QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

Personal Ads
8-Page Bonus Pull-Out

October 1975
$3.50

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





GOOD HEALTH & SEXUAL VIGOR CAN BE YOURS

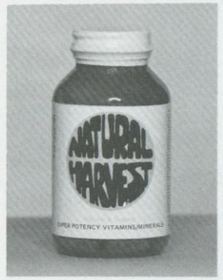
Vitamins are substances which are required by the body if it is to function properly. They are normally provided by foods but not always in sufficient quantities. This is particularly true of processed foods which have been depleted of their vitamin content.

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

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



HIGH POTENCY MULTIPLE VITAMINS & MINERALS



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

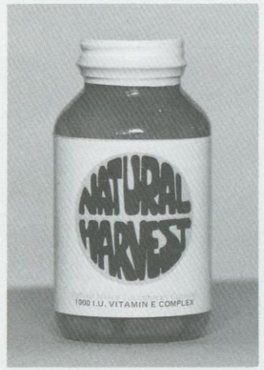
EACH TABLET CONTAINS:		MDR
Vitamin A (Palmitate)	25,000 USP Units	625%
Vitamin D (Calciferol)	400 USP Units	100%
Vitamin C	150 mg.	500%
(From Rose Hips and other organic sources)		
Vitamin B_{12} (Cobalamin Concentrate)	50 mcg.	*
Vitamin B_1 (Thiamine HCl)	25 mg.	2500%
Vitamin B_2 (Riboflavin)	25 mg.	2000%
Vitamin B_6 (Pyridoxine HCl)	15 mg.	*
Niacinamide	50 mg.	500%
Calcium Pantothenate	12.5 mg.	*
Vitamin E (d-a Tocopherol Acid Succinate)	12.5 Int'l. Units	*
Inositol	250 mg.	**
Choline Bitartrate	150 mg.	**
Betaine HCl	25 mg.	**
Para Amino Benzoic Acid	15 mg.	**
Rutin	5 mg.	**
Citrus Bioflavonoids	15 mg.	**
Biotin	1 mcg.	**
Desiccated Liver	50 mg.	**
Bone Meal	162 mg.	
Iron Gluconate	50 mg.	60%
Copper Gluconate	0.25 mg.	*
Magnesium Gluconate	7.2 mg.	*
Manganese Gluconate	6.15 mg.	*
Zinc Gluconate	2.2 mg.	*
Potassium Iodide	0.1 mg.	100%
Calcium (from Bone Meal)	53.5 mg.	7%
Phosphorus (from Bone Meal)	24.3 mg.	3%

Protein (from Protein Coating), Alfalfa, Watercress, Parsley, Kelp, Lecithin, used as exipients.

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

MULTIPLE VITAMINS/MINERALS
100 Tablets (3 Months) $9.95

VITAMIN E



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

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

VITAMIN B-12

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

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

BEE POLLEN

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

BEE POLLEN
100 Tablets (3 Months) $5.95

SEX COMBO...SAVE $5

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



SEX COMBO
You get 1 bottle of each supplement—each containing 100 tablets/capsules (3-month supply). If purchased separately the total price is $39.80 . . . you save $5. Offer good only when all 4 supplements are purchased at the same time.
All 4 Supplements $34.80

Sold to adults only (please state you are over 21). Specify which item(s) and quantity desired.

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** Note: **If your order comes to $30.00 or more you may charge to Master Charge or BankAmericard . . . see order blank on page 54.**

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

QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1975 **VOLUME 7/NUMBER 5**

Editorial: Help Us Help You	by Frank Keating	5
Rimmer's Wrath: Amebiasis and Worms	by Roger Watson	7
Sexual 'Chic-Anery'	by Scott Young	9
The Primitive Art of Haiti	by Ralph W. Davis	11
'Foul Play' in the Kissing Game	by Walter Norris	15
Ground Rules for Sex with Hitchhikers	by John Roberts	17
Smoking and Your Sex Life	by Frank Samuels	19
Fiction: The Doughnut Man	by John Castledine	21
Baden-Baden: Taking 'The Cure' at the Tubs	by Jon Lorrimer	25
Gay Turkey: Istanbul & Izmir	by Bill Josephs	26
QQ's Man of the Month: Tony Gee	by Athletic Model Guild	28
Book Review	by Orlando Paris	30
It's Better in Pairs: History's Gay Lovers	by Rob Arrington	31
Sex by Astrology	by Forline	33
Odd Son	by The Editors	44
The Super Adventures of Harry Chess	by A. Jay	52
Personals	**8-Page Bonus Pull-Out No. 3**	

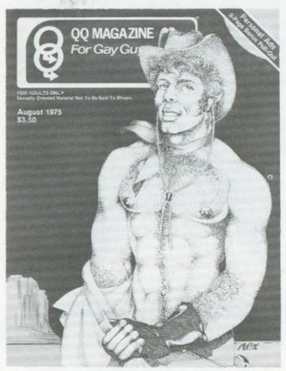
Front cover: "Nabbed," an original painting by Adam, owned by QQ. **Back cover:** Chipper Cunningham by Kensington Road.

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

COPYRIGHT © 1975 by QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention, the International Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos los derechos segun la Convencion Pan Americana de Propiedad Literaria Artistica. May not be reproduced in any form whatsoever. **Violators will be prosecuted.** Title trademark registered in U.S. Issued bi-monthly. Subscription rates: $15.00 for 6 consecutive issues in U.S.; $20.00 in Mexico and Canada; $21.00 all other countries.

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

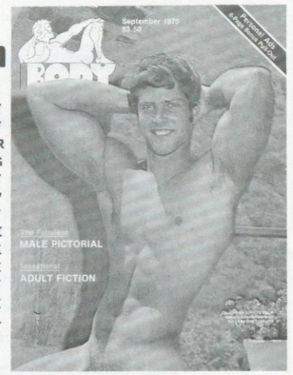
The World's 3 Greatest Gay Magazines!



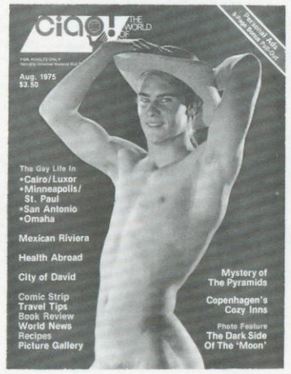
QQ MAGAZINE For Gay Guys

QQ MAGAZINE IS THE FLAGSHIP OF OUR COMPANY. NOW IN ITS SEVENTH YEAR IT HAS NEVER MISSED A PUBLICATION DATE—AND IS READ BY MORE THAN 95,000 GAY GUYS THE WORLD OVER. IT IS A QUALITY PUBLICATION THAT DOESN'T CUT CORNERS. EVERY ISSUE IS PACKED WITH MORE THAN 20 COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLES ON ALL SUBJECTS OF INTEREST TO GAY GUYS—SEX TECHNIQUE, GAY LIB, HEALTH, TRAVEL, ETC., PLUS THE GREATEST PHOTOS FOUND ANYWHERE OF RUGGED MEN IN SINGLE AND DUAL POSES (UNDRAPED, OF COURSE), PLUS THE ONLY GAY COMIC STRIP IN THE WORLD—"THE SUPER ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS." FULL MAGAZINE SIZE PRINTED ON HEAVY ENAMELED STOCK WITH COLOR FRONT AND BACK COVERS AND B-I-G CENTERSPREAD. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES ARE SENT IN PLAINLY-MARKED, EXTRA-HEAVY MANILA ENVELOPES (SO COSTLY ONLY WALL STREET FIRMS USE THEM) THAT ARE CAREFULLY SEALED TO INSURE PRIVACY. SORRY, CANNOT BE SOLD TO MINORS. ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (6 BI-MONTHLY ISSUES): $15.00 IN THE U.S.A.; $20.00 IN MEXICO AND CANADA; $21.00 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

The Male Pictorial BODY With Gay Fiction



BODY IS A HANDSOME PICTORIAL DEDICATED TO MALE BEAUTY. ONLY IN BODY WILL YOU FIND THE IDEAL MALE—MORE THAN 50 BEAUTIFUL MODELS IN EVERY ISSUE RANGING IN TYPE FROM HEAVILY MUSCLED TO RUGGED TO LITHE SWIMMER TO SENSITIVE YOUNG MEN. WHAT EVERY MODEL HAS IN COMMON IS A BIG PHALLUS, FIRM BUTTOCKS, AND BEAUTIFUL FACE. OVER 75 PHOTOS IN EVERY MAGAZINE—MOSTLY FULL-PAGE. SINGLE, DUAL, AND GROUP POSES. "RED HOT" GAY FICTION (MANY STORIES ARE BOOK-LENGTH) IN EVERY ISSUE. IT'S THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND THAT COMES OUT ON A REGULAR BASIS. FULL MAGAZINE SIZE PRINTED ON HEAVY ENAMELED STOCK WITH COLOR FRONT AND BACK COVERS AND B-I-G CENTERSPREAD. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. MAGAZINES ARE SENT IN PLAINLY-MARKED, EXTRA-HEAVY MANILA ENVELOPES (SO COSTLY ONLY WALL STREET FIRMS USE THEM) WHICH ARE CAREFULLY SEALED TO INSURE PRIVACY. SORRY, CANNOT BE SOLD TO MINORS. ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (6 BI-MONTHLY ISSUES): $15.00 IN THE U.S.A.; $20.00 IN MEXICO AND CANADA; $21.00 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.



CIAO! The World of Gay Travel

CIAO! IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD—DEDICATED TO GAY TRAVEL. IN EVERY ISSUE YOU WILL FIND ABOUT 20 DETAILED ARTICLES ON ALL THE PLACES YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO VISIT. WE SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE AND WHERE TO DO IT. COMPLETE LISTINGS TOO—NAMES, ADDRESSES, AND DESCRIPTIVE COMMENTS. GUARANTEED ACCURATE (WE CHECK LISTINGS AS LATE AS 2 WEEKS PRIOR TO PUBLICATION). PHOTOS OF BARS, BATHS, STREETS, BEACHES, AND EVEN MAPS TO SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING—AND WHAT TO LOOK FOR WHEN YOU GET THERE. AS EXCITING FOR ARMCHAIR TRAVELERS AS GUYS PLANNING THEIR TRIPS. PLUS A MONTHLY PHOTO FEATURE AND PICTURE GALLERY OF INTERNATIONAL STUDS—TO FOREVER END THE ARGUMENT OF WHERE THE B-I-G ONES ARE. WORLD NEWS AND DINING TIPS TOO. AND A GAY COMIC STRIP. PRINTED ON HEAVY ENAMELED STOCK. MAILED TO SUBSCRIBERS IN PLAINLY-MARKED, EXTRA-HEAVY MANILA ENVELOPES WHICH ARE CAREFULLY SEALED. CANNOT BE SOLD TO MINORS. ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (6 BI-MONTHLY ISSUES): $15.00 IN THE U.S.A.; $20.00 IN CANADA AND MEXICO; $21.00 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

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

Please check:

☐ My check or money order for $..... for the items checked below is enclosed. ☐ My order comes to $30.00 or more for the items checked below . . . charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard.

Card Number..... 4-Digit Number (Master Charge only).... Expiration Date..... Signature.....

☐ SUBSCRIPTION to QQ MAGAZINE — $15.00 a year ($20.00 in Canada & Mexico; $21.00 elsewhere)
☐ SUBSCRIPTION to BODY — $15.00 a year ($20.00 in Canada & Mexico; $21.00 elsewhere)
☐ SUBSCRIPTION to CIAO! — $15.00 a year ($20.00 in Canada & Mexico; $21.00 elsewhere)
☐ SAMPLE OF (check) ___QQ ___BODY ___CIAO! — $3.50 each ($4.50 in Canada & Mexico; $5.00 elsewhere)

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Editorial
Help Us Help You

By Frank Keating

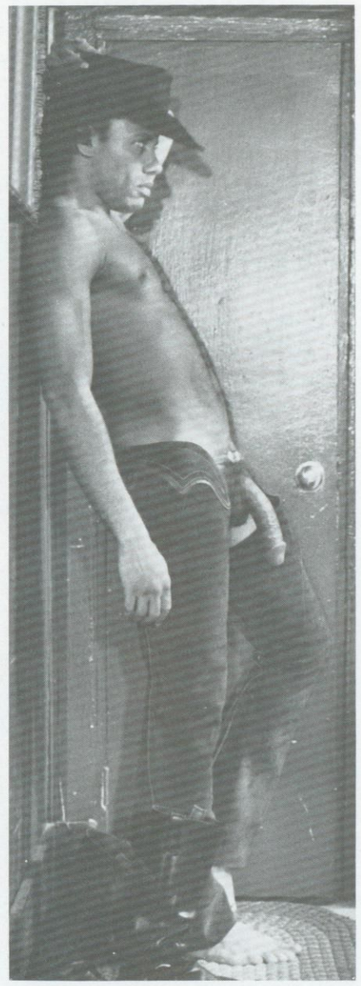
THE aim of *QQ Magazine* is service to gay people; its target, the world. To be of the greatest service to the greatest numbers, the articles in each issue are selected from a wide variety of topics . . . to inform, to entertain and—above all—to help us get to know each other better so that however many the miles that separate us, the closer we are in spirit.

We have found this latter aspect of gay togetherness most rewarding, and so, perhaps, may you. This is because, through their devotion to the gay ideal and a lively interest in *QQ* and *Ciao!*—its sister magazine—gay guys all over the world have taken the time to write us with pride and interest about the special gay life of their own individual communities. Thus unexpectedly, but most gratefully, we have become a clearing house of supportive information—especially gay travel information—and we delight in the opportunity to make this available to you, not only through our magazines, but in our 'on top of everything' gay travel guidebook "Private Stock."

As an example of this international reader interest/zeal we were able to bring you an unusual report on the fascinating gay life of Israel (*Israeli Interlude; QQ Magazine*, June 1975). We are indebted to Jack Bernstein, whose Historical Research, "Special" Services, at 23/15 Rehov Nahalet-Zvi, Petach-Tikva, Israel, arranges gay tours for gay visitors, and "Special" they are indeed! In a later issue of *Ciao!* he gave us many recipes for interesting Israeli drinks.

Now, in a letter from Jack, he tells us that the Gay Day Sun Festival at Achzivland was a great success . . . that he is now preparing an article for us on—of all things—gay life in a *kibbutz*! Moreover, he has been asked by a gay Israeli Army officer to tell gay guys through *QQ Magazine* about the annual "3-Day March" from Tel-Aviv to Jerusalem, scheduled for the end of this summer. Inasmuch as this issue will reach you in early August you'll still have plenty of time to fly over and join the March. As Jack says, "For gay contacts and swinging gay sex with tourists, Israeli civilians and soldiers, you can't beat it. The chow served by

Alexander



the Israeli Army which sponsors the March is great and all the people who participate in it are very friendly. Many speak English, as well as several other languages, so there's no problem in communicating."

Although the purpose of the March is patriotic, and therefore by no means specifically gay, as Jack says "Don't let the 'straight arrow' appearance of the daytime hiking fool you. The action behind closed tent-flaps is hot and heavy. And if you don't care to march back to Tel-Aviv you can take the train. It's wild, and virtually a mobile meat rack!"

If you would like to make the March (among other things) Jack suggests that you write to the Commanding Officer, 3-Day March, Military Postoffice Box 1010, Israel, for details about schedules, costs and other pertinent facts. But no matter whether you plan to march, or just watch it, or see the gay side of Israel, be sure to also write Jack Bernstein (he's an expatriate San Franciscan) at the address given earlier in this editorial.

Other readers have been helpful in sending information about specific gay places within a particular area. Because of this we have been able to extend our coverage of many gay cities and be of greater help to all gay guys.

In addition to this, our travel editors spend the year tracking down every new gay lead, as well as revisiting and rechecking those previously reported on.

And this brings us to the principal point of our message this month. We are now collating the information we have gathered for inclusion in the 1976 edition of "Private Stock" which should be off the press and ready for distribution in December. If you would like to supply some interesting news, detailed information or tips about gay places in your own community, or about some happy discovery you have made in recent travels: johns, cruisy streets, gay bars, meeting places, gay hotels, nude beaches, gay restaurants, baths—anything you feel would be of interest to your fellow readers, please send us the names and addresses of these places.

By passing this knowledge along we help to popularize your discoveries and in turn this makes it so much easier for you to make a lot of new friends . . . guys you might otherwise have never met in your own community!

When all these cooperative efforts have been synthesized in "Private Stock" no gay guy will ever again feel forlorn in a strange city . . . never again know a lonely moment. There will be no guesswork about where the action is and what it's like. You can't miss—if you'll help us to help you!



Rimmer's Wrath
Amebas and Worms
By Roger Watson

EXPERIENCED rimmers are acutely aware of the threat of infectious hepatitis—inflammation of the liver usually caused by a virus contained in contaminated fecal matter that is ingested by the active partner during analingus. Though the carrier may appear to be clean it should be remembered that the destructive organisms are microscopic and that no amount of douching affords safety. It is for this reason that many rimmers ritualistically take gamma globulin in order to minimize the ravages of hepatitis, if contracted. Prophylactic gamma globulin should be taken by anyone traveling to countries where sanitation is less than ideal since the disease is usually spread via contaminated food and drinking water.

But hepatitis is not the subject of this article; those desiring more information on its specific threat to the gay community are advised to read the article, "Love Bugs That Bite," in the June 1973 *QQ Magazine.* What does concern us here are two other conditions caused by ingestion of contaminated feces—amebic dysentery and metazoal invasions (worms).

AMEBIC DYSENTERY

Amebic dysentery, more properly called amebiasis since the causative organism is capable of invading many internal organs, notably the liver and lungs, owes its name to its most distinguishable feature (diarrhea) and to the fact that it is caused by a specific protozoon (entameba histolytica).

A strain known as Escherichia coli causes *turista*—the "trots" also known as "Montezuma's Revenge" and "Delhi Belly" in India and other unsanitary countries, particularly those that are tropical and subtropical. Severe diarrhea, caused by a toxin released by the organism in the colon, usually passes in about four days. It is, in fact, the least dangerous form of amebic dysentery and scientists are close to perfecting a preventative vaccine. Though antibiotics are sometimes administered to help eliminate the organism they are usually not needed where mild invasions exist—which is usually the case when this form of dysentery strikes as a result of having ingested contaminated drinking water and food. A paregoric or Lomotil is usually used to slow down the action in the intestinal tract and the body's own resources act to eliminate the infestation.

Not so with other amebas—particularly when several harmful strains are involved and when contamination is severe. This is usually the case when infection results from having rimmed someone who is a carrier. The most destructive—entameba histolytica—establishes a beachhead in the intestines and invades the bowel walls—passing on via the blood to the internal organs, most particularly the liver (causing a general hepatic condition and sometimes an abscess that can result in death if untreated).

At first you may experience mild to severe diarrhea and though your stools will probably remain soft, the runs may pass. You may suffer abdominal pains, muscular soreness, weariness and even anxiety; symptoms vary from person to person.

If your doctor is not knowledgeable about tropical diseases he may be unable to determine the nature of your ailment and may even be baffled by it—even if he is aware that you have traveled to an unsanitary country or that you indulge in analingus. Though he may suspect amebiasis he probably will not treat it until laboratory tests confirm his thoughts—and therein lies a problem; unless the examiner is directed to take a warm (and preferably liquidy) stool specimen and put it under his microscope as soon as it is passed, and to look for a specific organism—he may fail to detect the problem since there are normally 149 known "beneficial" strains of this bug in the digestive system. Likewise, he may fail to detect the culprit in your blood if he is unfamiliar with it. (It is a sad commentary on our times that many professional labs around the country employ biology students to do work that should be done by experienced scientists.) Though you may literally be spilling over with amebas, the findings could be negative—leaving your physician confused and helpless. At this point he will probably relent and admit defeat by referring you to an expert on tropical diseases—the specialist you should have consulted in the first place, thereby avoiding further infestation and needless expense. His familiarity with all health matters peculiar to warm climates will enable him to pinpoint your condition and treat it effectively. Several drugs are available for the elimination of entameba histolytica, but a particularly effective "killer" is Flagyl (250-mg. tablets), taken orally three or four times a day for ten days. Approximately two weeks following treatment another stool specimen will be taken and blood reexamined to determine whether the organism has been eliminated.

While undergoing treatment you should refrain from having sex in order to prevent spreading amebiasis among your contacts. Also, do not prepare food for yourself or anyone who lives with you. And make certain you scrub your hands carefully after your toilet.

As far as avoiding amebiasis is concerned, simply be aware of its danger and exercise extreme caution when traveling to unsanitary countries, particularly in the tropics and subtropics—and most particularly Mexico and The Yucatan. Drink bottled water, never tap (use it to brush your teeth with too) and eat only in good restaurants that cater to tourists. Avoid raw fruits and vegetables as well. Though rimming is a reasonably safe practice in this country, it isn't advised in foreign ports. If you insist on doing what you do at home, then I recommend that you take preventative Flagyl while away—but not without your doctor's knowledge and approval. Also remember that sex in foreign countries where sanitary conditions are shameful is risky, even if you don't rim. Consider these possibilities: You limit yourself to active oral sex—but inadvertently go down on a guy who has just finished fucking someone who has amebiasis (at a baths, in a john, etc.). Or you fuck someone who has amebiasis and in doing so touch your cock and inadvertently raise your fingers to your lips. The *dangerous* possibilities (*Continued on page 54*)

SEXUAL 'CHIC-ANERY'

WHERE HAS ALL THE MACHO GONE?

By Scott Young

WE are by no means children of destiny. Each of us shapes himself by interaction with others. When such interaction is rewarding, his personality develops a definite *macho*; he feels attractive and desirable, and is so much a part of *some* inner circle (however far-out it may seem to others) that life without the 'With-its' is unthinkable. If such human interactions are not carefully explored, however, or if they are so quickly-shifting or 'base-less' as to induce a feeling of insecurity, he loses perspective the more he peeks in here/pokes in there in an effort to achieve some stability of direction.

Freud said that with the exception of the religious hermit all of us want to *belong*. He held the opinion that *social disapproval* has a greater impact on personal direction/development than outright rejection—particularly of one's sexual needs. Negative as 'rejection' may seem, it can be an overpoweringly positive force. To the man with *macho* it's something he can get his teeth into and fight back. He feels his manhood challenged and is compelled to overcome rejection, often with force. (Rape, for example.) But social disapproval is not so concrete. It is, first of all, *nebulous*; then one perceives it to be something *gelatinous,* and there is really nothing to *fight* against. Thus one without the *macho* to simply say "Fuck it!" . . . dismissing an unproductive situation and striding on even more forcefully after rejection . . . must either resign himself to living his life with more rue than rancor, or interact with *fantasied* relationships (and that's just fine, too). Luckily for the man with mini-*macho*—and for rudderless others in the Sea of Sexual Desire—we entered the era of

SLOGANIZED SEX

In the last few years we've been surfeited with such expressions as 'jet set' and 'The Beautiful People'. Last year the range of interaction was extended to cover 'bisexual chic'. As had been the case with 'jet-setting' and 'TBP-ing', sloganizing kinky sex gave it glamour and the cachet of social acceptance. Depending on how one looked at it, bisexualism was either an out for the man with mini-*macho*, or a shield for the always-will-be timid.

The year 1974 would have been a great one for the gay census-taker . . . he'd have burned his adding machine to a crisp ticking off so many of the cloistered who flung off their monks' cowls and headed for the doors! Now they could suck up a fog without losing Brownie points. And if anyone heretofore couldn't 'bite the bullet' as a self-declared gay guy, at least he could stake out a stud "just for a gig, of course," and be none the less well thought-of by his straight colleagues. In short, he could play it safe.

BISEXUAL CHIC

Social acceptance of bisexualism as with-it chic did more than unfrock the cloistered gay guy and provide him with a sexual umbrella under which he could go out and play in the rain. For one thing, it was a godsend to those compulsive social swingers who were basically homosexual, but whose forthright avowal of more than 'token' bisexuality would have made them instant lepers in a heterosexual society.

