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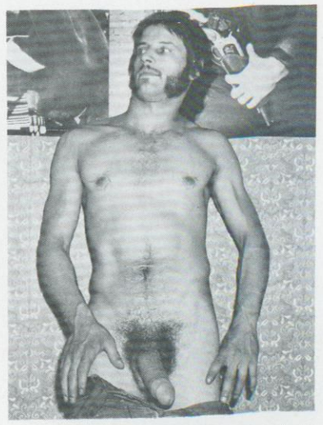

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QQ MAGAZINE®
For Gay Guys



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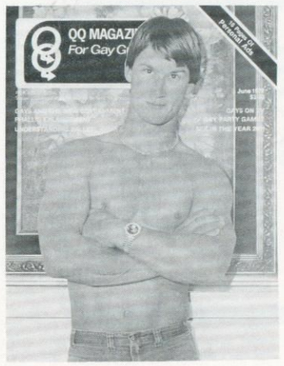

QQ MAGAZINE For Gay Guys

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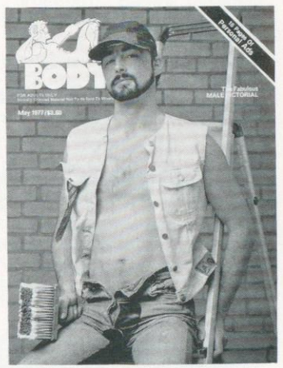

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Judging By Appearances

Get all that funk outa my face!

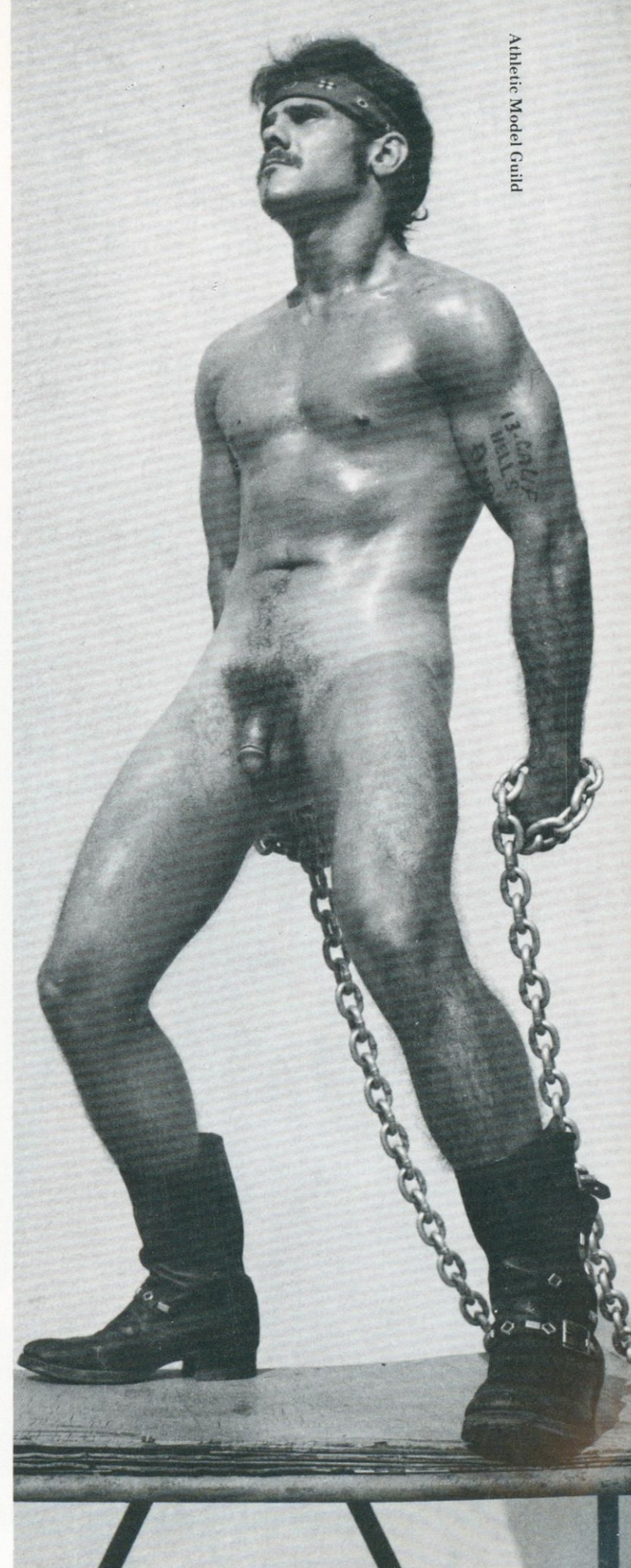
By Gerald Moore

WE all know that a human being, just like a chicken, comes from an egg. At a very early stage the human embryo forms a three-layered tube, the inside layer of which grows into the stomach and lungs, the middle layer into bones, muscles, joints and blood vessels, and the outside layer into the skin and nervous system.

By this exotic ovulation we eventually evolve into what we consider the finished product, a two-legged, hollow-bodied, be-armed-and-headed creature we call *homo erectus.* Some anthropologists insist on calling us *homo sapiens*, which is where the word sap comes from, so I prefer the first term mentioned.

Although most eggs are similar, it is amazing how they produce such a wide array of appearances when their work is done. But a very curious thing is that, despite all the superficial variety of appearances, there are really only three basic types of human bodies—male and female *beings*—more of which shortly. First, I think it's important to know that since custom forbids us to run around nekkid, we deck ourselves out in the latest styles, and I think about 90% of us try to improve on nature. Another chicken-and-egg question is why did we start hiding our nudity? Nudity would be the Great Equalizer.

If everybody was *au naturel* all the time, it would do away with most pretentions. A skinny emaciate couldn't hide the fact with a bulky sweater; and a beanpole couldn't shorten the illusion by wearing lots of wide horizontal stripes. Shorty wouldn't be able to add inches with platform shoes. And an obviously unhung number would be prevented from stuffing sock-in-crotch to catch admiring glances.





Everybody would be automatically, totally, shamelessly exposed for what they really are, physically, and it'd be a snap to size them up quick!

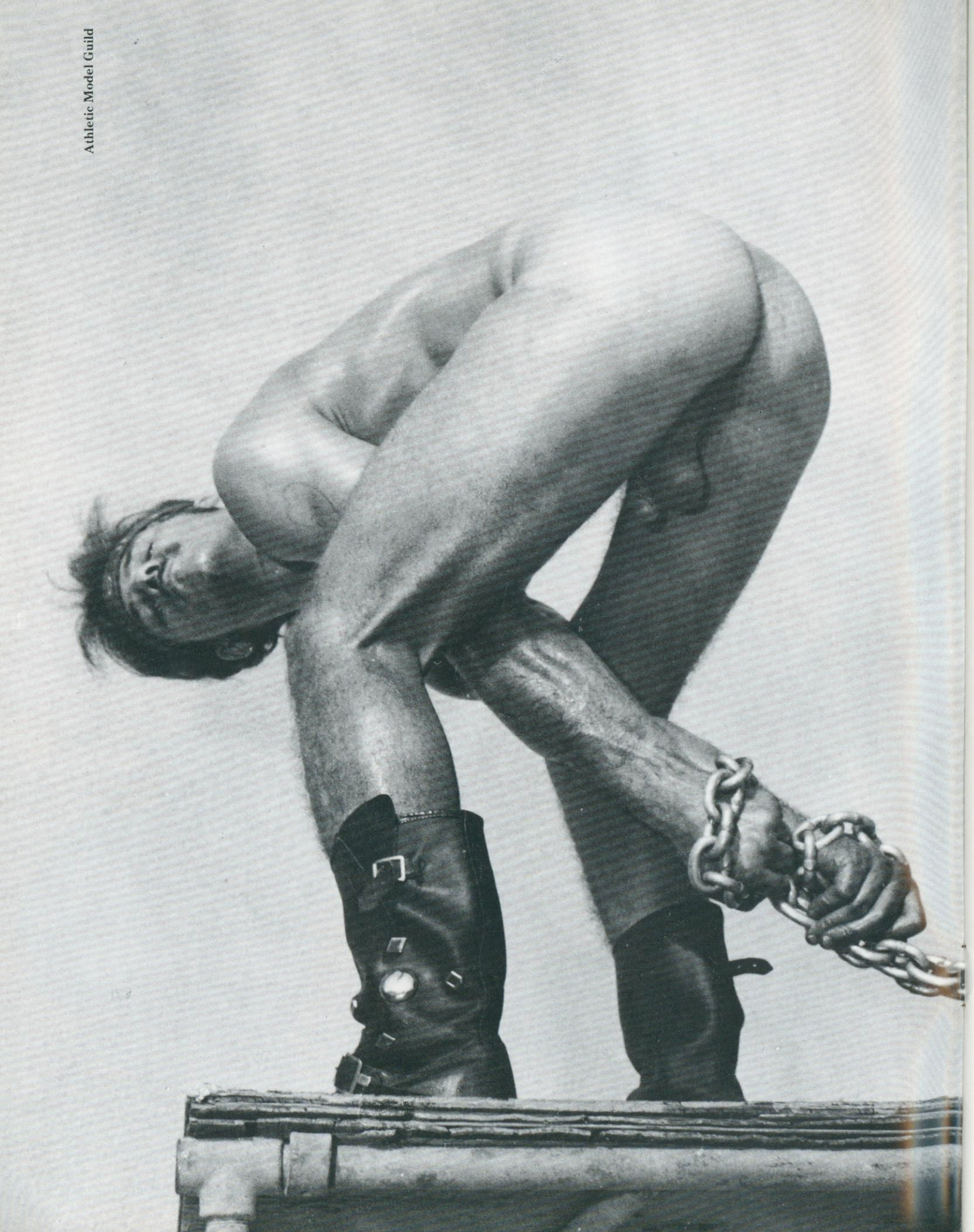
But clothes are said to make the man, and gays have long been accused of being clothes-horses. Of course, now that gayness is chic, the straights copy gay styles; some of them bedeck themselves with such grandiose plumery and costumery as would shame the most flamboyant fag. A staff psychiatrist for the San Francisco Health Department wangled a grant to study, of all things, how gays dress and act according to their dress. In his resulting book he describes, for example, the appearance of the patrons in an "average middle-class" gay bar:

"Along with the younger men there are somewhat older men trying to look young. They attempt to accomplish this primarily by dress. The typical bar costume is the same style of dress that the average college undergraduate might wear. It would consist of a sport shirt, Levis, and loafers or sneakers . . . . Extremely effeminate dress and mannerisms are not tolerated. Nevertheless, it would be correct to say that the scene looks like a frat party. In spite of the fact that the model bar costume is very much like what one would see on the college campus, there is a great deal of attention paid so that the gays seem almost extraordinarily well groomed. There is thus a feeling of fastidiousness which clearly distinguishes the gay bar patrons from that which would be experienced upon entering a gathering of young male heterosexuals."

Bear in mind the above was written before the anything-goes craze of the early '60s, and the current Disco Fashion. Also take into consideration the man was working on a government grant, and thus delivered unto Caesar the things Caesar demanded, that is, generally overblown stereotypes and cliches. Still, there is *some* truth to what he said. Some gay people *do* dress fastidiously; some *do* try to parade as fashion plates; some *are* like show-window dummies—stylish but phony.

The point is that when you spot an attractive, appealingly garbed and coiffed person you might be interested in, you can't really tell much about him—his likes, dislikes, personality, favorite pastimes or pet peeves—because clothes do *not* make the man, they all tend to look alike (after a few drinks or smokes), and Lord knows there are so many deceptions (such as foam-rubber buns, wigs, etc.). Oh, I know there are signals, like a flagman or the deaf-and-dumb language, if you know how to read them.

Among S&M-ers it's where they wear their keys (or other paraphernalia). And handkerchiefs are now being used—not for snot or snottiness—but to let you know in advance the preferences of a person displaying his colors. Red in left pocket means he likes FF, while right-red indicates he wants to *be* FF'd! Brown signifies an interest in rimming, orange is animalistic, and plain ol' white means he'd rather do it himself. And so on. The problem here is that what a person thinks he is like, and what he *really* is like, can sometimes be as different as Billy Graham and a genuine Christian. Just for the hell of it, one night I displayed black, yellow and white handker-



Athletic Model Guild

chiefs in each pocket and attracted more confused attention than anybody in the place.

There are other signs and signals: jewelry, voice inflections, hairstyles, mannerisms. All these can reveal a lot to a discerning watcher, but not if the one being watched is a good actor! Also, did you ever observe the dance? Some say the way a guy dances can be a revealing key to his real personality. I say baloney! They claim that skin-tight trousers stretched across firm, round buns that reach out to get bumped a lot can mean the bumpee is probably anally fixated. I say the tight buns may well turn out to be foam rubber, and the wearer may be the most tight-assed (that is, ''uptight'') guy in the place. On the other hand, you might pick up the bulging crotch only to swallow a sock. Your entire night can be ruined unless you know what you're doing! All this guesstimating is not very dictified, eh Watson? Well, Sherlock has a more scientific way to judge by appearances, and it's elemental!

So don't throw all that glitter at me. That rise in the Levis may be a bad surprise. Get all that funk outa my face! I'm going to tell you a simple, psychologically effective way of discerning a lot about a person's personality simply by evaluating his appearance. This method really works. Psychotherapists have been using it for years to quickly determine the nature of a man who comes to them for advice. And psychology is so in now, what with group marathons, encounter sessions, touch therapy, et al. Now you can get in on it and nobody'll be the wiser except you.

Back to the beginning; those three layers of the egg grow about equally, so that the average human being is a fair mixture of brains, muscle and inner organs. In a lot of eggs, however, one layer grows more than others. When the process is completed one guy may have more gut than brain, or more brain than muscle. In fact, if you take a good look at the people around you, there's rarely any such thing as the ''average human being.'' The vast majority are more one-thing and less something-else, all according to age. When this happens, the individuals activities will often be mostly with the overgrown layer.

We can therefore safely and scientifically conclude that some people are mainly ''muscle-minded,'' ''brain-minded'' or ''digestion-minded''—and correspondingly, muscle-bodied, brain-bodied or digestion-bodied.

The digestion-bodied guys look thick; the muscle-bodied guys look wide; and the brain-bodied guys look long. This doesn't mean that the taller a trick is, the smarter he'll be. I once knew a six-foot-four who didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain, or rain on my parade! It *does* mean that if a guy, even a short one, *looks* long rather than thick or wide, he will often be more concerned with what goes on in his head than about what he does, or what or whom he eats. The key factor is slenderness, not height. On the other hand, the fellow who gives the impression of being thick, rather than long or wide, will usually be more receptive to a good steak—than a long walk or an intellectual talk—to prime his pump. Better take him to a hearty restaurant and chat only about the weather or the dirt under your fingernails before you ask him home.

Medical men use Greek and Latin terms because it makes them appear to know something you don't. Thus they can justify charging 50 bucks per hour! They will call the man whose body shape is basically thick a ''Viscerotonic Endomorph.'' Sounds like a dread disease, but ''viscera'' refers to the inner organs which are overdeveloped by the egg; thus the thick body is needed to accommodate them. ''Endo'' means ''within'', and ''morph'' comes from the Greek word meaning body forms and structures.

I'll get over all this crap shortly, but it's important that you read it so you'll know how complicated doctors can make simple things. The muscle (''somato'') bodied wide (or broad) body type is therefore called the Somatotonic Mesomorph, while the brain (''cerebrum'') bodied long type is referred to as the Cerebrotonic Ectomorph.

While fancy words impress laymen with the knowledge of doctors, and are beautiful things to a Cerebretonic Ectomorph, take a Viscerotonic Endomorph to a gourmet restaurant and he will know he can't eat the menu, no matter what language it's printed in! The best way to his heart is through his stomach. Take a Somatotonic Mesomorph to the same cafe and the fancy food will fail to impress him. He knows he can't increase his chest expansion by reading the menu. Skip the meal and take him directly to your bedroom. Let him lift a few weights quickly, then he'll be in the mood.

Let's leave the fancy words to the doctors and see instead what kinds of people they can apply to, what they mean, and how you can read a person by his physical structure. I mean, you can't keep going on the old accolade ''the bigger the feet, the bigger the meat'' forever. That's not very reliable!

THICK: If a guy is definitely a *thick* type rather than a wide or long type, he is likely to be round and soft with a big chest but a bigger belly. He would rather eat than breathe comfortably. He is likely to have a wide face; short, thick neck; big thighs and upper arms; and small hands and feet. He has an over-developed chest, but it looks like it was blown up like a balloon. His skin is soft and smooth, and when he balds, he usually does so quite early, losing the hair in the middle of the head first.

As a young man, he is obviously not the prize of the pickings, but he will be very lovable and loving. He will not tend to be well hung, although there are exceptions to this. He will be generally jolly and just lots of fun, but he can break you eating and drinking if you're picking up the tab. But, Jesus, he will be appreciative and loyal about it all.

As he gets older he will make an excellent bar owner, insurance salesman or a red-faced politician with cigar in mouth. He will always look as if he's going to have a stroke. If you're thinking of getting married and settling down, he will be an excellent choice—if you can put up with his dieting and battles of the bulge. But he'll make that up to you; he'll be financially successful. The reason is that he likes people. He also likes banquets, parties, baths and sleep. He is also easygoing, soothing, and his feelings are easy to understand. You won't have to

worry about him taking your tricks, because the quantity of partners will not interest him. In fact, even at orgies, he will tend to preside rather than participate, probably in a purple robe. He will be lenient and so understanding when you want to trick out. He'll probably encourage you to bring your one-night-stand home to meet mother—and have a big meal waiting when you get there!

Truman Capote, Charles Laughton, Paul Williams, Jackie Gleason, Peter Ustinov; these are all examples of the *thick*, for instance, although all of these are not gay.

The *thick's* abdomen will grow big because he likes to take in things. He likes to take in food and affection and approval as well. Going to a grand dinner party with a lot of people is his idea of the supreme time. While you're having your dessert, he'll probably peek in the darkened room and chuckle, then return to the less physical festivities. Soon he'll be expansively inebriated and require you to drive him home.

It's a proven fact that the majority of successful marriages have at least one *thick* partner. As long as he feels wanted, he'll stick by you through thick and thin—and long ones too!

WIDE: If a man is a wide type, rather than a thick or long type, he is likely to be rugged and have lots of muscles. He is apt to have big forearms and legs; the chances that his cock will be big and heavy are better than 65%. His chest and belly are well-formed and firm, with the chest bigger than the belly, though he is sometimes very hairy. He would rather breathe, exercise and work at physical things than eat. He will have a bony head, big shoulders and a square jaw. His skin is thick and coarse and elastic, and it tans so easily that he will piss you off. If he gets bald it will start at the front.

As a young man he will be a hunky number, maybe even good-looking in a rugged way. You won't be ashamed to introduce him to mom, as he will be butch-looking and acting. He will thrive on football, wrestling, weightlifting, and/or other "real" sports. He will probably wear you out, but he won't bankrupt you. Two Big Macs and gobs of fries four time daily will keep him going strong. His idea of what to do will be to drag you to watch him perform in athletic events; even if he's no good, he'll pretend he is.

In bedroom sports he will be very aggressive and virile! He will disdain smoochy affection in favor of robust fucking, sucking, rimming and other contact. He may well lean toward S&M, especially as he gets older and jaded. He will revel in getting his rocks off profusely 3 or 4 times. And if you can't get it up again, he'll put you down. He will be constantly concupiscent. If you take him anywhere, he will want it to be a swimming party—stoned—so he can show off his physique. Then he'll put the make on everybody present except you.

As he gets older he will become hungrier and spend most of his waking hours cruising. He will drag home persons you wouldn't be caught dead with. He'll suck off your brother when he pays you a visit. And your brother will later confide: "I didn't dream he was that way . . . he's so *athletic*!" He's not too likely to be very successful financially, unless it has to do with running a male whorehouse, a gay bath club, or bouncing for a bar. And you'll have to keep the books because he'll be busy with the customers.

If you get hooked up with him it will be an on-again-off-again relationship. Be careful not to make him angry or he'll snap you in two, or try to, especially if *you're* not *wide*. He may chain you to his rack and work you over if you're *long*. But he'll always be sorry afterwards. He'll make it up by buying you a leather cock ring.

