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For Gay Guys

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For Gay Guys



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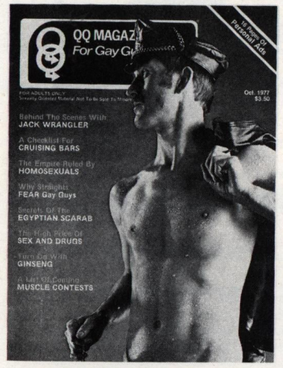

QQ MAGAZINE For Gay Guys

QQ MAGAZINE is the flagship of our company. Now in its ninth year it has never a publication date—and is read by more than 95,000 gay guys the world over. It is a quality publication that doesn't cut corners. Every issue is packed with more than 20 comprehensive articles on all subjects of interest to gay guys—Sex Technique, Gay Lib, Health, Travel, etc., plus the greatest photos found anywhere of rugged men in single and dual poses (undraped, of course), plus the only gay comic strip in the world—"The Super Adventures of Harry Chess." And a big 16-page bonus section of hundreds of Personal Ads! Full magazine size printed on heavy enameled stock with color front and back covers and b-i-g centerspread. Published bi-monthly; magazines are sent in plainly-marked, extra-heavy manila envelopes (so costly only Wall Street firms use them) that are carefully sealed to insure privacy. Sorry, cannot be sold to minors. One-year subscription (6 bi-monthly issues); $15.00 in the U.S.A.; $21.00 in Mexico and Canada; $25.00 all other countries.

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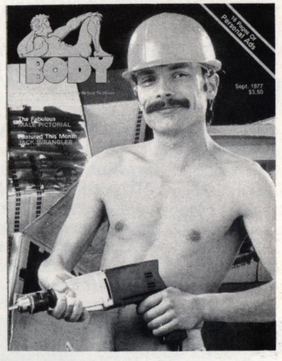

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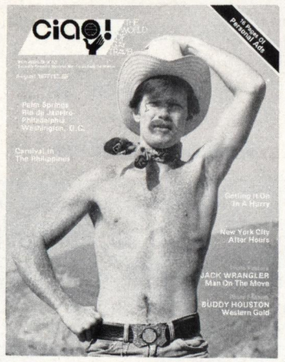

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Butyl Poppers

The Other Juice That Puts More Hum In Your Cum!

By Roger Watson

COUNTLESS gay guys have long been into poppers, while countless others would certainly like to be if some of the confusion about them could be dispelled. It so often appears that the more written about poppers, the less is understood; confusion is never clarified, but maddeningly increased by scoop-seeking newspaper reporters (who, in all likelihood, have never tried them). This is a pity, because the longer poppers remain pawns of unintelligent points of view, the longer the gay delay in turning on to this really *fantastisex* aphrodisiac.

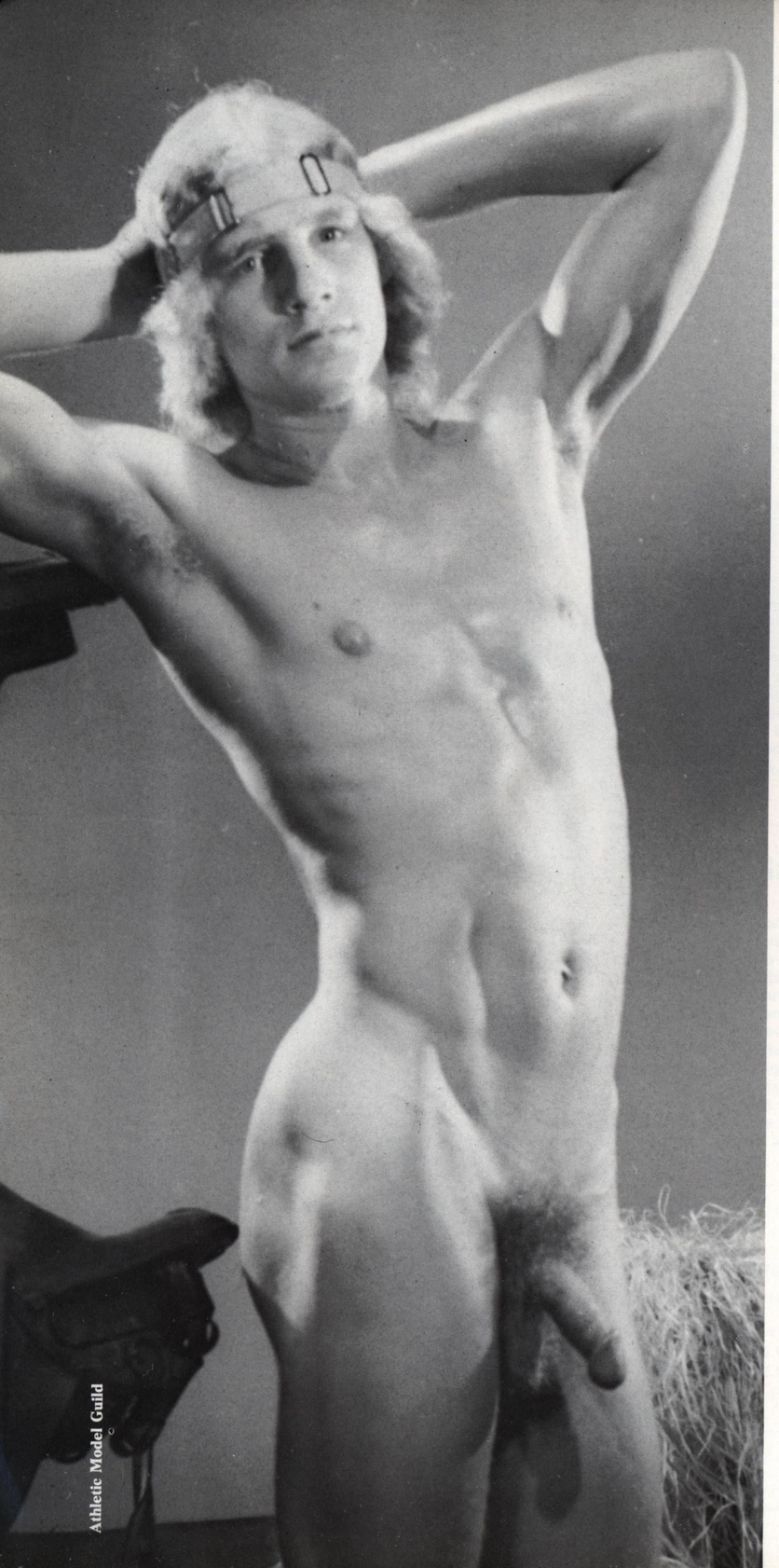
To separate the hocus from the pocus, or flack from fuck, we'd like to discuss poppers in the light of several questions asked about them: to clear up misconceptions, so that, if you wish, you can get into them without apprehension.

In general, these questions relate to (1) the two *kinds* of poppers—amyl nitrite and butyl nitrite; (2) whether they are safe to use by everyone; (3) are they habit-forming; (4) why is a prescription needed for amyl, but not for butyl; (5) what is the difference between them; (6) how do they work; (7) how can they be easily/regularly obtained; (8) just what is the physiological effect; (9) how long does the 'blast' last, and (10) what are the possible side effects?

IT ALL BEGAN WITH AMYL

For years physicians used amyl nitrite to treat patients suffering attacks of angina pectoris. By inhaling an ampule of amyl during an attack the weak heart began to pump vigorously; the entire vascular system was dilated, and blood rushed through the body freely. The weak heart, straining





to pump, was strengthened and pain was alleviated. But about twelve years ago physicians largely abandoned amyl in favor of—usually—nitroglycerin tablets. At that time amyl was available without prescription, and it was then that gay guys discovered it as a wild, far-out high that extended the euphoria of orgasm to infinity, so it seemed. In short, they found that a whiff of amyl at the time of near-ejaculation put more hum in the cum; the *sensation* of seemingly never-ending spurts of cum was simply out of this sphere!

The technique of self-administration was like that of the angina victim: to snap open the ampule and inhale the vapor through a handkerchief or tissue, because amyl nitrite is a powerful chemical and must be used with great caution. To get it in the eyes can cause certain visual disturbances; to spill it on the tongue and swallow it can cause nausea and other severe gastric upsets.

Of course, our gay whiffers—always ingenious—quickly caught onto the technique of encasing an ampule of amyl in a plastic benzedrine inhaler to make it last longer . . . enough, often, to see them through several tricks. Then—blessings unending—they found that this inhaler technique also permitted them to 'refresh' themselves whenever something sublime was happening during the course of sex, and—in effect—they could capture and 'imprison' the fantastic sensation for as long as desired before going on to other areas of eroticization. Eventually, enterprising manufacturers started turning out metal inhalers we are so familiar with today; generally, it is worn suspended from the neck for easy availability at the proper moment.

At $2.50 *then* for a box of 12 ampules, available over the counter, amyl was a real find. It brought sex to the near twenty-first century. Druggists who had large remaining stocks of it now found it selling like cotton candy at a county fair, and wondered why. Could a new wave of angina pectoris be sweeping the country? Finally the point was reached where they would sell out their stocks before new supplies could be manufactured. A puzzlement.

The Food and Drug Administration, however, didn't leave them in the dark for very long. Almost as fast as you can spit out "Anita Bryant" between your teeth, the FDA discovered the lowdown, cocksuckin' purpose amyl was being used for and declared it a 'controlled substance': a drug—as differentiated from the simple over-the-counter stimulant amyl had always been classified—and thus made it obtainable by prescription only.

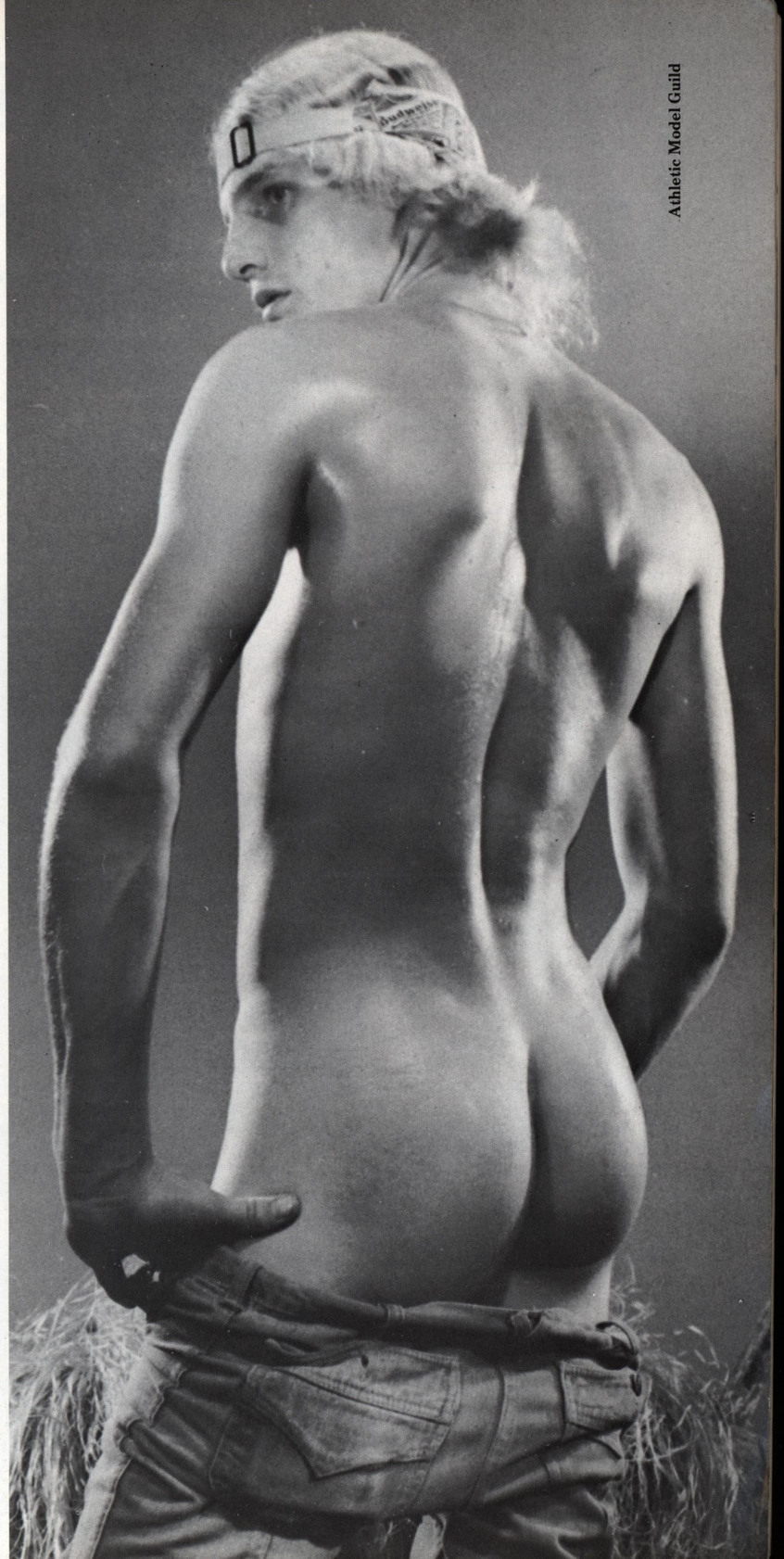
Just as with liquor and marijuana, when something that delights is denied the 'delighter' legally, it first goes black market (amyl shot up from $2.50 per 12 ampules to $5); next, hijackers and the syndicate get in the picture (and amyl went to $12); then the growing popularity of poppers as more gay guys got into them drove the price (supply and demand) to what is today about $15 for that same package of 12 ampules!

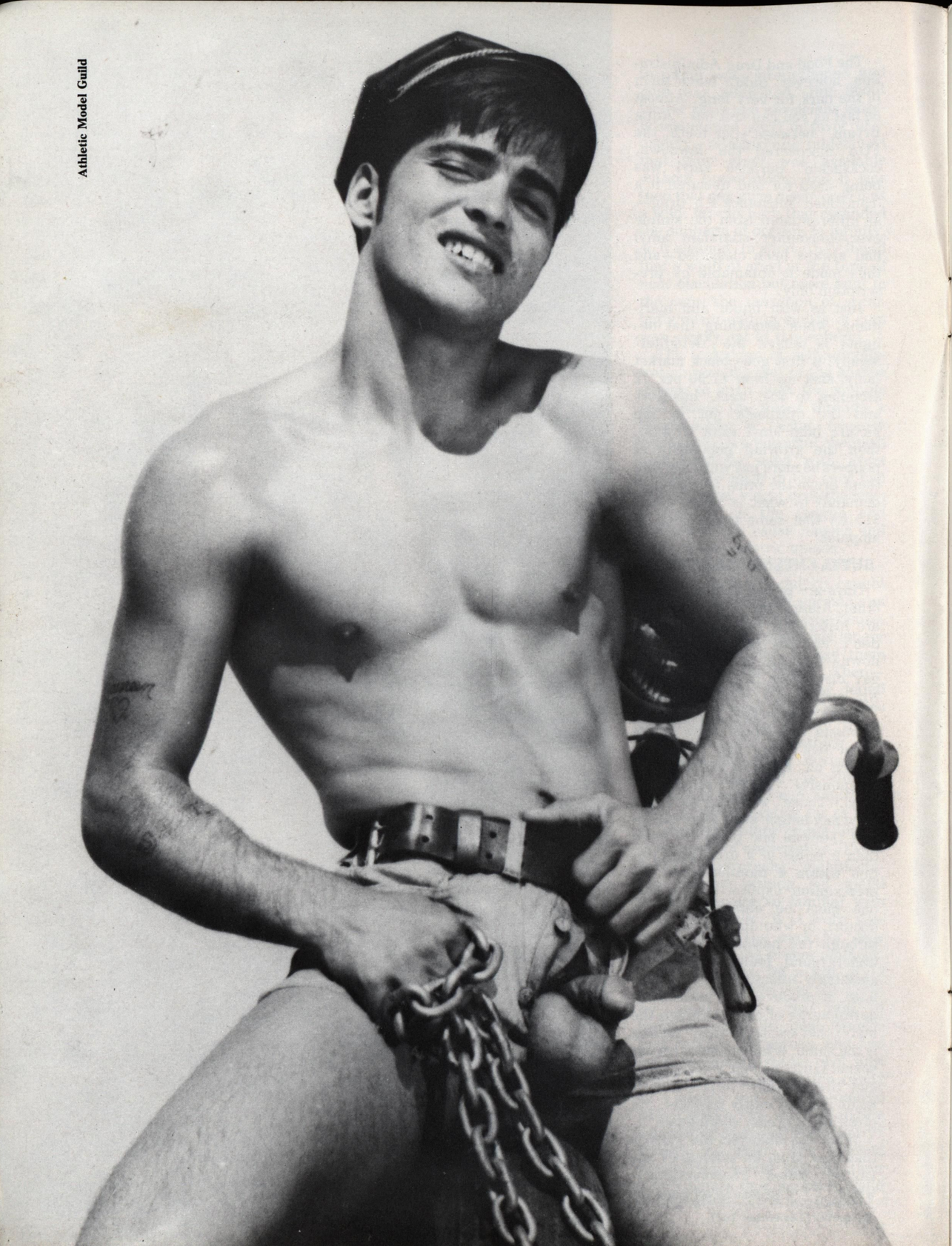
BUTYL ENTERS THE PICTURE

Gays are as law-abiding as any other Americans, and while we are historically the underdog we don't let this keep our spirits down—fighting oppression with gay cleverness instead of force. Not surprisingly, we usually win.

So when some gay/gay-inspired chemists developed *butyl nitrite* about two years ago it quickly caught on. Butyl is an effective, inexpensive 'kissin' cousin' to amyl. Those who couldn't get amyl any longer even by prescription (Federal law prohibits more than 5 refills of a drug prescription within 6 months—then the prescription expires and a new one must be obtained from a doctor), or who didn't care to go through the hassle of getting it underground, found butyl just as amazingly effective as a vasodilator. It produces the same wonderful surge of blood through the body; that exciting 'rush' feeling is the same; it helps lovers act out sexual fantasies just as colorfully; and the sexually 'impossible' is made not just easily possible, but erotically a dream come true!

What has annoyed the FDA is that they must be guided by the United States Pharmacopeia—which (*Continued on page 51*)





Getting It Up... A Gay Party

By Don Ellis

ASSUMING that you already know how to have a a two-man party, what about larger affairs? I've attended and hosted functions ranging from intimate dinner parties to orgies at which there were more than 100 guys. Each his its own purpose and guidelines (form follows function), and either type can be a smashing success or fall flatter than an empty tube of K-Y.

Take, for example, an after-hours party with a general invitation tossed out after you've had too much to drink and before the bar closes. Your address spreads through the bar faster than the clap, and even before you get home guests have started to arrive. Since it was a spur-of-the-moment whimsy, there are dirty dishes in the kitchen, the bed is unmade and the kitty litter is getting a little raunchy. If you've been trying to talk someone into moving in with you, forget it. Since there was no thought given to the guest list you may find a cross-section ranging from Dirty Old Men to teeny boppers. You don't know half of them (which has its pros—and cons).

