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For Gay Guys

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Editorial: The Spirit of 1976? ..... by The Editors 5

Circumcision: Introduction to Surgical Procedures ..... by The Editors 7
Part I: The Infant ..... by Joseph Halpin 8
Part II: The Adult ..... by George Desantis 11

The Condom Makes a Comeback ..... by Terry McWaters 12

Gut Issue: The High Colonic as an Aid to Sex ..... by Roger Watson 14

Tricks & Treats for a Youthful Skin ..... by Frank Samuels 17

Gays In Sports ..... by Walter Norris 19

Fiction: Dr. Loverod and The Africans ..... by John Castledine 21

The Tricentennial Celebration of the Discovery of Sperm ..... by Paul Bledsoe 23

New Ways to Communicate Old Wants ..... by Philip Bailey 24

Moscow: Sex Life in a Straitjacket ..... by Jon Lorrimer 27

QQ's Man of the Month: Gerry ..... by Dudley 28

Book Review ..... by The Editors 30

Odd Son ..... by The Editors 44

The Super Adventures of Harry Chess ..... by A. Jay 52

Personals ..... **Bonus Pull-Out No. 6**

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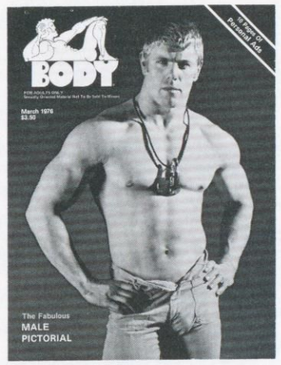

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Editorial: THE SPIRIT OF 1976?


Western Photography Guild

THE Liberty Bell is in Pennsylvania, you know—in Philadelphia, to be exact. We all know what it stands for . . . The Spirit of 1776. The fellow who wrote the following letter happens to live in Pennsylvania, not too far from Philadelphia. Surely, he must know about the Liberty Bell. Is his message . . . The Spirit of 1976?

The letter reached our offices a few weeks ago. It was among several objecting to the exclusive presentation of Black models in our special Caribbean issue of *Ciao!* We present it verbatim, as it was written for publisher George Desantis:

Hey De Sante

Why don't you come off of it. There is not that many niggers in the whole United States and Africa. Why don't you start to print a gay magazine for gay people.

I am,
(Signed)

Another writer, a travel agent—a man you'd think would be interested in all the peoples of the world—objected strongly by saying, ". . . the darkies go or my subscription goes!"

In this magazine, and in all our magazines, except for special publications such as our Caribbean issue (which we felt was fitting for an all-Black presentation), we try and have something for everybody. Certainly, we use more White models and few Blacks because we strive for a "slice of life" presentation—and there are more White gays than Blacks. Page through this magazine. It is typical of our color balance. We think it's a realistic balance. A fair balance. A desirable balance.

Do you?

Really. we want to know. If we are running too many Black models—or, for some, too many White models—let us know. We value your opinion. Is our friend from Pennsylvania right? Tell us. We will respect your privacy and not publish your name or letter. All we want to do is give you the magazines you want.

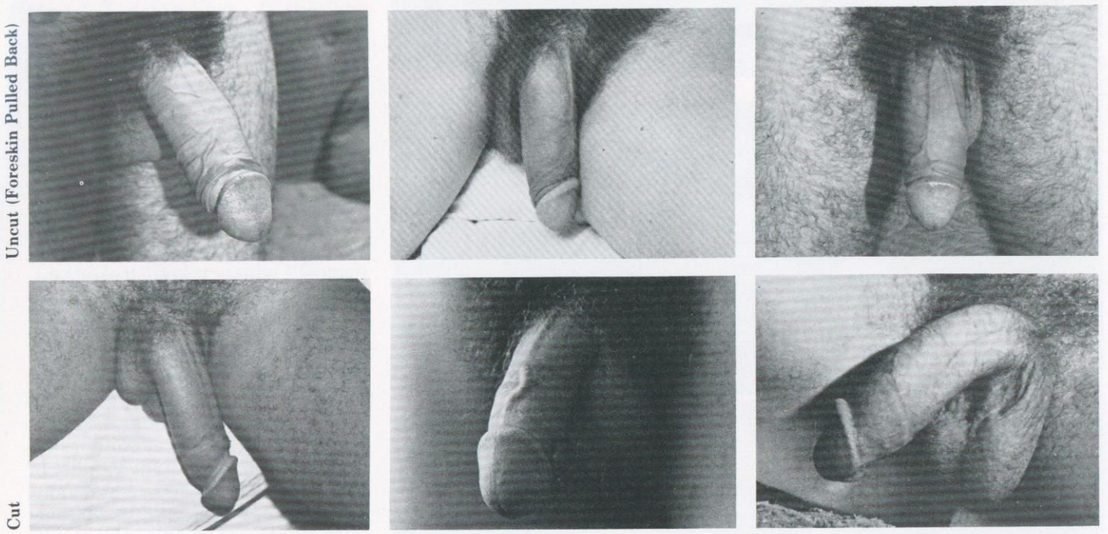


Dudley

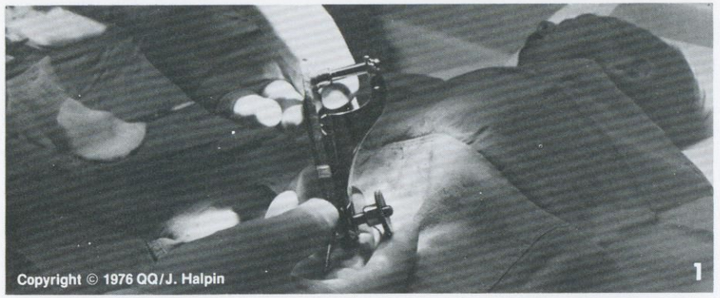
An Exclusive Feature In Two Parts

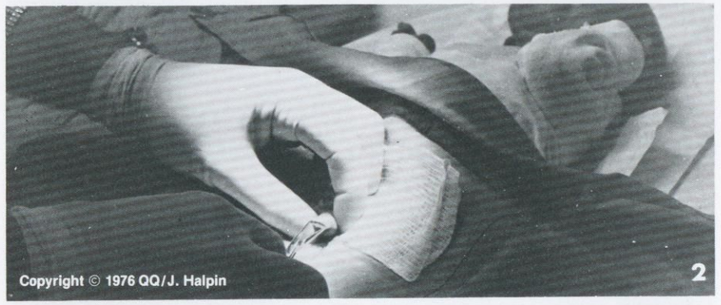
CIRCUMCISION

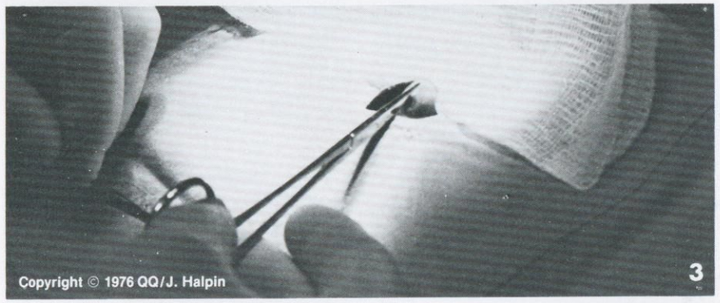
Surgical Procedures For The Infant & Adult

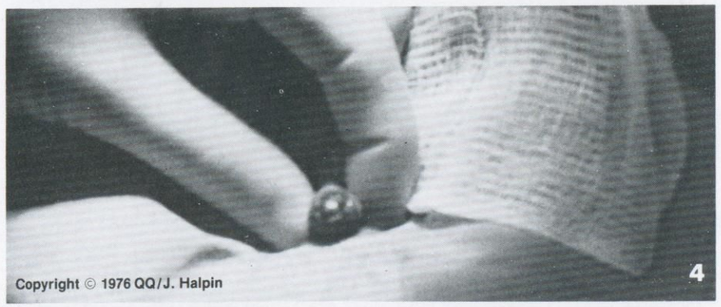


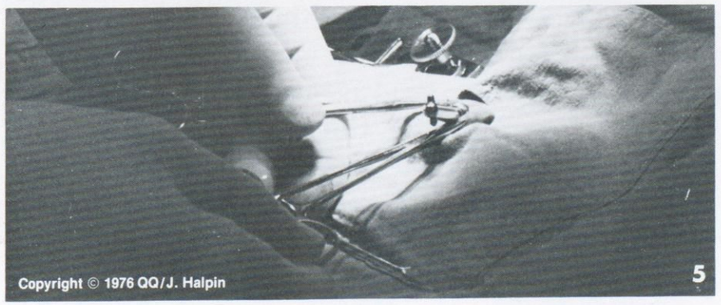
The debate concerning the pros and cons of circumcision continues. The subject is too often of major concern to the adult homosexual who feels strongly one way or the other, and this interest in circumcision is of significance to the gay community because the arguments contribute to misunderstandings and disharmony between individuals. It is the adult who must cope with a problem he in no way contributed to; for each and every one of us it was our parents who determined our present condition. And the attitudes we have concerning the subject, as well as acceptance of our own cut or uncut phallus, have been formed over years of pleasant or unpleasant experiences, both physical and mental, and are directly related to sex. Too often, biased partners create feelings of embarrassment and insecurity in their mates whose anatomy differs from their own. Too often, ignorance is responsible for the rejection of a sex partner because he is or is not circumcised. In this double feature we do not attempt to argue for or against circumcision. What we do aim for is a better understanding of the subject among our readers, through education concerning methods of accomplishing the operation in infants and adults, and the psychological factors that contribute to the decision making of an uncircumcised adult to change his anatomy . . . forever.











Part I: The Infant

CIRCUMCISION: A Mark For Life

By Joseph Halpin

CIRCUMCISION sparks hot debate and fence sitters are scarce. Several years ago an Alaskan doctor, John M. Foley, published an anti-circumcision article entitled "The Unkindest Cut Of All" in a now-defunct periodical, *Fact* (July-August, 1968). The spate of hate mail which ensued prompted the good doctor to say," . . . the battle of the foreskin is on." While other articles of a similar nature have appeared in medical journals (and by nature, were safely confined in medical school libraries), the Foley article touched off a terrific discussion in every circle. For once, mothers-to-be were questioning the validity of having their new-born boy babies circumcised. Not that a time-old practice was radically altered, but there did exist now a rebuttal to the premise that boys had to be circumcised for reasons of health. When the Foley article died away, there appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* (June 3, 1975) an article arguing for and against the operation. The battle was on again.

In this country, Canada, the Philippines, and most African nations, routine circumcision is quite the accepted norm. In the latter two countries it is performed with some type of puberty rite, often fraught with filth, lack of antiseptic and anesthetic. In more enlightened situations, boys are cut very shortly after birth in the hospital under proper medical care. In either case, there is some type of cutting and removal of the foreskin done, but few, except medical students and doctors, really know just what *does* constitute a circumcision. Is it as brutal as the Dr. Foley article described or just a routine, simple snipping of the foreskin as some of the pro-circumcision doctors state?

Having read up on the subject in advance I found that only one medical text contained any photographs of a circumcision (and these were sparse). Other texts resorted to drawings or verbal descriptions. To satisfy this gap, I enlisted the aid of a doctor who agreed to let me photograph him circumcising a two-day-old child at our local hospital. With the help of this doctor (who prefers to remain anonymous), I possibly have the first complete set of photographs of the operation.

THE METHOD

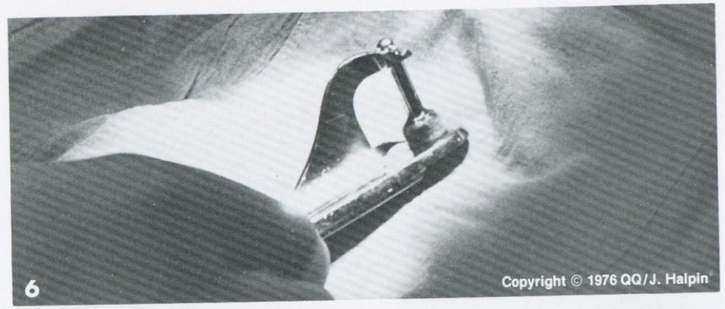
A liquid merthiolate-antiseptic is spread around and the infant is placed in a plastic, baby-sized cradle and tied down by both legs to a "circumcision board."

The most common method used for the last 40 years is the "Gomco Technique." It is the safest because there is practically no possibility of accidental mutilation. Invented in the 1930's, this method, using a clamp called "Gomco," is most prevalent not only in the U.S. but wherever circumcision is practised.

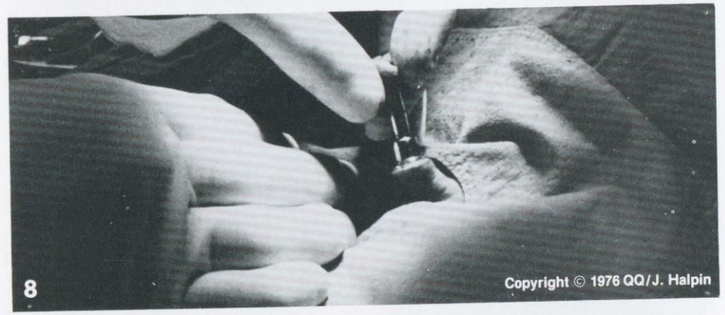
After a circumcision towel is draped around the genital area, the doctor takes the penis and very carefully stretches the preputial opening with a Kelly clamp, a blunt, serrated, scissors-like device used later for crushing flesh.

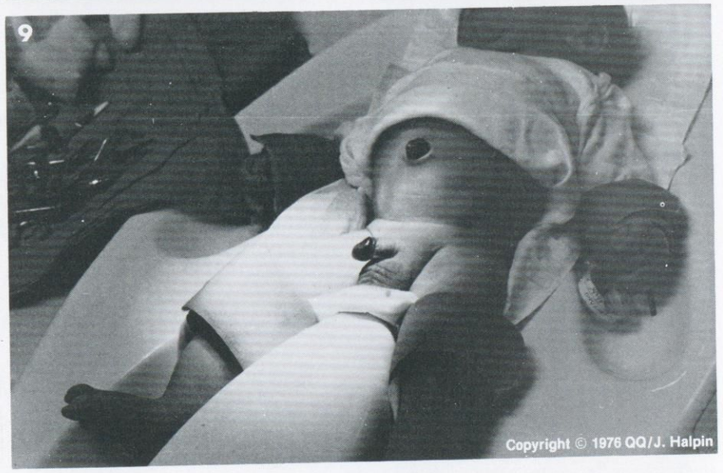
After opening, the foreskin is stretched loose from the glans, pulled back to the rear of the glans and then the Kelly clamp is inserted lengthwise. By clamping the flesh thus, there is little pain and practically no blood when the foreskin is slit up to the back of the glans. This is accomplished when the clamp is removed five minutes later. Now the glans is exposed.

A small amount of Vaseline is smeared on the glans, and then the bell-shaped plunger part of the Gomco clamp is placed over it. The foreskin is then pulled over the bell and the clamp is tightened so that the skin is crushed between the ring of the clamp and the bell—the purpose being to prevent bleeding. After a few moments a scalpel is employed to cut around the base, thus severing the foreskin entirely. The clamp is kept in place for about ten minutes, and then removed, along with the (*Continued on page 30*)









1. The Gumco clamp. 2. A Kelly clamp is used to stretch the preputial opening. 3. Then it is inserted lengthwise the route of the incision that follows. 4. The glans is now exposed and covered with Vaseline. 5. The bell-shaped plunger part of the Gumco clamp is placed over the glans. 6. Then the foreskin is drawn over the bell and firmly secured. 7. Next, the surgeon crushes the foreskin between the bell and its surrounding ring and cuts around the base. 8. After 10 minutes the clamp is removed along with the foreskin. 9. The wound is surgically dressed and healing occurs quickly. (Photos by the author.)



Athletic Model Guild

Part II: The Adult
CIRCUMCISION: Prime Cut
By George Desantis

The following article is reprinted here from the December 1972 edition of QQ magazine. It expresses the psychological reasons that contribute to adult circumcision. More importantly, it relates these motives and the physical and mental changes resulting thereof to gay sex. This is of greatest importance to the adult homosexual—and not health or religious factors that frequently contribute to circumcision in adult heterosexuals. The method employed is only one of several used. Technique differs from infant circumcision because the phallus is fully developed. This presents possible complications related to excessive bleeding, and healing. It should also be noted, in contrast to infant circumcision, that the cut remains where it is made because the organ does not stretch from growth as it does as the child develops. Thus, the proper cut is essential to an aesthetic look since an excessive amount of foreskin left behind will not in time be "pulled" into place as the phallus increases in length and girth from normal growth. It is also important that the proper amount of residue be left to permit full erection; most doctors who perform the operation on adults are aware of the importance of this "accordion factor." We reprint this article rather than present a new interpretation simply because it expresses the adult point of view . . . exactly as we see it.

I have been accused of going to great lengths to secure an unusual article or information for a good story for *QQ Magazine*. This time I have gone the limit: *Eight weeks ago I was circumcised.*

It is now late July 1972. I am at Fire Island, as good a place as any to "test" the results of my operation . . . this summertime paradise guarantees *maxi-sex* with *mini-effort.*

At no time in my life—and I have been sexually active since I was 11—have I ever experienced sexual rejection. And I am promiscuous—perhaps making my success more extraordinary. Now, if this statement makes it seem as if I am taking an ego trip . . . that is not my intention. My only purpose is to establish that all the ordinary reasons underlying adult circumcision were absent in my case: My uncut phallus was attractive. Its foreskin was neither long nor short and pulled back easily during sex (though I often preferred not to do this because my glans became very sensitive when aroused). Cleanliness was never a problem, and daily showers and general hygiene—a matter of course for me—eliminated the possibility of smegma forming under the foreskin. And religion was not a factor.

Then what motivated me to undergo such an operation and alter—as a result of it—a sexstyle which had taken me years to develop? What moved me to chance possible impotency through the elimination of a great deal of sensitivity at a time in my life when sexual decline is less than light years away? Why should I ignore all the literature on the disadvantages of circumcision—and the comparatively weak arguments supporting it? Did I have any reason to defy my many friends, both circumcised and not, who admired my ability to perform with "feeling"—and who preferred my "unbutchered" look?

The answers are:

1. In my eyes all things being equal (size, shape, etc.)—the circumcised phallus is more attractive than the uncut variety in its *relaxed* state (to me, they are equally attractive when erect). There are probably as many people who disagree with me as those who are in agreement on this point—but for me at least, and for myself only, this feeling caused a mild hangup concerning exposure in a *non-sexual* situation. I have always been proud of my body, and when erect was somewhat of an exhibitionist. The effect was a dichotomy; on one hand I avoided stripping in locker rooms, etc., and on the other, in a semi- or fully-erect (*Continued on page 30*)



Above: **Photo by Alexander.** Below: **Looking downward (which distorts its size and shape) at the phallus three days following adult circumcision. The illustration is included to show the swollen shaft (note that its girth is broader than the glans) and the ends of the sutures.**



The CONDOM Makes A Comeback

An Old Friend/ A New Disguise

By Terry McWaters

UNTIL *Summer of '42* straights had forgotten that contraception was once the province of the the man. With the Pill and various intra-uterine devices, however, the condom had been rendered obsolescent and the onus of protection from the patter of little feet had shifted from the man to the woman. Gay guys, however, who'd never think of 'riding' sex other than 'barebacked', couldn't have cared less about the condom. Mention it, and many would have thought it something faintly Elizabethan —like the codpiece or the chastity belt. The renascence of the condom occurs simultaneously with the rise in sexual permissiveness among heteros, homos, and bi's. Today, with sexual roulette the name of the game, with sex carefreely available, and sexual mixupmanship rife, the true-grit gay risks the chance that his exciting trick is but hours—nay, moments!—away from an infected partner. Thus the condom has taken on new dimensions solely as a prophylactic—its originally intended purpose—as a shield for the cock against vaginal or rectal V.D. It also protects the gay wearer whose cock comes in contact with feces from a host of treacherous organisms that can enter the urinary tract via the urethra and cause havoc in the bladder and as far up as the kidneys.

CONDOM CLEANLINESS

But we gays are concerned more with cleanliness than the health value of the condom, or—until now—with its sexual novelty. For example, when cruising a meatrack, john, or other public action spot—tricking with many or just one—the thought of putting on one's pants and going home with a cock still dirty from having entered an unclean partner is repellent. The more sexually active we are, the more we come to favor the condom as a shield. By pulling it carefully down from the top, and off, it can be disposed of easily without soiling hands or pants. Then, too, if one wants to stay in a meatrack all night, without coming, one can fuck/be sucked without a trace of embarrassment, knowing that the cock—being clean from trick to trick—will not unpleasantly surprise the tastebuds of another's mouth.

Fist fucking is becoming 'condomized' too. Even though one operates at home—with sink nearby—the thought of getting feces under the fingernails is not pleasant for some. For others, the thought of getting fingers/wrist/arm involved in what might be a 'stacked deck' is also not happy. Condoms come to the rescue. Because they are so small and easily carried they are especially valuable for meatrack use.