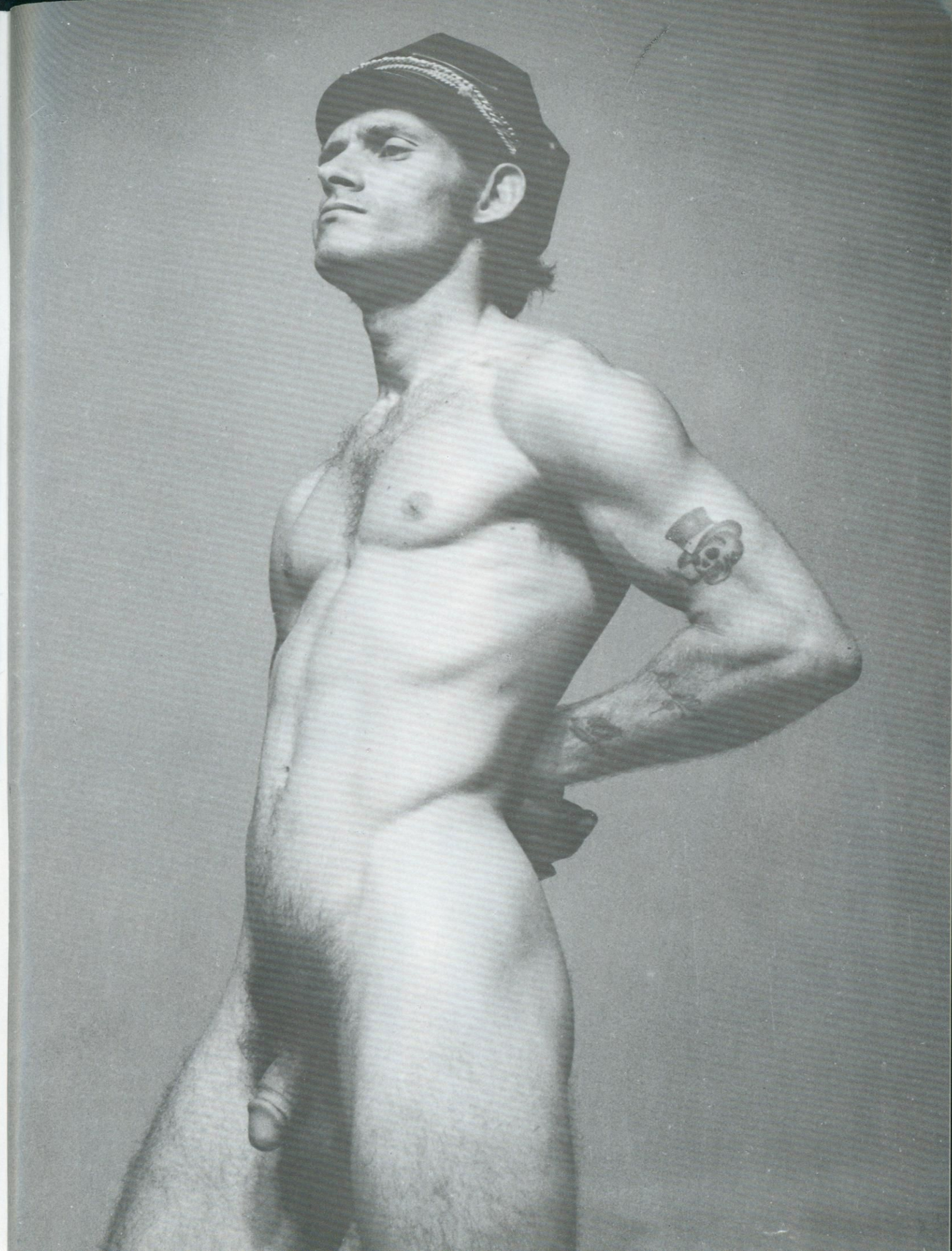
For another, it acted as a crutch to the 'authentic' or avowed bisexual—particularly if married—so that he could swing with impunity with gay guys; it being *fashionable* now to do so. Such a *larr-r-rk*! (Modern psychologists, however, maintain that there is really no such thing as a 'true grit' bisexual . . . that is, in the sense of being *uninhibitedly* or *joyously* ambivalent . . . since the sex act, instead of being a fifty-fifty commitment to erotic satisfaction, demands a disproportionate effort from the supposedly quick-change bisexual. Or, to put it another way, there is more than 'pretense' to keep 'up'.)

So instead of dutifully giving his wife's cunt 'a lick and a promise' more often than he was expected to do, he could now go out and freely group 'n grope with (a) others similarly freed from the onus of heterosexual make-believe, or (b) humpy numbers—gay, or otherwise amenable.

So to his way of thinking, eating pussy at home once a week, or showing up occasionally at swinging discos with a female on his arm just to preserve (or shore-up) the appearance of being heterosexual, was a small price to pay for all those other nights of gay delights. Making it with men—now safely, under the chic outercoat of socially 'in' bisexualism—was, in a way, a kind of 'non-promiscuous promiscuity', added to which was the fillip of stronger challenge, erotic mystery, greater excitement and the *macho*-testing of "I'm really just doing this on a dare!"

It was a blessing for those too-early or too-long caught in the fish's mouth and who felt they couldn't come out. Especially was it a blessing for those who—having long since given up the thought or hope of escape from ball and chain—had taken to drugs to forget, or obliterate for long intervals. Now they could kick the habit without having to do it cold turkey. And everything was coming up again . . . and not just roses!

The tangled-web-we-weave (*Continued on page 30*)



Athletic Model Guild



Sierra Domino

The Primitive Art Of Haiti

Plus . . . Gay Action Spots

By Ralph W. Davis

FEW countries turn out so much exciting art as Haiti. Ever since DeWitt Peters established a school for Haitian artists in 1944, Haiti has been attracting attention with its primitive art. But it was the 1947 UNESCO exhibition in Paris of Haitian primitives that made this small Caribbean island internationally famous.

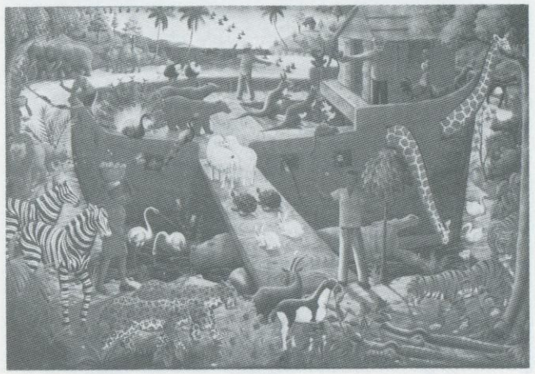
There is usually nothing dull in Haitian art. These primitives, often referred to as "naive" artists, usually follow their own feelings and personalities freely and spontaneously without concern for the conventions in art. Their direct and clear images often seem childlike crude, with a liveliness and freshness which captures not only the color but also the rhythm of native life, as in the congested market scenes by Laurent Casimir.

Color is often used extravagantly in their paintings, usually with startling but pleasant contrast, yet sometimes, as in the case of beginners, with garish ineffectiveness. I remember one painting of a jungle scene where the artist failed to recreate the color of vegetation with fidelity. What resulted was a Woolworth-artificial-plant look which distracted from the painting and weakened its forceful directness. Yet, for the many paintings of this quality, there are enough by painters like André Normil who know how to use color with all the skill of a master painter.

There are essentially two distinct schools of primitive art in Haiti, but of the two, the Northern or Cap-Haïtien, which reminisces over this former capital's heroic past, is the most disciplined. Philomé Obin is the founder and leader of this school. Although his paintings are flat without any consideration to the classical laws of perspective in art, his details are so painstakingly clear that you can easily distinguish by expression or features each character. Two members of the Obin family who are currently enjoying successful careers are Philomé's brother, Senêque, and Philomé's youngest son, Antoine.

At the other extreme, stylistically, there is Hector Hyppolite. Hyppolite, who died in 1948, is probably one of the most famous of the Haitian primitives. Unlike Obin, his paintings are crude and uneven. It is believed by some that this is because of the conflict between the







Top: **"Dance" by Robuste Franck.** Middle: **'L'Arche de Noe" by André Normil. These paintings are typical of good Haitian art. What is particularly outstanding is the use of color—the impact of which we cannot convey in these black-and-white pages.** Bottom: **Most experts on Haitian art consider this mural, commissioned for the Episcopal Cathédral Ste. Trinité, the greatest of its kind. It was painted by Catholic artists Benoit (left), Levêque (vault), Bazile (right), and Protestant Obin (center). If you are considering a trip to Haiti for the purpose of buying art, a visit to the Cathedral should be made at the outset in order to fix in your mind a standard by which your purchases may be judged.**











Hyppolite who wanted to be an artist and the Hyppolite who wanted to be the *houngan* (a priest of the voodoo cult). His paintings, because of this conflict of interests, can lack a certain consistency in technique, but this lack of consistency never seems to weaken the impact of his imagery which he presents with inventive and startling simplicity.

One of my favorite popular painters is Préfète DuFaut. His fantasy-like paintings of the town of Jaemel have made him internationally famous, and his paintings now hang in some of the wealthiest homes and best museums (the Museum of Modern Art of New York is one). I first saw one of his paintings on the cover of *Travel and Leisure* magazine and later in Port-au-Prince in the Cathédral Ste. Trinité. These paintings are often map-like with winding roads climbing mountains surrounded by water. Square and rectangular houses and stick-like people are arranged along the road like a procession.

Another famous painter as different from the aforementioned as Obin is to Hyppolite is Enguérrand Gourgue. His paintings are errie and sinister and filled with black-magic symbols. One of his paintings which is in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York is of a table with a bull's head on top of it. From the bull's eyes are rays of light which fan out. Between the bull's horns is a huge head of a fanged python. Although some may argue that he isn't a master, few will dispute the fact that he is very skilled. Anyone who likes his style and is fortunate enough to afford his paintings will never be disappointed. Gourgue, like the three other painters, are only a few of the *many* good primitives available. Some others include Castera Bazile, Rigaud Benoit, Gérard Valein, André Pierre and Georges Liautaud.

Unfortunately, these paintings can run high, some as high as the $10,000 Hyppolite which the George Nader Gallery (Port-au-Prince) had for sale during my visit. Smaller and less impressive paintings by the same artists can be as reasonable as $600, with the average about $1,000. Since this is too expensive for the average collector, many of these paintings will continue to be sold to the wealthy, with only a few lucky small-time investors owning one or two.

At the other extreme are the newer artists, the thousands of aspiring painters who either copy the style and work of the famous or struggle themselves to create their own unique style. Paintings by such artists which can be bought almost anywhere range from about $10 to $35, and average about $25. Such paintings vary from very bad to very good, but enough are as nice as the two I bought by Cayo and Boxama to justify purchasing. Cayo who is supposed to be a student of Jean Louis Senatus (Senatus' paintings average about

Top left: **"Market Women" by A. Bazile.** Top right: **"Collecting the Grain" by J.B. Bottex.** Next down: **"Black Magic" by Pauléus Vital.** Next down: **"Vegetable Market" by Gerald Laurent. Every conceivable color is used in this painting and the congestion of people, so true of life in Haiti, is depicted in almost all market scenes. These four paintings are from the collection of the QQ Publishing Co., Inc.** Bottom: **"Jacmel" by Préfète DuFaut, from the collection of Ralph W. Davis.**

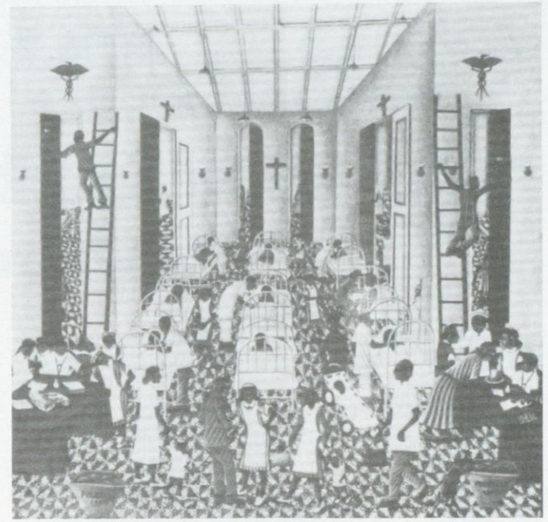
$350) sells his paintings for about $60. Boxama, like Cayo, seems best when he is copying the style of his master who in this case is Pétien Savain (Savain's paintings also average around $300) and Boxama's paintings run about $25. Since copying the style of the famous isn't uncommon, a tourist with a limited budget can come home with some very nice oils. Such paintings can be bought almost anywhere.

The most interesting place to shop for paintings, if you don't mind the hard-sell, Mideast-bazaar-like pressure, is the Iron Market (Le Marche de Fer). Right in the center of Port-au-Prince, the Iron Market is loaded with hawkers who'll pester you until you agree to buy. If you should stop here, you should cut the asking price in half and offer him not a penny more. It takes considerable will-power to browse without succumbing to the pressure. For those who find it too uncomfortable there are many dealers elsewhere who sell reasonable art and will allow you the luxury of browsing freely.

Most dealers will bargain, so don't buy without trying to force down the price. Since there are so many paintings to select from, it isn't difficult to find some in your price range. The challenge for some, though, may be finding a reasonably priced painting which suits your particular taste.

Between the masters and the new artists are those painters who have gained enough prestige and fame in art circles to be considered a good investment. These paintings average about $300. There are so many such painters (Senatus and Dieudonné Cédor being my favorites) that listing them all is difficult. Some of them are: Pauleus Vital (whose works are in several major museums and considered by critics as top-notch), L. Casimir (who was on the cover of *The New York Times* magazine section), C. Faustin, F.M. Charles, Jasmin Joseph (whose pleasing colors and design remind me of what an expensive interior decorator might use in a W & J Sloane living room). Incidentally, Blanchard's smaller paintings are quite reasonable, while his large paintings fall within the $200 range). The really good paintings by J.R. Chery and J.B. Bottox are also in this price range. Unfortunately, the majority of their paintings (at least those I had seen) were ordinary and fall within the inexpensive category.

A very limited painter whose paintings range from inexpensive to a little below average is Fritz Rock. Rock likes to paint in the style of Casimir, but lacks the latter's skills. When I was in Port-au-Prince, one major dealer was blatantly promoting Rock as a brilliant and imaginative painter who would someday thrill the world. To make his sales pitch convincing, he said that one major airline was planning on promoting his works soon. Since I didn't like Rock (*Continued on page 33*)







Top: **"Hospital" by Gerard Valcin, a former tile-setter whose past is obviously reflected in his detailed floor. This painting was last seen several months ago in the George Nader Gallery in Port-au-Prince, priced at $2,500.00.** Middle: **The late Hector Hyppolite, who is discussed in this article.** Bottom: **"Adam and Eve" by Valcin Auguste. It was painted in 1949 and served as a prototype for one of Toussaint Auguste's murals in the Cathédral Ste. Trinité. The subject is frequently used by many painters.**

Slips Of The Lips

'Foul Play' In The Kissing Game

By Walter Norris

SOME kisses, like some fucks, are more personal than others. In gay groups, particularly, we seem to butterfly between the social kiss of fellowship and the turn-on kiss of desire. Because gay guys are warmhearted and generous to a fault, many overpractice the social kiss as a gesture of gay recognition, greeting, "nice to see you again," and as an assurance of 'you-are-not-alone-ness'. And so when a great lover comes along they are quite dismayed to discover that they've used up so much of their kissing ammunition in scattershot impersonality they have little left for the big guns of passion. They are driven to distraction in an effort to be more convincing . . . trying to find something far more special to 'say' with a kiss of passion than they've 'said' so impersonally before. Or to 'say' it in such a different way that any lingering overtones of the social kiss cannot be sensed.

This usually can be accomplished through a combination of disciplined mouth hygiene, a flexible kissing technique, and imaginative nuances. Here one finds the ground rules of the kissing game . . . how to keep the impersonal *innocuous*, and how to make the personal *passionate*.

ORAL HYGIENE

The art of kissing cannot flourish amid conditions of poor mouth/breath hygiene. Bad breath is unpleasant at any time, but for one to come to a lover without having taken corrective measures is unforgivable. What you have eaten only a few hours earlier may be responsible for temporary bad breath. Therefore if you have a trysty trick expected later, be sure that you . . .

Don't eat foods with a lingering spicy taste. Some examples: *salami* (the bad breath resulting from the spices in this meat may well last for two days . . . it's even exuded by the pores!), *pastrami*, and *corned beef.* Also *hamburgers* or *hotdogs* that have been smothered in onions or laced with chili and sauerkraut.

Certain vegetables cause bad breath. For example, *asparagus*. You know how 'stinky-pee' your urine smells after you've eaten asparagus. Although *you* may not be aware of it, once your metabolic machine gets to work on asparagus that same stinky-pee odor is up-drafted through your esophagus. Also *cauliflower*. And anything *cabbagey* such as *Brussels sprouts.* (And, of course, cabbage itself.) As delicious as they are, fresh spring *green onions* really deliver a lethal gas. And all other onions in greater or lesser degree. Also salads made with fresh *chicory*. Chicory is a constant repeater. And keep your salad dressings simple. Fresh olive oil and lemon juice—*not vinegar*, which is spiced.

Condiments can offend. Before tricking, avoid mustard and sauces made with tomato paste and/or ketchup. Also salad dressings that have bits of onion as part of the goo. *Soups*, too . . . if they are spicy, or contain clams (clam chowder or clam broth). Onion soup, of course, goes on and on and on . . . and then on and on some more.

Keep a daily fresh supply of parsley in your refrigerator. If you will make a practice of eating five or six sprigs of parsley after a meal you'll have licked your bad breath problem from foods. It works better than any mouthwash because it goes right down to battle with your metabolism. It puts the double-whammy on any foods with an up-draft unpleasantness. Mouthwashes are only partially and evanescently effective anyway. They work only around the surfaces of the mouth. Since you don't swallow mouthwashes, they can have no effect on what your metabolism may be cooking up for your lover.

Brushing the teeth is important, as we all know. But what many of us forget is how long we've had an affair with our old toothbrush. We keep toothbrushes long past their effectiveness, and as time passes they dredge up less and less of more and more. Use a toothbrush no longer than three weeks before discarding it for a new one. New 'brooms' *do* sweep clean!

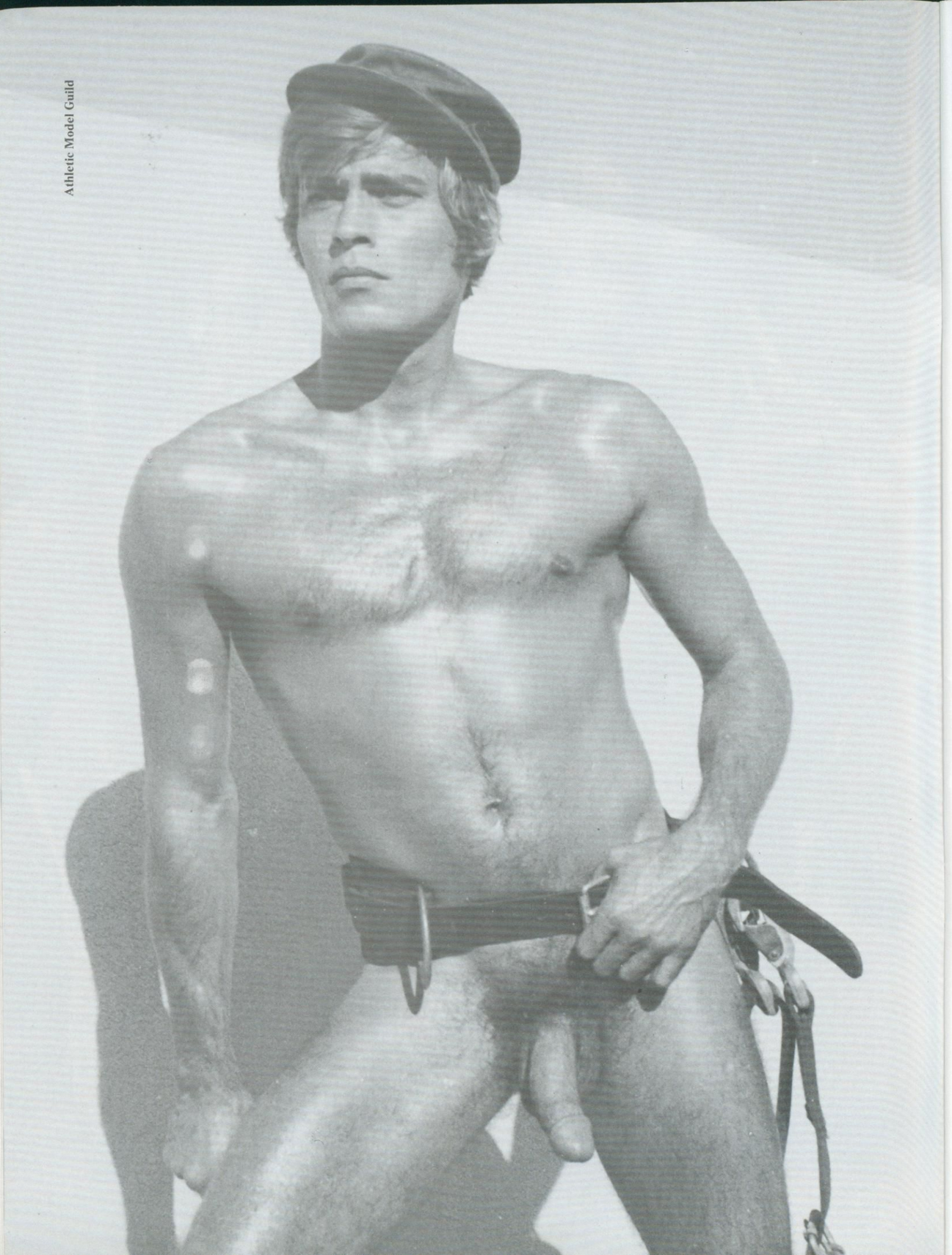
Water-jets. If you can afford it, invest in some form of water-jet, such as *Water Pik*. This appliance can dislodge odor-causing matter from deeply recessed areas that brushing, however vigorous, cannot. Also, forego any of the popular toothpastes and

Brush your teeth with a combination of two parts baking soda and one part table salt. It is said that Steve Reeves has never brushed his teeth with anything else and still has thirty-two 'sparklies' to prove its effectiveness. Salt dislodges 'dentafecal' matter between the teeth with a melting/sliding/flushing action. (And it really is fecal matter, in a way, since food trapped between the teeth quickly begins to putrefy. And besides, it's not very groovy . . . *there*!). And as any housewife worth her 'salt' knows, baking soda has no superior as a deodorizer, purifier and freshener.

Carry a roll of chlorophyll tablets with you. For emergencies . . . a trick you hadn't counted on seeing . . . or to help cover up 'indiscretionary' foods like those mentioned . . . carry chlorophyll tablets with you all the time. They work well, however temporarily, right down to the gut (since you swallow them too), and will generally see you through an encounter in good shape. Their disadvantage is (*Continued on page 36*)



Athletic Model Guild



Athletic Model Guild

Ground Rules For Sex With HITCHHIKERS!

By John Roberts

RECENTLY I bought a car after a year on foot in Los Angeles, and now I'm encountering something new—hitchhikers! Although I can't speak for every city, in the larger ones, and on the highways linking them, hitchhikers are very much in evidence, and I'm sure I'm not the only gay guy faced with that inevitable question every time I see a hunk on a corner with his thumb out: Should I pick him up, or not?

If I pass him by, often I regret it. After all, it just might have been the chance encounter that turns out to be the fuck of all time. And if I stop, I worry about being mugged; maybe that bulge in his pants isn't all him . . . maybe it's another kind of rod . . . .

And if I do pick him up, what then? All this has been nagging at me, so I got together with a friend who's been thumbing it for years, and I've come up with what I think are some pretty helpful hints for anyone who's ever driven around the block wondering whether to pick up that stranger or not.

More than likely, unless you're just a good Samaritan, you're sexually interested in the guy or you wouldn't take the time to pick him up in the first place. So now that you've gotten him in the car, what next? Lots of times the hitchhiker is gay anyway and you won't have to do much seducing. But more often than not the game's got to be played, so you'd might as well know the rules before you get into the ring.

First off—never pick up two! No matter how appealing the twosome may be, you're outnumbered, and that could lead to trouble. Also, never pick up hitchhikers where hitchhiking isn't common. The best rule of thumb? Use good common sense.

Try to figure out a hitchhiker before you stop. Does he look like a good human being from fifty yards away? It's anybody's guess. Of course it's always best if he's clean-cut, but then, not many guys are these days.

It's also best not to pick up anyone who wears a lot of bulky clothing. Not only is it difficult to see his body, but it's also difficult to tell if he's carrying something he shouldn't be.

First, know what kind of hitchhiker you've got there in the passenger seat before you make any moves. I'm told most hitchhikers fall into one of seven categories. Of course there'll be exceptions, but for the most part he'll be . . .

1. The Serviceman. He's the most sought-after of the hitchhikers—masculine, sexy, uniformed, and quickly snatched up. He's often straight (if he's not, he'll pretend to be) or bisexual and, more than likely, hot and horny. When a serviceman is hitchhiking he's probably been without women and hasn't had a chance to relax or get his rocks off. He's got a lot of steam built up, and unless he's on his way to see his girl (which he'll tell you he is) he's primed and ready to go.

Your best approach (and how not to get punched) is to feel him out, so to speak. (Continued on *page 39*)



Ramon



Western Photography Guild

Smoking And Your Sex Life

By Frank Samuels

THE tobacco industry heard the first shoe fall when the United States Surgeon General ruled that because smoking is so frequently the cause of lung cancer this warning must appear on every package of cigarettes sold. Yet through human frailty, and the blurring of any unpleasant memory through time-escapement, the industry rode out the storm. In fact, business is nearly back to normal.

