the Church no end, and so for the sake of 'decency' an edict came down from the Queen that "no man under the rank of lord, knight or esquire shall wear any tunic that is not long enough, when he stands upright, to cover his privities and his buttocks, under the penalty of 20 shillings."

And so the codpiece came into use—a pouch meant to cover the crotch and conceal the goodies beneath. However, since it looked like nothing so much as an *additional* well-filled scrotum, it called all the more attention to the basket, and so codpieces grew larger as gay guys of 1570 began stuffing them with the Elizabethan equivalent of Kleenex until they looked like teasy turnips or kissy cabbages. The codpiece lasted over 100 years until skirted coats arrived on the scene and totally obscured the stimulating view. Pity.

THE SEXUAL POWER OF UNDERSTATEMENT

A bit of shock in dress—even a touch of the outrageous—is a valid and most interesting way of increasing sex appeal. This can be anything from really wild sunglasses *or* an ear adornment *or* a necklace of very bold and masculine design (preferably worn with an open shirt, and long enough so that the base of the necklace falls tantalizingly in the cleavage between your *(Continued on page 44)*



Something for Everyone in San Diego

By Donald Robertson

CALIFORNIA is a mixed bag in every respect and San Diego is a splendid example of it. In a city whose newspaper monopoly won't print even the title of an X-rated movie in its theatre ads, gay life flourishes with little of the harassment that is an integral part of the Los Angeles scene.

San Diego almost faded into a non-entity after World War II but an enthusiastic citizenry converted its seaport drabbiness into a beautiful seaside resort offering something for everyone. If your something comes in sailor or Marine costume, surfer trunks or campus jeans, you'll get more than your share. There are plenty of gay bars, lots of dancing, several active baths, a paradise of street and john cruising, a very professional female impersonation nightclub, and unlimited provision for sports, dining and relaxation.

Located just two hours drive from Los Angeles and fifteen minutes from the Mexican border town of Tijuana, San Diego has remarkable accessibility. All freeways intercept the downtown area; the airport, surprisingly, is situated in the heart of the city, as is the railway station; and marina docking facilities are only a short taxi ride from City Center.

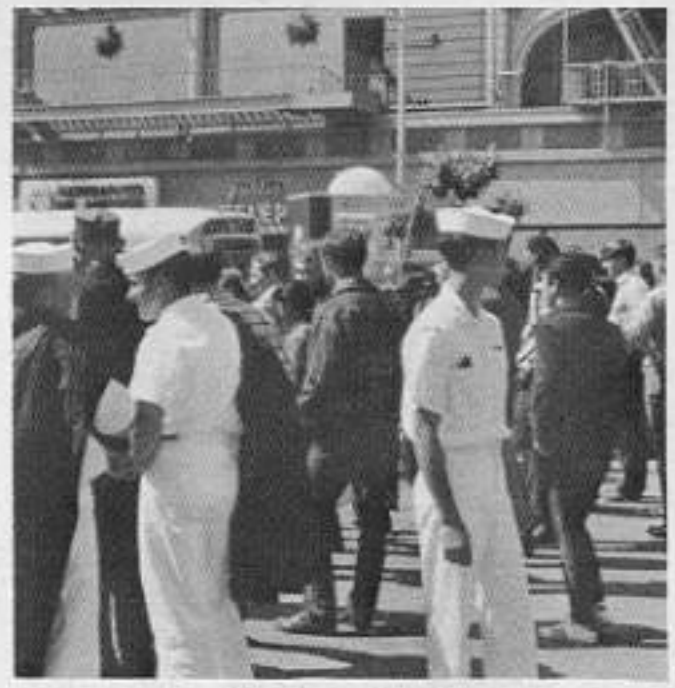
Excellent accommodation is available at the beaches of Mission Bay Park, a complex of sheltered seawater coves. I would recommend the Islandia, Bahia or Hilton Inn in this area. Single rates start at $14, doubles at $18, except during the period July to September when they are raised by four or five dollars. Hundreds of motels provide less expensive rooms on the ocean at Mission and Pacific Beaches, including Dave's Pacific Sands, which is basically straight. Some people might be charmed by the historic elegance of the more expensive and rather isolated Coronado Hotel situated on the island. For a short visit, however, you're probably better off staying downtown close to the heavier action. There are no exclusively gay hotels but the YMCA on 8th Avenue, just off Broadway, although no Embarcadero, is typically Y. More interesting is the Armed Forces YMCA on Broadway at India, but, regrettably, this hostel is reserved on Friday and Saturday nights for servicemen. Take heart, though, because freer souls in uniform, as well as the overflow crowd, roost at the San Diego Hotel across the street, and this I would recommend in any event. Singles and doubles are less than $10, the rooms are clean and decent-sized although not fancy, night-time access with tricks poses no problems, and you'll probably end up socking it to one or more of the guests. To make you feel at home, the bathroom soap is appropriately labeled 'Gay Bouquet'.

The Turkish Navy was in town.

You won't have any problem identifying the military presence on Broadway between the two YMCAs. San Diego hosts a Marine Corps Recruit Depot, a Naval Training Facility, two Naval Air Stations, a huge Navy Base and a Naval Hospital. On weekends, reinforcements (more Marines) come down from Camp Pendleton at Oceanside. Many sailors use the locker club in the basement of the Armed Forces Y and change clothes in the popular washroom there. Every night, the poolroom and front steps are crowded with hungry young types who also frequent the many fun arcades on Broadway, the Plaza, and the surrounding streets. Quite often, the loners take an obvious stance on the quieter streets such as "E", right behind the San Diego Hotel. Remember the rule though: screw the Marines but don't try to kiss them because they're not queer, you know.

O.K., so much for your drooling; let's quench your thirst. Bradley's on the Plaza is a dumpy bar but it attracts

Bradley's Bar, across the Plaza.



Servicemen in the Plaza.

San Diego as seen from Mr. A's.

many servicemen because it's not exclusively gay. Not too far away are two very popular bars, The Club at 2501 Kettner and The Swing at 3175 India. The Club is open during the day and packed at night with lots of dancers, quite a few gay girls, and too much noise for cozy conversation. The Swing, tastefully decorated, is probably the best cruising bar in San Diego and draws a very attractive crowd. The closest thing to a leather bar in the city is B.J.'s, a friendly butch beer bar at 750 India, where customers sometimes park their tractor-trailers overnight while tricking. The bar opens daily at 8 AM and serves a fine Sunday brunch of steak and eggs for $1. The Brass Rail at 3802 Fifth Avenue is pretty quiet these days but two new bars, both featuring dancing, hold great promise: Club 2220 (University Avenue) and Diablo's, 2533 El Cajon, are located close to each other and may be real action centers by the time this is published. Terry's Hole at 1856 San Diego is another dance bar with a young crowd. The newest place, the Downtowner at Market Street and Second, and yet to open when this was written. It was scheduled to feature two bars and two restaurants, a straight and a gay pair. This will be the city's only all-gay restaurant and will feature entertainment.

Special mention has to be made of a 'chicken delight' called the Pirates' Den, a beer bar at 5257 University which appears to exclude anyone under fifteen. The place is packed with friendly cuties and hand-holding and caressing are delightfully common. My host, a 19 year-old who had just ended a seven year love affair, invited me to an after hours party where the chicken draped themselves in trick towels before the dancing began.

If you hit most of these bars on your first night you may need a couple of Bloody Mary's to generate enough energy to do the beach scene next day. San Diego has a long coastline of good beaches, starting with Ocean Beach on the south. Here, at the end of a bus line and closest to downtown, hundreds of sailors and Marines adorn the sand after changing in the friendly dressing room (hint). Just to the north is beautiful Mission Bay Park where acres of grass (not that kind) and sandy beaches offer dozens of attractive sunning and swimming areas to share in relative privacy with last night's trick or 'the one'.

On the coast next to the Park is Mission Beach where the roller coaster at the carnival site marks the end of another bus route feeding seafood and what-have-you to the shore. On the boardwalk side of the amusement park is a huge changing room offering total satisfaction to the voyeur and excellent potential for the active cruiser. For the aesthetically inclined, the toilets feature a decorator-color choice of five rolls of paper in each cubicle: white, yellow, amber, orange and lavender. Which would you pick? And wouldn't you know: the gay beach is right in front.

As an added come-on, the beaches are loaded with surfers who have to be among the most beautifully built kids in the world. Most have been peddling their—pardon me, paddling—their boards since they were in elementary school and have developed impressive, well-tanned young bodies. For me, watching surfers is the old potato chip routine: how do you stop? They congregate at the park at the extreme south end of Mission Boulevard, at Pacific Beach north of the motel-pier

This men's room is called "Snack Bar."

Miles of beautiful beaches . . . .

at Garnet, in Tourmaline Surfing Park just slightly further north, and at the famous Windansea Beach in La Jolla. Many can be had, mostly through contact in the changing rooms, although prudence and patience are required. Hitchhikers, preferably without their boards, are another good bet.

If you are planning a Sunday at the beach you might start with brunch at Skipper's in La Jolla (6737 La Jolla Boulevard, and Jolla is pronounced 'hoya', the Spanish word for 'jewel'), Skipper's Restaurant is populated almost exclusively by the parents of senior citizens and the bar by gays, each group doing their own thing. The weekday patronage in the bar tends to be older but Sunday brunch brings out a younger crowd as well. After brunch, if you dig nude beaches, try the scene at Torrey Pines, just north of La Jolla. Apart from the beach, there's plenty of foliage for outdoor sport. Inquire locally; it's not an easy place to find, but therein lies its success.

After your Sunday swim and sunning you'll find that the action spot is The Outrigger, 844 West Mission Bay Drive, diagonally opposite the roller coaster. Why not join the bikinis shaking it around on the dance floor?

The tearoom scene in San Diego is beyond belief and strictly for the live dangerously set. Or is that the name of the game? After ogling the surfers at Pacific Beach you might try the stepdown facility at Ocean Boulevard and Diamond, or cross the road to the Mission Bay inlet at El Carmel Street, off 3550 Mission Boulevard, next to the yacht club. At Mission Bay Park three active johns surround the Bahia Hotel: across the highway, at the end of the adjacent beach parking lot, and on the beach behind the

Hotel. The last one has a huge sign curiously advertising 'Snack Bar,' although the only eating that takes place is in the cubicles. At Cal State, hardly on the way to anywhere, the action is in the Physics Building, not the Library. The White Front discount store features a glory hole with a lineup so don't go if you're in a hurry. Balboa Park might be called 'gobblers gulch', especially in the washrooms along Sixth Avenue. Highly frequented and less obvious is the facility in the basement of the Model Railway Club at the rear of the building opposite the main Tower in the center of the park. To the south of this complex and in the back of the Palisades area (drive past the sign 'Spreckle's Organ': it's too big and noisy) next to the Ford Building is glory-hole junction. A word of caution: in one week last year there were 56 arrests in this one john, and a friend of mine at the Bahia tells me that police sometimes use rooms at the hotel to monitor washroom activity across from the hotel. Exciting, huh?

There are four baths establishments where you can unload with less worry and more comfort. Dave's Coast Security Baths at 4969 Santa Monica in Ocean Beach is private and pleasant but away from the mainstream and not overly active. The Gents is straight-owned and not very friendly. More popular are the Plaza Baths at 867 Fourth Avenue and the Atlas Baths at 743 Columbia, a block across the park from B.J.'s. Both encourage servicemen and are currently hosting both the Greek and Turkish navies. Each features a party room as well as private quarters.

For theatre buffs, the balconies of the Aztek and Broadway theatres provide action a la Times Square; the

University of California at San Diego.

Ocean Beach: Seafood and lifeguards.

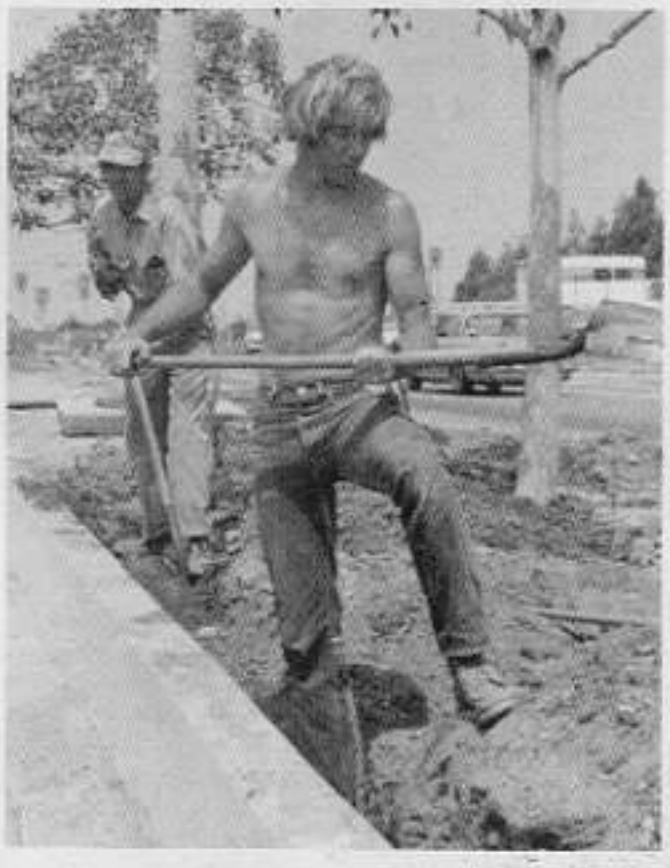
other all-night houses rarely do.

When the sex bit wears thin or when you settle down with something special there's ample diversion for all tastes. San Diego has countless fine beaches, although the water is seldom warmer than 68 degrees, and reserved surfing areas where you can take a rented board and give this exhilarating sport a try. There are sixty-five golf courses in the area, most of them public. Sailboats can be rented for relaxation in the sheltered waters of Mission Bay. Deep sea fishing trips are available daily. Sea World and the San Diego Zoo are rated among the finest in the world. You can tour the Zoo by tram if hiking is not your bag. Just to the north, the ponies race at Del Mar, or a fifteen minute drive to the south will take you to Tijuana and all the fascination of a border town, complete with matadors' baskets and open air urination at the bullfights every other Sunday in season. Although there are no gay bars in Tijuana, anything from boys to donkey shows can be bought for a price. Don't travel alone off the beaten path: it can be expensive and dangerous as a friend of mine found out. If you are a Canadian you can bring five quarts of cheap booze across the U.S. border on each visit. For a quieter jaunt, take a look at the University of California—barefoot U—where the ultra-modern buildings aren't the only beautiful sights. Nearby are the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art and the Scripps Institute of Oceanography.

If you have time left for dining, there's a top-notch assortment of restaurants awaiting your pleasure. View the city from Mr. A's on the roof of the Financial Center, 5th Avenue at Laurel, and use their balcony for picture taking or a romantic stroll. Or, eat at the water at any of the first-class restaurants at Shelter Island, possibly trying the famous Chart House where handsome college kids cook and serve superb steaks during their surfing off-hours. You'll get a sympathetic reception and a superior meal at the Top-of-the-Cove in La Jolla. (It's closed on Sundays and Mondays.) Hotel Row on Highway 8-80 features a variety of fine restaurants. Less expensive and more family style is the excellent Italian dining room at Pacific Beach called Giullio's where the house wine by the litre is unbeatable. Nearby is the misleadingly named pancake house called Uncle Susie's.

For a change of pace, why not enjoy a good show combined with a fine dinner? Show Biz, San Diego's female impersonation entertainment spot at 1421 University, headlines talent from the Jewel Box Review, the Lido of Paris and Finocchio's. Costumes are magnificent, the impersonations first-class and the performances well-balanced with top-notch humor. Shows are staged Wednesday through Sunday with '2-for-1 + $1' dinners on Tuesdays when the clientele is mostly gay. The straights pour in on weekends but you'll be too busy watching the show to notice.

If you have any problems or need any information while in the City, call the Metropolitan Community Church at 234-9909 or the Gay Information Center at 465-7316. After several days in San Diego the only number that I needed was 233-0287—Gay Alcoholics Together Anonymous. As I said, in San Diego there is something for everyone.



Something for everyone . . . .

HERE ARE THE INSPIRING PHOTOS OF THE 1971 CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY MARCH IN NEW YORK. THEY ARE REPRESENTATIVE OF SIMILAR DEMONSTRATIONS HELD ELSEWHERE ON JUNE 27TH. CRAIG RODWELL, AN ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER IN GAY LIB AND AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE ORGANIZING COMMITTEE FOR THE MARCH, TELLS US HOW TO PLAN SUCH DEMONSTRATIONS IN SMALLER CITIES EVERYWHERE IN . . .

GAY AND FREE

BY CRAIG RODWELL

ON Sunday, June 27th, 1971, tens of thousands of Gay people throughout the world participated in the second annual observance of Christopher Street Liberation Day. Mass marches and parades through downtown areas were held in such cities as New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston, London, Paris, and Stockholm; and there were dozens of smaller observances, mostly "Gay-Ins" at parks and other public places in other cities.

The purpose of Christopher Street Liberation Day (celebrated yearly on the last Sunday in June) is to commemorate and reaffirm the new spirit of pride and determination among Gay people which emerged after the now historic "Christopher Street/Stonewall Riots" of June 1969 in New York City. At that time, about 2,000 Gay people rioted in the streets of Greenwich Village to protest the police raid on a Gay bar, the Stonewall Inn. It marked the first time historically that Gay people didn't run-and-hide, but stayed-and-fought-back. Before June 1969 there had been a few hundred of us struggling along in the "Homophile Movement," but after the riots, thousands of Gay people here and abroad were inspired to stand up, and since that time what was the Homophile Movement has evolved into the beginnings of a mass movement termed "Gay Liberation."

In the 1971 New York City observance, highlighted by a march from Christopher Street in Greenwich Village to Central Park three miles away, approximately 20,000 people participated in the 2½-hour walk on a sunny, warm afternoon. The 1971 turnout was about twice that of the 1970 march; and that number is expected to double in 1972.

The general organizing group for the New York march is the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee of New York. The Committee is composed of individuals from the Gay community and representatives from the dozen or so Gay organizations in the city. I must emphasize here that the CSLDC is not an organization like the Gay Activists Alliance, Daughters of Bilitis, Mattachine Society or the Gay Liberation Front; it is a work-group which comes together every year for the sole purpose of organizing and promoting the Christopher Street Liberation Day march.

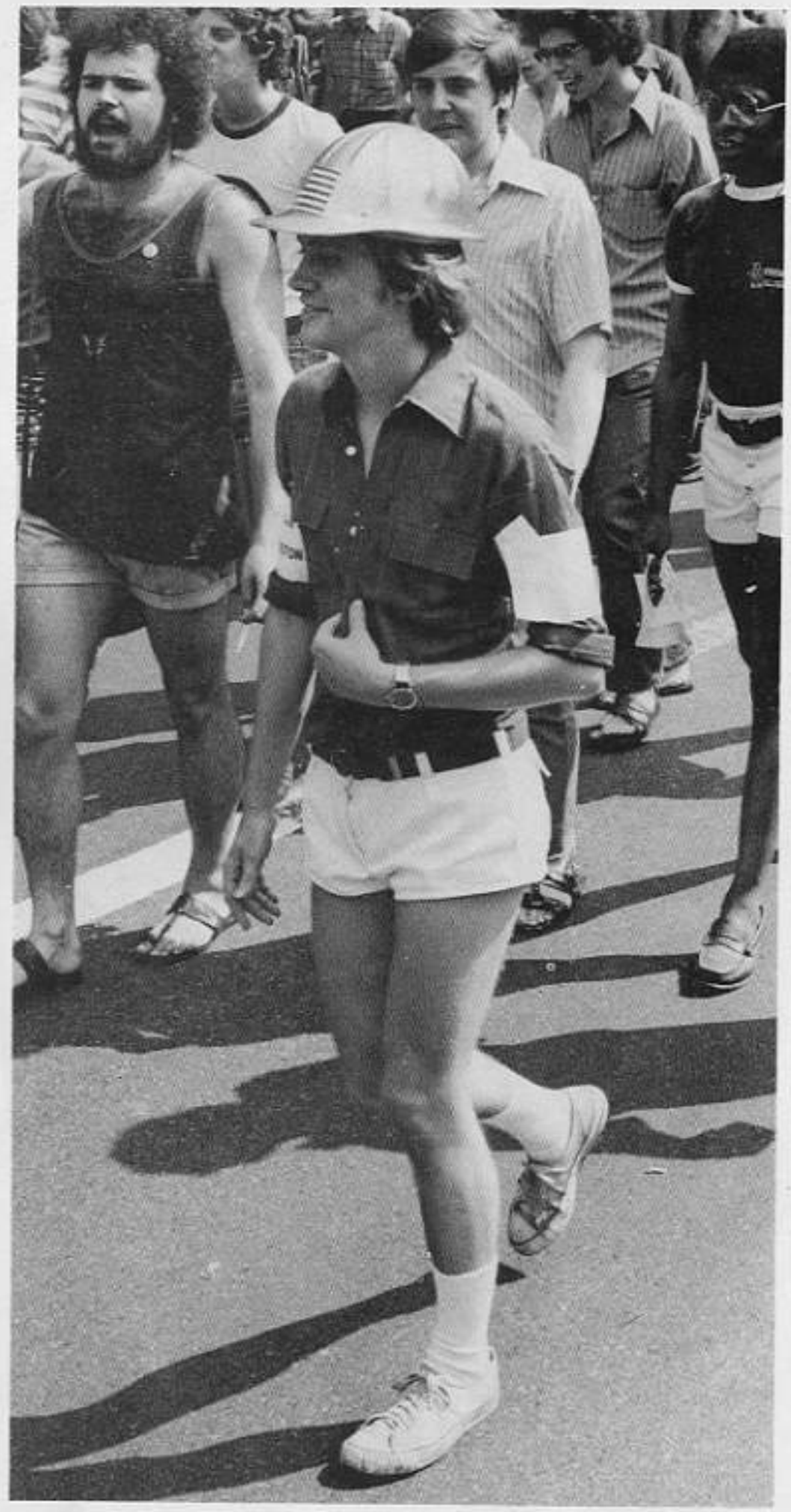
At the end of Christopher Street Liberation Day this year, when those of us on the CSLDC sat around Central Park with thousands of other Gay people and relaxed at the conclusion of another successful and joyous march, we almost forgot the problems we had over the preceding months in putting it together. In the hope that some of you reading this will consider forming a Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee in your own area to promote a 1972 observance, let me go over a few of the major problems we had this year and how they were resolved.

One of the biggest problems (and this is true of any city that has more than one Gay Lib organization) is getting the various organizations in the city to forget or at least mute their very real differences in the interest of showing a United Front on at least one day in the year, namely on Christopher Street Liberation Day. Until the final weeks of planning during June, the CSLDC's meetings are open to anyone and consequently we were "zapped" by various groups with various "demands" at a number of our meetings. And, of course, these "zaps" have to be dealt with on a very human and personal basis. It takes many hours of talking and reasoning to convince these people that it really is worthwhile to have one day in the year when Gay people and Gay organizations can come together as a community and that the only way to be successful at it is to swallow their personal organizational pride and help build Christopher Street Liberation Day to show the great diversity in our community and to show other Gay people throughout the world that we *can* be together on at least one day in the year.