Someone will figure out how to work your stereo, and soon couples will be dancing. (Just hope that your stereo is all in one piece the next morning.) You didn't count on so many turning up and there aren't enough ashtrays to go around. Cigarette burns on the sofa are likely. Many guests brought nothing to drink (don't expect that bottle of Scotch you've been saving to last long!). A sure as God made little yellow poppers, a few guests will wander off to the bedroom unless you've declared it off limits. This will attract the watch queens and may make those having sex feel a little exhibitionistic. The non-participants, in turn, may feel inhibited about joining the fun because they've not received a green light from you.

In any event, people will straggle out as the night wears on. The next morning irate neighbors awaken you, or the landlord presents you with an eviction notice. You suffer the *Christ-was-I-drunk-last-night* syndrome. Your apartment looks like the Chicago stockyards and you've got the nagging suspicion that some of your guests may simply have been using your apartment as a crash pad—that the party represented little of the concept of hospitality proffered and reciprocated.

So what's the remedy for these morning-after-the-party blahs? A little planning and common sense.

In the first place, there's bound to be a little chaos, so it's just as well to anticipate it. If you're planning a smart, sophisticated gourmet dinner, the soufflé will fall. If it's to be a come-one-come-all affair there are bound to be some guests whom you detest. Sooner or later someine is likely to get sick drunk, so it's a good idea to have towels handy and a quiet corner where they can sleep it off. And there always will be a little breakage, cigarette burns and dirty dishes to clean up afterwards—not to mention bills for food and liquor if you've not adjusted your entertaining to your budget.

There is, in other words, a delicate balance to be achieved between hanging loose and organizing the party down to the last martini olive. If you achieve it—and experience is the best teacher—you'll enjoy your own party as much as any guest. And you'll be prepared to cope with any minor emergency that crops up.

Here are some suggestions on how to put the *gay* back in gay parties:

1. Decide what kind of party you should have. Obviously if you live in a studio apartment and have snoopy neighbors you can't invite a horde of S&M devotees to to their thing. If you live in a large, reasonably soundproofed apartment, or in your own home, why keep it all to yourself?

2. Select your guests. Or at least spread the word as to what kind of party you're planning. If your circle of friends ranges from drag queens to leather queens, don't invite them all to the same function. Let them know whether you're planning a Halloween drag ball or an orgy.

3. If it's to be a chi-chi, dress-up affair, select a theme, mail invitations and do it up proud. But don't overdo it. Avoid being precise, or so busily organized that guests feel obliged to conform to a schedule—"Now we shall play charades . . . now it is time to have our dessert." As for a theme, it might be a birthday celebration, a holiday affair (for example, if a Valentine's party, guests might be asked to come dressed as famous lovers in history—gay or otherwise), or a bon voyage fling.

4. Don't go overboard. A guy with whom I once tricked from Texas, where, I'm told, Southern hospitality flourishes like magnolia blossoms, told me he just puts out plenty of Scotch, beer and salted peanuts. If that reflects your personality and those of your guests, fine. There's nothing sillier than a struggling college kid (*Continued on page 42*)



Athletic Model Guild

The 'Singles' Apartment CRUNCH

by Scott Young

A particular rallying-point of any Gay Lib demonstration is that gay guys are being discriminated against in housing, and are thus being denied their civil rights. Yet when this plank of their platform is examined for splinters it often shows up just as rough on the side of straight bachelors who *must* temporarily live together, as for gay singles who *want* to.

How gays and straights, as a team, are overcoming the 'singles' apartment crunch in cities and towns, other than great metropolises, was graphically pointed out by *The New York Times* of Sunday, April 24, 1977, and we shall discuss this more fully later in this article.

The flaw in the law that has made apartment rentals to singles a nightmare in so many areas is simply one of *omission*. A fluke. The Fair Housing Law, part of the Civil Rights Act of 1968, makes it illegal to discriminate in housing on the basis of one's race, color, religion or national origin. But *marital status*—or the lack of it—was not written into the law. Although the law was amended in 1974 to include sex (as *gender*, not as *action*), it was left up to states and cities to adopt anti-discrimination laws relating to marital status.

At present, of the 38 states and the District of Columbia that have written their own fair-housing/human-rights codes, only 15 prohibit discrimination because of 'unmarital' status. There is a lot of pussyfooting around these laws, however, and some have such quaint-to-ludicrous proscriptions as a section of Oregon law which refuses to support the rights of unmarried couples, by stating that the act does not apply if the "living arrangement would necessarily result in the common usage of bath or bedroom facilities by unrelated persons of the opposite sex."

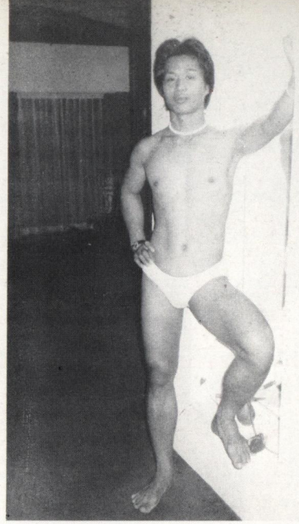
On the other hand, Atlanta has the right idea, saying, in effect—with reference to housing—"Anything goes, as long as it's *not prohibited by federal law.*" Detroit's ordinance spells it out definitively: "Fair housing acts prohibit discrimination, *period*—no matter *what* the conditions are!" Detroiters have good reason to feel so strongly since the city is predominantly Black, and Blacks know more about discrimination than any people alive.

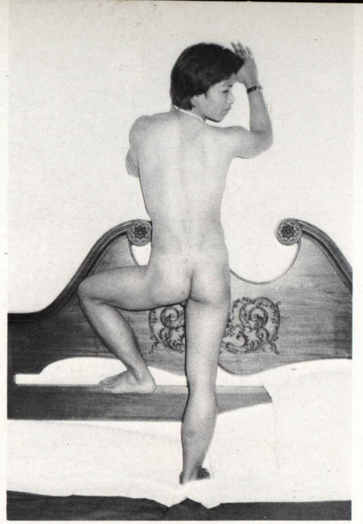
GAY 'ROUNDABOUTS'

Some cities, however, make a point of actually rallying to the support of gay singles in a kind of roundabout way that is no less valid. For example, the Fair Housing Administration in Houston voiced the view that if an unmarried man and woman could rent an apartment of choice, then it is discriminatory not to rent to two men or two women. Or vice versa.

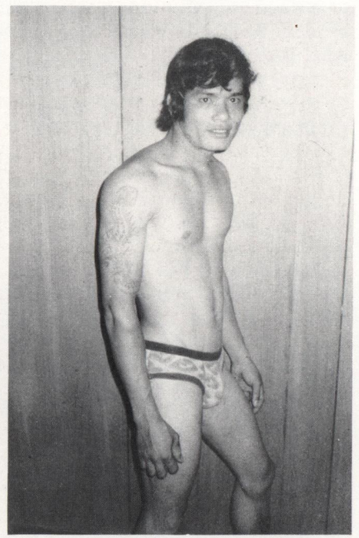
If more Gay Libbers would take the trouble to study their local ordinances to see where omissions and loopholes exist, and reach an understanding about how this might be collectively beneficial, even in such a roundabout way, in most cases they could win the battle without firing a shot.

Protests really get little accomplished. They do stir up a storm of sentiment (often as much *con* as *pro*), and such protests do bring out the dirty linen for a needed washing, but what usually results is just a haggling about which will do the laundry (*Continued on page 32*)



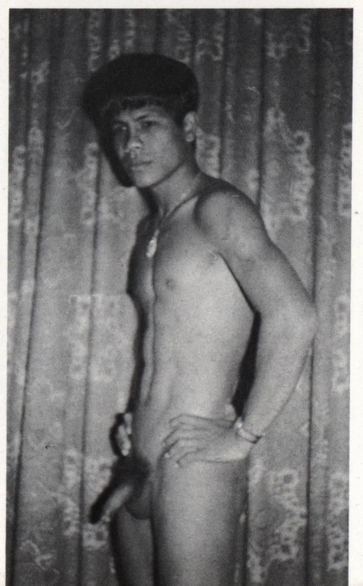












Gay Thailand

Bangkok & Pattaya Beach

By "Bill"

THE Thai name for their capital city, Bangkok, is now Krung Thep. Like Los Angeles this means city of the angels, and for most gay travelers lucky enough to get to this exotic city, that's just what it is. Located on the left bank of the River Chao Phaya, and known as the "Venice of the East," Bangkok is a city of strong contrasts. Its hundreds of gilded temples (wats), lively canals, glass and concrete office buildings, swinging nightlife and unbelievable traffic make it one of the noisiest, most mixed-up, and yet most interesting and enjoyable countries in that part of the world.

The Thai people are a handsome lot and are known for their cheerfulness and hospitality. They are also a strong, proud people who have had their independence since the 12th century and have never been colonized by the West. The young men show as much contrast and variety as the country itself. It's not unusual to see a young Thai in tight Levis tucked into cowboy boots praying in front of a shrine next to another young man in the saffron robes of a Buddhist monk. Additional diversity comes with the Chinese, Burmese, Laotians and Cambodians living there, and the Thai-Asian-Western mixture really makes for an exciting exotic combination.

The official language, of course, is Thai, but most of the young guys you'll meet speak at least enough English to get along, or will have a friend to help with the preliminaries. In all my visits to Thailand, some to remote areas in the North, I've never had any language problems that weren't easily solved. A friendly attitude and warm smile seem to work wonders, no matter where you are.

Bangkok is hot the year around so take comfortable, cool,easy-to-take-care-of clothing. Jeans are acceptable almost anywhere, and you often see locals and tourists in walking shorts. You might want a lightweight jacket as there are a few of the better restaurants that require a jacket in the evening. Generally, though, the attitudes about clothing are free and easy and just about anything goes.

Thai currency has remained remarkably stable for years. The rate is about 20 *baht* to the U.S. dollar.

Bangkok is spread out and there's a great deal to see. For nightlife, we're lucky, as the 'gay' hotel and best bars are all in one concentrated area. However, for sightseeing, you'll need to use public transportation unless you are a Spartan and really like to walk. Taxis are cheap, but never use their meters so you must agree on the price before you get in. Most trips in the city cost about 20 baht, or a buck. For a real cheapie, hop on a Samlar, one of the seedy looking, but fun, three-wheeled motorized pedicabs. Fares run from 5 baht (25 cents) to 15 baht (75 cents). If you're luxury minded, the better hotels all have fleets of chauffeur-driven, air-conditioned cars available. They have a set price list from the hotel to most major points of interest (prices are reasonable), or you can rent at a flat rate of $3 per hour. Throughout the evening taxi drivers cruise the streets looking for customers and offer everything from blue movies to girl/girl, girl/boy or boy and boy live shows. If this is your bag, you're in the right country, but dress down; leave the valuables in the hotel safe and carry a minimum amount of cash. You can also rent self-drive cars in Bangkok for $15 per day. I don't recommend this as traffic conditions are the world's worst, and the cars seldom have insurance. I personally like driving, but the Thais are fatalists and believe me, if you drive, you're taking your life in your hands.

Nightlife is varied and uninhibited in Bangkok. The Thais don't really have any hangups and feel sex is something natural and should be enjoyed to the utmost. Most of your cruising and barhopping will be in the Patphong Road area. It's a gaudy garish street of girlie (*Continued on page 36*)



Bangkok's Street of Gay Bars



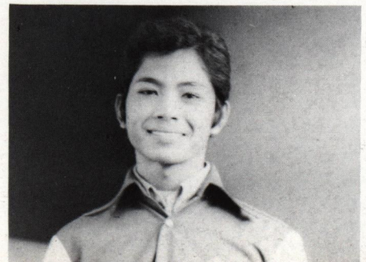
Tiffany's

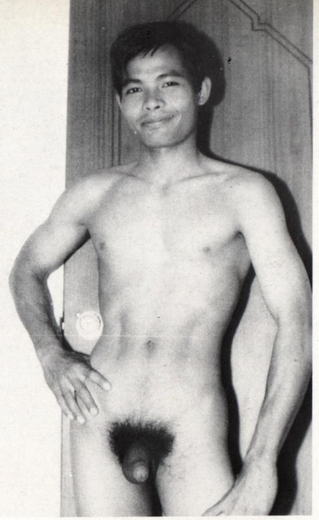


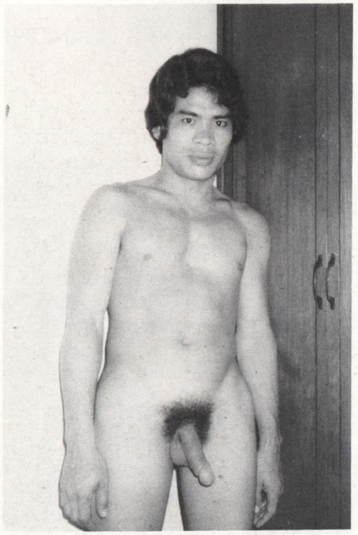
Tiffany's



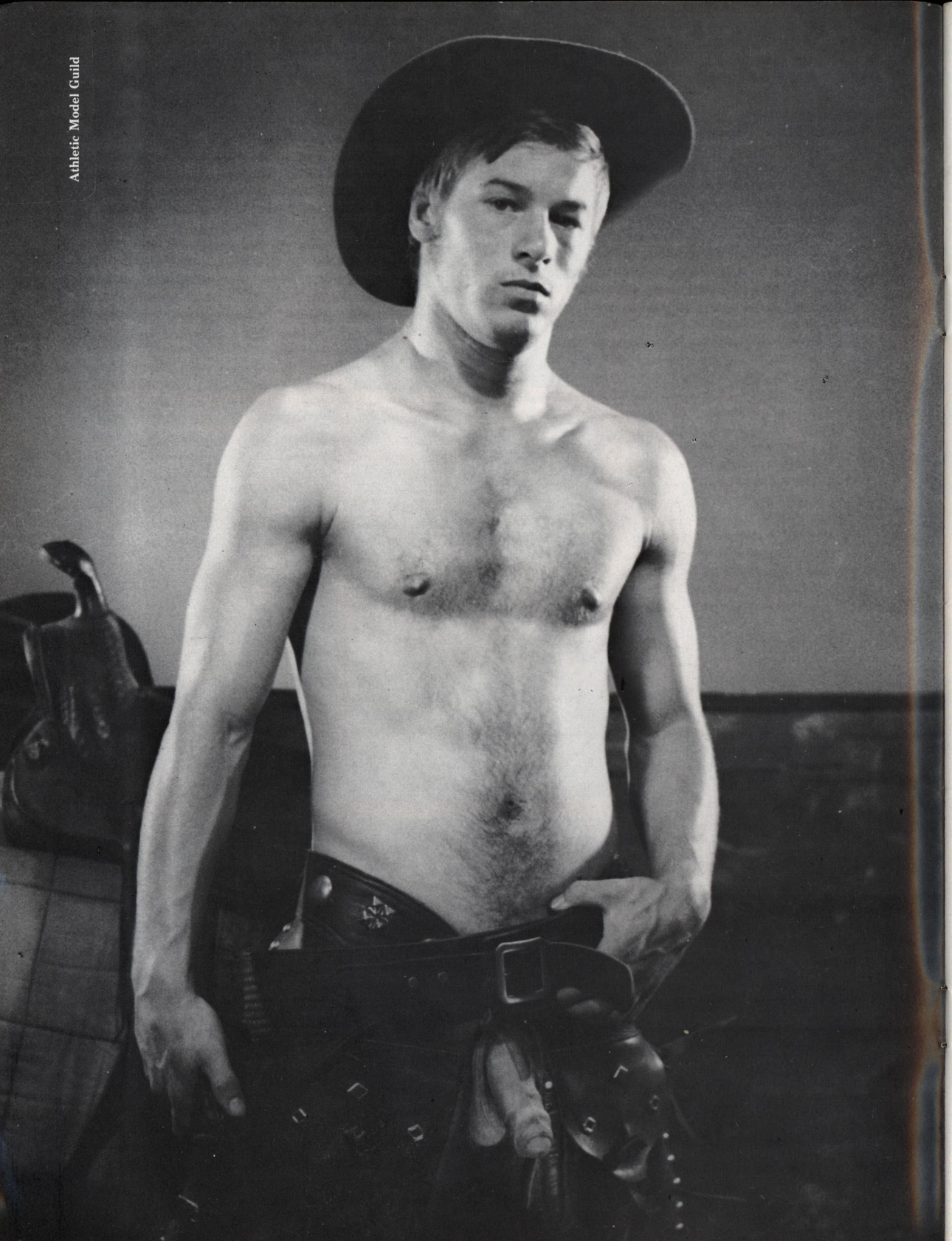
Fishermen at Pattaya











Parasites In Paradise

Tropical Travel Tips

By Jon Lorrimer

ABOUT the time this article appears, cold weather will be upon us—tropical vacation time for many of our readers. What few tropical-disease clinics we now have will soon be going full blast, immunizing an ever-growing number of vacationers against the ever-increasing hazards of bugs, amebas, worms and other tropical parasites.

Unfortunately there are simply not enough of these clinics, and since every large city is having its money woes, the first to feel the axe of economy is this important adjunct of its Health Department. In New York, particularly, which sees a a steady influx of 'illegals' from the Caribbean and Asian countries, many of whom are unwitting or uncaring carriers of tropical parasites, the city's Tropical Disease Clinic was phased out two years ago . . . just as our need for it was growing. And so it has fallen more and more to the great teaching hospitals here, and in other cities, to buttress this first line of defense for the traveler to/from a tropical 'paradise'.

New York Hospital has a very efficient but over-worked Tropical Disease Clinic. So does Lenox Hill Hospital. Lucky New Orleans has two facilities—at Tulane and Louisiana State universities. In Boston, the Travelers' Clinic of Tufts-New England Medical Center has an excellent, if far too crowded two-room facility which shares space with the departments of Allergies, Neurology and Gastroenterology—with long lines waiting to be served. But however small, it is most efficient and works something like this:

If you're going to some exotic place(s) you fill out a Clinic questionnaire about where you'll be traveling so that the *complete* and proper immunization(s) can be administered by (often) noted specialists who have lived in those very places. On the other hand, if you've just landed at Logan International Airport after a season in the tropics—with some ailment that's giving you the miseries . . . or if every time you wipe your ass you find a thriving new colony of worms on the tissue—the questionnaire you'll be asked to fill out will alert the doctors to the probable cause. In this way treatment can be speeded because it can be almost precisely pinpointed. But not *all* tropical diseases are so easily determined. Sometimes all the microscopy brought to bear on the problem will not show up anything concrete. For example . . .

TROPICAL TAPEWORM

How you got it . . . where . . . when—all ancient history. A specialist, having 'scoped for all possibles, and finding none, may suspect tropical tapeworm, particularly if you've been losing weight at a steady clip, although you've been consuming excessive amounts of all that delicious tropical food. You may say to the specialist, "Really, I can't understand why I'm losing weight since I feel as though I've been eating enough for two!" It's God's truth . . . and the tropical tapeworm has been enjoying every mouthful.

To confirm his suspicions the specialist will ask you to swallow a long string, wound up and encased in gelatin. As the gelatin dissolves, the string unwinds and 'worms' through the small bowel (upper intestine). When peristalsis has at last put it through its paces and the string is now full-length, he pulls it out through the mouth and—to your surprise, horror and disgust—discovers that the fluids coating the string have trapped a colony of tapeworm eggs . . . sometimes followed angrily by Big Daddy who's been caught in the string, and who's quite annoyed to have been diddled out of dessert. Of course, once the doctor's diagnosis has been confirmed he can give the correct medication to annihilate any remaining eggs, and soon you'll be back in fine fettle.