With some anxiety, however, it has been waiting for the other shoe; now it, too, has fallen . . . and perhaps with a louder and more sinister bang. It now appears, after much research, that smoking may well be a cause of poor sexual performance. To the very active gay sexist this may seem worse than cancer . . . or *truly* a fate worse than death!

Although research to date has focused on hetero-sexual performance, so much of what has been discovered is relevant to gay guys that *QQ Magazine* felt we should pass along to you what we've learned. At least it may help to explain why a formerly full-throttle gay sexist is cruising at half-speed.

Nationwide medical attention was drawn to this possibility through a series of reports that were identical in every detail. In each case a young husband had agreed to his wife's urging that he have thorough medical tests made when their first child had arrived stillborn. She had noticed symptoms that he had not. In addition to a growing shortness of breath; frequent leg pains from no apparent cause; easy fatigueability; constant irritability, and a chronic cough, she had pointed out that his performance in bed was no longer the 'run up the flag' kind it had heretofore been, and that although under thirty years of age he couldn't get it up as fast and it wouldn't stay up as long!

In every case the doctor found his patient's sexual plumbing in perfect working order. There were, moreover, no palpable signs of physical deterioration. But when the patient was asked (a) whether he smoked, and (b) if he did had he increased the number of cigarettes smoked per day, he acknowledged that he smoked, and that the number of packs smoked per day had increased from one to four!

The prescription was an 'iffy' one. The doctors simply advised their patients to cut down on smoking—drastically. All did, and in a short time they had regained their sexual powers and all other symptoms cleared up. Although this unified evidence suggests to many more doctors that poor sexual performance and infertility are caused by heavy smoking—all other symptoms and signs being absent—the question until now has been *why* and *how* this occurs. The answers come from several sources and some of them should engage the attention of the gay guy who, having always used his cock ring proudly as a *showcase* for a formidable erection, now finds it an absolute *necessity* lest he be forced to retire from an encounter too soon, and with more whimper than bang.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY

1. Dr. Karl Schirren of Hamburg, Germany's Universitat Hautklinik, having studied fertility patterns in nearly 2,000 men, says that he has noted severe disturbances of *sperm motility* among those who smoked 20 to 40 cigarettes a day. "When they stopped smoking they noticed a dramatic improvement." *Spunkier sperm . . . stronger spurts!*

2. Michael Briggs, Ph.D., a famous Australian biochemist says, "Increased blood level of carbon monoxide produced by smoking inhibits testosterone production. When smoking is stopped, full-scale production of testosterone is resumed in a short time." *Humpier balls!*

3. Joel Fort, M.D., director of the Center for Solving Special Problems in San Francisco—a dual-purpose clinic that helps people kick the cigarette habit, and to deal with sexual maladjustments—stresses that smoking inhibits sexual performance in two ways: (1) Carbon monoxide intake reduces the blood oxygen level and impairs hormone production. (2) Nicotine constricts the blood vessels. As we know, the swelling of the blood vessels in the phallus during sexual excitement triggers erection. And Dr. Fort also observes that "Lung capacity is reduced, thus lowering stamina and the ability to 'last' during sex. Also, nicotine discolors the teeth and fouls the breath, and this reduces the smoker's sexual attractiveness.

The noted team of Masters and Johnson have found that pot-smokers are similarly affected. It seems that grass markedly reduces levels of testosterone. (Or the balls may look dreamy but they're not creamy!) In the cases tested, those who passed up pot soon regained their former productive ability. Others, it appears, were too far into pot and preferred it (having illusory sex) to actual sex. Ah, well . . . to each his own.

Perhaps it is best summed up by Dr. Alton Ochsner, a 78 year-old physician of the Ochsner Foundation Hospital in New Orleans. He is called "the grand old man of the anti-smoking crusade." Says Dr. Ochsner: "Some men will still prefer smoking to sex, but it's hard to imagine. The ironic thing is, many men—young and old—never recognize their libido problem until after they quit smoking, and only then do they realize what they've missed. It just seems sad to wait until you're 73 to make this discovery."

So douse that butt . . . it may be sexually later than you think!



Fiction

The Doughnut Man

By John Castledine

"WE'LL be there in ten minutes," Trish said. "You'll love it." Trish was English, slim and leggy, hair bleached gold with three months in the summer sun. "I went with three other girls last week—and one of the guys . . ." she doubled up, "took five doughnuts!"

I pretended confusion. Trish really is *very* bold at time. "Why would he take five doughnuts to a nightclub?"

"Not *to* a nightclub, you ass. The *waiter* at the nightclub. He held up five doughnuts at once."

Well, holding up five doughnuts doesn't seem a very great feat. I mean, I could do a whole *tray* and not be—unless of course—but she couldn't mean *that*! I blushed at the very idea. (I have a terribly pornographic mind which I have trouble keeping under control.) "Are you sure it's—well—quite all right?" I asked dubiously.

"Oh, Arthur," (that's *really* my name—Dr. Arthur Allcock, anatomy lecturer at the University) "you're such a prude. It's simply a nightclub with bottomless waiters—what's wrong with that? I mean, just *everyone* goes out there!"

Bottomless? Well, I knew she meant no pants, but it sounded so—*surgical*! "The girls really didn't look at his—his . . ." I had to break off, horrified at the pornographic delicacies titillating my mind.

Trish hooted with laughter. "Of course! That's why they went! It's Women's Lib, Arthur. If you men can get horny over a pair of boobs, why can't we women get randy about the size of a man's cock?"

Trish was quite coarse at times. "Well, it's . . . it isn't—nice," I ended lamely. (Really, I've *never* gotten horny over a girl's boobs—such *heavy* things.)

She brayed again (I don't know *why* I go out with her) and dug her fist into my groin even though the cab driver could see simply *everything* in his mirror. "We should call you Martha," she said. We pulled into the curb and she paid off the cabbie from the vault-sized purse she carried.

The place really did look—well—dubious! Over the entrance, in blinding neon, 'The Doughnut Man' and a design which—oh dear, you've seen saints with halos round their heads? Well, these weren't halos—and they weren't on their heads—not their top ones. Dreadful. And going up and down like—like hoopla rings!

I turned back. "Come *on*!" Trish insisted, paying the young man in the boxoffice. I could see him only from the waist up (thank God), and that was (oh, heaven!) *totally* bare. And the *hair* on him! Thick glistening curls that frothed round the most delicious looking pink nipples (being a doctor, I'm interested in anatomy). Strong too, with pectorals that rippled under that bear rug like . . . .

"*Arty!*" Trish yelled back at me. I hastened after her and we entered a large room, softly lighted, with a combo playing at one end.

"That table," she whispered, pointing. "They let you pick your own—and *that* one has the waiter with . . . ."

I lost her words in the blare of music from the combo. Quite an interesting place. Only a few tables left, tiny dance floor crowded, waiters hurrying about, impeccably dressed in tuxedos and starched shirt-fronts and—oh, God!—*nothing else*!

And Mother had wanted me to be an African missionary! I *tried* to look away, but naturally the anatomy of the gentlemen proved medically interesting. Such shapes. I couldn't believe the variety—we had been taught of course, that the left one hangs lower but I found . . . .

Trish righted the chair I'd stumbled over. "For God's sake, look where you're going," she whispered. "You want us thrown out?"

Thankfully we reached our table and she settled herself, handing me an enormous menu and took one herself. Such odd menus! Halfway down they'd left a gap—a hole you could see through. So odd! Through it you could view the other diners . . . the waiters . . . I studied it for quite five minutes, then Trish said, "Well, what have you picked?"

"What?" I blushed, looking over the top. "Oh—the menu? Ah, I'll have whatever you order, dear." Don't really know why I'm attracted to Trish—her strength, I suppose, the way she's so terribly efficient. She put down the menu, *looked* as if she was ready to order, and in an instant a waiter was at our table.

Oh . . . oh, really! I just couldn't look up. I raised the menu to screen my burning face, but of course—that wretched hole—and just where his—his—I closed my eyes, heard Trish ordering—so huge, so pendulously dangling. And his testicles! *Quite* voluminous. How neatly framed by the hole when one angled the menu—circumcised, he was, and such a head! The corona pinkly ridged and swollen, the smooth dipping slope of his glans richly pink and succulent, and that little pee-pee hole, a pearl at its delicate lips . . . oh, I forced my eyes up . . . that magnificent bush of hair!

"*What* will you have to drink?" Trish said again. I jerked the menu, peered at her through the hole. "Oh—gin and tonic, dear," I muttered.

"My friend will have the same as I," Trish said to the waiter, and I swear I saw her hand curl against his naked hairy thigh.

"Very well, Ma'am," he said. "Would you like your drinks now?"

I froze with horror. *That voice!*

Couldn't be! Not—Lovedew from Sixth Year? Anthony Newington Lovedew. My most promising student?

Slowly I lowered the menu. Inch by fractional inch. Saw the top of his curly head (God, Lovedew *did* have curly hair.) Another inch. The smooth forehead. (*Lovedew* had a smooth forehead.) Another inch. My eyes emerging, meeting his, staring, locked together as they say in the purple stories, and—it *was* Lovedew!

"Why, Lovedew," I said, "how nice to see you." So the stories about him, (the *legends*!) were true! I had visual (menu-verified) proof!

"Dr. Allcock! I didn't know you came to these . . . ."

I smiled. To put him at his ease. "My friend, Tricia Plugwell—she believes in—ah—Women's Lib," I murmured. My eyes kept slipping—some kind of nervous phenomenon—to his mouth, chest, navel—managed to force it back to his eyes again. "You're doing this to put yourself through Medical School, of course," I said, smiling again.

He blushed. Oh Lovedew, such a delicate epidermis. "Of course, sir. Why else would I *expose* myself?"

Oh, that word! So—expressive! I started with sudden horror. "You're not—the Doughnut Man?" I gasped abruptly.

Lovedew looked away. "*Me*, sir?" He glanced at Trish, and I swear something passed between their eyes. "Why—no sir. I couldn't do—that, sir."

I breathed with relief, then, to my utter horror, I reached out and patted him~~=on~~ the buttocks. Oh! I'd meant it to be an understanding tap, but when I felt those—those (I can hardly breathe) hard round thrusting balls of stiffly muscled young meat, felt the smoothness, the heat of that slit nestling between his gluteus maximus, I confess I nearly suffered immediate cardiac arrest. And the little wretch, he turned slightly while my hand still lingered, so that his (oh, I *can't* breathe) his *weapon* trailed across my hand, its huge delicious head swelling at the touch of my fingers.

Trish came to my rescue. "Don't be a prude, Arthur. These boys are simply doing their job—and they get well tipped for it." She grabbed his (oh, horror) penis—tugged him towards her. "And this guy is *very* well tipped." And to show what she meant, she slipped the end of that magnificent organ between her lips and began sucking. Oh, God! There! In the middle of the room! And Anthony Lovedew simply squirming in horror as he glanced at me, his hands raised in helpless consternation.

"The ladies," he gasped, "they love to do that, sir. What can I . . . ." He gasped again—an asthmatic? "can I—*do*?"

And how it lengthened! Oh, heaven! Seven inches. *Eight.* NINE inches! He was almost as big as—Trish dragged her mouth off his cock with a most rude sucking noise, and it was then I noticed the plate of doughnuts on the table . . . on *every* table! She took one as if she was crowning a Queen, slipped it delicately over the head, down the shaft, oh . . . right to the bristled hairy butt of that enormous throbbing red organ. Oh—I really shouldn't think of . . . .

Then she took a five-dollar bill from her cavernous bag, slipped it between the doughnut and his—his . . . . "That's the first," she smiled up at him. "We'll eat now—and bring another plate of doughnuts for my friend Arthur. He wants to try."

The boy, dear lad that he was, glanced at me in surprise, then fled to the kitchen. And those *cheeks* as he moved, so delicate, so round and full of meaty promise as they baubled at me, his little hairy slit curling brownies between his orbs as he moved. "How *dare* you," I snapped at Trish. "That boy is one of my students at the Med School. Promising, too."

"Promising what?" she cooed. (She really has a foul English mind.)

We were halfway through our drinks when there was a dreadful commotion from the kitchen, and Alphonse, the Maitre d' (Oh, God, they must be picked for *size*!) appeared in great agitation. "Is there a doctor in the house?" he begged, staring helplessly.

Well, I'm not really a coward but I did sink down a little. "GO ON!" Trish urged. "Someone needs help."

I slunk across the floor, tried to avoid an eye-to-eye confrontation with the Maitre d's . . . . "What's the trouble?" I asked professionally.

"One of the boys," Alphonse gasped. "Collapsed. In the back room."

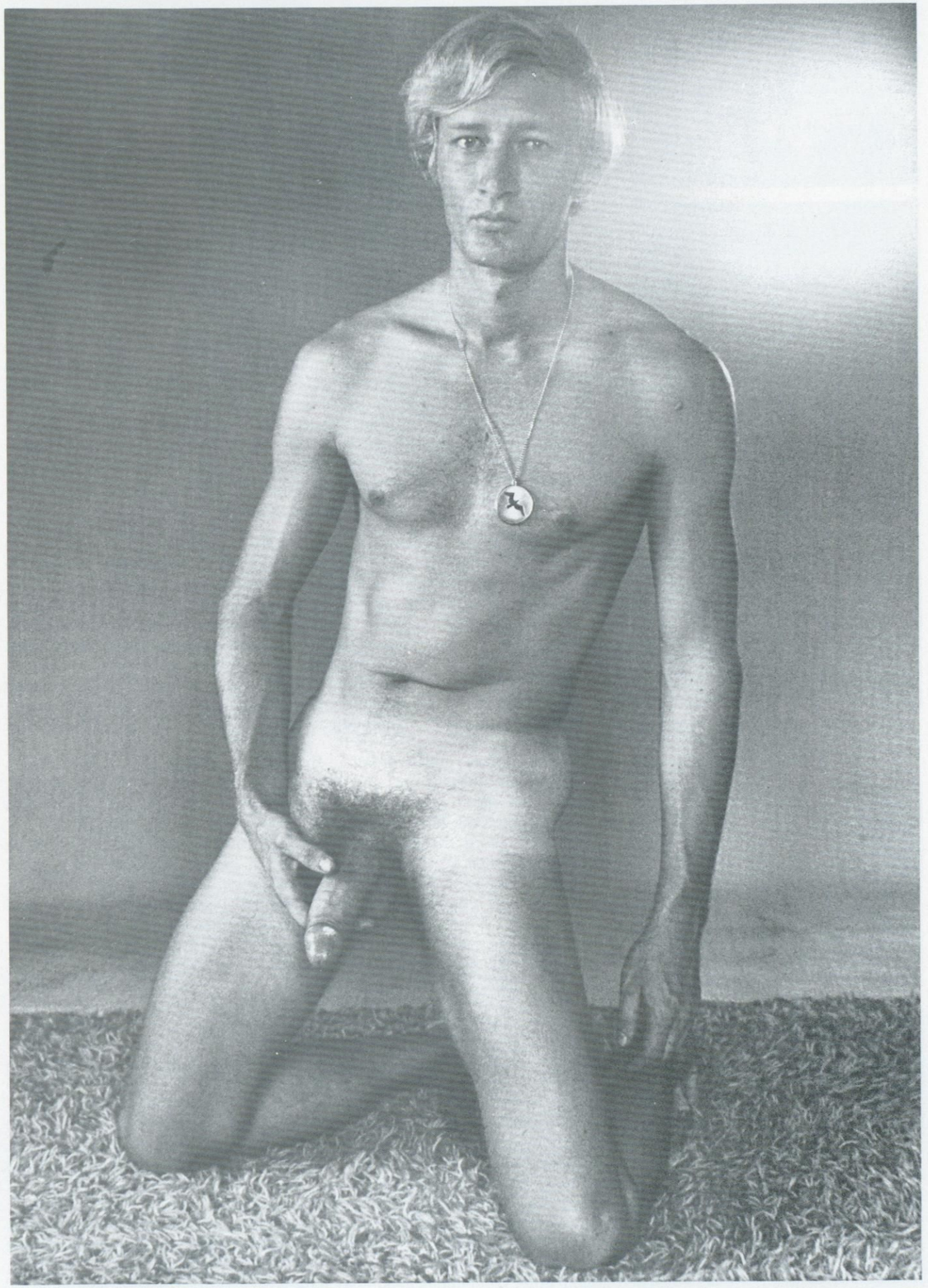
I followed him through, and oh, really! It was too much. There must have been ten waiters all bending over the poor boy—and every one stark bollicks-naked from the waist down. You never did see such a sight as those round, glistening, hair-slitted . . . I bent over the boy. God, it was Lovedew, exhausted from working day and night.

I immediately assumed an air of authority. "Out," I said sternly. "Out, out, *out*!" And they all immediately obeyed! Ten *naked* men! Such power! Such excitingly orgasmic . . . . The Maitre d' was the last to go. Suspicious wretch! "You need any help?" he ventured.

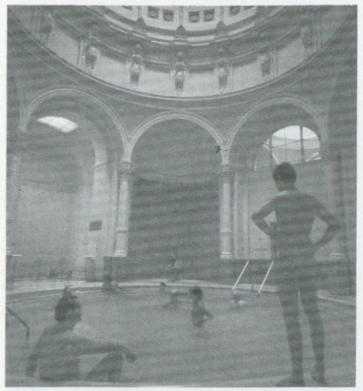
"OUT" I commanded. "The boy needs fresh air." I took his pulse. Regular! Breathing okay. Eye pupils—equal and reactive. Looked for signs of external injury. Nothing. Strange! So still—yet his eyelids fluttering dark butterflies on his downy cheeks!

Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation? I steeled myself, lifted his chin, closed my lips over those swollen pinkies pouting up at me. Oh, the sweetness of his breath, the thickly luscious lips that clung to mine. I watched his hair-crisped chest rise and fall; let my eyes drift down that delicious hairy gut, his springing bush of rich brown curlies kissing the butt of his . . . . I looked hastily away.

But Lovedew really *was* well made! Long muscular thighs dappled with brown curls swirling round his—his poor organ, so limp and—I stared at it. I'd given him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation! Why not—mouth-to-cock resus? I could write a paper on it. Present it at the next Faculty (*Continued on page 46*)













Baden-Baden's Goodie-Goodies

Taking 'The Cure' At The Tubs

By Jon Lorrimer

IF your vacation is Euromapped and your timetable shows one checkmark for Germany, plus two for Munich—please ink in a third for Baden-Baden. You just many need this heavenly spa, and we'd like to tell you why. As we've often mentioned, Munich is the gayest city in Germany and—giving equal billing to Amsterdam—the gayest in Europe. Everything swings to a humpy beat in this Bavarian capital and you're quickly caught up i ' its frantic antics. Tricks seem to appear as if on an assembly line—so many and so one-right-after-another—you'll soon discover that your batteries need recharging if you expect to continue this hectic gay pattern in Munich, or press on to other gay playplaces.

So steal away to Baden-Baden, which is at the northwestern entrance to the Black Forest, and thus is not near Munich. It lies just across the Rhine from Strasbourg, France; in Germany it's closer to Frankfurt and Stuttgart; and is just north of the Swiss cities of Zurich and Basle. Baden-Baden is easily reached by air-shuttle from those nearer cities—just minutes. And you may plane from Munich, or luxuriously train it in less than seven hours, or—more exciting—drive over, stopping along the way for a day at Neuschwanstein to explore gay Ludwig's digs at his famed 'dream castle'.

DIE KUR

After crossing the Alps on foot, Caesar's battle-weary legions bathed in the thermal radioactive sodium-chloride springs of Baden-Baden where the waters still gush forth at 150 uninhibited degrees Fahrenheit—and left, refreshed and invigorated. For 2000 years since, people have been coming here for *Die Kur* (call it 'cure' or 'course of treatments'; either is correct). This therapy involves steam and hot-air baths; medicinal and movement baths; inhalation of the vapors and drinking of the water . . . supplemented by complete body mudpacks, saunas, massage, gymnastics and outdoor rhythmic exercise to the accompaniment of music. It's a total experience in relaxation and renewal of the body and its forces, and needs some detailed description.

The most popular course at Baden-Baden lasts ten days and costs $240. It's called the 'Anti-Stress Cure' and will make you feel and look years younger. This is the *Kur* preferred by so many superactive men—gay and straight—who come here from all over the world.

First you go to the office of *Kurdirektion* on Augustaplatz. You'll be referred to a specialist who'll prescribe the proper therapy and have it arranged neatly on your *Kurplan*. He'll tell you to "totally forget about the life you've recently been leading and surrender yourself to relaxation and pleasure, take it easy, and follow the course of thermal treatments in exact sequence." Then with a smile and a cheery wave of his hand you're off to the baths and ready for your first goodie-goodie.

KURPLAN—DAY I

The Grand Communal Bath. Very likely you'll be sent to the luxurious Friedrichsbad—the ultimate in baths elegance . . . halls magnificently domed, walls lavishly tiled . . . columns . . . statuary. You mount the grand staircase as if ascending for a royal audience, and are assigned to a private cubicle. You strip, put on a spotless white sheet, and follow your guide down a corridor to the grand communal chambers. These are all male one day, all female the next. First comes a 15-minute sweat in each of two huge dry-heat chambers. The second is more hellish than the first. You'll find lying around you some great bodies, and some not so great. The age range of Anti-Stress 'curists' is from 25 to 45, with some Baden-Baden veterans older than that. Don't be surprised if the entire roster of one of Germany's crack soccer teams is taking *Die Kur* along with you. If it was R & R enough for Caesar, it's R & R enough for them. And what great bods . . . particularly what great legs, among other stupendous goodie-goodies. (*Continued on page 41*)

Athletic Model Guild



Gay Turkey

Istanbul & Izmir

By Bill Josephs

IF you like men—dark-haired, hairy-chested, big-handed, athletic-looking men—who *all* look sexy enough to embrace . . . then Turkey's the country to visit. It is a country like no other. Although it is typically Mideastern in character (with *baksheesh*—a bribe—being the Turks' favorite word), it nevertheless has its own personality. Whether you are in eerie Cappadocia where the ancient Christians carved rock cities to escape Roman persecution, or in Istanbul where ancient conquerors built impressive palaces and mosques to flaunt their power. Turkey rushes at you with the force of a Mohammed Ali punch and leaves you in a daze for a pleasantly long period of time.

I say pleasantly because you must approach Turkey with a sense of humor. If you don't; if you take your experiences seriously; you'll never relax enough to enjoy your visit. Consequently, you must always *bargain*! If you take a cab . . . *bargain*! If you are good, and if you approach bargaining with style and sophistication, you will be rewarded well and will return home with some fabulous goods purchased at ridiculously low prices.

Money is the name of the game . . . *your* money! If you never forget this, if you never let it upset you, you will soon learn how to have fun at bargaining. I personally love Turkey. The Turks keep me on my toes and make me feel alive. I like to play games with them and try to outwit them. I like to see through their greedy schemes and set traps for them. I like to listen to them promise the world for just a small sale. It amuses me. It can also do the same for you, as long as you never forget your trump hand—*your tourist* (*Continued on page 44*)


1


2


3


4


5


6


7


8


9


10

1. Taksim Park. **2.** Istiklal Caddesi. **3.** Harbiye Cumhuriyet Caddesi. **4.** Cafe Boulevard. **5.** Club 12. **6.** Lale Restaurant. **7.** The Yeni Sinema. **8.** Tarihi Kilic Ali Pasa Hamam. **9.** Kultur Park (Izmir). **10.** Park near the statue of Ataturk (Izmir).

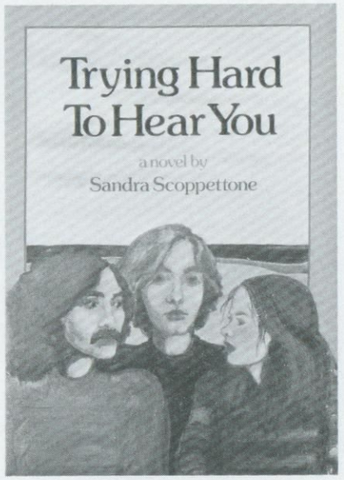


QQ's Man of the Month

Tony Gee

By Athletic Model Guild

Book Review



Have you ever wondered when a "straight" novel might come along depicting gays as they are: perfectly natural human beings; good guys, bad guys, happy and sad guys? Such a novel, I am happy to report, is here. It is **Trying Hard To Hear You**, by Sandra Scoppettone; Harper & Row; 264 pgs., $5.95.

Trying Hard To Hear You not only deals with a gay love in a strictly heterosexual environment, but it also does so with an amazing (to me, anyway) amount of understanding, if not, indeed, empathy.

It is, however (this is what really knocks me out), a novel written for "young readers," to quote the dust-jacket. It really is. The narrator is an appealing teen-age girl (who tends, like all teen-age girls, to talk a bit too much), and her appeal would be, I imagine, even greater to her peer-teen readers, both boys and girls, especially straight boys, than it is to me.

She is genuine, though. She digs Jim Croce (her mother likes Judy Garland), but never does she say, "Groovy!" So much for Camilla Crawford, Long Island heroine, summer of '73.