THE NEW STYLE CONDOMS

The principal difference between older-type condoms and those available today is the new thinness of condom material. With newer developments in rubber and synthetics, the contempo condom is 'filament thin' compared with the heavier, less malleable types one became aware of in *Summer of '42.* Then one could buy condoms only in drug stores, and only on proof of age. One was not considered 'copulative' until 21! Unfortunately, using such utilitarian condoms of another era would be very much like masturbating in a mitten. On the other hand, the thinner—yet just as fully protective —new condoms create the oddest sensation of having a second skin!

A NEW SENSUAL MODALITY

Sucking the condom-clad cock has proved to be a really far-out variation for some. It's a sensual modality new and different . . . wild for both aggressor and passive partner, because it makes possible a dual turn-on; one is making love with a *sex toy* to a *real cock*! The aggressor trips through a new sense of taste-plus-touch. Mouth sensitivity is rendered more exquisite. The aggressor, delighting in his ability to trigger a wilder turn-on, feels omnipotent!

The passive partner finds that he's really not so 'passive' after all. First, the unusual warmth around the cock generated by the 'other' warmth of the heated condom material. A different, 'creeping-up' kind . . . a different eroticization. Also, the slicky slurpiness of the mouth operating around the condom's exterior surface adds its own fantastic new sensation. Far different from mouth-to-cock contact.

COLORED CONDOMS

On the face of it this would seem of doubtful value. Yet the new-style condoms are being produced in black and peppermint stripes, as well as in white and pastels. This also affords a completely new turn-on because the sense of sight is being invited into the sex act, along with the different sensations of taste and touch.

The anal recipient, however, will—in the main—be just as turned-on by white, since he can't tell whether the condom is puce, pink or purple, and likely couldn't care. Still he *may* fantasize more, knowing that he's now 'color coordinated'. In turn, this will stimulate the aggressor more and he will redouble his efforts. It will also do no harm to say that the *black* condom is somehow rendered 'ethnic'. One who has often wished he could fuck a Black, or be 'attacked' by Black monster meat, will now have a vicarious opportunity. Need it also be said that the hand-jobber is going to get a big boot out of this, too.

The silken sheath of the new condom offers better hygiene and cleanliness in sex—facts that should not be disregarded in this age of bisexualism. And for the inventive, cleverly-impromptu gay guy (but then, aren't we all!) this new prophylactic-cum-sex-toy may provide a Dionysian turn-on he could experience in no other way!

QQ



Athletic Model Guild

GUT ISSUE

AQUATRICKS FOR ANALANTICS

BY ROGER WATSON

THE simple anal mini-douche is no stranger to most of us. For the occasional sexist it's good preparatory hygiene, while for those who see heavy action it's not only a daily pre-sex ritual but possibly an after-sex *must* if some tricks on the scoreboard for a particular day have not been as hygienically vigilant as they might have been.

The mini-douche, given via syringe, or more easily and with no fuss/muss with the handy *Folding Douche Bag*, serves to cleanse the anorectal sexual arena without needlessly involving the higher reaches of the colon. Too-frequent *higher* douching tends to upset the rhythm of peristaltic action and causes one to surrogate nature with artifice.

But there are others who indulge in such a variety of far-out analantics, especially those who are into the gut issue of fistfulfillment, who are not only turning *to* but turning *on to* the 'high' of the high colonic—particularly California gay guys in the Los Angeles area—that physiotherapists are having a field day with the super sexists, particularly those heavily into aleatory (wildly improvisational) sex—or, specifically, into fistfucking, to 'nitty-gritty' and 'pinny-pointy' it.

Although any major hospital necessarily staffs one or more physiotherapists, generally only in quite large cities such as Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York have they become extensively established in private practice. And at $10 to $20 per high colonic they're 'cleaning up' in more ways than one. More power to them, as we shall see.

The physiotherapist has always been an honored and necessary adjunct to complete hospital care; it's just that the sexual variation of 'farther-up' sex has given wider range to his talents by calling for a longer/more frequent 'extension' of his service. As a corollary to this it might be said that so many male physiotherapists are gay, that this new 'high' in gay sex is also increasing their own scoring opportunities. So watch out . . . your physiotherapist may be up there 'higher' than you expected!

WHAT IS A HIGH COLONIC?

It is the *complete* enema, extending from anus to pylorus (the opening of the stomach into the small bowel)—or, one might say, a kind of reverse-play 'from stern to stem'. It can be given only by a licensed physiotherapist who will either sensorily divine, or quickly get to know, the vagaries of every inch of the 32 feet of your intestine. And it can be given only on a specially-constructed table with a recessed sink at one end, to which are connected special hoses and pressure valves.

To simplify the procedure so that a clearer/more clinical picture emerges: The patient lies either nude or loosely aproned, flat on his back on the table, with his buttocks at the sink. Some physiotherapists, however, prefer to place the patient on his left side, particularly if he is heavy, so that there will be less pressure on the sigmoid colon, and freer evacuation can be facilitated. Once in position the nozzle of a hose is inserted in his rectum.

Water is alternately/automatically (sometimes manually) injected and removed with its accumulation of dislodged waste. A gauge indicates pressure and resistance, and a plastic or glass opening in the hose shows the density and complexion of fecal matter. This latter observation is important in several ways. Not only does it tell the physiotherapist how blocked or dense the feces may be, so that he can adjust his controls accordingly; it may also reveal the presence of blood. This can be the result, not of a ham-handed fist roughing up the gut, but the hemorrhaging of an ulcer, or a cancer one might never have learned about until much later, in view of the characteristic silence of the nerveless gut, or—frequently—some irritation of the *diverticuli* (pouch-pockets bulging out from the colon like an air-bubble on an automobile innertube . . . everyone has diverticulosis to some extent). This can be reported to one's physician for possible gastrointestinal evaluation by X-ray. Certainly, even from the doctor's frowning point of view, it can be said that fistfucking isn't all bad when a high-colonic reveals serious symptoms that, happily, can usually be corrected because the trouble is caught in time.

Each time water is reinjected into the colon it goes higher because it meets less fecal resistance. When this in-and-out water therapy shows no further resistance on the gauge, and only clear water appears through the viewer, the hose is withdrawn and the colon is squeaky clean. If you could see your gut at this time you'd find it a pretty *glans-penisy* pink throughout its length. As a do-it-yourself corollary to the high colonic, you might like to know about

THE SAUERKRAUT JUICE THERAPY

European physicans, beginning with the famous Father Kneipp, have long recommended a once-weekly therapy to keep the entire intestine 'prinky pink'. Here's how to do it:

Have on hand in your (*Continued on page 43*)

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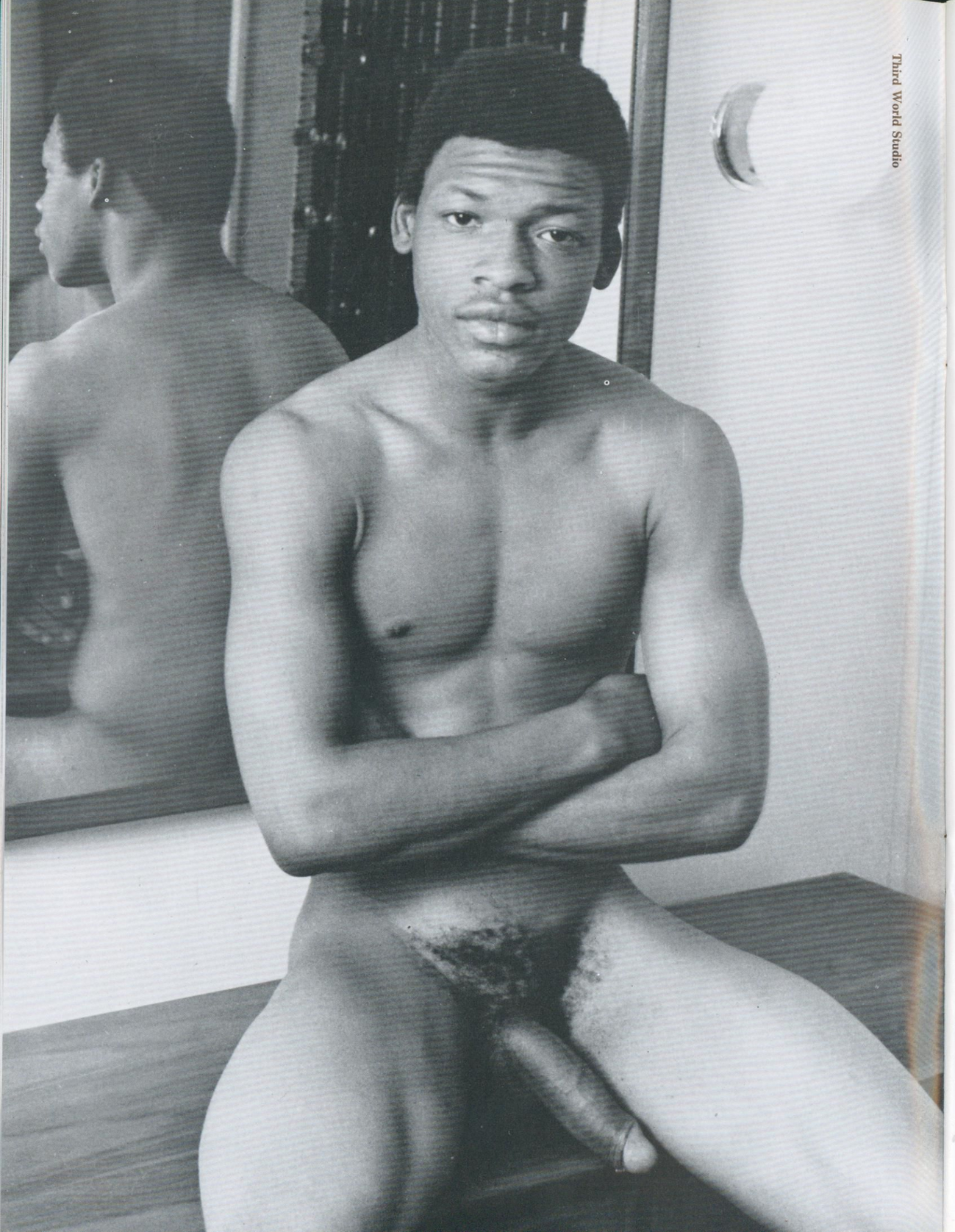


Third World Studio

Tricks & Treats For A Youthful Skin

By Frank Samuels

IT has become almost a cliché to say that, on the whole, gay guys look younger than equal-age straights . . . eons younger, some say. And just as frequently the explanation given is that somehow we have been blessed with certain unique hormones that sustain youth much longer—something that sulking-in-the-corner straights wish they had, but don't. Pity.

Of course it's ego-trippy to be envied for some inner Fountain of Oneupmanship, but don't make book on its being a bubble-bath of obliging hormones. The fact is, because active gay guys *need* to look younger to fang-and-claw-it in the keen competition of our lifestyle, they guard their looks even more than their 'honor'. When the sheet is pulled back and the pillow plumped, 'young' gets you farther longer!

Most of us work assiduously to maintain a clear skin . . . a good muscular tonus (without necessarily going into an intensive bodybuilding program) . . . and to stave off creeping, tattletale fat around the midsection. This is not only good cosmetic insurance, it's wisely healthful. Thus the diligent prolongation of youth is a daily job few of us shirk. But more important, it's *how* many gay people go about this that makes it work so effectively. We should like to discuss some simple techniques that work to excellent effect—in fact, they may be *so* simple as to seem simplistic. But be assured that they are not something we've dreamed up for the occasion, but tried-and-true therapies approved by leading dermatologists.

ABOUT YOUR SKIN

How you care for your skin is *how* the world perceives your image. It is a vital, dynamic system/organ that, when kept in peak condition, tells the world about a vital, dynamic *you*. Two statistics may interest you: 1) Your skin makes up one sixth of your total body weight. 2) It contains one fourth of your total blood supply. If you will frequently visualize it as a powerful machine that tries hard to do a good job for you, you will understand all the better why keeping it healthy with daily care will encourage it to produce abundant 'youth cells' that help keep you looking younger longer.

The outer and visible layer of the skin reflects the functions of the body. If all is well inside, the epidermis projects this information accurately. So if you have not been feeling up to par, the first thing you should do is to have a complete physical examination. By correcting what is dysfunctional inside will make the outer approach to the job all the easier. Unless this is done, any patch-up or cover-up job on the outer skin is to treat the symptom and not the cause. The initial blood your physician takes for several analyses will quickly tell him what, if anything, needs correcting internally. Beyond that, your first priority is the scientific . . .

Cleaning of the skin. The city/town dweller must be more vigilant and work harder to keep his skin in perfect condition. This is because city water is chlorinated, or otherwise chemicalized, to make it safe for drinking. Chemicals of any kind act harshly on the epidermis. In your cross-country travels you may have noted that most of those humpy farm lads you've met almost invariably had perfect complexions. Washing in pure well water, or pumped-from-the-earth water, or plain rainwater caught in cisterns (the softest and gentlest) gives them a cosmetic insurance not easily available to the urbanite. Nature filters impurities through the earth, thus chemicalization is unnecessary.

Certainly you can't be expected to hold out a pan from a window and trap rainwater in a high-rise city apartment building. But why not do something just as good? Go to your supermarket and buy a jug of distilled water, or natural spring water. Of course distillation removes all chemicals from even the most 'treated' water, since in its final form it is the essence, instead of the original water. Spring water is pure, too . . . its healthy mineral content is left untouched, and there are no chemicals to contend with. Distilled water is the more expensive because it costs more to process. But a gallon jug of natural spring water will cost you only about 90 cents. You can store it in your refrigerator, once opened, and heat just enough of it to cleanse your face every day.

No soap! It takes a chemical to solidify soap into a bar. At very least the chemical is alkaline—thus irritating to the skin. (You know how true this is when you get a little soap in an eye!) There are excellent liquid soaps on the market—particularly the non-allergenic kind. But they cost a lot. A long-time favorite of gay guys everywhere is simple **Noxema Skin Cream.** Get it at any drug store. Because it is soluble in water, all you need do is massage a heaping teaspoonful of it into the skin and just rinse off. And if you'll rinse with distilled or bottled spring water—never hotter than lukewarm—

—the effect is just *(Continued on page 41)*



Gays In Sports

By Walter Norris

AS bodybuilding has achieved greater popularity, straights have labeled it a 'homosexual' sport. Of course, there's some truth to this because a liaison with homosexuality so frequently begins with narcissism, and a gym without wall-to-wall mirrors just does not exist. Reinforcing this simplistic jingoism by the gay-haters is that—unlike other sports/sportsmen—bodybuilding/bodybuilders have been played strictly for laughs. For example, rarely has any TV program presented even the greatest (and, most often, straightest) physique star for what he legitimately is—a hard-working man with a worthy goal. In deriding the bodybuilder the pointy-heads would have everyone believe that only football, baseball, tennis and hockey players have that all-essential 'maleness', thus "gay guys need not apply."

So imagine the prattfall of straight America when a series of syndicated articles by Lynn Rosellini, entitled *Homosexuality in Sports*, appeared first in *The Washington* (D.C.) *Star* and then, via The Associated Press, in newspapers throughout the land. Perhaps you read them. They dealt specifically with homosexuality among *star* athletes of those 'real man' sports—athletes who, in some parts of the country, have been virtually deified. That they might have 'feet of clay'? Never!

What happened? Precisely *zilch*. Except for a few gentle "Dear me, the sky is fallig!" laments in Letters to the Editor of certain metropolitan dailies, no real criticism has surfaced. This is all the more remarkable when one considers the wide coverage of the articles and that they appeared just as the sports season was getting into full swing, and that undoubtedly every sports fan read them to the last juicy detail.

Once heads of sports empires, such as Pete Roselle and Bowie Kuhn, almost assuredly would have been forced to launch an investigation of their ranks. As a predictable pattern, a gay *pogrom* would have followed to weed out every last homosexual from national sports. But instead, the silence from all sides—and particularly from the gay-haters—has been deafening.

Why, then, does one write an essay on silence? To what end? Because, in our view, this silence has, for once, some happy portents for gay guys. This silence is fragmented, and so are our thoughts about it, but we should like to share them with you.

1. Silence may be a healthy sign of progress in gay/straight relations. In silence one intuits that no national outcry is likely to occur, thus more casual acceptance of the *status quo* is probable. With no anguished "No, *no* . . . say it *isn't so*!" from straight sports protagonists, obviously there has been much soul-searching. We would seem to be bathed in a happier light as a result.

2. We believe that such silence is partly sequential to the two episodes of Sgt. Leonard F. Matlovich and Oliver (Bill) Sipple. The former proved that gay guys are as rugged as the ruggedest straight by not only disclosing that he is a homosexual, but taking on the entire U.S. Army high command to prove by his many acts of heroism under fire that homosexuality is no deterrent to being a fine soldier. And Bill



Sipple, having saved the life of President Ford, proved by his act of heroism that operating within gay circles has nothing to do with fast reflexes and being a proud Marine. We believe that even the most rabid gay-haters could do no less than admire these men, and that possibly, for the first time, have shamefacedly kept their mouths shut. Thus national sports figures, in declaring their homosexuality, have likewise demonstrated the same unafraid heroism, and in doing so have not only silenced criticism of themselves, but possibly, in the future, or our way of life.

3. Then too, such silence may reflect a typical American sympathy for the under-dog. Writing in the New York *Post*, James A. Wechsler compares the wider acceptance of gays in sports to that of Blacks in sports. We quote: "The recognition that a clean-cut, massive left-tackle may prefer the sexual companionship of males may have as revolutionary an impact on American stereotypes as the emergence of Black athletes. The old coach in *The Championship Season* may nostalgically recall the era when basketball was 'a white man's game'. But he isn't coaching anymore." As we have so often seen lately, the diehards of today are the fans of tomorrow. So may it be in the integrality of gay/straight life.

What it all boils down to is expressed in another of Mr. Wechsler's remarks, to wit: "With the spreading realization that some of the heroes being cheered on weekend afternoons may be spending the night with a partner of their own sex, many cliche images of homosexuality may be similarly overcome."

By no stretch of imagination are we suggesting that only clear sailing is ahead for gay guys in sports, but excellent articles by such penetrating writers as Lynn Rosellini (who, incidentally, is a woman) will do much to smooth the passage.

If your local newspaper did not carry these six articles, we suggest that you write *The Washington Star*, Washington, D.C. for reprints. Whatever the charges may be for them the articles are worth it. You'll feel so proud. They will help you realize, as Mr. Wechsler says, that "Gay athletes will yet have their day out of the clandestine shadows and into the sun. And the republic will survive."



Athletic Model Guild

Fiction

Dr. Loverod And The Africans

By John Castledine

I was quite surprised when the Dean called me into his office at the University. I couldn't think what on earth I'd done wrong. "Please sit down, Dr. Loverod," he said. (I'm not a medical doctor, but I'll tell you about that later.)

I made my countenance open and frank, and to put him at his ease I said, "It's really quite a nice day, don't you think?"

He stared (some people think I'm a little odd), then he muttered, "Yes. Yes, I suppose it is." He poured himself a port and handed me one. Well, I don't usually drink but I thought I'd better oblige him. "We've had a request," the Dean said, "from a friend of mine in the United States—a Mr. Marcus Ogilvie—for a book on African culture. He's offering five thousand pounds down and another five thousand on completion. Are you interested?"

"It does sound a lot of money," I said dubiously. "It's not something (I hesitated)—*illegal*?"

He looked at me over his port—the Dean has rather protuberant eyes—and said, "It's a special kind of book. You'd have to go to Africa and travel through the most primitive areas still existing in the world today." He paced the room, almost excited. "He's—" the Dean shrugged, "—a kind of philanthropist. He wants to capture the last remaining elements of primitive society, untouched by the corruption of western civilization."

"All in one book?" I asked.

He pursed his lips a fraction. "Yes, Dr. Loverod."

"What about my students?" I said, dismayed.

"Mr. Hatterly will take over until you return. However, you shall take two with you as assistants. Perhaps—French and Swithers?"

I smiled at that. "How nice. They're promising lads."

He pursed again. One of his little habits. "Another thing," the Dean said, looking at me carefully, "you'd have to get married."

Well—to say I was amazed is not doing credit to the depth of my feeling. "*Married?*" I said, my eyes wide.

"Yes," he said gruffly. "Don't you know anyone?"

"There's Emily," I said doubtfully. "She *might* consider it. We've been going out for seven years." I looked sideways at him. "*Why* must I get married?"

"Because it's a sex book," the Dean said flatly, and before I could recover, "completely uninhibited and detailing the sex reactions of the primitive African—on paper and film."

"*Photographs?*" I gasped.

He nodded. "Both still and movie."

"Oh dear!" I said. I mopped my brow with a silk handkerchief I carry for that purpose. "I see why he's paying so much."

The Dean studied me. "By 'Emily', do you mean Dr. Emily Morganstern of the Faculty of Science?"