FINDING A CLINIC

What can you do if there is no tropical-disease clinic in your city, or if your local hospital has neither facilities, know-how nor trained personnel to diagnose/treat the many parasitical diseases? First, contact your County Medical Society to find if there is a t-d specialist within a reasonable radius, and—if this should prove fruitless—ask to be pointed in the direction of the nearest hospital/clinic *wherever*, so that you may have prompt diagnosis/treatment. Then too, in view of the vact that the rise in t-d has made treatment of it so lucrative, many physicians are becoming board specialists in this rare field.

THE SIMPLER STOMACH UPSETS

Almost everyone who (*Continued on page 30*)



Cumming Clean About What You REALLY Want

Try a Little Ballsiness!

By Gus Ditz

ONCE upon a happier time gay guys would be waylaying/haylaying *any* attractive number, with never a hangup to darken the sexual sky. Cruising had a light, bouncy ballsiness; an openness and directness. "Let cum what may!" was the trend of the day, and usually with happy results because no one expected every zipper to be a 'super fly'. So . . . maybe he wasn't heaven-sent; you'd chalk him up as a B-minus instead of an A-plus, and once again be on your cruising rounds—this in spite of the fact that times were rough for gay people and one had to be more cautious.

Although we are liberated today we are in danger of losing the spontaneity and lightheartedness of that blithe approach, along with much of the magic and joy of sex with a stranger. Why? Because we are becoming enmeshed in the overachiever-semantics and catch-phrases of the straight business world—traceable in part to the many business-type bisexuals now openly in our midst, to whom this achiever jingo-lingo is the language of their daily lives. It rubs off on us through our frequent association with them; we adopt it if for no other reason than a dislike of being out-of-step with trendy things; it makes us uncomfortable. For example, before this new breed of 'semanticat' approaches a possible trick he first 'assesses his input' . . . 'conceptualizing' him before 'running up the flag' (alias cruising).

Now if that exercise in sexual semantics seems joyless—already having dimmed some of the great sex expectations one otherwise might have had about the encounter—consider what happens once the 'conceptualized' number 'prints out' as a super humpy when sex arrives at the 'finalization' stage (alias bed).

The semantic hangup now is 'performance level'. That divine mystique of body eroticization we heretofore thought of as the strip, the buildup or foreplay, is expressed as 'orchestration'; it is now time to give a 'super virtuoso performance'. Nothing less is acceptable to this cold-blooded sexual semanticist because to be less than an overachiever is failure. But he does fail.

The sad fact is that failure after successive failure occurs because he has forgotten how to relax and enjoy sex without pushing. By trying to score higher *every* time on an imaginary success graph (impossible, because life is as much valleys as peaks), the psyche is wounded. The more consistently one fails in sex—as in anything else—the more predictable is failure.

This is no different from the boy who is unable to keep up his grades, and in dropping out of school is really saying, "I know how to *fail*. That's one thing I can do *well*, for sure." By inverse reasoning failure has become a kind of success . . . dropping out is the diploma that proves it.

This is why so many gay guys, seemingly never able to reach the upper rungs of the sexual ladder, drop out of the sex field, consoling themselves with a hand job. Masturbation—fantasexing, as we prefer to call it—is surely one of the most delightful *variations* of sex, whether performed singly, with others, or with that fantastic *Accu-Jac* (also singly or with others), but to use it as a 'diploma' for an involuted kind of sexual dropping-out is psyche-wounding.

SEMANTICS CONTAGION

It is interesting how these new sexual catch-phrases are beginning to shape sexstyles and lifestyles of some gay guys. Let's look at an example right at hand—this issue of *QQ Magazine*. If you'll read the complete listing of Personal Ads in this and other gay magazines you will find one phrase recurring with a snowballing frequency. First, the man who places the ad will provide a description of his physical self. One accepts it as an honest evaluation of how he appears to others, and certainly we would find him just as attractive as he says. Right away we'd like to meet him. But with tongues hanging all the way down to *there*, and with pen and paper poised, now comes the new litany of sex-semantics and catch-phrases:

Versatile; no fats/fems/B&D/S&M/drugs (perhaps not even pot, and most likely no FF, no WS, and no kinky sex); *act. Fr., pass. Gr.* (or vice versa).

What versatility? What's left but T&C (tea and crumpets), J/O, and WT (wishful thinking)? The message most readers would get is that the writer of the ad prefers safe, conventional sex. So what's new? *Everybody* sucks! Most fuck. And nearly

everyone manages to include some other form of delightful depravity in his sex repertoire. So if the writer of such an ad gets only a few replies he should not be surprised.

Our opinion is that he really *doesn't mean it*—or at least *all* of it. That in a kind of Pavloff's-dogs response he is semantically parroting the ads of others and hasn't stopped to reflect that variety is the spice of vice (and everything nice!), and that to rule it out arbitrarily, via blanket proscription, is to wind up with a hand job—not as an exciting possibility, but as dour necessity.

SECOND CHANCE

So next time why not *try a little ballsiness*? Why be slavishly semantic? If you haven't done any of the variations your ad rules out, why not give one or more a chance? Granted, you may have come to grips with a rough fist . . . granted, you may find assholes more icky than licky . . . granted, someone missed his aim (drat those lace curtains!) and pissed in your eye (but you did look ravishing with an eye patch for a week, didn't you . . . so *distingué*!). "For every pleasure, its pain," sayeth the bard.

Don't pass up all the variations without giving them a fair shake. After all, the first time you took an eight-inch cock up your ass you saw stars and pinwheels and other forms of first-fuck sexual rocketry. But the next time was divine, wasn't it? Like once in, never out!

The next time you place an ad, indicate at least one sex variation you've never tried and, on reflection, would like to . . . or perhaps have tried unsuccessfully with an indifferent or an inexperienced partner. Give your ad a second chance. The revelation this time can be a new kink, and you'll wonder why it took you so long to 'review the project' as it is semantically 'in' to say. That's one of the principal purposes of our Pullout Section of Personal Ads . . . to get our readers acquainted, and in doing so to raise sex expectations.

We'd like to help you enjoy sex more without your having to feel hobbled by trends, or of being so enslaved by the semantics of the business world that you defeat yourself through actual *non*achievement, or through trying to *over*achieve.

KEEP IT LIGHT

It has been said that sex is the most fun you can have without laughing. Certainly this is a gem of wisdom, but a little humor—or at least treating love as a very light thing—helps in sex. And so there should be more jiving and less striving. And less goal-setting, with which these boring semantics largely deal.

Goal-setting and super-achieving soon become mechanical, which is the kiss of death to successful sex. The psychology is this: When you set goals for yourself in sex—always trying for that super-virtuoso performance, and scoring/rating yourself on a mental graph all the while—you derive very little pleasure because sex is uphill all the way. It becomes just a matter of mechanics, and you'll be working so industriously to see that every 'i' is dotted and every 't' crossed, there won't be very much time to enjoy what you're doing.

THE 'UNIQUITY' OF YOU

It might also be remembered that your sex-style is as personal as your fingerprint—and as unique. No one approaches sex in *quite* the same way *you* do. That's your charm . . . that's your garden to putter around in and make greener and more beautiful. So there's no need to compete with yourself . . . no need to attempt to overachieve.

Of course, if you'd like to improve *your* way of handling sex; perhaps learning a new technique; trying a new variation; improving your timing—fine. But do it lightly, taking it easy and not pushing hard . . . just letting it flow naturally. In that way you'll enjoy every cockalicking inch of it! Don't slave at it . . . and never score/rate your own performance.

SEXUAL FENCING

It is also well to reflect that overachieving, and more urgent attempts at sexual perfectionism, are not only *self*-defeating, but can make even the most responsive partner feel inferior. If you are determined to bring off the Great Fuck/Suck Of All Time he'll feel he must match you—trick for trick.

If by nature he is casual in sex—preferring to take it lightly, easily—'cum what may'—this can be quite disconcerting. It turns sex into a fencing match, in the thrust-and-parry of which neither of you wins. Oneupmanship—another name for overachievement—has no place in good sex. When you've plied your lover with a particular variation you're good at, *silently* ask him, "Was it good for *you*, too?" instead of trump-thinking, "Now top *that* one if you can!" You'll get an instant ESP response . . . *yes*.

Then too, gay guys are often urged to competitive marathons by the heavy action in pornoflicks. All that wall-to-wall fist-fucking; all those kinky variations; all those never-ending rivers of cum volleying out in 21-gun salutes down writhing bare bodies. It all seems so easy up there on the screen, and so you try to bring it off in the same easy manner. It rarely works the first several times because the guys 'up there' are well-rehearsed pro actors . . . the action is staged . . . and that 'river of cum' is quite likely laundry starch instead of the 'high priced spread'. It should be remembered that if everyone could pull off these sexual capers as easily as it's done in pornoflicks there'd be no need for pornoflicks!

But this is not alone a gay challenge . . . straights are being similarly affected. In the *New York Sunday News* of February 13, 1977, Dr. Joseph LoPiccolo, director of the sex therapy clinic at the State University of New York at Stony Brook is quoted: "Couples come here increasingly concerned that they cannot live up to the standards set in the books and movies. They have been bombarded with media images of the perfect sex life and they create problems for themselves by trying to live up to that unrealistic image. It would clear up some of the problems some couples *think* they have if they could be shown that they have an average, or better-than-average sex life in terms of those around them."

And the *News* further notes that sex counselors are worried about (*Continued on page 50*)



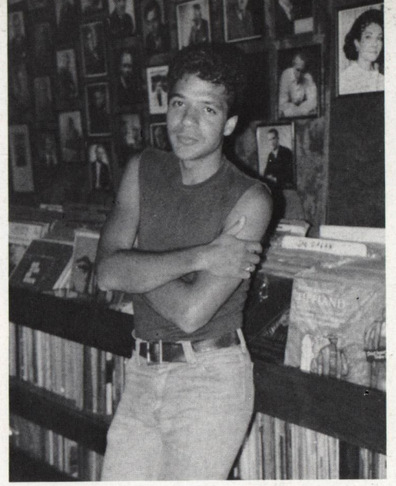


Athletic Model Guild

MUSIC FOR SEX

BACKGROUNDS WITH A BEAT

BY WALTER NORRIS



Albert of Ludus Tonalis . . . See Page 50

THE latest polls indicate that there's practically no one left in the closet—everyone's out 'Libbing' or confessing—and that gay sex is now openly and easily available nearly everywhere. Yet there are many gay guys—youngish from mid-twenties upward—who continue to operate with a conservative sexstyle more attuned to 1967 than 1977.

Perhaps it's because the milennium took so long getting here and many are still dazed by the rapid upbeat of the gay times, but too often one notices the same cautious slow-pokeiness in cruising: the "Tell me (for the umpteenth time) you *really* mean it" of prolonged eye flirtation in gay bars; and even when the trick has been beached in bed there's still too much lallygagging over the last foreplayful detail . . . as if sex were also going to be put on the FDA shitlist, and one had better make the memory of this last encounter unforgettable.

Of course, with almost everyone having come to grips with grass, and—given the now-easy availability of butyl nitrite—so many more getting into poppers, much of this excessive formalism is vanishing. Those who've tried both find sex easier to get at, get into, and get on with—and so on to the next trick.

But there is still one aspect of an updated sexstyle that needs a more updated approach:the musical background chosen for the sex scene, once arrived at. If music for sex is not actually a gray area, it is, for too many, a largely unexplored or unthought-of area. The old musical shibboleths just don't work as well anymore, and to cling to them unchangingly is to be too formal, conservative, and can be sex-defeating.

DISCO GUYS

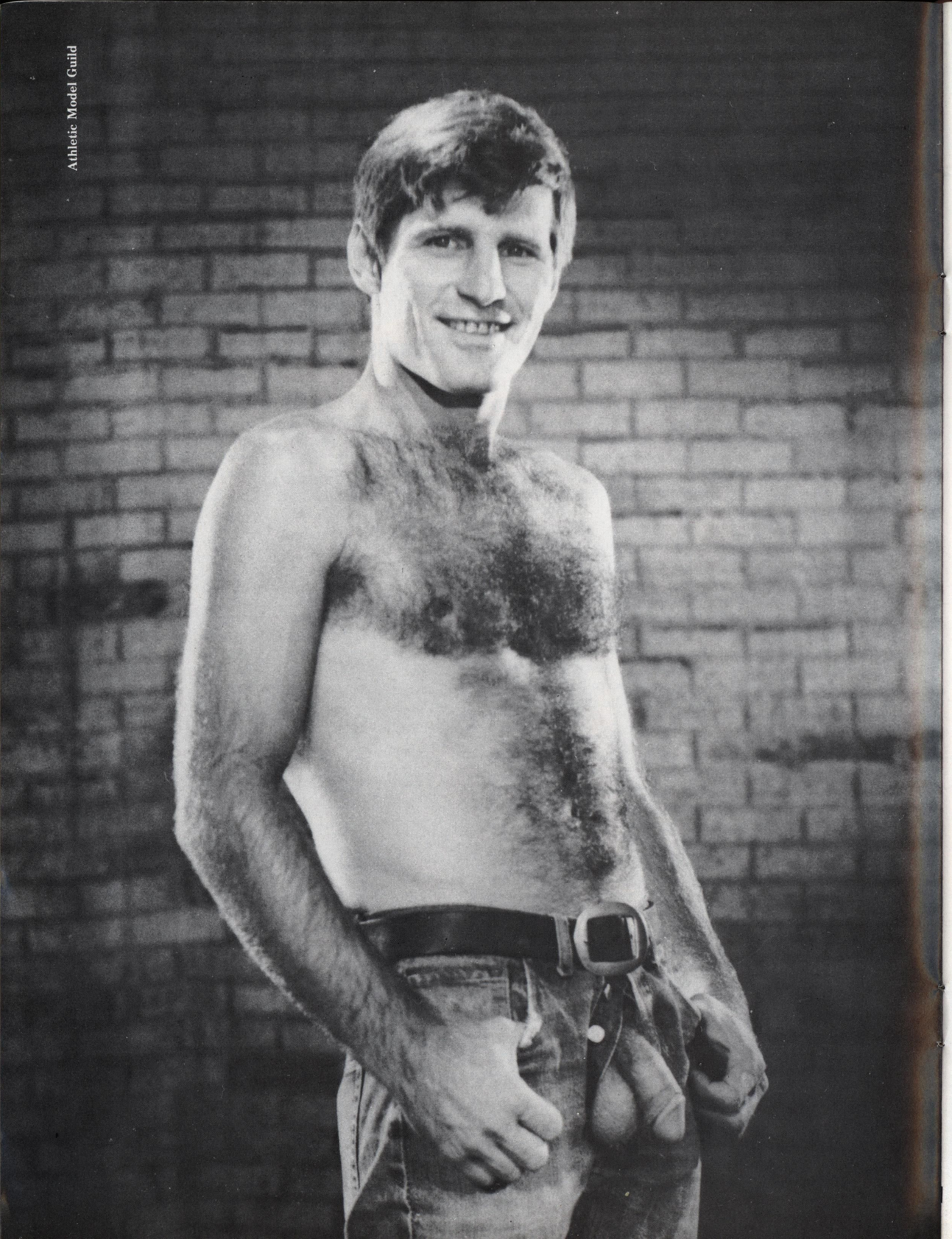
It might be remembered that—most times—you are dealing with a new kind of guy, and that music that pleases you (or which has served you in the past—music that you automatically/unthinkingly turn on soft and low as you dim the lights) is not only foreign, but possibly anathema to him. He's uncomfortable from the start. For example, perhaps you cruised him as he left a disco, still running a sexual temperature of 105, and having brought him home you turn on the hi-fi to something 'singing strings' or cocktail-piano tinkly, like *April In Paris* or even Judy's immortal *Over The Rainbow*. You can so instantly tune him out that no joint of grass, or poppers going off like firecrackers, will get him back into the scene. The 'weaver' at the turntables has had him up there with the angels for three or more hours—dancing to a driving beat and caught up in the excitement of whirling lights and spangled costumes. So what he expects is more of same—he's a different breed of cat whose voracious appetite is not appeased by 'Little Friskies'.

Of course, it's not to be expected that a gay host be an expert at mixing disco moods—'weaving' as some call it. But one might stop by a record shop occasionally to find out what's new and high on the pre-mixed disco lists. LP albums, although usually bearing the title of just one selection, are mixtures of many moods/beats, beautifully 'woven' in professional disco style.

For example, as this is written the Donna Summer album *I Remember Yesterday* has just been released by Casablanca Records. It's stunningly musical, and easily listenable to one who is unfamiliar with the disco sound. Two of the strongest grooves are *Take Me* and *I Feel Love*. Done with a background of two Moog synthesizers, the effect is hypnotic—for post-disco sex it's fantastic because one is moved into sexual action by the beat and the mind toys less with the words (a plus for sex). Then the beat shifts—driving in another way (also driving you frantically into another variation!)—with *Love's Unkind* and *Then He Kissed Me*, moving (segueing, as it's called) into the song which gives the album its title—*I Remember Yesterday*. Just as in an actual discotheque, there is a welcome break between groups of selections, for a whiff of popper.

Taken as a whole, this album is an excellent choice for one unfamiliar with disco music and the disco beat. For all its animal drive it's quieter than most, yet will not turn off (or even turn down) your delighted lover. It will seem a quite natural followup to what he's just been having more of . . . with no diminution of mood.

Sometimes a disco album makes a point of driving one up the sexual (*Continued on page 48*)



VINO!

THE 'DEMOCRATIC' WINES OF ITALY

BY JOE FINÉ

MENTION French wine, and one's natural reaction is to think of the elegant—as in Champagne. But add an 'o' to *vin* and call it *vino* and one conjures the picture of red-checkered tablecloths, guttering candles, and a bottle of Chianti. Therein lies one of the differences in French/Italian wine philosophy.

While wine to both French and Italians is an absolute necessity, the French are a little snootier about it and put on the dog with the very best the family purse will allow, because wine to them adds a touch of class to an often frugal meal. Just the ritual of the host sniffing the newly-uncorked bottle . . . his eyes rolling heavenward in apparent ecstasy . . . the initial sip and the lalling of wine on the tongue, and afterward much ooh-lah-lahing by the guests when finally they taste it (no matter that it may be little more than vinegar) can make up for a lot of calories missing from the table.

Then too, the French tend to be 'pedigreedy' about wine . . . naming it for a specific grape culture of a particular region—Burgundy, Champagne, Cognac, Sauternes, and so on. Or often after a legendary viticulture village or *domaine*, or the area around a famous chateau—such as the four-acre vineyard of Romanee-Conti which produces the 'Red King' of French wines, or Chateau d'Yqem, the 'White Queen' of dessert wines. Their pedigreediness also runs to vintage years.

The Italians, however, are not all that class-conscious, and actually couldn't care less about where their grapes are grown. True, many of their best wines come from broad, general areas—Tuscany, Veneto and the Piedmont, for example. But it is usual to find wine grapes growing alongside, or between plots of corn, wheat, or even vegetables . . . and anywhere and everywhere up the mountainside. Wherever there's a tillable patch of ground they will put it to good use—to growing food, and making sure there'll be plenty of grapes for the wine. What could be more fun, they ask, that to grow your own grapes and have a foot-stomping hoedown to press them when ripe?

