

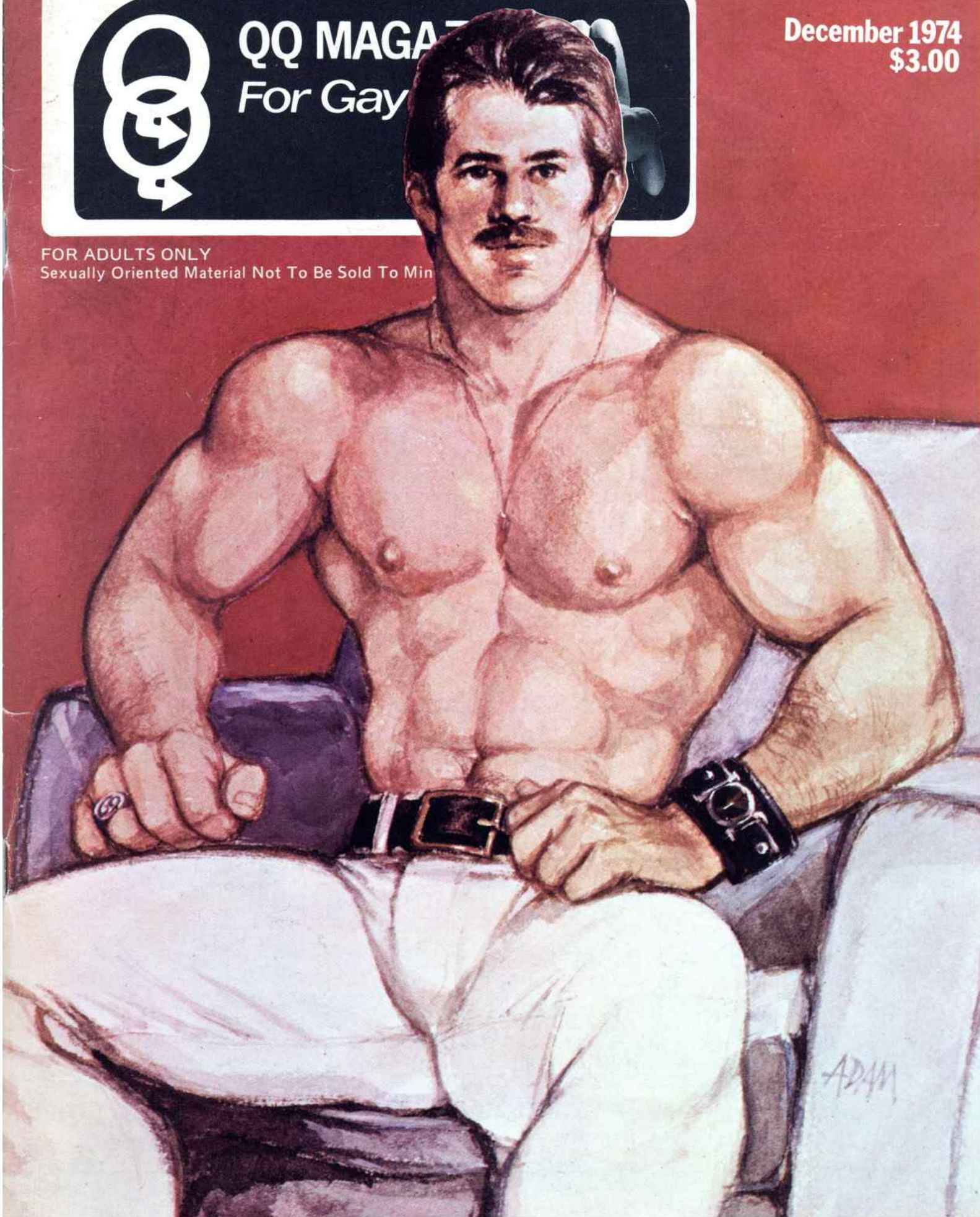


QQ MAGAZINE

For Gay Men

December 1974
\$3.00

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



QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new readers desiring information which we make available through the sale of back issues (see ad in this magazine). Past articles are grouped according to general classification. Subjects are listed by exact title and by subject. The numbers following each title indicate volume, number, and page.

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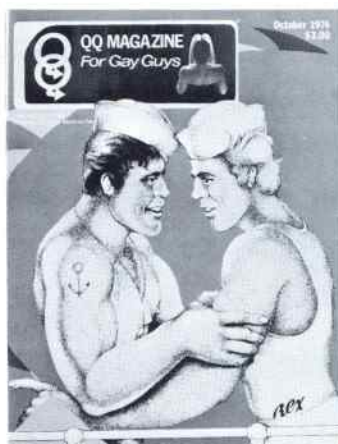
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I remember the bar as long and gray; a cavernous room thumping with obscure sounds from canned music. Now and then, Judy Garland insinuating plaintive laments, like a siren calling me to steer my ship into the whirlpool of her dreams.

There was no man-to-man dancing then, and still isn't—not on Hollywood Boulevard. The bar was a leftover from the latest purge. It was to last for maybe two months more. It smelled of spilt beer and bourbon with smoke thickening the atmosphere . . . the wrong kind of smoke.

I had been urged by my roommate "army buddy" to come to this place to get laid . . . by man or woman (oh, he was a clever one) . . . we just couldn't go on with the hand-jobs any longer, he told me. He was going out nights, and, gullible me, I believed him when he said it was with a little Mexican girl he'd picked up in Pershing Square, of all places!

Lumped on the stool to my right was a shapeless woman, an old-style, pre-Aquarian whore with no makeup, stuffed into a wrinkled, colorless dress, swilling cheap booze and eyeing my crotch . . . or was it my wallet?

To my left, a guy . . . "thirty-five-ish" gent in suit and tie, who laughed easily and often, sharing some kind of conversation with a friend who stood behind him. I was twenty-one.

What choice would you have made? Within hours, I was spirited into his auto, willingly, and into his bed at an apartment up on Highland Avenue near the Hollywood Bowl. Before the night was out, we had consummated every imaginable sexual fantasy within my then-limited realm of fantasies, except the one greater glory of fuck. That would come later on with another guy.

Nevertheless, nothing else was left undone. Every repressed, locked up dream of adolescence came flooding forth, and I loved every inch of it. I gave and took, in kind. Trade, I was not. And, in the light of dawn, I remembered every bit of it, and said to myself, "Today I am a man!"

Hadn't I been in love with men, guys, tennis players, football heroes, sailors, buddies, sea captains, Paul Newman and Robert Stack all my adolescence? I had wanted to be one of them . . . be like them all. What better way than to make with the sexual union to merge my *self*, my body with the image, the reflection of what I wanted to be.

The only word I could give to this shimmering, bedazzled coming-out was "homosexual." I told my roommate, "I am a homosexual." He replied he was too, the words getting stuck in his throat. I thought, mistakenly, that now I knew who I was. I had identity.

There wasn't a sperm-spec of guilt haunting me, awake or asleep. I didn't want to be cured. I wanted more of the same. My thirty-five year-old, hunky, handsome Army major was shook to learn he was my first lover—and even more shook when he realized I wasn't about to move into his cloister and be sent through college by him, with car and grand piano paid for.

Within my own narrow life-experience, I was truly liberated, free now to have sex with every one of those man-types I'd worshipped in adolescence, and thus, I thought to become identified with the race and society.

Somehow, it worked out differently. I had the sex, all right, but it wasn't the sex that made me part of society.

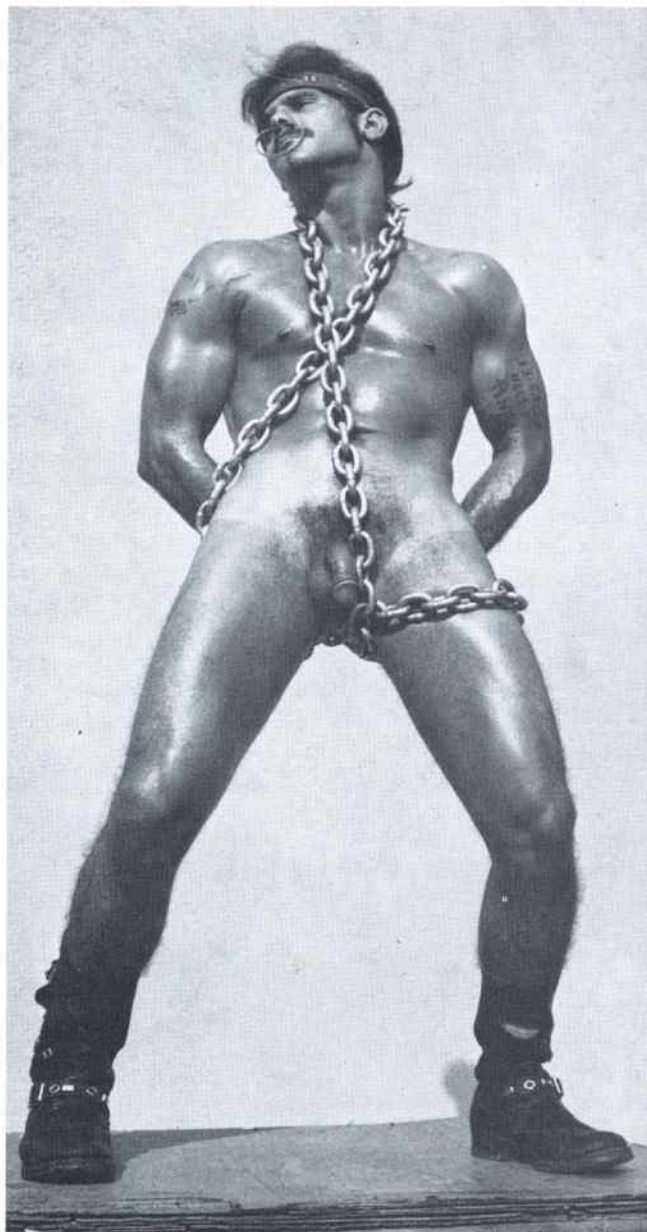
Scene shifts . . . years pass . . . countless encounters. I learned to fall in love and how to share life with another guy. Not always successful, (Continued on page 30)

November/December 1974

Editorial

Gay Lib, or Self Lib?

By Dakota Jonson



Athletic Model Guild

Some Reasons For Bad Sex Only Once Upon A Mattress

By Paul Damon

A very common complaint of homosexuals concerns bad sex partners—which is a difficult one to understand considering the strong accent gay guys place on sex. While American straights can grumble about a puritan ethic which has kept them sexually ignorant, gays have always taken pride in their bedroom acrobatics. We homosexuals have more sex, with more variety, and with infinitely more partners. So with all that experience, why is good sex so rare?

Part of the answer is that good sex is an art, and to be a master of that art requires at least as much effort and talent as it takes to make a cordon bleu out of a fry cook. But, nevertheless, it's a matter of degree, and if a person can't blow his partner's mind with a seven-course orgasm, he should still be able to take care of the rest of the anatomy without biting.

Basically, there's only one secret to being good sex; *the conscious desire to please your partner*. And that doesn't mean asking him beforehand what he likes to do in bed; it means getting him *in* that bed and finding out, as well as showing him what *you* can do. And if you really want him to have a good time, you'll be able to do quite a lot, quite well, whether you've already been around the world in eighty ways, or have never set foot out of Suburbia.

Naturally, the more attractive you are to your partner and the more talent you have, the more he'll enjoy sex with you. But you don't have to be the greatest thing to ever heat up his jock strap in order to whip up a tasty boudoir buffet. All other things being equal, your sexual performance depends directly on the extent you wish to please.

The converse is also true: bad sex results most often when the desire to please is absent. It makes no difference whether you're in a king-size, thermostatically-heated water bed humping to Ravel's *Bolero*, or in a public john playing on a skin flute. It doesn't even matter if the piece you're playing is for lover or stranger; the more you really want to, the more you *will* make him enjoy it.

Of course, this assumes one has been gay long enough to overcome the fears we all feel initially in gay experiences: *God, how can anyone take all that without choking?*

He'll rip me apart if I let him do that!

I know I'm going to vomit if I try to swallow the stuff.

Anyone who can't ingest a few cubic centimeters of liquid protein has a definite medical problem, and "fist fuckers" can demonstrate to disbelievers how large an object can pass safely through the anal sphincter under proper conditions.

The problems most of us experience in performing certain sex acts initially are generally due to mental reservations, and not physical limitations. And although it may not be popularly recognized, so are the difficulties which result

in bad sex.

For generations, naive American women bowed to the puritan ethic, and believed that—simply because they *were* women—they knew everything one *should* know about sex. And whatever they didn't know was perverse. Straight men? Just as bad; if a man could mount a woman and achieve orgasm with a number of thrusts, he had done his duty to God and his manhood. Many naive gays believe in a similar myth today; because they are handsome, or well-built, well-endowed below the belt, or a combination of all three, they feel they have a "natural" talent for sex. And if they receive no complaints from discreet partners who conceal their lack of pleasure, these gays will have little incentive to improve. Some partners may even be willing to tolerate their inadequacies simply to get their hands (or whatever) on that humpy body.

That's fine, if you're trade or a hustler, and your partner knows what to expect. But more and more healthy gays today rightfully expect reciprocation, and being physically attractive is not enough. (One of the most successful make-out artists I know has thinning hair, a chubby body, and generally dresses in his oldest clothes. He also has a stable of young studs who call *him* repeatedly for refresher courses. And, if you'll pardon a rather bad pun, he knows *all* the courses, from soup to "nuts." He's fond of saying, "There are 143 basic ways to make love . . . and I know 144 of them!" Judging by his scorecard, there's ample justification for his boast.)

A good objective way to judge one's sexual prowess is to run down the list of bed partners and determine how many asked for an encore, how often. Or add up the number of times that special someone has asked for a repeat performance lately, and compare it to his usual average. The *not-tonight-I've-got-a-headache* excuse is used by gays too, remember.

But if the problems of bad sex aren't physical and if a person can be a dud in bed without realizing it, what *does* cause it, and how can one spot it? For gays especially, there are several factors which can interfere with giving a partner sexual pleasure, consciously or not. And they manifest themselves in ways that are easy to spot by little clues and signals.

"SORRY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THERE!"

Perhaps the most common problem in mattress wrestling is that of self-interest, sometimes in the form of insensitivity to a partner's needs or desires. When you are genuinely concerned with your partner's satisfaction, you are attuned to every nuance in his reaction to your manipulations. You can tell without much

(Continued on page 31)



Bruce of Los Angeles



VVD

The 'New' Sex Disease That Won't Go Away (Yet)

By Roger Watson

GAY people into heavy sex occasionally relax their vigilance when some attractive but hygienically risky partner comes along, having no qualms about contracting venereal disease because in this medically-enlightened age they know that it can be prevented by a combination of daily genital/anal examination, soapy genital hygiene after sex, precautionary and booster-shot antibiotics; and that even the big one—syphilis—is readily and completely curable with penicillin and other medicines.

In general, whatever the type of VD therapy the physician begins has a happy augury for the patient. Although this does not mean that syphilis is no longer a killer, nor that genital/anal vigilance should ever be relaxed, nevertheless anyone who has gone through eighth-grade physiology knows the dangers of VD; how to recognize its symptoms; and, in short, how to cope. In fact, VD therapies have been so almost *routinely* successful it has seemed quite logical to assume that in time any form of the disease would be as anachronistic as, say, leprosy.

And so, basking in this blissful assurance, it comes as a shock to learn that a form of VD has emerged that so far has not responded to any of the standard therapies and—to be blunt—*simply won't go away!* It really is a new disease to us, however it has been with us all along and because its symptoms mimic those of other diseases, VVD—Viral Venereal Disease—has usually been diagnosed as something else, and with later effects ranging from the downright uncomfortable to the tragic.

RECOGNIZING VVD

Unlike syphilis and other forms of venereal disease that are *bacterial* (through spirochetes) in origin and progression, VVD is caused by a *virus*—herpes virus Type 2. This virus is *symptomatically* related to the common herpes simplex we all know so well in winter since it shows up on the face and lips as cold sores and/or fever blisters. Although Type 2 can also cause cold sores and fever blisters on the face, it will be more noticeable and detectable in these unique ways:

Every day within a period of 2 to 20 days after having sex with a doubtful partner (or a familiar one if he has begun to play the field indiscriminately), check the outside skin of your penis (also around the buttocks and into the anus—if you have had anal sex). If you detect what appears to be the same kinds of fever blisters/cold sores that have at times appeared on your face and lips, and if they have *no* resemblance to a typical VD lesion (such as chancre or the mucous patch—which you'll certainly want to have examined anyway!), have a competent urologist examine you, making sure that you tell him you suspect VVD. Since VVD can be

contracted from a female (it most often is) there is no need to bare your gay soul to him if you don't care to. The reason for this word of caution to the urologist is to alert him to give you more than a routine 'what shows on the surface' or 'cosmetological' once-over, by extending his examination into the urethra, which can be infected without being outwardly symptomatic. It is in this little trajectory that big trouble may lie ahead.

Now if we seem to be doomsayers, please be assured that our research to this point is reportorially accurate and can be of really vital importance to you and the future of your sex life. Inasmuch as an active sex life is what gay life is all about—and although it is certainly not our intention to crimp your lifestyle—it is well to know as much as you can about VVD. As of this writing, here is what we have learned:

1) *VVD is contagious*, and not necessarily through sexual contact. The rationale: Several months ago a three-week-old infant who had begun to refuse the breast, and who daily grew more lethargic, and whose left eye began to discharge a yellowish mucous, was treated with standard and supposedly-appropriate antibiotics by her pediatrician. But when her condition grew worse she was admitted to Grady Memorial Hospital in Atlanta. Specialists there tried all the classical therapies, but with no success. Then they cultured germs from her throat. They discovered (a) what is now known as herpes virus Type 2, and (b) that the child had viral venereal disease. Obviously she had contracted VVD from her mother in whom the affliction had either gone unnoticed, or had been diagnosed incorrectly. Later the disease spread to the child's brain and she is now in a home for brain-damaged children.

On the basis of this discovery doctors have accelerated their research. Now, if a thorough examination of a pregnant woman reveals evidence of VVD, her child is precautionarily delivered by Caesarian section, rather than through natural childbirth, lest it come in contact with a lesion in or about the womb.

OTHER SYMPTOMS

Of course VVD is easier to contract, and more serious, in children because they have not yet developed strong antibodies to fight the virus. More fortunately for the pubertal-to-mature individual the antibodies are usually so numerous and so strong that one could contract VVD and the antibodies could destroy the virus without one even knowing that anything had transpired. Think for a moment to see if the following has not happened to you:

Perhaps you've experienced (Continued on page 34)



One Man's Opinion Gay Pride '74

By Ray Schiff

THERE is no doubt that the annual Christopher Street Liberation Day March has contributed greatly to gay pride. Commemorating the Stonewall Bar riot of 1969, when gay people refused to be shoved around any longer, each year since the first march in 1970 has seen bigger and bigger crowds. The day is celebrated in other cities across the country and throughout the world as well as in New York City, where the biggest demonstration of all takes place. It draws from cities throughout the U.S.A. and this year saw a record crowd of 43,000 (official police estimate) gather for the march commencing in Greenwich Village and terminating over 60 city blocks away in Central Park. There speeches were made and the remainder of the afternoon was spent among friends in this wooded setting under a summer sky this June 30th.

The first march was astounding—to say the least. It was the first time gay people gathered en masse in a show of strength. Its message was clear: that our numbers were great and that we were at last emerging . . . coming out of the closet. It confirmed our existence and shocked heterosexuals into the realization that there were so many of us. These are positive factors. For sure.