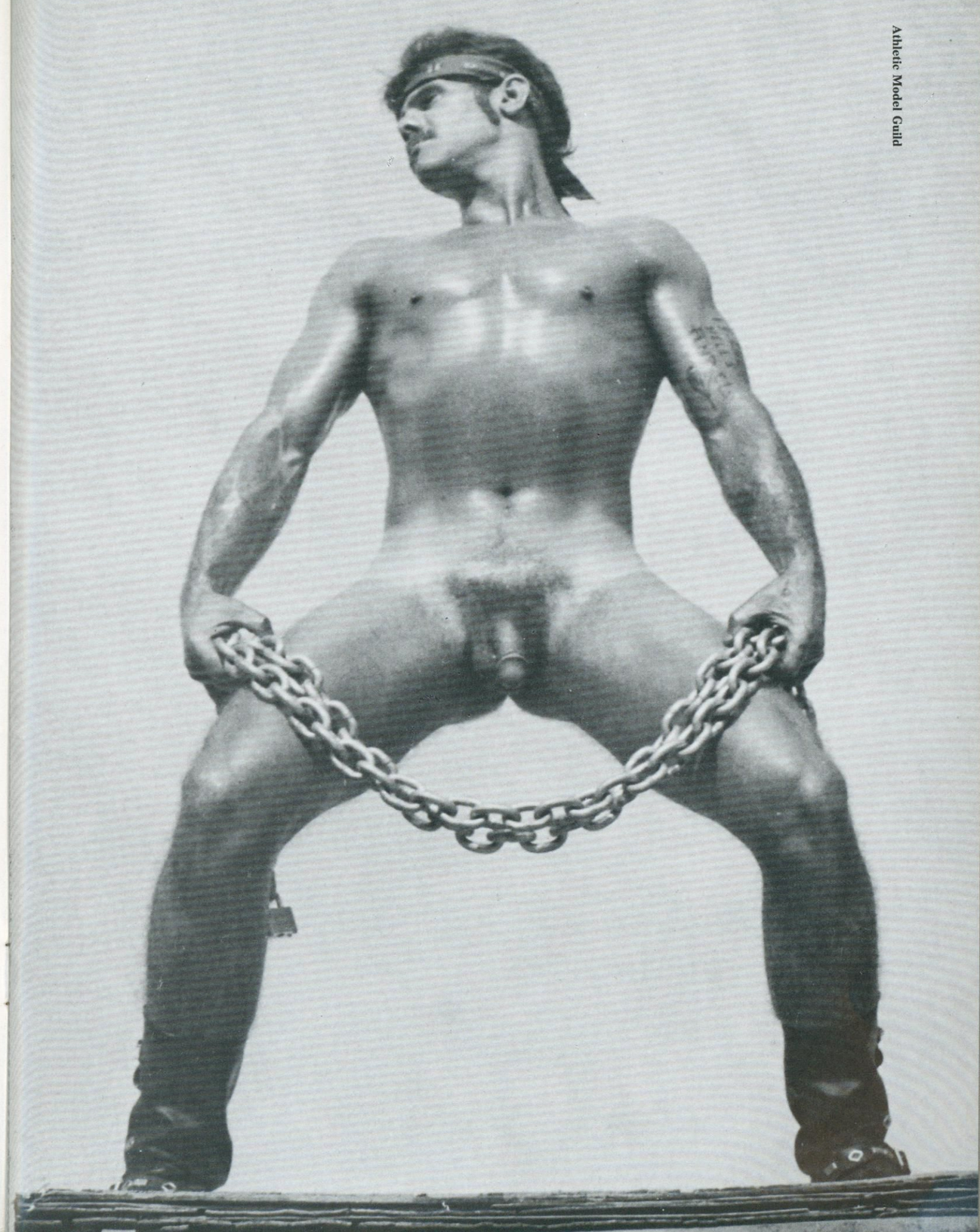
Dick Tracy, L'il Abner, Burt Reynolds, Broadway Joe, and Elvis are all good examples of the *wide* type, in one way or another. Such people make good lifeguards, bodyguards, construction workers, show-biz weightlifters and comic-strip characters. They go in for adventure, exercise, and fighting; and for getting the upper hand. Let them have it! If you like love-hate relationships spiced with lots of raucous sex, this type is for you.

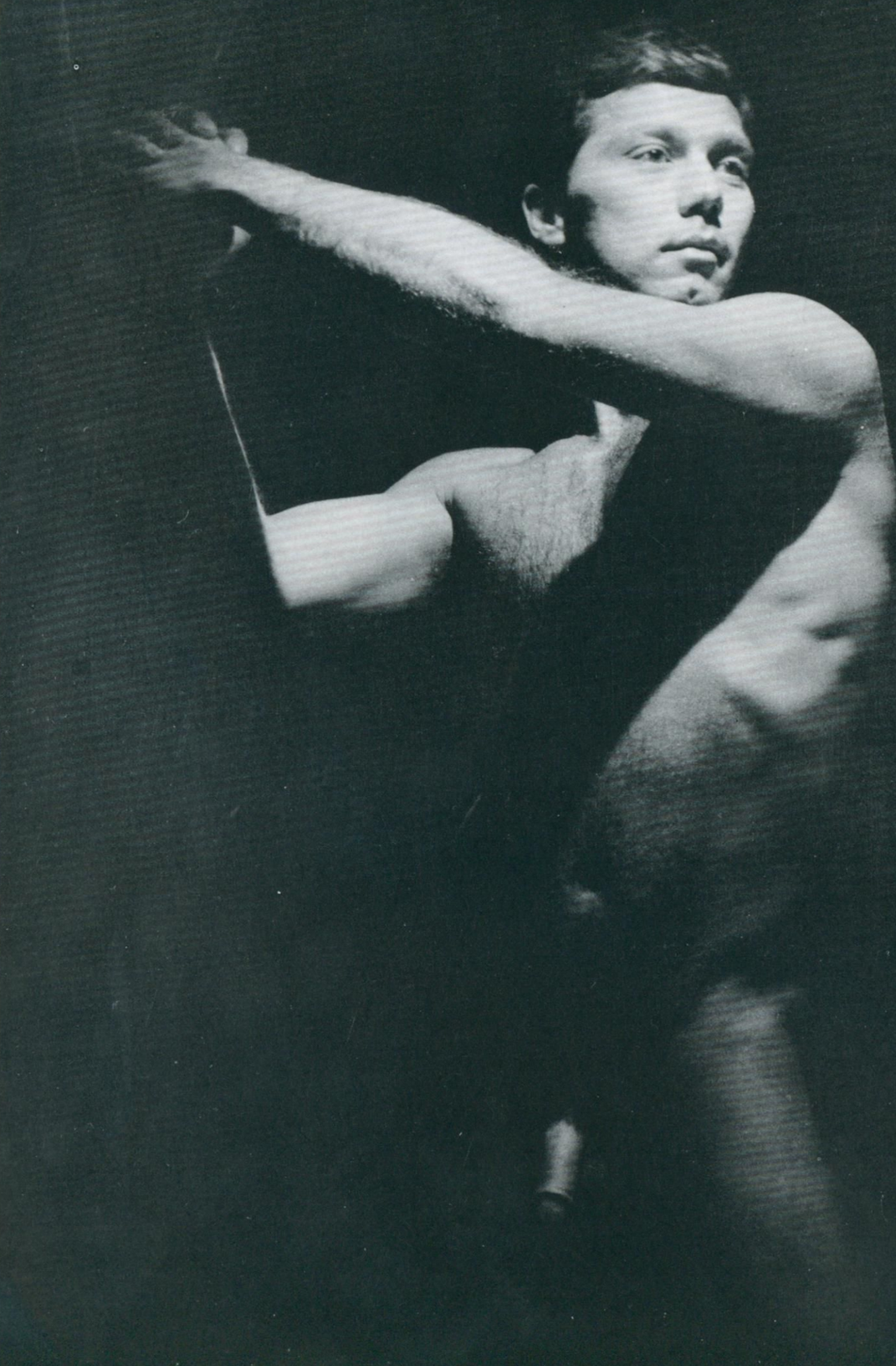
LONG: The man who is very definitely a *long* type is likely to have thin bones and muscles. It is very likely also that he will be hung like a horse, but I don't positively guarantee it sight unseen. His shoulders are apt to sag and he has a flat belly with dropped stomach. His legs will be long and weak, his neck and fingers ditto, and his face is shaped like an elongated egg. His skin is thin, dry and pale, and he rarely gets bald. If he does he will look like a professorial egghead, a faggot, or both.

This type is jumpy, but likes to save his energy. He's not too athletic. His idea of sports is chess or bridge. He would rather sit quietly and keep out of difficulties. Trouble upsets him and he will run from it. His friends will find him hard to understand. Dr. Gerald Waldermann says he understands how easily this type becomes anxious, and that he is often "able to help them get along better in the social and aggressive world of endo- and mesomorphs." Dr. Waldermann is *long*.

As a young man, the *long* type will be slim. His attractiveness will range from bookish to quietly handsome. He can be very loving and warmly sexual, but he will prefer to be with someone he likes as a person. He will not be hard to get along with so long as he is in fairly intelligent company. He will not go in for fun and games like getting arrested in a bar raid, crawling on a t-room floor, or helping you to steal a set of hubcaps for your Corvette.

But he can be a Jekyll-Hyde. If he gets drunk, watch out! He will be unpredictable and unmanageable. He will steal the entire Corvette for you and not recall what happened. "Where'd you get that green 'Vette?" he'll demand in all earnestness. If he gets stoned, he will be ebullient and the life of the party, making passes at everybody, flirting, telling hilariously funny stories you never heard. But he'll be the first to pass out. His idea of a fine time will be for you to take him to a very good play or movie, which he will criticize constantly; then perhaps a little conversation about Gertrude Stein and Papa Hemingway, or Arthur Rimbaud and absinthe; and afterwards, a long, tender suck or fuck session lasting till he's (*Continued on page 39*)





Impersonal Sex... Is It Pathological?

Your Shrink Says Yes... Your Head Says No!

By Alan Tanner

LARRY is 29 years old and nobody would call him handsome. His slender physique, deep black hair, dark searching eyes and personable manner, however, would allow you to consider him at least attractive. You'd probably think he's just an average Joe, maybe an accountant or bank clerk, married with kids. Nothing at all extraordinary about him.

You would be quite wrong. Larry has just exchanged his clothing for a towel, which he wraps loosely about his waist. As he walks softly down the long corridor lined with doors he is acutely aware of his genitals, flopping freely under the cloth. He stops at the first open door and peers in to the semi-darkness to perceive a male figure lying naked on a bed in the narrow cubicle. He particularly notices the erect prick supported in a straight-up position by the person's hands. The huge balls fall almost to the mattress and seem to be slightly moving about.

Larry's gaze travels the entire length of the large cock, crowned by a plush purple mushroom head; Larry has a strange gripping feel in his gut, and his own sizeable prick rises to full mast, lifting up the towel like a tent post. He enters the room without a word and takes the proffered cock, kissing all around, licking it, then finally engulfing it, sucking it expertly. He really loves what he's doing, licking, sucking, kneading the fat flesh with his lips and tongue and mouth and throat, until very soon the massive cock spurts out its load of creamy cum. He swallows spurt after spurt of the thick juice until the shooting subsides. He savors the erotic taste and pulls away almost reluctantly. His own cock is throbbing, filled with an intense urgency to cum. It takes every ounce of will power for Larry to restrain.

"Pretty good at it," the man says, only half interested in conversation.

Larry doesn't answer. He leaves and proceeds to another room, almost at the end of the hall, and is soon rewarded with another load of slippery sperm. Again he forces himself to hold back on his own prick, but the sperm is literally dripping out the tip of it now. He opens the door at the end of the hall and enters the main room—the "orgy room" so the customers say. But no orgy is in progress tonight. Never has been one that Larry knows of. There are a few men scattered about, clusters of two or three in the almost total darkness. Only deep reddish indirect lighting gives any incandescence, creating a warm, sensual atmosphere. Larry walks over to the first couple he can discern, his huge erection preceding him, dripping, and the pretense of the towel gone. He stands over them slowly stroking his swollen cock. Few words are exchanged; few are necessary. Within moments Larry has a huge cock in his mouth, another one about to shoot off in his face, and his own cock pouring out in paroxysms of orgasmic pleasure deep into someone's warm, tight rectum. Afterwards there is some kissing, loveplay and more foreplay for another round; and Larry isn't truly satisfied until he has been thoroughly fucked and gotten his rocks again.

"Cuming has to be the very best feeling a man can experience physically," Larry is thinking to hmself as he is dressing back into his street clothes to leave. He can't stay out too late as he has an important case to try in the morning. As his firm's best known and fastest rising attorney, there is a lot of pressure on Larry to win. He usually does. And not a soul at the office knows he's gay. None of them suspect anything because he's not married. And he's rather proud of himself that he hasn't fallen into the trap of taking the secretaries out just to impress everybody about his manhood.

He hurries to catch the subway as he knows his lover always worries if he gets home too late. So many muggings and all in Manhattan. When he arrives there will be a good dinner waiting for him, some Mariani wine, and he'll enjoy telling Bill about the once-a-week workout at the Baths. Both of them know that Larry is a pretty sexual person. He requires that outlet to be happy and fulfilled sexually. Bill is less sexually inclined, the "once a month" type. Maybe that's why the two of them get along so well. Maybe that's why they're so happy in a situation which can cause problems for so many others who don't understand themselves.

Harry is a 30 year-old average looking man. He is married to a woman, 27, and has two children. He holds a degree in engineering and is involved in a young, but growing firm. His work takes up a lot of his time, almost to the point of having become his all-consuming interest. His wife Joy by no means lives up to her name when he brings work home from the office, something he's been doing more and more frequently of late.

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The two people do not have a lot in common actually. He is just not interested in her enthusiasm for stage plays, entertaining and gardening. She's also an avid reader, and a good thing too, because Harry often stays in his study till late, late hours working on business projects and designs. She reads and reads, waiting for him to come to bed; but he usually outlasts her and she falls to sleep alone. More so lately since she's been on tranquilizers.

Whenever they do get together, on occasions becoming less frequent, she always accuses Harry of being too cold, too mechanical. ''Push, pull, click, click . . . here I come, that's it!'' she berates him. An argument of sorts invariably follows, but they are less heated lately as Harry just doesn't even care enough anymore to get involved. He just turns over and waits for her sleeping pill to take effect.

In the morning, after the kids are off to school, she tries to talk to Harry. But it's difficult. Not only is he a man of few words, he just doesn't care. She's a woman of a lot of words; all the wrong ones. It is not an ideal situation, to say the least.

Harry knows he loves her. She claims she loves him. He believes her. But deep down, he isn't really sure he even knows what love is. He worries about it a lot, and it's even interfering with his work. She consoles her loneliness by planting and pruning the best damn garden in the neighborhood!

They have recently talked of divorce, but both decided it's not that serious. After all, what would people say, and they *do* have to think of the kids. Still, Harry grows more troubled. He feels like a failure as a womanizer, as a husband, as a man. He knows it just isn't right for a man of his age and condition not to know or understand why he is so miserable when he should be so happy. He has the home, the cars, the sail boat, the latest stereo equipment. He has everything! He *knows* he loves her, dammit, that just can't be it. But he can't figure out what is wrong.

''I've done every fuckin' thing this goddam society demands of me,'' he talks to himself one night as he's drinking. ''Every fuckin' thing. What more does she want? What more can I do?'' He stumbles into her bedroom determined to make love, to fuck the hell out of her. In spite of the alcohol he's got a roaring hard on. He pulls it out, in fact he strips off his trousers and comes at her like a half-crazed rapist. He's going to prove to her, by God, that he loves her.

''We haven't been fucking enough, Joy,'' he mumbles. ''That's what's wrong with us . . . with you . . . I haven't been screwing you enough. C'mon, c'mon over here,'' he tells her, ''Harry's got a hairy dick for you . . . !''

Joy is intensely angry. Insulted. Shocked.

''You animal!'' she screams. ''Get out of here, get away!''

Rejection is the toughest thing for a man like Harry to take. Hell, he sulks for weeks because of it. He doesn't know what to do. He wants to make love to his wife, but she won't let him. Goddammit, next time she wants to make love to him, he won't let her! Two can play *that* game!

About a week later Harry decides to go to a

marriage counselor. He knows there is something wrong. A man and woman who have all they have shouldn't be so damn miserable all the time. At least you have to give him credit for recognizing something is wrong. Only problem is, the marriage counselor is pretty much of the same class, the same background, the same values as Harry. He will hold out goals and rewards which Harry may never be able to achieve. Harry is smart, but not smart enough to realize how impossible his search for happiness is. Not even when the counselor starts out by saying, ''Well, Harry, after what you've told me, I can see this is going to be a long, slow process. It will be like pushing a truck up hill. But we can work it out. Can you be here every Friday at 1:00 p.m.?''

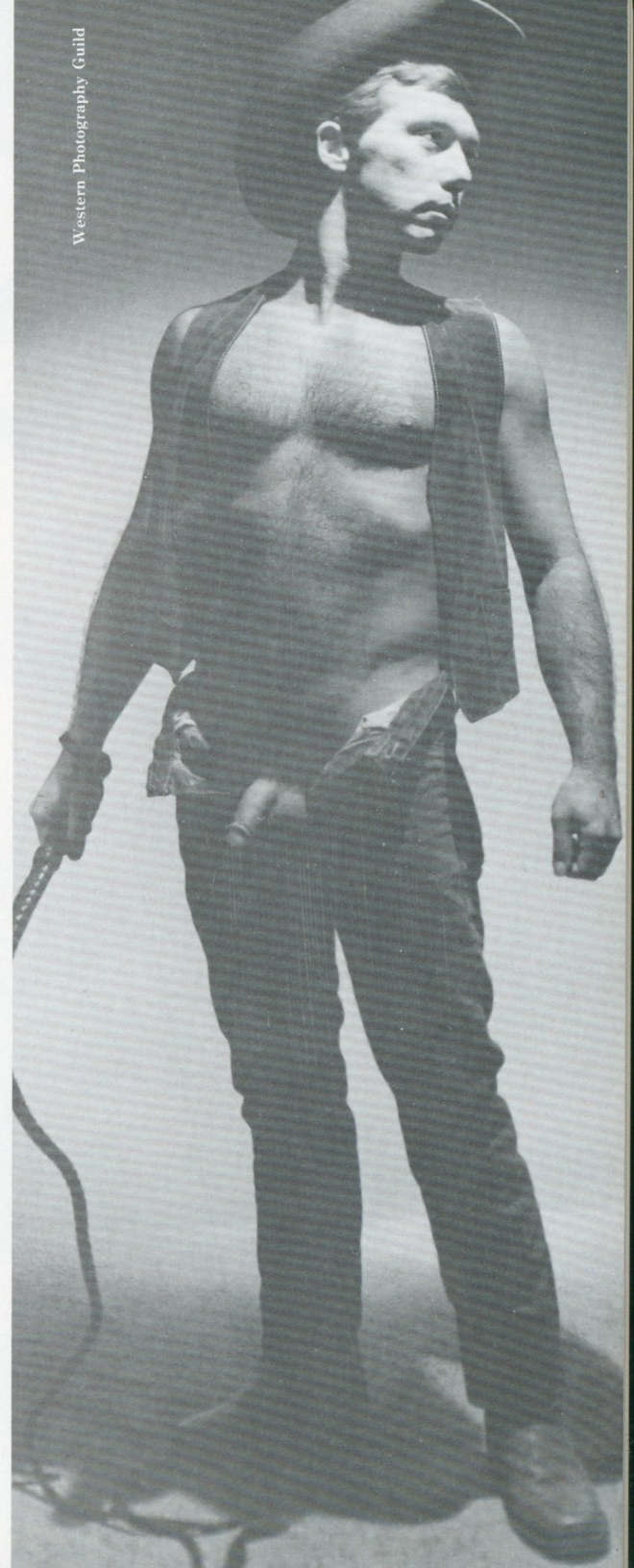
My dictionary defines pathological as ''abnormal structure and function of a disease.'' My psychology text, which should know better—because in the first chapter it struggles with defining ''normal,'' and concludes there's generally no such thing except as that which is dictated by the legal and moral standards of a society—says in the glossary that pathological is ''abnormal, diseased or disordered.''

Yet our society, through its magazines, movies, television and media; by its much-preached propaganda; by its complex of written laws; and by all its unwritten moral standards, tells us that a person who *does not love*, who is *non-loving*, is pathological; that someone who has sex with another person he doesn't *love* is pathological. Advertisers insist we must all look good and smell good to escape loveless solitude; that we must pour the correct liquor at the right time; drive the right car; or else we will be doomed to a love-less pathology. ''Love, love, love . . .'' sang the Beatles, and the message is repeated over and over by everybody . . . love, love, love . . . we must all love, whether we feel like loving or not. Most psychotherapists hold that the ability to love is a sign—sometimes *the* sign—of mental health!

To suggest that all this emphasis on love and lovingness is misplaced is to risk being accused of arrested development . . . or being arrested. A person who coes not love is considered cold, or to have a low self-image, or some other unmentionable deficiency.

Woe unto ye who dare separate love from the sex act! Sex must always be performed only in the context of an expression of love. It used to be limited even further—only for the purpose of procreation; even today some religious fanatics still insist on that! But most Americans think sex is pretty much OK so long as you do it with somebody you love, and *preferably* in the dark. Their reasoning (figured out for them by others, of course) is that the foundation of our society is the home—that tight-knit band of father, mother and siblings bound to each other by *love*. It is only within this framework, they believe, that a child can properly and lovingly be raised into a well-adjusted, normal, loving person who will repeat the cycle and keep our family institution strong and viable.