And as far as *white* wines coming from *this* region only, or *red* wines from *that*, various kinds of grapes will be found growing next to one another in the *same* patch of soil. Thus it is not unusual to have red, white and pink . . . or sweet and dry . . . or still and sparkling wines all coming from the same piece of rugged earth. This is one reason why Italian wines are so much more 'democratic' than French. And contributing to this is that so much 'familiarity', far from breeding 'contempt', seems to make almost any Italian wine just a little extra special. There's a heartiness and good-fellowship that would excuse any slight faults a finicky Frenchman might be inclined to find in it.

A Frenchman, of course, would throw up his hands in horror at what we are about to say, but some Italian wines are pressed from *several kinds* of grapes, rather than one, but this should not be interpreted as being a *blending* of *wines*. Again, this tends to make the wines more democratic. And another plus is that because they are all so agreeable, uncomplicated (one often disregards 'vintage years'), and so inexpensive (Italy makes so much wine it easily can export 2 billion gallons each year!), Italian wines are showing up with more frequency on American hospitality tables than French, or any other wines except American domestically produced.

Gay hosts are serving them more often as socializing, before-the-orgy libations *a la Pompeii*, and in these days of constantly rising prices, when one's wallet levitates, and dollars fly out of it almost telekinetically—as in *Carrie*—this is a good thing for the party-throwing host to bear in mind. In giving less thought to gay brunches with the ubuiquitous pitcher of San'Gria, and more to an accompaniment of inexpensive wines from Italy, guests will applaud the host's ingenuity and thoughtfulness.

It would be impossible to describe—even name—all the wonderful wines of every region of Italy, but we should like to select a few of the great wine-producing areas and tell you about some wines that should grace your table.

TUSCANY

This is the home of Italy's most famous wine, Chianti. Chianti is one of those wines produced from mixed grapes that would horrify the French. It's a classic mxture of Sangiovese and Canaiolo (red) and Trebbiano and Malvasia (white) grapes. Chianti comes in two styles: One is for 'drinking young' . . . drinking it when it is fresh from the winepress. What's left—and a lot is—you'll recognize by its distinctive raffia-covered *fiasco* (flask), one or more of which will surely (*Continued on page 40*)



Athletic Model Guild

BEE POLLEN

TAKING THE HUMBUG OUT OF THE 'HUM BUG'

BY TERRY McWATERS

WHAT may turn out to be the most significant discovery about bee pollen—although as yet it has received little publicity—is its *mineral* influence on male sex drive. Within this reference the word *drive* relates more to sexual *impulse* than to the 'hang in there' of ginseng—"the macho plant that stands like a man." In this short article we should like to mention some of the new uses of bee pollen, and particularly in the sense of its being a surprising motor drive toward sex.

Certainly it is now clinical and nutritional fact that bee pollen—the little pellets of flower pollen collected by worker bees for food—is also one of the richest sources of protein for the human body. What is of exceptional significance is that—unlike other proteins—bee pollen has its own special built-in digestive enzyme that triggers instant metabolism of its own protein. It's also chain-reactive in that by quickly metabolizing its own host protein it still has enough fire-power left to assist in metabolizing other proteins (meat, fish, fowl) if eaten *at the same time.*

The enzymic function of bee pollen is not so much a discovery of the laboratory as it is a visual 'prove out' in the muscular male body as seen on the gym floor . . . specifically in those very modern gyms called 'health spas' or 'clubs' where muscular gains are achieved progressively and symmetrically through computerized muscle-building apparatus.

THE NEW BODYBUILDING SCENE

In such films as *Stay Hungry* and *Pumping Iron,* the world's most famous muscle-throb, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and his group of handsome, powerfully-built muscle guys have literally taken the under-developed American male by the hand and led him onto the bodybuilding scene—showing him that what they have done with their own now-fantastic bodies is possible to others.

In this case it means 'popping pills' simultaneously with pumping iron—the 'pills' being the high-nutrition kind such as protein tablets; desiccated liver tablets (also a fine protein); kelp; tablets of protein from organic matter, and from animal and marine life . . . and particularly the pure protein of bee pollen. Every advanced bodybuilder/physique star does this, and what has resulted is not just men with super muscles, but men with a bonus of super sex drive.

The initial action in metabolizing these diverse proteins begins with getting the various enzymes working together. The enzyme in charge—the 'ringmaster'—is the mineral *zinc.* Zinc is present almost exclusively in proteins (cereals being the exception), and is abundant in bee pollen.

Writing in the *New York Post* of March 16, 1977, Dr. Neil Solomon answers a reader's question about zinc. "Zinc," he says, "is a vital part of many different enzymes—those little chemical boosters that keep your body's complex processes going along at a good clip. It is even needed for a sense of taste. In recent years we have become much more aware of how essential zinc is in nutrition.

"It is needed for physical growth; sexual development; it helps to get rid of carbon dioxide; it helps you burn up starches and sugars; and it is a factor in healing wounds and burns." And he further points out that "a serious deficiency of zinc (which sometimes occurs in the Middle East) causes dwarfism. Thus zinc can stimulate growth and sex-maturation in adult dwarfs." Right away one can see how the mineral zinc, especially as it appears in such concentrations as bee pollen, acting upon the digestive enzymes of the special proteins so necessary to bodybuilders, has helped to change the entire image of bodybuilding. No longer is it a cult, and no longer are bodybuilders ridiculed as 'health nuts' or—as they too often seemed to be (and some are)—narcissists. Because of the saturation exposure to films such as *Pumping Iron* more Americans are regarding bodybuilding as both a healthful sport and an art form—and the bodybuilder as an environmentalist, a performing artist (when he is on the posing platform), and as a sculptor (of his own body) of rare talent. How quickly things change!

This new enzymic action/interaction with proteins has helped speed muscle gains, while modern exercise equipment—such as the popular Nautilus machines—has shortened the bodybuilding workout by half. No longer must the bodybuilder 'live' in the gym. This is in sharp contrast to his counterpart of just fifteen years ago who actually 'lived' for his *next* workout.

To make sure he would suffer no loss of workout strength for the following day's exercise routine he sacrificied many healthful and wholesome pleasures—especially sex which, often, he seemed to have actually *abdicated*! Now, with a shortened workout, plus the (*Continued on page 46*)

New Insights On VD

Be Alert . . . Stay Tuned!

By Roger Watson

WHAT a comfort it would be if every community had a doctor who, if not committedly gay, would be knowledgeable and responsive to the special needs of gay guys. A straight physician, listening to a recital of classic VD symptoms, and not knowing his patient is gay, may limit his examination to the obvious and the usual, thereby missing other possible sources of infection. On the other hand, our with-it doctor would *begin* where the other left off and search/probe elsewhere for lurking dangers and unsuspected VDamage. For example, the mouth: certainly he'd consider the possibility of deep-mouth kissing and what may have happened there.

Now all of us know that one doesn't get VD via toilet seats, or from shaking hands, or eating off china a syphilitic someone may have used. Suggest that as a possible source to even the straightest doctor and he'll ask "Who was the lady?" He'll urge you to have 'her' to come in for treatment, or else alert your local Health Department that a vector is on the loose. And if you should also mention that you "have a touch of sore throat," he may just routinely recommend a gargle or mild antibiotic, not suspecting that here is actually the source of big trouble!

The syphilis sore is *usually* noted in the genital area but it *can* appear elsewhere on the body, which is why the straight doctor may initially be puzzled when the blood test reveals syphilis and the point of contact was a syphilitic sore in the mouth of one's trick. The gay-oriented doctor will examine *every* possibility, and to him a blood test is mandatory from the first. A blood test detects *only* syphilis, however—not gonorrhea, the other of the two principal venereal diseases. In the light of our 'anything goes' (and the kinkier the better) sexual expressiveness it may be well to review these mischief-makers as to cause and effect, and to point out some interesting developments that have occurred along the way—particularly with reference to gay guys.

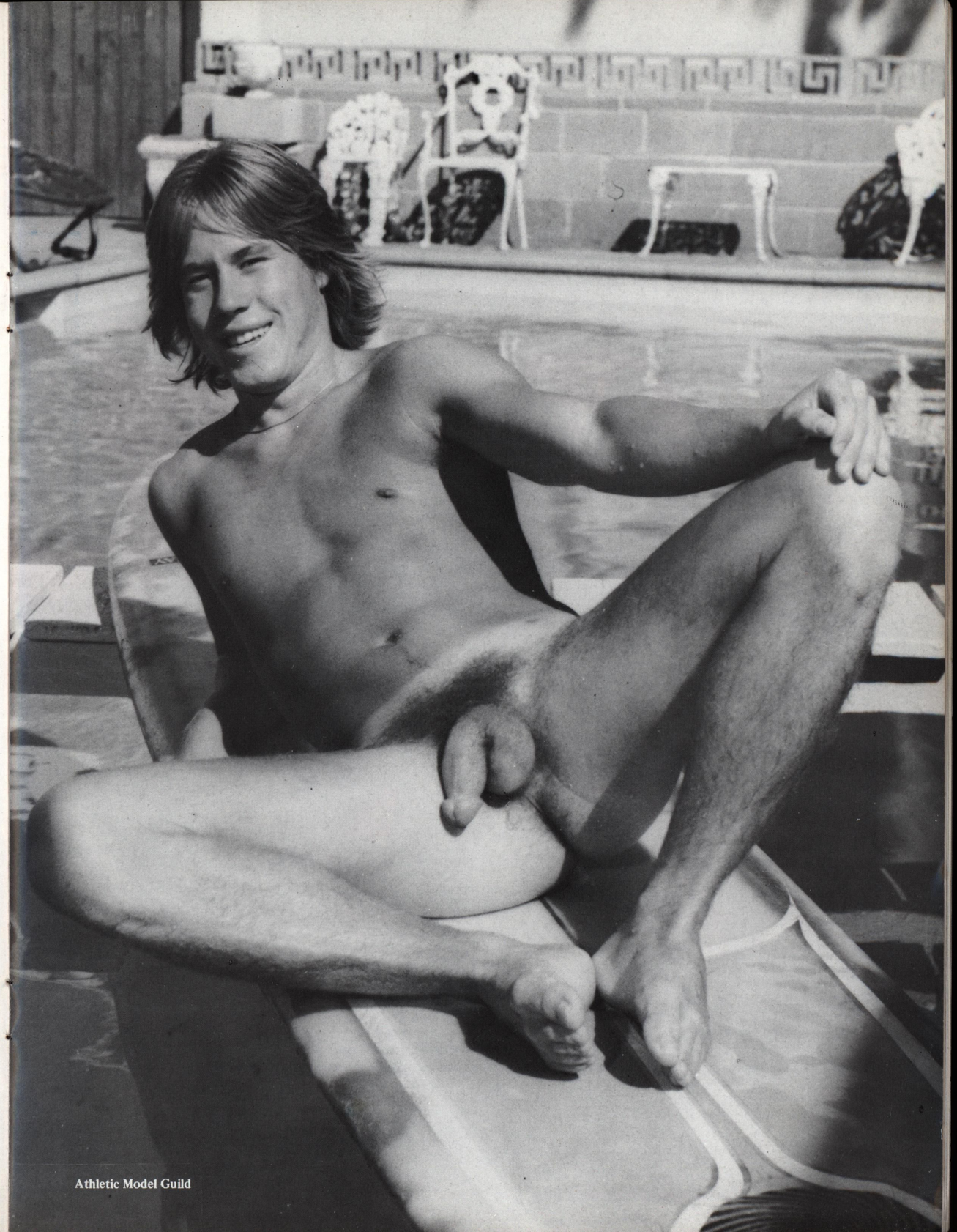
THE WHAT AND HOW OF VD

VD is not the plague . . . you're not going to be carried off to the pesthouse. If you develop symptoms (which we shall explain), be *concerned*, but don't panic or despair. Help is available; it can be cured; and you should welcome the opportunity of being treated. It is the failure to do so that can result in brain damage, heart trouble and blindness. As gay people in a world apart, to whom sex is the motivation of our lifestyle, we should always bear in mind that the physical contact of sex carries with it certain risks, of which syphilis and gonorrhea are paramount. This, however, should cause us to be careful—not cloistered. To be watchful and—in case we've been careless when sexually very active—to have *routine* blood tests. When? How often? Why (particularly in view of the fact that this admonition has rarely been invoked . . . so rarely that few of us have given it more than a passing thought)?

It's important because of the many new—and more available—sexual avenues that have been opened to us. To many, not long out of the closet, life is a sudden banquet of sex . . . baths, johns, open meatracks, gay/nude beach scenes, and the almost mindless sex in the back rows of X-rated and porno movie theaters. It's the fantastic abundance of sex and the almost careless ease with which we enter into it that increase its hazards. This is why gay doctors recommend a blood test *every three months*. They say, however, that for one who is less active—to the point of only moderate or occasional sexing—a blood test made every *six* months should suffice. In this latter case, why? The answer is that still-new-to-us phenomenon—the *crossover* . . . in which bisexuals have discovered the "how sweet it *is*" of liberated gay life.

As we've gained more freedom, status and glamor—we're the 'sparklies'—they've moved in with greater abandon . . . bringing with them not only a liberated libido, but too often certain strains of VD acquired from contact with the distaff side. There are more 'pockets' of possible VD in the female genitourinary systeam than in the male, thus the hazards are increased.

So to those who sex even just moderately-to-occasionally, one's lover of the moment may be bisexual, rather than 'nuts and bolts' gay. So have your semi-annual blood test. And to those who leave the sex scene only (*Continued on page 43*)



Athletic Model Guild



QQ's Man Of The Month

Danny Levitt

By Kensington Road

Book Review



Within the vast richness of gay life and the endless variety of sex styles that bejewel it is an area discussed by many, but experienced by a comparative few—the **full outreach** of S&M. It's legendary, and because legend is often compounded of hearsay—growing more unbelievable with retelling—even those practiced in all other art forms of gay sex may tend to regard S&M as caricature/put-on, rather than a dead-serious lifestyle.

True—the S (sadist) is more often a dress-up-Saturday-night leather role-player than an authentically sadistic ogre; true—the M (masochist) who gets a peek in the toy closet of his Master of the moment may beg him "Please try **this** on me—and that . . . and **that**!" and yet have such a low pain threshold that just a 1/16th-inch turn of the rack wheel is all that he can bear—and quite enough to blast him into the kingdom of 'cum'.

But caricature departs here and S&M gets down to serious business in **The Life Of A Masochist**—Volume 2—by R.F.M.; 120 pages; price $14.50; available only from R.F.M. Products, P.O. Box 48904, Los Angeles, California 90048. (We hasten to add that the text and realistic drawings are of such a nature that **absolute proof** of age—21 or over—is required before this book will be sent to you.) If you have Volume 1 (still available at $14.50) you will find Volume 2 a logical followup; a postgraduate course in the understanding-of/participation in S&M sex.

Additionally, there are kit-type artist's renderings of make-it-yourself restraining tables/racks/pulleys and all woven into a book honestly written—without caricature or bullshit—so fascinating that you'll read from page 1 to page 120 before catching your breath. To this reviewer the literary device of making the **psychology** of S&M a synchronous part of the urgency of the action (as one reads along) is of great value in explaining this burgeoning expression of sextroversion. Then too, as the action grows more ferocious there is a full-page drawing illustrating it, so that text and art unite to put **you** in the picture. Not even a movie could get this idea across as graphically.

The story is a true one—of Robert and Richard, lovers, who—as readers of Volume 1 recall—have established the most elaborate S&M facility on their ranch in California (equipment so elaborate that if you think of installing it in Studio Apartment #69 of Drooping Foreskin Towers, you'd best forget it, although this won't diminish by one whit your own 'participation' in the violent action of this book). Fortunately the Glendora ranch of Robert and Richard is big enough to accommodate all the pieces of S&M equipment they acquire or build from time to time. Soon the entire ranch becomes a huge toy closet. Suffice it to say that Lubianka Prison in Moscow is light years **behind** in its collection of torture equipment compared with that of our heroes' menage.

Essentially the story of **The Life Of A Masochist** is not one of role-playing, but of role-**reversal.** As it begins, Richard is fighting his M side, while Robert is fighting his S side. Richard, ostensibly S, delights in trying out every piece of newly-devised equipment; he rationalizes that it's necessary to empathize with the M who'll be offered up as sacrifice. But what puzzles him—and Robert—is that he gets a roaring hard-on whenever he's stretched or otherwise put to the test. At the same time, Robert—ostensibly M—is equally busy testing **how** the equipment works . . . applying pressure here, a twist there, a high voltage/low ampere current to the balls—or testing the balance-for-torture of the collared cock ring—that he has no time to be on his accustomed receiving end. He begins to relish his work, and throughout the book goes from the extremes of comparison—from torturing to being tortured—until finally, in the wild climax of the book, he discovers his true sexual self; that their roles are reversed; that he is the S and Richard the M. And not a moment too soon, because in the violence of role-transition Richard and Robert have come perilously close to a breakup of their lives together. But S&M—the great 'purifier' and crucible—has changed the chemistry of their sexual selves, and thus they go on to greater glory with their Glendora ranch which—as we've gone along with them—has actually become a school for slaves!

So if you'd like to 'enroll' in their 'school' you should have this fascinating book. **The Life Of A Masochist** is more than the title suggests . . . it deals with the dark currents in the life of every gay guy.

—Scott Young

PARASITES IN PARADISE
(Continued from page 15)

has traveled to Mexico or one of the Caribbean countries has fallen temporary victim to such forms of traveler's diarrhea as Montezuma's Revenge, or *turista*, or Delhi Belly, as they call the Asian form. Most travelers, however, know how to take simple precautions against this by drinking only boiled or bottled water (Vichy, Perrier, Mountain Valley, Evian, or some other internationally-known mineral water), and leading brands of beer and soda (Budweiser and Heineken's are everywhere). Some go further and have a physician prescribe tablets that, when plunged into a glass of water, will instantly kill bacteria (even though the water then tastes so awful you wonder why you didn't just settle for a month at the backyard kiddie pool).

Still others—having contracted the trots while cruising on a luxury ship, or even in the most elegant tropical hotel dining room or restaurant—know better than to eat fresh salads and/or fruits that are already peeled (or which may be served as a fruit cup), and undercooked meat or fish. They also ask for *no ice* in the glass of the safe mineral water, since the ice cubes, naturally, are made from local tapwater—hence ready danger. And don't think that the alcohol in your Martini will kill any bacteria in the ice cubes in which it was stirred. The alcohol is not that powerful . . . and besides, tropical bacteria are notorious drunkards! No help there. Yet it's not fair to blame the tropics alone for dysentery, and worse. Bacteria of an equal-to-stronger strain are even found in wintry Russia . . . in a disease called

GIARDIASIS

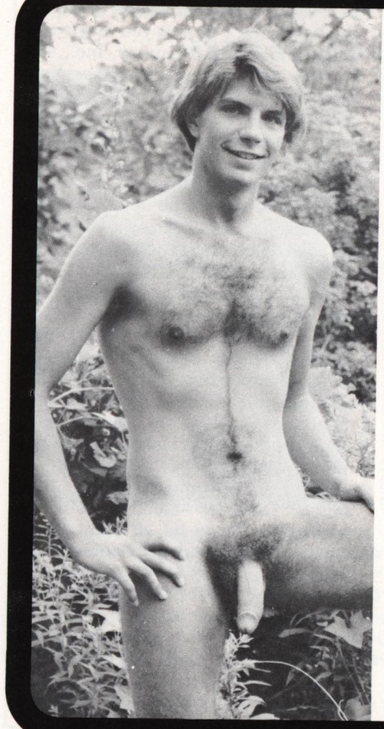
If you brave Intourist and the regimented tours of Leningrad and Moscow, you can be 'safely' back home before this disease will have reared its unbeautiful head. About 40% of all Americans who 'do' Russia find that the symptoms of this disease don't surface for a week or so after they've returned to the United States. Giardiasis has a longer incubation period than simple *turista.* With *turista* you shit sooner and faster, but not for too long; with giardiasis you shit later, and slower, but it stays with you—even up to a year if you don't hit on a good specialist who can put Moscow and Leningrad together and come up with giardiasis.

