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For Gay Guys



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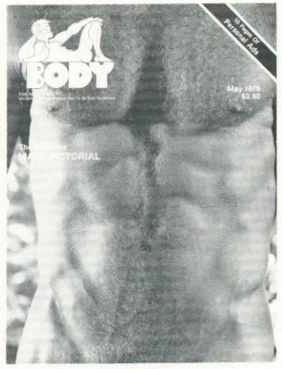

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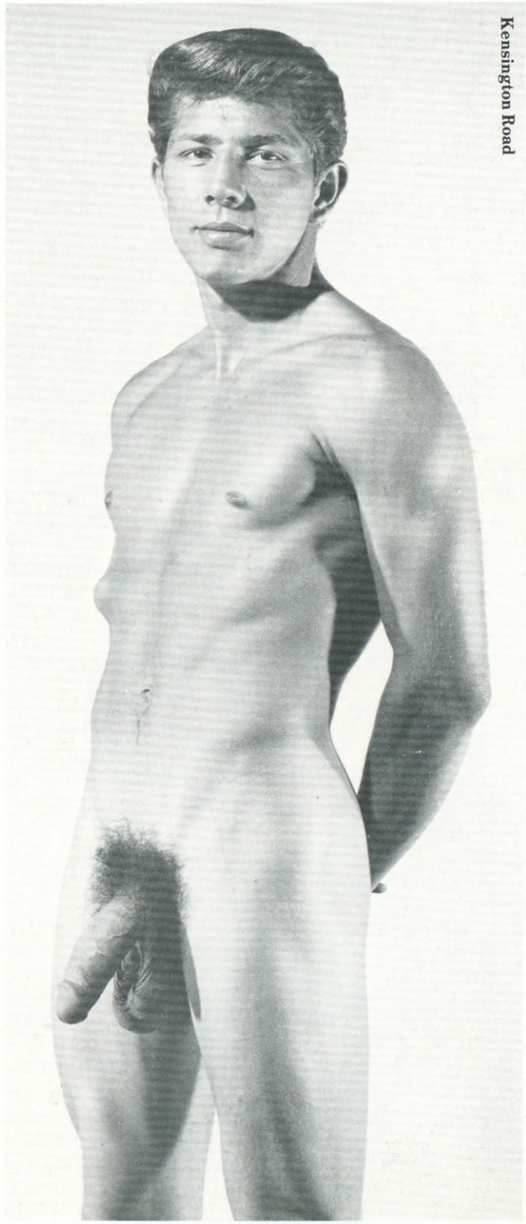
EDITORIAL

The Tulsa Ripoff

By Frank Keating



Kensington Road

GAY guys continue to be cast in the role of patsy in religious ripoffs around the world, and so we can say with much truth and more irony that "it's the cross we have to bear." Why/how this is so is the subject of two commentaries in this issue.

One—*Papal 'Bull'*—discusses, from the point of gay involvement, the sexual hypocrisy/naiveté that is so apparent in the recent Vatican encyclical about what Pope Paul VI deplores as "the exaltation of sex." And, as you will note from the heading above, the second concerns an unhappy incident right here at home. Gay guys are calling it "The Tulsa Ripoff" and it hits a sorer sport because (1) not only is it more poignant by being localized and affects us as a group, and (2) because of the cruder sexual hypocrisy revealed, but (3) because of the incalculable damage done to what had become a blossoming of straight-to-gay recognition, understanding and good will.

Comments from Catholic/Protestant straights/gays suggest that thinking people regard the Vatican encyclical as "naive," "a bit of nonsense," and that "the aged celibates who dredged up this bilge, having never had sex and now being too old to—and probably regretting it bitterly—were more-or-less indulging themselves in a glass of wine from sour grapes," and that "the irony of it is, that in lacking sexual experience they purport to set norms for others," while "they glorify the most peculiar sexual aberration of all—abstinence." To the intelligent and sexually well-adjusted individual the document is little more than pitiful and 'apPauling'.

On the other hand, Billy James Hargis reveals the sheer crudeness of religious hypocrisy in a palpable way, using what some call the 'plus/minus' values of homosexuality. As various newspapers and *Time* magazine have reported, this noted hellfire-and-brimstone evangelist who is Big in Jesus throughout the Southwest became embroiled in a "sex scandal," as the media call it—to wit: "Five students—four of them men—have said that Hargis had sexual relations with them."

What triggered this communal confession, however, was the odd discovery of a couple just married by Hargis. On their wedding night they surprised each other with the pillow-talk revelation that both had had sex with the Reverend Billy J. It was, of course, to the specific charges of the five students that the Reverend Billy was brought to account. Married, the father of four children, his ministry would seem to have been so securely anchored that any thought of bisexualism would never arise.

The Tulsa Ripoff begins with Hargis as President of the American Christian College in Tulsa, and leader of the Christian Crusade, doing his usual heavenstorming against 'sin', particularly against 'that ultimate perversion, homosexuality'. Sample, according to *Time*: "Unless you and I act today, our children and our children's children will be exposed to perversion so sinister that good will become evil and evil will become good."

But then three more male students, according to *Time*, reportedly told the Vice-President of the College that they had had sexual relations with Hargis over a period (*Continued on page 30*)

COCK·A·DOODLE·DO

RING IT AND KEEP IT UP LONGER

By Bowie Katz

IT really isn't nice to fool Mother Nature . . . but it couldn't hurt to help her out once in awhile. Like when it comes to achieving and sustaining an erection.

As we become jaded from too much sex, it takes greater stimulation to turn us on. And as age settles in, it becomes more difficult for a guy to get it up—no matter how super the turn-on.

Very simply said—the penis is a sponge that becomes rigid when its cavities (chambers, called *corpora cavernosa*) fill with blood. That blood must be locked in if erection is to be sustained—and this is achieved via signals from the brain which trigger a host of physical forces that keep the blood surging forth into the penis. If mental stimulation is lacking the blood doesn't flow—and if age has made the muscles too elastic or flaccid, the constrictors that help lock the blood in fail. The result is a limp cock—and less than satisfactory sex for both partners.

A ring wrapped around the scrotum/penis base serves mainly as a constrictor—a device to help keep the blood, which has entered the penis, from flowing back out. But a cock ring in itself is a turn-on and can provide the necessary mental lift to help deliver the blood to the penis in the first place. As the penis fills and becomes gorged with blood, it becomes locked against the inside rim of the ring—which presses in on all sides, thus serving as an effective constrictor. The blood flows in easily, but its slower backward flow is blocked by pressure. Erection is thereby sustained much more effectively when a cock ring is worn.

If you do not require a cock ring, then you shouldn't wear one—for reasons which will be explained below. But if achieving and sustaining an erection is a chore, then your salvation might be in doodling a ring around your cock. There are several types.

USE A NOOSE

An ordinary length of cord wrapped around the scrotum/penis base serves as an effective constrictor. It should occupy the same position shown in the accompanying illustration—which is so of all cock rings. Simply wrap a reasonably thick length of cord (thin string will onl[illegible]t the flesh) or rawhide shoelace around the [illegible]/penis base until it is comfortably snug (w[illegible] soft). Knot it loosely so that it can be [illegible]ily when you are finished; if the knot bec[illegible]ightened from pressure and moisture you may have [illegible]t with a scissors when you are finished. The disadva[illegible]tage of wearing a cock ring fashioned from cord is that as it becomes wet from perspiration or saliva it can 'bite' the flesh, causing abrasion—which is painful.

A SNAPPY IDEA

Using a small but heavy rubber band serves the same purpose. Rubber gaskets are ideal; they come in a variety of sizes and are usually available wherever vacuum cleaners are repaired (such rings are used to attach disposable dirt bags to suction hoses) for 50 cents to $1 each. Rubber goes on easily enough (as with all unbroken rings, you slip one ball through, then the other, and then pull/wiggle your soft cock through the ring) but because it "grips" the flesh—especially when wet—sliding a rubber ring off can be as difficult as it is painful. Like a length of string it can be cut with a scissors in an emergency—but this can run up your budget if you are using gaskets. The disadvantage of using rubber is that it has too much "give" and is not as effective a constrictor as a rigid ring.

LEATHER HAS MACHO

Leather rings are used by a lot of guys. These are usually in the form of small bracelets with a snap button. Wearers either have them made to order by sellers of leather gear, or buy an assortment of sizes from mail-order companies and experiment until the best fit is determined. The advantage of wearing such a ring is that it can be snapped on easily even after erection (something which cannot be done with unbroken rings) and taken off just as easily/quickly. The main drawback is that their bracelet design and snap button requires that they must be at least ¼" wide—and until they become old and soft from wear their straight edges can bite into the flesh. Guys who wear leather usually aren't bothered by the discomfort; in fact, most rings of this type are studded with metal in order to cause mild pain—which is a macho turn-on for some. Average price is $5, but more for special designs — some of which encompass the scrotum and separate the balls.

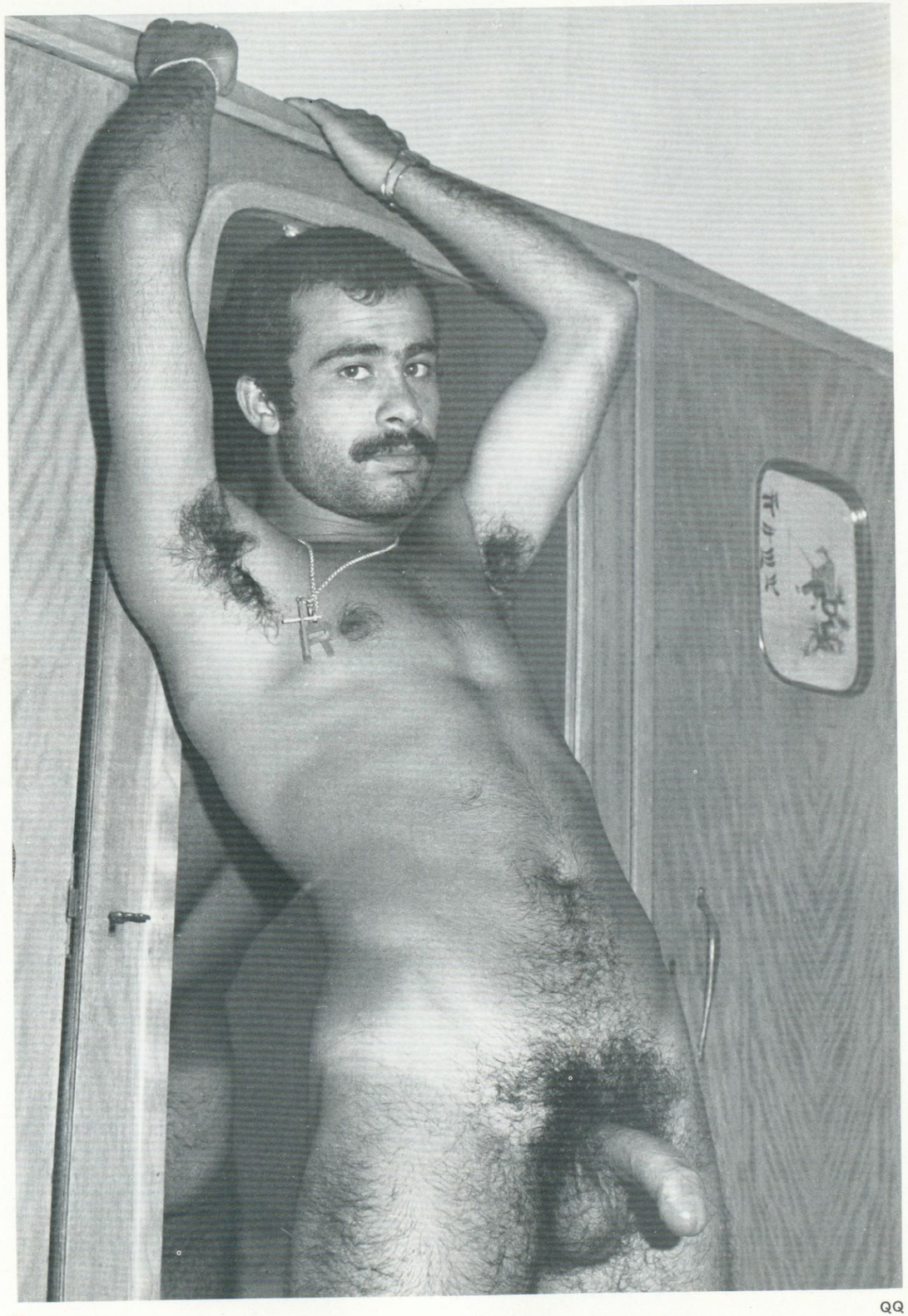
CLASSIC METAL

The classic cock ring, of course, is the unbroken metal band. Wearers originally secured them from suppliers of bridle gear—since such rings are used by manufacturers of saddles and such. These days the adult toy manufacturers are turning them out for sex shops across the country—so great is their demand. Provided you use the right size—the metal ring is the most comfortable of all because of its thickness/smoothness. They are usually made of inexpensive nickel and sell for about $3 each. Some sellers even carry gold-plated rings for "the man who has everything"— *(Continued on page 46)*

QQ



Dudley



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Papal 'Bull'

The Pope's 'Last Hurrah'?

By Scott Young

HISTORY often shows that leaders of an unpopular movement, like a drowning man, clutch frantically at straws to sustain its life. But unlike the drowning man who sees his past life flash before him and wishes that he could right all his wrongs, the leaders of such a moribund movement do just the opposite. They *re*commit all their old errors—blindly, stubbornly, and more harshly—sometimes adding a few new ones for good measure. This is especially true if old age has rendered such leaders mentally inflexible and irreconcilable to change.

Many dispassionate observers, however, viewing this in a broader perspective, see it as a kind of death wish being carried out with masochistic vengeance, as if at last, by some divination, the ultimate folly of keeping such a movement alive has been revealed, and in their frantic disarray the leaders begin to do everything possible to hasten the end. One might say 'lemming-like' . . . a kind of 'last hurrah'.

This analogy came to mind after studying the recent Vatican declaration on sexual ethics voiced by Pope Paul VI, in which he deplores "the exaltation of sex," especially as he defines homosexuality. To all gay people—Catholic and Protestant—it is a curious document. In the light of the Church's teaching that "We're all God's children," it is a gratuitous insult because, by once again fragmenting or 'leperizing' gay people, it drums us out of the Christian corps.

A REGRESSIVE POLICY

The Pope's thesis is regressively moribund because (1) it is *an exercise in futility*, in view of the steady strides in gay acceptance by thinking straights of every faith—including priests and nuns of his own faith (who have been leaving the Church in growing numbers, along with a decline by 2% per year in church attendance). It is (2) *ill-timed*, inasmuch as all of us were interacting more ecumenically . . . sexual understanding having so much to do with it; and (3) the declaration was *ecclesiastically atavistic*, in view of the many changes in the posture of the Church after Pope John XXIII had opened the windows to let in some fresh air. To return to the primitive teachings of the early Church is, in its way a posthumous insult to this great and good man. Certainly, whether intentional or unintentional, it is negating much of the innovative good John had almost singlehandedly brought about.

A fourth point to be made is that a relaxation of social strictures in the Catholic Church had also been noted in other churches, particularly those which had been just as anti-homosexual. Only a few years ago the United Methodist Church said, "We do not condone the practice of homosexuality, and consider it incompatible with Christian teaching." Then came the warmer climate of ecumenical liberalism, and the fact that the American Psychiatric Association found nothing unsound about homosexuality—that it's a matter of choice/orientation—and the same church adopted a turnaround pro-gay policy. "We welcome everyone into this church, regardless of sexual orientation."

Later other Protestant churches followed, and—particularly in large cities—it's not unusual for a church to lease space, or set aside hours for gay worship and programs. A special example of this is New York's Metropolitan-Duane United Methodist Church which has two huge bulletin boards on the front of its edifice. One lists the Methodist services; the other the activities of the Metropolitan Community Church serving the gay people of Greenwich Village. What happened? Nothing sinister. Sex is not rampant in the aisles; no one has been raped at the Coffee Hour; there's been no hanky-panky in the sacristy or deep-throating at the Kiss of Peace.

Opposition to the declaration has come more swiftly from Catholics than Protestants. Churchmen in Rome say it's "A return to the most discredited formulas of Catholic sex phobia." Rome's Catholic gays say that "It contributes to social repression and human unhappiness." Catholic liberals in the United States, such as Loyola University psychologist Eugene Kennedy, term it "out of date," and "most disappointing," and say "It's going to bring needless suffering into the lives of a lot of people."

We see the Pope's declaration as an old man's power play, and his bishops do his bidding. However clearer-thinking priests and laymen may be, the Pope has the chain of power at his side. Aged, and intransigent to change, he still rules, but with growing world resentment to his encyclicals it may be his 'last hurrah'. In the meantime, Catholic gay guys will not wait for the milennium. The love of God is *in*, and *of* us, and there are less hostile routes to Him. Gay churches may be part of the answer. But perhaps we shall do better to meditate on Him in private, or seek Him through other established faiths where Christian love transcends church condemnation of us through papal 'bull'. Why should we go on longer as ecclesiastical pariahs? Surely God would not expect us to.



Mega-Vitamins For Maxium Virility

Important New Mega-V Breakthroughs

By Terry McWaters

VISITORS to Florida's Disneyland often come away puzzled by the fact that here—in the heart of the citrus fruit-growing belt—the only orange juice generally available in restaurants and snack bars is the frozen/'reconstituted'/pour-it-out-of-a-container kind . . . just like back home.

Although piled-high crates of oranges for shipment can be seen for miles in this area, few of the golden globes ever find their way to a Disneyland juicer to yield their full quota of precious Vitamin C. Most of the people of the orange belt are quite aware that they have a *gold* mine in citrus, but few seem to care that they're also sitting on a '*vita*-mine'. In a way it's rather like poverty in the midst of riches, because Vitamin C—every yieldable milligram—is so important to our health, and—as you will see—virility.

MEGA-C . . . THE FIRST NUTRITIONAL BREAKTHROUGH

Dr. Linus Pauling, unquestionably the world's greatest authority on mega-vitaminic power, has said that the *optimum* intake of Vitamin C is between 250 milligrams and 10 *grams* per day—allowing for the needs of different people. This may be eye-popping to those who think of vitamin intake in terms of a 'one-a-day' vitamin tablet which contains minimal amounts. He believes this need for mega-Vitamin C supplementation in the daily diet stems from an evolutionary accident that occurred millions of years ago. He has noted that, "Ancestors of present-day man lived in areas where foods were rich in ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), and thus man did not need to manufacture it within his own body, and so a mutation occurred which deprived him of the ability to do so.

"Then came the time when man nomadically migrated over the earth, and as he moved from areas where land was rich in ascorbic acid (nourishing every growing thing—just as it does in Central Florida) to those of a sparser yield, he began to suffer from a lack of Vitamin C. And so it is possible that most people in the world today receive only 1% to 2% of the ascorbic acid needed each day to ensure good health."

Many biochemists and nutrition experts believe that Ponce de Leon actually *did* discover the Fountain of Youth in Florida. Not a literally-flowing spring of youth-giving water, of course, but a truer 'fountain of youth' in the greatly-improved health he and his men enjoyed while living in Florida and eating abundantly of wild acerola cherries, alligator pears and other fruits, all of which contain extraordinarily high amounts of Vitamin C. They also discovered that they could make a delicious tea from rose hips—also an important source of Vitamin C.

Dr. Pauling estimates that the RDA (Recommended Daily Allowance) of Vitamin C—standardized by the Food & Drug Administration at a puny 45 milligrams per day, should, instead, be somewhere between 250 milligrams and 4 grams. It is his opinion that *man's life can be extended by 20 happy, virile, fruitful years through mega-vitamin intake* . . . particularly through these very high potencies of Vitamin C.

Certainly today's bodybuilders, our astronauts and Russia's cosmonauts and weightlifters have proved how effective mega-vitamin intake can be. Americans, especially, note this at the many physique contests held each year. The obvious gains in health, more sculptured musculature and ongoing virility are marvelous to see and contemplate in the magnificent bodies of the contestants.