I nodded dumbly, amazed at his research. "Excellent," he said. "She's one of the best photographers in the country." He handed me an envelope. "Here are four tickets on the 'Trimaric'—it leaves Southampton on Friday. I thought you'd best go by ship, then you could take all your photographic equipment with you. Mr. Ogilvie will be in constant touch, and requires detailed progress reports. Is that understood?"

Oh dear! My very life seemed in danger. "Quite," I said, and staggered from his office.

Emily was delighted. "Dickie, it's just marvellous." (I wish she wouldn't call me that.)

"But why did he choose me?" I said, picking lint from my navel. (We were lying on her bed in the women's dorm.)

"Well darling, you *are* the best known anthropologist in England—and all your research *has* been on the sex habits of the primitive male. You're a natural."

I took off the silly bra she made me wear (she said it reassured her I wouldn't do anything foolishly masculine) and stood up. "Very well. Do you want to get married this afternoon, or shall we buy cameras and things?"

Emily glanced at her watch. "Caxton Street is closed now. Better do it tomorrow. French and Swithers can be witnesses."

"Jolly good," I said, and went to leave.

"Dickie!" she called. "The girdle! Will you *never* remember?"

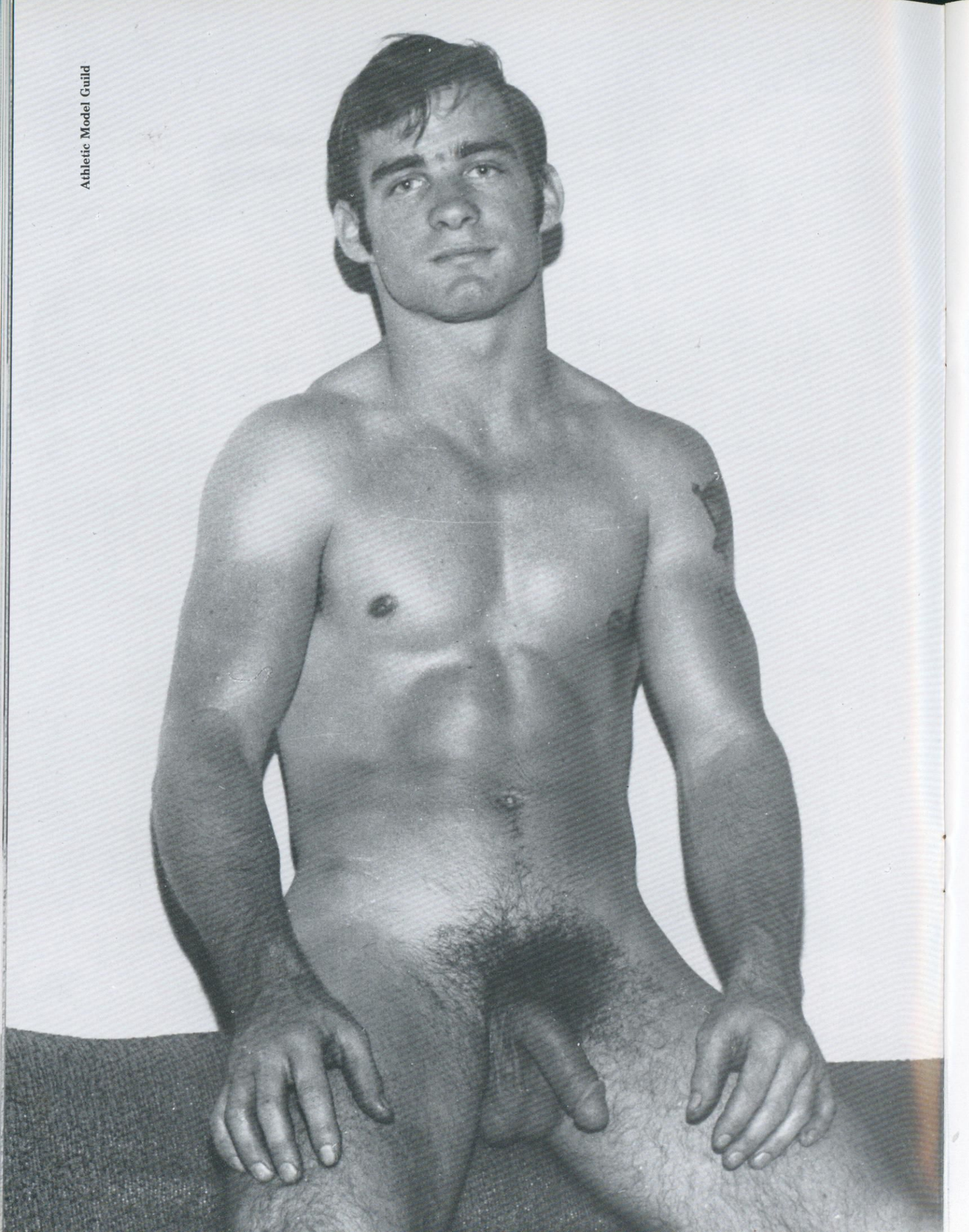
I smiled ruefully and took it off, tossing it back to her. I really *am* absent-minded.

The registry office was cold but we were soon through with that business. Outside, Emily took my hand. "Don't you want to kiss me, Dickie?"

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"Because we're married."

"Oh really, Emily," I said, (*Continued on page 44*)



The Tricentennial Celebration Of The Discovery Of The Sperm

By Paul Bledsoe

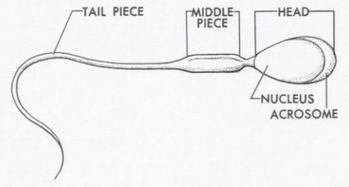
NEWSPAPERS recently reported a sexual incident in which a white woman, although faithfully married to a white man, gave birth to a black baby. While the incident is not unique, what is unique is the discovery of how this can happen. In this age of sexual enlightenment it might be supposed that the biological reason would have surfaced long ago. Yet, when one considers that 1976 marks only the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of sperm, and how it works, the delay is not unusual.

Stunned by this 'black comedy' of errors, the husband jumped to the conclusion that his faithful wife had not been all that faithful . . . that she had been fucked to a fare-thee-well by a black—which she vehemently denied. She'd had sex with no other man, she told him, and what happened must have been a freak of nature. Coldly unconvinced, the husband filed suit for divorce. But in her countersuit—after much investigation by lawyers and doctors in her outraged behalf—here is what had happened:

Nine months earlier—and just one day before impregnating his wife—the husband had pulled a quickie caper with a black woman. A busy prostitute, she had failed to douche completely after having serviced another customer of a few minutes before—a black—and so the white man's cock picked up a spermatozoon lodged in a drop of the black man's semen and trapped in a fold of her vagina. Spermatozoa can live for two days after ejaculation, hence this, plus the fact that the white man had been careless in his after-sex hygiene (so typical of straights and bisexuals), made it possible for that one spermatozoon to fertilize one egg, and thus the surprising *denouement.* It is not amiss at this point to urge our gay readers to be very careful in having sex with bisexuals; we have a far higher standard of genital hygiene than they, who are often 'straight' careless, and we've got to look out for them as well as ourselves.

ONAN WAS A NO-NO

The Israelites also didn't understand the mechanism of sperm but



they had a healthy regard for its mysterious power. Decimated by war and pestilence, they sought to rebuild their tribe, and so a law came down making it a capital crime for a man to waste his semen. This, of course, is exemplified in the famous 'sin of Onan', and it has given masturbation and gay guys a bad trip for more than two thousand years. As Hebrew legend has it, Onan was ordered to impregnate the wife of his slain brother, but "spilled his seed upon the ground." Modern rabbinical thought, however, is that Onan was not so much a devotee of self sex as that he was gay, and to have sex with a female was, to him, sheer nonsense—so repulsive, that when he could find no inspiration in the body of his sister-in-law he simply finished off the dismal chore via hand job, coming *on* her instead of *in* her, thus, symbolically, "the ground." Furious at being rejected, she reported him to the chief rabbi. Onan was promptly tried, convicted, and stoned to death.

We've suffered for the "sin of Onan" ever since. Religious leaders still use it to tar our lives. Politicians use it as a weapon to deny us our civil rights. What a paradox that what began as a simple *pro-tempore* tribal ordinance of necessity has been subverted into 'divine law' and gay guys continue to bear the brunt of it!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SAMMY SPERM!

Sperm, too, has had a rough time of it. As discovered under the microscope of a Dutch scientist, Antony van Leeuwenhoek in early 1676, Sammy Sperm is about one five-hundredths of an inch long and has a tiny oval head and a long, whiplash tail which he uses to propel himself toward Edna Egg. Here are some of the obstacles that may prevent him from "getting to the church on time." *Timing.* An egg is released only once a month and lives one day; sperm, two days. If successful, Sammy and Edna connect in that brief span. *Distance.* A blastoff ejaculation may land him about a foot away from Edna. Swimming at the speed of three inches per hour he just may make it. But then he can get detoured into the wrong oviduct; or get caught in a patch of hair, and hung-up; also, the trap doors . . . like out of Boris Karloff! Here again Sammy can be imprisoned and failed to connect with Edna in time. Such a cliff-hanger!

All this was the microscopic discovery of van Leeuwenhoek, and is fact. What is still a mystery is the mechanism of sperm release in the testes; what occurs in the seven-meter-long epididymis, that portion of the seminal duct lying back of the testis and connected to it by the efferent ductules of the testis, where the sperm matures after leaving the testes; and how sperm undergoes 'capacitation' inside the female, which gives it the ability to fertilize eggs.

On the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of sperm we know a lot about its mechanism and how we got here. Perhaps in less than three hundred more years we'll know the full story. But then there won't be any more mystery about it . . . and mystery is the leaven of sex. What wild trips we've been on with Sammy Sperm . . . what glorious experiences we've had without knowing the mechanics of sperm-production. Will we come to regret the slow, implacable advance of science? Perhaps.

The Spirit Of 1976

"Rally 'round the flag, Boys!"

New Ways To Communicate Old Wants

By Philip Bailey

OVER the years—and in all likelihood, down through the ages—gay guys have employed symbols to communicate their availability to gay others. For example, in the Roaring Twenties it was the red necktie that served as our private *scarlet letter*—until it was picked up as being fashionable by straights who were convinced that the *gentlemen* who wore them must have received secret messages from the designers abroad. Soon, every Tom, Dick and Harry was sporting a red necktie and its intended meaning was lost in a sea of scarlet.

It's been that way with so many other items—worn at first by a select few not because they were fashionable but as a secret *coat of arms* to help separate the gay wheat from the straight chaff. But straight guys, especially the With It men of today, are quick to pick up new trends, *misinterpreting* them as being purely fashionable accessories, and in popularizing them thereby distort their intended meaning. Just consider a few such items that have been rendered meaningless as gay symbols because they have been absorbed by the masses: keys worn at the hip, on the left to indicate aggressiveness and the right by those who prefer a passive role; pierced ears to hold a tell-tale ring; baggy army duds; "jock" footwear; and now, baggy white butcher/carpenter pants and coveralls. Such things are introduced by gays primarily as symbols but as soon as they are used by the masses they become trendy and then, like all fads, disappear altogether.

Perhaps it was the Polynesians who provided the clue to gay leathermen, by using flowers worn on the ear to indicate marital status, that wearing keys at the hip on one side or the other might serve to communicate sexual preference concerning aggressiveness and passiveness. In those days—in fact, only a few years ago—the custom provided an easy way for role players to find each other out without wasting time asking foolish questions about preferences; the dangling keys told it all. But the keys were a natural for dungarees, and everybody was wearing jeans, so the accessory was picked up by the masses as still another piece of *jewelry*. And so, these days dangling keys on the right simply means the wearer is right-handed, on the left if he is a lefty. Now a trend, soon a fad gone forever.

The latest trend, not new but still catching on, is the colored neckerchief worn in the back pocket; like keys, on the right by passive partners, and on the left by those who want to take command. It made its appearance a few years ago, when too many others were beginning to wear keys; the leathermen needed a newer, more reliable method of conveying their sexual radar waves to like others. Thus far, the custom has not been adopted by straights primarily because they do not recognize the significance of cloth dangling out of a back pocket.

At first, the standard red neckerchief was what everybody used. In recent months a handful of enterprizing gays who have commercial interests in the neckerchiefs have managed to establish new codes via articles in gay publications carrying their advertisements. And their message has come through—creating a new market for them and a more sophisticated means of communicating sexual preference without uttering a sound for us. Ads appear regularly in gay newspapers and almost all leather stores stock an array of colors.

The neckerchiefs, worn like hip keys, spell out a guy's basic wants—as well as specific preferences. These discreet signals are conveyed through various colors and designs (which are so involved that one almost needs a glossary to untangle the jargon). The basic colors, however, communicate quickly—once you learn your rainbow. And the trend will continue until the masses take to wearing neckerchiefs in their pockets.

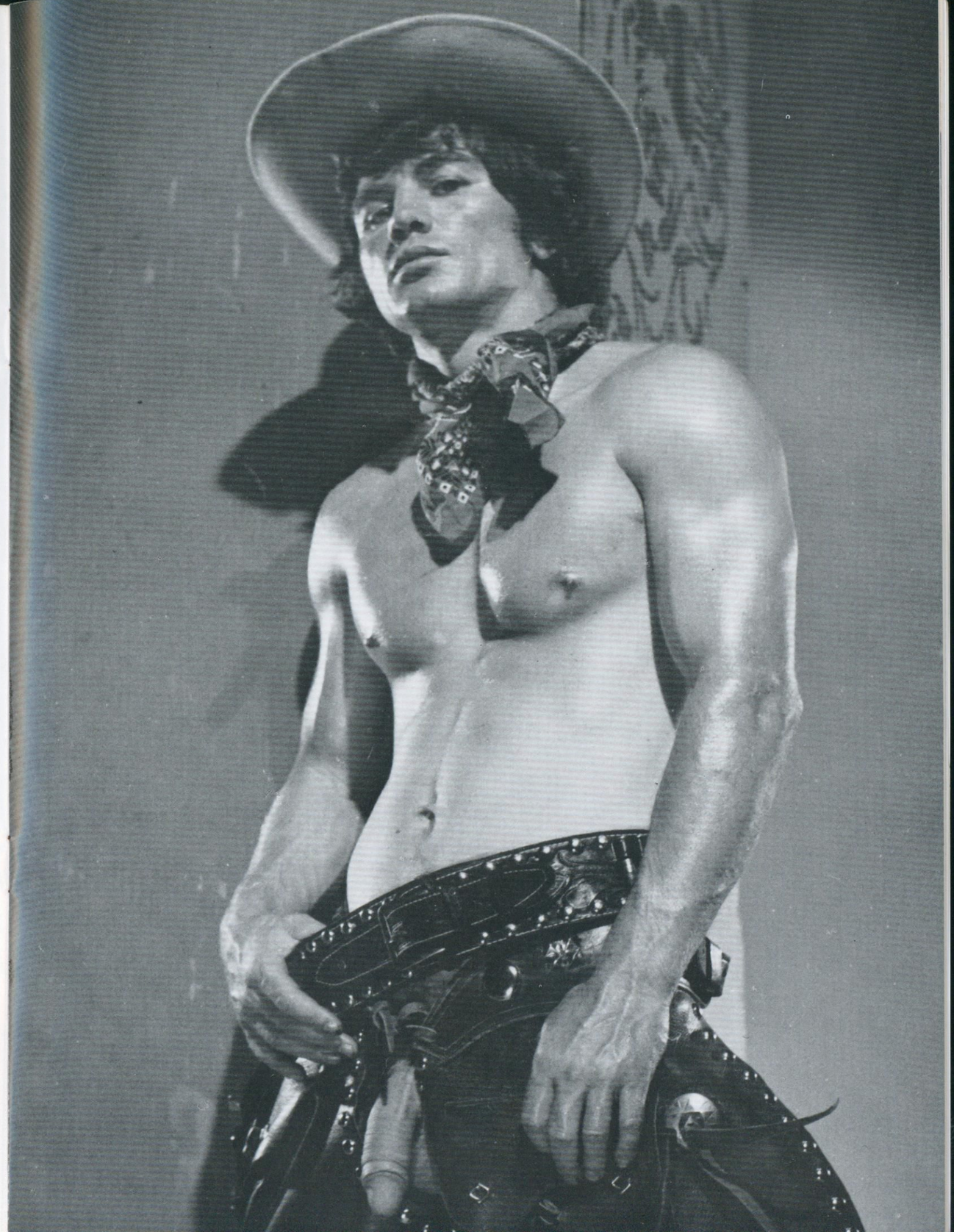
The use of the neckerchief helps convey a kinky message without wasting time on silly questions. They help those shy guys who really want to get into some heavy action but who are unable to express themselves in conversation, or who fear being rejected by a prospective partner encountered at a bar as soon as unusual bed preferences are discussed. The neckerchief dangling out of a rear pocket makes the point.

There are drawbacks, however. While the neckerchief is a great help in avoiding partners who want the same thing you want—it sometimes keeps two guys who might make great sex partners from meeting because they are wearing the same colors on the same side. If you are versatile and enjoy switching roles the neckerchief might in fact hinder your sexstyle by limiting availability. If a prospective partner who in all other ways grooves on you spots your flag flying the wrong color on the wrong side you'll lose out.

If you aren't into neckerchiefs yet but want to make the scene, here's what you need to know:

- Worn properly only with dungarees or rough jeans (coveralls, etc.).
- Worn half hanging out of the back pocket; on the right if you are passive (i.e., want to be mastered), on the left if you are the aggressor (i.e., want to master).

Most neckerchiefs, true to their Western heritage, are red. Once, this was the only color used to convey aggressive or passive (*Continued on page 54*)



Athletic Model Guild





Sex Life In A Straitjacket
The Moscow Makeout

By Jon Lorrimer

EACH year, when still another noted male ballet dancer defects from the Soviet Union to the United States, his now-stereotypical explanation for his coup is that he was artistically stifled in Moscow or Leningrad and needed the funky freedom of the Manhattan ballet stage to fully express his art.

Gay eyes, of course, float ''Isn't-*he*-the-one?'' heavenward at this, but to most lovers of ballet it has the ring of truth. Yet when that now free-as-a-bird dancer continues to traverse the same old 'Petipaths' of *Swan Lake, La Bayadere, The Sleeping Beauty, Raymonda, Giselle* and *Les Sylphides*—perhaps tossing in an occasional ten minutes of ballet-boffo, such as the *pas de deux* from *Don Quixote*—the explanation, if at all remembered, has lost its original validity. For what he *didn't* say was what he *couldn't* say . . . that his cloistered cock also needed greater freedom. Ah, well . . . Mother Russia's loss is our gain. But someone might just once clue the Commissar of Cultural Affairs to the obvious . . . that such a dancer might be willing to put up with even *less* exposure/variety on stage for more in the bushes.

The oddity of this is that the more popular the dancer becomes at home, the more circumscribed he finds his public life. Proud of his achievements, his Government lavishes on him a coveted apartment for himself alone (rare in Moscow except for high-ranking bureaufatcats), his own small car, a handsome salary, and possibly the Russian equivalent of British knighthood—a designation as Honored Artist of the USSR. Yet the more he is exalted, the more uptight his personal life—particularly his sex life—becomes. Now his every move is noted and commented on. As far as anything like an orgy is concerned he may as well forget it. Gay, sadly, sometimes means 'spy' and 'betrayal' in the Soviet Union, and the slightest off-course cruising can find him tippytoeing across the steppes of Central Asia. Thus as his sex life (at such a twenties-young age) begins to dry up, the need to break away is felt more keenly each day.

Although to lesser-known dancers—members of the corps—and to the ordinary Muscovite male, a somewhat more fluid expression of gay life is possible, this also has cloak-and-dagger overtones because homosexuality in the USSR is not only considered 'a crime against nature', but a serious crime against the state. Prison terms meted out to those caught can be excessively severe. Gay guys, however, brave souls all, are hardly likely to settle for home and fireside and afghan knitting-kit. If sex is out there somewhere in the bushes they're going to find it and make a stab at it. This can be wildly exciting, as you may discover if you have Moscow and—particularly—Odessa on your next vacation itinerary. So in this article we should like to brief you on some of the plus-and-minus factors in getting into, around in, and out of the Soviet Union, and offer some tips on how to navigate sexually so that you won't leave this fantastic country empty-handed and—more important—empty-mouthed.

GETTING THERE

If you are super active sexually, and your vacation abroad is to cover several European livewire sex cities, you may find it more fulfilling to do them all before heading for Moscow. For example, you might make Amsterdam the highest point of your sexual crescendo—it's where the most sex is. In this way you'll have more-or-less gotten it out of your system (if one ever does!) before planing East. Thus if Moscow so overpowers you with its vastness and grandeur that you find sex either difficult to connect with, or that it surprisingly takes second billing to this fabled city, you won't have missed but a couple of tricks . . . Boo and Hoo.

