

QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

JUNE '73
$3.00

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

DAE

QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

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

SEX TECHNIQUE

General Love-making 1:4:6
Music for Sex 4:4:19
Sex Variations 2:1:6
Masturbation Techniques 2:3:6/5:2:7
Increasing Phallic Size 2:3:19
Using Vegetables, etc. 2:4:6
Douching and Anal Sex 3:3:6
Fellatio 3:3:9
Kissing Technique 3:3:27
Physiology of Sexual Response 3:4:6
Relaxing for Sex 4:1:6
How to Touch 4:1:10
Erotic Sensitizers 4:2:7
How to Undress Your Lover 4:2:54
Sensualize Your Lover 4:3:6
Sexual Pressure Points 4:3:10
The 30-second Orgasm 4:4:7
Fist-fucking Technique 4:5:9
Sadistic Sex 4:6:11
Sexual Fetishes 4:6:21/5:3:19
Sensual Massage 4:6:22
Gay Sex Games 5:1:11
Toys for Sadistic Sex 5:1:12
Sexual Eye Signals 5:3:6

PSYCHOLOGY

Making a Gay Marriage Last 1:3:49
Editorial: Gay Prejudice 1:4:5
Why Straight Guys Fear Gay Guys . 1:4:23
How Gay Girls See Gay Guys 2:1:19
Understanding Hustlers 2:1:25
Understanding Muscleman 2:1:28
Coming Out at 40 . . . . . 2:1:53;2:3:13
Understanding Closet Queens 2:1:54
Pygmalionism 2:2:6
Satyriasis 2:2:16
Understanding Lesbians 2:2:54
Marriage Gay Style 2:4:10
Being Fat and Gay 2:4:18
Body Talk 3:1:54
Coping with Rejection 3:4:11
Confessions of a Gay Wrestler 3:4:15
A New Homosexuality for Our Time. 3:5:7
Lurid Love or Lasting Love 3:5:13
The Bisexual 4:1:23
Overcoming Sexual Impotence 4:5:7
Overcoming Emotional Insecurity . 4:5:10
Sexual Selfishness 4:6:7
Using Dirty Words 5:1:6

LEGAL SUBJECTS

Fire Island Raids 2:3:14
The Homosexual and the Law 3:3:25
What To Do if You're Arrested 3:4:54

GAY LIBERATION

Gay is Good: Craig Rodwell 1:3:40
Homosexual Service Society 1:3:45
The "New Homosexual". 2:2:14
Editorial: The Liberators 2:3:5
50 Years of Gay Life in America . . . 2:4:9
Editorial: The Tarnished Golden Rule . 3:1:5
Editorial: Hanging in Together 3:2:5
Editorial: Color Me Gay 3:5:5
1971 Gay March 3:6:22
In Search of a Stonewall Nation 4:1:5
Ten Years of Gay Lib 4:1:27
Exploitation & Gay Lib 4:2:5
God & Gay Lib 4:3:54
Homosexual Law Reform 4:4:5
Gay People & The Arts 4:5:54
Image Smashing 4:6:5
Gay People & The Syndicate 5:1:54
The Syndicate 5:1:54/5:2:54
Gay People & Politics 5:2:5
Straight Oppression 5:3:5
Sexual Attitudes 5:3:54

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

John Cruising Manners 1:2:14
Cruising Confidence 1:2:35
How Not to Throw a Gay Party . . . 1:4:16
Checklist for Cruising Bars 1:4:21
Gay Baths 2:1:8
John Cruising Techniques 2:2:26
Editorial: Cruising Baths 3:3:5
Lovers in Suburbia 3:4:27
QQ Visits a House of Call Boys 4:1:9
Anatomy of a Leather Bar 4:1:21
QQ Attends a Leather Party 4:2:21
Cycle Run 4:3:19
Leather Underground 4:4:8
Gay Lifestyles in Prison 4:4:12
Skid Row Sex 4:6:26
Reader Questionnaire Results 4:6:54
California S&M 5:2:9

BOOK FEATURES/ REVIEWS/AUTHORS

Feature: "Naked Festival". 1:4:26
Greek Poetry: Cavafy 2:1:23
Oscar Wilde 2:2:53
Review: "The Lord Won't Mind". . 2:3:37
Gay Poetry 3:1:21
Review: "this day's death" 3:1:21
Review: "Cruising" 3:2:48
Review: "The Love That Dared Not Speak Its Name" 3:3:54
Andre Gide 3:4:13
Review: "The Uninhibited Byron". . 3:4:34
Review: "The Gay Militants". 3:5:34
Classics in Gay Literature 3:5:53
Gertrude Stein 3:6:14
Review: "The Wrong People" 3:6:34
Review: "The Young Male Figure". 4:1:32
Review: "The Dream King". 4:2:38
Review: 'Sexual Heretics". 4:3:36
Review: "Sceening the Sexes". 4:4:32
Jean Genet 4:5:12
Review: "Strange Loves". 4:5:35
Review: "Homosexual Behavior" . . 4:6:32
Review: "I have more fun . . ." . . . 5:1:30
Review: "Mother Camp" 5:2:30
Review: "Persian Boy" 5:3:30

FICTION

Among the Mighty Pines (Lepage) . .1:2:19
Summer '69 (Paris) 1:4:53
The Pumpkin Coach (Coriolan) 2:2:9
False Glory (Paris) 2:3:11
Fire Island: Laundry's Hanging Out (Charles) 2:3:14
Talsen Interlude (Mitchell) 3:3:20
Larry and the Lieutenant (Arrington). 3:3:21
Send me a virgin, please! (Davis) . . . 3:4:9
Coming-out Ball (Hagen) 3:5:14
On with the show! (Davis) 3:6:6
Memoir: Roger (Bentley) 4:3:9
Book: "Ebanykus Journal" (Jonson) 6 Chapters. . . . . Starting 5:2

FASHION

Bathing Suits 1:2:10
Sunglasses 1:3:7
Afro-Mod Styles 2:2:11
Leather Styles 2:3:21
Mod Styles 3:1:26
Underwear 3:2:28
Tricky Teasers 3:6:17
London Leather 3:6:30
What Not to Wear at an Orgy 4:3:30

TRAVEL

New York/San Francisco/Miami . . . 1:2:6
Provincetown 1:3:10
Moscow 1:3:54
Japan 1:4:24
San Juan 2:1:34
Montreal 2:1:35
East Africa 2:1:36
Amsterdam 2:2:33
Gay Beaches of the World 2:3:16
San Francisco 2:3:31
Quebec City 2:4:33
Gay Streets of the U.S.A. 2:4:35
Los Angeles 3:1:18
Fire Island 3:1:28
New Orleans/MardiGras 3:2:13
Greenwich Village 3:2:18
Barbados 3:2:35
Toronto 3:3:13
Copenhagen 3:3:15
Gay Streets of the World 3:3:23
Puerto Rico 3:4:19
Mexico 3:4:25
Milwaukee 3:4:31
Washington, D.C. 3:5:17
California's Gay Parks 3:5:18
Boston 3:5:23
Using Gay Guidebooks 3:5:26
San Diego 3:6:19
Phoenix 3:6:54
Las Vegas 4:1:24
Dallas 4:1:54
London 4:2:11
Atlanta 4:2:31
Greece 4:3:21
Istanbul 4:3:22
Italy 4:4:25
St. Louis 4:4:26
Nudist Camps 4:4:54
Chicago 4:5:20
Nice 4:5:22
Paris 4:6:25
Portland 5:1:20
Tangier 5:1:26
Vienna 5:2:27
East Berlin 5:3:16
Beirut 5:3:26

PERSONALITY

Self-acceptance 1:2:46
Coming Out: Which Way to Go 1:3:5
The Leather Scene 1:3:15
Female Impersonators 1:3:16
Gay Astrology 2:1:13/5:2:15
Voice Improvement Made Easy . . . 3:3:31
Gay Conversation 4:3:27

STAGE & SCREEN

Play: "We'd Rather Switch". 1:3:40
Understanding Ballet 1:4:14
Movies:
"Gay Deceivers"/"Stud Farm". 1:4:32
Movie: "Sticks and Stones". 2:1:52
Movie: "The Dammed" 2:2:26
Gay Recording Star 2:2:31
The Movie Queens 2:4:13
Sex Among Ballet Stars 3:2:7
"Me Tarzan . . . !". 3:5:9
QQ Talks with Michael Greer 3:6:9
Male Nudity in the Movies 4:2:23
Steve Reeves 4:5:15
Homosexuality on TV 4:6:13
Cross-Sexual Casting 5:1:15

HEALTH & EXERCISE

Hepatitis 1:2:9/5:3:14
Slimming Exercise Routine and Diet . 1:2:24
Poppers 1:2:32
History of Circumcision 1:2:37
Aphrodisiacs 1:3:20
Biorhythm Theory for Sex 1:3:35
Self-defense 1:3:36
Crab Lice 1:3:53
Developing the Chest 1:4:39
V.D. 1:4:54/5:2:11
Pill for Erections 2:2:32
Amebiasis 2:2:33/5:3:14
New Findings on Poppers 2:2:33
Marijuana and Sex 2:3:8
Editorial: Generation Gap 2:4:5
Losing Weight Diets 2:4:20-22
Drugs and Pills on the Gay Scene . . 2:4:31
Circumcision Pros and Cons 3:2:9
Alcoholism on the Gay Scene 3:2:54
Youth Pill for Sexual Vigor 3:5:30
Cleanliness Below the Belt 4:2:9
Sex Under Drugs 4:6:9
Sex After Adult Circumcision 4:6:19
Phallic Size Through Silicone 5:1:9
Weight Loss Through Sex. 5:2:12

FOOD AND DRINK

Spaghetti and Meat Balls 1:2:30
European Wines 1:3:22
American Wines 3:1:9
Understanding French Food 3:3:11
Good Eating . . . Italian Style 3:5:20

GROOMING

General Hygiene 1:3:25
Wigs 1:4:10
Hair Removal 1:4:12
Look Young Forever 1:4:37
Removable Tattoos 2:1:27
Skin Care 2:1:32
Facial Exercises 2:2:23
Personalized Colognes 2:2:24
Summer Hair Care 2:3:54
The Skinhead Revolution 2:4:28
Male Cosmetics 3:1:16
Cosmetic Surgery 3:2:10
Flaws that Flatter 4:4:20
Natural Beauty Mixtures 4:5:26
Hair Replacement Technique 5:2:16
Genital Hygiene 5:3:11

DECORATING

Sex-lighting Your Bedroom 1:2:16
A Stylish Apartment on a Budget . . 1:2:20

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

Your Dog Can Save Your Life 1:2:40
Witchcraft 2:1:20
Moving to a Big City 2:2:18
Male Model Exploitation 2:2:21
Gay Life in the Military 2:3:11
The Homosexual and Religion 2:3:53
The Gay Shakespeare Reader 2:4:54
Mother is Coming to Visit 3:1:37
The Modeling Profession 3:2:17
Slavery 1971 . . . . . 3:6:13
Twelve Ways to Dump a Lover 4:3:33
Making Musclemen 5:2:18

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: GREENWICH VILLAGE (VISITS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY) WAREHOUSE: GREENWICH VILLAGE (VISITS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY)
EDITORIAL OFFICES: (212) 989-7438; WAREHOUSE/SALES—(212) 691-1453 INTERNATIONAL SALES DIVISION
450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 EXECUTIVE/EDITORIAL/SALES DIVISION
GENERAL MAILING ADDRESS: SUITE 602, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 EXECUTIVE OFFICES: GREENWICH VILLAGE (VISITS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY)
PICKUPS/DELIVERIES BY APPOINTMENT ONLY) TELEPHONE NUMBERS: EXECUTIVE/EDITORIAL/SALES
BOX 2854, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 GENERAL MAILING ADDRESS: SUITE 602, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

QQ MAGAZINE®
For Gay Guys

MAY/JUNE 1973 VOLUME 5 NUMBER 3

Editorial: For All the Jack Staffords in the World . . . . . by Craig Rodwell 5
Sexual Eye-Signals and What They Mean . . . . . by Terry McWaters 6
Rim-Tin-Tin: Bestiality on the Gay Scene . . . . . by Louis Jekyll 9
The Sexual Thrust of Genital Hygiene . . . . . by Frank Samuels 11
An Original Book: The Ebanykus Journal (Chapter II) . . . . . by Dakota Jonson 12
Love Bugs: Hepatitis and Amebiasis . . . . . by Roger Watson 14
How They Ball Behind the Wall: East Berlin . . . . . by David Bartel 16
Sexual Witchcraft: Fetishism . . . . . by Walter Norris 19
A Pictorial History: Mr. Universe 1948-1972 . . . . . by Bud Parker 20
Sex in the Garden of Eden: Beirut . . . . . by Jon Lorrimer 26
QQ's Man of the Month: Buster . . . . . by Zeus Studio 28
Book Review . . . . . by Orlando Paris 30
The Company You Keep: Marquis de Sade . . . . . by Rob Arrington 31
Royal Flush . . . . . by Rob Arrington 32
Letters . . . . . by The Readers 33
Classified Ads . . . . . by The Sellers 38
The Super Adventures of Harry Chess . . . . . by A. Jay 50
Sex: How Important Is It? . . . . . by Craig Rodwell 54

Front cover: "Nuts," an original painting by Daerick, owned by QQ. **Back cover:** Dudley Studio.

Staff: **Publisher,** George Desantis; **Editor-in-Chief,** Frank Keating; **Eastern Editor,** David Bartel; **Western Editor,** John McDonald; **International Editor,** Peter Denicourt; **Fashions Editor,** Philip Bailey; **Food Editor,** Tony Giordano; **Health Editor,** Roger Watson; **Fiction Editor,** Roger Lepage; **Furnishings Editor,** Paul Bennett; **Travel Editor,** David Parker; **Photo Editor,** Lou Sanchez; **Art Director,** A. Jay; **Sales Director,** Al Edwards; **Advertising Director,** Paul Franklin; **Circulation Manager,** Bud Phelps

COPYRIGHT © 1973 by QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention, the International Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos los derechos segun la Convencion Pan Americana de Propiedad Literaria Artistica. May not be reproduced in any form whatsoever. **Violators will be prosecuted.**
Title trademark registered in U.S. Issued bi-monthly. Subscription rates: **$12.00** for 6 consecutive issues in U.S.; **$15.00** in Mexico and Canada; $17.00 all other countries.

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

ANNOUNCING . . . A NEW MAGAZINE FROM THE GUYS AT QQ
DEDICATED TO THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL . . .

ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

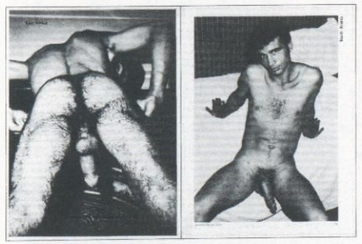
First there was QQ MAGAZINE—filled with in-depth articles on ALL subjects of great interest to gay guys . . . PLUS some great body pictures . . . .

Next came BODY MAGAZINE—dedicated to the beauty of the male physique . . . every issue containing more than 75 pictures but hardly any writing . . .

And now a new magazine—**CIAO!**—a little like QQ (many articles) and a little like BODY (many pictures) but ENTIRELY NEW—devoted to the World of Gay Travel!

CIAO! tells you where the action is!
Every issue of **CIAO!** will feature colorful articles on the world's gay cities—complete listings and everything will be rated. Many articles will contain maps as well as photographs of local streets, bars, baths, etc., to show you exactly where the action is and how to get to it. We'll tell you what it's like too. Gay restaurants will be featured, as well as news as it happens around the world—and lots of travel tips geared to fill your vacations with sex.

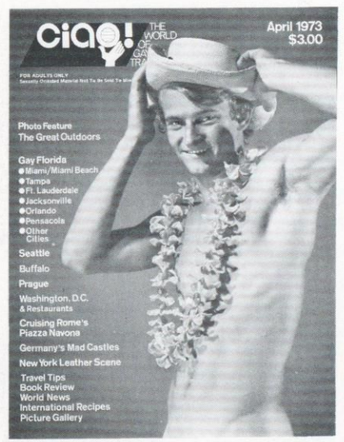
CIAO! will show you the action too!
In addition to pictures taken on location every issue of **CIAO!** will contain dozens of full-page photographs of the world's greatest studs—including four big ones in living color!





Typical spreads...international picture gallery and fully-illustrated ("on-location" photos) detailed articles (over 20 per issue).

CIAO! says it all—accurately!
CIAO! will succeed where gay guides fail. Most gay travel listings are inaccurate to begin with and even when the information is good—by the time it's written up and printed and sold in book form it's months old. When you get there bars have closed and you find vacant lots. **CIAO!** works fast. Its editors will gather information and write it up—and days before publication contact correspondents around the world and make fast trips to check things out. All information will be up to date—and because of this it stands a better chance of being useful months later.



CIAO! is for armchair travellers too!
Articles will be so colorfully written that even armchair travellers will treasure every issue. Just take a look at some of the features in the first issue: Great Gay Islands of the World—featuring Manhattan (New York City), Fire Island, Puerto Rico, Capri, Sylt, Île du Levant, and Mykonos. Gay Holidays in the Sun—like Miami where there's lots of wintertime sex at the beach. Japanese Sex Shrine—dedicated to worshipping the phallus . . . where tourists can buy giant dildoes. Turkish Wrestlers—in their glory writhing around in slippery oil. Picture Gallery of International Studs—to show you where the biggest ones are. Plus much more.

CIAO! says it all!
The Italian word "Ciao!" (we pronounce it "Chow!") says it all—"So long . . . it was great, Baby . . . see you around sometime!" That's what sex is like for most gay guys on the move . . . beautiful but fleeting—and **CIAO!** will always be beautiful and new . . . every issue completely different from the last.

CIAO! is a big magazine!
Like QQ and BODY **CIAO!** is a big 8½x11 magazine—printed on the same heavy glossy paper with the same love and care. **CIAO!** is loaded with frontal nudes and cannot be sold to those under 21. Sorry.



Monthly features such as Gay Dining

CIAO! is a great travel bargain!
Why waste time going to places where gay guys are not welcome—and where sex is hit or miss? Be sure by knowing in advance—by reading **CIAO!** It comes out 6 times a year, every other month and will be sold at only a handful of bookstores in the bigger cities for $3 a copy. We urge you to subscribe and save money . . . a 1-year subscription is **only $12** in the U.S.A. ($15 in Canada and Mexico; $17 all other countries). That's **only $2 an issue** (on the subscription rate). Magazines are sent in heavy "glazed" manila envelopes which are plainly marked and individually sealed—and in 4 years of being in business we have never missed a publication date . . . and we're proud of it.



A special photo feature appears in every issue of CIAO! Here you see The Italians—part of a spread in our February 1973 issue. CIAO! also features a monthly picture gallery of international super studs—to forever end the argument over where the biggest ones are!

Subscribe to CIAO! today and save $6!
Use the handy coupon below to order a sample copy, or commence your subscription—and save $6 on newsstand price.

Send to: **QQ PUBLISHING CO., INC.**
Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave.
New York, N. Y. 10001

Check one:
□ **Find $12 enclosed ($15 in Mexico and Canada; $17 all other countries) for a 1-year subscription to CIAO! (6 issues)**
□ **Find $3 enclosed ($3.50 in Canada and Mexico; $4.50 elsewhere) for a single copy**

I attest by my signature that I am 21 years or older:
_____
(Signature)

Name_____Age____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip____
(Please Print Clearly)

Editorial

For All The Jack Staffords In The World

By Craig Rodwell

JACK STAFFORD was recently murdered while cruising in a public park in Queens County, New York. Add his name to the rollcall of literally thousands of Gay males who have been murdered by hetero men in this country. Most murders of Gay males by "straight" men go unnoticed in the community and by the media. But the murder of Jack Stafford will receive some attention because he was active in the Gay Liberation Movement. He was an active member of the American Library Association's Gay Task Force.

I remember when I was in high school that one of the favorite pastimes of the boys who had to prove what "men" they were, was to go down to the "queer" section of Chicago and beat one up. Then they would come back to school the next day and brag about it. The only other thing they ever bragged about was their conquests of girls; and if you don't think there's a connection between these two "sports," think about it!

When I was fourteen, I was arrested with a thirty-year-old male for Homosexual activity; and the only thing my stepfather had to say to me at the time was that "when I was your age, me and my buddies would go down to Clark and Diversey and beat up a few of 'em."

Many things have changed in these United States during the past decade; but one of the things that hasn't changed is the need of macho hetero men to prove their manhood to their buddies and their "girlfriends" by going out and beating up a queer and in certain instances, killing a queer.

We'll have to leave it to the psychologists to delve into psyches of hetero men for the reasons behind their murder/rapes of Gay males. But as a people interested in self-preservation, we should take steps to protect our own.

Probably the most obvious way of self-protection would be to urge our brothers *not* to cruise in public places, especially at night. But that is not a realistic suggestion given the fact that many Gay males, almost ritualistically, cruise parks, johns, trucks, streets, etc. And this is inevitable, considering the limited avenues open to meet other Gay males.

But if you're in a period of your life where cruising in public places is your bag, at least take some rudimentary precautions. Like, if you see a gang of toughs in the park or area you're cruising, make a quick exit. And if your favorite cruising area is regularly harassed by hetero "men," do what some brothers in San Francisco did about six years ago.

In Golden Gate State Park, a gang of heteros were regularly beating on Gays. So a group of Gay males got together, hid in the bushes, and when they saw the gang, they overpowered them, made them strip and left them tied to the trees for the police to find. Needless to say, the park again became a peaceful cruising area. Vigilante action shouldn't be necessary; but as a final weapon to use, it can be effective.

Other ways you and your friends can protect yourselves are:

1. Carry a loud whistle and *use* it.
2. Take Karate lessons (a number of Gay groups now have Karate classes).
3. Get together with other Gay people in your community and demand that the local police crack down on neighborhood gangs that prey on Gay people.
4. If your city has an auxiliary civilian police unit, join and help patrol those areas that are unsafe for Gays.

While writing this article on the violence that "straight" men inflict on Gay males, *(Continued on page 37)*



WINKIN'... BLINKIN'... AND NOD!

Sexual Eye-Signals And What They Mean

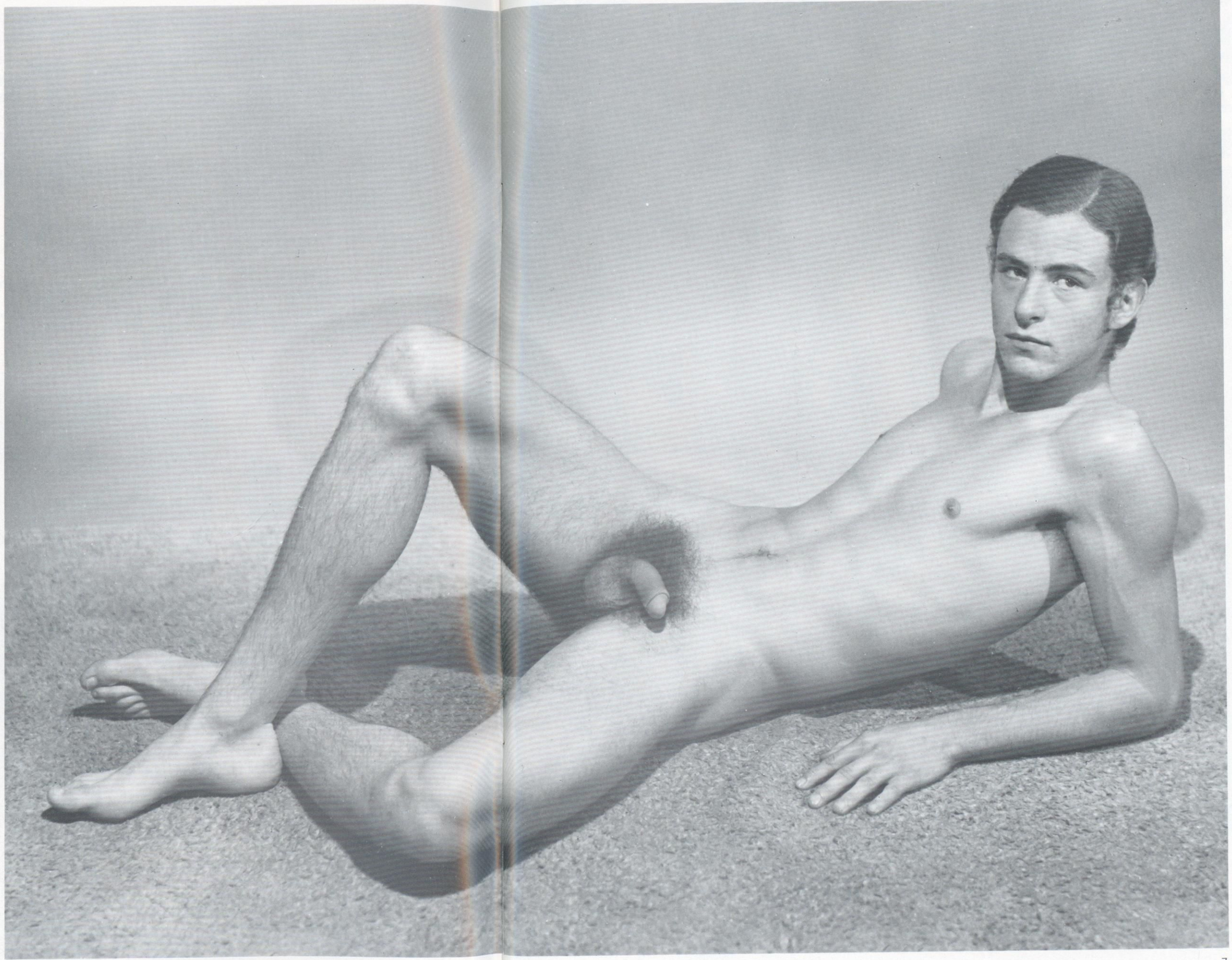
By Terry McWaters

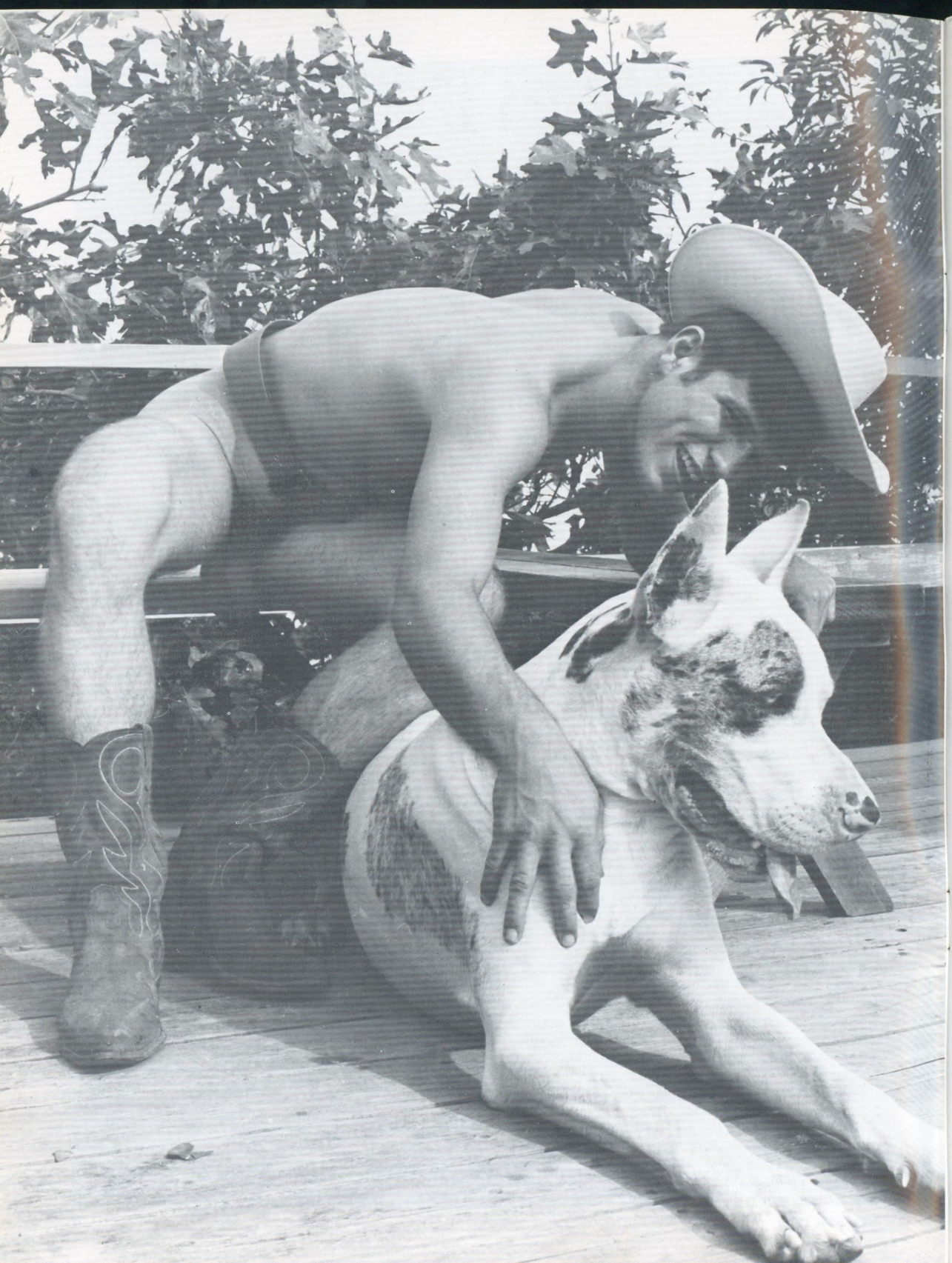
"WHY waste your valuable time," Ma Bell asks, "when you can 'walk' through the Yellow Pages with your fingertips?" It's good advice that points up a relevant economy in sex-communication, for when you understand the signs and portents of eye signals you can not only cut your cruising time by half, but tot up a dozen more tricks to boot. It can work like this—in seconds—to save you not only time, but a lot of needless tension, tears and 'troubulations' . . .