But each succeeding march has seen an ever-increasing number of downright unattractive individuals. It is quite true that less emphasis is placed on physical beauty these days, and that people who are considered physically attractive today—by their peers—were the homely folk of yesteryear. But throughout history gay people have been standouts, taking special pride in their looks and making the most of their physical attributes. Blame it on changing times and perhaps a desire on the part of many homosexuals to demonstrate that they are quite ordinary—including looks—but a shortcoming of the 1974 gathering was its lack of overall attractiveness.

For the most part the crowd looked unkempt and in many cases unwashed. You had to look hard to find a good body; most (Continued on page 51)





"We've come a long way, Baby!"

The Truth About Homosexuality

By John Roberts

EVER since Alfred Kinsey opened the door to that closet in 1948 and found that at least a third of the adult male population had some skeletons in there, puzzled sex researchers have been trying to find out the "truth" about homosexuality. They're still trying.

Kinsey's discovery that an average of 37 percent of the men in this country had experienced at least one same-sex encounter leading to orgasm practically knocked a lot of psychiatrists right off their couches. Until that time, gay life was an aspect of sexuality which had been dismissed as "insignificant" and "minor."

While it is still true that an astounding number of homosexuals are still hiding in the closet, it is estimated that today as many as 20 million persons in the U.S. make up that "insignificant" portion of the population.

Kinsey encouraged others to study homosexuality which at first was treated as a "disease." And researchers looked for the three requirements for a disease: first for abnormal symptoms; second, for some pathological condition (readily identifiable and definitely harmful) that must be linked to the third requirement: a cause.

The late Dr. Edmund Bergler, one of the major proponents of the "disease" theory, came up with six personality traits which he believed were common to all homosexuals and which he therefore felt fulfilled the first requirement. They were: *masochistic provocation; defensive malice; flippancy covering depression and guilt; hypernarcissism; refusal to acknowledge accepted standards in non-sexual matters; and general unreliability.*

In 1956, though, Dr. Evelyn Hooker, a West Coast psychologist who headed the National Institute of Mental Health's task force on homosexuality, set off an earthquake in the scientific community that registered about 10 on the Richter scale. She found that psychiatric tests on 30 "normal overt male homosexuals" showed "no difference of degree of adjustment between the two." When the results for each gay subject were paired with those for one of the straights, even a panel of psychiatrists and psychologists couldn't tell which of the volunteers were homosexual and which were heterosexual.

As a result, Dr. Hooker very tentatively suggested that homosexuality might be a "deviation of sexual pattern which is within the normal range," noted that "its forms are as varied as are those of heterosexuality," and finally concluded that "homosexuality as a clinical entity does not exist." Well, the shock waves from that earthquake knocked a few more psychiatrists off their couches.

Other researchers backed up Dr. Hooker's beliefs. In one study, educational psychologist Marvin Siegelman of the City University of New York matched a group of gay teachers, artists, physicians, students, executives, etc., with a similar group of straights and found there were "no significant differences in terms of alienation, trust, dependency and neuroticism." In fact, he discovered the gays actually scored better on certain aspects of personal adjustment—among them, self-acceptance, goal directedness, and sense of self. The only deviation from the norm, Siegelman said, was that some homosexuals possess qualities stereotyped by society as "feminine," and which he described as "over-protected, cultured, fastidious, gentle, helpless, emotionally sensitive, and basing his reactions on unrealistic, emotional feelings."

But Siegelman did not feel that such a deviation from the norm can be considered an indication of psychopathology. He suggested that the reason some therapists describe all male homosexuals as "feminine" might be due to the higher incidence of neuroticism among feminine gays who are more apt to visit a therapist who erroneously concludes that all male homosexuals are feminine and neurotic," he said.

Finally, where there is a disease, there must be a cause. While most experts agreed that homosexuality is a learned, acquired trait, there were those who sought to explain such behavior in other terms.

For example, psychiatrist Dr. Irving Bieber, one of the most noted contributors to the "sickness" theory, claimed male homosexuality (Continued on page 37)



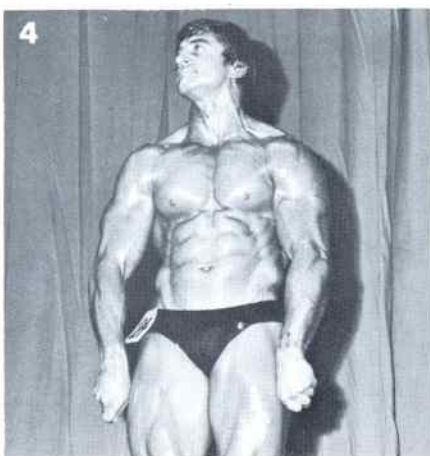
MUSCLE CONTESTS!

BY THE EDITORS

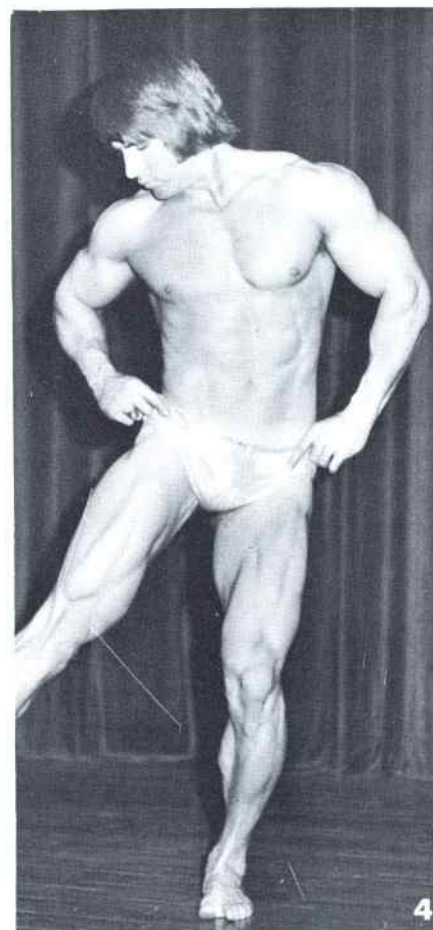
IN recent years there has been a concerted effort on the part of those commercially involved in bodybuilding (publishers of muscle magazines, manufacturers of weights, etc.) and bodybuilders themselves, in trying to get muscle contests accepted as part of the Olympics. Unlike its affiliate activity of weightlifting, where the name of the game is to hoist the greatest poundages according to set rules, bodybuilding is a purely subjective endeavor—for beauty is in the eye of the beholder and there can be no hard rules to determine how one decides that this fellow's chest is better than the next guy's.

Muscular size, shape and symmetry (how it all hangs together) are the general criteria in determining a winner in a bodybuilding contest. Size is the least subjective factor; it isn't difficult to see that one man is bigger than the next, and a tape measure can always be used. But size alone is not a key factor in choosing the best man; shape and balance separate the graceful from the grotesque—but what is generally considered beautiful this year may not be the next year. Values change—and that includes one's concept of male beauty.

Judging a physique contest is difficult, but somehow the ideal man usually wins—the man who is generally considered ideal by consensus. But the Olympics require high-level judging and there can be no room for doubt where world decisions are concerned—for they vary too greatly. What is considered



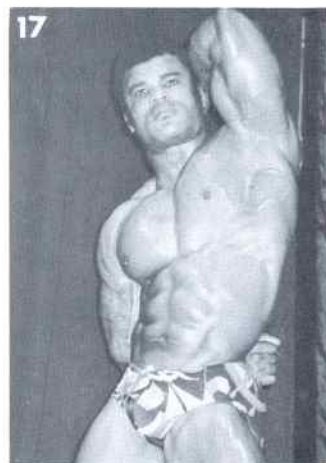
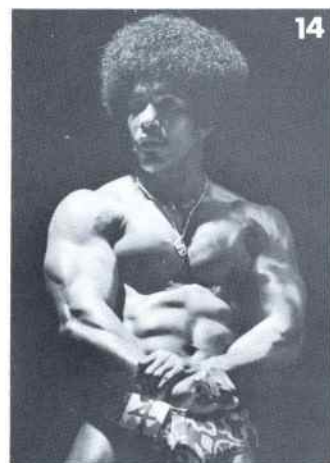
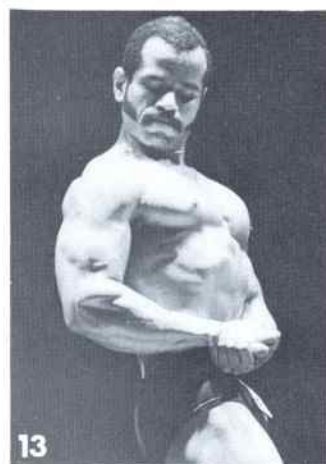
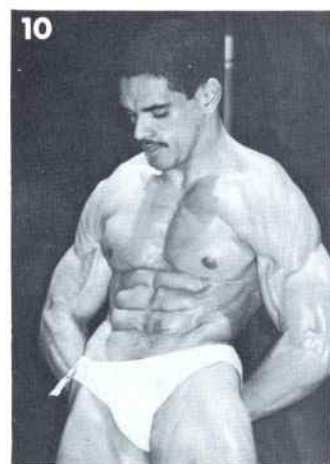
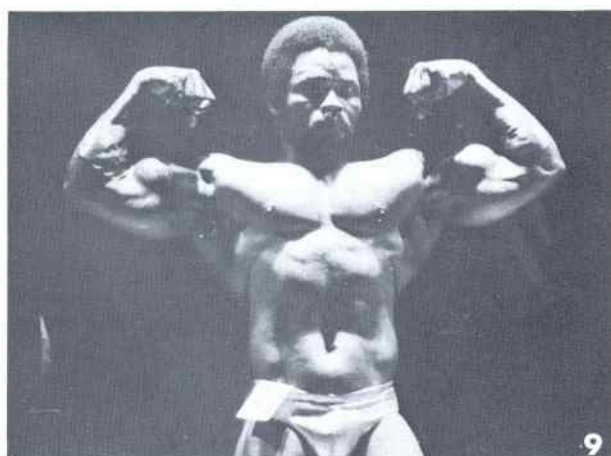
1974 NABBA (London) Miss & Mr. Britain contest results: 1. Left to right—Anne Arthur, 2nd; Ian Lawrence, 2nd; Eddie McDonough, winner; Linda Cheeseman, winner; Walter O'Malley, 3rd. 2. An Over 35 contest was also held. Left to right—Harry Hague, 4th; Ron Davies, 2nd; Roy Perrott, winner; Dave Mitchell, 3rd. 3. There was also a Junior contest. Left to right—Michael Turner, 4th; Martin Ensburry, 2nd; Gordon Pasquill, winner; Newton Burrows, 3rd. 4. A closeup of Eddie McDonough, the new Mr. Britain. 5. Ian Lawrence, 2nd Mr. Britain. By contemporary standards of male beauty here in the U.S. would you have chosen him over McDonough?



beautiful in Russia or Africa may not match our own standards of human beauty. Until some sort of universal standard is established bodybuilding is best left out of the Olympics. (Note the winners here. Would *you* have made the same choices?)

The 1974 AAU Mr. America contest was held in York, Pa., and its winner was not as outstanding as those in past years. Would you have chosen him from this group? 1. Left to right—Ralph Kroger, 5th; Ron Thompson, winner; Doug Beaver, 3rd; Willie Johnson, 4th; Paul Hill, 2nd. 2. & 3. Closeups of the new Mr. America, Ron Thompson. 4. Dennis Wood placed 4th in the Mr. Southeastern U.S. contest in Florida. Though it was a minor event and we do not have a photograph of the winner, we felt Dennis should be included in our lineup of musclemen since he possesses the proportions most lovers of male esthetics consider ideal. Do you agree? 5. The lineup in the WBBG (New York City) Mr. Eastern America and Mr. New York City contests (held together). 6. Mr. Eastern America winners, left to right—Josue Rivera, 2nd; Dan Lurie, President of the WBBG and publisher of *Muscle Training Illustrated* magazine; Rafael Olivera, winner; Harcourt Skinner, 3rd. 7. The Mr. New York City winners, left to right—Dan Samuda, 2nd; Fred Gallipoli, winner; Ned Williams, 3rd. 8. Fred Gallipoli, the new Mr. New York City. 9. Dan Samuda, 2nd Mr. New York City. 10. Rafael Olivera, the new Mr. Eastern America. 11. Josue Rivera, 2nd Mr. Eastern America. 12. Harcourt Skinner, 3rd Mr. Eastern America. 13. Herminio Pizzano, an outstanding contestant in the Mr. New York City contest. 14. Harry Scott made a great showing in the Mr. New York City contest. 15. What it's like backstage before the contestants pose. Light exercises pump the muscles for the best possible appearance. 16. Sometimes there are special events; here a contestant tries for a prize in a heavy dumbbell lifting contest. 17. Warren Frederick, World's Most Muscular Man, was a special poser in the Eastern America/New York City show. 18. Also a special poser was former Mr. America Peter Caputo (whose exercises were featured in an early *QQ Magazine*). 19. & 20. Craig Smith was the attractive winner of the Mr. Central Indiana contest held in New Castle, Ind.







Condiments And Compliments The Exotic Accents Of Food

By Terry McWaters

THE would-be host who wishes to return the hospitality extended him by his many gay friends, but who is (a) acutely aware that in these times of inflated prices and deflated purses he can't afford to take them to a fine restaurant where the cooking is the equal of their own, and (b) having decided that the only alternative is to have them over to his apartment for a meal, even though he also lacks their culinary expertise, will wisely keep the meal simple so that it can't possibly turn out an embarrassment.

"Do come to lunch," he may say. "I know that we're all watching our figures so we shall have something easy on the waistline." Being thus forewarned, his guests should expect something like an omelet, a salad and a bit of cheese and wine: or perhaps a *quiche*, a salad and some kind of 'easy' dessert. Certainly none of his guests could quibble about such a meal. It is tasteful, simple, and its satisfying heartiness repays their hospitality in every way. What is more important is that the host will not attempt to stun his guests with something elaborate and complicated by choosing extravagantly from a galaxy of seasonings, using rivers of wine and oceans of cream; or thick sauces; or garnishes upon garnishes. Simplicity is itself a jewel. Or as the great Escoffier once asked, "Do you think a Paris milliner would put lace trimmings on a fur hat?"

Escoffier's peerless reputation as a master chef reflects his philosophy about cooking. "*Faites simple*," he said. Make it simple. He did not mean that one should ever sacrifice quality, nor Scroogily skimp on basic ingredients, nor be less than totally involved in the preparation of any dish . . . never just 'throwing together' a dish, dosing it with gobs of monosodium glutamate to give it a character lacking in the cook. As he said, "First discover what is *essential* to a particular dish, then what extras—particularly what *condiments*—will *enhance* it. Then go no further, lest you spoil the dish by over-elaboration."

JUST WHAT IS A CONDIMENT?

It is generally supposed that condiments are something salty, peppery or ketchuppy to be added to a prepared food to give it a little more 'pow'. Actually a condiment can be anything that enhances the flavor of foods, and can be added prior to, during, as well as after cooking.

For example, when coriander seeds are crushed and added to wine, a most exotic, oriental condiment is created . . . an overnight marinade for tomorrow's roast leg of lamb. This 'prior to' condiment begins bringing out the flavor of the meat before it even sees the oven. Or a few characteristic,

compatible herbs may be contained in a cloth bag and allowed to simmer along with the meat. And so we have the old, familiar *bouquet garni*, and it is a 'during' condiment. Then by simply sprinkling chopped fresh parsley over a prepared dish we are using an 'after' condiment.

Foods can be used as condiments. A good example of this is the lowly chicken broth. Prepared with a pinch of salt, plain chicken broth is a hearty, utilitarian soup. Yet place a few fronds of escarole in the broth as it simmers and you have a totally different dish. Escarole, so loved by the Italians, takes chicken broth out of the sick room and puts it in the banquet hall!

'CONDIMENTAL' FRUITS AND WINES

Fruits, wines and cordials can serve as condiments, and deliciously so! Cranberry sauce is perhaps the first come-to-mind example. Without cranberry sauce turkey is usually just turkey. Turkey dressing, of course, is something else; but then turkey and turkey dressing are two different dishes. Also ham takes on an entirely different character when cooked with a slice or two of pineapple. And, since one good turn deserves another—as the cliché goes—pineapple can be 'transsexualized' with a condiment of wine or cordial. Because it is so primitive a fruit it would seem difficult to 'tame' it. But just pour a little *kirsch* over it. Instant ambrosia!

Do the same with fresh strawberries (an old Escoffier trick). Into a bowl of ice-cold fresh strawberries, first sprinkle sugar and then pour *kirsch* over the berries. Stir gently and occasionally until, as Escoffier said, "the berries and the *kirsch* have a chance to make a little love," and serve. A lightning transformation . . . sheer magic . . . a dessert fit for a king, and it takes only a few minutes to prepare. *Faites simple? Très simple!*

A 'CONDIMENTARY TURNABOUT'

You would think a lover quite mad if you invited him to dinner and he ate only the condiments. Yet this is actually what happens when the main dish is spaghetti. One may think that spaghetti is eaten for the *spaghetti*, but it is really eaten for the *condiments* in and on it.

Now this is not as nutty as it sounds. Even for those who agonize over whether spaghetti is prepared *al dente*, it is basically boiled starch made from flour of several kinds. Thus in itself spaghetti without condiments (unless one is a spaghetti purist or fetishist) is a dish waiting for the magic wand . . . a lover waiting

(Continued on page 38)

An Original Book

The Socrates Caper

by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the sequel to "The Ebanykus Journal," a book which appeared in serial form in QQ Magazine throughout 1973. A condensation of "The Socrates Caper" will be run in six consecutive issues of this magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1975. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of several months in preparing this abbreviated version, in order to present a story which is as detailed as the original. And now, we invite you to share with us the sex-filled adventures of fiction's first Gay lover-detectives who find themselves entangled in a web of intrigue . . . and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER IV

OVER breakfast Ebanykus started telling me about ALK while Garret was in the shower. "I thought it'd be some kinda orgy, Jonquil, you know, like YOCK, but it was like Athens in the time of Socrates. We went into this dingy loft building down on Broadway, near Houston, and took a big, dirty freight elevator—me and Gregorio and Gene Bouclé. Gregorio had a key to it, like, man it was a locked elevator. And Gene and Gregorio were hardly speaking to each other. I think Gregorio has really made up his mind to cut it off with Gene.

"Once out of the elevator, the scene was different altogether—a long carpeted hallway, a smell of ginger incense, dim, pink lights and Greek amphora and miniature statues in niches on the walls . . . So, anyway, we're in the hallway and Gregorio guides me into this tiny dressing room and tells me to strip naked. So, what the hell, I did like I was told. I took 'em off. There was another door in the dressing room which led out into—wow, man!—this, like, other world. You gotta hand it to Gus. I stepped outta that door into Greek history. There I was between two Doric pillars at the top of wide steps which led, not only down into the main hall, but ran all around it, and so did the pillars. On the floor sprawling figures of young guys lay around this low table covered with food—huge bowls of fruit, persimmons, pomegranates and purple grapes—and golden goblets filled with red wine. The guys were all clothed in pale blue, Dorian chitons, except without sleeves and short skirted above their humpy knees and roped at the waist.

"And I was center stage. The main event. I was scared it might be a gang fuck—fifty guys it looked like! And all of 'em like studs from the Athenian navy!

"All eyes turned on me. In silence. Nobody spoke. I stood and waited. I leaned against a pillar on the right, then on the left. Then stood straight up. I thought, you wanna see me? Here I am! I didn't know what was gonna happen next. Maybe somebody'd come up on me and suck it off. I mean, don't laugh, Jonquil, I didn't—I mean, how could I know?