Unlike years ago, when the concept of mega-vitaminic supplementation was unknown, and physique shows were a young man's game, today's muscle shows also feature a division/award for the Over-40 Mr. America (and one, believe it or not, recently had an Over-60 Mr. America division!) in which the participants have not only retained their spectacular muscularity, but thanks to the mega-vitamin intake each day, to which *all* bodybuilders subscribe to, they look almost as young as their 20 year-old colleagues! Certainly if proof were needed to convince anyone of the effectiveness of mega-vitamin intake, today's physique contests are where to find it.

MEGA-B . . . MEGA-BREAKTHROUGH #2

Dr. Pauling is also quoted as saying, "I take an absolute minimum of 2 grams of Vitamin C each day. But I also take super-B vitamins—about 25-30 times the federal government's RDA." These include 50 milligrams of thiamin (B1); 50 milligrams of riboflavin (B2); 59 milligrams of pyridoxine (B6); and 100 milligrams of niacinamide, and high potencies of cobalamin (B12).

In addition, he says, "I take a multivitamin tablet that gives me 4,000 units of Vitamin A—plus other vitamins and minerals. Sometimes I take an additional 25,000 units of Vitamin A. I am trying to see if I can discover the optimum intake of Vitamin A. But this is a hard problem. I think there should hundreds of millions of (*Continued on page 35*)

Athletic Model Guild



The Snuffers

Gay Murders Are On The Rise!

By Jason Raam

NEW YORKERS have been finding it difficult to believe news media statistics pointing out that other large cities have a higher crime rate. Perhaps it's because our hourly TV newscasts have rather crime-conditioned us—we're awash in gore all around the dial, as each newscast seems polarized on the most bizarre crime . . . the juiciest murder. And if the ripoff or snuffout involves a gay individual they try to extract still another drop of juice from it, invariably delving into what they are sure must be something deeper, darker, more esoteric and cabalistic.

And so it was a surprise to learn that in 1975 San Francisco took top honors as the most-dangerous (particularly for gays) city; 17 killings, all gay men, all white, most unsolved, and all, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "hideously brutal." Further pointing up the bizarre and the juicy in these crimes is the fact that certain snuffings followed certain patterns—thus we have the Tenderloin Slasher who mutilates his drag-queen victims, his *modus operandi* being to slice off the victim's genitals and stuff both cock and balls in the dying man's mouth as he lies gasping for breath. Also the Black Doodler—a smiling Black cartoonist in his late twenties who is believed responsible for stabbing six men he picked up in Castro Village gay bars. His is a switch on the usual bar pickup, however. Sitting at the bar, he looks around for a likely trick . . . smiles at him . . . quickly sketches him, and shows him the finished work of art. What could be more follow-through than the development of an instant 'friendship' . . . a quick drink together . . . then off to the victim's pad? Curtain(s)!

To (*Continued on page 48*)



Kensington Road

Devious, Dangerous Hepatitis
How It Sneaks, Stalks And Strikes
By Roger Watson

THIS is by no means the first article in which *QQ Magazine* has warned readers about that insidious disease of the liver—infectious hepatitis. And with the dizzying national climb of statistical hepatitis in mind, it may, of necessity, not be the last. That climb, in just the last two years, has been 47% higher than in any previous recorded similar time span.

The rise in these morbid statistics is principally due to the letdown in vigilant sex-hygiene (particularly gay sex-hygiene) in the thrust of the vigorous new homosexual movement, with shackles falling in so many areas . . . with first grudging tolerance, then sensible acceptance (even 'with-itness') in others . . . along with the temporary crossing-over of 'dip the pinky' straights whose sexual curiosity has been aroused into a kind of 'me-tooism' by the growing number of declared bisexuals who have given *gay* a kind of 'must do' chic.

With the bars to, and of, gay life falling like wheatstraws in the wind, and the insidiousness of hepatitis being masked by symptoms common to so many other ailments, it is no wonder that the disease can make considerable headway before it is correctly diagnosed and therapy instituted.

Even several closet physicians who came out once it was safer to do so—and who have been swinging wildly ever since—have failed to correctly self-diagnose hepatitis when obvious symptoms have occurred . . . something that would have been routine in diagnosing other patients. For example, some physicians, having suffered attacks of nausea (a common symptom of so many minor ailments) for longer than two weeks, have self-diagnosed their trouble as *'viral gastritis'*—a not-too-serious ailment. In this, they have fallen into the trap so many laymen do—blaming 'a virus' for almost anything that throws the body out of focus temporarily. Viruses, as you know, are very 'in' these days.

Some wise physician has said that hepatitis is such a sneaky, stalking, hide-and-seek disease, that just when you think you can't stand it any longer it gets worse! And he might also have remarked that just when one set of symptoms quiets down, another set clamors for attention.

Although there is much activity in medical laboratories as clinicians attempt to devise an immunization agent for hepatitis, unfortunately it is still an 'immu-no-no', and the best course to follow is to know as much about it as one can—particularly the sequence of its early symptoms; what can be done to abort mild attacks, or alleviate the distress of more severe cases, and to shorten what is too often a long, boring convalescence.

THE 'TICKING CLOCK' SYMPTOMS OF HEPATITIS

Generally, the symptoms of hepatitis follow one another in almost predictable sequence—almost like the ticking of a clock. It may be to your advantage to clip out this little compendium of such symptoms and refer to it when you feel 'just plain lousy'.

First, *nausea* . . . little to much/attacks faint to severe.

Second, *loss of appetite*, plus a worsening of your general malaise. Call it 'just plain lousier'.

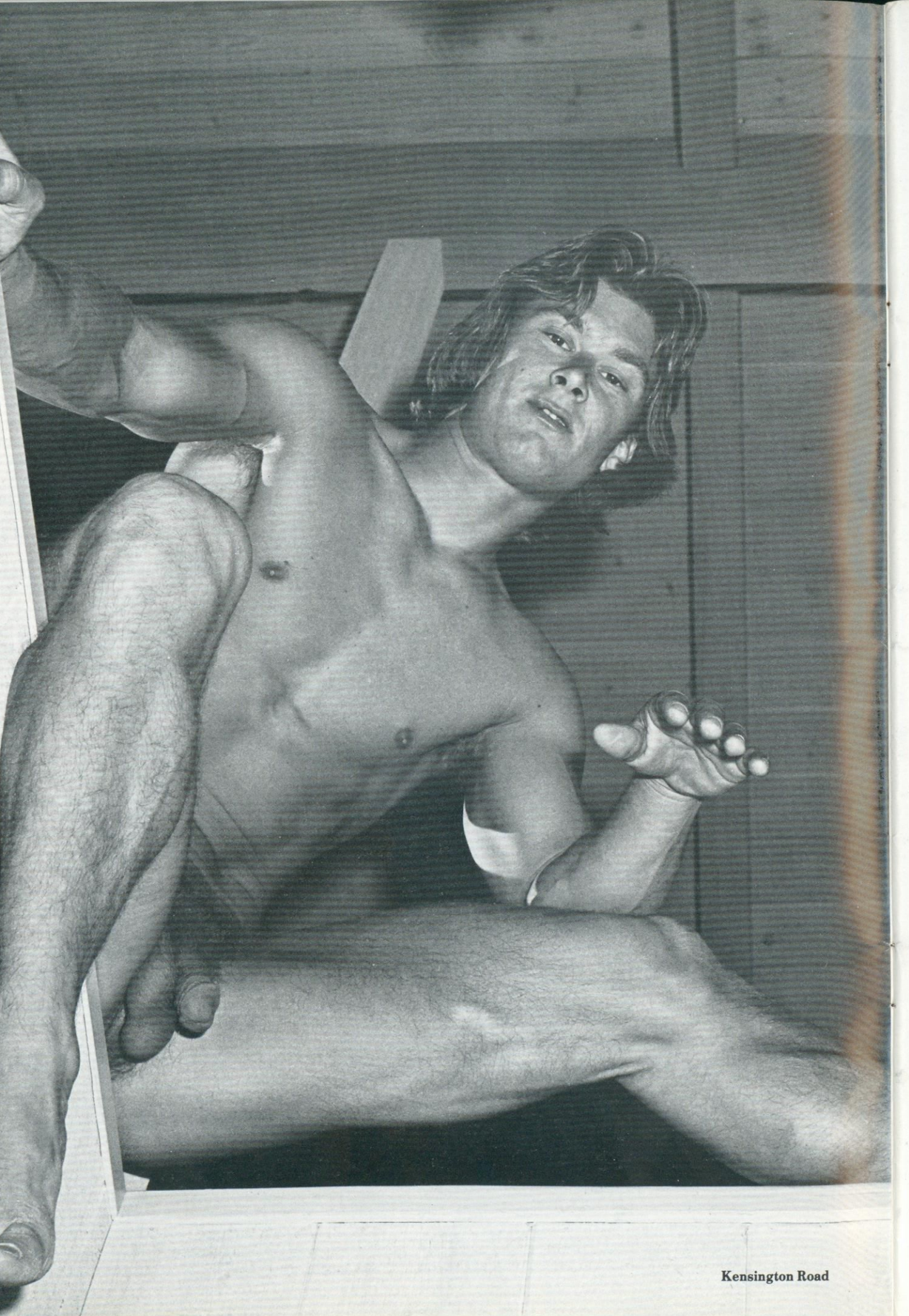
Third, *diarrhea*, which usually begins about the third week, plus—often—a peculiar sensitivity to heat. (For some reason you have the feeling that you're 'just burning up'. And so stifled you 'just can't breathe'.) So far, these symptoms could apply to many other common ailments. Still, the *sequence*, the 'tick-tock' follow-through of symptoms beyond a normal time (ten days or so) should cause you some concern. At this point you can make a simple test. When you feel attacks of extreme sensitivity to heat, and are more or less stifled for no apparent reason, ask a co-worker in your office—or someone present in your immediate area—whether he feels the same way. If he says no . . . that he's really quite comfortable, and why don't you unbutton your shirt collar? . . . *get worried*! At least enough to call your doctor for an appointment.

Fourth, *jaundice*. If you haven't called him by this time, look at your eyes in the mirror. If the *sclera* (whites) of your eyes are yellow (sclerosed), and no longer white, you should delay no longer. Actually, jaundice is often the *first* symptom of hepatitis one notices. If you are an active sexist, check your eyes each morning—as regularly as you brush your teeth. *You can save yourself a world of grief by such a simple precaution.*

Fifth, *a change in the color of your urine.* No longer is it lemon or amber, but a dark brown—indicating bile is present, which, in turn, means that the liver (which makes bile) is seriously disturbed. When this occurs you'll have to face up to the inevitability of hepatitis and see your doctor at once.

Sixth, *enlarged liver*. During his examination the physician will press around the area of the liver. If it is enlarged and tender, then there's really no doubt.

Still, clued-in though he is, he will make certain of his diagnosis by having tests made from a specimen of blood drawn from *(Continued on page 32)*



Kensington Road



NEGATIVE SHOES FOR POSITIVE CRUISING

FOOTWEAR THAT EXTENDS YOUR SEXUAL 'OUTREACH'

BY WALTER NORRIS

STUDYING them closely in the store-window, his first thought was "How clumsy they look! Why would anyone with taste want to wear such ugly shoes?"

Still, since so many of his gay friends had been cruising up a storm in them (and getting more of the goodies than he . . . all the more puzzling because they, too, had always been so Gucci *elegantissimo*), he decided that as an act of cruising self-preservation and 'get-with-it-manship', he should at least try on a pair of negative-heel shoes.

His first sensation on standing in them was that he was losing his balance. Not only did he find it difficult just to stand erect; what was more disconcerting was the feeling of falling backward.

He stiff-upper-lipped it, however, and after making a few tentative tours around the carpet he noted that his initial anxiety had given way to a kind of exhilaration. He began to feel as though he were 'jogging in place' as his calf muscles became engaged in a pleasant kind of workout.

Proudly he noted that his stride had lengthened most athletically, and sensing that at any moment he might just fly off to Nepal and scale Mount Everest, he bought a pair in GI tan, another in black, and still another in suede. He had quickly come to understand why his friends were no longer seen gussied up in Guccis, but were cruising 'positively' with a 'negative' idea.

THE ORTHOPEDICS OF NEGATIVE HEELS

The originator of the negative-heel shoe was a young Danish yoga student, Anne Kalsø, who, in 1957, discovered while walking along the beach near Santos, Brazil, that if she lifted the front of her feet slightly with each stride she could achieve what is known in yoga as the 'standing lotus posture'. This so excited her that she went at once to a local shoemaker and asked him to remove the heels of her sandals and attach a piece of wood under the metatarsal area.

Later Mrs. Kalsø made a point of studying the arrestingly erect posture of the Brazilian Indians. She noted that as they walked in the sand their heel prints appeared quite deep . . . that there was an almost total absence of arch configuration . . . and that toe impressions were quite faint. She had also come to marvel at the effortless endurance of these magnificently-built Indians, and at how deeply and freely they breathed even when engaged in the most arduous work. Although she didn't know it at the time, Mrs. Kalsø was already in business—and what a business it was to become!

Fate leads us along strange paths, and it was her concern with freer breathing through achieving greater amplitude in the various 'lotus' postures that led her to design The Earth Shoe, which now has many imitators.

Thanks to her, every time one takes a step in negative-heel shoes the whole body responds affirmatively. It is toned, invigorated, and made posture-proud just by *relocating the center of gravity*.

Bodybuilders, particularly, know just how effective this principle is and how it works. For example, by performing the ordinary Situp on a *slanted* board instead of *flat* on the floor, the center of gravity is shifted from a weaker area (the small of the back) to a stronger one (the abdominal muscles) and a boring, tiresome, non-productive exercise is transformed into a highly productive one, with a tighter, trimmer, more virile midsection the result. So let's consider some of the many advantages resulting from this relocation of gravity.

Unlike the raised heel (and today, the very exaggerated *high* heel) of the standard commercial shoe—which angles the body forward into an unnatural position—the lowered, or negative, heel engages the calf muscles . . . those of the thigh biceps (the backs of the thighs, which give them such sexy curves) . . . and not only strengthens, but elongates the muscles, making them more flexible.

At the same time, the pelvis is adjusted and prevented from slouching . . . the back is automatically aligned . . . posture is corrected, and the diaphragm is freed to move naturally. With tension therefore released from this area, deeper breathing occurs naturally, and this, as every high-school physiology student knows, is tonic to the bloodstream—helping to cleanse it of carbon-dioxide and other toxins.

THE 'SEXOPEDICS' OF NEGATIVE HEELS

For the gay individual there is also a 'sexopedic' involved that works to his advantage. First, lessened tension on the feet (particularly on the arches and balls of the feet) allows him to cruise hours longer along the streets of our concrete jungles.

Moreover, if he is vacationing in a rural-to-primitive area (such as in Mexico, the Caribbean countries, or some of the more mountainous regions of Europe) he can walk for hours along roughest terrain, exploring fascinating, hard-to-get-to places, and perhaps finding *(Continued on page 30)*

THE SPERM BANK

A SEMINAL 'SAVINGS & LOAN' INSTITUTION

BY FRANK SAMUELS

SHOOT a load and make a bundle!'' No, fellas, we're not putting you on. We're not touting some new, hyped-up jizzum gismo, as gay guys—many straights, too—in such cities as Atlanta, Atlantic City, Buffalo, Knoxville and New York (the list grows every day) will attest. There's a lot more truth than tease in our suggestion.

It has to do with the proliferation of the 'sperm bank' as a clinical phenomenon. Strictly legitimate—the sperm bank is just that: an elegantly-designed, exotic, self-sex laboratory that 'husbands' semen in somewhat the same manner that blood banks function. The end result is the ejaculation and preservation of live spunk for procreational purposes via the later artificial insemination of women whose husbands are impotent, or where there is some chronic foul-up in the transmission of sperm. So to shoot a load and make a bundle (of joy) for someone, and a bundle for yourself (at $20 per hand-job) is no random ripoff. *''Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition''* may well be the theme-song of the sperm bank. It's doing a thriving business.

At present the Idant Corporation, a private enterprise, is the leader in this avant-garde movement. If you are interested, you might glance in your telephone directory under that listing to find out whether a branch has been established in your community. Or you might inquire about such facilities by phoning your local hospital.

Generally, everything at the sperm bank is arranged to put the embarrassed prospective donor at ease. In a New York establishment, for example, lushly-carpeted steps descend from the main floor of a large office building into the reception area of the sperm bank. The interior is tastefully done in contemporary design . . . free-form couches, with handy magazine tables nearby; subdued overhead lighting blends the abstract of geometric forms in the wall paper with the functionality of a nurse's station.

Having phoned for an appointment, you arrive for a testing, and you must check-out as not just plain fertile, but *super* fertile. So how do you know whether you're super? Your test must prove that your sperm count is nearly twice that of the 'just plain' fertile. Here's the procedure:

Step One: The nurse gives you a small plastic jar, plus two labels.

Step Two: You take jar and labels into what—in many such labs—are grandly called the *Ejaculatoria* . . . or perhaps in plain English, the *Semen Collection Rooms*. These may vary in style in various sperm banks (in hospitals, of course, everything will be either clinical white or green), but, generally, there will be a kind of 'reception' ejaculatorium in more posh design, with a comfortable semi-reclining chair, plus some titillating (for straights) pornomags lying around to get you in the mood. Gay guys, of course, being totally unmoved by so many pictures of open-mouthed fish, and knowing how to fantasex up a fog and get on with the job, will probably opt for the other room, right on—quite simple and functional and down-to-the-nitty-gritty.

Step Three: You masturbate. You blast off into the plastic jar; label the pearlies as yours; dab away a wayward drop of ooze with a tissue (conveniently at hand), and pull up your pants.

Step Four: You take your treasure out to the nurse. You're finished. She says ''Thank you,'' and off you go.

Next day you phone the office to find out if you were super-fertile. If so, your godjus goo will have been flash-frozen and kept as a sample (you're not paid for this), and from that time you can stop in as often as twice a week, crank the old churn and sell your cream. At $20 a blastoff you can add $2000 to your annual income. Now you can have those Gucci loafers *and* the Cardin suit! (Sudden thought: How do you declare $2000 worth of jizzum on your income-tax return? That should give the IRS a turn!)

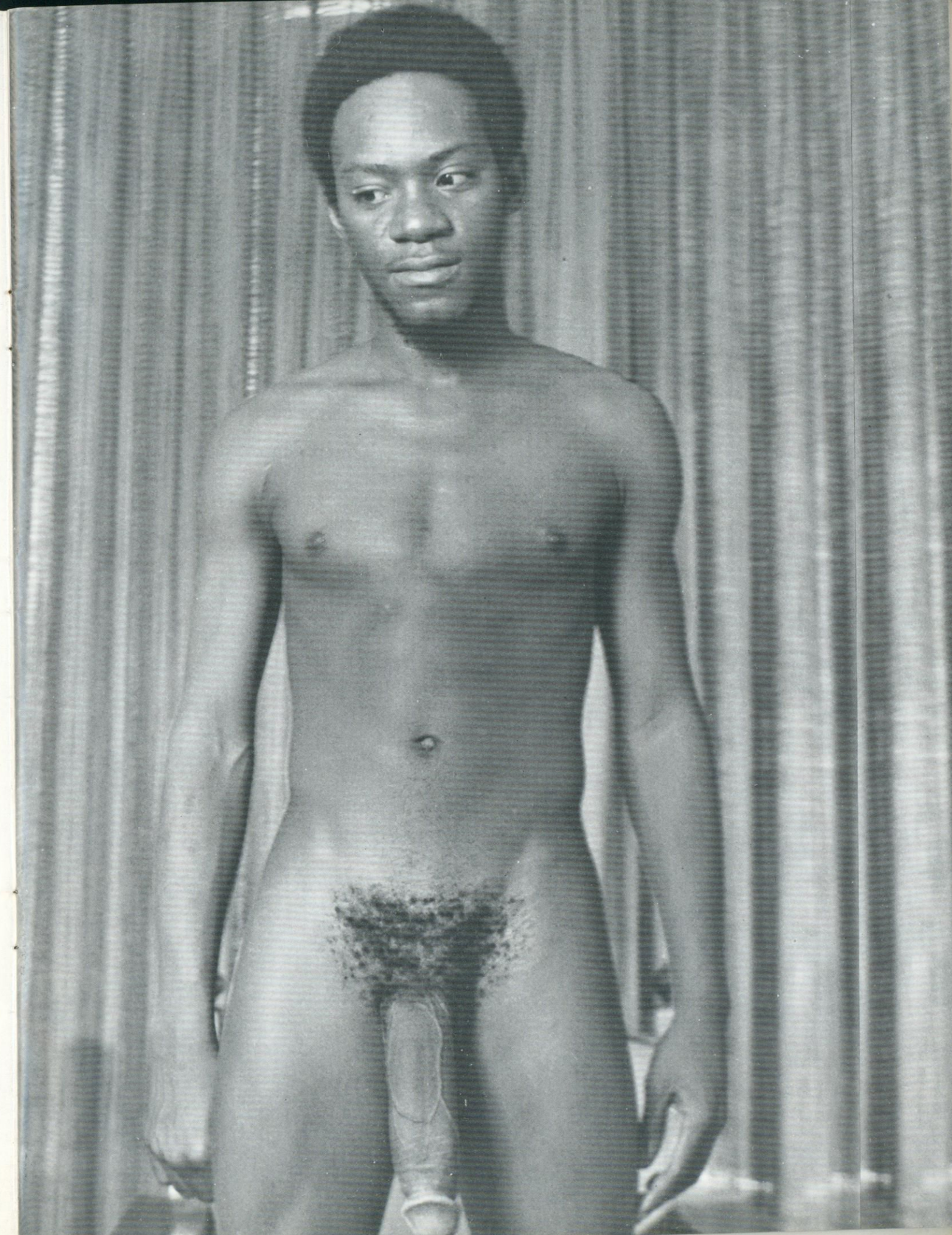
CUM STRAIGHT . . . CUM GAY

Don't worry about being asked whether you are straight or gay. They'll assume 'straight', of course, but doubtless couldn't care less. After all, the American Psychiatric Association has proved that there's no difference between cum from a straight and cum from a gay, so the question of super-fertility—as related to sexual choice—will not arise.

