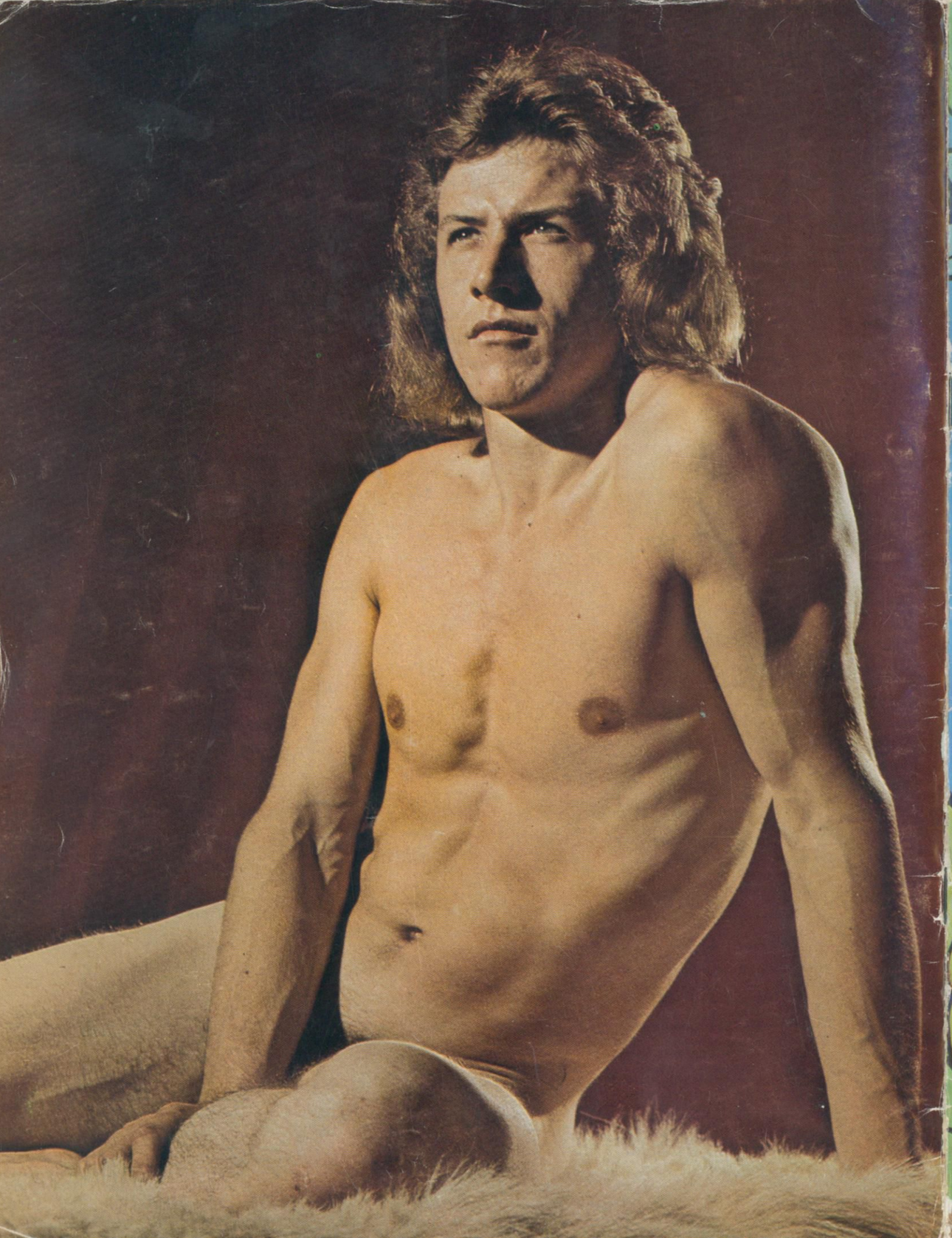

QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

April 1975
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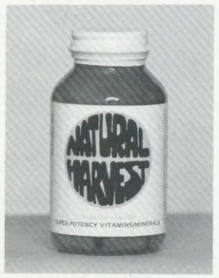

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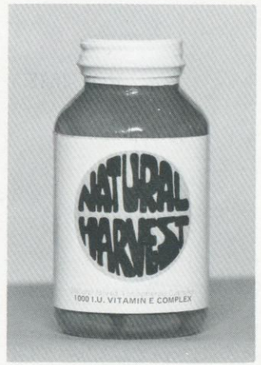

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QQ MAGAZINE®
For Gay Guys



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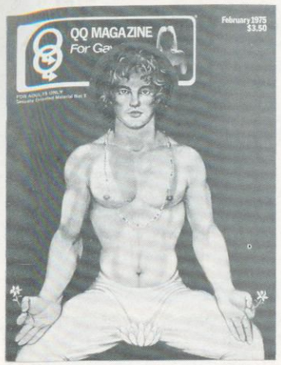

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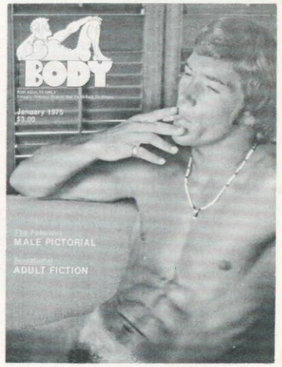

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EDITORIAL

PUERTO RICO: A MICROCOSM OF GAY OPPRESSION

A COMMENTARY AND TRAVEL DIRECTORY

BY JOHN RIVERA

TAKE three giant steps forward; take two backwards. That pretty well sums up the advancement of gay liberation. Thanks to modern attitudes concerning sexual freedom we are permitted to *exist* freely in the larger cities throughout the world. Somehow we frequently escape oppression or bear it until our numbers increase and we become a sizeable community. By then the larger heterosexual community has learned to tolerate our presence; politicians quickly realize our votes also count; police thrive on graft that comes out of gay establishments.

Generalizations? Of course. They are nonetheless true. I have long felt that gay libbers contribute little to our cause. Those involved find something to do with their time. Clever others make a good living at hoisting the gay cross or forming this coalition or that. That's okay by me. To each his own. We all find ways to make a living.

That we are still the victims of oppression who must be slapped down periodically is a cruel fact of gay life. Every community has had its problems. Take San Juan for example.

Puerto Rico has long been the best gay bargain going for wintertime vacationers. San Juan is a modern city. Plenty of touristy things to do as well as a gay beach and a lot of gay bars. Lots more—compared with practically nothing gay on other Caribbean islands or in all of Mexico. For Canadians and mainlanders from the U.S. from as far away as California, San Juan has been our place in the wintertime sun. In activity potential it has always ranked with our most popular gay cities—practically being still another New York or San Francisco in a tropical setting.

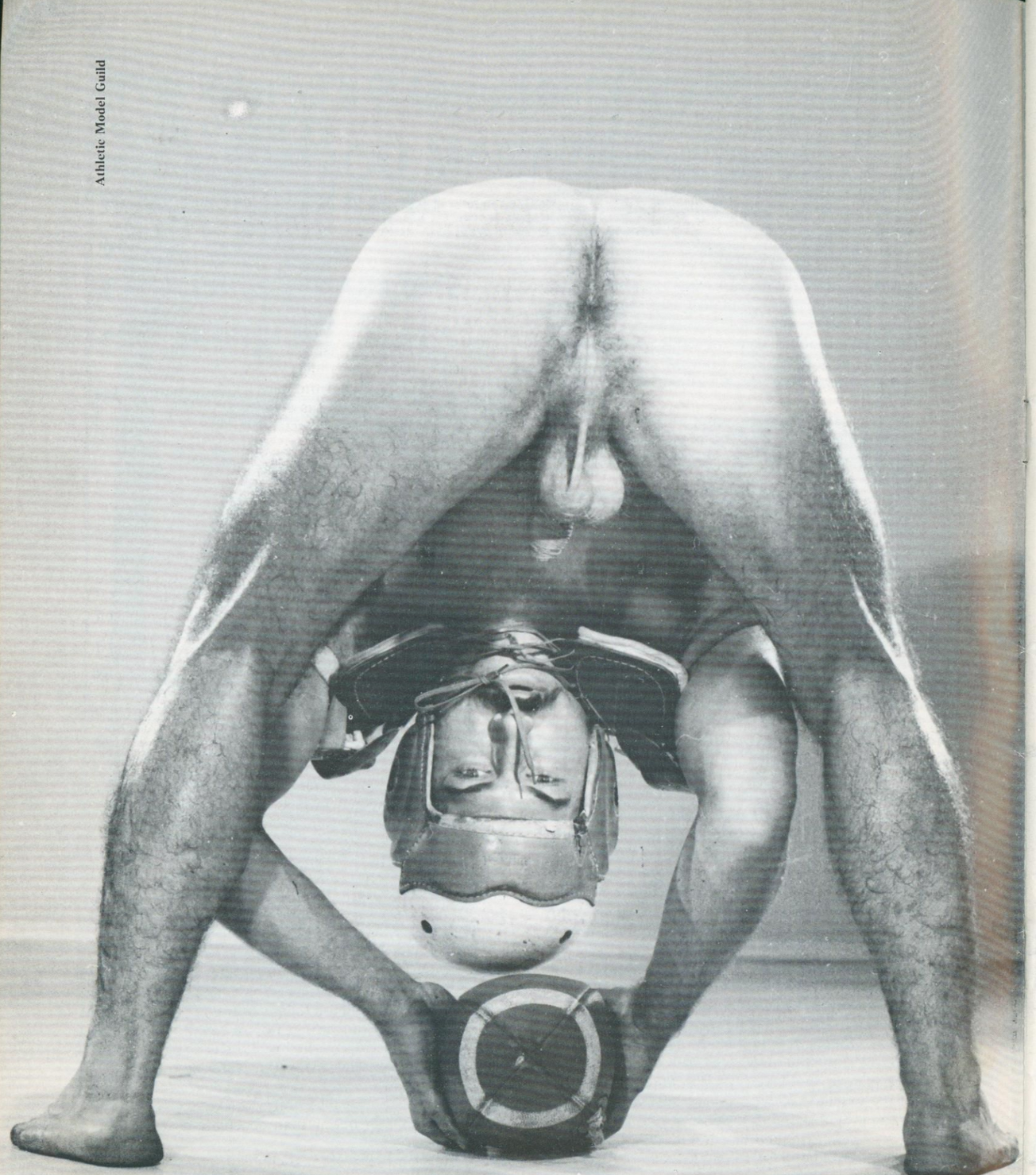
Each winter saw more and more gay tourists flying down; many spent several hundred dollars just for a weekend. It was that popular. Sometimes there were raids—something expected in a reasonably uptight Catholic community. But Puerto Rico in general is also a sexual community—and hot Latins will tolerate just about anything sexual provided you don't force your pleasures on them and keep pretty much to yourself.

Thus, gay bars flourished. The gay section of beach did not disturb the bulk of straight tourists, who limited themselves to the hotel pool or strip of beach in front. Certainly no straight was bothered by the existence of a gay baths—off a main thoroughfare in the old section and inconspicuously tucked away up a long flight of steps. Everybody was happy. Live and let live.

A few years ago the raids on gay bars and the only baths in town became more frequent than usual. Arrests were made. Names were published in newspapers. Rumor had it that the purge was caused by the mayor's niece or some such cunt who was buying up property near her house in Old San Juan—where most of the gay bars and guest houses are. She simply wanted the property and did whatever she could to get it.

Who knows what motivates people to officially clamp down on an established community of gays and their businesses! Who knows why it should happen right now—at a time when the economy is unstable; surely even the simplest Puerto Rican must realize how much money gay tourists bring in—and that heterosexuals are even more likely (*Continued on page 47*)





BOTTOMS UP!

AVOIDING THE HEARTBREAK OF ANAL OOZE

BY ROGER WATSON

FORGET everything you've ever learned about taking an enema. In fact, forget about *enemas.* Think *douche.*

Straights take enemas to relieve constipation. They listen to their doctor and lie on one side in the tub and experience sheer torture inserting the syringe and being filled with water. Bubble, bubble, boil and bubble—and a rip-roaring water fart splatters the tub with shit. It's a real mess.

Gays douche to *stay* clean. It's done sensibly, seated on the commode. In minutes you are rinsed out. A quick shower and you're ready to take a third-of-a-yard without the worry of discomfort or embarrassment. You'll never know the heartbreak of anal ooze.

All you need is an ordinary water syringe; an *enema bag* may be what you ask the druggist for, but a *douche bag* is what you use. It's a simple apparatus. The rubber bag holds a couple of quarts of liquid—warm water being best. This is transported downward by gravity through a length of hose which has a stop/start valve for flow control, and through a short plastic syringe which is inserted in the rectum. You take as much water as you comfortably can and then expel it. Do this for two or three bags and you're lip-smackin' clean.

We happen to sell a douche bag—as you know from having seen the ad in this magazine. It's quite good—but we'd be lying to you if we said *only* ours was capable of doing a good job. All douche bags are the same as far as results are concerned. What is important is that you get into the habit of douching regularly—preferably each and every time you expect to have sex. In that way you will always be prepared for a versatile performance. It so happens that our douche bag folds for travel—a very conscious choice on our part when we selected this item for our line because guys on vacation must douche not only for general cleanliness but in order to relieve constipation that often occurs when diet is suddenly changed.

Using a douche bag is simple—so simple in fact that most guys douche incorrectly. It can be disastrous if every drop of water is not expelled and you start oozing when you're being rimmed or entered.

First, place a nail in the wall on your side about a foot or two over your head when you're seated on the pot. By hanging the bag at this height water will then flow downwards into your rectum when you insert the syringe and release the snap valve. Select a douche bag that comes with a long vaginal syringe; it guarantees a deep rinse. You simply take all the water you can hold and then release it. Insert again and again until you have used two or three bags of water.

Warm water relaxes the muscles and permits the deepest possible rinse. It is also a better cleanser than cold water. If you are especially fastidious you might enjoy adding a couple of drops of liquid detergent to the water; Joy or Lux are recommended.

If you find that the consistency of your feces is such that it clogs the holes in the syringe when you insert the first time then start the flow of water *before* you insert. This is not difficult or messy if you hold the tip of the syringe just under the anus and insert gently as soon as the water starts spurting. Doing so often eliminates the necessity of using lubricant for smooth insertion.

It is very important that after your final rinse you relax, seated or standing, for at least five minutes. During this time you can brush your teeth, etc. The wait will permit your muscles to relax completely and any water that might be trapped in your bowels will flow into the rectum. Sit down again and gently expel; if you have water it will pass out. If it is muddy use the short syringe for a couple of quick rinses. Then shower, using soap and a finger stroke on the anus. I stress the importance of this final precautionary measure; allowing water to remain in the rectum will stir up a murky mess that will start oozing out as soon as you relax the anus during sex.

Sometimes ordinary douching is not possible. For example, if you are forced to use a public john that is busy you might find it embarrassing to fill a bag at the sink and retire to a stall. If taking whore baths is part of your lifestyle (many students who backpack through Europe frequently bathe in public men's rooms) you might prefer a small squeeze bulb—the type that most women use for a vaginal rinse. You simply squeeze the bulb, dip its syringe in the toilet water—making certain you have flushed constantly three or four times to get the water clean—release the bulb to suck up the water and then insert and squeeze the water into yourself. This method isn't exactly sanitary and it's inferior to using a bag but one must often make do in certain situations. It's still better than chocolate-coating your partner.

The bulb method is what such disposable douches as Fleet's Enema incorporate. These plastic squeezables (sold at all drugstores) contain various mixtures of cleansing liquids that promote speedy discharge, regardless of how caked up you are. Doctors prescribe their use regularly. You will find that they sometimes burn and irritate the rectum— (*Continued on page 50*)



Athletic Model Guild

A Look At Public Nudity

By John Marvin with Michael Shepherd

THE date is March 28, 1974. The place is the Paramount Theater in Hollywood. The event is the opening night festivities of the Los Angeles International Film Exposition (Filmex). Close to two thousand film industry notables and just plain film freaks (yours truly qualifying more among the latter, I fear) are gathering to see the American premiere of *The Three Musketeers,* and to launch this prestigious film festival. Before the film begins there are the customary speeches and introductions of luminaries in the audience.

Suddenly a figure appears in the aisle. A handsome young man of about nineteen or twenty, with shoulder-length blond hair and an attractive, stocky build is running towards the stage wearing a domino mask and absolutely nothing else. As the spotlight picks up the naked youth, he goes up the stairs to the stage, across it, and disappears into the wings. There is thunderous applause, and a chorus of "Encore! Encore!" from the packed house. It is a bigger ovation than is given even to Raquel Welch! We have been visited by a streaker, and clearly we love it!

To be perfectly honest, there is every reason to believe that the Filmex streak was a less-than-spontaneous event, and that the handsome lad had at least the implicit approval of the Filmex staff for his streak. His timing was outstanding, following but not interrupting the introduction of astronaut Alan Bean, so as to be in the spotlight for the entire run. He knew exactly where he was going—to the crowded backstage area from which, naked as he was, he would have had trouble escaping without the help of a waiting confederate. This streak was a theatrical event, even if no one on the Filmex staff would publicly acknowledge any advance knowledge of it.

That fact is somehow significant. In the spring of 1974, no public event was really quite "in" unless it had its own streaker, and the fact that an important international event like Filmex would apparently desire to include one in their opening night festivities demonstrates just how popular the whole fad really was.

To the general public, streaking was an unprecedented and brief phenomenon, lasting only two or three months before going the way of the hula hoop and the skate board. But in reality, it has been going on, on a more limited basis, for some time. The apparent flash-in-the-pan nature of streaking was caused more by the rise and fall of media interest than the rise and fall of streaker interest.

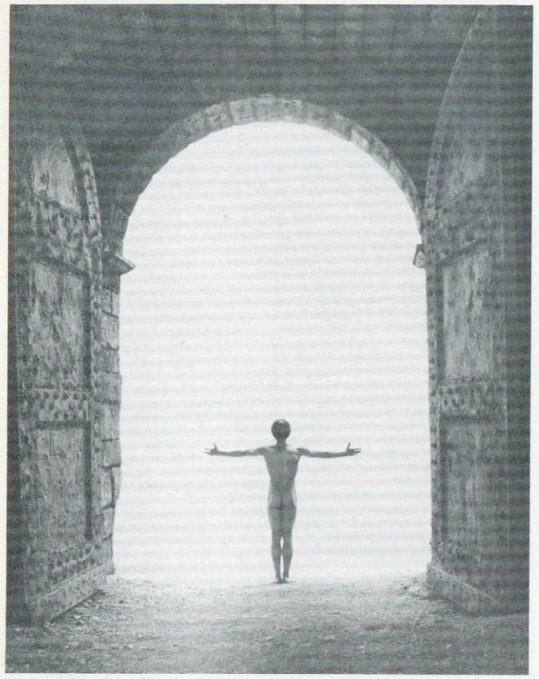
For over a decade now, for instance, high school students in San Carlos, California, a suburb of San Francisco, have engaged in nude relay races as part of their Memorial Day celebrations. And as the sexual revolution was waged and won, several colleges adopted similar activities.

Of course, if one wants to stretch the point a good bit, public nudity dates a lot further back than even that. Adam and Eve were nude in as public an atmosphere as they could have gotten. And it is Adam and Eve that we have to thank for public nudity being as unusual a phenomenon as it is today, for after eating of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, they reportedly became aware of their nudity and were shamed by it. The Bible never explains exactly why nudity is so shameful, but on the strength of this old legend, clothing has become not merely a protection against the elements but a psychological—not to mention legal—necessity. Some people would quite literally rather die than be seen naked by a stranger.

Interestingly, this has not been true consistently throughout history, however. In her classic novel, *The Persian Boy,* Mary Renault dramatizes the widely varying outlooks on nudity between the pre-Christian Greek and Persian cultures. The Greeks thought little of public nudity, she points out. The popular public games, athletic events involving the most beautiful and able athletes of the day, were all performed by nude participants, and casual public nudity, when the situation called for it, was perfectly acceptable. In Persia, meanwhile, she demonstrates, public nudity was the height of shame. Even lovers did not actually see each other in the nude, preferring to disrobe only when modestly between the sheets.

Persian law, noted for its harsh and gruesome forms of torture-punishment, utilized this fact. When a man was condemned to death for some crime for which even the most hideous and bloody of executions was deemed insufficient punishment, he was further required to go to his public execution naked. It was the ultimate humiliation. There are stories, which this reporter could not substantiate, that some European countries still maintain the provision, on paper at least, that condemned prisoners in certain circumstances can be stripped naked before execution as a further punishment.

On a somewhat less gruesome note, there were the ancient Olympic games of Greece. Initiated in 776 B.C., the original games consisted merely of racing events, with boxing, chariot racing, and other events being added later. At first, contestants wore brief loincloths, but beginning in 720 B.C. many athletes began disposing



Above: **In the year 1207 young Francesco Bernardone threw off his clothes in the town of Assisi and declared his poverty before God. He was later to become Saint Francis. The scene is recreated here by actor Graham Faulkner in the movie, "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."** Below: **At the Woodstock Music Festival, public nudity was commonplace and of little concern to the free-spirited young hippies and would-be hippies. The event started a trend towards public nudity.**



of these and appearing for competition naked. Soon it became traditional. (One can't help wondering if perhaps the first nude athlete weren't an unusually well-endowed fellow who was competing in something other than a foot race.)

Of course, women were forbidden by law to observe the games, but there is no reason to believe that it would have changed anything if they had been allowed to watch.

The original Greek Olympics were held every four years until the end of the fourth century A.D., when they were discontinued by Emperor Theodosius I of Rome. They lay dormant until 1896, when the idea was picked up again, and with three exceptions they have been held every four years since that date. In the modern Olympics the athletes remain clothed, although in recent years there have been occasional rumors of attempts to re-introduce nudity into such events as the swimming races, in which it would give a material advantage to the athlete to be fully nude. However, at least for the moment, the Greek ideal of nude athletics survives only linguistically—such English words as "gymnastics" and "gymnasium" are derived from the Greek "gymnos," meaning "naked."

One cannot think of public nudity without recalling to mind the name of Lady Godiva (c. 1010-1067). Lady Godiva was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry. The story goes that in 1043 the good lady protested to her husband that a tax he had levied against his subjects was too severe. He replied that he would rescind the tax if she would ride naked through the streets of Coventry, which she agreed to do.

In respect for her modesty, all the inhabitants of the town locked themselves away and refused to look—all except a young cobbler named Tom, who succumbed to temptation and glanced out his window at her. Poor Tom was struck instantly blind for his rashness. Lady Godiva has been the subject of poems by Tennyson and others, and had a bronze statue erected in her honor in Coventry in 1949.

Actually, present-day historians tell us, there is little reason to believe that Lady Godiva ever actually made her historic ride at all. (Gad! Next they'll be telling us that there is no Santa Claus!) The legend appears to have been started after her death by romantic balladeers. Clearly the story of young Tom is legendary—it did not appear until the middle eighteenth century—but it has provided the English language with a colorful idiom—the concept of the "Peeping Tom."

Less than two centuries after Lady Godiva, came another famous instance of public nudity, this time on the part of a young man named Giovanni Bernardone (1181-1226). Giovanni was better known in his day by his nickname, Francesco, and today we remember him as St. Francis of Assisi.

Francis was a boy whom we would characterize today as a "hippie." His father was a wealthy merchant, but Francis wanted no part of the commercial life, preferring to wander through the fields and live in a cave on the outskirts of town. This angered his father, and on April 16, 1207, he hauled his son before the local bishop, demanding that Francis return some money which he had allegedly stolen from his father and given to the church. Francis not only returned his father's money, but

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he renounced his inheritance by removing all his clothing, which had been given him by his father, and returning this as well.

Thus naked before the court, Francis entered a life of abject poverty, ministering to the poor and the disaffiliated, and eventually founding the Franciscan brotherhood of monks.

Unlike that of Lady Godiva, Francis's public nudity seems to be accepted today as historical fact. It was presented as such in an effective sequence in the recent Franco Zeffirelli film biography, *Brother Sun, Sister Moon,* which featured Graham Faulkner as the young monk, although the incident was overlooked in the older film version, *Francis of Assisi,* which starred Bradford Dillman.

After St. Francis, public nudity went on the decline (if it could have been said to have ever been in the ascendency, other than in the Greek games) until our own day. To be sure, artists of the Renaissance recognized the inherent beauty of the nude form, male and female alike, and utilized it frequently. Also fashions variously hid and revealed the anatomy in cycles. But it was not until the turn of our own century that people again began considering the idea of exposing themselves in the presence of others.

Probably no period in history was more repressive toward nudity than the nineteenth century. In England the obsessive prudery of Queen Victoria set the pace for her subjects, and in America Anthony Comstock succeeded in imposing his hysterical puritanism on the nation as a whole. Comstock, who considered George Bernard Shaw a "foreign writer of filth," and who violently opposed circus posters portraying acrobats in tights, was responsible for the extremely restrictive post office regulation against the mailing of "obscene material" which was passed in 1873 and remained rigidly in force for some eighty years. As the organizer of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, Comstock was responsible in his lifetime for the destruction of some 160 tons of literature and pictures which were objectionable to him and therefore could not possibly be seen by the average citizen without dire consequences to the psyche.