You're in a crowd (bar/theatre intermission/whatever) and see someone who immediately sets your antennae a'tingling. With all your body systems on Blue Alert you try to catch his eye. At first he seems unaware of you, but either through telepathy or gayintuition he finally looks your way. You widen your eyes slightly (but never *stare* . . . and more later about the 'why' of this) until his wavering gaze is entrapped in the steadier one of your own.

Very likely he will respond in one of two ways: glance at you for a few moments and then (a) quickly avert his eyes to the *right* or *left* (a good sign, because you'll note that in less than five seconds he'll have looked back at you, in which case you're in . . . it's A-Okay . . . and all you now need to do is move in for the kill).

Or (b) if—after his initial glance has established his *now* awareness of you—he lowers his eyelids and does not raise them for at least thirty seconds, you'll know he has considered the prospect and finds it not to his preference . . . or that you are just not his type . . . or that it would be pointless and he is not interested in pursuing the matter. In the descent of his eyelids for this somewhat longer interval he has symbolically brought *(Continued on page 34)*





RIM~TIN~TIN
Bestiality
On The Gay Scene
By Louis Jekyll

The old grandfather clock in the hallway of the farmhouse began to tell the hour of ten o'clock. Upstairs, shoes off but the rest of his clothes intact, Jim lay huddled under the comforter on his bed, mentally counting the bells. Eight . . . nine . . . ten! Pushing the bedclothes aside, he crept off the bed and across the room, picking up his shoes en route. With agonizing slowness, the doorknob turned in his hand and the door opened onto the darkness of the hall. The house was completely silent now, save for the stentorian breathing of Jim's father which could be heard through the door of his parents' bedroom. Scarcely breathing, Jim crossed the hall and descended the stairs, carefully avoiding the steps which he knew would emit a betraying creak. In a few moments he was through the front door, across the porch and down on the lawn, where he finally stopped to slip into his shoes. Under cover of darkness he sped across the lawn over to the barn, pulled the door ajar and slipped inside. The moist, familiar odors of hay, leather and cow dung calmed him a little but he found his heart was still racing uncontrollably. He dared not flick on the lights, but surefootedly found his way to Esmerelda's stall. Esmerelda was his favorite of the entire cow herd and apparently the feeling was reciprocated, since every night, when Jim would bring the herd in from pasture, she invariably sought his side and nuzzled him all the way in to the barn. She did so now, obviously happy to be favored with this nocturnal visit as Jim patted her head and rubbed her flabby neck. Esmerelda plunged her wet nose into his crotch and Jim felt the heat stirring in his groin. Fingers trembling, he slowly unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock, which was considerable for a fifteen-year-old boy. With a happy grunt Esmerelda's wet rasping tongue flicked out and licked it greedily. Moaning softly, Jim unbuckled his belt and dropped his jeans around his thighs, permitting her eager tongue to dart around his crotch. His cock was fully erect by now and throbbing wildly, and fearing a premature orgasm, Jim turned around and bent forward slightly, offering his ass to the animal's ministrations. With a pleasurable grunt, Esmerelda went busily to work, driving the boy to a near frenzy. Unable to withstand it any longer, Jim turned to face his bovine friend and offered up his hot juice to her willing tongue. Spent and happy, Jim wiped the head of his cock on Esmerelda's fur, pulled up his pants and, with an affectionate hug, took leave of the happy cow. Making his way across the barn, he could not suppress a laugh, wondering what Esmerelda's milk was going to taste like tomorrow . . . !

IF you are unlucky enough to be caught, sex with animals can net you up to 20 years in prison in the states of Ohio, Arkansas, Hawaii, Arizona, Nebraska, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Utah. In other states the penalties vary widely, including periods of incarceration of as few as 90 days and fines as small as $100. And yet, despite the harshness of most of these penalties, sex with animals, and particularly dogs, is definitely on the rise.

My first encounter with bestiality came some fifteen years ago when, spending a leisurely weekend at Cherry Grove, I was rudely awakened by my roommate at the crack of dawn on Sunday morning with a wildly implausible story which, I discovered later, was entirely true. The Grove was graced by the presence that weekend of a famed lady columnist and her notorious husband. She had apparently drunk herself into a stupor that Saturday night, leaving hubby to wander at will in the meatrack, where he encountered a boy with a boxer dog. He was not averse to the advances of either boy *or* dog and soon found himself bareassed on his knees, being humped by the hound. All well and good, until the dog's cock swelled to orgasm and the gentleman found himself inextricably attached to the helpless animal. Someone in the crowd, eager to oblige, produced a gun and, over the protests of the unhappy owner, the dog was shot, and our hero set free. Needless to say, the scandal swept over the Grove like a tidal wave and eventually reached the shocked ears of the gentleman's wife. From that day on, the lady hated everyone and everything gay, and often used her column to denigrate the "lavender boys."

In my naivete at the time, I, too, was somewhat shocked at these rather far-out goings-on but, being the naturally curious type that I am, I was determined to find out more about this unorthodox (to me) practice.

Bestiality has been with us for quite some time, certainly dating back to the ancient Greeks (after all, Leda *did* have her Swan) and probably preceding them. Herodotus tells us that the ancient Egyptians, the Mendesians, worshipped a he-goat, and an important part of the ceremonial rites consisted of public intercourse between the goat and a woman. The ancient Jews, too, were not unfamiliar with these practices, since we read in *(Continued on page 43)*



Peacocksmanship

The Sexual Thrust Of Genital Hygiene

By Frank Samuels

IF beauty—unlike virtue—is not its own reward, then surely the pursuit of masculine attractiveness is its own excuse as gay guys and straights alike resort to any means and attempt any ruse to make themselves more sexually appealing, even to the point of raiding the beauty arsenal of the distaff side and making off with some of its 'weapons'.

As one who feels deep pride in his own secure masculinity, does the phrase 'pursuit of beauty' send hackles up your back? Then be assured that it does also to those whose masculinity is far less pronounced, yet it is a fact that this is exactly what we are doing today—either constructing from scratch or reinforcing an existing sex-appeal in a kind of reverse Samson and Delilah way . . . no longer seeking to overpower by physique alone with the blind strength of bulging biceps and dazzling deltoids, but through the more sophisticated weaponry of wits.

It's the *now* thing, and to do the now *thing* one must do it in the now *way* since masculine attractiveness/sex-appeal appears in many guises and knows many seasons. Like fashion, it is *style defined by the moment thereof.*

Example: only a few years ago you'd have been really with it only if—with respect to fashion and sex-appeal—you hewed to the Ivy League line and wore your hair in a crew-cut or some variation thereof, with your body clad in the conservative tailoring and muted designs of Brooks Brothers. Men were pretty much 'peas in a pod' then . . . each looking like Mr. Clean with a Phi Beta Kappa key.

However, even in hindsight, it was not an era to be denigrated. At the same time the scrub-a-rub-a-dub of shining cleanliness was making 'sparklies' out of everyone it was also generating a kind of universal sex-appeal, suggesting that with all that super-fitness and get-with-itness there was bound to be good clean sex all around. Sex was so safe as to be axiomatic—almost automatic. "Up, dick . . . down, boy!" with never a hint of hygienic carelessness . . . never a fear of VD to mar the pristine routine. And hepatitis? It was a word most gay guys had never heard!

THE GREAT UNWASHED

Vietnam changed all that . . . mood, no-styles in no-clothes design, grooming. Hair grew somewhat longer and beards were in. The Ivy League campus took on the look of a DP camp with guys wearing beat-up GI issue: faded fatigues, baggy jumps, patched jeans, knobby Li'l Abner shoes. Only the clunky was funky . . . anything else was shaky and flaky.

The influence of the hippie cult supported this and hair grew still longer . . . beards more flowing . . . and there was a growing indifference to personal hygiene. Somehow, many felt (particularly those of Vietnamage) that nothing really mattered, so whathehellanyway?

GAY CAMPS DIVIDED

Gay guys were philosophically schizoid about this . . . some still are. There are those who only care to have sex with don't-give-a-damn others, their philosophy being: why bathe . . . what does it matter if one's trick is riper than a month-old Limburger cheese?

On the other hand there are those who have made something very beautiful out of Vietnamoodiness. Some have turned the happenstance of very long hair to their distinct advantage . . . a beautifully-designed longhairstyle can transform the most ordinary facial features into a handsomeness not heretofore dreamed of. And it brings sex-appeal to those who've had it not, and to lucky others it reinforces whatever sex-appeal they *(Continued on page 35)*

An Original Book
The Ebanykus Journal
by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the second installment of "The Ebanykus Journal," a novel by Dakota Jonson. A condensation of the book will appear in six consecutive issues of QQ Magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1974. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of six months in preparing this abbreviated version–in order to present a story which is as detailed as the original. And now, we invite you to share with us the sex-filled adventures of fiction's first Gay lover-detectives who find themselves entangled in a web of intrigue, dope, a kinky 'bull ritual', and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER II

WOULD you believe it? Ebanykus and I balled down in "Neptune's Cave" all Friday afternoon and into the night and Saturday morning. We staggered up to the kitchen–maybe twice–long enough to eat or drink or go to the john, then down to the "Cave" again to fuck and fool around.

About eleven Saturday morning the phone rang. I dragged ass up to the kitchen to answer it and was greeted by a deep, throaty voice.

"Jonquil?" My name was followed by cackling laughter. It was Hippolyta. "They raided the *Golden Door* last night," she said, "netted the whole bunch–including Ariadne and David. I told Ariadne something like this was gonna happen running with that creep! Got 'em in jail down in Riverhead. Neither of 'em is bailed, as far as I know. David's folks usually are in Bridgehampton on weekends, but I don't think they made it out yesterday. I'm frantic. I don't give a shit about David, right? But Ariadne, I do care. I been trying to reach her parents since last night. Probably off to Acapulco or Europe. Pricks!" I wasn't sure if she meant Ariadne's folks or the cops.

"Can't you get her bailed?" I asked.

"Naw–they'll only let her go to her parents, but I thought maybe if I could get hold of them–I dunno–is Ebanykus there?"

"Yeah. Hold on." He was behind me at the top of the stairs and I handed him the phone. I heard him say, "well, shit," and "for chrissakes!" several times, then he hung up.

"Can we buzz over to Bridgehampton?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure, but Hippolyta said . . . ."

"I know, man, but David's folks might've come out anyway. Might be outside or something and not heard the phone ring. His dad's always puttering around in the vegetable garden–organic–you wouldn't believe . . . ."

"Okay, well then, let's go."

David's house was just the other side of the Sag Harbor Turnpike and Lumberman's Lane, north of Montauk Highway, kind of Cape Cod shingle frame, but with a cement porch and front like it'd been done over in the twenties or thirties.

David was there all right and so were his folks. I could see a gray-haired man in overalls around back of the house snipping tomato vines.

Yeah, so here's this hunk, David, sauntering out of the screen door and down the steps toward us. He shouted back into the house, "Yeah, mom, I'm not goin' anywhere!"

He was dressed like I'd seen him Thursday when I met him at the *Out of This World,* tight, faded Levi's showing his heavy cock; only this time he was bare-chested, exposing broad pectorals and black fuzz for hair that swirled down into his belly and crotch.

Ebanykus and I scrambled out of "Absolutely" and met him half-way, dragging him back to the car.

"Hi," David called to me turning on brown-eyed charm. I shook his hand and we leaned on the hood to rap.

"Ariadne still in?" Ebanykus asked.

"Yeah," he replied, "that crazy Hippolyta's been buggin' the jailers all morning, but they won't let her out–man, you wouldn't believe what went down last night. Eerie, man."

"Whaddya mean, eerie?" Ebanykus asked.

David stretched his long legs and stroked the hair on his stomach with the tips of his fingers, glancing at me, grinning, like, man, he knew where my head was at.

"Well, I mean, see, we was just lyin' around smoking," he said, "you know, a whole gang–everybody was there–and all of a sudden, windows crashing, chopping down doors–but not that, exactly, it's what happened to me and Ariadne."

"What, man?" Ebanykus couldn't sit still and swung out in front of us. "What happened?"

"See, like this young cop, I think Southampton cop, you know, not Suffolk County, he came right up to me and Ariadne and stands over us. We was flopped on a water bed foolin' around, and he hollers out, 'here's the two we're lookin' for . . . .'–then this older guy coming on like a navy admiral cuts him with 'shut up, Pete and get 'em out to the wagon!' "

Ebanykus stared at David for a minute squinting his blue, Neptune eyes. Then he glanced at me like would *I* know what it meant? Finally, he said, "So, man . . . ."

"I dunno, Ebanykus." David shrugged his bare shoulders and turned to me.

"Hey, you guys," I answered, "don't look at me. I mean it sounds like they were out to get you. That's for sure. You got enemies?"

"Shit, who knows?" David mumbled. "Hippolyta maybe."

"Ah, no," Ebanykus said, "she wouldn't want to rip off Ariadne."

"Yeah, you're right," David agreed.

"Did they search the Stag?" Ebanykus asked. "That's Ariadne's car."

"No. Just tore up the place, so I heard, after we was hauled away."

"Maybe Diana ripped *(Continued on page 30)*



Love Bugs That Bite When You Have Sex

by Roger Watson

MOST people correctly associate venereal disease with love because it is always contracted during sex. But there are other diseases that are often transmitted while making love, which are equally devastating.

The first of these is hepatitis. The second is amebiasis.

In our last issue we spelled out the dangers of venereal disease. Now we present other *love bugs* for your scrutiny.

HEPATITIS

Hepatitis is a prolonged and serious infection of the liver that, at best, causes some impairment of the liver's function, and which, at worst, can lead to death. It is in the *sclera* (the white, opaque area of the eye) that one notes the first indication of hepatitis infection . . . not in a change in skin coloring which–while jaundice can/may occur simultaneously–usually shows up just a bit later to banish all doubt (but when, sad to say, it may be too late if sex is then a *fait accompli).*

So if his eyes look a little yellow, discreetly disengage yourself and decline to have sex with him or–playing the Good Samaritan even though it violates all canons of gay etiquette–tell him what you suspect. It is not to be equated with telling him he has bad breath. Tell him kindly but decisively so that he can have immediate medical opinion and/or treatment . . . and meet him in a happier sexual climate some other day, and for encores!

While there are several forms of this disease, two are of special concern to gay guys: *epidemic* or *infectious* hepatitis and *serum* hepatitis or *homologous jaundice.* Although contracted in different ways, the denominator common to both is the virus infection that is caused by the transmission from human to human of contaminated food or liquid.

Infectious Hepatitis

In the case of infectious hepatitis the disease is transmitted in so many ways: through water, food, milk, kissing, coughing–even from traces of sputum on a cocktail glass not completely sterilized–and, gayly, from the inadvertent swallowing of trace feces in the anorectal area of the bunsiest trick. Fecal matter is *de facto* contaminated food.

While American gay guys are acutely aware of the need for spotless rectal hygiene, our brothers overseas–except in the great metropolitan cities–are often lax in this respect, and there the danger lurks for a visiting American. Before you travel get an injection of gamma globulin for hepatic protection. Your physician will do this for you for his regular office-visit fee *(Continued on page 38)*





How They Ball Behind The Wall

Cloak 'n Dagger Sex In East Berlin

by David Bartel

TO most of us, East Germany–particularly East Berlin–is a kind of Never-Never Land; something we know about only sketchily through bits and pieces of information derived from meagerest hearsay. As we are now making our landing approach to the twenty-first century it is a paradox that this other half of the Berlin umbilical cord has–until recent months–remained a city as mysterious and forbidding as any walled city of feudal China.

When we think of East Berlin we tend to conjure a picture of a city where intrigue, espionage and other sinister forms of political skulduggery flourish, just as Ian Fleming made it seem in *From Russia With Love,* that Lotte Lenya/Sean Connery cliffhanger that made us such fans of 007.

Unhappily for the sexually inquisitive this picture was all too accurate, for East Berlin has seemed the gloomiest and most sexually barren of Europe's capital cities. Someone has said that the best time to visit East Berlin is when it's cold and rainy and the silence of the streets and empty shops don't make you feel uneasy and uncomfortable, as though someone were always looking over your shoulder. Although the Communist climate is thawing to a notable degree now that Belgium and other countries have recognized East Germany and have established diplomatic relations with her, the city–*a prima vista*–is still depressing in two important ways.

The first is its almost complete loss of historicity. No sooner do you cross Checkpoint Charlie from West Berlin than you come face to face with the charred bones of what was once the gayest and most beautiful city in Europe–a city where gay life flourished as in no other. While *Unter den Linden* still gives you a glimpse of how elegant this metropolitan sector of the total city once was–and the Opera and turn-of-the-century *Operncafé,* and the palace of the crown-princesses still convey a sense of Berlin's grander days–what is perhaps more depressing is the sight of all that dreary architecture fresh from Soviet draughting boards. Where the royal palace once stood is an enormous empty square called Marx-Engels-Platz, around which have shot up rows upon rows of ugly prefabricated houses and huge, bulky, functional skyscrapers.

Yet on the plus side is a 'new' Berlin, busy and bustling; a city with its great museums and its fine State Opera still functioning beautifully. Both the famed St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the National Gallery have been fully restored. Theatre life is second to none in Europe, and if you are a Brecht fan (and who isn't?) *(Continued on page 40)*

Zeus Studio





Bruce of Los Angeles

Sexual Witchcraft

More Adventures In The Fascinating World Of Fetishism

By Walter Norris

A young Greenwich Village clergyman whose far-out views on sex are attracting attention far beyond the reach of his pulpit has said that unfulfilling sex is almost invariably caused by the fear of diversity.

This is certainly true in gay life for too frequently it happens that one adopts a set sex-style which—because it is 'slotted' in the comfort of dear familiarity, requires no jarring adjustments and engenders a feeling of security—soon has the obverse effect of causing its static practitioner to cloister himself within its narrow confines and fail to note that sex, like time, marches on.

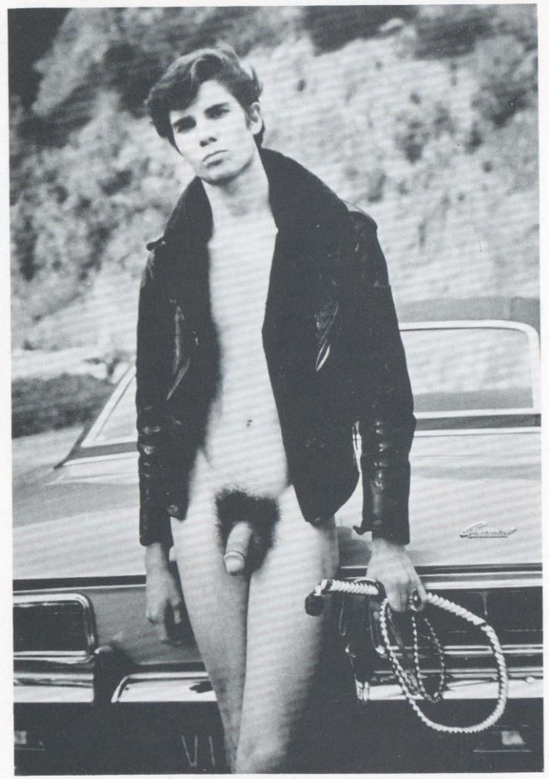
He is a sexual obscurantist who blinds himself to his own need for sexual change by refusing to accept or even explore the many approaches to sexual refreshment, and so misses out on the more intriguing sex play that certain fetishes can enhance to bring about a greater sharing/involvement/fulfillment.

Although *QQ Magazine* does not take the position that one must *adopt* a fetish and act it out in order to be sexually fulfilled, we do believe it is important to understand fetishes so that when some beguiling lover—bemused by his own personal fetish—needs your sympathetic receptivity you will cooperate at least tokenly or tolerantly (if not downright enthusiastically!)—rather than recoil self-righteously in disgust, and so add to the many other precious stones in your sexual diadem the priceless one of *concord.*

The French say "There are no difficult things . . . but only new things." If by this logical reasoning one begins to familiarize oneself with even the most bizarre fetishes, the difficulty of accepting them no longer exists. Moreover, *understanding* is often a synonym for *welcome.*

There is a beautiful side to fetishism not generally spoken of and it is this: that the acting-out of any fetish is a *celebration* of a very special love, and surely nothing so animates the ritual of homophile sex as the inspired feeling that one is as much celebrant as participant.

In an earlier issue we discussed many of the most-practiced fetishes and promised that we would visit with you again to talk about others *(Continued on page 41)*





A Pictorial History Mr. Universe 1948-1972

By Bud Parker

Mr. America Contest Director 1961-1970

THE photographs of the 1972 *National Amateur Body Builders Association Mr. Universe Contest* which appeared in our last issue caused many readers to write in and ask about past winners. Almost everyone knows what happened to Steve Reeves in the years following his victory, but–except for bodybuilding enthusiasts–not many people know what Reeves is doing today, now that his movie career has ended. Nor have many people been able to keep track of Mickey Hargitay, a former Mr. Universe who has managed to stay out of the headlines since the untimely death of his wife, Jayne Mansfield.

In cooperation with *Muscle Training Illustrated,* a magazine devoted to serious muscle building, we present a thumbnail sketch of the fabulous bodybuilders who have won the Mr. Universe contest since 1948, along with a pictorial history. What is most remarkable is that the pictures were taken by a famous French photographer 24 years in succession; *Arax of Paris* has personally traveled to London for the annual event, thus helping to immortalize the greatness of each winner by taking his picture on the eve of his victory. Except for the duplicate photograph of Len Sell (the 1959 picture is repeated for 1962, because we were unable to secure a print for 1962 in time) all the pictures show the champions just hours before winning the title.

It should be noted that there was no contest in 1949, and that there was only one winner in 1948, 1950, and 1951; starting in 1952 two divisions, one for amateurs and one for professionals, was established. By the loosest definition anyone not making a living in connection with the sport qualifies as an amateur; professionals include those contestants who model for a living, operate a gym, write magazine articles about bodybuilding for payment, etc. The *NABBA Mr. Universe Contest* is held in London each September.

1948. John Grimek, a former Mr. America winner, won the overall title at age 41. Grimek has for some years served as editor of a bodybuilding magazine called *Strength & Health.*

1950. Steve Reeves, 1947 Mr. America, used his win to further his movie career. He became famous through his portrayal of Hercules. Those particularly interested in this great muscleman are reminded that his story appeared in the April 1972 issue of *QQ.* Now retired and living in Switzerland, he occupies his time breeding horses.

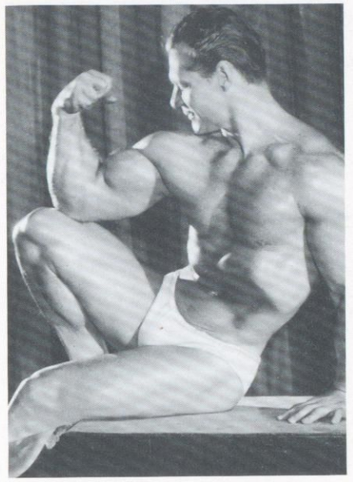
1951. Reg Park, 1949 Mr. Great Britain, won. He used the title to further his movie career and also to open a gym in South Africa, which he still operates.

1952. Mohammed Nasr, an Egyptian, was the first to win the amateur division. No data is available on him. Juan Ferrero, Mr. France, became the first professional winner. He was a dancer and attributed his victory, in part, to his ability to move gracefully. Ferrero was killed in an auto accident a short time later.

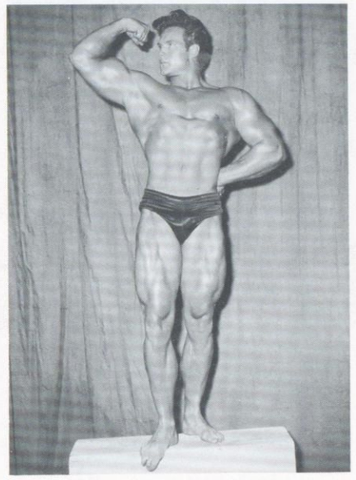
1953. The amateur title went to Bill Pearl, 1952 Mr. America. Many gay guys past 30 recall the Leo Stern swimsuit ads Pearl posed for 20 years ago; they were featured in bodybuilding magazines, at that time the closest thing to gay physique pictorials as we know them today. Pearl now operates a successful health club in Pasadena. Arnold Dyson won the professional contest. He still operates a gym in Liverpool.