There is one thing we should point out, however, and that is the *denominator of time*. You must be able to ejaculate within 15 minutes. If you can't, they may suspect a certain clinical picture to emerge that may rule you out as a donor.

It goes without saying that the lab will want to know any family history of diabetes, epilepsy, birth defects, serious allergies, tuberculosis or cancer . . . the latter in view of the fact that the *tendency* to certain types of cancer *can* be inherited.

Also, it will be recorded whether you are black, white or Oriental. Sperm banks are anything but whimsical . . . they're not disposed to sexual 'levity' or 'trick or treat'. Moreover, it is not of compelling importance what your age is. You can be a horny teen-ager who can *(Continued on page 47)*



Third World Studio



Fiction
GAMES
By Dakota Jonson

THE trouble with Brock started on a cold winter morning last December in our unheated San Francisco flat . . . unheated except for a tiny flickering gas contraption in the fake fireplace. Brock and I were still roommates then.

He cornered me in the front living room where I was trying to get warm from a cup of black coffee and the goddamn, sputtering heater.

"Jack," he said, "my ass is sore. It's so sore I can't sit down. I think I'll call in sick. Will you call in sick for me?"

He was giving me that sad-to-be-pitied, little-boy look, like whenever he wants to borrow five bucks or use the car. He already was dressed to go to work, San Francisco style, wearing nearest-to-hangin' out street clothes without getting fired . . . blue-gray, funky plaid shirt and faded jeans—no patches or holes in them . . . tan Frye boots and studded, mirror-buckled belt. His short, curly, bleached-blond hair, still wet from the bathtub, drooped around his clean, pretty-boy face.

I drawled, "Is big daddy whippin' yo' ass black-and-blue, boy? Maybe you should start wearin' black cloth in your right hip pocket . . . ."

He grinned. "No way, man!"

"Okay, Brock," I said, "I'll call in sick for you, only I'll have to tell them the truth . . . . You got rammed eight hours running. You're fucked out—in, sideways and upside down."

I clattered my cup down on our carved-leg oak-wood coffee table, one we'd picked up at a garage sale, though *whose* coffee table it is remains a mystery.

"That *is* the truth of it," I teased, "your big daddy stud has got your asshole wore out!"

"C'mon, man!" he said defiantly, shaking loose his wet curls, a hangover gesture from when his hair used to twist and friz beyond his shoulders and get into his small green eyes. His anger started to spill across his cute face, like the way the light changes in this city after sundown. He stood glaring, then pouted.

"I'll call them myself," he said, "so don't think I'll ever ask *you* to do anything for me again!" and stomped out of the room.

Except the phone was in the living room, a green phone to match his eyes, next to the coffee table on the floor at the moment. He came back in, snatched it up and curled onto the red carpet with the greatest ease, yogi fashion. His delectable cantaloupe ass wasn't too sore to sit on, I noticed.

But sore or not, I knew gettin' fucked all night, three nights straight since Sunday in that flat on Castro Street by his humpy, forty-year-old, built-like-a-brick, hung, big-daddy stud wasn't the problem.

The problem was, big daddy wanted Brock and him to be lovers . . . like actually *live* together . . . . Think of it! Two guys living together under the same roof like real, honest-to-god lovers. It was scaring the shit out of him.

I knew where Brock's hangup was coming from because he'd got fucked plenty before by other guys, and it never bothered him. And he gave plenty back. He's built like a young stallion. But screwing or gettin' screwed never made him broody before, not like this . . . .

"Nobody answers," he said wistfully, "I guess I'll go to work."

"Screwin' never keeps you from sittin' down," I said, "and you're sittin' down now."

All of a sudden, his mood softened. Always the unexpected with Brock. One minute, anger; the next—blond sunshine; and I guess it has something to do with the heavy drug scene he'd been into during his adolescence, and from which he now was emerging (he's twenty-one), making him sort of disconnected at times. He also sleeps with his eyes half-open.

Yeah, but he was thinking, all right. The sprockets never stop clickin' in Brock's head, no matter how changeable and disconnected he gets. He hadn't been on the streets in his teens for nothing.

"Well, c'mon, Brock," I chided, "confess! You know your bung hole's not what's bugging you, nor is black-and-blue buns. Big daddy wants you to move in with him, right? You told me so yourself. That's what's gettin' to you."

He jumped up. "Damn it! My ass is sore, that's all! I'm going to work!"

He'd forgotten his dark-brown leather, fur-collared jacket, a piece of Castro Street regulation in winter. I heard him as far as the stair landing, then a pause and shuffle of his booted feet. He came back into the living room.

"I mean," he said sheepishly, picking up his coat, "my ass *is* sore, but, yes, Norm *does* want me to live with him and be lovers. Can I have five bucks? I get paid tomorrow." All in one breath, as he snugged into the jacket.

"Yeah, you can have five bucks." I got up, reached into my jeans and gave it to him. "Here . . . only when I want it back a month from now, don't pretend I'm asking (*Continued on page 38*)



Sex Ahoy!

A Different Kind Of 'Cruising' Adventure

By Jon Lorrimer

ONLY a few years ago, gay guys—come summertime—looked forward to a vacation abroad via such huge luxury liners as the dowager 'Queens'—*Mary* and *Elizabeth*; the Italian Line's 'artist' ships—*Raffaello, Leonardo da Vinci* and *Michelangelo*; the world's longest—the *France*, or fastest—the *United States*. Great ships all and, unless one's vacation was limited by time, sailing the ocean blue was the way to do it in style. Lavish accommodations; gourmet food; 2000-or-more fellow travelers, of whom a fifth would be gay, plus the easy access to sex in the togetherness of what was really a small city afloat, made the going greater.

Then came higher port charges, particularly in New York where a steamship had to pay upwards of $20,000 just to anchor overnight, as well as the higher costs of everything, and cross-Atlantic travel became almost a thing of the past. It seemed that—almost as if Neptune had plucked them one-by-one from the sea—they had dwindled to so few that only rarely does a luxury liner ply the full width of the Atlantic. The *Leonardo* still makes a monthly crossing to Algeciras, and the *QE2* makes a monthly crossing in winter to Cherbourg and Southampton, and that just about does it. Gone, with their glorious memories, are the others.

THE MULTI-CRUISE PHENOMENON

Phoenix-like, however, the demise of the Atlantic crossing has given rise to a new phenomenon—*multi-cruises to everywhere.* These may be categorized as (1) the *short cruise*—usually of one- or two-weeks' duration, to various Caribbean and South American ports; (2) *luxury-ship cruises around the world* (fewer, and very expensive); (3) *cruising by passenger-carrying freighters* to, generally, the same places (fewer cruises still, but at half the cost); and (4) *chartered cruises*, such as an all-gay cruise, or a 'culture' cruise (with 'resident' artists on board, of such caliber as Isaac Stern, Byron Janis and Jan Peerce) . . . any cruise, of any desired length of time, sponsored by special-interest groups. In this article we should like to mention some virtues and faults of each—particularly from the gay point of view.

THE SHORT CARIBBEAN CRUISE

With the exception of the *QE2* (1650 happy get-away-from-it-allers), the *Leonardo da Vinci* (less than 1000 of the same), and the Home Lines ship *Oceanic* (fewer still, but just as happy), which depart from New York, most other short-cruise ships break out the bubbly as they glide out to sea from Port Everglades (Fort Lauderdale), Florida.

Whatever ship or cruise you choose, you'll find the itinerary interesting, and shipboard life predictably unvarying. Sauna, gym, movies, bars, coffee shops, souvenir shops, snack bars, planned activities by the social director so that no one need have an unbusy moment to account for (join in or not, as you prefer), disco (straight), dancing (straighter), people-watching while promenading, or eye-cruising from a deck chair—always keeping a sharp lookout for someone you'd like to know (and know better) before the cruise ends, tea in the afternoon, and so on.

Because of the 'generality' of such short Caribbean cruises it should be needless to mention (but we'll do it anyway) that the gay ratio is about one to each fifty straights (passenger/crew). So if you come aboard looking for a chain of used popper shells that might lead you directly to the meatrack, you're doomed to disappointment. By nautical law gay sex activity is just that—'naughtical'—a crime (*Continued on page 43*)

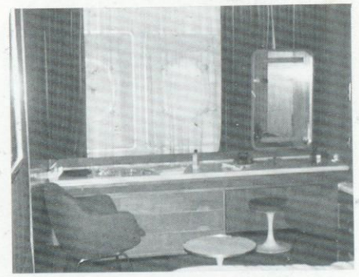




Lazy Days In The Sun



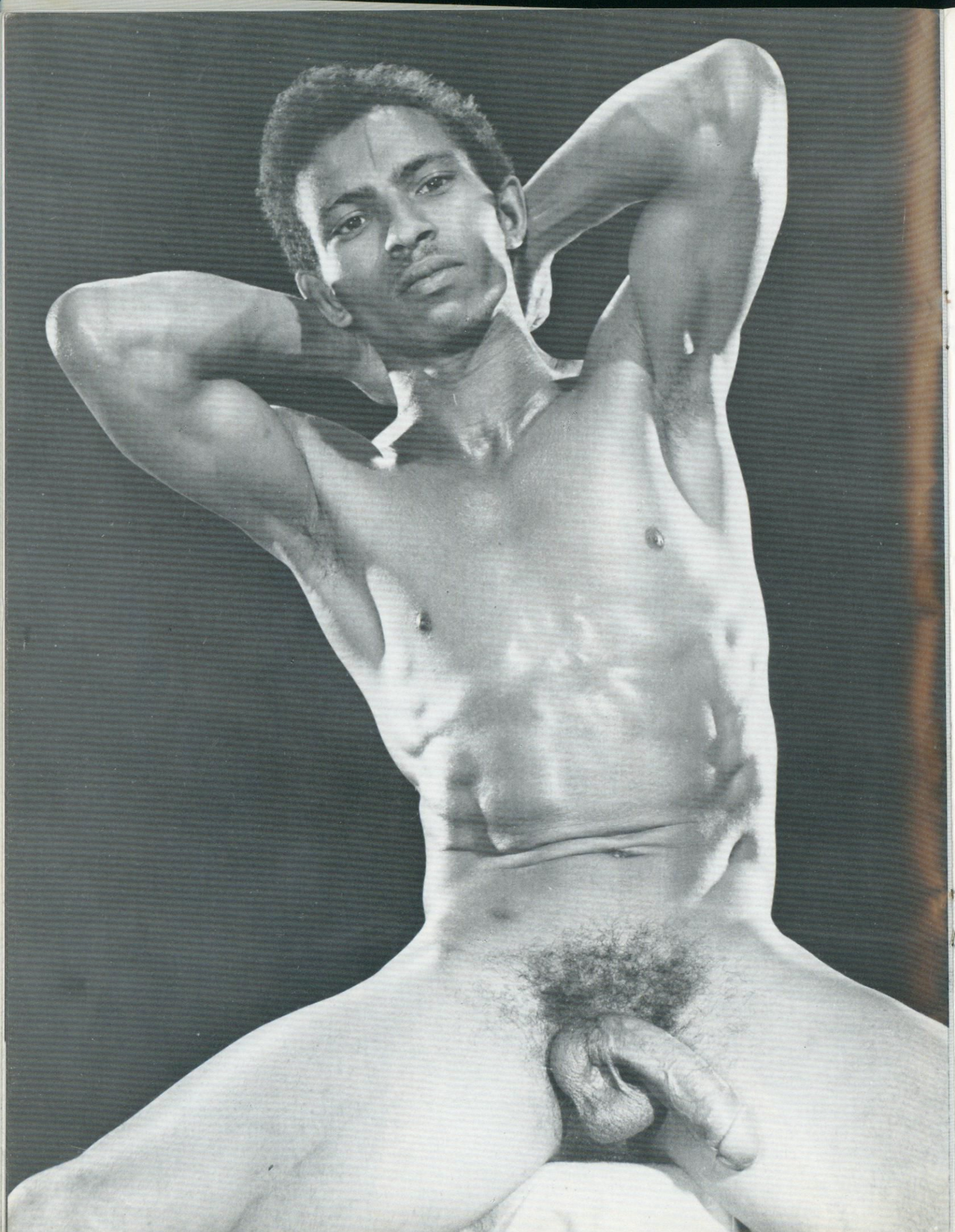
Straight Ship/Gay Crew



Modern Cabins Are Spacious



Queen Elizabeth 2
"The Greatest Ship In The World"



Athletic Model Guild

GAY PHILADELPHIA '76

BY RALPH W. DAVIS

A gala, $172.4 million birthday party is planned in Philadelphia this year to celebrate America's two hundred years. The city will have over 200 major events to get the visitors to spend an estimated $1.5 billion. Starting in spring, for eight consecutive months, there will be entertainment from a star-studded cast of famous actors, singers, musicians, dancers, athletes, and dignitaries. Such guests as Pope Paul VI, Queen Elizabeth and President Ford are among the expected 20 million people arriving sometime in '76 for the celebration.

There will be bands, strolling troubadours, street theatre, clowns and acrobats. New museums will open; great sports and theatrical events will be scheduled; and historic landmarks will be rebuilt and refurbished. For nearly one glamorous year, Philadelphia will be the most exciting city in America. Whatever your love—historic landmarks, museums, athletics or theater—Philadelphia will have it in an abundance which probably won't be topped again for another one hundred years. Since there are too many events to list, it is advisable to write the Bicentennial Committee at 12 S. 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107 for details. Confirm your hotel space well in advance to avoid disappointment.

Between the months of May and September, it is estimated that close to two million gays will visit Philadelphia. They will be coming from all over America to participate in the events. Since there'll be such a wide variety of types, it will probably be the cruisiest city in America this summer.

First-time visitors will find the city easy and comfortable to get around in. The bars popular with gay guys are either east or west of Broad Street, with the largest number on the east side. All of them are within walking distance of one another and require little effort to find. A city map is available almost anywhere for about 35 cents, and it will identify the main streets and tourist sights.

EAST OF BROAD STREET

BARS & RESTAURANTS

P.B.L. Club, at 204 S. Quince Street. This is an after-hours bar, and it is always packed on weekends. There are two floors, three cruise bars and two lighted dance areas. It is open from 10 p.m. to about 3 a.m. Since it is private, it is necessary to have a member sponsor you. Sometimes this can be done by merely waiting outside and asking a stranger to take you in.

Drury Lane Bar, 1304 Drury Street (off 13th, between Chestnut and Sansom Sts.). Allegro bought the bar, and it attracts mostly gays. The restaurant, though, is mixed. The bar is open weekdays from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m.; Saturday and Sunday from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing.

Flippo's, 211 S. Quince St. This is a popular restaurant with a nice clientele and decor. There are three bars, a piano player and dancing. Bar open from noon to 2 a.m. Dinner is served from 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. daily.

D.C.A., 204 S. Camac Street. There are three separate bars . . . men's, leather, and women's. It is supposed to be the biggest bar in the city. Since it is private (membership costs about $5 a year), it will be necessary to be sponsored to enter. Hours: 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Scarlet's, 206 S. Quince Street. This is a show bar with drag shows on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 10:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m.

Camp Williamsburg Inn, 251 S. Camac Street. This is a very charming private bar and restaurant. Food prices run to $9.95 and specials about $6.95. Membership costs $10 for social; $35 for special charter; and $100 for unlimited privileges. Brunch is served on Sundays from noon to 3 p.m.

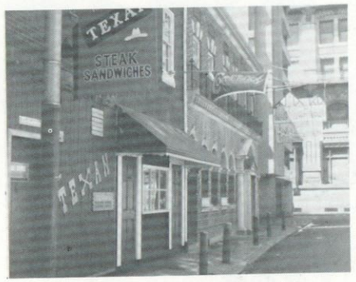
Boom-Boom Room, 1330 Walnut Street (between Juniper and Broad Streets). This is a no-cover, no-minimum bar with a second-floor drag show. It is one of the newer bars in Philadelphia.



P.B.L. Club



Drury Lane



Comeback



Maxine's



Pepper Box



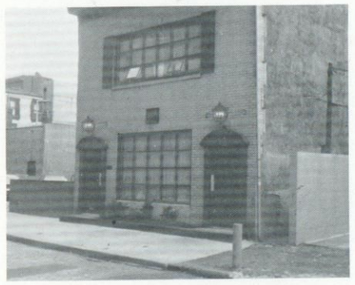
Venture Inn



Allegro



Miss P's



Steps



Merry-Go-Round

Land of Oz, 254 S. Juniper Street, has a large dancing disco bar that attracts a younger crowd of men and women. It is on the corner of Juniper and Irving Streets, and it is open from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Comeback, 1308 Drury Street. This bar is next door to the Drury Lane and it attracts a nice, conservative crowd. The Comeback is celebrating its sixth year. Open from noon to 2 a.m., and is especially popular during the cocktail hour.

Maxine's Restaurant and Bar, 243 S. Camac Street (near Locust Street, between 12th and 13th Streets). It tends to be elegant, although coat and tie are not necessary. Dinner from 5 p.m. until 11 p.m., from $6.75 to $8. It's open from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m.; Sundays from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. An older crowd comes here.

Pepper Box, 256 S. 12th Street. It is rumored that this will become private soon and will change its name to the *Cobber Club*. I wasn't able to confirm this with management. Hours will be from about 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. Disco bar upstairs; jukebox downstairs. It costs $5 to join, with a $3 cover toward drinks.

Pitts, in the alleyway near 211 S. Quince Street. This is one of the leather bars.

The corner of 13th and Locust Streets, where the Club 13 is located, is favored by drag queens and men who like their boys dolled up. The *Club 13*, though mixed and rough, is one of the favorite places for such a mixture of types.

Venture Inn, 255 S. Camac Street, has recently changed ownership and has refurbished the old bar. Although it isn't anything special, it is popular. The food is ordinary.

Ritz Bar, corner of North 13th and Commerce Streets; half a block from Market) is mainly a black bar. It gets some roughs, and it's mixed. So use caution here.

Dewey's, South 13th and Chancellor, is popular with gays after the bars close. It is a typical hamburger-and-coffee place. So is the one at South 17th and Chancellor. Both are strictly eat and run. No outrageous behavior here.

Hasty-Tasty Deli, 260 South 12th Street. This is a very nice place to stop for a sandwich. You can also get take-out orders here. The management is planning to open a cabaret which will have a dance floor and a disco. Hours of the Hasty-Tasty are from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m., Monday through Saturday; Sunday from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Other places for food which attract gays are *Lickety-Split* at 401 South Street (after 11 p.m.) and *La Banane Noire*, 534 S. Fourth Street (good food).