Another problem which you'll have in any American city, (including New York) concerns your dealings with the police department in getting the parade permit for the march. For this year's march, we submitted our "Application for Parade Permit" in April and it wasn't approved and delivered to us until the day before the march, June 26th. In the interim, we had numerous meetings with police people and representatives from Mayor Lindsay's office (Barry Gottehrer and Ronnie Eldridge) asking when our permit would be issued. At each meeting, we received the same assurances that there was no problem; but until we got that piece of paper in our hands, we sweated.

The worst scare we had this year was on the Friday before the march. A rumor spread like wildfire through the community that all of the illegal Gay bars in the city were going to be raided on the night before the march as a result of the Knapp Commission's investigations. (The Knapp Commission is a group investigating police corruption and, in particular, collusion between the police and the "syndicate" in operating illegal after-hours bars.) It goes without saying that if there had been raids on dozens of Gay bars that night, the atmosphere and mood of Gay people at the march the next day would not have been the joyous, relaxed and happy one that it was. At best, the mood of the march would have been indifferent; and at worst, there would have been a repeat of the 1969 riots.

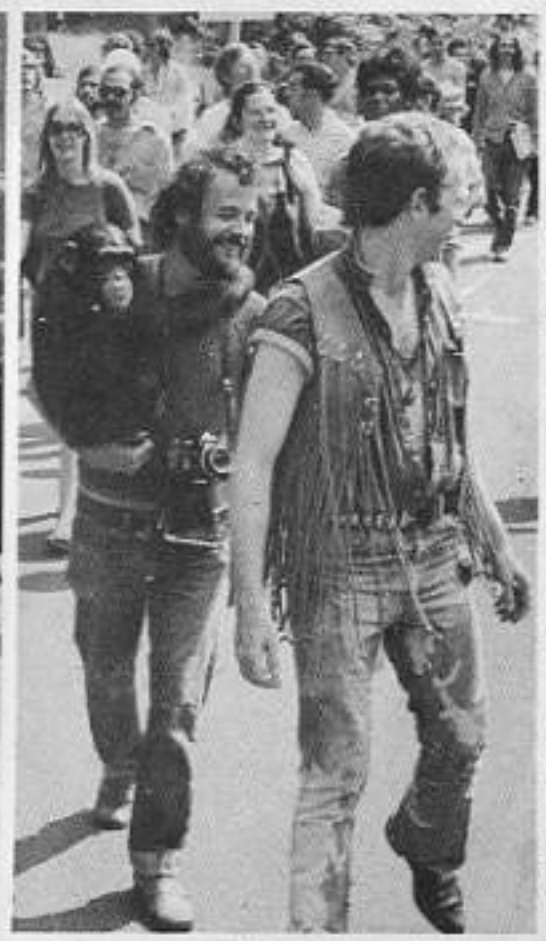
RUBEN PHOTO

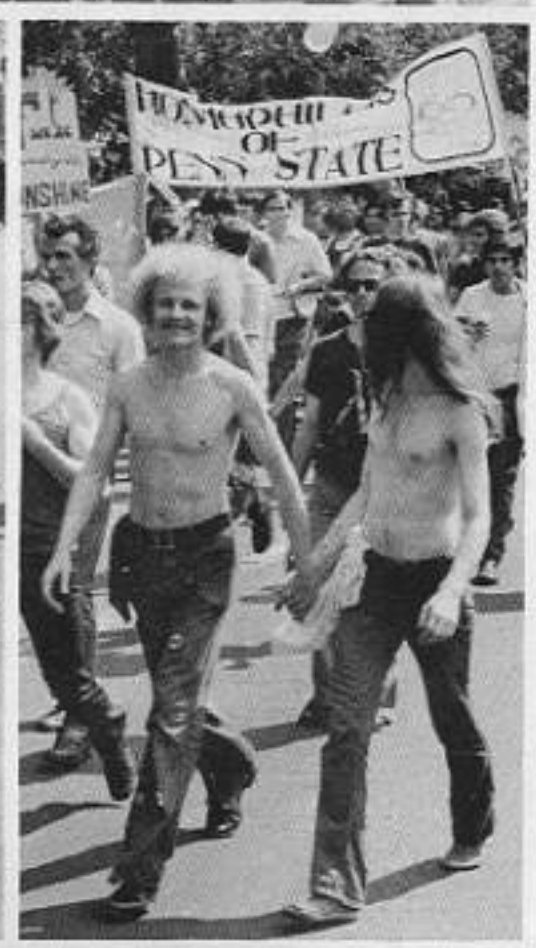


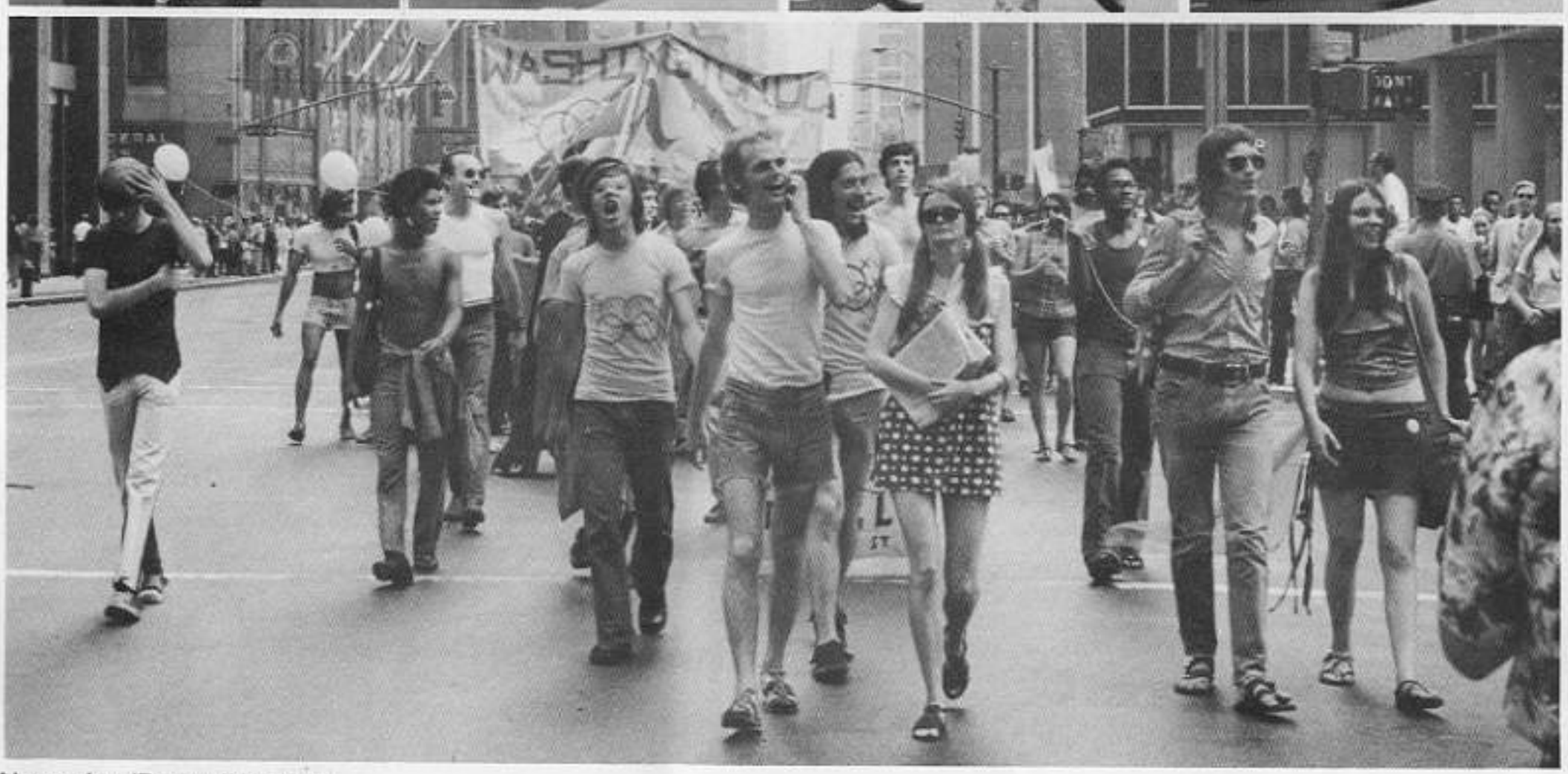
Anyway, people from the CSLDC and from the Gay organizations got on the phones and called the Mayor's office, explaining the whole situation to them and appealing to them, that if the rumor was true, to please put off the raids until the week after in the interests of peace in our community. We still don't know if the raids were originally planned for that Saturday or not; but they did take place about a month later when hundreds of Federal agents and New York City police swooped down on 9 after-hours, syndicate-controlled, Gay bars.

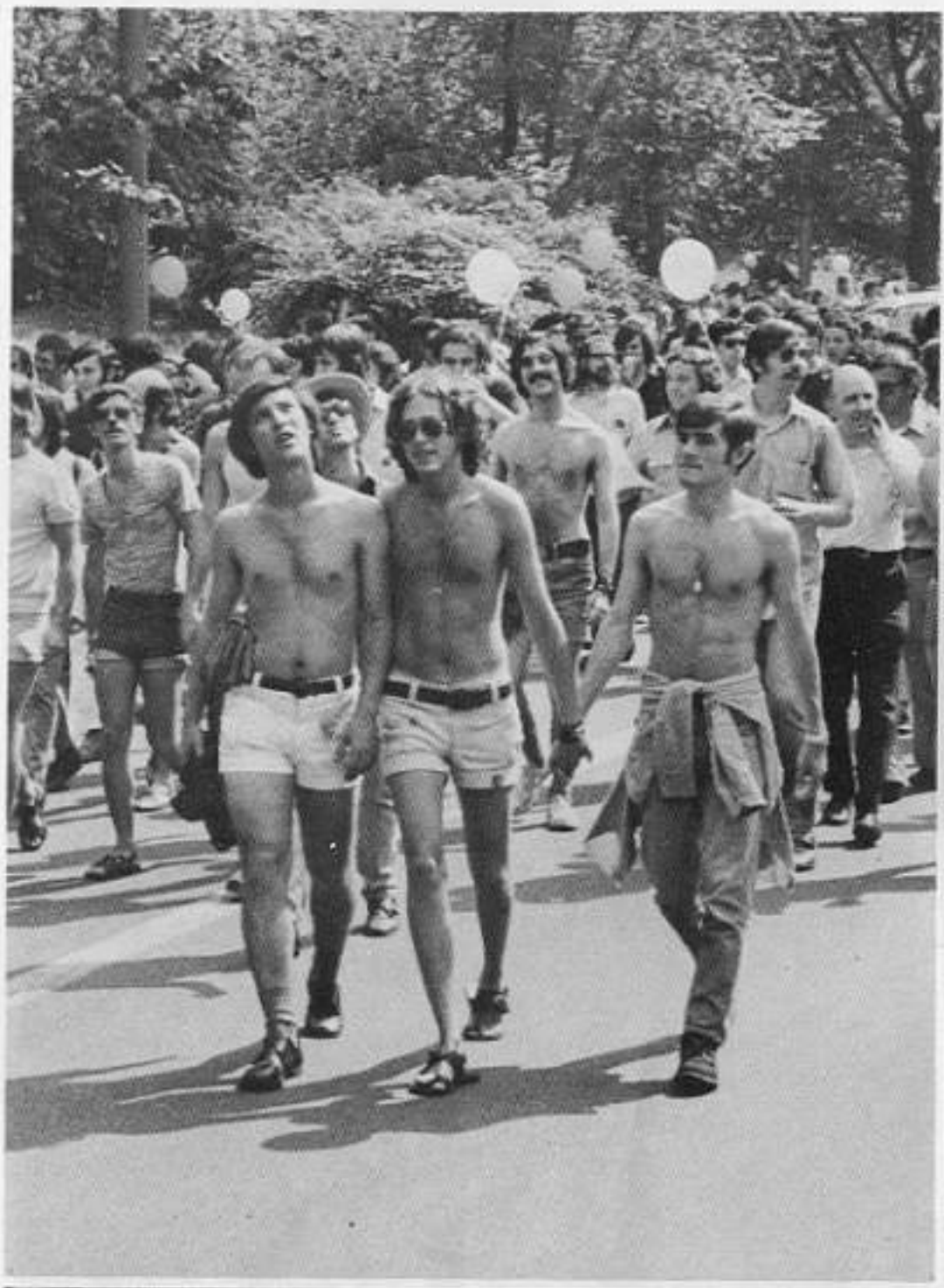
Another problem you'll have in any city are the threats that up-tight heteros will make to "break heads" at the march. The first few calls or letters of this type you'll get will probably scare you. But remember, most people who are really going to attempt something of this nature don't call and tell you about it; their real purpose is to frighten you into calling the whole thing off. Keep your cool; go ahead with your work, and take the usual precautions to assist the people by making sure adequate police protection

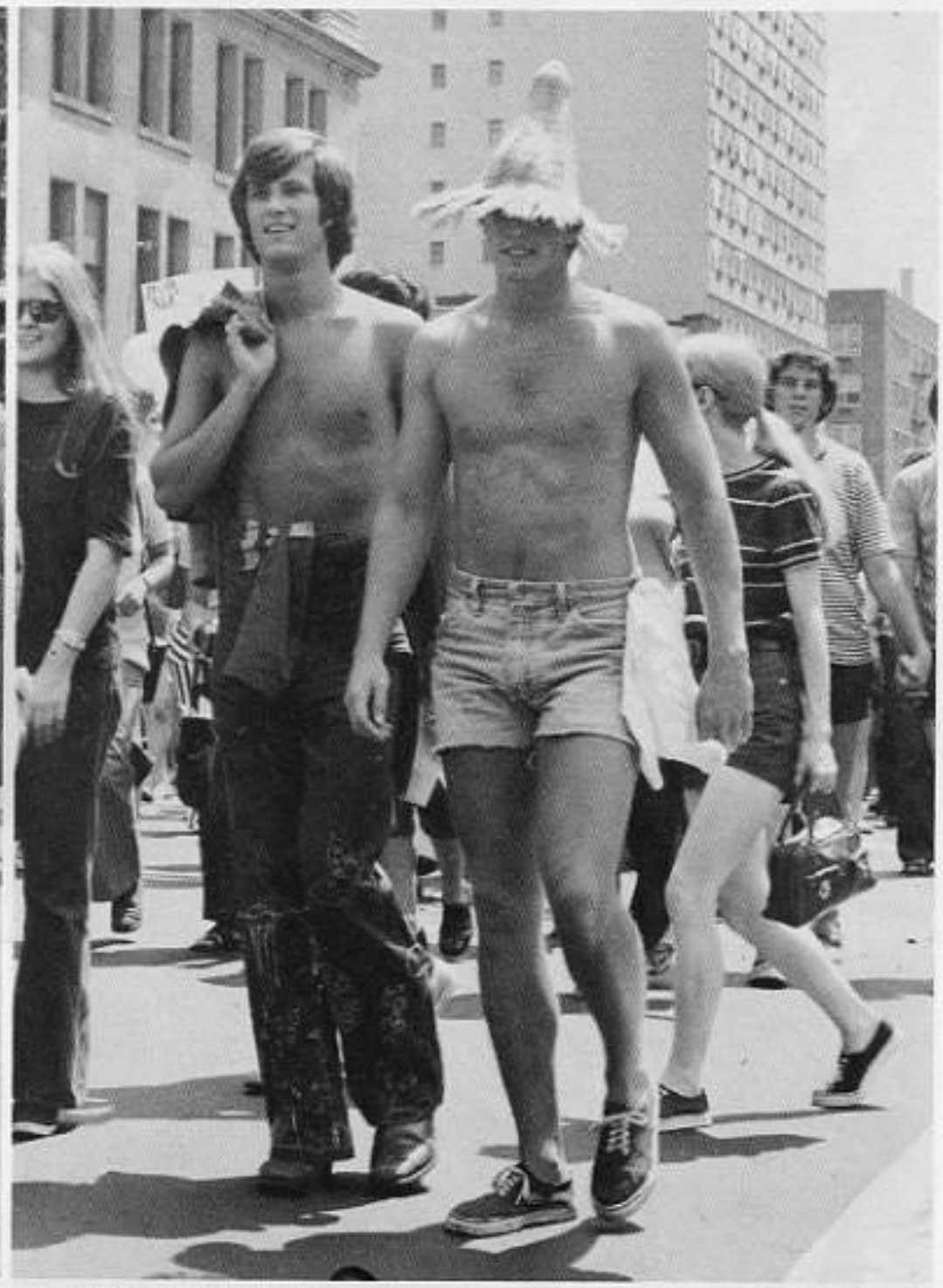
Craig Rodwell







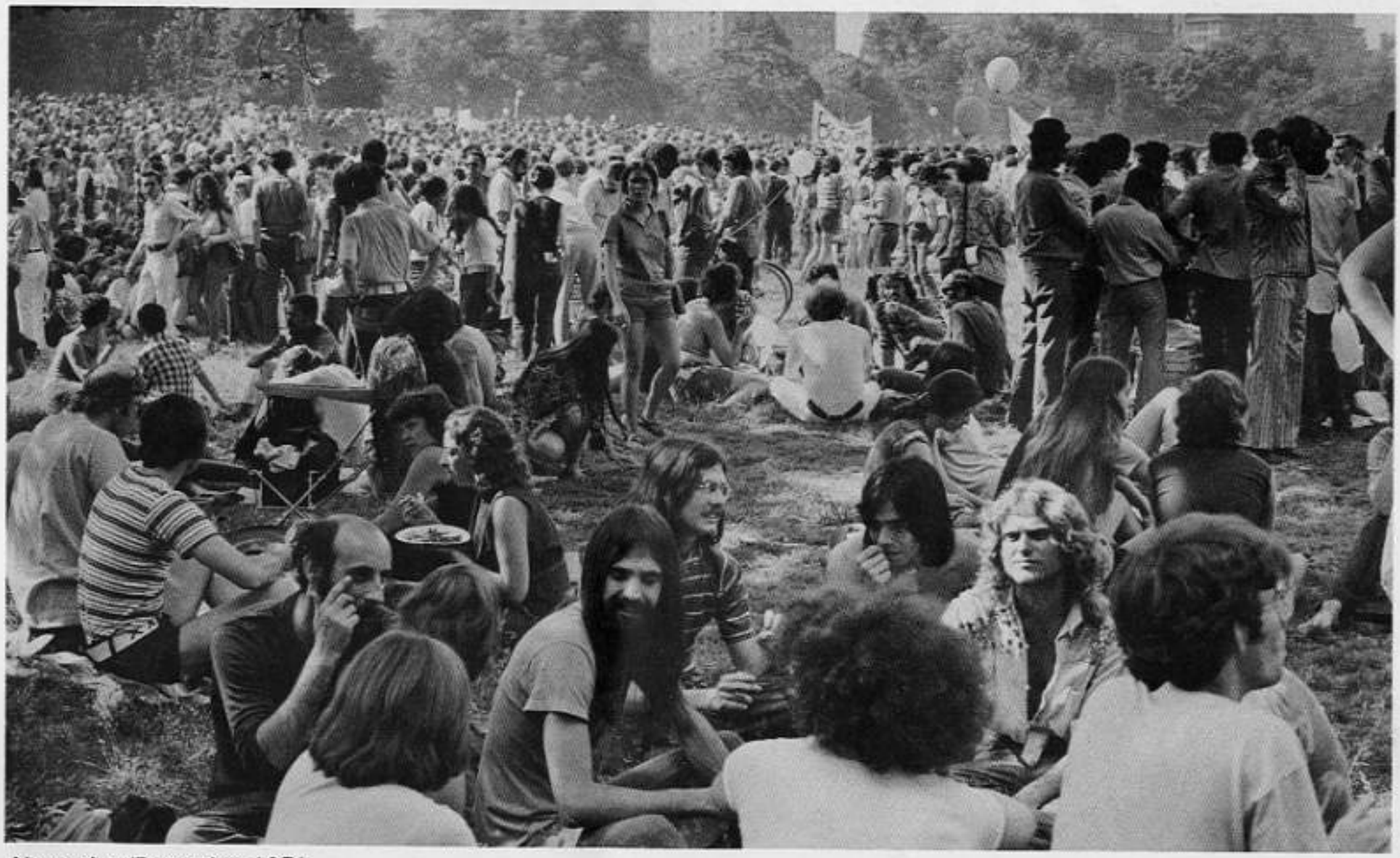




is available and by training "marshals" or "coordinators." Many, if not most, of the people who come out for Christopher Street Liberation Day marches are doing so publicly for the first time. Therefore, it is doubly important that there be people at the march who have been specially trained to give information to the people and to assure them that everything has been carefully planned and they have nothing to worry about.

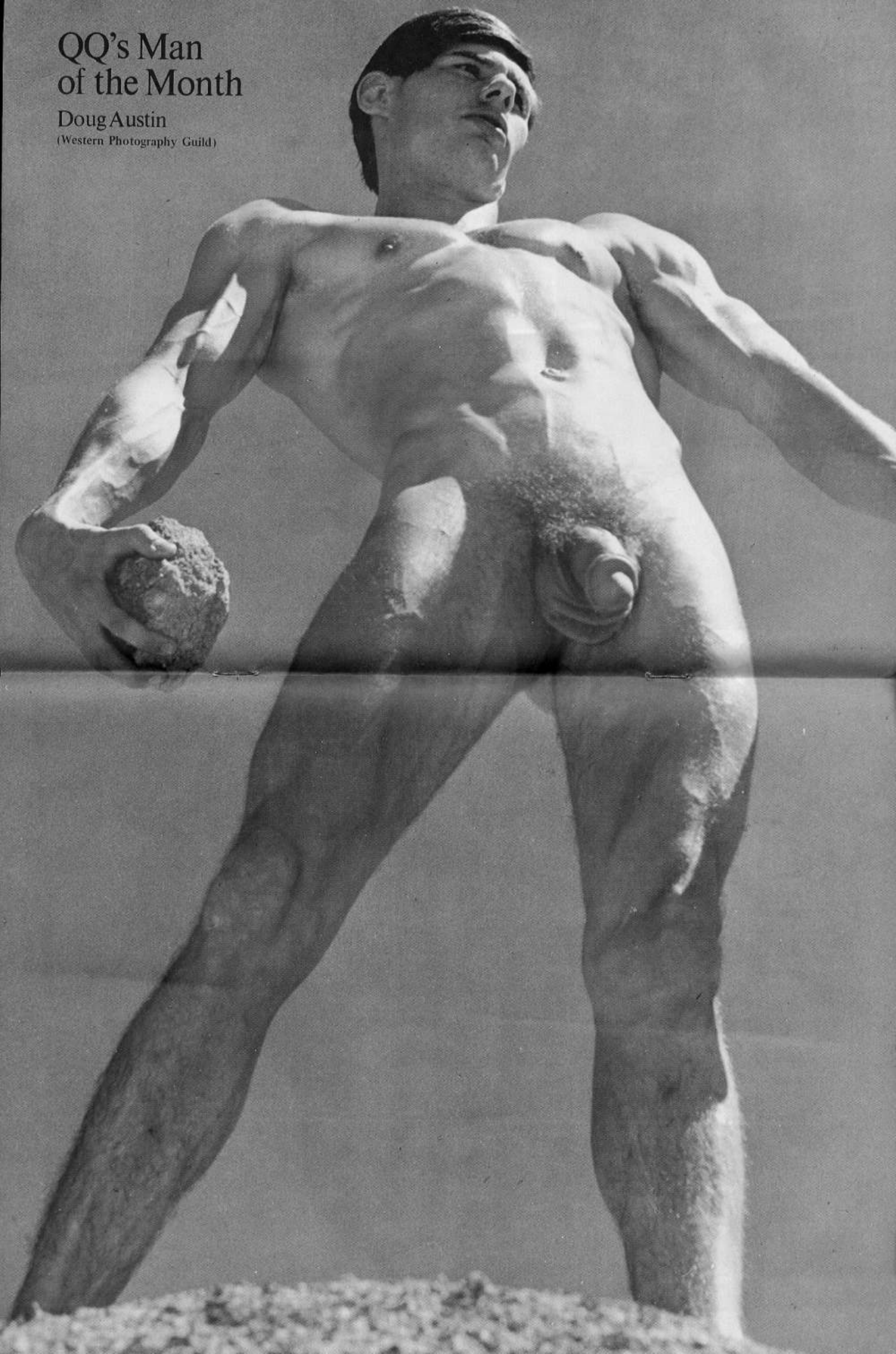
I was personally very pleased to see many readers of *QQ* at this year's New York march from a number of states (as a result of the editorial in the August *QQ*). Maybe some of you, especially those I talked to from Ohio and Pennsylvania, will consider forming a Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee in your area to plan a local observance in 1972. It's not too early to start planning now; and if I can be of any help, let me know.