Cam and her friends devote a good part of their time to a production of a musical comedy, around which the plot swirls. Among these friends are Jeff Grathwohl, her best friend and next-door neighbor, and the boy with whom she falls in love, Phil Chrystie.

Jeff and Phil are a realistically drawn gay pair, and the title of the novel indicates Cam's sincere effort to cope with and understand their relationship. A whole crew of other teen-agers react to it with somewhat predictable attitudes, including that of a macho creep who has to reassure himself of his own masculinity by laying on all the obscenities of virulent antihomosexuality.

It is in this department that Ms. Scoppettone roots around and comes up with diamonds: her characters react honestly and vividly to each other, to Phil and Jeff, and to themselves, producing a convincing microcosm of the mores prevailing in today's society.

What gives the novel its meat, however, is its plot which builds at a nice, even pace (along with the musical comedy's rehearsals) to its shattering climax. You know when you've finished page one that this is not likely to be kid stuff, but tragic and adult fare. I won't tell all.

It is, however, worthy of note than in trying to cope Cam picks up a copy of Dr. David Reuben's **Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . . But Were Afraid to Ask.** She reads it, swallows it. Then Jeff, beautifully, debunks it, clearly showing it to be the trash it is, point by point. Quite a handful for a teen-ager, but it comes off, because of Ms. Scoppettone's sensitive ear, without a stumble.

A full-scale exercise in consciousness-raising, **Trying Hard To Hear You** serves as a landmark in the slug-paced shifting changes of our society's medieval attitudes toward gays. For this reason alone it is a worthy book, worthy of having been written, and well-worth reading. More specifically, I would not hesitate to recommend it to teen-agers, particularly as a gift for a kid brother or sister who, too, may be trying hard to hear you above the roar of the mob.

For that matter, there is every reason for parents to read it as well. You'd be surprised what adults can learn from kids, particularly articulate ones. All they have to do is listen.

Sandra Scoppettone has balls.

Orlando Paris

Some years ago in these pages Lige Clarke's and Jack Nichols's book, **I have more fun with you than anybody**, was described as "lyric." Now, too late, of course, the same adjective may be applied to Lige's life, so quickly ended. What a longer life might have produced can only be guessed at, but somehow our loss seems staggering. We all share in it. **O.P.**

SEXUAL 'CHIC-ANERY'

(Continued from page 8)

bisexual found the social cachet of his *own bisexuality* an unexpected and unmixed blessing because it had extricated him from a dismal rut; there was no longer need to live a *complete* lie.

Now sloganized chic has given us

MONOSEXUALISM

Many who are basically gay cannot take a firm stand in gay life. For reasons best known to themselves they cannot interact with gay people or gay groups, nor will they allow themselves to be seen even on the fringes of gay circles. They abhor bisexuality and will not permit themselves the subterfuge of bisexual 'chic-anery'. Frequently they are a special breed of Jackie-watchers, jet-setters, and clingers-on to The Beautiful People . . . entrapped by social *codes* rather than by sexual dislocation or disorientation. Thus they move in the only venue practical to them—the best hetero circles—yet the thought of having ultimately to participate in a hetero*sex*ual act, even minimally, is repulsive.

Naturally, to be superactive in such circles keeps them busybusybusy—feinting, ducking, back-pedaling . . . giving the outward appearance of complete heterosexual involvement and 'with-itness' without ever coming to glove tips with a hetero encounter. No doubt you've seen them dancing 'til dawn—never losing a step or missing a beat; dancing *every* number; getting higher than the highest on 'highs'; in short, doing all the 'proper' things hetero swingers do—except *that.*

When the disco-decibels reach their screeching highest, a man from such a group will disappear like Cinderella at the ball, with no one noticing his absence until a little later. Someone who had marveled at his expertise, and who may have been wondering how to put a sexual 'fix' on him, would be surprised to know that he had skipped blithely home to a hand job, plus poppers, to put the 'whipped-cream topping' on the cake of an intensely exciting evening.

To him, he has what seems the best of possible worlds . . . *all* of them—swinging half-hetero and half-mono.

Psychologists may claim many valid reasons for his behavior; forty-seven varieties, plus complexes too many to mention. But this daringly-devious, sexually sleight-of-hand guy who has flirted so expertly with TBP—and then split the scene when the time for 'let's-get-togetherness' was at hand—has many *positive* reasons for his actions. It should be understood from the outset that he

a) Is *not* a closet case.

b) Does *not* think of himself as Cinderella chickening out at the stroke of midnight.

c) Inept? *No way!*

Until the advent of monosexual chic, to have admitted to even one of these negativisms might have been psychologically disastrous to this very happy man. Today, however, taking pride in being a full-fledged, socially-accepted monosexual, he counts these blessings:

1. He has no partner that he feels *required* to satisfy.

2. He can go serenely on his chosen course with no difficult sexual adjustments to make with a lover.

3. His brow will never be furrowed by recriminations, regrets, or longing for 'impossibles'.

4. His sexual communication with himself is strictly legal . . . no fuzz to buzz him. He is his *own* 'consenting adult'.

5. He will suffer no feelings of inadequacy.

6. There will be no jealous quarrels; no agony of waiting to 'make up'.

7. He can "love, honor and cherish *me* in sickness and in health until death do *me* part." (Unfortunately—and this is a definite hardship—the Internal Revenue Service will not allow him to file a 'joint' return.)

Thus having outwitted the straights, and one-upped the chic bisexuals by having created his own chic monosexualism, he is just what he wants to be . . . a contented *'sole'*.

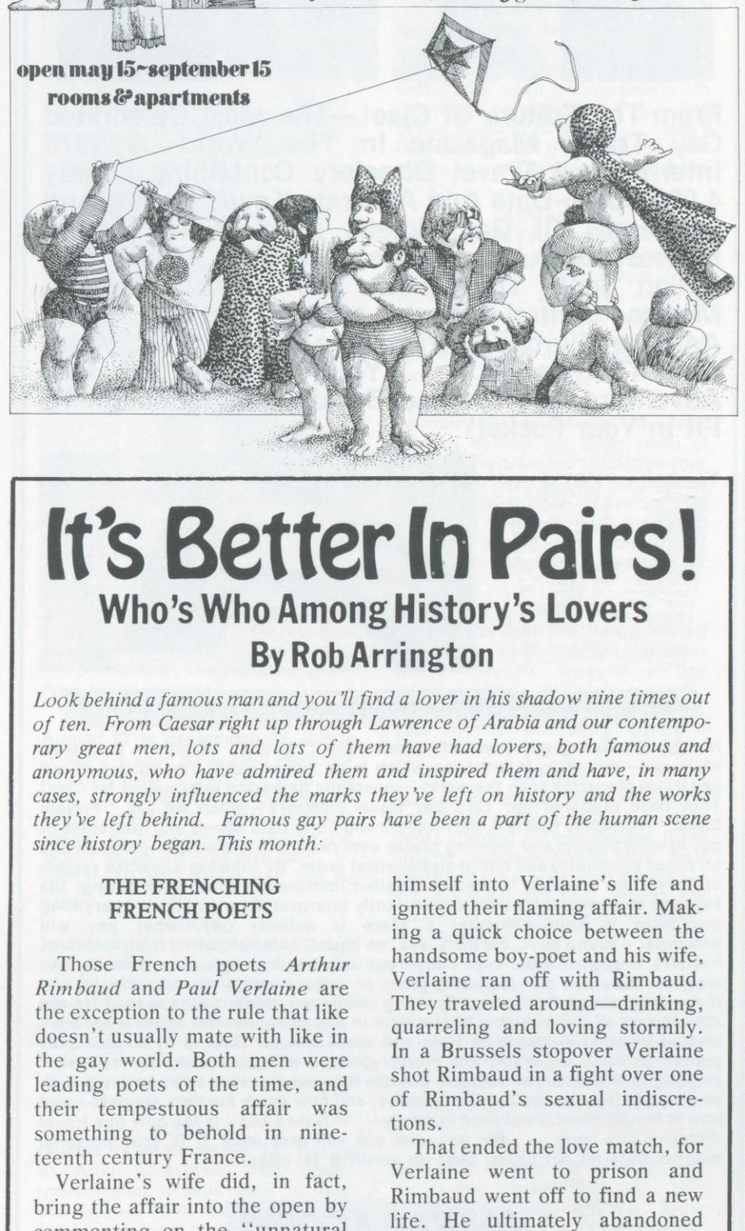
Facing facts squarely, monosexualism is basically *sex with self*, including the fantasizing process. Monosexualism is not necessarily a preemptive chic of *gay* guys, however. Anyone who finds pleasure in masturbating (or 'fantasexing', a more expressive word) is *part* of the monosexual picture. True, the gay guy is a master of the art of fantasexing. He didn't invent it, but sure as hell has improved it!

The monosexual *purist* delights in his own conception of himself as one of The Beautiful People—literally. He grooves on his own body as it is reflected in his mirror. He likes to rub it with fragrant oil . . . to fondle it . . . to caress it with his hands . . . to kiss his own lips in the mirror . . . trace erotic patterns over and around the sensual areas of his body . . . to tease his anus with a beguiling finger . . . and thrill to absolute shudders at the glory of his



Cherry Grove Inn
fire island, new york
for reservations call 516/597-6162
or write: cherry grove inn
p.o. box 106, cherry grove, new york 11782

open may 15~september 15
rooms & apartments



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 FRENCHING FRENCH POETS

Those French poets *Arthur Rimbaud* and *Paul Verlaine* are the exception to the rule that like doesn't usually mate with like in the gay world. Both men were leading poets of the time, and their tempestuous affair was something to behold in nineteenth century France.

Verlaine's wife did, in fact, bring the affair into the open by commenting on the "unnatural practices" between her husband and Rimbaud, who was only seventeen when he thrust himself into Verlaine's life and ignited their flaming affair. Making a quick choice between the handsome boy-poet and his wife, Verlaine ran off with Rimbaud. They traveled around—drinking, quarreling and loving stormily. In a Brussels stopover Verlaine shot Rimbaud in a fight over one of Rimbaud's sexual indiscretions.

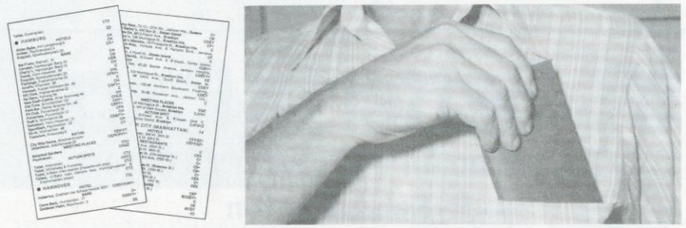
That ended the love match, for Verlaine went to prison and Rimbaud went off to find a new life. He ultimately abandoned poetry.

In our next issue . . . "The Dancer and the Impresario."

1975 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY



From The Editors Of Ciao!—The Most Celebrated Gay Travel Magazine In The World—A 1975 International Travel Directory Containing Nearly 4,000 Up-To-Date And Accurate Keyed Names And Addresses Of Gay Hotels, Bars, Baths, Movie Houses, Book/Sex Shops, Meeting Places And Action Spots Throughout The U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, The Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, The Middle East, Asia, And The Pacific . . . Your Passport To Gay Adventure In A Compact Booklet Small Enough To Fit In Your Pocket!



THE MOST ACCURATE GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY IN THE WORLD

Nearly all existing gay travel directories are "rip-offs" of guides published years ago—providing information which is no longer valid. The editors of our gay travel magazine span the world—constantly gathering information for Ciao! **They have prepared our 1975 gay travel directory—which we call "Private Stock." It contains nearly 4,000** accurate **and** up-to-date **names and addresses of gay establishments and meeting places everywhere in the world—conveniently arranged by country and city in alphabetical order. By utilizing a concise system of "keys" we are able to present detailed information about each listing; the keys are so arranged that you can instantly interpret them and learn everything you need to know—whether a place is entirely gay, what you will encounter—young guys, old guys, sex, no booze, entertainment, food, lesbians, hustlers, muggers, cops, even dangerous animals (in jungle meat-racks!). And we dare to bare it all—including johns on college campuses, in subways and department stores that swing. By using small type which is easy to read we are able to cram all this valuable information in a compact booklet which is securely stapled together in magazine form and small enough (3x5) to fit in your shirt pocket. Its cover is durable and leather-grained with absolutely no "tell-tale" printing so that discreet travelers can use it anywhere. Plus other features such as where to look for sex in college towns, and how much hustlers are paid—and how to handle them. Published annually—**"Private Stock" **is the** only **gay travel directory you need . . . the** only **one you will ever want. It is your personal address book for hot times! Sent via certified 1st class.**

ONLY $5 A COPY!

Order from: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.** Order forms on page 54.

phallus.

"How do I love thee? Let me *count* the ways!"

So having counted all the glories of his body, *au chapelet*, he finds quite enough to assure himself that monosex is more rewarding than sex of *any* kind with any *other*.

Unlike the fantasexer he is not turned on by sex toys, such as dildos. Having convinced himself that he is *The* Beautiful *Person* among all The Beautiful People, sex with himself is so sublime as to be unsurpassable. Indeed, to his way of thinking, a dildo would become a kind of *second person*. If some crass psychologist chooses to call this "Narcissism raised to the highest power!" . . . well, like Job's afflictions, the cliché-makers are always with us.

Other monosexualists—in fact, those who minted the term—are not such purists. Nor, as mentioned earlier, are they invariably gay. They may be victims of unsatisfactory or irresolvable relations, or of sexual mistakes, who have found in their brand of monosexualism a healer of the wounded psyche.

Among thousands who enjoy sex toys as the ultimate in sexual pleasure, such men have found them of the greatest therapeutic help. Still others who may not need them—being quite able to fantasize a partner—find sex toys more erotically stimulating and sensitizing. In fact, it is this latter group of monosexualists who have been most instrumental in the cause of monosexualism. Because sex toys are of such an immense variety, and can be so cleverly worked into sex, they have become conversation pieces that monosexualists discuss enthusiastically and openly.

This is particularly true of such a sex toy as *Accu-Jac* which, in its way, is a sexual 'high' . . . sexual pleasure being heightened by equalization of air pressure via firm suction around the entire phallus. The sensation is that of being sucked into kingdom 'cum' by an invisible lover with a generous mouth and an insatiable appetite! It might be noted that because *Accu-Jac* is not a 'second-person' dildo, the monosexual purist is also into it. Of course, the ultimate sexual experience for the monosexual—purist as well as non-purist—would be to have a phallus long enough, and/or to be double-jointed enough, to be able to suck oneself. In rare cases this is possible.

We have reported on the monosexual trend because it is growing apace, and being discussed openly, without stigma. As chic *avant-garde* sex it is transforming Harry Hermit, the handjobber, into Marlon Macho, the monosexualist.

To most of us, however, monosexualism will never replace sex with a flesh-and-blood lover standing there with it all hanging out. As we quoted Freud at the beginning of this article, all of us want to *belong*. The difference is that the monosexual purist is quite happy belonging to *himself*. He has no need for anyone as a *sexual* partner. The rest of us, however, will just have to go on hacking it with gay others.

Boo-hoo*ray*!

• • •

HAITI'S PRIMITIVE ART

(Continued from page 13)

and doubted the dealer's statement, I wrote an executive of the airline and learned that they had no plans of this nature. I then concluded that such promoting was one of the dealer's schemes to sell ordinary artists whom he couldn't sell any other way.

Unfortunately, there are enough unscrupulous dealers to warrant caution. Because of Haiti's fame as a center for good primitive art, collectors from all over the world hurry to Haiti to buy art. Some dealers, in their eagerness to make a sale, will use unethical schemes to encourage such a ready buyer to buy.

Also, if a painter becomes famous, everyone in the family (as well as relatives) will want to paint. Often they will have the same last name, and buyers who are shopping for names may not notice the difference in first names, and will buy thinking they just got a name at a reasonable price. Since enough art dealers here aren't particularly knowledgeable about painting (many seem attracted to the business because it is such a good way of making fast money), you can't rely on their advice.

To make matters worse, famous artists can be deliberately misrepresented by dealers for personal reasons. One dealer in Haiti, for example, is curculating the rumor that Préfete DuFaut no longer paints his own pictures, that they'yre painted instead by his students. But I have learned, after checking this rumor with a reliable source, that this is unlikely, that more likely the dealer who is spreading this rumor is trying to use such inflammatory statements as revenge on DuFaut for a dispute they once had over payment for paintings.

Buying good art, therefore, is difficult unless you or someone with you is knowledgeable. In Haiti especially, where so much bad art masquerades as brilliant it is important not to buy art that you don't enjoy. Since art is a personal experience, it never is important what critics or dealers may say about a painter; instead, it's what you

A Guide To Sex By Astrology
Swingin' On A Star
By Torline



LEO

July 24 to August 22. "Big Daddy" Saturn, the Father Image, skips into Leo September 17 for two-and-a-half year visit . . . demands your attention—but not a slave. Show him your equipment . . . and "Class." Now, more than ever, Leo radiance, grandeur needs purpose!

VIRGO

August 23 to September 23. While stretching your limbs (and head) for ultimate trips, nit-pickers hold you back . . . including your own superactive mind . . . emotions turn inward to mid-October. Giving too much? So, let the man give back . . . even if you gotta "open up" and let him in . . .!

LIBRA

September 24 to October 23. Rebel **with** a cause, Uranus, dropped in again last May, but walks out your door for good September 8—till 2069! Count-Down Pluto's hangin' around Libra till 1984. Rebuilding time, also success time! Don't forget your asshole buddies who helped you along the way.

SCORPIO

October 24 to November 22. This **is** it! After a quickie with Libra, transforming Uranus back to stay with you till 1981. Seven-year cycle continues for real September 8 . . . a call to arms as lightning Uranus reveals hidden vistas. His sudden jolts could change your life . . . . Are you ready?

SAGITTARIUS

November 23 to December 22. Mystical Neptune in your Sign to 1985, luring you into adventures, stud-beauties, sunsets in Bali . . . exotic, mind-blowing, fantastic illusions, but much of it real. Now, **make** it real—part of your life. The rainbow's right where you're at!

CAPRICORN

December 23 to January 21. Mental struggling continues into Fall, but those all-important principles, beliefs, now **seen** more clearly in day-to-day encounters . . . . Sex power building to climax . . . don't let him get away! Big cocks and keen minds often **do** exist in the same hot number.

AQUARIUS

January 22 to February 20. All signs point to top of mountain! Values translate to fulfillment, sexual drive, wild and hot, linked to creative, building aspect. Certain amount of social withdrawal this Fall only heightens power drive. Feather your nest with brainy hunks.

PISCES

February 21 to March 20. Now reaping harvest (or bitter fruit) of momentous decisions to change your life. Ruler Neptune in Sagittarius continues to whisper, "Give out with that urge to share your dreams!" Are you talking only to yourself? Others are listening . . . waiting for you . . . .

ARIES

March 21 to April 20. If you survived Summer's super-charged, geyser-sperm, five/six orgasms a day activity—sorry—no letup in sight. Now's the time to pay attention to your physical well-being, before it starts all over again in the Fall.

TAURUS

April 21 to May 20. Better off maybe fucking cantaloupes until confusion clears. Strong indications the Bulls now on perennial trip to plant their seeds and build wickiups. Where? is the question. Positive aspects for you—if you become more objective, less impulsive.

GEMINI

May 21 to June 21. You must realize you can't go on forever plugging in, then pulling out your prongs, just as you've made high-voltage connections. Much "in-and-out" activity now, abetted by mental searching. Promise of permanent connection in the air, however. Get ready for it.

CANCER

June 22 to July 23. So suddenly now you're into leather? Well, why not? But don't fool yourself. You know more than anybody, a cozy-comfy personal world sustains you. Whatever your trip, you gotta make it part of your whole life—not only weekend hallucinations.

S-E-X! IN A BOTTLE?

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

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

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

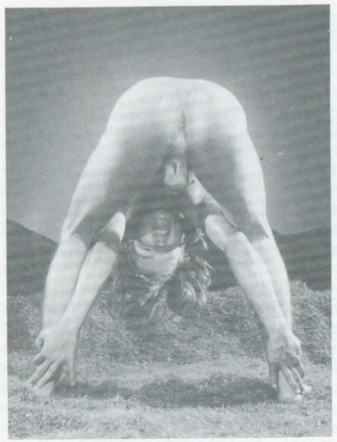


We now make available potent 0.5g capsules (1 or 2 a day suggested) of highest quality Korean Ginseng. It has been processed and packaged in Korea under the Quality Control Procedures prescribed by the Office of Monopoly of the Republic of Korea from roots which are 6 years old. Each bottle bears a distinctive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

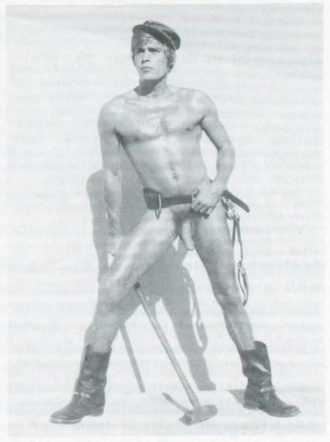
50 CAPSULES $10.95
100 CAPSULES $19.95

Send to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. Order forms on page 54.

NUDES! NUDES! NUDES!
FROM ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD



Mark Lindsey (left) and Danny Cote



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.

PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL MAGAZINE serves as our "Illustrated Catalog." New Issue 27, $1. Latest 10 issues, $10, or set of 47 back issues, $40. Include statement that you are over 18 and not offended by nudes.

ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD, 1834 W. 11th ST., LOS ANGELES, CA. 90006

personally feel about his work that is important. If you like it, that's all that matters.

In our recession-depression seventies, sometimes cost and not artistic worth will discourage you from buying a painting. If cost does, the buyer is best not buying. Nothing can deteriorate pleasure faster than buyer's remorse. You will either deeply regret or overjustify the purchase. Either way, it affects you negatively. Therefore, you should always select from a price range which seems reasonable for you and not extend it.

There are a few dealers who are connoisseurs of art, and it is wise to listen to them (even though some dealers are influenced by personal grudges, as I mentioned about DuFaut). But if you don't agree with these dealers . . . regardless of how famous the artist may be . . . my advice is: *don't buy!* Buying names doesn't always guarantee quality. Many painters have been known to lose their touch. This can be due to health, age, or greed for fast money.

Wilson Bigaud is a superb example of this. His famous mural, *Miracle at Cana*, at the Cathédral Ste. Trinité, brought him fame and fortune almost over night. It was his tragedy, and some others like him of the self-taught school, to succumb to the temptations of fame. He spent his success foolishly and ended up in a mental hospital. Although he is now painting, he is still searching for the style and vision which he had lost.

Unlike Bigaud, there are some painters who always are consistently good. André Normil, Gérard Valein, Rigaud Benoit and Philomé Obin are a few of the many such painters.

An inexperienced collector who is determined to buy a name is best acquainting himself with the masters. Museums are a good place to start. Some very prominent museums in the world have paintings by Haitian artists in their permanent collection. Since museum collections are often quite good, this can be a reliable introduction to the major painters. In Port-au-Prince, there is *Le Musée d'Art Haïtien*. Although the collection is limited in quantity, it is nonetheless impressive in quality. Some modern paintings by artists like Luce Turnier (who doesn't paint in the primitive style) hang here. I can't recommend this non-profit museum enough, since I found the director, Pierre Monosiet, to be not only dedicated but also knowledgeable.

Another place to visit in Port-au-Prince is the Cathédral Ste. Trinité. Some of the best-known primitive artists have done the murals here. Toussaint August, Fernand Pierre, Prefete DuFaut and Adam Leontis are a few of the artists who have become quite famous since the completion of the murals in the early nineteen fifties.

After you have visited the museums and studied the masters, you are ready to start looking for your own paintings. There are dealers everywhere, so finding one isn't any problem. Some of the popular dealers who handle a wide variety of painters are: George Nader's Gallery, 104 Rue Bonne Foi; The Red Carpet (Pétienville, facing El Rancho Hotel), Mareangreg (same ownership as Red Carpet), 6 Rue Bonne Foi; and La Galèrie Issa, 17 Avenue du Chile (a couple of blocks up from the Hotel Oloffson).

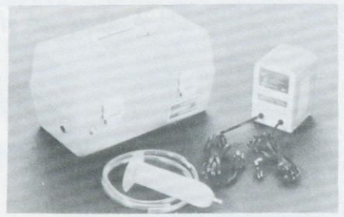
Perhaps the two most interesting galleries are Le Centre d'Art, at 17 Rue de la Revolution (Port-au-Prince) and the National Art Gallery at 20 Avenue du Panamericana (Pétionville). Both are interesting old mansions. The National Art Gallery looks like a huge Southern plantation mansion, vacant of furniture, with walls adorned with many middle-range artists and a few masters. Upstairs are the smaller "junk" paintings for the souvenir-hungry tourist. It is probably one of the most pleasant, uncongested galleries in Haiti. Most galleries, unlike the National and Le Centre, stack their paintings like records everywhere, and selecting a painting can be difficult. Credit cards are accepted at National—as well as at most of the major galleries throughout Port-au-Prince—but cash is preferred. Many dealers don't like paying the leading credit card companies their percent, and if they think you won't charge, they will reduce the price. So, as a general rule, promise them American dollars in cash, if they will adjust the price.