The Soviet Union not only welcomes visitors today, but wants to show off its beautiful cities at their very best. Moscow in particular, since it is the seat of government, and so your Russian (*Continued on page 36*)





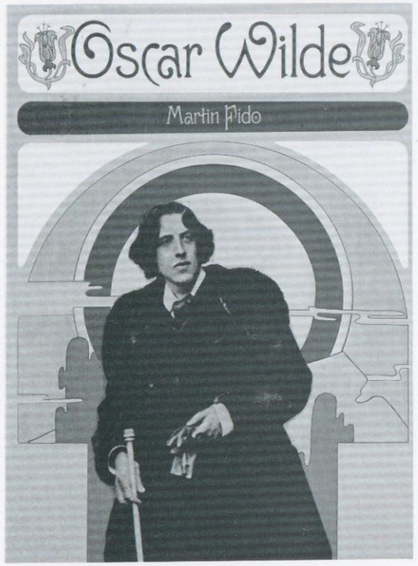
Photos by Dudley



QQ's Man of The Month

Gerry

By Dudley



Book Review

In dozens of 'definitive' books about Oscar Wilde there has been much borrowing by one writer from another without the return of much in the way of literary 'interest'. All are as repetitious as peas in a pod. This has tried the patience of the gay reader who rightly feels that his kinship with history's most famous homosexual derives from far more than the biographical stereotyping that circumscribes the man, making him a too-well-rehearsed character—a kind of "eeny-meeny-miny-mo' Wilde . . . the Wilde of rapier wit, or the Wilde of **Dorian Gray** . . . the 'Bosy' Wilde, or the Wilde in **Gaol**. What is missing is the **gay** Wilde. Or what made Wilde **wild**? So may we urge the curiously unsatisfied to find out why in **Oscar Wilde** by Martin Fido (a Studio Book from The Viking Press; 144 pages; $12.95)?

Dimensionally this is a large book (9" x 12"), and so fascinatingly and beautifully done, from its Art Nouveau jacket to the very last page of Aubrey Beardsley drawings—and there are many—that the reader is caught up in the first few pages of the life and times of Wilde and held mesmerized throughout the reading. One can no more put down the book until it's finished that could one go out for a cigarette during an act of an engrossing mystery play. What has heretofore seemed the 'cardboard' Wilde of other biographies catches fire almost instantly and the gay reader finds himself a little singed by the flames. All Wilde's seeming **remoteness** vanishes and we relate to him in the terms of our own gay existence. A bond of comradeship is quickly established.

Unique to this fine book is its 'cinema mechanism'. It is filled with photographs (dozens never published), paintings, sketches and theatre programs/curios—no page is without its illustration(s)—all tastefully chosen and so chronologically/precisely arranged that one need only riffle the pages from front to back to see the emergence of the gay Wilde, as if in a motion picture! The narrative is also compelling, but it is no denigration of Mr. Fido to say that **Oscar Wilde** can stand on its pictures alone. They thread us through the life of Wilde like a needle.

In fathoming the Wilde mystique, gay people have often been stymied by his studied superciliousness and obesity. Somehow he has been equated with, say, a rumpy-dumpy Charles Laughton. Film makers have drawn heavily on these characteristics (Wilde as tubby Robert Morely; portly Peter Finch as Wilde). Yet here we see him looking quite Byronic . . . the loss of a few pounds could transform the Wilde face and physique, and for the first time one sees why he was often as attractive physically to gay people as he was lionized for his literary brilliance. What brings us up straight is that simply through a different approach to this giant of our world we see Wilde in a wholly different perspective, understanding why he was gay, and why and how he maneuvered as he did.

Finally, through Mr. Fido's narrative and amazing pictorial sequence we see how Wilde's world was also the world of Swinburne, Toulouse-Lautred, Whistler, Verlaine, Aubrey Beardsley and others. They also come vividly to life in **Oscar Wilde.** It is a book to be read and treasured . . . for years!

CIRCUMCISION
(Continued from page 9)

foreskin.

A cotton gauze dressing is used and the baby is returned to the nursery.

I expected more blood and gore and was surprised that the whole affair was as cleanly precise as it was. The Gomco clamp is almost foolproof—the only possible deviation being the amount of foreskin some doctors prefer to pull over the bell. Some mothers are critical when too little residue is left, while some doctors pull as tightly as possible. There is no standard cutting mark; it is up to the doctor. (Some circumcised males, having a cut mark nearly half way up the penis, have had too much taken off.)

Other methods are also used but are not as universally desirable. One is a "Plastibell" which is inserted between the glans and the skin and tied with a fine, tight twine. This is left on until the foreskin drops off from gangrene. About 5% of all doctors use this method in this part of the country (Ed: California). The only advantage is that there is no cutting and a minimum of raw tissue. Another method involves the use of two types of clamps, one looking like a garden-twig clipper. The danger here is that a part of the glans can be nipped off (the skin is pulled forward and cut laterally), and usually a "butchered" cut mark results.

Whatever kind of cut results, it is indeed a mark for life!

• • •

PRIME CUT
(Continued from page 11)

state I took joy in "performing" at orgies, etc. The elimination of foreskin in my case—represented the shedding of a hangup, insignificant as it was.

2. Obviously, from having observed countless others, circumcision was not going to eliminate all sensitivity—and I was willing to sacrifice whatever was lost in order to determine for myself—as a means of satisfying my own curiosity and also in order to advise, first-hand, the many sincere readers who have written to us about the problem—on the true advantages and disadvantages involved. I had lived nearly half my life uncut; I wanted to know how the other half lived.

3. I am jaded—a consequence of having had too much sex. The prospect of acquiring a "new" phallus—of being sexually "reborn"—excited me greatly. This factor provided tremendous motivation.

4. While I have never experienced sexual rejection, as previously stated, I had felt at times—perhaps it was my imagination—a sense of momentary hesitation to continue on the part of an occasional partner on discovery that I was uncut. (I might say also that I often experienced a sense of elation by partners, for the same reason.) It is quite true and very unfortunate that many circumcised gay guys are ignorant of and prejudiced towards the uncut phallus—caused by curious notions that it requires "special handling," or by having experienced someone who was unclean. In any event, the fact remains that better than 80% of all males born in this country are circumcised—and this has been true for more than 20 years—and if one associates with young people (I do) there is a comfort in being "typical," even if it is a state of mind. Moreover, as I get older and my "plus factors" diminish I feel I need as many things as possible working for me, and I personally believe that among gay guys—all things being equal—preference is for the cut phallus when a choice is possible.

5. The elimination of some sensitivity is sometimes desirable. Extreme sensitivity was not a real problem in my case, but there were times during great excitement that too much feeling in the glans penis ("head") caused premature ejaculation, and thus eliminated prolonged pleasure. And I occasionally experienced irritation when I "overindulged," as a result of tenderness in the glans and frenulum (the strand of flesh that "attaches" the foreskin to the underside of the glans).

And now, for the operation itself.

It should be performed by a skilled surgeon, by someone who is medically trained and not by a person who performs religious rites. But more than surgical skill is required; there should be an awareness of aesthetics. After all, most gay guys who undergo adult circumcision are perhaps even more concerned with appearance than the partial elimination of sensitivity, or the problem of cleanliness. For this reason the tools a surgeous uses are also important. The two general methods of removal are by (1) scalpel and surgical scissors, and (2) a sharp clamp which works in much the same way as a toenail clipper. The former permits precise removal, and—in the

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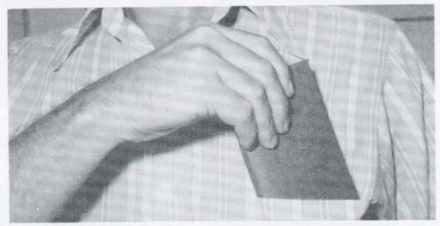

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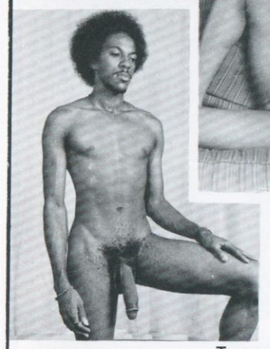

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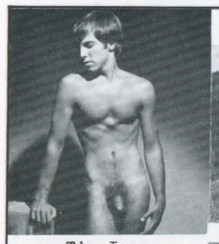

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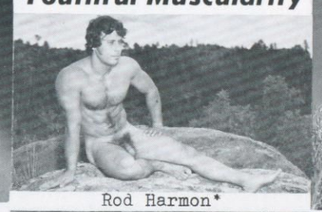

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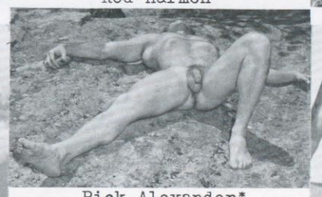

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Hunter Metcalf*

hands of a skilled surgeon—guarantees aesthetic results. The latter is hit or miss concerning appearance, because by pulling the foreskin forward and clipping it the proper amount is not always cut; sometimes too much is taken off, causing a scar line far back on the shaft . . . sometimes too little is removed, causing excess skin to "bunch up" behind the corona (the rear and broadest part of the glans), resulting in a "butchered" look.

No matter how sutures are placed, the wound will eventually heal—but if they are too tight or too loose or too broad, the result is unsightly scar tissue. Moreover, absorbable sutures should be avoided because they tend to leave scars. They are generally used in infant circumcision because growth eliminates all traces of cutting in most cases.

I placed myself in the hands of a reputable surgeon who was not only skilled with a blade, but who also empathized with my concern for appearance. He worked alone in his office, using a local anesthetic (some surgeons prefer hospitalization for a variety of reasons, but it is not necessary). The only pain I experienced—and it was intense—was in being anesthetized; nine punctures were required in the shaft immediately behind the glans. The volume of anesthesia caused immediate swelling. (This, in addition to normal swelling following any operation, caused my phallus to assume the size and shape of a pear for nearly three weeks.)

A scalpel and surgical scissors were used to cut the fenulum and the prepuce (foreskin). A circular cut was made approximately 1/16 of an inch behind the corona. This took 20 minutes. Stitching followed, taking approximately 90 minutes to place 40 sutures, 36 of which were non-absorbable (only four absorbable sutures were used in places where removal was not advantageous). Only one suture was used to close the cut on the underside of the glans, where the frenulum was attached; it was "wrapped around" the cut rather than cross-stitched—leaving a small knot of flesh which turned black and fell off a couple of days later, leaving absolutely no trace of cutting.

Immediately following surgery the wound was cleaned with peroxide and dressed with Furacin (an antibiotic salve) and gauze. I also started taking antibiotics by mouth, which was continued for two weeks. Two hours after the operation I started taking codeine at regular intervals in order to minimize pain; I remained on the drug for two weeks. (Painful moments came every morning, when I woke up with an erection—causing pressure on the cut and some bleeding.) For the next month I was to see my doctor three times a week, at which time he removed the sutures (starting a week after surgery they were removed alternately, over a period of one week; this was painful because pulling bits of scab along with the suture could not be avoided). On each visit he used peroxide to clean the wound and also applied gentian violet mixed with alcohol, a disinfectant which promoted healing.

I was able to take tub baths almost immediately, though I avoided showers; my doctor assured me the spray could do no harm, but my glans was still too sensitive to endure it, I felt. In order to adjust to the exposure of a previously protected glans I used on the advice of my doctor applications of Nupercainal for about a week. This helped deaden the glans, which was constantly being brushed by the gauze. Once I discontinued the Nupercainal the glans was permitted to "dry" and "peel" (in much the same way that skin peels after a sunburn); by the end of the second week the process was completed and about 75% of my sensitivity was gone. This amazed me greatly; whereas brushing my hand against the glans before circumcision would drive me up a wall, now just a couple of weeks later I could comfortably rub it. I stopped wearing shorts when I was 16 (I don't like feeling "bound"), but now I had to in order to protect the glans and also keep the talc—used to help dry the oozing around the cut—from falling off. (In the future I will probably have to continue to wear shorts for protection, and also to help keep the glans from becoming too desensitized, as a result of constant friction against trousers.)

By the end of the third week it was safe to masturbate—carefully . . . using an alternate two-hand upward motion (to avoid pulling on the cut) and plenty of Vaseline. My first ejaculation was a totally new sensation; the glans actually felt "naked" afterwards, throbbing with blood and sensitive to the cool air it was exposed to; it almost ached for the protection of a warm sheath, which would never be possible again.

By the end of the fourth week I was able to have "ordinary" sex; that is, nothing so unusual or violent as to cause excessive strain on a still sensitive instrument. There was still some internal pain in the area of the cut, but the "tightness" an erection caused minimized it, and pleasure overpowered any discomfort. That pain is much less today, eight weeks later, but it is still present and probably will be for several weeks. At first I avoided having sex outdoors or



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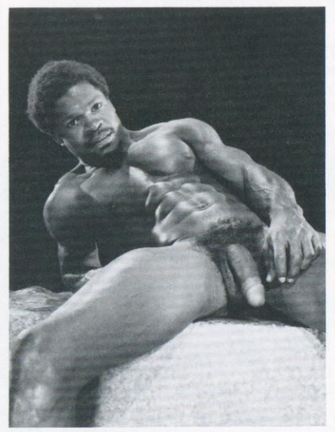



Carl Zaire (left) & Pantero ElSalvador

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See, hear or read something offensive? Complain to the media by phone and letter. Help local groups contact media management for meetings and awareness sessions. Work on local group publicity.

2 Back up gay legislation

Write letters. Don't assume others have written and you don't have to. Too often, city, state or federal legislators don't support gay legislation because they think or claim they "don't have gay constituents." *Make your presence felt* to your legislators. Write letters raising the issue as a gay person *or* concerned constituent. If you can't risk signing your letter, say that's why you need legislation. Tell her or him you are a voter. Talk about gay rights in religious, professional and community groups, anywhere pressure can be built to push for fair laws. Question candidates on gay rights; don't vote for anyone with anti-gay biases. The voting booth is the safest place to voice your concern. Register and vote! Find out who your legislators are from NGTF, N.O.W. or the League of Women Voters.

**For more specific information, contact NGTF.*

3 Support local gay organizations

Contact and join local groups. Support them with time, money or professional expertise. Start or join a professional gay caucus.

4 Join The National Gay Task Force

In LEGISLATION we have: worked with 24 members of Congress to introduce federal gay rights legislation, HR 5452; supplied support materials to local gay organizations working on local, state and federal legislation to repeal sodomy laws and pass job and housing protection; created a clearinghouse resource of all the bills pending and passed in cities and states across the nation; mobilized a national grass roots lobbying campaign for HR 5452; secured a national lobbying effort for HR 5452 from the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Organization for Women.

But so much more needs to be done! And we need your help to continue our work. NGTF's financial support has come solely from memberships, donations and fund raising events. Without your support, we can not continue our current activities.

Help us now. Join NGTF today.

*Join Us

Yes, I agree that IT'S TIME, and I want to help.

Enclosed is my contribution for:

- ☐ $15 Basic membership
- ☐ $25 Contributing member
- ☐ $50 Sustaining member
- ☐ $100 Supporting member
- ☐ $25 Household membership (for two)
- ☐ $5 Limited income member
- ☐ New membership
- ☐ Membership renewal
- ☐ New address
- ☐ Contribution:
- ☐ Member
- ☐ Non-member

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

I understand that I will receive the **NGTF** newsletter, **IT'S TIME,** with my membership.

- ☐ Please keep my name and mailings confidential.
- ☐ I am interested in doing volunteer work.

National Gay Task Force
Room 506, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011, (212) 741-1010

in bright light as I was self-conscious about the pinkish appearance of the cut. But by the fifth week it looked sufficiently normal to resume sex anywhere. In its flaccid state the glans is still a shade lighter (pinker) than the shaft, but erect—when the skin on the shaft is stretched out—both head and shaft look reasonably "matched." I have been told by my doctor that the darkening of the glans will take time, perhaps as long as a year to assume the exact shade of the shaft—but even today the difference is not too noticeable.

And how has circumcision affected my outlook concerning sex?

The mild hangup I had—even if it was in my mind—no longer exists; I sense absolutely no hesitation by my partners. I am now as "at ease" nude when flaccid as I always have been when erect. Concerning this point I no longer feel "pressured" to get a partial or full erection before stripping for sex.

Has it had any effect on masturbation?

Yes. At this point about 75% of my sensitivity has gone—and I will eventually have about 90% less feeling than before. Startling as this may seem to most circumcised guys, it is quite true—and should give them some idea of the intensity of sensations they have never known. I used to experience great pleasure in touching myself, or masturbating even during sex. That pleasure no longer exists; the hand now pressed against the glans itself is too crude an instrument, either causing too much stimulation—or too little. I must now attempt to "pull" whatever little skin is left on the end of the shaft over the corona when masturbating, or use a lubricant (I have discovered that Jergens provides slick without drying out or causing a mess). Moreover, because I have lost so much physical feeling I must now rely heavily on mental stimulation to achieve orgasm in a relatively short time. And I am constantly on the lookout for new ways or mechanical gadgets that provide greater mental and physical stimulation—simply to experience the sensations previusly achieved with hand strokes alone.

Has it changed my sexstyle?

Yes. Previously, I "unconsciously" emphasized serving my partner; because of my great sensitivity it was a way of prolonging sex by delaying ejaculation. Now orgasm is an achievement, and if I am not "turned on" experiencing it is sheer work. Because so much feeling has left I seek intensified stimulation, and desire either mutual sex or a partner who wants to satisfy me. Concerning oral sex, I am more aware of

technique; though my glans is less sensitive, overall, it is more sensitive to scraping, etc., because it has no protective covering, and because it is less sensitive it requires greater pressure to achieve orgasm. Concerning anal sex, I was never "big" on it because tightness sometimes caused pain by forcing the frenulum to pull back too far. Now I seek it constantly; it is, in a way, a longing for the protective sheath I have lost—along with its moisture and warmth. As far as my own technique is concerned, I remain unchanged—and I have always sought perfection as anything less would render me a failure by reason that sex is so much a part of my lifestyle.

Has it affected my attitude towards others?

Not at all, excepting my comments above. I have never been anti- or pro-circumcision, and I have never preferred a partner because he was or wasn't. I find pleasure in everyone I "know"—and I resent anyone who shows a preference. As a matter of fact, I have always found that anyone who expresses a strong preference one way or the other along these lines usually turns out to be less than great sex—because such people impose limitations that inhibit sexual expression. (Most of all I resent boors who feel it necessary to ask at the outset, "What do you like to do?" They are saying, in effect, "I can't do everything." People who cannot give freely of themselves in love—to kiss deeply, to have sex in all its forms—do not deserve it.) If it weren't for that very unhealthy attitude concerning uncut guys, felt by some circumcised guys, and the feelings aroused in their uncircumcised "victims" it might never have occurred to me to get circumcised.

Am I sorry for having been circumcised?

Not at all. I'm a realist; all the pros and cons of circumcision withstanding, the fact remains that most guys are—and, as unfortunate as it is, most gay guys do prefer cut partners. Life is just simpler for the cut. The "social" rewards circumcision sometimes yields are worth the sacrifice of some feeling.

Do I think circumcision is right for everyone?

Absolutely not. What a dull world it would be if everyone were the same! What joy there is in having a variety of partners! If a guy has a hangup, no matter how mild, he should strive to rid himself of it—and if it involves getting circumcised then he should do it. If he has phimosis—a medical condition where the foreskin is so tight it hugs the glans and cannot be pulled back, thus causing pain and

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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.

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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.

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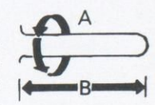

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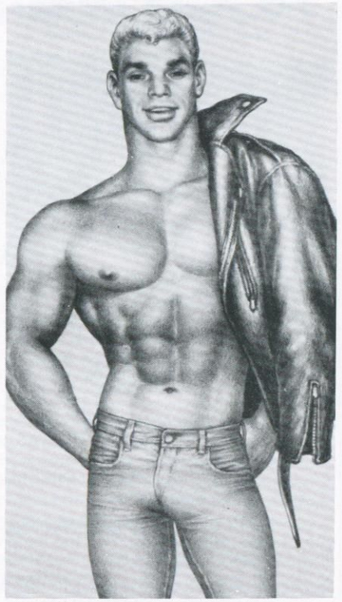

Attention! Jack, formerly at Priapus, is now at the Ansonia Book Store, 2109 Broadway (entrance on West 74th St. between Broadway & West End Ave.). He says: "Come see me for the best selection of GAY MALE FILMS! 25 PEEP SHOWS WITH THE LATEST THRILLERS! ALL COLT AND TARGET FILMS! FALCON FILMS! ALEXANDER STUDIO PHOTO SETS, FEATURING GREAT BLACK MALES! LATEST TOM OF FINLAND PICTURE BOOKS! HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT PHOTO SETS . . . MAGAZINES . . . SLIDES . . . AND FILMS!"