BATHS

Philadelphia Club, 120 S. 12th, is part of the Club chain. It is a very new baths and is taking away some of the business from the Club in nearby Camden, N.J. at 1498 Broadway. The facilities are standard. Membership is $5, and it's open 24 hours. There are two rates. Day rates from Monday to Friday (7 a.m. to 3 p.m.) are $3 for locker and $5 for room. Night rates on weekends are $5 for lockers and $7 for room. A new baths is promised by the time you read this—at 1230 North 13th—by Tom Kat (see below). Should be great!

BOOK STORES

Adult Book Barn, 942 Market Street, is a good place to stop for 25-cent movies. It's on the second floor. Hours: 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. There is a private peep show (for members) and a public peep show. To enter the private show costs 50 cents. New members are screened by management. Lots of gay material on sale.

Tom Kat Book Store, 120 South 13th Street, is a 24-hour peep show, book store. Great selection of books. To enter the peep show area there is a 50-cent charge. Both the Tom Kat and Barn are recommended for gays who like to see movies with no complications and frustrations.

WEST OF BROAD STREET

BARS & RESTAURANTS

Roscoe's, 1511 Spruce Street, is a small and popular no-dancing, neighborhood cruise bar. Although it gets a few straights, it is essentially popular with young gays. There (*Continued on page 42*)

QQ

cruising a much more 'flexible' pursuit, to say the least. Just from the vantage point of pelvic alignment (the freeing of the pelvis to move easily, thus insuring fuller/deeper breathing), kneeling, stooping, and particularly *squatting* before a partner in john sex can be made freer. (No marshmallow heels to thrust the body forward, and having to clutch your partner for support . . . your hands can be doing so many more interesting things.)

One is able to maneuver better, even in the closest quarters, without frequently having to remove the mouth for the phallus to tank up on air. The partner, therefore, will not feel that disconcerting letdown until the mouth returns to where it belongs; the movement can be made continuous, and the encounter can be brought off with *eclat*. (And quickly, too . . . like on to the next trick!)

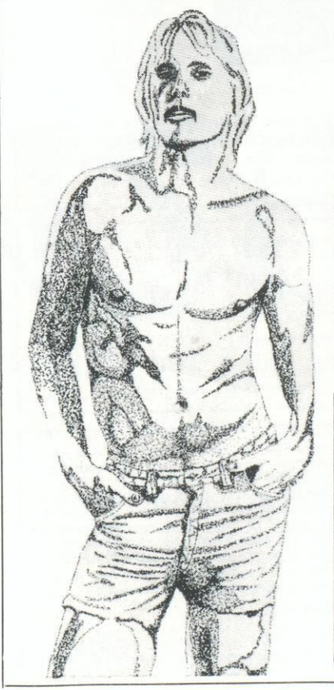
The john cruiser may be surprised at how negative-heel shoes dispense with the need to kneel, or stoop-and-twist in awkward positions to get a 'fix' on various tricks to accommodate varying cock sizes—particularly the larger and/or thicker sizes. In providing perfect body placement (upper body plummet-straight; hips, thighs and feet comfortably placed) for sucking while squatting, sore knees, resulting from too-freequent kneeling on concrete floors, may be avoided by the super-active john sexist.

Also, if a particular john is under heavy surveillance, and it becomes necessary to suck and flee, one squatting in negative-heel shoes is in a better position to arise instantly and blast out. So while there are many advantages for *anyone* who elects to wear negative-heel shoes, there are many more for gay guys.

Negative-heel shoes, like any other kind, need a brief period of breaking in. As we mentioned, wearing these shoes provides a kind of pleasant workout, but as in any workout the muscles involved 'protest' a little the next day . . . they feel a little stiff because they have either not been worked in a long time, or have not been worked from this particular angle. So you might make a point of wearing them for only an hour or two each day for the first few days . . . alternating with your higher-heeled shoes. Then as the muscles become adjusted to the new relocation of gravity you'll probably want to wear them all the time. Once you have discovered the benefits of landing on your heels instead of the weaker parts of your feet—and revel in the comfort of never-tiring feet—you'll probably be a convert to negative-heel shoes for good.

• • •





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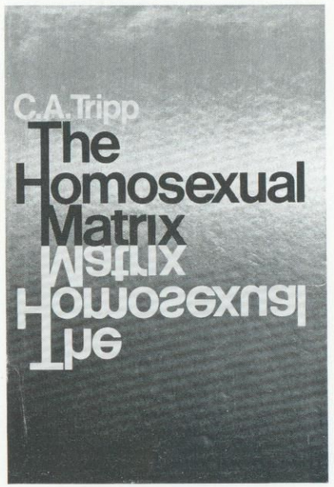
BOOK REVIEW



C.A. Tripp, a New York psychologist and psychotherapist, originally conceived **The Homosexual Matrix** (314 pgs., indexed, McGraw-Hill, $10.00) some ten years ago, and is clearly the work of hard, sober, productive years. For in it the author has filtered and distilled the world's insights (both wrong and right) and his own (both right and incisive) into the nature of homsexuality and produced a book which—forgive the hack expression—tells it as it is.

Beautifully organized, **The Homosexual Matrix** (a matrix is a mold, a womb, a cradle; the all-encompassing place of birth and nature of existence, e.g., Rome was the matrix of Western civilization) that deals first with popular and historical concepts of sex and covers biological considerations, laying to rest along the way many a myth and homophobic fancy.

From there he moves into definitions and origins of heterosexuality and homosexuality, providing firm groundwork for understanding the hard-core chapters which follow—"hard-core" in the sense that they are no-nonsense, and no-holds-barred.

Such chapters as "Sex Techniques," "The Social Shapes of Homosexuality," and "Brief Encounters, and Ongoing Relationships" give us the most erudite and acute view of homosexuality today in all of its myriad variations, opening our eyes, if to nothing else, to the vast scope of our varied life-styles and the room (or lack of it) society affords them.

"The Psychology of Effeminacy" next deals with society's attitudes (including homosexuals') toward the ill-understood concept of effeminacy. Here it is broken down into "Nelly," "Swish," "Queen," and "Camp" and its purpose and method are seen as solutions to problems of hysteria and aggression, problems of action and reaction in what is often a hostile society.

The nature of this hostility is nowhere so clearly staked out (origins, reasons, and methods of coping) as in Tripp's chapter on "The Politics of Homosexuality." Possibly a bit old-hat for the consciousness-raised, well-informed militant (if that isn't a contradiction), it nevertheless is a knockout chapter describing, with thriller examples, not the "plight," but the ridiculous and absurdly dangerous environment in which homosexuals find themselves today.

The final two chapters deal with the "Question of Psychotherapy" and the likely consequences for the individual and for society. The first of these, one would hope, will effectively shoot down the Biebers, Socarides', Reubens, and Hendins who, like flatulent dinosaurs, persist in roaming our world making loud, smelly nuisances of themselves, and occasionally (increasingly rarely, thank God) biting off some poor kid's head or scaring his parents to death. The second, headed, "Balancing the Equation," neatly, briefly, and totally professionally, ties up the present status of homosexuality and indicates, with great responsibility, what the future is likely to hold for us.

Lastly, Tripp offers a "Miscellanea" section in which, in question-and-answer format, he successfully answers questions which would be likely to arise, but which, if incorporated in the text, would have seemed trivial and distracting.

This brings me to my second most important rave, after that for the content of **The Homosexual Matrix.** Clear and simple phrasing throughout, even when ideas of great complexity are being dealt with, make the book entirely accessible. Frequently a phrase like "Put another way . . ." prefaces a restatement of an important thought, clarifying, refining, emphasizing for the benefit of readers, such as I, who need to read profundity expressed in simple declarative sentences in order to make head or tail of it. That is style, baby.

Only a slightly quieter rave goes to Tripp for his wit, which happily surfaces often.

Finally, I give three extra-loud cheers for his having worked so damned hard those ten long years for the benefit of us all.

If you haven't already bought and read **The Homosexual Matrix** it's time you moved your ass, my friend.

You'll be doing yourself no mean favor.

—Orlando Paris

THE TULSA RIPOFF

(Continued from page 5)

of three years—in his office, at his farm in the Ozarks, and while on tour with the College choir. As *Time* reports, his ploy was to justify his homosexual acts by citing the Old Testament friendship between David and Jonathan, and to cinch the matter by threatening to blacklist the youths for life if they talked. As gay people have learned to their dismay, a black mark on one's college record can be another cross to bear all one's life. It can continually play hob with getting a job. Hence the delayed silence of the students.

In the wake of this revelation the College enrolment dropped from 228 to 160; Hargis stepped down from the presidency 'for reasons of health'; and his Christian Crusade now operates feebly with a damp fuse. All over the Southwest, people to whom Hargis was a kind of folk-hero, and who, being deeply religious, had listened faithfully to his broadcast sermons, have seen through the sleaziness of his hypocrisy.

To us, the greatest hypocrite is the 'renegayde'. Hargis would seem to qualify for such distinction, for to blast homosexuality as a perversion to the point where gay people are endangered, while indulging in it oneself and quoting Scripture to justify it ("for even the Devil can quote Scripture for his own purposes"), is the ultimate hypocrisy and the ultimate obscenity. Such a man delays the long-overdue recognition of the gay movement, and the ultimate freedom we could all enjoy.

• • •

NEGATIVE-HEEL SHOES

(Continued from page 17)

along offbeat paths 'treasures' he might have missed otherwise.

Then too, this unusual shoe is a special boon to gay guys past their athletic twenties and thirties. They may find that the parameters of their cruising range can be dramatically extended, and so they can be constantly on the prowl and rarely, if ever, tire (at least from cruising!).

A JOHN-CRUISING ADVANTAGE

Although manufacturers certainly didn't have us in mind, it is a fact that negative-heel shoes can make john

QQ



Kensington Road



QQ's Man Of The Month

Andreas

By Wolfgang Selitsch

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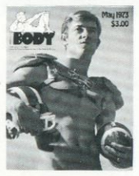

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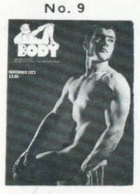

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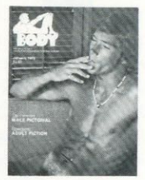

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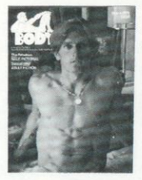

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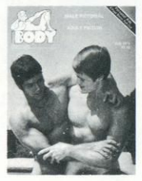

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DEVIOUS, DANGEROUS HEPATITIS

(Continued from page 15)

your arm. That's the clincher.

WHAT IS HEPATITIS?

Well, we're back again to a 'virus' . . . but 'viral gastritis' it's not. Hepatitis is a *viral infection of the liver.* The clinical picture is this: The virus hepatitis attacks the liver cells so virulently that the liver is weakened to the point where it cannot perform its functions. Because the liver is the great cleansing organ of the body, its inability to perform its tasks causes a buildup/retention of wastes. Obviously, many complications ensue, and a percentage of the afflicted, having delayed treatment for too long, die . . . about 1% is the norm.

Although anyone can contract hepatitis at any age, there are two forms of the disease—serum hepatitis and infectious hepatitis—which must be distinguished because they act almost alike, but it is with one form—infectious hepatitis—that gay people are most concerned with.

SERUM HEPATITIS

It is no longer pragmatic medical opinion that serum hepatitis is contracted only via blood-to-blood contact from one person to another. The disease, in this form, may occur not just through blood transfusion, or the use of unsterilized hypodermic needles (particularly by drug addicts). It is known that the virus is so powerful it can get into your blood through the mucous membranes of your mouth, nose and eyes.

Although this is not the form of hepatitis gay guys dread, it should not be disregarded. Its symptoms mimic those of infectious hepatitis, and even though you may not have had sex with anyone for some time don't just shrug off your initial malaise with "it's only a virus." Do yourself a favor—check it out.

INFECTIOUS HEPATITIS

This is the 'gay' version. As a rule, infectious hepatitis is not transmitted through blood-to-blood contact, as is serum. It travels by many other sneaky, devious routes. Essentially it is a disease of *filth* . . . its theater of operations is the *anus/rectum* . . . and its *modus operandi* is *rimming*. Its *secondary carriage* is through failure to thoroughly cleanse cock and hands after anal sex, resulting in a residue (however unnoticeable) of hepatic trace feces from one's partner in sex.

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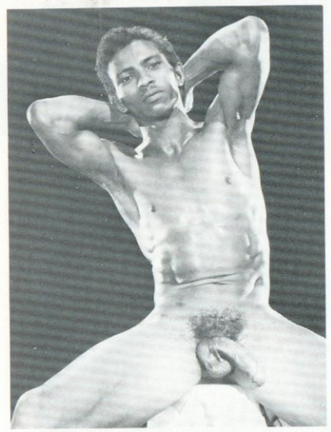



Rocky Aguilar (left) & Pantero ElSalvador

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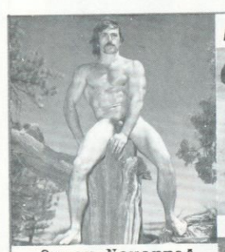

Oscar Navarre*



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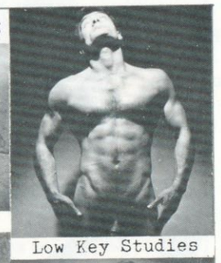

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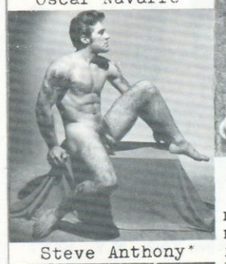

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Eddie Williams*

Then too, unlike serum hepatitis, infectious hepatitis exists *outside the bloodstream*, not only in actual feces, but in *foods* in areas where sewage is untreated . . . and in *polluted water* in which one swims, or in which shellfish dwell, and thus, when eaten, become carriers of the disease.

Oddly, while the anus of a transient lover may be as clean as a 'hound's tooth', his hands may be something else—more sinister. Perhaps only an hour or two before your encounter with him he may have had sex with a stranger who, unfortunately and unknowingly, had hepatic feces. In the process of manual contact with the anus of his infected trick (fist fucking, for example), some feces may have gotten under his fingernails, and even though he may have *thought* he'd washed his hands thoroughly before sexing with you, some trace feces (in perhaps a drop of water) may have been retained under his nails. But however 'trace' they may be, they are *loaded*. So during some phase of your seance with him . . . in some loverly gesture, or in cock-adjustment . . . he can have passed *his* newly-acquired hepatitis virus on to *you*. Well . . . happy convalescence! You should both be out of bed about the same time.

Rimming, of course, is the great 'obstacle course' of anal sex. Its hazards have been dwelt on many times, but again it is imperative to remind gay guys, particularly the *new* crop, that if you don't know your trick well, be extra careful. How? Principally (if you are into frequent anal sex) through regular booster shots of *gamma globulin*.

Gamma globulin is no cure for hepatitis—don't live in the rosy dream that it is. There is, at present, no known preventative/cure for infectious hepatitis. Immunization is still in the test tube . . . not in the bottle. What gamma globulin does is to *ameliorate* the incidence of hepatitis . . . to 'soften the blow', as it were. It will (1) *ward off* mildly infectious hepatitis, and (2) it will help to *minimize the effects* of it if it is somewhat stronger than mild. If your infection is more severe, and the physician administers gamma globulin as part of his therapy, it can help relieve the painful symptoms that make life so miserable for such a long time. *Keep up your booster shots if you are active in anal sex.*

Vigilance, eternal sexual vigilance/hygienic vigilance, is most important. In addition to gamma globulin, always be sure to double-check your hands after sex. Don't just wash and dry them. Trace a *Q-Tip* soaked in hydrogen peroxide or rubbing alcohol under each fingernail, for good measure.

Or, as many gay guys do, get a bottle of 'white iodine' . . . decolorized tincture of iodine . . . and dip the *Q-Tip* in it and apply under the nails the same way. It is a most powerful disinfectant. The odor is equally powerful, but it has the virtue of being invisible on the skin. Be sure, however, that after it has been on for a few moments you wash your hands again to remove odor and iodides—don't touch your fingers to your mouth until you do so. This simple procedure can often spell the difference between picking up the virus and not, from contact. Be triply careful if you are the aggressor in fist fucking. And above all, if an anus—no matter how ravishing—looks less than simon pure clean, sadly pass up anal sex with your trick or risk trouble.

Once you have infectious hepatitis you may as well prepare to divorce yourself from the world around you. Also, your doctor will insist that you eat off separate dishes and with separate utensils. He may suggest disposable paper dishes. And he will forbid you to have any kind of touch contact with anyone during the course of the disease.

Figure on about six weeks convalescence. The principal concern of your physician at this time may be dehydration. Because you will continue to vomit and have diarrhea, the fluids are drained from your system faster than they can be replaced. In severe cases this must be done in the hospital, intravenously. So follow his diet about consuming fluids, and to the precise degree he recommends.

Your diet will have almost no fats . . . it will be calorie-high with lots of proteins and carbohydrates. Alcohol is absolutely out. And rest, rest, boring rest . . . that is your mete and portion. How you'll come to hate 'good books'. And TV? Never again will you want to see another re-run!

Infectious hepatitis is such a debilitating disease that leaves one out of communication with the world for so long (particularly sexual communication) that no matter how nitpicky it may be to take all the super precautions recommended in this article you will have a brighter and more sexually active life by being vigilant—all the time.

• • •

MEGA-VITAMINS

(Continued from page 11)

dollars expended on finding out what

1976 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY

From The Editors Of Ciao!—The Most Celebrated Gay Travel Magazine In The World—A 1976 International Travel Directory Containing Nearly 4,000 Up-To-Date And Accurate Keyed Names And Addresses Of Gay Hotels, Bars, Baths, Movie Houses, Book/Sex Shops, Meeting Places And Action Spots Throughout The U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, The Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, The Middle East, Asia, And The Pacific . . . Your Passport To Gay Adventure In A Compact Booklet Small Enough To Fit In Your Pocket!











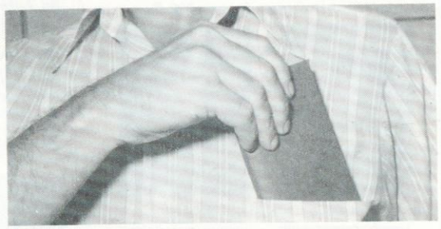

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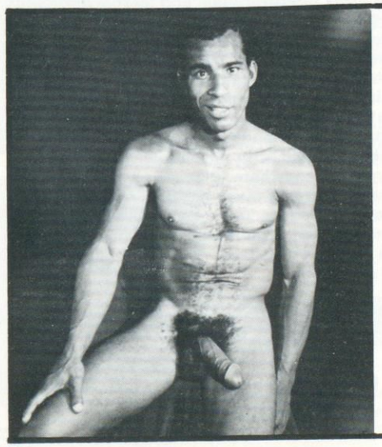

CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

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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optimum nutrition is for a human being." Certainly he is not one to settle for the minimal RDA, for, as he says, "The great difference between the *RDA* and an *optimal intake* is that the RDA *is barely enough to avert deficiency diseases*, while an optimal intake *promotes better health and vitality*." Quite different concepts.

MEGA-E . . . BREAKTHROUGH #3

Again using Dr. Pauling as a 'mega-yardstick', he says that he takes 1200 International Units of Vitamin E each day. This is in line with what advanced nutrition experts recommend, and it is, incidentally, the optimum intake of those bodybuilders, astronauts and cosmonauts mentioned earlier.

Generally this is taken as 150 to 200 I.U. in a multivitamin tablet, plus 1000 I.U. as contained in an individual Vitamin E capsule. Also, we have often advised our *QQ Magazine* readers that *any* capsule of Vitamin E, in whatever potency, should be derived from the four 'd' sources of tocopherol: d-Alpha; d-Beta; d-Delta; and d-Gamma. When you purchase Vitamin E, be sure to examine the label. If the contents are indicated *dl* (as in dl-Beta), pass the product by.

The four tocopherol sources should *all* be *d*—not *dl*, because *d* means the tocopherols are *natural* sources, while *dl* means that the Vitamin E is artificial, having been synthesized. Any synthetic Vitamin E, being weaker, has only a limited effect on health and the maintenance of supervirility. And it also goes without saying that in *any* vitamin intake, mega-potencies—as nearly as possible—should be of natural rather than synthetic origin.

MEGA-E/GINSENG BREAKTHROUGH #4

Less than a year ago it was discovered that mega-E, as in the capsules containing 1000 I.U. of d-tocopherols, worked even more effectively in increasing/sustaining male vigor and phallic response when taken simultaneously with Korean or Siberian ginseng capsules.