Le Centre is where the Haitian art movement started under the leadership of Peters. All the really famous painters like Hector Hyppolite and Philomé Obin got their start here. This is *the* place to go if you want to discover some "young" talent at reasonable prices. Although the quality isn't always tops, and some of the painters *are* amateurs, there are enough top painters who remain loyal to Le Centre to make a visit worthwhile. In the collector's room, which is on the second floor and opened by appointment, some really top painters can be bought here in the middle-price range.

Many good, "undiscovered" artists can be bought in this Caribbean paradise. Maybe there aren't as many great masters living as once, but some gifted artists like G.E. Ducasse, for example, are nevertheless emerging from the pile of unknowns with their unique styles. These gifted painters may not be great artists, but they are

The Greatest Invention Since The Human Mouth
ACCU-JAC







If you are into masturbation then **ACCU-JAC** is for you. It is a professionally engineered massaging device that took four years of research and development.

ACCU-JAC uses alternating air pressure to move a smooth massaging membrane on the erect penis. The stroking motion is total and incorporates pressurized air flow which produces suction and compression to drive the massaging sleeve back and forth, thus **approximating actual fellatio. This total massage combined with gentle suction results in violent climax.**

No electrical parts ever touch you. **ACCU-JAC is completely safe and entirely harmless.** It is gentler than the hand or actual fellatio. A warranty is included to protect all electrical and mechanical parts.

The basic unit includes everything you need to use **ACCU-JAC** . . . there are no extras to buy. Additional sleeves for a variety of unusual sensations are available for later purchase. They are detailed in literature which accompanies **ACCU-JAC** and also in our 1975 Catalog advertised elsewhere in this magazine.

It is crucial that you furnish **exact measurements of your erect penis to ensure perfect fit** of the sleeve sent with your unit. If you are purchasing **ACCU-JAC** with a friend order an additional sleeve for the second person if his size is different from yours and/or you intend to use **ACCU-JAC** simultaneously with a T-connection accessory (see coupon).

If you wish to learn more about **ACCU-JAC** before purchasing see our detailed report in the February 1975 **QQ Magazine.** Send $3.50 ($4.50 in Canada & Mexico; $5.00 all other countries) for a copy; $1 for a Xerox copy of the report. Address on coupon.

Our prices include all shipping charges and taxes where applicable. We ship via insured parcel post. Cartons are sturdy and carefully packed and bear no revealing markings. U.S. residents desiring air service please add $10 to your order. A money-order or charge expedites shipment. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Price reflects manufacturer's 1974 increase. You must be over 21 to order.

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

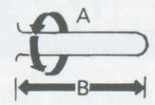
Please check:
- ☐ **Complete ACCU-JAC with 1 massaging sleeve $154.95**
- ☐ **Complete ACCU-JAC with 2 massaging sleeves $164.95**
- ☐ **T-connection permitting two men to use ACCU-JAC simultaneously . . $5.95**

YOUR MEASUREMENTS (IF TWO SLEEVES ARE BEING ORDERED SEND MEASUREMENTS FOR BOTH MEN)

(A) Circumference near base . . . . . inches (B) Topside length . . . . . inches

Please check and complete:
- ☐ **Check or money-order enclosed.**
- ☐ **BankAmericard # . . . . . .**
- ☐ **Master Charge # . . . . . .**

4-digit Interbank # (M.C. only) . . . . . .
Exp. date . . . . . Signature . . . . . .



Name . . . . . Age . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . . Zip . . . . . .

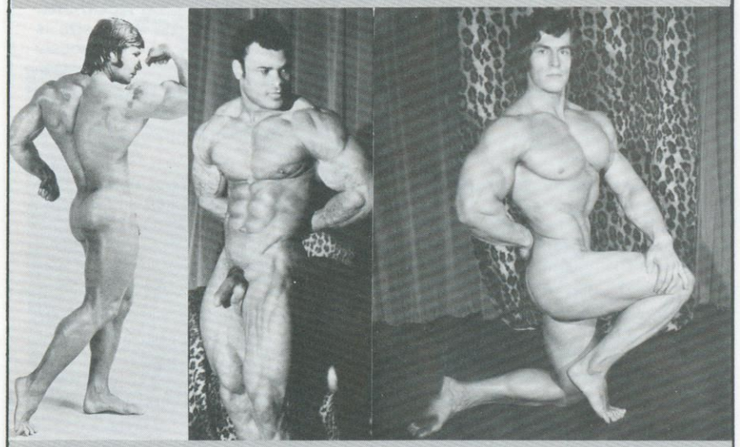


Superb sets of six original photos of any of these models, the pose shown and five more. Order by name. Biographical sketches, illustrated complete catalog included. State age 18 or more. Prices per set:

	Premium Finish	Super (sepia)	Air Mail
4"x5"..	$2.00	$2.25	25¢
5½"x7".	4.00	4.50	55¢
8"x10".	8.00	9.00	80¢

*Plus! Color slides, sets of five, $3.00. Air 25¢.

Western Photography Guild
Box 2801 Denver, Colo. 80201



Nude Physique Studies

Magnificent Super-8 & 8mm Color Films, Color Slides and B&W Photos of Champion Bodybuilders: Send $1 and signed statement of age for our catalog!

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

In Australia: ROBERT, P.O. Box 177, Cowandilla, South Australia 5033

competent and skilled artists who may someday delight the world with their vision of life. If a tourist carefully selects from the paintings which please him most, he may be lucky enough to find such an artist.

Since there isn't any duty on original art, you can forget the $100 limit which Customs places on Americans traveling out of the country. But one small suggestion, though. Frames aren't included in this duty-free allowance. I wouldn't advise including the frame in your purchase unless it is exceptionally nice or reasonable. Most of them, I've found, were unattractive. It would be much wiser to save a few dollars by letting the dealer keep the frames (and reduce the cost of the purchase), and buy one of those handsome ready-made frames at your favorite department store in the States.

Finally, if you plan on buying heavily, you may not want to return home by air. Traveling with large canvases on a plane is a nuisance, and most airlines will insist on placing them with the luggage. This, of course, isn't advisable because your paintings can be damaged. But if you travel by boat to the States and train (Pullman is recommended) to your home town, you will be able to carry your artwork with you in the compartment.

Since a collection of good art is one of the ways of staying ahead of inflation and protecting yourself against financial disaster during a depression, why not take a trip to Haiti where you can combine a little business with pleasure on this luxurious island in the Caribbean? You won't regret it.

Sex is always bought in Haiti; hustlers charge between $1 and $10, $5 being average. There are two gay bars, Chez Guy and Freda's, the latter being the easier to locate; it is in Petion-Ville, on the main road opposite the Hotel Montana (about a $2 taxi ride from downtown). For a complete rundown on Haitian action as well as all gay hotspots throughout the Caribbean be sure and see the December 1975 Ciao!, which is devoted entirely to the Islands and Mexico. Out in November, wherever you buy this magazine.

SLIPS OF THE LIPS

(Continued from page 14)

that they turn the tongue green or greenish-gray for a short time, so when kissing, opt for darkened areas where your tongue, darting in and out, won't look so 'dragonish'.

Dental checkups. It goes without saying that gay guys—much more than others—need *twice*-a-year dental checkups. We have certain 'occupational hazards' that straights do not. Have any cavity filled, of course, for entrapped therein can lie the source of a lover's displeasure. What is equally important is to *have any sharp edges of your teeth smoothed.* It's a simple, painless office procedure. And if, through changes in the body's chemistry, your teeth have acquired a fang-like appearance, ask the dentist to 'unDraculate' them. Why make a humpy grumpy? Don't you want him to go *all the way* (in)?

LIP AIDS

You may look rugged 'n rough in several hundred dollars' worth of leather, but leather lips are quite something else. Dry, rough, cracked lips are not only painful, but because they are unsightly and uncomfortable at the time of the divine encounter they can turn down the wick of sex before it gets to burning very brightly. Although your lips may retain enough moisture for a single seance, if there is an 'orgython' to be paced you'll find your lips parched before you get further than Number Four or Five.

You can prevent this to a considerable degree by slowly sipping a large glass of *freshly-squeezed* orange juice before making the scene. A considerable miracle occurs in lip tissue because of the mating of Vitamin C and the liquid itself. The lips are kept soft and pliant for a long evening of loving. This pliancy can be even more sustained if a 1000-milligram tablet of *natural* Vitamin C is broken in pieces and added to the glass of *freshly-squeezed* juice. The Vitamin C added this way gets to work more rapidly and concentratedly. Of course we all know how important Vitamin C is in maintaining the body's water balance. *Natural Harvest* Vitamin C is available from *QQ Publishing Company, Inc.*, and in this important 1000-milligram potency. It is natural because it is derived from only natural sources, such as rose hips.

There is a commercial product you should carry with you to the orgy. It is *Neosporin Ointment*. For a time this was available only by prescription. Now, in a slightly modified form, it can be bought over the counter of your drugstore. Its virtues are many. First, it is *healing*, therefore cracks and crevices in the lips are protected and elasticized. Second, it is *emollient*, helping to keep your lips satin smooth. Third, it is *odorless* (not perfumed like certain chapped-skin lipsticks). Fourth, it is so *effective* that only the smallest amount (about a 'pinhead's worth') need be used to smooth over the surface of the lips. Fifth, it is, to some extent a *germ killer*. Just don't get it in your eyes.

BACK ISSUES BODY Magazine

THE MALE PICTORIAL

Beginning in Issue 16
"Red Hot" Gay Fiction

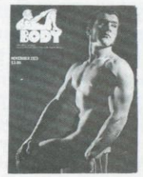
Nos. 7 thru 18: $3. each in the U.S.A.; $3.50 in Mexico & Canada; $4.50 in all other countries.


No. 7

No. 8


No. 9


No. 10


No. 11


No. 12


No. 13


No. 14


No. 15


No. 16


No. 17


No. 18

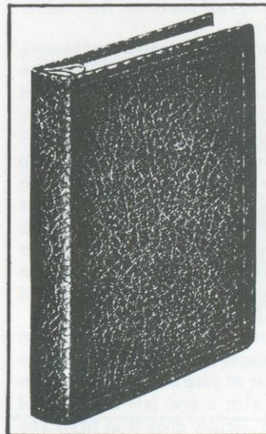
Starting with No. 19: $3.50 each in the U.S.A.; $4.50 in Mexico & Canada; $5 in all other countries.


No. 19


No. 20


No. 21

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** Order forms on page 54.



MAGAZINE BINDERS

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

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

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

ONLY $6.00 EACH!

Order yours today from: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** To charge see coupon on page 54.

THE HOMOSEXUAL HEALTH GUIDEBOOK



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

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

Available By Mail Only—$3.95

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** Order forms on page 54.

GAY SEX TECHNIQUES



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

Available By Mail Only—$3.95

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** Order forms on page 54.

Neosporin Ointment is recommended especially for those with large 'bee-stung' lips that crack like a pumpkin as passion mounts . . . and for those who do lots of suction kissing, which keeps lovers' lips suction-straining/pulling against each other. Also, the ointment leaves just a little satiny sheen on the lips and this makes them look much more sensual. It's a rather expensive ointment, running about $2.75 to $3 for a tube. All drugstores carry it.

SATIN LIPS

The texture of your lips should be satin-like and pliant so that they can respond more generously and completely to his lead. Moreover, they help you create wilder kissing patterns. And the more pliant your lips, the more flexibly the muscles of your lips and mouth can move . . . grooving easily to his subtlest nuances/suggestions. And when you get around to the 'feverishly searching mouth' bit you'll find him at Fahrenheit 104, and that you can do a lot more 'searching'.

Tight sealing of the lips and drawing out all air by suction is a lip basic for delirious deep kissing. You'll need the greatest pliancy of your lips to do this. Really great kissing is so important to really great sex it seems deplorable that so many neglect simple lip care. The Vitamin C/orange juice mixture, plus the frequent application of *Neosporin Ointment*, as suggested, will keep your lips in perfect condition . . . and always at the ready!

THE OVERPOWERING LOVER

It is a mistake to quickly overpower your lover with 'instant fiery passion'. Because it comes too soon, he senses that it is spurious. What may be worse, he may feel it's a put-on, which, to him, is a kind of put-down. This either puzzles or denigrates him and throws the sex scene awry. By quickly 'taking over' you risk making *him* feel that *you* think he's a sexual amateur. And that's just *too much*!

Also, don't attempt too many kissing variations too soon. You'll reveal the entire contents of your bag of tricks and have nothing to surprise him with as you continue. All you can do is repeat them mindlessly and this PollyParroting can destroy the magic of the seance in less than a minute. A sensitive partner will be able to read your signals and know precisely what to expect next. Like ho-hum. Why make a fraud and a bore of what might otherwise be a beautiful expression of sharing?

Don't hurry. Fast kissing will gain you no mileage. Don't make him feel as if he's an ear of corn that you must turn into a cob with a few fast rotations of your mouth. Gently does it at first. The first gentle tongue-to-tongue hello, even before your faces get acquainted, is often so wild that anything you do afterward can be an anticlimax! Proceed with consideration for him . . . then *mutually* extend the range of your kissing patterns and step up the tempo.

Keep your tongue as flexible as your lips. If you keep it rigid throughout mouth penetration you'll miss great swatches of glorious sexual color and stimulation. As we've often said, the ground rule of deep kissing is that you should use your tongue to *implant* and *impregnate* . . . never to *inject* and *impale*. Keep your tongue 'inquisitive' . . . let it explore. You will discover sensual joys you never would have imagined.

No matter how hard the *pressure* of your lips on his (and the more pliant and flexible they are the more pressure you can apply), always keep your tongue free and questing. If you hold it determinedly rigid it (a) becomes tiresomely prodding to him and (b) tightens the muscles of your jaws and face which, in turn, will bring about a general, overall body fatigue.

If you should become tongue-tense or muscularly uptight, stop your dredging operations for a few moments and kiss-nibble *around* his lips. You might gently run your tongue over each of his lips, but if you sense this is not to his liking, stop it at once. Go back inside and begin to gently rim his palate, teeth, and under his tongue. This can turn him on still more.

Reciprocity in kissing is just good manners, so let him take over for awhile. As the saying goes, "Let him rip off a rhapsody for *you*!" This shift in operations 'spells' you for a brief time. Then, when you take over again, you can do it afresh, moving everything along on a *new* plane, with a *faster* tempo and a *different* rhythm. In this way variety in kissing is more easily fostered, and the encounter made more memorable.

Also, put your fingers to work while your lips are doing a job. Sensual arousal can be made more poignant and complete by simply tracing erotic patterns along his face and body. The merest tracing of his jawline, chin, ears and forehead can send him into ecstasies if you will do it with thoughtfulness, gentleness, and, especially, gracefully. Don't let your hands go wild; your fingers nervous. You'll throw him into a state of panic wondering where they're going to land next. Let your fingers lead from and flow into adjacent areas. In this way you put a beautiful 'frame' around a beautiful 'picture' of love and desire.

• • •

HITCHHIKING SEX
(Continued from page 17)

If you get a negative reaction (if he tightens up) you've probably picked up the wrong guy. Leave it at that, and don't press your luck.

If, on the other hand, in finding out what kind of guy he is, you've gotten good vibes, then proceed from there. Since he's in the military, you've got your perfect opener—relate to him; don't be too intelligent, and listen when he talks (stop thinking about his cock!). If he's dominant, it won't be as easy to get him into the sack, but it's not impossible.

After you've established that he's basically friendly and together (this is the 70's!) and isn't on an ego trip, then adjust the conversation to fit his personality. Never ask *the* question unless you're reasonably sure he's the kind of guy who'll answer, "It's just not my scene, man." That is, unless you really want the guy to kick the shit out of you. But that's another story.

Okay, you've surveyed the situation; now what? Well, get him horny if possible (and I'll suggest ways to do that) and then make a big deal about how hot you are. Suggest pulling over somewhere to take care of your mutual problems. Not in broad daylight, of course, and not on a dangerous street. Be careful and discreet—going home is best, or, if he's really worth it, get a motel room.

Once you've got him to jack off with you, you've got it made. If you're watching each other masturbate, touch him for a reaction. If it's cool, let nature take its course.

Now after his orgasm, he's probably going to feel awkward. As long as you're the cocksucker, his real sense of masculinity (no doubt reinforced by the service) won't be challenged. Never demand reciprocation! If it comes, well and good, but if you force it it amounts to rape, and nobody wants to be raped. Well, not everyone . . . .

2. The College Jock. His is basically the same trip as the serviceman's—based on not knowing whether he's gay or straight. You'll be dealing with his own uncertainty, so lay on the old masculinity trip. He may very well be looking for a father figure, or older brother and it might as well be you.

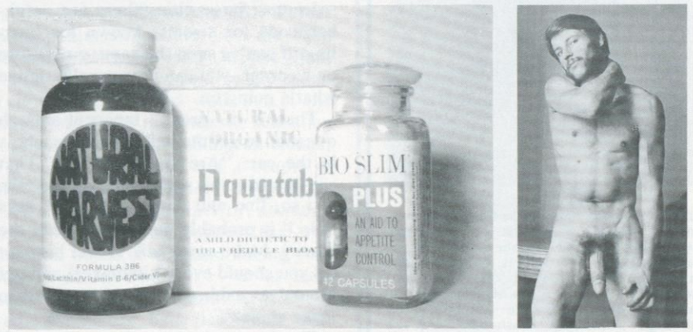
There are a lot of student jocks out hitchhiking. Usually they don't have a car and don't want to ride the bus, but surprisingly enough, a lot of them definitely know they can get their rocks off by hitchhiking and getting picked up by gay guys like you.

These guys are easily recognized. They may not have a short haircut and

Trim Down...Look Sexier And Be Sexier With

The Fat Fighters!

Trim guys look sexier . . . and feel sexier too. We now offer our exclusive selection of fat fighters to help you achieve and maintain a lighter weight. They are made from natural ingredients and contain no harmful chemicals whatsoever. Each fat fighter does a specific job and need not be taken in combination with the other two, but combining all three is especially effective, particularly if used with light meals and moderate exercise.



Formula 3B6

An amazing combination of highest quality natural and organic ingredients to help fight fat. Each capsule contains: **KELP**—a natural mineral harvested from the ocean. It is rich in Iodine which is so important in regulating metabolism to burn up fuel and help melt fat away. **LECITHIN**—a substance derived from vegetable oils. In recent experiments doctors found that it reduces cholesterol by as much as 30% and that it tends to shift weight from fatty areas of the body to muscular parts for a more symmetrical physique. **VITAMIN B-6**—the fat-metabolizing vitamin that acts with body chemicals to help balance and regulate body fluids to prevent water retention and bloat. **CIDER VINEGAR**—an ancient solution used for ages in diet formulas. It serves as the basis of **Formula 3B6.** Because **Formula 3B6** is natural and organic it may be permanently added to your diet, like any vitamin pill, or taken for a limited time only when shaping up for the beach, etc. Recommended dosage is 6 capsules daily.

FORMULA 3B6 (100 capsules) $6.95

Aquatabs

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

AQUATABS (84 tablets) $3.95

Bio Slim Plus

When your stomach is full you feel less hungry and you eat less. Thus, your weight goes down naturally. The basis of **Bio Slim Plus** is cellulose, a natural ingredient that expands in your stomach and reduces hunger tantrums naturally. You eat less because you want less and your weight goes down. Each capsule also contains vitamins and minerals to help provide those ordinarily derived from normal meals. **Bio Slim Plus** may be taken from time to time or regularly. Dosage is 3 capsules daily. Free diet plan included.

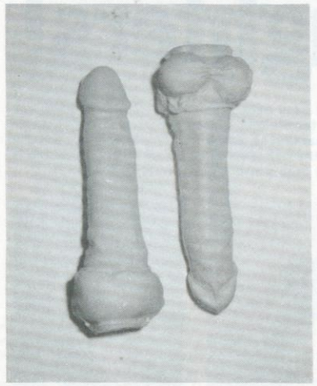
BIO SLIM PLUS (42 capsules) $3.95

Fat Fighters Special...Save $2.50

Because we believe using all three fat fighters is especially effective we are offering them (when purchased at the same time) at a reduced price. You normally pay $14.85 for the three fat fighters . . . buy them together for ONLY $12.35 and save $2.50! So act today . . . all you have to lose is weight!

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., 450 Seventh Ave., Suite 602, New York, N. Y. 10001.** Order forms on page 54.

The Titanic



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

THE TITANIC $14.95

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**
Order forms on page 54.

El Perfecto



Some like 'em long 'n lean; some like 'em short 'n stout (see our other ads . . . we have 'em all!)—but most guys prefer a "workable" size. EL PERFECTO I is where preferred size begins; it's 5½" long and 1½" in diameter. EL PERFECTO II is at an acceptable limit; it's 7" long and 1¾" in diameter. Flange base helps prevent "accidental loss." Both models are molded from life and are made of flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

EL PERFECTO I.....$8.95
EL PERFECTO II $10.95

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**
Order forms on page 54.

wear a uniform, but they usually have books, or sports equipment, or letter-men jackets, or whatever. Again, psych him out and proceed accordingly. He may be less talkative and a lot shyer than the serviceman, but you can do it if you're so inclined.

3. The Hustler. These guys actually choose to be hustlers. It's their trip—their money thing. And it's part of the scene. Unless you're into paying for it, don't waste their time or yours.

In most large cities there are neighborhoods (or streets) known for hustling. If you've seen the same guy before on a corner, you can pretty well assume what's going on.

There's a great, innocent-enough question to get the ball rolling once he's in the car: "Are you working?" That can be taken two ways. If he is, and tells you so, fine and dandy. But if he says "No," it probably means he needs the money. Make small talk to feel him out (as you should every hitchhiker) and get around to asking, "Would you like to make some?"

The best rule is to be generous if you're going this route. Don't haggle. Of course, don't go overboard, but don't be cheap either. If you argue over money, one thing's certain—sex won't be any good anyway. Pay his price if you want him. If you don't, someone else will.

Of all the hitchhikers, the hustler is the most dangerous (and that's part of the appeal, isn't it?) and the most desperate. This is how he pays the bills. He's also the guy who has the least to lose, so be cautious.

4. The Homosexual. For some gays, this is their scene. Often they'll even have a car, but they'll drive to a certain area, park, and then go hitchhiking up and down a street all night until they meet someone they want. And if you don't turn them on, you'd might as well forget it, because they can thumb it just as long as they have to.

If he says, "I'm on my way to a friend's house," it usually means, "Don't bug me." And if he does avoid you (and sometimes such guys will even refuse the ride) pick up on it. Don't bug him. Let's face it—all of us have been turned down before. Whether it's in a bar or on the street, it's all the same game. He can get all the sex he needs without your help.

On the other hand, you may be just what he's looking for, and if you're mutually attracted, the arrangements will be pretty easy to make.

5. The Closet Case. This is usually the young guy who's hitchhiked before and knows he can get a quick blow job without any involvement.

Assuming the passive role, he's accessible although he'll play the straight game, and you should be able to play right along. And if he doesn't want any involvement, he probably doesn't want to get to know you either, so keep dialogue at a minimum.

The closet case usually leads a totally "straight" life with these occasional forays onto the streets, and he's probably a lot better at this game than you are.

6. The Teenager. Hands off anyone under 18 (and in some states this age limit will vary). No matter how appealing the chicken, it's just not worth the danger with the law. I have a friend who just spent several weeks in jail for this kind of pastime and I hope he's learned his lesson.

Now of course you don't always know how old a guy is. Often you can be fooled, but you can tell the difference between a college student and a high-schooler and therein lies the dividing line.

7. Innocents Abroad. This category fits the gay guys who are in town from somewhere else and are lost. Obviously, you'll be able to spot them, and no games are necessary once you have established that you're brothers.

They'll probably be looking for places to go and things to do, and you might suggest one of these right off!

Now, about the art of seduction. It's something that must be learned with practice, and obviously you're gonna blow it (no pun intended) a few times. You can always be fooled. But, basically, what it boils down to is a matter of being sensitive. And let's face it, if anybody's sensitive, you are. If you can relate to others you've got the key.

There are other techniques concerning the seduction of hitchhikers. For example, take the guy who drives around picking up young hitchhikers who have to climb into a big car strewn with hardcore magazines. Now there's a real subtle guy! If you're really relating to a guy you can always suggest going somewhere (home?) for a drink or smoke. *Never* carry the stuff in the car, for obvious reasons.

It's assumed that if you give somebody liquor or grass, they get horny. Not always so. You've gotta know how much to give 'em. Some get hostile. Some pass out. Some fall asleep. Some can't get a hard-on. So it's very important to know what you're doing and always stay sober yourself. That way you're in control.