Is it impertinent to ask: Since the vast majority of Americans are the product of the family structure just described, where in fuck did all the neurotics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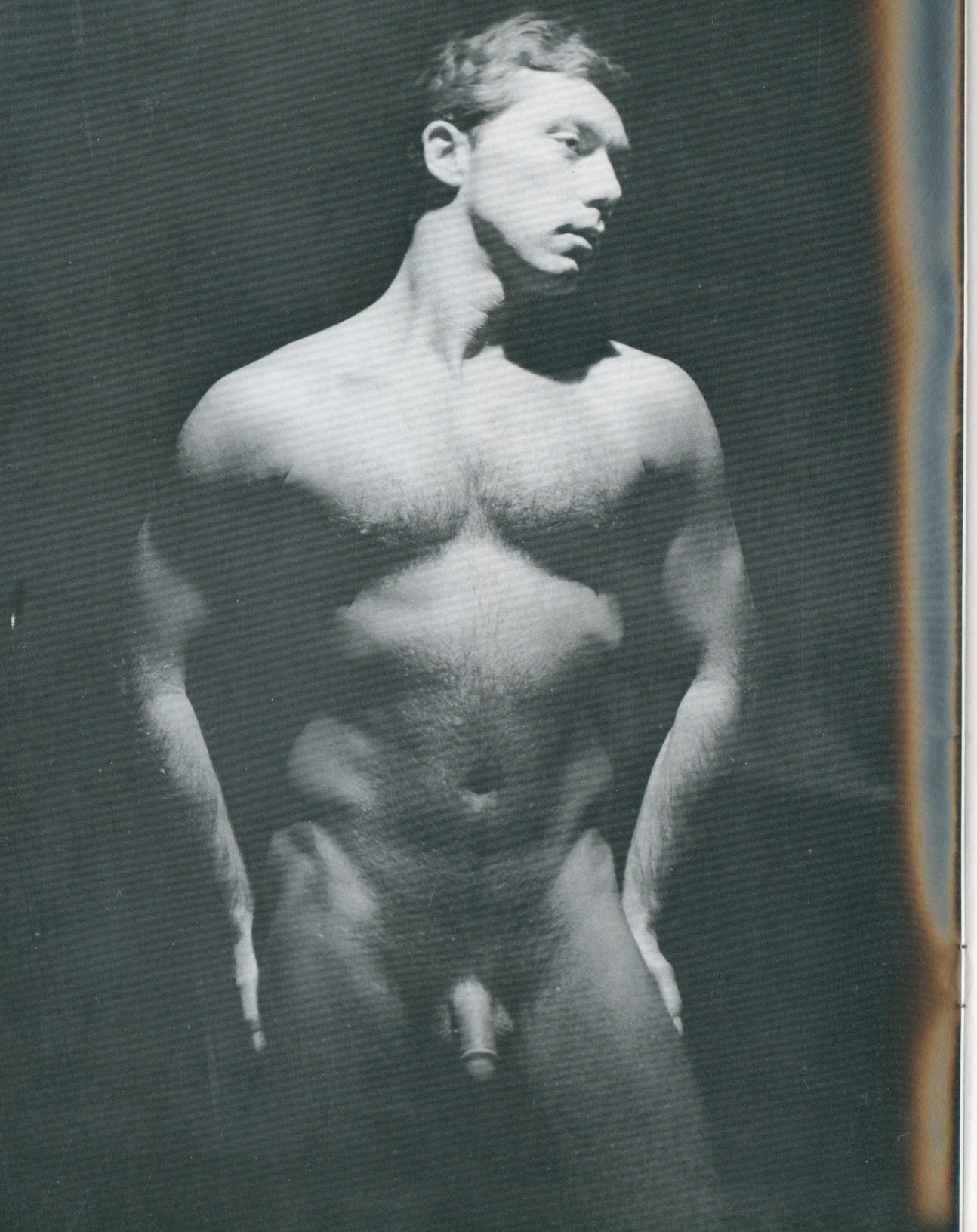

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come from? *Every* psychotic and neurotic, even *all* the harmless nuts and nincompoops which so proliferate our society . . . all of them came in some way from the sacred American family process. Could it be that home-cooking is not all it's cooked up to be?

Would it be further temerity to inquire about the drastically-increasing divorce rate among the chief practitioners of the American family way-of-life? The facts speak for themselves; there's a boogie in the basement somewhere! In 1975 there were 10 million divorces in this country. In March 1976, the Bureau of The Census reported that the number of 25 to 34 year-olds who have never been married is up 50%, the number of 25 to 34 year-olds who are divorced and have never remarried is up 43%. Doctors Scanzoni and Scanzoni report in "Men, Women and Change," that the divorce rate has climbed to an all-time high in '74: 4.6 per every thousand persons (*not* every thousand married persons). This means that as many as two out of every three marriages are doomed. The U.S. has consistently held this first place in the rate of divorces among all the world's nations.

One of the chief fears about homosexuality is that it will destroy the traditional American family institution, and thus bring about the obliteration of our basic foundation. After all, gays don't get married and have children to further the race. Without arguing that the hets are probably quite capable of producing enough kids to carry on without us or whether their own family institution is breaking down quite without our help, there are actually a large number of gays who are married—to a partner of the opposite sex—and a lot of them procreate children as well. There is really no way to accurately determine just how many gays there are, much less how many are involved in socially acceptable marriages. The best that scientists can do are subjective reports, selective polls and experimental studies, all of which amount to nothing more than guesstimates.

But it should be quite evident to anyone aware, and with eyes open, that there is obviously a very large number of American gays who are able to function at what society demands of us if we are to receive their blessed label "normal." These gay-marrieds work, fuck, have kids, and send them to school, just like their average-Joe next-door neighbor. A large proportion of this group probably never, or seldom, has actual homosexual relations; they are usually gay in feelings only, and deign to carry out those inclinations due to social pressures and the fear of getting caught. Some of course do step out, especially on business trips, or when the wife is out of town, partaking in impersonal sex that we commonly call "one-night stands." A smaller number succeed in maintaining a male lover while married to a woman; recent sociological studies have shown that some women actually know and approve of this dual arrangement, but only to the point that the male lover does not replace the woman in her husband's chief affections. The people who live like this must walk a precarious tightrope!

Let's take a look at the concept of romantic love as it exists today; the times they are a-changing. Love, like all the other emotions, has causes. And consequences. Forget for now whether love makes the world go 'round, makes life worth living or conquers all; let's consider the somewhat more manageable question of casualty. Love has many determinants, but *instinct* is decidedly not one of them. Forget what they told you in school. Anthropologists have described entire societies in which love does not exist. Likewise, many individuals in our society never love. To argue that such societies and individuals are sick, or that their exception proves the rule, is sheer arrogance. Love, when it exists, is a learned emotion. Explanations for its current prevalence must be sought elsewhere than in the genes.

Man, it is commonly believed, is a higher animal. Romantic love is one of the learned emotions which man uses to elevate himself above horses, dogs, apes and dolphins, who do not know the love-emotion. They do know impersonal sex quite well, however; at least, I must *presume* they do, because the animal kingdom has managed to perpetuate itself on earth longer than Man. But I am not suggesting that a man who might engage in impersonal sex is somehow animalistic, like a dog. Dogs copulate only when the female is in heat, something regulated by nature over which the average Fido has no control. But it is fundamental farm-boy knowledge that animals also engage in sex when the female is not in heat; further, their impersonal sex is almost invariably homosexual.

Researchers Meyer and Holzapsel in 1968 noted that "homosexual behavior has been observed in many animals. Monkeys and apes form homosexual pairs for various periods, with the same individuals taking up heterosexual relations later on; some of these will ultimately go back to homosexual relationships." Adrich Schultz, another animal behaviorist, reported in 1965 that "male ducks demonstrate exclusive homosexual behavior if a group of from 5 to 10 individuals are kept together for a period of at least 75 days. When liberated upon a lake they form homosexual pairs in spite of the presence of many females." My, my; gay ducks . . . I always wondered about Donald!

More important to our true purpose here: Karl Kunstin purposedly induced behavior disorders in monkeys by first training them to give various responses to certain foods. When these responses were well established, he substituted a snake in the food box. He found it interesting that some of the animals reacted to this conflict between hunger and fear by becoming exclusively homosexual. (Personally, I think he should be strung up by the balls for mistreating animals. But is what he does really any different from human parents who don't properly care for *their* offspring?)

Don't jump to the conclusion that human homosexuality is caused by a conflict between hunger and fear, however. George Kisker, a professor of psychology, warns: "It is always dangerous to make analogies from the behavior of lower animals to our own." However, it can safely be said that animals become (*Continued on page 39*)

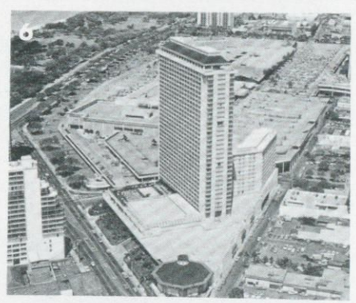




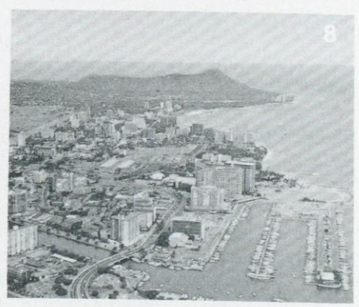




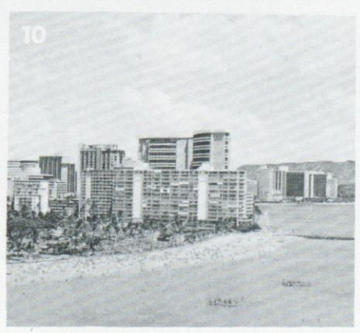












Gay Hawaii

The World's No. 1 Tropical Paradise

By George Desantis

MOVE on over Florida . . . Mexico . . . The Caribbean—Gay Hawaii has arrived! It's the prettiest tropical paradise in all the world! It has a lot of gay action! And best of all . . . it's American!

Florida has a lot going for it in spite of Anita Bryant. But the weather can be a disappointment; winter days are sometimes cold and summers are muggy. The gay scene in Ft. Lauderdale is good—but unless you're into discos and young enough to fit in you'll miss half the fun. Things are spread out in Miami and a car is needed to get the most out of a vacation.

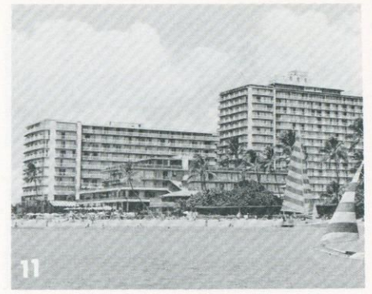
The Caribbean has great weather but bad politics—and so many islands are unsafe for Americans. There are local racial problems that do affect white tourists—American and otherwise. The Frenchies in Martinique and Guadeloupe really don't like us. Tobago school children spit at tourists. I'm still not convinced that is is now safe for white tourists to walk the streets of St. Thomas and St. Croix. Even if you don't pay attention to the *Yankee Go Home!* signs in Puerto Rico you really have to avoid certain areas in Old San Juan if you want to escape a mugging. Homosexuality is against the law throughout the Caribbean and the police can be ruthless. And almost everywhere the gay tourist must pay for sex—even if he is younger and handsomer than his purchase. It can get tiring after awhile—even if the gay scene is good . . . and it is *not* almost everywhere.

As far as Mexico is concerned—the weather is great but the gay scene is not. There are a handful of gay bars and a lot of meeting places as well as open cruising—but much of it is commercial. Even if you are careful about what you eat and drink, chances are you won't escape the *turistas* or amebas or even worms if you are intimate with the natives. The police are powerful and oftentimes dishonest—taking advantage of compromising situations. Bandits plague the countryside and it's risky to travel about unless you're part of a group.

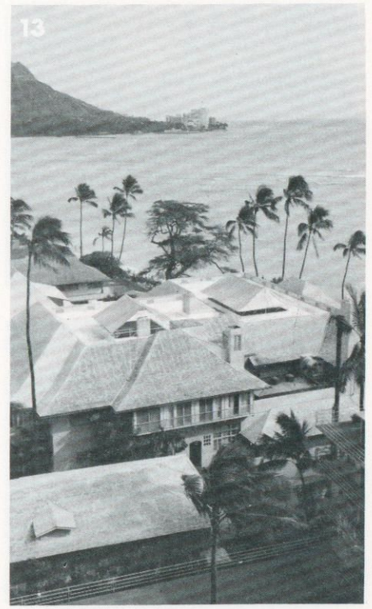
Say goodbye to all these *maybe if's*—and go to Hawaii! It's beautiful. The weather is great. The gay life is super. The guys are attractive—mostly blond, humpy California types. It's safe to eat and drink as you would at home. Everything is clean. And unless you push too hard with a drunk

For A Quick Mini-Tour Of Gay Hawaii Follow The Photos/Captions In Sequence Here And On Next Four Pages

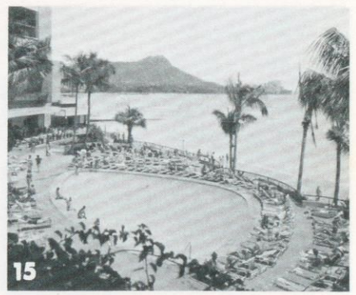
1. Looking towards downtown Honolulu and Waikiki (note Diamond Head) farther on. Honolulu International Airport is to the right of the tall buildings in the foreground. 2. Downtown Honolulu; the Aloha Tower is in the foreground, left. Also note the Oceania Floating Restaurant on the right. 3. Another view of the Oceania and Aloha Tower. The ship in the foreground is the "Falls of Clyde" Museum Clipper Ship. 4. A closeup of the Oceania. 5. The broad, flat area in the foreground is the Ala Moana Shopping Center; beyond is Waikiki. 6. Another view of the Ala Moana Shopping Center. 7. One of the shopping arcades in the Center. 8. Now past the Center and approaching Waikiki—bounded by the ocean, canals, and Diamond Head in the background. The Hilton Hawaiian Village is in the foreground with its own lagoon. 9. A closeup of the Hilton. Ft. DeRussy Beach (a section of Waikiki Beach) separates the Hilton from the other hotels on the ocean. 10. Ft. DeRussy Beach and the hotels beyond; the first is the Cinerama Reef; the tall structure farther on is the Sheraton-Waikiki. 11. A view of the Cinerama Reef Hotel; to the photographer's rear is Diamond Head, and to his right (next to the Reef) is the Halekulani Hotel. 12. From a balcony in the Cinerama Reef—looking past the Halekulani at the Sheraton and Diamond Head in the distance. 13. The pretty Halekulani complex. 14. Entering the driveway of the Sheraton-Waikiki from Kalakaua Ave. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel is on the left. 15. Poolside at the Sheraton-Waikiki. 16. The Royal Hawaiian and Royal Towers hotels. 17. Once past the main section of oceanfront hotels you come to a clearing on the beach just across the street from the new Hyatt Regency Hotel; this is where the "A-frame" is. 18. The infamous "A-frame" change-room and john. 19. Farther along the beach in the direction of Diamond Head is the section called Queens Surf. This is the change-room next to the Aquarium—and it's here that the gay crowd gathers to cruise day and night. **(Photo story continued on next pages.)**

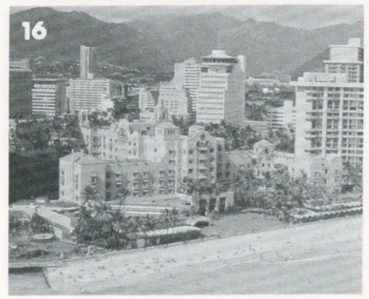


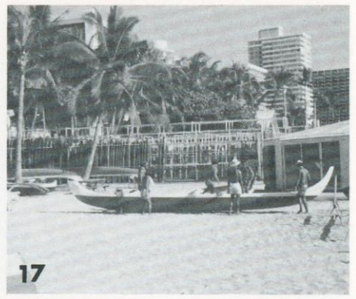


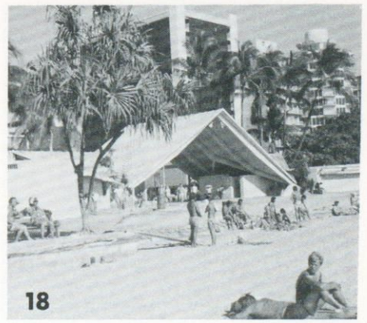


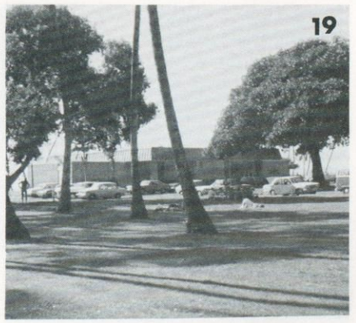


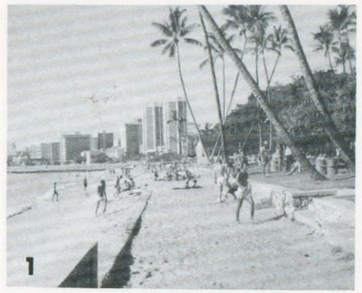












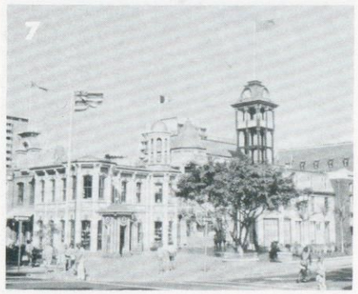


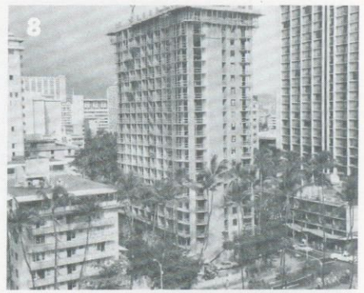
















sailor—places and people are safe. As a fellow American you won't be treated with resentment in our 50th state; everybody is so friendly. You won't be abused and used—and if you are you have the protection of U.S. police and laws to back you up. And everybody makes out—regardless of age (there are many Japanese in Hawaii—and Orientals *are* turned on by gray hair); color (Hawaii is a melting pot and it *is* impossible for people who have about a dozen different blood lines flowing through their veins to experience prejudice); or shape (*thin is in* here on the mainland, but in Hawaii—where everybody loves

For A Quick Mini-Tour Of Gay Hawaii Follow The Photos/Captions In Sequence Here And On Next Two Pages

1. Queens Surf, looking towards the big hotels. As you can see, it isn't exclusively gay—but mostly so. 2. Gay guys at Queens Surf. 3. Kalakaua Ave. in the vicinity of the Sheraton-Waikiki. 4 & 5. Pedicabs are popular with tourists . . . and so are their drivers. 6. International Market Place—a bazaar on Kalakaua Ave. 7. Another market place, Kings Alley, behind the Hyatt Regency Hotel. 8. Hotels and apartment buildings are going up everywhere. These are on Lewers St., oceanside of Kalakaua Ave. 9. One of the three porno arcades on Kalakaua Ave. They're all cruised . . . and used. 10. The Lavender Fox, a gay movie house with live shows and a back room for customers. It's in Waikiki. 11. Nearby is the Tomato, a popular gay bar (it's the one-story structure in the foreground). 12. Hula's, the best gay disco in Hawaii, is about two blocks from the Tomato—under a huge banyan tree. 13. The Steam Works, a gay baths, is on Lewers St. in Waikiki. It's in the Watumull Bldg., on the 2nd floor. 14. In downtown Honolulu visit the pretty Iolani Palace, the only royal palace on American soil. 15. Practically across the street is the Armed Services YMCA; the john on the main floor is cruised. 16. Downtown Honolulu's porno street is No. Hotel St. Here you'll find the Risque, a gay porno movie house in the rear of a bookstore that has peep flicks. There's a back room too. 17. Up the block is the Glade Show Bar, where drag queens perform. 18. Finally, in the downtown area is The Question Mark, a gay bar popular with hustlers and their buyers. 19. In the Manoa section, towards the mountains about 10 minutes from Waikiki, is the University of Hawaii. This is George Hall; there are glory holes in the johns on the main and 3rd floors. 20. About 20 minutes from Waikiki is Pearl Harbor. The U.S. Navy operates a free launch that takes tourists out to the Arizona Memorial; the line to board moves quickly. **(Photo story continued on next pages.)**

to eat—a belly seldom gets in the way of a hot affair).

If you hear one constant complaint from prospective tourists it's that things are so expensive . . . so they've heard. Plane fare is a lot more for an easterner—compared with flights to the Caribbean. But for an easterner, flying off to Hawaii is not much more than going off to Mexico; and for a westerner the flight there costs about as much as a Caribbean trip. As far as hotels are concerned, you'll find that comparable accommodations are actually higher priced in the Caribbean and Florida—and even Mexico. Food costs the same as in any resort town—but there are a lot of places to choose from in Hawaii . . . even MacDonald's and other fast-food chains. So what it boils down to is that while getting there might cost you more, you will spend as much or as little as anyplace else you vacation—and probably save a lot because unless you're into *that* scene . . . you won't encounter a lot of commercial sex. And because most tourists spend most of their time in Waikiki, where there's a lot of gay action—all walking distance apart—you'll save by not renting a car or relying on public transportation to get from here to there.

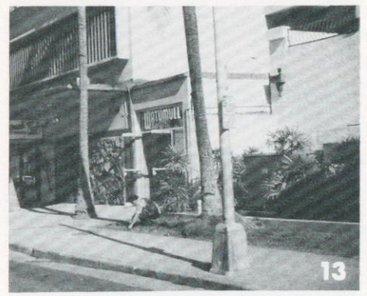
If you've read this far but prefer to skip the details because you don't have an interest in Hawaii at this time—then please see the illustrations and captions in the order in which they appear and you'll get a quickie tour of Gay Hawaii. But if you are interested in the Islands—and especially if you're a wintertime vacationer who has never been there—please read on . . . because what I have to tell you will encourage you to go—and once there you will probably return year after year for a long time to come. It's just that sweet.