"Finally, after maybe two or three minutes of this standin'—down at the far end, Gregorio and Gene come through the

pillars dressed in the short blue chitons like the rest, and Gene takes a space right near the head of the table, sprawling out between some other guys. Gregorio starts sort of gliding along the top steps between the pillars headin' for me. Now what? I mean, I dig Gregorio, but I wasn't about to ball with him in front of these cats. I'm no exhibitionist. I wished I was!

"But Gregorio only strides up to me, simple like—cool, you know, and takes my hand. 'Come with me,' he whispers. He leads me down the steps and slowly to the head of the table near where Gene is sitting. And all fifty guys turning to stare at my naked body.

"Then I see this older man—the only guy over twenty-five in the group. That's why you can't get into ALK, Jonquil. Sorry about that. You got the body, but not the age."

"Shucks, and I been sewin' on my chiton all week."

"Anyway, Gregorio takes me to this man who turns out to be Gus. He's dressed in a kinda lavender chiton, Doric sleeveless, but full length. And Gus says in this gravelly kinda voice with a lisp, 'Who comes into my presence seeking approval?' But, man, Gregorio carried it off beautiful. He says right back at him, 'Eban-Ebanykus, whose name is chosen to sound as the Greek poet, Ibykus.'

"Present this Ebanykus," Gus says. And Gregorio starts leading me all around the outside of the sprawling figures who now turn to really look me over. But no touching! See man, they're not lookin' at my size, but like Gregorio said later, it's to see if I take good care of my body, to see if it's firm and tight, and if my ass is solid, and you know it is."

Ebanykus grabbed the back of my head and kissed my mouth, laughing his crazy, hoarse laughter.

"Yeah," I said, "so you got a tight ass. That I know. What happened next?"

Before he could start telling, Garret came out of the john clothed in his patch-pocket cords and sparkling from the shower. He grinned and sat beside me at the table, and Ebanykus continued his narrative.

"After parading me in front of Gus' disciples, Gregorio takes me back to the dressing room and tells me to wait, but not to put my clothes on yet in case they want a second look. I'm sitting in this tiny cubicle which is sorta like a walk-in locker at the baths. It's real quiet outside for about five minutes because they're parading up to Gus to drop their disks in the urn—you remember how they voted in Athens? One hole in a disk and you're black-balled. So then, a big yell goes up, like the cheering section at a football game . . ."

"You mean the Olympics," I said wryly.

"Yeah. Then there's a knock (Continued on page 41)





Hamburg

Germany's Sizzling Sex City

By Jon Lorrimer

GAY guys setting out on sexual safari in Germany usually head for the south—to Munich; or veer east—to Berlin; heeding the advice of gay friends who'd been kept so busy in either or both they never got around to exploring Hamburg. It's a pity, too, because this big town of nearly two million is actually the most sexually liberated of the three.

Travel guidebooks invariably call Hamburg 'The Venice of the North' because of the many canals and waterways it is built over, along and around. Yet it might be truer to call it 'Amsterdam West' because sexually, as well as topographically, these cities have more in common. While sexual activity in Venice may often seem as placid as ripples on a mill-pond, in Hamburg it really makes waves!

Much of this stems from the indomitable spirit and fierce individualism of the Hamburgers (that's what they call themselves, and they don't mean McDonald's). Hamburg broke away from the tyrannous rule of the medieval archbishops that so inhibited any form of free, natural expression, and as a 'free and Hanse city' (the accent on 'free' is theirs), meaning a member of the Hanseatic League which fought for trade privileges and individual rights, it has carried this torch of freedom ever since and it can be noted in several surprising ways.

For example, although Copenhagen is called 'the porno capital of the world' the title rightfully belongs to Hamburg. More than half the porno films and photographs one sees/buys comes from porno studios right in the city. German law prohibits the publication of porno prose, but this proscription does not apply to photography—anything goes... hence the deluge.

Another example: while most large cities publish some kind of visitor's guide, or 'What's Doing in—This Week', such journals list only the GP



1. Hamburg harbor. 2. Exquisit Bar/Hotel. 3. Hotel Amber. 4. bei Franz. 5. PC Club. 6. Spundloch Bar. 7. Charly's Night Club.



or 'Mom 'n Pop 'n Junior' things to do and see. On the other hand, individualistic Hamburg puts out the beautiful color newspaper, the *Hamburg Guide*, printed in English (and other languages), which lists not only the hotels, restaurants, movie houses, theaters, tours, museums and other civic information, but includes a section on 'What's Happening in St. Pauli This Week'. So what's St. Pauli, and what should be happening in it? It's the 'where it's at' for the sexually-oriented of whatever inclination . . . the 'gut issue' area of specific sex—or things concerning sex—up just a short distance from the Hamburg docks. In earlier days St. Pauli was an enclave of seamen's dives, grog shops, tattoo establishments, street artists' shows and "Kommen Sie herein!" street-stall prostitution. Today St. Pauli is much of that, but it's a vaster, more extended amusement quarter as well. It's big . . . it roars . . . and it's absolutely mind-boggling!

The principal street of St. Pauli—for everyone—is the Reeperbahn (pronounced 'raper-bahn'). Turning into this street at night, one is awash in a sea of neon and sexual availability. There are two particular streets of gay interest here. One—Spielbudenplatz—is just off the Reeperbahn. The other—Paulinenplatz—lies some distance farther from the docks to the north. These will be covered elsewhere in this article. But to digress for a moment (although this is relevant to the area), rough trade/cruising (an important part of Hamburg's *total* gay scene) is 'traffic-congested' on two streets running parallel with each other in St. Pauli. These are Kastanienallee and Hopfenstrasse; both a short distance from the docks and the Reeperbahn. And if you are looking for rough sailor trade you'll find it (and them) at 62 Carsten-Rehder Strasse (the *Zum Schellfischposten*); in St. Pauli Fischmarkt at 27 (in *Zur Hafenstreppe*); and at 108 St. Pauli-Hafenstrasse (in *Zur Kuhwerder Fahre/bei Erich*). These are real seamen's dives. Bring libido, but leave loot (most of it, anyway) at your hotel!

The big cabaret/striptease/sex-show places—nude—drag—the works—are on

1. Dandy Bar. 2. Camelot. 3. Flamingo. 4. MC Club. 5. Na Denn. 6. Old Time. 7. Petit-Bar. 8. The Pit Club. 9. Pulverfass. 10. Sanssouci. 11. Sit-in. 12. Tanz-Casino. 13. Tusculum. 14. Club Uhlenhorst. 15. City Ship Sauna Club. 16. Sylt Island.

QQ

Grosse Freiheit (Great Freedom Street) in the heart of St. Pauli. And there is a sharp distinction between striptease and sex-show in Hamburg. Sex-shows are not the usual sleazy, tired sex simulation/copulations. Here they get down to aboriginals—like animal-aboriginal . . . fist-fucking by a bear with mitts 'paw-nails' . . . and real, live cobra-in-the-cooze stuff. There is no other city in Europe where genuine sex-shows get down to the bestiality of it as in Hamburg.

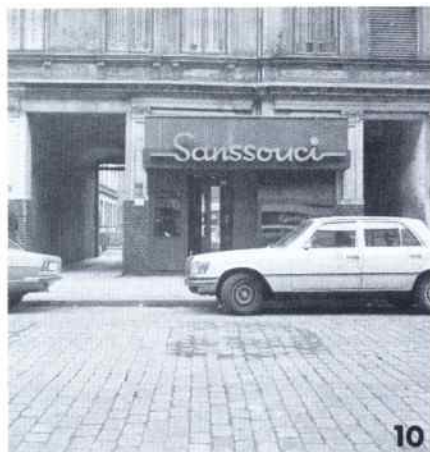
Sex-shows are actually *tourist attractions*! All the newspapers advertise them. And there is in these shows a mixture of *all* sexual action—straight, gay, bi (and bisexuality was as common as bicarbonate in Hamburg before the word was even spoken in 'polite society' in the United States). Also on Grosse Freiheit are what even the Hamburg Guide calls the 'best birds'—an endearing term for prostitutes who cruise/solicit as they do in Amsterdam—from open windows, as well as in the lobbies of such hotels as the Luxor and the Nobistor. While this is not of compelling interest to gay guys, we mention it because you might like to stroll along this street and pick up a few cruising pointers to use back home. These 'birds' really know how to fly!

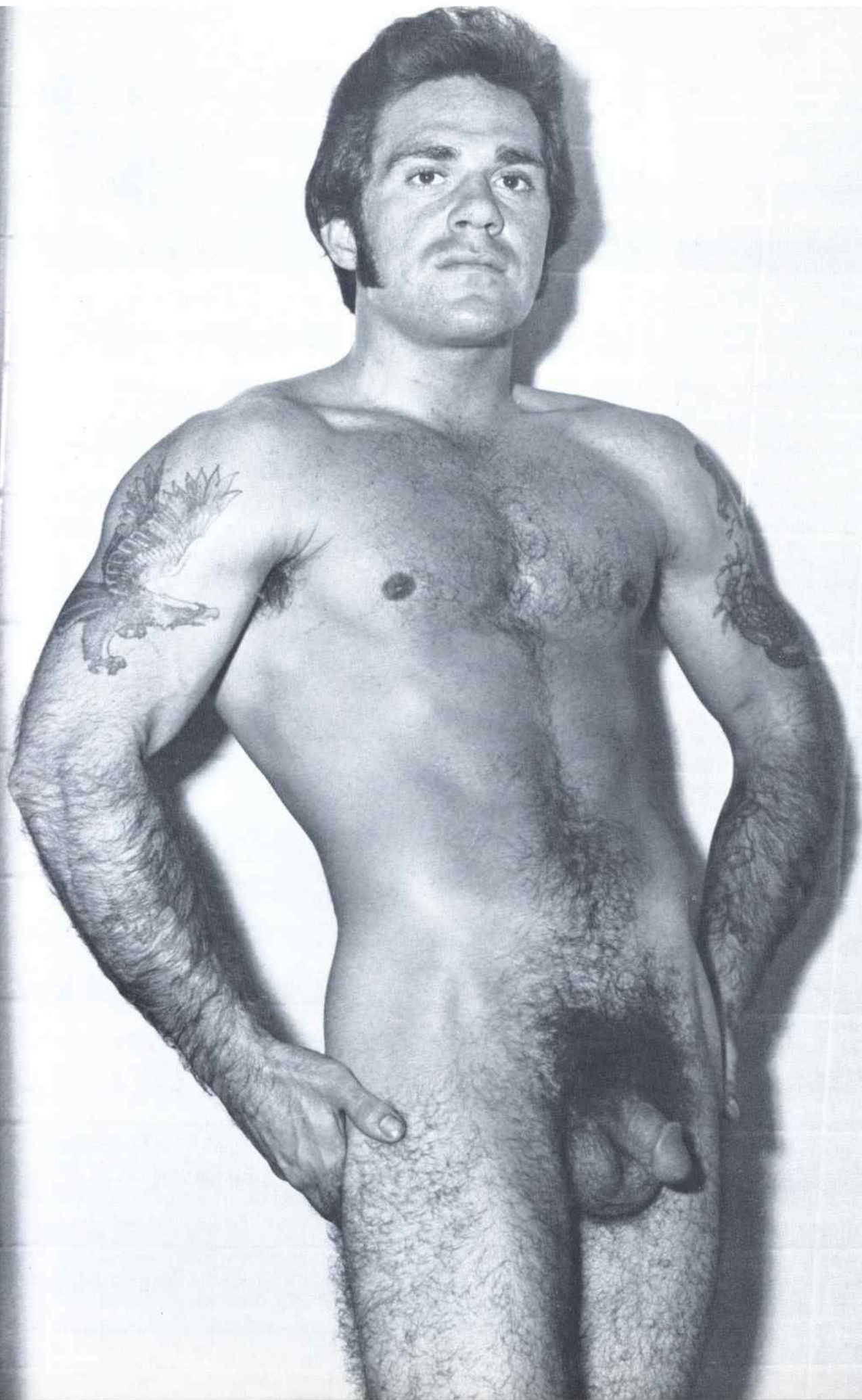
WHERE TO STAY

Three hotels are primarily gay. Their rates average about \$10 a day for a single room. A few have baths. Some have private toilets with bath down the hall (always an interesting excursion). The *Exquisit Hotel* is on one of those gay streets mentioned earlier—Spielbudenplatz, at Number 23. There's a very elegant gay bar downstairs which makes this a convenient place to stay. At Paulinenplatz 3—the other gay street mentioned—is the *Hotel Amber*. And further away, at Am Langenzug 6, is the *Alster Ruhe* . . . very gay. Like most small-to-medium-size German hotels these are well run, and are kept spotlessly clean in the German tradition.

If you'd rather stay in more elegant digs there are many excellent hotels from super-luxe right down to inexpensive. The super-luxes are, in general, near the Alster—the big lake near the center of Hamburg. The larger basin is called the Aussen (Outer) Alster, while the smaller is the Binnen (Inner, or Little) Alster. With the ultimate in elegance, service and un-failing (Continued on page 46)

November/December 1974





The New Monte Carlo

The 'In' Place For The 'Now' People

By David Bartel

IT was 1956 when Grace Kelly turned in her makeup box at MGM, said goodbye to Cary Grant and all that, and flew off to marry the handsome prince-ruler of the small French principality called Monaco—thus mating the semi-royalty of the films with the demi-royalty of France. Most Americans thought her a bit daft for doing so. But as some tried to explain it, "Like seeks like." Hard-nosed others said, "More likely it's *her* money marrying *his* money." Many agreed that "After all, she has pots of that Philadelphia loot her father left her, plus all her movie earnings; and as for him, well . . . Prince Rainier must be rolling in the stuff—what with his take from the Casino alone."

There's always some truth in idle rumor, and while it was true that Kelly was well off, the Prince wasn't. In the first place the Casino wasn't his. Moreover, the 'take' from it had diminished each passing year of the previous decade. In truth, the Prince—although not exactly down to the 'pork-and-beans' of it—was quite 'unwealthy', and with a new generation of jet-setters flying past Monte Carlo for kickier places such as St-Tropez, his little bailiwick was anything but prosperous. Other than its fine marina and salubrious climate, Monaco was more down-at-the-heels than up-on-the-toes. There was no doubt that Prince Rainier had to come up quickly with something to improve the lot of the Monegasque majority.

Noting with dismay (a) the fate of other nearby Riviera resorts that had fallen out of favor with fickle tourists, and (b) that of the more than 500,000 people who came to his tiny country each year on package-tour 'gawkovers' not more than 70,000 spent the night, it seemed imperative that he devise some plan to make Monte Carlo so attractive to visitors that they'd really *want* to stay longer. "But no cheap vacation packages," he flatly insisted. "And no bus tours. Nor can we continue catering only to the very rich who can afford to play for high stakes at the Casino. There aren't very many of *them* left."

Aristotle Onassis, however, had a strong opposing view. As a principal stockholder of the Casino he snobbishly wanted to keep the principality of Monaco as a kind of *grand seigneur* private preserve for himself and his wealthy friends. "We," said Daddy O grandly, "are your *best* Casino clients." The Prince retorted "I don't want to eliminate gambling—only to minimize it . . . put it in perspective . . . so that the less-than-affluent can come and enjoy our beautiful country for other reasons."

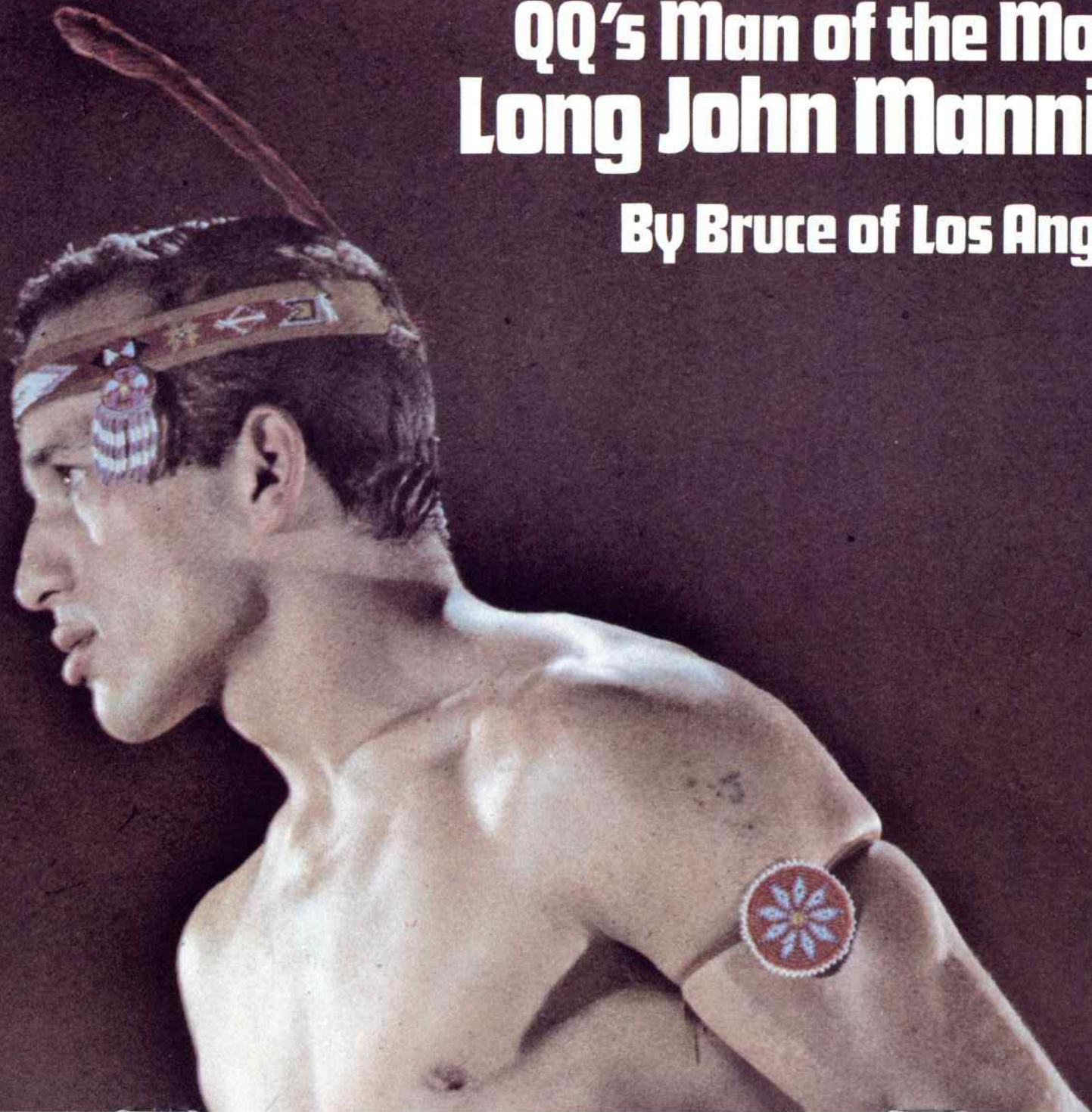
And so he borrowed enough money to buy out Onassis (who, in the deal, doubled his investment), and all the Monegasques came out and ran up the flag and got happily drunk on pineapple *vino* because their Prince Rainier III was about to pass a miracle. At first, however, none could imagine where the Prince would find enough unused land to build even a simple trailer court. But the enterprising head of the Grimaldi dynasty is a shrewd operator, and he decided on two approaches . . .