Such suppression of the physical nature of man was not localized in the England of Victoria or the America of Comstock, however; it was pretty much of a world-wide phenomenon. And it was into this atmosphere of suppression that the first nudists timidly appeared in Germany in 1903. The concept of social nudity was first espoused by one Richard Ungewitter in a privately-published essay titled *Die Nackheit* in that year, and at about the same time was put into practice by Paul Zimmermann, who opened the first nudist park, called Freilichtpark, in Klingberg, Germany.

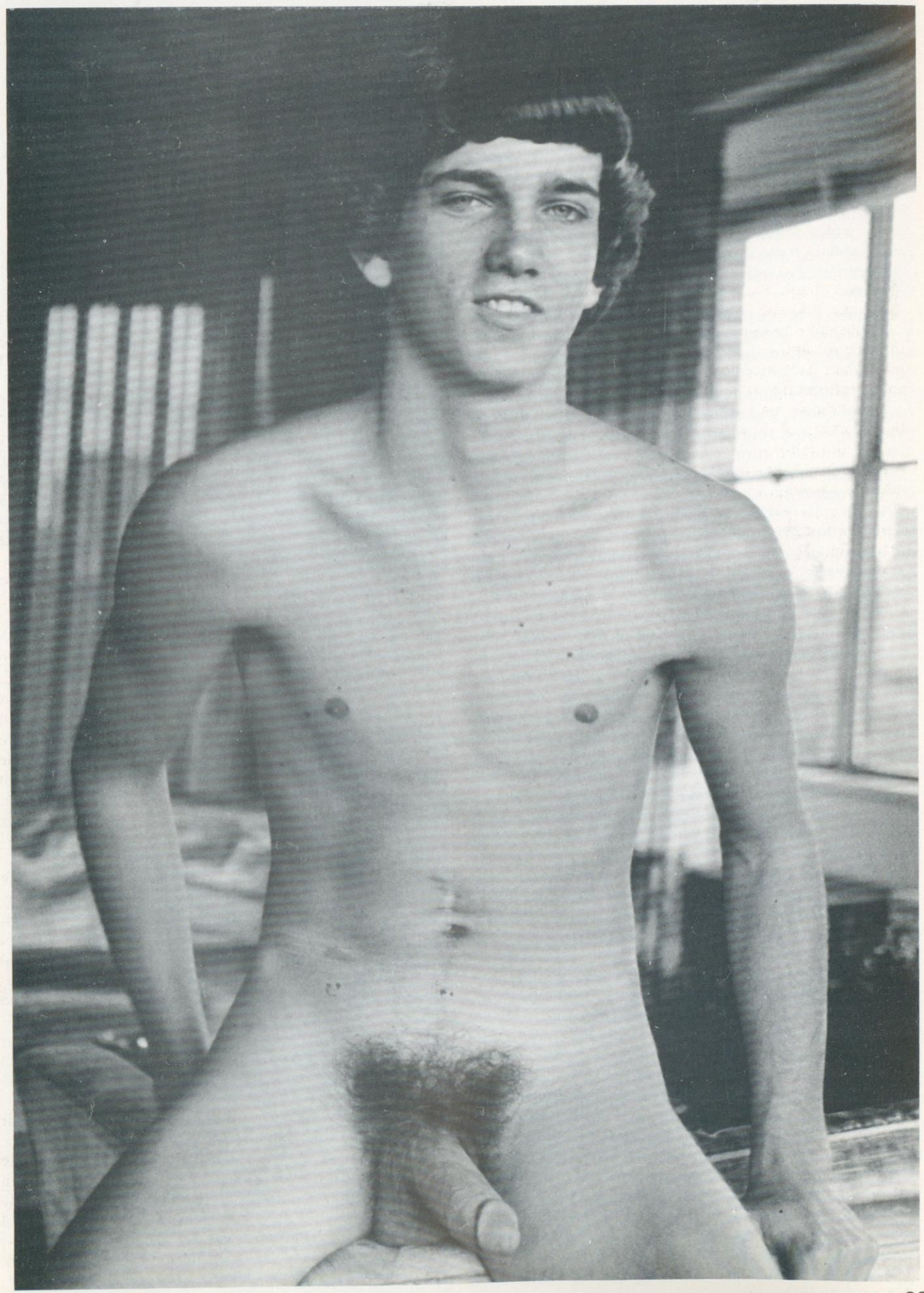
The nudists of Freilichtpark lived a Spartan existence, indeed. They were required to observe a strict vegetarian diet, and to eschew all alcohol and tobacco. Each morning they arose to perform two hours of rigorous calisthenics in the chilly morning air. But they found the life exhilarating and healthy, and as word-of-mouth spread, more and more people joined their ranks, turning Freilichtpark into one of the world's foremost nudist parks, a distinction it holds to this day.

Nudism did not spread (*Continued on page 37*)



Above: **These nudes were part of a mass streak on the Cominguez Hills campus of the California State College system. After the streak many of the young men remained nude for an hour or more.** Below: **This handsome young man demonstrated that he had nothing to hide at the Dominguez Hills streak. After the mass demonstration broke up he remained on display for some time, and after everyone had a good look he seemed to blend into the scenery.** (Photos by Michael Shepherd)





Derma-Demons

A Gay Occupational Hazard

By Frank Samuels

IF you should wake some morning after a night of purple passion to the prickly sensation that a thousand gay Lilliputians are playing a lively game of Once Around the Maypole—on *your* body, with *your* pubic hair and around *your* 'maypole'—a moment's sober reflection may stun you with the sickening truth . . . that the skin around your genitals is being invaded by an army of derma-demons, otherwise known as 'crabs' or crab-lice.

Revulsion comes in shock waves. Quickly you dash into the shower, . . . scalding, soaping and scrubbing the skin and hair of your pubic area. No way! The nipping/biting/tugging intensifies, and so you go surgically Dr. Kildare and shave off every hair practically down to the follicle, and scald/soap/scrub some more. All to little avail, however. These little derma-demons, having burrowed deeply into your skin are unlikely to surface; certainly not in such 'rough weather' topside.

Of course you may brush off those which haven't punctured the skin. Also by doing some Sherlocking with magnifying-glass and a pair of tweezers may help you take several others captive. But in the main, bathing—no matter how long continued, how scalding and how Spartan—is not very effective. Far more drastic measures are needed to head them off at the pass. The crabs must be killed because they're out for blood—*yours* . . . literally!

A HAZARD OF PROMISCUITY

An attack of crabs may be considered an occupational hazard, or 'par for the course' by the gay individual who is so active sexually that he throws caution to the winds as he grows more cruisingly promiscuous. The more heedless he is, the greater the odds that he will occasionally be bombed by the derma-demons. Most gay guys are personally very fastidious—being concerned with good health and good hygiene and proud of their physical appearance. So a first time case of crabs can be traumatic. But with the simple techniques we shall outline here the gayly unwary will know how to abort an attack without being unduly alarmed or over-concerned.

ANATOMY OF A LOUSE

The biological name for the crab-louse is *phthirius pubis* (and if you will fake a lisp you can pronounce his first name more easily). He is just not a friendly fellow at all, and once you've seen him under a magnifying-glass you'll see what a really lousy looking character he is. First, he is about one-sixteenth of an inch in length. And he does look like an elongated crab of the edible variety. The difference is that *he* eats *you.* The body comprises a head, thorax and abdomen. For ears he has two antennae. His mouth is a long, sharp *stilet* (think of an Italian *stiletto* and you'll have a pretty accurate picture). This stilet consists of three parts, so formed as to make a hollow tube (which, in effect, functions somewhat in the manner of a hypodermic needle) through which he draws blood. Attached to the thorax are six ugly legs, all with claws that fasten to the flesh with a vise-like grip. The body of the crab-louse is smooth and hard . . . so hard, in fact, that it is impervious to water and most chemicals!

As seen under a magnifying-glass before he has drunk his fill of your blood for the moment (the crab is a *continuous* feeder—like Dracula) this little derma-demon is gray—almost transparent. *On* the skin this has a chameleonic effect of making him invisible to the naked eye. You really become aware of his presence only when he begins to burrow deep into your skin—and suck. Even tweezing with the aid of a magnifying-glass to put him into high relief will prove how tough he is. Moreover, it is difficult-to-impossible for the victim to contort his own body into a position where he can get a bead on the parasite, and tweeze. The crab hangs on for dear life, and *you* will probably wind up more exhausted than he from the encounter! He's a determined fellow playing for keeps.

Crabs prefer dark, warm, cozy places where the flesh is not too muscular to be vulnerable. For example, they do not generally attack a man's deltoids or his biceps. Thus a prime favorite is the genital area . . . not because he has the hots for you sexually, but (a) because it is an easily penetrable site of operations where (b) his female can attach her nits (eggs) which will hatch in about seven days. (Although this is 'nit picking', she lays only about twenty-five eggs in her entire lifetime. Not many, of course, but multiply them by *many* crabs and you get precious little comfort from such statistics.)

Some crabs take it up the ass—*yours.* Anal hair makes a lovely lair. Occasionally they invade the thighs, abdomen, chest and underarms if they're quite hairy. Also the eyebrows. The genus louse that often sets up housekeeping in cranial hair is a wholly different breed . . . is more easily destroyed . . . and succumbs to a greater variety of larvacides. What works on him won't work on derma-demons. Common drugstore preparations take (*Continued on page 41*)

THE BLACK MYTH
FACT OR FANTASY?
BY JOHN ROBERTS

IN rough times we have all undoubtedly thought there couldn't be anything nearly as difficult as making it as a gay in a straight world. Well—believe it or not—there is. It's being black in a white world and at the same time being gay.

The black gay guy enters society with more than one strike against him; as a member of two minorities he fights for his own identity on two fronts. It's enough to drive anyone up the wall and it's surprising any black gays emerge in one piece at all.

Equally surprising is the fact that very little study has been conducted on the black homosexual, even though their numbers in the U.S. alone are astounding. This lack of research is due to the natural reluctance of blacks to open up to white researchers and the lack of black researchers in the field. There have, however, been many studies made of the interracial sex phenomenon and a few literary works dealing with gay relations between white and black males (Genet's "Our Lady of the Flowers," for example). And from these glimpses into the world of the black male and his sexual life, it's possible to see light where there has been little shed before.

The black gay guy finds himself thrust into a hostile world in which he is not only discriminated against for being black, but also for being gay. He can solve the first problem—racial prejudice—by choosing to remain in black society (and yes, there is a wide-ranging black gay society). If he chooses instead to enter a basically white world, including the gay life, he may be in for some rough and frustrating times. It is a choice only he can make.

Centuries of white prejudice aside, let's confine ourselves here to the gay life for the black guy—where he may soon discover a whole new world of hurdles ahead.

Times have changed, make no mistake about it. Even in the 1930s and 50s, prior to the sexual revolution and legal desegregation, black males were not even allowed into white gay bars. Such bars still exist, but in ever-decreasing numbers.

William, a black man of 45, remembers those times vividly and has seen the change come about gradually. There were days when his liaisons with white gays were cloaked in secrecy. Quick tearoom trysts in anonymity and slipping into apartments and houses in the dark shadows of night.

If the barriers that prevented black and white gay guys from meeting in public have been felled, the human ones remain. There is often, in gay bars today, still that anonymous meeting where both partners would prefer to leave separately and meet outside the bar—slipping into beds and out again in the dead of night. There are exceptions, of course, with very liberated gays in the larger cities such as San Francisco and New York where gay life is more open and honest. But in smaller gay communities like Denver and Phoenix, the tete-a-tetes are still cloaked in secrecy. And it's going to take a few more years to change that.

So the black gay who desires white partners has a problem or two when it comes to getting what he wants. If he frequents white gay bars he'll often be the only black in the place and when you stick out like a sore thumb you'd better have a lot of self-confidence.

That self-confidence may be further shaken if the black gay does not live up to what has been referred to as the "Myth of Negro Sexuality." That Myth is an intricate web of misconceptions woven around a single concept: that the black race is sexually superior to the white.

In his book "Forbidden Sexual Behavior and Morality," R. E. L. Masters describes the three basic elements of the Myth as: (1) The penis of the Negro male is larger than that of the white male; (2) The virility or potency of the Negro male is greater than that of the white male; (3) The ardor of the Negro male is greater than that of the white male.

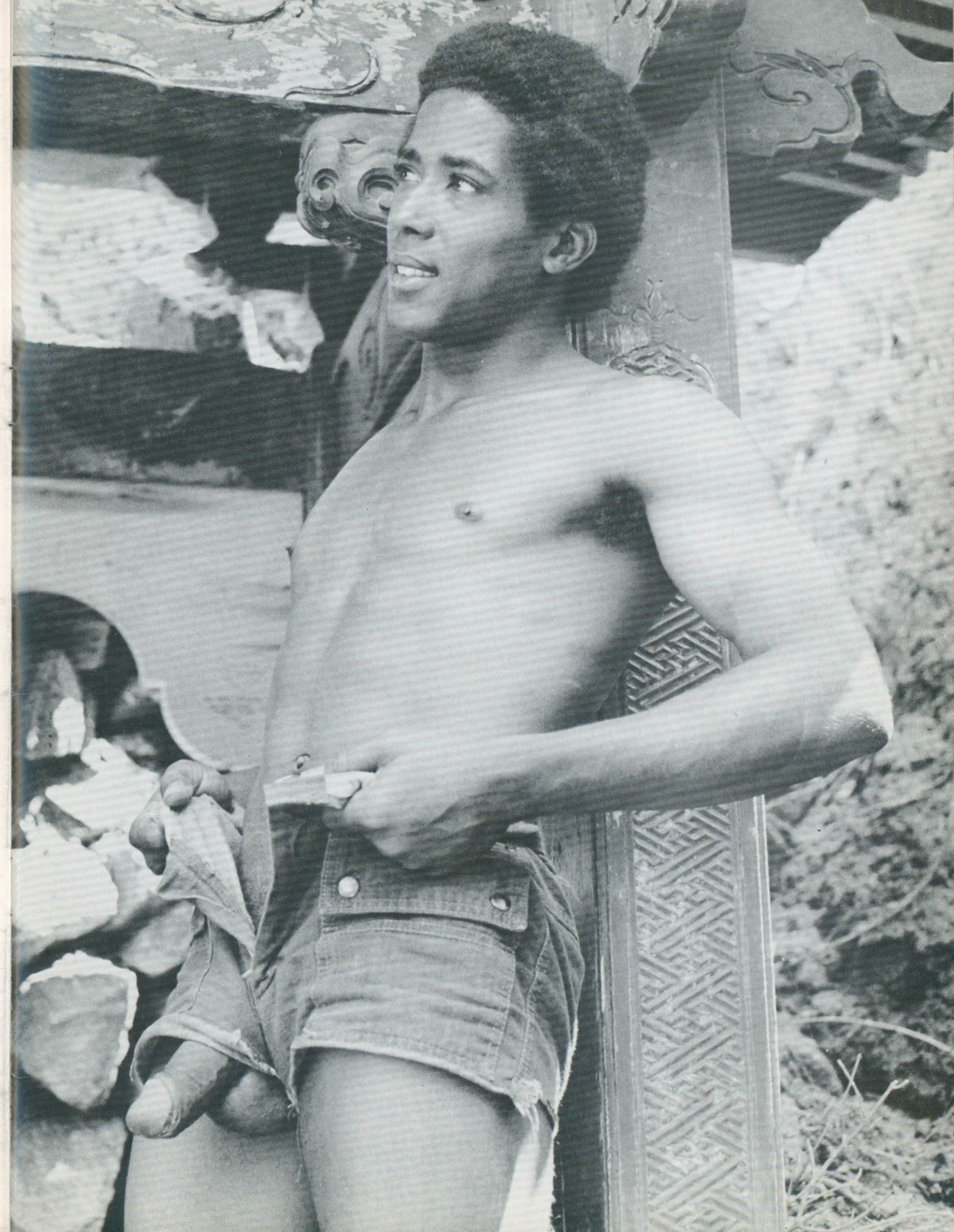
Whether or not the Myth has any basis in reality has never been proven, but for the black gay guy it can be all important that he live up to the Myth. In "Sex and the Young Black Male," Maude I. Parker points out that there is close relationship between the role that society assigns individuals to play and their behavior. For many black guys then, sexual activity becomes an important substitute for power and one which might cause them many serious psychosexual and social problems.

To put it more simply, the black male who suddenly finds himself with a white sex partner for the night has a responsibility, either real or imagined, to live up to his "super stud" status. And if he is not enormously endowed, as he is expected by most whites to be, this can really reinforce his already overburdened feeling of inferiority.

Of course this is nothing new. Ever since the Negro male was introduced to the U.S. by slavery in another century, he has been thought of by whites (gays included) as "dripping with sexuality." No small title to live up to.

There has always been (*Continued on page 43*)

World Wide Fotos





The Body Bawdy
The Sex Tease Comes Full Circle
By Terry McWaters

GAY guessing game. When was the idea of our contemporary American meatrack first realized? Was it five . . . ten . . . twenty years ago? And where? At those now famous beaches on Fire Island . . . P'town . . . Sylt Island . . . St. Tropez . . . the Ile du Levant?

It may surprise many gay people to learn that none of these answers is correct . . . that the world's first meatrack came into existence fifty years ago on New Year's Eve 1924; not clandestinely, as one might expect of a sexstyle of so distant and sexually-impermissive a time, but quite openly and bawdily at the Café National in Berlin. It wasn't '*cock*-a looky', as we think of gay meatracks today, but it did begin the trend of the sexual tease that has come full circle here in the United States, with nudity, nudity everywhere-around-us.

On this night in 1924 a dozen starving post-World War I girls came into the Café National and, by pre-arrangement, walked casually over to individual tables where male customers were being served beer; sat down; and whipped out their breasts and laid 'em on the line on the cold marble of the tables.

The meatrack, therefore, came about not so much as an expression of sexual desire, but as a trick in getting food to keep body and soul together. It was a time when the German mark declined in value each day because there was no gold or silver to back it up. Having lost the war, and being hobbled by an interim regime that couldn't cope with the socio-economics of that post-war period when Germany was changing from a monarchical (the Kaiser having fled to Holland) to a democratic form of government, inflation hit the country harder than had the bombs. (And surely we in the United States today can empathize because we have much of this same situation in the wake of the switchover from Nixon to Ford.) Inflation then—as now—was an engulfing plague. Some examples:

(1) In early 1923 the *Berliner Zeitung* cost 200 marks per daily issue. By mid-July the inflated price for the same newspaper was 2000 marks, and by that historic 'meatrack' New Year's Eve the price had soared to 8 *billion* marks!

Prostitutes would accept only food as a fee. Most were simply too weak to trundle a wheelbarrow of paper marks through the city streets. (A wheelbarrow was the only means of transporting enough money in those days . . . 'summer purses' were to be out for a very long time!) A night's lay yielded, perhaps, a prized tin of *eisbein* (pig foot in aspic . . . usually more aspic than foot), if a girl had really struck it rich that evening. Or perhaps a bar of Swiss chocolate. And so, by 'unionizing' themselves on that memorable night, and exposing their breasts to a German male (counting on the fact that the war had not destroyed his native grave courtesy), they were able to stave off hunger another day.

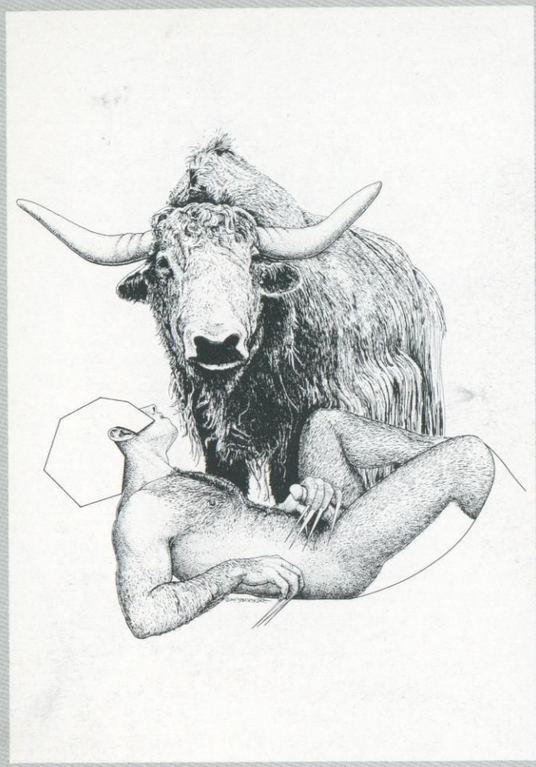
SCALING THE BERLIN SEX WALL

The reign of Kaiser Wilhelm had been socially and sexually stultifying for everyone—gay and straight. As a cousin of England's Queen Victoria (she called him 'Willie'), the same excess of prudery that had marked her reign also characterized his. With the exception of a very few daring souls (as Oscar Wilde had been in London) the normal ebullience of the Germans was almost completely squelched. Creativity in the theatre, music, painting, literature and experimentation in motion pictures was shackled.

But almost as if on cue with the end of the war came the German sexual revolution . . . and how dramatic and wide and diversified it was is still a source of amazement to us all—especially to the Germans. So much of this irresistible force of change was brought about by concerted gay effort.

Gay people are blessed with a feeling for the temperament of the times; a prescience straights usually do not have. Like fine actors, they not only have the five physical senses, plus the intuitive sixth others often have, but a seventh sense . . . an almost supernatural ability to (a) judge the extent of reactive power of those about to be *involved* in change, and (b) to adapt themselves—their tricks and ploys—to this anticipated response. This is what makes gay people not only sensitized to life about them, but so *over*sensitized that they, themselves, can initiate great changes. Certainly we see this today in the United States in the swift challenges and the many 'strike while the iron is hot' revolutionary successes of gay liberation movements.

It is of the post-World War I era that Christopher Isherwood wrote in his short stories that we lately have had translated to the stage and on the screen in *Cabaret*. These translations are not as faithful to the stories—or the period—as they might have been, however, because our filmmakers are inevitably in thrall to the 'Bible-belters' when making any film, because it must gross a bundle just to offset production costs. It must have an overall venue and an overall boxoffice appeal. But the thrust of *Cabaret* is Berlin of the early days of the sexual (*Continued on page 44*)



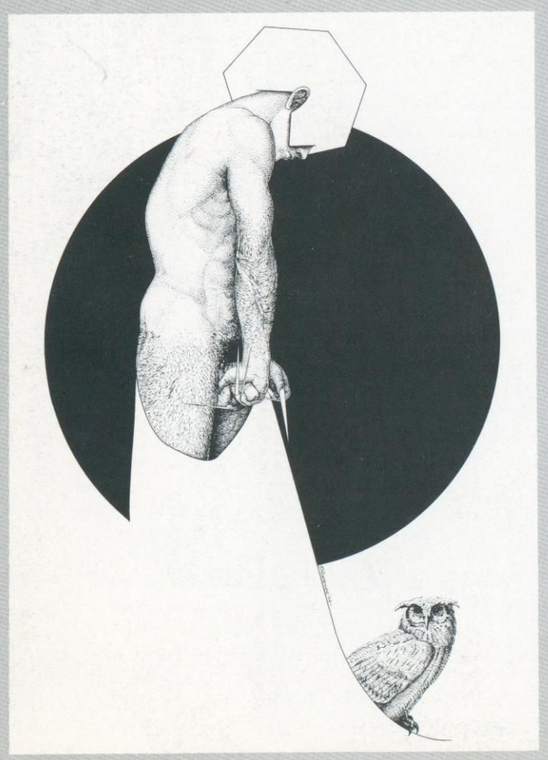
Beastly Lines

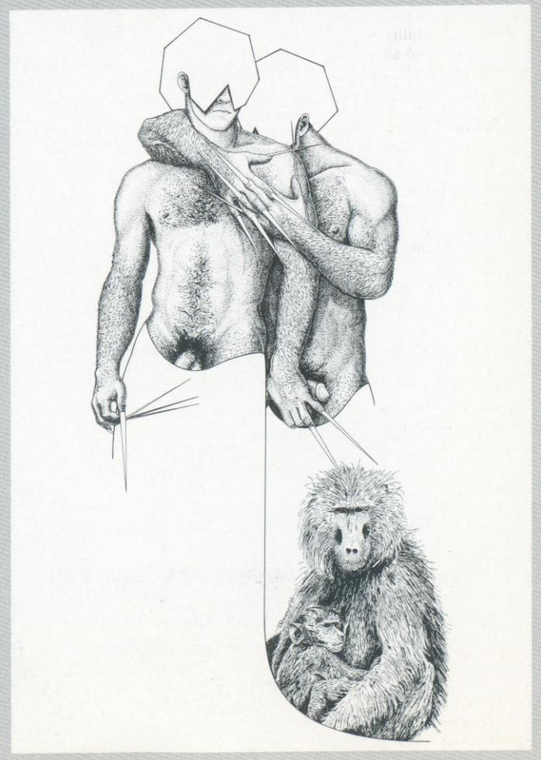
JUST recently we were privileged to meet a young artist whose unusual drawings are being heralded by lovers of erotica.