Ed: To contact Mr. Rodwell, write to him at the Oscar Wilde Memorial Book Shop, 291 Mercer St., New York, N. Y. 10003 (phone 212 673-3539).



QQ's Man of the Month

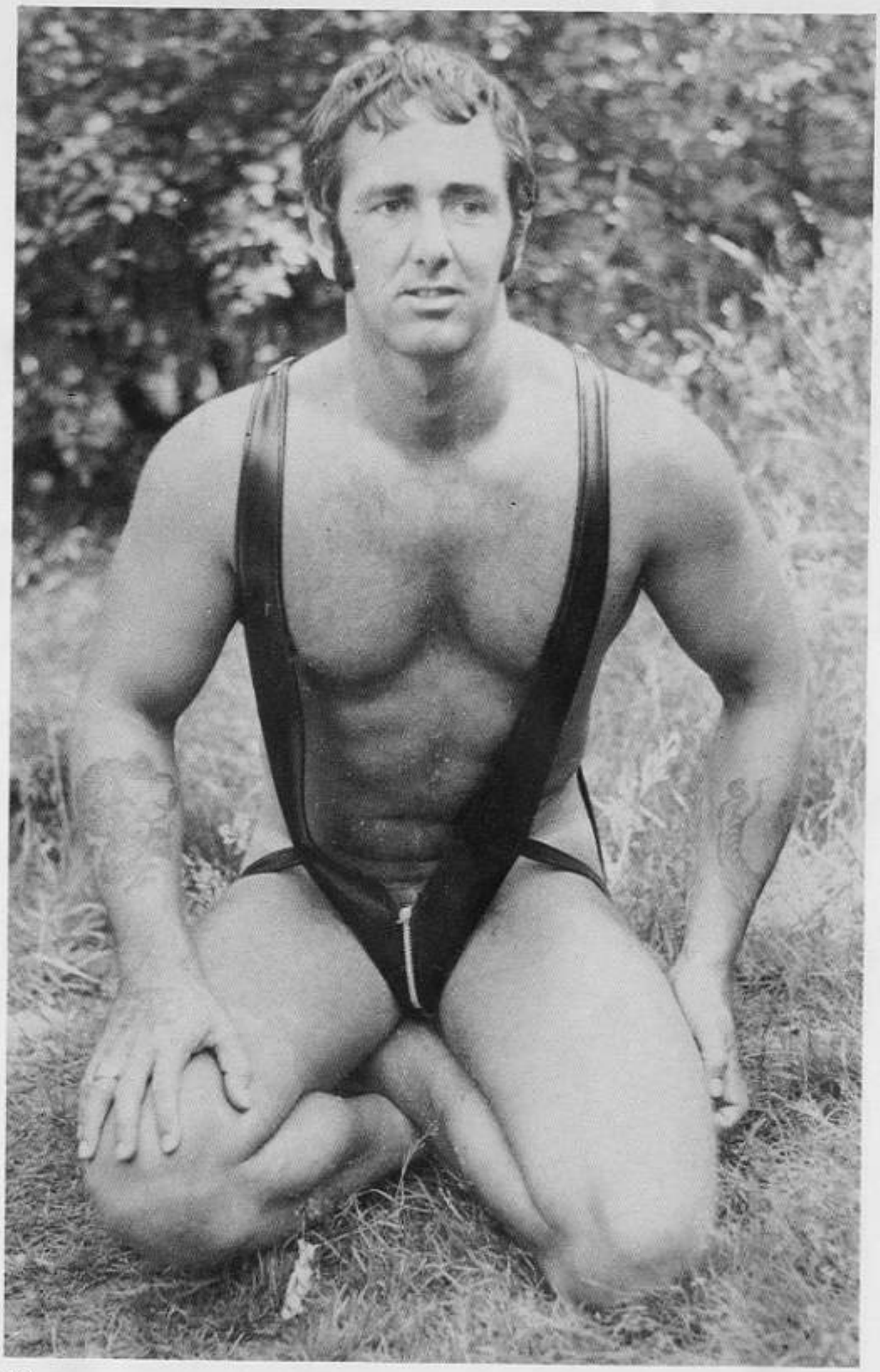
Doug Austin
(Western Photography Guild)



FASHION

LONDON LEATHER

BY MR. S.



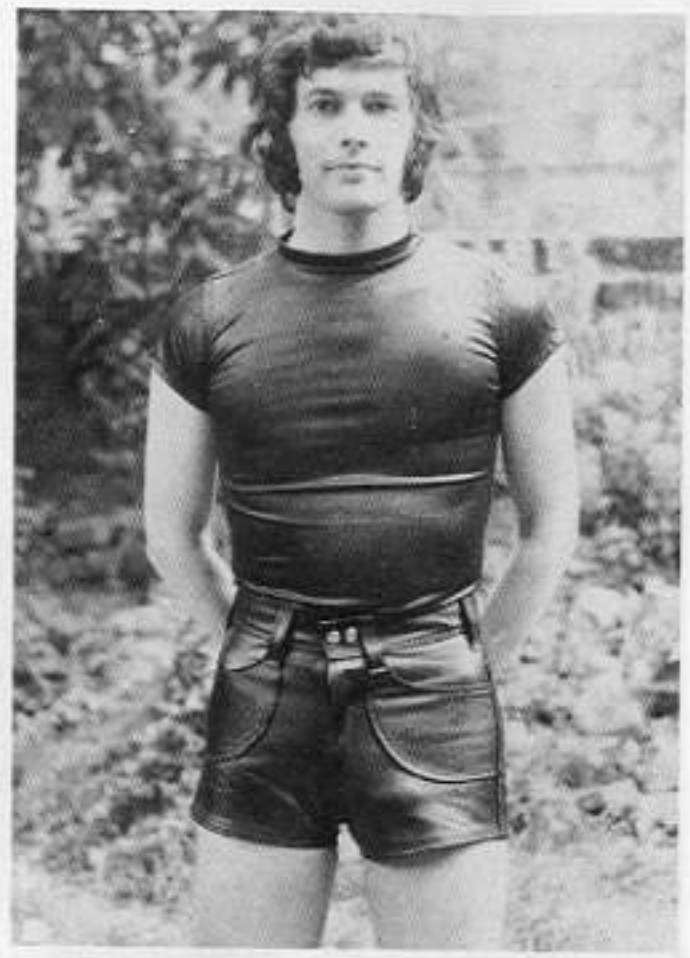
THE leather look is on in London –and Mr. S. is the hottest thing since Queen Victoria's climax. His imaginative creations combine Early Western with Now Motorcycle and Medieval S&M. Unlike most leather masters, who turn out styles strictly for chain gang types, Mr. S. sells leather clothing and accessories that mix as well with a string of pearls as with a garrison belt.

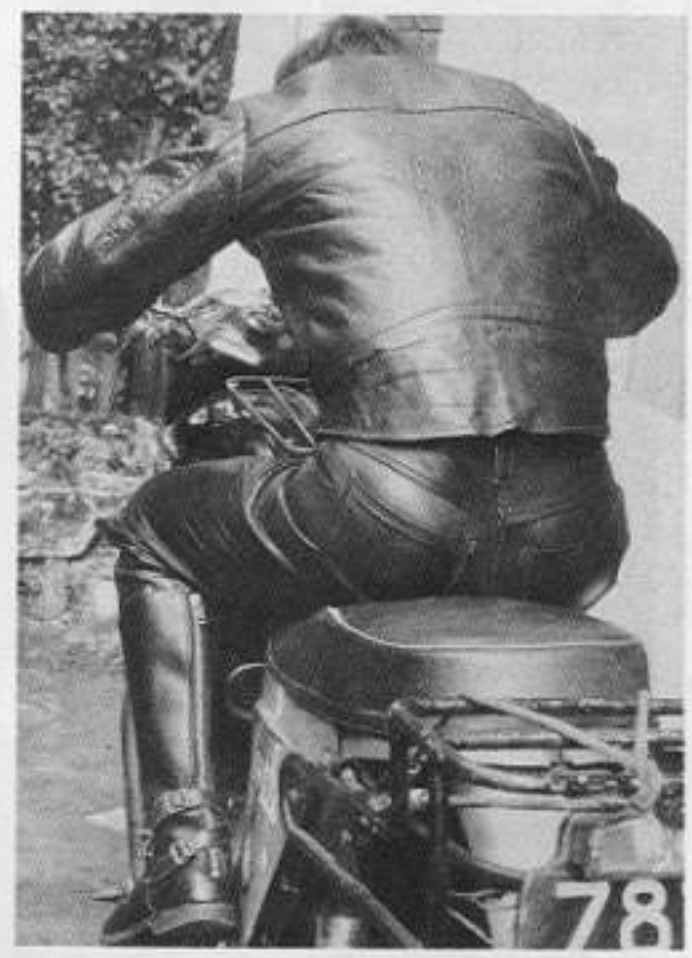
Moreover, Mr. S. deals in mail-order. Most Stateside leather masters do sell accessories (belts, cod pieces, etc.) and playthings (cock rings, tit weights, etc.) by mail, but will not outfit anyone with clothing unless an in-person fitting can be arranged. Hence, Mr. S. now makes it possible for a guy in a small town to order, say, a tailored leather shirt–with the understanding that if a slight misfit occurs it can be sent back for alterations (or that such alterations can easily be made by the local tailor). But misfits seldom occur because orders are not accepted unless accompanied by exact measurements.

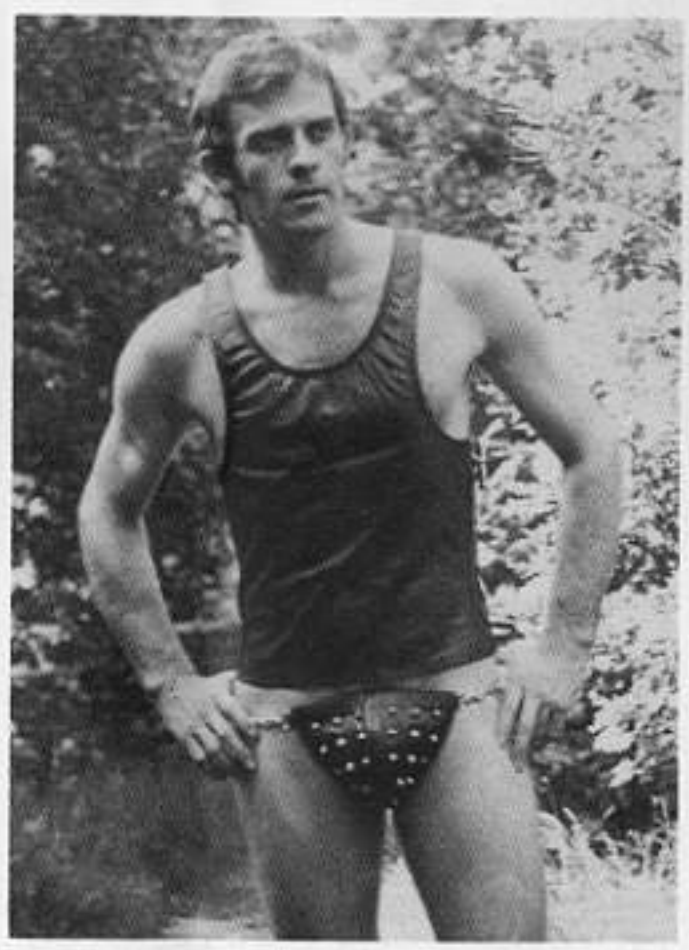
While Mr. S. has been in business for over four years, only recently did he introduce his line to American buyers; he put on several fashion shows in New York and San Francisco this summer. His Wet Look Stretch Nylon garments went over especially big. A new catalog, which features about fifty standard items, will be sent anywhere in the world via air-mail, for $1.00. Prices quoted are for items shown (custom orders are priced accordingly) and include surface postage (there is a ten percent surcharge for air-mail). To order, write to: Mr. S. Products, 131 New Kings Road, London SW6, England. Of course, visitors are always welcome to stop by . . . Mr. S. satisfies.

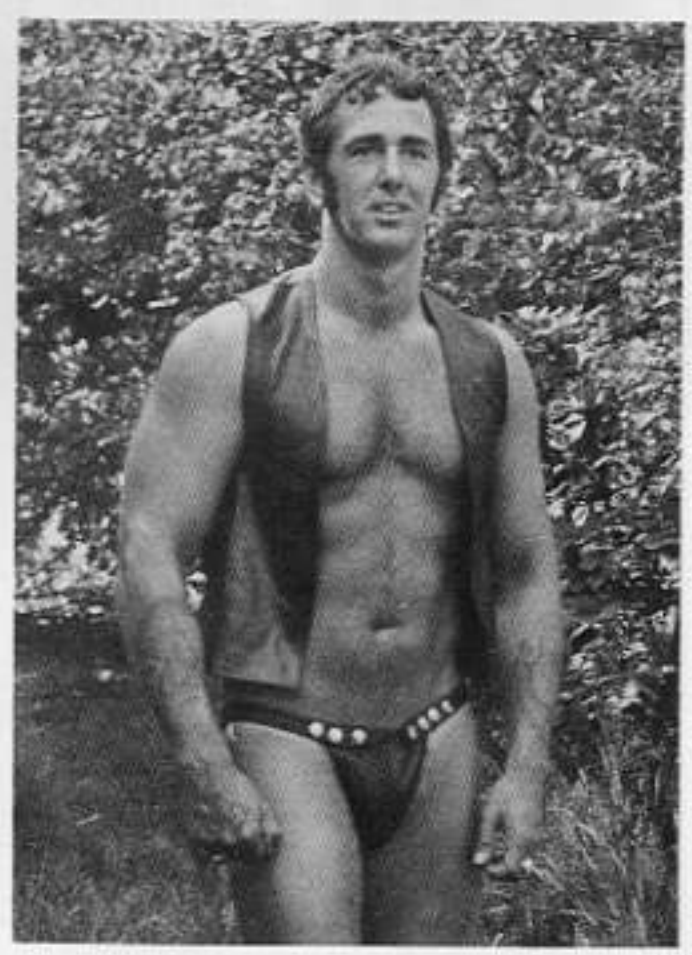
–Philip Bailey

Opposite page. **V-Dip pouch, $20.** Top, left: **Wet look shirt, $20; wet look boxer shorts (no zipper), $6.** Top, right: **Leather T-shirt, $30; leather shorts ("cut-off jeans" style), $25.** Middle, left: **Body harness with wrist restraints, $25 plain pouch; $30 studded pouch.** Middle, center: **Leather chastity belt, $20; Western vest, $18.** Middle, right: **Leather jacket, $42; leather jeans, $50.** Bottom, left: **Wet look tank top, $8; wet look boxer shorts (with zipper), $8; studded wrist strap, $6.** Bottom, center: **Leather tank top, $20; studded pouch with chains, $16 (with studded sheath, $20).** Bottom, right: **Western vest, $18; jock strap, $16.** Note: **All garments are in black leather except wet look items, which are stretch nylon. Other colors on request.**









Your Cruising Inquirer

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

The Question

How do you feel about the rectum?

Where Asked

1971 Coprophiliacs' Banquet

The Answers

Francis X. Lax, Dallas, Texas, candy maker: "I dig it, Baby!"

Jacques Bidet, Queens Way, Wisc., cheese taster: "What kind of half-assed question is that?"

Hu Flung Dung, Chinatown (where else?), cookie stuffer: "With five finger."

I. Rim, Newark, N. J., proctologist: "Is that a tongue-in-cheek question?"

ON WITH THE SHOW!

(Continued from page 6)

necessary, then changes would be made! Whatever he did, though, he did with a professional attitude of perfection. *"Tonight,"* he thought, yanking a costume from the closet, *"I feel vengeful. Tonight I will wear leather!"*

After dressing, he placed the ball and chain in the center of the room, attached the handcuffs to the head and foot boards of the bed, and then dropped a whip over a chair. He now carefully gathered up all the paraphernalia for Terry's visit . . . the jock strap, shoulder pads, spike shoes, smelly sweat shirt and the like . . . and put them away for another time. Before he left the room, he lowered the lights to that right degree where objects cast huge shadows.

"Perfect," he thought, standing by the door looking over the stage. *"Tonight some lucky queen would achieve TRUE fulfillment!"*

As he stood there, nostalgia grabbed his throat and choked him. Wasn't it last week that Hairless Harry proposed in this setting? Wasn't it this same performance, which tonight he would act out with exceptional sadism, that drove Hairless Harry to the brink of madness? Not only did he tip him with a hundred dollars, but he even offered him a long-run contract in his thirty-room mansion in the suburbs.

His offer for nightly command performances was flattering . . . like the hysterical applause of appreciative theatergoers . . . but it wasn't enough. Clark needed the excitement of new shows and opening nights. To play one role indefinitely would weaken the challenge of achieving new and brilliant characterizations. He would become satisfied with one part, and maybe even sluggish at performing it, and eventually the struggle to perfect would die. No; Clark needed freedom. It was his only hope for bringing back high standards to a dying profession.

As Clark descended the steps to the first-floor landing, he heard the deep, exciting voice of a man say: "Perfect, Terry. Next Sunday, then."

"Terry? Sunday? Why that cheap hustler!" Clark thought, hurrying down the steps at record speed. *"He's stealing MY tricks!"* When he saw Terry leave the building, then saw the twinkle in his neighbor's eyes, Clark could feel his chest suddenly swell to alarming dimensions, and the veins in his neck rush the blood to his face. "That was *my* trick!"

"Was it?"

"You know damn well it was."

"Did I?"

The youth, who was costumed in a sweat shirt and pants, looked boyish and athletic leaning against the wall . . . in fact, *very* desirable. His twinkle was multiplied by the bright, almost harsh hall lights. This combination of attractiveness and amusement turned Clark's anger into hot rage. "Look buster . . . !" The smoke from Clark's cigarette, which hung in one corner of his mouth, curled up and passed one eye and made him look, he was sure, very mean. Shaking his fist, he then said, "I'll put this right in that mouth if you don't lay off." After those lines and the mean look which he still held for effect, the youth should plead for mercy.

But the youth did nothing of the sort; instead he broke into open laughter. "Mae," the hick finally said, "take off that costume and go to bed. It's past your bedtime."

"Why I'll ball and chain him," he thought, opening and closing his fists. *"Beat him 'til he's raw. No one laughs at me . . . and survives!"* Clark leaped on the youth, all fists and violent words, but just as suddenly as he landed, he was flying in the opposite direction. As Clark shook the cloud away from his head, he heard the door slam.

For two days a nervous stillness settled over the building and kept Clark tense. Instead of letting his business acquaintances come upstairs alone, and get snatched up by his neighbor, he began to meet them outside the building and escort them quietly past the first-floor apartment with talk about "a sick old lady living there . . . so please tiptoe!"

Now in his button-down-collar shirt, his ivy-league-executive-role suit, Clark lacked the usual glow at playing such an interesting part. In fact, the broker who was tiptoeing into the building with him tonight, and who had nearly come when Clark had made certain significant references to the market in the bar, was suddenly growing indifferent to his performance. The mood of the role wasn't being created with Clark's usual brilliance, and he could feel his hold on the broker weaken. Any day, he thought, his complex and successful empire could collapse because of the tension caused by the unethical policies of some fly-by-night operation from the sticks! Talking about buying and selling in such huge denominations suddenly became only meaningless words.

And when he saw the first-floor apartment door swing open, and the most handsome junior executive type step into the hall and smile down at the broker, Clark suddenly knew what it was like to be exposed to *real* competition!

"Twenty-five dollars," the hick said, removing his horn-rimmed glasses.

"Why he's going to undersell me! Force me to declare bankruptcy. That little . . . !" "Twenty!" Clark shouted back.

The broker's face glowed excitedly as he obviously recognized the ideal situation which he now faced.

"Fifteen."

"Ten!"

"Five." And suddenly his neighbor's hand reached out and grabbed the broker into the first-floor apartment. Before Clark could make his bid, the door slammed hard in his face. And the market closed on a note of impending financial disaster.

As Clark gazed in the mirror and watched his handsome face wrinkle into disappointment, he knew despair. A few weeks ago when Terry had stood him up he thought he knew despair. But that was nothing compared with what now tortured him. Imagine some well-oiled machine grabbing off *every* trick . . . and at cut rates! Maybe he should move, he thought, putting on the hormone cream. There was no

money coming in and already he was spending his savings. Maybe he should just move.

But why should *he* move? Didn't regulars prefer him to all those others on the street? Wasn't that why they always came back . . . and paid dearly for this privilege? After all, he was the *greatest* actor in the world! But if this were true, why weren't those tricks coming upstairs now? Why were they instead stopping off on the first floor . . . and *loving* it?

Could it be, he thought, eying suspiciously a gray hair, that this neighbor was more talented? He suddenly snatched the gray hair from his head. *"IMPOSSIBLE! I will always be THE greatest!"*

But if this were true, what then was the problem?

"The problem is," Clark said angrily to the mirror, "that that son-of-a-bitch on the first floor is grabbing off my tricks. That is the problem!

"But how am I going to stop him? He already proved he is the strongest. Unless . . . ."

"Yes," he thought, *"unless I outwit him."*

Clark laughed to himself as he dialed the telephone number. Why didn't he think of this idea sooner? If it didn't work, nothing would. It'd take a genius to see through this scheme.

"Steve? Clark!"

"Well, I'll be a mother . . . ."

"What are you doing tonight?"

"I hope . . . *you!"*

"How about meeting me at the bar, then?"

"You bet!"

"Eight all right?"

"Perfect."