If readers will refer to *Ginseng—The Plant That Stands Like A Man,* in the January/February 1976 issue of *QQ Magazine*, a review of ginseng's unique characteristics that make it such an all-systems-'go' vigorizer will make it more understandable why this combination of sexual powerizers creates virtual *tirelessness* in sexual function!

The effectiveness of Vitamin E in increasing male vigor and phallic response is due to its ability to increase the flow of blood to the genitals—as to every other part of the body—thus increasing the blood's facility to carry oxygen to the cells, which, in turn, gives greater tone and flexibility to veins/arteries. This is proven physiological/medical fact.

Physicians have long treated blood clots with massive amounts of Vitamin E, especially in those who are afflicted with phlebitis. Also they recommend it as a daily vitaminic supplement to male ballet dancers and professional athletes whose unusual demands on their legs and feet cause the unsightly condition of varicose veins. How amazingly they are cleared up! So it is now also fact that while Vitamin E works splendidly by itself in creating better systemic health, and increasing sexual potency, in combination with ginseng it is simply spectacular in its effect. This is often noted in less than a month's combined usage of Vitamin E with ginseng.

We have also suggested that ginseng be bought according to its source of growth. The highest grade comes from Korea, and is designated *Heaven.* Only slightly less potent, and used by those who wish to maintain an already satisfactory sexual function, is Siberian ginseng, graded *Earth*. This is the kind used by the Russian cosmonauts and weightlifters. It is also much less expensive than the Korean because it is available in larger quantities. Either brand works perfectly for one's specific needs. If you need much more 'uplift' and staying power, get the Korean. But if you are like most young bodybuilders—already optimally potent and 'go'—and want to maintain your high sexual-activity level, the Siberian *Earth* is excellent.

CHELATED MINERALS MEGA-BREAKTHROUGH #5

What is meant by *chelate* or *chelated*? Essentially it means 'predigested', and pronounced *key-late.* The term applies to the process by which mineral substances are converted into their *digestible* form. Presently chelates are being used only in certain high-quality vitamin-mineral complexes. The minerals that many persons cannot chelate completely in the body (thus rendering them otherwise useless), and which are now available in chelated form in the unparalleled vitamin-mineral product *Dyna-Vites* and the complex known as *Chelated Multi-Minerals*, are calcium, magnesium, potassium, chromium, zinc, iron, manganese and copper. Although the vitamin-mineral supplements one has been taking has given good results, when one switches to a chelated supplement the effect is quickly noticeable in the body's more rewarding tonus. A definite

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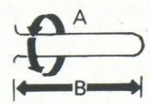

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• • •

GAMES

(Continued from page 21)

for a loan . . . ."

"What?" he barked, his face starting to flush again.

"Skip it. We'll talk more when you get home."

"You got any dope?"

"Yes, Brock, I got dope. What's wrong with big daddy's?"

"I may not see him tonight, and I *know* I'm gonna get loaded . . . ."

"Sure . . . later."

He gave me a cold stare, spun around and left the room. When the street door banged shut below, I knew he was gone . . . .

Before we moved to San Francisco together, Brock was a tire salesman in L.A. We made it once, a rainy Sunday afternoon driving back from where he'd taken me to get a discount on a new set of radials.

Quick as a flash, like his moods, no sooner had I rolled the car out of the garage than Brock had his grip where I could feel it good. After driving aimlessly through streets and neighborhoods I'd never seen before, and givin' strokes to each other's erections, we finally got it together at my apartment, ballin' like it'd just been invented . . . .

At the time, Brock was sending everyone in L.A. up the wall with his "tales of San Francisco," and so were his monologues on collected experience—or collected whatever.

Most weekends he was flying to the City, so when my company transferred me to the so-called Gay Capital of the Western World, I asked him if he wanted to share a flat. The chance to get back into the city of his dreams was too good to pass. That's how we ended up here as roommates.

We got along pretty good for awhile, until he met Norm. The way I figured, the man meant—no shit—Love. A relationship, with its accompaniment of responsibility. How could Brock deal with that kind of reality when his whole life had been a fantasy collection . . . of old movies, rock concerts . . . big daddy images?

Yeah, Brock had collected plenty in twenty-one years . . . affairs he'd been able to slip in and out of at will . . . macho father symbols, and others not so cock-of-the-barnyard.

All Brock ever talked about was his collection . . . big daddies from New Orleans . . . St. Louis . . . rock concerts, like Watkins Glen and Altamont . . . Lead Zepplin and Stones' American tours . . . his albums . . . his movies . . . his street adventures.

He'd collected them all. He owned them all. If you were to believe him, he'd made it with every handsome—hot—man in the universe. It was like he was afraid, in mortal fear if he didn't convince you he belonged to everything and everyone that was or had been *in*, you'd think he was a nothing . . . a faceless faggot with no identity.

I met one of his big daddies, a muscle-builder, a cowboy type from Denver . . . Danny from Denver, one of a number Brock was forever draggin' out of his memory closet in L.A., whenever there was an audience of more than two trippin' out together.

"He was *hot*!" Brock's deep, kid-voice over-serious, coming out of smokey haze . . . . "Danny from Denver, man, he was *hot*! He wants me to live with him but, fuck, who wants to live in Denver . . .?"

". . . a mile high, man, and beautiful . . . ." A ventured interruption what shoulda known better . . . .

"Shit, I don't wanna live *there* . . . I belong in the City . . . San Francisco . . . . Danny wrote me this long letter . . . ."

"Did you answer it?"

"What?"

Silence. We'd heard about Danny too much already, and would again.

"Maybe I should go live with him . . . ."

Danny *was* hot, if you dig that type. I met him shortly after we moved to San Francisco, a packed Sunday afternoon in the "Frog Palace" bar on Castro Street. Danny appeared out by the street door, sunlight catching the top of his black "home-on-the-range" hat. He looked like he'd scrubbed himself clean in a rain barrel, his gray moustache and wavy, salt-and-pepper hair glistening from bay rum, like a Western macho from the Gay Nineties. Maybe his build was from ropin' steer, but my guess is, more likely the nearest health spa. The rest of his uniform was regulation white T-shirt, torn around a tit, and prescribed fade jeans with a tiny hole near a gigantic, well-defined cock-and-balls hangin' from thick thighs. If not hot, he was hung.

"It's Danny from Denver," Brock whispered, although we were back by the pool table with noisy guys hanging all over it, stifling look-alike, moustache images staring at other look-alike moustache images.

"Man, he's *hot*!" Brock exclaimed a little louder. (He'd never think of asking, "Isn't he hot?" Brock gave no room for disagreement, unless you wanted an argument.)

Anyway, we finally swam through the seething mob so Brock could nudge close to Danny from Denver.

Danny looked down at him from great height, the soaring falcon twitching one eye at the lowly rodent. This glance of benign contempt went unnoticed by Brock. After all, Danny belonged to him . . . he was his . . . a collector's item.

They swapped a couple of tight hellos, and Danny timed a brushoff after many silent minutes. I'll give Danny credit for being sensitive to rudeness. The last I saw of him was at the pay phone on the elevated platform at the back of the bar, his white-clothed pectorals spotlighted in magenta, his bony hands clutching the black instrument as if it were the last (or the next) piece of meat in the city, pausing between calls to check off names in a tattered address book.

Well, now Brock had met a new big daddy, Norm, and he didn't have to go running off to Denver, or New York or New Orleans or anywhere else. It became only a question of how long before Norm caught onto Brock's game—snatching at security . . . a game we all play at one time or another. Except with Brock it was a religion.

Of course, as I saw it, what was happening was, Norm caught onto Brock right away, only this time the tables were turned. Norm wanted to own Brock. Brock had become the

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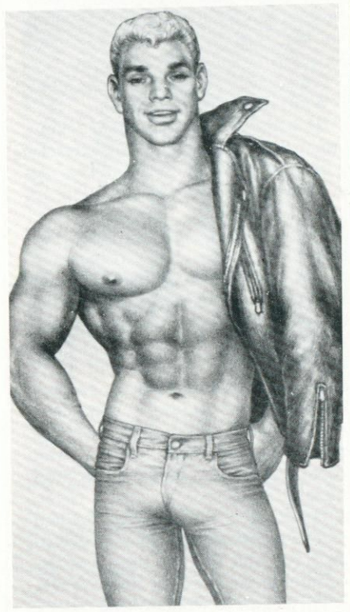

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collector's item. And this had upended Brock's head, as well as his ass. To be the possessor is one thing . . . but to be possessed . . .?

When Brock got home that cold winter night last December, he'd forgotten his fable about a sore bung hole. We got into smoking dope, and then it really got bizarre, for me.

"I'm scared," he said, taking a hit.

"Well, don't hog the weed . . . ."

"He's *hot*," Brock groaned, taking another hit and passing it on, stretching his heavy thighs on the red carpet and resting his curly blond head on the sofa.

The air was beginning to thicken with the mellow aroma of dreamland Jamaican. It was dark outside the bay window, our hanging wood violets dripping weird, live shadows against the sky.

Brock's tight, embraceable body glowed in lavender-and-blue emanations from the ceiling chandelier, spreading phantom lights over the hump between his short legs . . . well defined manhood nestling in full testicles.

As I sucked in the smoke, I flashed on our rainy Sunday afternoon together in L.A., and the full power of the encounter came flooding back on me.

And I began to wonder who owned who, and what kind of games I was playing with myself.

"So, what you want, Brock?" I wheezed. "You wanna move out . . . ."

"What?" his voice light and wispy.

"You wanna move . . . what you gonna do?"

"He's *hot*. But I'm *scared*."

"Well, shit, move in with him."

"He's got—he's got beautiful music systems . . . and, ya know I gotta have my music . . . and he's teaching me classical . . . you ever heard Borodin? I'm lost without my music, but what'll I do with all my stuff . . .? Put it in storage, I guess . . . . My favorite is Beethoven . . . ."

"Beethoven what?"

". . . violin concerto. He only wrote one concerto . . . the only one . . . Norm wants to buy a house in Marin, maybe Russian River or Mill Valley . . . ."

"Mill Valley's in Marin . . . ."

"I know *that*!"

"Well, go ahead . . . ."

"I'm scared, ya know . . . every time I get involved I get feelin' like I'm trapped . . . . I'm too young to be tied down."

"Try it sometime. Bondage is in."

"I can take care of myself. I always work. I don't need nobody to take care of me. And I gotta have my freedom. You know that."

"Yeah, I know that."

He was sliding his hand down the ridge of an magnificent hardon. "When I see something I like," he said, "I gotta have it. That's why I turned onto you."

"Yeah. Only we're just roommates . . . and I sent my handcuffs to the cleaners."

I handed him the roach and clip from the coffee table. As he fumbled with it, my head, now loose from my neck (had he sprinkled the joint with angel dust?), seemed to float down between his thighs, my fingers popping the buttons on his Levis. A bottle of "locker room aroma" materialized out of the purple-and-blue moonlight, and the shag-end of the dope got lost somewhere.

"We're all victims of our sexuality," I mumbled, laughing quietly to myself, inhaling the amyl.

"You gotta take it when you want it," Brock growled, grabbing the back of my head and pushing my mouth down over his cock . . . .

I shoulda known better. I shoulda never let myself get into it with Brock again.

But, damn it, it was good to make love to the little bastard . . . to nestle those fuckin' curls in my shoulder and hold his firm body in my arms . . . to possess him . . . yeah, I know that's what it was . . . to *own* him in the purple-and-blue glow, if only for a slice of time . . . to pretend it was just him and me . . . me and Brock that was the lovers . . . not some prick over on Castro Street.

I told myself, Brock needs me and I need him. Why can't it be . . . like, the two of us, reaching out together into endless sunrises? Crazy what'll fuck over your head when you're in the heat of good sex, drilling into a neat ass or sinkin' your tongue into rimmin' or the mouth of a lover giving back, and him humpin' into you until you wanna give or get taken forever, and no tomorrows.

Shameful illusion. Maybe it was the purple-and-blue lights. For Brock, of course, it was only temporary escape from the inevitable . . . gettin' his rocks against the time when he'd belong to big daddy, and no one else . . . . It was just a game we played together.

He took every stroke, anyway, and so did I.

"You're *hot*! Oh, man . . . *hot*!" Brock's ultimate blessing of grace. He sure puts on a good show, you gotta give him that.

But it meant nothing to him. Not the way it did to me. Only, was I playing a game too? What the fuck would I do with Brock for a lover? Day-in and day-out . . .? I didn't think about it then, let me tell you . . . .

Two days later he moved to Castro Street and Norm's, leaving only the coffee table behind. I didn't see him for awhile, not even on the streets or the supermarket. I figured he and his friend moved up to Marin, or God knows where.

And then one evening, suddenly, he called.

"Hi, Jack."

"Brock! How are you?"

"I wanna move back in . . . ."

"What?"

"I wanna move back in."

"Why?"

"I been sick . . . and I can't take it, man. I'm a prisoner . . . ."

"I see . . . . Well, if you can escape from stir long enough, come on over and we'll talk about it."

Fifteen minutes later he was letting himself in downstairs. He still had his key.

I'd turned on the purple-and-blue chandelier, and don't ask me why. Consciously I'd decided, no more dreamland. I wanted all or nothing. That was my game. Exclusive rights.

Even in the illusory haze, I could see the change in his young face . . . gray beneath his eyes . . . the welt of a cut lip.

He saw me looking at it.

"I fell down the back stairs. They're a killer."

I thought, big daddy Norm doesn't like you strayin' out of the kennel and punched you in the mouth, but said out loud, "Want some coffee?"

"No, thanks . . . ." He took off his leather coat and flung it on the sofa. "We oughta live together again," he said. "You shouldn't live by yourself in this huge place."

"I'm up on the laundromat bulletin board for roommates," I told him, "more than one. Thinkin' of of living San Francisco style. I'm going collective-communal."

"Yeah . . . ."

"How about a joint?"

"I don't feel like it," he said, curling onto the floor. "So when can you help me move back in?"

"I don't think so, Brock. I don't think it's a good idea."

"Why not?"

"It's the wrong blend . . . ."

He sat forward, his mouth tightening, his green eyes glistening in the purple light, but he said nothing.

I walked away from him. "It just wouldn't work out," I said, staring out the bay window at nothing.

"Why not?" There was anger in his voice.

I swung around to face him, feeling myself puff up like a football coach at half-time.

"Goddamn it," I shouted, "I'm in love with you myself, and I couldn't take it—your screwin' everything in sight—chasin' after every Prince Charming with a big dick what comes swingin' by . . . ."

"I don't believe that," he said quietly, unwinding upward from the floor.

"Well, you better, 'cause it's true."

"After all I did for you!"

"What?" I was starting to shake. "What did you ever do for me?"

"Plenty."

"You gave me your ass a couple times . . . . But, so did I . . . ."

Without warning, he grabbed for the nearest object—a large, ceramic ashtray full of grimy remnants of smoked-out dope. He snapped his arm back like he was makin' a quick pass into the end-zone and hurled it smashing through the bay window. I ducked just in time.

I lunged at his knees and tackled him, breathing hard . . . .

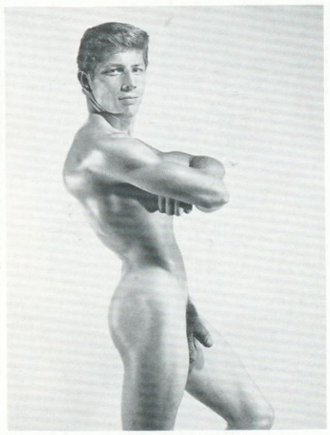
"Brock, goddamn it . . . cool it!"

He rolled over on top of me, jacknifing his fist for a punch in my face, but I caught his wrist and twisted is arm, grabbing his other wrist, turning him over on his back, and pinning him against the sofa . . . .

He rasped at me, "you . . . you . . . ." The welt on his lip turned scarlet.

I straddled him, forcing my mouth

KENSINGTON ROAD
THE STUDIO QUALITY BUILT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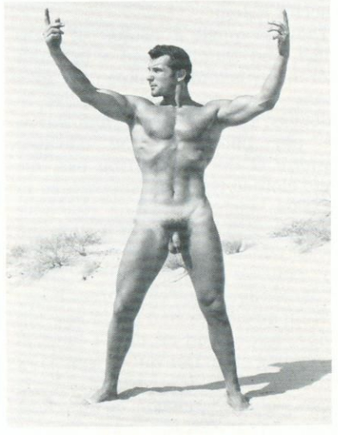
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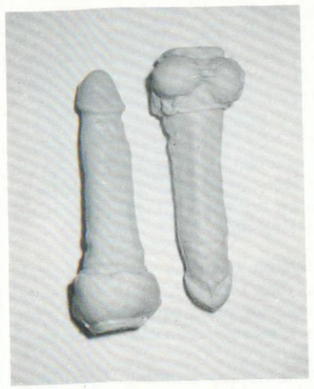
The Titanic



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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

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down on his.

Jerking my head up and holding him firm, I whispered, "Let's fuck . . . more fun . . . . I love you, goddamn, hot beauty."

He squirmed free of me and fled for the stair-landing, barking out, "You are a fuckin' liar rapist!"

He stumbled down to the door, breaking it open and hollering up at me. "I'm gonna rip your tires, you prick! You . . . goddamn . . . queer!" Sucking in his breath, he slammed out the door and down the front steps.

Good riddance, I thought, not really believing it . . . .

He didn't rip my tires, of course, and I didn't hear from him for several weeks, nor did I see him on Castro Street, or anywhere else, not even in the bars . . . .

It's Saturday morning. I just hung up the phone. It was Brock.

"Come on over for a cup of coffee," he said. "My friend's gone for the day . . . ."

We small-talked for a few minutes, and I kept waiting for him to say what he really wanted from me. I knew what I wanted from him, but I wasn't gonna let him in on it.

But he gave no hint. To hear him, you'd believe he was gettin' by just fine with his big daddy, Norm. Their life together, as hot as ever.

So I'm goin' over to say hello to him, and pretend I love him all over again, and maybe get some of his ass.

I wonder what he looks like? I wonder if he's got a cut lip or a couple of black eyes . . . or maybe his buns are black and blue.

Maybe I'll tie him on the bed face down and crunch my dick into him . . . .

Illusions . . . fantasies . . . games.

Hell—face it—what I really wanna find out is, what does he want to get out of me now?

• • •

GAY PHILADELPHIA '76

(Continued from page 26)

is food (sandwiches and the like). Mostly men, though some women visit. Hours are from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sunday from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Allegro, 1412 Spruce Street. This is considered Philadelphia's most popular bar. Three floors, three bars, game room, disco, d.j. and feature films (every other week on Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.). Closed Sunday. Hours are 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Monday through Saturday. Sandwiches served.

Miss P's, 418 S. 18th Street. This bar gets some drags with their johns. There's dancing and a show. Open from 7:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. To enter you must know the lock combination.

Westbury, 271 S. 15th Street. This bar attracts a young crowd, occasionally some leather. Chuck is still the bartender here and he still makes good sandwiches. Ask for him. Entrance is under the sign, and not through the hotel. Open Monday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Lunch is from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed Sunday.

Post, 1705 Chancellor Street, is a new leather and western bar, and is the home of the Vanguard motorcyclists. Hours: 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Monday through Friday; Saturday from noon to 2 a.m.

Steps, 1526 Delancey Street, is popular with a young crowd. There are two floors, plus a balcony. The sound and electric lights are timed together to make dancing in the disco a real trip. Hours: 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily; Sunday from 1 p.m. Food is highly recommended.

247, S. 17th Street. A western bar with ranch-type decor. Popular with the western and S&M crowd—although it attracts many people in western and leather as well as Bill Blass duds.

Penrose Club, 1415 Locust Street

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WISCONSIN
Milwaukee: BECK'S, 753 N. Plankinton Ave.

(second floor). This is a private, after-hours bar, popular with older men. Yearly membership is about $5. There's a minimum on weekends. To enter, wait outside and ask a member to sponsor you. No cover on weekdays. Open from 11 p.m. to 3 a.m.

C.R. Bar, 6405 Market Street. This bar is a distance from center city. It gets a nice neighborhood crowd and is open from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing.