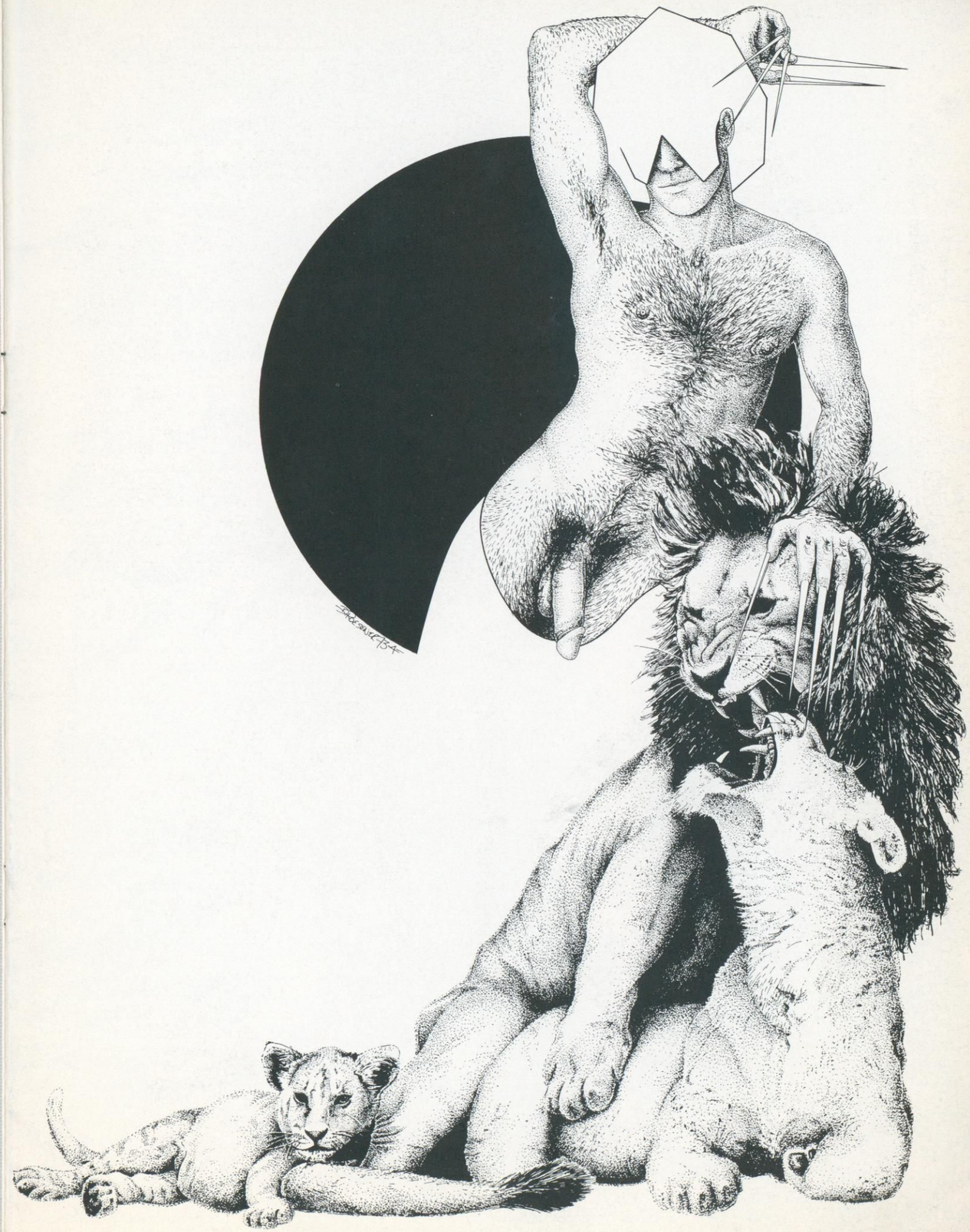
Richard Roesener is 27. By day he is employed as a scientific illustrator at an important museum in Chicago; by night he labors at creating what he loves best—examples of which you see here.

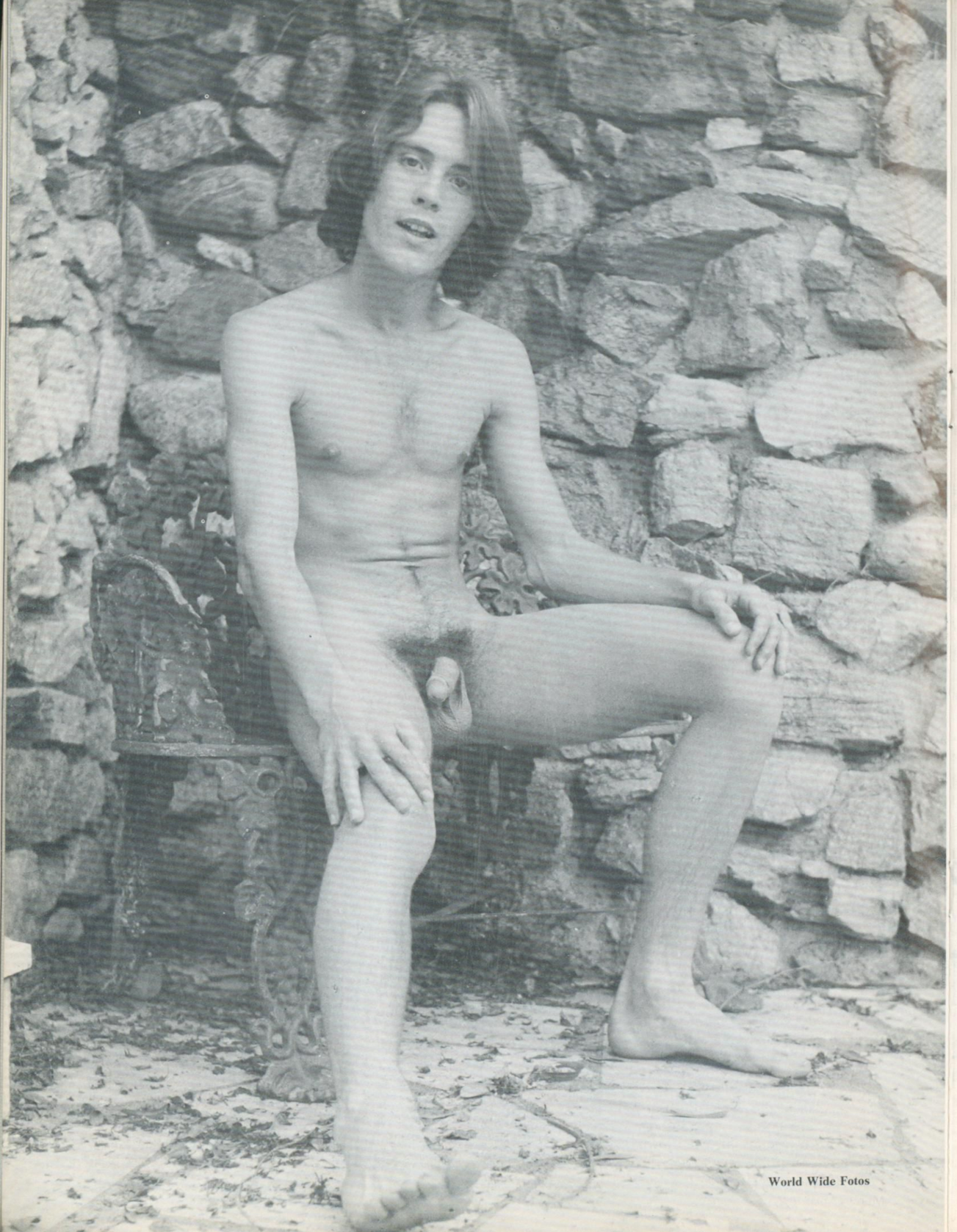
His trademarks are obvious; the inclusion of wild animals in his drawings of hooded human figures with beastly figures. Excessive body hair. Long claws. His message, however, is so subtle that it is interpreted in widely different ways even by those who know the artist intimately.

Mr. Roesener is making available original work as well as prints. If you are interested in knowing more we invite you to write him at 2823 N. Mildred Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60657.









World Wide Fotos

OSLO

A HAVEN FOR JOHN CRUISERS

BY DAVID PARKER

IF you travel to Scandinavia the highlight of your trip will undoubtedly be Copenhagen. It's a wonderful place for gay people. Lots to see. Still more to do. We told you all about it in our August 1974 issue.

Most gay travelers also manage a visit to nearby Stockholm. This city isn't nearly as exciting as Copenhagen so far as action is concerned—but you will find a lot to keep you in heat. The city has several popular gay clubs and a very unusual baths which occupies the underground passageways of what was once a parking garage. We told you all about it in the October 1974 edition of our gay travel magazine, *Ciao!*

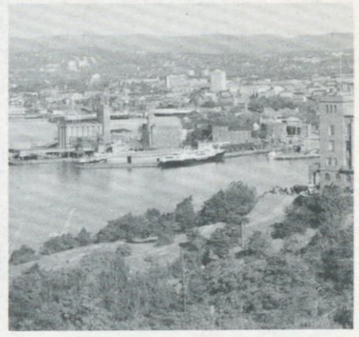
But what we haven't told you about yet is Oslo—the third most popular Scandinavian city visited by Americans doing Northern Europe. It is the least exciting of all as far as gay life is concerned; though homosexuality is legal for those over 21 it is still spoken of in hushed tones and the subject is an embarrassment to everyone. For this reason its gay citizens much prefer to do their cruising from a closet and travel whenever they feel a need to let their hair down openly.

What draws gay tourists to Oslo are certainly not its wild makeout spots, but the physical beauty of Norwegian men. They are even more attractive than the Danes and Swedes—and that's saying a lot. And because they are so handsome, a visit there is all the more frustrating—because making contact is difficult; the Norwegians are not as fluent in English as their Danish and Swedish neighbors, and there are no exclusively gay bars or baths anywhere in Norway.

As might be expected, gay guys find sexual relief in public toilets. The heads in the old University buildings are cruised constantly—and there are johns all over town that see a lot of action. By far the most popu- (*Continued on page 48*)



Aerial View of Oslo



Oslo—The Pride of Norway



National Theater



Subway Toilet Behind National Theater



Frogner Park in Summer



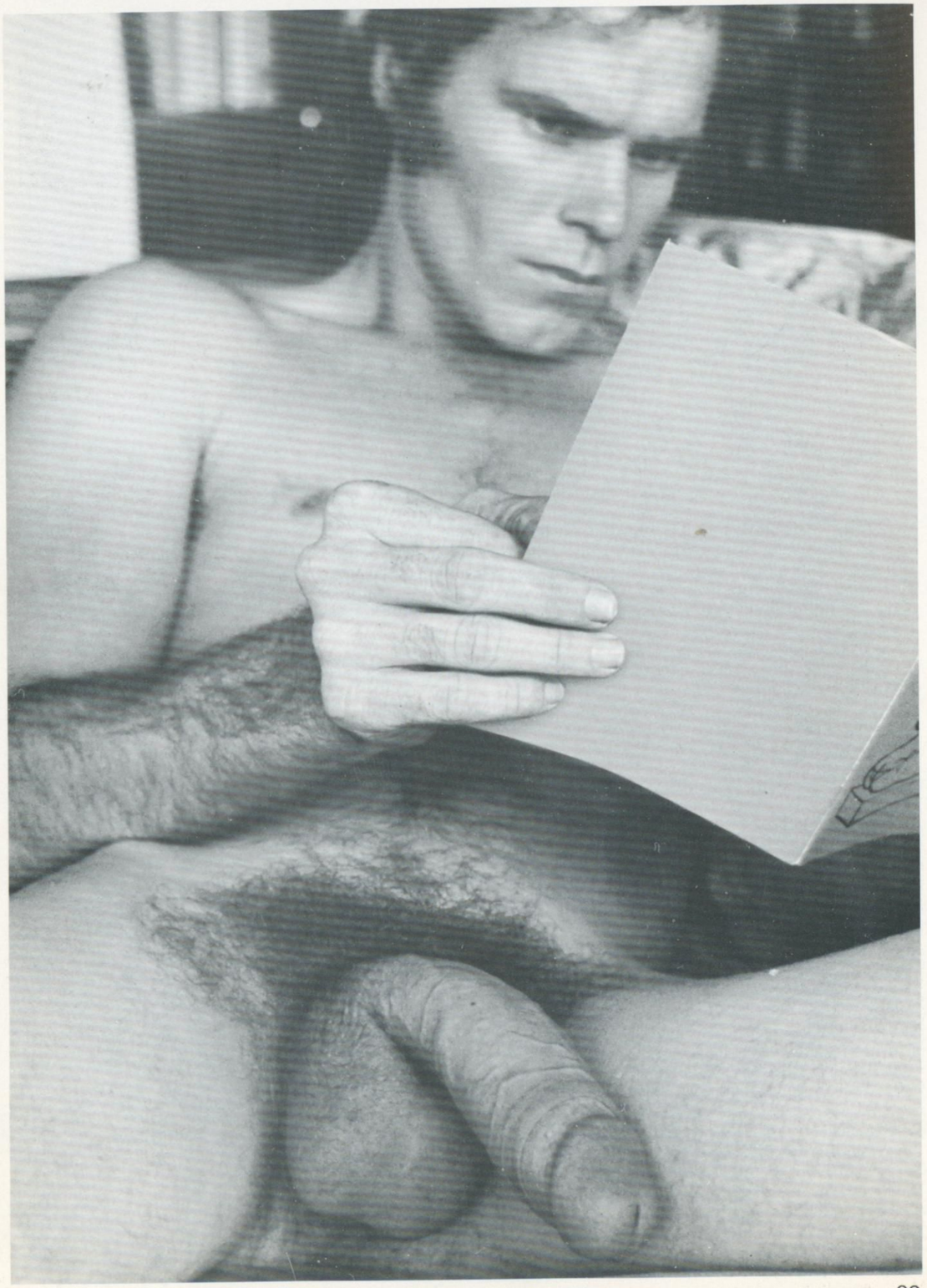
Wintertime in Frogner Park



Central Railway Station



Norwegian Folk Museum



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Whatever Happened To HOLLYWOOD?

By John Roberts

ONE night about a month ago a friend and I were having coffee and pineapple cake at the Brown Derby coffee shop on Vine Street in Hollywood when a Gray Line sightseeing bus pulled up out front and in trooped the tourists. Families from the midwest, cameras strapped around their necks, tired and sunburnt from spending the day by the motel pool were now at the famous Brown Derby for a milkshake so they could tell the folks back home they'd been there. And it's not even the real Brown Derby. That's on Wilshire. But what we noticed was a gay couple—obviously young lovers—stuck smack dab in the middle of this depressing group—and bored as hell. The two guys had obviously come into town cold and wanted to see the *real* Hollywood. They figured the way was to board the Gray Line bus' nightlife tour, which takes tourists up to the Hollywood Bowl and up the Sunset Strip for a bird's eye view of this wicked town. That's the worst way to see it—stuck in a bus with a driver at the microphone and a family from Iowa in the next seat—the kids screaming. There are ways to see Hollywood—that is, what's left of it—and this article is my gift to gay guys who are thinking about visiting tinsel town as it is today.

Contrary to popular belief, Hollywood is not dead. Not yet. But gasping its last breath. So if you want to see it before it's gone completely, you'd better do it. Oh, there were the days when coming here was an event to end all events. When movies were movies and stars were stars and the studios were powerful factories turning out hundreds of features every month. In those days I'm told you could walk down Hollywood Boulevard and see the stars themselves. Right now there isn't a decent celebrity who'd be caught dead on Hollywood Boulevard. But since most of us aren't celebrities we can still catch a glimpse of some of that grandeur that once was.

The death of Hollywood—brought about by television, the gradually disappearing movie-going public (from 90 million a week during World War II to 25 million last year), the take-over of the studios by businessmen and conglomerates, the loss of stars and movie magnates that were never replaced, the spiraling costs of filmmaking which shifted production from Hollywood to practically everywhere else—that death has naturally affected the city itself. The tradition is gone. The parade's gone by.

What remains are the memories of what once was—and if you search hard enough, you can still find them. Let's take Hollywood Boulevard first. Running several blocks from Gower Street to La Brea, the stretch most famous, still attracts the tourists. And you can always tell who they are because they walk its length with their heads downcast to the sidewalk. That's because of those stars inlaid in the sidewalk naming almost every personality and filmmaker of any note Hollywood ever had. They still lay those stars in the blank spaces left. One day recently near the corner of Cahuenga Boulevard a small crowd gathered as costumer Edith Head pranced around for photographers atop her new gold star.

The old theatres still stand the length of the street, and several of them are very grand (Pantages, Grauman's, Pacific), but even they are gradually losing their tradition. Grauman's Chinese, undoubtedly the most famous and where you can still walk around the forecourt and put your feet in the prints made by the stars, lost the name Grauman recently. It's now called Mann's Chinese Theatre, named after the businessman who bought it.

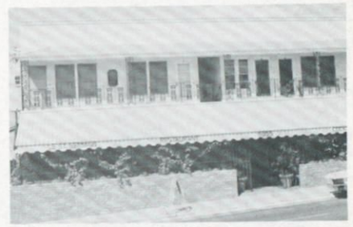
The corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, (*Continued on page 42*)



For Lease: Columbia Studios



Musso & Frank Grill



Le St. Germain Restaurant



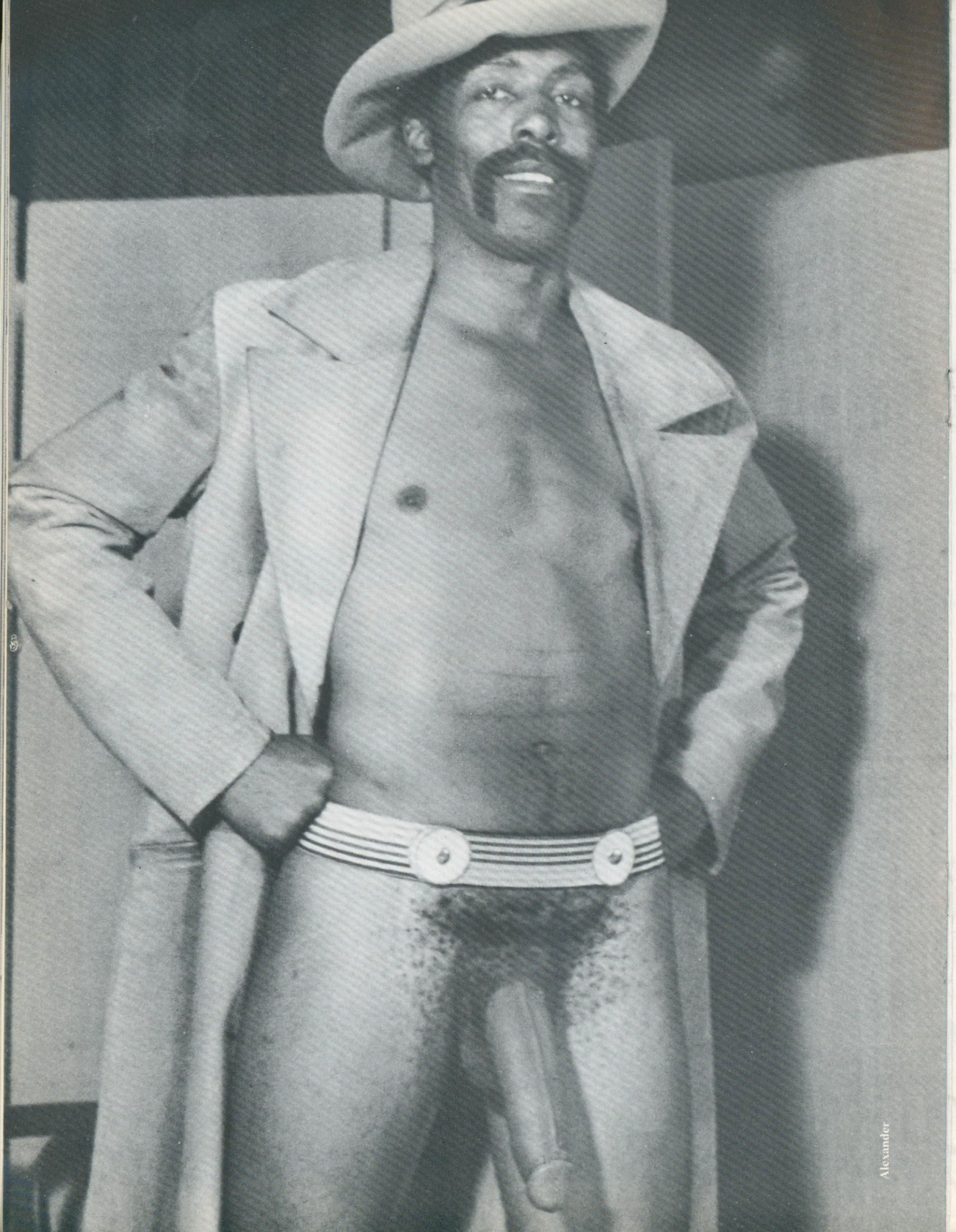
Larry Edmunds' Bookshop



The "Hello Dolly!" Set



As John Roberts Sees It



Joy By The Jugful

High Life On A Low Budget

By Walter Norris

THE flowing bowl puts many a generous gay host out of business because the prices of liquor—the biggest bit of his entertainment dollar—shoot ever upward, putting such a dent in his wallet that he finds he must cut corners, with the result that his hospitality is either scaled to the scanty for the many, or—if still lavish—extended less frequently to the few. Neither is an appealing prospect for a popular host who loves to entertain people in the style to which he has accustomed them.

What makes him sadder—and poorer—is the 'plague of locusts' that descends on him when he takes a summer house at a gay beach resort such as Fire Island. The summer rental (astronomical) and food costs (far higher on the Island than the mainland) are almost devastating. But even this can almost pale into insignificance in comparison to the cost of 'wassailing' guests who drop in hourly—as if on an assembly line—for a chat and a drink: everyone he has known back in the city . . . every beach 'plum' he has picked . . . every trick he has scored on the meatrack . . . plus those who stop by to see if any action is going on, or to case the joint for some likely trick they've not had as yet.

Each has a seemingly bottomless glass that needs constant refilling.

However, if the host can't afford to keep an arsenal of Scotch and pitchers of iced martinis at the ready, he can still be just as popular—and remain solvent—with a jug of wine. Best of all, when the last glass has been drained and the last guest has gone, the host can cook up a thick, juicy steak for himself instead of just making do with the other half of last night's tuna-noodle casserole. And here are some suggestions we hope will be of help.

HOW TO BUY

Buy by the gallon jug. Don't make the mistake of buying cases of wine in the usual wine-bottle (or fifth) size. Of course you'll save something by buying the case, but consider this: buy the same brand by the gallon jug—128 fluid ounces (equivalent to four full *quarts*) and pay no more than $7 tops for it. If you bought the same wine in four 'fifths' bottles (less than a quart each)—you'd pay about $13. A saving of up to $6, plus—gallon vs. fifth—a great deal of wine!

Next, make a distinction between serving the special/premium wines you use to complement certain gourmet dishes, and lighthearted convivial or conversational wines. The finest wine, taken out of 'context' as it were, can be meaningless as a conversational drink. There is nothing to savor it *with* to serve the purpose for which it was created, and since there will be no other wines in its category to compare it *to*, the wine is, in a sense, unchallenged—and so its true character and nobility are not fully appreciated when it is drunk merely as an accompaniment to conversation.

HOW TO SERVE

One really needs only two wines at any get-together. For example, a dry red burgundy and a zippy ice-cold chablis. A jug of chablis lying in a bed of shaved ice (gussied up with a few fronds of fernery to make a pretty picture) can put a lovely color into any day. The burgundy, at room temperature, gives a special glow to any party.

Avoid anything that smacks of a 'punch'. That's too *kitsch* for comfort these days . . . not sophisticated enough for gay tastes. Sangria comes quite close to being a punch when too much fruit and fruit juices are added. Sangria is fine as a pre-brunch, but it is hardly likely to raise more than a quizzical eyebrow if served at a gathering where food is not present . . .at least *hors d'oeuvres* should be lurking somewhere in the background.

Also—and this will cause the true *tastevin* to grit his teeth—some American winemakers are actually now bottling 'champagne' in gallon jugs. Avoid it as if typhoid. The trouble is really that artificial carbonation has been forced into the jug after the so-called champagne has filled the jug to about seven-eighths of its capacity. The artificial carbonation is so dense that it visibly raises the volume of the contents to jug-capacity and is often so excessive that the cork blows out of the jug at the most embarrassing times—and with no ceremonial help from the harried host. Such imitation, jugged 'champagne' invariably has a burning/gaseous effect. Your guest, long after he has departed, will not thank you for a hospitality that gave him heartburn, colonic temblors, and monster farts that seem to split his rectum in twain (or even 'thrain').

Jugged champagne is usually made from just any kind of grapes available. On the other hand, true champagne is made from grapes that grow in the Champagne districts of France, or from vines imported from there into the United States, transplanted and harvested to give us a comparable champagne in every true sense of the word . . . bearing an American label such as Great Western, Korbel and many excellent others.