The *protozoa* causing giardiasis generally thrive in cities where the municipal plumbing is quite old and damaged, and where there is seepage. Both Moscow and Leningrad were bombed, and so the local plumbing system took quite a beating too. So giardiasis is, to be truthful, not all-Russian . . . it sometimes pops up in the United States from our own ancient plumbing in certain cities. The symptoms of giardiasis are diarrhea, cramps (you simply can't figure out why you should cramp so often, and over such a long time . . . you begin to think 'cancer' and go through an expensive GI series and barium enema X-rays—still, nothing shows but a dent in your wallet). Other symptoms are continued weight loss and an overall weakness that makes cruising a chore and sex a bore. Pity! Fortunately, when a tropical-disease specialist diagnoses the trouble and prescribes for you, your protozoa go *shazam!*—and you are back in business. Make this a rule of thumb: when visiting any European city that bore the brunt of wartime bombing—and which, quite possibly, has still not replaced all its ancient plumbing—drink only bottled water, wine, and the international brands of beer. And forget ice.

VIRAL HEPATITIS

True, you're very careful when rimming—you know all about the Enemy Hepatitis. But you can develop a form of hepatitis even if you don't sex at all! How? By eating clams, oysters, shrimp and other shellfish, particularly if they come from the sewage-contaminated waters of the Mediterranean. Shellfish simply thrive on filth. You think only a pig is happy in shit? Shellfish love it . . . they're born rimmers! So if you eat shellfish in any Mediterranean area, make sure it's well cooked. Such crustaceans require far less cooking than 'finny' fish or meats, and at lower heat . . . too low to kill the hepatic virus. You can be in for some trouble. If, however, you remember to have your gamma globulin shot(s) before leaving on vacation, you run little risk of getting shellfish hepatitis, for what helps prevent one form of this disease also helps prevent another. To be safe(r) have a shot of gamma globulin before leaving home, another (booster) shot while on vacation, and a third when you return home.

Before leaving the subject of shellfish woes it should also be mentioned that unless you're already 'housebroken' on Japanese food in the proliferating Japanese restaurants across the United States you should have a care when doing Tokyo . . . specifically, stay away from *sushi*—raw fish. Over the centuries the Japanese have built an immunity to



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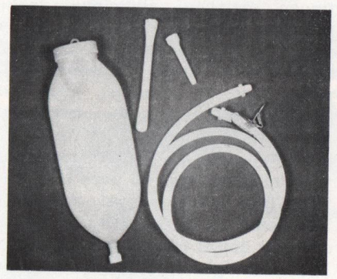
As more and more guys are liberated and shed hangups about their sex lives more and more get into anal antics. Pros appreciate a clean partner; douching prevents discomfort and embarrassment. Just a few minutes before your shower does it wherever you are with these handy hygienic aids.



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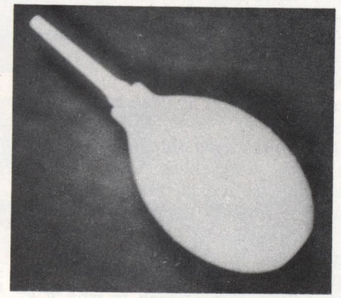

BULB SYRINGE

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.**

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

colic from eating raw fish. Their bodies have adapted to this food style. But paleface you—unaccustomed to such primitivity—can be tortured by *vibrio parahaemolyticus*, courtesy of Japanese *raw* fish. And knowing the godawful jawbreaking name of this acute attack of cramps will certainly *not* help alleviate the pain. Stick to those 'teased beef' Kobe steaks, and really love Japanese food. The only proscription is just the rawness of their fish.

'SWIMMER'S ITCH'

The clinical name for this (also a jawbreaker)—are you ready?—is *schistosomiasis* (shisto-so-*my*-a-sis). The genus of it is the *schistosoma*, a fluke or parasitic worm that penetrates the skin. Since, as in sex, penetration depends on a direct approach, what better way than while you're swimming in some 'paradise pool' in the tropics. 'Back to nature', like 'getting back to basics', is a nice-sounding phrase. But not in certain South American countries—notably Brazil—where the innocent-looking pond, pool or mountain stream is a breeding place for the schistosoma.

Unfortunately, as of this writing no one has found a drug to prevent it, and such drugs that may be used to treat it can have toxic side effects. So how can you avoid schistosomiasis? By swimming only in chlorinated or other chemically-treated pools. Mr. S doesn't care very much for a chlorine diet, so you should be safe if you don't swim anywhere except in your vacation-hotel pool, or off that simply divine Copacabana beach! Also, if you're a fishing buff, wear high rubber boots when casting your line in a tropical stream . . . otherwise you can reel in more than a fish. If you'll take the simple precautions just mentioned you should avoid schistosomiasis altogether.

If, however, you throw caution to the winds and chase that humpy Brazilian number upstream, how can you know whether you have contracted schistosomiasis? What are the symptoms? You'll know, when a papular and pustular dermatitis occurs on the skin—which is why it's called 'swimmer's itch' or 'swimmer's rash'. But just don't dump on beautiful Brazil and other South American countries with regard to schistosomiasis. You *can* get it from wading in some of the fresh-water lakes of the northern United States and Canada. Here it is known as 'swamp itch'. The larvae of this worm are hard to get rid of once the fluke enters the bloodstream. Instant propagation. Take care!

AMEBIASIS

Although amebiasis and hepatitis have been discussed in other issues of *QQ Magazine* (the May/June issue of 1973 covered these diseases in depth, and if you don't have it you may write to QQ Publishing Company, Inc., 450 Seventh Avenue, Suite 402, New York, N.Y. 10001 and send $1 for a reprint of the article *Love Bugs*), it is well to touch upon amebiasis particularly, since in so many cases it is a tropics-related whammo. It should be said with firmness and no malice that hygienic standards of Latin countries are not the equal of ours. The unwashed, trace-shitty hand that recently slap-dashed a shittier ass may be the hand that prepares your fresh vegetable or peeled-fruit salad at the ritziest hotel in Mexico City or on some expensive cruise ship. This can transfer amebas right into your mouth as surely as the lickiest, rimmiest ass-experience. Moreover, human shit is used as fertilizer in some Latin countries and—unlike animal fertilizer—amebas cling to vegetables. So to be *all* safe, dietetically, when cruising South of the Border or points Caribbean, eat only cooked vegetables and fruits that you pare/peel at the table.

Amebas also abound in the drinking water; and again, as mentioned earlier, stick to bottled water. And no ice! While, as in the case of Japanese *sushi*, nationals of a particular country have, over the centuries, built up a tolerance/immunity to such amebas, we are pilgrims in a strange land—and are the more vulnerable for it.

There are many excellent treatments available for amebiasis, and if you develop such symptoms as continued diarrhea, abdominal pain, vomiting, nausea, with weakness following the diarrhea, you should head for a doctor knowledgeable about tropical diseases. Like the Russian giardiasis, the onset of amebiasis is sometimes guarded . . . not noted until you've returned from your vacation and are back at work. This can lull/fool you. So when symptoms do occur, don't forget to tell your doctor what you think it may be, in the light of your recent trip. It will help him to get to the heart of the matter and help you recover sooner.

It's also possible to have amebas and worms in the body at the same time (sometimes two or more kinds of worms!). The modalities for eradicating them are different for each; or what may work on some worms will not affect others . . . and what works for worms won't work on amebas. Pinworms, threadworms, roundworms, also tapeworm all may require different treatment

A most powerful pan-parasitic drug at present is Flagyl, which is actually a poison and must be taken in the most careful doses. Some experience side effects, but the whole megilla is getting rid of the particular parasite(s) it can eradicate. Otherwise, if you don't follow precise directions, continuing to take it until your *doctor* is sure it has been eradicated, it can hang in there and enter vital organs, and then you have a whole new witches' brew of other troubles.

This may have read like some kind of Gothic horror tale. Yet by just taking the simple precautions mentioned, these diseases can be stopped before they start. And by using common sense and getting to the doctor if symptoms appear, you can be rid of the pests all the sooner.

Doctors are not magicians, however. Few treat *all* diseases with the same expertise. So if you believe that your trouble is tropical-vacation related, first get in touch with your own doctor and ask his advice. He may refer you to a specialist in your town. If not, and the treatment he prescribes has little to no effect, take matters in your own hand. Get in touch with one of the large hospital clinics mentioned earlier. All of them work hand-in-glove with the United States Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, and thus have the advantage of getting the latest medicines and information from where it's at.

Stay well!

• • •

'SINGLES' APARTMENT CRUNCH

(Continued from page 11)

better—Tide or Oxydol.

By looking into local housing ordinances for any omissions and/or loopholes that might benefit gay people; having a legal expert find enough grounds for a complaint (or even just a smattering of one); then having him take it to the Fair Housing Administration in one's area, the Justice Department *must* be drawn into it. No longer is it just an *administrative* (or 'personally interpreted') matter, but *prima facie* evidence that some kind of discrimination exists—even if minor—and is thus prosecutorial. Gays, just as any others, cannot be denied due process.

Lest one think this is a devious approach to end discrimination, consider the more devious approaches some landlords devise to effectuate discrimination:

1. *The Multiple Security Deposit.* In some cities the landlord requires *each* of several gay guys (or other singles) who apply for an apartment to deposit a *security fee* equal to one month's rent (against damage, real or imagined, to an apartment). In a two- or three-room apartment this can mean that *each* must ante-up about $500-$700 before a single couch can be moved in! This, of course, is in addition to each man's *equal* share of the first month's rent (sometimes both first *and* last-month-of-lease rent!). Now that's a big nut to crack, especially if the men are young and just starting out in the big town and are average-salaried workers. It's deviously, devilishly effective, as you see. It tightens the noose of discrimination even in areas where laws against housing discrimination are otherwise working effectively.

2. *Multi-Persons/Multi-Rent.* Another device—legal in some areas—is to increase the rent for *each person* above a minimum number of *leasing* occupants. How does the landlord know there's more than the two of you? Simple . . . multiple names that appear on the mailbox, or in the mailroom, for that particular apartment. You can't work that 'John Doe, c/o Richard Roe' deal. Also, doormen and elevator operators quickly notice 'new' faces becoming 'old' as they go to and from work each day. Also, you can't get by very long pretending that your 'guests' are 'relatives from out of town, in for a month's visit'.

3. *Qualifying Financially.* Probably the most common practice in rental discrimination is to require that single gay guys or gals who wish to share an apartment 'qualify financially' as *individuals* (the standard of this being that *one week's salary* should not be less than *one month's rent*—for *each* person). On any standard lease application/questionnaire the salary or gross income of the lessee must be indicated, and this is checked before all else. If this doesn't prove out for each individual, *forget* the apartment. Of course this contravenes the rental qualifications for *married* adults which are based on their *combined* incomes.

Oddly enough, this is quasi-logical, even to Housing Authority officials, as was explained by a spokeswoman for the Metropolitan Washington D.C. Apartment and Office Building Association—a landlord trade organization. Carolyn Lewis is quoted as saying, "After all, what happens if you rent to three girls, one leaves, and the others can't foot the rent? Married people are legally bound to each other."

Refuting this, however, is one of those delightfully 'devious' loopholes mentioned earlier that gay guys might do well to explore. A Human Rights official of Fairfax County, Virginia

(*Continued on page 36*)

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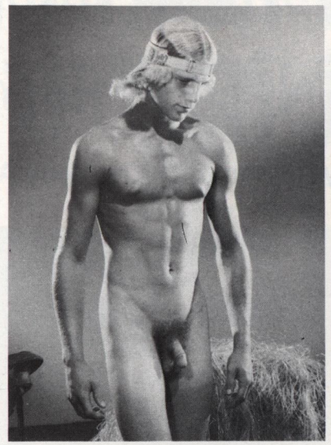
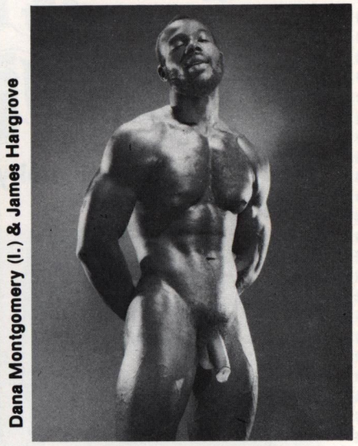


Dana Montgomery (l.) & James Hargrove



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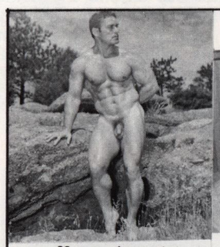
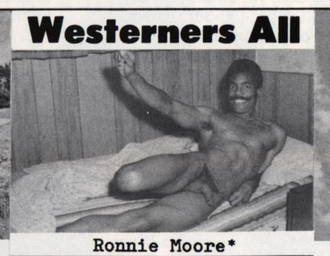


Marc Arno*



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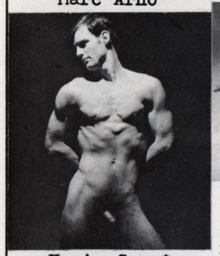
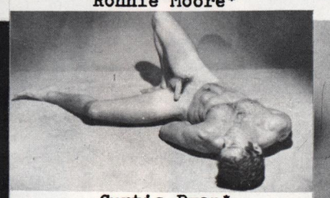


Kevin Cope*



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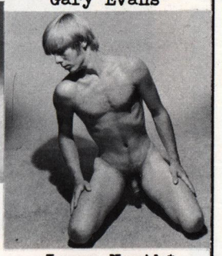
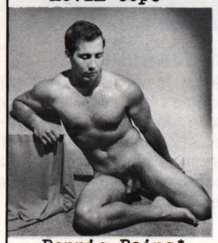


Jerry North*



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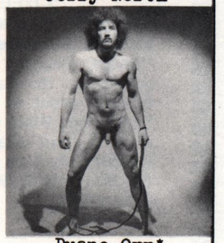

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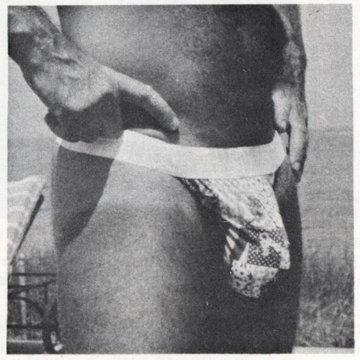
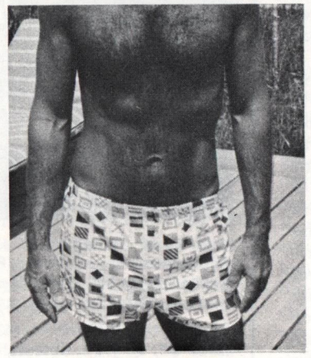


THE MEAT SACK

A comfortable jock that cups your cock-and-balls completely. No leg straps . . . only a waistband in Small (28-30); Medium (32-34); Large (36-38). **Black, white, or assorted prints and colors. Only $3.50; 2 for $6.50; 3 for $9.00; 6 for $17.00.** Great under tight pants because unsightly undergarment seams are non-existent.



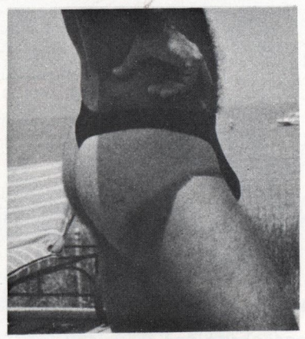
THE HOME BODY

A beautifully tailored short boxer in comfortable lightweight poly/cotton for use around the home. Be stylish while lounging . . . and sexy too. No fly. Comes in **multi-colored prints** in Small (28-30); Medium (32-34); Large (36-38). **Only $5.50; 2 for $10.50; 3 for $15.00.**



SHEER DELIGHT

Our see-through nylon/spandex bikini is primarily underwear . . . but can be used on the beach if you're the bold kind. Comes in **Black and Nude** in Small (28-30); Medium (32-34); Large (36-38). **Only $5.50; 2 for $10.50; 3 for $15.** Does not have a fly.



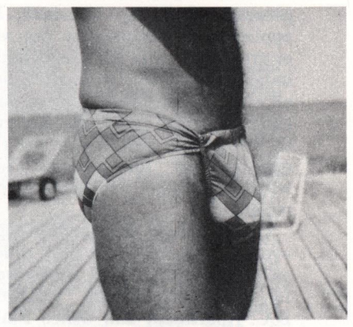
"CHEEKS"

Let your cheeks hang out in our backless bikini (front is similar to "Sheer Delight" shown elsewhere in this announcement). Equally great as underwear or beachwear. **Black or white.** Made of nylon and spandex in Small (28-30); Medium (32-34); Large (36-38). **Only $7.50; 2 for $14.00; 3 for $20.00.**



THE JEWEL BOX

Our g-string is a full cup that accommodates all your family jewels—held in place by lightweight elastic bands. **Gold or silver.** When nothing more will do for the occasion . . . in **one size only. Only $5.50; 2 for $10.00.**



THE BALI-HAI

A nylon and spandex bikini that has a criss-cross front design that places the cock-and-balls in their own pouch . . . a separate "flap" that when viewed from the side shows your pubic hair. Primarily underwear, but can be used as beachwear . . . if you dare. Full ass coverage. Comes in **white or assorted prints.** Small (28-30); Medium (32-34); Large (36-38). **Only $6.50; 2 for $12.50; 3 for $18.00.**



THE HIP-ZIP

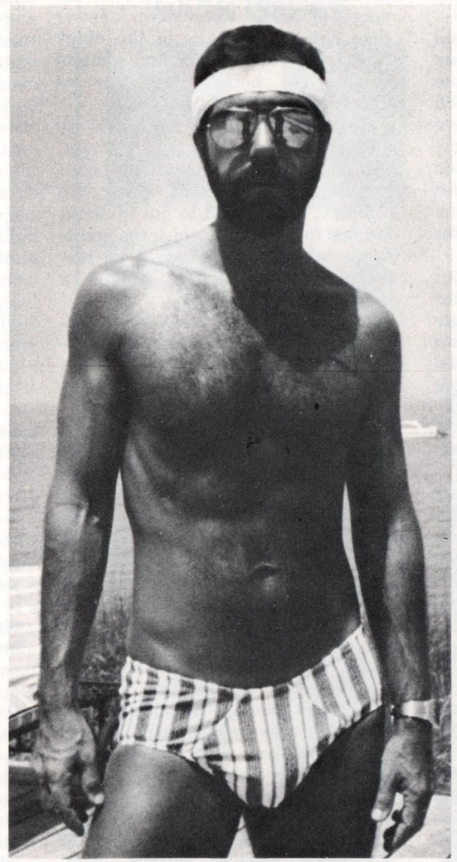
A stylish short boxer in nylon that has zippers with decorative pulls on both sides. Practical too—because the zippers can be raised for active sports such as jogging. Tailored fit, in Small (28-30); Medium (32-34); Large (36-38). Comes in electric colors—**White, Red, Blue, Yellow or Orange. Only $11.00.**

YOUR RIGHT SIZE

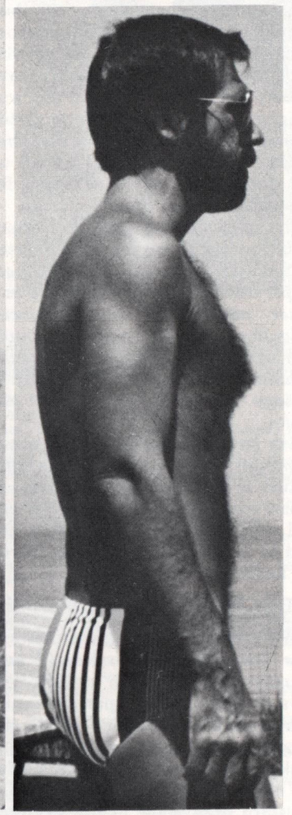
Please furnish your correct size, using your underwear as a guide. **Our sea-going undergear is sanitary and cannot be returned**—so order carefully.