As soon as he hung up, he then dialed another number. "Ron," he said. "Clark!"

For several days Clark had successfully smuggled his numbers past the first-floor and safely into his apartment without ever arousing the suspicion of his neighbor. Now, as his neighbor's door swung open and he stepped into the hall, looking down at the trick with Clark, Clark didn't get angry. Instead, he admired his neighbor's convincing construction costume and rough look which he worked slowly across his face for effect. But unlike Clark's, the youth's costume lacked certain important details. Clark, for example, had smeared clay on the T-shirt and pants, and perspired for days in the clothes before he ever considered using them for tricking, while the youth's looked as though they were just bought and had never even seen a construction sight. But the detail which gave *true* authenticity to Clark's costume was the lunch pail in his hand.

"No," he thought, *"I AM the greatest! No one could ever deny that after seeing me in costume. And now,"* as he forced rage into his look, *"the wisest!"*

The trick who had been all hands a moment ago suddenly stopped grabbing and looked up at the youth.

"Hi, Mac!" the youth said in a very suggestive tone. "What's on your mind?"

A slow smile worked across the man's face as he obviously observed every detail,

Letters

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

GAY WORLD POSTAGE

"DEAR ABBIE . . . ."

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you can help me with a problem.

I am deeply in love with someone who doesn't love me. He is 29 (I'm 30) and he likes younger men of 19 or 20. I do my best to keep him interested in me but it doesn't work. Maybe I'm forcing myself on him.

Right now he's chasing a 19 year-old the way I've been chasing him. So I have real competition.

One last thing I want to add is that sex is not what I'm after. I want him to love me.

Sincerely yours,
R. S.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ed: The best advice one can offer is that love is a two-way thing. You cannot pour your love out for someone and expect a relationship to endure meaningfully unless love is returned—willingly. Many articles in QQ have dealt with this subject, some especially good advice being offered in one on gay marriage in the Fall 1970 issue. Obviously, your friend is too old to change his ways; he likes chicken and that's that. If he has strong feelings for you, and really cares for you, then you should adjust and let him have his freedom and sexual release with others—provided he spends "important times" with you and enjoys sex with you as well. And sex should be something you want with him—because he needs it and will find it elsewhere if you don't provide it. But if he feels nothing more than friendship for you, then adjust and keep his friendship. Direct your attentions elsewhere and you'll eventually meet and fall in love with someone more deserving. Facing reality now may hurt, but going on as you have hoping for something that can never be, will hurt even more. Life is too short to make miserable.

DOWN ON TAMPA

Dear Guys:

Your magazine is the only ray of sunshine in my life. I live here in Tampa, where gay sex is impossible. The police are down on us twenty-four hours a day. You can't tell the mod squad from the hustlers!

About five years ago they drove the hookers to Miami, and now they are working on the hustlers. You never get a whiff of pussy around the Federal Building downtown any more, but every night from dusk until around 4 A.M. there are all kinds of hustlers—guys in all sizes, colors, shapes, and ages (from 14 up). All the same price, around $5 with a little dickering, higher for big dicks. They all have the same opening line: "I don't take it up the ass!" And they don't—until the second time around.

We do have our meeting places—but it's really tough and unbelievable for a city this size. Tampa is a great place to *(Continued on page 47)*

every butch gesture of the youth. "How much?"

"Five dollars," and the youth even touched his crotch very subtly now to give a certain animal appeal to this price.

"Very clever," Clark thought. *"That was a very clever little detail!"*

"Three dollars!" Clark shouted.

"One dollar."

"One dollar?" Clark thought. *"Why is he bidding so low? He never bid that low before! Why didn't he just grab this number and disappear into the apartment with him . . . as he had with all the others?"*

"Twenty-five cents!"

"Yours for two bits," the youth smiled.

"Hey wait!" Clark shouted as the youth began to close the door. "You can have him for a dollar!"

But it was too late. The door was now closed behind them.

He wasn't supposed to do that. He was supposed to take this number. *"Now why didn't he do that? He's messing up all my plans. Maybe that's what he wants to do. Of course! That's the only explanation for this strange behavior. He must've seen me sneaking those other tricks into the apartment and decided to break up the game. Now that number who is due in five minutes will end up in the first-floor apartment, instead of the second floor . . . and at the going rate! while I get stuck with this trick for TWO BITS!*

As he led all hands up to his apartment, he suddenly wished he had accepted Hairless Harry's offer. At least he wouldn't need to worry about making enough rent or food money.

"Wait just one moment! Hairless Harry! Why didn't I think of him before? Hmmm!"

For two hours the following afternoon, Clark practiced looking angry in the mirror. It had to be perfect, he thought. So much depended on it being perfect! The money which Clark had put away for emergencies had all been used up. If this didn't work, he would be right out in the streets with the rest of the has-beens. So he had to be convincing now . . . as he pounded furiously on the first-floor-apartment door.

"I'm coming, for Christ sake," the youth said. "I'm coming!"

The youth opened the door and stood in the doorway with only a towel around his waist. "What the hell do you want?"

For a moment, Clark almost forgot his lines, as he looked at the splendid form before him, and delivered instead a proposition. But being an alert actor during such high moments of drama, he quickly slipped back into the mood of his role. In an angry voice, he said: "I'm warning you. This stealing of my numbers had better stop."

"Stop?" the youth laughed. "Why I've just begun."

"If you know what's good for you . . . you'll lay off."

"I'll take *what* I want, *when* I want."

"Try it! Go on and just try taking my friend tonight. You'll see what I do!"

"Oh Christ, Mae. You get me out of the shower for all this bullshit!"

Clark pointed a finger menacingly at him. "You try stealing Hairless Harry. Why I'll . . . I'LL KILL YOU!"

The youth grabbed Clark's finger and bent it backwards until he collapsed to the floor in pain. "Don't point! Didn't your mommy tell you that is rude?"

He then let go of the finger, and entered the apartment. As Clark exercised his sore finger and got back on his feet, he smiled triumphantly. *"That performance,"* he thought, *"was worth TWO Tony's!"*

The first thing Clark did after he moved into the first-floor apartment was change the hall light. He replaced the one-hundred-and-fifty bulb with another which didn't exaggerate his features by casting so much harsh light on them. He preferred something soft, pink soft, which gave him the right youthful glow when he stood in the doorway. Now as he leaned against the door frame in his torn T-shirt, exposing his left tit, he smiled. Calling up Hairless Harry was a stroke of genius, he thought. Sheer genius! That stupid hick fell right into the trap. Instead of being frightened, the youth was challenged by the threat. And off he ran to the suburbs with Hairless Harry. *"Well, I'm not going to follow through with my threat. Indeed not! I am instead going to wish them both a long and happy relationship together . . . in the suburbs! As far as I'm concerned . . . well, on with the show!"*

• • •

SLAVERY

(Continued from page 13)

on your knees and strip."

Tom quickly raised himself to a kneeling position and pulled off his tee shirt, exposing his broad, hairless chest. Awkwardly, the boots and socks followed, then the faded blue jeans, coaxed down over tight-muscled thighs and off, and he was nude. The riding crop in Jerry's hand had disappeared, replaced now by a two-inch wide studded black collar, with a small padlock. Tom

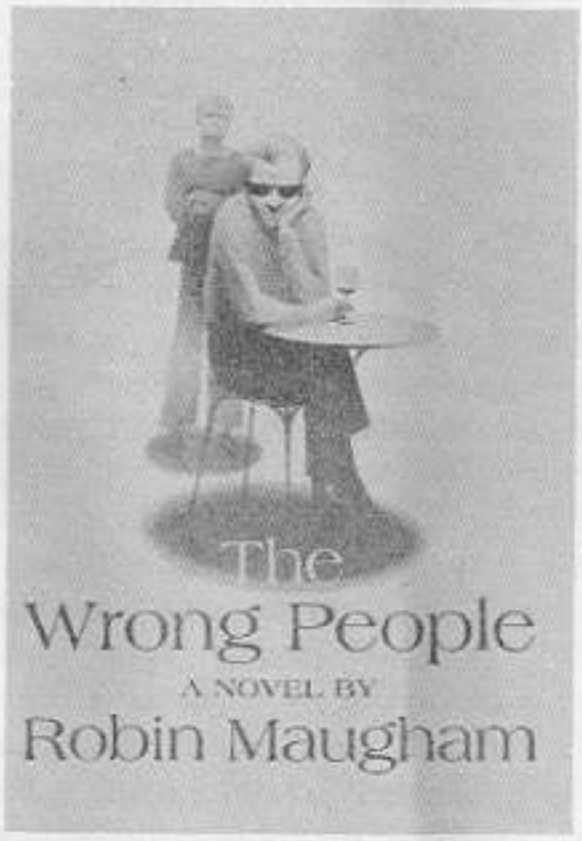
BOOK REVIEW

Robin Maugham's **The Wrong People** (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) is, like his **Servant,** about the best of this genre of gay novel now available. In the over-the-counter world of gay-oriented books this one stands tall, indeed.

The author's ingenuity has fashioned a great tale. The setting is largely fleshy Tangier. The characters are three dimensional. And, although telegraphed, the ending is properly climactic, polished off with an intriguing epilogue suggesting the story will go on and on, as I suppose it does, what with gays being gay and North Africa being such a sexually heady locale.

They may even be able to make a film of it, as they did with **The Servant** (starring **Death In Venice's** Dirk Bogarde). That, I guess is the ultimate accolade.

Beware, however, of this socially acceptable hard-back. True, acceptability is inching toward liberation, but until it weds the paperback underground press we will not have a great gay novel. Until then we will be saddled with titles like **The Wrong People,** implying that no good can come of a story about gays. Maybe we don't all commit suicide any more, but we don't exactly ride off



into the sunset together, either.

In **The Wrong People** nobody rides off with anybody, anywhere. Arnold Turner, a gay English school teacher on holiday in Tangier, meets Ewing, another gay Englishman conveniently wealthy in middle age. Ewing provides Turner with Riffi, the cutest Arabian trick in all Morocco, and then suggests Turner can extend his vacation in a villa with Riffi forever if he will, in turn, provide Ewing with a nice English chicken from the approved school where he teaches. (An approved school is an English orphanage/reformatory.)

Turner agrees, and the kidnapping is arranged. Will it come off? Will Ewing live happily ever after with little Danny Gedge? Will Turner and Riffi weave rugs or pound brass or whatever forever? Or, as the dust jacket asks, will Turner allow the lives of others to be exploited for the sake of his own desires?

You know, as well as I do, that the answer is, "in a pig's ass." But, in spite of that, we still read with interest this craftily written story, we still get caught up in the suspense, we still crave to taste the deliciously forbidden fruit.

Why? Simply because the novel is well-written, well constructed, and populated with psychologically valid characters who attract (repel) as in real life.

And, because, in socially acceptable hard-backs we must be willing to sacrifice honest sex, healthy relationships and happy endings for an otherwise fascinating story.

—**Orlando Paris**

tensed as he felt the stiff leather circle his throat. In seconds it was locked firmly into place.

"Now," said Jerry, and the very softness of his voice was menacing in the dimly-lit room, "you belong to me."

Tom swallowed hard. Fear and excitement vied for control inside him, but as his eyes met the unwavering stare of his new-found lord and master, he suddenly knew he had come home . . . .

Although the names have been changed to protect the privacy of our two heroes, the little scene recounted above is a true one. In fact, one might even say that it is continuously true, since undoubtedly it—or something close to it—happens every day in one part of the country or another. The era of S&M has finally come out of the closet and into its own, with hardly an article on homosexuality appearing in any of our national periodicals these days that does not devote at least a few paragraphs to this little-understood facet of the gay male. Although the majority of whip-wielding, leather-clad huskies bemoan the exposure of these probing journalistic lights into their sacrosanct underworld, these articles have served to educate, not only the naive straights, whose conception of the gay male largely remains the stereotyped effeminate, but a large number of homosexuals themselves. Usually, if he thinks about it at all, the average gay shrugs off the leather scene as something entirely foreign to his nature. At best, it serves as the butt of a scathing quip over an elegant martini. But now there is little doubt that, although much of it still underground, the S&M culture is swelling its ranks.

Slavery is almost as old as history itself, doubtless dating back to the first war on earth. In the United States, it served to divide a nation, and whether your sympathies lie with the North or South, you must concede that the easy procurement of slaves was a privilege that the ante-bellum gay blades of the South were most reluctant to surrender. Here, indeed, was the ideal situation, so often fantasized on by the Masters of today: the opportunity to own, body and soul, another human being! No equivocation here as to who wielded the whip. No games, no play-acting necessary: the ever-present threat of a brutal flogging, or worse, was usually enough to keep the slaves in line. And, best of all, the sky was the limit! Not bounded by restrictions of any kind ("Please don't leave any marks; my lover won't like it." or "I have to go to the gym tomorrow.") these young lords could hold sway over their pet slaves in any manner that suited their fancy. Violence? There was no implement of torture that was unknown to them, and that they could not freely make use of. Ridicule? What slave would dare rebel within sight of a glowing hot branding iron? Comfort? No central heating available in those days, so drape a slave across the foot of your four-poster to keep your feet warm at night. *Much* better than a warming pan!

But that, as we say, is history. Today, faced with the problems imposed by living within the rigorous confines of a society that had decreed homosexuality itself to be a crime, what chance has a self-respecting

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

By Rob Arrington

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HE was one of the great geniuses of all time, although he came of humble village beginnings. Outwardly he seemed to lead a normal heterosexual existence, complete with wife and children. But he was homosexual in his true desires, although he did not declare it openly as did a famous contemporary in the same art who boasted that "he who does not like boys and tobacco is a fool."

The contemporary was brave to make such a statement, for death was the penalty for conviction of homosexuality in the England of that period. Undoubtedly that was why our genius—whose works rank at the very top of dramatic and poetic literature—kept his gay activities under cover.

He may even have sublimated his desire for *(Continued on page 48)*

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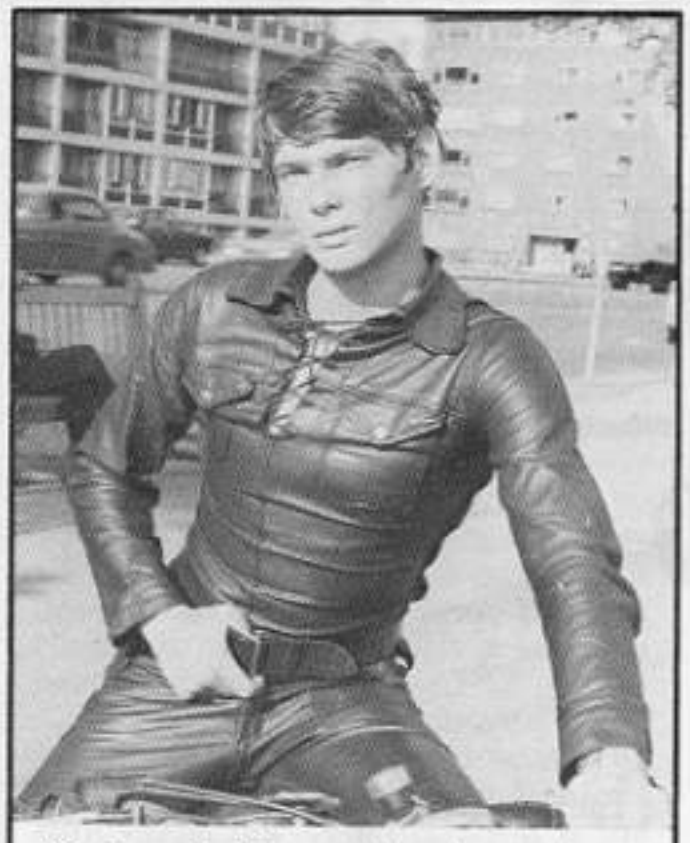

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gay sadist of realizing even a small part of his fantasies? Surprisingly enough, the answer is: a damn good one! Given a certain amount of imagination, patience and finesse, the present-day would-be Master can do quite well for himself. That is, once he knows what it is he's looking for. Slaves come in endless varieties, ranging from the lowly type who thrives on "rough sex" and mere verbal abuse, to the most violence-prone of masochists, for whom no amount of pain and torture seems ever enough. But let's assume for the moment that you are a budding young sadist interested in learning the ropes. Shopping for a slave can be as complex and rewarding a game as selecting a cut of meat from your neighborhood butcher. As with a good roast, there are certain qualities in a slave that make him more desirable than the next one. Be selective, it's a sadist's market and you don't have to settle. Any slave worth his salt should be able to score reasonably high in the following requirements:

Obedience. The first requisite, and possibly the most important. Slaves are occasionally inclined to be pushy, and unless you gain the upper hand at the outset you may well find that control of the scene has slipped out of your hands into his albeit shackled ones.

Bondage. At least some required. If your boy shies at being strung up to your painstakingly de-plastered brick wall, ease him gently into it with a bit of loosely-tied rope at first. Then, later, after you have gained his confidence, you will usually find him fairly leaping into the restraints.

Pain Threshold. This varies from slave to slave, and is important only insofar as it satisfies your desire to inflict pain. You will generally find that, after several weeks of repeated scenes with the same slave, his capacity will increase. Be patient. And remember that, while masochists of one type or another abound, a *good* slave is hard to find.

But armed with determination, find them you will. If you're lucky enough to be living in a city of any real size, there will probably be a leather bar somewhere in town. Don't be afraid to patronize it. Although real nellies are decidedly unwelcome in most of them, if you can put on a reasonably butch face (leave fluffy sweaters and bell-bottoms at home!) you'll find yourself welcomed with open arms and a whip in each hand. Lacking an S&M bar in your immediate cruising grounds, talk it up among your close friends. Chances are that one or two of them, unknown to you, may be quietly involved in the leather scene. In this case chances are that they will be clutching some humpy rough-type to their bosoms, and if they are any friends at all, will be only too glad to share the loot. Actually, the "telephone circuit" in cities small and large is still one of the best systems going to make new contacts. Failing all these tactics, there is still the last resort of the various periodicals such as the one that served to unite our friends Tom and Jerry. These are found on newsstands everywhere these days, and if your friendly newsdealer doesn't carry them you can always subscribe. Be warned, however, that many of these ads are come-ons, placed by characters who either can't make out by cruising bars or who simply get their jollies by lengthy, explicit correspondence. You'll probably get burned once or twice before you find your boy but the law of averages is decidedly in your favor.

Assuming, then, that by one method or another you have finally procured a willing slave and that he does possess at least a modicum of the basic requirements—what then? Then, my friend, the training program begins. And at this point it is well to remember that *you* are Master and *he* is slave. Presumably, his sole purpose in life (or at least for as long as you are together) is to cater to your every whim. Giving you pleasure of whatever kind is his *raison d'être*, and by so doing he achieves mental and sexual gratification himself.

Take immediate control. Let there be no doubt that yours is the stronger of the two mentalities. Quash rebellion immediately if it occurs and, if necessary, punish it severely. Once this relationship is firmly established you're halfway home. A sturdy dog collar around the neck or a heavy lock weighting down the balls is a good beginning, since these implements place the slave at an immediate disadvantage, especially with you carrying the only keys. Wrist and ankle restraints are a tremendous help in that they further increase the slave's sense of helplessness and dependence *on you*.

Teach your slave to address you as "Sir" or "Master," whichever you prefer, and infringements of this rule should be punished, lightly at first, then heavier if they occur too often.

It's almost always a good idea to get into sex a little early-on provided you don't bestow it too lavishly. Let him earn it, either by licking your boots clean enough to see his own reflection in them, or by any other method your clever brain can devise. Whatever turns you on is a good rule of thumb, provided, of course, that it doesn't turn him completely *off*. But don't be bound by tradition—give your imagination a little free reign and you may both be surprised at the results. (I once detected a hint of arrogance in a particularly attractive slave, and decided to subject him to an "inspection," much as a piece of merchandise at auction, poking my fingers in his mouth, examining his teeth, forcing him to bend over while I prodded his asshole, and submitting him to various other indignities just to put him in his place. Worked like a charm.) Once he's got the idea that sucking your cock is a privilege not to be taken lightly, he'll treasure the experience that much more—and you'll certainly benefit thereby. Take this opportunity, too, to teach him the little tricks that give you most pleasure, for instance by diverting his licking tongue to your erogenous zones, wherever they may be. Remember that your gratification is his too.

Unless it has been clearly established beforehand (and that's not easy to do without practical experience), your next step is to determine your slave's capacity for bearing pain. Start with the tits, the most common denominator among slaves. Massage them gently with the tips of your fingers, gradually increasing the pressure after a minute or too. You may prefer nibbling them with your teeth, working up to a good chewing session, if he is up to it. If he passes this test, chances are he's

pretty good, and you can eventually graduate to tit clamps (the metal flat-edged variety or, if you've really got a winner, alligator clamps). Clothespins will do in a pinch (no pun intended) but they're just a little tacky.

From here on in it's every man for himself. The game can get as wild and weird as you and/or he want it to, with pleasurable results for both parties. Between sessions, browse through Woolworth's, or your local equivalent, and let your imagination run rampant—it's amazing what ready-made little gadgets you can pick up and put to effective use. For whips, Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop at 110 W. 45th Street in New York carries a wide assortment. They don't have a catalog, but if you write, explaining what you want in the way of a good whip, the price will be sent so that you can order by mail if you don't live in New York. For assorted S&M gear try a Taste of Leather, in San Francisco. Write to P. O. Box 5009, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. In New York write or visit the Marquis de Suede, 20 W. 22nd St. (If you go, call for an appointment first (212) 675-8463. He has a wide assortment of "toys." In London, Mr. S. Products, 131 New Kings Road, London SW 6. If you live in a small town and need some playthings in a hurry, try your local variety store, as suggested above, or the local hardware store, or your sporting goods dealer (for riding whips).

Enjoy!

• • •

GS: A MASQUE FOR LOVING

(Continued from page 14)

that over many years they had become dependent on each other for the comforts of daily living. Alice B. was about as sexy as Vitamin B.

"On the other hand Gertrude had been a lusting heterosexual earlier in life. A burning passion for someone that would have been sheer incest had it been consummated was to color her life, causing part of it to be uniquely creative while the other part remained masked and barren of sexual fulfillment. Sad, too . . . there's nothing like a busy brotherfucker to push up the buds in the family rose garden."

Now warming to her favorite subject Fitzie signaled Steve for another Martini.

'BROTHER-SISTER ACT'

"I believe it all began with Gertrude's love for her brother Leo. He was a very handsome man . . . sensual . . . in fact he looked very much like Basil Rathbone. He was tall, with a prominent nose and deep-set Svengali eyes, and so it's not surprising that Gertrude nursed what was to be an unrequited passion for one who remained sexually oblivious to her. Really the pattern was clear from the beginning.

"Perhaps the fact of their physical and temperamental differences had much to do with her love for Leo. Leo was mercurial, Gertrude a calm oasis . . . he a hypochondriac, she hale and hearty. He was slender and of pleasing physique while she weighed 200 pounds of uncorseted flesh, yet one never thought of her as fat, but rather

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By Roy Caleb Agard

Is there anyone out there who hasn't made it with a movie star yet? Like in your dreams? That's what movies are all about. Especially for gay guys. Movies mean more than being groped in the last row. Like seeing yourself locked in Robert Redford's arms. Or Warren Beatty's. Or Keir Dullea's. Great afterthoughts for Fantasex. In seven consecutive installments we will take a look at the beefcake that caused a lot of heavy breathing in the balcony in past years—and bring you up to date on the Cinema Studs who are turning gay guys on today. In this issue—let's make it with the super sex stars of the...

