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For Gay Guys

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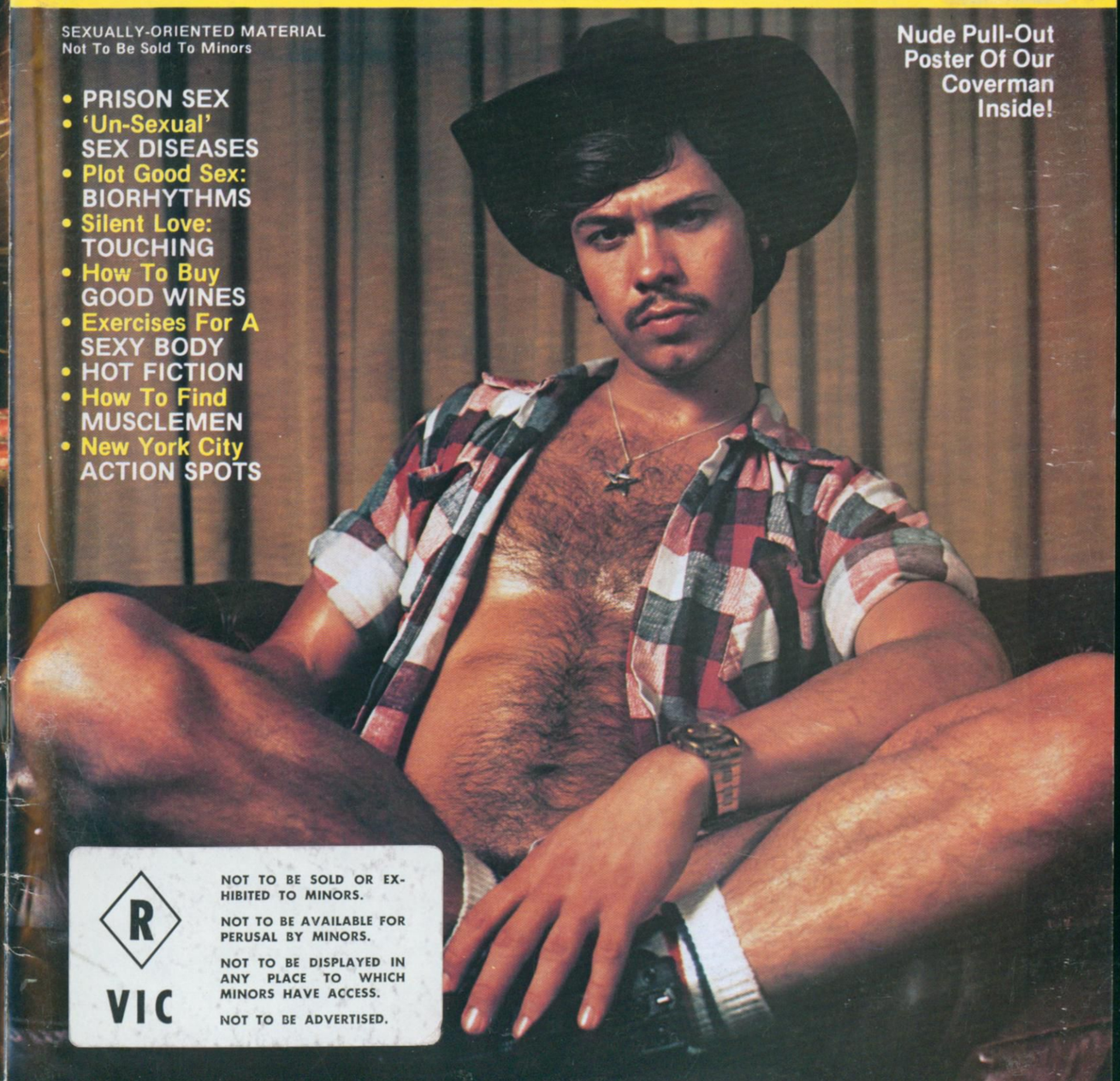

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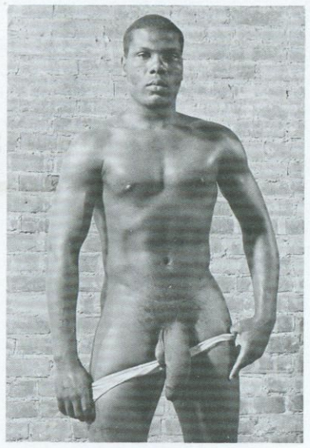

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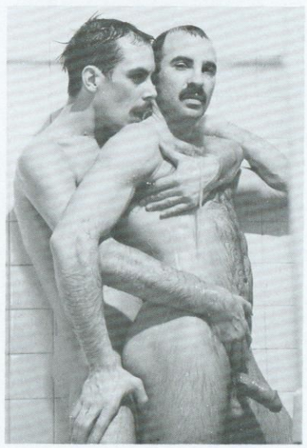

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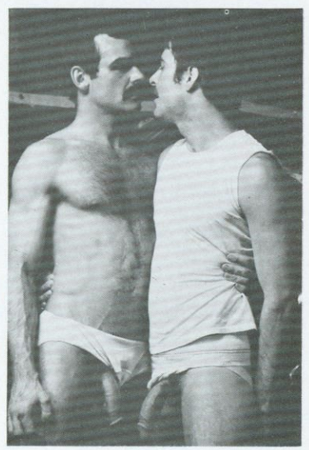

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QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

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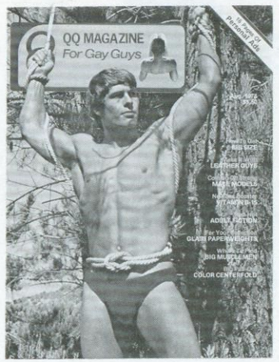

QQ MAGAZINE For Gay Guys

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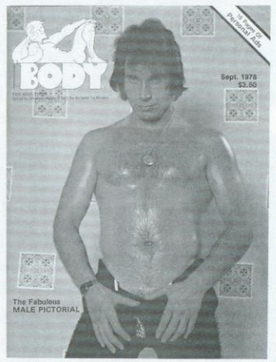



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JAIL TAIL

The "Gay Is Good" Of Prison Sex

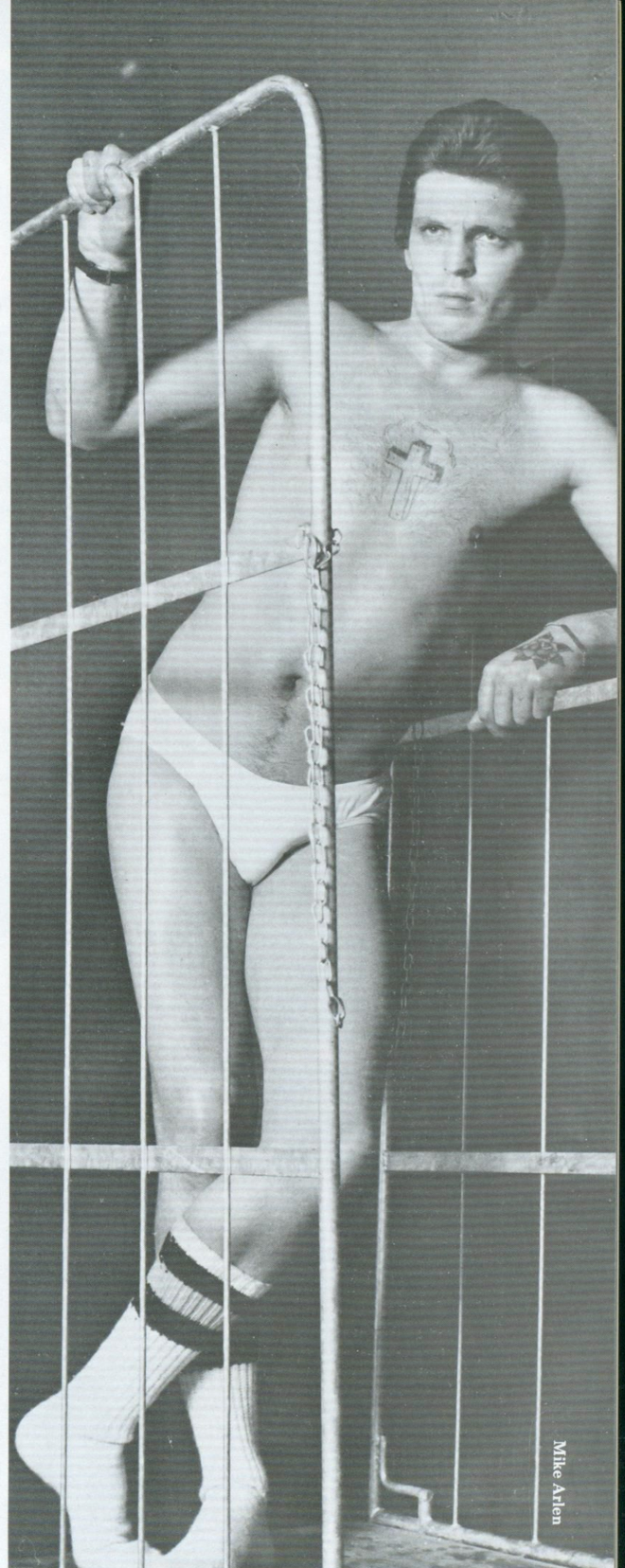
By Jon Lorrimer

ONE result of a hang-loose casualness that has been the policy of U.S. prisons in recent years is in permitting conjugal visits . . . visits not restricted just to wives, but to girlfriends and common-law wives of prisoners. 'R & R' guest trailers have been built outside the prison walls to accommodate such frequent visits, and although at first they may have seemed demeaning to the ladies, the good sense of keeping a marriage or sexual relationship glued—however piecemeal—overcame any initial embarrassment. Moreover, husbands and lovers returning to prison after a weekend liaison were not teased or taunted by their fellow inmates. Everyone took it quite for granted, and this created still more hang-loose casualness—the benefits of which were peace and order and the avoidance of another Attica uprising.

What about gay guys, though? What arrangements have been made for them? With regard to R & R trailers, none. The reason: sodomy is still on the books as a crime in many states, thus to aid/abet it—however altruistic and healthy the motive (and particularly with the state's tax dollars)—would make the state a partner in crime. It's all a rather specious, convoluted argument. But to the prison officials' credit, at least they have begun to look the other way—to wink, one might say—and gay sex encounters within the prison are countenanced, at least, and so gay guys are getting to 'lick the spoon' of the icing for the cake.

That's the reason for this *QQ* update on homosexuality behind bars . . . to point out some of the vast changes in penal perception of our gay way of life since we reported on it some years ago—and again as recently as three years ago. While to those outside prison walls such changes may not seem dramatic, be sure that to those in rock-hard prisons today such changes may still seem unattainable . . . like something out of fantasy-land.

Although several prisons have instituted the conjugal-visit R & R plan for heterosexuals, we should hasten to point out that 80% of America's prisons are still in the Dark Ages of discipline. Such progressive ideas as conjugal trailers (living room, bedroom, kitchen, and color TV—to make them seem more like a home than a hot-sheet motel), work-release programs, and half-way houses that would provide a gradual reentry into a faster-moving world, will be long in dawning on the rednecks and marbledomes who hold prison systems in a kind of


Mike Arlen



Mike Arlen

shackled bondage.

Adam McQuillan, a former warden, and now director of The Correctional Association of New York, which is charged with the inspection of all 33 New York State prisons and 62 local jails, suggests that pussyfooting around the issue of R & R to favor just male/female—without equal consideration and accommodation for male/male—is not only unfair, but unrealistic. "Sex is a natural urge that must be satisfied (in or out of prison . . . gay or straight)," he says. "I wouldn't object to homosexuals having visits from homosexuals. To each his own."

It may surprise many of our readers, but this idea of straights and gays hanging loose in prison was the creative concept of that fabled warden of San Quentin Prison, Clinton Duffy. That was 40 years ago! Penologists of his day thought he was crazy when he said that "A man's chances for rehabilitation, and to make it in the outside world after years of confinement, are enormously lessened when sex is denied." And he was most concerned about young guys confined for long periods before they'd had much (or indeed any) sexual experience, except via hand.

Warden Duffy may not have envisioned anything so elaborate as the 'sex caravans' outside prison walls, but to his credit he had much sympathy for gayounguys who were caught making it in his prison. While he could deal harshly with forcible rape, particularly when a hardened lifer put the fix on the jail tail of a very young man, he regarded sex—in whatever other beautiful gay form—as a natural response to a compelling inner drive. To him it was something that needed understanding—not punishment. And he could look with steely eye on one who would inform on gay sexists.

THE DECLINE OF FORCIBLE PRISON RAPE

In reports on gay sex behind bars—beginning with the tribulations of Jean Genet—writers have dwelt on the evils of forced gay rape, stressing the fact that it's what the 'new boy', young, less strong, and more vulnerable, fears most when entering prison. Of course, in *all* prisons, in earlier years, it was almost a matter of darting wildly from cell to mess-hall, to work, to shower, and back to cell. And if a boy was very attractive, to boot, his way from Square 1 to Square 4 and back to Square 1 was made all the more perilous.

The first of the great changes that have caused a diminution of forced prison rape undoubtedly has been the wider coverage and more sympathetic presentation/exposition of gay life and gay guys by television. Even a hardened lifer (now usually out in a few years), to whom a hole is a hole is an available hole to be fucked, has come to understand—via the small black-and-white set in his cell—that being gay is not being *queer* or *swish*, or that gays are no more than insects to be squashed . . . but that it is just a different approach to sex.

And in his prison library he reads much corroborative literature—such as the American Psychiatric Association's determination that homosexuality is not an aberration but an affectional preference. Given this rationale, the hardliner is changing his ways . . . preferring to be 'preferred' rather than 'prefeared'.

Also television is coming on strong about *machismo*. It's very 'in' . . . and the prison hardliner who used to threaten young guys with beetle-brow threats and switchblade-at-the-ready, now works to improve his macho image . . . to impress with virility, rather than threaten with harm.

It's true that some of the more Neanderthal prisons use closed-circuit television to keep an eye on the hardliners . . . the guard stepping in when danger threatens. Of course, this has the obverse effect of thwarting *any* sex act—whether coerced or invitatory.

In the main, though, prison authorities in enlightened institutions look the other way during sex encounters. To them the overpowering dread is a *riot*, which invariably stems from causes/conditions more important than riding herd on a piece of jail tail. Their television eyes constantly rake the wards, wings and corridors for any sign of biolence . . . any glint of a switchblade . . . the sound of a bottle breaking. Big 'R' . . . aye, that's the 'R'ub. Thus anything that can help prevent riot is tolerated—and is often looked on with favor.

Stephen Chinlund, chairman of the New York State Commission on Correction, says that "The drift of the culture, with gay rights and all, has changed things. Homosexuality is more accepted. Ten years ago, a known victim in a male prison found that his life was in constant danger. Now, there's a feeling of, 'well, it's his business'."

A prison superintendent and his guards cannot help noticing the sex activity that burgeons throughout their institution. Gay sex is now so flourishing that it goes on in the showers, elevators, in the laundry, the library, the recreation room johns, in tailor shops, manual-training workshops, labs . . . even out on grassy knolls of recreation areas—either in full view of the prison guards (in more enlightened institutions), or ringed by sympathetic others (in more medieval prisons). Among officers there's a saying that "The more time they (prisoners) have to think about sex, the less time they have to think about other things . . . like Big 'R'. And the hotter and more orgiastic the sex, the more tension is cooled." And as one penologist notes: "Show me a warden fired for failing to deal with gay sex and/or consensual rape. Wardens are fired only for riots."

Of course, crowded city jails have a high rate of cell-violence and forcible rape. When a dozen men are thrown into a cell designed to hold just one person, violence in some form is sure to erupt. Coerced sex/forced rape is therefore Numero Uno. Why? Because, as Sir Edmund Hillary said of his Mt. Everest climb, "It's there."

With shorter sentences (even for murder), and the more hang-loose attitudes toward gay guys/gay sex, and the fact that in more modern prisons each man has his own individual cell—whenever possible—the day of the prisoner-sadist with his 'pigeon', for whom he'd often kill if another looked at him with lovelight in his eye, is past. Forcible rape has become 'consensual rape' in prison parlance, and this—to some extent— (*Continued on page 30*)



Mike Arlen



Mike Arlen

Anything goes in a big city!



Big Apple Raunch

New York City's HOTTEST FUCK FLICKS Where The Best Action Is Off The Screen

By Tom Pryor

ONE would be hard-pressed to name *the* hottest gay action spot in New York City—because there are so many in the various categories. The baths certainly qualify. So do johns. The bars with sex-rooms. The bookstores with action-stalls. And the meat-racks—like the old piers. Every active Big Apple Gay Guy knows where they are . . . and so do you—if you have a copy of QQ's "Private Stock."

I know what they are and where they are, too—and my vote goes to not one, but two hot spots which are very much alike, yet different from each other. I've chosen them because they are relatively safe, concerning crime and police harassment, and afford a very good time for a little bit of money—compared with the cost of an evening at the baths, or your favorite back-room bar where drinking is a prerequisite to action in the establishment. They are both moviehouses.

There is no shortage of movie houses in New York City—and you will occasionally find sex in the johns of local theatres showing G-rated family movies. Almost always there is action in the johns of theatres where straight porno is shown, and *always* in the gay porno houses. In this category the *Adonis*, 8th Ave. at 50th St., is typical . . . sucking and fucking in the seats, in small darkened rooms and in the johns. They're all listed in "Private Stock" and advertised in the local newspapers.

But the hottest fuck flicks in town—enjoyed by natives and visitors alike—are the *Big Top*, where gay porno is shown, and the *Metropolitan Theatre* (not to be confused with the Metropolitan Opera House!), where straight porno fills the faded silver screen. They are different from each other, and different from all others—but what they both have in common is the fuckingest good time that can be plucked in the Big Apple.

THE BIG TOP

The *Big Top*, at 49th St. on Broadway in the Times Square area, is a flight up and has a very unusual layout. Even when you reach the top of the stairs, you'll be momentarily confused by more steps going farther up (they used to lead to the baths section of this establishment, recently relocated in another building nearby—called the *Broadway Arms*), before you go left and into heaven through the swinging doors . . . the price of heaven being $5. Notice the juice bar on the left, entered from the moviehouse itself. Go through the turnstile and you'll be in a large area, the auditorium—with gay porno being shown on the screen at the far end . . . a two-way screen that can also be viewed from the rear, where there is a small room and a few chairs for those who want to do their sucking/fucking while watching the films in a less crowded area. You get there by walking down the left aisle . . . but starting out at the entrance, on the right side, is a john—constantly cruised. There are open urinals and two stalls with a glory hole. The hole sees action, but more typical is use of the stalls by two and more as a private sex-room. Those who like to suck put a high premium on the throne in the stall on the urinals side—foir quick invitations to "Come on in!"

Also on the right, at the screen-end, is another john. Here, too, there are two stalls with a glory hole. This room is more active than the other, perhaps because its layout affords a little more privacy, or because the room is never brightly lit, or because it

sees more traffic—a dark sex-room being right outside. That room is very dark. It's no larger than a walk-in closet, but always packed—mostly by guys who are closets themselves, or not attractive enough to make it in lighted areas, or simply prefer blind action. The picky ones stay right outside and follow the good ones in as they enter. Also right outside the john is a large open area where—if you stay past 3 A.M.—you'll see street boys (hustlers, who come in after a hard day's work for some free sex and sleep, and sink-cleanup the next morning) sprawled out.



The Big Top

Go back to the entrance—noting the action in the seats. Go down a narrow corridor just outside the rear john—passing a small sex-room on the right (it houses the air-conditioner)—and you'll come to a small game-room that has a TV-game set and some lounge chairs, a jukebox—always in its own state of Saturday night fever, a couple of pinball machines, and a small wooden platform for discomaniacs who usually dance solo to their image in the dull-mirrored wall on one side of the platform. Bonus if you're new to the scene: Just to the right of the platform is a small closet (the door is usually closed), which is used as a sex-room by lucky twosomes who know of its existence; it is the only spot in the place that is truly private.

At the far end, near the pinball machines, is a bedroom-sized sex-room—appropriately called "The Dungeon" (no, it has no shackles, but its dirty, cellar-like walls and floor qualify it). This one is frequented by those who split their time between dancing and sucking/fucking.

The *Big Top* is open 24 hours, but the best time seems to be between 10 P.M. and 1 A.M. any night, but especially Fridays and Saturdays. Peak times seem to be just as the nearby legit theatres empty out and tourists and showboys start arriving—after 11 P.M. If you want to get a seat in the toilet, then you should arrive by 9 P.M.—because the stalls are usually hogged by one or two sitters from around 9:30 P.M. until the crowd starts thinning, after 1 A.M. Because of its location it gets a broad range of types—all ages and all shapes from every walk of life. There are the regular, macho Big Apple types in their t-shirts and work-boots; young Whites and Blacks—bad-boy types who spend $5 of their hustled-up money for a busman's holiday; businessmen-like locals and tourists who end a night at the legit theatre, here—after they've dumped Aunt Sally or their date. Looks are deceiving . . . the toughie types are likely to be the pussycats—but there is no mistaking the drag queens, in their high-heels and spangled Suzy Wong dresses who come to hustle-up a john who may or may not know what he's getting into.