COLOR CHOICE

To avoid possible delays when we are out of certain colors please indicate as many color preferences as possible. We will attempt to give you your first choice in every instance. When ordering prints and patterns (stripes) please indicate dominant color preferences.



Model: George Desantis, QQ/BODY/CIAO! Publisher



"GREEK BOY" TERRY BIKINI

The leader . . . and still the favorite—a terry bikini with a codpiece-like pouch up front that dips to reveal a tuft of pubic hair. The seat is cut full so no ass hangs out—as with unsightly conventional bikinis. Comes in **multi-colored vertical stripes on white** in Small (28-30); Medium (32-34); Large (36-38). **Only $7.50; 2 for $14.00; 3 for $20.00.**

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(suburban Washington) says, "It comes down to a matter of opinion. Rental agents have certain preconceived notions about single people—that they are more transient and irresponsible; that they feel less committed to a place and will do more damage. But no one has come up with statistics to show that singles leave sooner, more often, or are in any way a higher risk." *Right there is fertile ground for an action against discrimination.* A legal eagle could pounce on this fact alone as a warrant for prosecution.

The spokesperson, Patricia Horton, is also quoted as saying that in terms of financial security, *"Two single people who are both working are in a better position to meet financial obligations than a married couple with only one income. And a family with small children is more likely to damage property than are two adults."*

Gay guys really should look into any *seemingly* insurmountable discrimination in their various localities. In almost every case a smart lawyer can find discriminatory abuses that can lead to favorable legal action. Be on the lookout!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

In very large cities—particularly in New York—there is far less (if any, actually) discrimination against gay guys or gals renting apartments. Of course, if a transvestite couple approaches the rental agent, wearing slinky gowns of moonglow satin, plus eye makeup so think it'll last through the third drag show of the evening, there might be just the glimmer of a twitch of the agent's eyebrow—but that's about it. Money talks; if you have it, the apartment you seek will not be difficult to nail down. Here's why.

When one considers, for example, that New York City's exorbitant realty taxes and unbelievably high construction costs have stopped the building industry virtually in its tracks . . . and that apartments (what few remain) go for a minimum $300 for just an unfurnished studio/kitchenette, and an unfurnished one-bedroom apartment for around $500, obviously few married couples can afford them. So the landlord will most likely say, "Welcome, strangers—what took you so long?" Even the TVs would have it made before the ink is dry on the application!

In smaller cities, however, there is a surprising new development that may interest gay guys and liberated others now constricted by discrimination. In an article, mentioned earlier, called *'Liberated Apartment Complex' Offers Nudity, Frolicking*, John M. Crewdson reports that about three months ago the Manor Villa Apartments in Austin, Texas were on the verge of being town down. Fewer than half the 78 units in the dingy complex were occupied, and some of those were being used only as hideouts by holdup men.

But a Texas miracle occurred—as they often do—and Austin marvels. The owners of the apartments were persuaded not to tear down the complex, but instead to put in about $80,000 to renew/refurbish the apartments which form a two-story rectangular structure built around a large swimming pool.

Then they rented them to University of Texas students and young professional people—gay/straight—to create a kind of Lone Star State Utopia. According to the 'persuader', young Terry Parker—a transplanted New Yorker—the idea is that in this liberated environment people are free to do whatever they want "as long as they don't aggress physically against one another." Which may be to say that while nudity is okay there mustn't be any fucking around the pool. Nudity, however, is not *de rigueur*; it's just accepted as your thing. If you prefer to wear something, okay. Swim nude or suited in the pool . . . go nude or clothed around the ground. The only restriction is that when you prepare to leave the complex you must wear clothes. (After all, it's right *in* Austin, which, although a very free-wheeling city, is not all that free and all that wheeling.) This rather follows the suggestion of the great English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who, when asked what she thought about sex, opined that it is a splendid idea, "as long as they don't do it in public and frighten the horses."

There is a sign behind a sturdy steel mesh gate, one of seven recently installed to keep the curious (and/or hostile) at bay, the *Times* reports, that warns visitors to "Stay away if you are offended by the liberated life style inside, which includes nudity, cavorting in the pool, and various other *consensual frolicking*, etc." Love that term . . . but love that "etc." more! How quaint, yet how accurately it describes the lifestyle of those in the complex.

So far no complaint from the Austinites. They've taken it in stride, and now other complexes such as this are probably in the soon-to-be stage. A people-watcher who has looked longing at the complex laments "To be perfectly honest with you, the closest thing I've seen to nudity is a girl in a bikini." Liberated and civilized!

As for all that "consensual frolicking," Terry Parker, according to the *Times* report, acknowledges that affairs are not uncommon. "When you move in, you eventually get to know everybody. But it's probably not a good idea to come here *looking* for sex." Here is an unusual place where gay and straight not only co-exist, but respect one another's sexual persuasion.

What seems so level-headed about Parker's approach may be summed up in one of his statements. "We've discovered that people revert to a more liberated condition more readily than you would think. If you could put a great many of the types of people who exist in our society into a liberated environment we might produce a unique change in the way things work. Some day, maybe we can extend this to apartments in other cities, maybe even whole towns and villages." Right on, Parker! And then the interview was concluded with this line. *Just then the black-and-white telephone rang. "We've been retained as consultants in San Francisco!" he shouted happily.* Wouldn't you know? Figures.

So if, in spite of the still-existent discrimination in housing in some areas; and if, in spite of our 'legal-eagle' tips, you can't swing the apartment you'd like to have, give a thought to this uniquely Utopian switch. You, too, may form your own apartment-complex corporation . . . liberated and legal all the way. Right now all big cities have buildings being abandoned for one reason or another—just as in Austin (and somewhat like SoHo in New York City)—and so with a little luck, lots of ingenuity, perhaps not too much collective cash, plus a lot of enthusiasm, you may help change the course of gay history in your community.

When you've formed such an interested group, and have a fairly workable plan, why not get in touch with Terry Parker at Manor Village Apartments, Austin, Texas? He may be just the guy who can help you get it all together. Then you can get on with all that "consensual frolicking" . . . especially the "etc."

• • •

GAY THAILAND

(Continued from page 13)

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bars, discos, restaurants, massage parlors, pimps and prostitutes. Nearby is one of the largest concentrations of gay bars in a small area you'll find anywhere.

Earlier in the evening you might enjoy one of the latest American, European or Chinese films in English at one of the many ultra-modern theaters. Some have reclining seats and the ushers (often dolls) will even bring you a beer if you order it when you go in. You'll also want to see Thai boxing, one of the roughest sports around. The boxers and their movements are something else, and a night at the fights is an unforgettable experience.

I won't go into great detail on sightseeing here as there are endless guidebooks on the country. I do plan to mention a few must-sees at the end of the article, but for now, let's get to the nitty gritty info on gay happenings here.

HOTELS

Numero Uno in Bangkok and one of the finest hotels in the world is the *Oriental Hotel*, which, consequently, is the only hotel located right on the river. Bangkok's oldest hotel, the Oriental, has been the resting place for the likes of Somerset Maugham and James Conrad and remains a favorite among some of the world's most interesting people. The last time I was there Michael York and his wife Patti were occupying one suite and Baron von Krupp another. The old building was gutted by fire a few years ago, but the management has sensibly restored it much as it was for 100 years, and it has the charm and exotic flavour one dreams about when planning a trip to this part of the world. The management is young and very understanding. If your Thai friend is presentable—and they almost always are—and you come in at a reasonable hour, there shouldn't be any problems. The hotel is expensive for Thailand—about $30 to $40 for a single—but if you're a romanticist it's worth every penny of it.

Several gay friends in Thailand recommended the *Asia Hotel* on Phyathi Road. "No problems bringing anyone in, and the staff all know the score, with many of them available," I was told. I stayed one night, but was tired after Hong Kong and the flight . . . perhaps that's why I wasn't all that impressed. There is a pool, the rooms are nice, and although a single runs around $20 I was told you can usually get them down to as low as $10.

Next in line, and if you're not a stickler for luxury, the most practical and really the most interesting is the *Suriwong Hotel* near the Patphong entertainment section. The Suriwong is basically a "short time hotel" with stalls the locals can pull their cars into, have them instantly hidden by curtains, enter through a door there,

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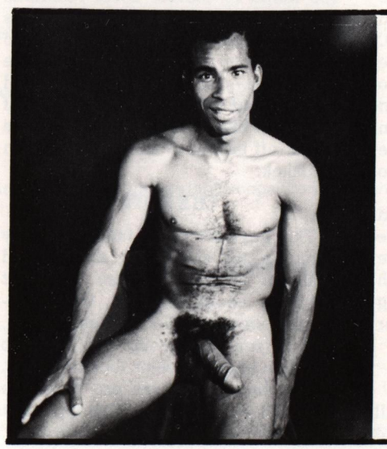

CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

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 cut 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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and never bother registering at the desk. Short time rooms are also available if you don't have a car and run $3 for 3 hours. The main part of the hotel has a reception desk; a lobby; a bar; and a restaurant/coffee shop. Here you can rent a room for a short time or by the day. The rooms are sparsely but adequately furnished.

The beds are comfortable; there's a closet, a couch, and would you believe it, a *ceramic spittoon*! Each room has its own western john and shower and they are air-conditioned.

A single runs $7 a day, and there's no problem taking anyone in at any time. The hotel is designed and operated for sex and it's one of the most interesting, most tolerant and most convenient places you'll find anywhere in the world.

Many people who are more fussy, rent a room in another hotel for their luggage, etc., and also rent a room at the Suriwong for their fun. If you don't have a lot of luggage and aren't too fussy, the Suriwong is not a bad place to stay. They do have a safe where you can leave your valuables and the kids working at reception, at the coffee shop and for room service are all really friendly and helpful . . . and very available.

The coffee shop is a great meeting place as the regular "business boys," some students, some laborers and even some truck drivers know the place and drop in for some action in the late afternoon or early evening. If you're interested in something other than Thais (why, I wouldn't understand, as they're great) there are always a few Americans, Europeans or other Asians staying at the hotel. The streets in this area are also great for cruising, and the only problem you'll have is deciding which one, two or three you'd like to spend the night with.

A young German I met in Bangkok recently told me he often stayed at the *Maya Guest House* at 447 South Sathorn Road; telephone 233-0520. According to him, rooms there are about $9 and he always managed to meet someone there and have a good time. However, after I showed him the Suriwong he said he couldn't see any reason why anyone would want to stay anywhere else.

Friends who live in Thailand told me two of the toughest hotels to take friends into were the *Indra* and the *Siam Intercontinental.* They're both beautiful hotels, but if they're going to give you a hassle and foul up your holiday, who needs it?

BARS

The most popular bars are all located within a two-block radius and it's very easy to move from one to another. Drinks are inexpensive. All the taxi drivers know the bars, or else just take a cab to the *Tulip Bar* at 285/1 Silom Road. The others are all down a small side street across from the Tulip. (Alitalia and Egypt Air are both nearby.)

Tulip . . . long established and well known. Drinks and dancing.

Garden . . . quite popular with the foreigners living in Bangkok. Drinks and dancing.

Siamese . . . drinks and dancing. It's fun to watch the Thai kids dancing the latest New york or Los Angeles dances one minute and switching into a graceful Thai social dance the next.

Lonely Boy . . . drinks and dancing.

Twilight . . . drinks and dancing, plus a stable of "country boys" more or less on exhibit who are bookable through the bar "mama."

Tomboy . . . a tiny but fun place that features go-go boys. The kids are cute and really work hard to put on a good show. All are available and the bar has a couple of rooms upstairs they rent for a quickie at $3.

At the time of this writing Bangkok, like Manila, has a curfew. It starts at 1:00 a.m. and runs until 4:30. This really doesn't affect your nightlife as much as you might think. By that time you've surely found what you like. The bars in the hotels stay open for guests after curfew and there are always a few stragglers at the Suriwong. If you happen to get caught out after curfew the Thai police are helpful, kind, and often very handsome and will take you back to the hotel.

CRUISING AREAS

Silom Road in front of Egypt Airlines and Alitalia, and the side streets going to the bars and the Suriwong Hotel. Plenty of guys who openly solicit.

Lumpini Park, especially around the Rama IV statue. Local residents say this area can be risky as the kids there are definitely hustlers and out to get what they can. I've met some nice kids there—including a sailor, and haven't had any problems. Hoever if you don't like to take chances, you're better off at one of the many bars in Bankkok.

THE BOYS

Thai guys are really fantastic. They come in all sizes and shapes and really go all out to please. No great hangups about sex and they thoroughly enjoy it. No shyness either, and if you dig group sex, it's no problem to get three or four to join in. In the bar area there are frail fem types for those who dig that type, but generally the Thais are well built, physically strong and about the best endowed in Asia. There is really something for everyone, ranging from students to Thai boxers, to tattooed truck drivers. You'll run into tall Thais, but most are shorter than the average Westerner. They compensate by wearing platform shoes which they cover with flared jeans. Don't be surprised if your new-found friend turns out to be considerable shorter once he takes his shoes off.

Most of the boys, except for a few from wealthy families, are commercial, and expect a little something . . . 80 baht ($4) to 100 baht ($5) is the going rate. Since many of them come in from the country, and can't find work, they need the bread to pay for a room, food and the fashion they love so much. If they don't score, it may mean back to the rice paddies. It's all very nicely done though, and no need to get indignant over "having to pay for sex." If you like the kid well enough to make it with him, you should be willing to help him a bit. After all, it's almost bound to be a one time, or at least just a few-days' affair. Guess I'm an easy touch, but when one of those beautiful boys comes over to the table, sits down, opens those big Oriental eyes, and says "I hungry," I know he is, and shell out a buck for a hamburger and some fried rice.

PATTAYA BEACH

There's plenty to keep you busy in Bangkok, but you really should take a few days and head for Pattaya Beach, the Asian Acapulco, just a few hours from Bangkok. This fishing village has become the most developed seaside resort in Asia, but still manages to retain an exotic atmosphere you won't find anywhere else. The brilliant sunshine, crystal clear water, off-shore coral islands, wide variety of water sports (in the original sense) and raunchy nightlife make Pattaya a must. There's bus service several times a day from the major hotels in Thailand, and the cost is just $6 round-trip.

You have a wide choice of places to stay, from he individual *Moonlight Cottages* on the beach at about $10 per day, to a room at the ultra-modern *Royal Cliffs* with its private beach, tennis courts and everything you could ask for at about $16 per day. The Royal Cliffs is one of the finest hotels you'll find anywhere. The management is understanding, and in addition to the many Thais you meet there, there are always interesting tourists from all over Europe.

During the day I usually find the fishing boat and boatmen (some are just super) I like, pay from $10 to $15, and spend the day going from one

Hold the buns, jumbo pickles, squirt a gob of juicy mustard . . . with the

WHOPPER KINGS











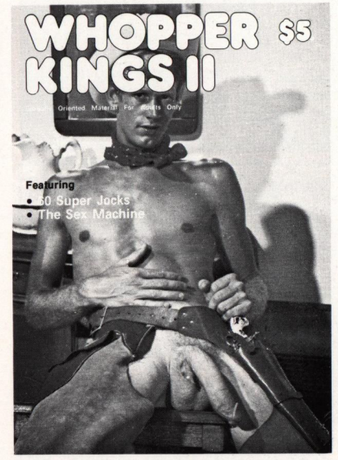

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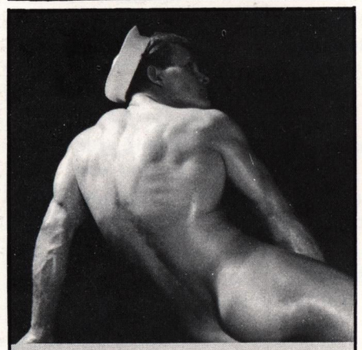

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island to the other—skindiving, fishing, or just sleeping in the sun. The boatman cleans the fish we catch, and one of the small restaurants on the island cooks them for us. Add rice, fresh pineapple and for a dollar you have a great meal.

Lots of action around the beaches and it's easy to meet the locals who teach water-skiing or parachuting; kids down from Bangkok; military on leave; or hotel and restaurant employees off duty. The whole atmosphere is conducive to romance, and I guarantee you won't want to leave this beautiful spot on the Gulf of Siam. Pattaya has its own gay bars now, and there're drinks, dancing and a nice mixture of Thais and western tourists. The most popular bar is *Tiffany's* at the far end of the beach, and the other meeting place is the *Seaside*.

When you're in Pattaya stop by the *Originator Boutique*, a small shop run by two brothers on the beach. They come up with some great ideas and prices are very reasonable. Be sure to have at least one meal at Dolf Rik's . . . superb. Dolf and his Thai partner are so helpful.

THAI TRAVEL TIPS

• Get a guidebook and plan your days as to what you want to see. *Must Sees* are the Royal Palace; Emerald Buddha and Floating Market. If time is limited visit *Timland*, a park that gives you a good look at Thai life. If you're in Bangkok over the weekend, go to the Weekend Market. It's colorful and so easy to meet nice people, including off-duty military there.

• For shopping, *Handsome* on Silom Road across from the Hyatt Hotel makes fantastic shirts overnight. The prices are reasonable. Also visit the *Body Shop* in the Siam Center. Denim, cotton, corduroy or velvet made-to-order jumpsuits run about $30, and there's always a lot of groovy people in the shop.

• When visiting the Temples, show respect and behave in a proper manner. A group of American kids were arrested last year for climbing on a Buddha to have their photos taken. The Thais are a very religious people and religion plays an important part in even the young people's daily lives.

• Don't touch older people's heads . . . in fact, it's better not to touch anyone's head in Thailand until you know him. They have a superstition about this.

• In Thailand, as anywhere, don't carry a lot of cash, or wear expensive jewelry when you're tricking. Why tempt those who have so much less than you?

• Use common sense, and I'm sure you'll have one of the best holidays ever. The country has so much to offer, and the Thais are some of the handsomest, friendliest people you'll find anywhere.

• • •

VINO!
(Continued from page 23)

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at one time have been part of your kitchen decor. Because there is so much of it it is the least expensive of Italian wines.