1940s

The first half of the '40s was consumed by World War II, and many Hollywood favorites of the gays were away on the fighting fronts, just as the gays were. But newcomers came along, as they always do, to titillate the senses, and dreams were just as good as ever. And more important, for there was no better way to escape the grim realities of war than to dream yourself up a nice toss in the hay with the object of your cinematic desires.

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Guy Madison in "Since You Went Away"

(Continued on page 48)

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majestic, like an archbishop.

"But the important difference–which always provide the fly in the love ointment–was that while she was immensely creative (she often modestly admitted that, along with Picasso and Alfred North Whitehead, she was one of three contemporary geniuses) Leo was a failure at everything . . . a dabbler never able to pursue any aspect of professionalism with success.

"Quite naturally this weakness brought out Gertrude's mother instinct while strengthening her sexual attachment to him. Yet in spite of this she unintentionally thwarted every chance for requited love by her continual one-upmanship.

"As an example, when Leo went to Harvard to study philosophy she entered Radcliffe just to be near him. While he dawdled and droned in class she was being inspired by Santayana and William James. He did poorly, while she was graduated *magna cum laude*, thereby throwing Leo into the first of many snits.

"When he showed up at Johns Hopkins to study biology, Gertrude promptly joined him for the study of medicine. Characteristically Leo abandoned biology after making the acquaintance of the birds and bees, and sailed off to Europe to become a painter.

"Right away Gertrude decided she'd had enough of cadavers and formaldehyde and left by the next ship for Paris where she and Leo took an apartment at 27 *Rue de Fleurus* . . . the address to which so many who were famous, or would become famous, would be drawn in the years ahead.

"Later Alice B. Toklas arrived to begin a 40-year career as vestal virgin–lighting daily votive candles to Gertrude–typing her manuscripts, indulging her whimsy, as well as playing hostess to Gertrude's guests. Toklas was a strange girl, two years younger than Gertrude. She was born in San Francisco and looked like a gypsy tearoom fortune-teller. Her accent was pure New England and she seemed to be eternally contemplating the mysteries of something jazzily esoteric."

This time Steve looked apprehensive as Fitzie asked for a third Martini. "But Miz Fitzie, you always tell me two are your limit because you fall off the barstool when you have more. Do you really think you should?"

"Of course, you dear man. These young men are so stimulating I need more than just words to meet their challenge!" Eyeing her dourly Steve reluctantly came back with a third blockbuster. This one Fitzie downed in a single gulp. Pausing only long enough to tame what would have been a roaring Niagara to the growl of a hungry lion she took off again on the subject of Stein.

"For once everything flourished for both Leo and Gertrude. Her dreams of what might be grew rosier. Paris was then in an exciting turbulence of art and literature with Matisse, Braque, Picasso and Gris leading the revolutionary cubist art movement in which figures, objects and landscapes were distilled to the purity of basic geometric forms by flattening and superimposing planes without the use of perspective.

"While neither Gertrude nor Leo was really knowledgeable about art in the sense that they were not art scholars, they had–and particularly Gertrude–an instinct for choosing paintings by unknown artists who would later astound the world with their genius.

"Many of these were 'thank you' or 'bread-and-butter' paintings, gifts of painters for courtesies extended when they were needy students, or in appreciation for the opportunity of meeting, talking with, and having their works criticized by more famous artists at the exciting Stein *soirees*. It wasn't long until the walls of their apartment were lined frame-to-frame with paintings, a circumstance that was fortuitous for Gertrude and Alice B. Toklas in the years of World War II when they had to sell a painting occasionally to make ends meet.

'PIGEONS' IN THE GRASS . . .'

"Of course Picasso was Stein's greatest inspiration. Because of him she began to find herself as a creative individual, independently of Leo, with her experiments in 'literary cubism', using words–like techniques in cubist art–that were free in form . . . time-free, mnemonically-free . . . free of association or of ordered spatiality. But perhaps more important was her influence on young American writers who made Paris their home during this time . . . men like Hemingway, Ezra Pound, Dos Passos, and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"They turned to her as to a goddess-mother because not only did she encourage them but helped them literarily, often financially, and in other unselfish ways. As she finally emerged from her cocoon Leo began to grow more and more disenchanted; annoyed, perhaps, that now no one paid him the slightest attention.

"From his wild initial enthusiasm about cubism he now began to belittle the movement, expressing the most biting disdain for everyone from Picasso down, and what he called the 'silly season of cubist art'. Moreover he derided Gertrude's literary cubism as a 'paranoiac joke', telling one and all that she could no longer relate to sound ideas (his).

"Naturally where art flourishes can the beautiful people be far behind? Gay people flocked to her apartment, sure of a welcome even if they hadn't been invited . . . clamoring for a chance to meet this warm, friendly, understanding and intensely human woman they had come to almost deify . . . and, of course, delighted to have the unique opportunity of running into someone famous like the slimly elegant Jean Cocteau, or someone equally gay or equally attractive, or all three-somely.

"But when Leo furiously berated Gertrude for 'playing Druid priestess to this garden of fairies' it was the beginning of the end of her patience with him and the love she had masked for so long. Shortly afterward he left Paris to live in Florence. Years passed, yet they met only once and that was happenstance. It is sadness that Leo did not even know his sister was dead until he read about it in a magazine.

"Whether one regards the works of Stein as 'imbecility mounted on chaos' as one critic termed her literary cubism, it cannot be denied that through her fresh perspective she created many striking literary devices, particularly in relating language, rhythmic

pulse and tempo, and character.

"Another critic has said the 'while many thought her ridiculous and a literary fraud, she made anyone with any degree of sensitivity think'. Personally I think she was a tremendous force, and to modern writers she was truly 'The Mother Of Us All'."

Having come to the end of her recollections Fitzie became silent and reflective. Then looking up smilingly she asked Steve for "a really last Martini". How 'really last' it would prove to be.

"But Miz Fitzie . . . you'll blow us all to kingdom come!" he scolded.

"No I won't you dear, dear Steve. I'll be good and go straight home."

Steve shook his head doubtfully. "Well okay . . . but only if you'll let me get you a taxi and personally put you in it."

This time Fitzie seemingly couldn't wait to quench her thirst and fairly flung the cocktail down her ample throat before the glass quite reached her lips. Promptly detonating a mighty dual eructation that all but rent her asunder, she blasted off the barstool on to the floor with a bun-busting temblor that must have recorded 6.1 on the Richter scale.

"*Crack*-ah *jack*-ah!" she marveled as she lay there wreathed in smiles, mercifully anaesthetized against the pain of a broken hip by sixteen ounces of 100-proof gin.

Shortly afterward St. Vincent's ambulance sirened up to take her to the hospital, but the broken hip was not to heal and some weeks later they constructed an outsize coffin and carted her off to the boneyard.

Hail Fitzie . . . hail and farewell!

• • •

MICHAEL GREER

(Continued from page 11)

lonely and a lot of that loneliness has held over with me. As an actor, it's kind of valuable. I used to hate it as a kid but now I'm beginning to draw on both the dramatic and humorous sides of it. Being a performer is a lonely life anyway because it's difficult for people to relate in a relaxed way. You usually represent something to them which excites or bores them and they're going to treat you accordingly. Sometime I'll stand outside a restaurant or bar or drive around for an hour before I get up the goddamn courage to go in for a drink. I usually have about ten free minutes before the whispering starts with the "who is she kidding" or "he certainly seems different than he is on screen." Well of course I am and that's what irritates me; it insults the hell out of me. Any actor worth his salt is different or he isn't acting. When they assume that I'm a 24-hour faggot because I played in "The Gay Deceivers" and "Fortune" it really pisses me off because I work hard to create an illusion for people to enjoy and then they assume that I must have been sitting in some leather joint when some producer came in and hired me right off the stool. They don't put $800,000 or a million behind someone they see on a bar stool. I've devoted almost twenty-two years of my life to learning to entertain and this strange attitude, especially among homosexuals who you'd think would be nicer to me than others, angers me. Take the case of Malcolm. Although he's pretty obvious and screamy and that sort of thing, still there's a warmth there and a kind of sweetness and decency that many people are seeing for the first time. They're getting a glimpse of the fact that a homosexual is also a human being with feelings and consideration. But it's usually the gay people who will attack me faster than anyone. When I was doing "Fortune" in New York my first Christmas card arrived at the dressing room saying, "Merry Christmas, you sick, demented queen, but, seriously, you're great." That has confused me ever since. I don't want to hurt anyone, Man, because I know what it's like on the receiving end. And at a press conference in Georgia a lady reporter asked me—and I'm sure she was serious—if I was a 'HOBOsexual'. I was stunned; I thought she'd found out that I sleep with tramps.

QQ: How well do you know yourself?

Greer: More so every day. I'm not out to become really rich and have all the expensive gismos, although I'd like to own a Mercedes —but just a small one. I'd like to seek my contentment through the simpler things in life, Mercedes and all.

QQ: Are you making enough money to afford a Mercedes?

Greer: Not really. "The Gay Deceivers" grossed five million dollars and I cleared eleven hundred after taxes.

QQ: Sounds like a poor contract.

Greer: It sure was.

QQ: What sort of role would have the greatest appeal for you at this time?

Greer: Something that had warmth and humor, not outrageous humor, something with taste that keeps my masculinity intact. Perhaps I'd get the girl. At this point, I think a great many people would enjoy seeing me play such a role if only to see if I could. I know for a fact that I could but they've yet to find out. I need a role like that. I've turned down a number of parts that would have been career suicide, like "The Christine Jorgensen Story." Christ, I even look like her. The only person who didn't think I was right for the part was Christine herself. She freaked out when she was that I was 6'4" and was deeply offended that they would even consider me. So they hired that poor, unfortunate young kid with the football player's neck and I don't think that he has worked since.

QQ: In the same vein, were you offered the role of Dinah East?

Greer: No, thank God they didn't hit me on that, but they got a good friend though, Jeremy Stockwell, who was in the New York "Fortune". The same people who produced and directed "Dinah" handled the first film that I ever did, a 1966 country western musical called, "What Am I Bid?". I played three different people at the same time, all heterosexual roles as far as I know: I didn't have to strap on a dildo or sleep with my mother or anything like that. Anyway, it bombed terribly; they didn't like it even in Memphis.

QQ: You must have given considerable thought to TV. Is this a medium in which you can happily express yourself?

Greer: Well, I don't like the censorship involved. I don't like to work that way; I like to speak out and not hide anything.

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For instance, I cannot truthfully say whether I'm heterosexual or homosexual: I just don't know myself. I've experienced both because I'm primarily interested in person-to-person communication. But I like the exposure on TV: it was a big thrill to play a lead on "Ironside" because all the kids in my family could finally see something that I had done without driving 350 miles to the big city in a smoking tractor as they did once. And of course I'll probably be doing all the talk shows after "Fortune" gets around. Starring in that film should change my life a lot and not all of the changes are going to be pleasant, that I've already decided. More simple pleasures are already disappearing and I can't just relax and do the laundry anymore.

QQ: What stops you from doing the laundry?

Greer: Doing the laundry is my way of disappearing from the phones for an hour and reading a book. In Hollywood, someone is sure to come along and rap for the 500th time that their favorite line is, "I may not know my flowers but I sure know a bitch when I see one." I'm delighted that they like the line because I wrote it, and it's a compliment, but I'd much rather read my book undisturbed.

QQ: Isn't this factor of public recognition and invasion of privacy something that is going to be with you more and more and which you're going to have to accept?

Greer: Well, it's not an invasion because these people don't think of it that way. I guess that I should really differentiate between the weirdos, and I seem to meet so many, and the number of people who have been intelligent and kind and perceptive, those who've treated me as a human being and a professional. Thank God for them. However, the negative always hurts more and I guess that like most actors there's a tendency for me to feel sorry for myself.

QQ: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" pioneered on-stage nudity in Sal Mineo's L. A. production. How did you feel about this?

Greer: Well, I got to keep my clothes on, even though they were sometimes woman's clothes, but the actors didn't seem to mind. It was something that was called for in the script, the boy had to be raped and there was really no way to rape him with his clothes on. Sal Mineo was slammed and put down really badly and unfairly because he brought the rape onstage, but as a director he wasn't impressed with a couple of actors behind a plywood wall bumping and groaning. He thought it was a lot of phony bullshit. He wanted the audience to be horrified, shocked; he wanted them to be unhappy with today's penal conditions. But, of course, we also had the voyeurs who were super-titillated and couldn't wait to sit on that side of the theatre time and time again. One guy came to the show 27 times and sat at the front mentally masturbating during that scene. It became unnerving for the actors.

QQ: I heard that one night several cinder blocks were knocked off-stage in his direction.

Greer: Yes, I heard the same thing, and a few howls of pain, too.

QQ: Sal Mineo innovated in another way by adding a sadistic ending which was not in the original play and was not in harmony with the character Smitty. Why was this done and did you agree with it?

Greer: No, I didn't agree and I think it was kind of tacky, but Sal was the director and he felt that it made the ending stronger. It was definitely better than the original. I personally like John Herbert, but I think he's a dreary writer—a beautiful storyteller, true—but not a writer. I wrote half of my lines in the stage production and was fortunate to get a total green light in the film and write seventy-five percent of my lines and several scenes for the other actors. No, John Herbert based the play on his own experiences in prison and supposedly he is the Mona character or thought of himself as such twenty years ago. When I met him in Canada he was definitely more Queenie, something else to say the least; Malcolm and beyond. Incidentally, I'll be getting a screen credit for a song that I wrote for the film.

QQ: In the play, you were subjected to Sal Mineo's directorial debut. Did this cause any particular strain on the actors?

Greer: No. My God, we all loved him. It was the biggest thing that any of us had done in our lives and he turned out to be a great guy. He was tolerant of anything that helped the actor feel his characterization. The first time that I stepped in the toilet was an accident but Sal threw it into the show and it really fooled the audience. Sal's reputation is nowhere up to reality; I've heard some wild stories about Mineo, and some of the things he's done, but in the years that I've known him socially and professionally he's been a great guy.

QQ: In your role as Queenie you were constantly shifting from moods of fierce anger and hatred to moments of hilarious camp and on to first-rate pathos. Some of the audience couldn't keep pace with this abrupt change. This must have been a significant challenge for you as well.

Greer: Well, "Fortune" was a tremendous school for me. We were getting off-Broadway scale—$110, I think—and Equity had to be paid almost $300 immediately, so for the first twenty weeks or so I was getting about $35 a week, which is damn difficult to live on. So I was going to school, so to speak, polishing, tightening and bettering my performance. The first few weeks I played Queenie as if my hair were on fire; there was no letup at all and I just beat the hell out of the audience because I was afraid of silence. Silence to a nightclub performer is disaster, so quick, pick your nose, fall in the toilet or something; upstage somebody. Sal had a rough time pulling me back and disciplining me. Gradually I began to appreciate the subtlety and nuance of silence and this brought on "The Gay Deceivers." People have asked why I would play one gay role after another. It's very simple, Man, you play just about anything to get a break. Actually, the director didn't want me; he felt that I was too broad and exaggerated for his concept of Malcolm. Fortunately, the producer did want me and he was also the president of the studio. Finally the director realized that I was genuinely interested in doing my best so we both relaxed and now they tell me that I saved the picture. The twenty-minute role became a fifty-minute one. If I stole the picture it was because it was a brilliant premise. Had Billy Wilder done it it would

have been just lovely, but it was a subject too sophisticated for the company doing it and they were a little afraid. Of course I was all over the place again, directing and writing things when the director wasn't looking. It probably drove everybody crazy but I just knew what had to be done.

QQ: Was there much ad-libbing during "Fortune"?

Greer: According to the other actors, I ad-libbed every night but I swear to God that it was only once a week except for closing night which is traditionally crazy and insane. That night, I dropped mescaline, which I will never do again, and was so totally ripped that I could hear the audience breathing. I don't even recall if I gave a performance that night. Someone would say, "Queenie, what are you going to do about that?" and I would answer, "I'm going to wait until I get to New York." Fortunately, Marty Poll, who produced "The Lion in Winter" and many other fine films, saw the show earlier, and after having auditioned without success about 2500 people in New York for the two leads in "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart" ended up signing Don Johnson and myself. Unfortunately, the film was only half a hit, but Judith Crist and many other reviewers liked my work, and it represented a complete reversal of image.

QQ: You mentioned dropping mescaline, and your routines make frequent references to pot. Are you an advocate of the drug culture?

Greer: No. I really think that drugs are horrible. Marijuana, I love; it's fabulous and so much better than booze, and it has become as common as hors d'oeuvres in California. I think it's only a matter of time before it becomes legal.

QQ: You call drugs horrible. Are you basing this on much personal experience?

Greer: Well, I dropped acid about three times and mescaline four. When I was with the Air Force in Korea I tried cocaine and enjoyed it well enough to get scared by it and stop immediately. It's really so good that I can feel a desperate need for it right away.

QQ: Have you had any bad trips?

Greer: No. The reason for a bad trip is that you're seeing yourself for the first time and you're kind of vulnerable. You get a good look at what you've allowed yourself to become and all those bugaboos start creeping out and staring at you from the medicine cabinet.

QQ: You've indicated that there may be a few bugaboos in your medicine cabinet; I gather that these never hit you?

Greer: Not really, because I'm a doggedly optimistic person and I don't let myself go on a bummer. I do get lonely a great deal and almost depressed but I stop right there and get out of it; I don't wallow in it or get self-indulgent.

QQ: Do your comedy performances bring you out of this mood?

Greer: Oh sure. God, humor has saved my whole family a thousand times.

QQ: In a lighter vein, what's your favorite city?

Greer: If I could be a combination of Cary Grant, Alain Delon and Michael Greer, and have everything else going for me, I would like to be able to top it all by saying that I

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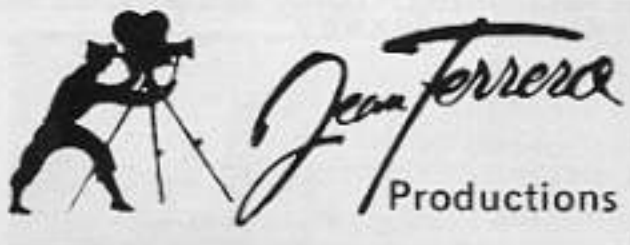

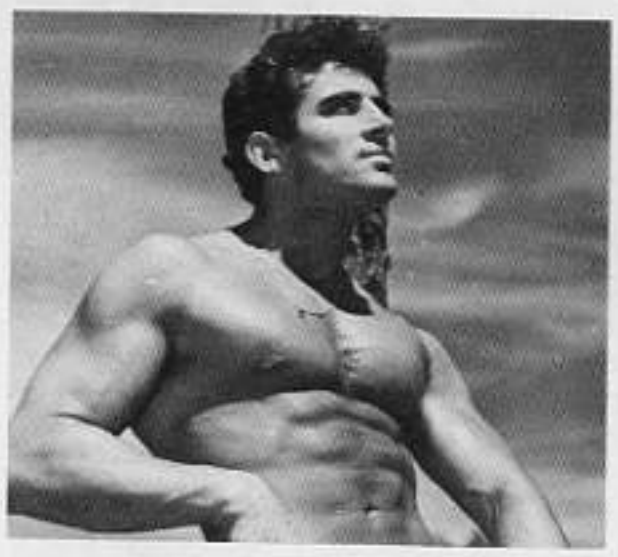

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had been born in San Francisco.

QQ: That's pretty high praise for a place.

Greer: I've worked straight clubs and gay clubs there and clubs that weren't sure, and the people just dug me and threw back all the love that I'd thrown out to them. It's a fabulous feeling–like getting a double fuck. I've got fan clubs there, and even a good press.

QQ: Do you not have a good rapport with the press elsewhere?

Greer: As far as I know I haven't developed any enemies yet. I've had a couple of bum reviews but never a bad one. Each has said something like 'interesting', 'shows promise', 'different', 'exciting'. But San Francisco, Man, is really it, and my favorite restaurant is Broadway Jays in the Club Dori. The owner and I are great friends; we even got arrested together for burglary once.

QQ: How did that come about?

Greer: Well, it was a total joke. The building was empty and had been condemned for ten years. We didn't break into the place–the basement door was open. They caught us rummaging through the goodies: porcelain shaving mugs, pee-stained mattresses and three inches of dust.

QQ: How old were you at the time?

Greer: Let's see, I'm now 33. That's something else that I've changed my thinking about.

QQ: You've changed it a lot. When we started this interview two months ago you were 26 or 27. When were you being honest?

Greer: Now. That's the point: I'm not worried about it any more. I've decided to expose myself to the world with absolute candor. I want it clearly stated that I'm 14. I feel very young and mischievous.

QQ: That's why you were in this building?

Greer: Yes, and that's why I can alternate roles; that's why I can be feminine, masculine, crazy, serious, rude, frightened like a child–all those things, Man.

QQ: You become the person you are playing, is that it?

Greer: I wish there were a smart phrase I could coin for it. It is acting and it's my job to create a human being that lives. I watched Queenie in the rushes to see how much Michael Greer there was and I found very little although I obviously had to have been there or observed it very accurately. I hope that I have an elastic soul because I love to go on everyone's trip as long as it's pleasant and real. If it's ugly and bigoted and prejudiced and small-minded I really don't have time for it.

QQ: You must run into a real conflict between idealism and reality.

Greer: Yes, I do, but I've been juggling that lately. When I sense something that is not pleasant to me the alarm bells go off and I'm able to look right through the shit they're saying and know the problem. If the problem makes them human to me, I say, "Wow, if only I could talk to you for a second and get you to stop doing that." If I can change them or help them grow, great; otherwise, I'll just stop seeing that person.

QQ: Your excellent baritone caught me by surprise. Are you pursuing this aspect of your talent?

Greer: I don't know what will happen with my singing. My first professional job at the age of ten was singing in the Orpheum circuit between the movies. They'd show "Francis the Talking Mule" and then I'd come out and sing in my Irish soprano "You Were Meant For Me" or "The Bells of St. Mary's." When my voice and my head started changing I got more interested in comedy, finding more of the ugly things in life looking funny. It's an inherent thing with the Irish or with any of the oppressed like the Jews and the blacks; they have a riotous sense of humor because the only way you can put up with that shit is to laugh your way out of it.

QQ: Why don't you integrate your singing with your comedy?

Greer: I want to eventually. I've never felt until now that I could offer the public something unusual or interesting as a singer. As an actor, I can interpret lyrics and phrase them in an interesting way; I carry the melody and have pretty good pitch; my breath control is lousy but I hope to correct that professionally; so there is no reason now why I shouldn't be recording. If I'm on a variety show on TV I'll definitely sing as one aspect.

QQ: You re-wrote the lyrics to one of Terry Mace's songs and came up with a very moving and sensitive "And the Children Never Come." Have you written others?

Greer: The one in the film "Fortune" is the first I've published. Originally it was going to be called "Queenie's Lament," but when I found out what MGM was going to pay me for it I re-named it "It's Free."