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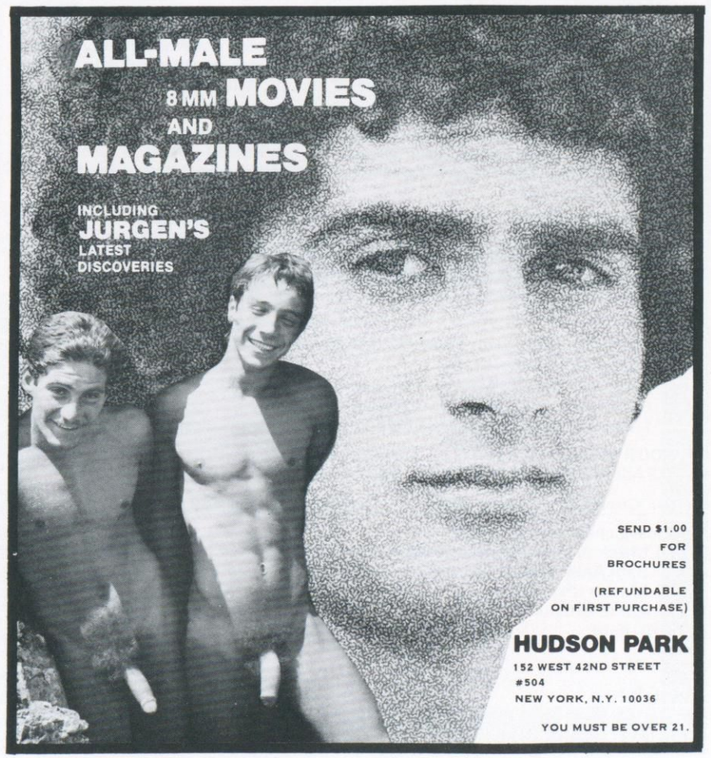

hygienic problems (not to mention unsightliness)—then he should definitely be circumcised, or partially cut, so as to correct the condition. Otherwise, if he is completely at ease with himself—and *that* is the key to it all—he should not have it done.

Are there any "fringe" benefits of circumcision not already mentioned?

Sometimes. I received a "bonus" that was unexpected—about ¼ inch in length and girth. How is this possible? It cannot be determined until one is cut, but there is sometimes an internal tightening in the shaft, just behind the glans; a circular band of flesh causes an inward and backward pull, thus restricting full erection. When this tightening is eliminated the phallus can achieve its full size potential. Moreover, the exposed glans causes the phallus to look a little "fuller." I repeat, this tightening is not something everyone has—but the possibility of a size bonus does exist. This in itself is not worth getting circumcised for—even if guaranteed in advance.

What does it cost?

The actual cost of a circumcision depends on who does it and where. This can be as little as $50 if performed by a doctor in a small town, at a local hospital, or as much as $350 if performed by a surgeon in a big city, in his office. No matter what the charge, it is insignificant when one thinks in terms of satisfaction achieved over a period of many years.

After much thought I have come to the conclusion that the phallus which has a short foreskin that pulls itself back completely during sex is superior. Such people know the "best of two worlds." But all of us are not as fortunate. Those who were circumcised as infants cannot imagine what pleasurable sensations were destroyed at the outset. Those who were not must sometimes suffer physical discomfort and mental anguish. All we can do is make the most of what we have, and correct it if we believe it is wrong and it is in our power to do so, in order to give and receive as much pleasure as possible with those we love.

• • •

THE MOSCOW MAKEOUT
(Continued from page 27)

itinerary is 'supervised', shall we say. Beginning with the moment you board your plane in New York (or from some European city) until you are once again at some destination outside Russia your visit is planned to the last detail. It's also paid-for in advance. With the exception of small purchases you may make inside the country, your passage to and from Russia, your visa, hotel, meals (if also included in your hotel accommodations), transportation to and from the airport, baggage handling (two bags), metropolitan guided tours, a car with chauffeur/guide for three hours per day, plus—in some travel packages—tickets to the Bolshoi Ballet or the Bolshoi Opera, or one or more plays/concerts, plus air transportation between whatever other cities inside the USSR you have elected to visit . . . all this you will have paid for before entering the country. Of course you may make purchases of snacks, souvenirs and the like, having 'translated' your Yankee dollars into Russian rubles at your hotel or at some other authorized money exchange, such as the *Intourist* office. You can't buy rubles before arriving, as you can francs, marks or English pounds. Nor can you take them with you when you leave. You must re-exchange them for American currency.

Also, you can't be whimsical about touring the USSR. For example, if your paid-for itinerary includes only Moscow/Leningrad/Odessa, you cannot suddenly decide to fly off to Tiflis or Samarkand or Tashkent. The Russians want to know that you're where you're supposed to be at the split-second time . . . and no shilly-shallying.

Moreover, you're expected to *use* and *enjoy* every ruble you're paying. Thus the driver and guide assigned to you for the three hours per day you've paid for will be quite upset if you should cut short the time they are to spend with you. It's a kind of sulphur-and-molasses treatment: you may not like it, but it's supposed to be good for you. You are by no means forced to use up the allotted three hours, either with car or with them, but they'll feel quite uncomfortable if you don't. Somehow in the backs of their minds is the thought that Big Brother in the Kremlin just may ream them out for such defection . . . and 'defection' is not a happy word in the Kremlin these days.

Also, don't offer a tip or gift to your driver, or to your English-speaking guide. Certain that Papa Doc up there in the Kremlin Tower is watching *their* every move, too, they will regard it at least as a bribe, and at worst Catch 22. This note about tipping also applies to any gratuity offered for any service, anywhere. It's not expected . . . makes the intended recipient quite uncomfortable . . . Russians don't, so why should you? . . . and, to

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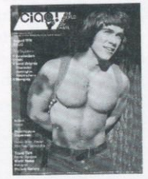
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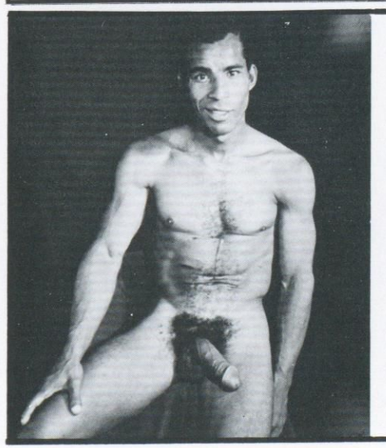

CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

The December 1975 Ciao! is devoted entirely to the Gay Caribbean—including The Yucatan. Also covered are the Bahamas and Bermuda. Puerto Rico is the main feature—and gay life on 25 other Caribbean islands is exposed. Find out about little-known male brothels and where the sun shines bright on gay vacationers. This issue is virtually an **Official Guide to the Gay Caribbean** and because places change slowly on the Islands the information will remain valid for years. If you are a wintertime vacationer—send for a copy now. Supply is limited. Specify issue by date when ordering. **Only $3.50 a copy in the U.S.A., $4.50 in Canada and Mexico, $5.00 elsewhere.**

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them, it connotes patronage which is alien to the Communist ethic. (There is only one way this is possible. When you pay your check for some outside meal—other than what is paid for in advance via your travel package—and the waiter 'forgets' to bring back your change, don't remind him of it. Smile . . . you know the score, and so does he.)

TOUR PRELIMINARIES

Your USSR tour is planned and authenticated by two agencies here in the United States. One agency is commercial—an accredited American travel agency. The other is non-commercial. It is *Intourist*, a USSR *validating* agency with offices in principal cities of the United States. The American travel agency is wholly American, and American-staffed, and your own travel agent may be so accredited to Intourist. If not, here's a recommendation: Russian Travel Bureau, Inc., 20 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone (212) 986-1500. The 'Russian' in the title simply means that it specializes in Russian travel. However, it handles tours/visits in and by way of other European countries, so if you are going to follow our suggestion about doing all the livewire sex cities before flying over to Moscow, this agency will handle every detail (except the sex part, naturally). They are in constant touch with the New York *Intourist* office, and frequent phone calls eliminate much bureaucratic redtape.

When you have decided just what you want, having chosen either what is called the Independent Arrangement (if you're going alone or with another person), or the Tourist Arrangement (several others) . . . and when you have chosen to go Deluxe or First Class or Tourist . . . and whether you have chosen to go during the Off Season (January 1 through March 31); the Season (April 1 through June 30); or High Season (July 1 through August 31), for which the prices are quite different, and have paid for the entire package right down to the last piece of toast and last cup of coffee, he will work out with *Intourist* these details. They will then Telex Moscow, get back to agency/agent and you'll find that your visa will be speedily stamped, and that an alert Mother Russia is tying on a fresh apron to greet you.

About prices. These don't fluctuate as much as in other European countries. You can't, however, choose the hotel in which you wish you stay. Suggest, yes . . . insist, no. Having specified Deluxe, First Class, or Tourist, you'll be posted to the best available in each. For example, in the High Season (summer), Deluxe (room plus three full meals per day, and all the services mentioned earlier) for one day, one person—the price base is $86.80. If you opt for only bed and breakfast rather than full pension (expecting to dine in places other than your hotel), the same hotel price in the same season is $65.00. In regular Season rates this would be $74.20 and $56.80. In Off Season figure about $10.00 less in each category. If you're planning to go, ask your travel agent to supply you with current price cards, or write the Russian Tourist Bureau for the same. It will help you make up your mind more easily.

DINING A LA RUSSE

You'll have to be very brave if you choose to take your meals, other than breakfast, out. This is because the Russians love to eat and drink and linger so long, that in such places long lines form, waiting to be served. Two to three hours, per person, per meal, is the *norm*! One can almost faint from malnutrition. Even in your hotel dining room(s) there will still be waits.

If you plan to dine out, here's a tip: Rearrange your meal scheduling. If your principal meal is usually evening dinner, arrange to have it just after 2:00 p.m. when the huge luncheon crowds have departed. You'll dine well, amply, and in comfort. Have the generous breakfast the hotel provides as part of your package . . . then the dinner/lunch . . . then go to a food store and buy sandwich makings for the evening snack. You'll have to buy these by the *pound* and the *loaf*. Ready-made sandwiches are rare in Russia.

Russian cooking is mouth-watering, even homestyle cuisine, but one restaurant you'll want to dine in at least once is the *Aragvi*, at 6, Gorkovo. The cuisine is Georgian and so is the service . . . those tall, dark-eyed, black-haired humpy guys who look so different from the usual Russian who tends to be broad in the face, wide in the hips, and about 5' 9'' tall, with hair like burnished wheat. Moscow is a melting pot, however, so you see many Soviet types . . . also many from the areas of Bashkir, Samarkand and Tashkent where, of course, the Mongol strain gives Russian faces an oriental cast. The Aragvi lists more than 30 dishes on its menu, including chicken *tabaka* and broiled sturgeon, as well as the familiar *shashlik*. Also excellent are the *Ararat* at 4, Neglinnaya Street; the *Baku*, 24, Gorkovo—near the Aragvi; and the *Uzbekistan* at 29, Neglinnaya Street. The city's most spectacular resturant is *Seventh Heaven*, a rotating restaurant set high in the city's TV tower. Prices are steep in all these restaurants, and you just may wish you'd settled for full pension at your hotel. But their cuisine is so varied—being regional—that you'll have a greater opportunity to sample the many tasty kinds of Russian cooking. You can get a complete dinner at the Aragvi for about $10 per person, while at Seventh Heaven you get a fixed menu with no substitutions, but a fantastic view of the city of Moscow revolving around you, for $9. In the latter place the time limit is fixed. You can stay 2 hours, no longer. Believe it or not, this is the fastest dining service in Moscow!

THE SEX PANORAMA

You will be well advised to stay at *Hotel Tourist* (Zelskokhotsaystvennaya ul. 17/2) if possible. One way to snare this hotel is to say that you would like some hotel near the Permanent Exhibit of Cultural Achievements of the USSR. Tell the agency you expect to be visiting this so frequently that you'd like to stay as near it as you can. Since the Tourist is closest, you'll very likely get it. Rejoice! This is as near a makeout hotel as you'll find in Moscow. Many hotels have a concierge on each floor. Mother Superior has her eye on you all the time, remember. It's impossi-

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King of Prussia: BOOKSHOP, Rte. 202 opp. Howard Johnson's
Lancaster: THE XPERIENCE, 16 E. Walnut St.
Lewster: BOOKSHOP, Rte. 291 nr. Gino's
Lock Haven: BOOKSHOP, Rte. 220, 5 mi. so. of Lock Haven
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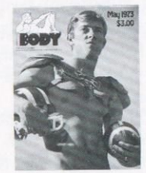
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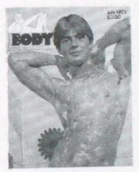
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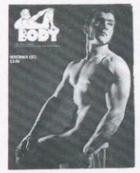
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ble to take someone to your room for the night because you must come to the concierge on your floor for your key, and he/she will know right away that your friend doesn't belong there. He'll be instructed to leave forthwith, leaving you 'forthwithout'. But during the day, and especially at the Tourist, this custom is circumvented. Try for 'day' tricks and bring them in. You shouldn't have any trouble. Moscow is filled with visiting business men from all over the world and it would seem silly, at least, to make an issue of bringing a 'business acquaintance' to your room for a private 'conversation'.

The Tourist Hotel has some very interesting action going on in the basement shower room. The picture is this: you meet someone in the shower room and get to some cautious action right there, or get initially acquainted and then—all other signs being promising—whisk him upstairs as your 'business guest'. This is not possible at any other Moscow hotel, not even at the 3,000-room *Rossia*. The Tourist cannot by any means be considered gay. While you shouldn't make an issue of trying for the Tourist, keep a little buzz in your travel agent's ear. It'll work.

Another good cruising area (eye cruising, of course, nothing overt) is the square in front of the Bolshoi Theatre. A beautiful square, and filled not only with Russians, but visitors from everywhere. If you can't make it with a Russian you very probably will with a visitor.

Also Gorky Park. Only eye cruising. But you can connect with some really great beauties here . . . often your connection will invite you to his home/apartment and you must may have the greatest sexperience of your life . . . the Russian is very emotional, and nowhere is this more expressed than in long pent-up gay sex. Not only does he bare his body, but his soul. His happiness in finally making it with someone would melt a heart of stone.

Also try the park in front of the left wing of Lomonossov University. But during the day only. And while there check the johns at Lomonossov U—all floors. This can often be rewarding. But exercise great caution. Have a reason for being there, and don't leap into action instantly. Study the situation and get an idea of how others are operating before you get into action. Remember, you need not keep your guide all the time scheduled. You can get a taxi to anywhere in Moscow and go anywhere you think might be sexually productive. Your leisure time is not restricted. You're free. It's just that you can't buzz off to Bashkir if you haven't arranged to do so before you leave home.

If you would like to be remembered even more lovingly than for sex, by someone who has delighted you—and you him—you might carry with you several Kennedy half-dollars. This man was revered and respected by youth all over the world, and his likeness on the coin recreates that rapport. It's something your lover will treasure . . . showing it off to some other possible trick as an invitation to sex. Hi-fi records are also appreciated because they are expensive in Moscow, and, besides, American rock groups are still quite a novelty there. Old blue jeans are so wanted that strangers will come up to you and offer as much as $50 for your pants. If you have space in your luggage to pack a couple of long-discarded levis, do so—for possible gifts to new friends. They'll simply love you for it!

Avoid political discussion. Don't criticize. Praise. It's their politics and their country, and you're not going to change it. In the main they're proud of it and want to show it off at its best. Go along with them. After all, you'll soon be returning to 'Paradise'.

OTHER RUSSIAN STOPS

Odessa is Russia's great commercial seaport. Sometimes one thinks it's half Russian and half American because of all those ships from the United States arriving with their cargoes of grain purchased from us. When Ukrainian seamen and American seamen get together, what you get is a lot of *semen*!

If you get to Leningrad—a most beautiful city—check out the park surrounding the statue of Catherine the Great, in Nevskpropekt. Also try the john on each floor of the University. And you might luck out by stopping by for a drink at the Hotel Europa; the Night Bar can get very interesting.

Odessa, however, is a much more open city. Things are much freer. Papa Doc's watchful eye is not so constantly trained on life in this big, bustling city. That's why one of the wildest action spots in all Russia is the john in Odessa's Funfair Park, near the bus stop. Nighttime is *the* time. It gets so wild that sailors and other agile sexists climb the poles and unscrew the light bulbs!

Another Odessa action spot is the john in Lenin Park. In each, however, use caution. There's always a lemon in the midst. There are, shamefully, gay informers. Just ease into the action watchfully. Then you'll likely not have any trouble.

HOW TO DRESS

Gay guys should not bring along their Cardin suits to Russia. You may also keep stashed away your neckties. Remember, to the average Russian it would require half a year's salary to buy such (to them) ornate clothing. They wear slacks made of inexpensive material . . . in summer they wear no jackets, only loose shirts. In winter they cover up with some heavy outercoat, but once inside they shed this. Their slacks will not be as formfitting as your jeans, but you'll get the contours *and* the message. Don't overdress. You'll blow the scene if you do. Also, don't go around bangle-bangleing a lot of jewelry. It's pretentious. Do it *their* way, and you'll have it *your* way.

There are so many things to do and see in any big Russian city. Generally, *Intourist* supplies a beautiful brochure of what's available in each particular place. If you feel that you'd like to go, choose your cities and write *Intourist*, 45 East 49th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 for a brochure. As mentioned, Intourist supplies information and validates tours. It has nothing to sell. Your travel agent handles this completely.

Getting to Russia is not the peekaboo affair it was years ago. The only thing is that *they* make the rules, and if you'll follow the suggestions given in this article you should have no trouble getting in, and getting *in*, and—above all—getting *out* and getting out without doing a stretch in the pokey.

• • •

TRICKS AND TREATS
(Continued from page 17)

as much that of a treatment as a cleansing. Also, if you shave with an ordinary razor, use **Noxema Shave Cream** (same base) or **Rapid Shave** (likewise). Its medication is just enough to help heal any little nick of the razor.

Closing the pores/refining the skin. Keep your distilled or mineral spring water in the refrigerator, as mentioned. But also make ice cubes of with some of it. When you have thoroughly cleansed and rinsed your face, first splash on some of the cold water. This prepares your skin, without shock, for the next phase. Finish off with an 'ice-around' of your ice cube. By beginning with just the cold water, and concluding with the colder ice cube, what you get is a wonderful skin toner. Years off . . . instantly!

A cucumber masque. An especially fine skin treatment—very effective as a youthifyer—is a cucumber-juice masque. Juice two or three large fresh cucumbers. Then dip large-size pads of cotton into the juice and contour them over the surface of your face. Lie back, face upward, for about thirty minutes. Occasionally press the pads to express more juice. Cucumber juice has long been an ingredient of many expensive complexion soaps. What ruins its effectiveness as a skin revitalizer and tightener is, however, the chemical required to solidify the bar. So just this simple flirtation with Mother Nature's biggest and juiciest tuber works perfectly, and for just pennies.

If your skin is too dry, and tends to flake and/or split into tiny crevices, here is an old-time treatment that no fancy $10-and-upward bottle of name-brand cosmetics can improve upon. Before washing your face, using the cleansing technique given earlier, cut a ripe avocado in half (reserving the other half for the next day's treatment), carve it into small slices, and rub piece-by-piece over your face and neck until all the oil of the avocado has been expressed and your skin is gooey. Leave it on for about two minutes. Then cleanse as directed earlier. You'll be surprised at what a richer and more pliant texture the skin has acquired. You can also do this equally well with honey. Use it sparingly, covering the entire dry-skin area. Let it remain on for about two minutes, then with your lukewarm mineral spring water or distilled water, rinse it off. Cleanse with the Noxema.

Cucumber juice and honey also make a most revitalizing/youthifying facial masque. It works to far better effect than the various (and expensive) firming masques on the male-cosmetics market, having none of the harsh chemicals of the latter. You can feel its power as it works, and if you'll apply the masque faithfully twice a week you'll have a clear, radiant, pliant skin as your reward.

THE QQ 'QUKE' MASQUE

You'll need . . .
2 tsp. freshly-squeezed lemon juice (don't use bottled juice)
40 drops peppermint extract (get this from your druggist)
2 tbsp. vodka (gin is as good, but vodka's odorless and lets the masque smell 'mintier')
1 tbsp. honey
¼ cup freshly-squeezed cuke juice
Whites of 3 eggs (which should yield about ¼ cup and a little more)

Wash your cuke(s), cut into four quarters each and place in your juicer/blender. If you don't have a juicer you can grate the cuke over a receptacle to catch the juice. Be sure

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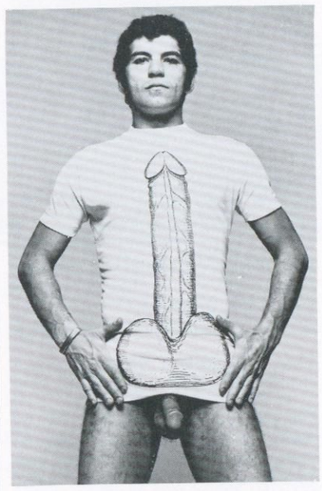

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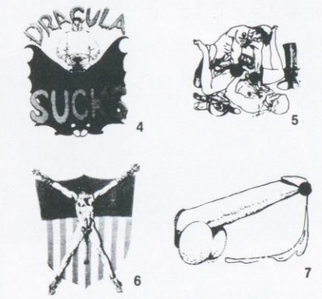

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THE JERSEY SHORE

is featured in the April 1976 Ciao!—out wherever you buy this magazine in March. Gay life in major seaside communities, including Asbury Park, Atlantic City and Wildwood. If New Jersey is your summer beat we tell you where the best cruising is.