1954. Rico Tomas, an extraordinary poser from New York, charmed the audience with his polish. Rico opened a gym on his return and ran it–successfully–until a couple of years ago. He is still in good shape and spends his time ice skating, bicycle riding, and playing the piano. Jim Park, 1952 Mr. America, won the professional division title. He was then being featured regularly as a writer and poser in the original version of a magazine called *Tomorrow's Man,* which was published by Irv Johnson, whose revolutionary food supplements practically started the health foods craze here in America. Park is a machinist by trade.

1955. Mickey Hargitay, a Hungarian, was an ice skating champion who took up weightlifting. He won the amateur title. A few years later he married Jayne Mansfield, whom he met while appearing in a nightclub act. Since his wife's death he has managed to stay out of the limelight, but still tours with an act featuring a handsome muscleman (Mickey) and a chorus of buxom girls. *(Continued on page 49)*



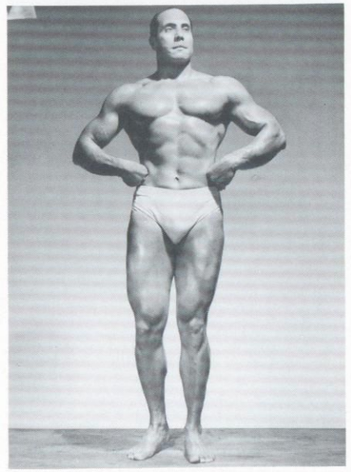
1948 Overall: John Grimek



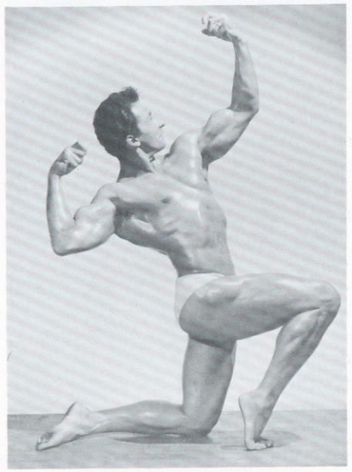
1950 Overall: Steve Reeves



1951 Overall: Reg Park



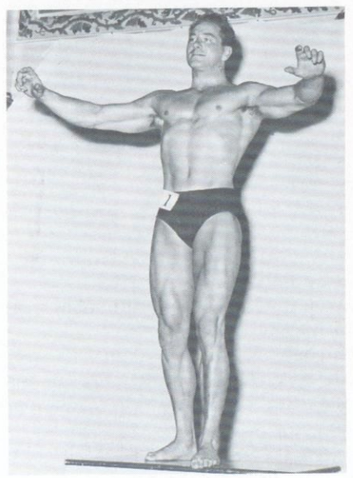
1952 Amateur: Mohammed Nasr



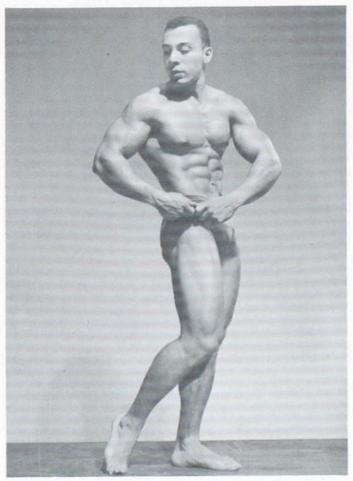
1952 Professional: Juan Ferrero



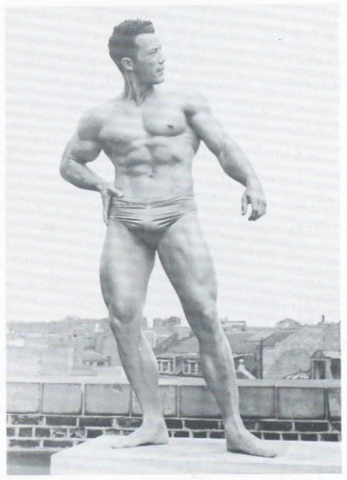
1953 Amateur: Bill Pearl



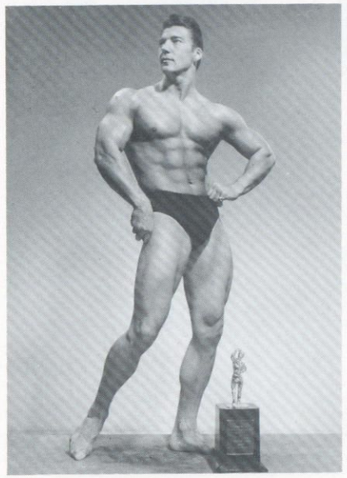
1953 Professional: Arnold Dyson



1954 Amateur: Enrico Tomas



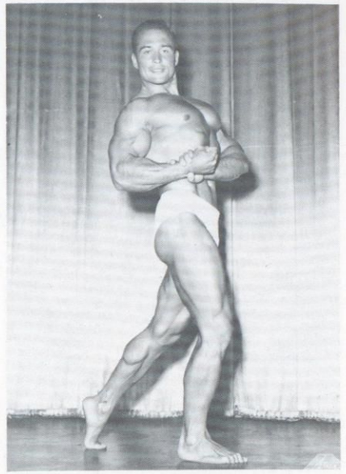
1954 Professional: Jim Park



1955 Amateur: Mickey Hargitay



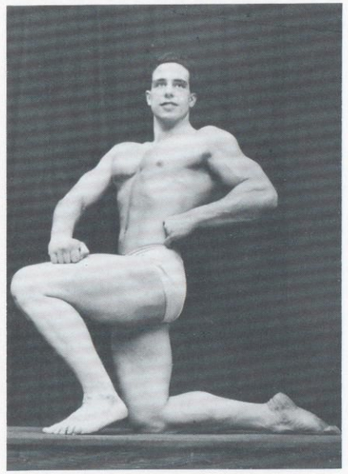
1955 Professional: Leo Robert



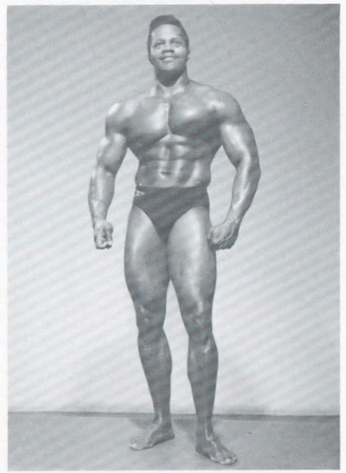
1956 Amateur: Ray Schaeffer



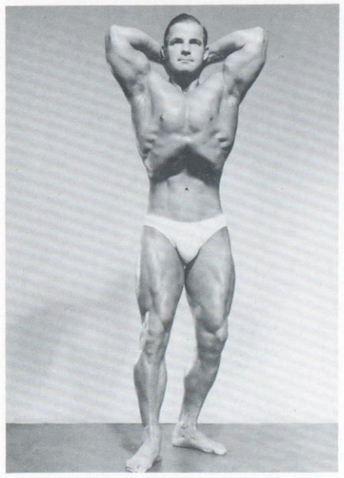
1956 Professional: Jack Delinger



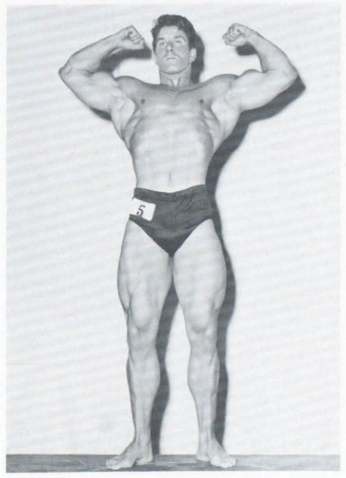
1957 Amateur: John Lees



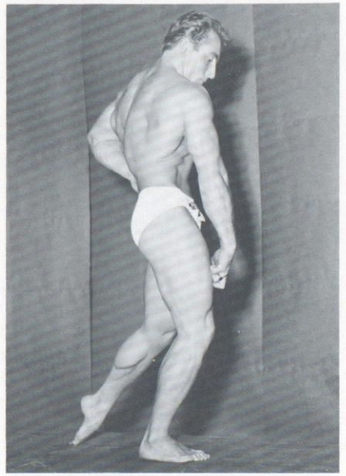
1957 Professional: Arthur Robin



1958 Amateur: Earl Clark



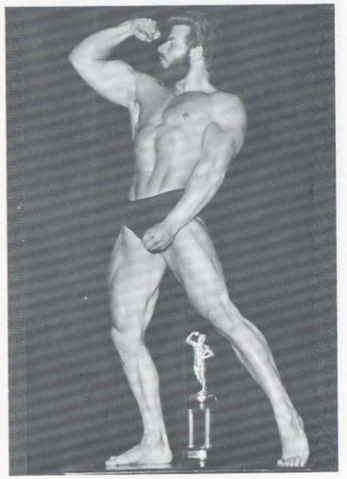
1958 Professional: Reg Park



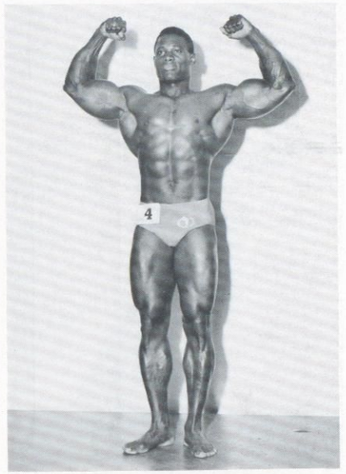
1959 Amateur: Len Sell



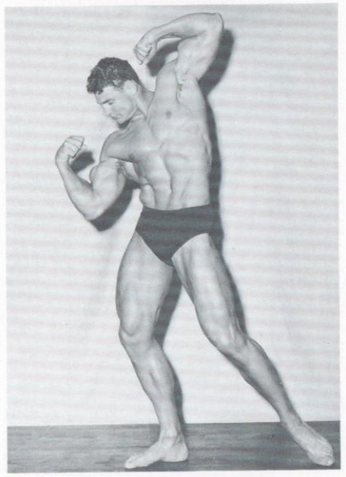
1959 Professional: Bruce Randall



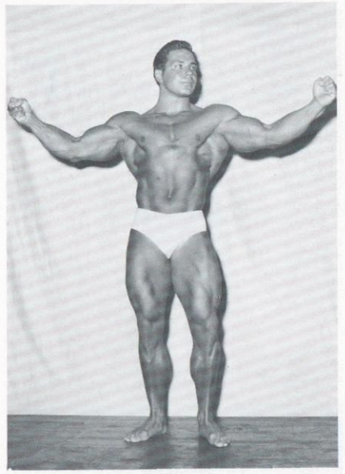
1960 Amateur: Henry Downs



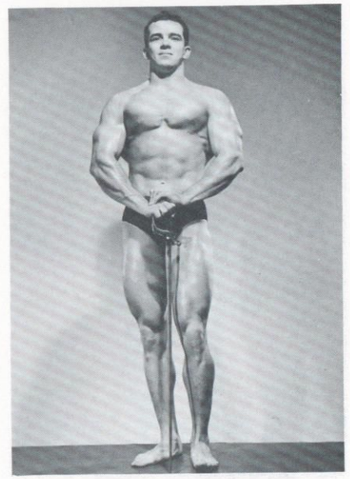
1960 Professional: Paul Wynter



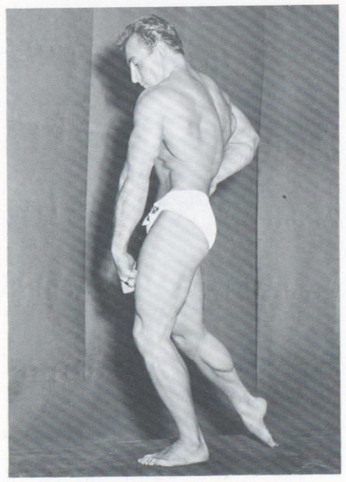
1961 Amateur: Ray Routledge



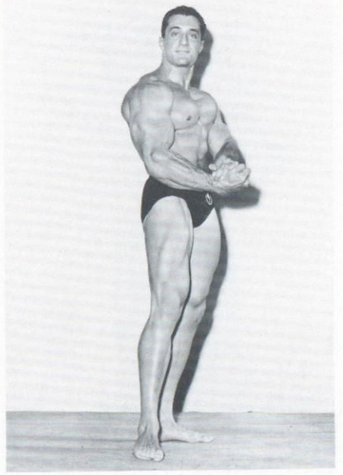
1961 Professional: Bill Pearl



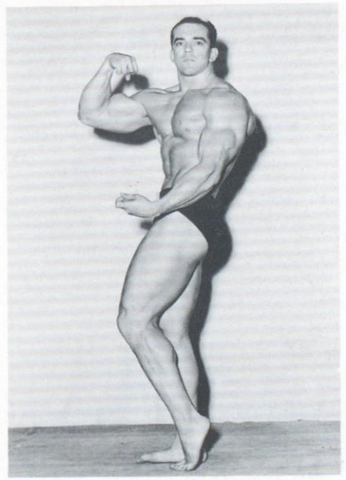
1962 Amateur: Joe Abbenda



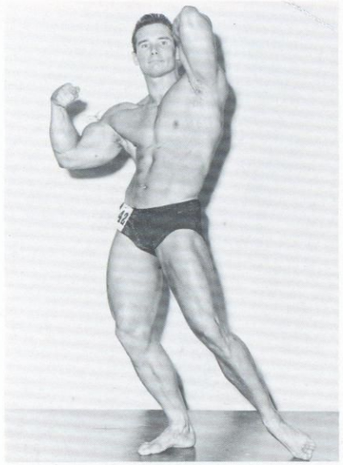
1962 Professional: Len Sell



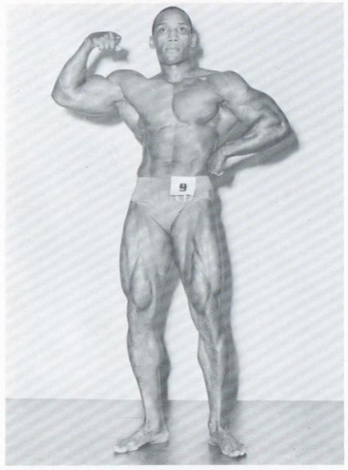
1963 Amateur: Tom Sansone



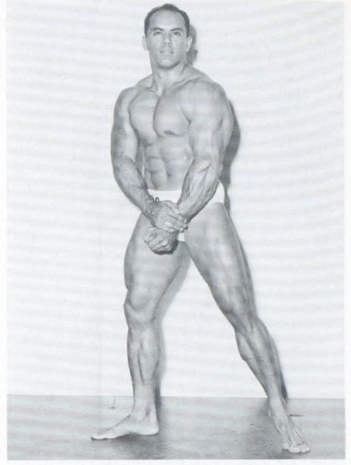
1963 Professional: Joe Abbenda



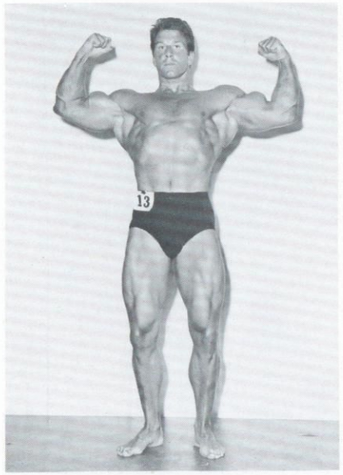
1964 Amateur: John Hewlett



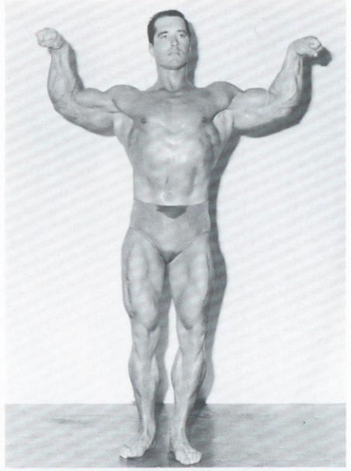
1964 Professional: Earl Maynard



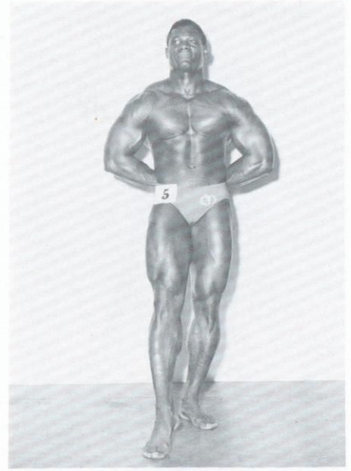
1965 Amateur: Elmo Santiago



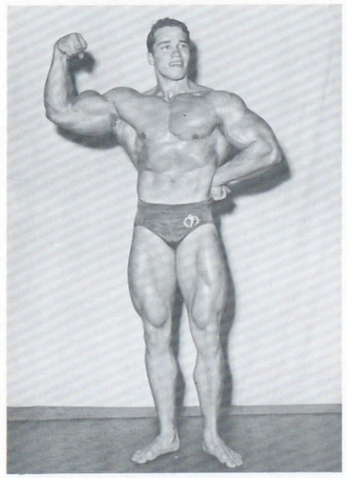
1965 Professional: Reg Park



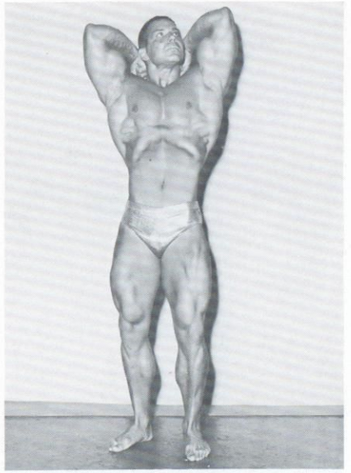
1966 Amateur: Chester Yorton



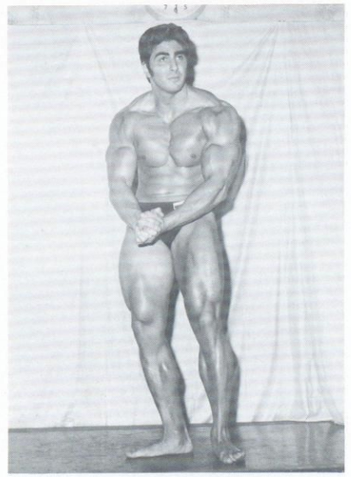
1966 Professional: Paul Wynter



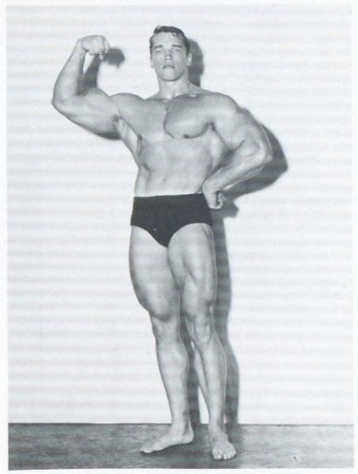
1967 Amateur: Arnold Schwarzenegger



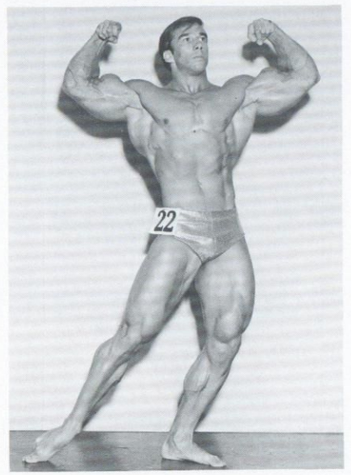
1967 Professional: Bill Pearl



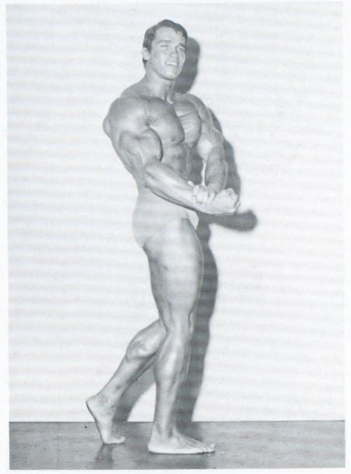
1968 Amateur: Dennis Tinerino



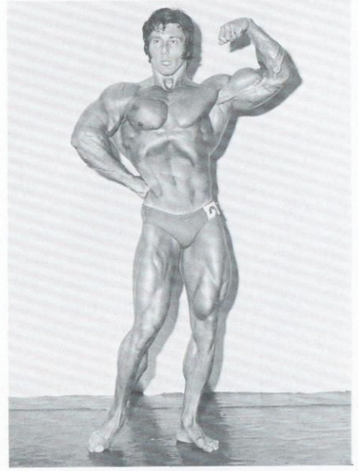
1968 Professional: Arnold Schwarzenegger



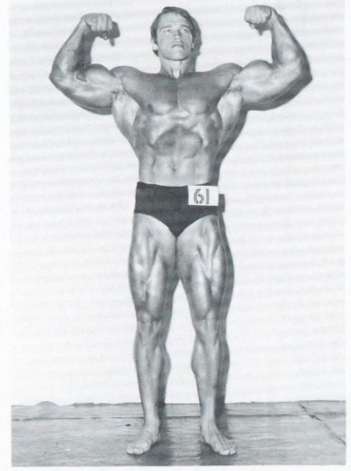
1969 Amateur: Boyer Coe



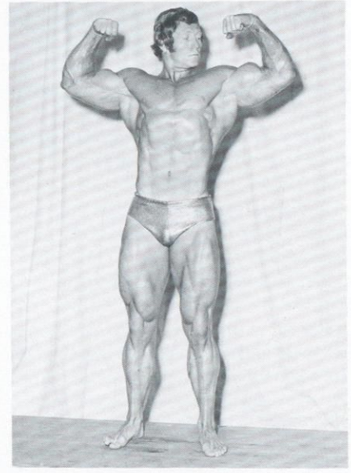
1969 Professional: Arnold Schwarzenegger



1970 Amateur: Frank Zane



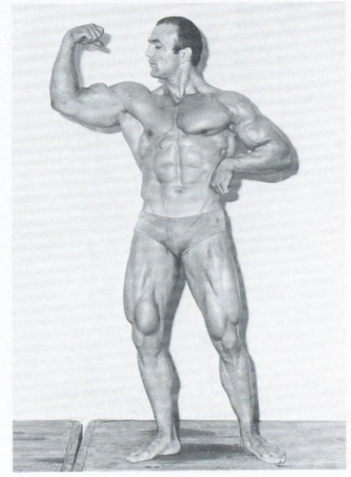
1970 Professional: Arnold Schwarzenegger



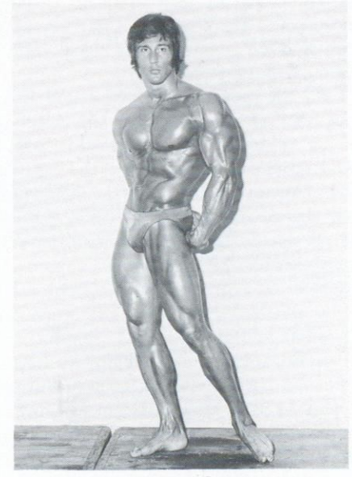
1971 Amateur: Ken Waller



1971 Professional: Bill Pearl



1972 Amateur: Elias Petsas



1972 Professional: Frank Zane

Sex In The Garden Of Eden

The Lusty Lovers Of Lebanon

by Jon Lorrimer

MANY gay guys followed our suggestion in the article *Tangier Teasers (QQ Magazine,* Volume 5, Number 1) about making Morocco an extension of an otherwise all-European vacation by virtually tippytoeing across the short stretch of the Mediterranean that separates Algeciras, Spain from Tangier.

"Groovy!" enthused one reader, "but why didn't you do the whole bit by telling us about gay life in Lebanon which is not far from Tangier, down the Mediterranean a piece, and which is exciting in a wholly different way . . . and moreso than Morocco?"

Sorry we didn't go in deep enough, fellas, if you'll forgive the expression, and so we'd like to rectify that error of omission in this stanza. Much to our embarrassment and shame we'd forgotten for the moment that Lebanon is the actual site of the Garden of Eden, and you all know about the goingson *there!* Can you imagine writing about wild sex in the Middle East and forgetting to mention where it all began?

Those in the gay know, to a man, insist that sex in Lebanon and particularly Beirut (or *Liban* and *Beyrout* to give them the French spelling most commonly used throughout the country and the Middle East) is better because it's wilder, and wilder because the men are so rugg-g-ged!

It is considered a national disgrace for a man not to strive to be some kind of an athletic super-hero, and so from all this musclehustle derives a super-sexual derring-do (there simply being no such thing as a sexual derring-don't in Lebanon). There is a fever of "anything goes!" you'll find contagious . . . and it rises higher from exotic azure dawn through erotic purple night.

All the sports you've ever heard of, and some you may not have, are played to the hilt in Lebanon . . . and with a fierce will to win. Even gay visitors who are not particularly sportsminded are caught up in the national fervor and can be seen happily jogging along the Grande Corniche (the principal coastal road) in front of the big hotels, keeping themselves slim and trim while keeping a watchful eye out for an exciting number. Now *there's* a sport for you . . . betcha've never cruised at a brisk dog-trot before! Well, you can't say it doesn't have its points. For a fact, the faster you cruise the more you score!

It is curious that so many we have talked with about Lebanon have an erroneous idea of what it's really like. On one hand most straights seem to think of it as a country of vast deserts and burning sun where shapeless/toothless/sexless women go around with their faces veiled, and men still wear the bulky Arabian *burnous.* On the other hand, gay males—trying to evoke a picture of sexlife in the perspective of their own lifestyle—tend to think of Lebanon as a big, barren expanse of hot sand where cruising, if any, is done on camelback . . . one hand on the bridle, the other fanning and flirting with a palm-leaf fan. Or, as one imagined, "I'll bet there's more hump in the camel than rump in the trick."

Actually Lebanon is the most modern country in the entire Middle East, and certainly one of the most fascinating anywhere. Relatively small in size (it has a total area of just under 4000 square miles) its mountains flex their mighty arms at a dizzying height of 10,000 feet, while rolling gently at its feet are 180 miles of picturesque coastline with some of the most beautiful and sexually-active beaches of the world dotting its slender length.

It is quite usual for a Lebanese gay guy to begin his day with a whisk of skiing in the snowy hills around the Cedars of Lebanon which are 6200 feet high and just 75 miles from Beirut (and there'll still be snow waiting for you skibuffs even if you don't make the Lebanese scene until early May!), then doing more of it in the afternoon . . . this time skimming lightheartedly across the blue Mediterranean on water skis.

Naturally in this, the original Garden of Eden, where the sun beams indulgently on a never-ending pleasure coast, and where the heavenly smell of orange trees in bloom the year 'round drives one, as if mesmerized, onto the beach (wonder how Eve's apple tree ever got so far south?), the urge to sunbathe nude is ever present, and so our Lebanese gay friend is right at home among miles upon miles of beautiful bods. And it'll fair break your heart that you won't have enough time for a go at them all.