The other type will have been left to mature for 3 or more years in oaken casks to give it great body and an almost flyaway, lacy delicacy. This you will find at your wine-merchant's labeled Chianti Riserva, and it won't be in raffia-covered flasks, but in claret or Bordeaux-type bottles. It will set you back a few bucks more, but it's a noble wine for which you'll get nothing but compliments.

A third Chianti is known as Chianti Classico, which you won't find easily in the United States. Much less is bottled because the grapes from which it is made grow only in the Chianti Classico zone of Tuscany—an area of barely 100 square miles. Less than 4 million bottles are produced each year. If you run across one don't let it get away. It's unforgettable. Incidentally, if you dine at any of the grand luxe restaurants in Florence you will note on the menu certain dishes—chicken particularly—prepared with Chianti Classico. Such foods are incomparable, so be sure to try them. The Chianti Classico used will be small overages of the wine from the area—hoarded jealously by chefs. You couldn't get such dishes anywhere else—not even in Italy.

An excellent Tuscan white wine should also be mentioned. This is Vernaccia di San Gimignano, a particularly fine, very dry wine produced in the hilltop town of the same name which was the home of Michelangelo for several years . . . that is, until Pope Julian immured him in the Sistine Chapel until he'd completed his magnificent frescoes. The estate still belongs to members of the Buonarotti family. When you pay your respects to David in Florence, make a side trip to this little town and have a taste of one of the world's greatest wines. It will add interest to your vacation.

A magnificent one-grape (Sangiovese) wine is produced in Tuscany just south of Siena. It is a bigger-bodied and even more fragrant wine than Chianti Riserva because it is left longer in casks to mature. A really premium wine, and just the thing if you can't find Chianti Riserva. It's called Brunello de Montalcino.

PIEMONTE

In this region, of which Turin is the principal city, four fine wines are made of a mixture of three grapes: Nebbiolo and Barbera (red) and Moscato (white). These wines are more easily come by and your dealer will have them under the labels: Barolo, Ghemme, Barbaresco, and Gattinara. All are aged wines. Barolo is perhaps the best known in the United States. Barbaresco is like velvet on the tongue . . . Gattinara is an elegant wine to savor and sip, while Ghemme is an all-around convivial wine gay hosts will find appreciated.

Also, the best of Italy's 'Champagne'—Asti Spumante—comes from this Piemontese region. Asti Spumante is made only from Moscato (white) grapes—one of the three kinds used in making some of the other wines just mentioned . . . as the Champagne of France is made only from Champagne grapes. Asti Spumante (and there are many brand labels of it) is a delicate, aromatic, sparkling wine that so many here in the United States are beginning to appreciate as much as—or more than—Champagne. Also it's far less costly; it's a real celebration wine; and for some odd reason the 'fizz' lasts longer and the wine doesn't become so quickly flat like Champagne when left open for an hour or so. It's well to remember this when you plan to have guests. You'll save a good deal of money not only on price, but because there's less need for refilling glasses.

VENETO

Situated between Lake Garda and the Po and Piave Rivers, this is a very large wine-producing region. Venice, of course, is the capital city, but the wine-producing area is situated around the historic Romeo and Juliet city of Verona. Three wines, growing more popular every day in the United States because of the charming TV commercials advertising them, are Valpolicella, Bardolino and Soave.

These wines take their names from the three districts in which their grapes are grown. Valpolicella, the largest district, lies just north of Verona and produces a unique cherry-red wine with a gentle, sweet aroma and a nice trace of bitterness in the aftertaste that comes as a surprise. Bardolino, from the same grapes, but grown in lighter soils, is a lighter red and a little on the pleasantly sharp side—also a little 'bittersweetie'. Soave, one of Italy's best white wines, comes from a smaller district east of Verona. Pale, very dry, well-balanced and a trifle flowery. All so different . . . all so delightful.

These wines, like Chianti, are best when drunk freshly-pressed, right on the spot. They must be bottled within a short time or the character will change. You may be sure that the Bolla brand of all three will be 'good to the last drop' . . . and that they were bottled at the witching hour!

It is perhaps of some interest that one of the brands of Amaretto—a liqueur fast-growing in poplarity in the United States—is produced in this area also. Amaretto means 'bittersweet', and another excellent wine around Verona is called Amarone. It too has bittersweet character. But where Amarone is a bittersweet wine, Amaretto—while hinting at it—is a noble cordial with a rich, velvety taste. A few (maybe four or five) drops of Amaretto liqueur drizzled over rather characterless dietetic/diabetic/sugar-free vanilla ice cream (even regular vanilla) can turn it into instant ambrosia at only about 10 calories, so that one doesn't have to live at the foot of the Cross for a week. Never, however, put it on chocolate. The flavors are not compatible and you'll have a mess.

Some have asked if certain American wines aren't near-duplicates of Italian wines—particularly in view of the fact that the seedling grapes are imported from Italy. Allowing for the fact that even in Italy—and even on different sides of an estate—the same grapes, grown in two different soils, will produce quite different-tasting wine, it must be said that two red wines made from Pino and Cabernet grapes in California taste almost identically like Pinot and Cabernet wines of Verona. The Almaden consort of California's Pinot Noir is especially like its namesake.

SICILIAN WINES

If Sicily will allow us to call her "Italian' for a moment we should like to mention some of her excellent wines—and what is considered the finest dessert wine in all Italy—Marsala. There is something just a little different about Sicilian wines. They have a special magic which may derive from long-ago volcanic ash blown over the vineyards from Mount Etna. Anyway, there's no such thing as a poor Sicilian wine.

Segesta, named after that ancient Greek city, is a dry red and white table wine. From Southern Sicily, the popular Draceno, Drepano and Saturno wines are being seen more frequently on American wine-merchant's shelves. It is a special

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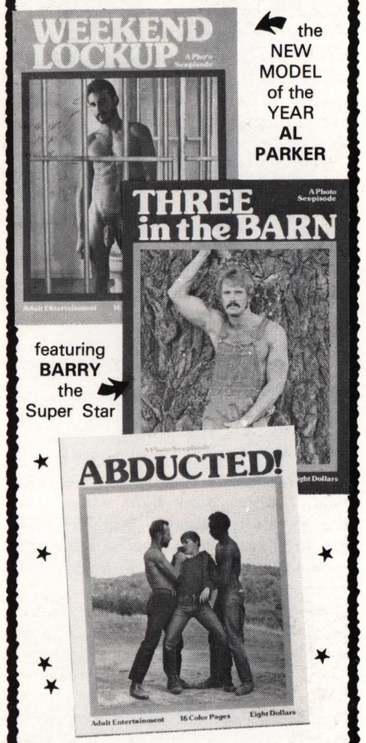

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characteristic of Sicilian winemakers to fortify certain wines. This is done by adding a little brandy to the pressing and so such wines have a higher alcoholic content.

From the slopes of Mount Etna come Etna Red and White; the former is dry, robust and ruby colored . . . the latter dry and well-balanced, with a fragrance of wine flowers. Regaleali white and red are produced from grapes grown at nearly a mile-high elevation and, for all this altitude, are dry, warm and smooth.

But the dessert wine, Marsala, is without peer, except perhaps for France's Chateau d'Yqem. Not only is Marsala a magnificent after-dinner wine, it is used by some haute cuisine chefs in cooking. It comes in dry and sweet varieties, and in specially-flavored variations as well.

WHAT WINES WITH WHAT FOODS?

The rules for wine/food compatibility are much the same as for French wines—with a few differences. First, unlike the French, don't necessarily think *white* wine for fish, chicken and veal. Rather, think *light* wines (see the tables appended)—whether thay are red, white, or rose. As for red meats or wild game, a hearty red wine, of course, goes best.

Also chill white and rose wines, and serve heavier red wines at room temperature. One exception: Chianti. The old raffia-covering of the Chianti flask is giving way to the claret-type bottle—winemakers are trying to give Chianti a better image. The Italians made a point of drenching the bottle in ice cold water so that the wet raffia would keep it at just less than room temperature. This 'enlivens' this particular wine. However, you may hold a bottle of Chianti under the cold water tap for several minutes and get the same effect. Just don't refrigerate—that's 'fatal'.

Salute!

Because there are so many Italian wines—and so many varieties within varieties—it would be be impossible to list them in one article. But here is a brief rundown of general wine types that may help you decide what to choose for whatever occasion you plan.

WHITE WINES

Mellow white: Ask for Prosecco. *Dry, light-bodied* white: Ask for Pino Bianco. *Dry, medium-bodied* white: Ask for Soave or Verdicchio (*Fazi-Battaglia* Verdicchio is a wonderful wine in this category, and available at most wine shops). *Bolla* Soave is also excellent.

RED WINES

Semi-dry red: The label should indicate Lambrusco. *Dry, light-bodied* reds: Bardolino, of which *Bolla* is a fine choice. *Dry, medium-bodied* red: Cabernet, of course. Chianti, certainly. And Valpolicella . . . again the *Bolla* brand is fine. *Heavy* reds: Amarone, mentioned earlier. Barolo. Barbaresco. Gattinara. Ghemme . . . all the fine wines of Verona.

ROSE WINES/DESSERT SPARKLING WINES (Champagne)

Rose: Castel del Monte, Chiaretto or Marino rose. *Dessert:* Marsala or Vin Santo. *Sparkling:* Asti Spumante. Also Nebbiolo Spumante, Prosecco Spumante and Spumante Brut. (The sparkling wine listings given here begin with the *sweetest* and continue through the *driest.*)

• • •

GAY PARTY
(Continued from page 9)

trying to impress his working friends with a fancy spread when they all know his check to the grocer bounced.

5. If it's to be a dinner party, try to do most of the cooking in advance. Don't fuss around in the kitchen all evening while your guests get bombed—join in the fun! Every cookbook and all newspaper food sections have ideas for meals that can be prepared with a minumum of fuss.

Here are three examples of parties I've thrown, intended as illustrations, not the last word in entertainment:

When I was in college, my roommate lover and I held an indoor "garden party" of champagne and strawberries. The invitations specified coat and tie "with picture hats and toeless wedgies optional." Since we were struggling students, they also incidated that guest should "BYOChampagne." This was a spring party shortly before graduation to which we invited most of the campus "sorority." We picked plenty of flowers and rented some champagne glasses and bought some strawberries. That was our only expense and if I do say so myself, the party was a success.

For a dinner party to celebrate the first anniversary of the relationship of The Teddy Bear (my lover) and myself, we invited fewer guests and made spaghetti. That gave us time to socialize because all we had to do was cook the spaghetti and pour on the sauce. For dessert I baked a three-tier wedding cake topped with plastic figures of bride and groom; I replaced the bride with another groom under the nuptial arch.

If these two functions sound a little too cute you can always tone down the mood and just serve "steak and taters." Or, like a former lover of mine, you can invite the gang over and then call Chicken Delight, hoping that the chicken who delivers it is delightful!

The third example was one summer when I was living in Chicago with a roommate who frequented a leather bar. Typically, most of his friends were direct and honest about enjoying sheer, raw sex. We were staying in a large apartment on the top floor of an old brownstone which was virtually soundproof. Besides, we had reason to believe that the guy who lived below us was gay, too.

So John spread the word that we were having a film festival and orgy, BYOB at a certain time. Everyone knew precisely what to expect—and so did we. We shoved all the furniture and anything breakable into a room which was declared taboo. We bought a dozen cheap ashtrays and spread blankets all over the floor. The kitchen sink was filled with ice and a garbage pail stood nearby for empties. Jars of Vaseline and tubes of K-Y were strategically located. Some of the guests brought along their favorite slides and movies. Halfway through them, some guys had already started to strip, which was fine—because it was just what we'd anticipated. Cleaning up the empty beer cans and used poppers the next morning was not much of a chore because we had the happy satisfaction of knowing that we—plus around 100 other guys—were feeling no pain the morning after.

Perhaps the best summary of the theory and technique of gay parties is in "The Gay World" by Martin Hoffman. He describes a San Francisco suburbanite cocktail party which "had a rather adolescent quality," but nonetheless was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

"There are perhaps two ways of looking at this situation," he writes. "One is that the bringing together of a group of homosexuals *allows* them to express their otherwise suppressed homosexual feelings. The other interpretation is that bringing them together encourages them to talk about the one thing they have in common, namely, their sexual preferences. The two interpretations are, however not mutually contradictory."

Indeed they are not. Parties are one of the best ways to meet new people, enjoy old friends and have a good time. They can be knock-down-drag-out orgies which satisfy healthy, animalistic sex urges, or they can be oh, so dreadfully intellectual teas where one catches up on the latest gossip.

The main thing to remember is that the party should reflect your own lifestyle and should be fun. *Bon appétit!*

• • •

NEW INSIGHTS ON VD
(Continued from page 26)

long enough to rinse out the jockstrap, get a new tube of lubricant and/or lay in a fresh supply of poppers, the blood test made every three months is by no means too frequent. Play it cool by playing it *safe*!

With regard to having these blood tests. Today, doctors almost routinely send their patients to a commercial laboratory. Here an impersonal medical technician takes your blood, along with that of hundreds of others. It's processed and your physician is notified by mail of the result. If the test is positive, he can phone you to come in for treatment. So most (if any) embarrassment is avoided. Once syphilis has been established, there's no need for the doctor to play Grand Inquisitor and probe into the whys and wherefores of how you got it. If he's straight—and if it makes you feel more comfortable and/or less embarrassed—let him think 'she'.

SYPHILIS

This is the VDisease caused by a *spirochete* which, as noted, *usually* starts in one spot, enters the bloodstream and infects the entire body. It's a drama of disease played in two somber acts:

Act I. The primary stage involves a (usually) painless sore that develops in about 10 days after one has been exposed to the source. It may take longer—a month or more. This sore is called *chancre* and identifies the spot where the syphilis spirochetes entered the body. In the case of the straight male this almost invariably means on and around the penis. But gay guys should increase this range of activity to include both the mouth and the rectum (we *do* get around, you see). Sometimes the chancre is so small it fools the victim—it may look like nothing more than a simple pimple. But whether open sore or a hicky, it should be a cause for concern of any commonsense individual.

Now here is a new insight that can speed the issue of determining just *what* it is. Because the chancre is full of germs, syphilis can be positively identified in its minute pimple stage with a special microscope (a first

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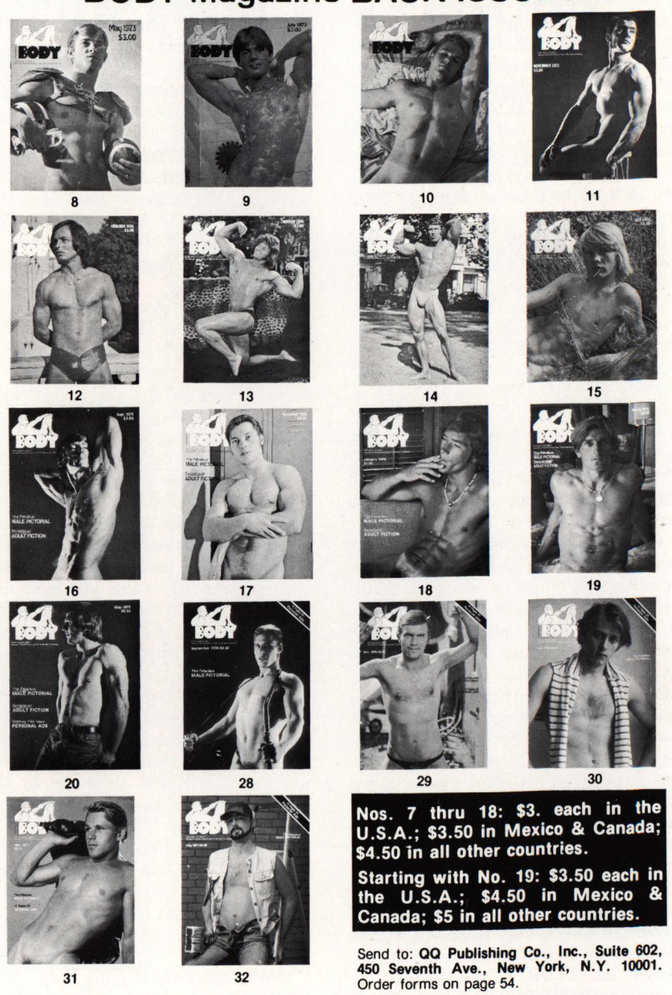

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weapon of your gay or gay-oriented doctor). This is especially helpful if—as sometimes happens—the invasion of spirochetes does not show up in the initial blood test. In some cases this may not prove out for up to 30 days. Thus without the immediate identification via this special microscope the doctor will have the blood test repeated in 30 days if he continues to suspect syphilis (and you can be sure he'll be too familiar with the signs and portents of syphilis to rule it out arbitrarily). So don't start thanking your lucky stars that you're 'home free'.

What makes this iffier still is that even untreated the chancre will disappear. Again, forget the 'lucky stars' bit, thinking it was really only "just a pimple." No matter that it vanishes from sight, the germs are still there, increasing day by day and spreading to other parts of the body. (Or if the 'tip of the iceberg' doesn't show, be sure that the danger part remains.)

Act II. Secondary syphilis shows up generally about 3 to 6 weeks later—however, this may be longer. Some symptoms you'll want to recognize: Sore throat . . . frequent headaches (when you rarely had them) . . . some hair falls out—often patches of it. Also an (usually) itchless rash appears on various areas of the body—sometimes so extensively that the palms of the hands/soles of the feet are covered with it. With one or more of these symptoms appearing you should be no longer in doubt that you're in for heavy trouble. It's no longer something to speculate about. This is it!

But again, there's the 'iffiness'. All these symptoms may clear up, as did the pimple/sore of the primary stage. Don't be lulled. The disease is spreading. With syphilis so amenable to treatment it is tragic to try and 'second guess' it. And if you can't bring yourself to level with ol' Doc Bones, go to your local Health Department. But go! The man who continues to sex, knowing that he may have syphilis, is not only a vector, but a predator.

GONORRHEA

As the saying goes, "Clap doesn't necessarily mean applause." But whether you call it 'clap', or 'dose' or 'drip' it all adds up to the 'other' venereal disease—gonorrhea. Unlike the spirochete of syphilis, gonorrhea is transmitted by a *gonococcus.* And unlike spirochetes that enter the bloodstream, *gonococci* usually remain at the site of original infection—cock, rectum or throat (vagina in women).

Gonorrhea is transmitted only when the gonococci are transferred directly from an infected part of one individual to the uninfected parts of another. Usually it is passed during anal intercourse (men) or vaginal intercourse (women), or from an infected penis to a rectum, or an infected rectum to an inserted penis. It can also be passed via oral sex to the mouth, or from throat to throat during kissing (although many medical men consider this unlikely; but then, they just don't know how deep we can kiss!). And, of course, it can be transmitted through rimming an infected rectum.

The first symptoms will usually be noticed from 2 to 10 days after sexing with an infected person. The symptoms are classic: a burning or extremely uncomfortable sensation in the penis during urination; also a continual oozing of yellowish pus. Mess-s-sy! Rectal symptoms include rectal itching or pain, as well as a discharge of blood, pus or mucous from the rectum, which you'll notice on shit. Sometimes, however, there is an absence of rectal symptoms, and the first you may know you have clap is when a guy who's fucked you gets it on his cock and is angry (yet thoughtful and considerate) enough to tell you about it, and to get with it.