THE ISLANDS

The Hawaiian archipelago is made up of more than 20 islands and atolls but nobody ever visits more than the same four islands—*Oahu* (Honolulu/Waikiki); *Hawaii* (Hawaii Volcanoes National Park); *Maui* (Lahaina/Kaanapali Beach/Haleakala); and *Kauai* (Waimea

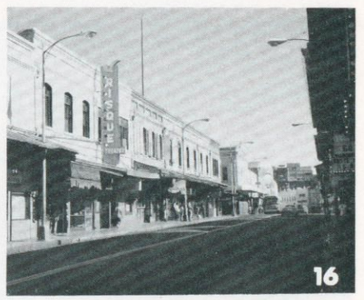


















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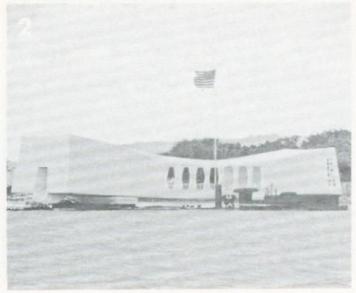
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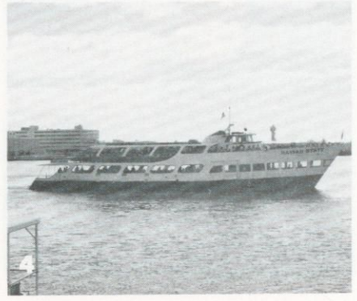
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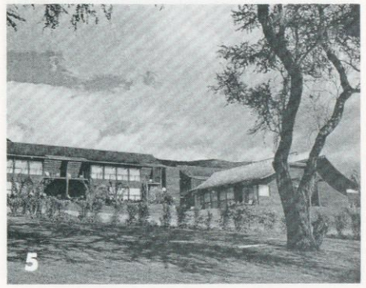
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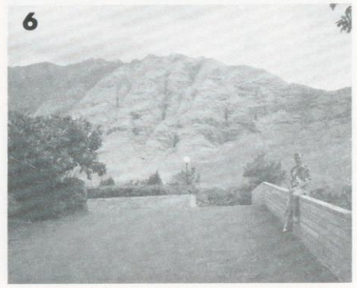
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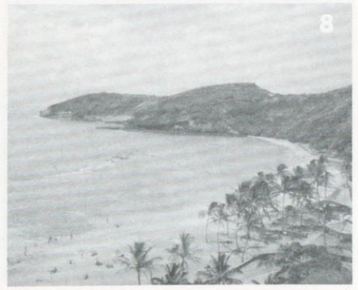
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Canyon). Most tourists spend all of their time on Oahu; specifically, in the Waikiki area—preferably on the beach. The other islands are beautiful and worth visiting for their natural wonders and pretty beaches, but afford little excitement for the gay visitor; you will probably do them on your first trip and stay put in Waikiki on succeeding vacations.

WHEN TO GO

Anytime is good. The rainy season lasts from December thru to February but this only means intermittent showers with plenty of sunshine in-between; the 1976-77 season was unusually dry. The mean temperature all year long is 75-degrees and there are constant yet mild trade winds all the time. In winter the crowds tend to be older (but don't worry . . . there are thousands of young people too!)—people who are established enough in business or in their jobs

For A Quick Mini-Tour Of Gay Hawaii Follow The Photos/Captions In Sequence Starting With Preceding Pages

1. The Navy launch at Pearl Harbor, headed towards the Arizona Memorial. 2. The Memorial, built over the sunken battleship—the final resting place of 2,000 men killed when the ship was bombed and descended into its watery grave. 3. The interior of the Memorial. 4. Commercial yachts also tour Pearl Harbor but cannot land at the Memorial. 5. The beautiful Makaha Inn and Country Club in the mountains on Oahu, about an hour from Honolulu. 6. QQ's Paul Franklin at Makaha. 7. QQ publisher George Desantis at the Inn. 8. Not far from Waikiki is another beautiful beach—Hanuama Bay. 9. Akaka Falls on the island of Hawaii. 10. On Hawaii—tourists in Volcanoes National Park . . . picking up lava stones to take home as souvenirs. 11. A view from the lookout at Volcano House, a hotel on the rim of the crater. 12. Still on Hawaii, famous Black Sand Beach. 13. Haleakala Crater, a valley of extinct volcanoes on the island of Maui. 14. Front St. in Lahaina, an old whaling town on Maui. 15. Whalers Market Place in Lahaina; the shopping complex has a john that's cruised. 16. A narrow-gauge railroad carries passengers between Lahaina and the nearby resort of Kaanapali. The gay johns in Lahaina and Kaanapali and vicinity are discussed in text. 17. Kaanapali Beach . . . the Sheraton complex. 18. On the island of Kauai you'll find Waimea Canyon—"The Grand Canyon of the Pacific." 19. And this is the Spouting Horn—a hollow lava tube that is pumped with water as waves rush in . . . forcing a fine spray to emerge. Gay prospects in Kauai are discussed in text.

to take long vacations; those whose jobs permit winter vacations—as opposed to, say, teachers and students, all whose free time comes in summer. Thus, in summer, the crowds are younger—a lot of vacationing college guys. Hotel rates are down in summer—and that's an asset . . . but Hawaii is a beautiful place any time of year—and there's never a shortage of manpower.

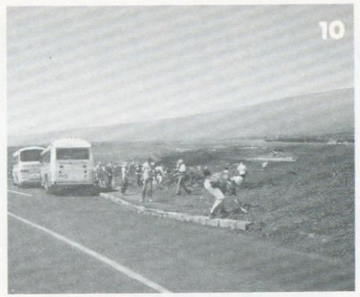
WHERE TO STAY

As far as the Waikiki area is concerned—your best bet is to plan your trip well in advance starting with a copy of *Fodor's Hawaii* guidebook (sold at all bookstores). Here you will find a complete list of hotels and apartment hotels, along with descriptions, rates, etc. This area is small so no matter where you stay you will be in the heart of things and near the beach. In fact, any good guidebook will do—provided it contains complete listings.

Rates vary depending on location; a good view will bring the rate up while an inside room will bring it down. There are some very pretty places right on the beach for under $20. Choose according to your lifestyle and the length of time you intend to stay. Some gay guys who go down for the winter stay in apartment hotels—and these charge less than the luxury hotels on the beach. There are no gay hotels as such; gay people are everywhere.

The entire length of Waikiki Beach is public so you can use the same strand those guests staying in the hotel facing it use; it's free passage and plopping wherever you wish. But let me give you a sampling of places to stay: The *Hilton Hawaiian Village* is what all Hiltons are; this one is a big complex of buildings right on the beach with its own lagoon. Its beach is dotted with palm trees. Doubles start at $27.

Getting more into the center of Waikiki is the *Cinerama Reef*—right on the beach. It's a big hotel that appeals to a lot of average income people, gay and straight alike. Very relaxed and you're free to come and go with whomever you like as you please. Doubles start at $16. Nearby is the *Cinerama* (*Continued on page 44*)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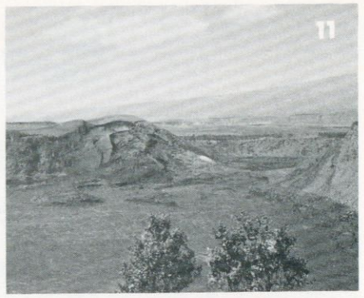
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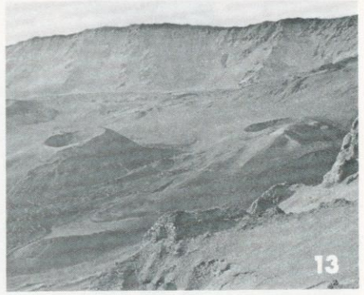
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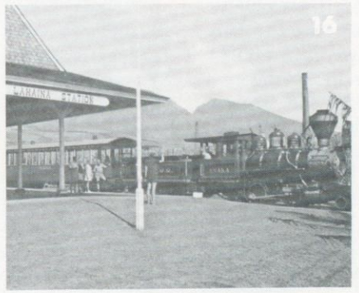
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Lovers And Wills
The Rites And Rights Of Gay Inheritance

By Scott Young

GAY marriages, even though performed in churches by ordained gay ministers, have no legal status. Unlike straight marriages they are 'rites without rights' and in any probate court proceeding involving inheritance rights of a surviving lover—unless spelled out in a will—even the gayest judge could not regard such vows as being more than a cosmetic affirmation of a far-out lifestyle.

Then there is the sad alternative situation of two gay guys who grow to love each other so deeply and devotedly that they make a tacet lifetime commitment (even if they don't take vows "forsaking all others"), yet upon the death of one the other may experience a legal trauma as wrenching as the void of personal loss.

In either case there is the iffiness, stickiness and often the 'hairbreadth-iness' of a surviving lover's attempt to retain not only what his lover would have wanted and expected him to have, had he made a will, but to salvage possessions they each had a 50% equity in—each having paid half the cost.

Hearsay evidence before a probate judge, "telling it like it was," means nothing, but having the disposition of an estate properly nailed down in the black-and-white of a properly-drawn and fully-witnessed Last Will and Testament is incontrovertible proof of the deceased's intentions and makes certain there'll be no foul-up or meddling with his estate. What's more, if the surviving lover, as a layman, knows how simple it is for him to initiate probate of a will—and in so many cases how to *avoid probate altogether*—he will not be ripped-off by attorneys, trustees and/or appraisers of estates. His only expenses will be the nominal fees any court charges for clerical filing.

A HYPOTHETICALLY GAY HOUSEHOLD

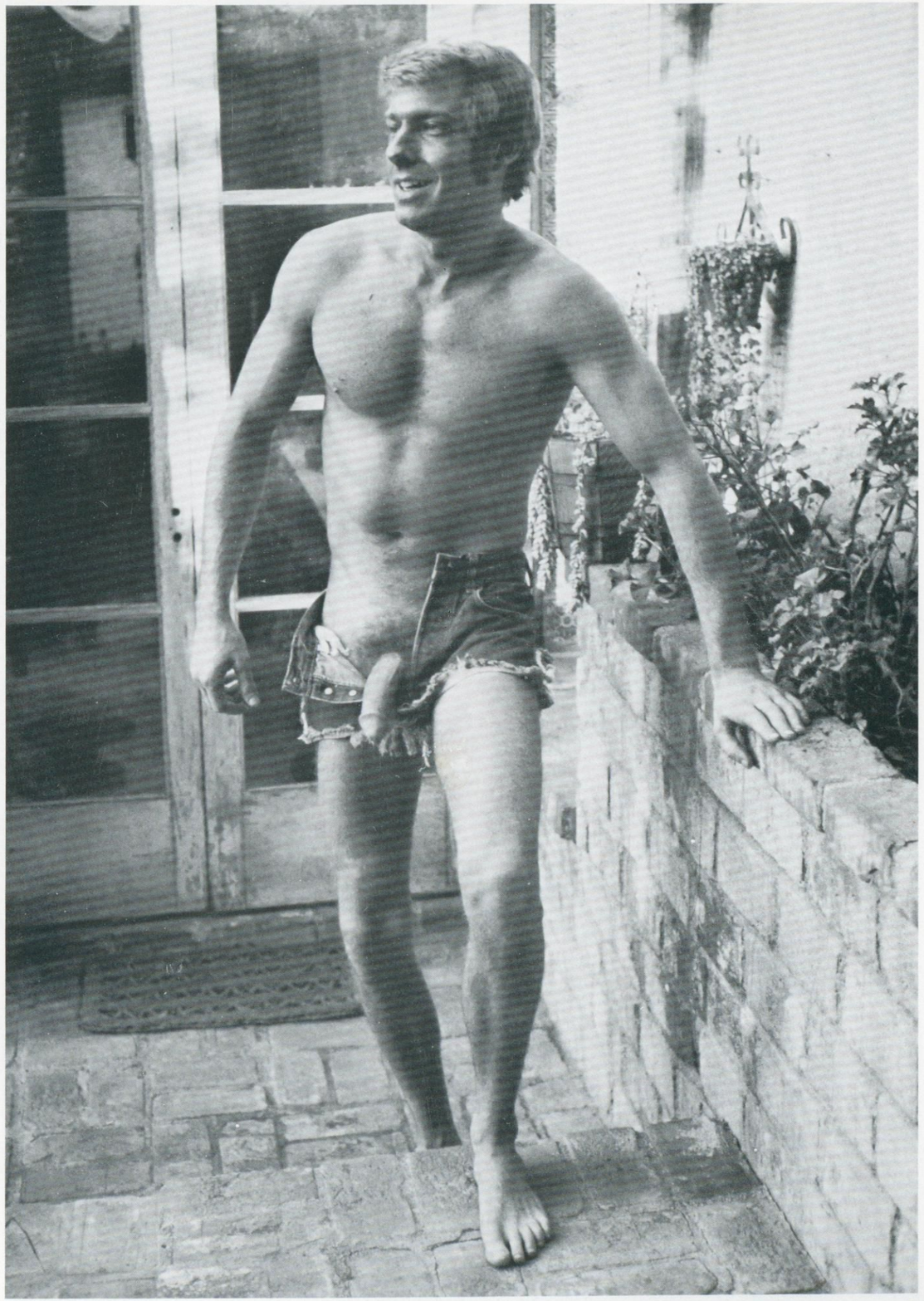
Let's assume that you and your new lover were drawn together by the same cultural interests. Love flowered; a strong bond was forged; and as you came to know each other better you decided to make your relationship permanent. You established a household, and each summer vacationed abroad.

On a visit to the Far East you stopped off in Sri Lanka where you both fell in love with an antique eight-panel Coromandel screen. The Sri Lanka price was $10,000—in New York it would have been $100,000. In Germany you snapped up a rare collection of Meissen for $5,000—in New York $15,000. Again you lucked out. During your 'Spain' year you discovered a painter in Madrid whose works you bought for a tenth of what they'd later have fetched in New York—when the painter had become better known. In each of these purchases you and your lover each paid 50%. As the years passed you added to these treasures on a 50/50 basis and your home became a veritable museum. "How fascinating!" your guests would exclaim. "What fun you must have had collecting all these lovely things; but what a fortune you must have spent!"

Indeed yes . . . and that's precisely what Aunt Minnie of Minnezoola will say when notified that her nephew—your lover—whom she hadn't seen or heard from in 25 years had died intestate (leaving no will), and that an investigation (excessively prolongg-g-ged, of course) by court-appointed attorneys (expensively *per diem*) having established that no other relatives survive, *she* is the sole inheritor of his estate . . . that is, whatever may be left after other (probate) attorneys in Yourtown, plus 'supportive legal personnel' in Minnezoola, have staked out their claims. All this in addition to more chunky goodies for several court-appointed appraisers (who are too often cronies of the probate judge, and who know little about the value of Coromandel screens and Meissen, but a lot about 'kickbacks').

Quicker than a mini-douche Aunt Minnie leaps on a plane (her first trip anywhere since she arrived in Minnezoola by stagecoach) and is soon in Yourtown to "get what's rightfully mine." That she is legally entitled to whatever her nephew owned cannot be questioned. Having left no will, and with Minnie as the surviving moocher, it is legal fact. Where does this leave you? In one helluva mess; in trauma; and of course still in deep grief for your lover of so many years.

It very well may be that you've kept all receipts from those 'finds' abroad, as well as other purchases at home: furniture, TV sets, grand piano, an expensive automobile, and so on. And you may have solid proof in writing that you paid 50% of all this. But you are certainly unwilling to dismember the Coromandel to give her four panels, or divvy up the Meissen, or offer her even the hubcaps from the Lincoln. If there's no meeting of minds about equity with Aunt Minnie—if she thinks you're trying to hoodwink her (*Continued on page 34*)



Jack Wrangler

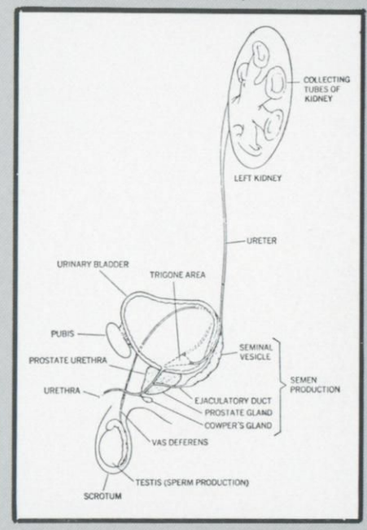


HEED YOUR SEX DRIVE FOR A HEALTHY PROSTATE

BY ROGER WATSON

WHEN gay young Ludwig II grew bored with the confining winter court life at one of his phantasmagorical castles, he'd order his gilded Baroque sleigh brought around. Then, snugly wrapped against the cold in softest ermine, he'd give the signal to his footman and the horses would pull away, speeding the Dream King through the wintry night to another castle—or to the Schachen, the royal hunting lodge on a mountaintop—as the glow from the ornate lamp on the prow of the sleigh created equally fanciful patterns on the Bavarian snow.

It was Ludwig's custom to break his journey by stopping along the way to pay a surprise visit to a friend's house for refreshment, and sometimes he tarried for an hour or more if a handsome trick might also be a guest there . . . enjoying Bavarian 'cream', one might say. Then off again, with perhaps another stop for more of same before reaching Linderhof, Neuschwanstein or Herrenchiemsee. Although Ludwig was not the first gay king of note, there was none more sexually active. He took 'em where he found 'em, and as he said, when teased about his monster meat (Ludwig was the *original* 'Whopper' King!) and his always all-systems-go cocksmanship . . . "Sex, my doctors tell me, is what keeps the prostate healthy and your King young!" Certainly Ludwig experienced none of the prostatic traumas that beset the sexually uptight of his time (as they do to many today)—particularly the clergy. (The proliferation of monks who practiced sex-denial was at flood-tide during his reign and brought about a simultaneous rise in prostatitis, as well as the coining of a new clinical name—"priests' disease"—still used today.)



In many fascinating ways the action of a healthy prostate seems to parallel Ludwig's night-flight. It is a *sexual* sleigh-ride and it may be of interest to point out the similarities. Just as Ludwig's frustration with court life triggered the need to get away, the prostate is hemmed-in by nature in a kind of freakish denial that 'a straight line is the shortest distance between two points'. Thus spermatozoa, instead of taking an express route from testicles to the penis, from which they are expelled, take the 'milk run' (if you'll excuse the pun) and go "forty ways from Sunday" to get there. Of course, from the gay point of view this ain't all bad since we can prolong the divine experience . . . Foxylady Nature may have had *us* in mind when she detoured 'cum'.

Each testicle has its own trajectory—a rubbery tube called the *vas deferens* . . . and 'deferential' it certainly is, since it labors selflessly to carry the sperm manufactured in the testicles to the *seminal vesicles* just above the prostate. This, however, is such a tortuous journey for the sperm that a stopover for some refreshment is needed before zooming down on the sleigh-ride. Ms. Nature obliges with a shot of *fructose* (fruit sugar) for quick energy. (The seminal vesicles are the only organ of the body that makes this *kind* of sugar.) Okay . . . so one for the road.

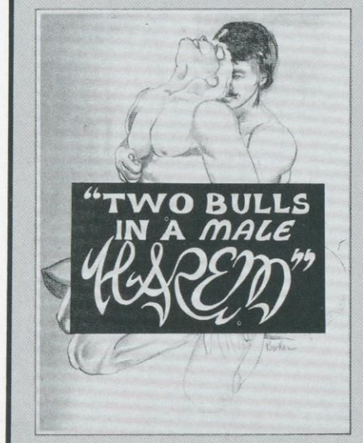
Next, the seminal vesicles empty the now-vitalized sperm into the prostate where this life-giving mass will be launched upon a *liquid vehicle*—prostatic fluid—and thus taken through the prostate with a 'tally-ho' *a la* Ludwig. This will also have proved so breathtaking that more refreshment is called for, and so just before leaving the prostate for the ejaculatory ducts the sperm will get another shot of juice/refreshment, this time from the Cowper's glands. So far, everything on schedule.

At last the sperm—refreshed and giddy at the prospect lying ahead—will be able to get it all together and enter the upper (prostatic) urethra at that 'break out the poppers' moment of orgasm. End of the line. During all this time the prostate has been in control; in the 'cockpit' all the way. If you will study a diagram of the male reproductive system you can see that this location is precise. It is in the prostate that the

(*Continued on page 30*)


QQ's Man Of The Month
George Desantis
Publisher: QQ Magazine/Body/Ciao!

Book Review



Every so often I can really dig a good hunk of erotic writing, and I suspect that if you say you don't your're kidding.

The important word there, though, is "good," and it takes a cool eye to separate good erotic writing from porno trash.

Good erotic writing, to my mind, is first of all good writing. A command of the language, an ear for dialogue, an idea of plot construction, and a concept of style all go into good writing. Trash rarely has any of these.

Good erotic writing should also deal, both suggestively and explicitly, with every degree of erotic feelings. We all have erotic feelings. Why deny them? Why not describe them (in either fiction or nonfiction)? Porno trash deals with the scene alone, not the feelings.

The conclusion to be drawn is that we must dump the word, "porno," and substitute "erotic writing" when we consider a book like Robert Fraum's **Two Bulls in a Male Harem**, available from R.M.F., 525 N. Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90048 for $7.95 (and you must state you are over 21).

Now, I cannot honestly claim that **Two Bulls** is great writing. (There's not much of that around, anyway, erotic or not.) Nor do I pretend it is great, but it is good, and it's erotic as your next ten tricks.

Mr. Fraum knows how to use words, what people really say when they open their mouths (to speak). He can conceive a plot without its appearing to be contrived, and he has a style which neatly enhances his characterizations and story line.

The story is an exciting blend of fantasy and S&M (or are they the same?) and diplomatic intrigue. This desert sheik has a male harem and an insatiable appetite for cute young boys. His recruiters have kidnapped a hunky kid, the 17-year-old son of a Victorian American man of the cloth who has had his son's cock's foreskin clamped with a gold ring to keep him from getting (or, at least, enjoying) a hard-on.