Those are the props, of course, and never work as well or turn out as satisfyingly as the encounters that happen just because you and the hitchhiker relate to each other . . . and need each other.

• • •

BADEN-BADEN'S GOODIE-GOODIES

(Continued from page 24)

After fifteen minutes of quite profuse sweating an attendant clad in the briefest white briefs (*ach!*) takes you into an adjoining 'lavage' room where you'll be laid out on a big, comfortable massage table. Next comes a ruggedly-built man with a coarse scrub brush, a pail of thermal water, and a bar of soap. Sudsy Boy really has a go at you, scrubbing you to within an inch of your life. Next . . . surprise, surprise! . . . he dashes a pail of ice-cold water on your body. This takes your breath away (what little you have left from his savage soaping/scrubbing) and you're ready for your next goodie-goodie:

The Pine-Steam Treatment. Now the attendant leads you into a wet-heat chamber and your nostrils quiver delightedly at the pungent smell of fresh pine. All around on marble tiers lie more curists. After twenty minutes of smelling the pine-steam vapors you'll be led into a succession of swimming pools (everyone is nude here . . . be sure to have your cruising eye in good working order), each pool under its high dome, and each a different temperature . . . hot to cool. You float around like a lilypad for ten minutes in each pool. Be warned that the *last* pool is just *one degree less than freezing.* It's gauged to a take-your-pores-by-surprise frigidity so that they slam shut instantly. Your attendant will 'encourage' you when you reach the brink of this last pool by giving you a slight shove. He's strictly from the S&M School of Bathing . . . the 'S' part. A few minutes in this pool and you come out for a shower and a long sleep in a kind of 'recovery room' . . . a dimly-lit rotunda . . . again on starched sheets, and wrapped in warm woolen blankets.

That ends Day I of your *Kurplan.* You sleep for hours and wake refreshed with a feeling of great vigor. Lunch follows—then a walk in the Black Forest (it almost sounds like a cue for the musical composition of the same name!).

KURPLAN—DAY II

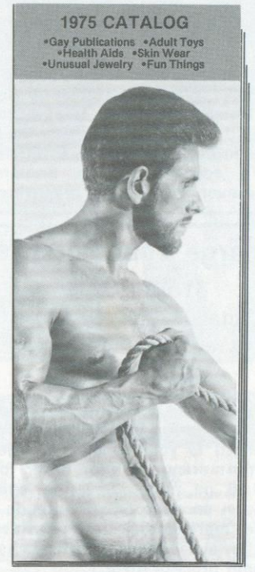
Probably you will be sent to the second of the two great bathhouses of Baden-Baden on your second day of *Die Kur.* The Augustabad is quite different from the palatial Friedrichsbad, and done in more modern style. Today, your first goodie-goodie is

The Kneipp Treatment. An eighteenth-century monk, Father Kneipp, devised this famous treatment. It is called "the ultimate in relaxation." Here's how it works: In a gray marble chamber you walk around knee-deep in thermal canals or troughs, the bottoms of which are lined with smooth stones, some very hot, some very cold. A handrail is provided so that you won't slip when you are startled by the intermittent changes in temperature of the stones. The plan is that in this circuit the more you walk, the hot-hotter and cold-colder the stones become. This circuit is continued from fifteen to twenty minutes, and then you are 'invited' to sit in an odd-looking wooden tub (probably built by the good Father Kneipp himself) where you are then scrubbed with a *steel* brush. Next comes the usual ice-cold water blast. You're dried off, and walk out of the Augustabad with the fantastic sensation that you're actually walking on clouds! Far out! Lunch, now, and a couple of glasses of thermal water . . . perhaps even a thermal-water *apéritif*, although the *Kurdirektor* may suggest that you forswear booze of any kind during your stay in Baden-Baden . . . or at least during the daylight hours. Actually, if you customarily belt down two stiff martinis at the cocktail hour you'll find liquor strangely unappealing while taking *Die Kur.* Everything you'll have experienced thus far will have made you feel so gloriously alive and supervigorous, so recharged and 'up', that just the thought of liquor is a 'down'. You're high on a health kick and you want to stay up there with the angels!

The Thermal Bubble Bath. On the afternoon of Day II of your *Kurplan* you'll be scheduled for an unusual kind of bubble bath. You recline in an oversized tub while an ocean of pine-oil froth envelops you . . . surging up and around you in great waves of heavenly scent. You stay in the tub for *one full hour*, and in that time the sodium and chloride ion-activity removes all bodily discomfort and tension. You are so totally relaxed you feel as though your muscles have turned into velvet. You almost cry with disappointment when the attendant tells you it's time to leave the tub. Your next delight is to sleep the rest of the afternoon, again on starched sheets and wrapped in woolen blankets. You simply don't have a bone in your body; that's just how relaxed you are!

Although there are many more kinds of baths given at Baden-Baden they are for various other conditions not related to the 'Anti-Stress Cure'. These are such thermals as carbonic-acid baths, gymnastic baths, Stanger baths, underwater jet massages, chiropody, inhalations and electric hot-air treatments. Your *Kurdirektor* won't let you take them, however, because you would be doing too much and would negate so much of what you've happily accomplished. Let him stay in command . . . and you'll never feel so great.

Free Catalog



Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**
Order forms on page 54.

Bottoms Up!



As more and more guys are liberated and shed hangups about their sex lives more and more get into anal antics. Pros know that a desirable partner is a clean one and that there is no greater turnoff than a colon that is full and impossible to control. Keep it clean and avoid discomfort and embarrassment. Just a few minutes before your evening shower does the job wherever you are when you have a handy **Folding Douche Bag.** Made of fine latex rubber with reinforced fittings. Bag holds 2 full quarts; 5-foot hose comes with durable thumb valve to control water flow. Screw-on accessories include a short vaginal-type syringe for a quick lower colon douche and a longeranal insert for a thorough colonic rinse. Folds compactly for easy traveling (carry-pouch included). Sent in a plain wrapper via insured parcel post with instructions and manufacturer's 6-year guarantee.

FOLDING DOUCHE BAG $7.95

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**
Order forms on page 54.

MOVING SOON?
If you are a subscriber please inform us of your new address as soon as you have it.

BEIRUT

is as turbulent as Israel these days, and like Israel, it is still being visited by American tourists. The gay action is wild . . . and we tell all in the next exciting issue of Ciao!—the October 1975 edition, out in September wherever you buy this magazine!

Charge Your Purchases

If Your Order
Totals $30.00 Or More

master charge THE INTERBANK CARD
your BANKAMERICARD modern way

Everything in this magazine sold by the QQ Publishing Co., Inc. may be charged to your Master Charge or BankAmericard if your order totals $30.00 or more. See the special coupon on page 54. (Please do not order merchandise from us which is sold by our various advertisers as we cannot process them.)



You Are Invited To Subscribe To

SKIPPER'S MATES

A PEN-PAL MAGAZINE FOR GAY MEN

Every issue of SKIPPER'S MATES is chock-full of personal ads from men seeking new friends and correspondents in all areas of the USA, in Canada, and around the world. If you wish to make friends with other guys, come join our gay crew and discover how you can do it—with SKIPPER'S MATES! For details on subscribing and on placing an ad—plus a copy of our current issue—send $1 to: **Skipper's Guides, Dept. A-6, P.O. Box 92, Danville, Kentucky 40422.** You must state that you are over age 21.

"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

During your course of thermal baths you'll alternate between the *Kurplan* of Day I and Day II—five days of each. Your *Kurdirektor* will have advised long walks around the city in your leisure time to see its supreme elegance in magnificent buildings, palatial hotels, and in its perfectly-manicured parks with their riotous profusion of flowers that grow all year long. Particularly recommended, as we have said, will be walks in the Black Forest (which really isn't 'black' but gets its name from the dark shadows cast by the towering spruce trees). There are many brooks and waterfalls and since other curists will have been advised to do the same you will undoubtedly find this of considerable cruising interest (common bond, and all that).

The climate of Baden-Baden is oddly un-Germanic. More Mediterranean. It is an all-year resort, and while its busiest seasons are spring, summer and fall, it's always busy in winter. Also, you'll be surprised to discover that Baden cuisine is not German, but French, inasmuch as Strasbourg lies just across the Rhine. Of course there are restaurants serving many hearty German dishes, but most of Baden's excellent restaurants (some of the world's finest) are French-oriented, with a few characteristic Baden touches.

One should not forget that Baden-Baden was once called "Europe's summer capital." Royalty and the rich came here from every country. You'll be reminded of this in the many odd churches. For a country of generally Catholic and Lutheran faith, Baden-Baden has beautiful Russian and Rumanian churches with their slanting gold crosses atop. Queen Marie of Rumania worshiped here when vacationing, as did the Czars of Russia before the Revolution.

The town itself, with its steps and stairs everywhere, and its ornate projecting balconies that seem to billow from their delicate, austere facades, is beautiful in its complete concordance with the natural beauty of the surrounding Black Forest.

You can have a spectacular view of the city and see miles into the Black Forest from the dome windows of the rotunda-shaped swimming pools on the top floors of the bathhouses. You have, additionally, an unparalleled opportunity to eye-cruise, compare cockstatistics and possibly arrange a liaison. But no hanky-panky around the pool, nor anything 'underhanded' in it! It's hard enough to tear one's eyes away from the beauties of nature outside, but from the nearer beauties within, it's heartbreaking. Some of the bods (as is commonly the case in any health resort/spa) are more flab than fab.

THE KURHAUS

The center of Baden-Baden activity is the *Kurhaus*, a handsome building with a magnificent neoclassical facade and stately columns. Here are held all kinds of gala-this-and-that events. Gay guys cruise its wide verandah and open-air terrace which is especially romantic in the evening when the huge old-world gas-lit lamps on their ornate posts shed a lovely, gentle glow over everything and everyone.

There are also illuminations, wine festivals, "Rose Days" and a flea-market, plus golf and tennis tournaments, aircraft and car rallies. The real highlights of the season are the horse-races at Iffezheim, the spring meeting in May and the "Baden-Baden Week" in August.

The Casino, in a wing of the *Kurhaus*, offers you a chance to woo Lady Luck, and you may win back all the money you've laid out for *Die Kur*! The casino is the world's most elegant, and makes the casino at Monte Carlo look garishly overdone. Roulette, baccarat and blackjack are played daily. And you needn't go with a huge wad of bills. You can play for as little as two German Marks (about 90 cents). In the *Haus des Kurgastes* there are comfortable rooms for reading, writing, TV, music and other recreation.

Also in Baden-Baden's Baroque theatre there are regular concerts, plays and musicals.

For outdoor sports to play or to watch during your course of baths there are riding, tennis, golf, shooting, and gliding and powered flights. Other features include miniature golf, bowling, outdoor chess (a good way to strike up a companionship), billiards and other games. Never a boring moment.

GAY OPPORTUNITIES

Baden-Baden, as most smaller cities, does not have the swinging gay life of larger communities. Yet we should like to mention the *Zum Schwert*, Balzenbergstrasse 53, where gay guys and gay gals come. This pleasant bar sees most of the gay people who come here for *Die Kur*, as well the local gay guys. Good *outdoor cruising* is in the park at Lichtenaler Allee, behind the Augustaplatz; also the garden of the *Kurhaus*. And there's a john—usually busy—on Augustaplatz. Have a look.

For all its great beauty and elegance and the smell of money in the air, there's a pad for every purse in Baden-Baden.

BADEN-BADEN HOTELS

Whether you choose to stay in the super-elegant, super-everything (especially super-pocketbook) Parkhotel, or the smallest, cleanest *gasthaus* (guest house), everything is designed for your comfort and pleasure.

If you should decide to spend ten days taking *Die Kur*, you may write the German National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Ask them for a complete listing of hotels. The brochure includes photographs of twenty-four of the most popular hostelries—large and small—and with typical German thoroughness gives you in table-form complete information about every hotel, *pension* and *gasthaus*, as well as many on the outskirts of this town of 50,000 population. You'll see at a glance whether the hotel has bath and *'dusche'*, or whether you have to cruise-it down the hall. Also if the rates include full-pension (three full meals) or *halb*-pension (a huge German breakfast plus one other full meal). And whether there is TV in your room. The prices quoted will not vary. You can count on that. The Tourist Office will also has available brochures showing views of Baden-Baden—in color—as well as a listing of every civic event, sport and entertainment.

We have been asked if there is anything like Baden-Baden in the United States. As far as thermal baths are concerned, the world-renowned baths operated by the United States Government at Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas have much in common with their Baden-Baden counterpart. However, the different kinds of baths are not so extensive. Also, the therapies are quite different. The waters of Hot Springs are restorative and relaxing, and if you can't get to Baden-Baden you might make a visit here part of your 'See America First' vacation. There are also beautiful hotels in Hot Springs—particularly the famous Arlington—in which the thermal waters are piped from their mountain source right into the bathrooms of some bedrooms. Thus you need not take the course of baths at any of the eight bathhouses of Bathhouse Row (which, by the way, is the cruisiest area of Hot Springs), but engage an attendant supplied by the Arlington to come and give you therapy. Hot Springs must surely be the healthiest town in the United States. You should pay it a visit, even if you do make the Baden-Baden scene.

If you are in Europe this summer, and you've worn yourself to a frazzle doing Munich and would like to stop at Baden-Baden for *Die Kur* before shoving off to Amsterdam for more of same (or if you are doing Amsterdam first and want to recharge your batteries before taking on the Muncheners) . . . or even if you'd just like to go for the

CIAO! Magazine BACK ISSUES


No. 2


No. 3


No. 12


No. 13


No. 4


No. 5


No. 14


No. 15


No. 6


No. 7


No. 8


No. 9


No. 10


No. 11

Nos. 2-12: $3 ea. in the U.S.; $3.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $4.50 in all other countries:

No. 2 (Mar.-Apr. '73): Wash., D.C.; N.Y. Leather; Prague; Fla.; Seattle; Buffalo
No. 3 (May-June '73): Baltimore; Italian Riviera; Provincetown; Acapulco; Montreal
No. 4 (July-Aug. '73): Boston ; Albany; Providence; Toronto; Atlantic City; Bucks County;
No. 5 (Sept.-Oct. '73): Philadelphia; Los Angeles; Virginia; Vancouver/Victoria
No. 6 (Nov.-Dec. '73): Las Vegas; Rio de Janeiro; New Orleans; Quebec City; 4 So. Amer. Cities; Detroit; Carnivals
No. 7 (Jan.-Feb. '74): Hawaii; Rochester; Atlanta; Ohio; Phoenix; Baton Rouge
No. 8 (Mar.-Apr. '74): Istanbul; Hong Kong; Milwaukee; Birmingham; Gulf Area; Chicago; Savannah; Pittsburgh
No. 9 (May-June '74): London; St. Louis; Ottawa; Nashville; Indianapolis; Kentucky
No. 10 (July-Aug. '74): Amsterdam; W. Virginia; Haiti; Memphis
No. 11 (Sept.-Oct.'74): Charleston, S.C.; Singapore; Stockholm
No. 12 (Nov.-Dec '74): Palm Springs; Helsinki; Houston; Denver

Starting with No. 13: $3.50 ea. in the U.S.; $4.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $5 all other countries:

No. 13 (Jan.-Feb. '75): San Francisco; Los Angeles; San Diego; Mexico City
No. 14(Mar.-Apr.'75) : New York & Fire Island
No. 15 (May-June '75): Paris; Saugatuck; Des Moines; Reno; Dallas

Order from: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.** Order forms on page 54.

Ansonia Books

Ansonia Hotel, 74th St. & B'wy, New York City
Big selection of magazines and books plus pictures by Colt, Alexander, and Target always in stock!

Knob Job



"Look, Ma! No hands!" Let our door-knob attachment do a job on you! Just use your imagination—like inviting KNOB JOB to a threesome when a third guy isn't available. Approximately 8" long by 1¾" in diameter and made of soft flesh-like, flesh-colored rubberized plastic that's completely washable. Snaps right on any door-knob as illustrated (knob not included). Also attaches to any standard pipe, such as sink drain, etc.

KNOB JOB.....$14.95

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** Order forms on page 54.

healthkickiness of Baden-Baden and feel better and more refreshed than you have since you were a teenager, you'll never regret it. As we said, Baden-Baden is a total experience in body renewal and rejuvenation!

• • •

TURKEY

(Continued from page 27)

dollar! Learning how to spend your money is one of the real tests of good management. One golden rule: As long as you have the dollar still in your pocket, never agree to a purchase or a service until you have totally exhausted your seller with your demands for a better price. If he should exhaust you first, leave and come back another day when you have more energy.

The men of Turkey are fantastically gorgeous. I spent nearly three weeks traveling through the country with a hard-on. I can still see the Turk's dark, mysterious eyes cruise me from under his bushy eyebrows. The spell they cast is instantaneous. They are not only handsomer than life in a manly, sensual way, but they walk and act so butch that men like Burt Reynolds look like fems by comparison. This isn't an exaggeration. Their strong and masculine attitudes are natural to them because survival is hard and physical.

Unfortunately, Turks are known to play rough. Turkey (especially Istanbul) isn't for parlor queens who lack experience in the back alleys or on the docks of America or Europe. I was followed by four Turks into a back street during daylight, and would've become a statistic if I hadn't suddenly turned and foiled their plans before walking too far from safety. But I was lucky. You might not be if you aren't alert.

You may rightly ask: Why bother going? Perhaps this may be a good question for some. But for many, myself included, it isn't. There is a certain excitement, a certain thrill that overtakes you in Turkey which makes all the effort and money worth the trip. Turkey is not only a beautiful country, but its men are *very* available. Although most of them prefer to do it for money (even *insist* on money), most of them will do it . . . if the right person says the right things in the right way! You don't have to be direct or vulgar. You only need to be yourself and respond to men just as you'd respond to them at home. It's as simple as that.

Cruising is very easy for the tourist because the Turks do most of the cruising. Your admiring look is usually enough to get them to grope themselves (and they *love* to grope themselves!). In fact, they can't seem to keep their hands off themselves or their buddies. On a bus trip from Nevsehir to Ankara, two terrific-looking men in their early twenties set me on fire during the entire four-hour bus ride. Watching them fuss over each other's comfort and finally fall asleep together like Siamese twins, was almost more than I could take. To make it even more upsetting for me, a young boy across the way didn't have my self-control and began to masturbate while watching these two young stallions. All three looked like Marines, were built like Marines, and didn't have a single feminine twitch in their trim, healthy bodies. I am sure that—by the way they watched over each other in public—they must really have satisfied each other in private.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON®

SAY



"Mortician who jerk off lover 'creme-mate'!"

Kissing and holding hands, or just being affectionate with men isn't unusual in public. Of course, it isn't often done with the passion and desperation of lovers in those tri-x films; yet it is loaded with meaning. Many travelers will dismiss this at once as being just a polite custom. It is that, I'm sure, just as homosexuality is a way of life . . . or, shall I say, bisexuality!

Consequently one need not know where to go to find action. It's everywhere. Every nook and cranny has its special delights. So keep your eyes open everywhere . . . on the bus; in the bazaars; and even in the museums. You may not always end up supine, but you will almost always end up 'ends up'. Those who feel uncomfortable in the dark, winding streets of a pulsating metropolis should stick close to the smart hotels and bars after dark. The others who need to turn over every rock and peek into every crevice should head for the following spots in

ISTANBUL

The main place for outdoor cruising is *Taksim Park.* Taksim is a large square in the center of the city and most bus lines begin here. The park faces the square (which is also cruisy at night) and has a great deal of activity at night. But I must warn you that the Turks here are rough. All that charm they ooze to get you interested can unexpectedly vanish and become vicious anger . . . if you don't pay off. I can only recommend this spot to those who need a wild fuck occasionally in the park, from rough trade.

The other outdoor cruise areas include *Gulhane Park* (dull at night; at least, it was dull the night I was there; during the daylight hours there was some cruising); *Istanbul University campus* (generally dull, but some cruising by students); and *Yildiz Park* (which attracts some men with strong appetites). Generally, though, most parks can be cruisy at night. If you see men wandering aimlessly in the park after dark, chances are that they are there to make contact.

For street cruising, *Istiklal Caddesi* (from the French Consulate at Taksim to the post office) at night. This is the main street in Istanbul for all types of restaurants, movies, theatres, shops and the like. Although it doesn't look elegant, it is considered one of the better streets in the city. It is, therefore, a must to walk even though you may not buy or pick up some of the fabulous-looking, well-dressed men who stroll it. You should do very well here if you are ready for action. But you should keep in mind that many of the tough hustlers who cruise Taksim Park also cruise Istiklal. So be careful here.

Another street to work at night is *Harbiye Cumhuriyet Caddesi* (from the Hilton Hotel to Taksim). This is a good street to meet other tourists or elegant Turks. The area near the Hilton Hotel arcade is usually *very* busy. All types meet and exchange gropes here . . . even some of the famous wrestlers. During my visit, I found the entire

BACK ISSUES FOR YOUR COLLECTION

Order by number. Starting with No. 21—$3 ea. in U.S.A.; $3.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $4.50 ea. in all other countries.

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

No. 22: March-April 1973 (Vol. 5, No. 2)—Some of the articles are FANTASY SEX; S&M IN CALIFORNIA; V.D.; VIENNA

No. 23: May-June 1973 (Vol. 5, No. 3)—Some of the articles are SEX WITH ANIMALS; GAY DISEASES; E. BERLIN; BEIRUT

No. 24: July-August 1973 (Vol. 5, No. 4)—Some of the articles are SEXUAL MASOCHISM; NARCISSISTIC SEX; GAY SINGLE LIFE; VITAMIN E FOR SEX; BRAZIL; KOBE (Japan)

No. 25: September-October 1973 (Vol. 5, No. 5)—Some of the articles are CRUISING RITUAL; MALE MENOPAUSE; WHAT SEX WITH WOMEN IS LIKE; ART DECO; FOREPLAY

No 26: November-December 1973 (Vol. 5, No. 6)—Some of the articles are TELEPHONE SEX; PROSTATE AND SEX; ISRAELI WINES; PEDERASTY IN THE MOVIES; WARSAW

No. 27: January-February 1974 (Vol. 6, No..1)—Some of the articles are ANATOMY OF THE PENIS; BAR CRUISING; SEX IN THE MOVIES; STEVE REEVES TODAY; TOKYO; IBIZA

No. 28: March-April 1974 (Vol. 6, No. 2)—Some of the articles are MAKING A GAY MARRIAGE LAST; CRUISING ETHICS; STRESS AND SEX; YOUR LIVER AND SEX; INDIA

No. 29: May-June 1974 (Vol. 6, No. 2)—Some of the articles are GLORY HOLES; GAY GRAFFITI; ANATOMY OF YOUR SEX MACHINE; HANDLING A PROPOSAL OF LOVE; EXERCISE

No. 30: July-August 1974 (Vol. 6, No. 4)—Some of the articles are ANAL MASTURBATION; ALCOHOL AND SEX; SEXUAL BONDAGE TECHNIQUES; VITAMINS; COPENHAGEN

No. 31: September-October 1974 (Vol. 6, No. 5)—Some of the articles are NUDE BEACHES OF YUGOSLAVIA; MYTHICAL SEX GODS; "RED HOT" GAY FICTION; MALAYSIA

No. 32: November-December 1974 (Vol. 6, No. 6)—Some of the articles are REASONS FOR BAD SEX; VVD (NEW V.D. DISEASE); PROGRESS OF HOMOSEXUALITY; HAMBURG; MONTE CARLO



No. 21 No. 22 No. 23 No. 24

No. 25 No. 26 No. 27 No. 28

No. 29 No. 30 No. 31 No. 32

No. 33 No. 34 No. 35 No. 36

Order by number. Starting with No. 33—$3.50 ea. in U.S.A.; $4.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $5.00 ea. all other countries.

No. 33: January-February 1975 (Vol. 7, No. 1)—Some of the articles are SUCKING TECHNIQUES; USING ACCU-JAC; GLITTER ROCK; CALIFORNIA'S NUDE BEACHES

No. 34: March-April 1975 (Vol. 7, No. 2)—Some of the articles are DOUCHING; PUBLIC NUDITY; GETTING RID OF CRABS; THE BLACK MYTH; OSLO

No. 35: May-June 1975 (Vol. 7, No. 3)—Some of the articles are SEX BY ASTROLOGY; KISSING DISEASE; BALLET STARS; GONORRHEA; ANAL SEX TECHNIQUES; JOCKSTRAP HISTORY; ISRAEL

No. 36: July-August 1975 (Vol. 7, No. 4)—Some of the articles are OVERCOMING REJECTION; WORLD WAR II GAY NOSTALGIA; GAY LIFE ON THE METRIC SYSTEM; USING THE RIGHT WORDS TO MAKE OUT; MANILA

ARTICLE REPRINTS: Order by number—$1 ea.

For those who do not maintain a complete collection of QQ MAGAZINE and CIAO! we make available ARTICLE REPRINTS (Xerox copies) of the most popular features we have published.