EUROPEAN JUGS

Jugged wines are a (*Continued on page 30*)

An Original Book
The Socrates Caper
by Dakota Jonson

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

CHAPTER VI

IF you missed the action at the Broadway Baths that glorious Saturday night in October, you missed the confrontation of a lifetime. Nothing quite like it will ever happen again.

Our brave brothers started lining up at the front door about two in the afternoon. About four, I was with Elliott in the office downstairs when the phone rang.

It was friendly Dick, the Detective. The room was stuffy and crammed full of camera equipment and paraphernalia the press had brought that morning. I heard Elliott say, "Oh no, you can't!" As reported out to me the conversation continued something like this:

Friendly Dick—"But you're gonna need *some* protection! Why in hell didn't you tell me you were holding a midnight press conference?"

Elliott—"We don't need any protection, Dick. You must let us handle this in our own way!"

Dick grudgingly agreed, but wasn't happy. He threatened to call the TPF with a busload of riot troops hidden around the corner, but we begged him out of it. Elliott told him they might be seen and frighten the guys away.

Dick's call convinced us the Syndicate was onto us. He said he'd heard about the conference "downtown."

The more curious members of the Press came in about ten in the evening, a few of them swinging into action, donning towels and padding around the corridors. How they made out, I wasn't counting.

By eleven the dance floor was jumping half-naked pecs and wriggling arms and terry-clothed asses screwing into thumping rock, skin and hair, pink and blue, tinted madness flickering from the color wheels. Elliott had brought in a live group called the "What's Up?" Plenty was, I'll tell you.

Hamburgers sizzled on the grill, Jeff shimmering in a bright purple shirt open to the navel, his pierced ear stuck with a new tiny gold button. He danced behind the counter like a turned-on priest of Bacchus, his brown skin rippling in the lights, his green eyes shining. And hardly leaving the counter ever was his Puerto Rican cop friend. I suspect the cop is where the tiny gold button came from. Romance was in the air, as well as tension.

Ebanykus and I had to maintain a state of semi-dress, damn it! Ebanykus kept watch on the hidden door to the roof. Elliott had brought in his football players from upstate.

The crowd began to thicken in the dance area about the time Hippolyta and Carmine and their Sisters showed.

Then, at midnight, after a roll of drums, Elliott strode up to the platform into the spotlight and microphone. Man, did he look impressive!

"Beautiful. Beautiful," his voice boomed and the crowd cooled. "It's beautiful to see the old Broadway back to normal tonight, and let me tell you, it's going to stay that way, with your help."

Screams and hollers underpinned with applause filled the small area, punctuated with shouts of "right on!" from one or two black brothers. "We've invited the press and television here tonight," Elliott went on, "and there's going to be some filming, so if you wish not to be seen, please avoid the camera's eye."

"No! No! Right on! Let 'em roll!" came the shouts, although not just a few guys and several women slid off into the shadows.

Crewmen started tumbling out of the dressing room with hand-held cameras. This produced another roar of approval, and antics by the more brave. But a dozen hisses called for silence.

"We've given a handout to the boys from the media explaining why we got you all together here tonight," Elliott continued. "But we want you all to know. The reason is quite simple. The Broadway Baths is Gay. Has always been Gay and run exclusively for Gays. And we're doing something here tonight no other gay establishment has ever been forced to do. We are going to tell you exactly who owns the Broadway."

Explosion of applause. Man, I sure was proud of Elliott Sandhurst. There was magic in that humid air. Had we really assembled an Army of Lovers? Or a battalion of cop-outs?

"To be specific," Elliott was saying, "the Broadway is owned by three men who are sole owners of the 'Triple-S Corporation'—Sandhurst, Swann and Strong —which is, in turn, sole owners of the Broadway Baths." He took a deep breath as the crowd rustled to silence. His voice had a shake in (*Continued on page 32*)



Athletic Model Guild

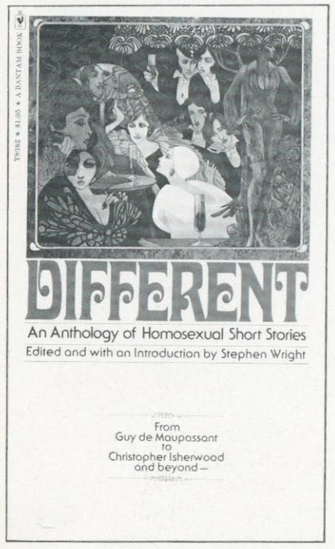
QQ's Man of the Month

Steve Anthony

By Western Photography Guild



Book Review



It is virtually impossible to give a zilch rating or a four-star huzzah to a collection of gay short stories such as **Different: An Anthology of Homosexual Short Stories**, edited by Stephen Wright, Bantam Books, 394 pgs., $1.95.

The reason, obviously, is that any anthology is deliberately designed to appeal to a variety of tastes, of intellects, and of interests. So, if you like well-written, thoughtful probes into the gay mystique you will not be totally disappointed. On the other hand, if you want a raunchy, fuck-em suck-em story you won't be disappointed (entirely) either.

What I look for in a book like this one, at the very least, is one or two stories that are really great, or at minimum, great enough, all by themselves, to warrant the price of the entire collection. Then, on top of that, if there are any pleasant surprises, any previously unknown goodies, so much the better.

Different, happily, includes **four** such stories, qualifying as great: Henry James's **"The Pupil,"** Gore Vidal's **"Three Strategems,"** and **"The Theban Warriors,"** by Lonnie Coleman, as well as **"Fulvous Yellow"** by Stanley Kauffmann. (I know of two other anthologies, each made valuable, in my estimation, by the inclusion of the last-mentioned story. In fact, any anthology which includes **"The Theban Warriors"** can't be all bad. It is, far and away, my favorite piece of short, gay fiction; acute, funny, touching, and as polished as the Queen's jewels.)

To pay $1.95 to put a copy of these four stories alone before your eyes, beside your bed, and on your shelf is a steal. At going rates that's nearly two good stories for one cold beer. But, if you need any additional urging, there are also stories by de Maupassant, D.H. Lawrence, Paul Goodman, Christopher Isherwood, and Sherwood Anderson, any one of which is bound to excite some kernel of literary appreciation.

And besides these, there are fifteen more stories (six of them excerpts from longer works), a goodly total of 24, ranging from classical to science fiction, from sensuous to sensitive, from amusing to tragic. A heady collection, to be sure.

The gamut of authors is, as well, extensive, including two "attributed to" Oscar Wilde pieces. It is entirely to the credit of the anthology that **Different** does, indeed, include stories by writers less well-known than those named above. Their work is often on a par with and, in some cases, far better than, that of their more celebrated colleagues. And they do, certainly, merit the inclusion.

Stephen Wright edited this anthology for Bantam (which describes **Different** as an "Out of the Closet Classic"), and he wrote a forgivably brief—4½ pages—introduction in which he tells **all** about homosexual writers; gives a half-sentence precis of each story; and claims to have read "virtually every known story of substance published on homophile themes since 1900."

What he does not say is why, for an anthology of twenty-four, he selected **four** stories by Phil Andros. Accomplished though he may be (and that can well be argued), Andros hardly rates such pushing, and I would personally have rather read three stories "of substance" by other writers. Surely they must exist amidst all those stories Stephen Wright has read.

And finally, there is a one-paragraph-each Notes on Contributors section at the back of this collection. The inanities therein have got to make these four pages one of the funniest bits of literary camp going. (And it's all painfully dead-pan, too.)

What **is** important, though, is the collection itself, and it is, by anyone's standards, superior. By all means, rush out and buy it, and remember the old adage about not telling a book by its cover.

The cover of **Different** is tacky.

—Orlando Paris

JOY BY THE JUGFUL

(Continued from page 25)

rather new European export. Of course we have long had the huge and often fantastically-designed bottles of Chianti. The 'straw vest' of the big or small Chianti bottle is familiar to all. Although many people think that Chianti is a wine for the *pasta* or the meatballs or *lasagna*, it is often an absolutely heavenly socializing wine that can take your drop-in guests by surprise, keeping them happy throughout the afternoon (even into the orgy). There is also a little trick you might care to try when serving Chianti as a socializing wine (but *not* with a meal).

The straw vest on the bottle is not there for a solely ornamental purpose but for a quite practical reason. When the straw is wet it acts as a wine cooler by evaporation . . . not a 'colder' which would refrigerate the hearty taste and take the 'Marcello Mastroianni' out of it . . . but just cool enough so that there is a slight suggestion of contrast between 'ice and fire', the cool straw bringing out characteristics of Chianti that your friends may never have noticed when served from a bottle right off the shelf. Italians on outings always place their bottles of Chianti in a cool stream. Then, when brought back to the festivities, the evaporating straw keeps the wine at just the right degree of coolness until it has been consumed. You can do the same by simply running cold water from your sink tap over the strawed bottle until you're ready to pour. Cold tap water is usually just the right degree of desirable coolness. A quick squeeze with a paper towel will prevent messiness.

FRENCH JUGGED WINES

Ecu Royal has become a familiar name with American TViewers. It is the first of the French jugged wines. In general, these wines are not *appelation controllé*—meaning that the French government does not exercise strict control (more often *no* control) over their manufacture and processing. So, depending on the greediness of the French winemaker (who can be pretty greedy), and his flinty-heartedness about producing any wine of superior quality for anyone other than his countrymen (who were born knowing what good wine is), you are on your own in a kind of No-man's Wineland. Moreover, with their generally higher prices than American jugs (import duty, taxes, et al) they can prove to be a pretty expensive experiment. *Ecu Royal* can generally be relied on in any/all categories.

There is one distinction we should mention. All *jugged* French wine is lighter because it is bottled fresh from a bumper-crop pressing and not given time to age in wooden casks; therefore don't look for 'vintage years' on the label. Settle for 1972 or 1973, or this year. Look at it this way: if there is no bumper crop of grapes in any particular year, there will be no *jugs* of wine either. Whatever yield the winemaker gets from his scanty crop will certainly be given the 'cask and bottle' treatment . . . the wine aged as long as required, then bottled—not jugged—and sold at the highest possible price (supply and demand). On the other hand, whatever the jug of wine, the more it will taste as fresh as the *vin du pays* Frenchmen love—the first wine-pressing of the year. And that is no small pleasure. If this is what you and fifty million Frenchmen want, search no further.

SPANISH JUGS

There are also a few good Spanish jugs on the market, the best of which come from the regions of Tarragona, Rioja and Valencia. They are the lowest in price of all *imported* jugged wines. Note the jug label to see whether the wine comes from one of these areas. If so, then it will be a red wine and have a smooth, soft, velvet-like taste with no acerbic bite. Your guests who prefer red wine will compliment you on your choice.

However, if the wine is white, forget it! Jugged white Spanish wines generally have such a thin taste one might just as well sip instant iced tea. Some of these good Spanish jugs are also 'straw-vested'. Treat them also to the cold-water tap as you do Chianti, for a perkier effect. (Tip: never put a jug of wine into your refrigerator even for a few moments 'just to cool it off a bit' prior to serving. Even a moment is too long since the extreme change in temperature is too sudden and the taste of the wine will be impaired and its character 'debased'.

AMERICAN JUGS

Americans are richly blessed with respect to jugged wines. Our vintners in both California and New York almost never fail to have a bumper crop of grapes. Although the number of jug-winemakers in New York State is only a fraction of those in California, the Concord and Catawba grapes of New York produce a not-too-dry, not-too-sweet, just-right taste that many prefer as both a table *and* socializing wine. Some very good New York State jugged wines are Taylor's *Burgundy* and Gold Seal's *Catawba.* Another New York State winemaker (actually a subsidiary of Taylor) is the Pleasant Valley Wine Company. Try a jug of their *Baco Noir Burgundy* and *Dutchess Rhine* . . . you'll be surprised and delighted, and so will your free-loading guests!

California wines by the jug never disappoint. Those made from grapes of the San Joaquin Valley are quite different in taste than those of the North Coast. The wines of the San Joaquin Valley are invariably full-bodied, ripe and fruity. However, don't look in your wine shop for labels reading 'San Joaquin Valley'. Wines from this area bear the names of the towns near where they are pressed. The label should indicate either Lodi, Madera, Cutler, Fresno, Arvin, Ripon, Escalon or Modesto (whatever the otherwise fancy title on the label may be). Try a jug each of a Burgundy and the driest of all Chablis from one of these towns. They shouldn't run more than $4.50 to $5.50 per jug (if even that). Caution: forget the San Joaquin Valley version of Chianti—no matter how they try it just ain't Italian or 'chianti' enough . . . a wholly different wine than the import.

On the North Coast the wines are zestier, zingier, livelier, and among the best brands are those bearing the name of Louis Martini, Italian Swiss Clony, Korbel, Sebastiani, and C.K. Mondavi. The best burgundies are those of Sebastiani, Mondavi and Italian Swiss Colony, with Korbel's *Mountain Red* being a special favorite of ours. Italian Swiss Colony makes a wonderful Chablis—ice it,

It's Better In Pairs!

Who's Who Among History's Lovers

By Rob Arrington



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

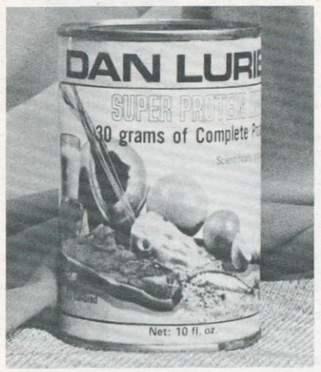
THE GERMAN AFFAIR

One was a king and the other a composer, and if the one hadn't loved the other, some of the world's greatest operas might never have been created.

The king was *Ludwig II* of Bavaria, who ultimately ended up mad, but before he did, he was patron to *Richard Wagner*, who turned out such operas as *Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde,* and *The Ring of the Nibelungen* under the king's sponsorship.

The king was taken with various young men during his reign, but none other enjoyed the unbridled passion he focused on Wagner, whom he addressed in letters as "My loved one" and "Darling of my soul." A typical declaration of his feelings in these love epistles to the composer was "How I love you, how I love you, (*Continued on page 44*)

MUSCLE FOOD



Musclemen eat lots of protein because it's what muscles are made of. Now—instead of drinking fattening and nutritionally-poor soft drinks—stock your refrigerator with delicious and nutritious SUPER PROTEIN DRINK. Each 10-oz. can contains 30 grams of protein (88 percent of the adult minimum requirement for a 150-lb man). Comes in **Vanila, Chocolate** and **Banana**—12 cans to the case (cannot be sold in smaller quantities or mixed flavors). Please specify flavor when ordering. Sent via insured parcel post.

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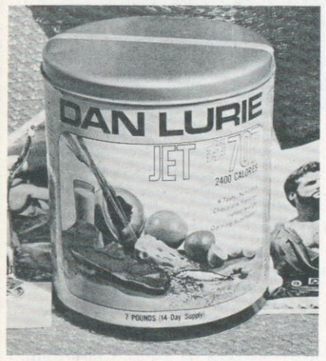
GAIN WEIGHT!



If you're tired of being skinny but have difficulty putting on weight—JET WEIGHT-GAIN FORMULA 707 will help you gain up to a pound a day. It's a delicious chocolate flavored powder high in calories and fortified with vitamins and minerals. You mix it with ordinary milk. Can be taken with meals or as a snack. This is the same formula Mr. America winners use to gain weight in a hurry. Comes with special instructions. Sent via insured parcel post.

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Two 7-lb. Cans (1-mo. supply; $5 off)..$34.90

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and you're in business! (Tip: if you serve tidbits of sausage type meats—as salami or pepperoni or other spiced *hors d'oeuvres*, have a bottle or jug of Italian Swiss Colony or Mondavi *Zinfandel* close by. There is no wine that goes with spiced Italian-style meats like Zinfandel. Try it and see!

So with the San Joaquin Valley wines being more passionately pressed, and the North Coast (Napa, Sonoma and Mendocino areas) being livelier and zestier, there is a middle-of-the-road choice you may like as much. That is the jugged wine from just outside these two primary viticulture regions . . . slightly south of San Francisco's Bay Area and closer to the coast. Almaden and Paul Masson are the two big names here. If you prefer a pink wine to either white or red, Almaden's *Grenache Rosé* by the jug (a beautifully-shaped teardrop jug, by the way) is just what you're looking for. And Paul Masson wines in every category seem to have some of the sun of the San Joaquin and some of the cool reserve of North Coast wines. But since jugs of wine are inexpensive you can have a fascinating time experimenting. You're sure to find something very special . . . something that you will enjoy, and which will keep your reputation as a generous and thoughtful host untarnished.

• • •

THE SOCRATES CAPER

(Continued from page 26)

it and he struggled for control. "In the past few months we have reason to believe a major Crime Syndicate has been attempting to gain ownership of the 'Triple-S Corporation'—in other words, is attempting to take over the Broadway."

Boos and hisses welled up from the mob. Elliott had to raise a hand to quiet them. Flash bulbs popped.

"We're here tonight to tell you what their tactics have been, and to tell you and the people of New York, we're not going to let them do it!"

Now the cheering was total, bouncing off the walls. But suddenly, like a rifle shot, a man's voice cracked from the stairway, "No you don't. You're not to say another word!"

It was Jack Strong. He made a lightning gesture with his arm like General Patton summoning the tank brigade, and the shrill screech of a police whistle splintered the steamy atmosphere. Someone screamed, "It's a raid!"

But I knew better. There was a split second of stunned silence and I ran up and jerked the mike from Elliott and shouted, "*Not* the police! *Not* the cops! It's the fuckin' hoods! Toss the bastards out!" I swung around to the musicians and told them to play something—*anything!*

Uniformed cops seemed to pop out of the woodwork, most of them plummeting down the stairs, a few scattering out from the corridor behind the pool. The vocalist, a shaggy-haired guy with a Fu-Manchu moustache started wailing a Gay Lib battlecry:

"Ain't gonna hide no more, no more,
Ain't gonna hi-hi-hi-hide no more! . . ."

Robes and towels fell like Salome's seven—or more like *seventy* veils—the naked band of male lovers oozing out from their center like an avenging phalanx of hoplites, rolling the "cops" back into the woodwork, up the stairs—into the pool.

Shrieks and huzzahs amidst pandemonium as the skinned battalion began to sense victory and clawed and clipped into the invading, phony-blue horde. Water sprayed from the pool like sand sharks had been dumped in—sharks in cops' clothing. Drums pounded the paean of battle. "Ain't gonna hide no more, no more; ain't gonna hi-hi-hi-hide no more . . .!"

Lights flashed as Elliott and I dove into the brawl. I connected with a thug headon and tackled him. Oh, no! This was too good to be true! Guess whose flat, pink-eyed face peered out from under blond hair? The little prick bastard who'd stuck me with a knife and zapped me at Holly Love's! He twirled me over like a pea pod—the shit was strong, damn it! and I'd lost my balance. He got me by the jugular before I could regain it. Man, I would've choked to death or suffocated if Hippolyta hadn't come to the rescue. She flung herself on him and got hold of his wispy straw hair and pulled back his head. Carmine straddled me and pushed him all the way over, ripping open his jacket and shirt and pinching his tiny tits. Hippolyta peeled her jeans down to bare-cunt and sat on his face.

"Eat!" she screamed at him, laughing wildly. Carmine stripped his pants off, yanked them and waved them in the air, then ripped off his wrinkled boxer shorts, to the shouts of embattled nudies around us.

They let him go. He scratched his way through the scrapping troops up the stairs, his bare, pimpled ass bobbing in and out of bodies like a bowling ball. Now I *knew* these were no cops! I fought back to the bandstand and hollered "It's the hoods, the hoods! Run 'em out to the street!" A great roar greeted me like booming breakers and the fight was on!

I don't know what happened to Elliott. All I could see were naked bodies writhing and scrimmaging like a tangled orgy. Women swung their fists into the bubbling mass and the pants-off campaign caught on like spontaneous sex. Little did she know, but svelte, mysterious Carmine had triggered the route of the enemy. Black pants and baggy shorts flew in the air all around, swirling and flapping in the muggy atmosphere from the ends of naked limbs, like the banners of a victorious army.

No stopping us now. We stripped them bare. Shorts followed pants, undershirts followed shorts, and before long, every single one of them hoods were beating their acned flesh up the stairs—homophobic rats retreating from the wrath of Dykes and Faggots.

"Ain't gonna run no more, more, more,
Ain't gonna run no more!"

We hounded them defrocked hoods into the cold night air like as if we was the Greeks at Marathon.

And the press corps followed. And so did their cameras. And it was all on film, and a night to remember.

Guess who was waiting for the hoods as we rolled them naked into the chill? Good old friendly-in-the-closet Dick, the Detective. As Gregorio and Garret swung into action and bounced them into the street, Dick and his men hustled them into the paddy wagons. Booked them for indecent exposure and impersonating officers! Beautiful. The Broadway Baths was ours again. Except to account for Jack Strong who had eluded the net.

I rushed up to Ebanykus as fast as I could. He was safe.

"Man," he said, "I knew what was going down when they started comin' outta the rooms dressed like cops. But couldn't get to you. All I could do was hope you'd figure it out."

"We did, man, we did . . . So, 'banykus, baby, I guess that wraps it up."

"No it doesn't, Jonquil." He walked into one of the empty rooms and sat down on the bed and I followed him.

"What now, Ebanykus? You're not worried about the strangler, are you? The Syndicate's not gonna try any of that anymore. Man, like I said, they've had it!"

"Friendly Dick says Gene Boucle and the other guy were killed by a kinky," Ebanykus reminded me, "not by a hood, and probably by somebody they knew . . . ."

"Yeah, I know. But friendly Dick could be wrong."

"I don't think so." He got up and shut the door and turned to me, whispering. "Someone came in over the roof."

"Well, sure. Jack Strong! That explains how he got away."

"But, Jonquil, whoever came in over the roof is still inside . . . See, I taped the door. I noticed the tape broken during the hassle downstairs, so I taped it up again. It's still taped. Whoever came in never went out."

"Well, Jack could've slipped out the front during the fight, I suppose . . . ."

"Then who's holed up in the back room right now?"

"What back room—oh, you mean . . . ."

"Yeah. The one Gregorio was told *not* to rent. The one that Gene Boucle and the other guy got killed in . . . . You seen Elliott?"

"Elliott? Oh, c'mon, Ebanykus, not Elliott! Anyway—well, yeah, I did see him downstairs with Dick, I think."

"But you're not sure . . . . And what about Jack Strong?"

"All right, then, man, who *is* in there?"

"How should I know, Jonquil? Why don't we just go and break down the door?"

What would that prove?"

"I got this eerie feeling, Jonquil, he wants us to know he's there . . . ."

"Maybe he's ripping off somebody this very minute . . . ."

"Naw . . . he's alone. I listened. He's alone. Not even heavy breathing . . . ."

I got up. "I'm going downstairs."

He reached out and hugged me.

"Now look, Ebanykus," I said, "you stay right here. Don't get no crazy ideas . . . I know you and your fuckin' hunches. Just stay put. I'll run down and tell Elliott to get Dick up here. Now don't you budge, damn it!"

"Yeah . . . sure."

I only half-believed him, but what was I gonna do, take him by the hand? I left him and double-jumped the stairs to the cage, barking a quick hello to Garret and Gregorio and grabbing my coat off the hook.

"Where's Elliott?" I asked.

"Dunno," Gregorio said. "What's up?"

"Well find him and tell him to get Dick in here fast. I think we cornered Jack the Ripper!"

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.



PUERTO RICO: A CONTRADICTION TO OUR EDITORIAL

Dear Mr. Keating:

Our good friend of many years, Jerry Roberts, has asked that I write to you in regard to all of the bad publicity being given to Puerto Rico just recently which prompted you to refuse to publish information about the island which would encourage Gays to visit us, and in particular his long accurate report on the island which included many photographs.

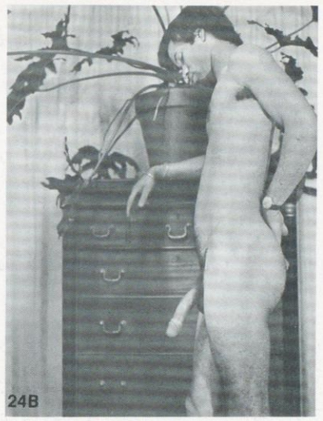
First of all, people are referring to a "new Gay law" which is, to say the least, misleading. What happened is that the Governor has been trying, and the Governor before him, to write a completely new Penal Code to update the entire penal system in Puerto Rico on many counts. After years of work a new Code was approved by the legislature and passed on to the Governor to sign. It was then discovered that the wording of the sections applying to Gays had been changed but not by any substantial amount. The new Code does give the police a little more latitude in the event they have a reason to crack down on a specific bar, but the section is basically the same as it has been for many generations.

What is much more important is the *un*-official attitude of a society unless, of course, we were to have a tyrannical type police force, and we don't. Puerto Ricans are basically more liberal when it comes to sex than any other group I have ever seen and I've been almost everywhere Gays like to travel. In the six and one-half years I've been in Puerto Rico I have seen only two interferences by the police in a Gay club. That was about two years ago when the Lion's Den was raided and shortly afterwards when the same vice chief raided Arturo's in Mayaguez after being transferred from the San Juan area. After that he was also removed from the Mayaguez area by the Police Chief. Both instances appear to have been more personally motivated than officially motivated, and that was the end of such harassment.