In Cairo at the time are two humpy studs, and they are called in to the British Embassy. Both are 007 types (014?) and both know the ropes (and whips and chains) of the harem. For a fantastic sum they sign on to rescue young Edgar from the sex-mad sheik's embraces.

Together, they allow themselves to be recruited as guards at the harem, a nice job, well paid and ripe with fringe benefits which both enjoy to the hilt. And then they find Edgar, rescue him, and turn him over (and over) to the American Consul and to his papa, in as neat a twist-ending as I've read in a long while.

Just because I've given the plot away (except for the tricky ending) that is no reason to think you're not missing anything. Here I cannot convey the flavor, the excitement, the thrills, the laughs (In a certain light the whole book is but pure camp.) and in no way all of the exotic ejaculations.

Nor can I describe the illustrations in any adequate way beyond saying that in every detail they enhance the story, lavishly, and happily complement, rather than distract from the heavy action. Again, it is neither tacky porn nor great art, but it is good erotic drawing.

Now, desert harems, diplomatic shenanigans, and slave boys may not be your meat. In fact, I can't imagine their being anybody's meat, for I fear none of us is rich enough, an 007, or an inmate (much less a guard) in a male harem.

And therein lies the charm of **Two Bulls in a Male Harem.** It is the stuff of (wet) dreams, the stuff to keep you warm on a winter night or hot on the beach. It's all fun, erotic and sensual, and, unlike porno trash which insults your intelligence, it stimulates your imagination and whets your appetite for the real thing, producing a nice sexy glow in your loins.

By all means, read **Two Bulls in a Male Harem.** It doesn't cost any more than a six-pack or two of Coors, and it will last a lot longer, even if it gives you a thirst rather than assuages one.

Two Bulls is a jack-off blast. No bull.

—Orlando Paris

PROSTATE
(Continued from page 27)

last and thickest of the three ingredients that make up sperm is manufactured . . . here is where all three are blended . . . here is where the charge is readied for firepower ejaculation in convulsive (glug-g-g-g!) spurts.

KEEPING THE PROSTATE HEALTHY

Obviously this ongoing action of the prostate requires essential elements of timing and synchronization . . . obviously this means keeping the prostate healthy . . . but *how* to do it is not so obvious. In this article we shall offer some helpful hints. First, a little prostatic background is in order.

Until recent years less was known about the action of prostate than of any other organ of the body. Although Hippocrates, the father of medicine, had some (then) radical ideas about treatment of the prostate (which were forgotten for centuries), and later Celsius (who dominates the TV 'weatherman' today)—the big name in medicine about 25 A.D.—resurrected the findings of Hippocrates and amplified them (and which also were forgotten), nothing really concrete was developed along the prostatic line until this century.

Actually, the term 'prostate' did not come into use until the 17th century, although physicians of that time recognized that the gland did exist, and functioned in a patterned way from the time of fetal life. Obviously it develops in the fetus because it can be felt in the newborn infant's rectum by the doctor's gloved finger. Then it lies dormant—neither growing nor doing anything remarkable—for a dozen or so years.

The first clue that something heavenly is stirring in the jam-pot is when Johnny Pubes has his first wet dream. As palpated by the physician the prostate shows enlargement and has begun to secrete a thin fluid which passes through the prostatic ejaculatory duct (much to Johnny's delighted surprise!). No one knows what triggered the action. It's thought that there is some kind of delayed (or just awakened) hormone mechanism that is suddenly activated . . . as a 'dead' light bulb turns on of its own volition. And so there you are, Beddy Boy . . . ready for sexual sleigh-rides and other mix-it-up mischief!

Except for some invasive disease, the prostate remains happily in the cockpit for about 40 years more. Usually it does not become a cause for concern during that time—all seems to go fuckingly/suckingly well. This happy state of affairs can continue well into one's eighties. But men past 60 usually develop symptoms, although men in middle years, and even young men, may also experience them. This is because the prostate, the seminal vesicles and ejaculatory ducts are 'neighbors' to the urethra, and there is a kind of 'tie-in' of 'what affects one may affect another'. For example, since the lobes of the prostate surround the urethra, any enlargement of the prostate can compress that tube—like a closing fist—making it difficult-to-impossible to pass urine. Also urination can be affected because of the nearness of the prostate gland to the two control muscles which surround the urethra—one above, one below the prostate. If these control muscles, or the nerves which control *them*, are damaged, a man can have little or no urinary control—thus incontinence, thus dribbling, thus stinky pee.

An examination by a urologist, or even by your regular physician, will disclose the probable cause of the trouble. His finger in the rectum can tell him whether it's a simple infection (and thus amenable to antibiotics), or benign hardening of the prostate, or (if nodular) prostatic cancer. If it's one of the latter two symptoms obviously the prostate must be removed—and quickly; in the instance of hardening of the prostate, urine becomes dammed; if cancer, the danger is that it can spread. Either can be fatal, if uncared for. So whether 30 or 60, be sure that your physician 'gives you the finger' when you go for your annual medical checkup. It can add years to your life, and extend your sexual parameters by many joyous years.

BETA GONORRHEA

Just when we all had congratulated ourselves that penicillin was *the* wonder drug—the be-all and end-all (particularly the latter) of gonorrheal and syphilitic infection, along came beta gonorrhea and it's a whole new ball game. Although this virulent form of gonorrhea has made no headway in the United States, the dread possibility that it can has alerted many health officials, and particularly the epidemiologists at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. The Center is urging state and local health departments to use extra effort to track down/isolate gonorrhea patients who are not responding to the usual penicillin injections. Those who do not respond are to be treated with spectinomycin. Penicillin, even in stepped-up potencies/frequencies has no effect on beta gonorrhea. But what epidemiologists fear is that spectinomycin may also prove ineffec-

Carousel Guest House

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CHERRY GROVE
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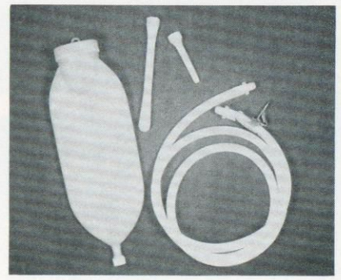
Rainer and Joe, owners of The Carousel, offer a friendly, homey atmosphere with kitchen privileges for guests. Coffee and Danish for breakfast. Open late season. Rates: $18 per person per day weekdays; $23 per person per day weekends. Holiday 3-night minimum, $105 single; $180 double. Add 7% tax to rates. Write or phone for reservations . . . do it today for the greatest holiday of your gay life!

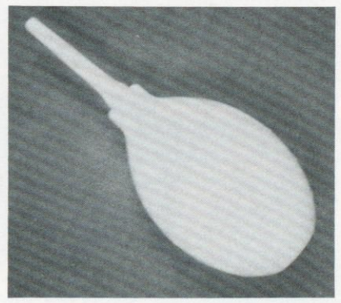
BOTTOMS UP . . . TWO WAYS!

As more and more guys are liberated and shed hangups about their sex lives more and more get into anal antics. Pros appreciate a clean partner; douching prevents discomfort and embarrassment. Just a few minutes before your shower does it wherever you are with these handy hygienic aids.



FOLDING DOUCHE BAG

Made of fine latex rubber with reinforced fittings and 5-foot vinyl hose with thumb valve to control water flow. Bag holds 2 full quarts. Comes with short syringe for a quick rinse and a longer insert for a deeper colonic penetration. Folds compactly for easy traveling (pouch included). Sent in plain wrapper with instructions and manufacturer's 6-year guarantee. **ONLY $7.98.**



BULB SYRINGE

Our white squeeze-bulb has an 8-ounce capacity and is ideal for a rectal rinse wherever you are; it's small enough to fill discreetly at the sink in public washrooms, etc. Also great for a middle-of-the-night rinse without the fuss and bother of preparing a standard enema. Sent in a plain wrapper with instructions. **ONLY $5.50.**

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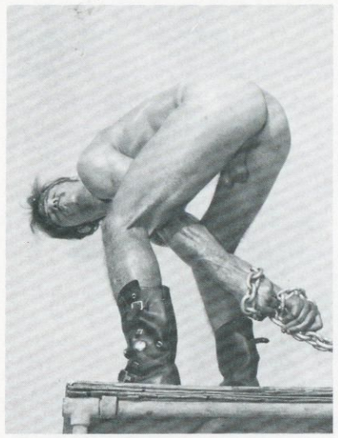
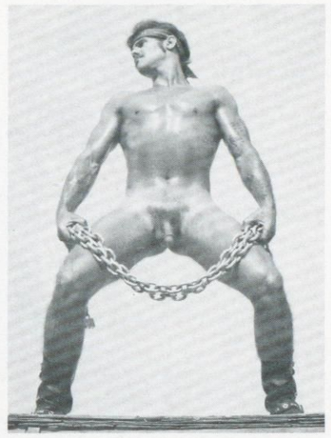
WORLD'S LARGEST PHYSIQUE COLLECTION

FROM ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD





Additional photographs of these and all AMG athletes featured in QQ publications are available. Five 8x10 B&W photos $10, or one 8x 10 color print of similar poase $10. Set of ten 35mm color slides or 2x3 color prints $5. 8mm color films available on many models (see Physique Pictorial for listings).

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

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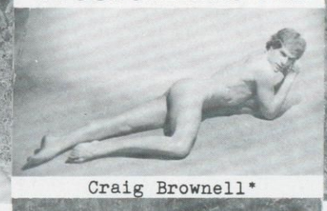
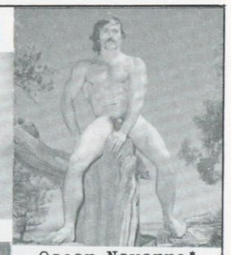
Westerners All



Terry Van Ek*



Craig Brownell*



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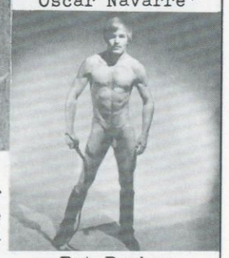
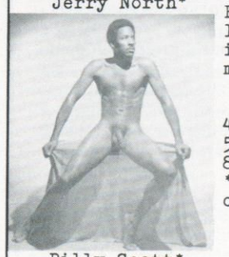
Jerry North*



Rory McLeod*



Pat Parker



Billy Scott*



Bound Models*

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

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tive if the disease increases. As yet, only one case of beta has turned up—in a civilian employee of the United States Navy who acquired it during a tour of duty in the Philippines. Admittedly, while beta has not become a health hazard, the possibility looms. And we mention it here because many gay guys will be on vacation in the Orient this summer, and so *super* caution should be taken not to make it with someone who doesn't appear to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. No matter that that Filipino or Thai may be humpily gorgeezus, take time to study him. Don't bed him if you dread him.

THE PROSTATE—FLEXIONS AND REFLEXIONS

There are many *non*-specific forms of prostatitis that should not unduly alarm any guy because so many clear up on their own, and others respond to an antibiotic such as *tetracycline* (and always keep some capsules on hand . . . they're good for pesky colds, too). Even when one has not taken immediate steps to correct a prostatic problem, such an antibiotic can help clear up an *accruable* infection. There's no need to do the 'mea culpa' bit until you're certain that the antibiotic is not effective and the trouble remains. Some symptoms of *non*-specific prostatitis:

1. *Horseshoe urination.* Of course urine that 'speaks with forked tongue' *can* be caused by prostatic hardening. But again, it is so often caused by the foreskin that gets in the way. Or foreskin that closes too tightly during a piss-hard, causing the stream to be diverted instead of heading straight-on. So if you're not 'cut' and you begin to make piss-patterns, first adjust your 'lace curtains'. It may correct the problem instantly. (Also, if you're uncut and your lover of the nonce wants some water sports-action you might make a test pee-run before obliging him. If you're once again 'forking', go 'bitsy-bitsy-boo' with your finger in and around the foreskin—smoothing out the wrinkles—until you're pissing a straight stream. Although it's delightful to take it down the throat, if one must fend it off the eye at the same time it can be a sticky wicket.)

2. *A too-snug cock ring.* Wearing a too-tight cock ring for too long at a stretch can cause intermittent-to-constant or mild-to-sharp pains in the groin, back, the cock itself, or the area around the kidneys—causing one to feel that prostatitis is in the ascendancy. When the cock ring bites too deeply into the phallus at the pubic bone (where else?) *pressure pain* can be radiated to these areas. If you'll use hard-rubber cock rings, rather than metal, you'll find that the little bit of 'give' obviates pain. And the cock will look just as purty.

3. *False impotence.* A noted body-builder—one of the world's greatest physique stars—has three inches of drooping foreskin. Although he hustled in his championship years he was never great sex—for others or himself. When erection came the foreskin grew so tight that ejaculation was forced and painful. Later he married—twice. Neither marriage was successful because of his inhibitive foreskin. Surprisingly he has never submitted to adult circumcision which would certainly have changed his life for the better. His desire for sex has become tempered by the knowledge that he can't do full justice to it, and so he has developed a false impotence. Dread of discomfort and actual pain has made him *psychologically* impotent. If you experience prostatic pain, particularly during sex—and you are uncut—this may be your problem. May we urge you to read *Sex After Adult Circumcision* which is available as Article Reprint #29, price $1, from QQ Publishing Company. It can transform your life and make it grand!

4. *Too rapid ejaculation.* This is so often of emotional origin that this factor should be ruled out as a possible cause of prostatic pain.

5. *Increased frequency of urination.* Certainly it can be of prostatic origin, but it may also be a manifestation of diabetes. A fasting glucose-tolerance test, authorized by your physician, can make certain.

6. *Prostatitis as a result of an occupational hazard.* If you sit in a more-or-less cramped position for several hours at a time, this may cause chronic pain, and be mistaken for prostatitis. If this is a hazard of your job, make a point of getting up and walking around for a few minutes to relieve the pressure. Do this often. The pain will diminish, and usually vanish in a short time.

Whatever the pain in the prostate area, try first to see if reason and simple therapeutic measures will overcome it. Only if it persists should you see your doctor. It'll be important then.

SOME SIMPLE HEALTH HINTS

No one knows what causes the prostate to harden; suddenly, it has. When it does, everything, of course, is 'take it from there'. But there is so much one can do to keep the prostate healthy; such simple things one might easily disregard them. Certainly no man looks happily at a dribbling cock, or one that won't 'get the pressure up'. But then, we can't all be like Ludwig II who pissed a powerful

1977 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY

From The Editors Of Ciao!—The Most Celebrated Gay Travel Magazine In The World—A 1977 International Travel Directory Containing Nearly 4,000 Up-To-Date And Accurate Keyed Names And Addresses Of Gay Hotels, Bars, Baths, Movie Houses, Book/Sex Shops, Meeting Places And Action Spots Throughout The U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, The Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, The Middle East, Asia, And The Pacific . . . Your Passport To Gay Adventure In A Compact Booklet Small Enough To Fit In Your Pocket!













THE MOST ACCURATE GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY IN THE WORLD

Nearly all existing gay travel directories are "rip-offs" of guides published years ago—providing information which is no longer valid. The editors of our gay travel magazine span the world—constantly gathering information for Ciao! They have prepared our 1977 gay travel directory—which we call "Private Stock." It contains nearly 4,000 accurate and up-to-date names and addresses of gay establishments and meeting places everywhere in the world—conveniently arranged by country and city in alphabetical order. By utilizing a concise system of "keys" we are able to present detailed information about each listing; the keys are so arranged that you can instantly interpret them and learn everything you need to know—whether a place is entirely gay, what you will encounter—young guys, old guys, sex, no booze, entertainment, food, lesbians, hustlers, muggers, cops, even dangerous animals (in jungle meat-racks!). And we dare to bare it all—including johns on college campuses, in subways and department stores that swing. By using small type which is easy to read we are able to cram all this valuable information in a compact booklet which is securely stapled together in magazine form and small enough (3x5) to fit in your shirt pocket. Its cover is durable and leather-grained with absolutely no "tell-tale" printing so that discreet travelers can use it anywhere. Plus other features such as where to look for sex in college towns, and how much hustlers are paid—and how to handle them. Published annually—"Private Stock" is the only gay travel directory you need . . . the only one you will ever want. It is your personal address book for hot times! Sent via certified 1st class.

ONLY $5 A COPY!

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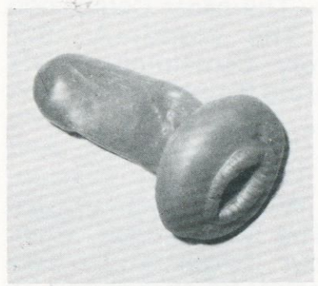
The Big Hole



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

THE BIG HOLE..... $10.95

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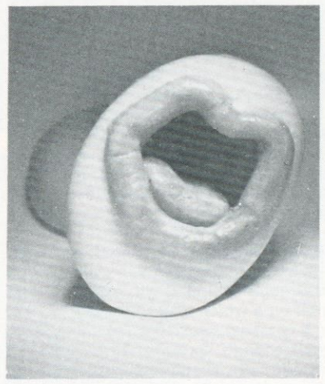
Hot Mouth



Pucker up for some deep throat action. These lips and deep mouth complete with realistic tongue are made of soft, flesh-like, flesh-colored (lips and tongue are tinted pink/red) rubber (washable). Tight 1¼" hole (stretchable) leads into a soft condom-like tube (1¾" diameter, 6" deep, also stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere. (Similar to the toy we used to carry called "Hot Lips" but much improved.)

HOT MOUTH.....$10.95

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stream. It's said that he never mailed Christmas cards . . . he 'pissed' them in the snow. Which is to say that on his frequent winter sleigh-rides into escapism he would often stop the driver, get out of the sleigh, whip out his whopper and 'write' *Frohliche Weinachten und ein gluckliches Neujahr . . . Ludwig II, Konig von Bayern* (Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year . . . Ludwig II, King of Bavaria). Moreover, he had enough piss-power left to punch out the dots in the umlauts! What a kinky king!

You, of course, may prefer less flamboyance and yet be quite as 'pissily puissant'. All of us *should* be able to piss a straight stream for a distance of three feet, doctors say. But that's reckoning without inhibiting foreskin. If you're uncut, you can scale down the stream by a foot. But to keep the prostate in the pink, try these:

1. When lying in bed, make it a daily practice to cross your upraised (knees locked) legs in this manner. Cross (scissor) them as far as you can and squeeze gently. Begin with a few crossings; work up to about 3 series of about 20 repetitions per series. This crossing stimulates muscular tonus in the prostate area—something it does not get unless one is an inveterate exerciser—and gives you a really with-it feeling.

2. Instead of sweetening your coffee/tea/cereal with ordinary table sugar (sucrose), use *fructose,* the same substance manufactured by your seminal vesicles. Fructose is just coming in as an aid to prostatic good health. It's expensive (about $1.40 for four ounces) granulated; it's white like sucrose; and it's delicious. Fructose is extracted from various fruits, berries and honey. It can help to give a bigger boost to your sperm power. The more vitalized the sperm, the more powerful the ejaculation. Rarin' to go! Fructose, commercially prepared, is now available in certain health-food stores . . . and you won't likely find it on supermarket shelves just yet. But you *will!* If your diet is sugar-restricted, however, fructose must be used in the same miniscule quantities as sucrose—whatever the doctor allows. The carbohydrate content of both is the same.

3. Keep your body's water balance high. This is important for the health of the kidneys—to flush them thoroughly—as for the prostate. The prostate needs moisture just as do the kidneys; dryness can lead to roughness, discomfort, pain and possible hardening of the prostate. Here's how to do it: (a) A spoonful-a-day of natural honey helps keep the body's water in balance; (b) or if your carbohydrate intake is limited, take a 1000-milligram tablet of Vitamin C from rose hips each day. Vitamin C is a fine, natural way to keep the water balance. (c) If you are not restricted as to sugar, take that 1000-milligram tablet of Vitamin C along with a glass of *freshly squeezed* citrus juice. Take them together for best results. Orange juice is also a great water 'leveler'. The best Vitamin C tablets from rose hips, we've found, are those distributed by Good Life Products, Inc., an advertisement for which appears on the inside front cover of this magazine. Also drink several *extra* glasses of water each day.

4. At the onset of any prostatic discomfort, or discomfort in the adjacent area, take a hot Sitz bath. Sit in a tub of water as hot as you can stand, and 'tarry awhile'. It's an old-fashioned remedy that almost always works.

5. If you have a good electric vibrator, such as that put out by Oster, turn the motor to low speed and move your fingers up and down the under-thigh near the prostate area. This will loosen any tension, help break up congestion, and provide extra tonus for the muscles in this area. Use for a few minutes every day.

6. Most important. Have lots of sex! Although some prostate trouble can be caused by overindulgence in sex—trying too hard with too many, too often—what is worse is just the opposite . . . denying yourself sex. "Priests' disease." Abstention from sex for long intervals can trigger atrophy of the prostate. Get in the saddle oftener. If, however, there are reasons why this is not possible, *crank it*! Better still, use the *Accu-Jac* which not only provides a deeper, fuller, richer masturbation, but lets you fantasize yourself out of this world!

• • •

LOVERS AND WILLS
(Continued from page 24)

then your lover's share of the household must be converted into cash. This is a considerable part of what probate means, for if there is no will, but survivors, they would share equally—or conform to whatever division the probate court might decree—hence conversion to cash is the only solution.