The *Big Top* is certainly diversified . . . even if you really do go to watch the flicks (usually new releases that are quite good).

THE METROPOLITAN



The Metropolitan

Your father, or grandfather might have frequented the *Metropolitan Theatre* when it was a legitimate moviehouse years ago, when 14th St. was fashionable. The area is now home for poor Blacks and Hispanics—and the *Met*, 235 E. 14th St. (between 2nd and 3rd Aves.), is now a straight porno house.

It's an old theatre, with rail-inged balconies flanking the orchestra level—and a tiered balcony at the rear as well. Toothless straights and naive toughs actually come to see the action on the screen—and usually sit in the orchestra . . . where nothing much happens. But in the corridors behind the wall on both sides of the orchestra, running front-to-rear, and in the tiny room-like areas under the screen, on both sides, it's wall-to-wall sex . . . perhaps the hottest in New York City—no matter when you go.

There is also sex in the john downstairs, but activity is at a minimum, because the stench of piss and shit is too strong. That same stench fills the entire theatre, but it's tolerable. Hint: No matter where you do it, if you kneel—you have a good chance of caking your pants with shit.

At the screen-end of the corridors (as well as the main entrance) are staircases that go up to the balcony level. The screen-end stairs see action—with a guy usually standing near the top so that his mouth is at cock-level and those on the landing passing by can feed him by simply leaning against the railing and unzipping. The scene here is different from downstairs; the seats flanking the orchestra, on both sides, are used by guys who want to get sucked—and the passing parade of suckers oblige by pausing here and there, wiggling down between the seats . . . accommodating the stud who likes getting head while he watches it on the screen. In the rear balcony . . . anything goes.

The crowd reflects the area . . . many Hispanics but a Black majority—so White guys who dig Black Whoppers that like a tight asshole most of all are likely to be found here. There are few tourists. The types vary in age and type—but the *Met* is more for booted macho studs and not for fems in white loafers. The Blacks who (*Continued on page 54*)



Mike Arlen

"You'll want to get fucked just to get scratched!"

The Un-Sexual Sex Diseases

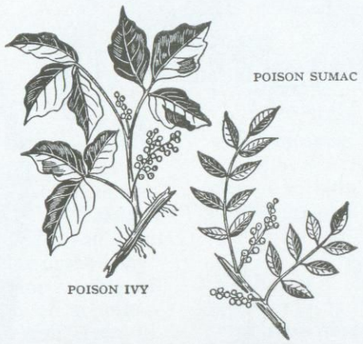
Poison Ivy/Oak & Jock Itch

By Roger Watson

JACK WRANGLER phoned our offices recently, to say hello and tell us he was passing through New York on his way to Bermuda, for a "forced rest" from making more movies—a consequence of having caught poison oak on the wooded set. This is what I call an *un-sexual sex disease*—an ordinary ailment not usually associated with sex, but which—for gay guys into certain scenes (which are common to our particular lifestyle)—comes as a result of having had sex in certain places and under otherwise ordinary (for us) conditions.

Our way includes wooded meat racks across the world—the most (in)famous of which is the one on Fire Island. Why, practically in the shadow of Anita Bryant's house in Miami, the swampy splendor of the Virginia Beach rack plays host to the kind of action that would make her take a baptismal plunge in the deep and voluntarily drown. Wild and wet. *Ciao!* has told you about the one near Maspalomas in the Canary Islands—and dozens more wherever we play in the sun summer and winter.

Outdoor sex is fun. Stripping down in the bush is exciting and feels great—but, the local fuzz withstanding, there are hazards put there by Mother Nature herself: poisonous plants. And there are many varieties, depending upon location and time of year. In our own country the most common troublemakers are poison ivy (eastern U.S.) and (poison oak (western U.S., also called poison sumac/dogwood). The symptoms caused by these and other poisonous plants are similar: itching skin lesions resulting from *contact dermatitis* (touching it). Poison ivy and poison oak and other





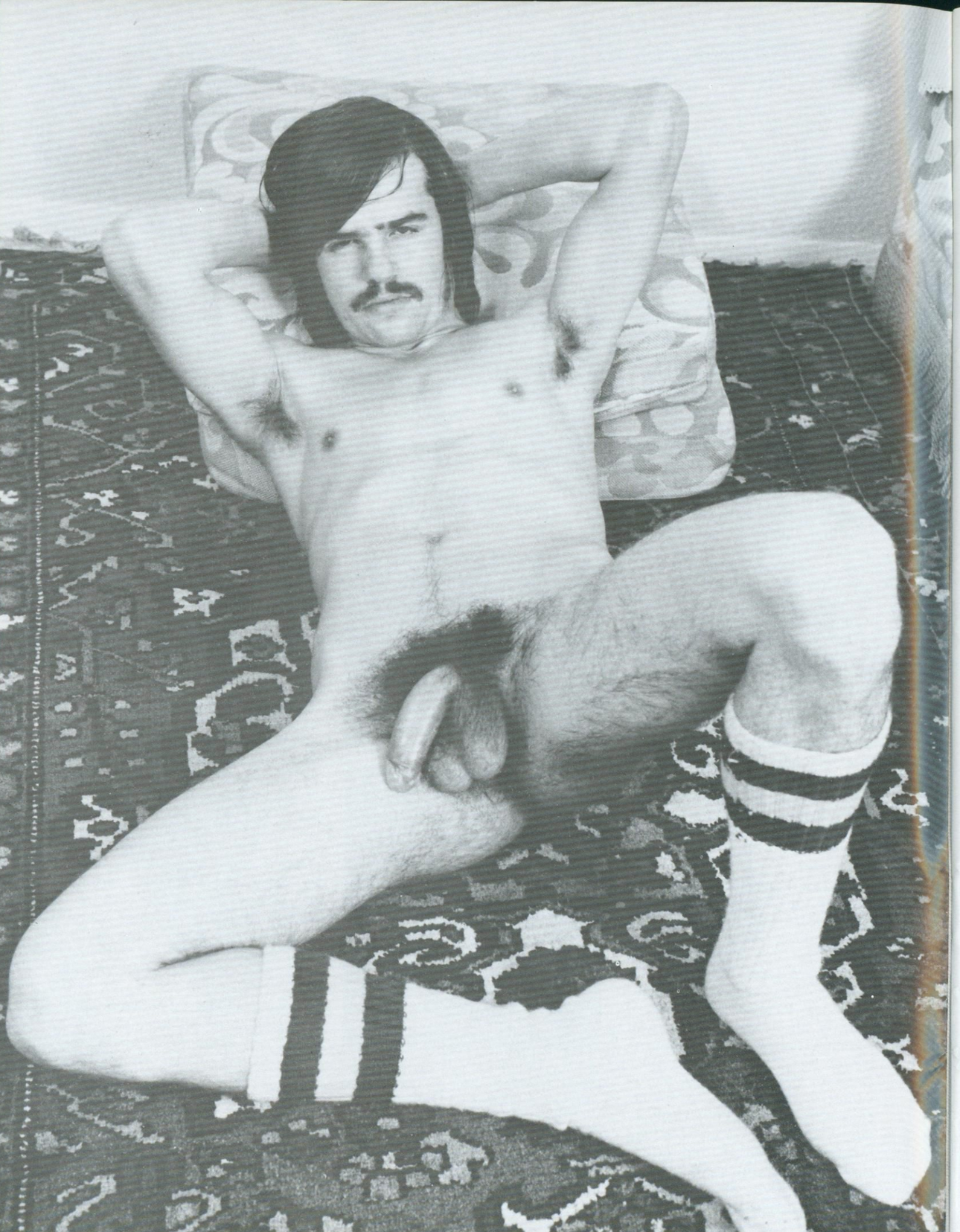


The entrance to the meat-rack in Cherry Grove (Fire Island) and a closeup of a sign posted by a concerned resident, appealing to visitors to keep the woods clean. The wooded rack is typical of numerous others frequented by gay action guys around the world—where poisonous plants wreak havoc. The threat is not seasonal; even dry twigs and leaves can give you a rash.

members of the Rhus family wreak havoc via indirect contact too: Rover can rub in it and spread the poisonous oil when you pet him; the oily smoke from burning Rhus plants (common in fall) can get on your skin as well as in your eyes and nostrils. But, by far, the real danger posed by these plants in meat racks is what the oil can do to our most sensitive parts.

When one is involved in frenzied sex little attention is paid to the surrounding bush—even by those of us who can recognize poisonous plants. We run up against them, smearing their oils on our bodies and hands, and then—by touching ourselves and our partners—spread the oils to the nipples, cock shaft and (uncuts note!) under the foreskin, balls, asshole. Sex over with, the wise will head for the beach—if a beach exists—and take a plunge in the (salty) water, scrubbing to get the oil off. Or, those who live nearby will wisely go home and scrub with a strong laundry soap to free the oil. But most guys fail to do these things—either because they are unaware that they have come in contact with poisonous plants, or because they remain in the rack for hours more before finally going home or to their hotel for a shower—hours too late to alleviate the pain which will surely result.

Some people react immediately, while more others are safe provided they scrub within six hours after contact—and then shower twice more within an hour to assure removal of the oil. But if you're too late and the tiny blisters begin to form—the best you can do is use cool compresses of Burrow's Solution (Domeboro, Bur- (*Continued on page 30*)



Mike Arlen

BIORHYTHMIC SEX

Charting Your Sexual Peak-Power Days

By Don Ellis

HOW often have you wondered why you hit the sexual jackpot on certain days, yet not on others . . . days when you have so much sex you feel that you're floating in a sea of jizzum? "Where's all this stuff 'cuming' from?" you ask, grinning from ear to ear with pardonable immodesty. Once again you hope it's not just some vagary of nature . . . that finally you've got it all together inside, and from now on you can fuck right down to the nub—*every* day.

Somehow it's always been so chancy . . . like having a long losing streak with the horses, only to win the Superfecta. Or having force-fed a Vegas slot-machine, with no luck, then disgustedly ramming in your last quarter in another machine and walking out with 5000 big ones.

You wish you could get some kind of fix on sex . . . some kind of formula for sexual peak-power, so that the orgy would be lest iffy and more drivingly Dionysian—*every* time.

How mortifying it is to pass up golden opportunities for sex during the week in order to be the Saturday Night Fever of the orgy, only to find that your sexual 'conservation' has gone for naught . . . and that you are actually *forcing* your response to heavily-involved group action with a cock that insists on playing a game of slow yo-yo.

Or how about this surprise switch? To have made it with every eyeballed number during the week . . . to arrive at the marathon with a feeling of dread that you'll bomb-out again—only to find that everyone else is drag-assing, and *you're* the hallelujah reserection! Either way it's mystifying, and if group sex, particularly, is your frequent scene, the iffiness of sex-*power* is defeating.

Decisions, decisions! Isn't there some way to gauge the output of your sex-dynamo? Some way to make reasonably sure you can operate without having the fuse fizzle out? Many physicians who specialize in sexology say there is such a way: in fact, there are *two* ways—each independent, but working best together.

One is the body's built-in *biorhythms*; the other is a dominant *sex* rhythm (a fairly recent discovery). *Biorhythm* is your own inborn rhythmic energy-cycle which is established at the moment of your birth, and which remains constant in ebb-and-flow throughout your life. *Sex* rhythm, however, is *acquired*, and may change with time and personal growth. Let's see how each functions.

BIORHYTHM

What is it? Biorhythm is a linkage of two Greek words: *bio*, meaning 'life', and *rhythmos*, meaning 'regulated beats'. There is evidence that each of us has three 'lifebeats' or rhythmic cycles. You'll get a better picture of how they work as we briefly explain them . . . and if you'll just think back as we describe them you'll remember particular days when certain 'phenomena' occurred to you.

One is a 23-day *physical* cycle which governs energy and sexual stimulation (think of those days when you have more gut-power/physical drive, and are at your cock-horniest on certain peak days); another is a 28-day *emotional* cycle which controls love and happiness (you're sometimes surprised at how much affection or kindliness you have for others on certain days . . . you find that you're more considerate and more attentive to/concerned about others . . . you wish them the best, and enjoy helping them, if necessary); and a 33-day *mental* cycle, which is the control factor in stimulating career/business drive (on peak days of this cycle you seem to think through the thorniest business problems with consummate ease—as though they didn't exist—and you're more productive in business; you make few, if any mistakes; your career takes another spurt forward . . . things seem to break well for you).

'JACKPOT' AND 'SUPER-JACKPOT' DAYS

Because each biorhythmic cycle has its own particular time-span (since each is on a different wave length, so to speak . . . one being a 23-day, another a 28-day, and a third a 33-day cycle), they are independent of each other to some degree. Yet when at least two biorhythmic cycles are peaking simultaneously you hit a kind of energy 'jackpot'. And when the third cycle peaks into the picture simultaneously with the other two—for a day or two—you're riding the crest of the wave. No wipeout! A (*Continued on page 48*)

Are You An EASY 'TOUCH'?

The Silent Language Of Love

By Scott Young

WHEN Sir Walter Raleigh was relieved of his head, his wife had it encased in a handsome Moroccan leather hat-box and carried it with her wherever she went. The locked box never left her side. Touching it comforted her; it kept her in communication with him. And touching it while explaining it to others somehow made Sir Walter come alive to them. Far from thinking the Lady Elizabeth dotty, most people understood. She and the great explorer who was so influential in colonizing Virginia and North Carolina had been hand-holding lovers during their married life; in death they never lost 'touch'.

If that seems gruesome, how much more gruesome is a modern example of what can happen to one when there is *no* touch—when *alive*: when a boy in his formative years never experiences the kindliness of hands. 'Out of touch'—then as well as now—is the classic case of the Reverend Billy Graham. Having read his biography one can almost feel pity for the man, and better understand his noxious tirades against 'sin', and his hostility to gay people, which may be principally due to an affection-starved childhood.

With the Rev. Billy, who takes great pride in his humility, it is hard to draw the line where his humility ends and his hostility begins. They are warp and woof of this powerful man. For example, when McCarthyism was bristling in Washington it was Graham who publicly thanked God for "men who, in the face of public denouncement and ridicule, go loyally on in their work of exposing the Pinks, Lavenders and Reds." His emphasis on a scrubbed, scourged and straight-only America borders on the fanatical. But as so many gay guys have discovered, to their own sorrow, the Rev. Billy is the victim of fanatical parental righteousness.

His biography reveals that both of Graham's parents were insensitive, and that his father was insensitive to the point of brutality. One Sunday, Graham's father scourged Billy with a broad leather belt in the vestry of the church. Billy's 'sin'? "Fidgeting during (*Continued on page 30*)

Creative Bodybuilding WORKOUTS

'Lemon PLEDGE' Squats/ Crinkle-cut Situps/ Other Fun Exercises

By Walter Norris

BODYBUILDING is a creative art in which the medium of muscles, acted upon by the catalyst of exercise, creates living sculpture of the body. For the finished work of art to be creatively unique, bodybuilding workouts must be equally creative and unique . . . individualized *for* the individual *by* the individual, who expresses through his handiwork his own beliefs about what is beautiful in the male physique.

If the bodybuilder follows ritualistically the same exercises and performs them in the same orthodox manner that countless others, except the great individualistic stars, have done, he will have little to express that is different. Whatever great potential he may have cannot be fully realized.

Bodybuilding that is personalized, creative and effective, is not a chore but an enthusiastic commitment. Each workout becomes a pleasure to anticipate. Nor does it take long years to produce desired results when exercise performance is tailored to one's particular needs. What other bodybuilders may need three hours of workout time to accomplish, the creative bodybuilder can have completed in one.

What is needed is not to scrap the old, familiar exercises that have produced excellent results for many, but to review and reassess them in the light of one's special requirements and—if necessary—modify them with a personalized twist here and there . . . in effect creating new and unique exercises out of old ones.

Barbells, dumbbells and cables have always been the backbone of any gym—professional or amateur. But about twenty-five years ago such more-maneuverable exercise equipment as the lat-machine, leg press and calf-exercise machine came into use and this made workouts much more interesting, creatively productive, and speeded-up. Ten years later the now-famous Nautilus exercising equipment was developed and this made the exercises still easier to perform. Workouts became more streamlined and went by much faster.

The film *Pumping Iron* gave many a would-be bodybuilder an insight into the fascinating possibilities of what training with such sophisticated equipment could do for him. He's eager for a piece of the action. Many others, however, live in smaller cities where, even if a professional bodybuilding gym exists, the cost of such exercise machines is prohibitive for the owner. What can the bodybuilder do?

Certainly it's a poor home that doesn't have at least a barbell, a pair of dumbbells, and perhaps a doorway chinning bar. Using just this bare-bones equipment, with a creative mind at work behind it, a beautiful physique—symmetrical and muscularly exciting—can be developed. By trying *this* exercise, discarding *that* one if it doesn't give excellent results . . . testing, experimenting . . . a better workout can be obtained than in some hugely overpopulated gym where, too often, one must stand in line for a particular machine . . . losing 'pump'.

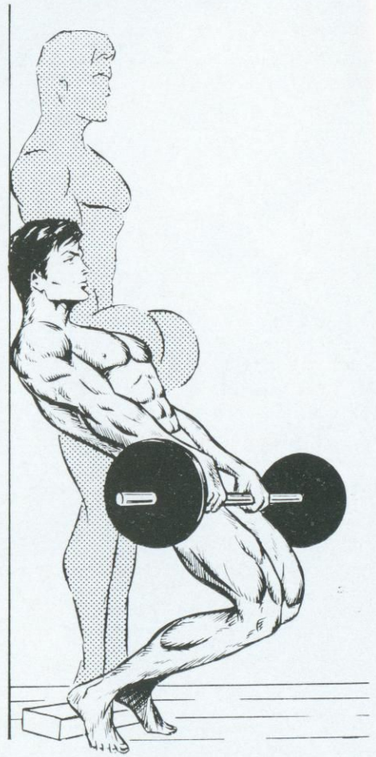
We've chosen several standard exercises, given them a new twist, and our gay friends who've tried them have unanimously found them far more effective than as customarily performed. They're delighted with how quickly they can go through a complete workout, achieve a maximum pump of the muscles, and still have energy to burn. We'd like to share these exercise ideas with you.

Our first exercise is an unusual Squat for the thighs. Gay guys, especially, are turned on by springily muscular thighs (which make for more inventive sex action). Squatting the old way—with heavy barbell across the shoulders—is time-consuming and energy-draining. The thigh pump, moreover, is minimal. Worse, it thickens the buttocks and widens the hips, because to keep the weight in place the bodybuilder must lean forward, thus *dis*engaging the thigh muscles on the way down, and *engaging* the buttocks to assist in rising, instead of using only the thigh muscles. Thus, in a way, he 'takes it up the ass'.

THE 'LEMON PLEDGE' SQUAT

This is a variation of the so-called Sissy Squat—the fastest, fullest high-pumping thigh exercise. It's done with just body-weight. If/when additional weight is used it rarely exceeds 50 pounds, and is held across the thighs (if barbell), or strapped around the body (if dumbbell, or a barbell plate). Its effectiveness lies in the unusual far layback/leverage angle of the body; the high pumping reps per set; and the brisker speed of execution.

To maintain balance through this exercise, first spray a wooden surface (a door-facing or wall) with a waxing cleaner, such as *Lemon Pledge* or *Lemon Favor.* Just along the exact area where the body will move up-and-down during the Squat. This makes it slick and slidable.



Wear an old sweatshirt (not a t-shirt) to protect the skin and afford ease of sliding movement. Stand with back toward the waxed surface with heels 18 inches away from the surface (more, if you're tall). Clasp your hands behind your neck; lean the body backward until the shoulder area near your hands just *barely* connects with the waxed surface. Knees should be about 6 inches apart.

With the upper body held in

Kensington Road

this angled layback, slide it down the surface, knees bending, until the thighs are parallel to the floor (or just an inch or two lower). With the strength of the thigh muscles *only* raise the body back to starting position. Don't *lie* on the surface—it's just there to help you maintain balance. Only the leg muscles should do the actual moving.

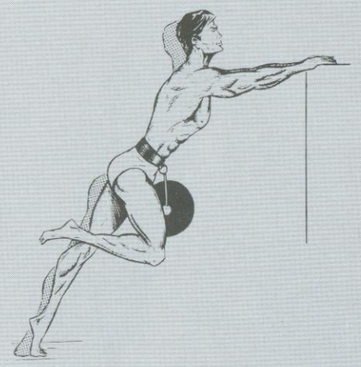
Do 1 set of 20 repetitions (reps). In successive workouts you should increase this to 6 sets of 50 or more reps each. If you wish you may then add weight in increments of 5 pounds, until you can move with 50 pounds. (This may be done as follows: first just hold the *handle* of the barbell across the thighs. Then to increase by 5-pound increments, simply but a 2½-pound barbell/dumbbell plate on each end of the bar.) Do the *Lemon Pledge Squat* at a speed of 2 seconds per rep. A set of 20 reps should take 40 seconds; a set of 50 no more than 1½ minutes. Keep the pump going. Your thighs will be fully blown, and the pump will last for hours!