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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

not to peel the cuke and thus lose precious vitamins, minerals and even a little natural penicillin! Strain the juice through a piece of clean cheesecloth—even a clean nylon woman's stocking will do nicely. Mix egg whites with the cuke juice, beating with an electric beater or a hand-driven one, until smooth. Then, little-by-little, add the vodka, the lemon juice and the 40 drops (use an eye dropper) of peppermint extract. Finally add the honey, and blend until very smooth. Apply to your face, covering all bases. Let it stay on for at least a half-hour, making sure you don't get it in your eyes. When your face and neck begin to pulsate from the firming of the masque, rinse off with lukewarm mineral spring or distilled water. Pat dry. (And look wonderful!)

Night skin care. There is, by the way, an excellent commercial cosmetic that falls into the female category, but which works quite well for the male skin. It has a pleasant, and not-too-feminine odor, but if you're alone what does it matter? It's Jacqueline Cochran's **Flowing Velvet.** An 8-ounce jar costs about $5, and since you'll be using it by only a few drops or fingertips per night it will last easily for two or three months. It's a really fine product, and about the best overnight moisturizer we know.

Chamomile infusion. Every health-food store has chamomile tea—in bulk or bags. If you develop minor irritations of the skin (wind/weather burning, or chafing, for example) make an infusion of the tea (instructions will be on the package) and rinse, rinse, rinse with the lukewarm brew. Helps your skin become smooth and pliant almost overnight. You may also apply it with the cotton pads mentioned earlier. Same good effect. This also works to advantage when you've shaved too close and have a razor burn or blisters.

For the non-elastic skin. As we grow older the skin loses elasticity by whatever years your age. Lanolin in its rawest, non-refined form is a wonder worker. You can get crude lanolin at (of all places) a hardware store. It's not very pleasant to smell (having been recently recovered from sheeps' wool), and it's also not very expensive . . . say about $1 for a generous amount. You need use the lanolin only about twice a month. Since the loss of skin elasticity is a polite way of saying 'wrinkles', apply the crude lanolin **in the direction of the wrinkles**, and leave it there for an hour. Remove with gauze (not cotton), and then cleanse the skin with Noxema and lukewarm mineral spring or distilled water, as before.

This simple, primitive treatment acts to shore up whatever wrinkles one may have, and to stave off the encroachment of others. It seems to give the skin a 'volume' it lacks . . . fills it out somewhat. You'll find that two applications per month will do this nicely. Frankly, you'll be glad it's only two you'll need . . . lanolin in its crude form is dark-chocolate in color and doesn't smell exactly like new-mown hay! And, unfortunately, the more refined lanolin is the less effective. When fully refined, lanolin looks like light honey. This is the kind used in high-priced cosmetics. It will not serve your purpose since, in its refined form, it is an emollient. So opt for the nights when you are not making the sex scene . . . don't make the trek from 'wrinkle room' to 'orgy room'. The 'smellody' lingers on for an hour or so, and although faint, it can be a turnoff.

Biochemical skin treatments. Some rather remarkable results have been achieved by dermatologists in normalizing the acidity/alkalinity of the skin. A pH factor of 7 indicates neutral skin—balanced between the two. Actually a pH of 5.5 is normal. If the pH factor is lower this means that there is probably some metabolic disorder that's causing your skin to wheal and whorl and give other evidence of pathologic skin disturbances. This is not something you can deal with yourself. See a good skin man so that he can see you through your travail and prevent further recurrence. Don't even bother with the various medicated soaps on the commercial market. Most are weakly medicated at best, and even that may be the wrong medication for your problem. Also, if you have acne pits or any kind of skin condition that makes your sex life miserable because too many teasy tricks ignore your signals, your dermatologist has many types of treatments at his command that can easily correct whatever is amiss. It may be that a simple face peeling, using certain resin extracts, will do the most for you . . . or if your skin is deeply pitted, perhaps he will recommend dermabrasion, which is the removal of the outer surface of the skin with a high-speed polishing disc, or—especially in many European cities—the use of proteolytic enzymes which clear away dead skin (they're protein scavengers), leaving the live skin in its pristine state. But these must be dealt with only by professional men . . . never risk any 'face clinic' that is not manned by one or more medical doctors.

A word about hair. However much it may make one look more 'distinguished', and however beautiful it may be as hair, gray hair is not youthful, nor youthifying, and except for those who groove to it gray hair is too often a sexual turnoff. The one exception is the teen-age guy who has prematurely gray hair—then, all else being younger than springtime, it not only doesn't matter, but may actually add to his charms. Also, teen-gray may be equated with 'platinum blond' and thus thrives on its own theatricality. Anyone past twenty who is growing gray had better think of his sex future and check his cruising score. It may be getting down to the nub!

Likewise beards. If you want to look like Ernest Hemingway with his scraggly gray beard, fine! There are those who will find in you a kindred soul. But there will be lots more who don't. So if you wear a beard—just because beards are in, or because it makes you more dashing/smashing, or because you need it to cover up something you think others might find less than attractive—at least make sure that it looks smart and styled, and bears no trace of gray. Hie yourself to the drug store for your supply of **Grecian Guild Formula** or **Youthair**, or some other 'degraying' hair preparation.

Today, dermatologists are almost unanimous in subscribing to the theory that gray hair is a result of **vitamin lack** in one's diet. Many point out that when certain megavitamin therapies have been undertaken for other reasons, gray hair (as a kind of surprising perquisite) has returned to its normal, youthful color/shade.

The minimal-potency of the average store-bought one-a-day vitamins simply won't do this. Inasmuch as it has been pretty well proved that gray hair responds better to **very high** potencies of Folic Acid, Pantothenic Acid and Para-aminobenzoic Acid (PABA, for short)—all in the vitamin spectrum, and working most effectively with other members of the Vitamin-B family—one should, in addition to the high-potency all-purpose vitamin tablet taken each day, take supplemental amounts of these three degraying and/or haircolor-restoring vitamins. The best we have found are put out by Good Life Products, Inc., Suite 1500, Two Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001. The product is called **Gray-Hair-Away Surprise** and it contains a whopping 400 mgs. of Folic Acid, plus 200 mgs. of Pantothenic Acid and 100 mgs. of PABA. A brochure listing more details of this remarkable triple-threat vitamin product will be sent to you free on request to Good Life Products, Inc. A three-months' supply of the Gray-Hair-Away Surprise is $7.50, and an eight months' supply is $16.50.

It seems somehow 'incomplete' to bring about a much younger look to one's face and skin with the simple, effective, 'tricks and treats' we have outlined, and leave the job half-finished by forgetting or neglecting to revitalize, rejuvenate and restore the color of one's hair. Give some though to remaking the **total** image that is you . . . and stay younger longer.

• • •

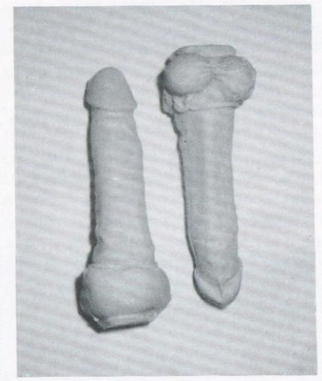
GUT ISSUE
(Continued from page 14)

refrigerator some bottles of sauerkraut juice expressed from organically-grown cabbage that has been cultivated without insecticides. Don't bother with the usual supermarket kind unless the label indicates "produced by lacto-fermentation." The lacto-fermentation process produces fresh, sparkling juice without irritating preservatives. What your tongue experiences is a very clean, fresh, sparkling taste, and your intestine will thank you for a special treat! One finds lacto-fermented sauerkraut juice generally in health-food stores, or in better German-import stores such as Bremen House, Third Avenue & 86th Street in New York City. A very good brand is *Biotta*, from Switzerland. It's delicious, and so good for the gut.

There is a great hygienic benefit derived from drinking such juice. Although it does not purge the bowels it does act to stimulate peristaltic action and, to a notable degree, to regulate the bowels. This is of great help to the super active sexist because it makes unnecessary more than mini anorectal douching just in the precise area of phallic extension into the rectum (plus, it should be remembered, just a *little* higher up, because the pressure exerted by the entrance of a monster phallus may release higher-up trace feces which can cause some embarrassment to you/your partner (although, as a matter of frequent sexual practice, this should not be unexpected).

With sauerkraut-juice regulation of peristaltic action, fecal density is obviated. Blockage is prevented, and because everything 'travels' smoothly through the 'juiced' intestine, a Folding Douche Bag mini-douche, or often just a touch of Fleet's Enema, will be all one needs for full protection. No explosions! The Folding Douche Bag is almost a must for active gay guys on trips and vacations.

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

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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.

SOME EFFECTS OF THE HIGH COLONIC

Some of those who have had high colonics for the first time have complained that there are some 'echoes' of the cleanout for a time afterward. Not fecal matter, but water that may have collected in the diverticuli or in the crooks/curves/folds of the large intestine. It's *just* water . . . nothing else . . . but the urge to 'go' is the same. So after your colonic stay within sprinting distance to a john until your insides are 'gurgle free'. This is probably the most frequent complaint. It depends on the individual colon, however. The more wayward it is the more places along the winding way in which water may be temporarily trapped. Gravity, of course, gets it all out in about two hours.

OTHER COLONIC HIGHS

Many gay guys are turning on to the high colonic because, in a very odd way, it provides an elementary course in being fistfucked! This is the result of the sensation of fullness throughout the abdomen during the higher-and-higher reaches of the colonic, especially when the entire bore of the gut is filled, wall-to-wall with water. It is a very sensuous turn-on to many. Of course, those who find fullness of the abdomen uncomfortable for any reason will never enjoy fistfucking.

Some, who have experienced the high colonic and find it very sensuously rewarding, are moved to try such sex toys as the larger reaches of outsize dildos, and, especially, the latest—the *Big Arm*, which is a lifesize reproduction, in soft, flexible plastic, of an arm and hand with closed fist which, once anally inserted with caution and care, replicates actual fucking by an actual fist. It's just out, and may well give you a special delight you've long wanted to experience, but have felt it more or less unlikely. So once having had your first high colonic, and finding it wonderfully satisfying sensually, you will be on the road to more 'post-graduate' joys. Although *QQ Magazine* is by no means proselytizing fistfucking, we would seem almost incredibly naive if we did not offer the pros as well as the cons of this intestinal 'pastime'.

Also, for the 'closet fistfucked' . . . those who are shy about getting into such action . . . a visit to the male physiotherapist in your town may prove rewarding—especially if he is, as so many are, gay. The opportunity for gay contact is increased, and if he shows you the ropes of the high colonic, and then his own 'rope', you may find the office visit worth much more than a paltry $10-$20. And if from this a more than speaking acquaintance with fistfucking develops, who's to complain?

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON®

SAY



"Boy who sodomize lover engage in 'hole-some' entertainment!"

A SPECIAL COLONIC BENEFIT

By occasionally treating yourself to a high colonic you do far more hygienic good than just dredge the colon of feces. You will note, with joyous surprise, that the skin covering your entire body may have become free of pimples, pustules and other internally-caused blemishes. And if you will examine your face in the mirror you will also discover that your complexion has greatly improved; it is clear and has a radiant, satin-like, more youthful texture and tone. This is because the high colonic has released and removed many toxins long invasive in the intestine. It is worth mentioning, in this respect, that many modern-minded dermatologists prescribe one or two high colonics before getting down to the external treatment of one's skin problems. They get to the possible heart of the issue first—through the gut. Otherwise, they feel, they would just be treating the symptom rather than the cause. Although there are many cathartics that, one might assume, would remove such toxins along with fecal matter, this is not so. Clear water—as it is in so many therapies—does what nothing else will. Not even castor oil. So here again

A FINAL COROLLARY

If you would like to improve your skin tone—in tandem with the high colonic, or even as an individual therapy—try this famous skin treatment given at Baden-Baden, and other spas in Germany and Switzerland . . . a facial sauna.

Fill a 2-quart cooking pot with ordinary water from the tap . . . bring to a boil and add a tablespoon of chamomile, fennel, anise, or any favorite herb. (Eucalyptus is fine if you also have a cold . . . you'll get both a treat and a treatment.) Place the steaming brew on your kitchen table. Cover your head and the pot with a large bath towel so that no steam escapes on the sides, and so that it is concentrated like a dense fog on and around your face. Try only 3 minutes the first time . . . later a maximum of 5 minutes. You'll be amazed at how this herbalized steam penetrates your skin, and how beautifully it works in harmony with the high colonic. Once the facial sauna is over, begin to cool the face with cool-to-colder water until the pores are closed. You'll feel sixteen all over!

If you don't know how to contact a physiotherapist (although those in private practice advertise in newspapers), telephone your local hospital and ask if there is one on the staff. In this way even those living in smaller communities can have this exhilarating experience. Try it . . . you'll like it!

• • •

DR. LOVEROD AND THE AFRICANS

(Continued from page 21)

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and pecked her cheek. French and Swithers kindly looked away, but a dear old lady patted my arm.

"Just married, ducks?" she said.

"Oh, it's only for fun," I said, blushing.

"Cor, luv," she leered, "why else d'ya get married?"

Oh *really*!

The 'Trimaric' was a lovely boat, all white and shining. Emily and I had

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separate cabins (it was more hygienic) and the boys shared another. At Malta, we collected mail, and to my utter consternation, Mr. Ogilvie was already requesting photographs . . . something about a deadline. What-*ever* was I to do?

"Darling," Emily called from the rail. "Have you any suntan oil?"

"In my cabin," I said. "I'll fetch it." My rubber shoes made no sound as I pushed open the door. I *do* like rubber for that reason. Someone was bending over my valise—the steward from our table—and I must say he'd been most attentive to me. He glanced over his shoulder. "Ah—I was just straightening up," he murmured.

I closed the door. "Oh?" *That* was the valise where I kept my *special* male photographs—the *really* large . . . . I strode forward and grasped him by the shoulder (I'm quite firm when roused) and spun him round and—oh *really*! The photos were large but *he* was even—I gasped, ashen-faced at the enormous red prawn that lolled out of his pants, its vicious lips snarled back over a rosy knob blunt as a footballer's boot. With amazing presence of mind, I locked the door so no one would see his discomfiture. His—his *weapon* made a great juicy hambone pronging from his open pants, and his nuts—oh—great leaping lizards, they swung like melons. "You're—quite large," I said, totally in command of my raging emotions.

"So are you, Doc," he whispered, lubing his love-spear.

I looked down, saw to my horror, my own penis pronging the thin shorts I wore. Now I really *am* big (nine and a half, with twin-set matching balls) and I watched the cunning devil roll back a red-carpet foreskin fit for a civic reception. *Jesus* (pardon!) but he had the biggest whang-dangle roger-dodger I'd ever seen. "You better leave," I said. Softly.

Oh, that enormous dripping head! "You sure, Doc?" he said. More softly.

I closed my eyes a second; tried to remember my mission, my contract with—*Mr. Ogilvie*! Of course! Quickly I opened another trunk (I have many), flung an African ostrich cloak round his amazed shoulders, thrust a ceremonial virgin-mask (so *in*appropriate) on his dear face, then whipped out my movie camera. "Masturbate!" I commanded.

He gasped, staring down at his weird garb. "Christ, I've heard of guys being kinky, but *this* . . . ."

I dragged down his pants—oh—that enormous purple head drooling love-spits so close . . . . "*Masturbate!*" I roared, and focused as he grabbed his prong in terror. But—so pale! So *un*-African! I whipped open another trunk, snatched out shoe-polish (black) and liberally daubed his naked gut. Perfect! It seemed to spur him to greater efforts and he arched up his luscious tool, jagging it frantically as my flow of obscenities (so he said later) forced him to commit the most abominable perversions with his cock and asshole. Oh, my camera was in seventh heaven as I shot him from all angles—and suddenly, it *came*! Spranggg! A joyful spurt of pearlies jetting across the cabin to splash against the wall as he groaned.

Abruptly, he bent over, flung his cloak up his back and presented me with the most frantic set of suckable buns my wild eyes had ever . . . . I grabbed the shoe-polish, daubed again, then stared at his pinkie-twinkler nestling between those ebony mounds, so sweetly clenching its lavender lips. "Please, Doc," he moaned. "Oh please *give it to me!*"

Oh heaven! He couldn't mean . . .? Then I remembered Mr. Ogilvie; took hand-cream from the basin and squirted thick gobs on those shiny black buttocks. Then gritting my teeth with horror, I—oh—you shouldn't read on—I eased my massive purple-headed—oh, so tight, so moistly clenching—I stared down at the pink

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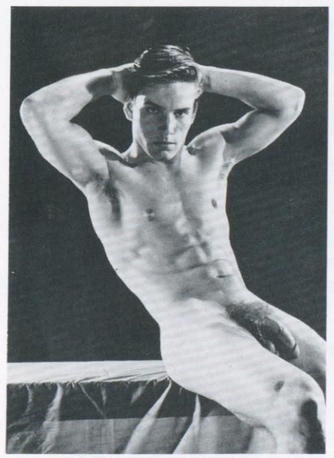

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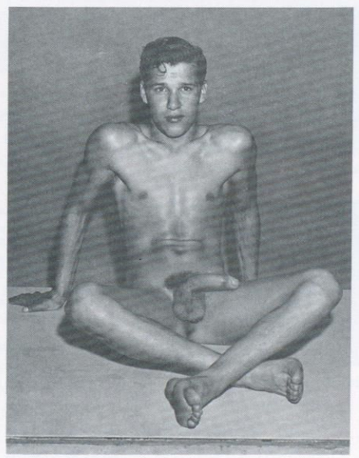

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spear buried between ebony orbs, angled my lens to close focus, and then—oh reader—I shot and *shot* and SHOT!

The dear boy was writhing under me, clenching tight hairy asscheeks onto my sodomizing tool until I jerked it out with a most lecherous suck and he was gasping, his ring hanging out with lust. "More," he groaned. "Oh, more, more!"

Well really, I simply wasn't capable of—*Mr. Ogilvie again*! I dove into another trunk, whipped out an African eunuch ass-stretcher and greased it with lotion. The dear boy felt the iron knob nestle at his ringy-ding, looked back then gasped in horror at the foot-long ass-buggerer I held. "Oh no!" he shrieked. I rammed it in and he leapt up, screaming again, wrenching open the door as I focused and shot him leaping down the corridor, the iron cock still firmly up his gasping fuck-tube. Oh, such pictures!

Frantically, I blacked out the port-hole, developed the films than stared in horror. Blast! The steward was black to the navel only, and above it—oh turds!—white as the driven snow, and under each pinky British tit was a tattooed Union Jack with (sacrilege!) 'God Save The Queens' all decorated with little purple dicks.

Well, perhaps Mr. Ogilvie would think he was a *piebald* African! I dried them carefully, did a few close-ups of the iron-knob sequence, then boxed the stills ready for posting in Cairo. The Dean, poor man, would be shocked at my perfidy, but Mr. Ogilvie must be served!

On deck, Emily was quite impatient. "Where on earth have you been, Dickie?" she said petulantly.

"Working on Mr. Ogilvie's project," I murmured.

"How dull," she said. "Can't you forget science for one day?"

I posted them at Alexandria (it was before that silly war) and then a party of us decided to go up to Cairo and see the Pyramids. Well, what a journey! The Arabs were even riding on *top* of the train, and when the wind blew up those white robe things, oh dear, Egyptian men really are quite deliciously big. I was in a constant state of tension in case Emily should see, and on arrival, simply had to answer the call of nature.

A solitary Arab was at the long row of urinals, and being a friendly chap I stood next to him. He was quite a tall boy, and wearing one of those fascinating jelaba-robe things where you lift the hem and (shudder) expose the whole of your person when you want to—to piss.

Not hearing the customary tinkle, I glanced down and—great sizzling rhino horns—the curly black hair foamed round the butt of something that had to be a male organ because that's where it was at—but there the similarity ended. The shaft was longer than my forearm (and I have long forearms) and its head was a purple pear of exquisite smoothness. My mouth gaped (in horror!) but the poor boy misunderstood.

He dropped one hand on my shoulder and forced me gently to my knees and we stared, it and me, eye to gaping eye at each other. Horror-struck, I fondled the incredible head, then abruptly reached back into my pocket. For a second, he reared back, afraid of attack, but it was *just* as I thought!

Twelve and a half on my tape measure—and eight round the butt!

I beg you for a second, do your own miserable specimen, and then you'll know why I was aghast.

He gaped his magnificent legs at me and made kissy movements with his lips, but in no way was I going to suck that huge and drooling—Ohh!—so thick! My jaws gaping to the edge of dislocation . . . . I fell back choking, and he tapped his pocket and looked at me.

He wanted money. The beast. Fortunately I have a petty cash account for incidentals and I whipped out ten shillings, indicating I wanted him to shoot a juicer while I watched, and he began to hand-fuck that monstrous piston right before my staring scientific eyes. Oh Copernicus! I focused my camera and was just in time to catch the most gushing blast of Arab sperm as it smashed a custard-creamer against the tiles.

And it kept on! *Spurt! Spurt! Spurt!* I shot him from all sides, up, down, front, back . . . .