Either you will have to buy out Aunt Minnie, or she you. Even if all goes smoothly you must come up with a hefty load of cash. All those golden years of collecting may easily have run your lover's 50% up to $100,000. If you have it, and want to buy her out on the spot, fine. But certainly, unless Aunt Minnie's cows have been producing more milk than usual she won't have the $100,000 to buy you out. So if you can't swing it—or she—the troubles for both of you have now just begun!

The attorneys and trustees (if the court so appoints), and the local appraisers are going to have a field day. How they love this . . . they're happier than a pig in shit. Given carte blanche they need only submit bills (huge!) to the court. Months of haggling will ensue. After the local appraisers have got in their licks, art appraisers from New York may be brought in, and they can rig it for art dealers/friends and will try to get for a song what you paid for a symphony.

Very likely, as in so many cases (quite common) the estate will be put up for auction. When bids are accepted, sales are final; you have no recourse. Then from whatever the estate brings will have to be paid burial expenses; court-ordered fees; lawyers; appraisers; trustees; clerical services and, of course, taxes, and you'll find that it's been 'per diem-ed' to death. You see your hope of retrieving your 50% ebbing away. Always the undertaker gets his Dracula hands in first. You may be sure that having had to wait so long for his money he is so angry that he's considered exhuming your lover's body, driving a stake through the heart, and reselling the coffin. His 'carrying charge' will be astronomical.

Of what's left, Aunt Minnie will take her possibly few thousands (possibly only hundreds) . . . philosophically reflecting that "Well, it's more than I would have if he'd made a will." To her, whatever the amount, it's 'found money'. So she catches the plane back to Minnezoola in time for the evening milking. What are her feelings about you? She'll feel no compunction. Greed being the name of the game, she couldn't care less . . . especially since you are ("Now what *did* that Archie Bunker call them?") . . . oh yes . . . "one of those faggots."

And you? You've not only lost a lover, but an elegant lifestyle, a fortune, perhaps your hair and your wits . . . and maybe your will to start over again. Like take the gaspipe.

But if all this has not fazed you to such a cataclysmic degree, and if you have discovered that the only 20/20 vision is hindsight, as you mourn your loss, and are appalled (as your lover would be) at what has happened to the beautiful things you and he had collected with such love, you may also

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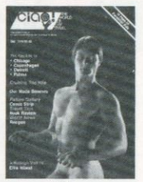
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No. 22 (July-Aug. '76): San Francisco; Amsterdam; Dominican Republic; Venice
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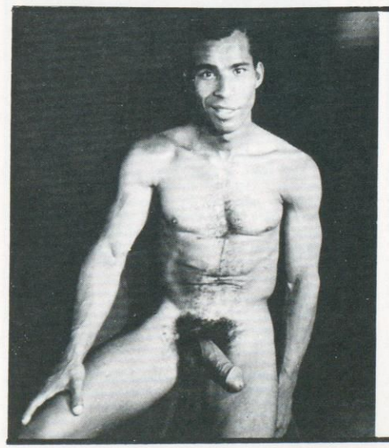

CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

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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Ringmaster



Put tingle in your dingle with RINGMASTER—a snap-on ring with lightweight vibrating capsule. Rheostat control is separated from unit by a thin 24" cord and permits the mildest to the wildest vibrations by simply turning a knob. Ring is 1-3/8" diameter but spreads to fit all. Takes penlight batteries (included). May also be attached to many toys (shown here on the El Perfecto I, which is not included in your purchase). Sold only as a novelty to adults over 21.

RINGMASTER **$14.95**

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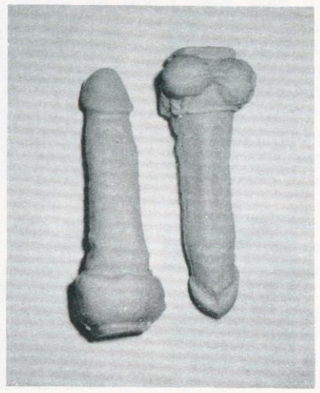
The Titanic



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

THE TITANIC **$14.95**

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ROTA-VIBE



Here's a great toy that not only vibrates but rotates too. ROTA-VIBE is 8" long and averages 1¾" in diameter (perfect size). Its flange base allows it to rest upright on any flat surface and its switch permits instant reversal of the rotating action (clockwise and counter-clockwise). Soft flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber. Batteries included. Sold as a novelty to adults only (state you are over 21) and sent in a plain carton via insured parcel post.

ROTA-VIBE **$19.95**

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be moved to anger at your lover's lack of foresight that led to his neglect in making a will.

Blame him not alone, however. Somehow the thought of death is far from a gay guy's mind—particularly if he's sexually well-adjusted and/or sexually active.

It is a lesson sadly learned, for all of this could have been avoided had he simply gone to a stationer's shop, and for less than $1 have purchased a standard Last Will and Testament form; filled in the blank spaces (all those 'Greetings' and 'Whereas-es' are inserted and need no legal eagle to interpret or record); then have named you as the sole beneficiary and the executor of his estate (or else tossing Aunt Minnie a 'hush-puppy' of $10 to keep her from baying); then have had the signing of the will witnessed by two or more disinterested persons (states differ on the number); this could have been placed in your joint safety-deposit box and forgotten until the day of his death. You'd have done him the same courtesy. The thought that no one is immortal would have surfaced for at least that once only!

Here is the simple procedure of how you—as his executor—might have handled it. It can save other gay guys thousands of dollars in needless legal fees and/or outright swindles—and a lot of grief. The procedure given here has been standard for decades. It may vary, but only slightly, in different states. In any case your County Court Clerk can advise you—without charge. For example, some states require only two *disinterested* witnesses to the signing of a will, some three, others four. Nevertheless this is how simply *you can*

PROBATE YOUR LOVER'S WILL

As the executor named in your lover's will you simply file a petition with the court (again checking with the County Court Clerk for the proper form). In this petition you state, among other things, the fact of the decedent's death; his domicile at the time of his death; the making of the will and the names and addresses of any persons interested in the probate (Aunt Minnie, for example). The petition "prays" that the will which is filed along with the petition shall be "admitted to probate." Along with the will and the petition you must give an inventory of your lover's assets.

Now the clerk of the court issues a summons—called a 'citation'—which must be served on all those persons who *would* have received a share of the decedent's estate *if there had been no will* (which is how Aunt Minnie got in the act), unless such persons waive their rights to issuance

and service of the citation (Aunt Minnie? Minnie-haha!) This gives such persons an opportunity to object to the probate (to contest the will). Then, if no objections are filed, the witnesses to the signing of the will are brought into court; their testimony as to the execution of the will is put in writing, and if the will conforms to the legal requirements of that particular state (be sure you have the prescribed number of *disinterested* witnesses!), the court will issue a decree admitting the will to probate. At the same time the court will authorize the issuance to you, the executor, a certificate of your authority, called "letters testamentary." In some states the court also requires notice to be given to all the beneficiaries in the will. This is called "notice of probate." If you're the only one, well, lucky you!

This, however, does not mean that either you or any others named as beneficiaries are free to take your loot and go. The notice of probate is *informational* only, and does not mean that any person receiving notice will be automatically entitled to the gift mentioned in the will by the decedent.

Since your lover has named you as executor "without the necessity of giving bond" you have crossed the first hurdle. But you must file an oath that you will honestly and faithfully carry out the duties of your office. This means that from his estate every debt of your lover is paid—beginning with his funeral expenses, as mentioned. The undertaker will wait (albeit impatiently—biting his nails up to *here*).

As mentioned, if there are other beneficiaries—and without specific bequests of particular items (a painting, a vase, a watch, et cetera), the estate must be converted into cash. Any of the decedent's contracts which survive his death must be carried out just as he would have done. You then render unto Caesar (alias the IRS) what is Caesar's; and unto the State Tax Authority whatever it levies. Of course whatever expenses you have personally incurred in administering the estate must be reimbursed by the estate. Then the remainder is available for distribution to the "legatees and devisees" under the will in whatever shares/proportion the decedent provided. If it's just you . . . the whole bit.

Finally, as the executor, having completed your administration, you are under a duty to the court and to any beneficiaries to furnish a detailed, accurately-rendered account of your executive stewardship.

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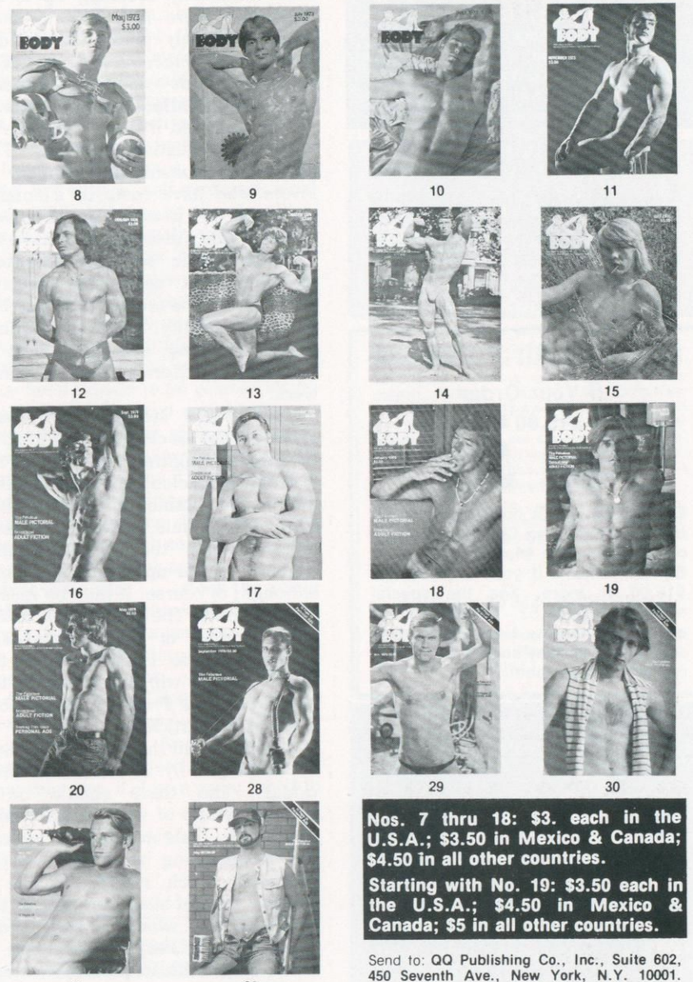

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together many long and trusting years, and to whom the possibility ever voluntarily breaking up is unthinkable, there is a way to avoid probate entirely if one should die. And that is to *make no will*, yet set up such *safeguards*—one for the other—that the 'Aunt Minnie' situation would not be repeated if there were one or more blood-relative survivors. This may have considerable appeal to lovers who have roots in a smaller town and feel it would be distasteful (even possibly disastrous) to have the light of public scrutiny—and suspicion—turned upon the survivor, particularly if he must continue to live in the community. To do this requires careful planning, but it is not at all complicated. Here's how it would work:

Each would 'sell' all his possessions, except his clothing, to the other for a realistic figure—high enough not to create suspicion. A standard Bill of Sale can be obtained from a stationery store, or one could be made up. Each, literally, 'sells' the other the entire contents of the apartment or home, although, of course, it may be mostly *jointly* owned. The home itself, or the other homes or real estate—and money—can be transferred to the other without will, as noted in the *Non-Probatable Property* suggestions listed in this article.

It is important that each Bill of Sale be witnessed by *disinterested* individuals, and there should be a *different group* of witnesses for *each* Bill of Sale. This avoids any 'squealing' or gossiping by 'friends' of the deceased which might stir up a hornets' nest of suspicion among the survivors, and which, in turn, could mean lawyers, lawyers and more of same, and result in possible (expensive) legal action.

Now the 'sales' are perfectly legitimate. A check for the total amount of *each* sale would be given, along with a Bill of Sale—one to the other—and the checks would be deposited. Then, having cleared, they would—like the Bills of Sale—be retained, each by the other. In short, there are *two* Bills of Sale and *two* cancelled checks. Since the checks would be drawn for the same amount this 'crisscrossed' effect would be that the money simply 'goes back where it came from'. Then if one dies, the survivor destroys the Bill of Sale and the check made out to the deceased, while retaining the Bill of Sale and check made out by the deceased, showing the survivor to be the sole and rightful owner through simple purchase. In essence, the decedent leaves nothing as an estate except his clothing. Of course, since they had been 'friends' for many years the surviving lover would pay the funeral expenses and there would be left 'not a dime of nuthin' for Aunt Minnie and others to claim.

Now in mini-form, here are some examples of other

NON-PROBATABLE PROPERTY

1. If your lover had taken out a life insurance policy naming you the sole beneficiary (as you would have done for him), this comes to you outright without going through probate. Metropolitan Life sends you a big fat check and it's yours clear and free. It is not mentioned in the will.

2. Also non-probatable is property jointly-owned with your lover "with right of survivorship." This applies generally to real estate.

3. Savings-bank or commercial checking accounts of the 'either or' kind. Either may sign checks—double signatures are not required. Upon the death of one the other simply checks out the balance and opens a personal account.

4. Property held in an *inter vivos* trust. This might be property jointly owned in different states. For example, you both bought a house in Vermont where you spent the summers; and another in Florida where you spent part of the winter. This, however, has certain ramifications that cannot be discussed in one article.

It is because of this, and the wish to acquaint our readers on how to avoid probate of many other kinds of property (securities, mutual funds, and others), that we urge you to purchase a copy of *How To Avoid Probate* by Norman F. Dacey.

This remarkable book—the only one of its kind that we know of—is actually a 'survival kit' for those who want to derive all possible inheritance from an estate without paying a dime to a lawyer, a trustee, or an appraiser. The book is filled with easy-to-understand information, and is replete with examples of wills and other documents mentioned in this article—and their *variations*!

The book was updated in 1976 and has most estate lawyers foaming at the mouth, because what they have made complicated Mr. Dacey makes simple, and the layman quickly sees through the whole farce of legalistics in probabing a will.

How to Avoid Probate is published in paperback by Crown Publishers of New York and costs $7.50. It should be available at your local bookstore. It can save and *earn* for you that amount thousands of times over—even *hundreds* of thousands! Don't be without it if you have a gay menage, although it is certainly *not* directed to gay people.

In any case, whether you get the

book, *make a will* and *do it now*. Wills, after all, can be changed if you should change your mind. If your will is properly drawn and witnessed the courts will hear you clearly from the grave . . . and comply.

• • •

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES

(Continued from page 10)

drained you of every drop.

While young he will retain the slim build, and be slightly egotistical about it. As he begins to get older, ditto. But he will always need a tan. As far as being a permanent partner, his prospects are pleasing. The only problem is; after 35 he will require additional partners. Of course, he will be too passive to go out and get them, so you will have to do it. But it may be worth it as he will be, if not rich, at least financially stable, and above all, steady. He will work ploddingly at highly rewarding things. He may paint, entertain, or write articles such as this one. At any rate, money will never be a problem except that he will tend to lavish it on worthless friends.

Woody Allen, Peter Fonda, Frank Sinatra, David Bowie, Mick Jagger, David Cassidy and Peter Frampton are all *long* types. The older this type gets, the better you'll like him, because you'll understand him better. He will probably spend a small fortune on porno, and on other fad things. He may throw wild parties and philander to his heart's content. But no matter what, he will always love you. Especially if you're witty, somewhat intelligent, basically masculine, and willing to give in to his ego enough to reassure him his hair is not falling out, even as you are driving him to the toupee shop. Flattery will get you everywhere, but it must be at least based on sincerity. And he'll always give you as much dick as you can handle.

"In the cases where people definitely belong to one body type or another," writes Dr. Larry Green, "one can tell a good deal about their personality from their physical structure." I already said that myself. I quote Dr. Green only to back me up.

But what about "average" people? In their case, if you find such a creature, the body type to which he *most* applies will be indicative of his basic personality. You may think these are sweeping generalizations. They are, to a certain extent, as psychology of whatever branch is not exactly an exact science. But some people put a lot of stock in astrology: "What sign are you? Oh, no! Fire and water don't mix!" Some depend on personal evaluation, but that is always pre-colored by the evaluator's experiences and conceptions of how things and people sould be; it can only be a realistic measurement *after* you get to know a person well.

Others go strictly by how handsome or hunky somebody is. They usually wind up with a self-centered aloof bitch. Still others go by handkerchiefs, which are really intended for wiping up cum stains. Always remember that the displayer can show his colors as he sees himself, and that's as vain as a hook-nosed guy who never looks at his profile.

Since personality characteristics have been proven to be related to the evolution of the egg and its layers, they are difficult to change. In fact, there may be no reason to change them. But that's why it's important to recognize these three basic types. Appearances can be deceiving, they say, but not so much so if you undress them first with your eyes.

Just to be sure . . . stock the refrig with *pâté de fois gras* and fine wine; buy a few dozen avant-garde books for prominent display on your dresser; and stash some barbells under your bed. Then you're set to please *thick*, *wide* or *long*, or all *three* if you're lucky! And when they wonder how you knew so much about what they like, it'll be a great boost to your ego!

• • •

IS IMPERSONAL SEX PATHOLOGICAL?

(Continued from page 17)

what they are, personality-wise, in reaction to the way they are treated. So do humans.

Even though some gays I know are animalistic in their approach to sex, and others are selfish and egotistical, I feel certain they are in a minority. But whatever they are is the result of their particular socialization experience. Most individuals in our society, beset by parent and competition-bred insecurities, need acceptance, confirmation and justification. Part of this need is inescapable. Life requires incessant decision making: *white or red wine, my dear? shall I buy a Jag or a Triumph? are you going to be tacky or sincere?*; and so on. Because of insecurity most of us need to be assured we are making the "right" decisions. We are therefore overly pleased to meet someone who shares

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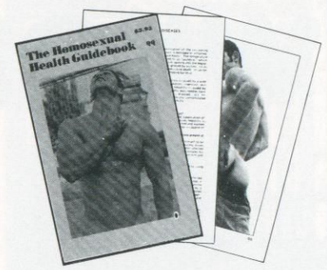

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our penchant for Peter Frampton or peanut butter, our desire for fire and disdain for rain. Whenever we find someone who likes a lot of the same things we do, we should know that this constitutes one important basis for *love*.

Nevertheless, we do not automatically fall in love with everyone who shows acceptance of us. Other needs clamor for attention and satisfaction. And the more needs one person can satisfy, the more likely we are to "fall in love" with that individual. One of the foremost needs is sex—and here's where the problem begins. The mores of our society strongly discourage us from seeking sexual gratification from anyone we do not love. And such love, according to the rules, should *precede* sex. Although many persons, an ever-increasing number, disregard this restriction, others remain very frightened of a purely sexual relationship. Thus, to avoid frustration and social rejection, we fall in love as quickly as possible. The pressures are so great—internally and externally—that many of us cannot consciously choose to love or not to love. It becomes inevitable, like death, income taxes and policemen.

In addition, our society is very marriage-oriented. Like the old rock record that repeated "get a job" over and over, we're told to "get a wife" from early childhood until either we finally do, or else tell all the tellers to fuck off! Many persons, unable to withstand the constant "get a wife" pressure, hurriedly and subconsciously force themselves to fall in love so they can get married, have sex, and get mother off their back. This partly explains why there are so many divorces; marriages are *not* made in heaven!

This also helps us to understand why many gays think marriage is one of the rights they should be fighting for. So let's take a quick look at the pros and cons of gay marriage (before we get to the concupiscent point of this article—copious, lusty, non-guilty, impersonal-swinging-sex).

Although a gay marriage may be considered an actual marital union according to sociological definition, it is not considered valid by law. Many gays argue that there would be longer-lasting gay marriages (like heterosexuals?) if society would lend its support and approval. They attribute the high number of failures to society's pressures rather than to any inherent weaknesses in such relationships. Sociologists Del Martin and Paul Mariah refer to two men who are now in their 70's and have lived together in gay marriage for more than 50 years, "at the same time consenting to on another's occasional seeking of extra sexual gratification outside their relationship." (Maybe *that's* the key to their endurance with each other; one of the major causes of het divorce is one partner "cheating" on the other.)

Even though we all know of such successful gay marriages, it is my personal belief that the proposition is generally unworkable within the current requirements of our society. Not only does a gay marriage have all the same problems of a straight one, but there are numerous additional problems: "Try telling your boss you can't move to a new job because of your male husband," writes Dennis Altmen. Other practical problems center around inheritance rights, tax laws, and the psychic cost of being involved in a same-sex union that society does not accept. The reasons, then, are obviously not the oft-repeated lie that gays are more promiscuous and undependable. Because such unions are not bound with the curses of legality—alimony, expensive divorce trials, children to consider, and so forth—it is much easier for gays to call it quits and break up their "marriage."

Everything we've ever heard about gays has been derogatory. I used to believe that most of this homophobia was caused by ignorance and fear, because an openly unashamed gay is a threat to the Macho-masculinity of the average straight—he's afraid the gay will bring out some of the homosexual traits which the straight fights to keep buried to the point that *this* can often be rightfully termed a pathology. But the more I've thought about it, the more I am convinced that the underpinnings of straights' hatred for gays is basically jealousy. That's right, *jealousy*! In his own beliefs (whether they're true or not), he believes that all gays are purely sexual animals, going from one partner to the next, in an endless chain of orgiastic orgasms. After all, he's read that gay guys often get their rocks 4 or 5 times a day with various partners, and he knows that all they do is cruise parks and bars. Psychiatrist Martin Hoffman generalizes that "the most important fact about a gay bar is that it is a sexual market-place. Men go there for the purpose of getting sexual partners. If the gay bar did not serve this function, there would be no gay bars." So if psychiatrists spill out that kind of biased palaver, you can imagine what ignoramuses think!