Between *sets*, rest 1 minute. If your wooden surface needs more wax, spray it on at this time. It will dry in seconds. And if you want to make the movement a little more difficult, advance your toes by an inch or so. In this way the leverage is increased considerably, and the effect is much the same as if additional weight were moved in the exercise. A very complete thigh movement.

BALLET CALF EXERCISE

So called for two reasons: one is that it mimics a position assumed by Prince Siegried in a *pas seul* of the ballet *Swan Lake*. Another is, that male ballet dancers who have been a little short-changed in calf-muscle size and shape, use it to lengthen and contour the calves. It's a very creative exercise, one that is beautiful to see and effective to do. Arrange mirrors to watch your calves working in this exercise and you'll enjoy it more.

With bare feet, stand away from a shoulder-high support (the rung of a ladder, for example), so that when your hands are on the support you can 'walk' your heels backward until—with the knees locked, the heels rest *flat* on the floor, but *just barely*. The drawing shows the correct position. The body will be in a straight line at a 45-degree angle. With head held high, keep the body straight in this angled position throughout the exercise. Exercise one calf at a time. Place the non-exercising foot against the back of the exercising leg (at the knee). Now rise on the foot until it is perpendicular to the floor. Thrust the weight of your body on the big toe and the one next to it. Return to starting position, trying to get the most complete stretch of the calf in every rep. When your calf feels a 'burn', reverse positions and exercise the other. An equal number of reps for each. When the heel can touch the floor easily, either move the foot back an inch or so, which will add resistance, or place a small, *stationary* block under the ball of the foot at the point where the exercise has become easier to do. This really stretches the calf. If you wish to create additional size as well as contour of the calves, you may suspend a light barbell plate from your waist.



This splendid exercise will not only cause the calf to grow to its fullest, but will add a championship 'diamond' shape to the calf contour . . . evenly developed throughout. This is a high-repetition movement. Not fast, but high. The calves can take a lot of work, and they're stubborn. Work each set until the 'burn' stops further movement. Begin with 1 set and work up to 6 sets for each leg. This exercise also has another value. It helps 'lick' what is known as the 'lollipop' calf . . . a calf that is high on top, but too thin lower on the leg. The exercise will help to distribute the musculature symmetrically.

CRINKLE-CUT SITUPS

The Situp, as commonly performed, is really only a partial abdominal exercise. The *iliacus* and *psoas* muscles do most of the work; the abdominals get it only as the upper body nears the *completed* Situp position. Why not *reverse* the movment?

Start at the *completed* Situp position: hands behind neck, feet braced under a strap, then *lower* the body about 2 inches, then raise back up and squeeze the abs. On the next rep, lower 4 inches—return and squeeze. Continue thus progressively, lowering by just a few inches more each rep, always pulling (with just the abdominal muscles) back to Situp and 'crinkle-cut' position. In this way the abdominal muscles do *all* the work. The psoas and iliacus are disengaged and cannot assist.

The back *must not be permitted to lower more than half-way to the surface during any rep.* It must never touch floor or board. Since the movement is a muscle *tenser*, never go lower than where the line of abdominal-muscle tension 'decays'. Beyond that point, *any* abdominal exercise is a waste of time, drive and energy.

Begin with 1 set of about 15 reps. 'Inch' up-and-back, lower and lower each rep, and *squeeze* the abdominals. *Think* tension into them. Work up to as many as 12 sets of perhaps 30 reps each. All interstitial fat will be burned away and you'll have a very classical midsection. If you want a more 'armor-plated' midsection (something French bodybuilders try for), you may later hold a light dumbbell or dumbbell-plate behind the neck for greater resistance.



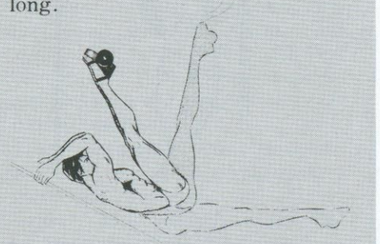
FRENCH LEG RAISES

Done in two ways, these Leg Raises attack the lower two layers of abdominal muscles (and they also give the pubic area 'strength of character' . . . a very fine exercise for gay guys!).

One version is just the reverse of the usual Leg Raise. Like the Crinkle-cut Situp, the Leg Raise begins at the *top* or *completed* position, rather than with legs lying on the board. Do it the same 'inch-by-inch' way, lowering both legs slightly more each rep—and immediately pulling them back to squeeze position at the top. You may find that you can apply more controlled tension on the abdominals if you will lie *across* (not lengthwise) a narrow exercising bench, with just the buttocks touching the bench—the legs and upper body remaining free. Place hands behind head, or touch the bench *lightly* for balance (making sure you don't assist with the hands). Lock the knees; bring your legs up high, but *not perpendicular*, since when they are perpendicular all tension will have been removed from the lower abs. Begin your inch-by-inch stages with the Leg Raises and continue until your lower abs really burn. You might begin with 1 set of 15 reps, increasing these until you can do 12 sets of 30 reps.

Another variation is to do this on an abdominal board if it can be elevated at the top. Grasping the top of the board with the hands; legs in *completed* Leg Raise position, you now begin lowering/raising inch-by-inch from *that* point, as in the previous variation.

With the exercises just described you should soon have a very impressive classically chiseled abdominal sculpture before long.



TAKE-IT-FROM-THE-TOP CHINNING CURL

Use your doorway chinning bar



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for this exercise. Place a small kitchen ladder (one with 3 or 4 steps—the top of which is a kind of utility stool) slightly to one side under the bar, so as not to interfere with movement of the feet as they raise/lower during the Chinning Curl. The ladder is just to get you in position. Step to the top of the ladder. Your head will then be above the bar. Grasp the bar, palms facing *you*. The arms should be about 16 inches apart. Now swing your feet off the ladder and you'll be in *completed* chinning position.

From this point, 'inch-by-inch' your body downward and pull back upward to the completed chinning position. This follows the precise technique of the Crinkle-cut Situps and French Leg Raises. Go just a little lower each time.

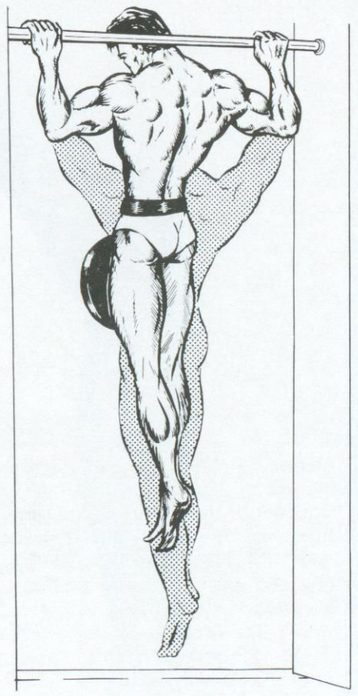
If you've never done Chins, or if your bodyweight is too great to do even one Chin, you should allow the body to lower only to the point where you can pull it back up. As you continue, day by day, you'll be able to descend to the almost deadhang (body straight) position on the 10th rep. It may take several weeks to get to maximum 'hang', but be assured that as your biceps strength increases you can 'go all the way'. Done in this manner, this rugged Curl is *all* biceps. No other body muscles can assist. There's no swing or cheat to help you. Soon your biceps will take on a really chiseled look, and will be so blown up muscularly they'll look as if they would pop out of your skin. A quite dramatic effect, and far better than all the old-style barbell and dumbbell Curls that bodybuilders have relied on for years. Set your goal for an eventual 8 sets of 10 reps in this unique Curl.

LAT STRETCHER

You may use the same chinning bar, but this time use the over-grip (palms facing away from the body and grasping the bar. The hands should be at the farthest ends of the bar . . . the wider the better. Again using the kitchen ladder to get up to the top, and in *completed* Wide-grip Chin position, your head will once again be well above the bar, with the bar *behind* your neck. Do the 'inch-by-inch' technique here, too. This is not an easy Chin, and can rarely be continued for more than 12 reps even by experienced body-builders.

The idea is to force-stretch your lats as widely as possible with every rep. Make each rep *really* count. And, of course, do many more *sets* to make up for the fewer *reps* you can do. This will widen your upper body to its fullest extension and give your entire physique a V'd look—Reeves-type! Inch-down, pull-up; if you can finally make it to dead-hang position for even 1 rep, bravo!

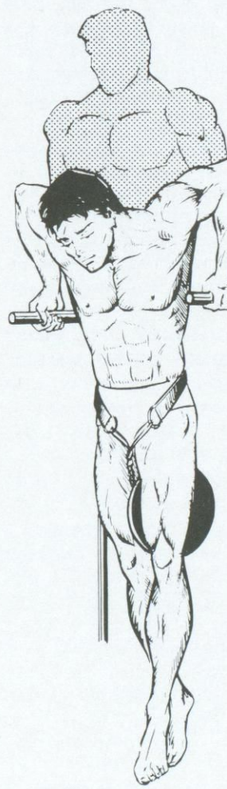
If you belong to a well-equipped health club you will find that additional work on the Nautilus or the regular Lat Pulley Machine (if you don't mind standing in line, waiting your turn) will be of more lat stretching/widening effectiveness. But the Chins just described will be wholly adequate for most men. Any over-grip Chin that is *less* than very wide in hand-spacing is *not* a lat exercise. It's just a general body strengthener. Valuable, of course, but a time-waster as a muscle *developer*.



CRUNCH DIPS

The greatest exercise for triceps

and deltoids—*simultaneously* . . . and what a time-saver! If you have dipping bars, fine. If not, use two sturdy chairs. Place them back to back at body-width apart. Either place your hands on the tops of the chairbacks, palms facing each other, or—if using dipping bars—step up on your kitchen ladder and assume the completed Dip position (body high, straight, and elbows locked). Now begin inch-by-inching your way down and up, continuing until you make a full-depth Dip. The 'burn' caused by the inch-by-inching movement, and by the speed of execution, will cause a fast pump of both triceps and deltoids. Stick with these partial-to-full Dips, rather than attempting to make full Dips each rep. A set of full Dips invariably causes body thrust and swing—momentum—and this defeats the purpose of the exercise. Develop your triceps and delts . . . rather than your ego.



SPACED-OUT PUSHUPS

A new twist for an old exercise.

Using three equal-height chairs (one for the feet, one each for the arms) arrange them so that the body is in a straight (unsagging) line, resting only on the toes and the palms of the hands.

The chairs should be wide-enough apart that at beginning and completion of the Pushup the forearms are perpendicular to the floor. The twist?

Point the palms/fingers *outward* instead of forward. They should look like individual sides of a V. This simple twist immediately engages the pectoral muscles, rather than the deltoids, and tenses them. With chairs wide enough to accommodate your descending body, lower the body until it simply will not go further. *Think* tension into the pecs as you lower, then press back to starting position. Don't let the body hang to 'rest'. Begin with 1 set of 10 reps for this; work up to 10 sets of 20 reps each. Gets the entire area of the pecs, and—because of the wide-angled hand placement—affords a deeper, freer body descent.

The more variety you can pack into a workout the more interesting and productive it becomes. But never forget that you can do as much (and quite often *more*) in your own home, using your own ingenuity and the simplest of equipment. When you have to line up for the various Nautilus machines . . . then adjust the resistance for your particular needs . . . then surrender the equipment after you've done a set, you may lose your 'pump' and your temper and training enthusiasm—something that an after-workout cruise of the shower room only partially mitigates. The more concentration you put in your workouts, the more you get from them. And when training at home you can concentrate fully on every exercise, without worrying about holding up the line.

Try following this complete schedule of exercises in at least 4 workouts per week (6 will be better). One exception: do the abdominal exercises *every* day.

You'll be amazed at what a transformation in your physique just a few simple twists can make. Give 'em a try!



The Goodbye Guy

Speeding The Parting Guest

By Lee Orr

IF you saw *Annie Hall* you may recall the scene in which Woody Allen, who'd been jailed in the aftermath of a traffic accident, is being released. As he leaves his cell, one of the unsavory characters with whom he'd shared it raises his hand and quivers bravely, "Keep in touch."

Although the scene is played for laughs, there is in it a poignancy so often evident in Allen's films: a wistfulness of the passed-by, or underdog, for what comes so easily to other—a feeling of natural confidence, buoyancy and security. Thus the flip, often-said "Keep in touch"—in this instance and in many others—is not just another way of saying goodbye . . . it is a muted cry for help. "Keep in touch!" ("I need your strength—your luck; maybe by just knowing and being with you a little of it will rub off on me.")

This feeling of insecurity and underfulfillment, experienced particularly by many gay guys, may never surface during social or business intercourse because we are past masters of concealment. It can, however, be easily recognized at the time of leavetaking after a social evening.

Somehow the opening-door/foot-on-threshold breaks the departing guest's dam of reserve. He begins to have second thoughts about going. Having been made to feel warmly welcome in the bosom of his peers—enjoying an evening of gay camaraderie—he suddenly cannot face the fact of leaving . . . of going out into the night, uncertain and insecure as before.

As the host stands beside the door waiting for him to go, he contrives in some way to stay the other foot across the threshold. Now suffused with giddiness and nervousness, he may go into a kind of 'act' . . . saying all the clever things that—had he said them earlier—would have made him the socialion of the evening. Now he's in the awkward position of embarrassing not only his host and the other guests, but himself. This often takes the form of dishing . . . or the extended goodbye:

Guest: You were so kind to invite me.
Host: It was a pleasure having you here.
Guest: I've met so many interesting people.
Host: They *are* pleasant.
Guest: I hope to meet up with them again.
Host: No doubt there'll be other times.
Guest: I hope so.
Host: For sure.
Guest: Well, thanks again.
Host: Not at all.
Guest: We'll be in touch.
Host: Right on.
Guest: Well, bye.
Host: Bye . . . and have a good day.
Guest: Will do . . . you too.
Host: Bye.
Guest: Bye.

Undoubtedly our readers have experienced even longer farewells and could quote chapter and verse. The host, not realizing that this odd behavior is a manifestation of his guest's feeling of inadequacy/insecurity, may feel justifiably annoyed. He has other guests to consider and he rationalizes, "If each is as difficult to get rid of, I won't get 'em out of here till tomorrow."

How to speed the parting guest . . . to make sure he gets *to* and *through* the door neatly, definitely, with no shilly-shallying, and yet without such brusqueness that the guest may feel put down, takes great tact—sometimes it might tax even a Machiavelli. Please note here, therefore, the skill of two great masters of the 'goodbye'.

When Sir Winston Churchill left office after having been the power behind the throne of five monarchs, he and his wife had more time to visit. Yet Lady Churchill was often embarrassed by his endless monologues, particularly when they were weekend guests of old friends in the country. There was no escape; he had a captive audience. After several brandies, and having reviewed all his accomplishments since the Boer War—with everyone patently edgy to get to bed—Lady Churchill could shush him with a sentence. Turning that noble face toward him she'd flash a loving smile and say, "Come, Winston, let us go up . . . you've delighted us quite enough." The world's greatest egoist vs. the iron hand in velvet glove. No contest!

Sir Tyrone Guthrie, in his latter years, devoted his time to the little theatre movement . . . college theatre . . . theater-in-the-round. At the University of Minnesota he was (*Continued on page 34*)



Mike Arlen

"A little white wine, please."

Don't get 'misconscrewed'!

By Vince Herman

IF you regularly follow the afternoon TV 'soaps', by now you must cringe at the answer you know is coming when a guest is asked by a host what he or she would like to drink. Invariably the response is "Just a little white wine, please." To date this has never been challenged . . . no host ever seems to have the guts to throw down the gauntlet of "What *kind* of white wine?" thus offering a choice of such possibilities as Moselle, Rhine, Chablis or Sauterne, among dozens of delightfully different others. To do so would probably throw the guest into such a dither that the episode of that day might never reach its heartrending, cliffhanging conclusion.

'A little white wine', like the Martini/Manhattan/Scotch-and-soda, has become such a convenience drink as to be a cliche. One orders it routinely from the power of TV suggestion, rather than from considered choice. Not only is it served daily as a staple of the soaps, but television hypes it through cute 'n funny commercials.

One is the clever commercial for *Fazi-Battaglia Verdicchio*, in which a charmingly confused young guy, ordering this wine in a restaurant, has everyone in stitches as he tries to pronounce its name—asking first for 'fuzzy vertigo' . . . then 'pasta fazooligo' . . . then 'fizzy verdigris'—all the time becoming even more lovably tongue-tangled.

When finally the waiter asks why he has chosen that particular white wine, his answer is "It's hard to *say*." He makes a telling commercial point. First, he focuses *white* wine in the television audience's mind; then, in his confusion about how to pronounce the brand name, he makes ordering it a fun game for others who will, of course, invent other far-out and even funner screwed-up pronunciations. Rather like 'Knock-Knock" (remember that one?). In any event it keeps white wine at the head of the class in winning Brownie points in popularity . . . and the firm of Fazi-Battaglia also laughing all the way to the bank.

Another example is that of Stiller and Meara's three-minute commercial about that excellent and growingly-popular white Rhine wine—*Blue Nun*. It's one of the cleverest of the so-called 'commercial messages'. It's all very relaxed, but you're quite aware of the point it makes.

Stiller: Excuse me, miss, but do you have the time?

Meara: All the time in the world.

Stiller: Are you waiting for someone?

Meara: No longer.

Stiller: A blind date, perhaps?

Meara: Now how did you guess?

Stiller: The flower arrangement in your hair. Is that how he was supposed to recognize you?

Meara: Do you think it's a bit much?

Stiller: No, I've always loved geraniums. In any quantity.

Meara: Thank you. Are you alone?

Stiller: Yes. Will you join me? There's really no point in our being miserable separately.

Meara: Not when we can be miserable together.

Stiller: I've already ordered the Steak Pizzaiola.

Meara: I ordered the Sole alla Fiorentina.

Stiller: Well, at least we might share a bottle of wine.

Meara: OK.

Stiller: I think a little Blue Nun might lift your spirits.

Meara: Maybe she'll lift yours. What I need is the entire Vienna Boys Choir.

Stiller: No, no. Blue Nun is a *wine*. A delicious *white* wine.

Meara: We can't have white wine if you're having steak.

Stiller: Blue Nun is the imported *white* wine that's correct with any dish. It goes as well with meat as it does with fish.

Meara: You're a very together person. I'm glad my date stood—er, didn't show up.

Stiller: Don't look now, but there's a guy with a geranium in his hair heading this way.

It's true that either of these wines—one, the driest Italian white; the other, a heavenly Rhine wine with a great body—can complement almost any main course: most meats, fowl, some fish. Picky gourmets might wax a little testy if either were served with broiled rare steaks (the Pizzaiola, however, a cheaper cut, smothered under a mountain of Italian-style vegetables, is too bogged down to really care *what* wine is served). And as far as being socializing white wines, (*Continued on page 46*)

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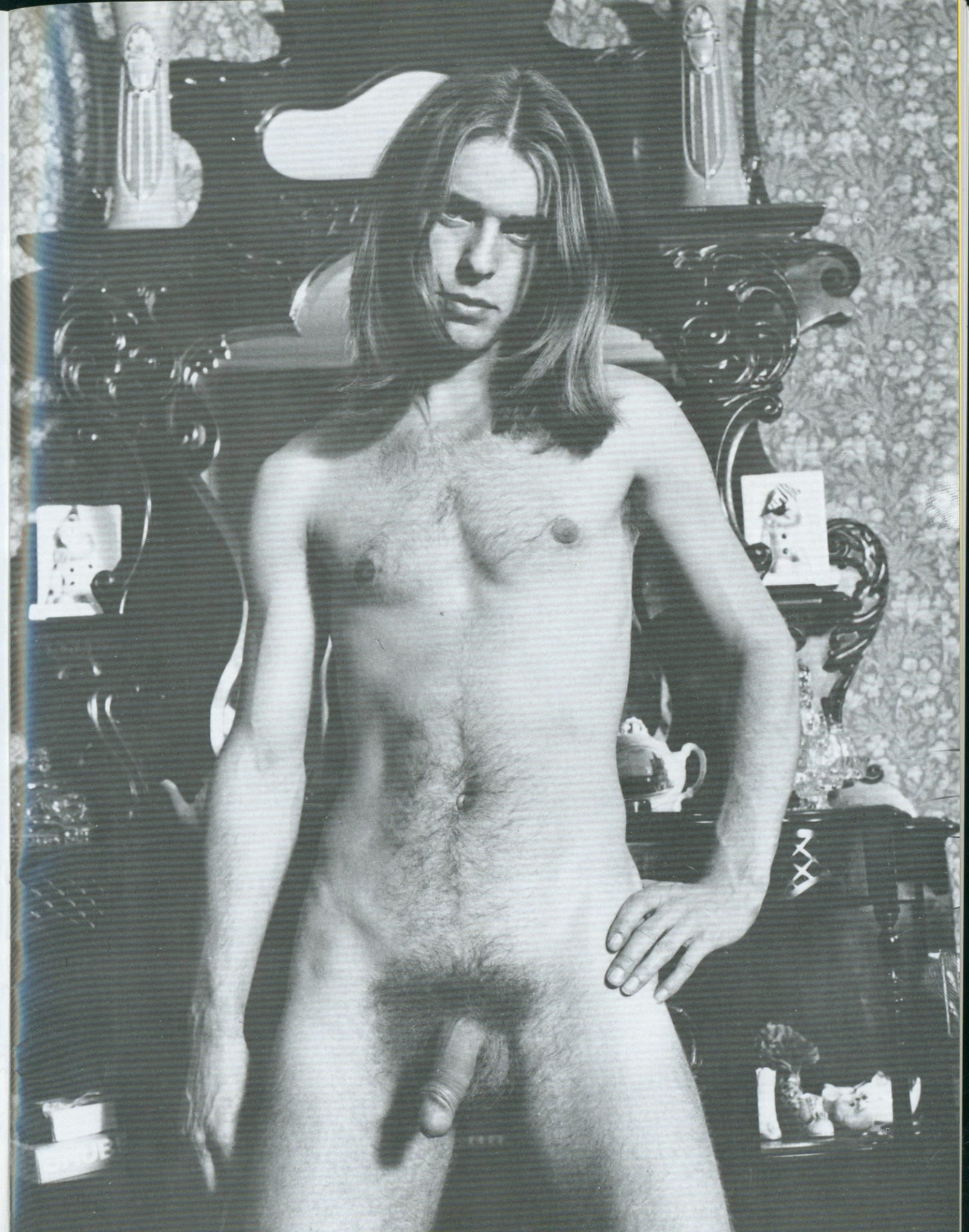

Mike Arlen

ROGUE COP RAPE

BY JOHN CASTLEDINE

I wasn't doing a bloody thing when the three cops pulled up in the Squad car and grabbed me. When I struggled, the blond gorilla shouted, "Resisting arrest. Slap the cuffs on him, Nick."