Astral Plane, 1708 Lombard Street, is an excellent restaurant for gourmet-type food. It's decorated with antiques, and dress is casual. Late at night gays stop in to eat. Best hours are usually from 11 p.m. *Day's Deli*, at 18th and Spruce, is also good after the bars close on weekends.

OUTSIDE CRUISING

Merry-Go-Round (some call it "The Promenade") is cruisy by car or foot. Start at 20th and Spruce to 21st and Spruce, to Delancey and 21st to Delancey and 20th, to 20th and Spruce Streets. Spruce is also good from 12th to 20th Streets. The corner of South Broad and Spruce Streets (corner of the Atlantic Building) is the spot for hustlers.

Rittenhouse Square, inside the park, is good in spring and summer.

Penn Center Skating Rink is cruisy during the day and sometimes at night. But be careful here. There are many cops in the area.

Another cruisy area, though some distance from center city, is the *League Island Park* at night, near the Philadelphia Navy Yard. This is the place to go for navy men. Although it is very cruisy, it is rough and dangerous.

TOILETS

University of Pennsylvania Library, Sears Department Store (the second floor), *Strawbridge & Clothier Department Store* (basement, fourth and sixth floors). Gorgeous cops work at the latter and at the *Penn Center* toilet (suburban station). Both places are especially dangerous.

MOVIES

Arch Street Cinema, 1308 Arch Street, is sometimes cruisy. Sort of hit or miss. Straight films.

If you haven't been to Philadelphia before, or haven't visited for some time, you'll be in for a fantastic experience. The city is all spruced up and waiting for you. Join the nation in having the time of your life. You may not have another chance for a hundred years!

• • •

SEX AHOY!

(Continued from page 23)

on the high seas. But that's what makes sex ahoy so intriguing when you get the hand of how to go about making out—'skirting' the law by making your own opportunities, or seizing upon obvious others.

To those who expect sex opportunities to be as abundant and as pluckable as cherries on a tree, such a cruise may, at first, seem pointless . . . if no action, *ergo*, *why* go? Pity . . . you'll miss so much.

First, there are the obvious intrinsic healthful benefits afforded by a couple of weeks in the tropical sun . . . shaking off tensions, hangups, old lovers and bad trips; getting a bronzy, sexy, Caribbean tan that will be the envy of all your paleface friends; feeling systemically more juiced-up from all that good food and unaccustomed exercise in the ships's gym (even if you just 'go through the motions' because it's something to do); and the biorhythmic shifting of gears to a more relaxed lifestyle—however brief—that will put a new cadence in your life once you're back home.

Next, there are the unique sex opportunities one finds in the 'a port a day' stopovers at various islands. And here you will find it helpful to bring along your copy of "Private Stock," because the new edition of this popular international gay travel guide, published by the QQ Publishing Company, *will open doors more quickly* to where the action is—such as the famous *boy brothels*—wherever you stop over in the Caribbean. It's such a ready-made help, because while others are just *hoping* to stumble on gay places in a new area, you'll already be in business!

CRUISING PLOYS ABOARD SHIP

A practical way of determining who, and how many, are gay aboard ship, is to check such likely convocation areas as the sauna or Turkish baths. Stop by at various times of the day and you'll get an accurate picture. On some ships the sauna is free—others charge $5 per visit. So if it's 'charge', keep strolling *by* the baths, noting who goes in, and when. If it's free, of course you can simply hang in there until what you're looking for arrives. You'll find there are gay guys aboard you've missed seeing—something that's not so apparent elsewhere in the more general areas. This is particularly true of ship's officers—who are permitted to use the baths, and all public rooms, with the passengers. Also, the gym. Usually it's free, too. You'll have a chance to make connection with the younger gay crowd, since it's usually the younger guys who are more muscle conscious. And the gym could be very productive after the workout!

THE HOMOSEXUAL HEALTH GUIDEBOOK



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

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

Available By Mail Only—$3.95

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

GAY SEX TECHNIQUES



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

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The disco, too. Certainly this is a general convocation area—and preponderantly more straights than gays—but gay guys aboard any cruise ship usually gravitate, as if by secret signal, to the disco at just the 'witching hour', when, amid the milling straights, one finds great opportunities for eye-cruising.

And the bars. Cruise ships, being *one class* (although your accommodations may cost lots or less, depending on whatever deck you opt for, and the luxury thereof), everyone is free to roam the entire ship, and so if you don't strike pay dirt in the bar on *your* deck, try the Bloody Marys at the bars above and below. You may feel as though you'd never left home!

Also, please remember that drinks are an extra charge on any ship. Generally everything except liquor, personal items (toiletries), souvenirs, some snacks, medical services of an *elective*, rather than emergency, kind (such as injections against seasickness, at about $5 per injection—a good idea if your ship is small, the sea not so calm, and you with Meniere's symptoms), plus—as noted—possible charges for sauna, will be included in the overall charge you paid before embarking.

The crew? Don't count on it, although certainly a good-sized contingent of any crew will be gay. The reason? Too many ship's restrictions. Generally the crew remains in the hold throughout the cruise—except at stopovers, of course, when you can get to know them intimately. Even so, there *are* opportunities aboard—circumspect though one must be. Also the crew usually has its own bar. Eye-cruise a crewman and get *invited* (and you *must* be invited). If so, change to old clothes. If you dress up for down below you tip off the straights in the crew that their comrade is gay. It can ruin much, or everything, for him as a crew man. Be very casual, and 'good-fellow', until you can waltz him—or others—off to your quarters.

The entertainers are usually mostly gay. They also have *their* hours in the public accommodations aboard ship. Generally, late afternoon is their time in the sauna. Keep tabs on what the entertainers are doing—and whom . . . and where/when, and you'll have more opportunities than you would have otherwise—lots more.

GAY CRUISE-SHIP TYPES

Are you a *shy guy*? You will have great difficulty in connecting. Shipboard cruising takes a lot of nerve/gall/pazazz, and you have to figure out your opportunities on the split-second and take advantage of them. If *you* are a looker, however . . . a *reallly* humpy number, or if you're *reallly* built and/or hung, and if hungry eyes have seen you nude in the sauna/gym shower, or with most of it hanging out in the pool, *you'll* be the cruised one, which may happily surprise you. Reverse play. High time, too!

Are you a *cruising moderate*? That is, perhaps you're not into heavy cruising, but certainly don't need to have *opportunity* spelled with a capital 'O'? You'll make out with easier touches: the bar crowd . . . the entertainers when they're not at work. You'll function best where there are chance meetings, or opportunities for casual chats.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

OD SON®

SAY



"Boy who sit on cactus get prickly pairs!"

Are you a *flamboyantly gay type*? Like proud of every goddamn gene of it, and 'if-you've-got-it-flaunt-it'? Sorry, but you'll be too off-putting. A cruise ship, like a small town, gets rather 'cliquey' and to be seen with you is 'guilt by association'. Not a nice thought, but true. You can operate better if you are less-determinedly 'dressy' . . . less 'baubly, bangly and beady'. Try a little understatement for a change . . . even if it hurts. It'll 'hurt' *more* if you don't. Besides, it'll engender a greater versatility in cruising—and that can come in handy back Stateside.

Do you look 'solidly straight', but cruise aggressively? You may come off best with the crew. If you like to stalk your prey you may have many rewarding opportunities. While gay others are trying to connect topship, you can stand at the stern and look down on crew deck . . . sitting ducks, all! Get a bead on someone who enchants you, and never take your eyes off him until you see it rise like 'Hail, Brittania!' If he can fake a quick reason for getting up to your deck (repairing, polishing, adjusting something or other), you should be able to think of a faster one for whisking him into your cabin for 'berthing and buggaring'. Who's to know?

THE 'CULTURE CRUISE'

A relatively new seagoing 'device'. The passengers here are not 'general public'. They are art-lovers, or music-minded, or otherwise 'culture conscious'. Being so, they're often heavily gay, and so you have a whole new ball game. Noted performers, painters, lecturers are engaged to spearhead such cruises. They draw admiring crowds, like bees to flowers. Really make-out. The Norwegian-American Line has two ships that make such cruises—the *Sagafjord* and the *Vistafjord*, which also make regular Caribbean cruises. No finer cruise ships afloat. Food, service, cleanliness, personnel . . . incomparable! The itinerary is, generally, the same as that of other Caribbean cruises. Check with your travel agent. These are usually sold-out the day after the announcement of artists-to-be-aboard is made. Don't delay.

THE GAY CRUISE

In recent years more gay organizations have taken over entire ships on a charter basis, in order to play the Caribbean in a *totally gay community afloat.* It may be an oversimplification to say that such cruises are more like being holed up in a floating gay baths than they resemble standard cruises. Although all the usual shipboard facilities are available, and almost all group activities resemble their non-gay counterparts on any cruise ship, everyone naturally falls into a non-stop cruising/sex state of mind, and that takes precedence over all else. Thus joining in on *scheduled* shipboard events, or utilizing the *standard* amusements the ship has to offer, frequently takes a back seat to simply lying in your room, seductively nude, with your door propped open *à la* YMCA.

There's nothing wrong with this, of course, but it certainly won't afford a

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'Whitman's Sampler' of what ship cruises are about: never leaving your room until it's time to eat. The most popular facility is the outdoor-deck where almost the entire ship gathers around the swimming pool for gay sunning/funning. This is also true of straight cruises, of course. Perhaps the principal difference is that on a gay cruise there is a more homogenous group . . . much gay camaraderie and nude sun bathing. You won't find this on a straight cruise, naturally.

If this type of atmosphere is your cup of tea, then by all means join a gay cruise. This is particularly true of people who simply *must* spend their every waking minute in a gay situation—or in a gay climate. But whereas ordinary cruises afford much relaxation, gay cruises are typically round-the-clock hectic . . . one long party from beginning to end. You must have the temperament to withstand stiff competition and the usual disappointments that go hand-in-hand with making out successfully.

If you are a super-beauty you may be hounded constantly by those you don't want to meet. If you are a super-ugly, be prepared for a lonely voyage. If you like peace and quiet, don't expect it on a gay cruise, because doors slam all night long and disco activity goes on into the early morning.

Concerning contacts with gay officers/crewmen, opportunities are actually better on a *straight* cruise simply because workers on a gay cruise must continue on long after you are gone, and indiscreet behavior might easily haunt them after the party is over. Again we remind you that a ship is a small town, and these people have to continue to work with many fellow crewmen who, at best, are only tolerant of gay life in general.

SLOW-BOAT CRUISES

There are two kinds: the more formal around-the-world cruise where the passenger is king; and the slow-freighter cruise/voyage where the passenger often (at least these days) seems to be walled up by containers of cargo on deck, for all the world like so many dinosaur coffins. The formal cruises are usually run once a year. For example, the *QE2* sponsors one beginning January 15, 1977 . . . the Holland-America Line's *Rotterdam* has one going four days later, on January 19. These cruises last for 81 to 92 days, and simply *do* go to all the exotic places around the earth.

The older, well-heeled gay guys love these cruises. In the Orient, as you know, sex-wise 'older is better'. Young Orientals really dig mature gay guys. Also, in the Orient, as you know from Crichton Stenhouse's many fine articles in *QQ Magazine*, bondage is *in*. Young Oriental gays love it . . . older gays have a heaven on earth. The *QE2* cruise costs from $6,950 to $125,000, depending on accommodations. The amenities of the Caribbean cruise are the same aboard the world cruises—they are just extended over a longer period.

THE SLOWER BOAT TO EVERYWHERE

You dicker for weeks to get on the list, then sit by the phone for days to find out when you'll actually sail. But this type of voyage has special virtues, such as longer stays in each port, which means that you get to know each part of the world better (and connect with more, more-varied types). The fewer passengers make shipboard life too closely-knit—one is sexually circumscribed.

Your companions will usually be ripely-mature, straight/married, settled, and undesirous of even a minor fling. And don't count on the crew, either. Think 'port'. No crewman will risk being sacked at the next port for having been caught humping in the hay.

Such cruises are best on the American President Line ships out of San Francisco. You'll pay upwards of $40 a day for 43- to 100-day voyage. Food/service excellent. No frills, hence the lower price. But if you want to get away from it all, have time to think, and have exotic sex in port after exciting port, get your travel agent busy right away. For more information about this type of cruise, get *Ford's Freighter Travel Guide*, from P.O. Box 505, 22030 Ventura Boulevard, Suite B, Woodland Hills, California 91364. It's $4.95 postpaid.

Sex ahoy!

• • •

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO
(Continued from page 6)

which really is a nonsensical piece of jewelry when you think about it, because cock rings are usually worn by macho guys who are interested in practicality, and not by Gucci/Pucci boys who pile on the jewels.

Standard diameters of the rings are 1¼", 1½", 1¾", and 2". To get an idea of what size ring you need, wrap a piece of string around the base of the scrotum/penis when you're erect. Cut the string where the ends meet and then re-form the loop and measure the diameter.

Another way is to wrap the string around the erect cock; you'll find that the diameter of the cock and ring size needed are usually the same. If you are uncertain about the size you need, and if you are unfamiliar with cock rings, then start with a large size. After erection is achieved the ring should be comfortably tight—and its effect should be a fuller, harder, longer-lasting erection without discomfort.

If the ring is loose nothing will happen; if it is too tight your cock might start turning all colors and you'll suffer severe abdominal pains. If this happens, run to the sink and douse yourself with cold water, or sit in a cold tub, or take a fast dip if you're at the beach—until the shock/turn-off of the cold water causes your erection to go down enough for you to get out of the ring (reverse the getting-in procedure, already explained; first you pull/wiggle the penis until it comes out, then pop through one ball, then the other; use saliva or lubricant if necessary). And never wear it again; go to the next largest size. Remember: When circulation is cut off gangrene can occur . . . and you'll be ready for a sex change!

Some guys like wearing cock rings at all times for their 'cosmetic value'—but on the whole they are uncomfortable when worn over a long period of time; they can cut the flesh and cause abrasion. Moreover, their weight can stretch the skin at the base of the scrotum/penis and thus force you to wear a smaller ring for the same effect previously achieved with a larger one—and this can cause problems if the small size is not large enough to permit your penis/balls to pass through.

If you do not need a cock ring to get it up and keep it there, then don't get used to wearing one. If, on the other hand, you need help—a cock ring might give your sex life a boost. And, finally, whether you wear a cock ring or not—keeping an assortment of sizes on hand for guests who are turned on by them will put gold stars in your box!

• • •

THE SPERM BANK
(Continued from page 19)

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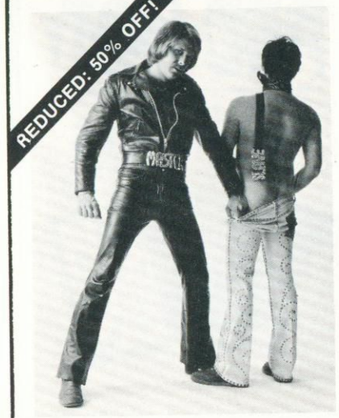

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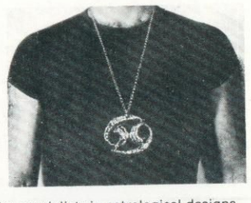

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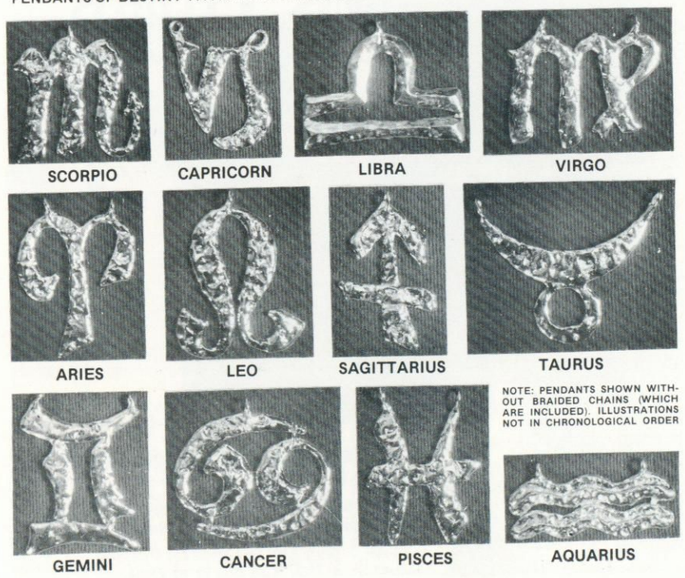

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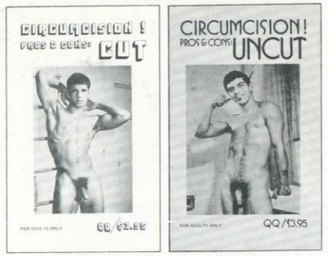

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thought, or a quite mature man whose sex urges are more spaced out.

Some, of course, will be interested in becoming a semen donor for reasons other than money. Some examples:

1) A gay guy might treasure the thought of becoming a father without going through the biological process of impregnation; to see a replication of oneself—or just to *know* that another *you* exists—is a basic emotional response one need not be ashamed of.

2) Many gay men, in spite of their hatred of marriage, would like to feel that they had given something more of themselves than an endless round of pleasure to other gay men. Thus it is no denigration of any gay man to say that many are 'closet fathers'.

3) Some take a rather Gothic view. Knowing that their sperm is to be used for procreation in place of the weaker or non-existent sperm of an otherwise rugged heterosexual—especially one who may be contemptuous of homosexuals—many a gay donor is having a private laugh at the straight world. Who can blame him? It's a valid, understandable reason, and not as cynical as it may seem . . . particularly when one has suffered too long the downputting of straights. In a way it's saying, "Anything you can do, I can do better!"

4) Finally, there are many gay guys who are of such surpassing beauty of face and physique, and, at the same time, possibly so extraordinarily talented in many fields of art, that not to pass along these attributes and gifts—outside the marriage bed—would be a sad thing for this old world. We need beauty and art to survive.

These are random thoughts, to be sure, but maybe there's a little 'catch fire' in them. A little 'spermination, germination'. So go out and shoot a load—for humanity!

• • •

THE SNUFFERS
(Continued from page 13)

date the Black Doodler's victims have been varied gay types. One was 67 year-old Harold Gullberg—found in a popular action area off a golf course, his throat slashed. Another was Fred Capin, 32, a male nurse and promising painter, found dead at another popular gay action area of a beach with stab wounds in his chest. A California-based foreign diplomat was an 'almost' victim . . . but thanks to some fancy footwork and a few Judo tricks he managed to escape. And one of the Doodler's tricks, when they were getting ready for sex, saw a knife drop from his pants and hurriedly got out of that one!

The situation in San Francisco finally got so bad that the gay community, estimated at 120,000, put the heat on the city's police department to do something about it. Although several detectives from the Homicide Division have been put to work full time on these cases, to date none has been solved.

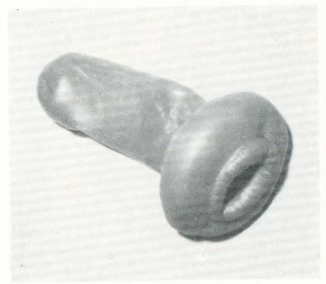
LUNACIDE

A still odder aspect of these, and other bizarre murder patterns—not just in San Francisco, but everywhere—is that they seem to 'flesh' out to their freakiest and densest on the nights of the full moon. Although we are not going into the iffy areas of astrology, it is only logical to mention that many contemporary neurologists have deteced via EEC (electroencephalograph) definite shifts in brain rhythms during such times—enough to suggest that the brain's activity at this time is responding to different outside influences. Certainly if the moon can move great ocean tides, it is not beyond belief that the mind of man is also susceptible to lunar force.

Moreover, if you were to talk to the para-medics on any hospital ambulance patrol you would find them of one mind on the subject: that the kinkiest crimes and the most outrageous murders take place at this precise time of lunar movement. It is the only time during the month when they don't have at least a few hours' respite between calls!