QQ: Have you recorded any of your comedy–the Mona Lisa, for instance?

Greer: I don't want to do Mona right now. Queenie is heavy enough for the moment. What I want to do right now is talk shows and interviews so that people will learn a little about my philosophy and find out that I'm a person with the same fears and joys that they have.

QQ: When you dot the 'i' of Michael you use a peace symbol. Do you do this with any strength of feeling?

Greer: Well, I certainly want peace, Man, elusive as it is, but I'm not so involved that I would go out and crusade for it. I'll gladly make a speech or film or show up and march for it but it has to be once in a while.

QQ: Did your Air Force service change your views?

Greer: I was never impressed with the military and really thought I'd gone to a boy's school. I'd be the last one out for inspections if I went at all. Literally, there were mornings when I'd wake up and be the only one in bed. I don't know how I got away with it but I did to the point where the drill instructors at San Antonio would tell me to just put all my shit under a blanket and they would tell the commander that I was at sick call.

QQ: Were you striving to be a rebel?

Greer: No, I was just having a ball. I trotted the fields, crawled on my belly and jumped over ditches and barbed wire just like everyone else, but I also got a tattoo on my arm, got drunk at sixteen (I entered under age) and fucked a Spanish prostitute. I really loved it, it got me out of school and out of trouble and away from parents who were divorcing every other day. I'm just fortunate that I spent a year in Korea and not in Viet Nam. To get back to your question on the peace symbol: it's reached

the point where it has become mechanical and I don't think about peace every time I use it, so I'll probably drop it as being a tacky habit. It's like saying "our Father who art in heaven" every night without the vaguest thought about God or prayers. Real cool, Man, I said my prayers, now I'll wake up in the morning.

QQ: Is that your feeling on religion?

Greer: I have my own religion and it enlarges and enhances every day. I'm an expatriate Catholic who has come to the conclusion that the organized part is a phony thing that I don't really like; just a habit, like eating and not enjoying the food.

QQ: Your humor always avoids political implications. Why?

Greer: I've never actively engaged in politics or felt at all strong about it, consequently I'm very ignorant in that area. I'll become interested when I begin to feel the interest around me. Right now I'm having too much fun doing what I'm doing. Before we vote I sum up all the bullshit that we've heard all year round and I do vote but I don't hassle with it all the time.

QQ: I understand you were once arrested on a pot charge.

Greer: Twice. The first time was in 1967 when I knew very little about drugs. I was headlining at the Purple Onion Two and Nureyev and Fonteyn were in town with the Royal Ballet doing "Paradise Lost," the Psychedelic Adam and Eve where Rudy at one point circles the stage faster and faster and finally leaps through a pair of lips painted on the back of the stage and disappears. Anyway, I had met them when I was working Arthur's in New York and they remembered me. Rudy said, "Why don't you join us for dinner, Ralph?" When we were leaving, two flower children handed Rudy a party address. Dame Margot, who is the sporty type who could have high tea with the Queen of England and then go trout fishing—in the same gown, said that she would like to see Haight and Ashbury, so we looked up the address we'd been given. Well, the only dope at the party was me, for being there, because the police arrived from nowhere together with Channel 7, and they don't normally travel as a pair. There was instant panic with everyone heading for the kitchen exit. It was like the Coconut Grove fire with 45 people jammed in the doorway. All the love and peace and flowers went right out the window and it was a case of, "get out of my way, you long-haired bitch." My big Aries mouth suggested we hide up on the roof—where they finally trapped us: the conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra and his pregnant wife, Dame Margot in a white mink mini-coat and those Lloyds of London legs insured for thousands per pore, Rudy, a nameless friend of mine and myself. In the police van, Margot noticed a cute piece of graffiti: "I'm black with 11 inches," under which someone had written, "I'm green—with envy." The charges were all dropped because no narcotics were involved, but it sure looked like a setup.

The second time was in a car in the driveway of a girlfriend's house. I was with an actor from "Fortune" and another friend whose mouth was so dry from smoking grass that he couldn't swallow the joint he was trying to eat and the police milked it up and used it as evidence. Actually, we all had evidence on us. The latest movies for two of us were about to be released but no one at the police station had ever heard of us so there was no bad publicity.

QQ: You claim that in return for your mother having taught you your Bette Davis you turned her on to pot. Is this true?

Greer: Well I had to do something, Man; she was on a pickle fetish and she nearly O. D-illed. She wasn't exactly sherkin the gherkin. No, actually I learned Bette Davis from listening to T. C. Jones' record "New Faces of 52" which I played for eleven months in Korea. He does incredible impressions. The whole goddam medical department where I worked knew how to do Bette Davis and I was more than likely to give a Davis hello to the lieutenant in the morning.

QQ: Has your Bette Davis ever slipped out at the wrong time?

Greer: I often wonder if it actually slipped out, like the time I threw out a Bette Davis thank you to the priest at communion and broke up the whole altar rail.

QQ: Have you ever met her?

Greer: Unfortunately, no, but I'm sure she's aware of me because a very distinguished New York decorator friend of hers is named Michael Greer and she's probably been at his home when someone congratulated him on his Malcolm in "The Gay Deceivers."

QQ: Why do the older female stars hold such a fascination for the gays?

Greer: Wow, I've never thought about that but they definitely do. Gay people are more aware of how fabulous these people are, because gay kids who are fabulous in their own right have helped create them, writing their lines, designing their clothes, handling their makeup. Gays have always been the ones to put a name on the map by word of mouth—Barbra Streisand, for instance.

QQ: In what way?

Greer: She and I were doing the rounds in New York at the same time and it was mostly gay, or theatrically inclined people who had already heard and spread the word about this strange thriftshop girl who was singing in twenty-dollar talent nights. I think that brilliant as she was, Judy Garland was made a legend by the gays; they were the ones who forgave her and made all of those comebacks possible. As far as I can tell, straight people tend to follow trends: who is popular this month? Judy Garland? No? Well I won't buy her record, whereas gay people were able to identify with her problems and her talent. I think that it's the gay kids who create all the excitement in fashion because they're the forerunners. Sixty or seventy percent of the world's culture has been maintained, enhanced and glorified by homosexuals. It isn't because they're homosexuals, but because homosexuals are creative, sensitive, and more likely intelligent people, and these qualities are needed to keep legends alive. I think this is the reason that homosexuals dig the older broads.

QQ: There's a current trend for gay kids to get hung up on people like Marlon Brando and Paul Newman and yet there was never an affinity between the gay population and, say, Rudolph Valentino or Ramon

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Navarro. The point we were getting at is why the hangup on older women and not older men?

Greer: Well, I'm sure there were as many male fans of theirs as there were female but the women are more flamboyant and the gay guys don't feel that they created Valentino. Besides, he wasn't fun and he looked like shit in a shoulder pad fox coat or snood or wedgies.

QQ: By the way, what do you think of poppers?

Greer: Technicolor Vicks? I think they are a fabulous danger.

QQ: Why a danger?

Greer: Because they definitely fuck around with your heart—divinely. I've heard doctors say that each sniff takes a minute off your life but I wasn't looking forward to the last twenty minutes of my life anyway.

QQ: Many homosexuals resent their portrayal as typically nelly, faggoty individuals. Have you encountered any militant reaction to your interpretations?

Greer: No, because everything I do has heart or I don't do it; even Malcolm, as cartooned as he was. I would have made him more real if I could have but this was only my second film and I had to sneak in everything that I wanted. Everything that worked was sneaked in. On the other hand, the nelly and campy Malcolm was an accurate portrayal of many people. I think that the homosexuals who are masculine and find that offensive need not be worried because it doesn't speak for them but for their more passive sisters, and audiences are becoming more aware of the divisions in masculinity within the homosexual strata.

QQ: But the point is that we keep getting instance after instance of Malcolms and Queenies with nothing to balance it.

Greer: You're right, but that's coming, I'm personally sure.

QQ: When?

Greer: If my career succeeds, Man, believe me it will happen, because I look forward to writing, directing or playing in a homosexual love story with dignity and taste, one with a large budget, excellent acting and beautiful cinematography, told intelligently with pathos and humor, and as life is. There's a tremendous market for this type of movie because millions of people have to receive fair representation.

QQ: We are all looking forward to such a movie. Tell me, do you think the militant gay libs are possibly too radical for the best interests of this sort of understanding?

Greer: I find a lot of it pretty shoddy because it's not done with that much style or class or imagination, but as one human being admiring thousands of others who are engaged in gay work I applaud their zeal and ambitions. I would do it differently, but, right on, I'm glad they're doing it. The thing I don't understand and appreciate is how gay lib could picket "Boys in the Band" or "Fortune" or "Gay Deceivers" or "Staircase" because they find something possibly offensive. I had a small picket line with "Gay Deceivers" because they liked me and knew that I was only fooling, but still there were some seven-foot drag queens there in mini-skirts, and where is the dignity in that! Again, the parades down Hollywood Boulevard should have been full of fire and future and dignity but it was car after car of The Empress of Redwood City, and The Queen of El Segundo and her Court: weird men in tacky 1950s feminine attire with their beards showing by three o'clock. There's no class in that and I find it appalling, Man. I admire Reverend Troy Perry and the people who are really working at it but the queens who just jump on for the ride are a pain in the ass.

QQ: Have you ever participated in such an activity?

Greer: No, but if it was done with taste and dignity there would be hundreds of thousands of people who would show themselves and help. Ten years from now it will be so together that it will look like a UN meeting rather than this bowery, waterfront presentation.

QQ: What activities do you have scheduled for the near future?

Greer: At times, I think that I'm just standing around waiting to become famous, but tomorrow I have an appointment with Columbia to discuss a picture, and I have been offered a good part in "The Year of the Mushroom," a brilliant show written by John Aman of New York "Hair" fame. It opens in New York in September and is a rock religious drama, nothing to do with Jesus Christ, Superstar, but just a similar statement. I'll be joining the cast at their Woodstock commune for rehearsals in July, unless "Fortune" succeeds to such a degree that I'm offered three scripts, which I doubt will happen in this economy. They'll probably offer me "The Son of Christine Jorgensen." It's amazing that I'm even doing the movie "Fortune" after having done the stage play; that's quite unusual. I thought for sure they'd give the part to Barbra Streisand.

QQ: It's just as well that they didn't. Would you like to close with one of your poems?

Greer: Yes. I have a new one, called Unhappy Ego, and it goes:

I
I am
I am me
I am me, myself
I am me, myself, alone
Shit.

• • •

TRICKY TEASERS

(Continued from page 17)

presumably sexily-outlined pectorals and bounces sensually from one to the other as you move) *or* a leather vest worn without a shirt to reveal the full length of your muscular arms and your torso from nipple to navel *or* a wide belt of strong and unique design that calls breathtaking attention to your sexy waistline . . . to iridescent buttons on the fly which blush from pussy pink to passion red as the eye is trapped like a bird—with unreleasable magnetism!

One or two of these build up a turbulence of sex appeal, but if carried too far, and if too many things are going on at the same time, the surprise/shock value quickly wears off and the entire scene becomes a camp. Fool the eye . . . keep 'em guessing. As they ponder the 'why' and 'where' and

'how' they will be irresistibly moved by the power of understatement which is tremendous.

THE CORPUS DELICIOUS

The basis of all sex appeal is good health and a pleasing body. Now this doesn't mean that you should begin tossing around heavy barbells, or go in for super-boy muscles, or live solely on macrobiotic foods. But it should suggest that your health be so manifestly exuberant that even the sex-sparks which fly from you are packed with vitamins! It also means that you should keep your body slender (a trick: *always stay 5 pounds under life-insurance company standards* unless your physician rules otherwise), and symmetrical (with special regard for the form, line and bouncy firmness of the buttocks) through a daily program of moderate exercise you can look forward to and enjoy for its own sake.

Sex appeal is such a *total* thing . . . the sum of all its parts, especially good health and good appearance. One does not acquire it by superimposing a variety of ornaments on an indifferent physique, as ormulu applied to a rude kitchen table. It is so important to remember that many gay guys associate the fact of looking healthy with looking sexy . . . and being healthy with being sexy. Thus the prospect alone of bedding such a paragon of health and fitness can be so overpoweringly exciting one can easily blast off into orgiastic orbit even before getting him home!

WEAR ONLY THE *CREAMIEST* TAN

A pleasing body should be complemented the year 'round with the richest, creamiest tan. Tanning is really a fine art. Unfortunately unscientific or haphazard tanning brings about some very unbeautiful results. Too often the tanned skin looks dry or leathery, causing the wearer to appear older by many moons than he actually is.

This is an important consideration for the young man who does not want to look older, and for the older man who, quite understandably, wants to look younger. The *creamier* the tan, of whatever shade you prefer, the sexier you will look because a creamy tan is the only tan that creates that 'inner glow' as though from a lighted lamp inside. There is a simple way of producing such a tan and it works perfectly for all skin types.

First: spend the first three or four days in the sun wearing an effective sunscreen. *Consumer Reports* recently tested most of the popular sunscreen lotions/creams and found three of them most effective. These were *Sungard Sunscreen Lotion* . . . *Estee Lauder Ultra-Violet Screening Creme* . . . and *Irma Shorell's Protective Sun Creme For The Sun Sensitive.* We like *Sungard* best because it's a lotion and is more easily and evenly applied, and really protects against sunburn.

Try sunscreening your entire body and then staying in the sun for 15 minutes the first day . . . 30 minutes the next . . . 45 the third day . . . continuing in 15-minute jumps until you are sunning for 1½ hours. Then . . .

Apply *plain* cocoa butter all over and remain in the sun as long as you like each day *thereafter.* You will simply be amazed at the rich young color your skin acquires . . . and, as we've just mentioned, how youthful its texture has become . . . and what a *glow* it has. You'll have such a sexy tan you shouldn't be surprised if a gaggle of gay guys descends upon you and gobbles you up. What a way to go!

A HAIRSTYLE WITH HEAVENLY BODY

The last glamor tip from a naturistic point concerns your hairstyle. Essentially it should relate to the frame, the build and facial characteristics nature has given you. Fortunately we are living in a blessed age when long hair makes possible a hairstyle with sex appeal.

QQ Magazine is mindful that not only do we reach gay guys in large urban areas where hairstyling is a flourishing art, but in small communities where it simply does not exist, or—even worse—where there is someone who has merely changed his shingle from lately barber to present hairstylist . . . and at far fancier prices, to boot.

So while the metropolitan gay guy can shop around among many, and those in smaller cities have a choice of two or three, if you live where there is no male hairstylist take a tip from Elvis Presley and patronize the distaff side.

In the recent review of *Elvis,* the fascinating biography of this superstar which appeared in *Look,* we learn that Elvis has always been proud and sensitive about his rich, thick, dark, beautiful hair. However, as a teenager growing up in Tupelo, Mississippi, there was no barber of competency who could cut and shape his hair as he wanted, and so his mother very practically made an appointment for him at the local beauty shop. Result: the fabulous 'avant mod' hair design (light years ahead of its time) that has been his trademark until just recently!

Go thou and do likewise . . . and without a single qualm, bearing in mind that Madge or Maude is widely practiced in cutting/shaping hair to complement every type of face. And you just may find the client under the hairdryer next to you is another gay guy. And won't he be surprised and delighted! Visions of sugar plums, *et al.* Now there's a switch for you . . . cruising gay guys in a women's beauty salon!

There is another very sound reason for visiting a women's hairdressing establishment if you have 'cop-out' hair. If, like so many English gay guys, you have naturally super-fine, super-flyaway hair that will not hold together long enough for any kind of hair-styling, ask the *coiffeur(euse)* for a 'semi-perm', as the English call it. It must be said that a few American male hairstylists have caught on to this important technique which seemingly stems from Vidal Sassoon's London Salon. In the day when an attractive long hairstyle is an integral part of sex appeal, the semi-perm is heaven sent.

This partial permanent adds tremendous life and body to the hair, but stops medianly short of actual curling or waving. The finest, feyest, flyaway hair is thus stabilized for up to seven weeks, and a simultaneous styling (or a subsequent one in another shop) can be created on you that will add watts and ergs of sex appeal.

If your hairstyle, or lack of it, has kept

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you on the sexual shelf, you should investigate this technique. So give Madge or Maude a ring and see your cruising speed accelerate by many a naughtycal mile!

However, if you are that unique individual whose hairstyle never pleases him—no matter how expensively done—why not cut it short and wear a wig? A handsome wig, scaled to the contours of your facial bone structure, can create a transforming glamor and heightened sex appeal—instantly!

Shop your leading department store (most such stores now have a male wig boutique) and have the consultant show you some which, from experience, he knows will look absolutely frabjous on you. But all his blandishment aside, don't settle for any wig that makes you even slightly uncomfortable. After all it will become a very personal part of you, so stay there and get right down to the 'gritty knitty' of it until you are not only delighted with your wig, but can hardly wait to give it a dry run on the cruising scene.

You may be sure that your wig of final choice, whether it is made of natural hair or acrylic fibers such as *Elura*, the polymer spun hair modacrylic from Monsanto, will give you a complete change of personality through a new confidence and personal security . . . and the sparks of your sex appeal can be computed only by Geiger counter!

SEX APPEAL OF THE OLDER MAN

Sex appeal is not just a perquisite of youth . . . it is often stronger in the lover-in-experience—the man of middle-age and older. His concern is not how to generate more sex appeal (since he often seems to have enough for ten other guys), but how to prevent the loss of what he has. Although everything discussed here applies with equal validity to the older man (good health, good build, creamy tan, button fly, semi-perm, hairstyle, wig) there are certain points one might establish which can help him maintain the status quo with confidence and serenity so that he need never worry about where his next trick is coming from.

BLUE DENIM

Bell-bottomed or flared trousers are an inspiration and can be worn seductively by any man of almost any age. Their 'floatiness' and 'swirl' camouflage leg imperfections and provide the illusion of meatier/sexier calves. But any man who looks more than 40 (*looks*, but not necessarily *is*, inasmuch as gay guys have a monopoly on turning back the clock!) should pack away his *blue* denim bells along with a pressed flower from his youth.

The first thing that gives away a man's age is not the graying of his hair or lines in his face (both of which can be ruggedly sexy or sexily rugged) but the slackening of his buttocks line which occurs concomitantly with a slight (unconscious) loss of posture pride. In this respect *blue* denim bells are a dead giveaway. Their rough 'homespunny' texture which is wholly natural and appealing, so buns-a-bouncing and basket-teasing in the gayounguy, is accentuated by the color blue—the color of truth (as in 'red, white . . .'). But blue demins work conversely for the older man, revealing secrets that should remain hidden or hushed-up,

and suggesting—among other unkind things—that he's trying too hard, too late and perhaps with too little success for someone too young.

However, if you have a thing about denim a wise alternative is to have bells tailored in white or wheat. The chilling truth of blue is transformed into the warm softness of flattering illusion and—like a portrait of 'myself when young'—there need be no disastrous comparison of what once was and now is. This, one might well say, is a *trompe l'oeil* of triumphant indirection . . . of inviting attention away from what is sadly no longer there.

Whether you pronounce *trompe l'oeil* as 'trump-a-loy' (as in Myrna, bless her sweet heart) or 'trump-a-lay' (and it sure as hell can), it's a neat ploy for your sex-appeal repertoire.

• • •

LETTERS

(Continued from page 33)

visit—like between busses!

Right on!
P. M.
Tampa, Fla.

UP ON BOSTON

Dear Editor:

Read your interesting, up-to-date article, "Boozin' Cruisin' Boston" in the October QQ.

The Lion's Den is doing quite well for a new bar. They thank you for your comments. Twelve Carver now has the piano player from the Profile Room. Ellie Boswell, ". . . who is lots of laughs," opened in July. She may help us shake the ". . . leaning towards Medicare" image. Still, the management, on the whole, prefers the "smart conservative" tag. No dancing, please! There are other places for this. Fun places for all. Also, the juke box is only turned on for the pianist's breaks, not when it's out of tune. We're proud of our Steinway—the only gay bar to have one.

Also, I wish to inform you that the Hayes Bickford Cafeteria, across from the Statler, is now closed.

Again, thank you for your informative article on friendly Beantown.

Sincerely,
Twelve Carver
Boston, Mass.

BEWARE THE VIRGIN!

Dear QQ:

I feel compelled to inform you of the present situation concerning gay guys that exists in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

I own a vacation home here and we always look forward to getting our share of (gay) tourists.

Those of us who own homes here will endure. So will the gay bars and other meeting places (such as Morningstar Beach). But gay guys are finding it tough downtown—and find dealing with the natives intolerable.

St. Thomas is a mixed bag of wealth and poverty. The homeowners and merchants, mostly white Europeans and Americans, are envied—and hated—by the black laborers. Many natives live in hovels—right next door to luxurious tourist shops.

The blacks have been swallowing a lot of talk by whites, who, for political reasons, want to make trouble. The teenagers are particularly vulnerable to this talk—and now roam the streets at night looking for an excuse to slug a white guy and rob him. Some bar owners even carry shotguns with them on their way to and from work.

I advise all your readers—anyone who might be visiting St. Thomas—to be careful when walking downtown at night. Even twosomes aren't safe. And avoid hustlers—who have friends who are interested in more than just sex. If possible, use taxis, and make arrangements with your driver to pick you up at a specified time later in the evening.

Perhaps it isn't as bad as it appears to be—to me at least. I was recently mugged after leaving Katie's Bar and I'm just down on being here. I'd like to sell and clear out. In the meantime I can only hope that the situation improves.

Yours truly,
G. L.
St. Thomas, V.I.

HANDS OFF

Dear Editor:

Could you give me advice on a sex problem I have?