The second cop was a mean little black-eyed bastard. "What's your name?" he snarled as they bundled me into the back seat.

"Murray Thorpe," I gasped, scared shit-silly.

The third cop was younger than the other two, about my own age, shoulders like a halfback. "That charge'll never stick, Jaeger. You're a bit hard on the kid."

"Shut up and get goin'," Jaeger sneered. "You're new on this beat." We pulled away from the curb like a bullet and I still couldn't believe it. My hands were manacled behind my back and the two cops on either side of me had twisted their legs over mine so I was helpless.

"See if he's got junk on him," Nick said.

"It's probably taped under his balls," Jaeger said. "Strip his jeans off." Their big cop-hands were on me, wrenching down my pants, forcing my legs wide open.

"Can't you guys wait till you get him to the station?" the young guy in front complained. "You gotta book him first."

"Fuck you," Nick said. They'd shoved my jeans to the floor and I always go bare-ass so my cock sticks out good and juicy. I felt their big hands in under my balls, and a thick finger shoved suddenly up my tight hole. "Something here," Nick said, handing the packet to Jaeger.

"That's a bloody plant, you bastards," I yelled. My jeans were right off now, bare balls dangling, thick cock slapping my thigh. Then I felt Jaeger's hand again, cupping my balls, caressing, then with a sudden jerk he ripped my foreskin back and peeled my shaft like a bloody great banana. "Settle down, little boy," he whispered, "be nice and you won't get hurt." Oh shit, I knew what he meant, and I struggled against him.

"My pa's mayor of this town," I screamed. "He'll get you guys."

"You pa's the biggest piss-tank in the county," he jeered.

"You know him?" I gasped. Their thick hands were on my cock, flipping the foreskin up and down the limp shaft.

"We sure do," Jaeger laughed softly. "An' we've had our eye on you too, pretty boy," he whispered. "We aim to have us some fun."

His big horny hand started to caress my tool again, and oh shit, the bloody thing started to get hard. I heard Nick suck in a soft breath. "Jeez, will you look at that? Have you ever seen a guy so well hung?" I guess I'm pretty big. My cock looks like one of those cucumbers you see in the supermarket, thick as your fist can hold, and when it comes up—brother! Stiff as a poker!

"Christ!" Nick whispered so the kid in front couldn't hear. "What a cock." He ducked his head suddenly and his hot wet mouth sucked down over my tool, shoving it right down his throat so I felt his knobby tonsils slide past. "We'll get rid of this dumb kid in front," Jaeger whispered, ramming his thick hairy finger up my tight asshole, "then we'll have us some fun. What d'ya say, kid?"

I started yelling; bawling out that the guys in back were molesting me. Then I heard Nick snarl a curse, and something smashed down on my head and I blacked out.

I came to in a little room about eight feet square. The walls, the ceiling, the floor—everything was padded with brown leather. I groaned and tried to rub my head, but when I looked down I nearly screamed with horror. I was completely shrouded in stiff white canvas. And that's when I really started screaming. There was a slight movement and a section of the padded wall swung open and Nick was in the room with me.

His voice was low and vicious. "You little bastard—you went out of your mind. Seems like you want to take it the hard way."

I was crying with frustration. "Get me out of this bloody thing," I wept. "I'll kill you bastards for this."

"Scream all you want, buddy-boy," Nick sneered. "There's no one here but Jaeger and George the Horse. And he wants a piece of your ass too."

"Where's the other cop?" I gasped. "The young guy?"

(*Continued on page 35*)

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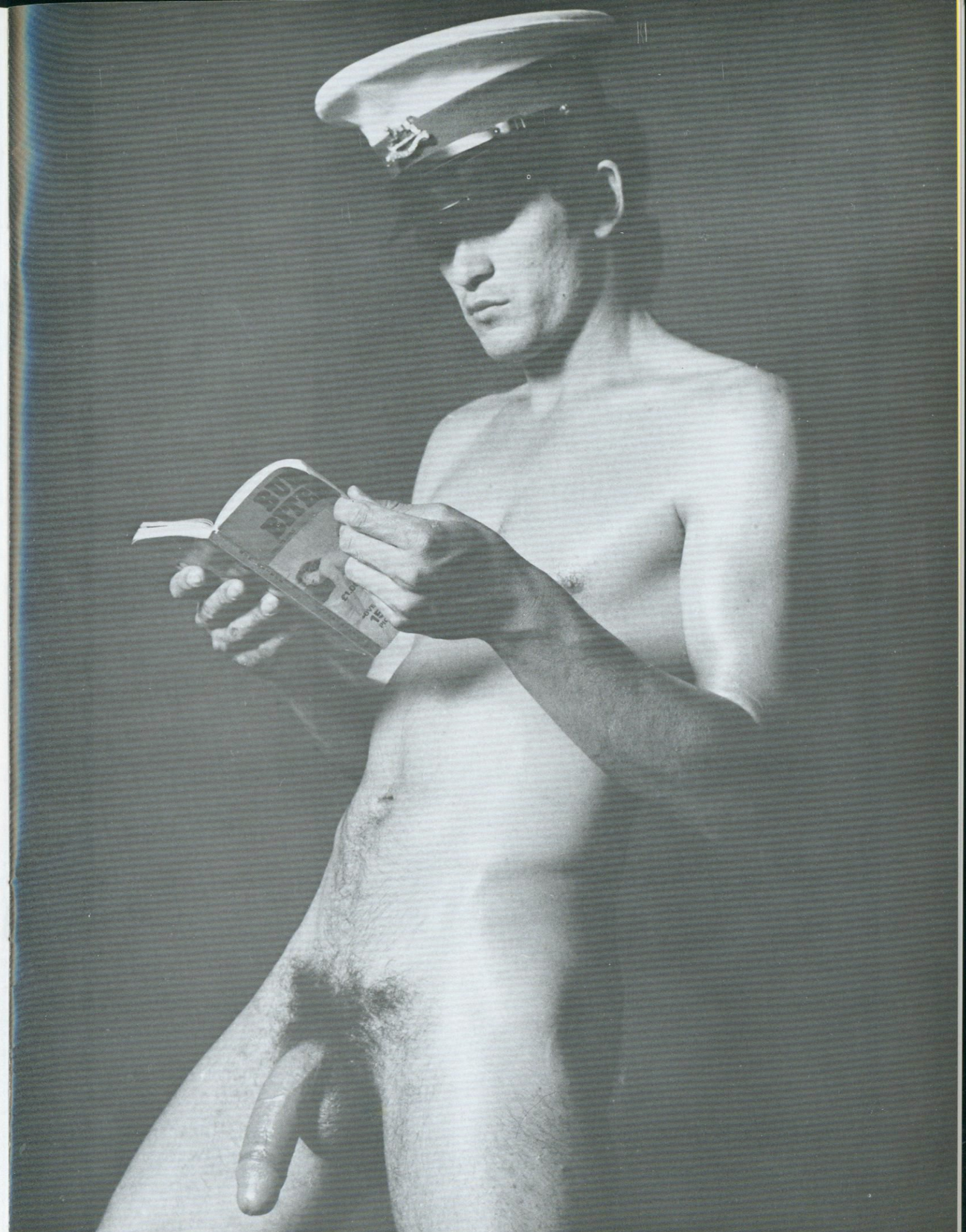
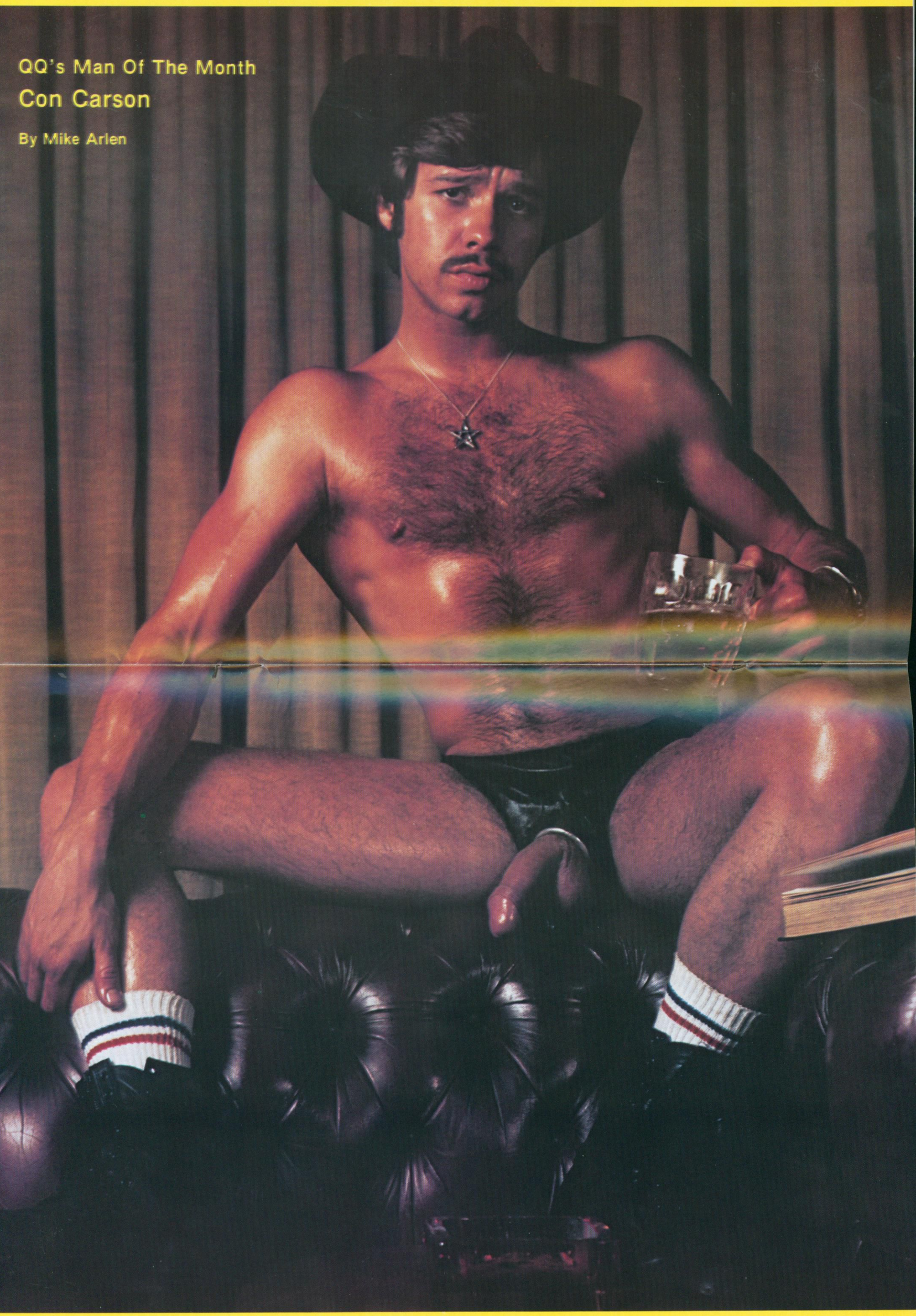


Mike Arlen

QQ's Man Of The Month

Con Carson

By Mike Arlen



JAIL TAIL

(Continued from page 7)

defangs it. It's something that—once punished by weeks in solitary—is regarded more as just 'doing one's thing'.

True, there are still far too many prisons with redneck and marble-domed wardens who—like Anita Bryant—would have us in for minimum 20. There are also orthodox penologists who can face evolution in every other penological phase except the suck 'n fuck. Perhaps they, too, will some day come to grips with the fact that everybody sucks, so why not get down to it and get it on?

Speed the day!

• • •

THE UN-SEXUAL SEX DISEASES

(Continued from page 11)

Veen, Bluboro) or Aveeno Bath (one cup to a tubful of water). Calamine lotion sometimes helps, but may also help spread the plant oil. Avoid scratching, which will break the skin and worsen the condition (keep your nails trimmed!). If you can't get to sleep, take a hot shower—gradually getting the water hotter and hotter until you can bearly stand the heat and itching—until the itching has subsided, the result of the histamine trapped in the cells of the skin having been released. You will at least be able to sleep for eight hours. Repeat in the morning and you may get through the day. But no matter what the treatment, you'll simply have to wait it out—until the infection clears up in about two weeks. There are numerous drugstore medicines available, and if you're really in bad shape it may be necessary to see a doctor—who may prescribe a steroid cream or tablet, or an antihistamine (Benadryl, Vistaril) to help alleviate the terrible itching. A gay physician understanding of our particular problems—such as a heavy concentration of oil on the nipples, balls and/or asshole—might be able to help in a more meaningful way, possibly because he himself has experienced a similar condition and is therefore more in tune with your suffering (get it on your asshole and you'll want to be fucked just to get scratched!).

There are other dangers lurking in the bush. In tropical countries certain parasites that can enter the body through the skin lurk in fresh-water streams. Everywhere there are insects that have painful bites. And sometimes there are animals—like snakes, common in popular meat racks in the Far East and Orient—as mentioned in several listings in QQ's gay travel directory, *Private Stock*. The poisonous plants, however, pose a real danger to any guy who is sexually active and who, even on a short vacation, is likely to wander through the bush in search of prey.

Common also is the discomfort caused by fungal infection. A very common form is athlete's foot—picked up on wet, slimy locker-room floors and in dirty, steamy shower stalls. This type invades the tender areas between the toes and can even involve the toenails. The result is redness, rawness, pain, and terrible itching. Ringworm—a fungus growth anywhere on the body that takes the shape of a ring, red in color, is more unsightly but causes no more discomfort than athlete's foot. But the fungal infection of concern to gay guys is *tinea cruiris*—"jock itch." This variety is found in the pubic region, around the groin, uner the foreskin (moist and warm!), on the balls and back towards the asshole. In summer, or in winter in tropical places, it can be picked up in damp, steamy wooded meat racks populated by hundreds making the scene—shooting heavy loads on the ground, pissing in the paths, etc., etc. It spreads in much the same way poison ivy does—but is usually concentrated on the balls because they are sweaty and moist (especially during sex under such conditions) and fondled by hands that have come in contact with fungus spores. The fungus takes hold, is further incubated by the heat of a tight bathing suit, and is aggravated by bacteria—left unwashed/undisturbed for hours.

For gay guys not into meat racks—be aware that similar conditions exist at most baths, and also in active johns—particularly those that have glory holes, the rims of which are moist and thick with bacteria and fungus spores which touch the underballs resting on the lip of the hole. Add steam provided by a hot, juicy mouth—and you've given birth to a menace. If you wear a broad leather cock ring (as opposed to a thin, round metal or rubber band that stays dryer) the heat and moisture it holds in further aggravates the condition.

Is it possible to confuse a plant poison with a fungal infection? Yes; because it is possible to get either/or in the same place and at the same time. That is, concerning a romp in the woods; obviously, you are unlikely to encounter poison ivy/oak at the baths. But do bear in mind that if you do a wooded meat rack by day and hit the tubs at night you may end up with both conditions, encountered just hours apart—resulting in a complicated skin infection requiring special medication in order to avoid worsening the general condition of your skin. Generally speaking, poison ivy/oak causes the skin to blister, whereas fungus causing scaling (which is not always noticeable). The discomfort is similar, but a fungal infection is less visible than plant oil infection. Moreover, after a session in a john, etc., your balls may start itching—causing you to suspect crab lice. If in fact you have a fungal infection and mistakingly treat yourself for crabs with A-200 or something similar, you may worsen the condition of your skin. So, always think carefully, examine closely, and then and only then, treat yourself. If unsure, see your doctor instead.

What to do, what to do? Make a habit of keeping a bar of medicated antifungal soap in your shower. Just as soon as you get home from the rack, baths, johns, etc., wash thoroughly with this soap (a good one is Desenex) followed by a scrubbing with your regular bathsoap, followed by another lathering with the medicated soap. If infection is not avoided, you druggist will recommend various over-the-counter medications to help alleviate the condition. Popular are Desenex cream, Desenex powder (especially good on the crotch, since powder helps absorb moisture), and Tinactin cream or liquid (for difficult cases). Note: If you wear a broad leather cock ring it's a good idea to wash it every so often—especially when it gets sweaty—by first dousing its underside with Tinactin liquid (permitting it to absorb for a half hour) and then soap and water, and letting it dry completely before wearing it again. Naturally, in cases of severe infection, it's best to see a doctor—preferably a gay one familiar with your particular needs.

Poison ivy/oak and/or jock itch are hardly fatal—but they are such terribly annoying conditions that a bout with them will surely crimp your style and most probably ruin a vacation and a lot of fun times. Advance warning, the knowledge you have just gained through this article, and readiness in the form of the various medications recommended will help keep you physically healthy, sexually wealthy, and wise to the ways of pleasure without pain!

• • •

ARE YOU AN EASY 'TOUCH'?

(Continued from page 14)

the sermon." It is no surprise, therefore, that he now causes millions to fidget during his long tirades. He's

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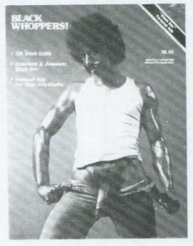

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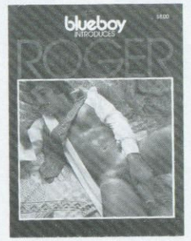

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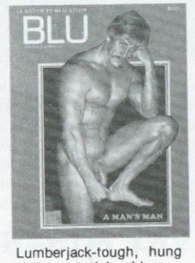

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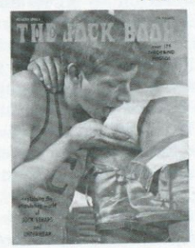

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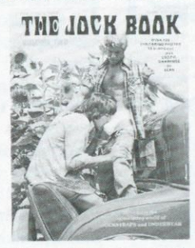

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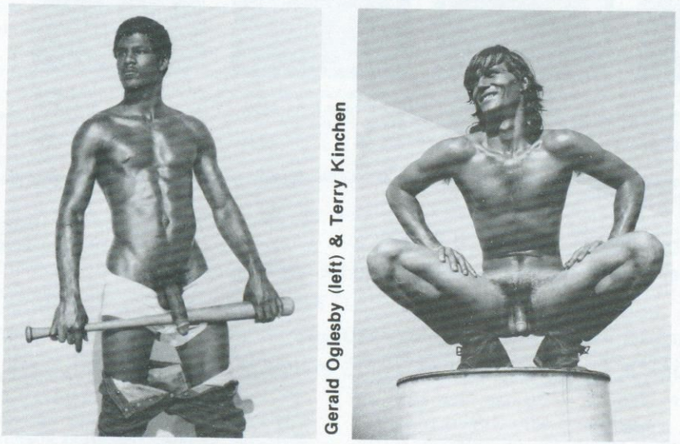

Gerald Oglesby (left) & Terry Kinchen

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getting off his rocks in a reverse hostility—a million times a million. Freud would have had a field day with this complex individual.

BILLY'S BEER 'BUST'

The Graham biography also reveals another source of his present hostility. When Prohibition was repealed, the Rev. Billy's overly-pious, brutal father bought a supply of beer which he forced down the throats of his children until each vomited. It's not surprising that Graham hates liquor today, or that he inveighs against Demon Rum as much as he does against the "Pinks, Lavenders and Reds." Today, in every sermon, he is basically working off his hostility to his father by passing it on to us. Thus, in a sense, we're not so much paying the price of Graham's fanaticism against 'sin', as paying the price of his lack of childhood affection.

And so we have two extreme cases of the power of touch: one in which the touch of a kindly hand celebrates love long after the death of a partner . . . and another in which the hand grows hard and cold from an inability to give love.