It would be hard for me to believe that the police would take any different stand now than they have for so long.

Puerto Rico is still the most active and interesting place for the Gay tourist to visit in this hemisphere and the attitude of the people here is far more tolerant than in any part of the continental United States regardless of what wording is contained in the overall Penal Code of the society. (*Continued on page 50*)





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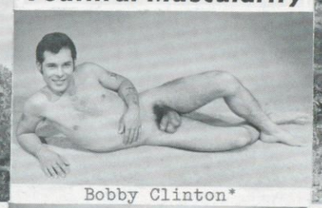
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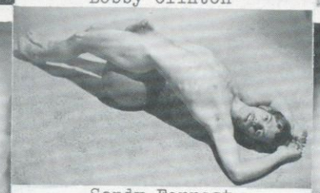
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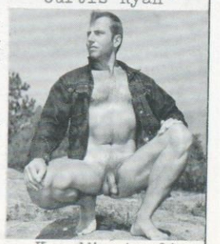
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"What . . . ?"

I didn't wait, but bolted up to the third floor again. My heart stopped. Ebanykus was gone. I rushed toward the end of the hall. Voices were coming from behind that fuckin' door. Ebanykus was in the room with someone—the killer! I started to get sick and my throat dried.

"You are to come with me, my lovely one, oh, my Ibykus," one of the voices said. It was a growling, froggy sound, and I knew who it was. I banged on the door and it flew open.

Augustus Swann, looking like a mad man, his salt-and-pepper hair disheveled and his eyes staring like a trapped animal, holding a gun at Ebanykus' head . . . .

"Jonquil!" Ebanykus groaned.

"God damn, Ebanyhkus. I told you to stay put . . . ."

"Don't!" Ebanykus gasped. "Don't . . . try . . . Jonquil . . . It's okay . . . I'm . . . going with him . . . ."

"Yes, my own Ibykus," Gus purred shoving Ebanykus across the hall to the hidden door, "Yes, my lovely, that's right . . . together . . . the swans are crying for you, my Ibykus . . . ."

His allusion to swans was no pun, man. I knew at once he meant the swans who'd signaled the death of the poet Ibykus and I got a sudden chill . . . .

A couple of guys coming down the hall saw what was going down and backed away. Gus forced Ebanykus through the door and they disappeared up the stairs to the roof while I stood helpless. I waited, ready to spring . . . .

I raced to the roof, clambering out into the cold air. Their shadows scurried out of reach, disappearing, as if swallowed up by the building next door.

I got to the stairwell and took five flights down in track time. But they had eluded me.

When I pushed my way out into the street, they were nowhere in sight . . . .

One giant step, man, that's all it took me to get next door to the Broadway. Dick was there already, and Elliott, Gregorio and Garret. They were shaken.

"What is it?" Dick said as soon as I burst into the anteroom.

I stammered what had happened, screaming, "We gotta get to him fast! Ebanykus is playing some kind of crazy game with him . . . ."

"Well, where—?" this from Dick.

"I know where," Gregorio said.

"Jesus," Elliott whispered, "is it Gus?"

We piled into Dick's police car, but not until we'd convinced him not to haul half the force along. If Gus got frightened off—well, shit, we had an even chance of saving Ebanykus if we crept in on them . . . .

It seemed to take forever, in spite of the siren and flashing light and breaking every record for getting from the west Eighties to Broadway and Bond. Yeah, man, like it was taking us twenty-five hundred years. Two-and-a-half milleniums to get to Ebanykus—to Augustus Swann who imagined himself Socrates.

It was a race back into time—to the night of 415 B.C. The eve of the Alkibiades expedition to Syracuse when, in a drunken stupor, he mutilated the household Athenian gods, the beginning of his betrayal of Socrates. If Ebanykus was playing the role of Alkibiades with Gus, man, then Ebanykus was gonna die.

We were a grim-faced bunch. Dick isn't the best driver in New York's finest. The car careened and skidded and we lunged and fell into each other, Gregorio and I scrunching into poor Garret squashed between us. Elliott sat like a stone up front.

The stark reality of Augustus Swann hit me full on now. For him, fantasy had *become* reality. His trips to Greece—always alone, always without Elliott . . . the theft of the Elysian Marbles, his marriage to Holly Love.

And the society of "ALK." Gus laying on those high-sculpted principles to a bunch of guys who just wanted some fun out of Gay. And when his "principles" were aborted? Gus had killed. Because he couldn't face himself—couldn't face that he was human like everybody is human, and like everybody's got human needs, like sex and love . . . .

When Gus got into hating his disciples because they whored around or "betrayed" his teaching; and when Gus found he *wanted* them in spite of their betrayal—wanted them physically and totally, he simply couldn't deal with it. And because he couldn't deal with it, he'd destroyed two lives and now was gonna destroy himself . . . and Ebanykus . . . .

Dick shut off the lights and siren below Twenty-third Street after we cut through the intersection.

Still it seemed to take forever . . . back into time . . . to the Fifth Century . . . .

Gregorio directed us to the front of a grim loft building with dark windows.

And when we got inside, Elliott discovered his key to the elevator wouldn't fit. Gus had changed the lock. In the confusion, Gregorio had forgotten to bring his keys.

Friendly Dick to the rescue. He jimmied the lock and sprung it, and pushed the button. The big, smelly thing growled down to us. We could only hope the sound wouldn't warn Gus, but then I remembered in Ebanykus' description, the elevator led into a long hallway separated from the great dining room—to that island of Ancient Athens wherein was poured the last of the wine and Socrates held forth.

At the top the door ground open. We entered the long corridor with the statues niched in the walls. Gregorio showed us the way to the dressing room and out the other side into the great hall.

It was empty and gray. We padded like forest nymphs to a hidden corner at one end, not knowing what would happen. Gregorio insisted Gus would soon make an entrance. So we held tight.

All except Dick. He wasn't about to sit still, man. I mean, he was a cop, wasn't he, and had to do his thing? "Stay here!" he rasped. "I'm gonna prowl."

But just as he began moving away from us, floodlights popped, bathing the great chamber in pink and magenta, forcing him back into the shadows with us.

And Gus came forth through a door between the far pillars, facing us with Ebanykus following. Of his own free will, the nut! I almost shouted at him.

Gus was dressed in the long, lavender chiton of Ebanykus' description, carrying a large golden goblet in his two hands, the double-handled kantharos for drinking. Ebanykus was dressed in the short-skirted,

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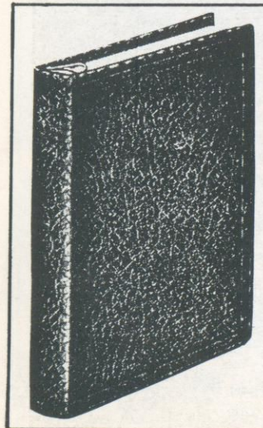

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sleeveless chiton worn by the followers of ALK. So he was gonna play out the fantasy with Gus. My crazy Pisces lover!

Gus stopped and gazed out over the empty room as if he were going to address the multitudes. He came forward down the steps holding the kantharos out from his body like an offering to the gods. Then, slowly, carefully, he placed the goblet on the low table in front of him. And slowly he turned and waved to Ebanykus.

Ebanykus, his shoulders hunched awkwardly in that funny way of his, sprinted down the steps and stood a few feet from Gus, first on one foot then another, like a confused army recruit waiting for his first physical.

I began to shiver. Gus was mad. A killer. Yet he looked fantastically like Socrates!

He seemed to stare at Ebanykus a moment. Then he croaked, "You will prepare yourself. You will become as the wrestlers at the Gymnasium. Unclothe yourself, my Ibykus."

He couldn't have been speaking too loudly, yet his voice carried across the hall and reverberated against the walls behind us. Garret was holding onto Gregorio, and I got a flash of Elliott getting cozy with Dick, but now was no time for my fantasies!

Gus appeared sober. And cold as marble.

Ebanykus slipped out of the chiton and stood naked in front of him. I expected Gus to touch him, to force him down on his belly so he could—good thing he didn't, man, 'cause nothin' would've stopped me from leaping out at him, and we never would've known . . . . But instead, Gus swung away, gliding to the other side of the room, then turning to address his phantom guests.

"Phaedros, Pausanias, Eryximachos and Aristophanes," he croaked again, his voice full of frogs, "tonight we come to judge Anytos who has brought the charge against me . . . ."

What was this shit? My head buzzed and recognition came quickly. The first cats he mentioned were participants in the Symposium, I believed. But Anytos? Man, Anytos was one of the three men who brought the charges against Socrates which eventually led to his death! Only tonight, Anytos was Ebanykus!

". . . and we come here, dear, dear friends," Gus intoned, "to drink the cup to our departed ALKIBIADIANS who followed the cruel path of our enemies, into lasciviousness, debauchery and promiscuity. And to Gene Boucle who betrayed our principles, and to . . . . Anytos shall drink from the cup with me."

He turned around to face Ebanykus again, saying, "How singular is the thing called pleasure," his lips barely moving, the words rumbling across the hollow room. Like a message of doom. Why did the words stab at me like a death knell?

They were the words of Socrates, but spoken—when? They were chillingly familiar.

". . . and how curiously related to pain is pleasure," he droned, his lisp becoming more pronounced than ever.

Damn it! Why couldn't I place the words?

"Pleasure . . . pain . . . how curiously related to pain is pleasure, and therefore, let us drink, my dear Anytos, from the cup."

He stepped forward and leaned down to grasp the kantharos between his hands, then straightened and moved toward Ebanykus.

"Take the cup and drink, my dear Anytos," he said.

And then I remembered.

He had spoken the first words of Socrates in the Phaedo dialogue, the one which relates the death of Socrates. In which Socrates drinks the poison hemlock and is executed . . . .

He was holding the cup of hemlock out now . . . to Ebanykus, and Ebanykus was reaching for it . . . I jerked around to Dick. "Stop him!" I hissed, then leaped up and screamed, "Ebanykus, don't—don't drink!" running down the steps and across the hall.

But I was too late.

By the time I got to them, the others at my tail like a pack of Bacchantes, Gus lifted the kantharos to his trembling lips and drank fully, swallowing the hemlock . . . fulfilling his moment of greatness . . . .

"Ebanykus, it's a good thing you know your Plato."

"Man, I knew. I wasn't about to drink that shit. Besides, Jonquil baby, Greek's my thing. You oughta know that by now . . . ."

We were nestled naked into our loft bed—not the one in the New York apartment. No, the one in San Francisco overlooking the geraniums and the bridge and the bay. We hadn't rapped much about the Socrates caper in recent days. Too much into getting our interrupted vacation together again.

"Anyway," he said, reaching under the sheets to circle his warm fingers around my cock, "none of us got to poor old Gus fast enough, did we, no matter how much Plato? I mean, man, someone should've got to him a long time ago and laid on him the facts of life."

"Yeah."

"Man, I still can't believe one guy could get so fucked up 'cause he digs men!"

"That's something nobody'll ever really know about Augustus Swann," I said.

"Leave it to the gods, Jonquil. Right now, let's you and I make it . . . ."

"Oh we are, man, we are . . . ."

There were a couple of other swingers in the living room making it too, creaking their love sprawled nude on a day bed—Garret and Gregorio. If they kept it up much longer, I was gonna turn into an inveterate watch queen. I have come to discover I've got a little bit of everything in me and it makes me feel part of a beautiful world.

In a few weeks, we were all going back to work for Elliott Sandhurst, except Garret who's designing ceramics for a smart shop over on Third Avenue. Gregorio baby is gonna go for his C.P.A.

Jack Strong? Well, man, his small paper empire collapsed around his ears. Bankruptcy. Last I heard he got connected with a museum out in the midwest somewhere, and I hope to Christ he's putting his life together. The cops never were able to tie him into the Syndicate hassle. Of course the Syndicate still thrives, but at least a few of the soldiers got locked up for awhile.

Holly Love went to jail for complicity in the Elysian Marbles theft, and the Marbles were shipped back to Athens.

What else? Oh yeah, the Broadway Baths is better than ever. And Hippolyta and Carmine, I think, will stay hitched forever, the way it looks.

Elliott Sandhurst II? It's gonna be good to work for him awhile. I can continue my Greek scholarship thing, and it should keep Ebanykus out of *some* trouble, although both of us live out our fantasies at the Broadway now and then. It's a big world out there, man, with lots to enjoy. And our bed is made.

But I haven't laid it on you about Elliott, have I? Saving the best for last. I can tell you he moved out on his dear mother down in Gramercy Park and got his own nest on the West Side, near the Broadway.

And, well, man, I don't wanna get no cops in trouble or anything—but Elliott's been spending an awful lot of time with a certain detective named Dick.

• • •

A LOOK AT PUBLIC NUDITY

(Continued from page 11)

to America until late in the 1920s, after the raised skirts and relaxed morals of the Roaring Twenties had at least somewhat offset the puritanical dictates of Comstockery. American nudism was founded, not surprisingly—by an expatriate German, named Kurt Barther, who opened the first American nudist camp in New York in 1929, although the name most indelibly stamped on the whole American nudist movement is that of Rev. Ilsley Boone.

Rev. Boone was either the Messiah of the nudist movement or one of the world's greatest con artists—or perhaps both—depending on whom you hear it from. In any case, he was the founder of the American Sunbathing Association, the creator, publisher, and court-room defender of *Sunshine and Health* magazine, and until his overthrow in the early fifties, the virtual dictator of the nudist movement for over two decades.

Viewed from today's perspective, the nudist movement was almost as puritanical as Comstockery in its rules and regulations, attempting to salve the hysterical "law 'n' order" factions by remaining purer than Caesar's wife. Nudist camps maintained staunch laws against drinking, dancing, fondling, carousing, and over-population by singles. In other words, you name it, and it was probably against the rules. Compared to your average nudist camp, a Presbyterian Sunday School was a sex orgy. Even so, the nudists came in for a tremendous amount of legal and extra legal harassment by a general public to whom nudity was synonymous with the most licentious kind of bacchanalian reveling. Considering the rather staid and conservative nature of many of the proponents of nudism, it is truly surprising that the movement survived.

By the late fifties, things were easing up a bit, and some youngsters were discovering in nudity the ultimate schoolboy prank. One popular stunt among high school students during the late fifties, when I myself was in high school, involved a group of boys ganging up on a selected victim and forcibly removing his pants, leaving him to make his way home as best he could without them. Depending on the situation and the per-

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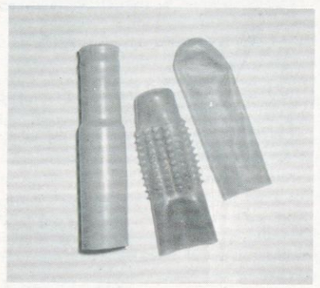

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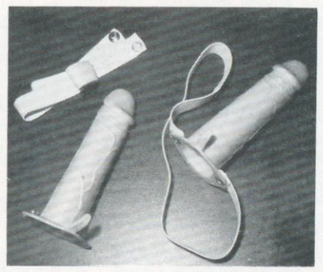

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versity of the group, the victim was sometimes allowed to keep his undershorts, although as often as not these were taken, too. Occasionally the victim was stripped completely naked, although usually only the pants and shorts were taken. In the most widespread slang term, the victim was said to have been "de-pantsed," although in many schools the etymologically questionable term "pantsed" seems to have been in vogue, instead. A similar prank was, and apparently still is, popular on certain college campuses, with the added sophistication that the victim is usually bound and left in some public place to be found by passersby. A favorite fraternity stunt, for instance is to leave a new pledge chained to a post or fountain or what-have-you on the front lawn of a nearby sorority house during the night, to be discovered by the early-rising girls the next morning. Again, some more conservative fraternities allow such pledges the modesty of retaining their undershorts, but it appears to be a much more popular practice to deprive him of all clothing—more popular with everyone except the pledge, at least.

This kind of stunt is often used for punitive purposes in cases of fierce intercollegiate rivalry, also. A prime example is the rivalry between the two major Los Angeles colleges, USC and UCLA. Each year loyal UCLA students attempt to deface the statue of Tommy Trojan, USC's school symbol, and many a UCLA student whose luck was not with him on this errand has found himself chained naked to a lamppost somewhere on the UCLA campus, often splattered with paint or shaved—all over—to add to the indignity.

Also, of course, nudity has almost traditionally been a part of hazing activities among youthful social groups that are not under adult supervision—college fraternities and high school clubs, for instance. Until fairly recent times, when the subconscious homosexual overtones were first pointed out, the fraternity paddle was generally applied to the bare bottom in such groups, and it sometimes still is.

It is interesting to note that in none of the above-mentioned high school and college activities is the nudity voluntary. It is always a case of a student being forcibly stripped by others in a public situation. Even when the victim is a willing participant in the situation (and most of these activities wouldn't be possible without at least the tacit approval of the victim) he would put up a front of vigorous protest. This was the case in nearly all instances of public nudity, except for the nudists, of course, prior to the late 1960s. One of the very few instances of voluntary exposure prior to this was the practice of "mooning." In this, a high school student, usually riding in a car, would drop his pants and present his bare backside through a window to some unexpecting witness, usually in another car. Mooning enjoyed a moderate vogue during the late '50s and early '60s—it is depicted in George Lucas' encyclopedic film recreation of that time, *American Graffiti*—but it never caught on to the extent that de-pantsing did. It was a lot more fun to force someone else to undress against his will than to willingly expose one's own self to others.

And that is pretty much how things stood until 1969. More than a few young men had

appeared in public or semi-public quite naked, but seldom through any choice of their own. They were usually providing amusement, at the expense of their modesty, for their peers. Then came the Woodstock Music Festival.

In so many ways was Woodstock the watershed of the youth movement that it has been the subject of countless post-mortems and scholarly treatises. I won't add to the literature here except to note that it was at Woodstock that the young people first *really* "let it all hang out" in public. The casual nudity, and especially the public skinny-dipping and bathing, was nothing particularly new or revolutionary to the hard-core hippie population, but in addition to them Woodstock had also drawn a vast number of "borderline" young people with open minds but closed lives, who were for the first time exposed to a situation in which nudity was regarded as a gesture of liberation rather than a prank to produce embarrassment. Furthermore, the nudity at Woodstock attained nationwide notoriety as the media people present picked up on it as a colorful and salable item of human interest and turned it, with their attention, from an interesting sidelight into the most important aspect of the festival. No coverage of Woodstock was complete without a generous sampling of photos of nude youngsters bathing, and no report was complete without careful mention of that aspect.

Public reaction was, of course, mixed. Many people recognized the nudity for what it was—a simple, innocent statement of the freedom from restraint sought by the Woodstockians. Many others saw it as the ultimate symbol of the depravity and degeneracy of the age. It is probably because of nudity's ability to shock and outrage the uptight beyond all limits of rationality that it was quickly picked up as a form of social protest, which, interestingly, is exactly what it was in the tales of Lady Godiva back in the eleventh century. Soon young political activists were undressing at public rallies by the dozens, not only to symbolize the throwing off of outmoded conventions, but also to goad the authorities into such irrational overreaction that they would hopefully look pretty silly, even to their apologists.

At about the same time, nudity was becoming a more and more open aspect of entertainment and advertising, and in movies for the first time, male nudity was being recognized as having potentially erotic appeal. (For more on that, see my *QQ* articles on male nudity in Volume 4, Number 2 and in Volume 6, Number 2.) The mystery of the nude body was being dispelled as more and more very attractive people were appearing nude in more and more movies and magazines, and to many people it was becoming increasingly silly to have to keep at least *that* part of the body hidden from view at any cost.

One reaction has been the rise of the so-called "free beach," isolated coves and beaches on which convention is flaunted and bathing suits discarded. Whereas nudity was originally tried only in a handful of out-of-the way beaches along the coasts, nude bathing has proven so popular that it is rapidly spreading. Of course, the authorities are often johnny-on-the-spot to allow them-

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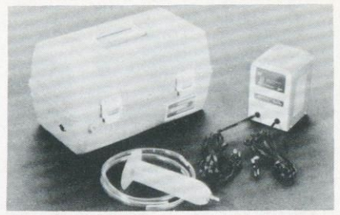



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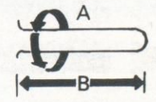

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selves to be offended by that which no one else on the beach cares a bit about, and there have been countless arrests during the past few years for "indecent exposure" on beaches at which *everyone* is so exposed, but surprisingly often authorities have proven willing to look the other way, so long as the "perverts" keep to themselves in places of difficult accessibility.

In some communities, notably San Diego, California, local city councils have even legally set aside certain areas as "optional clothing beaches," making the whole thing legitimate. Such an ordinance was nearly passed in Los Angeles last year, freeing the very easily accessible Venice Beach, but a massive public outcry led by police and religious groups put a stop to that at the last moment. Principal among the detractors of the Venice Free Beach was Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis, who has a way all his own with statistics. Nudity at Venice, he announced ominously, had caused that city's crime rate to rise 28% overnight!

Parallel with the rise of the nude beach was the popularity of streaking. Although streaking was admittedly a passing fad, it was not quite so ephemeral as the popular press would have us believe, nor was it really on a par with goldfish swallowing and phone booth stuffing, as was often suggested. It was, in fact, an affirmation of the physical nature of mankind, which is largely overlooked by society today.

Culturally we have encouraged using and developing the mind since that is indeed the very source of civilization. But the more homage we paid the mind, the more the body became a second-class entity, until the body without the protection of clothing became an object for guilt, for shame, and, to put it mildly, for a great deal of ambivalence. This was the concept that made such activities as hazing and de-pantsing work—the very fact of being undressed in the presence of others was enough to cause acute embarrassment and self-consciousness on the part of the victim, and by extension, a comfortable feeling of superiority on the part of the clothed pranksters. So long as they were dressed and the pledge was not, they were in charge, and he was completely within their power.

The streakers, meanwhile, were laughing at this whole concept, and at the conventions that it spawned. Now it was the nudes who were "with it" and those silly people standing around in their constricting and uncomfortable clothing that were somehow impotent.

That the streakers were people in contact with their physical beings was self-evident. Most were unusually well-built people—athletes and people with above-average bodies. And even though streaking reached its pinnacle in the early spring, most streakers already had the well-tanned bodies and clearly defined white bathing suit outlines of people who have been out in the sun a good deal. Clearly, nudity was only one short step further for many of the streakers, already accustomed to appearing in minimial attire with some regularity.

Reaction to the streakers was, not unexpectedly, mixed. It varied from those who loved the whole idea, for whatever reason, through those who found it just another silly collegiate fad, to those who saw in it the supreme perversion signalling the Day of Judgment.

But all it really signalled was a sudden, very widespread release of tension—tension brought on by the war, by Watergate, and most of all by the unnecessary and repressive suppression of man as a physical being. And therein lies the distinction between the streaker and the garden-variety exhibitionist, which many people automatically assumed the streakers to be. Streaking, however, is a "yes" to the body; an exhibitionist, on the other hand, is generally one who has a thundering "no" for his own body.

Psychologists suggest that pathological exhibitionists depend on a shocked or negative response from those to whom they expose themselves, affirming that the outside world shares their own low opinion of their bodies, and most specifically, the sexual organs. The streakers kept on streaking, on the other hand, because the response was primarily positive among the people the streakers cared about—the men and women along the campus walkways—and as the cheers from the spectators stopped and turned into indifferent yawns, the streaking stopped.

What will probably continue, though, is the broader trend that actually started out at the turn of the century with the German nudist movement—the removal of clothes under certain situations will increasingly gain social approval, in order to re-integrate the whole personality and to re-establish that contact with the body that is so much discouraged in our daily lives. More and more individuals are seeing physical freedom from the strictures of clothing as not only desirable but necessary for mental and physical health, and seeing that nudity among others is not childish, but child-like—perhaps the easiest and most immediate way to get back in touch with the very real pleasures of existence as a sensual being.

While we may no longer be treated to the phenomenon of beautiful naked youths sprinting through nearly every public event worthy of note, public nudity on the beaches and in other more controlled situations would appear to be an idea whose time has come. And not a day too soon.

• • •



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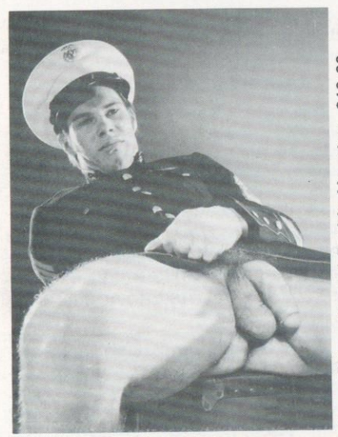

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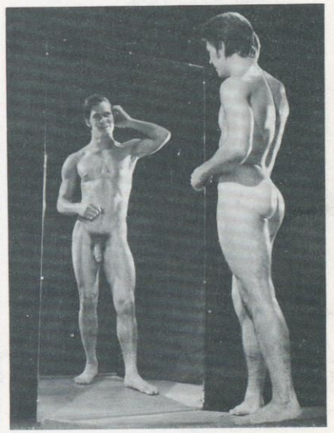

PHOTOGRAPHS of these and all AMG models featured in this magazine are available. $2 for 8x10 B&W or $5 for 8x10 Color of similar pose. Set of six 35mm Color Slides or six 2x3 Color Prints, $4. 8mm Films available are listed in PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL. When ordering pictures of the models seen in this magazine please indicate name of magazine, issue and page number.