(Continued on page 47)



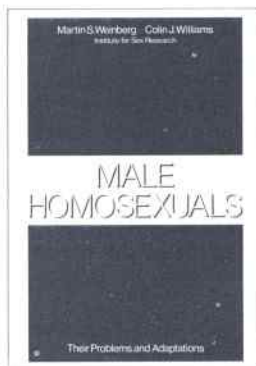
QQ's Man of the Month Long John Manning

By Bruce of Los Angeles





Book Review



The quantity of scientific, pseudo scientific, and claptrap material dealing with homosexuality has, for the past ten or twenty years, been leaping and bounding. The quality, unfortunately, has only been snailing along.

That snail-pace may, however, be picking up a bit. A little evidence for this is to be found in *Male Homosexuals*, by Martin S. Weinberg and Colin J. Williams, Oxford University Press, 316 pages, indexed, \$10.95, subtitled *Their Problems and Adaptations*.

In 1966 Messrs. Weinberg and Williams were teaching a class in Social Problems (caps theirs) at Indiana University. A male homosexual addressed the class, and the teachers were impressed by his "ordinariness" of appearance and behavior, and they were particularly struck by his apparent happiness and an air of well-being.

This led to the unnamed speaker's inviting the teachers to New York, to Mattachine, and to the bars(!).

Well, these heady experiences made Weinberg and Williams wonder if some gays adapt more easily than others to homosexuality and, if so, what the determinant social conditions might be.

I sincerely believe that about ninety or ninety-five percent of those reading this review could have answered those questions honestly and articulately and satisfactorily—and come to the same conclusions as the authors did.

But Williams and Weinberg are social scientists, and they aren't about to take your word or mine. They made a real production of it, and this book is the result.

First, they created an endless questionnaire which asks everything you do, think, and feel about yourself, your sex life, and others. It's in the Appendix, all of it.

Then they promulgated the questionnaire in the U.S. (primarily in New York and San Francisco). The details of all this are tiresome, but if you care they are all there. After that they took their questionnaire, exquisitely translated, to the Nether-

lands and to Denmark where they again found a passle of gays and obtained "cross-cultural" results.

And finally, along with some incomprehensible social scientist's jargon (e.g., "pooled $x^2=54,986$, $df=6$, $p<.001$ ") they tabulate, and comment on, the answers given. Since the questions are grouped, in the answers, to cover Locale, Homosexual-General Population Comparisons, Self-Other Processes, Passing and Being Known About, Social Involvement with Other Homosexuals, Bisexuality, Age, Occupation, Living Arrangements, Religious Background, Religiosity, and Race it is easy to see they have made quite a mountain of it all. (Not to mention throwing in comparisons with Holland and Denmark.)

The upshot of all this labor—and it does come across as laborious—are two final chapters on Theoretical Implications and Practical Considerations, twenty pages well worth your consideration even if you think you know all the answers (at least here they are expressed clearly and concisely) or have read them elsewhere before.

What bothers me is the evident fact that these conclusions, none terribly new or revolutionary, had to be predicated on all that boring scholarly rhetoric. A) Why does scholarship always have to be dull, dull, dull? and B) After all the flat bull, some 250 pages of it, who is going to give a damn about the conclusions?

I suppose somewhere there is a vast group (probably other scholars) who are fascinated by scholarship at its dullest and a gigantic board of Ph. D. examiners who come at the sight of so much trivia, but these people are happily remote from the large body of everyday gays. And work, however exhaustive, likely to interest them is hardly likely to interest the average gay.

You would think a book about us would be fascinating, like reading the other guy's diary. Not so here. We are, for the most part, reduced to some exotic, freak-like pile of statistics (which the authors regularly deny: I think that is called "patronizing"). Anyway, there isn't, for those who care, one line of the other guy's sex life in the whole book.

But there is, I would like to point out, a section of the book devoted to 18 photographs of, among other things, the Stonewall scene, gays marching, gays entering bars, gays holding hands, etc. To quote the authors: "Throughout the book, we describe the homosexual world in somewhat abstract terms. Here we present a group of pictures to bring this world to life for the reader."

Really.

—Orlando Paris

GAY LIB, OR SELF LIB

(Continued from page 5)

but I lived through it, and at least two of my ex-lovers are still friends. And still no sexual hangups I can think of . . . if anything, my sexual horizons have broadened considerably, and still with guys—a "happy, healthy homosexual." And never once wanted to change.

I have been accepted into society, a professional life . . . my family begins to catch on to my sexual preferences, and it doesn't seem to bother them. A brother is bored when I confess I'm homosexual. Not embarrassed. Just bored. He says, "Well, what the hell has that got to do with me, or who you are?" Most important, he doesn't come on like a superior being just because he's had three kids. It makes us friends for life.

So, the time is 1974, and I'm watching on TV the disastrous results of the latest attempt to get civil rights for gays in New York City. And here comes on the screen this handsome, humpy number with black hair and, what should've been, angelic face.

But the angel face is contorted into a grotesque, shrill scream. "I'm gay and I'm proud!" he cries over and over and over again. "I'm gay, and I'm proud!" And the perverse cameraman holds the eye on this boy-in-pain; and the gleeful newsroom editor doesn't clip a frame of it.

He is gay. I am gay. They are gay. We are gay. Does that make us part of the same community? You are gay. I am gay. Does that mean we are blood brothers, our destinies entwined forever?

I doubt it. Spit in my eye, if you like, but the only binding links as gay guys you and I can possibly have as individuals are, one—we'll meet at an orgy or on the street or in the bushes or in a bar and have sex; or, two—we'll meet, have sex, and fall in love and continue the relationship. And, man, I think it's safe to say, any continuing relationship between the two of us extends far beyond our "being gay" which means we dig sex together.

Additional and distinctly different binding links must be found if we're going to build a relationship—for one thing, respect for each other as individuals—as *whole* persons, not just as sexual persons—and sharing more than a bed, an ass, and a cock.

How can two individuals build a relationship—how can groups of individuals build a community—a society on the common ground of sexual preference or sexual activity?

Should I proclaim we are all one—all of us gays? Should I proclaim to the world, I'm a cocksucker and I'm proud to be a cocksucker? Is that my whole self?

Should I not work to become an individual who can honestly proclaim, "I am a *whole* person. I love my fellow man. I serve society. I contribute to the community of man, I have a productive and fulfilling relationship with another human being. I give something of myself to life's experiences, and I receive from life joyously. My children are the progeny of my mind and imagination which shall, hopefully, enlighten and enhance civilization in some way. I am proud of who I am because I have

become *all* these things."

Let's face it, when we get up and proclaim to the world—to the hetero-inclined world which cannot possibly understand (their loss) the pleasures of homo-sex, or sex one-to-one—when you proclaim to this world, "I am Gay," to your enemies who don't understand, you are saying to them, "I'm a cocksucker! I fuck boys. I love to get fucked! I hate women! Women make me sick! Having children is a drag! Down with the family!" And that's *all* you're saying because, to them, you're shouting only about what you do for sex.

This is the read-out when you say, "I'm gay and I'm proud!" to that other world, and we'd might as well face it.

As individuals, we gays should cease trying to find or force acceptance for our sexual activity. Freedom to have sex as we will, yes. That's a good fight. One of the most productive and beneficial things for gay individuals in New York City was when the Mattachine Society quietly got it together with Lindsay and Leary and said, "Leave us alone. Stop entrapment now." The policy has persisted to this day.

Freedom to choose is a principle which links us on common ground to those who have different preferences and to all humanity. Freedom to choose is something everyone can understand.

But trying to force all of humanity to accept us as members of society *solely* because we're gay, is ridiculous. And it will never happen.

Part of my individuality is that I like to suck a good cock. In fact, I happen to believe giving a good blow job is also good for the soul. But this is only part of me.

It is time for us to throw our weight behind those organizations which attempt to help individuals discover *all* of themselves. To assist persons, particularly the young guy or gal coming out, to discover who they are as whole individuals—each, separate potential which they can integrate and forge into a complete Self, and who will in turn, become productive, effective members of the larger community.

It's been a long trip from that bar on Hollywood Boulevard. Now, when I am wise enough to act as a whole person, I am proud of who I am. It is my ambition to belong and participate and to be a part of the larger structure of society . . . of the greater community. I am proud of who I am, because I have the frequent opportunity of enjoying the company of persons who recognize and benefit from a friendship; and who also recognize that part of who I am is sexual activity which they will never understand, and don't care to understand.

For what the hell has it got to do with our "society," our companionship, or with them?

The time has come to change the emphasis, and the slogan. The time has come to say, "I am proud. Say it loud. I am proud because of *who* I am. Not *what* I am."

• • •

ONLY ONCE UPON A MATTRESS

(Continued from page 6)

trouble which of your experiments excite
November/December 1974



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

André Gide

HE was one of the first to come out of the closet in literature, and when he came out, it was on a grand scale. In that uptight period in history when he was his most fruitful and reached his highest fame—the early decades of the present century—he was feted and honored for his genius and for his courage in chronicling his own homosexuality for the world to behold, when many a lesser gay literary light was forced to keep his nature concealed from the public.

But André Gide was a writer and philosopher of giant stature, and the publication of his enduringly famous novel *The Immoralist* in 1902 was a breakthrough of the age, for it was the story of a repressed homosexual who tries to ignore his true nature by embarking on a heterosexual marriage. Gide was thirty-three at the time, and the novel was of such sensational stuff for the time that it was not considered possible to pub-

lish the English translation until twenty-eight years later. And it was to be an additional twenty-four years from that point—in 1954—before *The Immoralist* was dramatized for an American production starring Louis Jourdan and James Dean.

The Immoralist paralleled Gide's real life experiences, including the period in Morocco in the 1890s when he had discovered his true nature through an affair he had with an Arab boy. In a stay at Biskra, which served ultimately as the setting for *The Immoralist*, Gide went through a frustrating period in which he was torn between his desire to conform to the conventions of the time—meaning an exclusively heterosexual existence—and his desires for the various boys he comported with.

But the die was really cast in 1895 when Gide socialized with Oscar
(Continued on page 50)

It's Better In Pairs!

Who's Who Among History's Lovers

By Rob Arrington

Athletic Model Guild



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

THE BRITISH ROMANTICS

During the course of his short and inspired life, which ended in 1824 when he was thirty-six, Lord Byron—less well known as George Noel Gordon—had a number of love affairs with both sexes. But among his gay loves, the lover who inspired him most was a seventeen-year-old choirboy named John Eddleston, whom Byron met when he was in college.

"I certainly love him more than

any other human being," Byron wrote at the time.

Eddleston, who died prematurely at twenty-two, was considered the inspiration for certain poems appended to Byron's major work of poetry, *Childe Harold*.

The great English poet Percy Shelley was a great companion of Lord Byron, but there is no evidence they were lovers. Shelley's lover was one Thomas Hogg, whose devotion (Continued on page 51)

him and which leave him cold. The better you are at interpreting what turns him on by your own investigations, the better sex you'll be, and real pros know even minor degrees of change almost instinctively.

It's difficult for anyone to misinterpret a groan or sigh of pleasure, or the hiss or wince that accompanies discomfort. If you have ever tried to communicate your reactions to a partner like this and haven't gotten through, it's probably because your friend of the moment just wasn't listening.

Now, this may be due to a surplus of self-interest on his part, but it's not necessarily the case. Believe it or not, regardless of how long he's been out, no matter how many places he's visited or how sophisticated he may be, he could still be, very simply, sexually naive.

Many times this is the guy who's memorized loads of books on sex technique. And he's probably driven a few people up the wall with his "expertise" now and then, so, if you're not satisfied, he'll actually believe it's your fault. He's the kind of guy who knows one, maybe two or three, bedroom tricks. And he knows them well... if you like your sex paint-by-numbers fashion. About the worst you could accuse him of is being... dull. He can be and frequently is considered good sex by those who enjoy his particular style. But he will never be able to satisfy the host of others until he discovers that there's no patent on sex, that sex is as individual as the people having it.

ME TARZAN, YOU MARY!

Perhaps the most unfortunate kind of bad sex, however, is that which results from a bedroom ballet with the *macho* male, the super stud who'll do anything at all in bed... provided a straight guy would do it too.

This doesn't include the naturally masculine gay, who may well be a healthy, well-adjusted male. Nor does it necessarily include the motorcycle of S&M guys who make their own rules and stick to them. Unfortunately, there are other guys who suffer from a *macho* complex similar to the stereotype straight we've all run into too frequently. They dislike fags, drags, transvestites, and all "obvious" guys who threaten their masculine image. And yet they need less masculine gays around them occasionally to reinforce a mental image they've formed of their own superior manhood.

This type has a *macho* cousin also, who has a masculinity hangup of a much subtler nature. While not exactly a super-but, he is undoubtedly masculine, and in many cases an otherwise balanced man with none or few of the pat psychological problems gay flesh is supposed to be heir to. He's intelligent, discerning, and he will perform a variety of sex acts, in a variety of positions, because he knows the true male will not worry about his masculinity no matter what he does.

But while he may do just about anything in the sack, he won't do some things well—not because he *can't*, but because a tiny *macho* part of him *won't* allow it. It's all right for a man to get screwed, possibly—after all, even Marines do that, they say—but if you do it *well* you're enjoying it, and that could be dangerous to the psyche. Again, it's permissible to suck, because that shows you're an all-right guy who's gay and proud, and besides, it's only fair to reciprocate. But

if you do a good job of it, word'll get around and you'll be one of those *cocksuckers*!

They're the ones who will match you, act for act, as long as *you* act first. "If you let me screw you, I'll let you do it to me," but they won't do a thing until you do. And they're the ones who "can't" imitate a good lisp when telling a joke, or dance gracefully, or cross their legs at the knees. "Excuse me, I'm sorry, I guess I'm just too butch," they seem to say.

KINDS OF SEX

In addition to examining in brief the kinds of gays who can be bad sex for their own personal reasons, something can be learned by looking closely at the different kinds of sex most gays indulge in. There are basically four sexual "spheres" in which we normally find ourselves:

- 1) The emotional-sexual experience with a lover or person you think a lot of.
- 2) The sexual free-for-all that's just for fun—no emotional ties, and no *holes* barred.
- 3) Sex to fulfill a particular need.
- 4) Sex to fulfill an obligation.

LOVE AND SEX

The type of situation in which sex becomes part of something else, the kind we share with someone very "special," is a different sort of sex entirely. Whereas the sex act is a physical occurrence, where love is concerned sex becomes fused with the emotional, and it's perfectly natural to experience a mental or emotional orgasm that can overcome a partner's sexual inadequacies.

This is fine while it lasts, but if the object of one's affections falls into one of the categories mentioned previously, instead of *overcoming* his inadequacies, our emotions can sometimes cause us to merely *overlook* them. And that can cause trouble later. Ideally, two people who really care for each other already know what to expect in the sack, and can openly discuss mutual needs and desires to avoid a sexual crisis in the future.

FUN AND GAMES

The experience in which two gays turn onto each other's groove (or into each other's grooves), and decide to have a sexual free-for-all can be similarly enjoyable as that of two lovers in that there's the excitement of stimulating someone you're attracted to at the same time he's stimulating you. It may not have the emotional fusion, shared by two lovers, but novelty and anticipation have much to be said for them too. It's good clean fun—sex for sex's sake in a healthy release of enjoyment—and after all, what's wrong with that?

EGO SEX

Sex to fulfill a need, on the other hand, as with obligatory sex, can be a problem, and these two are the areas in which much bad sex occurs. Sex based on a particular need amounts to, basically, a fetish. It's the kind you can have with the guy who always has to be the passive partner in fellatio, or the one who must be screwed unmercifully for whatever psychological/emotional/physical need(s). The person who has one particular brand of sex, no matter what it may be—to the exclusion of all others.

Letters

QQ always enjoys hearing from its readers. If there is anything you would like to share with others—your feelings concerning an article, or comments on a place you visited recently, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless specifically requested.

A LOSS MOURNED

Dear Editors:

It was with a great deal of sadness to learn that one of your very finest writers, Paul Damon, passed away on July 8th.

His first article in QQ was entitled "The Magic In Me," which was published a year ago August, and at a most apropos time for me. My lover had recently left me and the article was immensely helpful. I have referred many, many people to it.

In appreciation of the brilliant article I wrote Paul through your publication and my letter was passed on to him. We soon became pen pals, and then that developed into a friendship. On a May theatre trip to New York City I stopped in the city where he lived, and met this beautiful man. His writings for your magazine indicated a special kind of man, and this he was.

"The Magic In Me" article was special too. Paul said he had many requests for copies, from lay people to psychiatrists. Perhaps a re-run of the piece might be a nice memorial to a great writer and thinker.

Sincerely yours,
G. D.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Ed: For those who would like to re-read "The Magic In Me" you will find it in the August 1973 QQ. Paul Damon's last article, "Only Once Upon A Mattress," appears in



9¢

GAY WORLD POSTAGE

this issue. Please see our comment following the article.

MR. PHILIPPINES

Dear Editors:

I'm an American who has lived in the Far East for some twelve years as a fashion and travel writer; I spend eight months a year traveling.

I just returned from almost five weeks in the Philippines where I was a guest of the government, photographing men's fashions on location.

While I was there I attended the Mr. Philippines contest, and I am sending some photographs to you, thinking your readers might like to see them.

Sincerely,
H. B.
Tokyo, Japan

Ed: We thank H. B. for the photos you see here and on page 54.



More Photos On Page 54

S-E-X! IN A BOTTLE?

For 5,000 years millions of Orientals have steadfastly maintained that Ginseng has great merit as a rejuvenator and aphrodisiac. The Chinese administer Ginseng to their sick to restore health. Healthy people use it to resist disease and make themselves stronger. Men past 40 use Ginseng to avoid climacteric (symptoms of menopause) so common among Westerners at this age—and attribute their ability to procreate children at the age of 60 or 70 and over—a happenstance which is not rare in China. So treasured is this herb that wars have been fought over it in China... that it has been valued in the past at \$3,200 a pound... that Ginseng roots are given by the family elders to the bridegroom on his wedding day!

The Russians have spent an enormous amount of time and money researching Ginseng—and it is presently being taken by their athletes. But here in America practically nothing is known about the ancient herb. Claims made in the Orient are dismissed as "imaginary" and U.S. government agencies strictly forbid an advertiser from proclaiming that Ginseng has any value at all.

In personal experiments made by the publisher and editors of QQ Magazine, Body and Ciao! it was found that sexual potency was increased—but we are unable to substantiate this. We make absolutely no claims as to its value. Countless articles have been published in Establishment magazines—and we personally believe that 50 generations in the Orient simply cannot be entirely wrong. You make up your own mind.



We now make available potent 0.5g capsules (1 or 2 a day suggested) of highest quality Korean Ginseng. It has been processed and packaged in Korea under the Quality Control Procedures prescribed by the Office of Monopoly of the Republic of Korea from roots which are 6 years old. Each bottle bears a distinctive gold label and official inspection stamp and cap seal. We ship it to you carefully packaged via insured parcel post. Sold to adults only (please state you are over 21) and we do not accept returns. Indicate quantity desired.

50 CAPSULES \$10.95
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Most people have preferences. And we all have little erotic quirks that help send up skyrocketers. But the gay who has sex because of an unfulfilled need can generally be satisfied only in one particular manner. He satisfies only if you happen to dig exactly what *he* likes because he's usually good at his "specialty."

Obligatory sex, however, can be the most degrading of all. Because the person does not really desire sex, he merely agrees to it because he feels indebted to his partner. Depending on the makeup of this "sacrificial lamb," sex under these conditions can range from good to bad. But in many cases, too many cases, it is more often the latter.

Sex to fulfill a need, and obligatory sex, have one thing in common: as soon as the need is met or the debt paid, the interest is lost. And when your bed partner loses interest in you, it's time to pick up your clothes and go home. Both kinds are "ego" sex, in which, no matter what goes on during the clinches, *he* is the center of attention. And once you've scratched his itchy attention, it starts to wander, regardless of *your* needs.