After this, as though that weren't enough cruising/sex for one day, you will probably see him around sixish at one of the gay/partly-gay bars/cafes in Beirut. While as we pointed out in our Tangier article, the devout Muslim is forbidden by Allah to 'touch strong drink', most young Lebanese are emancipated and enliven the bar scene . . . while others who are not quite so emancipated are certainly not averse to quaffing from the winecup. Thus in Beirut one has an interesting choice of

GAY BARS

Most gay visitors to Beirut find the *Chateaubriand* and its quite American-style bar the most colorful and exciting. Located on the *Place des Martyres* the Chateaubriand is a bit on the rough side, but since this is so much in keeping with the rugged maleness/lifestyle of the Lebanese everything blends perfectly and you just wouldn't want it to be the slightest bit different. It's also *the* bar for hustlers. However deeply rooted he may be *(Continued on page 48)*





QQ's Man of the Month

Buster

By Zeus Studio



book review

To be disappointed by an old lover is to be doubly disappointed. You know that what was good should be good again, and when it is not you feel cheated far more deeply than by an ill-performing first-time trick.

Thus it is, I'm sorry to say, with THE PERSIAN BOY by Mary Renault (Pantheon, 419 pgs., $7.95).

THE LAST OF THE WINE, THE BULL FROM THE SEA, THE MASK OF APOLLO (these paperback), and FIRE FROM HEAVEN (to which THE PERSIAN BOY is sequel) are all good Renault novels. They are written to be read on long winter evenings by the fire or summer mornings at the beach. They are solid, honest, historical novels dealing with past civilizations superior to our own if only in a gay context. They are not gay novels in the trashy sense we are accustomed to by so many of our contemporaries (grope, suck, fuck ad nauseam), but gay in a take-it-for-granted, this-is-the-way-it-was sense that comes across as honestly beautiful as any modern Gay Libber could hope or ask for.

But in THE PERSIAN BOY Mary Renault has gone too far as though she had said, "Now I'm going to write a gay novel." And though of course it is gay and it is a novel it fails for she excises the beautiful this-is-the-way-it-was note of honesty and, instead simply protests too much.

FIRE FROM HEAVEN tells the fascinating story of the first twenty years in the mostly gay life of Alexander the Great. It is a story well told, bringing to life an ancient world exciting, violent, and full of the love and dynamism of youth.

THE PERSIAN BOY picks up the story of Alexander a bit later and, through the bedazzled eyes of the infatuated eunuch, Bagoas, of the title, carries it through to the early death of Alexander at age 33.

Bagoas is, frankly, a pain in the ass. He is a goody-goody. He is as cute as a button. He is too much for Hollywood, and I suspect he would have been too much for Persia.

Indeed, Bagoas distorts Alexander's real-life, exciting drives through Persia to India and back to mere interruptions in his endlessly repeated sessions of bathing, combing, and dressing his lord and master. There isn't much more he can do—the fuck scenes are left out—and so he bathes and combs and dresses Alexander again and again, occasionally dancing for him, occasionally letting him run his fingers through his curly locks, occasionally holding the tired, wounded, sick, suffering, and finally dying, Alexander in his skinny arms.

And throughout all this darling Bagoas tells us again and again he was made gay, as he was gelded, and that being gay was all right for Alexander because he was so butch, even to the point of marrying two girls!

If it weren't for this constant distortion, THE PERSIAN BOY might be a good novel. There are, after all, plenty of gutsy battle scenes, lots of local color (including generous gobs of the red of blood spilled), other lovers (one for each: the Persian Emperor Darius for Bagoas, the boyhood jack-off buddy, Hephaiston for Alexander) and large doses of court intrigue.

But the freaky focus is too much, and the book is ruined. Bagoas should have grown up rather than remain such a dizzily nelly teeny-bopper. Alexander should have given him the rock-hard fuck he deserved. Neither happens, and I begin to wonder if Mary Renault, consciousness-raised as she may be, really knows what boys and men do in bed together.

THE PERSIAN BOY has no balls.

—Orlando Paris

(Continued from page 12)

you off," I suggested. Didn't Ariadne say she quit on her last year? Maybe Diana's trying to get her busted out of revenge."

Ebanykus plugged into the suggestion immediately. "Yeah, you're right, Jonquil! Diana—shit!"

"Could be," David said.

"Well, come on, Jonquil, let's go to Diana's and face her down with it."

As soon as his words were out, Ebanykus knew it was a crazy idea. If Diana was the culprit who'd tried to rip off Ariadne and David, we'd never find out by confronting her with it. And besides, Ebanykus had yet to introduce me to her—to work me into her Bull Cult thing—whatever it was. He himself had yet to find out more about Diana's scene. Pouncing on her now would fuck up everything.

"Anyway," David said, "why would the cops stage a whole goddamn production, like just to get me and Ariadne? They coulda nailed us for possession easy, anytime. If they were looking for us, it had to be for another reason."

"You ain't into something heavy, are you man?" Ebanykus asked.

"Shit no! Horse? No, man. Ariadne won't even let me deal in grass for chris-sakes."

"Yeah." Ebanykus looked at me. "Maybe, Jonquil, we can go to the *Millstone* tonight. Diana hangs out there sometimes. We could like, sorta fall into it casual, and you could meet her and maybe just come right out and ask her about the *Golden Door.*"

David's mom, a heavy-set, silver-haired lady in a flowered khaftan yelled at him from the porch to "come in off the street." We promised him we'd run down to Riverhead and see if there was anything we could do for Ariadne, and left him.

So, our Saturday afternoon was cluttered with a trip to the jail and futile phone calls back and forth to Hippolyta. No success. Ariadne was locked in tight. Seeing her in Riverhead, after coercing an uptight sheriff to bring her out, had convinced me this blonde chick with piercing blue orbs was more than an adolescent emerging from a cocoon. Underneath all her innocent pout was a sensual earth mother. Like once, when Ebanykus asked her if he could get her anything, she shot back at him with, "Yeah, how about a joint or a good screw!"

Back in Southampton we tried for a swim at Fowler Lane, but no sooner got on the beach than I spotted an old trick of mine. It's a small world, they say, and now the plot really started to get sticky.

His name is Rip Zonderling and I gotta tell you about him. The humpiest number I'd had all season, next to Ebanykus. If I'd known how much he was about to intrude himself into our lives, I never would've drug Ebanykus across the sand to meet him. But Rip was gonna come into it anyway. Nothing could arrest fate.

Rip Zonderling. Shit! Would you believe he followed me home from the laundramat last June? And I ain't the kinda guy people usually follow home from laundries.

Picture it, me and him down in that dank cellar—fuckin' gorgeous number, he was sprawled naked on the sinking mattress. His curly brown hair was splayed against the crushed pillow, hazel eyes beckoning; classic nose, nostrils spread; full-lipped mouth half-open and moist; tight, nipped chest heaving; flat belly rippling into a stiff, straight-up piece of meat—thick, eight inch hardon with top-heavy head. It wasn't real, man. Me? I almost shot my load just lookin' at him.

It was over too damn fast, that's for sure. We got into a slurping sixty-nine, glorifying each other's cocks with our mouths, eating ass; telling ourselves we'd end up fucking and slapping buns, but instead, taking full spurts of come the good old-fashioned way—geysers into the throat, man, hot and stinging.

After that, I'd see Rip only from an enticing distance—here on the beach with his uptight lover, and at the *Millstone* a couple of times. Once he came prancing into the dance palace with a stunning transvestite with sequined eyelids, dressed Saks Fifth Avenue, her onyx hair swirling defiantly up to the ceiling.

Anyway, Ebanykus and I now threaded our way through the scattered sunbathers on the beach. Rip was standing apart from his group down near the surf, alone. Imagine my surprise when Ebanykus called out as we got close, "Hi, Rip!"

"Hi!" Rip responded eagerly, darting his eyes from Ebanykus to me. "You two, hey? Man, that's wild."

"You been with Diana, Rip?" Ebanykus asked not waiting to explain how he knew him.

"No, Ebanykus, not since last week. Why?"

"You know Diana?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, yeah," he answered giving a knowing look to Ebanykus. "Sure, you seen me in the *Millstone* with her plenty of times."

"Not that fantastic transvestite?"

"No." He laughed quietly. "She went back to the big city and got lost in the jungle."

Ebanykus interrupted. "You know about the raid on the *Golden Door?* David told me he thinks Diana called the cops."

"Who's David, Ebanykus?"

"Friend of mine."

"Shit, I dunno." He paused long enough to smile. "Yeah, I guess Diana might've put somebody up to calling. But—no, I don't think so—Diana may be pissed with Ariadne for splitting the Cult—but not all that pissed. Women, man, who can figure them? Anyway, Ebanykus, why don't you ask Diana. You're going to the orgy tonight, aren't you?"

"Is it tonight? No, I ain't. I wasn't asked."

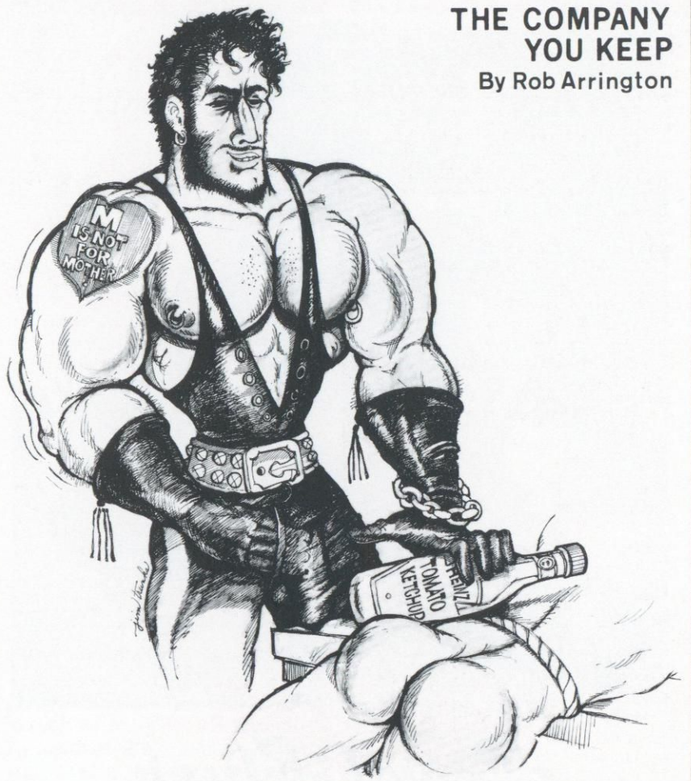
"Oh, well, look, why would anyone call the cops—I mean, Ebanykus, why would the cops need a tip-off in the first place? They know about the *Golden Door."* He caught his breath and frowned. "Unless . . . ."

"Yeah," I said, "unless they were told there was heavier stuff there . . . ."

"Right," Rip said. "Whoever called might've told 'em someone was gonna make a drop of scag or coke . . . ."

"Well fuck yes," Ebanykus cut in, "that's obvious, and it had to be someone has it in for Ariadne and David to get 'em busted."

Rip really retreated into his own head then. His eyes darkened and he clenched his jaw. But he covered quickly. I'd have given



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

By Rob Arrington

MARQUIS DE SADE

THE Marquis de Sade always achieved a heightened orgasm when he performed such niceties on his sexual partners—both male and female—as cutting incisions in their flesh with a knife and then filling them with hot wax from a melting candle. Such practices got the word "sadism" coined, taken right out of the master's name.

De Sade was an old and distinguished name in France, and the Marquis was born in 1740 in an "age of debauchery" during which he was the champion debaucher.

It isn't recorded when Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade took his first sexual plunge in a long lifetime that was ultimately devoted largely to the performance of an infinite variety of sexual acts, but it *is* recorded when he had his first flogging. That was when he was ten and attending a school run by Jesuits who unhesitatingly warmed his backside for transgressions, undoubtedly whetting his appetite for the multitude of scourgings and whippings he was destined to dispense himself in later years.

It was noted at the school that he was a strikingly beautiful blond blue-eyed youth with a fine figure and a charming voice, attributes that must have endeared him to his fellow students, and it isn't hard to imagine that he did plenty of sexual playing *(Continued on page 49)*



Athletic Model Guild

Royal Flush

By Rob Arrington

Gay is good. Gay is great. Gay is even royal! The facts are, sir, that royal purple was also royal lavender even back in the days before there was much recorded history that has survived. Tomb art has revealed that homosexuality was anything but unknown in the golden age of ancient Egypt, five thousand years into the dim past, so we safely assume that of the many Pharoahs who graced the Eqyptian throne through a bevy of dynasties, there were plenty among them who liked the boys. In eight consecutive installments we will take a look at some famous gay rulers. This month . . .

THE MAD ONE

And who has not heard of mad Ludwig II (1845-1886), King of Bavaria? He was mad, being declared incurably so in 1886 and incapable of ruling, at which point he was drowned. In the meantime, much good had evolved from his "mad" reign, including the fabulous operas of Richard Wagner, whose work would not have reached fruition without Ludwig's backing. Ludwig unquestionably loved the composer passionately, beginning his letters to Wagner with such phrases as "my innermost beloved."

The composer was a considerable change of pace for Ludwig who had often preferred soldiers and peasant woodsmen as sexual interests.

Ludwig was also famous for the huge rococo palaces he built, magnificent edifices which drained the state's coffers. One was used as Angela Lansbury's castle in the film *Something for Everyone.*

In our next issue . . . "The 'Greek' Czar!"

anything to know what was buzzing inside of him at that moment.

"Wanna swim?" he asked.

Ebanykus wouldn't be put off. "Is Diana coming to the *Millstone* tonight after the orgy?"

"Sure, man, doesn't she always?"

"We'll see you there then. You'll be coming too, won't you?"

"Probably. I dunno for sure. But, me, right now, I'm going for a swim." He grabbed my hand and started to run toward the water, then stopped abruptly and turned back. "Ariadne outa jail?"

"Naw," Ebanykus yelled, "we been trying all . . ."

"Yeah. Well, see you," and off he went into the surf.

Ebanykus was grinning. "You had Rip?"

"Yeah, and you?"

"Huh? No, man. I only met him at Diana's. What's he like?"

"You wouldn't believe."

"Yeah. I think he's gonna be the next King tonight."

"The what?"

"Oh, nothing. Don't know exactly. You know, the Diana thing."

"Yeah," I said, "Diana and the Bulls. Did you notice Rip was holding back from us? He knows something about the raid, I'm sure of it."

"You're right," Ebanykus said. "Wonder what?"

The rest of the afternoon was complete disaster. No sex, man, and that's disaster. What with phone calls to the jail and Hippolyta and rapping endlessly about the *Golden Door,* we were lucky we weren't totally freaked out by nightfall. Somehow we managed a rather tense and silent dinner at *Villa Capri.*

We got to the *Millstone* about eleven-thirty.

Ah, the *Millstone!* Womb-shack in the potato fields! The usual tricks were on hand for the nightly revels, guys met at dinner parties who never remembered my name—nor I, theirs—dune quickies—and I could only remember the size of their dicks—and friends of friends. But one or two overnight lays said hello wistfully, and a number who'd kept me warm during cold nights last winter—you know, a potato farmer who came to the house in long woolen underwear and loved to screw.

By twelve-thirty the *Millstone* was bursting its seams with jumpy cats and thumpy music. Already a coupla strobe numbers had blasted the walls, transforming us stiff ones into star performers. Wispy waiters could hardly get through the mob.

Then I spotted Rip Zonderling, his regal head appearing above the crowd out near the door to the parking lot.

"There's Rip," I hollered at Ebanykus above the music.

Bodies were spread onto the dance floor like the Blob. We had to fight our way to him.

We were in for a shock. He looked like he'd been dragged through a potato picker. He was decked out in faded button Levi's and a blue workshirt, torn at the shoulder, and bare feet. His handsome face had sagged to haggard, like he'd been screwing or drinking all afternoon and had eaten nothing but sperm.

"How'd it go?" Ebanykus asked.

"Oh, all right. Look, let's go outside. Out on the patio. It's too fuckin' noisy in here."

Ebanykus hardly waited until we were outside. "Is Diana gonna be here?"

"Yeah. Sure, why?"

"The *Golden Door,* man! I gotta ask her . . . ."

"Oh yeah," Rip said as we found a corner near the fence. "Yeah, man, you better ask her plenty. I sorta—well, I got some new thoughts about the *Golden Door,* Ebanykus." He started to speak again, then stopped, the blood draining from his face. He glanced at me wearily. "My lover's due any minute. You know, the guy with the clenched jaw."

"What was it you were gonna tell me?" Ebanykus persisted.

Rip's eyes blurred. "Oh, nothing. Look—why don't we go see if Diana's here—okay?" And turned and walked away from us.

"Well, shit!" Ebanykus exclaimed.

Diana was at the far end of the bar rapping with a gaggle of skinny girls in granny dresses. Yeah, I'd seen her at the *Millstone* before, but I always thought she was a female truck driver. She was a small, wiry broad with bobbed hair, a hard, mask-like face with pointed nose. She broke away from the granny-girls and shoved her tits aggressively through the bar cruisers, walking right by us, long enough to say, "Hi, Ebanykus!" Rip had disappeared into the mob. We followed Diana outside.

"What happened to you, Eban?" she snapped as we drew up to her on the patio. "Why the fade? I wanted you at the ceremony tonight." She held the neck of a half-empty beer bottle.

"I got into something else—this is my friend . . . ."

"Oh yeah," she said coldly not waiting to hear my name, eyeing me with a glazed stare. "So he's the one? Ariadne didn't tell me you're a faggot!"

I was about to toss my club soda at her, but Ebanykus interrupted.

"Listen, we heard *Golden Door* was a ripoff . . . ."

"Yeah," I cut in, "like some prick called the cops and told them Ariadne was shooting heroin . . . ."

"And her friend, David . . . ."

Diana shot back, "Well, why didn't Ariadne ever bring this David around? He a faggot too?"

"Come on!" Ebanykus groaned, "come on, Diana, who called the cops on them?"

"Fuck off, Ebanykus," she replied, "and take your boy friend with you."

Just as I pictured the soggy splotch of my lemon twist dangling from the end of her pointed nose, a familiar, cackling laugh cascaded through the din.

"Well, they'll let anyone in here—right?" Hippolyta to the rescue. She grabbed me from behind. "Did you run out of straight bulls, Diana, or is your limp dildo working overtime?"

Diana glowered at Hippolyta for an instant. I held my breath. But fun and games with this super-cunt was over. She hissed like a snake, pinched with rage, and fled to the bar without uttering another sound.

"So much for her, right?" Hippolyta laughed. Two elegant girls—*women*—stood silently at her side like Greek Furies. "We came to dance and pinch breasts, boys, so

Letters

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



TANGIER TROUBLE

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the article "Tangier Teasers" in your February 1973 issue greatly but I would like to offer some additional comments.

Tangier can be dangerous for any gay guy who goes "hog wild" while in town. To illustrate, just recently a Portuguese homosexual staying at the Hotel Africa complained to the fuzz that a trick had stolen something. He ended up in jail for 6 months and the trick got a month. Another gay guy, when told he could not bring his native hustler into the hotel, foolishly registered the number and brought him in. The cops arrived at 6 a.m. and hustled the two of them off to jail, and later trumped up some charges against the hotel owner. They all drew sentences and some physical punishment. Discretion does pay off.

On the brighter side, I would like to suggest that if you are planning a trip to Tangier that you have friends who write you send their letters in care of Eric's Hamburger Stand, 48 Blvd. Pasteur. Eric's is owned by a German gentleman who is full of information about the city. He's very happy to provide the service for his customers.

All Moroccan (Moslem) boys are cut when they are four years old. Considering the method used, their cocks are all beautiful and big. The parents of the lucky boy make an appointment with the barber, who brings his assistant and his circumcision shears. A bird in a cage is placed in a tree, the assistant holds the boy's legs apart and tells him to look at the bird. In a flash, the barber draws the foreskin over the glans and in one snip it is all over. A bandage is placed on the wound, and the little girls come forward with candy and little gifts for the boy, who is now considered to be a "regular fella."

Yours truly,
L.T.
Boston, Mass.

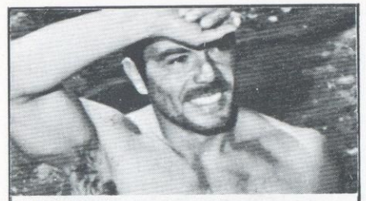
SEX ODYSSEY

Dear Editor:

Here's a clipping from a recent *Time Magazine,* concerning man's eventual odyssey to Mars; I thought you'd enjoy seeing it.

One problem has not been resolved: what to do about the crew members' sex drives. NASA psychologists agree that pornography (which suffices as an escape mechanism for nuclear submarine crews on 60-day missions) may not be enough. With an all-male Mars crew, they believe, homosexual activity is inevitable. Including women on the crew poses other problems. As one psychologist put it: "Sex will be more of a public relations problem than a medical problem for NASA."

Sincerely,
H.J.
Denver, Colo.

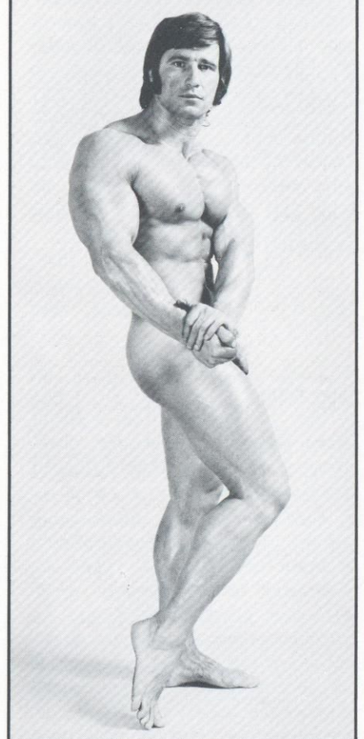


FAMOUS
NUDES & DRAPED STUDIES

Excellent for art classes. Over 350 T.V., movie, sports & physique stars: Vince Edwards, James Dean, Errol Flynn, Barry McQuire, Herren, Nureyev, Lancaster, D'Allessandro, Conrad, P. Fonda, L. Whiting, Reeves, Lupus, Namath, Maharis, B. Darrin, Presley, Newman, Spitz, Dullea, Jagger, Connery, Horst Bucholtz, Helmut Berger, A. Bates, R. Harris, Mr. Nude America '72, etc. List and 8X10 glossy of your favorite model, $5; 3 for $10. Satisfied or money back.

Art Studies, 171 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass. 02215. Buy, swap.

NUDE
Muscle Movies & Slides



Super 8 Color Films & 35mm Color Slides Of SERGE JACOBS
Featured in August '72 QQ

Send $1 and statement of age for our catalog of SERGE JACOBS and other champion bodybuilders.

FILM ASSOCIATES, P.O. Box 545, Venice, Calif. 90291 U.S.A.

let's go!"

I wanted to ask her about Ariadne, but thought it might be better to seize the opportunity. So, I grabbed Ebanykus by the hand and yanked him out to the floor. "Well, fuck Diana," I said. "Guess that queers *my* ever getting into her Bull Cult!"

"Maybe," Ebanykus mumbled, grim-faced.

But who cared? Man, now we were shoved into a glorious mass of swaying bods and grinning, stoned faces, embracing the sex-smell of sea and sweat and a thousand colognes–poppers and grass. Screw Diana! Even Ebanykus seemed to get with it, abandoning himself, grinding his crotch into the music, tossing his black curls into the pulsating red and green lights.

No stopping the Blob now. It had insinuated itself along the fringes of our center, still waters around a seething mass. Voices shouted, dust from the floor dried our nostrils, someone screeched, a bottle crashed to the floor.

And thus the moment, into the time–our time, white strobes flashing, framing staccato pictures, shattering, lifting us into ultimate highs–love and glory, cocks and pecs and asses and tits in jumbled celebration; static lightning funneling inward like a wanton dream; vortex-exploding out into an ocean of eyes and mouths weirdly X-rayed, slowing into scratched silent movies. And my own God–Ebanykus like young Achilles, his large, Neptune retinas staring off into unseen forests–his Medusa head fluttering ebony curls, his thick legs stomping the altar, his relenting body thrashing in frenzied dance like an ancient priest, long ago, solemnizing a forgotten ritual.

How is it, then, in this frothing bacchanal I sensed something out of focus, out of sync? Something didn't belong–a foreign microbe was wriggling its amoeba among us. I first saw it–*him*–in the Blob out toward the parking lot, an apparition, a face blanched and bony; a skeletal, naked chest, the skin so taut you could see his ribs; and, as he moved in, bleached Levi's unbuttoned at the fly, revealing a heavy prick nested in dark pubic hair.

The image came into the strobe in quick takes, a zombie stalking us. Ebanykus caught sight of him and froze, but he continued toward us, growing larger in the crackling light, like a zoom lens was pulling him in. He staggered between us and whispered, "Ebanykus!" so intensely he could be heard above the rock. He danced crazily away, tipping to the right and left but never falling.

A drunken number began to dance with him. The music pounded to climax. The white strobes heaved and died. The figure started toward us again, crying louder, "Ebanykus!" Others began to slow and stop as he jostled among them. The music lagged and faded, dull, yellow glow flooding the room. Somewhere in front of us a guy let out a stifled groan and the figure fell. Ebanykus dropped to his side crying "Theese!"

The crowd in deadly silence edged in. The boy tried to raise himself as I leaned over to give him support. His breath was foul and you had to see the track marks on his arms. Why didn't he wear a shirt to hide the ugly blotches? Ebanykus sat on his haunches staring at him. The boy tried to raise himself, exposing his crotch and pelvis. I glanced quickly down but he rolled over on his stomach again. I reached out to squeeze his pulse. Then, as I looked up to scream the boy was dead, Ebanykus sprang up and pushed through the crowd to the front door.

Just before the boy died, I'd seen the markings of a word tattooed on his thigh and had flashed long enough to make out four black and blue blocks spelling Y-O-C-K.

Now, says I to myself, now is the time for Ebanykus to level with me once and for all. I'd had enough of his fuckin' mystery.

Next month–Chapter III. YOCK splits the lovers and gets screwed at the baths. Don't miss this exciting installment of "The Ebanykus Journal!"

• • •

WINKIN', BLINKIN' AND NOD

(Continued from page 6)

down the curtain on Act I of the sexplay. "Ah, well," you may say with only a tinge of regret, "Act II might have been an even bigger bomb." And so you forget it and move along to someone more receptive.

Think of it: just thirty seconds to either riotous rapture or total turn-off . . . all without a word having been said . . . a gesture made . . . and with no one being the wiser for all this sexual semaphoring!

This is a prime example of *uninvolved eye-cruising* in a *crowd.* Even *less* involved eye-cruising is the rule in

SPEEDY JOHN SEX

In john cruising, eye-action must be faster and more direct. This is because of space limitations, peripheral danger, and the need for quick consummation since–if the very best john-sex protocol is to be scrupulously observed–you and he play the 'numbers' game enthusiastically, hence the action must be kept brisk for each of you to tick off the next bead of the sexual abacus.

The technique of successful john eye-cruising is this:

a) eyeball-to-eyeball (just briefly, to establish a definite contact and to show you mean business) then

b) eyes to crotch (just a tad lingeringly if it looks huge . . . a kind of sexual depth-charge) then

e) eyes in a once-over inspection of his body's structural outlines (a trifle slower here, especially if what you see is something to admire. . . the slight retard is taken as a compliment and can further pave the way) then finally

d) eyes back to eyes (now permitting yourself a slight smile that says 'hello').