A discreet cough behind me. I swung and—oh Lord! Young Swithers stood there, quite aghast. "I wondered what kept you, Sir," he said.

I thought frantically. "An excellent specimen for Mr. Ogilvie, Swithers. Note the curvature of the shaft."

"His or yours, Sir?" he asked politely.

I glanced down. God, I'd forgotten to poke it back and it stuck out stiff and drooling. I struggled to get it back in my fly. "May I—help you, Sir?" Swithers breathed, his voice half-strangling.

"Oh, thank you," I muttered. "Here. Hold the camera."

"I wasn't—thinking of the camera, Sir," he gasped. He reached out to take it, slipped on the tile and pressed himself against me.

"What on earth have you got in your pants pocket?" I said crossly. "Are you carrying a telescope?"

He straightened, blushing. "No

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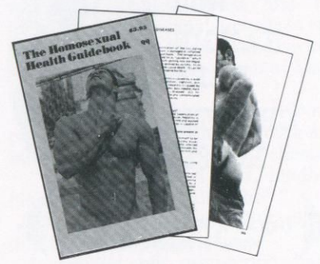

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Sir.''

''It certainly feels like it,'' I said. ''I hope you're not one of those filthy voyeurs spying on young girls?''

''Oh no, Sir.'' He cast one more intense look at the Arab's stiff penis (he was a true scientist, young Swithers) then followed me out.

''We'd—ah—best not say anything about this?'' I murmured.

Swithers gulped. ''I'll say nothing if you g-give me half the p-pictures, Sir,'' he said with amazing bravery. ''Purely for science.''

I stared. You know, *blackmail* is a dirty word! ''Very well,'' I snapped. I'd have to watch him—perhaps he planned a book of his own?

''What on earth kept you?'' Emily said from the waiting taxi. ''The others went hours ago.''

''I was taken short,'' I said. ''Those cream cakes at Malta.''

''God, Dickie,'' she said. ''That was two days ago.''

''Delayed action,'' I sniffed.

Well, the Pyramids are just out of this world! To get into the big one, you go up this long tunnel thing, *quite* bent over because the roof is so low. Well! There must have been a million people there that day *all* going up the tunnel, and *all* bent over. French was ahead and Swithers behind. (Behind *me*, I mean.) If anyone stopped abruptly, your head positively *rammed* the—the derriere of the person ahead, and you know, everyone seemed to be stopping all the time.

Now French really does have the most beautiful set of round cheeks and (I confess) I got this tremendous erection. Each time those swollen little buns arched in my face, I had the filthy urge to tear his panties off and lick in, crack-deep and tongue his pearly bauble. And strangely, he didn't seem to notice I had to steady myself by fondling his cheeks each time he stopped—which was often!

We finally reached the little room inside the pyramid—so empty and dull, no mummy or anything, but the men! All standing with hands clasped in front of them as the guide droned on. I smiled evilly, shouted ''Hands up!'' and in the same instant, popped a flash-cube at them. Oh, delicious. Such pronging erections!

The guide danced with fury, shouting ''Out, out,'' and herded us back through that foul tunnel again. Oh, the heat, the struggling and pushing. Half way down, poor Swithers fainted back against me.

''Oh Doctor, Doctor,'' he cried. ''Help me.''

I grabbed the poor lad round the waist and we struggled down the tunnel in this most awfully obscene position, but oh, his hot little bottom thrusting into my crotch. The boy was almost delirious with the heat, moaning as I held him, then his body stiffened and he jerked against me, and a long drawn ''ahhhh'' came from his poor mouth. Heat stroke, of course, but oh, the effect on me! My throbbing tool, which had been pronging his little cheekies suddenly blew a gusher right in my pants.

''Oh, Swithers,'' I gasped, thrusting into him. ''Dear, dear Swithers.''

He was all right after he'd had the heat stroke, and we finally made it to the sunlight again, but oh, the stain on my pants! I held my camera over it, then bought a soft drink.

''Damn!'' I said suddenly. ''I've spilled the drink all over myself.''

I looked round. All the men were buying drinks and spilling them, and Emily sneered. ''You men! A little heat and you go to pieces.''

A little Arab girl passed and smiled shyly at Emily. ''Who's that,'' I said. ''She seems to know you?''

Emily shrugged. ''Just the girl who was ahead of me in the line.'' She frowned for a second. ''Perhaps I would like a drink after all.''

At Port Said, there was an urgent cable from Mr. Ogilvie.

'Fantastic pictures. Stop. Doubling offer. Stop. Send more at once. Ogilvie.'

Really, didn't the man *know* they were fake? However, I prepared the ones of the Arab boy in the jelaba, and then printed the shots from the pyramid. In it, French and Swithers were standing together and—oh really! It *couldn't* be! *Both* of them? Hands in the air and—what delicious tools! Pronging out of their pants in what they *thought* had been darkness. Not—*playing* with each other? I made several enlargements for Mr. Ogilvie (in the dark they'd pass for Arabs) then straightway repaired to their cabin to confront them with the evil truth. Obviously they were collecting material for their *own* book!

I burst in unannounced, and oh friends, they should really have locked the door! Swithers was on his hands and knees in the bunk, head down in the pillow, and French, also starkers, was up behind him. *Sodomizing* him! I slipped the lock and the two young faces looked up with horror.

But what a rosy picture! Swithers' buttocks were exquisitely round and full, and between his legs his thick stiff cock jutted out, its lips drawn back over the purple throbbing head, and his juicy balls dangling fee and hairy as French buggered him.

French's tool was buried up the crack of the poor boy's ass, and when I peered into that darling crevice I could see a fringe of golden hairs encircling the pulsing shaft. ''We are just doing an experiment, Sir,'' Swithers gasped. ''Would you c-care to join us?''

''Very well,'' I said, stripping immediately. ''As you can see, even a normal male like myself can be aroused to erection by the sight of two copulating males.''

They were both bug-eyed. ''God, Sir! Yes Sir, we can see that, Sir.'' French tooled in and out rapidly, eyes fixed on my leaping doodle, and Swithers gasped as the creamy pole snapped his tight right to its limits. ''Please Sir,'' he gasped in agony from the pillow, ''would you care for me to perform fellatio on your penis while I'm being sodomized?'' Thank God for his scientific approach!

I climbed beneath his crouching body, still clutching my camera, presenting my rampant dong to his sucking mouth as I lay on my back between his arching thighs, peering up at that lascivious white stem plunging into his golden fringed brownie, not inches from my staring academic eyes.

Delicately, I drew aside his dangling hairy balls, then—by the nuts of Nostradamus—what close-ups, what delicious thrusts as that meaty prong sank further into that dilating pulsating asshole of poor Swithers, his purple ass-lips sucking a vacuum-cleaner drag on French's dear tool as he fucked him in the ass. I felt Swithers' hot mouth down there on my dong, his tongue licking my balls and then—mercy!—the little devil slipped beneath, into my slit, licking and sucking into my pulsating hairy crack.

I knew we were all close, and suddenly I leaped up. ''A moment,'' I cried. ''For Mr. Ogilvie!'' I whipped out one of Emily's lipsticks (I use one at night—to stop my lips chapping) and with it I drew on dear Swithers' tortured buttocks a crazy pattern of lines, and circles. ''Ceremonial scars,'' I crowed, elated. ''Ogilvie will think that it's blood.'' Then round French's darling dong, I drew another series of rings, right to the bristled hairy butt. ''Now,'' I gasped, almost overcome with the feel of that springy tool, ''press on!''

And we did! Oh people, we *really* did, while I divided time between camera shots and—Sweet Heavens! —*other* shots, until the two darling boys were almost out of their dear demented minds trying to cope with the demands of my raging scientific prick!

We all cleaned up at the basin. ''What an experiment,'' I gasped.

''So academic,'' Swithers cried.

''And all for Mr. Ogilvie,'' French signed.

I clutched the camera with its precious load. ''He'll never know the difference,'' I gasped. ''But not a word to the Dean, okay?''

Solemnly, the dear lads nodded.

Emily handed me the cable. ''From the ship's wireless operator,'' she said, and I read it at once.

''*More?*'' I gasped. ''Ogilvie wants more pictures and we haven't even *landed* yet.''

She smiled cunningly and I wondered how much she knew. ''You'll think of something, Dickie. Excuse me, I promised the infirmary nurse I'd help her roll bandages. See you at tiffin.''

I nodded and staggered away to my favourite place between decks A and B, and lay back on my lounge at the foot of the gangway, my feverish mind seeking an answer to Ogilvie's demands.

I looked up. Such a nice spot by the ladder. Since we'd entered the tropics, the dear ship's officers, cunning little devils, had changed to shorts and long socks, and sometimes—oh, my heart—they didn't wear any undershorts. The *sights* I was forced to watch as I lay back in that lounge! One officer in particular—dear me—he was up there now, standing there with his great wide shorts flaring open and . . . .

''Hello, Sir, mind if I draw up a lounge?''

Heavens! French! ''Well—no, dear boy, but I was just going to tea.''

''Not for half an hour, Sir.'' He lay back and looked up. ''I wondered if . . . . '' He stopped abruptly.

''Er—what?'' I said. I could see something had upset him.

''I notice this is your favourite spot,'' he said, breathlessly staring.

I swallowed. ''So comfy. Out of the wind.'' I tilted my white pith-helmet over my eyes (such tropical things, pith-helmets) and peered out from under the brim as the young officer shuffled his papers then descended the ladder. He paused at the rail in front of us, then—God Alive! he raised his leg to the first rung, and two delicious round nuts peeped out their hairy heads to the world. ''French,'' I gasped. ''Be a good lad and bring me the 'Kinsey Report' from my cabin?''

French trotted off reluctantly, and the young officer turned, smiled at me and mounted the ladder again. Desperately I pith-helmet-fanned my face, then—it *would* be cooler on the upper deck, being higher and all. I mounted the ladder.

He'd moved to the back of the ship, a deserted place of piled crates and little cabins for storage. I walked forward and peered in.

My God!

His arms were strung above his head to iron rings, and he'd slipped his feet through rings in the floor. He was stark bollicks-naked and his balls—Sweet Heavens!—*peaches* is a better word. Two juicy downy swingers in a whang-dangle pouch of black hairies.

''Please,'' he whispered. ''Don't play with me. Don't suck my cock and make me shoot all over your chest.''

''You poor boy,'' I said, fondling his dong. ''Are you all right?''

''Yes,'' he groaned. ''But please don't take advantage of me.''

I dandled his mini-hippo balls. ''What's with the rings?''

''The guilt,'' he gasped, writhing away from me. ''If I'm tied up, I can't stop you, can I? But please Sir, don't suck my cock and shove your big hairy fingers up my crack.''

I looked down. A thick nine-incher with a ruby eye to poke your finger in. I did. He gasped with horror and I knelt suddenly, gulping officer-tool as he thrust in my mouth. ''God Sir, don't suck me off. Don't make me blow my nuts down your throat.''

''Very well,'' I gulped, cock-gorging. I took it out to stare down the tunnel of its ruby eye and suddenly, it *exploded*—the only word! It splattered against my chest and sent me reeling, and one shot went clean over my shoulder and struck the door.

''Oh God,'' he gasped, ''don't ram your thick tool right up my poor tight ass.'' His eyes closed. ''Don't fuck me, Master.''

Suddenly I heard footsteps. Lord save us. The only place to hide was behind the poor strung-up officer. I ducked behind him, pulled the pith-helmet over my face and hoped they'd see nothing unusual and go away.

''Sir? Sir?'' God's truth, French! ''I brought the book, Sir.''

I peered round the officer's naked chest. ''Oh. Thank you, dear boy. Just leave it on the—ah—floor.''

The wretch wouldn't go. ''Do you need help with the experiment, Sir?''

''Well,'' I said, looking at the officer's dripping tool. ''It's actually over.''

''No, no,'' the officer groaned. ''Don't make me do it again.''

''*Again?*'' I cried aghast. ''But it was only three minutes ago.''

''The doctor says I've got the balls of three men,'' he moaned, struggling to free himself from the rings he clung to. ''Look!''

I looked. He was up again like a stallion's lance and with a cry of joy, French swooped on it. ''Don't fuck my ass while this kid sucks my cock,'' the poor officer pleaded, butting against me.

''Very well,'' I cried. How hot and

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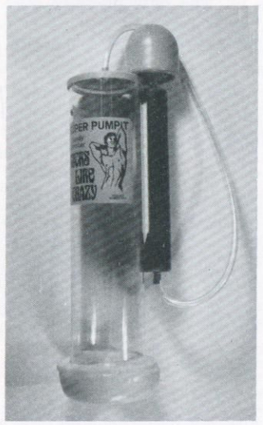

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tight his delicious tube. "I won't—fuck you," I said, beginning to pant with ecstasy. "I won't shoot a roaring gush of sperm up your . . . ." I could hardly breathe, so tight and sucking was his sweet little—"I won't," I gasped. "I won't—I *won't* . . . ." I half screamed as my rod convulsed inside his hairy crack and suddenly, I remembered—*Mr. Ogilvie!*

I snatched off my white pith-helmet and thrust it on the poor lad's thrashing head; dragged French's sucking lips from the officer's rigid prick and seized a pair of massive pipe-tongs from the wall of the little cabin. "Here, nip his dong with these—but gently," I admonished. French stared, horrified at my bestiality. "Jungle Savages Torture African Missionary," I snapped, whipped in a flash cube. "Ogilvie won't know the difference."

French gasped at my dedication and applied the tongs. Oh, the ecstasy on the officer's face as he was *really* screwed. "Oh, please, Masters," he moaned. "Don't do it to me. Don't get that marlin spike from the cupboard above your head and shove it up me." He writhed again and I shot him from all angles as French, the cunning devil, found other instruments of torture until the poor officer was pinned, pricked and pierced like a Christmas tree and had shot three times, the last all over my Kinsey Report.

I put down my movie camera. "You poor lad," I said, unpinning his pectorals. "You must be exhausted."

His back convulsed. "Please—don't make me do it all again."

Eyes staring with fatigue, I took French's hand and we staggered from the little cabin. "Tomorrow," I gasped. "We won't make you do it all again tomorrow."

I printed and posted the stills at the next port, then Emily and I repaired to the sun-deck to read the mail we'd collected. "Heavens," I said, "Ogilvie seems wildly delighted with the prints . . . ." Something familiar about the writing? I shrugged and dismissed it. "And we haven't even *reached* Africa yet."

Emily didn't seem the least surprised. "He's sent an advance check as well," she said. "Five hundred pounds."

I frowned. "Why would Ogilvie send it to you?"

"Umm—I have a better business brain," Emily murmured, turning a page. "He says if the movies are as good as the stills, he'll double the commission."

I stared. "How did he know I'd taken movies? *I* didn't tell him."

"It was French, I suppose," Emily shrugged. "You can't trust anyone these days." She sat up abruptly. "My God, he's flying out personally to collect the movies at Lorenco Marques."

"Oh Lord!" I cried aghast. "What if Ogilvie shows them to the Dean? He'd know at once they weren't genuine African folk-lore."

"Who cares, so long as Ogilvie is satisfied."

Really, I never thought she'd be so mercenary! "What of my reputation as an anthropologist?" I said. "And what would the Dean think?"

"Screw the Dean," Emily yawned, and stuffed the check in her bosom. Ohhh—*so* unhygienic. Who knows *where* her boobs had been!

I could hardly wait until we docked at Lorenco Marques and I met the mysterious Mr. Ogilvie. Such a *steamy* port! Incredibly beautiful young Africans in the *briefest* of clothing, and I could just *feel* the excitement in my camera.

"I'm to meet him at the Imperial Hotel," Emily said, holding out the cablegram.

"*You're* to meet him?" I cried. "What about me?"

"Darling," Emily said, taking the cans of film from me, "you're the creative spirit—*I'm* the business partner!"

I surrendered them and watched her leave with some reluctance. She really *didn't* know how to care for herself, poor innocent girl. For half an hour I wandered the ship—French and Swithers had also gone ashore—then went below to my cabin. Perhaps a flip through my pics would stimulate—oh hell! I'd forgotten to give her the best spool—the one of the steward fleeing with the African eunuch-stretcher still embedded. I hurried up to the wharf and hailed a passing taxi. "Hotel Imperial," I said. "And hurry."

We made it in quick time, but not before I managed to get some beautiful shots of him in an isolated park fixing the rear wheel. The poor boy was hot, and had to strip completely naked as he worked, and with some monetary persuasion, managed to get the jack handle right up his derriere and pump himself to simply incredible proportions. marvellous! I'd call it "Technology in Africa!"

He dropped me at the hotel, still smiling, and I got the room number from the clerk and took myself up.

I knocked.

No answer. Checked the number again, then opened the door and peered in. Obviously set for a conference—chairs round a table, filled ash-trays. I moved forward, sniffed one of the glasses. Ugh! Port!

What did *everyone* see in port?

On the table, a brown manila envelope and I flipped out the contents. Magazines. Shiny. Expensive. Glossy pictures on the cover and . . . .

I stared, incredulous, and oh—I can hardly tell you what it was. But I must. That wretched Arab in Cairo! *Posing!* For pornographic pictures! And I had thought I was the only one to see him with his jelaba up and his huge red—I stared. The same robe! He *always* wore it? I opened the magazine. A centre-fold of him that opened to an octavo-fold and that enormous life-size—God, the filthy pervert who took these pictures was obviously dedicated to adoration of cock and—I turned the page. Saw other pictures, hot off the press.

Found my limbs melting to jelly.

French and Swithers! And French's ring-a-rosy cock stuffed tight up Swithers decorated ass-cheeks. Oh, the traitors taking pictures behind my back just like my own. I turned again, and there—the stills I'd made of the steward, fucked with an iron cock, bolting up the passage . . . .

I nearly swooned as the awful truth came over me.

My own work . . . my *noble* work, prostituted for the eyes of voyeurs the world over . . . rushed into print to satisfy the evil lusts of . . . .

Seething with anger, I looked round me. I'd punish them, I'd . . . . Another door led off. Ha! They were there, gloating over their filthy monetary gain. I turned the handle and bravely flung it wide.

Oh, sweet readers, forgive me if I pause.

A scene of indescribable naked lust!

Emily—*Emily*! was ass-up and nose-down in the balls of someone whose back was to me, sucking his prong to save her life. And behind her—behind *Emily*—French was ass-naked and buggering her round cheeks like to bust a valve. Swithers was sandwiched between, his prong in the mystery man's mouth and Emily's fingers frigging his dear little pinkie.

I strode forward, ready to thrash Ogilvie within an inch of his life. The blackguard! My reputation was in shreds; never again could I face the Dean . . . the University . . . I grasped his shoulder, spun his head and . . . .

Ogilvie stared at me, protuberant eyes fish-like over the thick shaft that raped his gaping mouth. Really, you know—the Dean has protuberant eyes . . . .

I swallowed. Brought my emotions under control. Took that thick wedge of man-meat from his lips and looked again.

It *was* the Dean!

"Well!" I said. I chuckled with only slight success. "*You* are Mr. Ogilvie?"

The Dean (always the perfect gentleman) coughed delicately and removed his tool from Emily's lips, and I suppressed a start of horror at its girth. "We owe you an explanation, Dr. Loverod," he murmured. "My daughter and I . . . ."

I stared. "Your *daughter*?"

"Er—illegitimate," he said, "so it had to be kept secret. We felt it was quite time your unusual—*talents*—were put to greater use, and that it was time for you to enter the firm."

My poor head was reeling. "The *firm*?"

Swithers and French nodded dumbly. "We're all partners," French whispered, hanging his head. "After all, the University pays such low wages but the anthropology department *does* give us world-wide contacts—so convenient, the mails and all that . . . ." He trailed off, his poor dumb eyes begging forgiveness.

I could hardly speak and the Dean misunderstood my silence. "We had thought an African trip would be one of our best sells, but your—talents—made it almost unnecessary." He pursed his lips. "We *could* give you a bonus of—ten percent?"

I brow-mopped and Emily reached for my hand. "Think of it as modern anthropology, Dickie," she said. "After all, they drew dirty pictures on cave walls ten thousand years ago—only *they* didn't think they were dirty."

I looked down at the craven wretch so enslaved by her evil father, and knew I'd have to be firm to get her away from it all.

"Twenty percent," I said, then watched his cunning face trying to hide his eager acceptance. He nodded.

"For the stills," I murmured. He blinked, but was able to nod again.

"And thirty percent for the movie rights," I added firmly.

He closed his eyes and I noticed Swithers' naked ass twitch invitingly. I took off my pants.

The Dean stared down and gave the faintest gasp of horror. "And if you star?" he said weakly, his protuberant eyes protubering even more.

"Fifty percent," I said, mounting Swithers.

I still don't know if it was the Dean or Swithers who gave the moan of agony.

• • •

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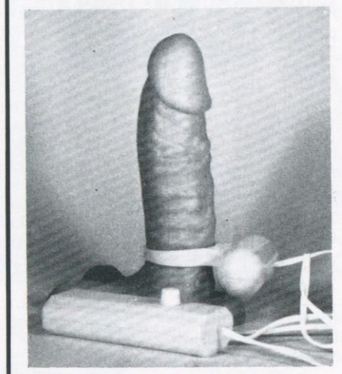

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THE SUPER SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS!