There is another example we might append: a case where affectionate gesture, frowned on by government fiat or national characteristics, bursts into bloom like a lilac tree in spring, given the right moment. This was most evident in the last Olympics when the television cameras caught the Soviet Weightlifting Team engaging in a wild kissing bash as each lifter was called to the podium to receive his gold medal.

This was not just your male-to-male, touch-lips-to-each-cheek greeting typical of some European (and all Arabic) countries. It was bear-hug, mouth-in-mouth kissing. Tongues, guys! The cameras, with a great area for coverage, zoomed in so closely one could see tongues a'plungin' in actual deep-throat maneuvers. For a brief once the Iron Curtain had lifted to catch all those super jocks with their macho down. Then we knew that the love of man for male is not dead in Mother Russia . . . that touch—the silent language of love—survives, and given the chance, can surface to make up for lost time. Those brawny lifters . . . easy 'touches', all!

WHERE IS TOUCHING EASIEST?

The late and much-respected psychologist, Sidney Jourard, had a thing about touching, and its importance to the nurture of love. He thought it a more eloquent expression of affection than any speech. It was a labor of love to him to study touching 'attitudes' in various countries. In brief, we learn that touch—as a gesture of friendship, if not overt affection or cruisy sign language—is practiced less in London than in bleaker Moscow. (British reserve—easily melted by warm words—grows even stiffer at the touch of a hand on the arm.)

For its otherwise whoop-it-up group informality and enthusiasm there are few easy 'touches' in the smaller towns of Texas, according to Jourard. He mentions Gainesville, specifically. In Paris, of course, touch thrives. Parisians are very 'touchy', very kissy people. Sons coming home from college expect the full smooch from their fathers: first on the right cheek, then the left, then back on the right. San Franciscans will be surprised to learn that they're not as touchable as New Yorkers. "Geography," says Jourard, "has something to do with this. Everyone is so close to everyone else in New York City that it's almost impossible *not* to touch."

To Italians, touch is a kind of 'love glue' that holds families together. Touch is both discipline and an affectionate gesture of togetherness. And it's what makes Italian friends 'friendlier'. An Italian conversation doesn't get very far without an occasional touch—a handshake, an arm around a buddy's shoulder, a punch on the arm, a slap on the back . . . contact of some kind is part of the Italian language. It can't be 'spoken' really effectively without the reach-out of touch. Undoubtedly you were made warmly aware of this in *Saturday Night Fever.*

In his fine article "Hollywood's Favorite Ethnic Group" in *The New York Times* of June 4, 1978, John Mariani, in writing about the touch-ethic in such films as *The Godfather* and *F.I.S.T.*, notes that "At a time when Americans fear a splintering of the family unit into serial marriages and broken homes, the Italian stereotypes of dominant but *caring* and *protective* father; homebound but proud mother; indulged but respectful children, and any number of emotionally involved relatives seem more and more attractive. The touching, the pinching, the slapping, the screaming all show that at least the family members care about one another."

The Puerto Ricans are very 'touching' people. Jourard did his touch research in the various cites of the world by studying cafe diners/sitters for a considerable time, and said that there are 180 touch-contacts per hour in San Juan, compared to 110 in the runner-up city of Paris. Somehow Italy seems not to have been on his 'touch itinerary', for if it were his tabulations might have been altered.

Jourard found that as we move into the twenty-first century touching grows more into the spirit of the times. The '70s, for example, are far less uptight and more touchable than the late '60s. The cause of this may have stemmed from the Vietnamese atrocities: people began to feel a need of one another—to somehow express the feeling that *all* of us are not barbarians.

Sometimes words are unnecessary. "When you are moved to touch the arm or shoulder of someone—friend, acquaintance, or even someone you don't know, but admire, or are attracted to in some way—the simple, spontaneous gesture can convey more heartfelt meaning than 30,000 words can," Jourard said.

Many modern sex therapists believe that much of the world is crying out for touch contact . . . wanting to touch and be touched, but not sure how to overcome "sensory starvation," as they term it. "It is widely prevalent in the United States and is encountered at all age levels and throughout all segments of society."

This may be why such movements as *holistic sex* groups, Esalen-inspired groups, Tantric Yogists, and Gestalt have such growing numbers of devotees and practitioners.

It's also why saunas are as much a part of the current health-club scene as a tennis racquet. It's why Californians (who had them first), and others who can boast a patch of yard or garden space, are installing Japanese-style wooden communal bathtubs.

Sex therapists believe that childhood touch-conditioning is very important if the child is to grow into extroverted manhood, free of the uptightnesses that plague so many of us, and keep the majority of us from living fuller lives. "Studies show that babies who aren't touch at all can die," they say, "and if not physically, then certainly spiritually."

Of course, in this age of big-city mugging one can't go around touching, touching willy-nilly. The silly season is not that nigh upon us. But a gentle touch on the hand, arm, shoulder (and—when the nitty's gritty enough--leg) of someone one meets and is attracted to, can get messages across more quickly than words. Where words often fail (love/affection often tongue-tying us), touch assures and/or affirms friendship, affection and sexual attraction. It binds us more quickly . . . keeps us in closer touch.

It's something that Lady Raleigh knew in the seventeenth century. Staying in touch with Sir Walter in her unique necrophiliac way helped her bear the agony of widowhood. And it's something the Rev. Billy's father might have tried to practice, rather

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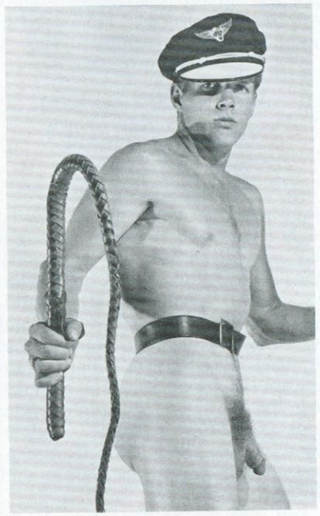

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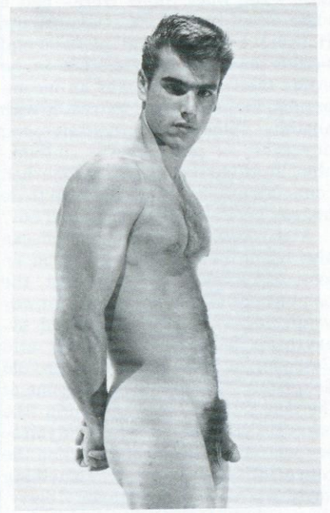

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than to force his son to sit 'n fidget through interminable sermons. A little more love in the laying-on-of-hands might have given us a less hostile Billy, and, who knows?, as a spinoff—through evangelical unity with him—fewer harsh tramplers on gay rights, such as Anita.

• • •

THE GOODBYE GUY
(Continued from page 22)

often beleaguered by amateurs who might have only a couple of lines in a play, but who would ask and re-ask him just *how* they should be spoken. With utter kindliness and world-weariness Sir Tyrone would smile and say, "My dears, I trust you . . . just go home and study your lines again tonight; then come back and astonish us in the morning." A compliment, a challenge, a firm goodbye . . . all in one neat sentence. What actor—amateur or professional—could top that line?

And what a 'goodbye guy' Harry Truman was! The famous sign on his desk—*The Buck Stops Here*—had a tonic effect on callers at the White House. It kept conversations brief and to the point. Of course, just to be inside the Oval Office was an incomparable invitation, and to treat it with anything other than honesty and directness of purpose was unthinkable. And having said what one had come to say, what else was there to do but say goodbye and get the hell out?

A gay telephone conversation can also reach the point of inanity in an extended goodbye. Long past the point where pertinence has given way to dishing—when everyone and everything has been dished and Cascaded again—and when an old dodge like "I think I hear someone at the door," won't play in Peoria (the party at the other end waits for you to see who it is, report, and resume the conversation), why not try something gayly Machiavellian, such as: "Sorry, I'll simply *have* to go; I'm trying on a new super dildo and I can't get it out of my ass!" Or "I'll have to hang up now and turn off my *Accu-Jac* . . . I've had it on for an hour and it's draining me dry!" Or how about "Ohmigod! They're already here for the orgy . . . didn't realize we'd been talking so long . . . sorry, gotta go!" By avoiding stereotypical, hackneyed strategems, and having a few original goodbye ploys at tonguetip, you can so startle/dumfound your longwinded caller that for once he is simply at a loss for words. If you're clever you won't give offense . . . you won't lose your friend.

THE LONG GOODNIGHT

Long goodbyes begin in childhood as long goodnights. As a child you may have asked for another drink of water . . . or another bedtime story/kiss and hug. A child is far wiser than his parents sometimes are, and as Richard Galdston, noted Harvard psychiatrist says, "Going to bed is a *farewell*, not only to the day, but to the people the child loves best. Dawdling and postponement of sleep often express a child's desire for a sense of settlement and order to the day's events."

The child who is not gently-but-firmly tucked in and blessed with just one goonight/hug/kiss, and packed off to dreamland, is sure to be the laggard at the threshold when he reaches adulthood. So when a guest suddenly becomes the life of the party when the door swings hopen, he's really reverting to childhood—and his dread of being left alone . . . his fear of the dark . . . his feelings of insecurity and uncertainty.

THE 'WHY OF GOODBYE'

The study of the goodbye guy and the 'why of goodbye' has long fascinated Dr. Stuart Albert, an associate professor of psychology at the University of Pennsylvania. He has concluded that there are common relationships in the acts of tucking a child in bed; putting an end to an interminable phone conversation; completing a painting; saying goodbye to a friend with a terminal illness, such as cancer . . . and even in ending a war.

The Vietnam War, for example, seemingly was to him the ultimate long 'goodbye'. "Why," he asks, "did the United States feel that if we didn't wait to end the war at a *particular* point we wouldn't be ending it with honor? What does this have to do with face-saving? (Or when is face-saving more important than life-saving?) When can you end a conversation without losing face? Are the rules for personal and social endings the same as for international, diplomatic endings?"

Fortunately, most people handle endings/goodbyes well. This is quite true of gay guys because we have more experience; each different trick gets a special goodbye. Drawing from the well of our sexual experiences we summon the right words. We do it so often we don't really think about it; a goodbye phrase trips off the tongue with ease and sincerity . . . it rarely seems glib; it's rarely rote, or mechanical, even if we've used it—or a variation—at other times. It's simply allied with the motion of the moment; perhaps it's just a special touch, or kiss, or embrace that needs no words. But it's always a very special goodbye . . . and quite definite—there's no 'standing in the doorway'. There's no replay/resuck/refuck.

An occasion may arise, however, when we are out of familiar territory, or among total strangers at a party, and words don't come as easily. We have to think about them, and when we do we grow self-conscious about the way we're handling/ending the conversation, and ultimately the way we're saying goodbye.

As Dr. Albert says, "When we have to think, we begin to alter our meanings. It's hard to be both a participant and an observer (analyst) at the same time." Thus at the point of leaving, all the things we may have wanted to say, but couldn't 'unlock the words', come rushing out as the door swings open for farewell. We subconsciously revert to childhood, asking for that *extra* drink of water; that *other* bedtime story. We want to hold on to the happy moments we've just enjoyed at our host's party as long as we can.

Of course, business executives can have their secretaries do their 'farewelling' for them. A secretary may appear at a silent signal to remind the boss that his next caller is waiting, and that his schedule is already a little off. The present caller cannot feel offended, even if he suspects it's a ruse to get him going. Social goodbyes, on the other hand, are too personal—each requires 'tailoring', tact, kindness, never an impersonal secretary, and always a smile to smoothe away possible hurt.

A friend of *QQ*, loved by us for his wonderful qualities as a man and a host, has a special way of getting the parting guest 'parting'. At the door, if he senses that the guest is going to dawdle, he says, with some urgency, "Now don't forget that we'll want to see you again . . . we'll look forward to it. In the meantime, let's all hold good thoughts." While there is nothing earthshaking about this, it is unfailingly effective. He leaves no opening for the guest to continue/refuel the conversation. What could any guest say after that but "Yes, we'll do that." Succinct but lovingly and kindly said—and with just the nicety of a little different twist, the guest is disarmed . . . and so charmed by the unexpected allusion to unity that he is momentarily at a loss for further words. By the time he has recovered his wits he's already a hundred paces on his way.

A noted psychologist believes that saying goodbye to someone we love or like can be quite wrenching, and suggests instead that one might say "Hello . . . until next time." Well, whether that may or may not seem a bit precious, the fact is that if used on a dawdling guest it—like the previous goodbye—takes all the words out of his mouth. About all he can say in return is "Er . . . yes." And get the hell out.

The same psychologist goes so far as to suggest "Hello *forever*!" That may puzzle the parting guest still more . . . but say what one will, it's a closing *clincher*! One must really revv-up the treadmill of the mind to come up with something to top that at the moment!

"Take care," like "Keep in touch," suggests some concern with/about/for another. It is a parting wish for the safety and well-being of another. It requires no wordy buildup. Said with a look of concern, and a smile of encouragement, it may be the briefest and best of temporary farewells . . . and for which the only reply one might think of is "Thanks . . . you too."

As noted, personal goodbyes should be tailored to the person and the occasion of the farewell. If this does not come easily to you, why not think up a few and store them in your memory bank for future use? And whenever you hear or read one that you find intriguing, appropriate it also. In a way it is paradoxical that a subtle phrase, contrived to speed a guest on his way, can, when he reflects on the kindness of it, bring him closer to you.

• • •

ROGUE COP RAPE
(Continued from page 26)

"Saint Francis the Pure?" Nick laughed. "It just happens Saint Frankie had to go to the other side of town on a call." He walked to the door and whistled, and I heard two sets of footsteps approaching.

Jaeger stood over me, huge and menacing, the uniform stuck tight to his sweating chest muscles and long thick thighs. I saw his hand snake inside his pants, playing with that thick cop-tool and I knew he was aching to bugger my asshole. "Who wants first fuck at the little darling's fuck-tube?" he whispered softly.

The third guy, Horse, had thick cruel lips. "Split him wide open," he said. "I'll stay up front. No one'll hear you."

Christ, I nearly pissed myself with terror. "Please, please, you guys," I pleaded. "Let me go and I'll keep quiet."

"Not a chance, little boy," Nick said softly. He unbuckled his leather belt, stripped his black cop pants. His thighs were thick and covered with dense black hair. But I stared in horror as he slowly pushed down his briefs and his huge thick whang pronged from his hairy gut. "Oh Jesus, I could never take that monster." He pulled back the great pink foreskin, watching my horrified eyes. "You like it, little boy? You want to suck Daddy's cock and feel Daddy's hairy balls, and have Daddy stick his big prick up you?"

"No, please," I gasped. "I can't take a cock that big."

"Strip him," Nick snarled at Jaeger. I started screaming again.

"No, please. For God's sake, someone please help me."

Jaeger had stripped naked, leaving on his broad belt and black cop-boots, and he wrenched me down flat on my back. Then Nick's cruel hands gripped my thighs and wrenched them open. "I don't want our little boy to pass out with agony," he sneered. "I wanna hear him moan with pleasure while I fuck his tight boy's hole." He started ramming gobs of Vaseline into me, shoving his thick hairy finger deep into my rectum. I was screaming again and suddenly Jaeger squatted on my chest facing Nick and crushed the breath out of me.

I couldn't believe it. I was powerless in a padded cell and two huge-cocked cops were preparing to fuck my ass until the cum ran out of me like soup. "Please," I moaned, trying to escape the big hairy slit between Jaeger's ass-cheeks, as it lowered against my mouth.

"Get on with it," Jaeger snarled. "I want to fuck this kid too."

Nick crouched between my thighs and I felt his big cop-prick nuzzled against my hole. I screamed again, then felt the huge meaty head entering, stretching, stretching, until suddenly it slipped in and I screamed with agony. "Please, please, take it out," I begged. "You're splitting me open." The huge fuck-tool shoved deeper, burying the thick meaty shaft further up my asshole. My mouth was hanging open in agony and the big hairy ass-cheeks of Jaeger came down over my lips, smothering me, made me fight for breath. Oh God, I knew what he wanted. He'd let me breathe if I sucked his ass, licked and tongued that winking pink hole and poked my tongue deep into his rectum.

I couldn't do it. I fought away, and the slit moved closer.

"God," I whimpered, "don't make me do it." He eased back a second and I gulped air. Then the cheeks lowered again and I knew I'd have to suck that cop's golden hair-fringed hole while I was buggered down

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below by the second thick-cocked cop. I shuddered with horror, my tongue came out, tipped his ring—the sharp delicate scent of cologne! Shit! This big rough hairy cop dunked his balls and ass in cologne.

The thought of him, stripped but for boots and belt in front of his mirror, slapping cologne on those great hairy nuts, maybe jerking his thick blue-veined cock—I couldn't help myself. My tongue darted up that scented cleft like an arrow, licking that puckered rosebud.

He felt it and his round succulent buns pumped down on my sucking mouth. Nick had forced my legs open, wedging his tool up me, inch by inch, then he went crazy and rammed the whole length of his huge cop-tool up my asshole. God, I thought I'd die with that monstrous wedge splitting me. I was moaning and lashing my tongue up into that delicious hairy slit above me, and I felt Jaeger lean forward and his hot sucking mouth gulped over my cock, licking the thick glistening shaft as he gouged it into his throat.

Oh shit! I was on fire. I had a big cop-cock buggering my ass, and a cop sucking me off while he forced me to lick and tongue his quivering hole. I tried to remember they were rogue cops buggering me while I lay helpless, but all I could think of was that big officer's thick truncheon ramming me below.

Then I heard Nick groan; felt his cock jerk and buck, and thick cop-cum burst and spurted inside me. The thought of that white-hot chunky man-spunk sent me wild. I rammed my tongue up and my nuts exploded, jetting hot spurts into Jaeger's cock-sucking mouth.

Nick pulled out with a delicious sucking sound and I lay gasping, my ring hanging out with fucking. I was thanking God I'd come through the agony when Jaeger suddenly rammed himself between my legs.

"Oh God, NO! Please, PLEASE! I can't take more fucking," I gasped.

I heard Nick snarl, then to my amazement he suddenly grabbed his leather belt and started slamming into me with it. "Fuckin' little cocksucker," he roared. "That's for leading us on." The belt lashed down at me, whipping me even as I lay helpless under the ramming shaft Jaeger was raping into me. I felt the sting and slash across my chest, felt red welts rise, trying to cover my face. Then to my absolute horror, I felt the hot splash of something hitting my gut. I opened my eyes, and even while Jaeger was ripping into my spunk-filled ass, Nick was standing over me, pissing thick golden ropes of hot man-piss over my gut and chest as I

struggled under Jaeger's raping spike.

It was hideous. I twisted side to side, trying to avoid that hot golden stream that stung and bit into the red welts from the whipping. He spurted over my shoulders, burning my skin with his scalding man-heat. I looked up at the golden cord as it arched out from that massive hanging penis, its hood drawn back in a snarl, his balls hanging like nuggets of gold in their hairy sac. And still that hot golden piss rained down on me, scalding, burning with man-heat.

"Get Horse," Jaeger yelled suddenly. "I want his huge horse-dick to fuck this kid's mouth while I fuck into his ass."

A moment later, Horse was in the room. He grinned as he saw me helpless under the naked ramming body of the blond cop. When he threw off his clothes, my eyes blazed with horror.

NO WONDER HE WAS CALLED HORSE!!!!

"Please, please," I moaned, staring at that raging monster. "Let me go—I can't take any more." Oh Christ, don't let him shove that up my ass. To my horror, he knelt inches from my face, the huge purple head throbbing and drooling at my lips.

"Suck, pretty boy," he said evilly.

"If I suck it, will you let me go?" I pleaded.

"Sure, sweetheart," he said, and rammed it down my throat. God, I almost choked on the huge meaty head. My nose was buried in his thick curly pubic hair, his huge dangling nuts slapping my chin. I tongued the sensitive underside, trying to bring him off and escape the agony of that monster up my rectum. Then Jaeger moaned suddenly, and I knew he was shooting jets of boiling sperm up my raging asshole, mixing with the bubbling gusher I'd received from Nick.

Frantically I sucked Horse's incredible cock, praying he'd cum before Jaeger pulled out. But there was no escape.

"Get him up on his knees," Horse ordered.

Oh God, I knew I'd die. Jaeger pulled me up, spread my thighs wide and pointed my ass at Horse's monster. I held my breath, then suddenly he drove forward, ramming right up me with a piercing ass-ripping thrust that brought a scream of agony from my lips. I thought it would never end. That monstrous pole, driving, driving into me. Finally I was just gasping for breath, trying to stay sane as I was buggered and ripped by the biggest cock in the Force.

"Jerk him off," Horse ordered. "I want him to shoot when I do. I want

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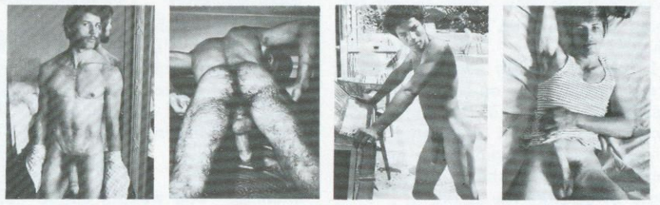





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him to feel his darling little boy-ring bite down on my big tool while I juice up his darling asshole."