Regardless of how you do it, or how often you do it, the answer to being a good sex partner is simply to develop the right mental attitude and rise above the fears and stereotypes. If you want a satisfied sigh, concentrate on pleasing your playmate, and if you can't, refrain until you can. Read books on sex technique, if you like, and experiment with variations. Try toys if you think you'll get a kick out of them.

Do whatever you think will please and/or improve your talents. But remember that none of them can take the place of the real thing—the effort you expend to satisfy the one you're with. You don't have to be a happy hooker to be good sex, and you don't have to make him come three times in a row to prove it. If you're really good even once, he'll remember it, I guarantee.

It is with deep sorrow that we inform our readers that Paul Damon took his own life on July 8, 1974. The article you have just read was his last endeavor. It is difficult to understand why a man who had such great insight could not cope with himself, but we mourn him nonetheless. See "Letters" on page 33 for more about Paul.

...

VVD

(Continued from page 9)

a puzzling attack of fever for no apparent reason. You may explain it to yourself and others as a "low-grade fever" or perhaps you may rationalize it as "only a virus (that it is!) that will go away in a day or so." (It often does.) But when this low-grade fever disappears, only to recur some weeks later, followed by another remission and another recurrence, these off-again, on-again fever bouts are definite symptoms of VVD, so count this cyclic recurrence as one of the actors in the VVD syndrome.

This may represent VVD at its mildest, yet it is during those periods in its course when the fever thermometer rises that it is



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contagious; just as it probably is not during its remissive periods. One may feel only uncomfortable, or drowsy, or have no desire for food. In short, that everything is just a drag. And so one does not feel it necessary to see a doctor, or stay home from work, or not to socialize, or not to have sex (although the urge may not be as great as it usually is). Thus alerted, however, one should abstain from sex until the fevers have definitely run their course, lest one's partner be exposed to VVD. Why make his life miserable (and possibly hazardous) as well. The less physical contact with others, the more considerate one is, and the less chance others will have to contract the disease.

Doctors are convinced that in this 'hide-and-seek' phenomenon of VVD the herpes virus Type 2 retreats to nerve cells and is sheltered there—exhausted by the stiff fight put up by antibodies seeking to destroy the virus. (This nerve-haven aspect is less theory than fact, since one form of herpes—herpes zoster, which you may have suffered as shingles—is characteristic in that its virus takes up residence in nerve cells around the waist and upper body.) Herpes simplex, herpes zoster and herpes virus Type 2 may be a family of evil brothers . . . Type 2 being the meanest of the three.

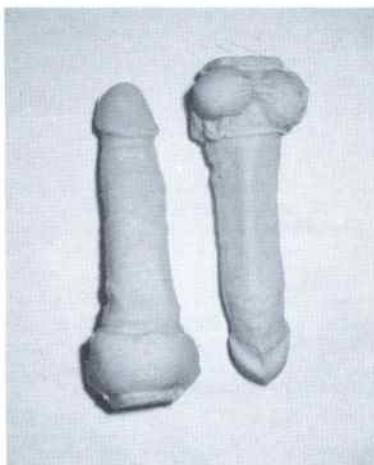
Doctors also agree that in some way the virus 'rests up' in these nerve cells, and when it feels strong enough once again it begins another rampage through the body.

What one sees in this pattern is clear. With no antibiotic yet available in the United States (a distinction we shall return to later in this article) that seems to have any effect in controlling/destroying herpes virus Type 2, it is of the greatest importance that all of us take great pains to see that our army of antibodies is kept at full force and at the peak of effectiveness. They are our battleline, and if they are strong enough and numerous enough they can overcome this virus at its inception. Conversely, the weaker the body is (from the extra battles our antibodies must fight against many other minor diseases, disorders, dysfunctions), the fewer we have to fight VVD if it should be contracted.

We can do this effectively by keeping our bodies fit all the time . . . by exercising regularly, eating wisely, and by increasing our intake of vitamins every day. For example, when one considers that proof positive exists that tablets of Vitamin C, totaling 1000 milligrams, are taken every day throughout the year will prevent the tenacious cold virus from taking root and virtually stopping any cold at the first sneeze—there is everything to gain and nothing to lose in building up antibodies for many tasks when we take not only the most powerful all-purpose vitamin capsule each day, but such additional ones as (1) a 250-milligram tablet of Vitamin B-12; (2) a 1000 International Units capsule of Vitamin E (making sure the label on the bottle indicates that the vitamin contains all four of the component tocopherols necessary for effective use, and not just the alpha component). You will find that Natural Harvest vitamins in these categories contain the maximums of vitamin potency suggested here. They are more fully described elsewhere in this issue.

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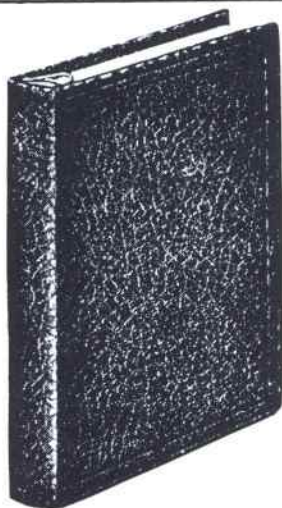
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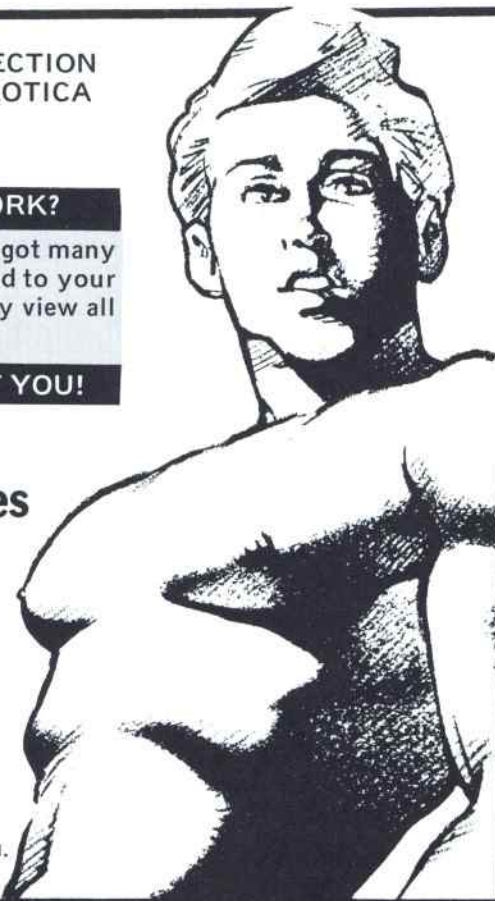
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post-sexual hygiene (lots of soap!)—will be your best line of defense against contracting herpes virus Type 2, since they can have only the very best results in helping to keep your body in the very best condition. Also, take special care to avoid sex with anyone who—at the 'moment of truth'—has an obvious 'cold sore' or 'fever blister' on his penis . . . and check his rectum too. Don't go in if you think Type 2 has arrived ahead of you. Do your partner a favor. Tell him what you suspect, and what he may not even realize. You will not have insulted him, but have done him a monumental favor.

BIG 'C'

Doctors believe that herpes virus Type 2, through infection of the urethra, can cause prostatic cancer. Already they have determined that female cervical cancer is probably virus-induced. They have concluded that 6% of women who get herpes virus Type 2 infections will contract cervical cancer within five years. The reason, doctors say, is that "There has been a marked change in sexual behavior patterns. The casual sexual encounter is 'in'. So when you have a disease that returns—or, more specifically, that won't go away yet—with no antibiotic to prevent/control it, and with heavy intercourse activating it still more, the problem grows grislier." Equally alarming is that the doctors expect a concomitant rise in prostatic cancer from this source, although perhaps at not such a high percentage level. Why?

THE DISEASE OF THE NEW 'ELITISM'

2) *The chic of bisexuality* . . . of former straights who dabble fashionably in the well-spring of gay sex . . . of the mixed threesome, foursome, or whatever . . . has opened a Pandora's Box of sexual miseries, since in dashing from *her* to *him* and *back again*, gay-all-the-way guys are really taking it up the ass—and we mean *heterosexual* herpes virus Type 2 as well as the phallus. Having sex *only* with *other gay guys* the incidence of prostatic cancer from Type 2 is *nil*. It simply has not appeared! Thus the need for all the precautions we have gone into specifically earlier in this article will *seem doubly important*—as they indubitably *are*. Whatever its chic, charisma or charm may be in making it all the way with an avowed straight—who, in turn, is doing it just to be 'in'—the risks are many and mounting. Take care, guys! Really *take care*!

With that said, aren't we nearer some kind of cure for herpes virus Type 2?

GOOD NEWS!

First, a controversial form of treatment by doctors at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, Texas is to coat external lesions (the 'cold sores' and or 'fever blisters') on the genitals with a dye that has the ability to make the herpes virus Type 2 sensitive to light. When the lesion, thus dyed, is exposed to ordinary light, it *inactivates* the virus. (Thus, one reasons, if the dye could be made available by prescription, the afflicted gay individual could perform this simple therapy at home. Hopefully it can.)

While, as the doctors are guardedly saying, "It does not reduce the number of recurrences, it shortens the clinical course of the disease." Or, you won't feel so lousy so long at one time.

Perhaps more glowing news is that some doctors have been urging their patients to go abroad for injections of a German-made inactivated herpes virus Type 2 vaccine. Unfortunately this has not been cleared by our speedy U.S. Food and Drug Administration. They drag their feet while we suffer! How does this vaccine work?

Proponents say that it works after repeated injections by helping patients build their immunity to the virus—much as a patient is given injections to combat an allergy. The vaccine is made by the Hermal-Chemie Company of Hamburg under the name *Lupidon G*. Unfortunately, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration will not even permit the importation of *Lupidon G* for experimental use by research doctors and clinicians! Our suggestion: if your physician determines that you have VVD, ask him to brief you on how to receive this treatment in Hamburg, Germany.

Finally, the noted firm of Eli Lilly & Company of Indianapolis which developed a herpes virus Type 1 vaccine years ago—very successful it is—is now at the threshold of a breakthrough into one for Type 2, according to a report in the *Wall Street Journal*. Godspeed, gentlemen!

But above all, take the simple precautions we have outlined in this article. You may completely thwart the onset of herpes virus Type 2 with strong antibodies in full force. Also, keep in touch with your local Board of Health . . . and report any suspicion of the virus. It may be that they will have some suggestions or up-to-date information about what is available to help you. Certainly an immunization treatment that is effective abroad will somehow reach the United States of Outer Space sometime in this millennium. Your Board of Health will be the first to know. That's what they are in business for.

Good luck!

• • •

TRUTH ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY

(Continued from page 13)

was caused by an "inappropriately close relationship" between son and mother and a relationship with the father marked by "fear and hostility." He said children likely to become homosexual can usually be identified between the ages of seven and ten.

Dr. Hooker halfway agreed with the theory, but pointed out that it certainly wasn't the only cause. Generally speaking, though, hostile, distant fathers seem to be characteristic of a homosexual's childhood, regardless of the role played by the mother.

Other researchers tried to find a more fundamental explanation in biological terms. While it is true that both male and female hormones are known to be present in some degree in both men and women, a true link between homosexuality and an excess of female hormones has never been found. Nor has the amount of testosterone in the blood plasma proved to be a causal effect.

What is surprising is that the lack of a clear-cut cause of homosexuality did not slow the search for a "cure" by psychiatrists and psychologists who believed the "disease" theory. The obvious approach was, of

course, years of psychotherapy. The problem was, and still is in many cases, that the doctors couldn't agree on the treatment. There were many who set their sights on nothing less than an exclusively heterosexual life for their patients. Others, believing that gayness is considered only "abnormal" sexual behavior because society frowns on it, tried to help their patients adjust to a happy, healthy gay life.

The confusion on the part of the experts didn't help the plight of confused patients, most of whom couldn't decide whether they really wanted to walk the straight and narrow path or not. Obviously, no mental therapy can work against the patient's will. A point many therapists miss.

One who didn't miss the point was Dr. Lawrence Hatterer, author of *Changing Homosexuality in the Male*, who takes into consideration 240 factors in determining a patient's capacity for change. Age, religious background, personality factors, and the two most important indicators—a genuine desire to change, and some previous heterosexual experience—were listed by the doctor.

There have also been more drastic measures put forth by "disease" advocates which fortunately are not seriously considered by therapists. One is aversion therapy, in which electric shocks are used to punish male patients when they are shown erotic pictures of other males. On the other hand, when viewing an attractive female they are rewarded by the absence of pain. Not surprisingly, many experts feel this technique is too chillingly close to Pavlov's dog experiment. And with the implication that *any* behavior may be altered through this type of "treatment," others have wondered if a similar treatment in reverse might not coax straights in the opposite direction.

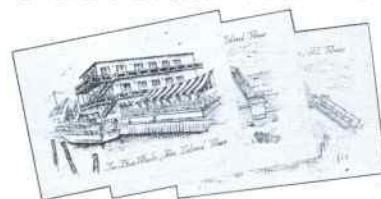
The most drastic measure of all, which can only be called "inhuman," is hypophallobotomy. In this ultimate snuffing-out technique, holes are bored in the skull and those areas of the brain related to sexual motivation systematically destroyed.

The method was tried some time ago on three homosexual child molesters in a German hospital, resulting in a "complete abolition of homosexual tendencies in two and a sufficient decrease in the third to enable them to be controlled." Of course, the medical profession at large has never recommended such drastic measures for other than dangerous patients who cannot be helped in any other way. And in most cases, such offenders are rarely homosexual anyway. Child molesting and rape are predominantly heterosexual problems.

Just as unbelievable, but less barbaric, was an experiment in which LSD was found to cause improvement in homosexual adjustments. The psychedelic drug, which has also supposedly been used to cure certain cases of frigidity, impotence, and alcoholism, is said to have given male homosexual psychedelic volunteers heightened aggressiveness, greater self-confidence, better self-esteem, a deeper voice, better posture, and even more "masculine" gestures!

In the final analysis, it is generally accepted that the homosexual *can* change through the help of a qualified analyst—but only if he really wants to. And that decision is up to him, and him alone. Probably the majority of gays do not wish to change to a

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a heterosexual lifestyle, and those who need psychiatric help most generally desire only to become well-adjusted homosexuals.

Thanks to an ever-changing attitude on the other side of the couch, the rank-and-file membership of the American Psychiatric Association recently endorsed a ruling that homosexuality should no longer be considered a "sickness." Finally realizing that many gays show no signs of pathology, the Association ruled by majority vote that problems of adjustment related to homosexual orientation, when they occur, will henceforth be grouped with a number of other symptoms under the heading "sexual orientation disturbance."

The ruling, coupled with the findings of a study by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, which concludes that homosexuals are as stable as heterosexuals, as reported in a recently published book ("Male Homosexuals: Their Problems and Adaptations" by the Oxford University Press), are the first significant steps in what may be an understanding of the nature of homosexuality. Problems which have been too sensitive to handle in the past are at long last being probed in an effort to find the truth about homosexuality.

• • •

CONDIMENTS AND COMPLIMENTS

(Continued from page 19)

to be seduced. But when it is drenched in such goodies as clam sauce, meat sauce, tomato sauce, oyster sauce, or any other sauce (not to forget such other divine condiments as meatballs, anchovies, mussels, hot and sweet Italian sausages: also equally divine cheeses!) one glories in the condiments, and not in the spaghetti itself.

What occurs is a kind of 'condimentary turnabout', the spaghetti acting as a condiment for the *condiments*! Since spaghetti brings out the deliciousness of the condiments because of its own blandness, it acts in a secondary capacity by setting the stage for the star of the show.

This is often true of such a noble dish as *bouillabaisse*. Of course the heart of this fish stew should be the fish. The combinations of fish in *bouillabaisse* should give it enough body and character that it can almost stand alone with minimal embellishment. Yet it so often happens that only one kind of fish is available and that is usually frozen (sole without 'soul', if you will), and thus the chef must have either an artful or a heavy hand with condiments to breathe the breath of life into it. In such cases one eats the *bouillabaisse* more for its condiments than for its fish.

REGIONAL CONDIMENTS

If you have ever dined in a midwestern/southern home you will certainly have been served a very piquant condiment... corn relish (or corn chowder as it is called in some areas); a cooked combination (then canned and refrigerated before serving) and used as an accompaniment to any kind of roasted meat except, possibly, chicken or turkey. It is made of fresh kernel corn, red and green peppers, sliced celery, salt, some kind of spice (this depending on what the regional

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favorite may be), and cider vinegar.

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Every country has certain individual condiments that exoticize its national dishes. In England, France, Germany and the southern European countries a tray of condiments is brought to your table or placed close by, even before the menu is presented. Of course the familiar ones are the 'salad makers'—salt, a peppermill, oil and vinegar. To this each country adds one or more of its favorite exoticizers. In Italy, for example, a bowl of grated cheese is there to make your *zuppa* or spaghetti a little wilder . . . and especially oregano. Now oregano is a great exoticizer but it is Italian only by adoption. Its origins are in Arabia, India and Egypt. Thus a hint of mystery from the mystic East.

In Germany oregano gives way to *dill*. And in their fondness for 'dilling' everything the Germans may not realize that it is also one of the most powerful aphrodisiacs. *Ach!* Those sexy Germans!

In Greece the relish table changes again. Still the olive oil, the salt, the peppermill and wine vinegar, but in addition there are those black, *black* olives and the spicy *feta* cheese. Whether in an expensive Athens restaurant or the poorest home, olives and *feta* cheese are the Greek 'soul food'.

In Spain, in addition to the standard relishes/salad makers you will often find *saffron*. To the Spanish this is the exoticizer of exoticizers and it is used in a very unusual way. In coffee. When your waiter brings you a pot of hot coffee you simply place a small piece of saffron in the pot and let it 'rendezvous' with the brew. If you've never had coffee made this way, try it. Saffron is terribly expensive, but then one uses only a little at a time. This exoticizer, incidentally, is not Spanish in origin—but Persian. Again, a hint of oriental mystery.

Earlier we noted an exotic marinade for lamb (be sure to try it), made with red wine and crushed coriander seeds (just roll a bottle of club soda over a napkinned handful of the seeds). Your lamb is steeping all night in a very oriental exoticizer. It is Ceylonese in origin.

In the United States what picnic basket ever lacks plenty of pimiento-and-cheese sandwiches? The exoticizer here is, naturally, the pimiento—not native to the United States, but a tasty import from Jamaica. Also, the mustard without which picnic hotdogs (or hotdogs anywhere) would not be hotdogs, is both an exoticizer and an aphrodisiac (also a redundancy!) and originated in Asia Minor.