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DERMA-DEMONS
(Continued from page 13)

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care of this in a hurry.

HOW TO CATCH A CASE OF CRABS

It is quite understandable that a gay guy with a fresh case of crabs might wish to blame the incursion not on his trick the night before (or nights before) for that is too much of an ego downer. Bad judgment embarrasses us all. It is more probably—and much more ego-cossetting—to think perhaps the crabs were on the stool of some john one stopped in for a quickie.

While this *is* possible, it is by no means common. Sometimes crabs will be found lurking on very old and/or cracked toilet seats, such as those in ancient public johns that are (a) infrequently cleaned because (b)

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the turnover per seat, per day, is great. Understandably, with hundreds of men of varying degrees of personal non-hygiene sitting on the same seat each day, one is sure to bring in a case of crabs.

But the crab 'fallout' is really quite accidental. Crabs have simply explored an unfamiliar terrain and have been caught in the crack of a *seat* instead of an *ass* (much to their dismay!). And as a crab might ruefully exclaim before expiring, "Well it's for damn sure you can't get blood from a board." Crabs exposed to the air die rapidly—thus their desperate efforts to attach themselves to the next human 'client'.

Very likely if you catch a case of crabs from a toilet seat, the infected 'donor' will have just departed, leaving the seat still warm from his bottom. Thus his deposit of crabs will not be *in extremis* just yet, but actually thriving. You should have no worry about toilet seats in more modern johns, however, if they are automatically germ-proofed after each individual use. This is done via ultraviolet light which goes on automatically as the toilet seat is automatically raised after use. Germs of almost every kind are killed instantly. You'll recognize these more sanitary johns by the blue aureole that acts as a safety 'halo' for your bottom.

NEW CRABS ON THE HORIZON

One reason why we are discussing crabs in this issue is that they are on the rise. This has come about by the 'in' chic of bisexuality finding a wider/more accepted audience, and frequent straight sexual 'crossing over' for the night . . . just for a gig.

Since women are no strangers to crabs—or vice versa— and the current insidence of female promiscuity and heels-over-teapot hygienic carelessness (particularly among hippies) is as high as—or higher than—that of the male, the possibility of 'third party' crab-intervention (or transference) is considerably increased via wife/lover to husband/lover to gay guy.

SOME EFFECTIVE DE-CRABBERS

Pubic lice can be effectively eliminated by powders or sprays containing certain chemicals. But these should be prescribed by or administered by a physician. However, we recommend these formulations for their quick (one-application) effectiveness. Why suffer needlessly? One is *Kwell Ointment*—usually one application is sufficient to repel an entire army of derma-demons. Although this product was originally intended for *scabies* (another type of body louse), it works equally well on crabs.

Both in the incidence of scabies and crabs, the parasites dig in under the flesh . . . scabies (pronounced *skay*-be-eez or *skay*-beez) in folds of skin, or cracks in the skin, with typical locations being (also) the genitalia, finger webs, buttocks, flexor aspects of wrists, abdomen, and—in women—the breasts. Sometimes you may suspect you have crabs when, in fact, you may have scabies—through sexual contact, or from a secondary contact such as from bedclothes on which an infected person has lain; or his clothes. Itching is severe, especially when the invidual is warm, and eruptive in minute papules. In either case Kwell works wonders. Kwell contains 1½ gamma hexachlorocyclohexane (with a name like that you may well feel it's better to have the crabs!), prepared in a vanishing-cream base.

Another effective de-crabber is *Liquod 'Topocide'* (Benzyl Benzoate Compound). This also works dually on crabs and scabies. It contains 12.5 grams of benzyl benzoate . . . 2 grams of Benzocaine . . . and 1 gram of DDT, plus water, Bentonite Magma, and poloxyalkylene derivatives of sorbitan monooleate as blenders and stabilizers.

Many gay guys use *A-200 Pyrinate Liquid* (it is also available as a gel) because it is quickly effective, has no unpleasant smell, and does not sting or irritate the skin when applied as directed. Moreover, because it is creamy it doesn't slow down your sexual life . . . apply it, and crabs die like flies. There are also some new gels coing out. Ask your physician about them. (Maybe one called 'Jellied Crab'?)

An old and very effective de-crabber is simple kerosene applied to the affected areas. Some have very sensitive skin, however, and this can cause considerable temporary irritation. Use it only in case of an emergency when the other medications we've mentioned are not in your medicine chest or easily available.

Be very careful of applying kerosene to the scrotum. It may become so redly-irritated your balls may look like *next* year's Christmas-tree decorations.

We hope you'll jot down the names of these products or otherwise keep them in mind. You never know these days of sexual mixingitups when the derma-demons will strike!

• • •

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOLLYWOOD?
(Continued from page 23)

probably the best known corner in the U.S., has lost its former glamour to a Howard Johnson's Restaurant and a Drug King. But from that corner you can look a block north to the old Hollywood Palace Theatre where Merv Griffin now tapes his show or to the famous Capitol Record Building spiral.

If you try walking down the Boulevard you'll be panhandled at least three or four times by down-and-out losers or Jesus freaks collecting for the cause. Just keep walking. You'll also see the oddest assortment of hookers, pimps, winos, hippies, one-time movie extras who are still costumed, and of course other tourists. But the gay scene is the most interesting. There is open cruising (a little less open than San Francisco, but open nonetheless) the length of the Boulevard and what you'll run into are the Hollywood types—mostly hustlers, drag queens out of makeup during the day and in it by night, and free-living unemployed gays who have come to the land of opportunity like everyone else and find themselves walking the streets. You can make out if you really want to. There are several gay bars dotting the several blocks, most of them dives and none worth mentioning.

At the corner of Las Palmas and Hollywood Boulevard you'll see the main stomping ground for the gay Hollywood scene. The Gold Cup Coffee Shop is full of them and they congregate outside, cruising the passing cars and pedestrians. Across the street is the Jack-in-the-Box where the drug pushers and the like drink Cokes and coffee. On Las Palmas next to the Gold Cup is an infamous newsstand where cruising goes on night and day and if you continue walking down Las Palmas another block and a half you're at Selma—the heart of hustler's haven. But that's another story.

Heading back to Hollywood Boulevard, you'll find a couple of the last remaining bits of movieland available and they are worth checking out. Larry Edmunds' Cinema Bookshop, snuggled between a toy shop and the Nu-View Theatre, is real nostalgia. Here, amid dusty narrow shelves and fellow film buffs, you can find every book ever written about the movies. You can buy a poster or still photo from any film ever made. A must-see.

Across from the bookshop is the oldest Hollywood restaurant—Musso & Frank's Grill; a fairly high-class place with its original wood and mural atmosphere, this is where some of Hollywood's legends have eaten for years. Here many a deal has been made over Flannel Cakes (a specialty) and coffee. And you can still see some celebrities there, but mainly the clientele are agents and writers and producers. There's a bar, a counter and two dining halls. And it's worth the slight increase in prices.

Heading down toward Grauman's, you'll pass several movie memorabilia shops and they are always a camp. And you pass even more head shops where you can buy anything connected with trips. Pass up the Hollywood Wax Museum though. If you're really into houses of wax, and have wheels, take a trip to Disneyland and see the Movieland Wax Museum. It's the only one.

Once you've passed Grauman's and compared your feet to Clark Gable's, you've seen Hollywood Boulevard.

By night though, the place is another world. Words can't describe it—you'll have to see for yourself. Usually tourists, upon seeing the freaks that come out at night, grab up their children and flee in horror. The same crowd as in the daytime, only moreso. And cruising is hot and heavy.

If you want to sit down and relax and see what's happening in Hollywood, your best bet is Variety and the Hollywood Reporter. If you want to know what pictures are being made, how much money they're making, who's screwing whom, etc., the trades will bring you up to date.

And if you look hard enough, you can find some remnants of the old Hollywood elsewhere in town. Down Gower Street south of Hollywood Boulevard you'll run past the old Columbia Studios. There are 'for lease' signs running its leangth now and the sound stages are silent. Harry Cohn is turning over in his grave.

Farther down Gower (at the corner of Melrose Ave.) is Paramount, one of the few majors still going strong. You can't go in, but you can study the billboards on its high fences ballyhooing its films and TV shows.

Continuing your jaunt, go down Melrose west and you'll pass Le St. Germain Restaurant (5955 Melrose) where the celebrities still dine. It's one of about a half dozen high-class eateries that attract the stars and it's particularly noteworthy because it's gay owned and operated. Another is Le Restaurant, off Melrose near La Cienega Blvd., a favorite of the music business crowd (Elton John, etc.,). You can eat at these places, but there's never the promise you'll see stars, only the promise of a big tab.

Up the Sunset Strip, immortalized on the TV series, "77 Sunset Strip" (you can still see Dino's Restaurant there), you'll spot little urchins on practically every corner hawking maps to the stars' homes. Well, you probably can find them, after much driving through Beverly Hills, but how thrilling is a house anyway? And no guarantee the listings are up-to-date. The Strip has lost most of the glamour of yesteryear. Ciro's still stands, though, and on Sundays now they have gay day or something where you can go dance amid the splendor that once was when the nitery was world famous. Mostly, though, the Strip is lined with nude go-go bars and shows featuring live 'sex acts' on stage—all straight!

If you want a real treat, drive out to Century City (away from Hollywood towards Santa Monica) and drive through the street gates of 20th Century-Fox Studios. There, in some dreamlike state of the old days, sits the "Hello, Dolly!" set in all its picturesque glory. You can get out and even take pictures of it because the main gate of the studio is a block up and the street is outside the security section of the studio. "Hello, Dolly! " is particularly noteworthy because it helped the demise of 20th-Fox, which figured if audiences liked "The Sound of Music," they'd buy "Hello, Dolly!" And that miscalculation almost bankrupted the studio.

As for Universal Studio's Tour, which you'll see advertised on billboards leading to Los Angeles, you can take it but you'll be on another bus with those tourists from Iowa. And in all reality, the Hollywood they show you is not much like the real Hollywood filmmaking today. It's all plasticized and mechanized for the hourly tour bus.

So there you have it. What's left of it. Better hurry before that's gone too.

• • •

THE BLACK MYTH
(Continued from page 14)

the belief that Negroes are sexually superior to white males. And it's no surprise that a lot of white males, suffering from their own hangups, feel threatened by it.

Of course there are exceptions. Many black males have discovered that this elevation to celebrity status by the sexual mystique attributed to them has made white partners accessible to them. Ken, an outgoing, personable black in his mid-20s, has found that his color is no barrier. He prefers white partners, is aggressive in seeking them, and probably is more sexually satisfied than most white gays.

On the other hand, a black's popularity as the "super stud" in a white gay bar may prove quite frustrating to the Negro gay who wants to be accepted as an individual rather than a "fucking machine." While he may have no trouble living up to the Myth, he'd often sacrifice that image in order to be treated as a friend by a white partner.

Willis, a handsome, strapping black

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26-year-old, is one such example. While he has opted to live in a basically white world and seek gay white sex partners, he wants to be accepted as a person rather than as a black man. In bars he finds himself shunned by some gays because of his blackness, desired by others because of it.

For the black gays who are frustrated with this image, there seems to be little relief in sight. The very words "sex" and "Negro" have become linked, inseparable in the minds of many whites. In "Sex in Black and White," Dr. Roger Blake claims that whites—even very liberal whites—have almost always considered the Negro male more sexually responsive than members of the Caucasian race.

This is nothing new. Even in the days of Rome and slavery, young Negroes found their usually large thighs, general muscular development and steatopygian buttocks had made them desirable partners to whites, gays included.

The lure between black and white gays has always been very attractive in the U.S., even more than straight interracial couplings, according to one of the nation's leading authorities and writers on homosexuality, Donald Webster Cory. He says gay whites and blacks seem to have such great anxiety and desire for one another—having fantasies involving potency, athleticism, strength, delicacy, etc.,—that when men face men or women face women, the defenses are more easily lowered.

The relaxed sexual mores of today make it easier for black and white gays to express their preferences for one another. That liberal sexual atmosphere, coupled with the fact that "opposites do attract" are two of the primary reasons why interracial sex between gays is on the upswing. There may, of course, be other, deeper psychological motivations involved on both sides. Whites who seek black partners (exclusively or not) might be rejecting their own society, expressing a desire to feel "used" or "trashy," thumbing their nose at conventional tradition and taboo behavior. Black gays, on the other hand, who seek out white partners might be rejecting their own brothers and a way of life they want to forget, or they might want to express a desire to feel "superior" to whites by dominating them in bed.

Which brings us to another matter—what happens between whites and blacks in bed. Most usually, the same things that happen between two white gays in bed, though try telling that to a racist!

Though there are exceptions, usually the black partner assumes the active role. Living up to his image as "super stud" he will most often act as the dominant partner, his white trick assuming the passive role. Not only does the black gay expect this role-playing when he goes to bed with a white gay, but so does the white guy.

Countless white gays who seek out black sex partners almost always explain that they prefer the passive role during Greek sex and, frustrated in their attempts to find active white Greek partners, they turn instead to blacks. "I've never met a black guy yet who didn't want to fuck," is a universal comment.

Yet this is precisely the reason why many white gays won't go home with blacks. If they are active in bed, they assume blacks are all active also, and don't want a misunderstanding once the sheets are down. An assumption which may indeed be wrong, but one which nevertheless persists. Let's face it, a passive black guy seeking an active white one is going to do a lot of hunting, but a white passive partner seeking an active black one is going to find what he's after.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

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SAY



"Sailor who piss in pants not using head!

Obviously another reason white gays seek blacks is because of that previously mentioned myth of black superiority in all phases of sex. Mainly penis size. It has never been proven (or disproven) that blacks are better hung on the average than white guys, but there are quite a few gay guys who'll argue the point and claim to speak from experience. Eight to ten inches are figures usually bantered about in discussing this black stud or that one, but of course those figures can also apply to white guys as well. And those who prefer uncircumcized partners will often claim they find more uncut black partners than whites.

It all depends on whom you're talking to.

Regardless of statistics, one generalization does seem to hold true. Most Negro American males seem to have a great deal of sexual pride. In fact, they are downright proud of their sexuality—their ability to enjoy sex and turn on white partners—and this pride helps keep the Myth of Negro Sexuality alive.

• • •

IT'S BETTER IN PAIRS
(Continued from page 31)

my one, my highest good."

Wagner reciprocated in kind and the affair flourished to the point where there was eventually a public outcry about it and Ludwig was forced to move Wagner out of the court, where he'd been harboring him, and sustain him in a more discreet love nest.

In our next issue . . . "The English Artists and Intellecuals."

THE BODY BAWDY
(Continued from page 17)

revolution, and we should like to mention certain gay points in more detail than the film did, and then compare the emergent gay life of that era with that contemporaneously our own. Were the Berliners more daring . . . are we just 'Johnny-come-latelies' . . . were there sexual parallels between their revolution and our own? We shall see.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE ABSURD

One parallel common to both the Germans of that time and our present selves is, of course, *inflation*. In his book *Hitler*, Joachim Fest points out that an out-of-hand inflation accustoms people to living in "an atmosphere of the absurd." Thus it is often the quirkiness of the human mind caught in the vortex of the unbelievably unmanageable, or the absurd, that can trigger change . . . revolution. Like a cat, one simply wants to see what's on the other side of the mirror before it cracks. Or, to quote again, "But we were young and full of beans and we wanted to enjoy ourselves and to help others enjoy themselves as well." Or, in a big 'whoosh' of a decision, to have one big bash before Armageddon.

As we see everything climbing ridiculously in price here—multiplying epidemically—the feeling of "What the hell?" about everything we can't control, becomes a way of life, and the tendency is to a 'just-don't-give-a-damn' philosophy, knowing that the life that's tough today will be tougher titty tomorrow.

Just this aspect of inflation has given a greater impetus to the wider recognition, the better understanding and freer acceptance of gay life by straight people. In such times as these, anyone who heretofore has been reluctant or fearful to reach out fully to a lifestyle that has always intrigued him without his coming to grips with it, seems to acquire a 'what the hell' kind of courage. Afraid he'll miss something that has always been an unknown quantity he, too, subscribes to the 'let it all hang out' theorem. Thus we have a rash of sexual crossing over and a rush of bisexuals from the closet.

From our point of view—though we're still amidst plenty and comfort—we think we are really having it tough. But to the Berliners caught in a triple bind of inflation/grinding poverty/bureaucratic moralism, the burden of day-to-day living was unbearable. Obviously something would have to give.

'TANZ' CRUISING

The incident of the twelve girls who

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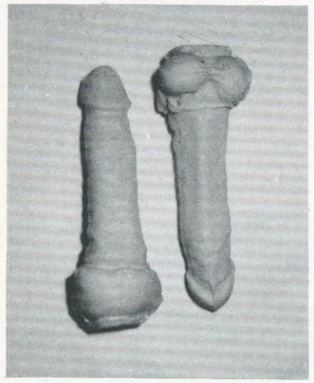

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'invented' the meatrack was to become a standard operating procedure in hustling. If we are to draw a contemporary parallel—as we mentioned—very likely it would be the topless cocktail waitress.

Word quickly got around other *Kneipen* (taverns) along the Friedrichstrasse, and the next night girls in packs were banging their knockers on the bars, waiting for the ogling johns to make their choices. Since this proved so successful in just a few nights, it followed that the *tanz* (dance) cruise would become even more 'meatracky' and more 'in'. To make this work effectively, girls wore blouses slit to the navel and slit skirts, which made it easy for a john to explore the body while 'legitimately' dancing on the dimly-lit floor.

Some preferred to wear loose robe-like gowns that opened down the entire body, being caught at the waist with a tasseled cord. (Of course the convenient zipper had not been invented.) Nothing was worn underneath. Thus having bared her bosom on the bar, and having attracted the attention of some likely prospect, they would move onto the dance floor for a more complete 'physical examination'. (Our contemporary parallel is bit more updated . . . the *bottomless* cocktail waitress.) If satisfactory, either they went on to her cheaply-furnished room for sex, or—if the tavern were dark enough—have a go at it in a corner. And so the meatrack had almost instantly progressed from high school diploma to college degree.

But what of gay guys at this time? Naturally word had gotten around and they thought the *'tanz'* meatrack a really groovy idea. However, while the German police—almost from the time of the Visigoths—have looked the other way when two females dance/romance in public, the practice of two males dancing was then criminal. A polka for two gay guys meant two gay guys for the pokey. As it usually happens during any reform movement, what had been merely stultifying and non-creative during the Hohenzollern reign became very hairy during the early days of the transitional government. Somehow, someone had to come up with an ingenious improvisation to outwit the fuzz.

Well, since gay guys are the most ingenious and improvisational men alive, it wasn't more than a day before the *Kneipen* began filling up with the most beautiful 'girls' ever seen . . . drag queens. The German police (except during the Hitler era) have always been formal to a fault. Thus none would challenge a skirt . . . none would dream of peeking under it. The ingenious, improvisatory gay guy, counting (a) on the fact that bisexualism is practically indigenous to Middle Europe, and (b) that transvestism, even on the streets, was legal and accepted, had an excellent venue for meeting, groping, hustling, sexing-on-the-scene, and just plain socializing. (Of course there is no contemporary American parallel to this latter aspect of outdoors transvestism inasmuch as it is a punishable offense in most places for a man to appear on the street in drag.) As one may well imagine, cruising was simply fantastic from the first. And hungry gay guys were taking home not only tins of *eisbein*, but real, live 'knackwursts' as well! And humpy straights, who probably had never given the slightest thought to making it with a gay guy—or others who, if they even suspected they were bisexual, smothered the thought—came out in droves. It was again the cat trying to see behind the mirror. What resulted—and what has continued to this day—is that transvestism having begun as almost a necessity has become the warp-and-woof of German night life, and totally accepted.

It is this characteristic that crops up so frequently in German-made films . . . from the early Emil Jannings/Dietrich films right up through the recent *The Damned* (you'll recall Helmut Berger's transvestite takeoff . . . and the gay orgy (some in drag) of (supposedly) von Roehm's division, before being shot on Hitler's orders). And, of course, the ambience of gay life—accentuated by transvestism—in nightclub life was a central theme of the film *Cabaret.*

DRAG PARALLEL

Until recently there has never been any comparable parallel between the freely-accepted transvestitial entertainment of Germany (and other Middle European countries) and our own. Here, drag shows have always been more or less a stunt or put-on. Always they have been viewed as spectacles . . . never participatory. With the exception of gay clubs in some of our Southern states which lean heavily to drag shows (though God knows why), in our larger cities there has been little mass enthusiasm for them. So little, in fact, that the exceptions are famous . . . Finocchio's in San Francisco, for example.

Moreover, the individual female impersonator—even a really great one—is, by comparison, a rarity. Glitter-rock or 'transsexual rock' stars, such as Jobriath, however, are almost single-handedly bringing transvestism into greater acceptance and popularity. Young people who had never witnessed this form of exhibitionism are really grooving to it.

When one considers that until the last couple of years the only really well-known drag shows in New York were put on at the small Club 82 for a 'connoisseur' few . . . and that Jobriath can draw 10,000 to Madison Square while Elton John on the West Coast fills Hollywood Bowl, then obviously a parallel between this German 'vintage *mint*age' and our contemporaneous own must be drawn.

PASTEL PARALLELS

What of nightclubs? Are ours as decadent as those of Berlin in the Twenties? Are there parallels? Well, if there are, they are mostly pastel parallels. Berlin's famous El Dorado of that era was the first place in the world where *macho* gay guys met/communicated with others like themselves through the 'ruse' of transvestism, just as masculinely-dressed lesbians 'legitimately' carried on with their tricks. It was right in the center of Berlin, and the action—any and all kinds—was furious. *That* El Dorado was on the Friedrichstrasse which is now behind the Wall in East Berlin.

Those 'pastel parallels' mentioned might be such New York night-spots as the Blue Angel and the recently-opened Erotic Circus. But gay New Yorkers—as indeed gay people in other cities across the country—go in more for the greater intimacy of contact and the wilder sexual upbeat of the discotheque. And, of course, if a gay guy is a loner he digs the pornotheater. Here, however, it is no longer just the erotic movie that draws, but the go-go dancer or dancers doing their routine on the 'miniest' of stages, then coming down into the audience and up the aisle for a greater sexual tease, that fills the theater at $5 a clip for admission. In New York they are calling it 'Boylesque'. And it's fun and hornily hot.

Our stages in Broadway and off-Broadway theaters having been preconditioned by the unforgettable *Hair* and the frank *Boys In The Band*, have become franker, nuder and even more 'boyish' with *Tubstrip* and *Let My People Come* . . . the latter so sexually 'emancipated' that the cast comes down—still totally nude from their labors—to shake hands at the door with the audience filing out of the theater. No German parallel here, however . . . it's Yankee oneupmanship this time.

Although it all began in the later Twenties—when everything grew less uptight to the point of actual giddiness during the Weimar Republic . . . when composers and writers and actors like Kurt Weill, Bertolt Brecht and Lotte Lenya—everyone in the arts—had begun to overcome the stultifying atmosphere and repression of the Hohenzollern years; and has continued to flower, even in spite of the Hitler years; it has had an enormous impact on comparable lifestyles in our country.

Of late there has been a still greater loosening of the sexual spirit here. Unbelievable as it sounds, this is due in great part to Watergate. Have you lately noticed that those do-gooders who were Billygrahaming against the evils of pornography and free sex are conspicuous by their current lack of activity?

Watergate has had its good side for gay people, for if nothing else it has made it perfectly clear to 'reformers' that it is not pornography that is pornographic, but the obscenity of those associated with Nixon. Having seen what this villainous group has done to our country, perhaps they have learned that what is obscene is not 'deep throating' but 'deep sixing'.

• • •

PUERTO RICO
(Continued from page 5)

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to skip vacationing there if funds are low but that gay guys will spend on vacations because pleasure for us is a priority!

Governor Rafael Hernandez just recently signed a bill making it unlawful for gays to gather—which means that when the law takes effect on January 22nd there will be raids on bars. In all probability the baths and perhaps even a few guest houses will suffer. It is also conceivable that the gay section of beach in front of the Sands Hotel in Condado will also be watched by the police. Laws mean little—as we all know—but they provide what legal means are necessary for arrests when attitudes so dictate. How much influence the Catholic Church has had in influencing the governor to squash the *gay serpent* we cannot say. How many times a day Police Superintendent Astol (*Asshole!*) Calero drops to his knees in prayer we do not know. What we do know is—to repeat—the new code prohibits the operation of establishments where gays gather and also provides for imprisonment of up to 10 years for anyone convicted of "unnatural" sex acts.