This unfailingly characteristic increase in moonlight mayhem may also be noted in the stepping-up of beatings, muggings, knifings and snuffings on the West Side piers, and in 'The Trucks' area along the Hudson River in New York City. Although we have previously reported on this sinister activity in *QQ Magazine*, we mention it again because 'the season' is nigh upon us and we certainly would be derelict in our duty if we didn't call it again to mind. Summer nights—and particularly the nights of the full moon—seem to bring out the Jekyll in even the otherwise most amiable teen-ager. To trick in this area is simply asking for trouble. Even if the unsuspecting gay guy escapes from his trick-attacker, he may very well injure himself seriously by falling into the holes of the rotten timbers of the piers. Some of these piers are being demolished, but enough action areas still remain to constitute a hazard if one is not super

The Big Hole



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

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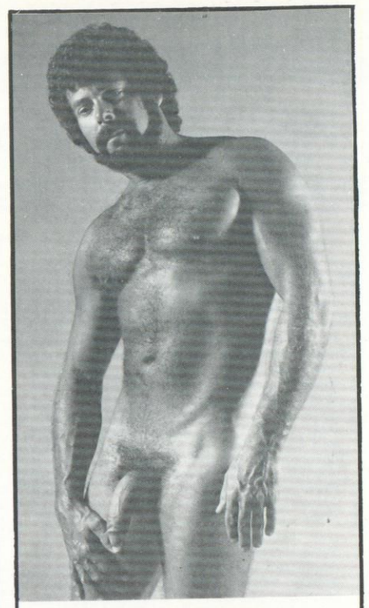

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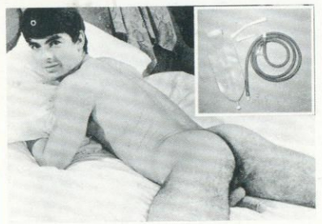
Order: S 28 to 30, **M** 32 to 34, **L** 36 to 38.

Final Clearance Sale: 50% Off!

One: $5.45. Two: $10.45. Three: $14.95

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

Bottoms Up!

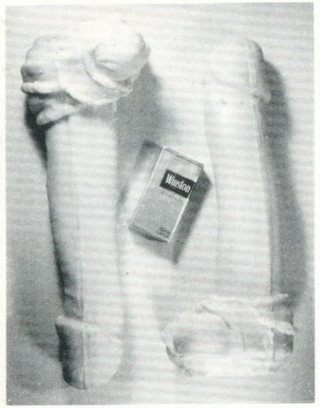


As more and more guys are liberated and shed hangups about their sex lives more and more get into anal antics. Pros know that a desirable partner is a clean one and that there is no greater turnoff than a colon that is full and impossible to control. Keep it clean and avoid discomfort and embarrassment.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

FOLDING DOUCHE BAG $7.95

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

THE BLIMP



Look! Under the sheets! It's a baseball bat . . . it's a salami . . . it's a watermelon . . . no! It's THE BLIMP! The biggest-ever is for pros only. It measures 15" from stem to stern and has a 3" diameter at its widest spot. Fully 4½ lbs. of soft, flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber modeled from life. Sold as a decorative novelty to adults only.

THE BLIMP $38.95

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

COCK RINGS



Ring it with nickel. Practical and inexpensive. We have 'em in 4 diameters: 1¼"; 1½"; 1¾"; 2". Minimum of 2 per order (same size or different). Or buy 4 (same size or different) and save money and accommodate all your guests. Please state sizes when ordering. Sent prepaid insured.

2 COCK RINGS $5.00
4 COCK RINGS $9.00

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

THE BIG ARM



This one is for pro collectors only. The BIG ARM is as big as life with a realistic clenched fist. Excellent detail. Measures 1 foot long. Diameters are: 3" fist; 2" wrist; 3½" forearm. Made from flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber. Sold as a decorative novelty to adults only.

THE BIG ARM $38.95

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

The incidents of San Francisco's Tenderloin Slasher have their counterparts in this New York make-out area. Although it was not publicized, recently another gay guy's genitals were sliced off and crammed in his mouth like cocktail *hors d'oeuvres*, in an old pier. The great mistake visiting gay guys make is to assume that any quiet, out-of-the-way place is a safe and productive area to cruise, yet it is often the riskiest!

THOSE 'QUIET' SUBWAY JOHNS

The quieter the subway john, the more you should be wary of it. Although such johns have always been notoriously cruisy, with white-hot action going on at most hours, if one makes the mistake of going in at a quiet time of day, and suddenly a sinister stranger is between you and the door . . . no one else in the room . . . the subway-token booth some distance away . . . the station cop yakking with some buddy on his walkie-talkie . . . and with the constant rumbling of trains in and out, making any cry for help unheard, you don't stand a ghost of a chance of getting out unmugged, at least—or unbeaten, unslashed or unsnuffed, ultimately—if your assailant really has it in for you; at least unless *you* are the more formidable . . . have boned up on your Bruce Lee tricks . . . or are otherwise capable of handling such a situation. You can be an instant statistic. While this has never discouraged, nor ever will discourage any gay guy from the thrill of taking chances, it is well to again say *"Take care!"*

It will also pay you dividends of longer life and a safer purse if you will also be cautious about

THE 'SAFE', EXPENSIVE GAY BAR

So often a gay guy who would tread warily around an out-of-the-way john won't give a second thought to the possible danger of cruising and taking a trick out of an expensive gay bar! Yet the same killer who lurks in the subway john can dress up to the nines and cruise such a 'safe' bar, just as 'nice' guys cruise trashy places. The San Francisco episodes are good examples of what this can lead to. How quaintly paradoxical it is to think that the very type of sinister individual one would hastily avoid in a john can, by reason of just being in a commercial gay establishment, be thought safe.

Some gay guys who would avoid rough/beat types on the street, or in johns, and feel uncomfortable in being near them elsewhere, gravitate to them once they are patrons of a gay bar. Then too, undesirables one wouldn't be seen with in the city become quite acceptable at 'nice' places such as Fire Island. Trash is trash, of course, but locale and its relationship to gay life give it instant status—all dangers magically removed . . . all faults transformed. How naive we sometimes are! In spite of the many major changes that have resulted in our favor in recent years, gay people remain essentially vulnerable (thinking in terms of gay groups, rather than as more assertive individuals).

We gays are still the victims of intimidation. That our way of life, and our sex patterns, are wrong, is so deeply ingrained in the thinking-core of straight society it will take more than the bravest militancy to eradicate such wrongheaded intolerance. Although we have time on our side, and *are* overcoming much of this prejudice/intolerance every day, still the powerful thrust of such disapproval, as it pervades straight society—leaves us fighting through the fogs of a cloudy area—and so we are weak and vulnerable in so many situations where we should be strong. How often, just when everything is coming up roses for us, we find ourselves defenseless and alone. And so, may we mention again, if a certain strength and shield are not at our instant command, caution should be the watchword. Stay alive, to fight another day!



On Sunday, March 7th, several days after the article you have just read was sent to the printer to be readied for publication, Pier 48—the 730-foot abandoned pier at the foot of West 11th St. on New York City's west side—went up in flames. The five-alarm blaze, which began at 1:30 P.M., was not declared under control until 24 hours later—and as we prepare this late insert three days later the fire is still burning. Was it caused by a cigarette? Was the fire started by someone desiring to cover a crime? It's anybody's guess. Other abandoned piers and vacated trucks along the Hudson River are still being cruised—but Pier 48 was the grandest meat rack of them all. Heavy action went on 24 hours a day—in spite of the dangers pointed out in our article. The picture above shows Pier 48 before the fire.

Four important steps for Gay America from the National Gay Task Force

1 Let the media know your feelings

If something offends you on radio, TV or in newspapers or magazines, complain to the media people in charge. For broadcasting, contact station General Manager, News or Program Director; for print, contact Managing Editor or Publisher. Call immediately. Be exact, concise and coherent in your complaint. Follow with a letter and carbon copies to the Federal Communications Commission (1919 M St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20554) for broadcast stations. Note on your letter "cc: FCC, Senator, Congressperson." Use the same techniques to compliment the media if coverage was good. Ask your friends to do the same. Inform your local gay organization, gay programs and papers of the problem you saw/read/heard. Join a coordinated action if one exists. If not, help form one. Always include both gay men and lesbians. As a group, ask for meetings and awareness sessions with media management. Work on public relations for the local gay community. Support the gay media. Send letters to the editors of papers and magazines. Get on radio and TV "editorial opinion" spots. Call in to radio and TV talk shows with gay questions and comments.

**For more specific information, contact NGTF.*

2 Back up gay legislation

Write letters urging support for gay rights legislation to federal, state and local legislators. Focus attention on gay rights in religious, professional and community groups. Make it a campaign issue.

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 MEDIA we have: coordinated the national protest of "Marcus Welby, M.D.–The Outrage"; obtained non-discrimination employment statements from all 3 major networks; assisted local gay groups in learning techniques for publicity and public relations; circulated information on FCC ascertainment procedures for local organizations to become involved in challenging station license renewals; served as a national clearinghouse and reference center for news and programing media; developed standards of fairness for treatment of lesbians and gay men on the air, in print and in films.

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

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THE SUPER SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS!

A HARD-ON AT EVERY TURN!

BY A. JAY

RANCID.. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NEW BOTTLED STUFF CALLED 'ARM PIT AROMA'?

A COUPLE OF DROPS UNDER THE BALLS CAN TURN A HEAVY NITE THE TUBS INTO A VERY HEAVY NITE AT THE TUBS!

AFTER WEEKS IN THE FLORENTINE HILLS TRACKING DOWN THE SINISTER SCARLET SCUMBAG, HARRY HAS RETURNED TO THE BIG APPLE 'N HIS POSH PUBLISHING OFFICES AT CUM MAG. AS WE LOOK IN, HE'S BUSY DICTATING TO HIS VERY PRIVATE SECRETARY— MIMSY BASQUETTE... WHEN

HEY MAN... LOOK!

FUCK

LEGALIZE INHALERS!

IT'S MICKEY'S BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR A CRACK AT THE REALLY BIG TITLE... AND YOUR SUPER FAT CHANCE FOR THE FAB SCOOP OF THE CENTURY!! IMAGINE HAVING THE WORLDS TOP MUSCLEHOLDER RIGHT UNDER YOUR OWN SHEETS!

MICKEY?

GEE!

WOW!

MIGHTY MUSCLEMEN

★ BIG BILL ★ AND THE INTERNATIONAL BODYBUILDING UNION IN CONJUNCTION WITH JOHNSON'S BABY OIL AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA PRESENT

MR. BICENTENNIAL 1976

SAT. EVE JULY 7, 1976—8 P.M.

$100,000 IN CASH PRIZES IN ADDITION TO GIFTS, GOLD AND SILVER TROPHIES, WATCHES AND MEDALS. TWO GALLONS OF GLORIOUS SMELLING JOHNSON'S BABY OIL FOR EVERY CONTESTANT

WHO WILL IT BE?

YEAH!

CREAMY CROTCH... IT WOULD BE A GREAT CHANGE TO OUT-POOP OUR RIVALS... AND MUSCLE GUYS ALWAYS SELL! ESPECIALLY NUDE SHOTS!

BUT BOSS, MICKEY WILL BE UP AGAINST ERIC SHITENGROOVER..

...AND THAT FUCKIN' KRAUT HAS NEVER LOST A TITLE!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD.. ERIC'S ONLY GOT 3 INCHES.. SO BIG MICKEY'S A CERTAIN SHOO-IN!

OK GUYS... YOU'RE ON! THIS ASSIGNMENT CALLS FOR VERY SPECIAL COVERAGE! I'M GOING TO GET BRENDA SHAPIRO.. THE FAMOUS BOY PHOTOGRAPHER ON THIS!

NOT THE BRENDA SHAPIRO PULL?

FUCK HATE!

YES... THE ONE AND ONLY! YOU KNOW BRENDA IS INFAMOUS FOR GETTING REALLY HOT, GRITTY LOCKER ROOM SHOTS... AND THIS IS WHAT WILL PUT US ON TOP OF OUR NASTY COMPETITION! REMEMBER HIS GREAT PICS OF THOSE OILY BARE-ASS STUDS AT THE MR. GROOVY GALAXY SHOW 2 YRS. AGO? THEY SHOT OUR CIRCULATION UP 600%!

YEAH.. HE HID IN THE SHOWER ROOM AIR VENT 7 HOURS TO GET THOSE PHOTOS!

BRENDA IS EXPENSIVE... BUT WHAT-THE-FUGG... THIS SPREAD WILL REALLY SHAKE 'EM UP! RANGID.. I WANT YOU TO GET MICKEY INTO SUPER, TOP SHAPE! EVERYTHING RIDES ON HIM!

THE NEXT DAY...

OK BRENDA... THAT'S THE STORY! ARE YOU WITH US?

NEED YOU ASK, SILLY BOY! OF COURSE! JUST LEAVE THE SHITTY-GRITTY TO ME! I'LL GIVE YOU SHOTS THAT'LL GURL YOUR BUSH!

IT'S GOOD TO BE HARD!

THE NIGHT OF JULY 7TH! THE AIR AT THE MUSCLE SHOW IS PREGNANT WITH EXCITEMENT...

HOW IS MICKEY?

HOT OILED 'N PUMPED UP... HE LOOKS REALLY FAB!!

I HOPE BRENDA IS DOIN' HIS THING...

LADIES 'N GENTLEMEN... NOW DE BIG MOMENT IN DIS EVENIN'S ACTION! DA TWO FINAL CONTESTANTS WILL POSE FOR DA JUDGES FINAL DE-CISION! WHO'LL BE MR. BICENTENNIAL 1976... HUMM?

MAKE MUSCLE

FICKES!

SHOW IT LIKE IT IS, MICKEY!

WHAT CUBS... WHAT LATS... WHAT MEAT!

DON'T WRAP IT... I'LL EAT IT HERE!

KISSIE...

LOOK AT THAT BROCKWURST!

BE STILL MY THYROID!

WOW!

MR. BICENTENNIAL

... DA ENVELOPE, PLEEZ—

DA WINNER... MICKEY MUSCLE!

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE

BUT AT THAT MOMENT... HIGH ABOVE THE CLAMORING CROWD... IN THE DARK RAFTERS— AN OMINOUS SCENE UNFOLDS...

BASTRO MUST BE INFORMED OF THIS IMMEDIATELY!

WARNING: RUMMING CAN CAUSE POST-NASAL GAS!

I WILL GET HIM RIGHT AWAY ON THE ULTRAVIOLET HI-FREQUENCY BAND!

...GET HIM AT ALL COSTS, RAUL! THE FARM IS RUNNING DRY... 'N THE LAST TWO SPECIMENS DIED!

SI.. BASTRO, OVER AND OUT!

A LITTLE LATER...

GEE..?

CRASH

...AFTER THE BACKSTAGE SHOWER ROOM HAD EMPTIED OUT, MICKEY IS SUDSING UP ALONE (WELL... ALMOST ALONE), WHEN SUDDENLY...

LEDERMEISTER COMEBACK-ALL IS FORGIVEN!

NO NOISE, AMIGO...

..OR WE'LL HAVE TO PUNCTURE THAT PRE-ETTY BOD WITH A HOLE OR TWO...

HOLY PECS.. WHO THE SHIT ARE YOU?

MUMMM

QUICK.. LUIS.. MAKE SURE HE GETS A HEAVY DOSE OF CHLOROFORM! SENOR MUSCLE HAS A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF HIM... HEE HEE!

A CATHETER IS NOT A FUN CATHOLIC!

I THINK WE SHOULD QUICKLY UNLOAD OUR PENT-UP REVOLUTIONARY JUICES INSIDE THIS DECADENT GRINGO BEFORE PROCEEDING ON OUR PERILOUS JOURNEY..!

SI... EL CAPITAN!

PLEEZ HURRY SIR... WE MUST LEAVE!

CASTRO CAN SAY WHAT HE WANTS.. BUT AMERICANOS ARE SURE GOOD FUCKS..!

MEANWHILE HIGH ABOVE IN A HOT, DUSTY, TIGHT AIR VENT... BRENDA SNAPS AWAY—

I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THIS BIT BELOW... I BETTER SHOOT A ROLL TO SHOW HARRY...!

CLICK...

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

HOLY HERNIA!

WHAT?

GASP.. GUYS! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT'S JUST HAPPENED! MICKEY HAS BEEN SNATCHED BY TWO NASTY CUBAN TYPES!

WARNING: GERALD FORD CAN CAUSE DIARRHEA!

PANT.. AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY! THE ENTIRE THING HAPPENED SO FAST... BUT BRENDA WAS UP THERE.. CLICKING AWAY!

RANGID.. COOL IT OUTSIDE WITH THE REPORTERS! COME ON, BRENDA...

WE'RE OFF TO FUGG CENTRAL! I MUST CONTACT BIG F PRONTO!

SOHO... AN HOUR LATER... INSIDE AN UNCONSPICUOUS BASEMENT... AND FUGG CENTRAL—

..AND FINALLY.. DO YOU BRENDA SHAPIRO SWEAR TO UPHOLD THE HI-SECURITY SECRECY AND ABIDE BY THE LAWS, CHARTER 'N CONSTITUTION OF FUGG INTERNATIONAL.

I DO BIG F.. BUT I HOPE THIS DOESN'T FUCK UP MY F.F.A. MEMBERSHIP!

GEE BRENDA... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A FUTURE FARMER!

FUGG

HERE ARE MR. SHAPIRO'S PHOTOS, BIG F, SIR! I HAD THEM BLOWN-UP!

WHAT A HUNK! FUCK THE FFA.. I'M PUTTING MY HEART INTO FUGG— ALL THE WAY!

THANKS CHUCK!

MY GOD.. THOSE TWO CUBANS ARE RAUL AND LUIS SANCHEZ... BASTRO CASTRO'S TWO STRONG ARMS!.. 'N SUPER MEAN MOTHERS! THEY RAN A CHAIN OF S/M MALE WHORE HOUSES CALLED 'CLOUT BATHS' IN HAVANA BEFORE THE REV.! WHEN CASTRO CAME IN, THEY JOINED HIS INNER CIRCLE! IT WAS EITHER THAT OR THE CANE FIELDS!

WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS RECENTLY FROM OUR MAN IN HAVANA THAT MR. BASTRO IS UP TO SOMETHING BIZARRE 'N NASTY AT SOME SORT OF HOMO FARM THERE... UNFORTUNATELY OUR MAN HAS SUDDENLY AND MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED!!

WOW!

FUGG

AND HERE IS THE ONLY PIC WE HAVE OF BASTRO CASTRO. IT WAS TAKEN SOME TIME AGO... BY THE BY... YOU KNOW HE'S FIDEL'S SEX-CRAZED HALF BROTHER!

GASP...

LEGALIZE MARIJUANA, DILDOES 'N GIG MINARIS!

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

FUGG

SOB OOOO

IT CAN'T BE!!! THAT PIC... BASTRO IS A DEAD-RINGER OF MY TRUE-BLUE LOVE OF YESTERYEAR— DICKIE KUMQUAT! BUT HE ISN'T... WASN'T SPANISH! WHAT IS HE.....

OK MEN... YOU AND RANCID ARE OFF TO CUBA TONITE! YOUR MISSION: RESCUE MICKEY!! I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU THIS.. BUT HE'S GOT OUR LATEST DECIPHER CODE TATOOED ON THE SHAFT OF HIS COCK!! I'M VERY ANXIOUS TO DISCOVER IF BASTRO KNOWS THIS... AND WHAT HE'S UP TO AT THIS MYSTERIOUS HOMO FARM OF HIS...

PHOTO LAB

YES SIR!

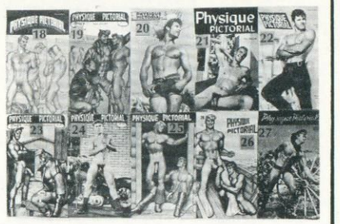
WOW!

SO...

FUGG

TO BE CONTINUED!

PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL



Missed any of the current issues of Physique Pictorial #'s 18 thru 27? All still available at $1 each ($10 for all 10). 37 other back issues, $30. 35 issues Male Figure, $25.

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

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Signature .....

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

Address .....

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

Please Print Clearly

CONTINUED FROM PULL-OUT

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

W/M, OLDER, generous and kind, seeks active studs 20-40 any race, in Pa., W. Va., Ohio. Rewarding experience for the right top man. Photo appreciated and returned. **P-2**

CALIFORNIA executive with luxury apartment, fast car, busy life, working in England, seeks smooth, muscular, slender teenager for stimulating, sincere, sensual, stable relationship. Come on, write and be happy. Peter, 341 Lauderdale Tower, Barbican, London EC2Y, England.