Then such spices as *cloves* and *nutmeg*—common to all American cooking—are not American at all. They come from the Moluccas. *Cumin* 'cums' from Turkestan . . . allspice (which many think is a combination of many spices and is really just one) is Jamaican. *Basil*, so important to gourmet cooking, is an exoticizer from India . . . and

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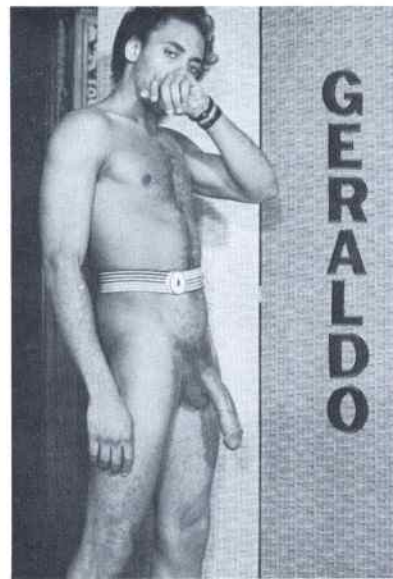
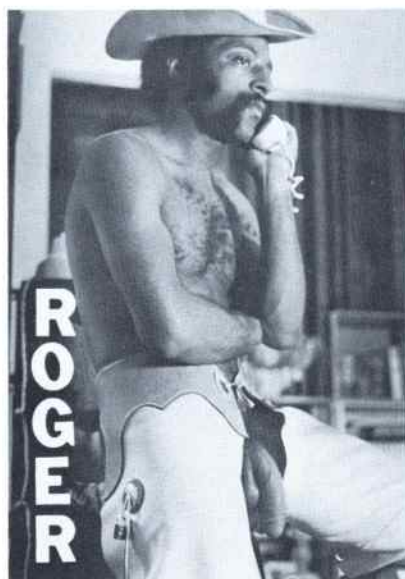
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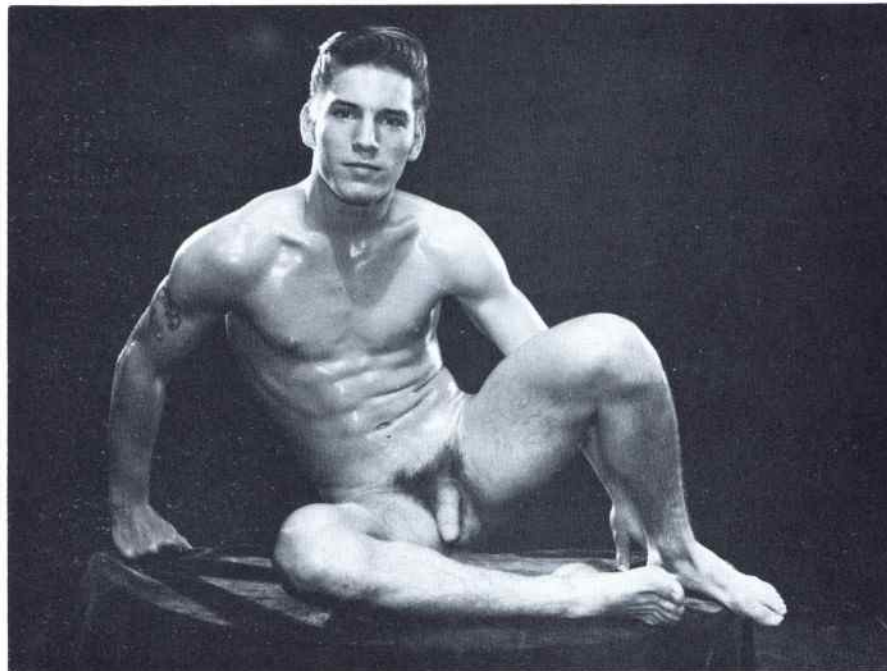
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the *bay leaf* which gives even the lowliest stew real pazazz comes from Asia Minor.

Capers, so favored by gourmet chefs, come from *hell*... the Sahara Desert. On the other hand "*truffles* come from *heaven*," as the saying goes. This truly heavenly exoticizer grows, with considerable reluctance, in the damp soil of France, which charges such astronomical prices for this 'black gold' that it really should be quoted on the New York Stock Exchange. When you add a truffle to a fancy *paté maison* for your next gay dinner, you have said the last word about gourmet cooking.

High on the list of exoticizers is *curry*. But curry powder, as purchased at your local supermarket is unlike the real thing. The Indian housewife grinds her curry every day, just before preparing a meal. She uses a combination of exoticizing spices, and this varies from area to area. If you use curry, be sure to quickly open and quickly seal the package as soon as you have taken from it the amount you need. In addition, wrap the package in Saran, or other plastic wrap, and keep it on a shelf, not in the refrigerator. Refrigeration 'decays' the character of curry and no amount of thawing at room temperature will revive it. Also, discard curry that has been on the kitchen shelf for two weeks or more. Buy smaller packages and prevent loss. In this way you'll always have a decent curry... or a possibly rancid one otherwise.

Although restaurant curries are usually accompanied by chutney—presumably to continue the Indian motif—chutney can be as easily made, and as well, by the American cook.

New England chutneys are always delicious and usually taste not a whit different from those that come expensively from India via Major Grey in London. And chutney is really not so much an exoticizer as a sweet relish. Its principal value is that it provides an alternation between the pungent and the sweet.

One might not think *orange marmalade* a condiment, yet it is. And orange marmalade made with bitter oranges—especially if from Israel, Greece and Turkey—is a far more taste-intriguing condiment.

Nuts are also 'condimental' and exoticizing. The '*English*' *walnut* is not English, but Persian... the *chestnut*, so favored by the French in ices—*marrons glacés*—comes from Asia Minor. And the popular *peanut* we use for its oil, in peanut butter, and just for the goodness of itself, is a South American nut that found a new home in the United States. The *almond*, of course, is truly oriental. Just a sliver or a taste of it in foods is exotic—in almond paste, for example, which makes a simple coffee cake a real *gateau*. Also, the almond is basic to a most marvelous cordial called *Amaretto*. You should have a bottle of this in your home. Serve it at the end of dinner instead of the usual cognac. It makes the perfect finishing touch to a truly inspired gourmet meal.

Whenever you dine out, as you peruse the menu, give some thought to the many countries that have contributed to the meal you have chosen... from the condiment tray to dessert and 'saffron coffee', you'll really have dined *internationally*.

• • •

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THE SOCRATES CAPER

(Continued from page 20)

at the door, and Gregorio's standing with a blue chiton in his arms and grinning like a Siamese cat. 'You passed,' he said, 'I knew you would. Here, put this on and come out to the table. You'll sit with me because I sponsored you.'

"Well, let me tell you, that was pretty much the climax of the whole evening. The rest of it was just lyin' around and rapping and passing the wine. I was hoping old Gus would come on like Socrates. You know, giving with the long-winded wisdom—but nothin' man. I think he was smashed."

"Well, since he started gulping gin about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, that's no surprise."

"He got up once and tried to walk, but fell right down again. Gregorio said it wasn't always like that. Used to have real rap sessions last summer, but lately it's been a lot of drinking wine and lyin' around."

"However, and this was real weird, just when I thought we'd split, Gus staggers up again and leans on the arms of Gene Bouclé and another guy and starts this rap. I couldn't make it out too well, like, it was disjointed, and he's got the lisp, you know—like Alkibiades, only real bad on Gus when he's smashed. He looked like a bloated frog. Face, red and pudgy. Like Socrates must've looked. Fascinating."

"The beginning of it came out something like, 'Remember these—prethicks' or something . . ."

"Maybe precepts . . ."

"Yeah. 'Remember these precepts, my young friends. Follow the words of the master. Follow oh great Socrates. Death and pain shall come to him who deviates. The ring, Alpha-Lambda-Kappa, shall remind transgressors of the profligate, Alkibiades. He who mutilated the Hermæ and fled Athens in disgrace and caused the death of Socrates.' Now, man, that's weird, to name the group after a guy Gus seems to hate. Like, perverse, you know. I never knew Alkibiades caused the death of Socrates."

"He didn't, Ebanykus, not directly. But he was one of Socrates' closest friends, maybe even lover when he was younger. And Alkibiades did screw up the invasion of Sicily, and that was the beginning of the end for Athens. So, indirectly, all the disasters led to the death of Socrates and the cup of hemlock."

"Well, I mean, Jonquil, ain't it downright kinky to name an organization after someone you hate?"

"Right on. It sure is."

"Then he lays on these precepts—got 'em right here. Gregorio gave me a copy." Ebanykus reached into his jeans and pulled out a crumpled piece of paper and read from it.

"Know yourself. Honor yourself. Honor your commitments. Honor your friends. Give to your lover the freedom to become what it is his destiny to become. With your lover, seek the imperishable. Avoid HYBRIS, impiety of spirit. Avoid THRASOS, excessiveness. Avoid A-TE, delusion. Become aware of your MOIRA, which is not fate, but your ordained apportionment in life, that

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which is given you by the Gods to become."

"The old hypocrite," I said, "I mean, I really dig all that, but how could Gus stand there blind drunk and tell you these things? Wait'll you hear what I found out yesterday about good old Socrates-Augustus Swann. It looks like he could be the one man who's gonna fuck up the whole scene at the Broadway, thanks to his excessiveness, impiety of spirit and delusions—of grandeur, that is."

I winged quickly over the events of yesterday, starting with my interview with Jack Strong and the Gene Bouclé painting, my drink with Gus, and the hassle with Holly Love, the blond homophobe and the Elysian Marbles. I tied it all together the way I'd figured it, and Ebanykus gasped and said, "Well, shit!"

We'd forgotten about Garret. In the midst of our brooding silence, he said softly, "So what're you guys gonna do now? Sit here on your ass?"

I stared at him a moment and realized he was dead serious.

"Well, what does that mean?" I said, a little miffed.

"Ain't you gonna fight?"

"Fight?" I looked at Ebanykus.

Garret said: "Can't you get organized or something?"

"I thought of raising a small army of lovers," I answered, turning on a cynical grin. "You know, Ebanykus, like the one suggested in Plato . . ."

"Maybe that's not such a nutty idea," Garret cut in.

"Whaddya talkin' about?" Ebanykus asked, waving his hands in desperation.

"I'm talkin' about talking and not doing."

I mean, well, I don't know nothin' about Plato or anything, but I do know most guys couldn't give a shit who owns baths, or gay bars just so they can go someplace and not have to hassle . . . But nobody has to sit by and watch organized crime run everything anymore."

"I believe. I believe," I said. "But how are we gonna stop them?"

"Well . . . I don't know . . ." Garret frowned and sat still for a minute, then said, "How about just letting it all out? Pop their balloon?"

"Come on, Garret," Ebanykus moaned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I don't know *how* you'd do it. But, well—why not expose the whole mess to the public—like, maybe to television somehow? Come right out and tell the public what's going down . . . tell the newspapers. How the Syndicate's fuckin' around trying to blackmail the stockholders, and, why not just come right out and tell the public who the stockholders are? Bring the rats out in the sunshine? I mean, you guys, what have we got to hide? What should we be afraid of?"

Ah youth! I mused. The whole thing sounded adolescent, romantic and altruistic. If not downright preposterous. If I hadn't been afraid to hurt Garret, I would've laughed right loud. I looked at Ebanykus again. His mouth hung open in dismay.

I started to say there are certain things just ain't done in our world, but then I remembered Plato's army of lovers . . . Why not? a voice whispered. Why-the-fuck-not? And the voice said, Garret may be a genius . . .

"I got it!" I almost shouted. "I mean,

you got it, Garret. We'll hold a fuckin' press conference, and then when we got everybody in . . ."

"What?" Ebanykus croaked. There was another minute of heavy silence, but you could almost hear the electro-magnetic waves buzzing. Suddenly Ebanykus exploded in jubilant laughter. "Yeah man!" He jumped up from the table and started dancing excitedly around the room. He rushed over and hugged me, then Garret. "Garret, you're a genius!"

"Force the rats into the clean air!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah," Ebanykus shouted back, "and if the hoods give us any static, we'll be waiting for them . . ."

"With our army of lovers!" I yelled.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" Ebanykus shouted again.

"We'll fight 'em in front of the cameras!"

Garret was beaming.

Flushed with excitement, I started scurrying about the kitchen flinging dishes into the sink, and chattering, "Look, you guys, I better get over to the Broadway. We gotta move fast. First I'll get in touch with Gus. See if he can stall Holly Love, and then—" I stopped, poising the dish mop in the air. "Oh shit, I don't have Gus' phone number and it's unlisted . . . Well, maybe Elliott's back in town . . ."

"Whatever," Ebanykus called out from the john. "Just get it together, Jonquil, and we'll line up Gregorio." He came out zipping his fly. "Hey, let's make waves later on . . . get in some dancing. I know a few bartenders. We might get them to help us."

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"Great," I said. "So, I'll see you later at the Broadway. Elliott will just have to find someone else to run it for him tonight. Or maybe he can run it himself!"

Elliott wasn't easy to convince. I finally caught up to him at the Broadway. He'd bought the idea of hiring Garret. Ebanykus charmed him into it, no doubt. But Garret, I learned, also got a strong assist from Gregorio who'd turned onto him the minute he buzzed him in.

Once I had Elliott to myself downstairs in the star dressing room which doubled as an office, I eased into it with, "Elliott, we gotta play their game."

He clenched his jaw but said nothing.

I persisted. "I mean, I don't know how much you heard about what I lived through yesterday, but let's begin with how I got zapped by our blond friend at the Holly Love Gallery and found myself thrown into the Elysian Marbles which your ex-lover, Gus apparently stole outta Rhodes in 1955. How's that for starters? In a word, Elliott, the Syndicate is gettin' ready to bludgeon into submission to *them*... by way of Jack Strong..."

Still he clenched his jaw.

"I'm sure Jack Strong's behind it," I continued, and explained how Strong had egged me into the Gene Bouclé painting, and his obvious connection with Holly Love. "According to Gus, Jack's strung himself out with debts and is about to collapse like a used popper. As I said, I don't know much or anything about your corporation and frankly don't want to know, but we gotta do something quick if you want to keep the Broadway Baths clean."

I ran out of breath and waited. He arched his back in the chair and stiffened... and then hung loose. He looked unstrung, and depressed.

"Fuck it," he said between his teeth. "Fuck it all, Jonquil. I'm ready to throw in my Turkish towel."

"No way," I said. "You got friends—me and Ebanykus and Gregorio, and the gay community—I hope..."

"Jonquil, how am I going to get control of the corporation unless Gus sells out to me?"

"That's why you went to Albany..."

"Yes. The lawyers were helpful and convincing..."

"Look, it's either Gus gives you his fifty-percent or the Syndicate..."

"Gus will never sell out to them. He might destroy himself and bring us all down with him, but he will never sell out his interest to the Syndicate or to Jack Strong. You don't know Gus."

"You mean he'll go to jail first?"

"Yes. That's a possibility."

"Man, if you're sure—all the more reason for us to try and force their hand... the crooks, I mean."

"How, Jonquil?"

"Look, Elliott, can you get Jack and Gus together? It can't be any later than tomorrow morning. Tomorrow's Friday and I gotta get to the newspapers and TV no later than noon tomorrow."

He blanched. "Why?"

"Tomorrow morning we tell your partners we're gonna hold a press conference and give out exactly what's been going down here. About the murder and the threats. We roll

the rock over and expose the lizards underneath."

"You can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Well... well, because it's never been done before. It's risky... and dangerous. How can you predict...?"

"We can't predict. But we can do it. Get it out front—whatever everybody knows already but never talks about. That we're running a decent, gay establishment, which has been, up to the time the mob started muscling in, clean of dope and violence and rip-off. And we let the mob in on it. That should be easy to do with Jack Strong as built-in messenger boy. They can either unleash their heavy artillery or run. If they decide to come on heavy, we'll be waiting for them and phalanx them into the street. And it'll all be on TV. I mean, Elliott, what have we got to lose? Now or never, man!"

He fell quiet again and stared at me. "Gus told you we were lovers?"

"Yeah. Said he wasn't about to let you off the hook, either. Not ever, he said."

"That's really funny, you know, after the things he pulled on me. In the beginning we were together hardly more than two nights a week, and there were those extended trips of his to Greece, always he insisted on going alone. And then he married Holly Love and started all that ALK nonsense."

"Sounds to me like Gus could never make up his mind what, or—if you'll pardon the expression—who he wanted to do next."

"Yes."

"Well, what do you say, Elliott? Will you go along with us? I mean, you hired me and Ebanykus to do a job and this is the best we can come up with. I don't see any other way to save it."

He smiled. "Yes. You're right. I might as well come all the way out. Mother will not be pleased."

"Will your detective friend, Dick-in-the-closet, keep the murder quiet a few more days?"

"He gives me the weekend... yes..."

"So we got time."

"A little... all right. I'll go along as far as having a meeting with Jack and Gus. You'd better let me call them."

"Sure," I said. "I was never given their phone numbers anyway."

When I got upstairs I was surprised to find Ebanykus alone in the glass cage—an environment he hated. But he was all smiles, winking at me. "Gregorio's showing Garret around," he said, "upstairs... you know, how the rooms work..."

"You mean how you work in the rooms. Where's boo-boo Bouclé?"

"Not coming on duty till tonight. And Elliott gave me and Gregorio and Garret the night off—until midnight. Then we gotta come back and relieve Bouclé."

"He won't be alone here, will he?"

"Naw... Jeff will be downstairs and check things out upstairs..."

"Right on. Anyway, Ebanykus, we'll have the whole evening together, you and me... How did you manage all this?"

"I got ways," he said smiling. "Love and Eros conquers all."

"And a good fuck."

"Gregorio and Garret look good together..."

"Yeah, Eros, well how about showing

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me around upstairs?"

"As soon as they get back. I don't wanna interrupt the honeymoon. Wait for me. Why don't you go down and have Jeff give you some yogurt and Vitamin E?"

"Vitamin E I don't need . . ."

"I wanna be all alone with you and eat you up and make love . . ."

"Not war," I said.

The second half of that fateful Thursday began with dinner at the "Plaid Shirt," a so-so gay restaurant in the West Village. I called our friend Hippolyta and asked her and her new lover to join us. Hippolyta almost blasted me off the phone when I told her we were recruiting an army of lovers to fight the Syndicate.

"You're mad, Jonquil, both you and Ebanykus, but that's nothing new, right? Sure I'll hook up with you. Besides, I want you to meet Carmine. She's sort of fem, but underneath it all—r-r-r-u-u-f-f!"

Ebanykus was right. Gregorio and Garret did look good together. Gregorio was coming on noncommittal, but his sky-blue eyes sparkled under the Afro-blond friz, and he was laughing for a change—a full moon, looney laughter, so he wasn't fooling me a bit. I also caught his crusty, sophisticated, sideways expression melting into adoration whenever he stole a glance at Garret. Garret was into him, that's for sure. Ebanykus, as messenger for Aphrodite and Eros, seemed to have scored a triumph.

And very little tension in the group, either. I think Gregorio might've been a little uptight with Hippolyta at first, but warmed to her quickly, especially when he discovered they were born under the same sign. Hippolyta's new-found lover was perfect for her—feminine and sleek with big black Spanish eyes and strung taught.

"So, come on, Jonquil," Hippolyta commanded as soon as we got our drinks, "lay it on us. But, tell me, why should we help you shits in the first place? What's the Broadway to us? Right?" Her round face beamed and she waved a large bony hand in the air. "I mean, it's a hangout for male sexists, right?"

Gregorio turned away from toasting Garret long enough to say, "We were gonna open two or three nights a week to women. At least, that was the idea before the hassle started."

"I'd better not catch you in there without me, Carmine." Carmine remained feline silent. A woman of mystery, like Maria Montez in *The Cobra Woman*. But she was smiling and eating Hippolyta with her eyes.

"Okay," Hippolyta said, "then what do you want from us? Do we bring tire irons and chains?"

"I dunno what," I replied. "Maybe nothing at all will happen. But if it does, we want to be ready."

"See, the main thing is," Ebanykus cut in, "we're just gonna run it, and we don't want no fuckin' crooks trying to run it for us. That's all."

I outlined the events of the week, leaving out the story of the Elysian Marbles. When I finished, Hippolyta guffawed and said, "Fighting side by side we can overcome the world. Right? Yeah, Jonquil, I read that in Plato. What a fuckin' romantic you are, and you too, Ebanykus. A couple of kinky romantics."

Carmine came out of hiding. "I think your friends *son lindos*—beautiful," she said.