All this takes less than fifteen seconds, but the police couldn't size up a suspect any better in that short space of time . . . which reminds us that in your 'down-and-around' inspection don't fail to carefully observe his shoes/feet. It is well to remember that too often the word 'cop' is spelled f-e-e-t.

If in your inspection you note that they are flat, widely-spread, splayed . . . and that his shoes are 'sensible' ones without style, to compensate for the occupational hazard of pounding a beat, don't even bother completing the eye-cruise. *Fade forthwith!*

THE CONFIDENT CRUISER

Few will deny that the john cruiser is the most confident of all gay guys. In addition to the fillip of winning in the 'numbers' game–of scoring and keeping score–there is something equally and possibly more rewarding to him.

It is this: the idea of having an encounter with another he may never have seen before, and likely will never see again . . . a complete 'round robin' of sex initiated and carried through till consummation via the wordlessness and 'touchlessness' of eye contact–from first glance to crotch 'computation' through overall body inspection, back to eye reassurance and thence to sex itself–all without giving the slightest clue to one's identity, ('ships that pass in the night'), makes sex all the more tantalizing.

With no time to impress in the dalliance of love-play . . . without the comfort and familiarity of bedroom or couch . . . without the added inspiration of music, love-words, lights, pot or cocktails, or totally-bare body contact and ritualization worship . . . enjoying each sexual surprise as it *occurs* rather than as it is *planned,* and coming out of the encounter with a heightened respect for, and joy in, his sexual powers/prowess–and then on without pause to the next (who, he expects, will prove even more exciting!)–gives him a bushy-tailed confidence other gay guys may never acquire . . . a *relaxed* confidence that makes him master of himself as well as of others.

THE LOOK THAT DEPERSONALIZES

Earlier in this article we mentioned that in eye-cruising, wherever it takes place, one should *look* but *never stare* at a prospective trick.

The reason is quite simple: the stare *dehumanizes* and renders him a 'thing' or 'object' in abstract rather than the 'real, live doll' you'd like to know sexually. If the stare is not actually 'down-putting'–as he senses it–it is certainly 'off-putting'. Fundamentally eye-cruising seeks to build a bridge between possible lovers, thus any glance should either ask forthrightly "Are you available?" or state unequivocally "I'm available."

If you stare, or–what is akin to it–make a production of holding a look too long, he becomes restive and defensive rather than interested and cooperative, and all your well-intentioned plans will have gone for naught.

At worst you've completely turned him off . . . forget it. At best you may have tuned him out for a spell and, having seen for yourself the damage done, if you want to try again you must start from scratch, either adjusting your cruising technique as best you can, or employing another without reliance on any phase of visual 'Morse code'.

One may stare at animals in a zoo . . . at spectacles . . . at 'things' and at actors on the stage (the wall of light that separates actors from audience allows them to move freely and easily in their own special world without conscious awareness that, for the time being, your stare has created 'objects' out of persons).

'COME HITHER, GO THITHER' LOOKS

Ralph Waldo Emerson said "The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood the world over." This is certainly true in gay life–especially in cruising (90% of the sexual strategy in regular cruising . . . 100% in john cruising).

Thus it is that your glance may be 'a look that could kill' or a wordless kiss . . . it may say that you're 'a flirty, flirty guy with a flirty, flirty eye' or that you're dead serious . . . that love to you is a very light thing, but sex a burning issue.

The more subtle your eye-cruising, the more successful you'll be. While a 'fish eye' may indeed pinion another with the constraint of shackles it will not 'gather ye nuts in May' (if you'll excuse the expression).

A gentle smile will materially assist your eyes in cruising. The mere lifting of the corners of one's lips when glancing speculatively at another makes everything easier . . . rose petals in your path. Then, once the 'eye reply' seems favorable, a slight widening of that smile by lifting your lips to reveal your upper teeth (hopefully 16 goodies . . . no fangs) stamps the encounter 'Sold' and about to be 'delivered'.

• • •

PEACOCKSMANSHIP

(Continued from page 11)

already had going for them by bringing it into a dynamic new perspective.

With such a variety/choice of beautiful clothes design available, plus the new hairstyle, plus perhaps a flattering moustache (or a beard) camouflaging his weak points, any gay guy who has been sitting on the sidelines biting his nails as trick after exciting trick passes him by is now in the sex game like furiously and scoring like crazy!

Unfortunately, having been hoist by his spectacular new success in the competitive world of gay sex, the last thing he would think of doing is make waves, and so he lives in a state of constant apprehension that he just *may* offend. To prevent this dire consequence he not only scrubs every individual pore until it hurts–and twice a day–but takes either the drastic step of sealing off the pores with an antiperspirant or–less dramatically–masks any milder exudation with a deodorant. In this the male-cosmetics manufacturers aid and abet him. It's a big business and the list of such products is virtually endless.

DEODORANT DANGERS

However, some deodorants offend by by their (a) cheapness of smell, or (b) by their inability to coalesce or blend their obviously *synthetic* aroma with the *natural* and usually *exciting* odor of the male body when sexually aroused.

Worse is the excessive use of antiperspirants, most of which are compounded on an aluminum base by chemists who assuredly did not have gayguys/gaysex in mind. When a lover is exploring the exotic mysteries of the underarm area with his tongue, and moves on to the sexy depths of the pubic area (hunting for a good scrotum scent or 'ball' smell to urge him onward-ever-onward) or, when he's tongue-a-lovin' the divine orifice of the anus, he wants something more than just a tongue workout for all his sexual nuancing.

S-U-B-S-C-R-I-B-E
And Save $6!



QQ MAGAZINE IS NO. 1!
BECAUSE it is a quality publication that doesn't "cut corners"!
BECAUSE it is the biggest entertainment buy for gay guys found anywhere!
BECAUSE it is written and designed by gay guys who know what you want!
BECAUSE it is truthful and doesn't exploit gay guys!
BECAUSE its staff takes pride in honesty and respects the buyer!
BECAUSE it has never missed a publication date in 4 years!

THESE ARE JUST A FEW REASONS WHY QQ IS "THE LEADER" IN GAY PUBLICATIONS—OVER 95,000 HAPPY READERS . . . AND WE HOPE YOU ARE AMONG THEM!

HOW ARE MAGAZINES SENT?
In Extra Heavy "Glazed" Manila Envelopes—so costly only Wall Street firms use them. They are carefully sealed—because we respect your privacy!

THE GREATEST VALUE EVER!
Cover price is $3.00 per copy—but ONLY $12.00A YEAR FOR 6 BIG ISSUES for U.S. subscribers. That's only $2.00 per copy. (Subscribers in Mexico and Canada MUST add $3.00 for additional postage to insure sealed delivery; subscribers in all other countries add $5.00.)

ONLY $12.00 FOR 6 BIG ISSUES

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

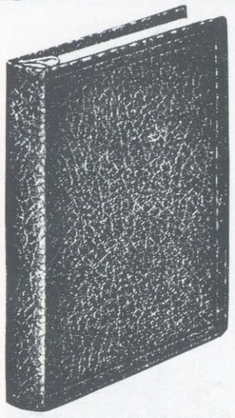
Guys:
You bet I want to subscribe to QQ. Find enclosed my check or money-order for **$12.00 in full.** ($15.00 in Mexico and Canada; $17.00 all other countries).
I certify that I am 21 years or older.
I wish to commence my subscription with the (check one):
□ Current Issue □ Next Issue

Signature_____

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....**Zip**.....
(Please Print)



MAGAZINE BINDERS

Collectors of QQ Magazine have asked for hard-cover binders—to protect their magazines and keep them together in handy book form on the library shelf.

The binders are sturdy and attractive—covered with imitation black leather (grained). Each binder comes with 12 "spines" which are inserted in the center of each magazine and then snapped into place. Capacity is 12 magaznies (based on our current issues, which are printed on heavy stock; earlier editions of QQ are thinner and it is possible to accommodate as many as 18 magazines in each binder . . . for this reason we are making available extra spines at 75 cents a set of 6).

Our binders bear no markings—to insure privacy on your library shelf. You may therefore use them for QQ or BODY or any other magazines you collect which are the same size as ours. Order extras.

ONLY $6.00 EACH!

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

MIDTOWN BOOKSTORE

138 West 42nd St.

New York, N. Y.

NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD
ON THE LATEST, WILDEST GROUP OF

MAGAZINES ★ FILMS ★ CARDS
★ PAPERBACKS ★ CARTOONS ★

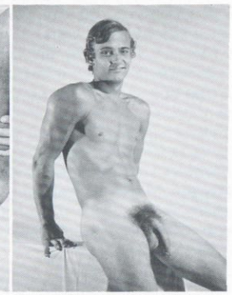
BRUCE PRESENTS



Sommers Twins



Wil Sommers



Jon Sommers

Sommers Twins—Deluxe heavy B&W Photos: 8 5X7's for $5.00, 16 for $9.00. 35mm Color Slides: 8 for $6.00, 16 for $10.00.

Wil Sommers—Deluxe heavy B&W Photos: 8 5X7's for $5.00, 16 for $9.00. 35mm Color Slides: 8 for $6.00.

Jon Sommers—Deluxe heavy B&W Photos: 8 5X7's for $5.00, 16 for $9.00. 35mm Color Slides: 8 for $6.00.

New Customer Special! Three selected 5X7 photos and illustrated circulars for only $3. Airmail 50¢.

You Must Advise Us That You Are 21 Or Older

BRUCE OF LOS ANGELES
P. O. BOX 347, LONG BEACH, CALIF. 90801

If he comes up for air with everything *neuter,* or with his tastebuds smarting from the metallic bite of the aluminum, his sex focus is blunted, the thrust is diverted or lessened, the whole scene is a turn-off, and that trick is going down in his little black book as a major tactical error never to be repeated.

Ideally a deodorant should be so inocuously blendable that the tongue can linger longer in those strategic erotic areas where one can give full rein to the many delightful surprises one has in store.

There are two good ones that come to mind. Those whose natural body aroma is not overpowering will find *Monsieur* by Givenchy a delight. It's a stick deodorant with a rich, heavenly scent that really blends . . . that's wholly masculine . . . and without that awful icky-spicy activity that—when heated by the body's sexually-aroused warmth—is worse than the gamiest animal odor. You can get this only in the very best department stores or men's shops and one stick costs $3.75 and lasts and lasts!

Another, particularly recommended for those whose sweat glands overproduce when in the throes of sex (or the throes of anything, for that matter . . . fear, for instance) and who really need some blockage of the pores, is *Arrid Extra Dry* liquid aerosol antiperspirant. This one is unscented and because it has a lighter aluminum chlorhydrate activator—unlike overstated others—the metallic taste is reduced to minimal (and usually undetectable). The cost per container is about $1.50 and should last you for at least a month.

Please note this, however. Do *not* apply *any* antiperspirant to the pubic area. Why? Because when things get sexually groovy it's a lot hotter down *there* than under the armpits and the metal is definitely tasteable.

By the way, you may be interested to know that this particular antiperspirant is such a favorite with the summer gayguys of Fire Island that discarded *Arrid* containers are almost as numerous as spent popper shells!

POWDER SPRAYS

No! Sexually active gayguys avoid such sprays because with all that dredging of tongue one is sure to come up with a mouthful of sheer crud. Any uncircumcised individual will certainly want to avoid powder sprays because even the gentlest spray-on around the genitals will churn up a collection of instant smegma that even the most fanatical devotee of Roman Roll will find offensive.

THE BEST GENITAL HYGIENE

Possibly the best hygienic procedure is to shower twice a day using a good deodorant soap like *Zest* (a particular gay favorite because the scent of the soap is rapidly evanescent, leaving only the desirable odor of a clean body). Or if you are allergic to a product that kills 'odor-forming bacteria'—as the ads proclaim—there are many non-allergenic soaps that work well.

Then make a point of carrying in your jacket pocket at all times a small packet of *Wash 'n Dri,* those miniature moistened towelettes wrapped in foil that are so effective as facial refresheners. *Wash 'n Dri* takes up no more room in your pocket than a pack of cigarettes. Dart into your office john or some other likely place, remove your jacket, unbutton your shirt, and gently cleanse the armpit areas carefully. Take another towelette and do the same for your pubic area. Perhaps a third one for even deep anal penetration . . . just to make triply sure. For most this should be quite enough to keep one vernally fresh throughout the day for any delightfully unexpected sex. It takes only a minute at most and is in every way sound hygienic insurance.

Then, as we've said, if your case is a bit more difficult, add a touch of *Monsieur.* If still more difficult, then *Arrid*—but only under the arms.

Why this underarm stress? Because it takes a gayguy with a really strong stomach to put up with overpowering 'hibernating bear' armpit odor while lickalicking, so prime consideration should always be given to servicing this area.

Please don't think that this hygienic super-caution is over-stressed or misapplied, nor that it is in any way effeminate. As we said earlier, one does a *now thing* in a *now way.* Most 'today type' gayguys are really rugged but they are also cannily practical and attuned to the sensibilities/sensitivities of others, and their consideration of the body sensual/sexual is wholly realistic.

In this respect they differ strikingly from their opposites in European countries. Nationals of almost every European country bathe less frequently than Americans. Even in great cities like London a once- or twice-a-week bath is the norm. Once you spend a vacation abroad you will come home all the more appreciative of the fact that any potential trick will be cleaner and smell better.

They do *their* thing *their* way . . . we do ours *our* way, and it is with the idea of helping you do yours *your* way that we have brought these (hopefully) helpful suggestions to your attention.

• • •

FOR ALL THE JACK STAFFORDS

(Continued from page 5)

a perfect example of this kind of thing has been reported in the media. You've probably read about it in your local papers.

It seems that three fraternity members of Chi Chi Chi Fraternity of Pierce College in Los Angeles, California decided that Fred Bronner, another student at the college, was "obnoxious, and a mama's boy." So they decided to teach him a lesson by leaving him up in the mountains, whereupon Bronner, while trying to get back to civilization, fell off a cliff and died.

Whether Fred Bronner was Gay or not is beside the point. He was murdered for the same reasons our Gay brothers are murdered in this country. His lack of interest in girls, his disinterest in sports and his general passive nature were deemed a threat by his "brothers."

But the real tragedy of this kind of violence against Gay people is that it doesn't arouse indignation in the general community or even among Gay people themselves (yet). Even when the murderers have been apprehended, juries throughout the country have either acquitted the defendant or given him a light sentence if he used as his defense that the victim "made sexual advances toward him."

Can you imagine a Homosexual man or woman being acquitted or given a light sentence with a defense that the heterosexual made sexual advances? Of course not. And until heterosexual people are made to respect a Homosexual lifestyle as being just as good, just as valid, just as healthy, and just as equal in the eyes of the law, the murders of Gay people by hets will continue and will continue to be excused by the system.

Until that day comes, we will not receive equal protection and equal justice under the law; and we must take extra precautions to protect ourselves.

So rest in peace, Jack Stafford. If your death serves to dramatize to even one other Gay person the kind of anger and indignation that leads to a healthy demand for self-respect and self-preservation, it was not in vain.

• • •

SEX: HOW IMPORTANT IS IT?

(Continued from page 54)

1. When you go to a party or to a bar for an evening, *talk* with people, get to know them. Get over the idea that you have to go home with him that night and probably never see him again. How many times have you made passionate love with someone one night and then seen him on the street the next night and not even said hello?

2. Have Gay friends over for a casual social evening with dinner or dessert and coffee. And if you're part of a Gay couple, get to know other couples on a social basis.

3. Seek out other Gays where you work. Develop your natural feelings of group solidarity whether on your job or after work. And if you really want to be up-front, wear a Gay Lib button to work. (I'm reminded here of a regular customer in my bookshop who is a postman. And he wears a "Gay Revolution" button on his postman's hat every day.)

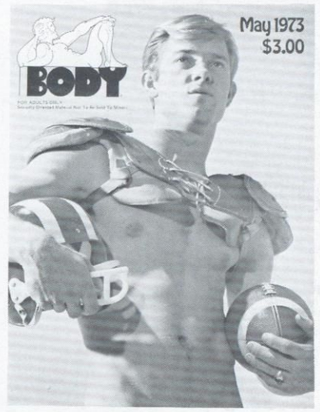
4. Develop social contacts with Gay women. It's surprising how few Gay males have Gay women as friends; and because of this, Gay males have, in general, many false stereotypes of Gay women. The stereotype of a Gay woman as a cigar-smoking, crude, garage mechanic is equally as false as the stereotype of Gay males.

5. Bring your family and Hetero friends into contact with your Gay life. Have your parents over for dinner at the same time as your Gay friends. And as far as your Hetero friends are concerned, if they react negatively to being socially with Gay people other than yourself, the odds are that they are your friends "in spite of your being Gay."

You'll find that by broadening your social and group contacts with other Gay people, *as Gay people,* your sex life will improve as well. And as we get to know each other on more than a purely sexual basis, we realize the great diversity and beauty of our Gay brothers. At the heart of the Gay Liberation Movement, which in the coming generations is going to do so much to change the basic structure of our society, is this feeling of group solidarity and purpose. Try it; you'll like it.

• • •

S-U-B-S-C-R-I-B-E
And Save $6!



Is BODY Just Another Picture Magazine?

No. **BODY** is dedicated to the beauty of the male physique in its entirety. Unlike all other gay picture magazines which concentrate on the phallus only—**BODY** also pays attention to beautiful faces and great bodies. In fact—only in **BODY** will you find the IDEAL MALE. More than 50 beautiful models are featured in every issue—ranging in type from heavily muscled to rugged to lithe swimmer to sensitive young men. There is always something for everyone. What every model has in common is a big phallus, firm buttocks, handsome body, and beautiful face.

Is BODY Like QQ Magazine?

Only in quality. Whereas QQ Magazine features articles WITH pictures—**BODY** features pictures WITH articles. Like QQ Magazine **BODY** is a big 8½x11 printed on heavy glossy stock. It has the same number of pages—plus a color cover, color centerspread (of the most beautiful frontal nudes seen anywhere), and color back cover.

Is BODY Sold At Newsstands?

Only at a handful. **BODY** comes on too strong for the average newsdealer. It is sold mainly by subscription. The cover price is $3—but at the U.S. subscription rate of $12 a year for 6 bi-monthly issues . . . it comes to only $2 a magazine. (See coupon for foreign rates.) Magazines are sent in heavy, "glazed" envelopes—so costly only Wall Street firms use them. They are plainly marked and individually sealed. **CANNOT BE SOLD TO THOSE UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE.**

Send to: QQ PUBLISHING CO., INC.
Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave.
New York, N. Y. 10001

Check one:

□ **Find $12 enclosed ($15 in Mexico and Canada; $17 all other countries) for a 1-year subscription to BODY (6 issues)**

□ **Find $3 enclosed ($3.50 in Canada and Mexico; $4.50 elsewhere) for a single copy**

I attest by my signature that I am 21 years or older:

_____
(Signature)

Name_____Age____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip____
(Please Print Clearly)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Your business or personal message. Publisher reserves the right to reject any ad. 50¢ per word (name and address count as 2 words). QQ out in May—ads must be received by April 1st (deadline for issue out in July is June 1st). Payment must accompany order. Send order and payment to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., NYC 10001.

FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG of gay erotica and unusual general-interest material. Books, slides, films, photos, equipment, etc. Many under $2. Quality stuff at discount prices. Therapy Books, Box 714, FDR Station, NYC 10022. (25¢ speeds mailing, not essential.)

•

'73 ALL BONDAGE CALENDAR $1. '73 Mr. Fe-Be Calendar 50¢. A Taste Of Leather, Fe-Be's, Dept. QQ, 1501 Folsom, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

•

HAIRY BALD GORILLA. QQ, Oct. "Letters." Please write James, 525 N. Laurel, L.A., Calif. 90048.

•

WANTED: BACK ISSUE NO. 1 of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY. Willing to pay reasonable price. M.S., P.O. Box 4031, Phila., Pa. 19118.

•

ELK RIDGE RANCH Campgrounds. Write for information. Gay only to: Elk Ridge Ranch, Box 284C, Harper's Ferry, W.Va. 25425.

•

ADORNMENTS For Your Privates. Brochure, $1. ATOL, 1501 Folsom St., QQ, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

•

COCK & BALL HARNESS $5. Increase your turnover by 20%, makes you feel like you are gently being groped. Adds inches to your sex life. Guaranteed to fit. Box 5009-QQ, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

•

WORLD'S BIGGEST COCK. All-time champ amazed doctors. Clear 8x10 glossy of handsome go-go kid rushed 1st class with gay brochures. $3.00 from Box 153, FDR Station, NYC 10022.

•

GAY EROTICA DEALER wants to contact manufacturers and wholesalers of related soft and hard material to sell via his exclusive list. Dropshippers OK. Send samples/prices to: Box 337, Lenox Hill Station, NYC 10021.

•

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Roger from all the guys on Buford Drive. Many more!

1973 MUSCLE MAN CALENDAR. 12 pages, 12 bodybuilders. Only $1.50. Send to: Ed Jubinville, P.O. Box 662, Holyoke, Mass. 01040.

•

YOUNG MALE NUDES. The finest in young male nude photography comes from DOM Studio. Movies, magazines, slides. Send $1 (refundable) for details. DOM Studio, P.O. Box 792, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

•

GAY MOVIE RENTAL SERVICE. Groovy guys, REAL HARD CORE SEX, color. Reasonable rates. Sign over 21. Write: SERVICE, Dept. QQ, Box 889, Seattle, Wash. 98111.

•

SWINGERS OVERSEAS 1973. Gay Guide. Europe. Morocco. Mexico. Puerto Rico. Detailed information. Maps. Guaranteed the best or your money back. $5.00. SOS, Dept. N, P.O. Box 27781, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.

•

SLAVE WANTED—San Francisco. Downtown Live-in Possible with benevolent autocrat (55, 6'2", 220). P.O. Box 2811, SF CA 94126. Phone anytime, (415) 775-4806.

•

GAY POETRY by "Ebanykus Journal" author Dakota Jonson. "We Gotta Love One Another Right Now" is about cruising, love, sex, gay lib. Available in a limited edition from Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, 291 Mercer St., New York, N.Y. 10003. Send $1.50. (Price includes postage.)

•

BALL STRETCHER/CAGE. Unique. Subtle. Black leather, buckles two ways to fit. Eyelets for weights or ? Only $5.00. Illustrated CATALOG of custom S&M leather gear, $1.00. Send to TANTALUS, Box 9052, Dept. Q, Boston, Mass. 02114.

•

USED MALE UNDERGARMENTS with photo and details of wearer. Jockey shorts, T-shirts, jocks, socks, etc. State what "extras" you want on garments. Only $5 each. Orders mailed 1st class with gay catalogs. Box 798, NYC 10017.

QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

PHOTO FEATURES

Famous Taormina Boys 1:3:28
Colt Studio Portfolio 2:3:25
Mr. Fire Island Contest 2:4:25
Mr. America/Mr. World Contest ... 3:1:23
Musclemen: A Pictorial Tribute ... 3:3:17
1971 Mr. America Show 4:1:13
An Appreciation: Tom of Finland . 4:1:14
Art: Graffiti King 4:2:15
Art: Quaintance 4:3:12
Mr. Universe 4:3:25
Art: Steve Masters 4:4:12
Mr. Belgium 4:4:22
Mr. Germany 4:6:31
Mr. Fire Island 5:1:23
Mr. Universe Winners 1948-1972.. 5:3:20

REGULAR FEATURES

Harry Chess ..... Starting 1:4
Odd Son ..... Starting 2:1
Company You Keep ..... Starting 3:2
Centerspread Pinup ..... Starting 3:4
Lovers in the Dark 3:3-4:3
Royal Flush 4:4-5:5

LOVE BUGS

(Continued from page 14)

plus the cost of the gamma globulin. You may, however, secure the serum free of charge from a city health clinic and deliver it in person to your doctor who will most likely charge you only for the office visit. But no matter what the cost of a (usually) 6cc. initial inoculation, have it done . . . and additionally at other times if you suspect that your sexual contact is infected. The assured protection will relieve your mind of all fears/suspicions and help make sexual activity—particularly abroad—an unalloyed delight.

It is important to know that the incubation period—the time from first contact to the appearance of symptoms (more about these later in this article)—in *infectious* hepatitis averages from three to four *weeks,* while the incubation period for *serum* hepatitis can be anywhere from three to six *months.* So don't be lulled into a sense of false security because no *immediate* symptoms show. With this knowledge red-flagged in your mind, you may wisely decide that occasional booster shots of gamma globulin provide sexual insurance.

Serum Hepatitis

Usually serum hepatitis is not a form of this disease gay guys worry much about. However, with the rise in drug use—particularly drugs administered intravenously—a whole new mine-field of hepatic dangers looms ahead.

Have you recently had blood taken for examination, or been called upon to give blood, or—perhaps in response to some grave emergency (the Managua earthquake, for example)—have you humanely offered your blood? Then you may have noticed that the needle the clinician inserted in your arm was brand new and snapped from its sterile protective covering only seconds before the insertion.

You may have been surprised by this—remembering other times when a hypodermic needle was sterilized in boiling water for some time. Physicians know that hepatitis germs are so stubbornly resistant that even a full 10 minutes of boiling will not destroy them all, and so this technique of another day is now rarely used.

The drug addict, however, knows no such sophisticated hygienic procedure. Many hard-drug addicts just heat water in a spoon with a burning match or two, and immerse only that part of the needle (used over and over again) that will puncture the skin and vein. Serum hepatitis—the intravenous transmission of the hepatic virus—is inevitable.

Gay guys—as much as straights—become addicted to drugs and so the incidence of serum hepatitis among our brothers is not infrequent. But what is worse is that in a freaked-out dream state brought on by drugs, the gay guy becomes careless about checking out another's anorectal hygiene as he grows more negligent of his own. Thus the felony (and truly it is a felony) is compounded and the risks grow alarmingly.

There are certain symptoms/signs common to both these forms of hepatitis and here is a mini-tabulation of them you just might clip out and keep for ready reference (because it *is* easy to overlook or misread them since they are also symptoms/signs of other diseases and/or dysfunctions).

SYMPTOMS. The early symptoms are much the same as those of the common cold . . . weakness, nausea, vomiting, fever, headache and pain over the liver area (just under the right front ribs) plus jaundice. These are the most common symptoms. There are many cases, however, where jaundice *does not appear!*

SIGNS. Pain when pressure is applied over the liver area. Jaundice will be noticed in the sclera (whites of eyes) as mentioned earlier. *Urine* becomes *darker . . . feces* become *lighter.* If your eyes are sclerotic and you have pain over your liver area, or jaundice of the skin is plainly present, a visit to your doctor is indicated—immediately. However, if just the *other* symptoms manifest themselves, you might wait for a few days. If they persist, by all means see your doctor. He will very likely ask you to submit to these

TESTS. A complete blood count, urinalysis, stool examination, icteric index (the index of the bilirubin content of the blood . . . an icterus index above 15 means that clinical jaundice is *definitely* present) as well as an alkaline phosphatase test. Nothing difficult . . . just a nuisance.