SUBURBAN CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., mid-50's, retired, professional; likes music, art, travel, conversation, good food and good loving. **H-44**

HORNY, HANDSOME, WELL-HUNG: NYC, white, 45, 6', 150 lbs. Versatile with groovy black or white 16-50. Dig poppers, cock rings, erotica. Fully descriptive letters with revealing returnable photos answered promptly. **T-8**

WHITE MALE, South Central Kansas, desires correspondence and possible meetings with young males. Must be discrete. Just write with photo. All letters answered. **T-13**

WISCONSIN: Blond 29, would like to meet other w/m 20-35 for 3-way and more. No S/M or B/D or fems. Photos please. My place or yours. **T-7**

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.

W/M YOUNG FIFTIES, no hang-ups about race or age needs affectionate friend West New York State. I can travel and visitors welcomed. **W-35**

LOS ANGELES AREA: Masculine, good looker, mid-30's. Sincere, warm, hung and uncut. Seeking compatable friends. **T-11**

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.

LAS VEGAS: 5'9'', 140, 27, w/m, light brown hair, mustache, seeks discreet masculine males under 35. Am sincere, love to travel. Call Walt, (702) 732-8723.

SALEM, OREGON AREA: Rod, 55, 5'8½'', 160 lbs. Mature, educated, affectionate. Young personality. Interests: arts, country life, travel. Visitors welcomed. Would share home for permanent relationship. **B-18**

SAN FRANCISCO W/M, own secluded apartment. Slim, 137 lbs., great ass, need well hung active stud for rough anal. Affectonate. Wine/dine, no money. Intellectual type preferred. **Y-1**

W/M, 5'10'', 175, 45, lonely, need sincere friend for sex. Prefer mutual French action. Seek 25-45 gay lover. No hustlers, S/M or B/D. White only. **S-57**

DETROIT/WIXOM. Bottom man, w/m, 29, blond, 175, 6'1'', wants to hear about your top sexual fantasies. Tel. (313) 624-2499. No fats or heavy S&M.

N.Y.C. AREA. W/M looking for middle-aged J.O. buddy. Prefer small, uncut equipment like mine, but not essential. Send phone number for noncommittal conversation. **L-38**

NO. OHIO: W/M, 28, 6', 165 lbs., seeks trim, muscular guys to 30. Possible live-in arrangement. Write to K. Bredehoft, 1612 Remington Ave., A18, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

MICHIGAN: Gay w/m wanted for friends and . . . . We are 29, 5'9'', 126 and 36, 5'10'', 145. Write and tell us about your wildest dreams and desires. Bob/Dean, 1030 Adams Rd. So., Rochester, Mich. 48063.

J/O, W/S, poppers, fantasies, uniforms, levis and leather, tatoos, porn, dirty talk, hot letters; masculine dude seeks same for meeting, writing, tape. Los Angeles. Richard Long, P.O. Box 10551, Glendale, Calif. 91209.

COMING TO GRAND CANYON? Stop by and see me too. I'm 40, slim, with 7½'' of excitement. Al Wheelock, Box 1147, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86001. Phone 774-6838.

PHOTOGRAPHER looking for Colt type models. Will provide portfolio in exchange for your modeling services. Send info. Have studio and equipment. Located in Pennsylvania but interested in all areas. Watch the Birdie! **A-24**

VERY YOUNG GUY has fetish for super-big, low-hanging balls and uncut cocks. I am told I am extremely goodlooking: 5'6'', 115, dark hair, eyes, 8'' uncut. Send photos of equipment, back and front shots. I will reciprocate if you wish. **C-39**

PONTIAC, MICH. AREA: White, 6', 175 lbs., young, hung, handsome, versatile, educated, bi-male, seeks same in area for companionship, emotionally stimulating relationship. P.O. Box 624, Pontiac, Mich. 48056.

NEW JERSEY-MANHATTAN, goodlooking, 26, 5'7'', 155 lbs., wants to meet other Masculine Guys 18-35 for good times. Into disco and travel. Photo please. **K-25**

LEATHERMEN: W/M, 42, blue eyes, brown hair, mustache, hairy chest, 5'7'', 147 lbs. Into S/M, B/D, W/S, FF, more. No fats please. Photos answered first. **A-23**

BLK. NYC MALE, 29, 5'9'', 160 lbs. Bottom man seeks top man, any race, for fun & games and possible lasting relationship. No S/M; age unimportant. **S-56**

RURAL CONNECTICUT w/m, 50, 5'11'', 175 lbs. Enjoy entertaining straight appearing, physically fit men. Free bedroom, pool and services available to New England travelers or locals. **W-9**

NEW YORK: Blond European, 41, 6', 175, outdoor type, house at Cherry Grove, into levis, leather, bondage, S&M (S). Lover of classical music, opera, would like to make some new friends as well as possibly meet one special M with whom to build up mutually enjoyable relationship. No heavy beards/drugs, bi's or marrieds. Travel frequently USA/abroad. Bob, (212) 249-2571 or **E-11.**

ROBERTO OF PUERTO RICO. Remember Nov. 1975? Met you at 21st Twin Cinema, Miami Beach, Fla. Like to hear from you. Paul Ray, 10681 Wesch Rd., Brooklyn, Mich. 49230.

AM WELL HUNG. Would like to exchange revealing photos of yourself for mine, for my collection of nudes. **P-19**

TALL, HUNKY MAN in 30's wanted by same. Must enjoy light bondage and being bottom man. I am blond, 6', 190 lbs. N.Y.C. area. Send photo and phone. **M-44**

ACTIVE-PASSIVE, French-Greek, pot, poppers. Frank letter and nude picture—fast reply. **S-51**

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

ST. LOUIS, MO. Two studs, 35, 7'' & 30, 9'' love sex, all races, no hangups. Only sincere replies. If you want warm, close friends please write us. Also guys passing through. Write us, you'll like us. **K-21**

N.Y.C. GUY (6'1'', 175 lbs., brown hair, 33, Leo, white, straight-looking, reasonably attractive) seeks affectionate, intelligent, and sensitive ''little brother'' (teens to early 20's) who needs someone who understands and cares. Experience, size, etc., unimportant; just need to be loved and to love. Discreet. Trust me, write (photo, if possible). **L-39**

MASC. W/M WELL-ENDOWED, uncut, low-hanging balls, 6', 165 lbs., 45, good body, hairy chest and abdomen. Versatile, digs being sucked by the hour by masculine men. Digs amyl, grass, porno, Colt slides, good clean fun, making friends. Travel. Would like to hear from dudes along routes 40-10 & 20 in L.A. Phone (213) 652-9798 or write **T-12.**

NEW JERSEY (Bergen City) w/m. 37, 6', 168 lbs., wishes to corresp. with w/m or b/m to 35. Looking for cuddly friends and poss. rel. Photo/phone appreciated. **K-24**

ARIZONA: Interested in water polo, wrestling, swimming, bicycling. Athletic guy, late 20's, 5'7'', 155 lbs. Light S/M and going for the nuts o.k. Box 1789, Glendale, Az. 85301.

AMERICAN TOURING ENGLAND by car July 1-14. Interested in meeting new friends along the way, perhaps a companion to share expenses. Age and race unimportant. **B-50**

SLENDER YOUNG MAN interested in modeling and sex, would like to hear from and meet other young men in the South Texas (Brownsville) area. Please send picture. **F-14**

CHICAGO BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, w/m, 6', 165 lbs., 40, seeks young, good-looking w/m 18-20's for fun times, plus, if you are slim, honest, intelligent and horny. **J-3**

NORTHERN NEW MEXICO stud needs action. 6'1'', 200 lbs., 33, mustache, into bodybuilding and wrestling, home in mountains next to ski area. Write with picture. **C-34**

SILICONE, SILASTIC, VACUUM? If you had help achieving your super endowment I'd like to hear from you. **G-28**

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

HI! LITTLE ROCK, ARK. Like to meet friendly guys with sense of humor. Professional, 30 yrs. old, 5'10'', 140 lbs., good-looking. Interested in similar type. Send photo. **K-15**

ROCHESTER, N.Y. Very expert in French and Greek but have never found a stud who was big enough to make me say ''Uncle!'' Can you? $10 says ''No!'' **T-6**

BIG BISEXUAL, w/m, 26, masculine, 6', blue eyes, clean-cut, blond, 275 lbs., student, into everything, desires white male, female, couple. Will try S&M, wrestling. Into levi's. Photo, phone to: Box 131, New York, N.Y. 10016.

37, GOOD-LOOKING, affectionate, horny for thick, heavy equipment for lots of Greek/French action. Tel. (714) 686-9735, or write D.D.. 4145 Cedar St., Riverside, Calif. 92501.

PA. W/M, 25, 125 lbs., 5'7'', college student, brown/blue, mustache, looking for masculine guys, good looking and have good looking body. Love art, skiing, sports. No bald, fems. **L-6**

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE. Hawaii-based, young 40, wishes correspondence for possible meetings. Love to travel, mostly USA. Interests are travel, opera, classical music, and play organ. **K-18**

W/M, 44, 160 LBS., green eyes, good looks, good job, seeks guy who will relocate. Must be available. No drugs. I want a permanent lover/companion. Write and let's explore the possibilities 'cause I'm lonely! **H-43**

HAIRY BODY, this 33 yr. old W/M is balding & fun, honest, & for real. Into Love, Truth, Music & Nature. Digs straight-looking, well-built men. **A-15**

OCCULT: White male seeks correspondence or meeting with Pagan, Wiccan, or Magical gays. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law. Blessed be! Soma. P.O. Box 43, Allston, Mass. 02127.

WANTED: Chicago area young black studs for modeling sessions. Must be well hung and under 24. Top pay if you qualify. Specify qualifications (size, photo, etc.). **G-11**

STRAIGHT-APPEARING, quiet, thin, w/m, 50, active French, seeking chunky football player types, 30 to 55, with sensitive nipples for love and letters. **L-23**

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

TEENAGERS—clean-cut. Enjoy scuba, skiing, sex/water bed and young companionship. Would like to meet you if you prefer the young looking older type, age 40. **D-10**

KANSAS: Inexperienced w/m, 31, 125, 5'2'', dark brown hair, hazel eyes, good build, straight appearing. Like to meet white guys 25-40 in Topeka area for friendship or sex. **W-34**

WANTED: 21-35, relatively attractive, reasonably intelligent person, varied interests, by similar, masculine blond, blue eyes, 29, 5'10'', 150, possible long permanent relationship, New England area. **S-35**

BLACK MASTER, moderately aggressive desired by W/M. Enjoy B/D, mild S/M, W/S, scatology; similar scenes in stable with manure, accessories. Anxious to meet French/Greek demands. Photo preferred. **B-32**

OFFERING HOME, EDUCATION, interesting life, love, permanent relationship to muscular, quiet, young Black (hustler type) by gentle, masculine, intelligent w/m. Relocate to Pacific Northwest area. Send photo (returned) to: **C-20**

LONDON, ENGLAND. ''I'm Ray, try me!'' Well-hung 9'', 33, 5'7½'', 142 lbs. Write me, all letters answered with nude photo. **I-2-F**

CENTRAL ILLINOIS BLACK. Prof. man, 5'10'', 175 lbs. Early 40's, look late 20's-early 30's, solid prop. body. Looking for action. Love arts, sports, camping, hiking. Ages 18 - ? All races. No fats, fems, hard drugs. S/M. Have space for visitors. Have car, will travel. Visit Colorado, Utah often. P.O. Box 1632, Decatur, Illinois 62523.

SAN FRANCISCO/SAN DIEGO: Attrac. Jewish Aquarian, 46, 5'9'', 150, sensitive, witty, non-smoker, discreet. Might move to S.D. from S.F. Seeking stable guy(s) 35-55. Beginners, married o.k. David, P.O. Box 6038, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

OPERA FREAK, w/m, 27, 5'8'', 160 lbs. Also love travel, theater, art, good times and good friends in the same age bracket. **R-12**

CHICAGO W/M desires to exchange letters with sexy black or white guys anywhere. Photo if possible. E. Walczak, 2515 W. Lyndale St., Chicago, Ill. 60647.

TORONTO. Airline employee, 32, seeks to meet other gay guys in area for friendship and good times. Also looking for roommate. Photo a must; will send mine in return. **J-7**

HUSKY CHESTS, LARGE NIPPLES your turn-on? Need to give/get good nipple work-out for good sex? Send researcher gay article your experiences, fantasies. My bag too, naturally. **C-19**

TURNED ON BY BIG TATTOOS? Tattooed and pierced guy wants to correspond/meet males with body ornaments for friendship and fun. Other interests (S/M, boots, denim) welcomed. **I-1-F**

TOKYO S/M BARRIER almost impossible to break through. Need help and encouragement in way of personal contact, letters, cassettes. Interests: All-inclusive. **F-6-F**

VERSATILE W/M 49, gray hair, 180 lbs., seeks w/m's above 25 yrs. for mutual enjoyment. Call (212) 238-0656 after 6 P.M.

ISRAELI GENTILE, 34, 5'8'', into tracking, motorcycling, S/M, B/D, W/S, etc. Like to correspond with other 21-50 everywhere. Picture appreciated. No fem or fats please. **G-17-F**

WANTED: YOUNG ORIENTAL interested in Asian art, music, etc. Have NYC apartment and farm with heated pool. 21-30 yrs. Please send phone. I'm 40, love life and good times. **K-17**

DENVER BODYBUILDER wants massage partner. Please send pic and available time. Weekdays best. **M-40**

DALLAS, TEXAS AREA would like instruction in enema techniques. **B-28**

SUBDUE "YOUR" HAIRY BEAST. Wax-depilatory removal of body hair. Complete areas—ONE session—IMMEDIATE VISUAL RESULTS. More immediate than Depilatron/electrolysis. Start NOW for knock-out summer look. Don—(212) 532-3567.

TORONTO, CANADA w/m, late 40's, loves foreplay, play during and play afterwards. Mad for theatre, films, show tunes, travel, sex unlimited. But no drugs or S/M. Write today. Have accommodation. **S-34**

NORFOLK, VA. white college student, 26, 6', 175 lbs. desires correspondence with bodybuilders (Nautilus), posers, photogs this area into nudity, levis, leather (20-30 yrs.), for workouts, etc. Kimberly, Box 455, Norfolk, Va. 23501.

CHICAGO AREA. W/M, 20's, 6', 155 lbs., wants to meet or correspond with slender athletic guys to 30. Photo desired, will return. **B-27**

MEMPHIS, TENN. AREA: 44 year-old hefty, but losing, interested in meeting new people. Travel frequently U.S. and Caribbean islands. Many interests. Answer all. **J-8**

FRENCH BODYBUILDER (29, 6', 160) would like to correspond and/or get together with males (20-35)—Black, Puerto Rican, American. Bodybuilder and G.I.'s welcomed. No fems or drugs. **F-7-F**

CLEVELAND, OHIO white male, 5'9'', 135, wants to meet same 18-30 for friendship and good times. Permanent relationship possible. Please send phone number if possible. Write: Bob, P.O. Box 5713, Cleveland, Ohio 44144.

HAIRY-CHESTED W/M 49, nipple-oriented, will satisfy husky, horny, masculine-looking guys without reciprocation. Prefer compact football/wrestler types with firm pecs/asses! Like kissing, rimming, sucking. Avery, (212) 684-3582.

LONG ISLAND: Quiet, intelligent, attractive guy, 34, with wide interests. New to suburban New York area, looking for new friends for companionship and fun. **D-31**

HARRISBURG, PA.: 46, 5'10'', 160, white hair, blue eyes. Inexperienced gay male, music lover, pianist, and physical fitness nut would like to meet men interested in the arts and in good physical shape. Wesley Thomas, 1115 River House, Harrisburg, Pa. 17110.

SLAVE WANTED. Live-in possible. Write: Larry Wright, Rt. 3 Cove Road, Stuart, Fla. 33494.

MICHIGAN, gay w/m couple wishes to meet others with interest in theatre, arts, music and fun times. Also am interested in obtaining pictures of hairy-chested nude poses, in or out of action, with description of self and what you wish or desire as you j/o. Will reply to all. **S-43**

TRIM, SMOOTH GUY, 27, 5'7'', 130, brown hair/eyes. Am into music, bowling, mountains, and good times with slim, hard, well-defined, hairy guys 18-35. Letter and pic get mine. **O-5**

INEXPERIENCED W/M, 28, 5'11'', 210 lbs., wishes w/men 30-60 to help teach better technique. Like permanent companion to go out to dinner, theatre, etc. Please write. **C-35**

CINCINNATI AREA. Slim, muscular, good-looking married guy looking for fun 'n games with same type guy. Prefer smooth or not overly hirsute body. Photo and/or description appreciated. **M-23**

FREE GOOD MALE FELLOWSHIP. Versatile, experienced and easy-going. Share your scene, or let's make one of our own. Few hangups, but moderation. Daytime o.k. Your turn. P.O. Box 781, Akron, Ohio 44309.

PHILADELPHIA: Black male, 30, 5'11'', 165 lbs. Into Greek & French. Do not care for street or bar life. Seeks similar for friendship. Photo appreciated. **P-18**

PHILADELPHIA: Lovers, 20's, straight- and good-looking, together 3 yrs. Interests—films, theatre, antiques, travel. Wish to develop intelectual, social friendships with other gay couples. Longen/Schaffer, Box 142, Clifton Heights, Pa. 19018.

2 YOUNG JOCKS (goodlooking & mid-20's) want to meet other well-hung young studs under 25 in Southern Calif., who work-out or have good natural builds. Tel. (213) 656-3177 or write: **S-52**

LOVERS would like to meet guys 21-30. Own home, bar, movies, travelers welcomed. Evenings, weekends. Write with phone and photo: P.O. Box 14, Middletown, N.Y. 10940.

MAMMOTH CAVE, KY. No puns intended. Versatile, 6', husky, hairy, 25, w/m turns on to un-fat, un-fem. Don't let age, race, scene stop you from calling (502) 678-2590.

GAY PAPERBACK novel wanted: ''Buffy and the Holy Quest,'' by Chris Davidson. Adult Book No. AB-433. 1968. **D-21**

WHITE MALE, 35, and lover, 33, wish to hear from good-looking guys 18 to ?, especially those living or traveling in and around area. We look younger. Send photo for prompt reply. Scott Young, Box 141, Birmingham, Ala. 35201.

FLORIDA: 66, 5'6'', 145 lbs. Passive Greek. Wants active Greek stud for good times. Prefer uncut. **W-22**

TWO YOUNG BUTCH GUYS into sex, leather, S/M, B/D, etc. We have playroom with lots of toys. Play both ways. Photo appreciated. Gene, P.O. Box 272, Gales Ferry, Ct. 06335.

NEW YORK CITY: Professional, white, young 40, 5'6'', 135, versatile French-Greek, desires meeting guys for hot sex-friendship-sincere relationship. Interests—sports, travel, theatre, music. Contact soon. **P-9**

YOUNG MASTER looking for life-long slave. Must be young, hung and uncut. Write and send picture to David, Box 68231, Oak Grove, Oregon 97268. Tell about yourself.

SCORPIO, w/m, 55, 5'11'', 175 lbs., wants roommate 22-35, willing to give good oral fellatio sex. No S/M or rough stuff. Answer all. **N-2**

MIDWEST VIRGO desires J/O penpals. Am 25, 5'7'', 135. Like people, music, photography. Please be sincere, discreet, young, hung, and attractive. Send photo.if possible. **C-33**

CALIF. BOTTOM MAN seeks Tops. 36, tall, trim w/m, good-looking Greek passive/French active, into toys, FF. Age, race unimportant. Cock photo gets first reply. Be HUNG! Can travel. **I-3**

TWO GUYS, N.Y.C., 40's, 'overs, 6'' and 10''. Want well-hung passive Greek buddy for three-somes. Photo appreciated. **H-37**

I DO IF YOU DO. Guy 18 to 32 only. Brown hair and eyes. Box 9163, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601.

LOS ANGELES 27 YRS., brown hair/eyes, mustache, hunky body, hung. Digs guys into bodybuilding who are Greek passive, white, 21-35. No S/M, fem. Photo/phone: Paul, P.O. Box 32, San Gabriel, Calif. 91776.

CALGARY, ALBERTA. Baldheaded Taurean, 50's, 6'3'', 200 lbs., desires sincere, compatable friends, meet/correspond. Age, looks, endowment unimportant. Versatile, varied interests, no hang-ups. Blacks, Orientals, Handicapped, XDressere O.K. **S-26**