SEX TECHNIQUE
1. Oral Sex (Sucking). **2.** Anal Sex (Rimming/Fucking/Enemas). **3.** Fist-Fucking. **4.** Masturbation. **5.** Kissing. **6.** Dirty Words During Sex. **47.** Anal Masturbation.

SEXPERTISE
7. Telephone Sex. **8.** Toys for S&M Sex. **9.** Sex with Animals. **10.** Sexual Eye Signals. **11.** Gay Sex Games. **12.** Using Sensual Touch. **13.** A Primer in Sadism. **14.** Making Guys on Skid Row. **15.** Sensual Touch. **16.** Music Selections for Sex. **17.** Sex Using Supermarket Items. **18.** Throwing a Gay Party (Orgy). **19.** Bar Cruising Technique. **48.** Bondage. **49.** Using ACCU-JAC.

HEALTH/EXERCISE
20. Increasing Cock Size. **21.** Cock Size Through Silicone. **22.** Using Poppers. **23.** Aphrodisiacs. **24.** Getting Rid of Crabs. **25.** Pill for Erections. **26.** Using Marijuana During Sex. **27.** Sex Under Hard Drugs. **28.** Effects of Drinking on Sex. **29.** Sex After Adult Circumcision. **30.** V.D. **31.** Hepatitis/Amebiasis. **32.** Quick Diet/Exercise Plan. **33.** Vitamin E for Sex. **34.** Effect of Sex on the Prostate. **35.** Male Menopause. **36.** Anatomy of the Penis. **37.** The "Youth Pill." **50.** V.V.D. **51.** Douching.

PSYCHOLOGY
38. Why Straight Guys Fear Gay Guys. **39.** Coping with Rejection. **40.** Cruising Ethics. **41.** Understanding Hustlers. **52.** Making a Gay Marriage Last. **53.** Handling a Gay Proposal.

MISCELLANEOUS
42. Moving to a Big City. **43.** Gay Life and Religion. **44.** The Modeling Profession. **45.** Understanding Ballet. **46.** Meet Tom of Finland (Text and Art). **54.** The Black Myth.

TRAVEL ARTICLES
Over the years we have published numerous travel articles in QQ MAGAZINE and CIAO! When ordering a travel article send $1 for each city requested. Your money will be returned if we cannot help you. For comprehensive travel listings we suggest you save and purchase a copy of our Gay Travel Directory for $5; it is advertised elsewhere in this magazine.

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** To charge see coupon on page 54.

Please find $.....enclosed for the following:

BACK ISSUES
PLEASE CIRCLE:
Starting with Issue 21—$3 ea. in the U.S.A.; $3.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $4.50 ea. in all other countries.
21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

Starting with Issue 33—$3.50 ea. in the U.S.A.; $4.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; $5 ea. in all other countries.
33 34 35 36

ARTICLE REPRINTS
PLEASE CIRCLE:
$1 ea. everywhere.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36
37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53
54 Travel:_____

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

Address.....

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

street quietly gay with only a handful of interesting cruisers. Most of the people walking the area were tourists with dates, heading for various smart night-clubs or restaurants in the area.

There are three main bars which aren't gay, but mixed. But as I mentioned earlier, you don't have to go to any bar in particular for action. You can usually find it anywhere. So if any of the following seem wrong for you, then go where you will be the happiest. You will probably have a better time.

Hilton Hotel Bar, downstairs below the lobby, is very elegant and cruisy. Mostly elegant foreigners and Turks come here. Expensive, of course, but very comfortable.

The *Café Boulevard* at Taksim Square on Harbiye Cumhuriyet Caddesi (under, and to one side of Taksim Park) attracts a nice quiet crowd of men to the bar. This is a pleasant place to eat and cruise. Food is fairly reasonable . . . about $5 for a meal. It opens for lunch and closes late at night.

Club 12 at 91 Siraserviler is a straight discotheque bar which keeps its doors open to gays. Since it is usually very mixed, it attracts all types. You should use common sense when cruising here. Drinks run about $2.50 and the disco opens after 10 p.m. and stays open until 4 a.m. Siraserviler is a street running perpendicular to Istiklal Caddesi at Taksim Square and Club 12 is only a couple of blocks from Taksim.

Lale Restaurant Pudding Shop is less a bar than a restaurant. But beer can be bought here, as well as food . . . very cheaply! Not especially good, though. Lale is across the street from the tourist information bureau in the Sultan Ahmet area on Divanyolu. This is a hippie-type hangout that attracts everything . . . racketeers, gays, heads, etc. The men you'll meet here are quite rough, so be careful. It seems Lale is always open. Best at night, though.

The most popular movies are on Schzadebasi off Ataturk Bulvari (toward Istanbul University and across from the mosque on Schzadebasi). *Yeni Sinema* is the largest and most expensive in the area. Tickets here start at 25 cents and rise to a still reasonable $2.25. Personally, I recommend the others nearby. They are cheaper (about 15 cents to 25 cents) and they get a more interesting crowd. Movies usually start about 11 a.m. and the last show is at 10:30. Mixed crowd.

Most Turks, when they must piss, piss outside. You do the same unless you are a *true* john cruiser. The smell in the urinals is strong and few Americans can stomach it without getting sick. There are toilets everywhere in Istanbul, but I could never force myself past the portals to find out if there was any action inside. The only exception was in the train station. This is a clean and cruisy john with toilet doors that lock. It may be worth your time to visit.

A must for all tourists are the steam baths (hamami). I find them very amusing and different. None of them have orgy rooms or exciting Arabian Night get-togethers, but they all have a nice selection of attendants. I would recommend during your first visit that you have an attendant wash you so that you can learn the routine. Select him well because he believes in giving *full* service. It generally costs about 80 cents to enter, and everyone who offers you service will expect a tip. Don't give anyone more than two lira unless they really give you special service. If they do, pay them only 80 cents and protest with: "I'm a poor American," if they demand more . . . then leave quickly. A caution: don't wear valuables.

There are only two hamami which are reputed to be gay. I didn't find either especially gay . . . just nice. *Tarihi Kilic Ali Pasa Hamam* at Kemeralti and Bogaz Kesen, in the Tophane district, is an old, interesting archeological sight and a good place to visit. Another baths is *Park Hamami* at 10 Yusuf Yilmoz, near the corner of the Petrol Ofisi (gas station, at about 118 Divanyolu in the Sultan Ahmet area). Since there are baths everywhere, try as many as you can. You won't be disappointed once you learn the routine.

IZMIR

South of Istanbul is Izmir. This is a modern city which is only a few hours by bus from a very fascinating archeological sight, Ephesus. Besides this, there are some excellent beaches in the area for those who like swimming. *Kultur Park* is probably the most important cruise area in Izmir. Since it is large, it may require some walking before you find exactly what you want. I found some cruising by the museum in the park. Incidentally, this park in August is used for an International Fair, so don't plan a visit to Izmir then unless you like crowds, and have confirmed reservations. The park is sometimes very good at night.

Also cruisy is the *small park near the statue of Ataturk* by the water (also at night). This monument is located at Ataturk Caddesi and Sehitler Caddesi. This park, like Kultur, attracts mostly hustlers. So be careful.

• • •

THE DOUGHNUT MAN
(Continued from page 22)

meet—I inched down. He'd never know (and it *was* medical!). I lifted it—and that monstrous heart of cock-flesh made my own leap to bolting tumescence. Bent forward, my lips close to his scented flesh—sucked his rosy knob—gobbled it right to the hairy butt . . . rubbed my nose into his hairy pubic curlies . . . oh, the joy of it swelling under my lustful suck, the hugeness of student-meat gorging my throat. Then mouthed his delicious balls, thick puddings of hairy unshed fuck-juice—I was swept away . . . lifted his massive balls and stared ravenously at the hairy slit nestling between his incredible swollen fuck-cheeks; swooped in, licking madly, sucking into his burning crack . . . .

He moaned!

God! The mouth-to-cock resus has really worked! "Ohhh . . ." Lovedew groaned. "What . . . ."

"You're all right," I said comfortingly. "You passed out from overwork. I'm taking you back to my apartment with Miss Plugwell."

He struggled to rise, that monstrous candle pronging between his delicious hairy thighs. "Come along," I said, asserting authority again. (I can be quite firm when I wish.)

Surprisingly, he offered no resistance, and Miss Plugwell, the dear girl, got his overcoat and hailed a cab—and not to be outdone for her money, slipped a whole plate of doughnuts in her bag.

What a *time* to think of food!

Well, we made it at last, half-carrying the poor boy up the steps to the apartment where he collapsed on the sofa. Trish looked round in surprise. "Arty, I had no idea you had such taste."

Really, these women-libbers! "I *like* purple, I said. "For the soul."

She pushed aside the petit-point I'd been working on (Mother had loved petit-point—where was the poor darling now?), removed Lovedew's overcoat, and I went to the kitchen to mix drinks. I carried them out and—*oh my God!*

Trish was on her knees and Lovedew, poor boy, had his thighs up over his shoulders, his huge cock pronging almost to his mouth, and Trish—*Trish!* had her lips glued to his gorgeous hairy hole, licking and sucking as if to save her life. Lovedew opened his eyes, misty with terror, saw me staring, and gasped: "Miss Plugwell is *most* insistent, sir."

Trish dragged her mouth from his darling hole and I saw it was all purple and pouty with the force of her suck. "Miss *Plug*well!" I admonished. She plunged into her bag, brought out the doughnuts and began crowning that sculptured magnificence of meaty delight.

"Seven," she gasped, his flaring knob still on view.

I couldn't stand it. Knew my own was up like a flagpole; knew Trish had seen it too—then—great cod-balls—I felt her hand at my zip, gently pulling it down as I stared entranced at Lovedew's purple-lipped twinkler. "My God," she gasped, drawing it out, "you're enormous!"

Warning bells clanged in my brain but I was too far gone to heed. Oh, that darling hole, his knees hugging his chest as he moaned, and I felt Trish's hand guiding, aiming the eye of my cock at the hair-fringed nest. She couldn't want me to—*never!* And Lovedew—what would he—OHH—so easy! Incredibly easy, the head sliding in, dilating the sweet lips, opening—I waited for his groan of agony as my monstrous shaft raped into him.

Felt Trish place her hands on my hips, forcing me on for some dark reasons of her own. Was she a voyeur? Knew I didn't care . . . oh, so hot, so moist and sucking tight on my shaft. Lovedew wrenched his arms under his knees; lifted his beautiful boy's bottom to my length as I sank it into him. Felt Trish urging me into him, up that burning student-asshole; heard myself shouting incredible obscenities as I fucked into him.

Heard Lovedew moaning over and over: "Oh, fuck me, doctor-man. Fuck your huge juicy doctor-cock up my asshole. *Fuck* . . . ME!!"

I felt his anal ring snap on my cock-butt, milking juice as I slammed into his ass; drawing out, ramming hard again, and it sucked the hot juice right out of my nuts, gushing up his raging boy's tube; spurting and bursting like I'd never creamed before. Lovedew screamed and a jet of milky sperm shot up, struck him in the face and he opened his mouth, gulping convulsively as his own sperm thudded down his throat.

My God, what had I done!

I wrenched out, the sound like a suction pump gone wild; streamers of ropy cum dangling from the organ I'd raped into him. "Lovedew, I'm most terribly sorry," I muttered, patting his ravaged ass with a tissue. He lowered himself, gasping. "Quite—quite all right, sir," he gasped, dabbing his face, chest. I simply couldn't look at Miss Plugwell—but to my surprise, she was jubilant.

"You see?" she crowed, dancing round. "Women are not the only sex objects of a man's filthy lust. What a day for Women's Lib! At last I have all the material I need for my article in 'WOMEN ARISE'."

"You—you wouldn't dare!" I said, horrified. "Names and—and all?"

"Of course," she smiled, and I saw her as she *really* was—a triumphant virago, hating men and only wanting to bring them to shame. "I've been planning this for months."

I looked at Lovedew, and together we closed our eyes in horror.

I finished the lecture, glanced despairingly at Lovedew in the front row. God, what could we do? "The pathology muscum," I hissed. "Ten minutes."

He was waiting when I got there. "If she goes through with it, we are ruined," the dear boy whispered, avidly inspecting a bottled penis, hideously gangrenous. The owner, poor dead fool, had shoved it in a vacuum cleaner; switched on; forgot it was industrial strength.

We moved along the shelves and I took down a most unusual bottle—three golf balls, a jar of Marmite, two potatoes (peeled) and a pair of ice-cube tongs. The poor fellow had died, of course. The tongs were apparently the last straw. "But what can we *do*?" I hissed, turning the bottle in my hand. The formaldehyde in it had pickled the potatoes, but the golf balls still looked usable.

"Could we plead with her?" Lovedew said. "Throw ourselves on her mercy?" He took the bottle, looked at it. "I was in Casualty when he was brought in. Quite bloated, he was. Hadn't passed a thing for weeks."

"It won't work," I said. "She's adamant!" I thrust the jar back, took another. Some silly woman's labia majora (both of them!), the one tattooed EAT, the other ME. She'd got hepatitis from a dirty needle, of course. Died before anyone could accept her offer. "We'll have to *counter*attack," I said forcefully. "Find out something about her and blackmail her into dropping the article."

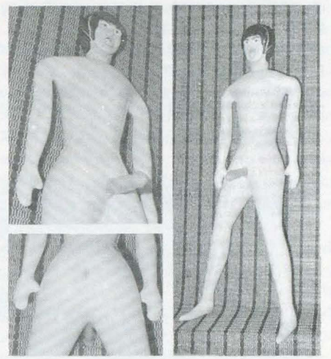
Lovedew looked wistfully at the labia. "But *what?*"

"The Doughnut Club!" I said, suddenly excited. "There must be something there. She's always talking about it. Perhaps—a Polaroid of her sucking . . . ."

"She's sucked everybody there," Lovedew groaned. "If there was someone new . . . ." He looked at me and I blushed, really, I mean . . . . "You could be masked," Lovedew murmured excitedly, and I had to remind him he was in the pathology museum. "They could bill you as—as . . . ." His eyes flashed widely. "Mystery Dan—The Doughnut Man—The Biggest Dong In Doughnut Land."

"You want . . . ." I gasped in horror. ". . . *me*—to become the *Doughnut Man?*" In a daze I handed him half a

BIG JOHN



Never spend another evening alone . . . simply take BIG JOHN out of the drawer, blow him up, and enjoy! He stands about 5' tall and has 7½" (1½" diameter). Mouth and back holes are snug but comfortable . . . lubricant may be used because BIG JOHN is made of completely washable plastic (shower with him!). BIG JOHN digs whatever you like doing and never complains no matter how mean you are. The perfect companion when you're alone—and a great friend when you and a buddy want a threesome. Stores flat in about as much space as a book takes.

BIG JOHN $39.95

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**
Order forms on page 54.

Hard Cards



A & AA



B

Here's somethin' that'll perk up your poker(!)—HARD CARDS. Three decks now available: **A. Delicious Duals** (our first deck) featuring humpy twosomes; **AA. Ram Deck** also featuring action guys; and **B. Swinging Singles** of loners with lots of meat. No two pictures alike . . . 52 cards in each deck plus wild jokers. Color pictures; backs of cards have same design. Specify deck(s) desired and age. Sold as a novelty to adults over 21 only.

A. DELICIOUS DUALS $5.00
AA. RAM DECK $5.00
B. SWINGING SINGLES $5.00

Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**
Order forms on page 54.

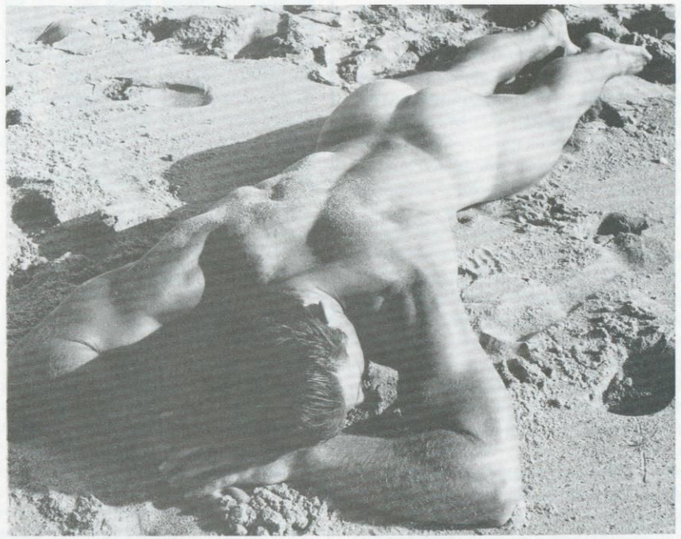
KENSINGTON ROAD
The Studio Quality Built

Our 32-page Catalogue Number One is now available for immediate shipment at $2.00 via first-class mail. For your personal inspection a selected sample photograph will be included. Please add 50 cents for airmail postage; $1.00 for airmail outside the U.S.

Despite widespread rumors to the contrary, we are not the largest studio selling the male nude; we merely have the largest selection of quality models.

Kensington Road, P.O. Box 347, Long Beach, Calif. 90801

You must advise us as being 21 or older!





the MEN of SIERRA DOMINO:

FOLIO No.1







We have a new book out crammed with hundreds of exciting, natural, and earthy photos of the Men of Sierra Domino. Over two dozen handsome masculine brothers show it like it really is, and they think you'll agree..... Black is Beautiful! Softbound, $7.95 ($1 1st class postage).

SIERRA DOMINO
P.O. Box 1478
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94101

For information on other Sierra Domino publications, our latest 8 page Newsletter and color samples, send $3 and statement you're over 21.

pickled ear (the remains of a lover's quarrel, followed by blood poisoning.)

"Why not?" he whispered hoarsely. "You'd be masked; no one would ever know—I'll see Alphonse and tell him I've found a new waiter." His hand crept out, touched mine, and oh dear, I had to take back the half-ear, remember where I was. "Please . . . *Arthur!*" he whispered.

Lord, what could I do? I gripped the chewed ear tightly, summoning courage. "Very well," I gasped. "I'll do it!"

The interview was just—dreadful! I wore old clothes, glued a mustache to my upper lip, practised a most *peasant* accent. But all the wretched Alphonse wanted to inspect was (oh, shudder) my penis.

"No good if she won't stand up, man," he said, looking sorrowfully at my great hanging log of flesh.

Lovedew approached timidly. "Perhaps if I . . . ." He blushed.

"Maybe you could—try," I gasped.

His moist pink lips opened, licked the drooping end of my Tired Tom, slipped back the foreskin (I do have a large prepuce) and ohh—the rush of blood to my corpora cavernosa left me weak and trembling. The Maitre d' gasped in horror, reeling from the vibrating pink spear as it sprang into massive life. Lovedew groaned as he tried to deep-throat the shaft—but impossible! His eyes bugged at me like grapes, choking on the first half, the rest of the great trunk stretching down like a tree root to anchor in the hairy slit between my swollen asscheeks.

Alphonse edged forward, crablike, afraid the thing would attack him, tape-measure in hand. He knelt (in adoration?), drew Lovedew's reluctant mouth from my throbbing organ and set his tape against the soaring shaft.

"My God," he whispered, worshipfully hushed. "Our first eleven-doughnut man!"

Nothing can describe my turmoil as I returned on the bus to the city. (The bus, I felt, was more in keeping with my role.) *Everyone*, I'm sure, was staring at me. Whispering. Giggling. 'The eleven-doughnut man'! That wretched Trish and her masculine women-libbers! I stared fiercely at my reflection in the window-glass; realised with a start of horror that half my mustache had fallen off.

"You *have* to do it, Mountwell," I begged. "Just ring her and suggest the 'Doughnut Club'—she will agree."

Professor Robert Mountwell (Obstetrics and Gynaecology) was a cunning devil. "I've heard about the place," he murmured. "One of my nurses went out there—came back with an acute glossitis—said she'd been sucking too many lemon popsicles. Seemed a bit old for that."

"Please Mountwell," I begged. "I'll pay your costs."

His shrewd blue eyes sparkled. "Why not take her yourself?"

At that moment poor Lovedew blundered in; then blushing furiously, excused himself. Mountwell frowning after him. "I can't explain," I moaned. The wretch! These unmarried professors were always so inquisitive. "Please?"

Mountwell relented. "Very well. Trish Plugwell, you say? What's her phone number?"

I took the bus again. Got off two blocks from the club; heavy sunglasses, muffled to the chin, walked with a limp. I went to slip in the side door and saw—*oh horror*! Lovedew's very words in blazing neon over the entrance—'MYSTERY DAN—THE BIGGEST'; I shuddered. Slipped inside and there was Alphonse—and all the rest of the waiters. Waiting!

"Your uniform," he giggled, handing me a mask.

"*This?*" I gasped, horror-struck (as you can imagine). "Try it on—for *size*," he murmured, clutching his sides with some kind of tetanic spasm. The others seemed equally affected.

"Isn't it sort of—gruesome?" I gulped. You've seen Batman and Superman and all those weirdos? A skintight thing with just my eyes and mouth showing. I slipped it on my head. "Where's the rest of my uniform?" I asked.

He handed me a cutaway evening coat, with *swallow-tails*. "That's all?" I gasped. "No shirt? No—bow-tie?" I simply *couldn't* appear without a bow-tie.

"That's all," he said solemnly. "Try the coat for—for size!" Again the tetanic spasm. Doubling up. Colic, perhaps? I should have brought my medical bag. I slipped off shirt, vest. Tried on the coat. Quite elegant really, even on my naked chest. I'm a well-built man of course. Keep myself fit with a little Karate, and I do have a thick growth of black hair on my chest and—elsewhere.

"Now," Alphonse said, panting (I *should* have brought my bag) "take—off—your—pants!"

"Couldn't I—have a trial run with my pants on?" I begged.

"Never! We don't want to give the club a bad name," he snapped.

Reluctantly, I slipped off my shoes, socks. Undid my belt, drew down my pants and they crowded forward, gasping and eye-bugging. I wear quite *brief* briefs really . . . little black-net things with just a pouch in front and nothing behind save a string that goes between your—your—and of course you can see just *everything*! "Is it *real*?" one of the waiters gasped.

Oh come, had they never seen nylon underwear before? Hesitantly I slipped them down and it all sort of—crashed out at once. "MY GOD!" the waiter moaned, and fainted dead away. I went to rush to his assistance but was suddenly enveloped in the most incredible mixture of groping hands and lips and hot tongues—and, oh God!—the hottest lips imaginable had gulped my hanging steak and within seconds it was a joint of mutton, almost lifting him from the floor as he frantically tried to follow its upward course.

Someone lifted my coattails, ripped open my cheeks and—ohhh—a hot tongue lanced into my burning twinkler, tongue-raping me.

I was on fire with feeling. Felt sperm rising hot in my balls and—*oh how I dreaded it*—the obscenities again . . . flooding my tongue as my back arched . . . as . . . as melon-balls swelling, as my spunking nuts squeezed their fuck-cream to an ass-raping boil—SHIT! I'd gush a ball-breaking blast of spunky cock-curds into this rooty sucker's horny mouth, then piss a scalding rain of golden man-head over his cock and balls and ass as he lay writhing under the searing acid-rain of my piss . . . . "FUCK ME!" I screamed as a thick finger rammed my hole, then a cock, stiff and rooty, fucked into me, spearing my rape-tube, stretching my ass-ring open . . . . felt fuck-cream bursting my nuts . . . felt it rising . . . rising . . . . AHHH . . . .

I screamed in agony as the flood gushed, sending the others scurrying for cover.

Alphonse stood there, the iced-water bucket dripping in his hand. "Back, BACK!" he snarled. "You want him to cum before the show?"

Thank God! Saved—in the nick of time! I squeezed iced-water from my lapels, flicked ice-chips from my chest curls, and Alphonse thrust a tray into my hands. "Tables ten to fifteen," he hissed. "They're plainly marked." He smiled. "Wait five minutes then come out."

He slipped in ahead of me (to dim the lights so I wouldn't be too embarrassed at my first attempt) and when the five minutes were up, I took a deep breath, squared my shoulders (my dong, fortunately, was now only half-hard from the iced deluge, pronging straight out at ninety degrees instead of an acute fifteen from the vertical), then I marched onto the dance floor.

Oh Jesus! (Pardon.)

A blare of trumpets like the Queen was coming, two dazzling spotlights blazing on my—my—(throwing its monstrous shadow on the floor) and a collective gasp of reverence that quickly changed to tumultuous applause as they recovered their senses. Then the lights slipped, pinpointed my wretched penis which lifted its rebel head with interest at the clapping. Found my groping way to Table Ten clutching the shreds of my tail-coat over my hairy thighs, and stammeringly said to the large lady who sat there mesmerized. "Madame, what will you have to eat?"

She flung up her arms and shrieked, "*You!*" and then dove on John-Thomas, gulping him into her rosy mouth, deep-throating like an Indian sword-swallower. I tried to ignore her; looked over her bobbing head through my mask holes to her husband. "Perhaps—you'd care—to order, sir?" I gasped.