TREATMENT. Absolute bedrest . . . you're sexually grounded . . . avoidance of any drug that would require unusual liver function (such as alcohol or sleeping pills) as well as a special diet to avoid liver damage.

So you see, simple common sense will not only keep you safe, but in the running. Observe your trick (especially if he's foreign) more carefully than you have in the past. Remember . . . don't fuck him/suck him/rim him—especially the latter—until you see the *whites* of his eyes! They should be approximately that (allowing for a little red-white-and-blue of bloodshot eyes from a hectic night before). Then take the commonsense precaution of checking his anorectal plumbing . . . and having a booster shot of gamma globulin if you retain the slightest doubt after sex. How can you avoid the disease without giving up sex? First, face the facts—the sex instinct is a basic drive, and, among gay guys, one of the strongest of all life motivations. It is unrealistic to even think of avoiding sex; this can give rise to deep psychological upheavals.

The sex drive is healthy and natural and its indulgence serves as a stabilizer for even the most turbulent individuals. Rather, it makes more sense to safeguard against the disease—and this can be done easily by taking prophylactic inoculations of gamma globulin, approximately 2cc. every four to six weeks. It is necessary to take it regularly because protection lasts only this long; it must be replenished. This small amount is enough to protect you in most instances should you have sex with someone who is infected.

This is especially good advice for gay guys traveling abroad. Since the possibility of contracting hepatitis is greater there (water in many foreign places is not pure—a problem we do not have in the United States—and this creates an additional hepatic factor) . . . and if you are more active sexually abroad than at home, an occasional additional booster shot is indicated. Please don't think of all this as 'therapy', but as sexual insurance . . . and enjoy!

AMEBIASIS

You may experience many of the symptoms of hepatitis, but the additional one of diarrhea/dysentery may prove it to be amebiasis, an intestinal disease caused by an invasion of a particular variety of ameba, a one-celled animal whose acquaintance you first made under the microscope of your high-school science lab.

Amebiasis is the cross gay guys who rim indiscriminately or too carelessly must often bear and who, as a result, suffer blood-streaked stools, intense abdominal pain along with, often, chills and fever. If unchecked it can be extremely disabling, so don't make the mistake of assuming that these symptoms which will cause a sudden and dramatic loss of weight, sallow skin and a swollen abdomen are due to indigestion.

Severe amebic dysentery can cause death. There is the hazard that the parasite may travel to the liver and cause an abscess. Even mild amebiasis can make you feel miserable, run-down, and make it difficult-to-impossible to resist other diseases.

Usually amebiasis in gay guys develops through contaminated feces taken into one's mouth. However, it may come through being served by a waiter who failed to wash his hands after a bowel movement . . . or from drinking impure water (Mexican alert!), or by coming in contact with back-up sewage during some civic emergency or strike of sanitation workers.

It may surprise you to know that it may derive from eating organic vegetables grown in soil fertilized by a fecal mixture of animal *and* human waste! It's not the animal shit you have to worry about . . . but human. In South America you will discover that people are quite accustomed to eating only raw fruits and vegetables . . . and that the incidence of amebiasis is extremely high . . . and among gay guys, higher still.

Here is another mini-tabulation of cause/effect/treatment you may wish to clip out and preserve.

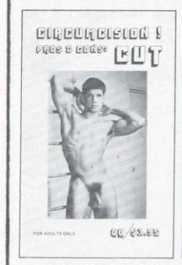
SYMPTOMS. Gradual onset of diarrhea, abdominal pain, nausea, vomiting, with weakness and anemia following the diarrhea. The bowel movements may contain mucus, blood and pus. Yet it should be noted that in many instances individuals go through the initial stages of amebiasis *without having a single symptom!* Symptoms, when they do appear can happen anywhere from one to twelve weeks after acquiring the infection.

SIGNS. Lower abdominal pain. Tenderness over the liver (the liver is highly involved in amebiasis if it persists for several weeks). Sigmoidoscopic examination of the rectum and lower portion of the colon may show typical amebic ulcers.

TESTS. Complete blood count, stool examination, liver function and agglutination tests.

TREATMENT. Determination must be made on where the ameba or amebas are centered. Antibiotics work most effectively for intestinal amebiasis, while anti-malaria drugs are often more effective if the disease has spread to the liver, lungs, skin or brain. (It might be said that physicians often have difficulty diagnosing amebiasis and the pa-

CIRCUMCISION PROS & CONS





CIRCUMCISION PROS & CONS is a set of 2 booklets which may be purchased together at a savings, or separately. The booklets are sent in plainly marked, carefully sealed heavy manila envelopes, via 1st class.

UNCUT contains dozens of photos of uncircumcised models and closeups of the natural phallus, plus brief text. Priced at $3.95.

CUT contains dozens of photos of circumcised models and closeups of the altered phallus, plus brief text. Priced at $3.95.

Each booklet is printed on heavy enameled stock and has a grained cover. SAVE MONEY and order BOTH BOOKLETS for only $7.00.

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

gsf

Tired of the bars?

Our NATIONWIDE Services Eliminate Cruising!
SAFE & DISCREET
INTRODUCTIONS by MAIL or TELEPHONE!

- OVER 1,200 MEMBERS
- IMMEDIATE INTRODUCTIONS
- YOU CHOOSE YOUR CONTACTS
- ALL AGES, RACES, TYPES
- INSTANT TELEPHONE SERVICE
- SAFE AND DISCREET
- MEMBERS IN ALL 50 STATES
- ELIMINATE CRUISING
- RUN BY GAYS FOR GAYS
- MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

GSF . . . Since 1968

Call Now: 213—654-3491 or Send Coupon!

GSF Organization Dept. QQ-4
8235 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Yes, I'm interested in learning more about the GSF Organization and how I can expand my social life. I enclose $1.00 for postage and handling.

Name _____ Age ___
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone # _____

The Gemini 18

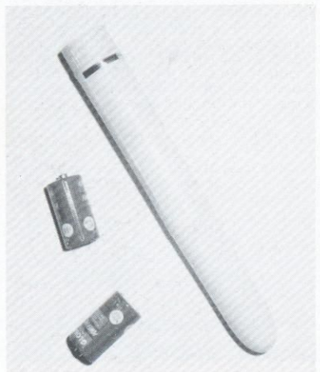


THE GEMINI 18 can be used as a "single" by those who like length—or a "double" by two at the same time. Flesh-like, flesh-colored solid rubber over 18" long and better than 2" in diameter. Molded from life, very realistic. Over 2 lbs. of springy rubber. Completely washable. (A tip for the economy-minded: It can be divided in half by cutting, for two good-sized singles.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE GEMINI 18 ..... $19.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

Shaky Stik



Speak softly . . . but carry a big SHAKY STIK! Our vibrator/massager is similar to those sold in drugstores—but bigger . . . 10" long! Two-speed (fast and slow). Durable white plastic (washable). Comes complete with batteries. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

SHAKY STIK $8.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

tient is frequently referred to more specialized medical opinion in tropical-diseases branches of Boards of Health in large cities. New York City has a very notable tropical-diseases panel.)

There are also specific drugs for amebiasis but they must be given under close observation. The prognosis for recovery is excellent if you see your doctor in time. Don't hesitate for a moment if you develop these symptoms. Awareness of these dangers that prey on gay guys is the surest way to recovery, for checked in time by the excellent therapies available there is little to fear.

• • •

HOW THEY BALL

(Continued from page 16)

the *Berliner Ensemble* carries on Brechtian tradition under the direction of Helene Weigel.

Even more on the plus side for gay guys, along with East Berlin's new 'accessibility' has come into being a new gay life. Or perhaps it's just the giddy old one now come out of the closet after years in wartime/post-wartime mothballs. (Cruising the 'mothball fleet' . . . now that's a switch!)

If you are visiting Germany this year—perhaps making the nude scene at Sylt Island, as outlined in the first issue of *Ciao!*, then plan to go as far inland as West Berlin—why not do the whole bit and spend a day or so in East Berlin? Also other East German cities such as Leipzig and Dresden, about which we hope to have more updated information—post-freeze information—in a future issue.

One of the oddities of Communist German bureaucratic reasoning is that in gay sex—as in prostitution—it is perfectly permissible for East Germans to have sex with *Western* visitors! Now if this seems a bit convoluted, a brief explanation will unravel the mystery. Prostitution among East Germans is still illegal but this doesn't stop the hookers from cruising a Western john from whom—quite logically—they'll accept only West German currency, because to take payment in *East* German marks would make the act a crime!

On the other hand, while homosexual acts 'between consenting adults at least twenty-one years of age' are entirely legal, they are frowned on if the participants are *both* East Germans, because such acts, although strictly within the law, are considered 'unpatriotic'. So you see, as they raise one hand in blessing they're spanking with the other. Yet if you are a national of any *other* country, it's quite all right because you're faceless—a non-person. You just don't count!

Until recently this has been the only deterrent to gay sex (but is any gay guy ever 'deterred' for very long?)—the worry and fear that being thought 'unpatriotic' might well cost a job, or delay or prevent a promotion . . . that it might render impossible a political accommodation of some kind, or prevent one from getting the bigger plums of government service.

Thus gay guys now cruise openly—and without fear—the *Western* tricks in such popular areas/places as the S-Bahn Station, or the *City-Klause* or the *G-Bier Café*, both in the Friedrichstrasse where *everything* is!).

It should be happily noted that the city abounds in handsome young humpyhorns from the Soviet Union . . . those officer/soldier studs with the heavy-headed cocks who are delighted to be assigned to East Berlin. Since gay sex is forbidden by Mother Russia —being punishable by imprisonment, exile to Siberia, or worse—yet can be enjoyed fully/freely in East Berlin, Officer Comrade Ivan Ivanovich is balling it to the hilt every night. *From* Russia With *Love*—indeed!

You see, although he is the 'conqueror' he is still technically a 'foreigner' and so the gay East Germans can have a go at/with him anytime without fear of reprisal, or of being considered unpatriotic. You'll find Ivan and his comrades cruising not only the S-Bahn Station, the City-Klause and G-Bier Café, but making the scene in these

OUTDOOR CRUISING AREAS

Very popular with hustlers and just amatory gay guys alike, in addition to the S-Bahn Station, is the Alexanderplatz where Lenin Allee and Karl-Marx-Allee collide . . . also around the Rote Rathaus—the old red City Hall . . . as well as the park in front of—and the streets alongside and around—the famous Mary Church . . . the *Marienkirche.* Also cruised is the area where Warschauerstrasse and Lenin Allee converge. All cruising areas mentioned are near each other . . . forming a kind of gay nucleus. So as a 'foreigner' you can't miss.

SOME GAY CAFES

As previously noted, East Berlin is theatrically alive and well and doing business at the same old stands. Thus you will very likely see actors in costume and makeup in cafes/bars/*bierstubes* near the theaters where they are appearing. A very popular place of this particular type is the *Presse Café* across from the Friedrichstrasse Station. While it is not overtly or solely gay, the actors make it so and it is therefore cruisy during the afternoon and just before theater time (7:30 p.m.). It is near the theater of political satire *Die Distel.*

If you have cruised the S-Bahn Station and have not seen what you had in mind, try the *Eckstein* in Schonhauser Allee, near the Station. In recent months—even more so since the 'thaw'—it has become predominantly gay. Long *the* place where gay East Germans could come and share their misery, the new freedom, plus a greater influx of Western visitors, has made it all the gayer.

At this writing drugs have made some headway into East Berlin (but then, where haven't they?). So if you've just initiated a teasy young East German trick into the exotic delights of pot with your last joint (and it's such a neighborly/loverly thing to do to give some as a present to any European trick . . . or a present of any kind, for that matter) and you need some more right away, head for the *Mitropa Café* of Friedrichstrasse Station *mach schnell.*

The Mitropa is a legitimate coffee-shop (where people actually *do* come to drink coffee!), but here so many of its young patrons—gay guys, hustlers, gay gals and prosties alike—are into pot or hash (the real Oriental kind, mind you . . . not the weak American version equated with pot), that all you need do is follow your nose. The attractive someone at the end of a trail of smoke has it for sale. A gram of pot or hash costs about five West German marks . . . roughly $1.50. Don't make the mistake of offering *East* German currency which not only makes them suspicious that you're the fuzz, but makes the transaction a *de facto* crime.

CRUISY (but not specifically gay) CAFES

If you've cruised the S-Bahn Station and the other outdoor or indoor places and haven't snared your first Russian trick, try the *Moscow* (what else?) *Restaurant* on Karl-Marx-Allee (where else?), a place big enough for an entire regiment of Russian cavalry to charge into. But for all its size there's real togetherness—it's all *tres intime.* Not 'assignationally *intime*', of course, since there will likely be as many Russian straights there on hush-hush party business as there are gay 'when-can-we-ever-get-togethers'. Because straight 'party business' and gay 'monkey business' don't mix, they strictly observe the biblical admonition that goeth "let not thy right hand knoweth what thy left hand doeth."

Your cruising ploy should be immensely practical and easy. Order a bowl of Moscow Restaurant's heavenly borscht . . . or shashlik . . . or, since it's cheaper by the pound here than it is by the ounce anywhere else in the world, order five bucks worth of the best caviar extant. They'll give you so much it'll be coming out of your ears. As you enjoy your repast let your eyes glance cruisily around the room (of course in the vastness of this cavernous place if you're myopic this won't do a damn bit of good!). Let them light lovingly on an engaging number. Very likely his will light up like pineapples on a pinball machine, and so you're in . . . and all you have to do is meet him outside and take him to your hotel, or he may wish to take you to his digs—whichever is the more discreet. And discretion is everything when cruising Russians.

One last recommendation. The *Mocca Bar* in the Hotel Budapest on the Friedrichstrasse (and is it beginning to seem that you'll never get off this strip?). The Budapest is a handy hotel where hookers take their humps, and so if you have a sizzling trick you've cruised downstairs or nearby and don't dare let him cool off before you get right down to the suckalicky (or the lickasucky) of it, here's a convenient place where the formalities are few (if any) and where practically no questions will be asked. The Budapest attracts many Western visitors. Management just *l-o-v-e-s* all those West German marks. So as money 'talks' . . . so does it 'silence'.

GAY MOVIE CRUISING

Sorry, fellas . . . we know of only one and it's not 'round-the-clock cruisy. Just at times. Straight (square) films. But give it a whirl. Maybe they're re-re-re-rerunning an old Marlene Dietrich film, and that's a sure magnet. The *Aladdin Cinema* on (!) the Friedrichstrasse.

GAY BATHS

Stadtbad Mitte—the Mid-City Baths—on the Gartenstrasse. The sauna is usually active —often quite crowded with dashing Russians flashing the biggest 'crown jewels' since Catherine the Great. All those big-big, hammer-headed, sleepy-eyed cocks . . . and so many of them . . . and when all those Sovieteasers begin milling around you, well . . . they get so *pushhh-h-hy!* Too much! Ugh!

WHERE TO STAY

If the Budapest is not precisely what you had in mind and you'd like a bit more elegance, try any of these very modern hotels:

Stadt Berlin. The biggest (2000 beds) and tallest (it soars 40 stories), it has excellent restaurants as well. Or the *Berolina,* 677 beds . . . or the *Unter den Linden,* 400 beds. Not expensive by comparison with other hotels of similar elegance . . . and not as expensive as the hotel you'll be staying at in West Berlin. Figure from $6 to $14 per day single, and this includes breakfast.

HOW TO GET THERE

Don't try to do this on your own . . . don't improvise, nor play it by ear. Let your travel agent handle it from start to finish (except sex, of course . . . or, come to think of it, if he's a gay travel agent he may have some red hot tips not available at this moment!). Even though many sticky entrance formalities have been lifted in the light of the new *rapprochement* with the West, you should have confirmation of your hotel accommodations. All really hinges on just that. Your travel agent will require some specific information from you before he can proceed.

He'll want to see your passport, of course, and—additionally—he'll want to know your profession, your home address and other seemingly insignificant trivia. Once he has this information he can send it to the proper authorities in East Berlin for validation. When your hotel reservation has been confirmed he will issue you a visa *voucher.* Hold on to it, for with this, and your passport, you can enter the East German Republic and your visa will be issued to you *at the border.* Any good travel agency in the United States should be able to handle this matter. If you know of none, write to Maupintours, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. They are specialists in East German travel.

Of course if you drive into East Germany you must have all the information just detailed. In addition your car will be thoroughly inspected at the border, and you will—by law—be given a full three-minute facial/personal inspection. Just so that in case you get lost, or don't show up for some time, they won't forget 'unforgettable you'.

Fröliche reise!

• • •

SEXUAL WITCHCRAFT

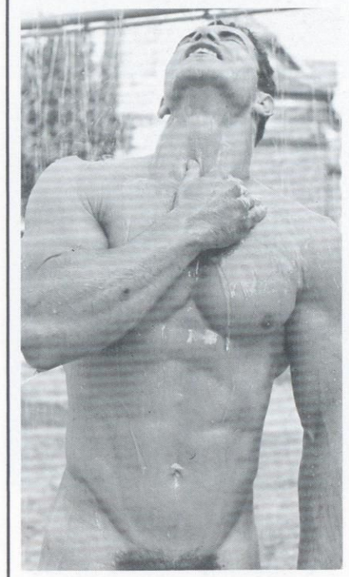
(Continued from page 19)

not so commonly known, and so this time we'd like to touch upon two quite new fetishes which have, oddly enough, a very strong interrelationship. They are

THE 'VASCULARITY' FETISH AND THE TASSELED DILDO/ THE ELECTRIC FISTFUCK

After he had awarded the trophies at a recent international physique show the gay producer invited the principal and sub-

THE HOMOSEXUAL HEALTH GUIDEBOOK



Another FIRST from QQ Magazine—the **most valuable guidebook ever published.** HUNDREDS OF QUESTIONS ANSWERED covering every aspect of gay health. FULLY ILLUSTRATED to help you spot ailments and cure them or aid your physician in his diagnosis. Typical subjects covered are syphilis, gonorrhea, crabs, hepatitis, circumcision, aphrodisiacs, drugs, exercise, diet, hygiene—all covered from the gay point of view.

Your health is your most sacred possession, your body your most treasured shrine. We homosexuals put our health in jeopardy every time we have sex with a stranger. It is our way, and it is beautiful—but realistically facing up to the problem and having the Homosexual Guidebook on hand to help solve problems is the only sensible approach to a rewarding gay life.

The Homosexual Health Guidebook measures 5½" X 8½" and is printed on heavy glossy stock. It is sent via 1st class in a heavy, carefully sealed plain manila envelope.

ONLY $3.95
AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY

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

Guys:

You bet I want The Homosexual Health Guidebook. Rush me_____ copy(ies) at $3.95 each via 1st class in a heavy, plain envelope. Enclosed is my money-order or check for $_____. I am over 21 years of age.

Name_____

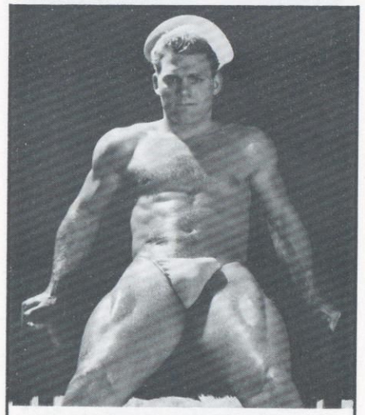
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

(please print clearly)

MOVING SOON?

If you are a subscriber please inform us of your new address as soon as you have it. Magazines will not be forwarded by the post-office and we cannot forward them until they are returned to us.



"AHOY, THERE!"

The Skipper now has his new gay guide ready for shipment. Bars, baths, hotels, motels, cruisy outdoor areas, adult bookstores, restaurants, theatres—all are listed in SKIPPER'S GAY GUIDE . . . with the emphasis on the U.S.A., but with important entries for Canada, Mexico, and fourteen other countries, too! SKIPPER'S GAY GUIDE also contains useful information on gay magazines and newspapers, on mail-order dealers, on gay-liberation groups and gay churches . . . plus the Skipper's tips on cruising, finding groovy gay gifts, and buying by mail. Over 2,250 listings—eighty 5X8 pages—only **$4.00.** Sent by first-class mail in heavy plain envelope. Order SKIPPER'S GAY GUIDE from: **Skipper's Guides, P.O. Box 92, Danville, Kentucky 40422.**

"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

SERVING THE
GAY COMMUNITY SINCE 1967
OSCAR WILDE
MEMORIAL BOOKSHOP
291 Mercer Street, NYC 10003
(212) 673-3539

Stop by or
send $1.00 to be on our mailing list.
"SAY IT LOUD – GAY AND PROUD!"

THE GAY RECEIVER

Receive mail from guys. Receive names and addresses of guys who want to receive mail from you. Subscribe to THE GAY RECEIVER —a pen pal club exclusively for guys. Send $2.00 to Alan Tuck Associates, P.O. Box 1532, Dept. QQ, Union, N.J. 07083.

division winners to a party at his home. Having seen to it that all his other guests had wheels he asked the two major winners to ride with him. Shortly after getting under way, however, he was startled by a sudden series of strong vibrations originating in the rear of the car and which soon grew so violent he had considerable difficulty steering.

Mystified by this strange commotion he glanced at the men behind but in their calm demeanor he saw nothing to indicate that they had noticed anything amiss. At first he detected no identifiable sound but as the shaking recurred at intervals he strained his ears to listen and was astonished to hear one young man whisper hoarsely and urgently to the other: *"Vasculate, vasculate . . . show me that great vascularity!"*

Then to his further amazement he saw that both were now nude and kissing up a fog. One—a big, blond giant who had just taken his first major title—began to croon and moan, kiss and lick and finally cheek-massage the powerful arm of the other (a many times champion).

"Give me that stretched-out arm pose!" he pleaded.

The other at once obliged by first flexing his world-famous arm several times until the big vein that stretches along the biceps from deltoid to inner elbow soon popped up with an almost phallic erection.

"Great, man . . . suu-u-uper!" the blond behemoth gurgled gleefully as he began to attack the vein along the entire length of its base with the blade-sharp edge of his tongue as if trying to surgically excise it, while simultaneously hand-churning his own huge phallus (9 long and chokingly-thick inches). As the distraught producer began to lose his mind the car careened drunkenly from side to side.

Slamming on the brakes he turned to get a still better look at this fetishistic celebration of the flesh and was just in time to take the first charge of an explosive eight-jet ejaculation straight in the mouth.

"Ambrosia *divine!"* he murmured unbelievingly, marveling at the precision strafing of the other seven jets fired at random targets in the rich red-velvet ceiling of the car from whence they hung in wild festoons like lickv stalactites.

"Now me . . . it's my turn!" the other exclaimed. "Vasculate that freaked-out forearm!" The blond champion, whose fabulous forearm is as much a personal trademark as the unusual and unforgettable shape of the other's biceps, nodded rapturously as they shifted positions. "But just don't masturbate . . . let me give that uncut monster some *mouth!* And besides, y'know what'll happen if I should let that big vein in your foreskin go untongued? It'll be the beginning of the end, man . . . word will soon get around that I'm the lousiest head-jockey in *Vascularity Watchers* and I'll be ruined. Ahah! Look at that vein . . . see what I mean? Already it's vasculating. Jeez . . . it must be half-an-inch thick. Sorry if I'm incoherent, man, but my tongue's gettin' a hard on just imagining what it must be like to take on both a big cock and a big vein like yours. Maybe like having Mr. America and Mr. Universe at the same time!"

"Well . . . okay," the other agreed rather cagily. Then with a secret smile "But first y'gotta promise me something."

"Promise 'em anything but give 'em the mouth. Like what?"

"Like I'm already so switched on by that battering-ram hand of yours you'll have to fist-fuck me first . . . like getting fucked by a pair of snakes!"

"But it'd ruin you, man. Remember, that's a good eight inches of *wrist alone* and y'know damned well what my forearm measures vasculated . . . a full *nineteen* inches!"

"So I'm ready a'ready . . . so turn up my ass and call it a tuba."

"Well, but first y'd better let me get my tongue in there and rotorooter it up a way to kinda loosen you up for this piledriver . . . that is, if you want me to shove my fist all the way up to your duodenum."

"Even to my *e pluribus unum,"* the other replied happily, his face wreathed in smiles of ecstatic anticipation.

Vasculate . . . vasculation . . . vascularity; these words which once appeared only in medical dictionaries—and which now codify a new fetish—are also currently in the body-builder's lexicon and point up a contemporary change in physique styles.

When Steve Reeves was king, body-builders sought to emulate the sublime sculpture of his body. Everything was form, line and symmetry. This physique concept unhappily was lost in the bulk craze of the sixties. But with 'vascularity' we have come into a new era in which extreme definition of the muscles is to be desired above all.

However, in working for such unusual definition, it follows that the veins—particularly the large ones—also acquire extreme prominence because of the compressive effect of the high-repetition 'pump' exercises employed. So unless he trains carefully, the bodybuilder may wind up looking more like an anatomical chart. Great champions, like those who have taken part in this true story, wisely vasculate only certain areas, allowing the rest of the body to retain its pure, 'unmarbled' sculptured lines.

The fetishist concentrates on just the vasculated areas: on the big vein in the biceps (a very sexy one as we have seen) . . . on the confluence of the many veins in the forearm (an even greater inspiration to some) . . . on the very long vein in the abdominal area which—if the midsection is quite slim and trim—leads directionally and sensuously toward the pubic area . . . and finally the huge veins that turn on the inner thighs so erotically (and even if you've never thought of yourself as a vascularity fetishist you must at some time have made wild love to the throbbing thigh veins of a muscular lover).

Then, too, if the all-out bodybuilder is also uncircumcised, any kind of concentrated exercises such as Squats, Situps and Leg Raises (while hanging from a high bar) which strongly compress the muscles of the legs and abdomen will also cause full dilitation of the large vein in the prepuce. (Strong hand pressure during masturbation also causes dilitation of this vein.)

Vascularity is now such a powerful fetish that—because of its *macho* masculine symbolism—it has caused many former hardline straight guys to come out. Many of these are married (some many times) and have children. But once under the spell of this unusual fetish they have joined the ranks of gay guys.

We do not mean this to sound in any way

'triumphant'. It is mentioned only to suggest that in such instances a sexual rethinking, re-evaluation or *refreshment* has occurred.

So not only gay guys groove to vascularity, but straights, especially bodybuilders who—being first irresistibly drawn to it, and then entrapped in its sorcery—now find in it a new sexual way of life or at least an excitingly adjunctive sex style.

THE TASSELED DILDO/ELECTRIC FUCK

The artificial phallus has existed ever since Adam found that he couldn't get it up for one reason or another. Very likely on such a day Eve spliced some of her apples on a stick and went dredging away in her vagina ('any old storm in a port', you know). Ever since then women have used the dildo as surrogate sex when the male of the species was unavailable, or when his sexual plumbing was out of order, or—as in the case of lesbians to whom the male is a kind of non-person—when the phallus *in vivo* is repugnant to begin with.

Always beautifully and creatively artistic, Chinese women (and men, too, the sly boots!) have been carving dildos since the Ming period when they were made of polished ivory or polished wood that wouldn't splinter (heaven forfend!) and ornamented with the convolutions of the penile veins, the swelling cowl of the prepuce (Shanghai Roll?), the corona of the *glans penis* and other phallic highlights.