Although I have no trouble getting or sustaining an erection, it is rare that I can come except through masturbation, and seldom more than once during sex with

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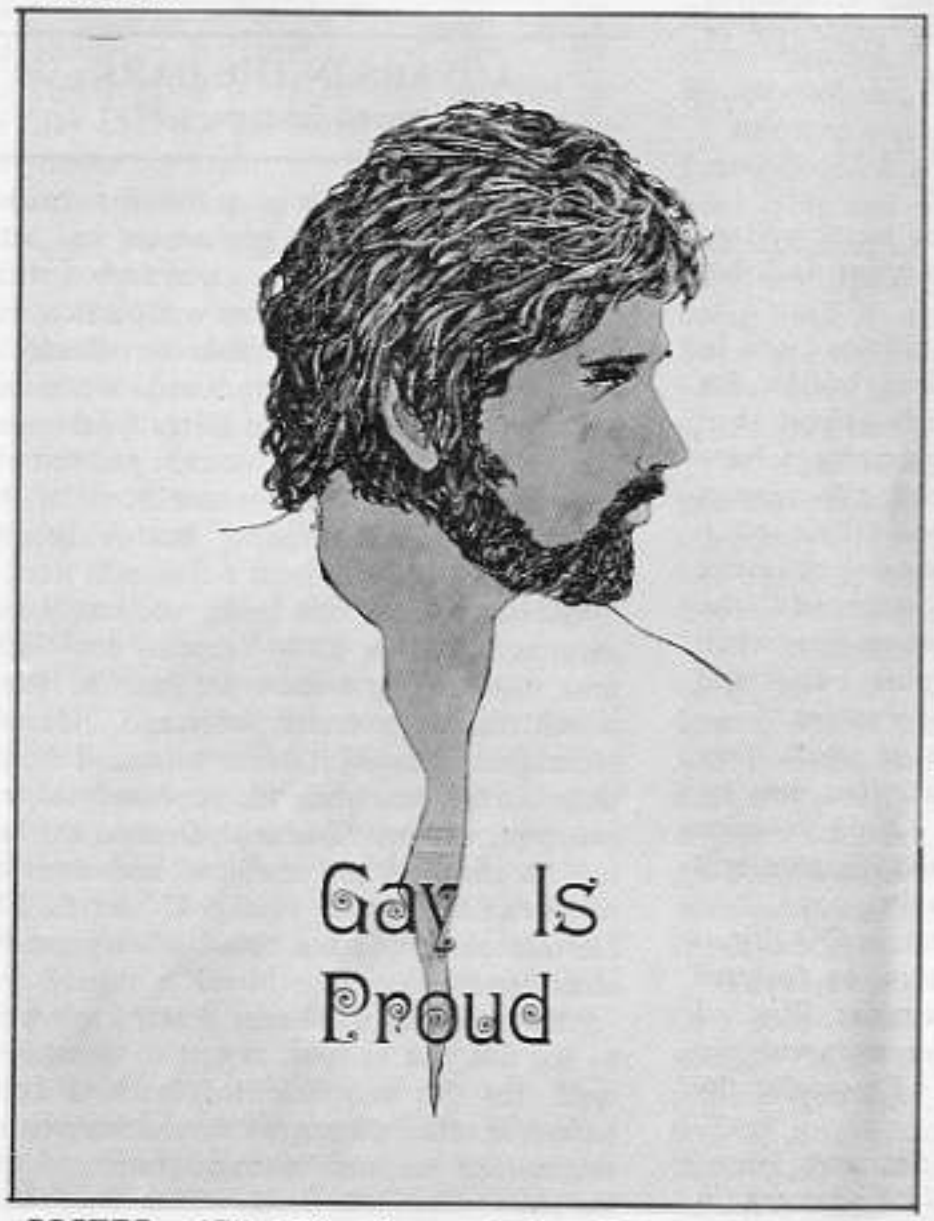

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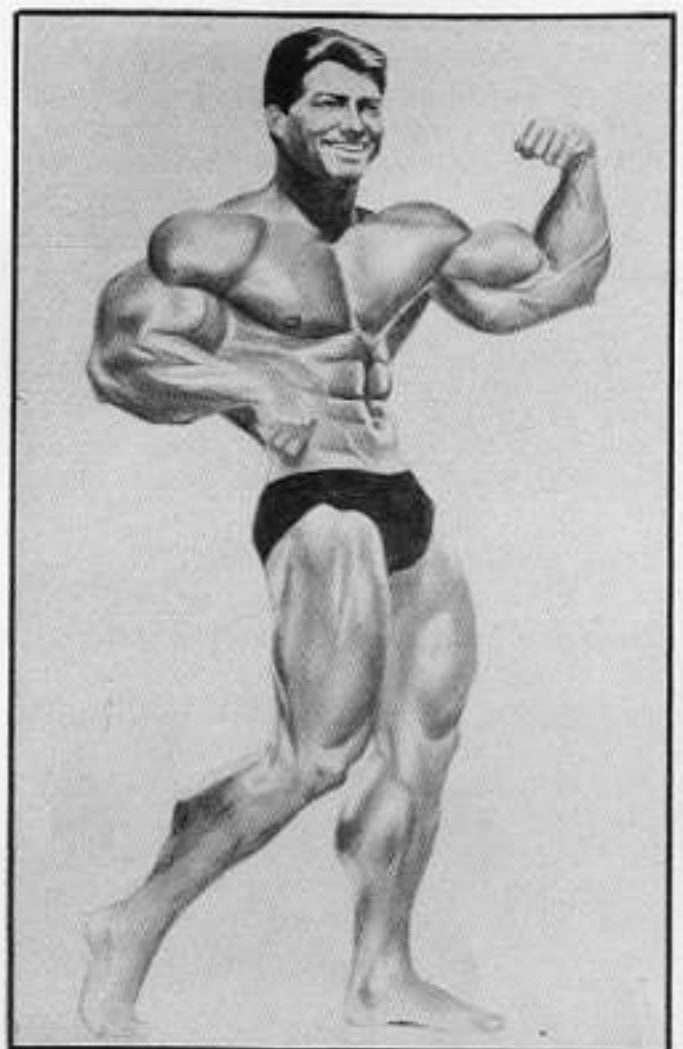

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someone, even after several hours in bed. This is embarrassing when I have sex with a guy who can come four or five times.

I am 26, in good health, eat good food, and get lots of exercise.

Help!
K. J.
Fresno, Calif.

Ed: While there could be something physically the matter, in which case you should consult a doctor, chances are your problem is mental. A lot of gay people become jaded quickly, a consequence of having had too much sex too easily. Others just have a lot of deep guilt feelings which prevent them from responding quickly to new people during sex. In both cases it usually takes a certain type of person to do the trick—whatever your subconscious craves most. Hence, being selective might help. Don't have sex with anyone unless he really excites you from the start. Think about the guys who have turned you on and limit yourself to that type. Some guys seek Super Beauties and almost always fail to perform well with them, perhaps because of feelings of inferiority which are forced out when one makes comparisons (in bed). Such guys would be better off having sex with Lesser Beauties who make them feel at least equal. Also, if certain cruising situations excite you, stick to them. In other words, if you perform great at the baths, in johns, don't force bedroom sex. Such seemingly insignificant things might just be what is necessary to trigger an orgasm. Thankfully, you are able to sustain an erection, which some guys have trouble doing. One last thing: Your problems could be that you're masturbating too much, thus exhausting yourself prematurely, either prior to or during sex with someone. Hands off!

NIPPLE PAINT II

QQ Magazine:

This is in response to the letter written by R. M. of Milwaukee in your October issue.

Like R. M. I find large nipples more to my liking. I have been a bodybuilder for many years; I have a 51" hairless chest. For physique posing and photography I have often enlarged and darkened my nipples with a brown felt-tipped pen (Flair, etc.). This does the trick just fine. Unlike the oil-iodine mixture QQ recommends, the felt-tipped pen coloring leaves no taste when sucking on the painted nipples, but it will come off easily by sucking or washing.

A beautiful chest, large or small, muscular or not, can be ruined (for me) by nipples that are too small. Often, in color photography, lightly colored nipples will photograph pink, very unmanly.

You may print this letter in QQ if you wish, also name and address, or forward same on to R. M. of Milwaukee, Wisc. I would also like knowing his results with my suggestion. QQ is great! Especially the comic strip!

Sincerely yours,
Bill Robinson, Jr.
Dallas, Texas 75230

• • •

Subscribers: Please notify us if you change your address to insure delivery.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from page 35)

his patron, an immensely rich nobleman to whom he dedicated his beautiful sonnets and erotic poems with the observation, "The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end." There is no way of knowing whether there was fulfilled sexual expression between them.

Of the 145 sonnets he wrote, the first 126 are concerned with the poet's feelings for and his relations with a handsome young man—and the fact has come down by portrait that his rich patron was both young and handsome at the time. Ironically, the last 26 sonnets involve the "dark woman" who took the young man away from him.

His literary immortality was established more by his plays than by his poems, however. He brought to full fruition the beauty of English blank verse in the series of historical drama, tragedies, and comedies that flowed in profusion from him during his prolific years. His plays were loved by the court and the common people alike, and they were much favored by the then-reigning monarch, Queen Elizabeth I.

The contemporary playwright who was more open about his sexual preferences than was this immortal was Christopher Marlowe, who originated the blank verse that our genius perfected.

The rich patron to whom our genius's works were lovingly dedicated was the Earl of Southampton.

Who was the genius?

He was William Shakespeare.

• • •

LOVERS IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 37)

John Payne was a great-looking, broad-shouldered, big-chested guy whom any self-respecting gay would have loved to bed with, in or out of dreams. Payne was particularly big in Technicolor musicals in which he looked devastating and acted woodenly opposite such actresses as Betty Grable and Sonja Henie. Payne looked, particularly sexy and rugged in adventure films of the '50s. He's still around but is mostly inactive nowadays.

Robert Stack still looks so young and sexy as a lead in TV's *Name of the Game* that it's hard to believe he got his Hollywood start over thirty years ago. He was blond and beautiful, face-wise and body-wise, in the era when he appeared in such gooey pix as *First Love* with Deanna Durbin, but he endured and matured and went on to better films and to the TV series, *The Untouchables*. Today he's still very groovy to dream by.

Montgomery Clift was a star gays went to see not just to look at but to listen to as well, for he was talented besides being beautiful. He represented something new on the screen in his interpretations of the inwardly troubled hero. This was something gays in particular could identify with. Clift had fine roles in such pix as *The Heiress*, *A Place in the Sun*, and *The Young Lions*, and he made the most of them. He died in 1966 at age forty six.

QQ

George Montgomery. In his heyday, this present-day cowboy star was very attractive to gays, as he must have been to Dinah Shore, whose husband he was for a long while. He certainly wasn't much of an actor, as he demonstrated in such silly flicks as *Orchestra Wives,* in which he played second fiddle to Glenn Miller and his orchestra, but you could tell he would be groovily aggressive and great in bed. Today he looks faded but still firm-jawed, and capable of great sexual prowess.

Sterling Hayden was half nude part of the time in his highly romantic first pic, *Bahama Passage,* in which he starred with Madeleine Carroll, notable for being as beautiful and blond as he was. For a few years the tall, perfectly formed Hayden was a favorite with gays, but though he was really big with them when he was big, he was decidedly small with them when his hair darkened and he began to age. He still does occasional roles, but the gays don't pant over him at all nowadays.

Lon McCallister was a distinct type. He was the boy who never grew up, even when he was in his thirties, which he was when his movie career declined and ended in the '50s. McCallister was small, slender, and pretty. He was the "nice boy" type and lots of gays dreamed he was their first lover. He gave you the impression he would make a good and faithful one.

Alan Ladd was the major discovery of the '40s where male "sex symbolism" was concerned. The blond star was tough, small, wiry, and had a fine face. His most important quality was his heavy sexualism. It was a natural charisma, and triumphed over his wooden acting ability. He had a couple of good roles—in *The Great Gatsby* and *Shane*—in his twenty-year career. He was still starring when he died in 1964 at age fifty-one, but his blond good looks had gone down the drain.

Cornel Wilde was also a rather wooden actor, but his perfect face and bod made up for that deficiency. He was a top leading man in the '40s, and was particularly noted for the handsome figure he cut as the romantic lead in the perfectly awful *Forever Amber.* Today he is still active, not only as an actor but also as a director and producer of his own films. He looks older, but the bod's still intact.

Jean Marais is French and was a protege of the famous poet and occasional filmmaker Jean Cocteau in the '40s. The young Marais of that period was tall and so unbelievably beautiful that he seemed fitted only for princely roles. He was distinctly sexy in everything he did, and particularly so as Don Jose opposite Vivian Romance in the best screen version of *Carmen* ever made. He had his two best roles in Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* and *Orpheus.* Marais is no longer a favorite of gays but is still active in French films in swashbuckling roles.

Louis Jourdan is a French star who has remained an object of gay devotion for over two decades, probably because his handsome dark looks have stayed relatively together over the years. He started out in 1947 in *The Paradine Case* and was very big in *Madame Bovary* opposite Jennifer Jones. But Jourdan was loved best by gays for his romantic interpretations in *Three Coins in the Fountain* and *Gigi,* in the '50s. Lately he has starred frequently in thrillers made for TV.

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GAY PHOENIX

(Continued from page 54)

a phenomenal man-made surfing lagoon. Located in an open expanse between Scottsdal eand Tempe, it is a haven for young people who would love the Pacific Ocean were they near it. Even if you don't want to surf or swim, you should pay your 50-cent admission to an observation tower to watch the action. Every minute or so a 5-foot wave comes pounding down on the muscular surfers.

Gay guys planning a visit to Phoenix will be happy to know that a new face is a welcome relief and much sought-after. This should give some indication of its small-town atmosphere.

There are no baths in town. It is rumored that one of the reasons is that building codes would require such an establighment to close by midnight. There are bars though. And most everyone frequents them. But the bars close at 1 a.m., so an earlier start is advised if one is to get to the bar and score before closing. Strangely enough though, Phoenicians don't go out early.

The most popular bar is also the oldest. It is *Diamond Lil's,* a red gaudily-decorated spa at 3025 N. 24th Street. And Diamond Lil greets you at the door for an I.D. check. *Diamond Lil's,* like all of them in town, offers dancing and mixed drinks. And it should be mentioned that unlike some cities, slow dancing is permitted, as well as a friendly touch or hand clasp.

Another popular bar is the *Sportsman's Lounge,* 4622 N. 7th Street, which has a pool table and a dance floor. It offers an after-hours spot right next door for those who don't make out by 1 a.m., and it is open until 4 a.m. or so for night owls. Since no alcoholic beverages are sold after-hours, there are always a number of underaged kids around. Admission is $1.50.

Mi Casa Su Casa, 4331 N. 16th Street, is another popular bar. Lately, it has been attracting more gay girls than the other bars, but there are two lesbian bars in town, *The Copper Penny* and *Pat's Place.*

In addition, there is a bar downtown called the *307 Club,* 307 East Roosevelt Street, which attracts an older crowd. The few hustlers Phoenix has to offer are also downtown walking the streets near Central Avenue and the Westward Ho Hotel, an ancient landmark. The Westward Ho's bar occasionally offers cruising, thanks to traveling salesmen.

Not everyone who cruises Central Avenue (the main drag) is gay though. Most are straight high school students. It is a popular pasttime to drive up and down the large thoroughfare looking at everyone else.

It is also said that the downtown YMCA, on First Avenue, offers a little action once in a while, but there is no guarantee.

One of the reasons Phoenix is such fun for boy-watchers is Arizona State University, located minutes away in Tempe. Most of

(Continued on page 52)

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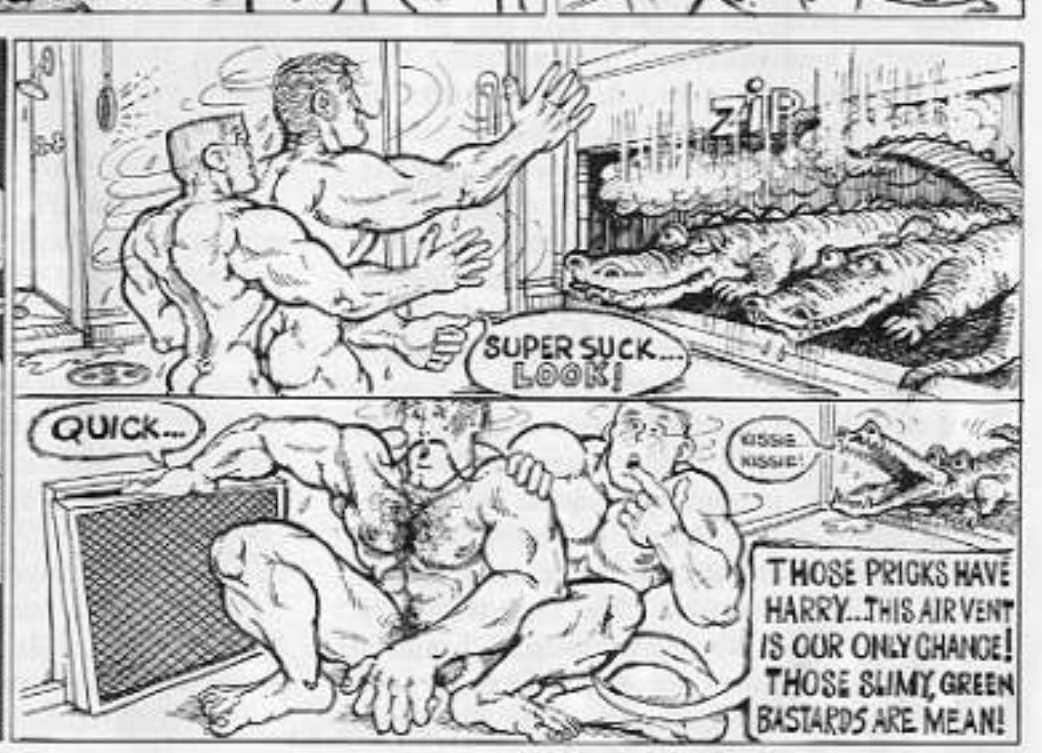
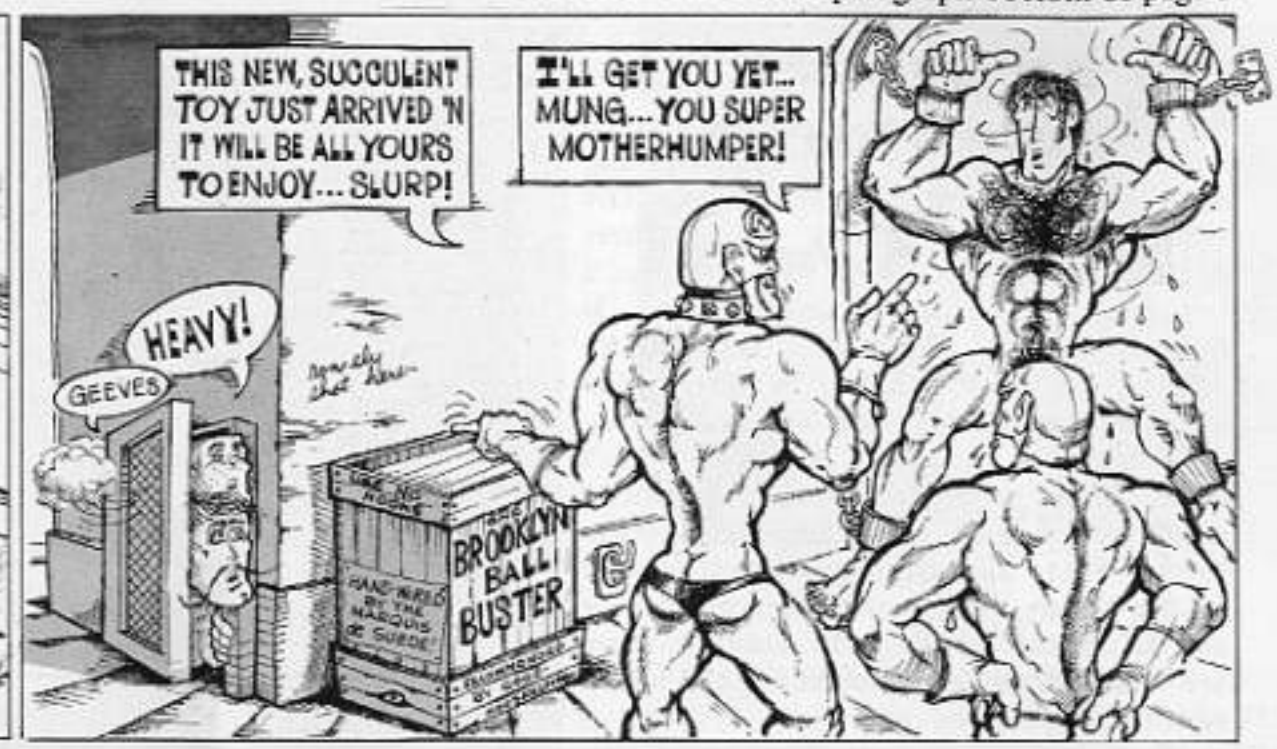
The Super Adventures of Harry Chess!

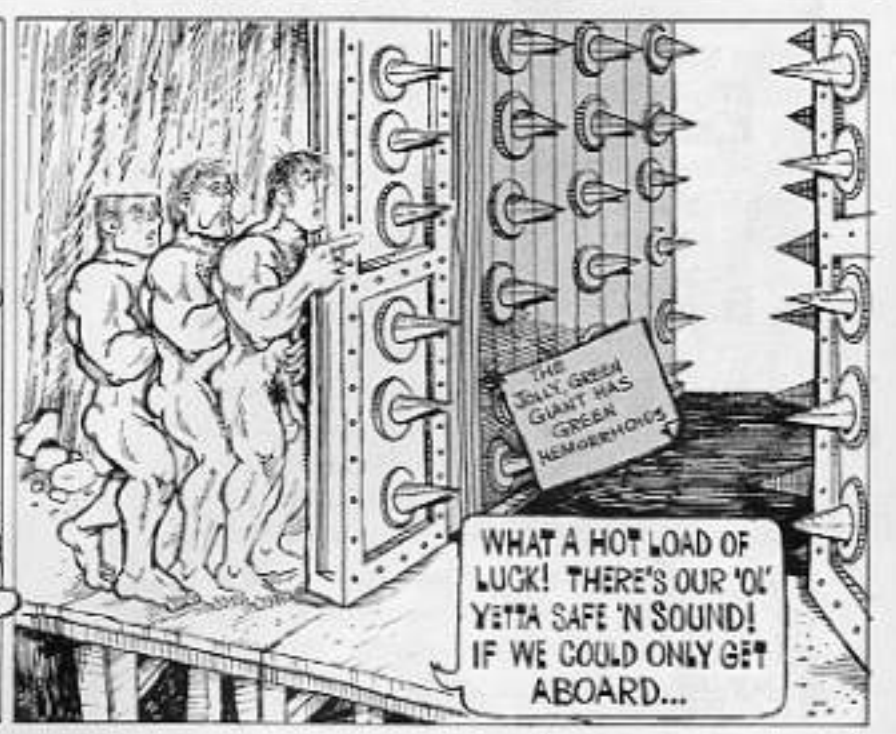
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WELL...IN OUR LAST SUCKY SCENES... OUR FAB TRIO, HARRY CHESS - SUPER STUD AND FEARLESS F.U.G.G. AGENT, HIS STUNNING SIDEKICK MICKEY MUSCLE, AND RANCID AGNEW, - GROOVY JUNGLE GUY, F.U.G.G. CONTACT, AND FREAKY HEAD, HAVE INFILTRATED INTO THE INNER BOWELS OF HUNG-HUNG-MUNG THE MEAN'S MT. LAIR IN STEAMY BAGEL-BAGEL-DARKEST AFRICA! OUR GUYS HAVE PROCEEDED TO ZAP MUNG'S GENERATORS BY PISSING ON THEM, CLOBBERED THREE OF MUNG'S TOUGHEST GUARDS...AND STRIPPED THEM OF THEIR UNIFORMS.

OUR DISGUISED HEROES WERE ABOUT TO SMASH ONWARD, BUT UNSEEN DANGERS LURKED IN EVERY SHADOW! MUNG WAS ON TO THEM, AND HAD GIVEN THE ALARM!!!

THEN - AS THE SINISTER SOUND OF HEAVY HOB-NAIL BOOTS ECHOED CLOSER AND CLOSER, HARRY, MICKEY 'N RANCID TRIED TO ESCAPE THRU A THICK, FOUL, DOOR! SUDDENLY A STEEL TENTACLE SPRANG OUT OF THE BLACKNESS, AND WRAPPED ITSELF AROUND HARRY'S HARD, WET BODY...JUST AS MICKEY AND RANCID PLUNGED FORWARD...







DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE WHEN HARRY EXPOSES MUNG!

(Continued from page 49)

the year when school is in session there are unlimited opportunities for cruising and meeting some very nice young men. The University is growing very rapidly (over 20,000 students), and it has become a beautiful campus in many respects. It boasts Grady Gammage Auditorium, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. The sprawling newly-decorated Memorial Union building offers a couple of cruisy men's rooms. The graffiti make the visit worthwhile even if there is no action when you're there. There are also cruisy heads located in the library, the Social Science Building and Education Building. In addition, there are many cruisy eyes on the mall, which runs throughout the campus.

Tempe itself has a couple of bars on its main street which might not be gay, but are certainly promising. Gay pickups are not unusual among the college-age crowd that frequents the *Casa Loma Bar* and *Parry's*. They are particularly busy on weekends.

Near Tempe is the suburb of Mesa, which offers a unique public restroom. It is very busy all day long because it has a huge glory hole, but what makes it special is that it is located right next to the Mesa Police Station. And I mean right next to it. It is on MacDonald Avenue right across from Sears.

As for public parks, there is only one to speak of offering gay life. It is Papago Park, where the city zoo is located, between Tempe and Phoenix on Galvan Parkway. There are three cruisy men's rooms and the park is open from morning until midnight. It should be noted that although there is not a great deal of police harassment of gays in Phoenix, the police know what goes on and it is best to be cautious. The park is not recommended after dark.

Gay liberation is also emerging in Phoenix. The group sponsors a newsletter, gay picnics, gay rap sessions, and a pot-luck dinner ("there is always something to eat") Wednesday nights at 7 p.m. at *Lola's Coffee House* in Tempe, 11 E. 5th Street.

For gay church-goers, there is the Metropolitan Community Church, 404 E. Roosevelt, in downtown Phoenix.

Still, Phoenix has a long way to go. There are really no gay restaurants, no gay motels, and as mentioned earlier, no gay baths. But then no place is perfect.

• • •

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Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON®

SAY

"Boy who catch many fish known as 'master-baiter'!"

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

am abandoning retail sales (except for a select few outlets here and there; a list of retailers carrying *QQ Magazine* will appear in the next issue, for readers who cannot possibly subscribe for one reason or another). This decision was reached several months ago and I was waiting for the right time. The "right time" came recently, when our distributor went bankrupt (caused, in part, by his inability to collect monies due from wholesalers), thus releasing me from a tight contract.

Now we have sole control of our magazine—and because we are concentrating on subscriptions we are now able to publish frontal nudes. Doing so will make *QQ Magazine* "complete" for gay guys everywhere. *QQ Magazine* has always been a joy to read, and now it will also be a joy to look at.

We will continue to present quality articles on every subject of interest to gay guys. Our policy of steady improvements will not change. Soon we will add color and then additional pages—and hold our price at $2.00 . . . only $8.00 a year for subscribers—and that comes to about $1.33 per issue . . . the biggest bargain ever in gay magazines.

We have you to thank for our growth . . . *QQ Magazine* is *your* magazine. We'd greatly appreciate your telling friends who previously purchasde our magazine at newsstands that it is now available almost exclusively by subscription—and we hope you like it well enough to continue subscribing. And please send us your comments . . . we want to publish what *you* like because we aim to please.

• • •

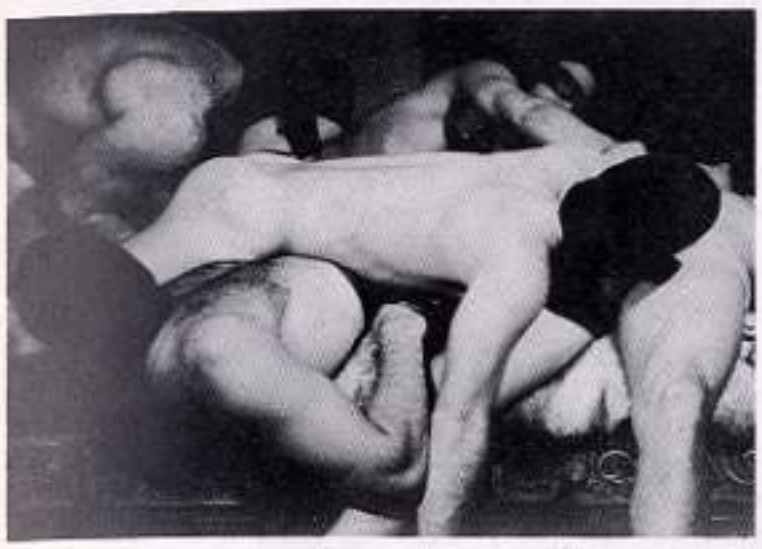
FALL CHILI CON CARNE

Few guys dislike hearty fare, and on a brisk fall evening chili con carne rates high. Properly prepared it can be a gourmet meal. It takes only a few minutes to throw together and should be left to simmer just long enough for you and your guests to down a couple of drinks. What's more, it's inexpensive; six servings add up to about $3. Here are the ingredients:

4 tablespoons olive oil
2 lbs. lean ground chuck
2 very large onions (orange-size), cut up
½ teaspoon dried oregano
4 garlic cloves, minced
½ teaspoon ground black pepper
Salt to taste
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
1 16-oz. can whole tomatoes
1 tin (1 1/8-ozs.) chili powder
1 16-oz. can red kidney beans

Coat the bottom of a very large skillet with olive oil. Add chuck, onions, oregano, garlic, pepper, and salt. Cook over low flame for about 15 minutes, breaking the meat with a fork while mixing the ingredients. When the onions are translucent and the meat has been thoroughly broken up and browned add the tomato sauce, tomatoes (with juice), and chili powder. Blend, breaking the tomatoes with your fork. Add the kidney beans (with some juice) and stir in. Cover and simmer for at least a half hour, preferably an hour, stirring every 10 or 15 minutes. Serve with garlic bread and a green salad. Recipe makes enough for 6, or 4 big eaters. Leftover portion can be refrigerated or frozen and heated later.

TONY GIORDANO
Food Editor



HOODS

Colt attends a meeting of the Satan Society. This organization has its own kind of Black Mass and we're not responsible for those who view it!

A-21 8 b/w photos size 5x7 . . . . . $5.00
S-38 6 35mm color slides $5.00

PAT

Our new model is often mistaken in Hollywood for singer Jack Jones. But, oh, Mr. Jones, you should have a body like this! Pat's a hairy-chested bodybuilder, a real turn-on you Colt people will just lap up!

C-22 8 b/w photos size 5x7 . . . . . $5.00
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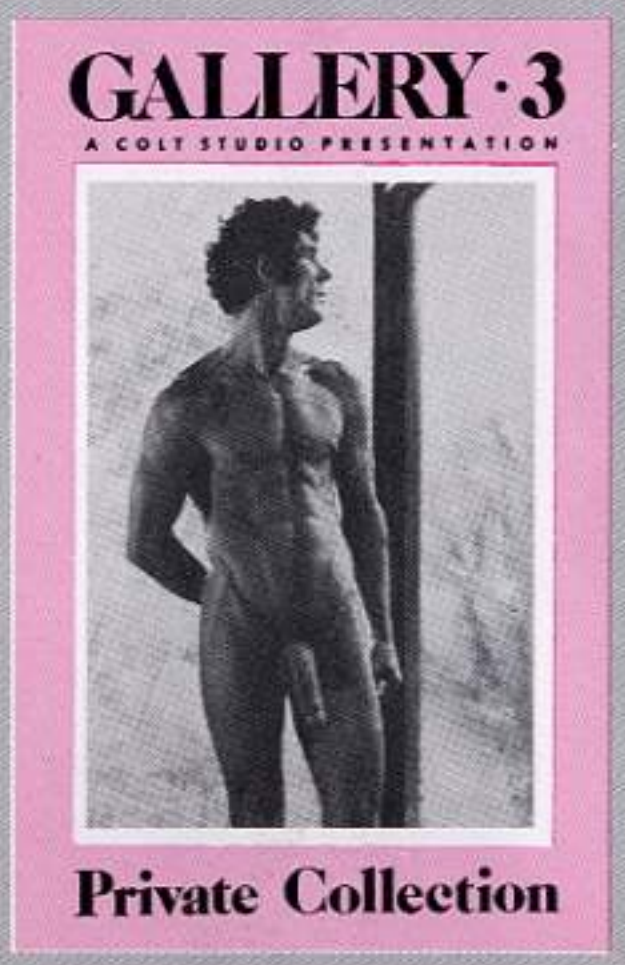

GALLERY 3

Seen at right, this issue of our mini magazine holds a maxi payload! Rip Colt has personally selected over fifty nifty photographs, (36 pages) to illustrate the many talents of his cameras. Many of the models in GALLERY 3 appear for the first time and Colt favorites like Rex and Ledermeister are seen in all-new photographs. This edition is from the Colt private files and none has ever appeared before! Over fifty new photographs of the most exciting and virile men you've ever seen. Friend, that's a hard show to beat.

GL-3 Gallery No. 3 . . . . . $5.00

LONG JOHN & BILLY

Wouldn't you just know Colt would throw these two Superstuds together? B/J—as we call them—became stuck on each other, so to speak, as a result of this session. And you can see it all happen in the pictures . . . .

C-21 8 b/w photos size 5x7 . . . . . $5.00
S-43 6 35mm color slides $5.00

COLT CATALOG NO. 2

The famous Colt CATALOG NO. 2 is not only the best bargain on the market (28 pages, over 60 illustrations), but a big help in deciding which Colt series will brighten your day! Along with the catalog is included the latest brochures and announcements (enticingly illustrated, too) of the newest Colt releases—movies, greeting cards, posters, drawings, etc., plus free samples. Come to Colt Country! $3.00

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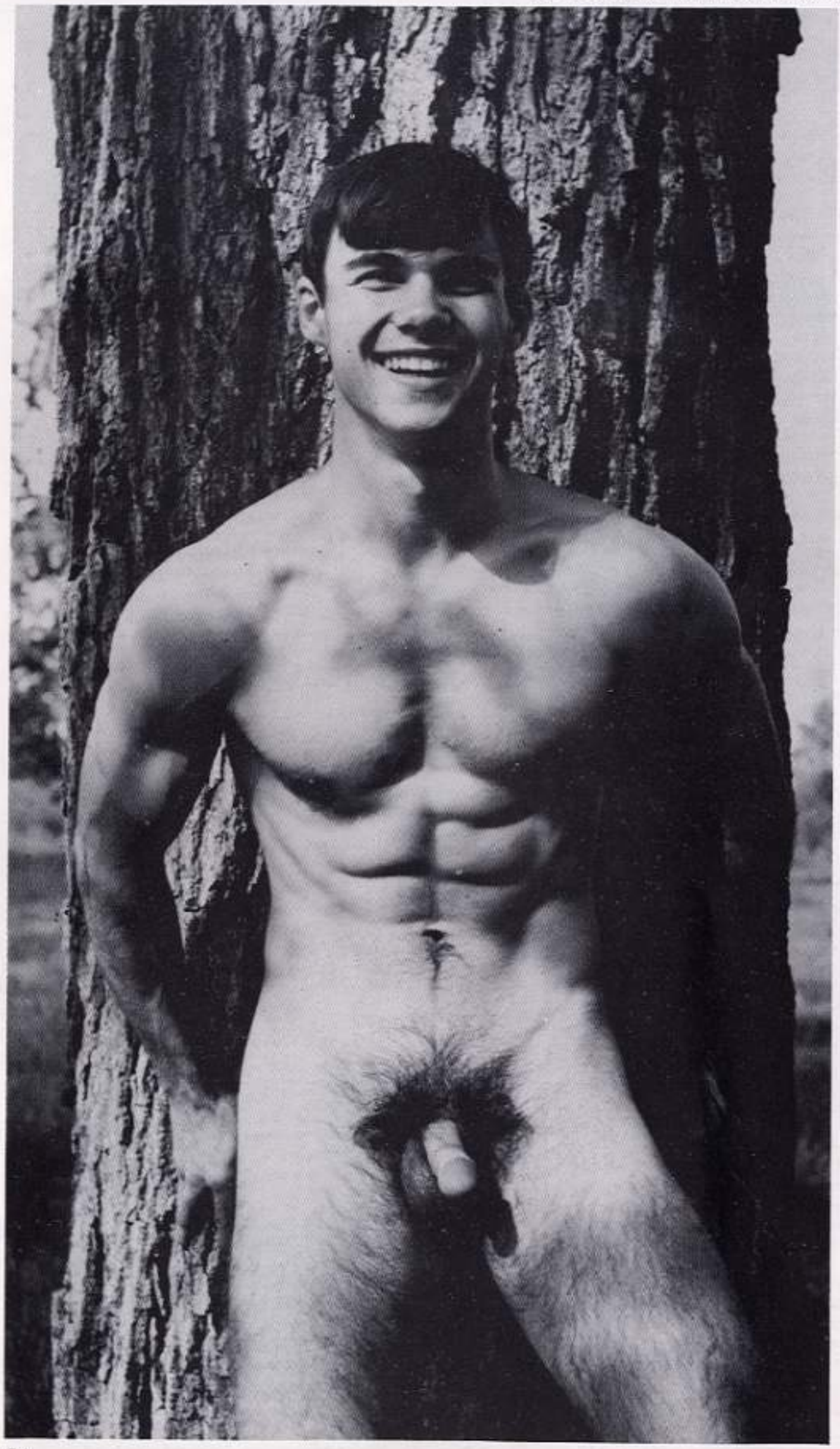
GAY PHOENIX

BY JOHN ROBERTSON

METECUE: JOHNNY CONNELLY



NOT by any stretch of the imagination can Phoenix, or any town in Arizona, be called a "desert paradise" for gay guys. The city and state are still so sparsely populated that a large gay segment is lacking. And they are also conservative, very conservative.

But there are a couple of facts worth mentioning. Phoenix is the best place to be in Arizona. It has the most to offer gay guys. And Phoenix has a growing gay population, limited as it might be. It also has the weather to make it desirable to visit almost year round. The tourist season runs from fall until late spring, when skies are clear and temperatures mild. Rarely will one need an umbrella or a heavy coat. For those brave souls who are willing to visit Phoenix in the summer, they will find there is just as much action if the 110-degree heat doesn't get them down. Let's face it, in this day and age of pollution and smog, Phoenix is one of the few big cities (1 million or so) without a dangerous health problem.

Those who tire of bustling cities will find Phoenix a welcome relief. It is big, but not big enough to lose the flavor of a small town. And the town is laid out so that if you are driving, you cannot get lost very easily. You memorize a few main cross streets and you've got it licked.

The city is surrounded by a number of suburbs, including Scottsdale, the West's most "Western" town and watering hole of the elite, and Tempe, home of Arizona State University.

Most of the year, Phoenix is a haven for health enthusiasts. The sun-bathing is excellent and there are pools everywhere. Phoenix is rapidly becoming the tennis capital of the country. In addition, there are waterways nearby (30 minutes) for water skiing and swimming, and horseback riding facilities. For this reason, everyone who lives in Phoenix is healthy. Or at least they look healthy because they're tan. And one of the best things about the town is that people don't mind showing how they look either—in shorts, bathing suits, tennis togs, what-have-you.

Phoenix also has a couple of legit theatres, a professional baseball park, a zoo, and a Western-themed amusement park called Legend City, which is great for teeny bopper enthusiasts. Another attraction which is a must is the Big Surf, *(Continued on page 49)*

The Fouke Company claims the Harris/Pryor Bill will destroy the Alaska fur seal. The Friends of Animals, Inc. claims the bill will destroy the Fouke Company, and save the seals.

Somebody has to be wrong.

The Fouke Co. is a furrier who is the sole contractor to the U.S. Department of the Commerce for the auctioning processing, and advertising of skins stripped from the Alaska fur seal.

The Friends of Animals, Inc. is composed of Americans of every type, age, size and trade ranging from black belt karate champions to little old ladies, with and without white tennis shoes. We're tired of violence, and we think attacking helpless animals with modern weapons and barbaric clubs is not only short on fair play, but self-destructive in the new ecological terms.

The Fouke Co. claims certain "conservation" organizations have resorted to innuendo and exploitation of emotions, because they cannot attack the fur seal program on its record.

Which record? The record put together by the Fouke Co., or the scientific record F.O.A. has uncovered.

Let's take a hard look at Fouke's "facts."

Six Fouke "facts"—exposed.

1) *Fouke says*—The adult Alaska fur seal population has increased 1000% since 1911, from 120,000 to 1½ million.

F.O.A. says—The first complete census of Alaska fur seals in the Pribilof Islands was conducted in 1912 by David Starr Jordan and George E. Clark. They counted or estimated 215,900 seals, but the general consensus among scientists is that that estimate was much too low. Even assuming it is perfectly accurate, that would make Fouke's claim of a 1000% increase (under the fur seal program) a 500% distortion.

Assuming the 1½ million figure to be accurate, that is.

But the 1½ million figure is a gross inaccuracy.

A realistic estimate, based on the U.S. Department of Commerce survey of 1968 (more current data is somehow unavailable) is somewhat less optimistic:

In 1968, there were 7,924 harem bulls, and 4,383 idle bulls on the Pribilofs. The Dep't. of the Interior suggests using 40 females per harem bull as a guide for estimating population. That gives a population of approximately 329,690 adult seals on the Pribilofs—not 1½ million.

Government data also shows that in the last ten years the birth rate has dropped from 643,000 in 1960 to 306,000 pups born in 1970—a 52% decrease.

So much for the 1000% increase.

2) *Fouke says*—Certain conservation organizations have succeeded in misleading people into believing that what has been going on in the Pribilof Islands for the last sixty years is nothing but some kind of inhuman carnage.

F.O.A. says—Don't take our word for it. Read an eyewitness account from Tom Bywaters, film producer:

"Each morning during the killing season, the animals are driven inland for the kill. The men walk them a great distance. Great clouds of steam rise from their bodies. From time to time a seal falls in a quivering mass, exhausted. At the end of the long drive, the animals are broken into pods of 5 or 6. A man rattles a tin can. The seals raise their heads in panic. Crack, crack, crack. Other men smash their skulls. Despite Government claims that the animals are quickly rendered unconscious, time after time I saw the animals hit again and again because one blow had not been sufficient to stun them. The seals are smashed in the face, the flippers, the back. Eyes pop out of skulls and the animals shriek in pain . . . flopping and twisting in the tundra for an excruciating amount of time until he is smashed again into unconsciousness."

So much for "humane" harvesting methods.

3) *Fouke says*—The Harris/Pryor Bill will end the four-nation treaty, leave the Aleut natives jobless and with no practical alternatives, and will eventually return the Alaska fur seal to open sea killing and eventual extinction.

F.O.A. says—These are three conspicuous omissions.

First of all the bill does not propose to end the treaty, it proposes to *replace* it with a treaty encompassing *all nations*, including those now free to kill seals on the open sea—a treaty with teeth to effectively ban the kill of seals.

Second, calling what the Aleuts do a "job" is an evil misrepresentation of their plight, a condition alarmingly similar to bonded servitude. There are about 100 men involved. Forty of them work as craftsmen, repairing roads and buildings. They work all year. The other 60? They work about six weeks during the seal-kill operation; the other 46 weeks they're idle at government expense. The Harris/Pryor Bill would make the Pribilofs a sanctuary for seals and other wildlife, designating the Aleuts as the operators of that sanctuary. An eminently "practical" alternative.

Third, the bill most certainly will *not* return the seals to open sea killing. It specifically states that the State Dep't. will negotiate an international treaty in which all countries will refrain from seal-kills—on land or sea.

4) *Fouke says*—No baby seals are killed.

F.O.A. says—The cruelest hoax of all.

In 1968 the Aleuts were sent into the breeding rookeries, in a desperate attempt to fill the quota. 11,594 female seals were taken. Every one had one pup. Every one was pregnant. Every one of those pups died of starvation.

A dead baby seal is just as dead when it has starved to death as when it has been beaten to death. The Fouke Co. claims its hands are clean, but 11,954 baby seals are dead, and we think that's a crime against nature when it happened just to make a dollar.

5) *Fouke says*—The fur seal program operates at no cost to the government.

F.O.A. says—It cost the American taxpayer 2 million dollars in 1970 to subsidize the Fouke Co. and the seal-kill, and in testimony before Congress the bureaucrats who run the program stated they anticipate an increasing deficit in 1971.

6) *Fouke says*—Banning the importation of Alaska fur pelts into the U.S. will have little or no effect on world seal harvests.

F.O.A. says—Another important omission.

The Harris/Pryor Bill bans not only the importation of seal pelts, but also the importation of all finished products derivative of the ocean mammals it intends to save. Fouke has avoided mentioning that fact—and for good reason. The Fouke Co. knows that virtually the only market left for sealskin coats is the U.S. The day the European furriers are prevented from sending their sealskin coats to America is the day the Fouke Co. will finally be stopped from profiting at the expense of America's natural resources.

What it all boils down to is that the so-called Alaska fur seal conservation program is not conserving Alaska fur seals; it is conserving the Fouke Co. (and the 42 petty bureaucrats that run the program.) It's not only infuriating and immoral, but in F.O.A.'s opinion it's illegal.

The Seal Act of 1966 states the following:

§.1154 *"The Secretary (of the Interior) shall take and cure fur seals on the Pribilof Islands whenever he deems such taking necessary to carry out the provisions of the Convention or the management of the fur seal herd . . ."*

§.1161 *"The Pribilof Islands shall continue to be administered as a special reservation by the Secretary . . . for the purposes of conserving, maintaining and protecting the North Pacific fur seals."*

Since there is currently a two year backlog of seal pelts (more than sufficient to supply Japan and Canada with the 6000 skins each that our agreement under the Convention requires) it hardly seems in keeping with the mandate of ". . . conserving, maintaining and protecting the North Pacific fur seals" to authorize the killing of 40,000 more this year.

It's a blatant case of profits vs. ecology, and if ecology is to win, your help is needed.

As part of the government contract awarded to Fouke, $750,000 is being spent on advertising to obscure the facts in the war of the environment. We've spent our last cent to run this ad, and we desperately need to repeat it so more voices will be raised to ensure passage of the Harris/Pryor Bill.

Give whatever you can, to inform others and yourself, (we'll put you on our mailing list).

Please write to:

Sen. Warren G. Magnuson
Chairman, Committee
on Commerce
Senate Office Bldg.
Washington, D.C.

Rep. Edward A. Garmatz
Chairman, Committee
on Merchant Marine
and Fisheries
House Office Bldg.
Washington, D.C.

Ask them to hold hearings on the Harris/Pryor Bill (S.1315-H.R.6558), and let them know you want this bill passed to protect the animals.

A world famous environmentalist and animal protectionist was once asked "What is all the fuss about? What good are they?" He replied, "I find them beautiful, Sir. And what good, may I ask, are you?"

Miss Alice Herrington, Chairman
Committee for Humane Legislation
905 Sixteenth St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

☐ I want to help save the seals, whales, walrus, otter, porpoise, polar bear, sea lions and sea cows, so I support the Harris/Pryor Ocean Mammal Protection Bill. I enclose $_____ (payable to Committee for Humane Legislation).

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