It wasn't possible! Yet my asshole lifted to the kiss of that huge weapon and my tool thickened as Jaeger masturbated me. I knew I was going to shoot again. "Please stop," I yelled. It seemed obscene that I should cum while those cops were raping me, yet I felt the ecstasy in my balls; knew I was shooting great wads of curdled jism over the floor and into the rough horny hand of the cop beating my tool. Horse gave a moan of delight and his juices shot from his balls and burst inside me, sperming and spurting his monstrous cock up my ass for an eternity.

"Okay, pretty boy," he said at last, "you can go now—but one word about this an' you'll do a stretch. Okay?"

I didn't care. My asshole was on fire, loaded with cop-sperm boiling inside me. Three of the bastards, emptying their hot sperming balls into my gus. I dragged on my clothes and fucked out of there before they could go through me again.

I guess it took me ten minutes to get to the apartment. As I thought, Pa was sprawled on the Chesterfield, drunk as piss. I headed for the bathroom, got rid of the cop-sperm and showered. Boy, it felt good; then I made a toasted cheese and coffee, while I watched my Pa snoring.

Ever since Ma died he'd been on the skids—yet he was only forty and a good-looker in his time. I'd never admit it, but sometimes when he was stinkin' drunk, I'd take his pants off and ram a quick shaft up him. I guess he never did know why his asshole was sore—he wasn't a bad fuck, neither. I was wondering whether he'd sleep through a ram now, when the doorbell rang. One of my tricks, I guess. I opened the door and—Sweet Jesus! Saint Francis the Pure stood there—the young cop in front.

I guess we just stared for a bit, then he started talking quick, like he was embarrassed. "I guess you wonder why I came?" he says.

I resumed munching the toasted cheese, all controlled like, and I made this nice bow. "Not at all, officer. Come on in."

He walked in like a scared tom, pussyfooting across the stringy carpet. "I wanted to see your parents," Frankie says.

I pointed a hunk of toast at my Pa. "You're seein' 'em."

He gives me one looks and says, "And your mother?"

"Dead and gone these ten years," I intoned hollowly.

"Oh," he said, very solemn.

I looked him over and he was all right. Tall, wide shoulders, slim hips, glossy brown hair. And lips—oh, man! "Maybe you want a bit of what the other guys had?" I says.

He blushed! Jesus, he really did. "What those guys did is a disgrace to the Force," Frankie says. "I want you to testify."

I swallowed the lickings from my teeth and picked my nose, just to put him off like. "You kidding? You reckon any judge would listen to me?" I excavated the nose a bit more and flicked the diggings into a corner. "How d'ja find out?"

He was puzzled. "I was there when you were picked up."

Jesus! Just because I'd been picked up!! "You don't know nothin' else?" I asked him.

"You mean there was more?"

Oh Christ. "Look," I said, "why don't you go back to your fairy tales?" I gestured at the crummy apartment; the guts out of the chairs, the ratty drapes no decent whore would wipe her cunt with. "You think anyone would listen?" I walked into the kitchen. "You want a coffee before you go back to kindergarten?"

I didn't wait for his answer but slapped it down in front of him. I'd only put an old towel around my waist and brother, if you knew our towels, you'd know they wouldn't hide much.

"Thank you," he said politely, and I noticed his eyes wandering. Maybe old Saint Frank wasn't so pure after all?

"You like the view?" I said, hitching the towel a little.

He jerked his eyes up and swallowed a mouthful of scalding coffee. Man, did his eyes ever bug out and water. He was choking so hard I whammed him on the back, and it was like a weightlifter's.

"Yes," he spluttered, looking everywhere but down below.

I slid down in the chair a little, spread my thighs a bit so the towel draped neat over my dong. If he wanted to view my hairy coconuts he'd have to slip down too. "Pretty hot," I said. "You want to take off your jacket?"

I'm sure he blushed again. "Ah—that'd be nice," he mumbles.

He stood up and hung his coat over the back of the chair, and when he sat down—yeah, you guessed it—he slipped real low so his great thighs could open wide and he could look under my towel. But he didn't. Yet! "You really dig the cop shop?" I said, unable to believe anyone decent could go for all that corruption and shit.

He slid a little lower. And I opened my thighs a little more. "My dad was a cop," he muttered. "I wanted him to be proud of me."

Sure as shit, that's what he said. "And is he?"

"He's dead. Died in a shoot-out at Pineridge Plaza a month ago.

I'm not sure but I think there were tears in the poor bastard's eyes. "You really loved your old man?" I said, looking at my hunk of shit snoring on the Chesterfield.

He blinked his eyes and I guess I looked into my coffee for a bit so the cop wouldn't be embarrassed. "So you got no one to look after you now?" I didn't mean it that way, but he seemed such a baby.

He grinned. "I was kind of lost when he—he was gone."

I jerked my thumb. "I wish my old man would hit the concrete. Then I could get out of this shit-hole and do something for myself."

He looked around, really seeing the crap for the first time. "You've always lived here?"

"Seven years. Pa was on the railroad—now he's just a bum."

"And you?"

"Chief kitchen boy at the Hotel Adonis down the street."

"You could do better than that."

"Yeah? Tell me how." I was getting shit-sick of the questions bit, and I slipped lower in the chair and kind of eased the towel up so he could see right along my thigh. I got good thighs—long and strong, like my prick. "That hotel is so badly run, I'll be washing dishes there when I'm forty."

His eyes started to wander at last. "You could run it better?" He bent forward to rub a speck of dirt off his shoe and (you guessed it old buddy-boy) his eyes flicked up for just a second.

"Sure I could." I forgot my cock for the moment. "I could give 'em six ideas right now that't double their take."

He slipped down a bit more, leaned his head sideways on his propped elbow. "Then why don't you?"

"And let them have the credit? Fuck 'em." Without thinking, I slipped my hand under the towel and gave my cock a bit of a rub like I do when I'm exciting. "They don't do nothin' for me."

I get a hard-on hell of a quick. Touch me and wham! She's up like the Tower of Pisa without the lean, but you won't believe it, with him sittin' there staring, I began to feel embarrassed. Shit, I'd never have believed it. I crossed my legs to catch it but was too slow, and that old daddy-dick of mine speared up like a telephone pole under the towel. I tried to think of something to say, but nothing came. Then he tried.

"You got a real nice apartment,"

he said, his face red as a hot cock.

"Yeah," I said, not thinking. "It's real nice."

Saint Frank wrenched his eyes off the towel and looked round. "I like those drapes too," he says, his voice off a bit.

"Yeah. They—they're a nice color," I said. Christ, I could hardly talk. To me, a fuck is just a fuck—you know? You got a prick and a mouth and an asshole. Put 'em together and that's it. But with this guy! "Ma made 'em before she died."

Then I just about shot right through the towel. He put his hand on my thigh, but it was strong and gentle, not sexy. "I'm sorry," he said. "You must have been just a kid."

Christ, his voice was as warm as the kiss of an open fire on a bare ass, and for once in my life I didn't want the guy to shoot his load and then split. I wanted him to put his arms around me and hold me—just like I was a woman. Me! Always the fucker, never the fuckee!

"Well—I guess so," I said, my stupid voice trembling. He left his hand on my knee and brother, I wanted it there forever. I reached for my coffee cup unintentional like, and let his hand slide right up my thigh. I took a sip and yuk! It was cold and horrible. "Nice," I smiled. "You want some more?"

He leaned back then, and I could see his hand trembling. "Okay."

I picked up the empty cup and glanced down at thim, and oh man, if that was all him rammed in there between this legs, then he was mighty! I stood up, forgetting again, and that daddy-dick of mine stuck out under the towel like a yacht's main-sprit. To hell with it. I glanced down at it, then half-grinned. "Sorry," I said. "I don't have much control."

"It—it happens to all of us," he says looking away.

I swung round on him, quick as a flash. "You too?"

He stood up then grabbed his coat. "I'd better go. If I stay any longer I'll—I'll—." Man, I've been around and if that bulge was real this guy was hung like a lady elephant couldn't take him.

"Wait," I says, "you haven't taken the statement."

"Well—that's right. I haven't, have I?"

"There's a desk in my room," I said, "and paper and—stuff like that. You—uh—want to go in there?"

For just a second he hesitated. "A cop's never scared?" I kind of sneered. That decided him.

"Course not," he said. "Where's your room?"

I took him in and closed the door.

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Jesus man, I really wanted that guy. The desk was next to my bed and he sat down and I lay back, ready to give him what he wanted—the statement, I mean.

"Now," he said, swallowing. "Your name and address."

I gave it, then raised my leg so the towel fell open right up to my hip. He glanced across, then closed his eyes for a second. "Tell me," he says, trembling ike a leaf, "exactly what happened."

I gave him the whole bit, fucks and all, then I stood up to read the statement over his shoulder and my tool pronged up under the towel and flicked in his face. God, was I hard! He threw his pen down suddenly and covered his face, breathing like he was dying.

"Please," he says, gasping. "Please don't do that to me."

"What?" I said, easing forward so my hambone rubbed his chin.

He shivered violently, then his hand, by itself, crept out and began to rub between my thighs. Shit, I thought I'd blow a gusher right in his face. "Oh God, Murray," he groaned. "Please don't."

"I'm not doin' nothin'," I said, my rigid cock right in his face. "You're doin' it all."

His hand crept higher, cupped my balls. And man, I really have balls. "Oh God," he gasped, incredulous. "Oh God, oh God!"

"Somethin' wrong?" I asked, my cock nuzzling his lips. He screwed his eyes shut but his mouth fell open like he was gasping for air. I gave the littlest push as if he was a little sucky baby, and his pink tongue came out and felt its way into the gaping ruby eye of my tool. "Oh Murray, Murray," he pleaded, licking love-spit, "please don't make me."

"Okay," I said, easing it between his pair of pinkies. Without warning, he suddenly grabbed my ass-cheeks and jerked me forward, and I rammed my cock as far as it would go. He choked and pulled back and opened his eyes. "My God," he whispered. "You're huge."

I couldn't wait. I ripped open his fly and groped inside his pants. And oh Jesus H. Christ! It was a love-dripping, redheaded, elephant-dicked monster. I couldn't even get it through his fly! I ripped off his belt, wrenched down his pants. He had on black brief see-throughs, and off they went. And oh Jesus, there it was, pronging, raging, roaring at me; foreskin snarling back, a blue-veined creamy column of suckable kissable ass-fuckable COCK!

He was moaning, clawing at me, grabbing my cock and sucking it into his hot mouth as I flung him back on the bed. I heard myself moaning, "Frankie, Frankie," as I grabbed for his big tool. I flipped him on his back and squatted over his chest, my mouth down into his pubic forest, licking that soaring shaft, sucking its big meaty cock-head into my hot mouth. God, he was a big-cocked cop. I grabbed his luscious fat balls and stuffed them one by one into my mouth like hairy suckable puddings and buried my nose in his aromatic pubic hairs. His hands were on my balls, milking them down, mouthing my dripping leaping cock. Then to my amazement, I felt his tongue, hot as fire, slide into my crack and tongue my hole.

Oh, Sweet Jesus, my guts were hanging out with feeling. I couldn't help myself. My mouth left his balls, left his cock and I sunk my lips into that dark cleft and probed his pulsing hole. He was sweet as honey as I lapped his ring; a sweet sharp smell of cologne. Jesus, did all the cops dunk their ass in cologne?

His lips were eating my cock, straining to suck my juices and I knew I was going to shoot. I didn't know if he could take it, and I cried, and I cried, "Stop lover, you'll make me shoot." The lips worked faster, sucking, sucking, and I BLEW! Man, did I ever blow! My balls convulsed and spat their juice into his hot waiting mouth; pumping, ball-ripping explosions of hot sperm into that cop-mouth.

He was crying and moaning, and then I felt it come. Oh man, man, that cock-head seemed to swell and fill my mouth; then it started spitting, jetting and splashing against the back of my throat as I gulped down his thick chunky white sperm. Christ, what a feeling! He was still jetting when I pulled out his tool and shot the rest of his ropy cum over my chest and face. I was laughing and yelling at him to pump out more, and his buttocks and balls were leaping and jabbing at me.

At last he stopped sperming, and fell back exhausted. I swung around and climbed on him, smothering his full red lips with mouth-wrenching kisses. "Jesus," I said. "And I thought you were a virgin."

He gripped me, eyes burning. "I was," he said, "until now!" He sat up suddenly. "What about your father?"

"Forget him," I said. "He sleeps like a log when he's drunk. You could even fuck him and he wouldn't wake up."

His body tensed. "You wouldn't fuck your own father?"

I got the message. "Course not," I joked. "Not our dear daddy."

He glanced at his watch. "I better go, Murray." He looked at me and his eyes were soft and beautiful. "You reckon I could—maybe—come round again?"

"The sooner the better. You're one cop I always want to see."

He dressed quickly. "Murray—"

"Yeah?"

"Wouldn't you—like to be something better than a dish-boy?"

Shit! "Listen," I said, "just because I blew you, it don't mean you can run my life, okay?"

He nodded. "Sure!" He kissed me briefly and I knew it was still on his mind. "Well, I'll see you, love," he said, and was gone.

I didn't hear from him for a couple of days, then he rang me at the hotel. The chef answered the phone and looked at me. He was a mean bastard. He'd caught one of the waiters sucking me off in the storeroom once, and held it over me ever since. "For you, piss-head," he growled.

"Get fucked, cunt-lips," I said and took the phone.

"Murray?" Oh shit, was I glad to hear his sweet-cop voice.

"Who's that?" I said, uninterested like. Fuck him—it was two whole days and he hand't called.

"It's Frank. Can you talk?"

"Frank who?" I said.

There was a gasp from the other end. Then, "You know—Frankie!"

"Oh you," I said. "I thought you must have died."

"No, I've been busy." His voice dropped lower, and man, I could just see him standing there feeling his thick whanger while he thought about me. "I've found out a lot more about my dad's death. He had a lot of information about drugs that were being pushed by guys on the force, and that's why he got knocked off."

"And that's what'll happen to you if you start shoving your nose into it," I said. "They'll frame you and you'll be right out of the force on your ass before you know it."

"I can't back out now, Murray." I could tell by his voice he was scared. "There's been a couple of threats but they don't worry me."

There was something funny about the phone—like I was hearing noises that shouldn't be there. "Where you ringing from?"

"The office," he said. "There's no one here at the moment."

"You crazy bastard," I yelled. "You should use a pay-phone."

"You've seen too much TV." His voice became excited. "There's—there's something I want to discuss, Murray. A proposition."

Shit! He was like all the other weirdos. Kinky bastards that wanted to pay you so's they could do what they liked. One guy rammed a honey

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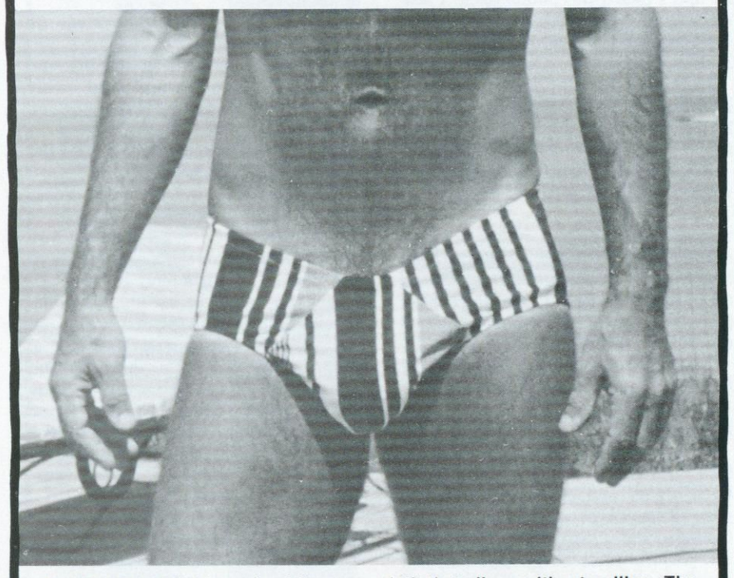

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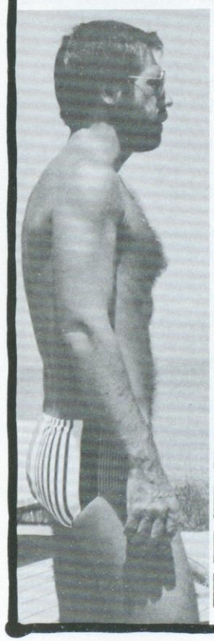

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enema up my ass then sucked it all out again.

"Yeah?" I said, cautious like.

"How about tonight?" he said eagerly. "Your place at nine."

"Okay, if that's what you want," I said. I waited while he bumbled around saying a few things with double meanings, then at last he hung up and I heard the phone click. I still waited, my hand over the phone, and heard the second click. I tell you, it had an ugly sound.

I hung up and the chef stared with little piggy eyes. "Don't use my kitchen to drum up customers," he said.

"Get fucked, cunt-lips," I said, and walked back to the tub of dishes.

I wrapped the pie in plastic and stuffed it under my shirt. Fuck those bastards. They never paid me enough anyhow—and now I'd have something nice for Frankie. The chef followed me to the back entrance.

"You like some cream with your pie?" he says, the cunning bastard.

"What bloody pie?" I said, real indignant.

"The one inside your shirt, piss-face," he siad. He suddenly whipped open his fly and out came this dirty great greasy whang of bolony and a foreskin you'd trip over. "Suck me off, dish-boy, and I won't report you."

"Suck that greasy hunk of shit? You must be outa your mind."

He started to work it up, pulling that yard-long foreskin. "Come on, you little shit, else you won't have no job when you get back."

I turned to the door. "You got no chance, fart-face. I'd fuck the ass-end of a cow before I'd touch your greasy cock."

He stuck it back in his pants and followed me out to the alleyway behind the hotel. "You won't have no job when you get back, shithead," he shouted after me.

I wasn't too worried about him. There was a few things I could tell the boss about old cookie—especially the canned goods he hid in the bottom of the trash he took home to his chickens. As I got near the apartment, I got more excited. Jesus, that Frankie! Balls like a bullock, a nine-incher—and the guy really liked me. Wow! I went into the apartment. Shit! The old man was home, drunk as a cunt on the sofa—and he'd promised me he'd be out tonight playing cards.

I shoved the pie in the oven and plugged in the percolator. Five to nine. Then I did a few fancy things like brushed my teeth, and slapped some after-shave on my balls. Didn't have nothing else and it stung a little. There was one shit of a pimple on my neck and I squeezed that bastard—then the doorbell rang. Oh Jesus!

I opened it and there was Frankie. Big, beautiful hard-cocked Frankie, his arms full of parcels. He walked straight in like he owned the place, dumped his parcels on the kitchen table, then kissed me a deep-throat sucker. "I'm cooking supper," he announced.

"So!" I says. "What's with all the parcels?"

He opens them and Jesus, out come steaks and mushrooms and wine and—. He turned suddenly. You haven't eaten yet?"

I thought of the crummy pie in the oven. "I just knocked off, love."

He relaxed. "I—uh—like to cook, Murray, Is that okay?"

I walked over. "Frankie boy, you want me to lie on the floor and have you piss on me, it's okay by me."

His blue eyes lit up like beacons. "Then fuck off and let me work," he grinned. Well, there was no chance of that. I hung round the doorway and goosed those suckable buns each time he bent over. Which was often. Then I'd sneak up and shove my stiff cock against his ass-cheeks. He really knew what I wanted. "Later, Murray," he whispered, gasping.

At last he slapped it all on the table, then he whipped down, and out come these candles. "It's a celebration, love," he smiled. "So you'll agree to my proposition."

Well, brother sex-fiends, by this time he could have shoved a bugle up my ass and played 'Annie Laurie' and I wouldn't have cared. "Christ, Frankie," I said, all stupid fucking trembling. "I think I'm falling in love with you."

"You're crazy, Murray," he shivers, "you've only known me three days." The candlelight flickered on the crisp black hairs of his naked chest, and oh people, I thought I'd go out of my mind. "Next thing, you'll be wanting me to say I'm in love with you."

Oh, sweet lovers and others, my old heart beat like it would burst. It was crazy. Guys were something you fucked but didn't never all in love with. "Maybe you could—just try the words?" I says, trembling.

"That's too easy," he grins. "You got to agree to the proposition first."

Well, I bolted that meal like it was a small vitamin pill, slung the dishes in the kitchen and grabbed him. My balls were dragging on the floor and my cock was so hard you could have done chin-ups on it. "The bedroom," I groaned, ripping his clothes off.

He was laughing, kissing, and hugging me, and we stripped each other naked, sucking and kissing nipples, grabbing cocks and balls like drowning men. "Oh God, Murray," he groaned. "I love you, I love you. I want you into me. Fuck me, Murray. Please fuck me." He threw himself on the bed, face down, his luscious round ass-cheeks raised up and squirming at me. I thought I'd blow my mind. I grabbed the pot of Vaseline and greased him, slapping my big rigid cock against his pearly buttocks like a ship. "You sure you want me up there?"

His face was buried in the pillow. "Yes, yes, yes," he moaned. "Shove your rod up me. Bury it right up my asshole."