Then, to add to the pleasure of dildoing, some Chinese discovered that by lengthening the dildo to twelve-plus inches, giving it two identical heads, and then attaching beautiful cords around a groove in the center of the 'shaft' it could be made to vibrate with a soul-stirring eroticism. Males, lying or standing back to back, found that by pulling the cords alternately toward each other in a kind of 'see-saw-Marjorie Daw' rhythm they could get such a sexual blast they wouldn't need to go near the opium dens for days on end!

Later, of course, the process of vulcanization was developed and dildos of a hard rubber came into use. In turn these were supplanted by phalluses of lifelike springy rubber in all sizes from "I'll just try this teeny one first" to "you wouldn't believe!"

Concurrently, motorized 'vibrators' (a fancy drug store name for dildos) became popular. And so we have a history of continuous dildoid evolution. But is it all going to end there . . . are there no surprises left? No fear! A whole new stimulus-cumulus is coming your way. What is it? (We knew you were going to ask that!)

It all began this past summer on Fire Island and it's called the Electric Fist-Fuck. If you read Lou Jekyll's fine article on the technique of *plain* fist-fucking in *QQ Magazine* (Volume 4, Number 5) called *Pardon My Fist* and what that man has started!) by now you may have tried on this new sex-style for size. So having done your homework and given it a (hopefully) *dry* run, you may be interested in learning how the Fire Islanders take it from there. As one denizen of the Meat Rack Jungle describes the action:

"Once you have thrust your fist past the rectum of your lover to the point where he wishes to savor the thrill of great mass or volume lying inert inside, he will indicate this by saying something like " 'Let your fist rest for just a moment.' " Take this golden opportunity to carefully slot-slide a small battery-powered vibrator/dildo with the fingers of your free hand into the cupped hand in his rectum. This 'fleshes out' the inner hand, 'tubularizing' it and giving it a more phallic-like completeness.

"If you have determined by prior loverly knowledge or careful anal exploration that this can be easily done, fine. Switch on the vibrator *after* it's inside the rectum when he gives the signal to continue. Surprise piles pleasure on delight!

"However, if by palpation/manipulation you decide that he's going to be tight all the way from gluteus to glottis, switch it on just *before* slot-sliding it in. Whichever way you do it the savage moans 'n groans of a truly-satisfied-for-the-first-time fist-fucked lover will also drive *you* off the cliff!

A special word of caution. Since the first-time sensation is so new and so wildly from another sphere, it can turn any eager-eyed Tommy Tightass into a fantail jet and he may sail straight out the window and over the village green while you are still playing goosey-goosey-gander with his gigi!

A Fire Island wag has said that this has a quite practical advantage, too. As he puts it "If you ever find yourself stranded in Cherry Grove without $1.50 for the ferry, just pick a likely trick on the beach, point him toward Sayville, give him an Electric Fist-Fuck and he'll fly you 'cross the Bay!"

•••

RIM-TIN-TIN
(Continued from page 9)

Leviticus, Chapter XX, verses 15-16 concerning the law of Moses that: "And if a man lie with a beast, he shall surely be put to death; and ye shall slay the beast." And Plutarch, in his "On the Sagacity of Animals," tells of a friend who, upon returning from Egypt, reported that he had seen a woman sleeping with a crocodile.

However, since most animal-lovers are as secretive about their doings as I am with my little black book, it was quite some time before I witnessed bestiality, so to speak, in the flesh. Some years ago, I was living in Mexico City, working on the Great American Novel, and a friend of mine whom I will call Pedro invited me one night to a special exhibition. He was unduly mysterious about the whole affair and the only details he would reveal to me were that the show was cloaked in secrecy and that I would surely find it astounding, to say the least. At the appointed hour, Pedro picked me up and drove me to a quiet, dark section of the city outskirts. The building we eventually entered looked like an old warehouse and once inside we were relieved of 250 pesos each (about $20.00) by a somewhat menacing Mexican and pushed through a pair of dusty drapes into a huge, barn-like room, furnished with rickety folding chairs and a crudely-constructed stage at the far end. A platform about six feet in length and two feet high was the stage set. Eventually, the room began to fill up with the curious, the dim lights in the auditorium faded out altogether and the stage was lit up with three or four spotlights, hitting the platform at various angles. After a few seconds of anticipation, a rather attractive young girl in her middle

GAY SEX TECHNIQUES



Now — a book on EVERYTHING you've wanted to know about gay sex techniques. And if you already know it all—you're still bound to learn a few tricks to make your sex life even more exciting. Everything's covered — **increasing phallus size, masturbation, anal and oral sex, sex variations, etc.** "Gay Sex Techniques" is the most comprehensive, scientific, humorous, and downright horny book on gay sex ever written. **Fully Illustrated so we cannot sell it to minors.** Sorry. **Only $3.95.** Sent in carefully sealed heavy manila envelopes, via 1st class.

ONLY $3.95
AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY

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

Guys:
Please rush me_____copy(ies) of Gay Sex Techniques at $3.95 each via 1st class in a heavy, plain envelope. Enclosed is my money-order for $_____. I am over 21 years of age.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip____
(please print clearly)

twenties appeared on the stage and began slowly to disrobe. When she was entirely naked, she did a few crude gyrations and some cunt-fingering and ended up flat on her back on the platform, cunt open wide. From the wings suddenly appeared a little man leading a donkey. I was so unprepared for this that my mouth must have dropped open as the man led the donkey right to the girl and directed his muzzle right into her cunt. While the animal sniffed away, the man gently massaged the opening under his belly and eventually the cock began to emerge, slowly, inch by tortuous inch, until the man was able to finally let it go and let nature take its course. With surprising nimbleness, the donkey lifted his forelegs to the platform and the man guided that monstrous prick to the vaginal opening. The girl, meantime, was busily securing the animal's front feet with rope to ring bolts attached to the platform itself, all the while muttering sweet nothings to the frantic animal in Spanish. Penetration was finally accomplished and, though it was limited by the donkey's immobility, I estimated that at least a foot of the cock had somehow found its way inside. The girl then proceeded with the wildest orgiastic writhings, literally "riding" the cock, for some minutes. Suddenly she slipped back and the cock emerged from her cunt, swelling and bursting with the largest load of semen I had ever seen, which spilled over her breasts and belly.

Some months later, I was invited to witness a scene that was to take place on a farm in Vermont. Tom, a friend of mine very active in the FFA, told me that he had met the owner of the farm at an FFA orgy, and had been invited to visit the place and sample the man's Shetland pony. Never one to miss a trick, I accompanied Tom on the Saturday morning drive to the country, where we were cordially greeted by his friend Andy. After a very thorough douching, Tom was ready and we went down to the barn where the pony was dutifully waiting. I was somewhat surprised at the size of the animal, which stood no more than three feet high fully grown. With the expertise of a master, Andy tied the animal's head securely to the front of the stall and slipped a wooden crate under him. Tom quickly slipped out of his clothes and lay on his stomach on the crate, ass up-ended and quivering with expectancy.

Andy produced a gallon can which contained a mixture, he explained, of Vaseline and sand. He took a small amount of it on his fingers and proceeded to rub it into the pony's underbelly, massaging the cock-hole gently. The horse shied a bit and skitted about a little, causing Tom some anxiety, but Andy persisted, soothing the animal with his free hand. Eventually the method produced results and the dark prick emerged a little at a time. Fully erect, the cock was something around eighteen inches long and eight inches in diameter and as hard as the proverbial rock.

Andy had some difficulty at first in guiding the prick to Tom's asshole but eventually accomplished the feat and was amply rewarded by Tom's groan of pleasure. Slowly, the cock went deeper into the well-greased hole, as Tom angled his ass with every inch in order to control the depth of penetration. When he had taken all he could, which was about half, the frantic pony now realized he would get no further and began a series of awkward, jerky fucking motions. I watched in fascination as the cock moved quickly in and out and Tom's face was distorted with every plunge, whether with pain or pleasure or a mixture of both I was not sure. But since he was not complaining I assumed that the experience was proving to be pleasurable and put my mind at rest. This action continued for some minutes until the pony reached a fever pitch and became somewhat uncontrollable, even for Andy, who advised Tom to slide forward off the cock before some damage was done. Tom managed to dextrously slip off the evil-looking mast and scramble to his feet, trembling with strain but smiling happily. Later, over coffee, when I asked him to describe the sensation, he smiled, a glazed look came over his face and he merely said, "You've heard about the proverbial telephone pole . . .?"

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON®

SAY



"Boy who suck cock in Dublin called 'Gay-lick'!"

A few years ago in Copenhagen, it was possible to purchase a ticket to an exhibition of a woman being fucked by a dog. The practice was commonplace, until a group of irate citizens rose up in arms against it, and it was eventually outlawed, even in the City of Sexual Expression. The owners of the brothels were ordered to cease and desist and the dogs were given away to various friends. In one instance, a German Shepherd who had found a home with a family including a teen-age girl, suddenly attacked the girl and attempted to rape her. Two days later, a Great Dane from the same brothel was being walked by its master on the street. A middle-aged woman who chanced to pass stopped to admire and pet the dog and found herself in short order flat on the sidewalk with the animal fully erect and trying to mount her. Eventually, the dogs were all traced, taken from their owners and destroyed. Which only goes to prove that you can take a Salem out of the country but . . .!

But aside from the world of the underground movie, bestiality was unleashed upon the unsuspecting public in first-run movie houses the world over when Woody Allen's minor epic, "Everything You've Always Wanted to Know about Sex," sprang full-born from that master comic's libido. One tale recounts the experiences of a doctor who develops a grand passion for a sheep, of all things, and proceeds to woo her for all he's worth. Abandoned are the wife and the home in the suburbs as he hotly pursues his woolly wanton, to his eventual ruination and the amusement of the audience.

"The Happy Hooker," the autobiography of Xaviera Hollander currently enjoying a prominent position on the best-seller lists, recounts the totally uninhibited memoirs of the most prominent prostitute of recent times. Among her adventures, Miss Hollander recounts the tales of her amorous coupling with a German Shepherd, although someone who knows assures me that it was in reality a Great Dane.

Dogs are probably the most popular sex partners in the annals of bestiality. Convenience is probably the most obvious reason, since a dog is the easiest thing in the world to acquire and is both the right size for apartment dwelling and the right size (cock-wise) for the average asshole. German Shepherds, Great Danes and Boxers are the most popular breeds with gay guys, since they are decidedly the most masculine and seem to readily adapt to people-fucking. Since my early untutored days, I have witnessed on several occasions dog-fucking among gay guys, and can say with some authority that the physical dangers, at least, are minimal. You may come away with a few scratches on your back and sides but that's really about it. Even the largest breed of dogs are not equipped with cocks that could do you damage, and though I have heard occasional warnings about the possibility of the dog "going wild" and attacking the fuckee, I have never heard of it actually happening, nor do I know anyone else who has heard of it.

Cherry Grove being what it is, was again the scene of a rather notorious happening just last summer, when 15 guys gathered behind a guest house and proceeded to "do it" with a Great Dane, all fifteen of them. So much for the expression, "It's a Dog's Life!" I should be so lucky.

As did poppers, pot, the leather scene and fist-fucking, each in its turn, the art of dog-fucking is now rising to the surface and gaining wide popularity, even finding its way into the world of the porno movies. About a year ago, I bought a film from my friendly pornographer, sight unseen, and scurried home, threaded the film into my hot little projector and sat back, cock unleashed, to vicariously enjoy what it had to offer. It was titled "Variations on a Theme" and consisted of four separate sections all with the same hero. In the first, the guy (who is a super-groove) goes through an auto-erotic scene, ending up drinking his own piss and

BACK ISSUES FOR YOUR COLLECTION



No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4



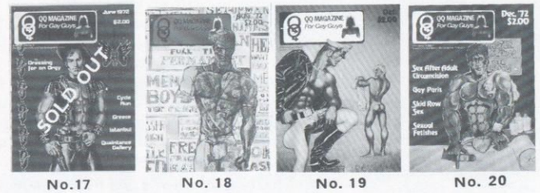
No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8



No. 9 No. 10 No. 11 No. 12



No. 13 No. 14 No. 15 No.16



No.17 No. 18 No. 19 No. 20



No. 21 No. 22

Order by number. 1 thru 20—$2 ea. in U.S.A.; $2.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $3.50 ea. in all other countries.

Other back issues still available: BODY Magazine No. 6 (Dec.-Jan '73); No. 7 (Feb.-Mar. '73) and CIAO! Magazine No. 1 (Jan.-Feb. '73). Each $3 in U.S.A.; $3.50 in Canada & Mexico; $4.50 in all other countries.

No. 2: Spring 1969 (Vol. 1, No. 2)—Some of the articles are HEPATITIS; POPPERS; TRAVEL (N.Y./MIAMI/S.F.); CIRCUMCISION; CRUISING CONFIDENCE; JOHN CRUISING

No. 3: Summer 1969 (Vol. 1, No. 3)—Some of the articles are SELF-DEFENSE; CRAB LICE; MOSCOW; APHRODISIACS; WINES; 'TAORMINA' PHOTOS

No. 4: Fall 1969 (Vol. 1, No. 4)—Some of the articles are GAY PARTIES; SEX MUSIC; CRUISING BARS; JAPAN; V.D.; WHY STRAIGHT GUYS FEAR GAY GUYS; HARRY CHESS

No. 6: Spring 1970 (Vol. 2, No. 2)—Some of the articles are SEX PILL FOR ERECTIONS; NEWS ON POPPERS; MOVING TO A BIG CITY; AMSTERDAM; HARRY CHESS

No. 7: Summer 1970 (Vol. 2, No. 3)—Some of the articles are MASTURBATION; MARIJUANA FOR SEX; ENLARGING THE PHALLUS; SAN FRANCISCO; HARRY CHESS

No. 8: Fall 1970 (Vol. 2, No. 4)—Some of the articles are VEGETABLE SEX; GAY HISTORY; MOVIE STARS GAYS LOVE; DIETS AND EXERCISE; QUEBEC; HARRY CHESS

No. 9: January-February 1971 (Vol. 3, No. 1)—Some of the articles are PICTURE TOUR OF FIRE ISLAND; CALIFORNIA WINES; MR. AMERICA PHOTOS; LOS ANGELES; HARRY CHESS

No. 10: March-April 1971 (Vol. 3, No. 2)—Some of the articles are CIRCUMCISION; NEW ORLEANS/MARDI GRAS; GREENWICH VILLAGE; BARBADOS; ALCOHOLISM; HARRY CHESS

No. 11: May-June 1971 (Vol. 3, No. 3)—Some of the articles are DOUCHING AND ANAL SEX; FELLATIO TECHNIQUE; TORONTO; COPENHAGEN; KISSING; HARRY CHESS

No. 12: July-August 1971 (Vol. 3, No. 4)—Some of the articles are COPING WITH REJECTION; GAY WRESTLERS; PUERTO RICO; HARRY CHESS

No. 13: September-October 1971 (Vol. 3, No. 5)—Some of the articles are DIFFERENCES BETWEEN LOVE AND LUST; CALIFORNIA'S GAY PARKS; BOSTON; WASHINGTON, D.C.; HARRY CHESS

No. 16: March-April 1972 (Vol. 4, No. 2)—Some of the articles are KEEPING THE PHALLUS CLEAN; LONDON; ATLANTA; LEATHER PARTY; NUDITY IN THE MOVIES; EROTIC SENSITIZERS; HARRY CHESS

No. 18: July-August 1972 (Vol. 4, No. 4)—Some of the articles are THE 30-SECOND ORGASM; STEVE MASTERS ART; ITALY; ST. LOUIS; NUDIST CAMPS; SEX IN PRISON; HARRY CHESS

No. 19: September-October 1972 (Vol. 4, No. 5)—Some of the articles are FIST FUCKING; OVERCOMING IMPOTENCE; STEVE REEVES; NICE (FRANCE); HARRY CHESS

No. 20: November-December 1972 (Vol. 4, No. 6)—Some of the articles are SEX AFTER ADULT CIRCUMCISION; SEX UNDER DRUGS; SKID ROW SEX; SEXUAL FETISHES; SENSUAL MASSAGE; HARRY CHESS

Order by number. Starting with 21—$3 ea. in U.S.A.; $3.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $4.50 ea. in all other countries.

No. 21: January-February 1973 (Vol. 5, No. 1)—Some of the articles are INCREASING COCK SIZE WITH SILICONE; TOYS FOR S&M SEX; PORTLAND; TANGIER; DIRTY WORDS DURING SEX; GAY SEX GAMES; HARRY CHESS

No. 22: March-April 1973 (Vol. 5, No. 2)—Some of the articles are FANTASY SEX: HOW ASTROLOGY AFFECTS SEX: S&M IN CALIFORNIA; VIENNA; V.D.; "EBANYKUS JOURNAL" CHAPTER I; HARRY CHESS

USE THIS HANDY COUPON TO ORDER

Send to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001

Please find $_____ enclosed for the following:

Issues 1 thru 20 - $2.00 ea. in the U.S.A.; $2.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $3.50 ea. all other countries. PLEASE CIRCLE:

• 2 3 4 • 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 • • 16 • 18 19 20

Starting with Issue 21 - $3.00 ea. in the U.S.A.; $3.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $4.50 ea. elsewhere. PLEASE CIRCLE:

21 22

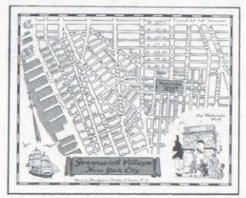
Name.....**Age**.....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....**Zip**.....

I Attest That I Am 21 Years Or Older

GREAT GIFT IDEA!



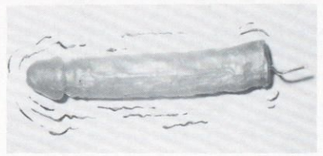
Friend's birthday coming up? Need something different for a lover who has everything? Want to send something great yet inexpensive to that groovy guy you met at a party the other night? Give a subscription to QQ MAGAZINE!

QQ MAGAZINE makes a thoughtful and appreciated gift for all your gay friends. Each time an issue is received—6 times a year—the recipient will be reminded of you as he pages through some great entertainment.

Simply send the name(s) and address(es) of the recipient(s) on a slip of paper, along with whatever message you would like sent with the first issue. We will typeset your message and signature in beautiful italics. Our special gift card features a colorful map of Greenwich Village—something visitors will use many times. Enclose $12.00 for each gift subscription in the U.S. ($15.00 in Canada and Mexico; $17.00 all other countries). The card announcing the gift will be sent with the first issue via 1st class—in a heavy manila envelope, of course.

Order from: QQ Magazine, Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001

The BIG Tornado



Hur-r-r-y! Hur-r-r-y! Hur-r-r-y! The BIG TORNADO is here! It twists . . . it squirms . . . it throbs . . . you control the action by turning the crank. A full 10½" long (2" in diameter) of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber. Completely washable. A great toy for you and an appreciated gift. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG TORNADO $12.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 7th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**

come. The second section has him cavorting with a heavy-hung black dude, the third with a humpy young stud who turns out to be a talented member of the FFA. But the *fourth* section unveils with a scene of the guy turning on to a Great Dane, fondling his cock and getting it up, then going down on the cock, licking the dog's balls, rimming him and then getting soundly fucked by him. That's gotta be the most smashing finale on record. In yet another film, untitled, a butch young burglar breaks into the pad of a husky stud type who catches him in the act, zaps him cold, and when the intruder wakes up, finds himself tied up and naked on the bed. The good guy puts him through some pretty rugged paces, and for a grand slam drags in his Great Dane (again) to fuck the guy. The movie ends with both guys and dog happily esconced on the bed, all chummy and happy. Only goes to show . . . .

Morocco is famed as the land of plentiful hashish and beautiful Arab boys, but those in the know have ferreted out yet another of its Arabian delights. Gary, a friend of mine who is a self-styled expert in the field of animalism, told of a recent visit to that country, expressly for the purpose of visiting the donkey market held every week on Sunday morning on the outskirts of Marrakech. Armed with his 35mm camera, Gary made his way to the market bright and early and was amply rewarded by the sight of several dozen donkeys herded together in a corral. It being a rather sultry day, the animal odor was overpowering, but to the donkeys themselves an obvious source of stimulation, as Gary noted with delight that many of them had hard-ons, probably owing to both the heat and the proximity of other animals. Getting a bit hard himself, Gary vaulted the fence of the corral and plunged into the thick of the herd. Hilariously enough, some of the male, fully-erect donkeys were trying to penetrate other males, completely indiscriminate in the heat of the moment. Gary was in seventh heaven as he moved among the animals, feeling and groping and aiding an insertion wherever he could. Why he wasn't stomped to death in the bedlam we'll never know, but he returned home safe and sound, and has the color slides to prove it.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the dog-fucking scene, at least to me, is the very high proportion of groovy young studs who are into this scene. Before I began this article I jotted down the names of every groovy guy I know who digs the dog-fucking scene in New York, and the total is *twenty-three!* And that's just the guys *I* know. And while one man's meat, etc., etc., every one of these guys is humpy enough to rate pretty high on just about anybody's groovy guy list. This led me to dinner with a psychiatrist friend to discuss the subject of motivation in the gay dog-fucking world. While I have a great deal of respect for my friend, he offered the expected theories about guilt, degradation, humiliation, etc. He referred me to several sources of reading matter on the subject which I dutifully perused, and which agreed more or less with what he preached. However, it has been my own personal experience in observing and talking with some of these guys that the textbooks have omitted a very important consideration: *freakishness.*

Let's face it, these days the sexual thrills come at us pretty thick and fast. In a city like New York, say, or San Francisco, just about anyone can find just about anything. And the jaded among us are constantly on the lookout for new thrills—new excitements. I was at an orgy recently where everyone was stoned and/or tripping at the apartment of a friend who owns a German Shepherd. Also present was a fellow I've known pretty intimately for some years. As the party wore on and thinned out, and finally got down to four of us, including my friend, he asked our host if the dog had ever fucked a guy and listened in fascination as the owner told a few tales. I eyed him with speculation, wondering if his sudden interest was more than just surface-deep, and within a few minutes our persuasive host had indeed coaxed my friend into the act itself. Guilt? Humiliation? I hardly think so. It was a *new kick!*

At least for him. One of the most successful male madams in New York has for years made a very successful practice of servicing many of his clients with a Harlequin Great Dane. He readily admits to having made more in commissions on the dog than with some of his boys! (In actual fact, of course, he charges much more for the services of the dog.) The madam, whom we will call Don, has many interesting stories to relate about his practice, but the most interesting invariably center around the dogs (he has a male and a female). One aging, beefy straight truck driver came to him for the purpose of eating out the pussy of the female dog while being fucked by the male. Suffering from a rather severe attack of b.o., which became readily apparent as he shucked his clothes, the trucker found himself embarrassingly enough snubbed by both animals who apparently found his body odor offensive.

In another instance, Don was required to shove a large dildo up the ass of a young client and *then* the male dog was permitted to add his cock to the already-stuffed hole. On yet a third occasion, Don woke up one morning with his trick of the night before to find the animals locked in a fucking position. The trick's eyes lit up in fascination and he approached the helpless animals and eventually his tongue found its way between the two as he licked cock and cunt together.

Don admits that his main purpose in acquiring the dogs was for the business it would bring, but insists that "training" per se is not necessary. The dog will follow his natural instincts and, if you are in the proper position (knees bent, ass low and shoulders high—in fact, dog-style) you will find the accomplishment fairly easy. It's important not to try to force the animal, or to hold his legs or restrain him in any way. "Make love to the dog," advises Don, "and he'll make love to you."

> **EUGENIE: Now there's a most extraordinary notion!**
> **DOLMANCE: None may be qualified thus, my dear: all are a part of Nature; when she created men, she was pleased to vary their tastes as she made different their countenances, and we ought no more be astonished at the diversity she has put in our features than at that she has placed in our affections.**
>
> **The Marquis de Sade**
> **"Philosophy in the Bedroom"**

Yeah!

• • •

Tom of Finland
And The Guys At QQ
present
"RINGO & The RENEGADES"



AN EXCLUSIVE, NEW PICTURE STORY AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY*!
32 HOT PAGES~$5

The World's Most Famous Pornartist—TOM OF FINLAND—presents his newest picture story, the exciting adventures of "Ringo & The Renegades"—available exclusively through the QQ Publishing Co., Inc.* The handsome picture book is 5½X8½. Tom's art is reproduced on extra-heavy, white enameled stock and bound in a rigid, yellow "alligator-grain" cover. There are 20 sequences—some occupying two pages (32 pages in all, including biographical information on Tom of Finland). A must for admirers of male art—and an appreciated gift. Order several of this limited edition. Sent in a plainly-marked, carefully-sealed heavy manila envelope via 1st class. Sorry, cannot be sold to minors.

*In order to control unlicensed copying; this material is copyrighted.

Order from: **QQ PUBLISHING CO., INC., SUITE 602, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001**

Dear Tom:

Please rush me _____ copy(ies) of "Ringo & The Renegades" at $5.00 a copy. Find enclosed my check or money-order. I attest by my signature that I am 21 or older:

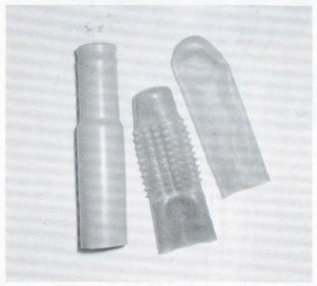
_____

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

The Juice Tube



THE JUICE TUBE is a soft, hollow rubber tube which comes with two completely washable condom-like insert liners—one smooth, one lined with dozens of little "nipples." The main section is 4½" deep by 1¾" diameter. Because it is a tight fit its action is caused by squeezing which produces warm suction and friction. Must be used with lubricant. The top insert is a 1½" depression which can be used to accommodate a "finger vibrator" (sold at most drugstores) which is not necessary for use. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE JUICE TUBE $12.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Rm. 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

The Titanic



THE TITANIC is so big 'n heavy it almost sinks itself! A full 2 lbs. of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber which has an internal wire so that it can hold any angle. Overall length is 11" (shaft measures 9"); over 2" in diameter. Actually molded from life—and perfectly shaped. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE TITANIC $14.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

SEX IN THE GARDEN

(Continued from page 90)

in his Islamic faith, which frowns on 'fornicating money', the Lebanese is rarely averse to taking his pound of flesh. To be specific, his 'pound of flesh' (and it damned nearly is!) has a market value of 35 Lebanese Pounds . . . one Pound being equal to 33 cents American, with the total—as you have instantly computed—being roughly $11.50. And if this isn't 'roughly' enough and you'd like to have him rough you up still more . . . like "color me black and blue" . . . you might have craftily exposed to view on your hotel dresser some bauble he is unlikely to find in Beirut. Not a pair of Gucci loafers which he can buy by the dozen in any sophisticated Beirut boutique, nor some 'oriental' pearl of great price, which he knows is pure fake no matter what you may have paid for it . . . but something like a cock ring. Or a fun-dildo . . . not that he needs or would use it, but it does make a helluva conversation piece when he dishes you to his Lebanese brothers ("What won't these Americans dream up next?"). Just make sure that it is a really *outsize* dildo . . . since the Lebanese cock is usually tremendous in the noble Arab tradition, previously discussed in depth in both *QQ Magazine* and *Ciao!*, if your dildo is even a shade smaller than super-whopper it will miss its point entirely . . . a non-conversation piece.