"Yeah, well let's not get carried away," Hippolyta warned.

"Hippy, baby, you're more than I can handle!"

"Think how it'll look on television," Garret said. "All these Dykes and—oh, I'm sorry . . ."

"That's okay, Garret," Hippolyta cackled. "Think how it'll look with all those *faggots* comin' on like a Greek rebellion!"

"Come on you guys with the quips," Ebanykus said. "Let's eat and split. We gotta line up the troops."

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON

SAY



"Boy who suck 50 Chinese
get hungry one hour later!"

We made it to almost every bar in the Village, including the one leather bar we could get into without a uniform, and to a couple of women's bars in the theatre district. We wriggled out buns and bounced tits on a dozen pulsating dance floors, ending up in the Eastside, turned onto smoke and holding each other close.

By ten-thirty we were promised support from three women bartenders, one of whom guaranteed her butch lover. Four male bartenders Ebanykus and I knew, said they'd show. And we were laughed at by a dozen more.

However, Gregorio laid it on everyone there'd be free admission all day Saturday, so we could only hope to bring in a crowd. Elliott already had assured us some football

hunks from an upstate college would be on hand.

Gregorio and Garret got thicker as the night wore on. In fact, they nudged so close on the dance floor at the "Alibi" I thought they'd make it right there. What a turnon seeing those two beautiful faded-jean pelvises mashed into each other, and thick arms clutching, and Gregorio's Afro-blond hair tangled into Garret's curly chestnut tresses.

We were all pretty stoned by eleven. Hippolyta and Carmine insisted on following us back to the Broadway Baths. Gregorio left Garret at his pad on West Seventy-fifth, not wanting to confront Gene Bouclé with him, so it was the five of us only laughing our way into the baths.

Elliott Sandhurst was in the cage. He said Gene was upstairs, and Jeff down below. And business had been like zero. Elliott told me he'd lined up Gus and Jack Strong for a meeting tomorrow morning. Jack had even insisted on it, and also had demanded we have breakfast at the St. Regis.

As Hippolyta and Carmine swept into poolside, a few lingering makeout artists were scared out of their bath towels, and erections shriveled. Hippolyta shouted, "Don't worry, fellas, I'm only a Dyke and this is my woman," and kept right on poking her nose into the sauna where a guy in ecstasy had to pull out of a mouth fast. We got Jeff to grill us thick, messy cheeseburgers. After gorging on food, we left Hippolyta and Carmine at the front door and watched them fade into the misty night.

Gregorio relieved Elliott in the cage, and Ebanykus and I panted our way upstairs to find a bed to fuck in. The third floor was quiet. No sign of Gene anywhere. We figured he was letting it hang out in the orgy room and Gregorio wasn't anxious to see him, anyway, and, man, we wanted it bad.

Finding a room was easy. So was crawling into each other's naked arms, until, slow and easy, the taste of his flesh and sweet cock, and the feel of his tongue in me . . . man, and the wild brawling . . . until we got into the screaming, great link . . . knowing next time would be the first time again . . .

Ebanykus got up to go to the john and I dropped off to sleep. Next thing I knew he was shaking my shoulder and whispering, "Hey, Jonquil, wake up, Jonquil!"

"Yeah . . . whatsa matter?"

"Bouclé. He never came downstairs, Gregorio said, and I didn't see him in any of the orgy rooms. Maybe . . ." he sucked in his breath.

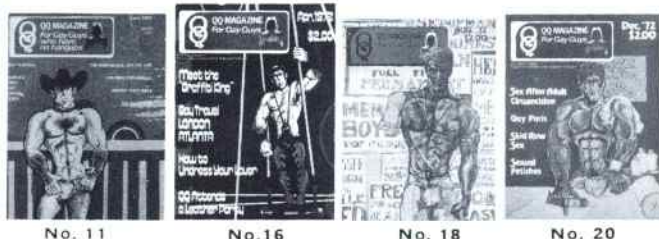
"Maybe what, Ebanykus?"

"I haven't looked back *there* yet. In the corner room. I'm afraid to go alone. Will you come with me?"

Being half awake didn't help my nerves any. I got up, throwing a towel around, and we inched our way down the hall toward the hidden room. The door into it was closed, but not locked. I swung around to the room opposite. Ebanykus grabbed my arms and groaned, "Oh Jesus!"

Gene Bouclé was sprawled out naked on the bare mattress, his legs spread, his mouth hanging open. And his eyes . . . those god-damn, staring, unfocused eyes. I'll never forget them. A wet orange towel was twisted around his neck.

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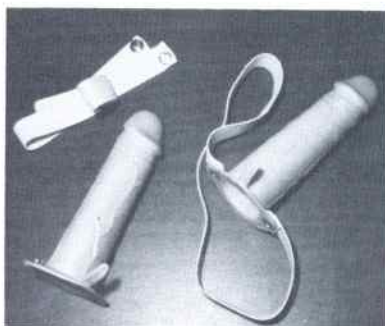


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Man, he was dead, dead, dead.

In our next issue: An Army of Lovers, but it's make love and sex, not war!

...

HAMBURG

(Continued from page 25)

courtesy are the *Vier Jahreszeiten* (Four Seasons)—on the lake at 9 Neuer Jungfernstieg. Also getting the lake breeze is the *Atlantic*, 78 An den Alster. The same words of praise can be sung for this one. Loew's has invaded Hamburg with the new *Hamburg Plaza* which has everything you'd expect of any super-Loew pad. Rates for hotels in this category are about \$22 single and \$36 double (in now money).

More moderately priced are the *Ambassador*, Heidenkampsweg 34 . . . the *Alster Hof*, 12 Esplanade . . . and the *Berlin* at 1 Borgfelderstrasse. Rates average \$16 single—\$24 double. For about \$2 more per day you can have the newer *Hotel Intercontinental*, Fontenay 10. The *Metro*, at 24 Bremmer Reihe, is inexpensive at \$10 single and \$16 double.

CLUBS/BARS

In general, gay bars and clubs open at 7 or 8 p.m. and close at 4 a.m. Here are some of the most popular, ranging in location from the St. Pauli area into the streets farther away. A street map, which you can buy at any news kiosk, will clearly and quickly show you how easy they are to reach.

Exquisit Bar, Spielbudenplatz 22. The elegant bar in the hotel of the same name. In the St. Pauli area.

bei Franz, Steinstrasse 37. Hustlers abound here.

PC Club, Paulinenstrasse 16; young and lively crowd; dancing; neighborhood locals. Also on this same gay street are the

Spundloch Bar, 19 . . . and the nearby *Hotel Amber*, 3. The *Spundloch* gets a young crowd. There are snacks and dancing. In various other areas are:

Charly's Night Club, Hamburger Berg, 29. Elegant. Jacket and tie.

Dandy Bar, Hein Hoyerstrasse 50. Fine for the rough traders.

Camelot, Hamburger Berg, 10. Lesbians.

Flamingo, Kastanienallee 33. The rough street mentioned earlier. Rough trade . . . hustlers.

Giraffe, Iflandstrasse, 90. A young crowd comes here. Snacks.

Hanseat Bar, Kaiser-Wilhelm Strasse, 55. An American-type gay bar.

MC Club, Kastanienallee 22. Same rough street. Same hustlers.

Na Denn, Hofweg 58. Friendly place with dancing. Snacks.

New Stadt-Casino, Alter Steinweg 44. Swish types.

Old Time, Schulterblatt 121. Hustlers haven.

Petit-Bar, Detler Bremer Strasse 48. This place never closes. The crowd is a mixture of all types . . . some leather/some hustlers.

The Pit Club, Pulverteich (another quite gay street) near the Central Railroad Station. Gets a generally young crowd. Dancing.

Pulverfass, Pulverteich 12, two doors from The Pit Club. You must either be a

member (it's a club) or show your passport (which will usually gain one admittance). Drag shows . . . young crowd mostly.

Rudi's Night Club, Steindamm 58. A very popular bar/restaurant. On the dressy side (at least jacket-and-tie). Closed on Tuesday.

Sanssouci, Hein Hoyerstrasse 21. Hustlers. Mod.

Sit-in, Wohlwillstrasse 48. Hospitable place. Some hustlers.

Tanz-Casino, Ost-West Strasse (in St. Pauli . . . it bisects the Reeperbahn). Also a club. Passport or membership card required. Failing this, you must be accompanied by a member. Transvestites.

Tusculum Bar, Kreuzweg 6. Popular with a mod-fashion 'in' crowd . . . mostly young.

RESTAURANTS

In addition to the many bars listed which serve food—and it is always good and, typically, Teutonic in its large portions—there are many international restaurants in Hamburg that should really surprise you. First, and an absolutely 'don't miss' is the restaurant in the Television Tower. Here you not only can see all of Hamburg revolve around you, but dine on superb food. At a speed of 20 feet per second the elevator shoots you to a height of 400 feet and the revolving restaurant. From here you can also see the beautiful 'water ballet' performed by the unique fountains in the neighboring Planten un Blomen Park (a famous outdoor cruising area we'll tell you about in a moment). The waters and lights dance in harmony, and this is surely one of the most beautiful sights in the world. The restaurant turns a full 360-degree circle in an hour. Table reservations are necessary. Telephone 44 16 41/42/43.

If you would like to taste Japanese Kobe-style steaks without having to go to Kobe, then Kobe comes to you at the *Yaki*, Colonnaden 96. The cattle from which the steaks come are hand-massaged in the Japanese tradition. Mm-m-m!

Scandinavian food is best at the *Kon-Tiki Grill* in Hotel Norge, 49 Schaferkampsallee.

All the hotels of the super-luxe category have magnificent restaurants with diversified cuisine from all over the world. Particularly recommended are the *Atlantic Hotel's Brasilia Room* which features Portuguese/South American cooking. Also Loew's Hamburg Plaza goes mutton-choppy and Yorkshire pudding with its *English Grill*. But a 'you simply won't believe' restaurant with the most varied cuisine is "*frappant-Gastronomie*" which is six restaurants under one roof! It is at Grosse Bergstrasse 178 in Hamburg-Altona.

A delightful way to dine is to simply stroll along the Aussen Alster (the lake comes right up to the dining-table surface like the rim of a bowl. Choose one of the dining terraces . . . lantern lights, starched napery, and an unforgettable view of the lake. But don't, please, miss the restaurant in Television Tower. It really is a trip!

GAY BATHS

Club Uhlenhorst, Adolfstrasse 25, takes its name from the district of Uhlenhorst in which it reigns supreme among baths. This is not near St. Pauli, but near the Outer Alster and close by the Feen-Teich—an aqueous marsh-park which means 'fairy

garden'. But don't let that throw you, however. Inside the Club gay guys don't have time to sing 'there are fairies at the bottom of my garden' because the action swings 24 hours of every day in the year—including Christmas. And the guys don't even have time to open their presents!

The Club Uhlenhorst is certainly the most popular gay baths in Hamburg and it just may be the best in Germany. It has all the amenities, as they say (and all the *amens*!) from wall-to-wall carpeting to ball-to-ball dancing, plus a snack bar, a cocktail lounge (dancing), disco (more dancing), sub-aqueous massage, table tennis, private booths (called Kabinen), an indoor swimming pool, whirl-pool baths, solarium, a good-though-small gymnasium, and—very important—a grassy plot for relaxation. You'll appreciate this as a place to catch your breath after polishing off one whopper before having a go at the next. Another excellent bath is the

City Ship Sauna Club on Bleichenbrücke. This unusual place is really a permanently-docked houseboat of several deck-tiers (all busy). The boat adjoins a verandah on the canal bank . . . very convivial. The action is not non-stop here—as it is at the Uhlenhorst—since it is open only from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m. But with a tad of ingenuity any gay guy can fit a lot of action into this schedule.

OUTDOOR CRUISING

In addition to special-type cruising in the St. Pauli area, you'll find varied cruising and pleasant surprises at six busy outdoor cruising areas:

1) The immediate area of the *Central Railway Station*.

2) *Planten un Blomen Park* (which now includes the Botanical Gardens—the cruiseiest part). The main entrance is opposite the Congress Centre in the middle of Hamburg and it is open from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m. every day. There is no admission charge. The cruising is wild in the early evening. The U-bahn stop is *Stephansplatz*.

3) The park at *Lombardsbrücke and Kennedybrücke*.

4) *Stadtpark*. A woodland park with sunbathing lawns and a keep-fit obstacle course, swimming pool, mini-golf course et al. The U-bahn stations serving this big area are *Borgweg* and *Saarlandstrasse*.

5) *Alsenplatz Park*, at *Studentenhochhaus* (College Students Center).

6) *Klosterstern Park*, *Rothenbaumchaussee* at *Klosterstern* (Boliviapark).

JOHNS

The facilities at *Mittelweg* and *Fontenay (Moorweide)* . . . and at the johns in the following railway stations: *On the U-bahn line both the Kellinghusenstrasse and Stephansplatz stops are busy. And on the S-bahn line, the Hasselbrook stop.*

If you read our first issue of *Ciao!* you may recall that we included an article on the North German island of *Sylt*, which was not, but now is familiar to gay people because of our review of its nude FKK and nude gay beaches. So while you are in Hamburg—if in spring or summer—why not make a side trip to *Sylt*? It is easily reached by rail from *Altona Station/Central Station* to *Sylt* in something less than three hours time (120 miles). Or by car on Federal Highway Number 5 to *Niebull* and then over by

motorail to *Sylt*. Or by plane from *Fuhlsbüttel Airport* to *Westerland*. There are four flights daily. The plane fare round-trip is about \$55.

A trip to *Sylt* can wind up your vacation in a most memorable way. Try to fit it into your itinerary. Altogether *Hamburg/Sylt* can be the most exciting European vacation of all.

Fröhliche reise!

• • •

THE NEW MONTE CARLO

(Continued from page 27)

First, build up—skyscrapers . . . there being no premium on air space. Next, *reclaim land from the sea* and build on that—just as the industrious Dutch have done. It worked, and now Monaco has 20% more acreage than it ever knew it had, and a great boom in building construction has resulted. For example, *Loew's Monte Carlo* (already you may feel you've never left home!) rises in seven polygonal tiers at the front of the resort's famed Grand Casino. When completed it will accommodate 1200 guests and feature three restaurants, a rooftop swim club, an American-type gaming room, and a discotheque for the young crowd.

If a prospective visitor to Monte Carlo has been turned off by its past 'grey eminence' of old rococo-style buildings, international bankers winning at the gaming tables, exiled grand dukes and the 'potted palm' decor of the 1920s, please be assured that one would not recognize it today. Certainly *Princess Grace* has had much to do with his happy metamorphosis. Her glamor as an international film star has become the symbol of an updated Monte Carlo, just as she has lent her prestige to the sponsorship of worthy Monegasque causes.

But it is two of her three teen-age children who have given the city a new zip . . . a youthful *joie de vivre* . . . a really 'with it' spirit Monte Carlo never had. Particularly young *Prince Albert*—who must surely be the handsomest young man one could imagine. With his father's goodlooks and the blondness of his mother in his beautiful long hairstyle, he is seen everywhere in town . . . always in the thick of things *jeunesse*. He and his friends are making Monte Carlo

THE 'GETTING TO KNOW YOU BETTER' CITY

The happy news for gay visitors to the Riviera is that gay life is on the upswing in Monte Carlo. Not that anyone would tout the town as 'heigh-ho, gay-oh' yet, but gay people—who used to avoid Monte Carlo like *Typhoid Tillie*—are now coming here in increasing numbers. The reason—as in similar European resort towns—is the 'bisexual chic' of it—the 'sexual interaction' of it among young people in the know. What would have been frowned upon or forbidden, a few years ago, is now ignored, or understood and accepted. One might well say that there is now 'benign neglect' of those Victorian mores that used to inhibit sexual freedom of whatever proclivity. Here in Monte Carlo, as elsewhere on the continent, the idea is "Let's try it just once . . . it might be fun!" Indeed yes . . . even twice!

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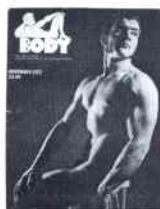
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THE 'EYE-CRUIISING' CITY

One of the more fascinating aspects of Monte Carlo's emergent gay life is that it is more of an 'eye-cruising' or 'eye-flirting' city than any other on the Riviera (although, to be correct, Monte Carlo is not part of the Riviera; it lies near the north end, just a few minutes drive from the Nice-Côte d'Azur International Airport, which also services Monte Carlo). It may be of some interest to point out why this is so.

Actually, there is such a make-believe, fairy-tale magic about the city that even when you're here you're oddly not quite sure that you are. Somehow you seem to have stepped back into the pages of a story-book world. Primarily this feeling of unreality—perhaps 'non-attachment' is a better word—stems from its smallness and non-relation to the big powers/big government (to which we are so conditioned that just getting away from it all should be a vacation itself).

This can be noted in such little 'operetta' touches as

a) The daily—at noon—changing of the Guard in front of their peppermint-striped guardhouses in Palace Square . . . for

b) A ruler who is not even royal (he's a 'Serene' Highness—a cut below a 'Royal' Highness) . . . and for

c) A country less than one square mile in size that has never needed a Guard and doubtless never will . . . plus

d) The fact that the richly-refurbished Grand Casino can count around its gaming tables most of the crowned, uncrowned and 'de-crowned' heads of Europe, giving it a Graustarkian or possibly Gilbert and Sullivan ambience . . . and

e) The romance and marriage of Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly which was—and is—a kind of 'and they lived happily ever after' fairy tale itself.

So it is understandable that with so much make-believe; with so much of the city's life and tradition being a kind of tongue-in-cheek put-on; love—and particularly gay love—is a very light thing . . . a flirty-flirty custom to be lightly entered into, enjoyed for a while, then butterfly off to something new.

We should not have you believe that Monte Carlo is some kind of Disneyland East. But it is true that through the untiring efforts of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace to make their country the equal, if not superior, of any more highly-publicized playground on the Riviera, they have succeeded in creating from the fustian snobbism of a watering-place for the rich and few, a scintillating modern city for everyone—whatever the condition of his purse—to come and enjoy a stay with these fun-loving Monegasques.

But however great the sophistication of Monte Carlo's new hotels and dining-under-the-stars restaurants, its elegantly lavish nightclubs (some with nude stage shows to out-Lido those of the Lido in Paris), its stylish galas (almost invariably accompanied by fireworks), its many *fetes*, and the fact that Monte Carlo has always been the mecca of motor-sports fans (the Grand Prix . . . the world-renowned Rallye), the heart of the city is that of a child who has never grown up . . . still in the world of fairy tales. And it is this that enchants the visitor.

GAY CRUISING AREAS

The park in front of the Grand Casino offers the most extensive cruising, and the most varied gay types. While it should be noted that there are many Monegasque hustlers here, they are nice . . . quite unlike those anywhere else (except that they, too, have a healthy regard for money!). Thus if you are a definite turn-on, but just as definitely poor, it's all right. The Monegasque hustler is all for mixing a little pleasure with his business. No need to worry about muggings and other forms of mayhem that plague open cruising areas in other countries.

Also, thanks to Their Serene Highnesses who made possible the newly-constructed (and refurbished old) beaches along the Mediterranean, a stroll along the sands will yield lots of gay delights.

JOHN CRUISING

The public facilities on Avenue du President John F. Kennedy and Boulevard Louis II are briskly cruised. In point of fact, Avenue Kennedy and Boulevard Louis II are one long street. They form a kind of necklace—Avenue Kennedy sloping down from one side, Boulevard Louis II from the other, meeting in a 'pendant' at Pointe Focignana near the harbor.