I spread his ass-cheeks wide apart, stretching them so I wouldn't catch the black hairs that ringed his puckering rosebud. I tickled it, probing gently with a greasy finger while my cock bucked like an impatient stallion. Then I tried two, and finally three gentle fingers and he took them, gasping slightly. His ass rutted like a mare against my fingers. "Your cock," he gasped. "I want your thick man's juicy cock up me."

I rested the pink bucking heart against his tiny lavender lips, pressed gently, ever so gently, watched the tip bury itself within those lips, pressed again and the thick juicy head was inside him. Oh God, his ass was so hot and tight, so sucking and juicing on my flaring head. "You okay?" I gasped at him. "Yes, yes, yes," he moaned. "Ram it into me. Fuck my ass full of your huge cock."

I eased in another inch, then another and another. Oh, God, the hot tight suck of his tube drawing me into him. "More," he groaned. "Give me the lot." I did, right to the massive butt and it was all in, the full ten inches of thick hard vein-ridged cock. Then—oh God—I guess I went crazy. Those cheeks pressing against me, the hot sucking tube around me, his voice moaning, moaning in ecstasy as I shafted him. I couldn't help myself, I raped it into him, ripping into his asshole with lunging crazy thrusts of ass-ripping strength. I could hear him moaning and screaming in pain and ecstasy, but I couldn't stop. "Fuck me, Murray," he screamed. "FUCK ME, FUCK ME!!!"

Then the doorbell rang.

A trick. It must be one of my tricks. "Hush up," I says to Frankie, "and they'll go away." But they didn't. The ringing changed to a hammering on the door. "Police here," they yelled. "Open up or we'll break down the door."

I ripped my rod out of his rosebud ass and dressed frantically. "You stay here," I yelled, "and I'll get rid of them." I was still buttoning my shirt when I opened the door. Jaeger and Nick, the two rogue cops stood there.

And behind them, Horse. They shoved past me, slammed the door and locked it. "We've got a search warrant for drugs. You got 'em here, we'll find 'em."

I knew it was another plant. "What's with you guys?" I said.

Horse shoved past me and headed for the bedroom. "Don't go in there," I screamed. "My—my old mother's in there. She's dying."

Frankie was still struggling to get his pants on when Horse grabbed him. "Dirty mother fucker," Horse jeered at me. He shoved Frankie down on the sofa next to my snoring pa. "You're a disgrace to the Force, Merrick," he shouted at him. "You'll be kicked out."

"You bastards better fuck off," I yelled. "I got enough on you guys to put you away ten years."

"Yeah?" Horse snarled. "I got a surprise for you." I didn't get his meaning until he suddenly grabbed Frankie's arm and twisted it behind his back. Frankie screamed in pain and I lunged forward. Jaeger and Nick grabbed me. "Behave Sonny, or lover-boy gets a broken arm."

I guess it broke me. "Do what you want, you bastards, then get out."

It's not so simple," Horse said. "We want to give you a little demonstration." I stared and he pointed at my old man. "You, sonny, are going to fuck the ass off your dear old daddy while we watch."

Shit! I almost laughed. "Please don't make me do it," I pleased.

Horse twisted Frankie's arm again and the scream turned my blood cold. I put on a look of horror, went over to the sofa and ripped off my pa's pants. He had nice round cheeks, my pa, and a neat hairy crack. He lay snoring as I stripped him. "Don't worry," Horse jeered. "We gave him enough wine for a week."

The bastards! They'd set up the whole thing. I tried to look horrified as I slipped off my jeans. My cock was still greasy from Frankie's darling ass-hole and I spread my pa's meaty cheeks and aimed at his little twinkler. Then I knelt behind him and shoved. Shit, he was tight for an old bastard. But he was juicy too. I could feel his tube sucking on my cock just like he was awake, and I really started shafting it to him, my rod buried bum-deep, balls slapping against Daddy's hanging hairy nuts as we kiss balls, when suddenly there was a flash of light.

I looked up and there was Jaeger with a bloody Polaroid. "That should be a good one," he says. "Full face of you and Daddy."

My cock ripped out of Daddy's asshole like a cow's foot out of a bog. I lunged at him, and Frankie screamed

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again. Shit, it was bloody murder. Then Nick grabbed me and it was my turn for the screws.

"Don't hurt him," Frankie cried when I screamed with pain.

"Course not, officer," Jaeger laughed. "Cause now it's your turn to fuck Daddy-o's tight little asshole."

"Don't do it," I yelled. "They'll take photos and it'll be the end of your career." Jaeger twisted again and when I moaned, Frankie threw himself down on my pa. I thought he'd have lost his hard-on but it was up like a poker. He stripped his pants, got behind Daddy, ripped open the meaty buns, took aim and fired, right up to the bloody hilt. Jesus, my mouth dropped open. The flash cube flared, but Frankie didn't stop. He was lunging that thick red poker right up Daddy's ass like it was his last fuck ever, shoving that huge prong up his little pinky fuck-tube and yelling and roaring while the flash-bulbs popped. "You want to see me fuck the old man? Well, get your pictures, you dirty bastards." I was amazed. The kid seemed to have gone berserk, and the other cops watched as those luscious round fuck-buns pumped and jerked his rod into Daddy's rutting ass. Jesus, I nearly shot on the spot and I could see the cops were getting horny as all shit. Jaeger shoved his hand in his pants, jerking his tool and I could see their mouths watering.

Shit, I thought Frankie would come out of my pa's mouth, then suddenly I understood. It was his own father he was fucking, ramming and slamming his own Daddy's ass-cheeks for being such a fucking know-all.

Suddenly his body tensed, quivering, and spunking up Daddy's rape-bube. "There, you old bastard," he cried, collapsing on him, "you'll never fuck me up again."

The cops just gasped, but it had given them the randy hots, for sure. "One more lot of flicks, then we have some fun," Horse said. He pointed at me. "You will now fuck officer Merrick."

"Me?" I gasped. "You want me to fuck your fellow officer?"

"That's right," Horse said. "Down on your knees, Merrick."

There was no fight left in Frankie. He knelt on the floor at their feet and I got up behind him. The sight of that beautiful ass, its winking cheeks opened up for the kiss of my cock—it was too much. My rod speared up at the arching buns. My fingers caressed his massive swingers, hanging down there between his thighs like luscious melons. His hole was fringed with little curly twisty hairs all dewy and pearly with my last love juice. I nuzzled the tip of my stiff prick against his pinky, and it seemed to wink and lick its little lips at me. The three rogue cops all had their cocks out, playing and jerking themselves.

Under me, Frankie moaned and I looked down at those gaping cheeks, watching my ass-fucker slide in, stretching him wide, wider, hearing him scream with pain and ecstasy as I buggered his black hairy ass-cheeks.

"Oh God," he groaned, forgetting everything. "Fuck me, Murray. Slam that fucking great pole up my ass and shoot me full of bubbling cum." The flash bulbs exploded, and I knew they were getting choice pictures. Frankie's mouth was hanging open gasping, and suddenly Horse squatted in front of him and rammed his tool in Frankie's mouth. Frankie couldn't help himself. His lips closed, sucking madly on that huge horse-dick, tonguing and slobbering the flaring red randy head of the huge-cocked cop.

The I heard Jaeger move. He threw himself on the floor beneath Frankie, mouthing that huge cock that had risen again, watching my big cock buggering Frankie's ass, not six inches from his staring eyes. In a flash Nick stripped off, greased his cock and I knew I was in for it. He knelt behind me, guided his tool to my raging crack and SHOVED. OH SHIT!! The sudden onslaught made me spear forward, right up Frankie's fuck-tube. I thought I'd die with glory. I had a thick cop's tool up my raging asshole and my own throbbing cock was gouging into the round hairy buns of a juicy cop-stud as he was sucking another thick-dicked cop and being sucked himself by a third horny randy cock-sucking officer. It was too much.

The sight of all those hairy asses and coconut balls dancing and dangling and thick red tools sliding in and out—SHIT!—it was like a bomb went off in all of us at once. Horse spermed first, shooting his bubbling white juicer into Frankie's madly sucking mouth. I heard him scream a long drawn "AHHHH" and knew the gusher was foaming and moaning and surfing into Frankie's throat. Frankie gurgled, moaning over the thick cock-head and I knew he was gushing into the cop-mouth on his own tool. I felt his ass bucking against me, grinding down on my cock as he bummed it deep up his ass, spearing himself on my greasy pole to shoot his own juice all the better.

Oh man! Behind me, Nick felt the throbbing of my anal ring and I felt that monstrous tool buck into me like a stallion. I ground down on him, milking that stud-cop prick of its juices, and then I felt him shoot—oh brother, did he shoot! He rammed, screaming into me, slapping his big juicy balls against my ass-cheeks as he shoved, sperming and spurting white-hot geysers of cum into my blazing fuck-tube.

It was too much for me to hold. I felt the rising ecstasy, felt my balls swell and swell, my cock begin to burst and then—oh, oh man, it rose like a flooding tide, swamping my balls and cock and exploding gusts of juicy boy-curds up and into Frankie's tortured rectum. Shit, my cock bucked and shot like a water cannon blasting, and Frankie ground down on it, moaning and shrieking with ecstasy as he felt my raging tool split him wide open with love.

Somehow, we all collapsed in a heap, tonguing and licking, and then Horse stood up. "This don't make no difference, you bastards. We got the pictures and Saint Francis will be out on his ass."

"You fucking shits," I said venemously, "you got what you want so why don't you fuck off?"

Amazingly, they did, and within minutes the apartment was empty again, save for Frankie and me—and Pa. "It's the end of the Force for you, love," I said. "But you can move in here and I'll support both of us till you get another job."

I could see that didn't make him too happy, but he agreed. "We better go to sleep now," he says. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

The next morning I went early to the hotel. Fuck-face gave me a greasy smile and I wondered what was up. I soon found out. "Boss wants to see you, shithead," he sneered. "Right away."

Pete Jamieson was a little balding man with silver-rims. Always kept his hands behind the desk when he was talking. "Ah, Murray, I've been told that disgusting things have been going on. I'm afraid you'll have to finish up."

"I'll get the bloody union, you bastard," I yelled at him.

"And what will you tell them, dear?" he smirked. I could see his hand moving behind the desk. The dirty bastard. I walked round and—sure enough—he had this little pee-pee out and was playing with it. I grabbed the little worm and he gasped, "Oh Murray, what are you doing?"

I stood in front of him and zipped open and hauled out John-Thomas. "Look at a real cock, Petey-boy. Open your mouth and I'll shove it in. He gaped in astonishment at the rigid ten incher, and I grabbed his ears and rammed my prong right down his throat. He gurgled and choked, and the sight of that red face sucking round my dick made me pop right

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then. Boy, did I ever shoot a gusher. I'd have pissed down there too, if I could. He gulped like he was drowning, swallowing down my sperm cocktail as I spurted. Then I hauled it out and wiped it on his coat.

"Murray," he gasped. "Perhaps we could come to an arrangement?"

I knelt suddenly and took little pee-pee in my mouth. He gasped with anticipated ecstasy and I mouthed the little tadpole until its head lifted. Then I snapped my teeth shut on it like I'd bit it off.

He was still screaming when I walked out into the street.

When I got back to the apartment, Frankie and my pa were having breakfast. "Murray?" Frankie says, all embarrassed like, "How come you're home so early?"

Well Jesus, what a welcome! "I quit," I said, slumping on the table. I saw Frankie glance at my Pa and wondered what the hell was up. Then my leg touched Frankie's under the table. I lifted the cloth and looked under.

Neither of them had any pants on.

"Shit!" I said. "What a pair of bastards."

Frankie blushed. "It's really my fault. Your Pa was asleep and I—I guess I looked at those ripe buns and I—I—."

"You shafted him—again?" I gasped.

He nodded, his face blazing. "I couldn't help it."

I looked at my Pa. "And you let him fuck you?"

Pa looked away. "Shit, Murray, what's a cock or two. I've had plenty in my time.

"But I thought I was the only one who fucked your asshole!"

My Daddy grinned. "I always made out I was stoned. Jeez boy, you sure have got your old Daddy's cock."

I laughed. Christ, I couldn't help it. "Well, it's the only thing I've got. I got no job. What'll we live on?"

Frankie was suddenly serious. "Murray—that proposition."

I groaned. Here it came. The old honey-up-the-ass routine. "Yeah, you want to fuck me while I stand on my head and pluck Daddy's asshole."

He looked puzzled. "Well—if you want me too, but here's something else. My Dad carried a lot of insurance—a hundred thousand, to be exact. And it all comes to me. And I thought—well—maybe you'd be interested in a hotel in one of the southern resorts somewhere. You could run it and I could—maybe do the catering?"

This time my jaw really fell open and I could have blown a bull-elephant. "You mean it? The two of us?"

"The three of us," Daddy said gently. "I'll run the bar."

"Up your ass you'll run the bar," I shouted. "Not in my fucking hotel you don't."

Frankie looked up and grinned, and he started to say something but I never knew what it was because my lips were glued to his mouth and my tongue was half-way down his throat.

"I love you, Frankie," I said, when I could breathe.

• • •

"A LITTLE WHITE WINE"
(Continued from page 24)

either will fill the bill handsomely.

The trick of the importers has been to court the wine-naivete of most Americans who would like to get into fine foreign wines, but who are embarrassed when ordering them in an elegant restaurant, lest they stumble over the pronunciation of often-complicated brand names, such as Fazi-Battaglia Verdicchio . . . a mouthful for anyone, even Italians.

This fun/teasy TV approach, however, although boosting the sales of Fazi-Battaglia Verdicchio and Blue Nun, is hurting sales of expensive other wines (red and rose) in four-star restaurants, the cellars of which are stocked with the best vintages of the noblest names in wine. Without the advantage/saturation of advertising cleverness ("What *was* that wine on the television commercial, dear? Let's have *that.*"), restaurateurs can't hack the *haute* stuff. Fortunately, they sell enough of *F-B V* and *Blue You-know-who* to make the weekly nut.

Either sells for about $6 to $7 at the liquor store: it's about double for each at the table. Then too, many other Americans, also wary of pronouncing a jawbreaker like *Trockenbeerenauslese* (it's easier to get your tongue around a nine-inch cock than all those German gutturals!), feel casual and comfortable in ordering "just a carafe of your house white (or red) wine," imported at almost no expense from far-off California, and which restaurant-owners buy by the gross of gallons. Thus "a little white wine" offers the wine-shy a shield from possible embarrassment, and at the same time it cossets his ego with the knowledge that he's revealed no lack of sophistication. With "a little white win" he's *in.*

French restaurateurs, particularly, have hit upon what they believe is a happy solution. When printing their wine lists they now give each premium wine a number alongside its noble name. So anyone who's longed

for a bottle of *Chassagne Montrachet* or *Bernkastler Doctor* (or even without the 'doctor') but is unsure of the pronunciation, can now rely on his sure ability to count, and order by number only. Instantly that magical wine will appear before his delighted eyes. Perhaps some of the loftier restaurant owners will get off their elegance and try some clever TV advertising with their nobler wines. Then all of us can begin guzzling all that heady stuff, without a qualm (that is, until the check arrives). We won't be 'misconscrewed' any longer.

ARE YOU OTHERWISE 'WINE WISE'?

Ordering wine when dining out is one thing; dealing with it when you're host in your own home is another ball game. Certain gaucheries frequently occur, and they may be avoided, or at least minimized, so that no one will be embarrassed.

1. *What if someone 'deranges' the table when sitting down and sloshes already poured red wine on your best double-damask tablecloth?*

Be prepared for such an eventuality by having a bottle of cheap white wine opened and at the ready to go into cleanup operation. You may minimize the spreading read stain by pouring over it a dash of your white wine, which should clean it satisfactorily for the moment (without having to use more drastic methods when your guests have gone). This is recommended if your tablecloth is a costly one. If it's more-or-less 'utility' you may either just ignore it, or cover the offending sight with a napkin. Although white wine isn't Clorox, it does serve to minimize red-wine stains so that they come out easily when tossed in the washing machine.

2. *If someone brings you, the host, a gift of red wine when you've already iced a bottle of white to go with your filet of sole, what do you do?*

Well certainly you can't be expected to wreck your dinner just to please the guest by serving his wine. Nor do you serve it additionally with the white. Just thank him, and rack it—there'll be other days/dinners when it will come in handy.

3. *You have remnants of various 'hospitality' wines left from the orgy the night before. Should you discard them; put them back in the fridge and get rid of them at the next orgy; or thriftily use them another way?*

Try the latter. For drinking purposes the flavors will have gone flat. Nevertheless, if they are used in cooking or in beefing up your wine vinegar, they can give a unique zest to casseroles and many sauces.

4. *You'd like to bring a gift of wine as a house gift to someone who's*



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(PRINT all information. Form must be signed. Photo must be signed and inscribed "Stars" on the back.)

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Please list my ad under the Town heading _____

I have enclosed _____ $3.00 (ad + photo)/ _____ $5.00 (ad only)

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Name _____ Age _____

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Signature _____ AD HEADING _____

AD: _____

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Use separate sheet for more space

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I the undersigned, hereby represent that I am at least 21 years of age. I further state that the photo accompanying my ad is of myself and that the data included is true to the best of my knowledge.

I hereby give my consent to "Stars" to publish my ad and photo in Stars or any affiliated publication.

It is understood that my ad may be edited and neither Stars nor it's assignees bear any responsibility for transactions between myself and correspondents contracted through same.

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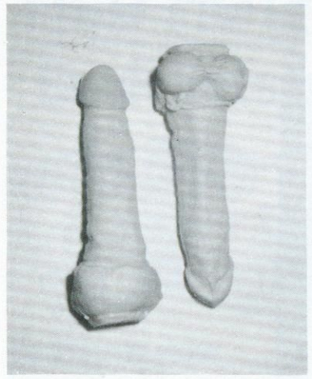
IMPORTANT: Your name and address will never be printed. You will be assigned a code number for identification purposes.

The Titanic



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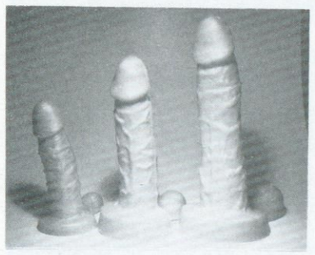

boing . . . Boing . . . BOING! It's graduation time with EL PERFECTO I, II, and III. All three models are molded from life and perfectly shaped. Their sizes are "workable." EL PERFECTO I is where preferred size begins; it's 5½" long and 1½" in diameter. EL PERFECTO II is comfortably large; it's 7" long and 1¾"in diameter. EL PERFECTO III is for the big boys; it's 9" long and nearly 2" in diameter. Get all three for your personal collection and be an accommodating host. Flange base helps prevent "accidental loss." Made of flesh-colored, flesh-like washable rubber. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent insured in a large, plainly-marked carton.

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putting you up for the weekend. Should you bring your own favorite wine, or something 'neutral', such as a rose wine, or phone your host and ask him what he'd like you to bring?

This is quite different from the spur-of-the-moment wine brought by a dinner guest. Many people might say "Bring the rose . . . it can always be used." Yet it is a greater compliment to the host to bring a fine wine that *you* especially like. He may never have tasted it, and it may turn him on to a new taste delight. Far from reading it as a bread-and-butter gift, he will treasure it as an experience to share.

5. *You're planning to serve coq au vin de Bourgogne, made, of course, with red wine. But since it's 'chicken'—which would seem to call for a table service of white wine—should you? Or should you serve the rest of the 'chicken' red (and more), assuming that you've bought a decent brand?* The latter. The white wine will blunt the robustness of the country-style chicken and will get your stomach all misconscrewed. It's too much a mixture of wines. Drink for taste, not by precise rule.

6. *You've taken elaborate pains to cook a perfect dinner for your guests, but find at the last few moments before it's done that you've forgotten to chill white or rose wine. Hm-m-m?*

Wringing hands is no solution. If you have an interval of 15 minutes, revv up the fridge to fast (or blast) freeze and plunge the bottle(s) into the freezer compartment. But if the souffle simply will *not* stand at attention for that long, put the bottle in an ice bucket with some iced water and ice cubes from your fridge, and twirl-l-l for 10 minutes. *Don't,* however, drop an ice cube into a glass, once the wine is poured.

7. *If you find you don't you've a full set of red wine glasses—and red is what you're going to serve—and have only a full set of white wine glasses, or dessert wine glasses, what do you do? Dash over to your neighbor's for some? Or use water tumblers? Or serve the red in the whites?* The latter. The only real difference is the larger size (and fatter asses) of the reds. You need only refill the whites an extra time, and no one will likely notice the difference. The excellence of the wine is paramount . . . what it may be served in is secondary.

Being aware of the almost certainty of some wine 'accidents' and remembering these simple tips will help you avoid, avert or minimize them. And help you keep your cool.

• • •

Into big size? Then see our hot magazine ad on pg. 31!

BIORHYTHMIC SEX

(Continued from page 13)

'Super-Jackpot' day or days.

On a two-cycle peak you may, for example, find that your *mental* cycle is causing everything at the office, or in your business, to skip along as if there were no Harris Poll 'doom' figures to worry about; rising costs—a worry yesterday—don't bother you; debtors unexpectedly pay long-overdue (even written-off) bills; money rolls in. And so if your *emotional* cycle peaks at this point you will usually find that you're making new friends; that you're more outgoing, more loving and caring of others. This double-peak of 'jackpot' gives you a feeling of *command*; you impress others as being more dynamic, more resourceful, more 'strong shoulder'.