For really elegant cruising try the rooftop bar of the *Hotel Phoenicia Inter-Continental*, again from sixishly onward. It should be mentioned at this point that you should not have the slightest language difficulty in Beirut since all Lebanese under the age of thirty-five in most metropolitan centers speak not only Arabic, but fluent French, while about 60% of the young set are trilingual, having at least a competency in English. They can switch from the *haute langue* of Lausanne through the bright chitchat of Paris gossip to the gutsy earthiness of the waterfront Marseilles dialect with total ease. Anything to make you feel at home, wherever you learned your French. And surely in this beautiful hotel gather some of the most beautiful men with the most beautiful Euro-Middle East manners. Gay Paris was never like suave Beirut. And it's all here in this posh palace.

There is other elegant cruising at the *21 Club* near the *Hotel Excelsior* and the *Rue de Phenicie*. For more casual bar cruising you should like the *Incognito Bar* off the *Rue Hamra*. The *Pretexte Bar* on the *Rue Georges Picot* (225) is also briskly cruised.

OUTDOOR CRUISING

In addition to the many public beaches mentioned before, gay guys in considerable numbers may be found on the beach at the *Hotel St. George*. This is an old-timer by comparison with other elegant hotels in Beirut—like the pazazzy Phoenicia—but it is very popular and attracts gay males of all age groups. There is an entrance fee here . . . also a small entrance fee of a few piasters is charged for some of the public beaches.

The *Hotel Excelsior* has a very cruisy swimming pool. One of the very best hotels, it is located on the *Rue Minet el-Hosn*.

In addition to cruising by 'jogging' along the *Grande Corniche* in front of the big hotels (actually, of course, you can 'fast walk' or even do a slow and graceful *sarabande* if you don't care to jog!), at some time every day almost every gay Lebanese (and gay visitors, once in the know) cruise the Promenade near the *Hotel Riviera on* the *Avenue Corniche du Phare*. (While the word *corniche* is generally used in France to indicate a 'cliff road', it has a somewhat different meaning in Beirut, being used to indicate not only a cliff road, but a coastal road . . . even a junction of roads/*rues*—which does indeed make it a 'cornice'. Thus the *Avenue Corniche du Phare* and *Boulevard Corniche Manara* . . . and thus the Promenade.)

THEATER CRUISING

Maybe yes . . . then again, maybe no. Let's just call it 'iffy'. There is no theater where cruising *per se* gets right down to the 'per se' of it all the time. Looking at it a bit more analytically, however, there are many excellent movie houses in Beirut and 90% of the films shown are American (which is why so many gay Lebanese you meet speak with either a quasi-Steve McQueen accent—he's a prime favorite here—or in a deadpan monotone, if they have become addicted to Clint Eastwood—also a great favorite). So if you come across a theater where a double bill of Steve and Clint light up the marquee, run with all fleetness of foot to the john where horny 'East-woodcocks' are having a go at humpy McQueens. A gay draw is a gay draw, whether in the United States or Lebanon . . . only the cast of john characters changes and speaks with a different accent.

GAY BATHS

There is a generally active baths in Beirut but it won't be quite up to American expectations, that is, if you've made the chain-baths scene from coast to coast in the United States. The *Hotel Continental Sauna* on the *Rue Couran* . . . not to be confused with the Phoenicia Inter-Continental. Since Sunday is a 'purification day' for Arabs, you'll find this the most active time . . . so go and mess 'em up a bit so they can get 'repurified' and then start all over again!

WHAT TO SEE

Oddly enough the sights of Lebanon are nearly all outside Beirut! Of course Beirut has fine museums and great religious edifices and other architectural treasures, but one enjoys this modern metropolis (it has a population of 650,000) more for its sophistication . . . particularly its gay sophistication.

But certainly you will want to explore as much of this cradle of civilization as you can during your visit . . . bearing in mind that it produced the Phoenicians and Carthage, and that the Arabs and Greeks, the Romans and Byzantines as well as the Crusaders have left their mark on the country.

Tours to Tyre and Sidon—those fabulous cities of the Bible—at one end, and Tripoli at the other, can be arranged even before you leave the United States. Write to *Gray Line Sight-Seeing Companies, Associated*, 7 West 51st Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 for a brochure. Their associate company, the *Levon Travel Bureau* in Beirut will take good care of you.

WHERE TO STAY

Any of the hotels we have mentioned in this article are first-class. The *Carlton* and the *Hotel Phoenicia Inter-Continental* and the *St. George* are deluxe at about $18 single to $25 double. Luxurious, but slightly less in price, are the *Excelsior* (which, as noted, has a swimming pool), the *Riviera* (where the gay Promenade is), and the Continental (where the sudsy boys have their purification orgy) . . . all of which are a few dollars less than the grand luxe hotels.

A good second-class hotel, much cheaper, is the *Palm Beach* (usually quite cruisy). While by no means a gay hotel, it is preferred by many gay travelers. It's comfortable and pleasant and you, too, might prefer it to the more expensive others.

All of the hotels mentioned are of Lebanese flavor and character. Soon, however, you can 'posh it' at the *Beirut Hilton*, now being built. It'll probably be like you never left the Hilton you left before you left the Hilton before that. In other words, excellent in every way, and just as predictable.

There are two Lebanese 'Seasons' . . . one running from April through June (July and August are scorchers except out in the hills) . . . the other is the winter season from November to March. Either time is fun time—and there's something(one) to do every minute of the day, no matter what month(s) you are here.

Both TWA and Pan-American will get you there in fine style . . . you'll feel like a pasha from the moment of takeoff. But there are some technical points we have saved for last so that there will be no miscalculation.

You must have a visa to enter Lebanon. There are three kinds of individual visas. (1) A 15-day visa, fee $2.50. You may enter once, leave once. (2) A six-months visa, allowing you to leave the country once, visit elsewhere, and return . . . fee $5.00. (3) A six-months visa with multiple entries . . . fee $7.50.

Your travel agent will handle this, or you may write to the Consulate General of Lebanon, 9 East 76th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 if you live East of the Mississippi, or the Honorary Consulate General of Lebanon, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Suite 724, Los Angeles, California 90028, if you live West of the Mississippi.

No visa will be issued to anyone whose passport bears an Israeli stamp or visa. In light of the friction between Israel and the Arab states, of which Lebanon is one, this is done as a protection for the traveler as much as for the 'internal safety' of the country.

No gay spies, if you please!

• • •

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

around with his schoolmates during this period. He also managed to develop considerable talents in music, fencing, dancing, and sculpture.

But the Marquis' chief talents were employed in the bedroom, and by the time he was appointed an officer in the army as a young man, he was a full-fledged sexual libertine. His debauchery was so pronounced that his stiff-nosed father—whose title "Count" the Marquis subsequently inherited—insisted that he come home, get married, and settle down. But de Sade disliked the wife chosen for him, and spread himself around sexually all the more to compensate for it. He was soon notorious at the court of Louis XV for his talent for devising new and sensational vices, and was sentenced to serve the first of a series of imprisonments when he fed Spanish Fly in candy to prostitutes. He had also begun his pornographic writings which eventually filled many volumes.

De Sade bore his first imprisonment with fortitude, undoubtedly bolstered by much sex with the other prisoners, and emerged to embark upon an even more debauched life, one that earned him his first stint in an asylum besides all those prison terms. De Sade's life was literally one orgasm on top of another. He loved to preside at orgies, and liked to drive his guests wild at banquets by serving Spanish Fly mixed with the chocolate dessert. Sodomy was one of his favorite practices, both at orgies and in private. A court once sentenced him to death for it, but he escaped that as he did other harsh sentences imposed on him. Because of his rank, he was even able to ignore a banishment order Louis XV meted out at one point.

But eventually de Sade was inflicted with a long prison term of thirteen years that he couldn't ignore. He employed his imprisonment profitably by turning out two novels and the famous classic, *120 Days of Sodom*, in which he preceded Krafft-Ebing by a century in the cataloguing of sexual deviations, virtually all of which de Sade certainly must have tried, with both male and female partners.

When de Sade was finally freed, he dissociated himself from the aristocracy and lived quite humbly while dabbling in matters of the French Revolution. Concurrently he turned out a number of popular novels containing passionate recountings of homosexual relations and rich descriptions of male attractions, many of these passages perhaps devised from relationships he had in prison. He ultimately got into his final trouble when he satirized Napoleon and Josephine in a novel, and in 1803 he was sent back to the asylum, where he passed the remainder of his life writing plays and erotic poetry and, unquestionably, having sex in all its rich forms up to the moment he died. That he gave a lot of people pleasure is undeniable. When he died, it was noted that he was the most popular inmate of the asylum.

• • •

MR. UNIVERSE

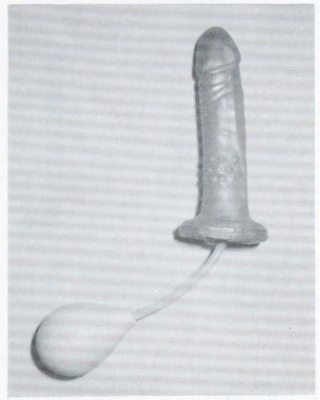
(Continued from page 20)

Leo Robert, Mr. Canada, took the professional title. He operated several gyms in Canada and still does today.

1956; Ray Schaeffer, 1956 Mr. America, was wrestling on and off when he won the amateur title. He used the win to go professional and began wrestling under the name of Samson. He still does. The professional crown went to Jack Delinger, 1949 Mr. America. He operates a gym and exercise equipment company in Oakland.

1957. John Lees, Mr. Great Britain, won. He's now a professional wrestler. Arthur Robin was the first black man to win the professional title. He is a professional acrobat and circus strongman who appears regu-

The Big Squirt



THE BIG SQUIRT is more faithful than Old Faithful because you say W-H-E-N! Flesh-like, flesh-colored and 7" long. Bulb fills with your favorite hand lotion, etc. Solid rubber, completely washable. (May we suggest that you order an extra as a novel salad dressing dispenser? It will shock and amuse your guests.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG SQUIRT $12.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

The Big Hole

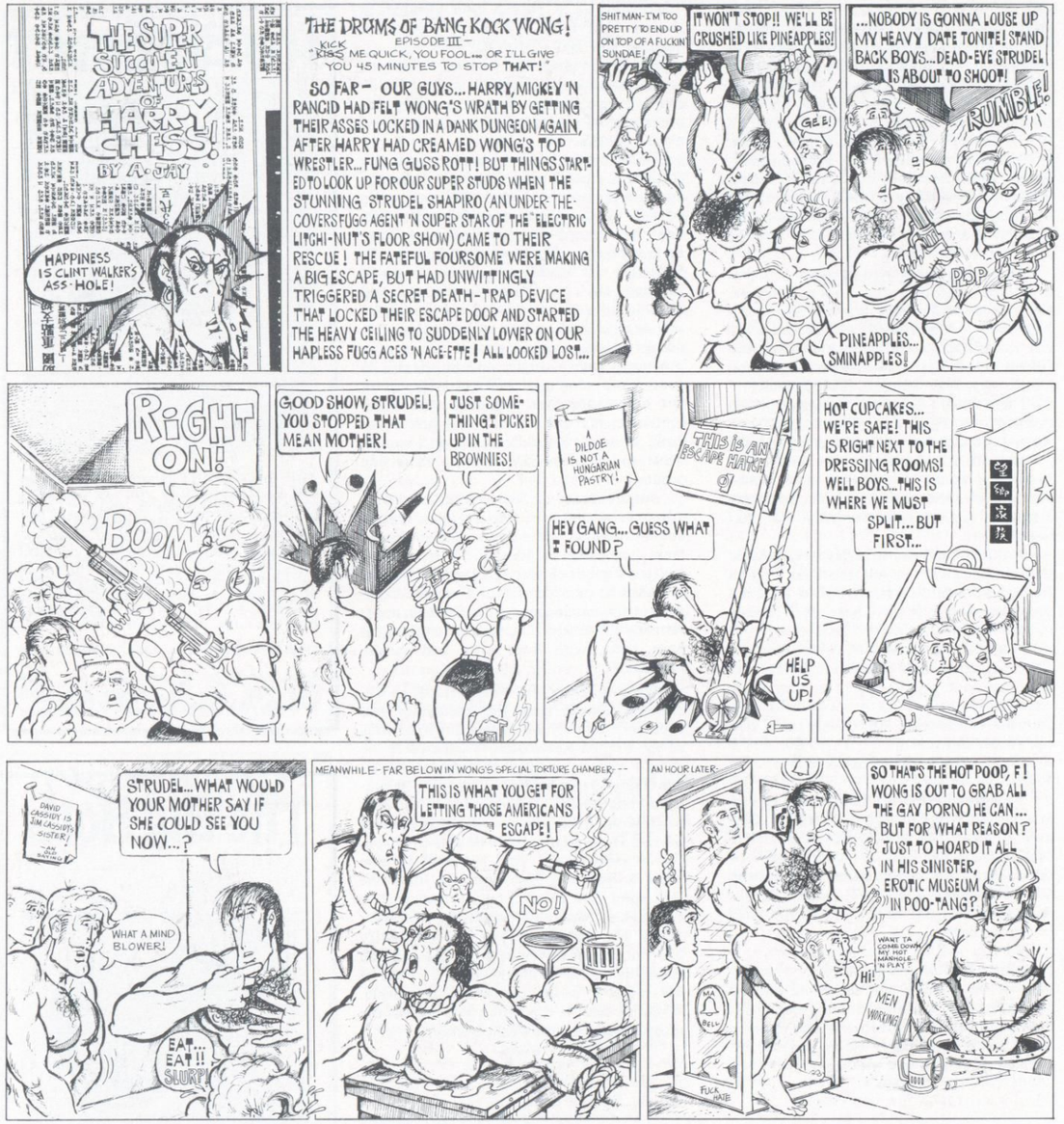


Bottoms up! If that corny expression makes us look like assholes—sorry, guys . . . but our new toy has our imaginations running 'fuckamuck'. This one's made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1¼" hole (stretchable) which leads into a soft condom-like tube (1¾" in diameter, 6" deep, stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere (legs, etc.). Sold strictly as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG HOLE $10.95

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Rm. 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.**

Copyright ©1973



Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3



MAGAZINE DEALERS

QQ MAGAZINE, BODY, and CIAO! are sold almost exclusively by subscription. The following is a list of select outlets where these magazines may be purchased in person (*indicates back issues also sold at these locations).

ARIZONA

Paris Book Lounge
315 E. Washington Blvd.
Phoenix, Ariz.

Shack
3024 N. Scottsdale Rd.
Scottsdale, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA

Adonis
384 Ellis St.
San Francisco, Calif.

The Bayou Lounge
1640 Main St.
Redwood City, Calif.

Book Bin
4459 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Book Circus
8230 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Brunswick News
45 E. Colorado Blvd.
Pasadena, Calif.

Jason's Adult Books
1702 N. Western Ave.
Hollywood, Calif.

Le Salon
1118 Polk St.
San Francisco, Calif.

The Locker Room
1951 University Ave.
Palo Alto, Calif.

Newsboy
7540 Topanga Canyon Blvd.
Canoga Park, Calif.

Paris Book Store
8165 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Pete's Magazine Shop
178 So. Murphy St.
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sandbox Book Store
4877 Lankershim Blvd.
No. Hollywood, Calif.

Swingers & Squares
4539 Van Nuys Blvd.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Tampa Book Store
19318 Van Owen
Reseda, Calif.

Western News
5507 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Tom's Adult Books
5659 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

COLORADO

Bachelor's Library
826 - 15th St.
Denver, Colo.

La Parisian
733 E. Colfax Ave.
Denver, Colo.

FLORIDA

Fountainhead News Centre*
8 East Bay St.
Jacksonville, Fla.

ILLINOIS

Haven Book Store
5550 N. Broadway
Chicago, Ill.

Haven Book Store
2927 N. Broadway
Chicago, Ill.

Haven Book Store
3336 N. Milwaukee
Chicago, Ill.

Haven Book Store
7614 N. Ashland
Chicago, Ill.

Larry's Bi-Way Books
2550 N. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

KENTUCKY

Book Bin
239 N. Limestone St.
Lexington, Ky.

LOUISIANA

Sidney's News Stand*
917 Decatur St.
New Orleans, La.

MASSACHUSETTS

Esplanade Paperback
107 Charles St.
Boston, Mass.

Nini's Corner
Harvard Square
Cambridge, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Uptown Bookstore*
16541 Woodward
Highland Park, Mich.

Uptown Bookstore*
16401 W. 8 Mile Rd.
Detroit, Mich.

MISSOURI

Broadway News
712 No. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

8th Street News
119 No. 8th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Magazine & Book Exch.
1900 No. Union
St. Louis, Mo.

Olive Street News
3608 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.

6th Street News
208 No. 6th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Time-To-Read News Co.
7 West 12th St.
Kansas City, Mo.

Washington Avenue News
707 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK

Legend Gallery
152 Seventh Ave. So.
New York, N. Y.

Midtown Bookstore*
138 W. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

News Stand
SW Corner
42nd St. & 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Oscar Wilde Mem. Bookshop*
291 Mercer St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
500 Hudson St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
166 W. 72nd St.
New York, N. Y.

Village Variety
3 Horatio St.
New York, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Parker's Newsstand
117 E. Green St.
High Point, N. C.

OHIO

Fantasy Bookstore
113 N. Erie St.
Toledo, Ohio

Paperback Book Store
10200 Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA

Adult Book Shoppe
942 Market St. (2nd Fl.)
Philadelphia, Pa.

PUERTO RICO

Lion of St. Mark's Baths
152 Tanca St.
Old San Juan, P. R.

TENNESSEE

Commerce Street News
609 Commerce St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentleman's Bookstore
2612 Franklin Rd.
Nashville, Tenn.

Market Street News
929 Market St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

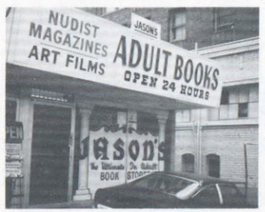
Music City News
105 Fifth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

Swinger's World
400 Broadway St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Time to Read
226 Fourth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

TEXAS

Commerce Street News
1513 Commerce
Dallas, Texas

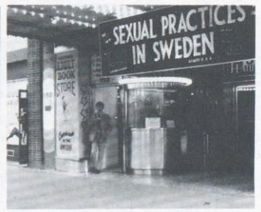


Jason's, Hollywood



Fountainhead, Jacksonville


Esplanade, Boston



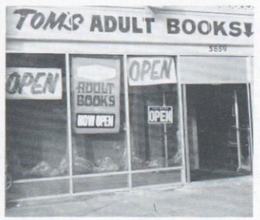
Midtown, NYC


Oscar Wilde, NYC



Studio (Downtown), NYC


Legend, NYC



Tom's, Hollywood

larly on European TV.

1958. Earl Clark won the amateur title. At the time he was a milkman. Now he operates a gym in California. Reg Park, who won the overall title in 1951, came back to win the professional division.

1959. Len Sell was the amateur winner. He now operates a gym in England. Bruce Randall, an American, won the professional division. He's a sales representative for a major barbell company.

1960. Henry Downs, an Englishman, won the amateur title. He has not been heard from since. Paul Wynter, another Englishman, won the professional division. It helped launch him in a movie career playing gladiator roles. He's still at it.

1961. Ray Routledge, 1961 Mr. America, was sponsored by the U.S. Air Force—and came back with the amateur title. He's now in film production. Bill Pearl, 1953 amateur winner, came back to win the pro title.

1962. Joe Abbenda, now a school teacher in New York, won the amateur contest. Len Sell, the 1959 amateur winner, won the pro.

1963. Tom Sansone, 1958 Mr. America, won the amateur division. He is now employed in an executive position by the Jack LaLanne Health Organization. Joe Abbenda, the previous year's amateur winner, won the pro division.

1964. John Hewlett, an Englishman, won the amateur title. No one seems to know what he's doing today. Earl Maynard won the pro crown. He wrestles professionally in Europe and America and also operates a sporting goods shop in London.

1965. Elmo Santiago, a New Yorker, won the amateur contest. He is still very active in bodybuilding circles. Reg Park came back to win the professional title again.

1966. Chester Yorton, who was almost killed in an auto accident when he was a teenager, and whose good health helped him endure the shock (his legs were smashed and had to be mended with metal inserts), won the amateur contest. He now writes articles for bodybuilding magazines. Paul Wynter, 1960 pro winner, won again.

1967. Arnold Schwarzenegger, an Austrian whose amazing 6'3" height and muscular size impressed everyone, won the amateur title. He now writes professionally for bodybuilding magazines. The pro title went to Bill Pearl, again.

1968. Dennis Tinerino, 1967 Mr. America, won the amateur contest. He's now a professional model. Arnold Schwarzenegger came back to win the pro contest.

1969. Boyer Coe, 1969 Mr. America, was the amateur winner. He now operates a health foods store in Lafayette, La. The pro title was won by Arnold Schwarzenegger again.

1970. Frank Zane, an American from Pennsylvania now living in California, won the amateur contest. He teaches high school math. Arnold Schwarzenegger won the pro title a third time.

1971. Ken Waller, 1971 Mr. U.S.A., won the amateur title. He now manages a gym in Santa Monica. Bill Pearl won the professional division, again.

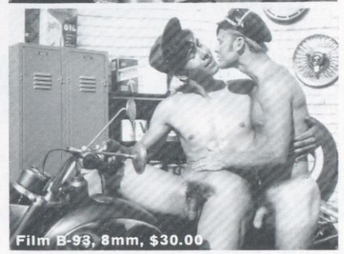
1972. Elias Petsas, who lives in South Africa, won the amateur contest. Frank Zane came back to win the pro contest.

• • •



Physique Pictorial. $1 per copy. 4 B&W nude issues $4. One part-color nude issue $2. Additional 40 issues in strap 50¢ each. Send $25 for entire group. **"Best of Tom of Finland."** 48 page book, 8x10 lithographs of Tom drawings: $7.50. AMG is the exclusive agent of Spartacus, Art-Bob, Harry Bush, and many other fine physique artists!





The World's Largest Collection of 8mm Athletic Films You Can Rent or Buy! Over 1500 titles, most are stocked, and others available on special order. Color, nude or strap, stories, posing, wrestling, almost everything (we offer no hard-core). **New Films** are constantly being made. Our films and photo sets are reviewed in **Physique Pictorial.** Color print sets, 35mm color slides on all current AMG models: Set of 6—$4. Send for list and information. You must be over 18 years old; send statement.
Athletic Model Guild, 1834 W. 11th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006



SEX:

HOW IMPORTANT IS IT ???

BY CRAIG RODWELL



SEX is damned important to everyone, hetero or Gay. But the question we should be asking is, do we over-emphasize the sexual part of our being Gay males at the expense of developing social, cultural and group contacts between us?

In recent years, the larger American culture which we are a part of has "allowed" us to have Gay bars, baths, movie houses. The rationale being that since there are a lot of Homosexuals in the country, it is in the public interest to keep us isolated in bars, baths and movie houses where we are permitted to commit our "perverted" acts out of the view and minds of the general public. Did you ever wonder why the vast majority of Gay places are located in out-of-the way areas within our major cities?

And like all oppressed peoples throughout history, we have until now accepted this isolation. We go to work every day—in the factories, offices, banks, department stores, construction sites, police and fire departments and even as elected members of local and federal legislatures—and to our co-workers we either represent ourselves as woman-chasers, at worst, or as virtual eunuchs, at best. But almost never are we known as Gay males. Only when we get off work and away from our families do we get dressed in the clothes we prefer, go to a Gay bar and "make out."

How many times have you gone to a Gay bar, stayed for hours, had too much to drink, and been depressed because you went home alone? How many of us go to a Gay bar for the simple and very human purpose of being with people like us and interacting with them on many levels—social, intellectual, cultural and yes, sexual?

Don't get me wrong. I'm not knocking sex; I've had more than my share of it over the years. But frankly, in recent years, I've become more than a little tired of making "conquests" in Gay bars. And, unless I'm deceiving myself, I perceive a general trend among our people away from the "one-night-stand" syndrome towards a real feeling of community and brotherhood based on more than a casual sexual basis.

This trend is part of something which is entirely new in historical terms and has its origins in the United States starting with the Great Depression-World War II era. It wasn't until that time that large numbers of Gay people began to gravitate into "ghetto" areas in every large city in this country. Not even in Europe which we tend to think of as having a more tolerant attitude towards Homosexuals have we seen the emergence of Gay ghettoes. Since World War II we have seen Gay ghettoes emerging in cities like Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake City, Houston, Dallas, New Orleans, Atlanta, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Washington. And in the larger cities we find two or three Gay ghettoes in the same city; Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Boston.

My point in bringing this up in this context is that it wasn't until we began relating to each other on more than a sexual basis that we began to relate to each other culturally and socially; and this was due mostly to the emergence of these Gay ghettoes in the United States. It wasn't until we began to know each other as individuals in our community and interacting with each other on a day-to-day basis rather than nameless faces who made fleeting contacts in Gay bars.

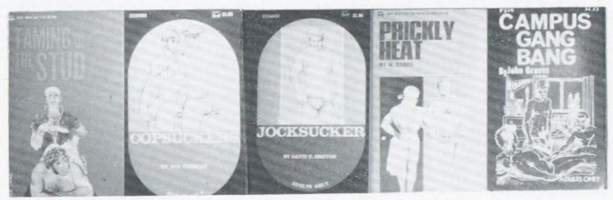
If you, like thousands of your Gay brothers, want more out of Gay life than just anonymous sexual encounters, here are some suggestions: *(Continued on page 37)*

QQ

RED HOT Gay Book Sets



SET NO. 1: $10.00
- Midst Pleasures and Phalluses
- Pay as You Come
- Navel Maneuvers
- Officer Dick
- Man Rape



SET NO. 2: $10.00
- Taming of the Stud
- Copsuckers
- Jocksucker
- Prickly Heat
- Campus Gang Bang



SET NO. 3: $10.00
- Christopher's Phallusies
- Tom Dickin' Harry
- Swim Meat
- Dial-A-Dick
- City of Men



SET NO. 4: $10.00
- School Meat
- Caribbean Sex
- El Rubio
- Teen-age Hustler
- Steamroom Stroker



SET NO. 5: $10.00
- Sausages and Buns
- New Member
- Suckhappy
- No Holds Barred
- Party Boy

You've asked for them . . . here they are—RED HOT Gay Paperback Book Sets! We sell 'em in 5's only . . . please do not order individual titles or broken sets. Absolutely no substitutes . . . sorry. Each set is priced at $10.00 and includes the titles shown. We've selected combinations which we believe will suit—and satisfy!—every taste. Wild . . . no words minced . . . action is explicit—and you must be 21 or over and state so when ordering. Please use the handy coupon on the right. Do it today. Books are sent in carefully sealed packages bearing no telltale marks via parcel post.

Send to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001

Please find $_____ enclosed for the following sets @ $10 each:

PLEASE CIRCLE: 1 2 3 4 5

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

I Attest That I Am 21 Years Or Older