In order to serve as a buffer for gays, some militants recently formed a group called the Gay Pride Committee. Their strongest voice is from those members who have commercial interests in the community—owners of bars and such. Naturally. How much they do to avert police raids and encourage gay tourists to continue to vacation there remains to be seen. A few guys on our staff have made San Juan a regular wintertime escape—but have just cancelled all plans for the 1975 season. It's not so much the fear of being hassled or arrested as it is an unwillingness to put money into any community that is attempting a conscious and ruthless bombardment of gays. Perhaps in a season or two—if they really come down hard on gays—they will examine the shrinking influx of gay dollars and come to a sensible conclusion and return to old ways. In the meantime we urge you not to go.

It so happens that our expert on Puerto Rico travel, Jerry Roberts (who lives in Canada and whose wonderful articles on gay Canadian cities you have enjoyed in *Ciao!*—and who has traveled to San Juan every winter for the past eight years), recently completed a big article on all of gay Puerto Rico. It was to occupy six pages up front in this issue and perhaps two or three pages of continuation. We had selected well over 60 photographs to illustrate the article—much in the way we present articles in *Ciao!* That's just how great we felt about telling our readers about this tropical paradise.

All that is changed now. We could not publish such an article and urge you to go down and possibly suffer harassment and much worse. If things change we will update the article and pictures and do a feature in this magazine or *Ciao!* next year. But because we announced it in the February 1975 *Ciao!* we knew some guys would purchase this magazine primarily for that article—and so as not to disappoint them or you, if you are still going in spite of it all—we will provide a list of places currently swinging in San Juan plus tips on places in Mayaguez and Ponce. Places have come and gone since our spread on Puerto Rico in the February 1973 *Ciao!* but the gay scene is still pretty much the same. If you are going we suggest you dig out that issue or send for a Xerox reprint for $1; the details in that article along with the update below will guarantee the best vacation possible—a toss in the can withstanding. The same places are listed in our 1975 gay travel directory; see our ad for "Private Stock" in this magazine if you are interested.

So—we are arming you with pleasurable things to do in Puerto Rico but we ask you to think twice about going—at least until January 22, 1975 has come and long gone to be certain if you're in store for any pain. And now—the list:

Places to stay. Arcos Blancos Guest House, 10 Carrion Ct. (Ocean Park); El Doral Guest House, 159 Calle del Parque (Ocean

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Park); El Mar Guest House, 1 Calle Clemenceau (Condado); El Morro Guest House, 105 Calle San Sebastian (Old San Juan); Hotel Lindomar, 4 Ave. Condado (Condado); La Bahia Guest House, 320 Calle Sol (Old San Juan); La Caleta Guest House, 3 Calle Elena (Ocean Park); La Vista Guest House, 151 Calle Tetuan (Old San Juan); Normandie Hotel, near Escambron (opp. Condado); Sands Hotel, Calle Earl (Condado); San Francisco Inn, 263 Calle San Francisco (Old San Juan); YMCA, Ave. Ponce de Leon (Old San Juan).

The places in Ocean Park are mixed. The Lindomar, Normandie and Sands are not gay but popular with gays. There is the usual action at the YMCA. Most popular place of all is the San Francisco Inn. Rates at guest houses average $15 for a single; under $30 for a double.

Restaurants. Amanda's Patio, 204 Calle Cristo (Old San Juan); El Jardin de Selma, Calle Cristo and Calle Luna (Old San Juan); El Patio de Sam, 102 Calle San Sebastian (Old San Juan); El Tiki, 204 Calle Luna (Old San Juan); La Buena Mesa, 365 Calle Tetuan (Old San Juan); Plaza Patio, 109 Calle San Francisco (Old San Juan); San Francisco Inn, 263 Calle San Francisco (Old San Juan).

Except for the San Francisco Inn, and to a great extent, El Tiki, which are gay, these restaurants are mixed but frequented by gay guys. El Patio de Sam is the best. Meals average $6 per person. Some places are open for lunch.

Bars. Dona Sues, 103 Calle Tetuan (Old San Juan); El Finnochio de San Juan, roof of La Vista Guest House (Old San Juan); Finale, 56 Calle San Jose (Old San Juan); Main Street, 253 Calle San Jose (Old San Juan); Plaza Patio, 409 Calle San Francisco (Old San Juan);Ray's, 161 Calle San Jose (Old San Juan); Small World, 250 Calle San Jose (Old San Juan); San Francisco Inn, 263 Calle San Francisco (Old San Juan); Ten-Twenty Club, 1020 Ashford Ave. (Condado); Upstairs Lounge, Ashford Ave. next to Las Neridas Restaurant opp. Hyatt Hotel.

The Small World is exceptionally popular during the day. The best place for hustlers is Ray's. No dancing at any of these places.

Clubs. Abbey, 251 Calle Cruz (Old San Juan); Dick's, 254 Calle San Justo (Old San Juan); Lion's Den, 205 Calle Lune (Old San Juan); Little Penthouse, 1109 Ashford Ave. (Condado); Page Two, Calle Fortaleza and Calle Tanca (Old San Juan); Said's, Calle O'Donnell on Plaza Colon (Old San Juan); Top of the Aquarium, 255 Calle San Justo (Old San Juan).

Dick's and the Lion's Den are the best for action guys; in addition to dancing there are porno films, go-go dancers, and a back room for sex. The Abbey is the most popular gay discotheque but not that cruisy. Page Two is frequented by piss-elegant Puerto Rican fems. Top is also mainly Puerto Rican but friendly. Said's is straight but popular with young people in general. Dancing at all of these places. Usually an admission charge that gets you a drink or two.

Show. There's a drag show at Cabaret, 253 Calle San Jose (Old San Juan). Late; 11.30 and 1:30. But then, most gay bars get going after 10 p.m.

Outdoor cruising. Abandoned Army Barracks, next to Escambron Beach near the Normandie (raw action inside; beware of toughs); Ashford Ave. (Condado; near the big hotels is a popular hustler hangout); Bastion de las Palmas Parque, end of Calle San Jose (Old San Juan; generally cruisy late afternoons and early evening); El Norte Shopping Center (midway between Greater San Juan and Rio Piedras, where the University is; bus No. 1 passes it; john next to Grand Union on the second floor is cruised by young guys after school closes at 3 p.m.); Escambron Beach, near the Normandie (chickens and servicemen in the afternoon; walk to the Army Barracks for action); Luquillo Beach, 45 minutes from San Juan (try the far ends; hustlers and action in the bushes); Munõs Rivera Park, opp. the Normandie Hotel (night only, and extremely dangerous; you're bound to be mugged by the guys you've just made it with in the bushes); Old San Juan, anywhere (especially Plaza Colon for hustlers, and Calle San Francisco and Calle San Jose anytime); Pinball Gallery, Calle San Francisco opp., the San Francisco Inn (Old San Juan; hustlers); University of Puerto Rico, Rio Piedras (action in the Library johns as well as those on the second and third floors of the Pedagogy Building).

Movie houses. Cinema 70, Stop 26 on Ave. Fernandez Juncos (Greater San Juan); Lorraine, Ave. Ponce de Leon at Calle Montserrat near Stop 15 (Greater San Juan); New San Juan Theatre, Ave. Fernandez Juncos and Calle San Juan (Greater San Juan); Paramount Theatre, Ave. Ponce de Leon (Greater San Juan); Rialto Theater, Calle San Francisco and Calle Tanca (Old San Juan).

All these show "X-rated" straight pics; the Lorraine also has a live female strip show. Cruising in the rear and the balcony and in most places action in the john. The Paramount has a glory hole.

Baths. Lion of St. Mark's, 152 Calle Tanca. It's the only one in town; open evenings. Quiet but enough action to keep you busy.

Bookstore. The Bookstore, Inc., 409 Calle San Francisco. All kinds of newspapers, magazines and books and a good selection of gay stuff.

Out of town. In Mayaguez cruise the San Vicente Theatre. It shows straight porno and the balcony and john are cruised. A lot of students. Arturo's is at 105 Limon Rd. Cabins are $20 a day and rooms are $7 a night. Hustlers come by regularly and you make your own deals for the night. The place has been hassled a lot lately, closed on and off. It may not even be in existence when you read this.

In Ponce try the Club El Cid, on Calle Luna near Calle Concorda. It's mixed but a lot of gay people meet in the back room.

In San German try Norman's on the plaza. Cruisy.

In all towns best meeting place is the main plaza.

For an opposing point of view, which is perhaps valid, please see our "Letters" column on page 33.

• • •

OSLO
(Continued from page 21)

lar one is downtown, in Karl Johans gate (a main thoroughfare), directly across the street from the *Sir Winston Pub* (see comments below). It's open all day and closes about 11 p.m. and even later in peak tourist season. The women attendants up front are hardly a deterrent to what goes on in the rear—particularly in the pay cubicles (50 ore coins—about 7 cents; change made at the entrance) around the corner on the left. Nor does the frosted glass on the doors stop twosomes and even threesomes from sucking and fucking away inside. Caution is advised—something mildly practiced by those beautifully brazen Norsemen who appear to be motivated by defiance of attitudes towards homosexuality that have made it impossible for legitimate gay meeting places to establish themselves.

Another popular john in the downtown shopping area is in the subway entrance, one flight down, directely behind the National Theater. And here and there—also try the heads at the corners of Pilestredet and Parkveien; Ullevalsveien and Stengergs gate and in Frogner Park.

What does one do besides making it in the johns? Well—you can leave with your trick if you can get him into your hotel room; it's sometimes difficult in Oslo. So many of the older hotels are stuffy and their lobbies are laid out in such a way that getting people in unobserved is impossible. Avoid at all costs the worst of the lot—the *Hotel Bristol.* Stay at a small hotel where you're given a key to the front door—or the larger *Continental,* Stortinsgate 24-26. It's an old hotel that was recently modernized. The lobby is frequented by young people and is sometimes cruisy—and its entranceway and elevators are situated in such a way that no one will even notice you.

Moreover, the most popular cafeteria/restaurant/pub complex in Oslo occupies the same building. Its entrance is on Roald Amundsens gate—the street running alongside the *Continental.* I speak of the *Pavilion.* Apart from the fact that it is frequented by young people—particularly university students—and that striking up a conversation with someone who speaks English is easier than any place else in town—the food is excellent and reasonable. I particularly recommend the upstairs section which is colorfully decorated with carousel horses. Their lunchtime cafeteria service features a lot of foods which are familiar to tourists—like hamburgers. At dinnertime the meals are delicious and you can get away with a tab of under $3 per person. Compare that figure with the price of a simple continental breakfast in the Breakfast Room of the *Hotel Continental*—which is a whopping $3 per person.

The downstairs pub in the *Pavilion* is worth visiting. A lot of young guys—but mostly straight university students. You're more likely to connect with someone at the *Sir Winston Pub,* a short distance away at Karl Johans gate 10. A simple pizza restaurant shares the same entranceway and it serves good food that is also reasonable. The pub itself is always crowded—afternoons and evenings. Lots of guys and only a handful of women—and mostly young. Sooner or later every gay guy in town stops by—and if you aren't able to connect with someone local you will undoubtedly meet a tourist. Get yourself a stein of beer and wander around or lean on a handy wall. You'll score.

Second popular pub is *Andy's,* Stortingsgata 8. The crowd is not quite as young as the *Sir Winston* group—and it's a very comfortable place. It too is very mixed. Mostly straight but meeting someone is possible.

What about baths? They are really frustrating. Why? Because in Oslo all young guys—straight and gay alike—use the baths regularly and they take them seriously; the men in Norway go to the baths several nights a week to bathe and enjoy steam as well as socialize with friends. They're crowded—the best one being *Torgatta,* Torgatta 16.

The best time of day to visit the *Torgatta,* or any baths for that matter, is between 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. That's when people get off work and head directly for the vapors—especially in the winter. The Torgatta gets so crowded that you are given a number and sometimes have to wait more than a half hour for a changing room. When you go make certain you ask for steam and go up to the second floor; the Roman baths in the basement is dull. Though a lot of gay guys go and do a lot of looking, it isn't possible to do anything right there because the small walk-in lockers are not really private and attendants patrol and will ask you to move on if you are obvious and stand nude in one place too long. If you are sociable and can manage communication with a local stud—great. Work the place this way and you'll take the best ones out every night.

The *Bislet,* Pilestradet 60, is smaller and men are permitted only on certain days of the week—usually Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Like all other baths, this one is closed on Sundays. It costs about 60 cents to get in—which is about twice the admission at the other baths in town. A couple of the attendants are gay but—perhaps because they are jealous—they patrol the place and discourage sex. A lot of cruising goes on in the small steam room and right outside—as well as near the changing rooms. These small cubicles have frosted glass on their doors—but using them for sex is possible if you are quiet. Tip the attendant on your way out if he has been cooperative about your behavior and you expect to go back.

The third popular baths in town is *Vestkant,* Sommerrogatan 1. It's like the *Torgatta.* Like the others it closes about 8:30 p.m.

What else? In summer cruise Frogner Park. It's a short bus ride from downtown—or take a taxi. Cruising is near the famous Vigeland statues—nudes depicting the ages of man. At night there is limited action in the shrubbery. Just casual cruising by day—but if you stay near the fountain you can watch young boys (many are in their teens!) splashing nude in the water. What better magnet for other gays in the park!

Also in summer—try Huk Beach on Bygdoy, a small island not too far away (take a No. 30 bus from downtown and get off at the last stop). Lots of cruising, especially on weekends. Or take a boat trip on the fjords—as far as Bergen if you can. If you happen to visit Bergen you might have a drink at the *Ugla,* corner of Nygaars and Haakson gate. It's not gay but affords opportunities. Also check the toilet in Rasmus Meyers alle.

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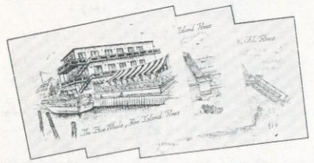

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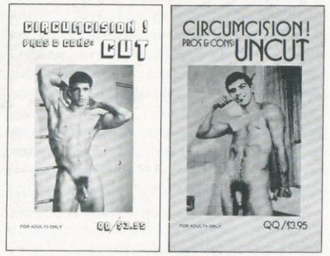

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In winter practically every young guy in Oslo heads for the surrounding hills to ski after work and on weekends. Trams take you up. The famous Holmenkollen ski meet takes place the second Sunday in March and the town swells with tourists. It's such a popular event that there isn't enough public transportation to get everybody from Oslo down below up to the ski jump in the hills above—so thousands walk the distance. Lots of merriment along the way. Drinking. Laughing. Cruising. It is perhaps the best time to visit Oslo in winter.

Any time of year there is much cruising in the streets in downtown Oslo—particularly in an area surrounding the National Theater called Students' Grove (Studenterlunden). Also check the Central Railway Station and its toilet.

As far as straight sights are concerned—I'm afraid there isn't that much that is different in Oslo. You will probably want to visit the Kon Tiki Museum and the nearby Viking Ships Museum. Regular tour buses leave from in front of Town Hall (check schedules at your hotel). The short ride there will give you a good look at the suburbs that fringe the city.

Buy some shrimp right off the boats in the harbor which Town Hall faces. They're boiled on board and sold in paper bags. Or browse outdoors in Stortorvet marketplace near the *Sir Winston Pub.* In summer only visit the Norwegian Folk Museum at Bygdoy. It's like visiting an olden village—which it is.

Norway isn't worth a special trip—I don't think. But it is worth a visit if you happen to be doing Denmark or Sweden. It is also an interesting change of pace for those visiting swinging Amsterdam (please see the August 1974 edition of *Ciao!*). Numbers you won't get—but an eyeful of beauty you will. For sure.

• • •

BOTTOMS UP!
(Continued from page 7)

which may be okay for most people but not for gay guys who do not want such discomfort and sensitivity.

No matter what kind of rubber douche bag you have—dry it with a paper towel after it is used. keep the snap valve open and hang it up to drip dry. The rubber will not stick and its life will be enhanced.

Douching is an integral part of successful sex. Some guys are actually turned on by dirt—but most are not. Cleanliness that isn't there can and often does inhibit a rich sexual experience—and the saddest part of all is that the violator is usually not told by his partner and thus continues to disappoint other partners who respond badly because they are turned off by him.

Douching is a habit. If you indulge in anal antics please make it a part of your routine.

• • •

LETTERS
(Continued from page 33)

As a matter of fact, when the signing of the Code was imminent, the Governor was asked about the Gay section by the local Gay Activist group and he said that whereas he could not afford to not sign the bill for its many other advantages, he could see no reason why any part could not be amended if it was distasteful and the people here in Puerto Rico do feel this part to be distasteful so it can be construed that this wording will be changed anyhow.

I like to quote a famous line from Mark Twain, when he said in his latter years: "The only things that I ever worried about were those things that never happened."

Please reconsider your decision regarding our island for the benefit of so many Gay people who count on you for good advice on where to go to enjoy themselves.

Sincerely,
THE SAN FRANCISCO INN
John C. Norton, Owner
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Ed: Readers planning to visit Puerto Rico are urged to read our editorial on page 5—and decide for themselves.

MEET MR. UNIVERSE!

Dear Editor:

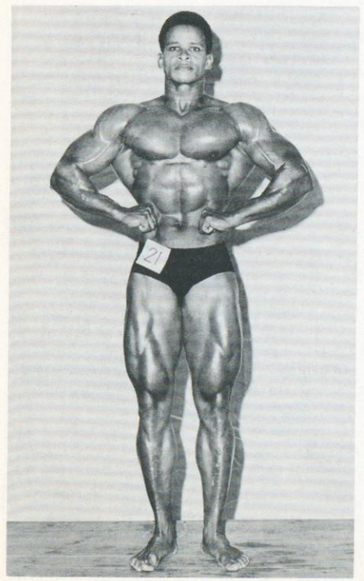
I hear that the new Mr. Universe is employed by a hotel somewhere in the Caribbean?

Can you confirm this and possibly tell us where, as well as his name and other particulars?

Thank you.

Sincerely,
J.F.
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed: You've heard about Chen Wint, who is a lifeguard at the Half Moon Hotel in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Actually, Chen did not win the recent Mr. Universe title in London, but was 1st in the tall man's class of the Amateur division. The overall title was won by Roy Duval of England. There was also a professional division; it was won by Chris Dickerson of the U.S.A. Shown below is Chen Wint.



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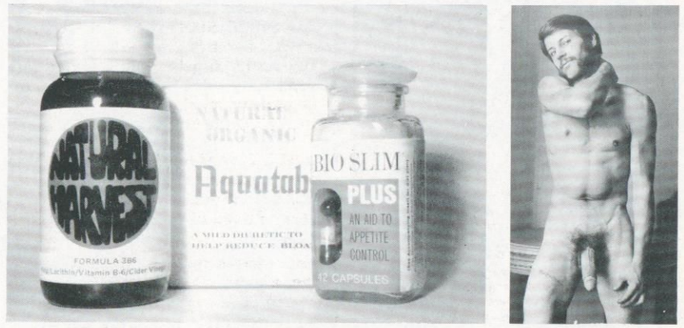

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WIN

OUR FUGG ASS WERE ALERTED BY BIG FAT FUGG CENTRAL TO THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SACRED INGAN IDOL-KAHLUA BLEWA! THIS LEGENDARY STATUE, POSSESSING BIZARRE POWERS, WAS SWIPED BY THE DEVIOUS KANKER KULLIGAN, THE SAFARI GUIDE, WHO IN TURN IS IN THE NEFARIOUS EMPLOY OF THE SCARLET SCUMBAG, A MYSTERIOUS NASTY!

HARRY, MICKEY, N' RANCID UNCOVERED KANKER'S SOHO PAD... AND RUSHED THERE... ONLY TO FIND HIM SPIKED BY A DAGGER, A RED PROPHYLACTIC STRETCHED OVER HIS HEAD... N' A BLOOD STAINED NOTE! THE SCARLET SCUMBAG WARNS OUR GUYS OFF, BUT OUR FEARLESS FUGG TRIO IS TOUGH N' DAUNTLESS!

...JUST THEN, ON THE ADJOINING ROOFTOP, A SINISTER, SHADOWY SOMBONE TAKES DEADLY AIM AT HARRY WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE...

NOW... IF THAT FUCKER ONLY STANDS STILL ONE MINUTE MORE...

-AT THAT MOMENT IN KANKER'S PAD...

HEY GUYS... WE'RE BACK AT ZERO... NOW THAT OUR ONLY LEAD IS... WHA?

SQUACK!

EVERARD

SQUACK... YOUROTTENMOTHERFUCKIN' PRICK BASTARD... SUCKMYJUICY STIFFDICK... YOUDUMBSHITHEAD!!! LETMEGIVEYOUMY FUCKIN'LOADCOCKSUCKER!

WOW!

POW

MY NAME IS DUANE... LOOK OUT-AAUK!!!

GEE!

HOLY CRACKERS!

YIPS!

HE DIED FOR OUR SINS!

I THINK DUANE HAS CROAKED!

JUST LIKE JUDY!

SQUACK... COUGH.. COUGH.. GET TO DA' BOWELS BURLY... DIARRHEA LEVINE.. PRONTO.....

THAT BULLET WAS MEANT FOR ME!!! WHOEVER IT WAS HAS VANISHED... LET'S SPLIT!

HAPPINESS IS A HIGH ASS!

OK, MEN... TO THE BOWELS BURLESQUE... WE MIGHT CATCH THE LAST SHOW... AND DIARRHEA'S ACT!

RIGHT ON!

EVERARD

MOMENTS LATER ON RAUNCHY WEST 14th STREET...

BOWELS BURLY

THIS WEEK: DIARRHEA LEVINE

WITH DELIRIOUS DEL RIO AND A LINE UP OF HOT STUDS

ON OUR MINI SCREEN! "TARZAN'S TESTICLES" AND "GODZILLA MASTERBATES"

LIVE ON STAGE FRI & SAT MIDNIGHT TORTURE IN THE BLACK DUNGEON!

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!

PAYRAISE!

NO PHONE

ALL MALE

AMYL AVAILABLE

SMOKING PERMITTED IN THE BALCONY

HOW MANY MACS?

NO FRILLS NO FRU-FRU! JUST NITTY-GRITTY ACTION!

I WONDER IF THEY SELL POP-CORN?

LOOKS FUNKY!

IT'S SO FUCKIN DARK IN HERE... THE SHOW IS STARTING!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

THE BOWELS BIZZARE-LESQUE PRESENTS IT'S SUPER-STAR ATTRACTION... DIARRHEA LEVINE.. DIRECT FROM A RECORD-BREAKING RUN... AT FRISCO'S FOLSUM ST. BARRACKS....

HI!

GIVE HIM A BIG HAND..

A FIST WILL SUFFICE!

WOW!

THE SPACED-OUT BEAT OF THE MUSIC AND DIARRHEA'S DECADENT DANCE HYPNOTIZES THE HORNY AUDIENCE...

ZAP!

GASP!

GASP!

CRISCO

NO.. NO!

YES.. YES!

DOUBLE GASP!

SING OUT, LOUIS!!

CRISC

ENCORE... ENCORE!

I WISH I COULD DO THAT...!

THE SECRET IS THE CRISCO... EER.. SO I HEAR! LET'S SLIP BACKSTAGE AND QUIZ DIARRHEA ABOUT KANKER!

GEEPS!

Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3

SOME GUYS TA' SEE YA', DIA!

YES?

TOILET

I'M ALWAYS PLEASED TO MEAT MY PUBLIC!

CUT THE FLACK, LEVINE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF KANKER KULLIGAN AND THE SCARLET SCUMBAG?

QUIET, YOU SMUCKS! THESE FUCKIN' WALLS HAVE EARS! I... I.. DON'T KNOW NOTHIN!

NO!

MAYBE THIS WILL JOLT YOUR MEMORY... KULLIGAN HAS JUST BEEN BRUTALLY MURDERED... AND YOU MIGHT BE NEXT ON THE LIST... NOW TALK!

MEANWHILE... AT THAT VERY MOMENT... A STRANGE SCENE UNFOLDS IN A PLUSH SUTTON PLACE PENTHOUSE —

TOO BAD MY AIM WAS SO POOR— I MUST ELIMINATE THOSE FUGG FOOLS NEXT TIME!

I MUST GET TO DIARRHEA... BUT...

... NOW I MUST UNWRAP MY NEW, PRICELESS TREASURE... GAD IT'S... IT'S SPECTACULAR!

TOO BAD KANKER GOT GREEDY... I COULD'VE USED HIS SERVICES AGAIN! OH WELL, THAT'S SHOW BIZ!

THEY SAY KAHLUA HAS BIZARRE POWERS... I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I SLIPPED HIS SOLID GOLD PHALLUS OVER MY COCK? HUM?

AS OUR MYSTERIOUS ADVERSARY FOLLOWS THRU...

OH... GOD... I'M SHOOTING!

SHLAP!

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE O!!! MY GOD... I'M BECOMING INVISIBLE!!! IT'S THE CURSE OF KAHLUA BLEWA!!!

GASP... THIS SUDDENLY OPENS UP ALL SORTS OF VERY EVIL OPPORTUNITIES! I CAN START PLUNDERING THE WORLD'S ART TREASURES WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE!! YEAH... THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS...