But ah! If your third—the *physical*—energy cycle peaks for a couple of days simultaneously with the other two cycles . . . well, there's just no stopping you. Tricks come out of the bushes, the walls . . . you've never seen so much stuff available at the same time. At the orgy you're *really* something. You dominate . . . you give impetus to the fucking; everyone else perks up . . . there's no lallygagging tonight!

For the two or more days in which all three cycles peak you find that you're a changed person . . . life is good, it's rich and you're the anointed one. It's a great feeling—one that you'd like to capture. You wish there were some kind of giant 'popper' you could sniff . . . one powerful enough to immure all these great thrills in a *living* hall of memories.

SEX RHYTHMS

To become aware of—to understand, accept, get in/stay in touch with—your body's native rhythms is important to your development as a dominant, successful person. Knowing when the cyclic peaks occur, and how long they will last before going into the alternate, relaxed cycle called *recharge*, can help you lead a fuller, more productive life. When the monthly peaks arrive you'll not hesitate to take full advantage of them. You will, as Horace admonishes in his Odes, *"Carpe diem!"* ("Seize the day!") You'll use them with confidence to advance any personal project. Then, during the recharge cycle, you'll be able to cope better in day-to-day existence until the next peak surfaces.

But in addition to one's native biorhythms—and of particular interest to gay guys—understanding how the more recently-discovered sex rhythms can work supportively with those biorhythms makes it possible to, as Dr. Herbert A. Otto says, "actualize one's fullest potential." The French physician-sexologist, Dr. Georges Valensin, believes that "Each man has his own personal rhythm which he adheres to in a wide variety of activities . . . To determine an individual's personal rhythm, he can be asked to listen to the beating of a metronome: at a certain cadence he will find it most pleasant." So if you have a metronome handy, why not give this a try?

Strip nude. Then standing, and moving around the room, begin a simulated fuck to a particular tempo/beat of the metronome. You can accelerate or retard it until you arrive at the most compatible speed/rhythm . . . your own personal fuck-rhythm. A principal goal in this do-it-at-home-first experiment is to gain the greatest pelvic freedom. So really let yourself go in the pelvic department! Once you've found your compatible rhythm you'll subconsciously retain that precise beat and always thereafter give your best fucking performance (sucking, too . . . find your own personal suck-rhythm for this!) when sexing with one or a group.

If you don't have a metronome, try the same simulated round-the-room fuck to the beat of various recording styles: rock . . . salsa . . . salsoul . . . and particularly the disco beat. That's what the disco scene is largely about . . . expressing the body's rhythms to a unique beat. Really it's a kind of 'dry fuck' done to music. Re-view *Saturday Night Fever* and dance/fuck or fuck/dance along with John Travolta in his over-the-edge solo . . . and *believe*!

This fourth, or sex rhythm, undoubtedly was an important factor in the development of *Accu-Jac.* The Variable Speed model can be accelerated or retarded to accommodate you in enjoying the most suckcessful performance!

This dance/simulated-fuck technique actually 'thaws' what the sexologists call a "frozen pelvis." This is no bull, since complex emotional factors, early trauma, habit, lack of knowledge, self-doubt and/or a limited sexual self-concept (as well as many other factors) have an inhibiting effect in really great sex-performance.

If, by Dr. Vallensin's suggested metronomic determination, you can arrive at your body's best-functioning sex rhythm, you can achieve an interrelation with the body's natural biorhythms. Thus you become a rhythmic *unit* and move and act and be at one with nature.

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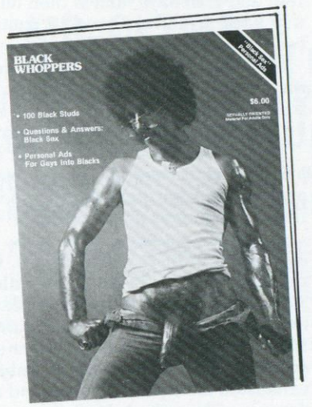









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CHARTING YOUR BIORHYTHMS

Although some individuals and groups charge a hefty fee to chart individual biorhythms—pointing out one's peak and recharge days—you can do this yourself, and just as accurately (perhaps moreso).

First, it should be understood that although your biorhythms are established at your actual date of birth, biorhythms have nothing to do with astrology. So if you're into horoscopes, enjoy. It makes no difference what zodiacal sign you were born under. Your biorhythms are a thing apart.

You will find in this article the technical procedure for charting your biorhythms. If you are young, this won't take much time; the older one is, however, the more 'backtracking' to the actual date of birth is required. So you just might call in a friend to help you with your computations (doing the same for him, of course). Also, don't try to do it at one time. It will only confuse and possibly discourage you from completing the project. But once you arrive at your biorhythmic cycles as they function today, you can easily/daily keep track of them, so that you'll have at your fingertips a precise sense of direction and use this knowledge to get the most from your life.

All biorhythms being at the same time (at birth), but each moves forward at a different speed, causing them to arc higher and travel a greater distance before dropping below zero level to the recharge cycle.

The 23-day *physical* cycle starts at zero and the peak occurs between the 6th and 8th day . . . starts to drop . . . hits zero again about the 12th day . . . goes into recharge until about the 18th and 19th days, and is then on its way back up to zero, and to another two-day peak, as before.

The *emotional* cycle of 28 days runs the same course as the physical, but is 5 days longer in duration, thus it hits its highs and lows at a different time.

The *intellectual* or *mental* cycle has a 5-day longer run than the *emotional* and thus on your graph/chart you will find it peaking at different days.

It takes patience and care to evaluate your biorhythmic cycles, but the end result can be most rewarding. Add to this your practice with sexual rhythms and you may be the Saturday Night Fever of the orgy. When all your fucking/sucking colleagues have exhausted their pecker-power and are drooping like wilted dandelions, you will still be fresh and eager for more . . . a Dandy Lion!

PLOTTING YOUR CHART

Here's how to go about plotting your biorhythms for observance of your peaking days:

(1). Draw 4 or 5 horizontal lines across a long sheet of paper. (2). Cross these with 360 to 400 vertical rules, each representing a single day. (3). Tackling the rhythms one at a time, label the first vertical rule with your birth date—and start counting through the years, until you reach your last birthday . . . where you will start your graph (for example, plotting the physical cycle, count forward for 23 days, then start counting again, making note as you cross each year, until you hit your last birthday . . . and that is when you start plotting an arc by using the sample chart (Fig. 4) as a guide. Don't overlook leap years, allowing an extra day every fourth year . . . the last was in 1976. Be careful, this initial step will take some time. You may discard the figures for past years as they are useless (unless you recall especially good or bad days, in which case you will be able to check the credibility of the theory instantly).

The resulting graph will be good for about a year; when the time comes, simply extend the graph by picking up each arc where it left off, for another year. In other words, bringing the rhythms forward from birth is the most difficult part of making a graph, but it is the only accurate way it can be accomplished. Make certain you use different colors when plotting the cycles, to avoid confusing them. Moreover, don't forget to indicate the change of months—in crystal clear calendar fashion.

Your chart may be used for all life functions, of course, and in the sense that sex is affected by your general condition, when your rhythms are high you'll be a tiger in bed. Just don't let the lines of your biorhythm chart keep you caged in . . . when you feel the overpowering urge to fuck or suck, obey it. Count it an sexual bonus, and take advantage of it!

Establishing your charts takes time—because you will have to start at your date of birth and plot the various arcs (emotional, physical and mental) through the years until you arrive at the present year. From then on you need only plot yearly charts. Samples below . . . see text for details.

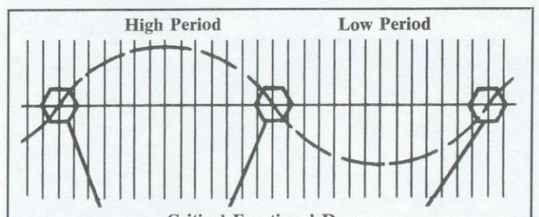

Fig. 1: Emotional Cycle (28 Days)

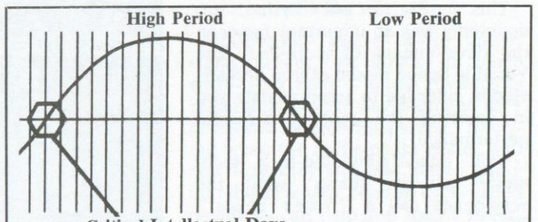

Fig. 3: Intellectual Cycle (33 Days)

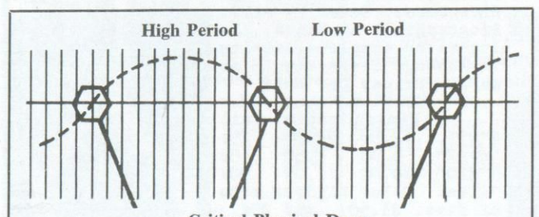

Fig. 2: Physical Cycle (23 Days)

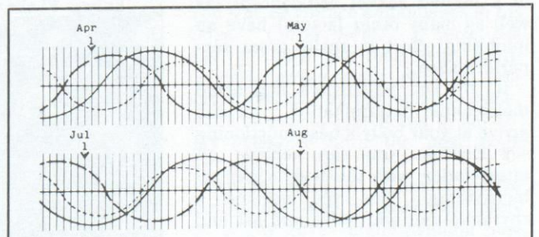

Fig. 4: Sample Chart

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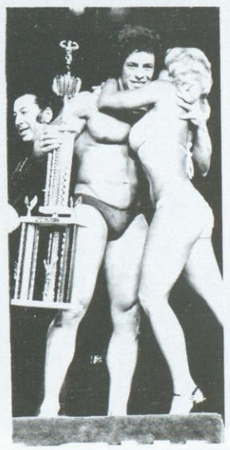

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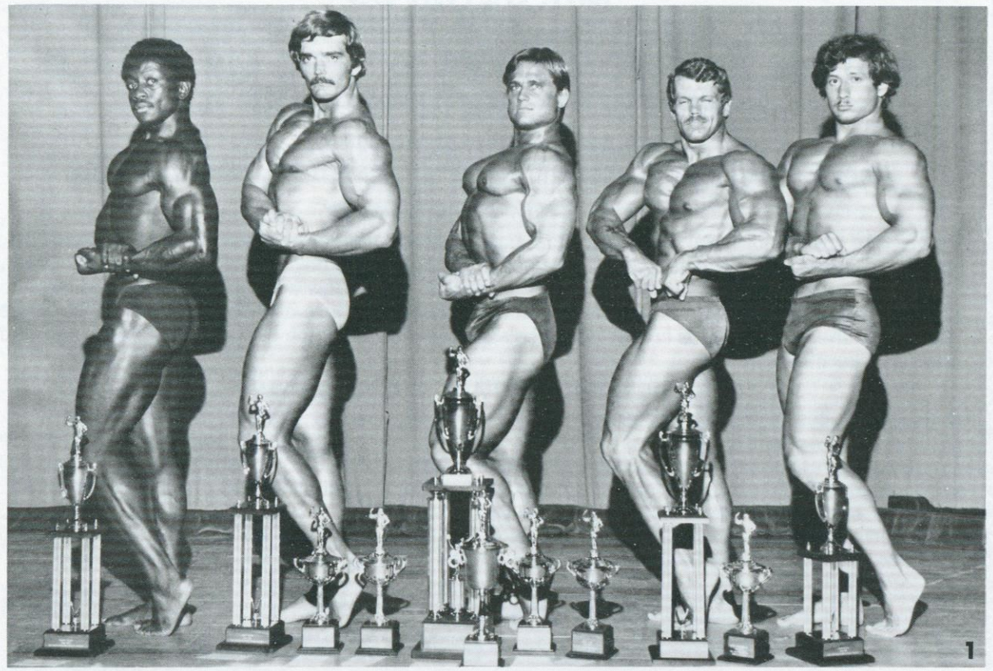
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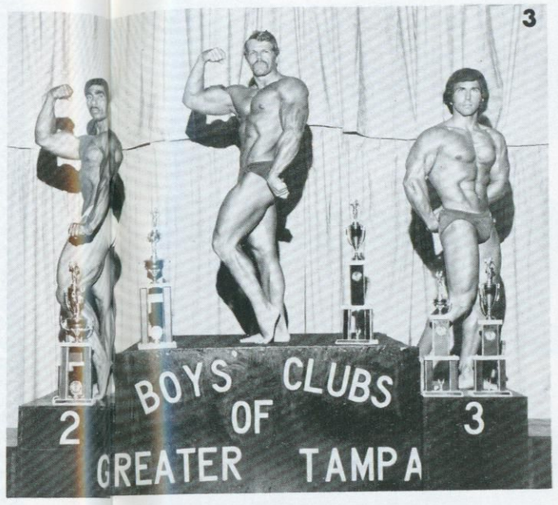

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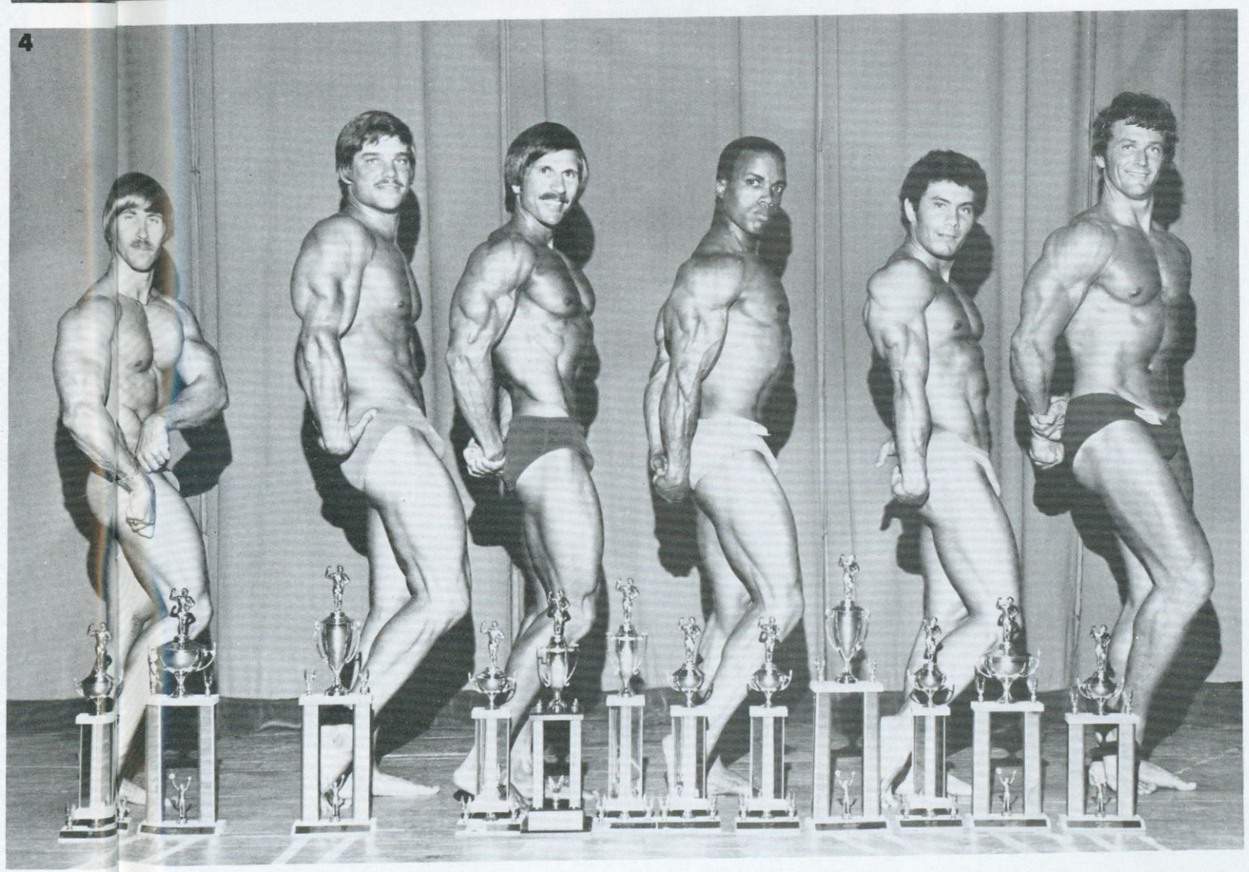
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Florida bodybuilders are in the news this month: **1.** Mr. Southeastern U.S.A., held in Orlando. Tom Platz (center) won; Mike Richards (second from left) was outstanding. **2.** Held on the same state, the Mr. Florida contest was won by Mike Arnold (second from left). Dick Baldwin (center, 2nd place) and Len Archambault (second from right, 3rd) were standouts. **3.** Mike Arnold went on to win Mr. Greater Florida, held in Tampa. Lionel Gaubert (right, 3rd place) looked super. **4.** Steve Trusty (third from left) won. Handsome Mike Fleming (second from left) was 3rd. **5.** Popular AAU bodybuilder Ron Teufel won the Mr. Sunshine State in Jacksonville. Florida readers should contact their local YMCA's for a list of coming AAU bodybuilding contests in their area. See a great muscle show in New York City on Sept. 9th; details on page 51. Actually meet the contestants in person by attending the "Hall of Fame" luncheon earlier in the day; details also on page 51.

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NEW YORK CITY'S HOTTEST FUCK FLICKS

(Continued from page 9)

come for servicing (take the K-Y!) are likely to be as straight as gay. Admission is $3. The place opens 10 A.M. weekdays, 12 Noon on Sundays—and closes around midnight. Best 8 P.M., also Saturday and Sunday afternoons. If you're street-scared, note that this part of 14th St. is not the safest part of town to be in late at night.

NOTE FOR THE SQUEAMISH

You're as likely, or unlikely, to get crabs or venereal disease here as anywhere else—but if dirty floors, shitty johns, etc., turn you off . . . then please note that these places have probably never seen the likes of Mr. Clean. Wear your action clothes . . . and when you get home douche with Listerine and take a scalding shower and you'll feel fine.

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS

One can hardly call using poppers or pot a crime—for you yourself will indulge . . . as you will in sucking and fucking—crimes in the eyes of most of the world. But a very real threat to anyone who does the *Big Top* or *Metropolitan Theatre* concerns the picking of pockets. I have been to both places many times—and not once have I come through an evening without someone trying to pick my pockets (though never successfully), or seeing someone else suffer the loss of valuables.

It usually happens in the darkened areas (as opposed to a one-to-one session in a toilet stall . . . though it can happen here, too)—and it is usually done by a guy who sneaks up on you and your friend and pretends to grope—and in fact goes for your pockets. If your pants are down around your legs, he will crawl in on his hands and knees—even on his belly—and clean you out while you are totally involved with other matters.

At both the *Big Top* and *Met* you will see 'Beware of Pickpockets' signs posted; the *Big Top* has a valuables-checking service . . . convenient for those who make the scene after a Broadway show and usually do have a lot of cash with them. It's best if you keep only a couple of dollars in your pocket . . . stashing the rest in your shoe, under your foot. Conceal important papers and credit cards too; though a pickpocket usually discards such documents, to avoid getting caught with proof if the management is lucky enough to nab him, it would be difficult for you to find them (the manager at both establishments will gladly provide a flashlight).

If you feel someone you can't see groping you in an unusual way . . . slap his hand and push him away—as you would any uninvited guest. This will not reveal that you know what he's after—which could threaten him and cause him to react violently; it would be foolish, for example, to grab him by the wrist and drag him out into the light—threatening him with arrest . . . he might have a weapon. Most important of all . . . be aware that pickpockets do frequent these places (sometimes they get in on the action, and sometimes they are straight with no interest in sex at all)—and take the precaution of stashing your valuables before anything happens. Losing valuables to a thief is a bummer and can ruin the entire evening.

At the beginning of this article I mentioned that these places are relatively free of crime—and, in spite of my comments concerning pickpockets, that is true. Pickpockets are a plague in New York City. They work the crowded subways, the stores, the streets . . . they are everywhere. In fact, their presence/existence is almost epidemic—according to the police. So, it's true—by comparison with other places in New York City, where still other crimes are much more serious do occur—these places are relatively free of crime. And, as far as I know, picking pockets is the only crime *we* have to fear at such establishments.

MORE GOOD ADVICE . . .

The *Big Top* is in the seedy Times Square area—where every bad boy in the U.S. sooner or later comes. If you see him and his buddies hanging around the entrance . . . walk on and wait in a nearby phone booth until they move on. Gay guys, even in these days of liberation, are still easy touches if startled in a compromising situation—and it would be easy for a couple of toughs to nab you and rip you off on your way up the stairs. This is less likely to happen outside the *Metropolitan*—because hustlers don't work the area and also because the outward (straight porno) appearance of the theatre isn't likely to signal it out as a good prospect for bad boys who dig roughing-up gays. And by the way . . . this is good advice no matter where you go in your own city or on your travels.

If you're a native New Yorker and haven't been, or if you are coming to New York City for a vacation—try and experience both the *Big Top* and the *Metropolitan Theatre*. They're really something different.

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