Sure, hets have their bars as well. But the average straight can't score at the drop of a hat like he believes a gay can. Women play harder to get; besides, he's got the wife and kids to

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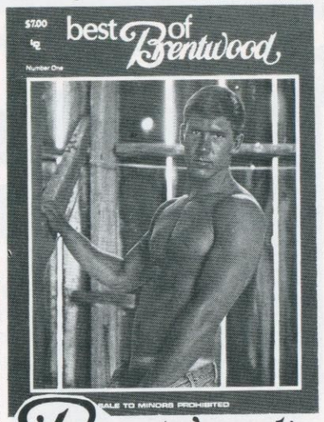

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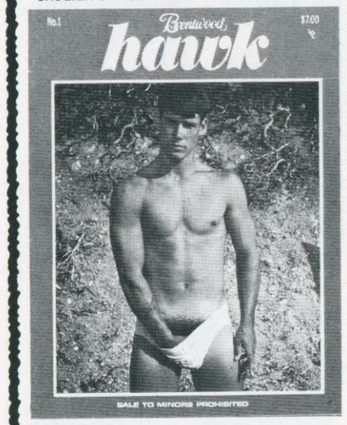

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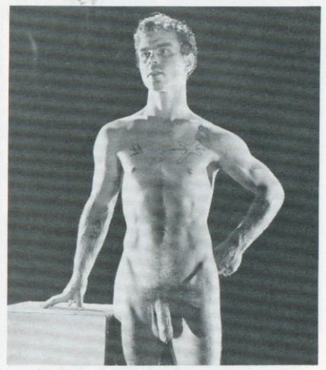

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think about . . . he has to sneak around and not get caught. The average white man has an equally distorted image of the Negro's sexual prowess, which is no doubt one of the basic reasons for his hatred of Blacks.

By far it is pure, plain old jealousy that perpetuates the straight hate for gays. The ignorant ones call gays "queer" and let it go at that; the more intelligent ones, like psychiatrists, for instance, phrase their dislike in more flowery terms—"pertaining to erotic same-sex relationships," and so forth. But they almost always refer to it as a "problem," a "personality disorder," or a "pathology." This is because psychiatrists are only in it for the money. If they couldn't find anything wrong with it, they'd lose many of their patients. Reminds me of the old cliche about the two shrinks talking. One complains to the other: "Oh Lord, *all* my homo patients are *so* sick!" "God, I know what you mean," replies the other; "So are all my hetero patients!"

In spite of the fact that the American Psychiatric Association recently removed homosexuality from its list of mental illnesses—so long as the person is content with it and does not wish to change—they purposely reclassified it as a "sexual disorientation disturbance." They're not about to lose a large share of their business which comes from convincing gays that something about them is sick, or pathological. Perhaps I'm exaggerating about the gay-is-sick-so-we-can-make-money angle; many psychotherapists are sincere individuals who could care less about how much money they make. Still, most of them, like the others, continue to insist that homosexuality, and any type of impersonal sex relationship without love, is pathological *per se*. They cannot tell you *why*, in plain English. They just believe it, and build up a whole set of phony paradigms to sustain their belief.

A perfect example of this appeared in *Newsweek* recently. Dr. Charles W. Socarides, clinical professor of psychicatry of Downing Medical Center, was quoted as saying: "It's quite wrong for homosexuals to be treated as criminals . . . but . . . it is a devastating disease of psychological origin." What this man is really saying can be translated as: "Let's take the gays away from cops, who beat them up, and turn them over to us so we can cure them." Stick it in your ear, Socarides!

Let's turn now to a consideration of the *consequences* of the *love*—the doctors and the rest of our society—proffer as being the normal and desirable thing. First, being in love makes it easier to have guilt-free sex, to marry, and to view oneself as a well-adjusted, healthy citizen. Love also tends to alter certain psychological processes, such as creating the error of over-evaluation. The doting lover is doomed, either to eventual painful disillusionment, or to the permanent delusion that so closely resembles psychosis.

You could infer that I am babbling about immature infatuation instead of "real" love. Mature love, you may insist, is a broadening, deepening experience. But of course you offer me no scientifically valid definition of what "real, mature love" actually is; if there is, in fact, such a thing. Rather, you may change your attack and claim that love *promotes* maturity. But that theory is equally unimpressive without some indication that the individual would not have matured just as readily without the influence of love. Indeed, to the extent that love fosters dependency, it may well be viewed as a *deterrent* to maturity. The person who seeks love in order to obtain security will, like the alcoholic, become increasingly dependent on this source of illusory well-being. *This*, not impersonal sex, borders on pathology! If you think about people you have known, who are so hung-up on the concept of *love* that they spend their whole life chasing but never finding it, the shoe is on the other foot. *They* are the pathological ones!

The secure, well-adjusted person who would seek love most likely would not trap himself in this way. Which raises a different question: would a secure, well-adjusted person seek love at all? One very definite conclusion that can be drawn from that question is the non-love-seeking person in our society is likely to be in a state of either very good, or very poor, mental health; no in-between. Considering the person to be in very poor mental health requires no extended explanation; I've already parroted that standard sexual stigma of our society, the inability or non-desire to love equals "pathology."

The statement that a non-love-seeking person can be in excellent mental health will be less acceptable to traditionalists. But if the need for a love relationship is based on insecurity, conformity to social pressures, and sexual frustration, then it follows that the person who is secure, independent, and has a satisfying sex life will not *need* to love. He will be, instead, a person who does not find his own company boring—a person whose inner resources are such that other persons, although they provide pleasure and stimulation, are not absolute-

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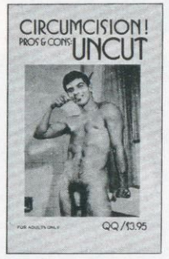

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ly necessary.

What would a non-love-seeking, or "unloving" person be like? Cold? Well, a cold person is one who does not give us the warmth *we* need. Calling someone "cold" says more about the person doing the calling! Absence of warmth is responded to negatively only by those insecure persons who interpret it as a rejection. Similarly, a gay satyr (the equivalent of a female nymphomaniac) can be defined as a person whose sex drive is stronger than the one calling him a satyr!

Would the "non-loving" or "love-free" person be egotistical? Perhaps, but only if we relieve that word of its ugly implications. To be self-centered does not mean to disdain the worth of others. We're all basically self-centered, self-preservation and all that! Do not confuse self-ness with selfishness.

Would the "non-loving" person be amoral—that is, would he be neither moral nor immoral, but outside the pale of moral judgments? I hardly think so. More likely, if he handled the situation well, he would avoid the falsely structured goals of love and marriage, the sheer dependency on which can be pathological, as strenuously as he would attempt to find the peace of mind that comes from the security of satisfaction with his own self-identity. Above all, he would know who and what he is . . . and accept it.

Let's examine briefly the sex life of the non-loving person. What would it ideally be like? Would it result in happiness? First, I'm sure he could have sex purely for the physical pleasure derived. He would not choose a partner for the purpose of making himself feel wanted, or a lot of partners just so he would appear to be popular. He could cruise a bar and not feel worthless or defeated if someone failed to pick him up. He could enter into a purely sexual relationship with another person, based on a desire to enjoy sex—without getting all hung up in trying to make the other person love him, and without going through the games of trying to buy their love. He could totally escape the feeling that he *must* love the other person because psychiatrists tell him that's what he must do to be normal. He can take sex—when it's available; on the other hand, he can be perfectly content with other interests and pursuits when no sex is available. He would not feel driven to go out and find a sexual partner just to prove something to himself or anybody else.

Most important, he could fuck, suck, rim, eat, lick in the wildest orgies, or luxuriate in the warmest intimacies in a one-to-one encounter, all with no guilt feelings. He will be totally free to avoid the pathology of being forced into trying to be someone he's not. That comes pretty close to a definition of happiness, I'd say.

Researchers at the Institute for Sexual Research, Martin S. Weinberg and Colin J. Williams, reach a summary of impersonal sex quite different from the old-like Freudian psychotherapists: "Sociology traditionally conceptualizes impersonal relationships as superficial, tawdry, depressing, or pathological. This conception ignores the fact that such relationships may be defined as positive by the people involved. It ignores the fact that participants may interpret the impersonal experiences as fun, enjoyable or satisfactory."

Of course, these two men are on the payroll of Indiana University. They're not after your dollars. The psychotherapists in private practice who continue to preach that there's something pathological about impersonal sex per se *are* after your money. Their greed is probably more pathological than your impersonal sex affairs.

You don't need them if you've got your head screwed on straight. Neither do I.

• • •

GAY HAWAII

(Continued from page 23)

Reef Towers, about a block from the beach. Doubles here start at $12. It's a good hotel; famous Don Ho entertains here.

Right next to the Cinerama Reef is the *Halekulani*—a very pretty complex of low (two-story) ranch-type structures in a tropical setting right on the beach. Rates in these cottages start at $24 for a double. The family bungalows, some with kitchenette, start at $34. The Halekulani falls in the shadow of the *Sheraton-Waikiki*, a 1900-room giant next door. It, too, is on the beach and is a beautiful full-service hotel. Relaxed too, and the favorite of all luxury liners on the beach. The lobby is lively and young and the hotel is right in the center of the surrounding action.

Up the road a'piece is the new *Hyatt Regency*. It's not on the beach but just across the street. The structure is magnificent and the multi-leveled lobby is beautiful. If you don't mind crossing the street in your bathing suit and like posh—this one is for you. rates here are about the same as elsewhere.

The *Holiday Inn* across from Kuhio

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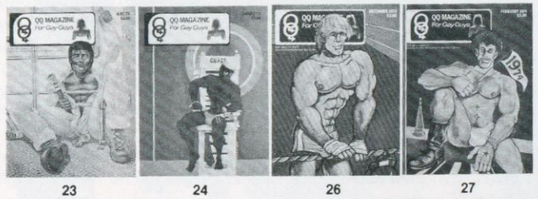
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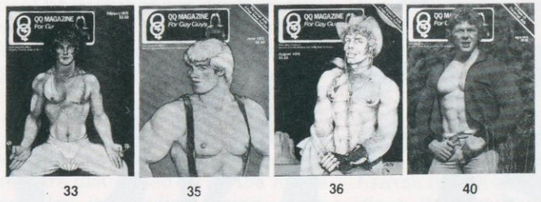
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Beach (a section of Waikiki Beach) is the last big hotel before you come to a clearing—the park that encompasses Queens Surf, the gay section of Waikiki Beach. So if you're up with the sun and want to hop out of bed and walk the shortest distance to the gay stretch of sand—this may be your place. It's typically Holiday Inn and doubles start at $25.

These are just a handful of the many hotels you have to choose from. Again, I suggest you consult a good guidebook before going. If you use a travel agent and he suggests a place in Waikiki—listen to him; the area is small and everything is right there . . . it's only a few steps more or less to wherever you're going.

WHAT TO WEAR

The Islands are strictly casual. Slacks and sport shirt are all you need for the finest restaurants. Most of the time you'll be in a bathing suit by day and your dungarees and t-shirt at night. Don't even bother packing a suit. It's warm—so don't take a jacket (unless it's for effect). If you intend to do the other islands and visit the volcanoes then take a sweater or a sweatshirt to wear on the sightseeing trip as it can be cool at great heights.

WHERE TO EAT

There are plenty of restaurants for every taste and budget—starting with *MacDonald's* (the prettiest one you'll ever see) right in the heart of Waikiki on Kalakaua Ave. (the main drag). And there are a lot of Jolly Roger-type places—one of the most popular being *The Rigger*, in the Outrigger Hotel (still another popular place with average-income tourists who want to be on the beach) on Kalakaua Ave. opposite International Market Place. Good food—and even a big dinner will cost you under $5.

Free newspapers and magazines listing all the restaurants by type and price are distributed in all the hotels and also in vending boxes along Kalakaua Ave. Generally speaking, the food is American—exactly what you're used to eating at home.

GAY OAHU

The airport is less than 20 minutes away from Waikiki—and you can see Diamond Head (please refer to the illustrations) in the distance. Going in the direction of Waikiki you'll pass by or through downtown Honolulu—which has its own places of gay interest. Farther on, getting closer to Waikiki, you'll pass by the Ala Moana Shopping Center, which also has some gay offerings. But let's cross the Ala Wai Canal that separates the Waikiki area from Honolulu proper, and begin here.

As you enter this area the hotels and condos loom up (a new gay bar called *Under Construction* is supposed to open in this section soon) you'll come to Ena Rd. Turn right off Kalakaua Ave. and right there is number 478. This is the *Lavender Fox*, a gay movie house that has hot flicks, live sex acts, and a lounge with several curtained stalls with glory holes for patron participation. Admission is $5 at all times. The movies are typical. The live show leaves much to be desired—mainly because silly adolescents make up the stable of performers. They have difficulty getting hard and are likely to burst into giggles—which is a big downer for everybody concerned. Jack Wrangler tells me he's trying to wrangle performance time there next season—and if he does it will certainly do a lot for the L.F. Go any day after 3 P.M. It's best after 8, though, and Friday and Saturday nights get the biggest crowds. There's a small porno bookshop out front and poppers, etc. are for sale.

Go back to Kalakaua, cross and go right and you'll be on McCully St. Walk left less than two blocks, past open space, and you'll come to a big parking lot that's used by buses. Here you'll find *The Tomato*, a low one-story building; it's the second most popular gay watering place in town. There's dancing, but the cruising is good because of the layout. There's also entertainment, and snacks (bars that serve food are permitted to stay open 'til 4 A.M., as compared with bars that don't and must close at 2 A.M.). The guys go back and forth between The Tomato and Hula's.

Hula's is the most popular gay spot in Waikiki (and in all of Hawaii for that matter); it's a short walk farther towards the center of Waikiki, at 2103 Kuhio Ave. (corner of Kalaimoku St.). Built mostly outdoors under a huge banyan tree, it is first and foremost a disco. Because it's a good disco—it does get some hip straights too. But you come here to dance, not to cruise—because as in most discos cruising is not the thing. If you do make out it will probably be in the late afternoon when guys stop by to make a pickup after the beach.

Go to the corner and you'll be back on Kalakaua Ave. Between Kalaimoku St. and Lewers St. are *three porno peep arcades*—all of which are cruised. The best is the one next to the National Car Rental garage. It attracts a gay crowd that comes to play and also make the straight studs who come in to see the 25-cent flicks. The boxes that feature the gay films are in a cul-de-sac sort of passageway and it is here that a lot of action comes



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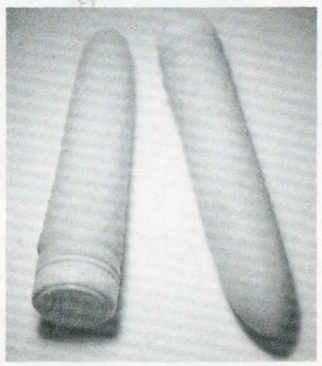

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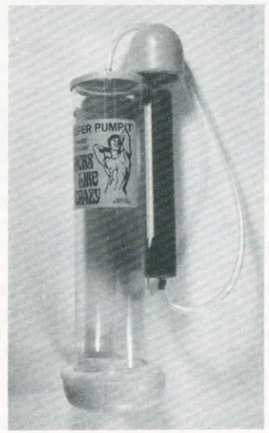

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to pass. The arcades are busy in the late afternoon, when guys are on their way home from the beach, and after midnight when those who failed to make out at the bars stop by for a quickie. Of course, there are the ever-present regulars.

Continue on to the corner (Kalakaua Ave. and Lewers St.) and turn left and you'll be at number 307. This is the *Steam Works*, a gay baths that's on the 2nd floor and open 24 hours. It has everything one expects at a modern baths—carpeting; music (too loud, but it does have a good beat for sex); orgy room (this one is in maze form and the action is hot and heavy . . . it's dark so everybody makes out); porno movie room; TV lounge; sauna; private rooms; showers; etc. Lockers are $3 and rooms $5; take a locker and order a room—which will become available in about three hours on a busy night. It's the best place in town for a lot of sex and, overall, the crowd is goodlooking. A lot of military men from nearby Hickam Air Force Base (including black guys—who don't seem to use the beach in the daytime) make the scene. As you read this a new baths, called the *Roxy*, is supposed to be opening—and it promises four floors of fun. What happens remains to be seen (a new baths opened and closed last year). The Steam Works is good, and it's packed every night—but, frankly, I don't think the gay crowd is big enough to warrant another baths. We'll see.

Farther along, opposite the International Market Place, is the arcade entrance to the Outrigger Hotel (next to the Rigger Restaurant). The john here is cruised all day but mostly after midnight when it does see action.

Continue walking and you'll come to the old Moana Hotel (its terrace is the one that always turned up in World War II-vintage movies filmed in Waikiki). This is the last big hotel on the stretch of beach in central Waikiki and right next to the hotel is a public john and change-room known as the "*A-frame.*" It's cruised all day long and the daring will even do things during the busy hours. But it is best cruised at night when the crowds are gone. There's plenty of action here but caution is advised—because it's a favorite with hustlers . . . and they're the same the world over.

Continue on and just before you come to an expanse of green you'll be at the Holiday Inn across from the beach. Go around the corner; the *Blow Hole*, 124 Kapahula St. gets an older crowd and is best afternoons because it's near the gay beach and is a favorite with new friends who want to stop and chat over a drink before going home.

Keep walking towards Diamond Head through Kapiolani Park. The Zoo is here, and tourists come to the band-shell to see the free Kodak hula show every morning. Just this side of the Aquarium, on the beach, is a section of Waikiki Beach called *Queens Surf*; the change-room and john next to the Aquarium (it's the one that houses a food concession; the other change-room is not good) is where gay life is—and it is cruised and used day and night. This is the gay strand—where everybody gay in town who does the beach scene sooner or later comes to sun on the beach or the palm-shaded lawn behind it. It isn't exclusively gay but mostly so and a very pretty spot—much less crowded than the sections near the hotels.

Cruising is everywhere in Waikiki. The guys are from the mainland, for the most part, and there are plenty of California surfer types. There are some hustlers, but not many—but they're here if you want them, and the hip straights are all available. Pay particular attention to the boys who drive the pedicabs (a rickshaw-type bicycle that can accommodate two passengers) along Kalakaua Ave. They wear shorts and sneakers and nothing else—and know their buns are watched by their passengers. So if you don't want to walk a few blocks and do want an easy commercial contact—pick out a good one . . . and you'll get a good ride!

Walking around in International Market Place is fun. Lots of shops and pretty things to buy (see shopping comments below)—but, mostly, Waikiki is for suning and surfing and sexing—and it's all so great!

Now let's go back across the canal towards downtown Honolulu. Just over the canal you'll come to Atkinson Dr. You can walk it but it is a little far for a stroll. The *Cocktail Center* is at 435 Atkinson Dr. It's not that popular with tourists because it's away from the mainstream. Guys on one side, lesbians on the other.

As we continue towards the old downtown section we come to the *Ala Moana Shopping Center*, a huge complex of stores, restaurants, galleries, etc. This is where people from all over Hawaii come to shop for clothing, furniture, etc., and it's a place most tourists in a shopping mood visit many times. The *john near the Byron II restaurant* is cruised during business hours, especially at noon time. Beautiful numbers—but meet and leave; the layout is bad and the place is watched by security police.

Walk to the other end of the Center and you'll be at *Piikoi St.* At *404* is a low frame structure that has stores

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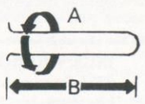

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(Records Hawaii being one) on the ground floor and various shops and offices on the second floor. Use the stairway on the ocean end and you'll find a john upstairs that's cruised all day and well into the evening. It doesn't have a great turnover but it's busy enough to keep anybody happy. There's a glory hole between the end stall and the urinals—and it sees action. Few tourists here; mostly locals—mainly Japanese and Portuguese (there's a big population of both nationalities throughout Hawaii). You might connect with some very great-looking guys if you're lucky—for action on the spot or later on.

Let's move on to the downtown area (too far to walk; take a taxi or bus—the bus fare being only 25 cents even if you ride to the far side of the island). There's the *Armed Services YMCA*; its main floor john is lightly cruised until 11 P.M. when it is off limits to civilians. Nearby is the *Question Mark*, a gay bar at 43 So. Beretania St. It gets a crowd of paying johns and selling hustlers. Nearby is Honolulu's porno street, *No. Hotel St.*, which runs through Chinatown (small and not worth visiting). Mostly straight porno movie houses, peep shows, sex acts, bookstores, etc., but at number *32* is the *Risque*, a theatre in the rear of a gay bookstore. The movies are poor and, on the whole, so is the crowd—in terms of quantity and quality. But you might luck out with a closet sailor who has managed to drop his buddies; the back room is dark and has curtains for privacy and sees a lot of action. In the front store are 25-cent peep shows and it is possible to make out in the small booths. The peep show booths in the straight stores are also cruised by gays looking for rough trade—in case that's your bag.

Up the street is the *Glade Show Bar*, 152 No. Hotel St. Drag queens perform here for gay and straight tourists and sailors in the area who come in out of curiosity or because they're turned on. If you're good in such cruising situations and like seamen—give it a try. Go at night when the crowds are heavy . . . and don't wander down a dark alley with a tipsy Marine!

Not far away is the *Aloha Tower*. It's from here that all cruise ships leave—and have for many years. Pier 10 is used by the Pacific Far East Line and at its entrance is a john that is cruised daily by locals. It is especially busy when a ship is in port. There's action here but if it gets too crowded and you meet somebody nice, walk on over to Pier 9; as you enter the building there's a john on the right and it's very private.