AND I CAN SETTLE SOME OLD SCORES! WHAT'S THIS...??

THE WARNING FLASHER! IT MEANS DIARRHEA IS IN TROUBLE!! NOT AN EVIL MOMENT TO SPARE...!

BACK AT THE BOWELS BURLY—

CHOKE... NO!

EITHER YOU TALK OR IT'S THREE HOT FISTS AT ONCE!

ALARM BUTTON

COUGH... I'LL MAKE THESE PRICKS PAY FOR THIS! IF I CAN STEER THEM TO THAT SPECIAL BASEMENT DOOR...

THIS BETTER BE GOOD..!

SOB.. OK.. YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER THRU THERE!

HOLY SHIT!

HAVE A NICE TRIP.. HEE HEE!

YIPS!

GEEPS!

NEXT...

TORTURE IN THE BLACK DUNGEON!

BONITA GRANVILLE... WHERE ARE YOU.. NOW THAT WE NEED YOU?

Free Subscriber Service
Personal Ads

HOW TO PLACE AN AD

For as long as you are a subscriber to any of our magazines we will run your Personal Ad absolutely free in every issue of all our publications. Simply send us your ad not to exceed 30 words (name and address count as 2 words). If your message exceeds 30 words send 50 cents per word additional. Only 1 ad to a subscriber (no matter how many magazines you subscribe to). You may change your ad as often as you like but notify us at least 3 months in advance. Use your own name, address and/or phone number or we will assign you a code number. When a code is used we wil forward your sealed envelopes free of charge (see "How to Answer" below). No one but you wil ever see your letters. We reserve the right to change wording in keeping with our editorial policy. Please print clearly and indicate which magazine(s) you currently subscribe to. Be sure and give us your full name and address for our records (even if not used in your ad). Send to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.

HOW TO ANSWER AN AD

Anyone may answer an ad, subscribers and non-subscribers alike. Write directly to the advertiser, or call if address and phone number are given. If a code appears here's how to reply: 1. Seal your letter in a "personal size" envelope. 2. Write the code number very small but clearly in one of the corners on the back of the envelope. 3. Place proper postage on the front of the envelope, upper right-hand corner, and write your own return address on the front of the envelope, upper left-hand corner. Do not write anything in the address area. For U.S., Canada & Mexico postage is 10 cents for surface mail, 13 cents for airmail for up to 1 oz. (normal weight). For foreign mail (note: code given will be followed by an "F" if advertiser lives abroad) use 26 cents per ½ oz. for air-mail. If the envelope to be forwarded reaches us without proper postage we will destroy it. 4. Place this smaller envelope in a larger "business size" envelope and send to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. Be sure and use enough postage as post office now destroys all improperly posted envelopes. 5. When we receive your sealed envelope to be forwarded we will write the advertiser's name and address on it and deposit it in a mail-box. You will hear directly from the advertiser. Do not ask us to act in your behalf, etc.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Personals are free but if you have something to sell your ad becomes a commercial classified. The rate for such ads is 50 cents per word (name and address count as 2 words). Such classifieds will appear in this section but in reverse (white type on black). We will run your ad in the first available (specify which publication since such ads are priced on a "one time only" basis). Send ad and payment to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.

CHICAGO, attractive guy, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeking masculine male, 25-40, good-looking, good build, for lasting relationship. Must be sincere and honest. Not looking for one-night stands. **C-2**

LOVER SOUGHT. Horny Vancouver warlock male witch hosts visiting horny studs into trucking, bodybuilding, witchcraft, S&M,etc. No drugs. Tel. (604) 921-7721 midnight hours. Indulge blessed be ring. Write: Harry Appleyard, 6365 Douglas St., Horseshoe Bay West, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7W-261.

21-YEAR-OLD, 6', 170 lbs., good build, wants to meet other young guys for fun times. Interests include photography, sports and meeting new friends. Write soon; you won't regret it! **C-1**

OTTAWA, CANADA. Professional w/m, 27, 5'10", 155, masculine, mustache, non-smoker. Seek same, 26-35, tall, trim, for sincere friendship, possible long-lasting relationship. Interests include travel, music, theatre, swimming, skiing. **E-2**

SINGLE MALE 35, 5'9", 130, Oriental-American, well-endowed, college professor, central Ohio, likes classical, folk, jazz, theatre, dance. Seeks level-headed whites 35 or younger anywhere for correspondence/friendship/love. No drugs, fats, fems. All letters answered. Photos appreciated and returned. **C-3**

CULTURED TRIM masc. New Yorker (40's) seeks slim, cuddly, sensitive pal (18-30) who genuinely enjoys companionship of mature guy. Must care for meaningful relationship. Include photo. All answered. **D-1**

HANDSOME, white, 44, 6', 150, N.Y.C. desires correspondence, meet groovy 18 to 45, black or white. Light classical, opera, tennis, travel, massage, poppers, togetherness interests. Photo appreciated. **T-1**

HOT SWEATY hairy masters! visiting so. florida at anytime? please look up willing adequately equipped slave for good time. write, picture prior to traveling. thanks! hopefully, don g. crounse, 950 nw 7th st. rd., miami, fla. 33136.

LIBRA, 30, 6', 155 lbs., brown hair, blue-green eyes. Enjoy getting stoned, music (prefer rock), rapping, balling, making love. Versatile guys to 40. Gary L. Kirkman, 923 Church St., San Francisco, Cal. 94114.

WHITE MALE 24 seeks males seriously interested in Occult for discussion and meeting in Mass. area. Want also to write to those away from Mass. Evoe Iacchus, Io Pan. **W-1**

BALTIMORE, MD. gay would like to hear from you for friendship or sex. Likes it all, including water sports. David Marshall, 2502 Eutaw Pl., Baltimore, Md. 21217. Tel. 728-4970.

LEHIGH VALLEY Pennsylvania-West Jersey area. White Gay, 44, enjoys bar scene, dancing, leather clothes, boots, S&M, French & Greek action. No fems, chicken, hustlers. Not a size-queen, ages unimportant. **M-1**

WHITE ST. LOUISIAN, 35, into leather/rubber, SM/BD/WS, travel. Let's discuss interests and get together in detailed letters and/or cassette tapes. All answered, photos get same. **E-1**

NORTHERN OHIO hot, horny white male, 30's, into music, photography, nature, sports, men. Travel widely. Visitors (gay, bi, straight) welcomed. Send pix and phone. Will appreciate. Do it! **S-1**

LOVE sailing and chicken. Own a 40-ft. sailboat usually sailed in the Tampa Bay area. Let's get acquainted. **W-2**

WHITE MALE 27, 5'9", 165 seeks interesting scenes and friendships. Will answer all replies. Send photo if possible. Greg Doxey, 59 St. Marks Pl., Apt. 2B, New York, N.Y. 10003.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT, 27, digs mountain hiking, swimming, bodybuilding, motorcycle types, and travel. Would like to correspond with and meet guys of similar tastes and visitors to Calgary area. Denny Challinor, 1137 Regal Cresc. N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2E 5H2.

WANT COMPANY? Warm, handsome Manhattanite, 39, travels lots. Wants to visit young guys with great legs when he visits your town. Visiting Manhattan? Visit me. **B-1**

TWO EDMONTON LOVERS willing to share boudoir capers, threesomes or more-the-merrier. Local or out-of-town visitors welcomed. Letters with pictures answered first. Give details. **B-2**

CHICAGO BUTCH ex-Marine, 38, blue eyes, brown hair, 6', 189 lbs., wants to share "wild" collection of photos and movies with slim white guys under age of 29. **Z-1**

TORONTO, ONT. attractive student, 26, very honest and sincere, seeks genuine friends 18-25 in area. Varied interests. Please send photo (essential!), phone number. Satisfaction guaranteed. I'm waiting! **P-1**

YOUNG TORONTO AREA MALE interested in nudism, photography, music, and sex, seeks friends all over. Write with picture if possible. Interested in your head and your pants. Don Sanderson, Box 341, Islington, Ont., Canada M9A 4X3.

I'M INTO HEAVY S/M, prolonged & intricate restraint, leather, rubber, denim, boots. Go either way & have both experience & toys. Visiting Chicago? Call Brian: (312) 348-1540.

SUBSCRIBERS: If you have already sent in your personal and it does not appear here it will start running in all our magazines next month. Sorry you missed our deadline for this issue.

TALL, slender, hairy, professional Aires male, 36, wishes pen pals in the Orient, all Europe, South America and ? Likes fine arts, traveling, beaching, sunbathing. **O-1**

IF A SCARRED BODY or age over 40 don't turn you off, let's get together. One night of ? Private pool in San Francisco Bay area. Photo appreciated. **G-1**

THOSE INTERESTED in hot only French & Greek Culture but want to experiment, water sports . . . I'm 40 yrs., 5'10", 160 lbs. Will answer all. **L-1**

24-YEAR-OLD good-looking guy wishes to correspond with same. Location, age, background no problem. Send picture and resume. Will do same. **S-2**

HAWKCHICKS: Hawkjohn and Hawkruben welcome you to our New Orleans chicken coups for Mardi Gras. Write early for reservations. Letters with pictures will be answered. **B-3**

VANCOUVER, B.C. Coming north? Over 30? Will show you around. Friendly easy-going male wishes to meet new gay friends. All replies answered. **M-2**

I LOVE TO MEET GUYS for good times and pen pals. I'm 6'2", 200 lbs., brown hair/eyes. John Bodnar, P.O. Box 9163, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601.

GAY WHITE MALE COUPLE, 32 & 42 want 3-way or group sex to 45. No dope, S/M, fats or beards. Any race. Prefer cut. Write with picture. P.O. Box 16313, San Francisco, Calif. 94116.

TWO MATURE MEN, young at heart, enjoy 3-way activities. Lower Connecticut, 45 minutes from Manhattan. Enjoy music, art, literature, after-hours fun and games. **L-2**

CHICAGO W/M, 30, Master's degree, 5'10", 145 lbs., wishes to meet or hear from other W/M for possible relationship. No fats, fems, S/M. Will answer all. Photo appreciated & returned. **C-4**

WHITE BI-MALE, south Florida, 33, 6-footer, brown hair/eyes. Enjoys varied travel, photography, nudism, nature-oriented and into-life friends looking for a real friend. Photo appreciated. **B-4**

NEW YORK CITY, young 40's, brown hair, blue eyes, 170, 6', well-endowed looking for young hairy guy, good body, well-endowed. No fats. Puerto Ricans & Blacks o.k. **H-1**

SR. HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER, 28, 5'7", 130 lbs. Music lover. Desires serious friendship with gay individual. Fatties and over 35 need not consider. Ottawa, Canada. **K-1**

TORONTO MASCULINE, discreet airline professional, 51, stocky build, desires contact young, muscular, rugged, active Greek or Italian but race, colour unimportant. Travel extensively and able to accommodate visitors. **H-2**

BACHELOR: EARLY 50'S likes chicken, films and anally-explicit photos. Mild S&M enthusiast, fond of good music, food and books. **S-3**

FLORIDA: LAKE WALES. Any QQ subscriber passing through this part of Florida will be welcomed as overnight guest. Have nice apartment on lake. **W-3**

STOP BY on your way through. Write and let me know when you're coming. Holmes F. Gibson, 146 E. Maple St., York, Pa. 17403.

ILLINOIS: W/M, 6', 170 lbs., desires hear from all males to 45, Chicago area. No ties, a good time. Give phone number and photo for quick get-together. Answer all. **H-3**

SEXY, WELL-BUILT, 6'1", 175 lb. Airies, Houstonian in 40's would like to meet or correspond with new friends or find a sincere, frank lover with no hang-ups. **L-3**

CAUCASIAN MALE, 40, active French desires meeting Oriental, Spanish or Black male, N.Y. or N.J. area for friendship, possible permanent relationship. Interests are theatre, ballet, music, travel. **R-1**

JEWISH GAYS: Whenever you are in New York City attend Sabbath services at the Gay Synagogue Fridays, 8:15 P.M. at 300 - 9th Ave. (28th St.,), followed by coffee hour, Oneg Shabbat, dancing.

VANCOUVER, CANADA. Two friendly well-adjusted guys, early 40's would like to correspond with others turned on to photography, swimming, sunbathing, travel and pornography. **S-4**

6-FT. BLOND wants to meet people in Indianapolis area; locals and visitors. Letter and photo gets mine. **L-4**

HARD-UP SEXY GUY wants pen pals. White, brown hair, 5'9", 175 lbs. Very sincere, will answer all. Give views and ideas on sex and male action. **M-3**

OLDIE BUT GOODIE: San Francisco Peninsula librarian, 61, no S/M, BD. Prefer hairless, uncut, gentle person who has respect and love for others, interested in arts, music, ideas. **W-4**

SF HEAD SEEKS J/O BUDDIES into the mystical ecstasy of the solo male experience via films, slides, photos, amyl and heavy sex talk. T.J., P.O. Box 3427, San Francisco, Calif. 94119.

W/M COLLEGE STUDENT, slim build, early 20's, wants to hear from others in central Texas area. Enjoy the quiet life, good times, new friends, and sincere ralationships. **N-1**

IN PITTSBURGH AREA or passing through contact me at Box 123, Beaver, Pa. 15009 and we will tour Pittsburgh having lots of fun.

RETIRED COLLEGE TEACHER, white, 67 (looks 50). Loves oral and anal sex. Nice apartment, privacy and hospitality. Come anytime. W. D. East, 608 Third St., Boonville, Mo. 65233.

MIAMI BOUND? Your sexual fantasy can come true in country home. Together levi couple (27 & 40, versatile) wishes to combine your scenes with ours for mutual gratification. **B-5**

TRAVELERS/TRUCKERS: A night of fun and fellowship will prevent boredom. Call (602) 778-0822. French/Greek active/passive. Discretion expected.

WHITE, 35, 5'8", 135 would like to correspond and meet construction workers, farmers, ranchers, truck drivers. I dig the levi, boot and sex scene but it isn't necessary. I will answer all replies. No fats. T-2

PASSIVE GREEK/ACTIVE FRENCH guy with hairless body and rear, any race, 18 to ?, needed by husky, aggressive white stud, 36, 6'4", in Los Angeles area. **T-3**

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, stable, well-groomed, Caucasian, 6'1", 150, 47. Interested in art, music, Orientalia, porno. Like to meet similar type guys in Los Angeles for fun and friendship, nothing far-out. **H-4**

TRAVELING COAST between L.A. and S.F.? Tim and Ed would like to be your hosts: (805) 937-5668 (in town 7-5668); 1176 Pino Solo Dr., Santa Maria, Calif. 93454.

ANNOUNCING a new photo studio specializing in muscular studs! J&R Studio is coming your way . . . watch for ads in this magazine. For details now write to 3012½ Vistacrest Dr., Hollywood, Calif. 90068.

YOUNGISH, attractive 34 white male is lonely, horny & blue for you if you're slim and not ugly. Will gladly swap photos & mutual French & Greek. P.O. Box 4793, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134.

NEW JERSEY-MANHATTAN area 40-year-old man, 6'2", would like to meet or correspond with man same age or younger. **H-5**

NEW YORK CITY white European, 41, Virgo, dark brown hair, blue eyes, young looking, slender, 5'8", versatile, likes tall 6' or over Blacks, masculine, slender, versatile, compatible Zodiac signs. **D-2**

PHILADELPHIA SUBURBS: 38, 6'2", 170 lbs., seeks slim male for Greek and French activity, not necessarily interested in long-term relationship. Meet for fun at your place or hotel. Phone and photo. **S-5**

VANCOUVER GUY MID-20'S. The world is fascinating. You and I might be friends. I'd like to find out. I can spare the stamp, how about you? **D-3**

MATURE, well-educated male living alone in South-Eastern Arizona welcomes correspondents of any age; also welcomes visitors or any age passing through the area. **D-4**

HOT CORRESPONDENCE and possible meeting with 18-50 sought by w/m, 40, 170, blond. No S/M, fats or fems. Like sex, porno, art, music, cooking. Photo appreciated. Occupant, P.O. Box 2392, Montclair, Calif. 91763.

I LOVE MY HARLEY, leathers, boots, hunky gear, jazz music and J/O scenes. Neat beard, late 40's but don't look it. E. Jacobs, 312 Davidson Dr., Champaign, Ill. 61820.

W/M 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., interested in friendly correspondence from others everywhere. Not interested in anything way-out, nor in fems or fats. Box-holder, P.O. Box 1533, Los Gatos, Calif. 95030.

DROP IN FOR A DRINK when visiting Santa Barbara-Ojai area on Southern California coast. **B-7**

DOCTOR'S GUIDE To Rectal Intercourse—a comprehensive review of the subject. Covers anatomy of the rectal canal, conditions that limit rectal intercourse, and a discussion of techniques to make rectal intercourse painless. Available for $5 from: PRI, Box 72, Boston, Mass. 02101.

MY LOVER, who loves me, desires me not. My tricks come, yet they don't stay. This quicksand world needs a solid savior—a friend. Please write today. Box 1504, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

ARTISTIC AND SEXED? Do you like good music and theater? For fun and games and a loving friendship, I am w/m, 26, 5'6", 130 lbs., well-endowed. Detroit area. **C-5**

FRENCH EXPERT enjoys taking nude Polaroids for you, receiving a letter, or greeting you personally. Any one, from anywhere, anytime. Tel. (213) 422-0756. Paul H. Zeigler, 340 Adair, Long Beach, Calif. 90805.

LEATHER & S/M in Minnesota. Age 30, flexible. **J-1**

WASHINGTON, D.C. butch, 40's, seeks studs 35 up, heavy Fr., W/S, J/O, mutual or one-way. Truckers, hard-hats welcum overnight. Dirt slaves given special attention. Photo. **G-2**

GAY, WHITE MALE, 26, 5'9", 150, blue eyes, brown hair, butch-looking and acting likes to meet cute, slim teens or twenties. Penpals o.k. Bob, P.O. Box 1142, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

TALL, FOXY with thick heavy equipment into glory holes, groups, with macho dudes only. Poppers great. No drugs, S/M. If you could dig a great time and a mouthful or ?, write Box-holder, Box 1372, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

FLORIDA: Want to hear from W/M 25-50 for mutual fun and games. If we click, it could be permanent. Let's enjoy it! Photo appreciated. **R-2**

LOS ANGELES LEATHER M, into most any scene, light bodybuilder, sensitive but supereager, not dumb, seeks to meet interesting-looking, intelligent, dedicated S. Mark: (213) 874-3393.

LONELY 54, seeks white 18-25 sincere, discreet friend or penpal for mutual interests. Live alone. Can't travel. No fems, fats, S/M or drugs. Nude photo a must. Occupant, Box 7584, Steelton, Pa. 17113.

CAPRICORN would like to hear from and meet Taurus and others in Atlanta area. Prefer dark complexions, Spanish types. Photo appreciated. **M-4**

MALE/WHITE/37, 6', 178 lbs., dirty blond, with great sense of humor, wishes to correspond and/or get together with other males. Photo appreciated. Yes, love sex, life and people interest me. I have a beautiful soul; do you? If so, please write. **A-1**

DENVER MALE, 26, blond, 140 lbs., 5'9", seeks athletic, hairy-chested near 6-footer to age 36. Interested in men of Arizona-Colorado or travelers. Positive personality necessary. **R-3**

LOS ANGELES: handsome, slim masculine guy, 32, seeks same or younger for stimulating sessions. So. Calif. area. Versatile & eager. Exchange photos first. M. Power, P.O. Box 2194, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

COMING TO MIAMI? Hunky, well-built Miamian eager to show you where to let it all hang out. Guarantee no disappointments. **L-5**

UPSTATE N.Y. AREA: Two guys, own home w/pool, bar, films, like meeting others in area or travelers for weekends, nites. Write with phone, photo. D.J., Olena, RDI, Arrowhead Rd., Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 12866.

MUSCLE GUY, 6'2", black hair, brown eyes, hairy chest, 180 lbs., 35, well-endowed, wants to meet other muscle studs in the Pacific Northwest area. Send photo. **R-4**

BE MY GUEST! Have own house, any age welcomed. White, 63, educated, refined, discreet. Seeking friend for mutual French satisfaction. Clergy welcome. Schenectady, N.Y. area. **M-5**

OLDER GAY would like to give French pleasure to chunky, gentle, masculine fellow 18-30. Reciprocation unnecessary. Phone if passing through or write: Ross Stoakes. 608 E. Mitchell, Petoskey, Mich. 49770. Tel. (616) 347-3348.

SLIGHTLY COPULENT male, 27, desires dude interested in good times, learning floral trade and wine-making. Photo please. Juan Christiansen, 1124 - 12th Ave., Belle Fourche, S.D. 57717.

YOUNG 54 will welcome singles or couples to his Seattle, Wash. home. If you plan to see our beautiful Pacific Northwest, let me know. John **B-6**

5'9", 160, BLOND/BLUE wants slender guys, 18-35 for permanent relationship with masculine, mature male. Likes music, dancing, swimming, football, baseball. Race, endowments, looks unimportant. All answered. Jack, Box 346, Mt. Vernon, Ind. 47620. Tel. (812) 838-2983.

BONDAGE S/M SEX. Two young guys want to meet others with same interest. We have playroom with lots of toys. Play both ways. Send photo. Eugene Sprague, RD 2 Second St., Lebanon, Ct. 06249.

CIVILIZED GUY in vicinity Pittsburgh seeks simpatico companions. White, 56, 155 lbs., brown hair. Interests: classical music, arts, cooking, travel, any race. Prefer 25-45. **P-2**

INEXPERIENCED w/m, 34, 6', 190 lbs., would like to meet similar persons in upper midwest. Very affectionate. College educated. Am masculine and straight appearing. Discretion necessary. Photo to: Henry J. DeBoer, P.O. Box 2192, Loop Station, Minneapolis, Mn. 55402.

W/M—VERY GAY, 38, 5'11", 190 lbs., masculine, love the outdoors sports, like to meet and write to new friends. All letters answered. F.B.D., P.O. Box 6473, St. Louis, Mo. 63107.

WHITE MALE, 34, wants to hear from good-looking guys 18 to ? Interested in slides and movies. Send photo for prompt reply. Scott Young, Box 141, Birmingham, Ala. 35201.

PENPALS WANTED! Texas w/m, early 30's, wants to correspond with other gays 21-40, any area. Interests include reading, theatre, and movies. Must be honest, sincere and discreet. **K-2**

WHITE MALE, 20's, blond, smooth, 6', 145, cut, seeks same for mutual friendship. Send photo to Box-holder, P.O. Box 4820, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. Prefer call: (415) 441-1410 after 6 P.M.

PENNSYLVANIA: W/M, 24, 125 lbs., 5'7" student, brown hair, blue eyes with beard. Looking for hairy masculine guy. No bald or fems. Send picture. Love skiing and art. Butch looking. **L-6**

SLAVE WANTED: SAN FRANCISCO. Downtown live-in possible with benevolent autocrat (57, 6'2", 220). P.O. Box 2811, San Francisco, Calif. 94126. Phone (415) 775-4806 anytime.

ATTRACTIVE BLOND in 30's, sincere, friendly, wishes to meet guy in 20's. Interested in friendship and sex scene. Would prefer local guy but all welcomed. Photo if possible! Yonkers, N.Y. **K-3**

CHICAGO WHITE MALE, 5'11", 180 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes, 39. Like Orientals but not a must. Age 21 to 30, ballet-type body; feminine petite types, French/Greek sex. **P-3**

MIDDLE-AGED EXECUTIVE wants correspondence, friendship and relationship with men 18-30 in Midwest. Can travel on weekends within 150 miles of Chicago. **D-5**

WE TWO German and American, for 11 years together, are looking forward to meeting friends in the Allentown-Philadelphia area. **S-6**

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR from other gay couples who are Mother Earth types interested in handicrafts, antiques, log cabins, homesteading, gardening, small livestock, etc. **P-4**

28-YEAR-OLD MAN wishes to correspond with or meet mature man (30-45). I am blond, 5'11", 155 lbs. Interests: music, films, reading. Laurie Blaney, Box 756, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., Canada.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Mature white male, age 41, wishes to meet other guys for mutual good time(s). I am at a convenient location for out-of-town visitors. **S-7**

YOUNG DUDE wants to swap horny letters and photos with other young, good-looking studs. G.I.'s welcomed. Safe and discreet. **H-6**

LOVERS looking for friends, not necessarily sexual. We don't have threesomes but we don't object to each other having sex. Both straight and good-looking easy-going guys. **G-3**

SAN FRANCISCAN to correspond, meet, or whatever with males 25 to 40. Many varied interests, strongest being films and theatre. Tall, slim, versatile, affectionate. Promise answer all. **R-5**

WHITE, BUTCH MALE, 35, long hair, beard, closet case. Lonely in small town. Like to meet gay guys under 40. No fatties please! Interests: Theatre, music, reading, crafts. Gene Lyon, P.O. Box 349, Eureka Springs, Ark. 72632.

LONELY, SINCERE, honest, gentle, discreet seeks same. Love to suck, love and be loved. Let's get together. Near Albany, N.Y. Clinton D. Nethaway, Jr., RD-1 Box 23A, Howes Cave, N.Y. 12092.