He sat like one stunned, murmuring like the waiter, "Is it—real?"

I adjusted my mask. "Nylon, I think," I said. "Part of my—uniform."

His eyes became bulging peaches. "You mean you can—*buy* them?"

Edna-Mae ripped her lips from my organ like a berserk Hoover. "Then *buy* it, George," she moaned. "They do heart transplants, so why not a . . . ."

I didn't hear the rest. Her husband grabbed my coattails, drew me closer, held up his menu so that my—my—Oh Lord! It was then I realised the hole wasn't just to *see* through. I was *part* of the menu! The Meat course! He held its broad pages open, his face burrowed in, his mouth—oh, so hot, hot, such firm gums after he slipped out his teeth. I felt it rising again, that spermy rooty feeling, knew I'd start shouting obscenities if the fucking bastard didn't take his cock-sucking tongue off my red hot ass-splitter—I jerked out—just in the nick of time.

Edna-Mae grabbed the doughnut bowl, selected one (large size) and crowned my rosy dripping head. "Ohhh . . ." she moaned, eyes closed, slipping it down the endless shaft. George selected another, slid it down, his fingers lingering, dipping into the monstrous ruby eye as he sighed . . . . "Steak," he moaned. "Under-done. Dripping with blood . . . ." Then Edna-Mae's hand crept out. "Mutton," she breathed. Her hand cupped my balls, baby-dandling them. "And two *huge* potatoes, done in their jackets." She nut-bounced again. "And cocktails—stirred with your very own swizzle stick."

Really! I made haste to the kitchen, placed the order, and when I looked down, each doughnut had a twenty-dollar bill tucked into it. Heavens, at this rate I could soon give up the professorship and go to Africa. A jungle doctor!

Mother's dearest dream! I crushed a sigh, remembering . . . her last divorce (the fifth? sixth?) . . . so embarrassing. Where was the poor darling now?

While the orders were being prepared, I hurried out again. Table Eleven. *So* noisy. And no sign of that wretched Mountwell and Trish. Two couples at eleven. A brassy blond of thirty with three facelifts and a nose-buttock-and-breast job; with her a silver-haired portly gentleman (her father?) obviously wealthy—and two long-haired people-persons of indeterminate sex, one bearded.

The brassy blond saw my black-masked face, my froth of chest hair deep-rooted all the way down to curl in thick tendrils around the flower of my . . . . "God," she shrieked when she saw it. "Look at that monster!" She swooped immediately, and never—but *never*—has there ever been anything so tightly suctioning round my cock. My chest rose and fell as she sucked. "Your—your orders, sir?" I jerked out.

Poor Silver-top, snapping Amyl Nitrites under his nose as he watched his daughter wet-cleaning my dick. Her suck was incredible! I'd never felt anything like it since—since—the dawn of my memory! She raised her head at last, and I knew if she played with it a second longer, she wouldn't need to order cream for her coffee.

"God, Henry," she cried, squirming my juicy head, "I haven't seen anything like it since . . . since my awful fifth made me leave my darling little boy in a home." Her hand continued to caress, milking my fucking great monster of an ass-plugger, ready to squirt fuck-juice right down her cock-sucking mascaraed . . . . "Please Madame," I murmured, "I beg you . . . ."

But she continued juicing. "We used to play Mommies and Daddies," she wept. "I was Mommy and my little boy was . . ." she sobbed, "Daddy! But he had a bigger doodle-bunger than his Daddy *ever* had—nine inches long when he was seven."

A thrill of cold horror shook me! Two incredible emotions swirling like a raging sea in my breast. I knew my tongue and balls were out of control—ready to spit filth and jism—and I knew, with a blinding flash of knowledge—that this was—oh God!—*my mother!*

"Madame," I said hoarsely, "give me your fucking order and take your cock-sucking asshole of a hand off my filthy cunt-rammer, or I'll blast such a gusher of cock-curds that your ass-licking father there will drown in its immensity."

Mother screamed and clapped her hands. "Just like my little darling," she cried. "He was just the same when he was about to cum."

At seven? Even then? She began to beat furiously. "Come on, little boy, say dirty words for Mommy."

Thank God Mother couldn't see me now! Well, unmasked, that is.

She took a doughnut, ringed my dong, and pressed it down. Inside it was a hundred-dollar bill. "There! Now go to Henry the Ninth and show him what a *real* cock looks like.

There was no need! Henry's hand had crept under my coattails, fondled my hairy slit, then probed a stiff finger up my ringy-ding-ding. I squirmed my ass down on it, dog-rooting on the spike as obscenities leapt to my lips—SHIT! I'd blow a gusher right across the table into the people-person's beard, then mouth-fuck the little bastard as he gasped and clawed at my . . . .

I looked up, and Trish and Mountwell were bearing down on us; Trish had her mouth open, eyes bulging as she saw the new waiter's equipment.

"My God," she gasped. "Will you get a mouthful of *that!*"

"She's there," I groaned to Lovedew. "Out front."

His dear face became concerned. "Take it easy . . . Arthur." (For a student, Lovedew had become *very* familiar lately.) "But what will I do?" I gasped.

"You've got your Polaroid ready?" he whispered, juggling canapés.

"Yes," I cried, "but that's not all. *Mother's* out there!"

"Your *mother*? That dear old grey-haired lady on Nine?"

"No," I groaned. "That thirty-year-old blond on Eleven."

Lovedew stared. "It's cosmetic surgery," I murmured. "All over."

He gasped, then took my hand. I confess it was comforting. "Arthur—we're both depending on you. Your career—and mine! Remember . . . *Africa!*" I'd mentioned my little plan and he'd asked to accompany me when he graduated—something about Africans that fascinated him.

I still hesitated; took off my doughnuts and pegged them—we each have our own peg in the kitchen for 'used' ones—then Alphonse counts up and gets his cut. "Be brave, Arthur," Lovedew murmured, and gave me the littlest push.

I had the Polaroid hidden in my armpit and a tray of brandy snifters; unloaded the snifters to Mother and guests, then pressed on to Mountwell's table. Trish had coiled herself round Mountwell, her hand toying in the bulge between his thighs, yet he seemed anxious. "Let's get out of here, Trish," he muttered. "This place makes me nervous."

She looked at me archly. "Later. We may even take our beautiful waiter with us—if he's willing?"

Oh, Mountwell, beware! She'll trap you too! I squeezed the Polaroid tight, ready to whip it out when she sucked. But she looked at my organ—then up at me. "I've seen IT before somewhere," she mused. "Do you cruise Victoria Park?"

Really! These women-libbers! Well—I have *driven* through at odd times—stopped to admire the pansy beds . . . but Trish! Come to think of it I *had* seen women picking up men there. "Nah!" I said coarsely. "Don't never go there, lady. Ya wanna order now?" I thrust my cock through the hole, shoved the menu at her, but she stared at it thoughtfully, fingered it, frowning. I jerked it out. "Ya wanna play wif it, ya gotta pay for it," I snarled.

She didn't though. Just ordered, still frowning. I felt sweat burst on my brow as I fanny-wiggled, trying to get her interested. Then—I nearly dropped the Polaroid! Mountwell's fingers—moving—under my coattails—*into* my coattail! Mountwell, of Obs and Gynae, no less! God, he had stiff tight fingers for a single man—so much fanny-probing I suppose. I flared my cheeks, took in one finger, then two—ohhh—quite delightful! No wonder he was a good Obs man!

Then his fingers sucked out and he reached for a doughnut. "This is what you do?" he asked Trish, slipping on a ring. She nodded, and I beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen. *Another* hundred-dollar bill, and inside it, *the address of Mountwell's apartment!* I gasped, saw Lovedew come in, stare anxiously.

"Why haven't you taken the picture?" he hissed, hanging up used rings. Heavens, he *was* popular!

"She is suspicious," I breathed. What darling globes Lovedew had under that short little coat. So sweetly round and suckable. "It's hopeless, I may as well resign from the University right now."

"Never!" he said firmly. Really, I hadn't believed Lovedew had such strength. "Get her into the little room somehow." He paused, lost in thought. "Use Mountwell—tempt him out and she'll follow."

"Tempt *Mountwell?*" I whispered, the horrid truth dawning.

Lovedew looked away . . . blushing. "Well—I nearly failed Obs and Gynae; there was no other way."

"*Love*-deww! I said reprovingly. "I didn't know you were—like that!"

"It was an emergency," he muttered. "And so is this. GO on," he said sternly. "Do it at once."

Well really! So strong, so masculine! I grasped my tray, marched out filled with missionary zeal . . . for Africa!

Mother was still carrying on with her ninth—Silver-top. And with the number of Nitrites he was snapping she'd soon be after her tenth—with Silver's money. Oh Mother!

I hurried to Mountwell's table with their order, frantically trying to think of something tempting, when Lovedew solved the whole problem. Alphonse burst through the double kitchen doors, hand-wringing. "Is there a doctor in the house?" he implored. Automatically, I went to go, held back, and saw (to my delight) Mountwell sink down in his seat. Coward! Craven wretch! "You'll have to go, Mountie," Trish whispered. "Someone needs help."

"Will you come with me?" he muttered. "After all, I'm an Obs and Gynae man, and unless the guy is in labour . . . ."

Trish (she was always a cocky little thing) rose immediately. "Of course I can help—last year I posed for anti-VD posters."

I trailed after them. Thrust one of the hundred-dollar bills into Alphonse's amazed hand, and pushed him out of the little room. Lovedew lay ashen pale, his beautiful brown hair lying over his brow. Oh Shelley! Oh Keats! If I were but a poet . . . .

"Jesus," Mountwell said. "It's Lovedew from Sixth Year."

"You know him?" I murmured.

"Yes," Mountwell muttered. "He's a good student but not strong on Obs and Gynae. He—ah—nearly failed."

At that moment Lovedew groaned, opened his eyes and stared up at Mountwell. "Ohhh . . . darlinggg!" he whispered. "You want me again?"

Mountwell flushed, shuffled his feet. "Delirious," he said abruptly. "In shock. Thinks I'm someone else."

I turned the key in the lock. "So no one will interrupt," I smiled.

Lovedew lifted his arms. "Oh Mountie, darling, fuck me again, please, please! He rolled over, head down and ass up and—oh—I nearly shot my Polaroid at the beauty of those horny cheeks, the curly hair-fringed slit nestling between. "Why don' cha?" I said to Mountie. "Ain't no one gonna see."

I could see Mountwell had the roaring hots, his horny cock sticking up in his pants. He glanced at Trish, flushing, and she shrugged, and I knew the little devil would do an article on him too! "Why not?" Trish smiled evilly. "Fuck one hole, fuck 'em all!"

In a flash Mountwell stripped and leapt on, and oh, by the flaming balls of Aesculapius, was he ever rodded! A thick-dicked Roger-dodger like an oak root, bedded in red hairs that boiled round his balls like a brushfire. And his ass! For a gynae man, he was equipped! He aimed his horny cock-head at Lovedew's sweet, sweet asshole, positioned, then he *rammed*! Lovedew screamed softly into the flour bags he'd thrust his head into, but like a soldier, took it up the ass without a flinch.

I could see it had given Trish the randy hots. I looked at Mountwell's sweet white buns pumping into Lovedew, then Trish and I locked eyes.

"I—can't," she murmured. "It—it's my time."

These wretched women and their *time!* How*ever* do husbands manage? She moved towards me, started caressing my dripping red cock. "But if you like . . ." she blushed, and my rod did a bull-roarer bounce in her hand. "I can take it like—like *they're* doing."

I couldn't believe my luck! I'd fuck her in the ass, then sneak the Polaroid to Lovedew and we'd catch her, my rod buried up her brownie to the bristles! And *that* would end her wretched article!

I whipped off my coat, placing it and the hidden Polaroid next to Lovedew's groaning body and Trish (the dear girl), with all ladylike modesty, leant forward over the meatgrinder, lifted her skirts and pulled her dear panties halfway down. I was almost forgiving her, she was such a Trojan.

"Please—be gentle," she whimpered, glancing back at me. Jesus, she had lovely cheeks. Firm and hard from all her jogging. And the most delicate crack between haired with golden curlies. I took a pound of butter, greased rapidly, knew I'd have to go so terribly slow because she was virginal there—the poor darling.

Eased in the tip, pressed gently—and it must have been first-grade butter because my monster head slipped in and I buried three inches before I knew it. "Oh," she groaned, twisting down on it like a hula-dancer. "You beast, you're so—so *huge!*"

Another three inches and I was halfway in. Trish was moaning, grinding herself onto my raping tool, and I took her hips, rammed into her, heard her shriek with agony as the lance went three-quarters in. "Oh, fuck me, man," she groaned. "Fuck my ass with your monster cock, you ass-fucking, cock-sucking *bastard!*"

Trish! I rammed another inch; felt my head swim with a bursting ecstasy. Dear Trish, so brave and strong. I'd cunt-frig her a little . . . even though it was her 'time'. My hand crept under, beneath my massive cock-root as it buggered her asshole. Even though it was her time, she'd be sweet and ladylike down there—

Stopped—*horrified!*

Trish was no lady!

(*Continued on page 54*)

ORIGINAL THEATRE FEATURE
NOW! 8mm COLOR!
"BLACK AND BLUE"
The All Male S&M film that HURTS!
Reel 1– Strung Up Western Style!
Reel 2– Dungeon Bondage!
Reel 3– Bill Harrison w/s & Leather Games!
ALSO AVAILABLE–
'BOARDING SCHOOL HERO' (Chicken Rated)
'HOT FOR CASH' (Mid-20's)
'PEDALING MUSCLES' (Chicken Rated)
(Above–2 reels each)
1 REEL/$39–2 REELS/$69–3 REELS/$99
(must be 21)
FREE ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE FROM:
HANGIN' TREE RANCH
P O BOX 81988
SAN DIEGO, CA 92138

THE LIFE OF A MASOCHIST



A 120-page book with over 150 pictures and drawings depicting the life of a young masochist. **Send $14.50 to R.F.M., R.D. #1 East Lake Rd., Canandaigua, N.Y. 14424.** State that you are over 21 and saw this ad in QQ Magazine.

Copyright © 1975

THE SUPER SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS!©

BY A. JAY XXX RATED



OUR PULSATING PLOT NOT ONLY THICKENS...IT CURDLES! AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST EPISODE, OUR THREE FUGG AGENTS: HARRY CHESS, MICKEY MUSCLE, AND RANCID AGNEW HAD LOST THEIR TAIL ON DIARRHEA LEVINE-(PRONOUNCED LEE-VINE) WHO IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE SINISTER (AND INVISIBLE) SCARLET SCUMBAG! BUT THEN OUR GUYS SUDDENLY DISCOVERED A HOT CLUE AND TAILED DIARRHEA 'N THE S.S. TO JFK INTERNATIONAL AND AN A FUNGOOL AIRLINE FLIGHT TO FLORENCE. THE CLEVER DIARRHEA-SENSING DANGER, DONNED A DISGUISE 'N SLIPPED PAST OUR HEROES. ALSO, THE NEFARIOUS SCUMBAG HAD ARRANGED AN UNEXPECTED "SURPRISE" FOR HARRY AND FRIENDS ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN FLORENCE! HARD-ON LINGUINE, ONE OF THE NOTORIOUS LINGUINE BROTHERS HAD ABDUCTED OUR TRIO... AND WHEN LAST SEEN, HARRY, MICKEY 'N RANCID... GASSED AND UNCONSCIOUS... WERE HEADING FOR PARTS UNKNOWN IN THE REAR OF A TAXI!











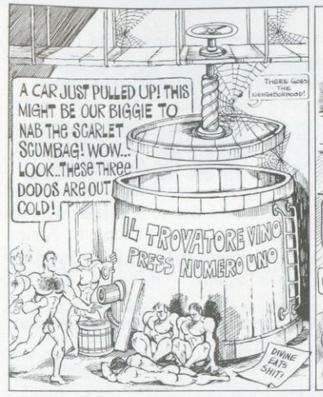








Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3































NOSTALGIA BUFFS!



35 issues of "THE MALE FIGURE" published by Bruce of Los Angeles from 1956 thru 1966, $25. These are collector's items!

Order from: **Athletic Model Guild, 1834 W. 11th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006**

Order Form For Merchandise Sold by QQ

Use this handy coupon to order any item advertised in this magazine by the QQ Publishing Co., Inc. (Do not order merchandise advertised by other sellers through us as we cannot process such orders.) **If you wish to use your Master Charge or BankAmericard your purchases must total $30.00 or more.** (Charge customers note: We retain this coupon to insure privacy; a non-specific description of merchandise purchased will appear on your billing.) If you do not wish to tear your magazine please send your complete order with information requested below, including signature if a charge order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. You must be over 21 to order.

Send To

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

Please send the following items:

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

.....$.....

TOTAL $.....

Please check:
I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money-Order in full payment for the above. Charge the above to my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard.

Card Number .....

Exp. Date .....

4-Digit Interbank # (Master Charge only) .....

Signature .....

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

Address .....

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

Please Print Clearly

Unless her tits had slipped!

My hand cupped—*balls!*

Great hairy swingers like a bunch of coconuts, and above them, the thick horny butt of a thick, thick tool, bucking and leaping under my ramming shaft up her (his) asshole.

Frantic! The thought I was fucking a young guy right up the old rammer-dammer sent an explosion of fuck-words belching out of my mouth and I punched home the last few inches, drew back, punched again, right up that old rip-snorter rape-pipe until my swinging nuts smashed against that bucking hairy butt doing a tortilla-tango against my hairy pubic forest, and then . . . oh *then*, you sons of bitches and cock-suckers, oh *then* . . . you hairy-nutted gorgeous meat-hung bastards. I *blew*—shot my spunk-laden nuts up that randy-dandy fuck-hole and blew and *blew* and BLEW!

Miss Plugwell (ex) screamed and creamed at the same time. I felt her ass-ring snap convulsively on my cock-butt as she bloomed—a creamy spurter right into the palm of my hot little hand. Then I grabbed her hair, jerked her head back, her mouth open, and with John-Thomas still buried to the butt in her ass, made her eat her very own words.

"Bastard!" I snarled, ripping out with a turdy suck. "Why, *why?*"

Lovedew and Mountwell were staring in horror, Mountwell's cock still buried bristle-deep up my darling's twinkler. I ripped off my mask and Mountwell gasped. "*You*, Allcock? You should be ashamed . . . ." He looked down at his buried tool, blushed.

"Even my psychiatrist doesn't know why," he/she whispered. "So how in hell could I? He said it's inverted penis-envy gone mad. I love/hate men and hate/love women."

"What's your *real* name?" I said sterly.

"Patrick," he whimpered. "You won't—beat me, will you?"

Mountwell rose, a delicious sucking sound. "Of course not, Patrick," he murmured, his arm around the shivering boy's shoulders—and really, as a boy, Patrick was quite attractive. Lovedew rose, jerked my eyes from Mr. Plugwell, and before I could stop such a shameless public exhibition, he'd glued his lips to mine and—oh—the indescribable feeling of that delicious body pressed to me, quivering with love . . . . There was a hammering at the door. "Doctor—come quickly!"

Without thinking, I opened it at once. Alphonse stood there, his eyes out like dog-balls. "It's Mr. Silverman," he gasped, "I'm afraid he's . . . ."

They carried him in, and alas, Alphonse was only too good a diagnostician. Mother, her dear eyes red with weeping, flung herself on my chest. "Alphonse told me the whole story—you dear, brave boy." Her sobs grew louder. "But what of me? Who's to care for me in my old age . . . and all that money?"

I lifted up her sweet face, one of the many she'd had done, pressed my lips to her recycled eyes. "Come to Africa with us," I cried, drawing Lovedew into the circle again. "Build a hospital . . . ."

"Dr. Schweitzer?" she murmured, her eyes starry.

"Too late," I said. "That good kind man is . . . ."

"A nun, then," she sighed. "I shall become a nun and serve all those handsome African . . . ."

"*Mother!*" I chided gently, my dong nudging Lovedew's thigh.

After all, she *was* in mixed company!

• • •

RIMMER'S WRATH
(Continued from page 7)

---

are limitless.

Rimming may not be medically desirable under any circumstances (and it's hardly a socially desirable practice in some circles) but it is a reasonably safe practice in this country—provided you avoid having sex with visiting foreigners, especially if they come from tropical and subtropical countries.

METAZOAL INVASIONS

Where ambebas thrive—in warmer climates, particularly the tropics and subtropics—so do helminthes (worms).

Threadworms are a common hazard. These small helminthes lodge themselves in the bowel, where they literally nibble your gut and secrete toxins that cause severe abdominal cramps as well as muscular pains, nausea, exhaustion and diarrhea. Larvae are ingested via contaminated drinking water and food and also by directly ingesting contaminated fecal matter during analingus.

The presence of threadworms, like amebas, may baffle your doctor and require the attention of a specialist knowledgeable about tropical diseases in order to isolate them and effect elimination. A new drug used for this purpose is Mentizol, a liquid vermifuge administered according to body weight; cure is effected in three or four days.

The same general advice, particularly about hygiene, already given concerning amebiasis, also applies to metazoal invasions. The same general rules also apply; throwing caution to the wind and parting a contaminated anus with your tongue may result in an experience you'll never forget!

QQ

Sexy! Exciting! SKIN WEAR

The Masterpiece



The MASTERPIECE by Tempo is a multi-functional body-contoured garment that can be worn as underwear—as a conventional brief or as a jock by unsnapping the rear coverup—or as swimwear by the daring. Fashioned in fine nylon with small vent holes and solid arrow for appeal where you want it. Elastic band and stretch material assure comfort. Basic white and brilliant red arrow only. **State size when ordering: S (28-32); M (33-36); L (37-40).** Buy more and save!

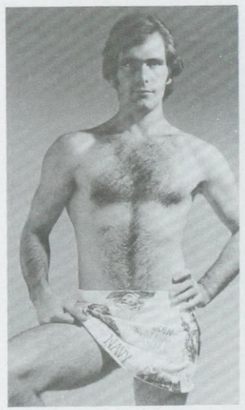
1 MASTERPIECE **$10.95**
2 MASTERPIECE **$20.05**
3 MASTERPIECE **$29.95**

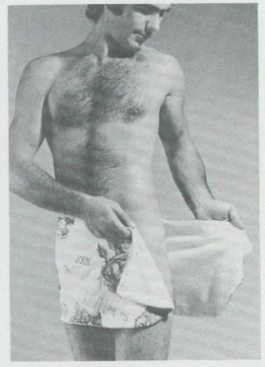






Coverboy





The Tempo COVERBOY is a clever one-size-fits-all wraparound; simply use the right set of snaps to accommodate your waist size. Great for quick coverups and lounging. The layered garment is made of absorbent terrycloth on the inside and covered with a colorful imprint ("Join the Navy") on 50% poleyster/50% cotton on the outside. Its stretch quality assures a snug fit. Has rounded corners and hangs in there at a tempting 11" top to bottom.

COVERBOY **$5.95**

The Mate

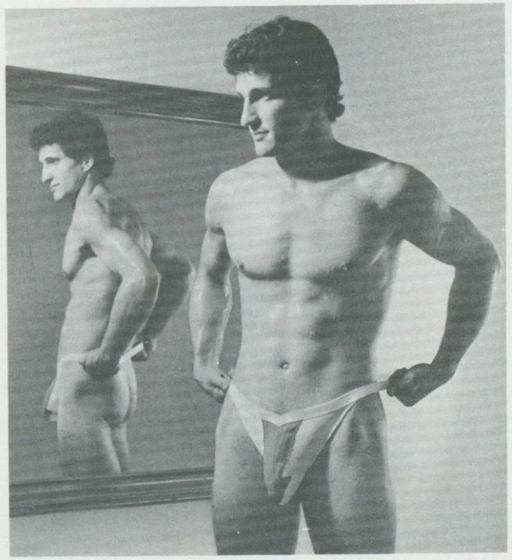




Get in on the skin rage at the beach without letting it all hang out . . . tie on a Tempo MATE and let nature do the rest. Fits great front and rear and no jock necessary. Sexy! Available in a colorful print only . . . we ship the latest designs we have in stock. Color preference may be requested but not guaranteed. **State size when ordering: S (28-32); M (33-36); L (37-40).**

MATE **$7.50**

Tempo Jocko



Let it all hang in the most revolutionary improvement in men's underwear since the brief. The TEMPO JOCKO is contoured to fit your privates naturally—with no seat or leg straps to bind or chafe. No unsightly seams under snug pants either. Stretch helanca and gentle elastic edges assure support plus comfort—no matter how heavy you are. Basic white with brilliant red arrow for appeal. **Adjustable waistband . . . one size fits all.** Buy more and save!

1 TEMPO JOCKO **$4.50**
2 TEMPO JOCKO **$8.50**
3 TEMPO JOCKO **$12.50**
6 TEMPO JOCKO **$23.50**

Order From
QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. Garments cannot be returned for sanitary reasons . . . be sure to provide proper size when ordering. Orders totaling $30 or more may be charged to Master Charge or BankAmericard . . . see order forms on page 54.