A HARD-ON AT EVERY TURN!

BY A.JAY

HEY HARRY...DID YOU SEE "JAWS"?

I THINK I TRICKED WITH ONE OF HIS RELATIVES AT THE TUBS LAST NITE!

CONCLUSION: AS THE EROTIC EXPLOITS OF HARRY AND CO. DRAW TO A SMASHING CLIMAX (SIGH) WE AGAIN FIND OUR HERO IN SUPER PERIL! IN THE LAST PULSATING EPISODE, HARRY, MICKEY MUSCLE, RANCID AGNEW AND DIARRHEA LEVINE (PRONOUNCED LEE-VINE) HAD JUST MADE IT TO THE FAMOUS GALLERIA dell AGGADEMIA IN FLORENCE WHERE THE PRICELESS STATUE OF MICHELANGELO'S DAVID IS DISPLAYED...WHEN THE NASTY SCARLET SCUMBAG—HOVERING OVERHEAD IN HIS HIGH-POWERED COPTER...BLASTED A SECTION OF THE AGGADEMIA ROOF WITH HIS LASER! THEN, IN A BRAZEN MOVE, THE S.S. HAD SECURED THE STATUE BY USING A GIGANTIC SKY-HOOK!

JUST AS DAVID WAS TO BE SKY-JACKED TO POINTS UNKNOWN...HARRY MADE A DESPERATE LEAP...AND GRABBED ON TO IT'S BASE...

MAN...I'M SUPER LUCKY! MY CIRCUS ACROBATIC TRAINING COMES IN VERY HANDY AT PERILOUS MOMENTS LIKE THIS...!

I WONDER IF IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT GARDNER McKAY?

AS HARRY CLIMBS THE CABLE 'N SWINGS ABOARD THE COPTER, AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT APPEARS—

SO...

HOLY ZUCCHINI... DON'T WRAP IT— I'LL EAT IT HERE!

GULP— IT'S...

WE MEET AT LAST...CHESS! THE SCARLET SCUMBAG IN THE FLESH!

SUPER GASP...I KNOW YOU...YOU'RE STEELY ROCKEFELLER...THE FANTASTICALLY WEALTHY HEIR APPARENT OF YOU-KNOW-WHO! HOLY SHIT...YOU WERE PRESUMED ZAPPED BY A TRIBE OF WILD, SEX-CRAZED PYGMIES WHILE HUNTING SUNKEN TREASURE IN THE DARKEST PART OF THE EVERGLADES A FEW YEARS AGO!

FUCK...SUCK...RIM... PISS...GOOK...BALLS... SHIT...ASS-HOLE...DICK... PRICK...FIST...CUM... LOAD...HOT JUICE... LICK MEAT... RIM... RIM...

I'LL BE DIPPED IN SHIT... IF STEELY HAS FREAKED OUT...WHO THE HELL IS AT THE CONTROLS..?!?

GULP... GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO TRY 'N LAND THIS CRATE WITHOUT CHIPPING WHAT'S-IT DANGLING OUTSIDE...

KISS IT!

I HOPE ALL THOSE YEARS OF READING STEVE CANYON WAS RUBBED OFF! HERE GOES NOTHIN...

HI FELLAS!

MEANWHILE BACK ON THE GROUND—

HARRY MADE IT INSIDE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE COPTER IS HEADING OUT TO THE HILLS AGAIN!

SIRENS!! THE FUZZ!! WE BETTER SPLIT...MY ITALIAN STOPS AT A 'FUNGOOL'!

MOMMA MIA!

GEE!

MINUTES LATER...

HE'S PULLING IN THIS DIRECTION..DON'T LOSE THE MOTHER!

NICE SCENERY!

AGAIN—ABOARD THE COPTER

I WONDER WHICH ONE I PUSH FOR DOWN?

SUDDENLY...

SWALLOW MY THROBBING DICK...COCKSUCKER!

CHOCK... LET GO... THAT WOULD BE LIKE GOING DOWN ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT!

UGH!

THIS IS FOR TAB HUNTER!

Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3

HOLY BANANAS... WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD THAT HILLTOP!

PHEW...NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! NOW IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE OUT HOW TO LAND THIS MACHINE!

SCAT IS NOT AN INSECT REPELLENT...NO SHIT!

OOPS!

HARRY'S KNEE ACCIDENTALLY HITS A SMALL BUTTON ON THE CONTROL PANEL...AND—

SUDDENLY THE SKY HOOK HOLDING THE STATUE OF DAVID RELEASES...

AND PLUMMETS DOWNWARD...LANDING FEET FIRST IN A NEARBY LAKE!

DON'TA MAKE WAVES!

PLOP!

YIPS...I THINK WE JUST LOST SOMETHING!

NO...NO... NOT MY PRECIOUS STATUE!!!

HEY..COME BACK...DON'T JUMP!

FLAKE OFF... YOU HAIRY COCKSUCKER!

ZIP

FUCK... I MISSED HIM!

NEW YORK IS THE BIG CRAPPLE!

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

!

SO LONG...

MEANWHILE...DIRECTLY BELOW, RANCID, MICKEY AND DIARRHEA WATCH—

WOW..I'VE SEEN BIG MEAT IN MY DAY...BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS!

OH STEELY... YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!

GEE...I'D HATE TO HAVE 40 LBS. OF SAUSAGE SWINGIN' BETWEEN MY LEGS!

STEELY...STEELY WHO? HEY DIARRHEA...COME BACK...!

SORRY BOYS...I MUST TRY 'N SAVE STEELY! SOB..YOU SEE...I'M IN LOVE WITH THE CRAZY BASTARD! SO LONG..

OH WELL...I HOPE HE FINDS HAPPINESS! PERSONALLY I COULD NEVER LOVE ANYONE WITH A 72 INCH COCK!

GEE...I HATE SAD ENDINGS!

A LITTLE LATER...

I FINALLY FIGURED OUT HOW TO LAND THAT MOTHER! WHERE'S STEELY AND DIARRHEA?

MR. WHIPPLE IS A FAG!

WHEN LAST SEEN... THEY WERE SWIMMING INTO THE SUNSET...

GEE...

SIGH...JUST LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS AND JOHNNY WEISSMULLER IN "HUMORESQUE"!

THAT WAS JOAN CRAWFORD AND VICTOR MATURE, DUMMY!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...THE SINISTER IDOL OF KAHLUA BLEWA IN STEELY'S POSH N.Y. PENTHOUSE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS INTO OBLIVION...

POOF!

BYE...

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Please Print Clearly

THE SPIRIT OF 1976
(Continued from page 12)

sexual preference. Now, the colors convey much more, and wearing the wrong one might get you more than you want. Consider these (the abbreviated letters are given to assist those who connect via personal ads, in which these symbols are usually found):

- Red now signifies fist-fucking (FF). Wear your neckerchief on the right if you want it done to you, on the left if you're already greased up to the elbow with Crisco.
- Black is for sadists and masochists (S&M). A potpourri of pain though nothing specific. If you're a master, show it on the left; if you're a slave, dangle it on the right.
- Green stands for bondage and discipline (B&D). S&M is a bit general; B&D is more specific—so if you want to be tied down by a demanding aggressor wear your neckerchief on the right. If you want to do the flogging wear your green on the left.
- Mustard indicates that the wearer has a big cock (at least 8") if worn on the left. The wearer who shows the neckerchief on the right wants a big cock (he may or may not be big himself). No particular kind of sex is indicated, but fucking is usually involved.
- Yellow signifies water sports (WS), i.e., piss, enemas, etc. Right side, taker; left, giver.
- Blue is for most guys into ordinary role-playing—a bit of everything but nothing extreme. It is for conventional sexists who simply want to dominate (wear it on the left) or prefer to be dominated (wear it on the right). It's the closest thing to what keys originally meant.

The use of discreet signals to attract a mate is becoming so specialized that some wearers are devising ultra-secret codes by using dotted, or speckled, or mottled designs on their neckerchiefs. At least one merchant is selling colored bumper stickers for guys who want to pick up the right tail on their way home from work while maneuvering the freeways. Also available are arm patches for those who want to be even more subtle, and tie tacks that enable the business exec in a suit to get his message across to that new salesman at lunch.

Secret codes? Yes—until the cat is let out of the bag by the gay exploiters who write for pulp magazines and off-beat newspapers that reach hipsters of every sex. When they get the message gay guys will have to think up something else. Perhaps the good old days will make a comeback—when a tapping foot under a partition in the old railroad station john said *everything!*

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CONDOMS



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

CONTINUED FROM PULL-OUT

DETROIT AREA: Youthful, vigorous, slim, sexy 53-year-old professional man desires loving relationship with younger man. Prefer blond, masculine type; but quality of the person far outweighs looks. **M-33**

OKLAHOMA CITY. Mid-thirties, 6', 175 lbs., straight-acting, masculine, good-humored, college-educated. Looking for someone compatible socially and otherwise away from the gay scene. Phone (405) 789-6746 after 10 P.M.

SANDUSKY, OHIO (weekends only). If 18 to 30, like sex, boats, water-skiing & butch, let me know with picture & letter. No nellies, blacks or fats. I am 26, 6', 178 lbs. **K-11**

W/M, 36, 5'8", 135, brown hair & eyes, active/passive, Greek/French, seeks same 25-35, pot, poppers. Frank letter/pic from butch looking/acting receives prompt reply. **S-51**

TRADE MOVIE PHOTOS. I have 3,000 8x10 movie stills to trade. I am interested in starting a physique photo collection of famous men (beefcake). I need your help. James Harris, 425 Dayton Towers Drive, Studio 10-A, Dayton, Ohio 45410.

RANCH. Need honest, good stud 16 to 20 who can rough it. Sid Burton, Comanche, Texas 76442.

GAY SENIOR CITIZEN seeks refined Gay Houseman 60 years of age or over. No drugs or rough stuff. Need plenty of mutual Frenching, no Greek. Give statistics, picture and phone number. **M-14**

SAN FRANCISCO and Bay Area, 38, white, versatile, 5'8", seeks friends 21-30. Have movies. Write to: Van, P.O. Box 11093, Oakland, Calif. 94611.

PUERTO RICO: Coming down to San Juan to visit or live? Or just want to communicate? I can inform you or show you around. 30-year-old American resident. **W-18**

COLORADO MALE, 31, 6'1", 180, white, seeks guys 16-31 for good times and more. Prefer uncircumcised. Please write with photo. All letters answered. Will help relocate for right person. **K-13**

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

L.A. BLACK wanted by attractive, together white for fun, friendship. I'm lean, hard-bodied, hairy-chested, quiet, hip, thirtyish, young-thinking. You should be masculine, muscular, Greek-active. Tom, Box 38494, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038.

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

PITTSBURGHER, 50, admires chicken, films, and anally-explicit photos. Mild S&M fan. Like show music, eating out, and reading show-biz biographies. **S-20**

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

TO UNCUT GUYS: I'm 28, 150 lbs., w/m, 6' and will correspond. Collect pics, will answer all. **J-2**

CENTRAL MICHIGAN GAY, 39, 5'8", 170 lbs., lives alone, visitors welcomed. Are you over-sexed and undernourished? Can satisfy. Discretion necessary. Please write or call John. Tel. (517) 366-5953. **P-6**

SOUTHERN SASKATCHEWAN Canadian w/m, trim, 38, 5' 8", 155, wishes correspond, possibly meet reasonably attractive guys u/45 in U.S., Canada, any race. No fats, fems, drugs. Photo appreciated. **H-35**

GWM ENGINEER interested in music, opera, photography, horticulture (especially roses), and men. Prefer quiet masculine types 30-55 interested in mutual love and esteem. Travel limited. Answer all. **H-15**

ST. LOUIS, 42, red hair, large tall frame, true Pisces! To correspond and meat trim b/m (22-45). Prefer hung/cut, French active/passive, no weirdos, please. **F-13**

KANSAS CITY, w/m, 30, 5'6", 140, mustache, butch, a loner, dig buttonfly levis, cowboy boots and hats, leather, light S/M, versatile. Looking for same anywhere. Letter and photo. **T-5**

HOT BUNS WANTED, 18 years up for Greek action, also French culture active and passive. I'm a very hot, passionate Italian, 34, 5'8", 155 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, who likes to make love. All answered, photos first. **B-16**

LOGGER, hot, hung & horny, Pacific Northwest & Canada. 33, dark hair, brown eyes, 5'9", 175 lbs., wants to meet muscular studs, all races. Send photo. **W-8**

SALISBURY, N.C. masculine GWM wants to meet same to age 45. I am 41, 5'10", 170 lbs., medium size uncut. Have many interests, enjoy male companionship and sex. Photo please. **B-17**

ENJOY GETTING IT ON with well-built types for French pleasure. Can travel occasionally. Visitors to Cincinnati welcomed. Send photo. **S-14**

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

MIDDLE-AGED MALE desires correspondence/meeting for mutual satisfaction. Into photog., nudism, masturbation, passive Greek, French active. Candid photo appreciated. Can travel. Occupant, Box 1261, Southgate, Calif. 90280.

COPENHAGEN: Two butch guys, 36/37, well-endowed, amateur photographers with great collection of pornophotos and drawings seek leather and bodybuilding guys for correspondence and meeting. **J-12-F**

STEVENS INN: Colonial-style (not primitive), good food, privacy and handsome natives. Write to Mr. C. E. Stevens, Saint Kitts, Leeward Islands. Telephone 2116.

GWM, HANDSOME, HIRSUTE college grad professional, non-smoker, athletic extends welcome to sharp, unaffected gays in Boston-New England area. **K-5**

SLIM BODYBUILDER with great physique who freaks out on muscles wants to meet bodybuilders with muscular definition, not bulk, who groove on exercise, posing, massage, prolonged sensual wrestling, sweat, fantasies, light bondage. **K-8**

WANT A FRIEND? 27, good looks, sincere. Am tired of being lonely, but my businesses keep time short. Too busy for looking also? Write. Snapshot requested. Scottsdale, Ariz. **M-13**

YOUNG GOOD-LOOKING W/M wants to correspond and meet same to 35. Will answer all with nude photo first. Will send nude of me. D.M.S., Box 11511, Santa Ana, Calif. 92711.

HUSKY DOMINANT older man with country place 1½ hrs. NYC seeks rugged non-smoker 25-55 to relocate. Uncut muscular m ideal but improbable. Some career financing possible. Photo. Corwin Assoc., P.O. Box 169, Patterson, N.Y. 12563.

COLUMBUS, OHIO: White male, 44, butch, seeks gay contacts 150-mile radius Columbus. Any race and age to 45. French and Greek active and passive. No hangups. Write! **E-8**

COLUMBUS, OHIO w/m, 50, 5'5", 140, likes better things in life, esp. opera, travel, nature, nice home. Seeks similar for friendship, etc. Photo appreciated. Nial Kent, where are you? **M-18**

HUNKY SUN-WORSHIPPER desires to share sun, swim, and fun, weekends, Hamptons, in my private pool and cottage with other sun-worshippers. Send photo with reply for prompt response. **L-22**

GOOD-LOOKING 21-YEAR-OLD white male, blond hair, hung, would like penpals anywhere and meet new friends in Southern California area. Photo exchanged: Murry, Box 1442, Canyon Country, Calif. 91351.

WHITE, MID-40'S, average dimensions. Travel widely, would like to meet young fun guys who appreciate tenderness and sincerity. Much love and attention promised in return. **R-6**

BODY HAIRLESS, lithe and slim with penis fat and long. Sex with you would be a joy and never ever wrong. **A-6**

DETROIT GUY seeks servicemen pen pals. Also local models for photography. Will answer all. Like French. Photo gets photo. Please write. **B-44**

SUBMISSIVE, middle-aged male, good body, welcomes well-built men with pleasant dispositions to his secluded Connecticut home and pool. Overnight or weekends, let me please you. **W-9**

WASHINGTON, D.C. W/M, professional, 30, 5'10", 170, interested in corresponding with guys 18-35. Sincere, masculine, educated, affectionate myself and prefer same in others. Jim, Box 3093, Alexandria, Va. 22302.

MIGHTY FLEXED BICEPS and a massive chest are marks of my dream man. Am young, rather athletic, blue eyes, and love contact and adoration with muscular stud. Write! **L-16**

VISITORS TO NEW ORLEANS, 18-25, welcomed as my guests. Especially foreign students. Write beforehand. **E-5**

CAN PROVIDE HELP and information about St. Louis and possibly lodging for one or two guys traveling this way. Best to call or write ahead. Slayden Harris, 13303 Manor Hill Rd., St. Louis, Mo. 63131.

HEY STUDS, comin' through the midwest? Buy ya steak dinner. Like to write/meet all brothers. Dig leather-levi scene. Early 40's, sense of humor. Give a try. "Jake," P.O. Box 80155, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

NOVA SCOTIA W/M, 40. Interested in meeting other discreet white males. Endowment unimportant. No drugs, fems, S/M. **D-25**

SO. CALIFORNIA GUY, white, masculine, sense of humor, nice appearing, interested in sports, bridge, entertainment, photography. Interested in meeting/corresponding with masculine guys for versatile relationship. Exchange photos. Jerry White, 11325 Blix St., No. Hollywood, Calif. 91602.

YOUNG, REBELLIOUS B/D SLAVE WANTED: To be Collared, Shackled, Spread-eagled, Shaved and Trained to obey a tall, slim, St. Louis Leatherman. **G-10**

WHITE MALE, mid-30's, thinks chicken is best. Would like to hear from others on the subject. **B-31**

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

J/O PENPALS WANTED. Exchange ideas, ways 'n means, likes 'n dislikes, pix, etc. Toys, solo S/M, vacuums, solo bondage, porno, amyl, enema, nudism/exhibitionism, anything. **A-12**

READING AREA: Late 20's, seeks permanent mate. Varied interests, sincere, loving, has own home. Enjoys the outdoors and staying home. Versatile, digs hairy chest/body. **Z-3**

CATALONIAN, 26, interested in traveling, music and all the expressions of beauty. Living in Geneva, Switzerland. Please send photograph. **C-12-F**

ANIMAL LOVER would like hearing from others who are into interesting scenes. Please write or phone: Edw. Blumyer, 2300 Nadeau St., Apt. 5, Huntington Park, Calif. 90255. Tel (213) 588-2382.

WESTERN MASS. photographer and bodybuilder buddy offer free studio prints to other bodybuilders in exchange for modeling sessions. Send description, phone and photo to: P.O. Box 945, Pittsfield, Ma. 01201.

NEVADA COWBOY truck driver, 28, 6', 165, blond, smooth body and hung, wants to settle down with rugged, hairy rancher or ? who is affectionate and wants a lover who is both hard-working and sincere. Age no problem. Send letter and photo please and let's rap. **B-38**

WANTED: HORNY, HUNG gay 18-25 desiring to be wanted, needed and would like a home and young sugar daddy in exchange for gay companionship and relationships. All explicit and informative letters answered. Connecticut. **H-21**

NEW YORK CITY TOP MAN 32, 6'2", 160, w/m, masculine, warm, attractive, seeks bottom man who is sensitive, warm, sincere. Bodybuilder welcomed. I'm Greek active, French passive. Nick, P.O. Box 387, New York, N.Y. 10028.

GOOD-LOOKING 27-year-old, Australian, slim, hung, would like penfriends anywhere, In U.S. and Canada, any race to 30, interests in films, theatre, music, books. Photo if possible. John O'Rourke, 4/107 Henrietta St., Waverly N.S.W. 2024, Australia.

CONTACT JACK if you are well-endowed & would love to fuck my hot ass—35, 5' 7", 155 lbs., average looking. Great in bed. All races. Send explicit letter, nude photo and phone no. Ans. all. Boxholder, P.O. Box 626, New York, N.Y. 10011.

LONELY W/M, 45, quiet living, would like W/M 35-50, employed, honest, sincere to share home and other interests. East Bay, No. Calif. **B-41**

ORLANDO, FLORIDA: Tired of bars, hustlers. I'm secure, sincere, discreet, 5'7", 140 lbs., 43. Looking for dependable male companionship 35 to 45. P.O. Box 17661, Lockhart, Fla. 32810.

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

FLORIDA GWM, 38, 135, dark hair/eyes, world traveler, wishes to correspond with w/m 20-35, similar interests. Send photo. Fla. area if possible. **R-14**

LIKE TO MEET young guys to 32, smooth, muscular, trim. Am 5'10", 152, auburn hair, butch, muscular, hairy body. No fems. Letter w/pic gets fast reply. **A-9**

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

FLORIDA WETTER: W/M, 40, 6', 160, 32" waist, wants contact with others interested in bed/pants wetting, diapers/rubber pants. No interest in hard S/M. Bob Pollock, Box 504, Miami, Fla. 33156.

WHITE MALE, 55, 6', 185 lbs., passive Greek, passive/active French, nipple-responsive, seeks lover 45-60. Discretion not necessary. Can travel or will entertain. **H-38**

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

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