Please use discretion when cruising—with flirty-flirty eyes rather than fast-and-feisty hands. Inasmuch as the entire principality of Monaco can rest comfortably in New York's Central Park, it is more fun, more comfortable and less risky to take your trick to your hotel—or his—since either will be no more than a hop-skip-and-jump away. Besides, that small garrison of Monegasque Guards likes to keep everything pleasant for every visitor. Why spoil it?

CAFÉ/BAR CRUISING

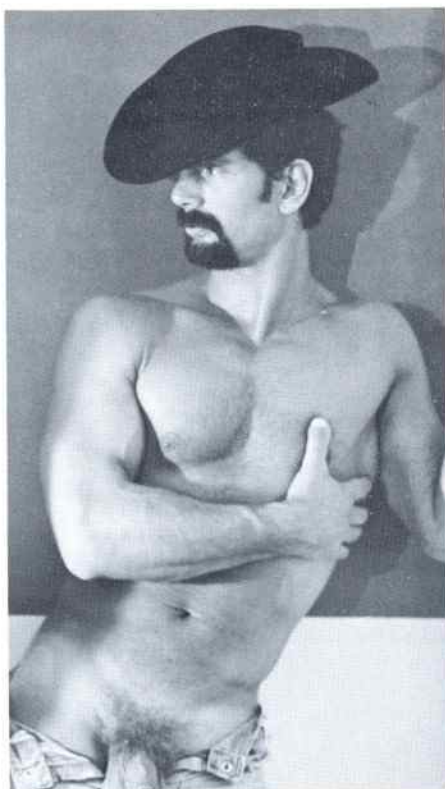
More gay people will be seen at the *Café de Paris* than at any other similar place in Monte Carlo. In fact there is no 'similar' place . . . the *Café de Paris* is unique. Here the cruising is definitely 'eye' and 'elegant'. Have you ever cruised to the strains of a string quartet? No? Then here's your cruise chance to 'go for baroque'! The *Café de Paris* is just opposite the swank *Hôtel de Paris*, adjoining the Grand Casino. You've never seen anything like it. It's a definite Monte Carlan must. The interior is quite modern and pleasantly inviting, and its big *al fresco* terrace has about 80 tables. You don't have to come here for a many-courses meal . . . they specialize in light bites—such as their fantastic onion soup; hot and cold plates; salads; sandwiches; ice creams and French pastries so light they float into your mouth (and onto your waistline).

It is the fact of the light bite that makes possible the quick trick. And to the strains of Bach yet. You'll say this is the most pleasant and eye-cruisingly rewarding place in all Monte Carlo. The Harkness Youth Ballet which 'springs 'n summers' in Monte Carlo comes to the *Café de Paris* after a session with *barre* and *plié*. Many are gorgeous and gay. If you hear words in fractured French or good old Americanese, you'll know the Harkness is here.

Also cruising the *Café de Paris*, but later in the season when the concert calendar begins, opera stars and members of the

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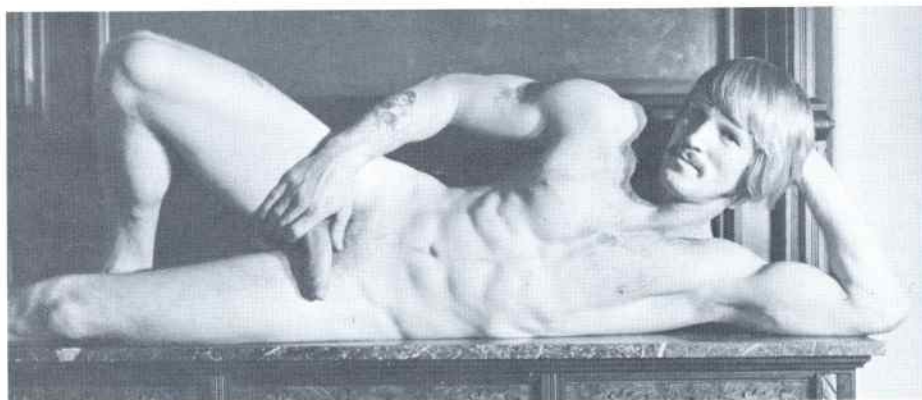
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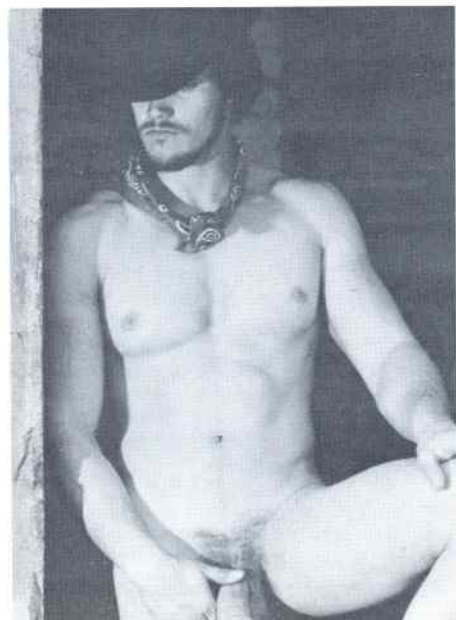


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Monte Carlo Orchestra are out in numbers. Then too, along with many other Monegasque restaurants, gay people just in from the Cannes International Film Festival come here. Then it's truly internationally gay.

It is a sign of the swift emergence of Monte Carlo as an 'in' place for the 'now' people that she is upstaging her sister cities—Biarritz, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and St-Tropez. An example of this was the fact that the Cannes Film Festival was a real drag, and that a simple theatre party at a Monte Carlo disco, celebrating the premiere of an Elizabeth Taylor film, drew more than the entire Cannes Festival of all the films . . . more names, more faces, more famous . . . more everything (and especially more gay people).

Also try *Le Ruscino* at 14 Quai Antoine I, and *Lord Jim*. Gay magnets, both. And as we often stress: when in any European city remember that the discotheque is the way of life. While gay-per-se discos are rare, any disco is a meeting place for gay people. One goes where the crowd goes. It's whom you leave with that matters. Monte Carlo has many discos. Wherever you hear a rock beat or the sound of Bossa Nova, stop in and case the joint (and joints).

ELEGANT SAUNA

What can be elegant about a sauna, you may ask, when it's all steam and sweat? Well, when you are in Monte Carlo try the super saunas at the *Hotel de Paris*. This is—with the exception of the new Loew's Monte-Carlo to be—the most elegant hotel. It's a big, rambling Edwardian structure with sumptuous apartments—plus servants' quarters, and everything for, as the saying goes, 'gracious living' (whatever that is). But the most stunning aspect of this grand dowager hotel is the big, shell-roofed, heated-seawater pool in a niche on the cliffside—really grand luxe—with nine saunas (some for women, of course), a separate bar, and a separate lazing-around terrace. The men's saunas can get very gay with some really humpy guys and the possibility of your being disappointed is quite unlikely. The Hotel de Paris is a not-too-expensive hotel . . . a single room will cost about \$24 to as much as \$37 a day; a double from about \$33 to \$47. If your wallet doesn't wince on you, stay here. It's full of charm and other good things.

OTHER HOTELS

In the four-star or 'luxe' category are the *Metropole* (225 rooms, about half the price of the Paris . . . the *Hermitage* (201 rooms, and about the same prices as the *Metropole*) . . . The *Old Beach Hotel* and *Hotel Mirabeau*, 46 and 103 rooms respectively, with the same tariff as the *Metropole*, give or take a few francs.

There's also—are you ready?—the *Holiday Inn* with 320 rooms at about \$20 single and \$32 double. Still less expensive are the *Hotels Alexandra, d'Europe, du Helder, du Louvre, Miramar*, among others, and the rates are a low \$11 to \$13 single and \$18 to \$22 double. In all of these hotels, if you want a continental breakfast the rate for your room will be slightly higher. If you want demi-pension (breakfast and one other meal) the rate rises (but not steeply). Of course you'll not want to take all your meals in your hotel, so don't permit them to tack on the third meal.

Three of Monte Carlo's small hotels are generally regarded as favorites. They are the *Hotel Balmoral*, 63 rooms, hanging from a cliff looking down on the yacht basin—\$22 top price. Old-fashioned, but with every comfort. Also the *Bristol*, on the 'down' side of the harbor. The Bristol has 50 rooms, all bright as a new penny and freshly prinked-up. The price range is \$20 for a room with a shower, to \$24 if you want to luxuriate in a huge tub. Rock bottom is the *Relais International de la Jeunesse* (if you are still 'jeunesse' enough to rough it) on Boulevard de la Mer, in Cap d'Ail, just five minutes from Monte Carlo. The cost is less than \$2 which includes breakfast!

OTHER THINGS TO DO

While in Monte Carlo, stroll through the harbor district of *La Condamine* (it's pretty well cruised, also) which links Monte Carlo with the *Rocher de Monaco*. Here in this general area is the *Jardin Exotique* with its fantastic collection of cacti. In turn, this leads into the *Observatory Grotto* with caverns of brilliant stalactite and stalagmite formations. Thence to the *Museum of Prehistoric Anthropology*, which houses an amazing collection of Roman antiquities. And you'll certainly want to visit Jacques Cousteau's Aquarium . . . seeing his prizes on TV is nothing like doing it the deep-sea way in his Aquarium. And, of course, you'll want to try your luck with a few francs at the gambling tables of the Casino.

There are all kinds of cultural events during the year; the famous *Orchestre National de l'Opera de Monaco* gives regular concerts in the Salle Garnier (in the Grand Casino). Ballet . . . opera (the world's greatest singers appear here) . . . concerts by internationally-famous artists . . . and—from December through May—theatre, theatre, and more theatre!

But Monte Carlo will not really be Monte Carlo for you unless you visit the Palace. There are regular tours during the year, and if the Prince and Princess are not in residence there are also look-sees at their 'serene' apartments.

Come . . . have a look . . . enjoy Monte Carlo. Then you'll understand why it was so easy for Grace Kelly to say goodbye to Cary Grant and all that!

...

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas in Algiers and became involved with a beautiful boy of theirs named Mohammed. Gide's romps with Mohammed forever ended his doubts about his own homosexual nature. He felt such passion for Mohammed that he made frank confession in his writing about "that perfect little body, so wild, so ardent, so somberly lascivious." He even recorded masturbating after he and Mohammed were separated, thinking of their rapturous moments together as he did it.

Wilde went home to face trial, disgrace, and a term in jail for his homosexuality, and Gide went on to fulfillment in his. Following *The Immoralist* he came out regularly with other first-rate works, and in 1924

published an autobiographical work about his coming to terms with his homosexuality in his twenties. This was a daring adventure in that period in recent history. But the publication of the famous *Corydon* later that same year—dialogues on homosexuality—was even more sensational, particularly since Gide attempted to prove as a natural philosopher and scientist the relative normalcy of homosexuality. *Corydon* was of such taboo nature for the time that it did not receive publication in English until 1950, one year before Gide's death at the age of eighty-two.

But although Gide openly confessed his homosexuality throughout his career, and even introduced the innovation of putting homosexual characters in novels whose homosexuality was taken for granted and wasn't especially relevant to the plot, he remained an esteemed and leading literary figure in France and the world throughout his long and distinguished career.

...

THE BRITISH ROMANTICS

(Continued from page 32)

was such that when Shelley was expelled from Oxford for publishing a pamphlet on atheism, Hogg left the university with him.

Shelley's affair with Hogg seems to have been the climax of a series of school crushes, one of which affected him so emotionally that he recreated it in his love poem *Adonais*, in which he addresses not a woman but a man.

In our next issue ... "19th Century American Lovers."

...

GAY PRIDE '74

(Continued from page 11)

were bony and flabby. And while the overwhelming majority of guys were masculine—to our universal credit—there were numerous marchers who insisted on wearing their bangles and sequined tee shirts and 5-inch heels—camping up a storm the entire route. And there were the drag queens—a blemish and detriment to our society.

The news media seek out the least attractive individuals for the TV films in order to reinforce existing beliefs for the benefit of the heterosexual audience. An ABC newscaster, for example, chose to interview a hairy radical who emphasized that we were marching to "erase old stereotypes of gay people"—while all the time his voice was heard the TV camera concentrated on freaky individuals in boas and bras. The point was well made for the heterosexual audience, from a heterosexual point of view, thus minimizing the positive effect the march could have had on straight viewers—that message being that we are not what they have come to believe we are, thanks to the stereotypes *we ourselves* have established.

We only wish that the beautiful guys who were probably out sunning themselves at Riis Park and Fire Island this Sunday—as in past years—would march this one day to help put our best foot forward and not leave the

(Continued on page 54)

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THE SUPER SUKULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS!

BY A. JAY

XXX RATED!



CONFESSION— HOT BUTTERED DILDOES... AT THE SUPER EXCITING FINISH OF THE LAST ACTION-PACKED EPISODE, OUR THREE FUGG SUPER AGENTS, ALONG WITH NICE GUY HENIOUS PENIS, HAD ACCIDENTLY STUMBLERD ONTO CAPTAIN COCKRING'S FAB SECRET— A POPPER-SPROUTING MARIJUANA BUSH... AT THE BOTTOM OF AN EXTINGUISHED VOLCANO! WEW! THEN ANOTHER SURPRISE... THE MISSING HAIRDRESSERS WERE LOCATED ALIVE 'N WELL INSIDE A DANK CELL! BUT JUST AS THINGS LOOKED HOPEFUL FOR A FAST ESCAPE BY ALL... CAPTAIN COCKRING (THE NASTY PRICK) SPRANG OUT OF NOWHERE 'N CAUGHT OUR GUYS UNAWARE! BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL C.C. PUSHED A HIDDEN BUTTON THAT THE SUPER KICKER SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM BEHIND A FAKE WALL... A GIANT PEOPLE-GRINDER! (C.C. HAD GOTTEN IT WITH 3000 GREEN STAMP BOOKS FOR THE PITILESS PURPOSE OF PUREING HIS CAPTIVES 'CAUSE HIS VERY SPECIAL POPPER/POT PLANT NEEDED HUMAN FERTILIZER!) HARRY CHESS, OUR SUPER ACE, WAS ABOUT TO

WALK THE PLANK TO HIS DOOM VIA THE GRINDER... WHEN HE BELTED C.C.! BUT C.C. SUDDENLY SPRANG BACK... KICKING HARRY IN THE CHOPS... CAUSING OUR HERO TO SLIP OFF THE EDGE—



WITH A DOUBLE JACKKNIFE FLIP-FLOP!



MUCHO THANKS, OL PAL! FOR A HOT MOMENT IT LOOKED LIKE CHES PATTIES FOR YOURS TRULY!



WOW... YOU GUYS! WHAT A HEAVY HEART-POUNDER! ARE YOU OK?



WHAT A BUMMER... MY JUICY PLAN TO ELIMINATE CHES 'N HIS FUCKIN' CRONIES HAS BACKFIRED! I MUST BLOW THIS ISLAND... BUT FIRST—



I'LL GRAB MY LIL' TREASURE AND SET UP IT'S CULTIVATION ON ONE OF THE OTHER ISLANDS!



FESTERING FORESKIN!!! THOSE PRICK-BASTARDS ARE CLOSING IN... I'LL FIX THEIR MEDDLING ASSES... HEE HEE!!!



MOMENTS LATER, AS OUR FUGG GUYS CLIMB AN...



FUNKY FELLATIO! LOOK GUYS... THAT STEEL LAVA GATE'S ABOUT TO SPRING!



HARRY SNATCHES C.C.'S REVOLVER!





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Diuretics are used to help eliminate excess water from the tissues (particularly the skin) and thus reduce bloat. Bodybuilders use diuretics prior to physique competitions in order to attain maximum muscular definition. Boxers use the substance to reach a lighter weight just before a match. You can use **Aquatabs** to get rid of that smooth look before going on a beach holiday, etc. **Aquatabs** are made from natural and organic ingredients and are completely safe. However, because the urinary system is taxed in the elimination of excess water they should not be used regularly but only for relatively short periods throughout the year, as required. Diuretics should never be used by individuals who have any kidney disorder. Recommended dosage is 3 tablets daily.

AQUATABS (84 tablets) \$3.95

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marching to those depressed individuals who make up the majority of the marchers. We only wish that the organizers of the march would establish a code of behavior, barring outlandish costumes, feminine behavior, and drag queens. Improving the physical appearance of the march would generate even greater pride among gay people, and show heterosexuals what it's really like and not reinforce the stereotypes that now exist—which those few degenerates among us continue to reinforce.

...

LETTERS

(Continued from page 33)



The new Mr. Philippines, Ledgardo Lacson, who is 23 years old.

NEW BOOK STORE

We welcome Norm's Books, 4974 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. as a new retail outlet for all our magazines, and wish the new book store much success. As you can see from the photo below a full selection of gay publications is available.



GOOD HEALTH & SEXUAL VIGOR CAN BE YOURS

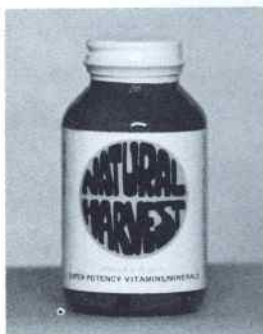
Vitamins are substances which are required by the body if it is to function properly. They are normally provided by foods but not always in sufficient quantities. This is particularly true of processed foods which have been depleted of their vitamin content.

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

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



HIGH POTENCY MULTIPLE VITAMINS & MINERALS



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

EACH TABLET CONTAINS:	MDR
Vitamin A (Palmitate)	25,000 USP Units 625%
Vitamin D (Calciferol)	400 USP Units 100%
Vitamin C	150 mg. 500%
(From Rose Hips and other organic sources)	
Vitamin B ₁₂ (Cobalamin Concentrate)	50 mcg. *
Vitamin B ₁ (Thiamine HCl)	25 mg. 2500%
Vitamin B ₂ (Riboflavin)	25 mg. 2000%
Vitamin B ₆ (Pyridoxine HCl)	15 mg. *
Niacinamide	50 mg. 500%
Calcium Pantothenate	12.5 mg. *
Vitamin E (d-α Tocopherol Acid Succinate)	12.5 Int'l. Units *
Inositol	250 mg. **
Choline Bitartrate	150 mg. **
Betaine HCl	25 mg. **
Para Amino Benzoic Acid	15 mg. **
Rutin	5 mg. **
Citrus Bioflavonoids	15 mg. **
Biotin	1 mcg. **
Desiccated Liver	50 mg. **
Bone Meal	162 mg. *
Iron Gluconate	50 mg. 60%
Copper Gluconate	0.25 mg. *
Magnesium Gluconate	7.2 mg. *
Manganese Gluconate	6.15 mg. *
Zinc Gluconate	2.2 mg. *
Potassium Iodide	0.1 mg. 100%
Calcium (from Bone Meal)	53.5 mg. 7%
Phosphorus (from Bone Meal)	24.3 mg. 3%
Protein (from Protein Coating), Alfalfa, Watercress, Parsley, Kelp, Lecithin, used as expipients.	

MDR—Minimum daily adult requirement
**Need in human nutrition undetermined
*MDR not established

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

VITAMIN E



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

VITAMIN E-COMPLEX/1,000 I.U.
100 Capsules (3 Months) \$19.95

VITAMIN B-12

Natural Harvest's natural Vitamin B-12 tablets contain 250 mcg. of power. This vitamin keeps nerves from degenerating and forms a cure for pernicious anemia. Helps combat fatigue and provides an uplifting system. Its effects on the nervous system help minimize tension and thereby relieve debilitating stress which is so often associated with impotency.

VITAMIN B-12
100 Tablets (3 Months) \$3.95

BEE POLLEN

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

BEE POLLEN
100 Tablets (3 Months) \$5.95

SEX COMBO...SAVE \$5

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



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

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

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