Now, starting out in Waikiki, take a bus or a cab (about 10 minutes) towards the mountains to the section called Manoa. Here is where the *University of Hawaii* is located. On the campus go to *George Hall*; the john on the main floor (use the main entrance, turn right) is cruised and used . . . it has a good glory hole.

On leaving this john, turn right and then left and walk to the rear of the building and go up to the third floor. There's another john here and it has a busy glory hole. The action is heavy and security police are never around.

Walk a short distance away on campus and you'll be at *Sinclair Library*. Anybody can enter (you're only checked on the way out, for books—never for ID . . . the University invites tourists to come by and sightsee). Go down the stairs (walk right as you enter) and you'll find a big john. In spite of the fact that the outer door is usually left open, the end stalls (urinals side) have a connecting glory hole—and it's used constantly.

As far as sightseeing is concerned, if you want to get away for a few hours then I suggest you drive over to *Hanauma Bay* (there used to be a good john here but it has been torn down); the beach is very pretty. If you want mountain scenery drive an hour to *Makaha*, where you might want to lunch at the Makaha Inn and Country Club—haven of golfers. The grounds are beautiful, and the accommodations are too, but it's dull, dull, dull. Near Honolulu (less than a half-hour by bus or cab) is *Pearl Harbor*, a pilgrimage every American should make. Regular cruise vessels make the trip from Waikiki but that takes four hours and you aren't allowed to visit the Arizona Memorial—constructed over the sunken U.S.S. Arizona, the battleship that was bombed and went down with over 2,000 men—whose remains are still there. Instead, go out to the main gate and take the free Navy launch to the Memorial. You get a free (and accurate, I might add) account of the bombing and can get off and stay on the Memorial for as long as you like. It's a must for every first-time visitor.

And finally, there's a straight nightclub not far from the airport that might appeal to you. The *Dunes* features naked waiters. Jack Cione's studs also put on a show for the audience of panting women—who come mainly to get a closeup look at their tables . . . and whose tips are sometimes tucked under the balls and other pouchy spots. Cab drivers know the way. The fun is nightly at 8:30.

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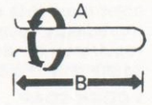

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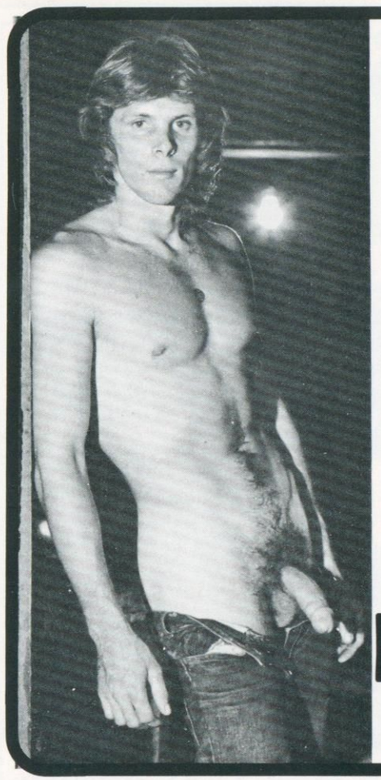

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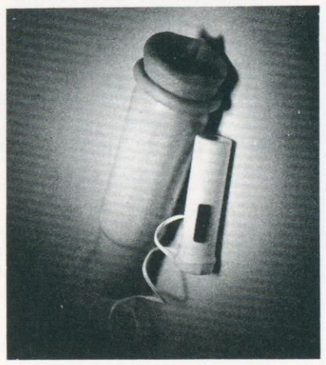

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OUTER ISLANDS

You can island-hop by plane; it's the fastest way of getting around (flights average 20 minutes) and the cheapest—allowing you to spend a day or two in each place. For a little over $100 you can hire a small plane to do the main islands in a single day and see most of the sights as you fly over them. If you refuse to fly there's hydrofoil service (the Seaflite terminal is 923-2071). The ride can get bumpy and if the engine conks out (it can and has happened) you'll get sick to your stomach bouncing on the waves until service arrives. Or, if money is no object and you're a good sailor (I promise you'll get seasick if you aren't), visit the islands by cruise ship, starting out in Honolulu and returning there after a seven-day cruise. The advantage is that your ship is your hotel. If you'd like to know more, then write Pacific Far East Line, Pier 35, San Francisco, Calif. 94133.

HAWAII

This is the "Big Island"—and you come to see live volcanoes (if you're lucky you'll see an eruption). Refer to a good guidebook for a hotel. If you want something different stay at *Volcano House*—which is perched high on the rim of a crater in *Hawaii Volcanoes National Park*. You can do the sights in a rented car or by bus (Gray Line can be booked before you leave through any travel agent in Honolulu). If you go by ship your ground tour will commence in Hilo; you'll udoubtedly stop at *Akaka Falls* first (surprisingly much prettier in the pictures you take and see when you return home than they appeared in person). If you take a bus tour you'll probably stop at an orchid nursery on the way up to the volcanoes. On the way back you might want to stop at *Kaimu Black Sand Beach*; it's pretty, and so are the surfers there.

If you run into gay life here it will be through luck. Do the sights and save the action for Waikiki. You'll be more relaxed if you go with that in mind.

MAUI

Most tourists like Maui best of all the Outer Islands. It has a quaint village called *Lahaina*, once a whaling town and now a mecca for surfer types—mainly from California; the clubs swing at night—but they aren't gay. Nevertheless, a lot of humpy guys are available for a price—perhaps a smoke. You'll see the same humps out at *Makena Beach* (check it out on a map when you get there), which is legally free (nudism permitted by law). Action in the bushes is possible.

In Lahaina visit the stores in a complex called the *Lahaina Market Place* on Front St. Its john is cruised; sometimes things happen there (especially at night) but it's mainly for meeting. Farther up the street is *Whaler's Market Place*, another complex of boutiques, restaurants, etc., not unlike those in Provincetown, Mass. The john here is lightly cruised . . . and sometimes used.

About five minutes away by road (there's also a narrow-gauge train that carries tourists back and forth) is *Kaanapali Beach*. It's here that you'll find the best hotels—situated on a very pretty strand. *Whaler's Village* (similar to Whaler's Market Place) is here; the john is cruised. Farther up the road, past the landing strip, is *Honokowai Beach Park*; the john is great . . . surfer types fill its glory hole. Look for the Honokowai Superette; the john is in the park across the way.

The major attraction on Maui is the *Haleakala Crater*—the interior of an extinct volcano big enough to accommodate the island of Manhattan! The sun plays tricks as it rises and sets, casting a rainbow of colors on the valley. I'm told that if you get up there before sunrise the sight is reward enough for the pain suffered in getting yourself out of bed. I tried to see it two days in a row but low clouds that spat rain prevented vehicles from getting to the top. It's cold too, so dress warm. There are other natural wonders on Maui, such as *Iao Valley*; the *Seven Pools*; and the *Waianapanapa Caves*. Read about them in the travel books before you go; they are especially romantic spots if you go with someone special.

KAUAI

The main attraction is *Waimea Canyon*, the "Grand Canyon of the Pacific." Go up to Kalalau Lookout and on the way back view the *Spouting Horn*—a lava tube that's under water and gushes spray as waves rush in. *Fern Grotto* is another beautiful sight; you go by river boat (there's no other way) to a cave. The trip is very hokey—lots of tourists being entertained by a singing boat captain. The Bali Hai scene in the movie "South Pacific" was filmed at Lumahai Beach.

If you stay overnight or longer I suggest the *Kauai Surf Hotel* on Kalapaki Beach, near Lihue. It's a huge complex and the beach is very pretty. If any gay guys are around you're bound to meet them here; just sit around on the beach and let it happen. One guy I know, a mainlander who now lives there, cruises the hotel and seldom fails to reap a harvest of fresh tourists as soon as they arrive. This same guy tells me he sometimes goes to Coco Palms, a resort at *Wailua Beach*—where the public john has an active glory hole.

WHAT TO BUY

In addition to typical souvenirs, you will probably buy some coral jewelry. You'll undoubtedly buy a few colorful *aloha shirts*—but don't overdo it because you'll feel silly wearing them when you return home. Don't even bother looking for good art; there isn't much. The art galleries stock "mass art" and it's overpriced. If you want something local, the artists hang their paintings on the fence surrounding the Zoo in Kapiolani Park every Sunday after 10 A.M. Don't spend much. Note the pretty compositions depicting fish in flight, fashioned from unusual molds made of the same material used in missiles and driftwood imported from California. They all bear a brass tag hammered in place by the artist—John Perry. And, of course, pineapples (Dole are best, but Delmonte is all right—the only brand available at the airport . . . in case you buy at the last minute). They're sold by the box for easy transport home and average 85 cents per fruit. Also, macadamia nuts. Visit the Hawaiian Holiday Macadamia Nut Co. showroom on Kalakaua Ave. in the Hyatt Regency in Waikiki.

USEFUL WORDS

You'll hear—and use—two words constantly. The first is *aloha*. It means hello, goodbye, I love you—in fact, any expression of love, affection, pity, mercy, compassion, greeting (depending on the situation and intonation). The second is *mahalo*; it means thank you. You really don't need to know any other words . . . this is America and everybody speaks English. These words, however, are used with affection—and Hawaiians appreciate your using them.

As far as the written word is concerned, remember *kane*; it means male—and you're likely to see it on the door of a men's room. On the walls of the johns you might see the word *haole*—used by a guy describing himself. It means Caucasian person. On the same walls you will often see *Port*. That, of course, means Portuguese—not that difficult to figure out but helpful if you know in advance.

And that, my friends, is Gay Hawaii. Go and enjoy . . . just as soon as you can. *Aloha!*

The Hawaii Visitor's Bureau is helpful. Offices at: 2270 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu; 609 Fifth Ave., New York; 3440 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles; 209 Post St., San Francisco; 400 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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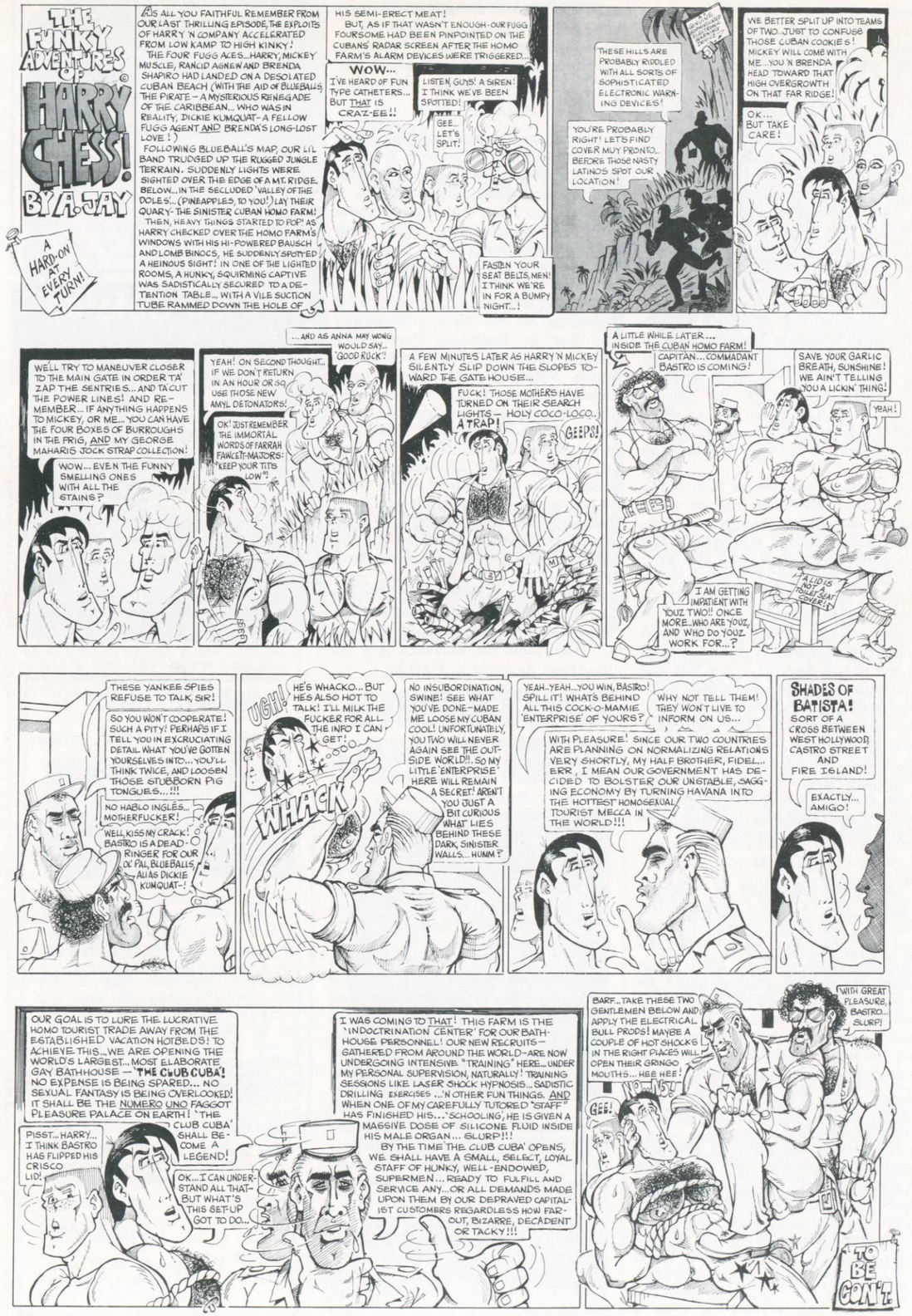

Good Life Products, Inc. is a "Quality-Vitamin Clearing-House." We carry only the highest quality, purest potency health supplements secured from the best manufacturers.

SINGLE VITAMINS

#100: VITAMIN A
Derived from the livers of fish caught in deep, cold seas, each gelatin capsule contains 10,000 U.S.P. Units.
3 Months $2.50
8 Months $5.95

#110: VITAMINS A & D
Derived from the livers of fish caught in deep, cold seas, each gelatin capsule contains 10,000 U.S.P. Units of Vitamin A and 400 U.S.P. Units of Vitamin D.
3 Months $2.50
8 Months $5.95

#212: VITAMIN B-1
Thiamine Hydrochloride in potent 100 mg. tablets.
3 Months $2.95
8 Months $6.50

#223: VITAMIN B-2
Riboflavin in potent 100 mg. tablets.
3 Months $3.95
8 Months $8.95

#232: VITAMIN B-6
Pyridoxine in potent 100 mg. tablets
3 Months $3.95
8 Months $8.95

#243: VITAMIN B-12
Cobalamin in potent 500 mcg. tablets
3 Months $5.95
8 Months $12.95

#200: B-Plex
This B-Complex Stress Formula is a combination of the B vitamins prepared from Brewer's Yeast plus Vitamin C from Rose Hips concentrate.
3 Months $11.95
8 Months $26.95

#310: SUPER-C COMPLEX
Highest potency Vitamin C Complex derived from Rose Hips, Citrus Bioflavonoid Complex, Rutin and Hesperidin Complex.
3 Months $5.95
8 Months $13.95
17 Months $25.95

#345: "C" ROSE HIPS
Potent Vitamin C as Ascorbic Acid in 1,000 mg. tablets.
3 Months $5.95
8 Months $12.95

#400: VITAMIN E-COMPLEX 100
Mixed Tocopherols forming a complete E-Complex distilled from unrefined, cold-extracted vegetable oils in 100 I.U. capsules.
3 Months $3.95
8 Months $8.95

#405: VITAMIN E-COMPLEX 200
Mixed Tocopherols forming a complete E-Complex distilled from unrefined, cold-extracted vegetable oils in 200 I.U. capsules.
3 Months $6.95
8 Months $14.95

#410: VITAMIN E-COMPLEX 400
Mixed Tocopherols forming a complete E-Complex distilled from unrefined, cold-extracted vegetable oils in 400 I.U. capsules.
3 Months $10.50
8 Months $22.50

#415: VITAMIN E-COMPLEX 1,000
Highest potency mixed Tocopherols forming a complete E-Complex distilled from unrefined, cold-extracted vegetable oils in 1,000 I.U. capsules.
3 Months $21.95
8 Months $51.95

#490: LIQUI-E COMPLEX
Mixed Tocopherols in a base of cold-pressed Wheat Germ Oil liquid. Excellent for people who cannot swallow capsules. Each 5 drops contain approx. 100 I.U. (20,000 I.U. per bottle).
2 Oz. Dropper Bottle $5.25

Treat Yourself To The GOOD LIFE With 100% Natural & Organic Health Products

ONE-A-DAY MULTIPLES

#75: FORMULA VM-75
Super potency multiple vitamins with amino acids and chelated ("pre-digested") minerals in a natural-base tablet.
3 Months $14.95
6 Months $26.95

#620: LORAVITE
High potency multiple vitamins and minerals derived from animal and vegetable sources in a natural-base tablet.
3 Months $11.95
8 Months $26.95

#660: VEGEREX
High potency multiple vitamins and minerals derived from vegetable sources only in a natural-base tablet.
3 Months $11.95
8 Months $26.95

FOOD SUPPLEMENTS

#800: BEE POLLEN
100% pure Bee Pollen gathered by bees from the flowers of Southern France in potent 500 mg. tablets.
3 Months $5.95
8 Months $12.95

#777: CHELATED MULTI-MINERALS
Multiple tablets containing 10 essential minerals in "pre-digested" form for immediate absorption. Six (6) tablets daily recommended.
90 Tablets $5.95
180 Tablets $9.95
360 Tablets $17.95

#700: ACIDOPHI-CAPS
By use of a scientific freeze-dried process this product is alive with millions of "friendly" Lactobacillus Acidophilus organisms to aid in re-establishing (i.e., after using antibiotics) and maintaining favorable intestinal flora.
3 Months $4.50
8 Months $9.95

#730: GARLIC-PARSLEY
These tablets contain 3.5 grains each of garlic and parsley. The mixture provides the benefits of garlic without the odor. May be taken up to 3 times daily as desired.
100 Tablets $2.25
250 Tablets $4.95

#825: LIVER TABS
Desiccated and defatted liver fortified with Vitamin B-12 and Red Bone Marrow plus B-Complex factors and Amino Acids. Once daily or as desired.
100 Tablets $2.75
250 Tablets $6.50
500 Tablets $11.95

#830: LIQUI-PRO "15"
The highest potency liquid protein available—a full 15 grams of predigested protein per ounce (2 tablespoons).
16 Oz. Bottle $7.95
32 Oz. Bottle $14.95

#999: PURE KOREAN GINSENG
Made from 6 year-old roots, imported and bearing government seals. Each capsule contains .8 gr. Once daily or as desired.
50 Capsules $10.95
100 Capsules $19.95

#1000: PURE SIBERIAN GINSENG
Used by U.S.S.R. cosmonauts and Olympic athletes. Each capsule contains 250 mg. of pure ginseng. Once daily or as desired.
100 Capsules $6.95
250 Capsules $14.95



COMBINATION OFFERS
Save up to $16 on certain items by buying your vitamin needs in combination.

#850: SUPER SEX COMBO I
You get 1 bottle each of Loravite (#620) or (specify) Vegerex (#660); B-Plex (#200); Vitamin E-1,000 (#415); 3ee Pollen (#800). By buying the combination you save $5.00 on the 3-month supply and $10.00 on the 8-month supply.
3 Months $46.80
8 Months $108.80

#851: SUPER SEX COMBO II
You get 1 bottle each of Loravite (#620) or (specify) Vegerex (#660); B-Plex (#200); Vitamin E-1,000 (#415); Pure Korean Ginseng (#999). By buying the combination you save $6.00 on the 3-month supply and $15.00 on the 8-month supply.
3 Months $59.80
8 Months $141.70

#852: SUPER SEX COMBO III
You get 1 bottle each of Formula VM-75 (#75); B-Plex (#200); Vitamin E-1,000 (#415); Pure Korean Ginseng (#999). By buying the combination you save $7.00 on the 3-month supply and $16.00 on the 8-month supply.
3 Months $61.80
8 Months $155.65

#900: FAT FIGHTERS SPECIAL
You get 1 bottle each of All-In-One (Kelp, Lecithin, Vitamin B-6, Cider Vinegar); Aquatabs; Bio Slim Plus. All-In-One promotes weight reduction when taken with a low calorie diet; Aquatabs act as a mild diuretic to reduce bloat; Bio Slim Plus contains cellulose to provide a full feeling and reduce hunger tantrums. Recommended dosage is 3 tablets/capsules of each daily. These products are not sold separately.
100 All-In-One/60 Aquatabs/42 Bio Slim Plus $12.35
250 All-In-One/120 Aquatabs/84 Bio Slim Plus $27.85

#950: WINTER WOES DELIGHT
You get 1 bottle each of Formula VM-75 (#75) and Super-C Complex (#310). By buying the combination you save $3.00 on the 3-month supply; $5.00 on the 8-month supply; and $10.00 on the 17-month supply.
3 Months $17.90
8 Months $50.85
17 Months $99.75

#975: GRAY-HAIR-AWAY SURPRISE
You get 1 bottle each of Folic Acid (400 Mcg.); Pantothenic Acid (200 Mg.); PABA (100 Mg.). These products are not sold separately.
3 Months $7.50
8 Months $16.50

BONUS DISCOUNTS
You receive a Bonus Discount Certificate with every purchase . . . to save you money on every order thereafter. Act today!

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