Treatment is usually with powerful antibiotics, prescribed by a physician, over a period of a few days. Although gono will not be eradicated that soon, the symptoms will clear up in that time. Continue as your doctor tells you, with the correct dosage of antibiotics, until the disease itself is cleared up too. And he will advise you to use an antibacterial cleanser on the exterior infected parts, as well as to take a soapy enema if the rectum is involved.

Symptoms of oral gono may not be noticeable . . . a sore throat may occur. If you are suckingly active and develop a sore throat, suspect gono and hie yourself to the doctor . . . don't try to overcome it with cough drops. If gono is treated early there will likely be no complications. But if untreated, it can lead to scarring of the urinary passage, infection of the prostate gland, testicles, blood or joints. Also, untreated gono can hinder the flow of urine through the urethra, or impede the flow of sperm from the testes . . . and that's baa-a-ad!

Although gonorrhea of the penis is heralded by the oozing of pus (which, however, can also be the result of non-specific urethritis), and the sensation of burning on urination—and is thus obvious, even to the layman—there are specific tests for both rectal and pharyngeal (throat) infection caused by gonorrhea.

This is of great importance to the gay guy heavily into anal sex because the doctor—thinking 'straight'—can possibly overlook these areas. The tests for rectal or pharyngeal gonorrhea require that a specimen be taken from each, and a culture grown. *Be sure to insist that the doctor take specimens from those areas.* It should always be in the back of your mind that because he is *not* gay, and therefore is not *thinking* 'gay', the throat and rectum *will not be routinely tested.*

As in the case of blood tests for syphilis, however, your doctor may send you to a commercial lab for the specimen cultures, thus relieving you of any embarrassment. Impersonal. As we mentioned earlier, the blood test is valid only for syphilis . . . it does *not* detect gonorrhea.

SOME LITTLE REMINDERS

1. If you're very active sexually, have a routine blood test for possible syphilis every 3 months, and if you're just moderately on the prowl, have the test every 6 months . . . this in view of (a) any 'accident' of bisexual crossing-over from an infected female source, plus (b) the rapid proliferation of more/different places where sex 'happens'. Also, the routine 3- or 6-month blood test is of the greatest health value since in some cases symptoms of VD *do not show up* in the usual 10-day period after contact. If, through the lack of early evidence of syphilis, the routine blood test, or scheduled 3-month or 6-month period test shows *positive*, it'll have been worth your time and gay vigilance! Think of the routine blood test as a prophylactic, and never miss an appointment.

2. Always be alert to the symptoms we've mentioned, and to any others that do not disappear within a couple or three days. If such symptoms are phenomenally new to you, check them out. It will repay you a thousand times over, because you can never treat *any* disease too soon!

3. Insist on those rectal/pharyngeal cultures.

4. Never wait longer than 30 days to have a blood test if chancre develops.

5. Mention to all your gay friends about the *new insight* on VD mentioned here, with regard to having either the 3- or 6-month blood test. Sex is snowballing these days, and you may give them a helping hand by urging this vigilance upon them.

6. Mention, too, about the special microscopic examination of the early syphilitic pimple/sore. Since the blood test might not show up positive for 30 days afterward, why not have this earlier assurance? Check with

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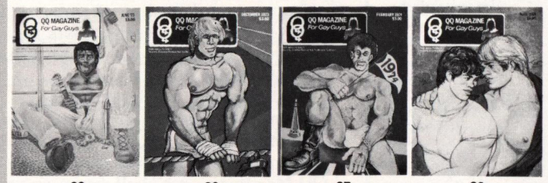

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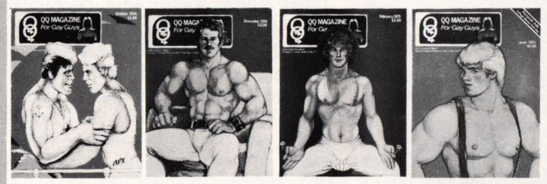

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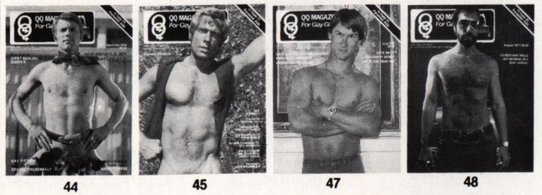

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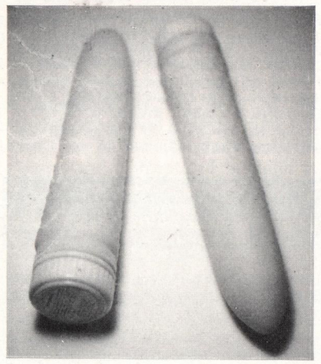

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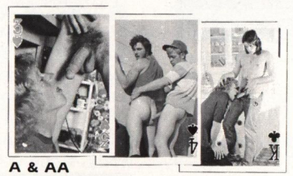

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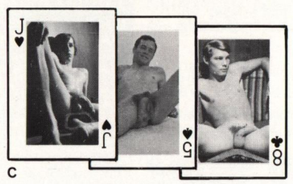

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your doctor to find whether he does this, or will recommend a clinic in your community that does have such equipment.

To end on a more optimistic note, With our various Gay Task Forces on the move and getting involved with the needs and rights of gay guys and gals, there are being established in many of our larger gay communities outreaching Venereal Disease Control Projects which offer a vital program of education, counseling (if you suspect VD), and medical service (if you have it). For example, such a project is in operation by the Gay Commmunity Services Center, 1213 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California 90038 (phone 213-464-7485).

In such projects gay guys feel more at home, and all feeling of embarrassment in having necessary tests made vanishes. In short, it's easier when you're among friends.

So check your local gay listings . . . inquire through your local Gay Switchboard . . . ask your gay friends about such projects, and stay tuned to *QQ Magazine*—we shall report on any other cities where this courageous and valuable gay step is taken.

Stay alert . . . and stay active!

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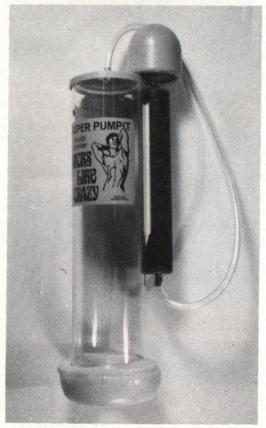

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BEE POLLEN
(Continued from page 25)

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practically 'computerized' way to a pleasing physique, plus the fact that through the interaction of zinc on digestive enzymes, he is being stirred to new heights sexually, he is a *fulfilled* individual. Certainly whether he's gay or straight, he is no longer a sexual recluse, but a tiger . . . ravenous . . . he *breathes* sex!

THE JOY OF THE 'PUMP'

Perhaps a more sexually typical observation of this new trend in enzymically-activated nutrition/bodybuilding is the comment of Schwarzenegger about the 'joy of the pump'. (For the man who is unfamiliar with bodybuilding jargon, the 'pump' is the maximum suffusion of blood in a muscle area being exercises . . . it's the 'peak point' at which that muscle is completely blown up to its greatest volume—physiologically and *visually*.)

Working for the pump used to be torture because it took more time and the sophisticated exercise equipment of today was unknown. It was more pain than pleasure. But in Schwarzenegger's new world it's just the opposite . . . more pleasure than pain. "Getting a pump is like having an orgasm!" he exclaims. Thus the relation of super health to super sex can be clearly seen—how the one is influenced by the other.

OTHER SPORTS FIGURES AND BEE POLLEN

Bodybuilders, however, are not the only men affected by the 'bee sting' of bee pollen. *The New York Times* of Sunday, February 6, 1977 looked into the subject of bee pollen and came up with some interesting discoveries that we should like to pass along to you.

Lest anyone thing this is an American 'first' phenomenon, the *Times* points out that bee pollen was used by competitive athletes as far back as six years ago. For example, the Finnish Olympic team, including Lasse Viren—5,000- and 10,000-meter gold medal winner—were all into bee pollen. At that time they used a Swedish tablet prepared from *mechanically* harvested pollen; the bees didn't have 'union cards' then! Still, they outclassed all other Olympic competitors.

Just a week before the *Times* article appeared, Steve Riddick won the 60-yard dash at the Millrose Games. He attributes his success to ingestion of bee pollen, and, in fact, proudly wears his "Bee Power" T-shirt. "And," continues the *Times,* "John Williamson, the high-scoring guard traded by the Nets to Indiana this week, says his 10 tablets a day (of bee pollen) give a burst of energy on the court he didn't know he had."

In noting earlier that zinc is a definite factor in helping to heal burns and wounds quickly, it is all the more interesting that the *Times* reports on Doc Turner, the trainer at Long Island University. "Doc," says the report, "who is 82 years old, is something of a legend among local athletes and trainers for his ability to treat injuries successfully with his varied techniques which include chiropractic, acupressure and naturopathy. He says that when friends and doctors see him coming these days they call out "Hey, Bee Pollen."

"Turner said he had heard of bee pllen a number of times during his extensive world travels over 60 years, and that he not only advocates it as a food supplement but has developed a technique for reducing swelling by applying it as a poultice. He has used it in treating all but two of 189 cases of knee and ankle injuries since October 1975. In the treatment, pollen pellets are dissolved in warm tap water to form an infusion. A towel is dipped in the mixture and applied to the injured area. Turner said he had seen swelling go down a half inch in 20 minutes as a result of this treatment. And, he notes, most of his 'patients' report a great decrease in pain and discomfort." The list of famous athletes who are given therapy by Turner is growing rapidly.

Because the bee pollen movement is comparatively recent and there have not been extensive medical laboratory experiments to evaluate its full range of effectiveness, many doctors still regard it with skepticism . . . but so they once did with Vitamin C . . . and then Vitamin E . . . and other natural elements that are now medically accepted and prescribed. Perhaps that's why Doc Turner looks at it with resigned philosophy: "I know I'll have no trouble with the medical people on this," Turner said. "There are too many big shots among doctors. They don't have time to listen to small cases. If the treatment worked only 50% of the time, they'd accept it!"

And he continues more hopefully, "We're just definitely pollen people. We believe in it, sleep it. We want to get a certain amount of medical men involved in the experiments, but we don't feel they're quite ready for it!" At present bee pollen is not so much an American enterprise. The best pollen is imported from the south of France—near St. Tropez—and from England.

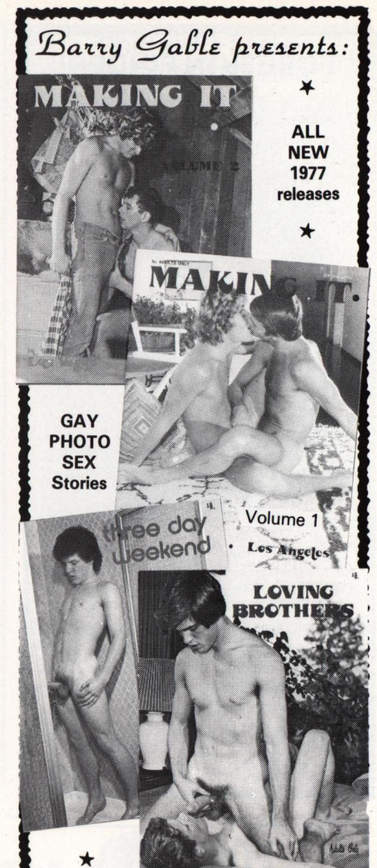
HOW POLLEN IS EXTRACTED

Bee pollen is actually the sperm cells of flowering plants and is collected by the female bees exclusively. The male bee—the drone—is of value only until he impregnates the female, then he just 'fades away'. The worker bees buzz out to the flowers; wallow among the petals until their body hairs are covered with pollen dust. Then they hover over the flower, combing their bodies with their back pairs of legs to pack the pollen dust into pellets. Usually to bind the pollen into pellets the bees moisten the pollen with a trace of nectar. The pollen pellets are gathered in traps at the entrance to hives, and after cleaning and drying are ready for consumption.

Most pollen users prefer to swallow the tablets rather than chew them because the taste of the shredded tablet is dry and grassy. Each pellet contains about 500,000 pollen grains. The makeup of pollen is about 35% protein; 40% carbohydrates; 3% minerals, zinc being the important one; plus traces of most vitamins. Champion bodybuilders, such as the humpy guys in *Pumping Iron*, usually take about 10 tablets per day—3 with breakfast; 3 with lunch; and 4 with the larger evening meal.

To repeat: it is important in the bee

Barry Gable presents:



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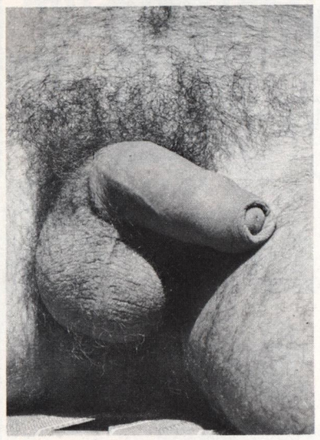

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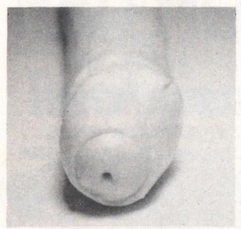

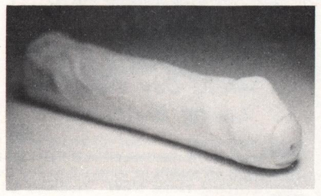

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pollen regimen to swallow the tablets *with other proteins* in a meal. This helps set in motion that more effective group metabolic action with other enzymes, which, in turn, helps to produce optimum benefits in health, muscular development (if you're into this), with increased sex impulse as a resultant.

Whether you are interested in the 'dawn of brawn', or would just like to feel that all the wheels are turning smoothly inside all the time, and that sexually you are getting into high gear—or all three (and why not?)—add bee pollen to your life. Like ginseng, it is not so dramatic that you'll notice surprising changes overnight—it is cumulative in effect—but soon everything will begin to hum—as in *bee*.

If you'd like to know more about bee pollen you may write for a brochure from Good Life Products, 2 Penn Plaza (Suite 1500), New York, N.Y. 10001. They have the south of France bee pollen; you'll find it most effective.

• • •

MUSIC FOR SEX

(Continued from page 21)

wall with lots of special effects that give the songs the eerie, swirling, out-of-the-skull characteristics of a real disco. So if you'd like to get the feel of what a disco is really like—especially if you live in a community where there is none—listen to the O'Jays album *Travelin' At The Speed Of Thought*, issued by PIR Records. Try to imagine yourself moving into special sexual variations as you listen to it. It'll convert you in a hurry!

ROCK

The variables of rock are endless and almost every section of the country has a favorite style. Gay guys in their early twenties, of course, grew up with rock, and so to them it's as natural as breathing. But to those in their mid-twenties onward, rock is often an acquired taste. The nice thing though, is that rock's devotees are pretty democratic. Those who dig a particular styled don't badmouth another style. So have a representative collection handy.

We should like to mention some rock albums/LPs almost everyone would like, so if you are somewhat in the dark about this now-universal style of music, here's a chance to get acquainted with some really delightful musicians.

Currently on best-seller lists is *Let It Flow*, an LP by Dave Mason (Columbia PC 34680). Although all rock has as its instrumental basis the electric guitar and electric bass, Mason's rhythm section seems to have been 'ear conditioned'. The sound is not as jagged/raw as is so often typical of many rock groups—and add to this a little orchestral interpolation to give it some class. The entire LP is a pleasure, and you and your lover will surely enjoy *So High* (*Rock Me Baby and Roll Me Away*).

Less well-known, except in metropolitan areas where there are sizable settlements of Jamaicans, is the Jamaican variation of rock—reggae. This is so inimicably Caribbean, with the Creole and Latin creeping in, it is not comparable to any form of American rock. But rock it certainly is—and in many ways it's moreso, for although built on the unmistakable fuck-fuck rhythm of one-two rock, there is a great whoosh of sex that comes spilling over into your bed like waves on a beach. The vocals are simply orgiastic—there's no other word for it.

Thus you should like *Ice on Fire* by The Mighty Diamonds. In this American-based group the orchestration is fuller than in other reggae groups, so you get not only the basic rock beat but saxes and trumpets as well. The harmonies are wholly different from any in our American rock: they are funky, ear-catching, and delightfully suggestive in the way they sexily melt into each other. Especially good selections in this album—especially good for your sexual seance—are *Cat-o-Nine, Whole Wide World, You Are Just A Song,* and *Country Livin'*.

Southern rock is currently exemplified at its best by Starbuck in Private Stock PS2027—an LP called *Rock 'N' Roll Rocket*. This is a great rock record for sex because of a necklace of soaring melodies that conjure romantic images and sexy situations. Also try it with your *Accu-Jac* for a far-out effect. *Rock 'N' Roll Rocket* is an unusually creative work that takes off with the very first note. If rock has turned you off in the past, tune in with this disc—particularly as you listen to *Sunset Eyes, Little Bird, Call Me,* and *Everybody Be Dancin'*.

High on anyone's list of listenable rock is the British rock star Cliff Richard's LP—*Every Face Tells A Story* (Rocket PIG 2268). Mostly a softer-type rock/ballad style. Among the best numbers for use as a musical background for sex—yet with a beat— are *My Kinda Life, Don't Turn The Light Out* and *When Two Worlds Drift Apart.*

You'll have noted that so far we haven't mentioned some of the more celebrated rock stars. One reason is that many such stars make their effect as much through spectacle as through music—Elton John, Alice Cooper, David Bowie, for example. If you don't see 'em you don't fully appreciate 'em. And such really hard rock groups as The Led Zeppelin, Mick Jagger and others, define rock not only in terms of young-audience appeal, but in such a high decibel count that they tend to *overpower* sex rather than *accommodate* it.

In an article called *Music To Sex Up The Dawn With*, in an earlier issue of *QQ Magazine*, it was noted that the *individual* human voice keening through the night on the hi-fi often destroys the very mood one had begun to create. Psychologically this is because the human voice adds an 'onlooker' to the scene without quite making it a threesome. On the other hand, the voices of rock groups suggest orgies, and—as in any group/grope endeavor—there is as much of the impersonal as the personal. But since there are exceptions to all rules, so is there

BARRY MANILOW

Let Barry light up your sex scene! Get his album *Barry Manilow—Live* (Arista 8500). Beautiful arrangements and tasteful singing *to* you of pop/rock ballads—the stuff that dreams are made on! Manilow has a unique rapport with his audience . . . he seems to hold them in the palm of his hand. In this record you'll discover that this particular magic comes right up bedside. An odd note: his inclusion of certain TV jingles he composed. Other than this, nothing but raves.

BLUES

Blues were to yesterday what rock is to today—music of protest. Blues were *laments* about lost love(s) . . . rock is more assertive and revolutionary and 'do something about it'. Although blues do not make an ideal musical background for sex, we urge you to get a unique album called *AC/DC Blues*, issued by Stash Records. You will find it not only a wonderfully listenable collection of blues songs from the '20s, but if you'll play it *before* the action gets underway it makes a wonderful lead-in conversation piece . . . a real 'don't give a damn' mood-setter.

In his splendid article *Rock Hard Sex* in the February 1977 issue of *QQ Magazine*, Tommy Arness discussed in fascinating detail much of the music of the period 1926-1936 which, although couched in terms of male-to-female, in *double entendre* many of the blues songs were actually longings of male for male. (If one will bear in mind that *all* gays were stigmatized as swish types in earlier years,

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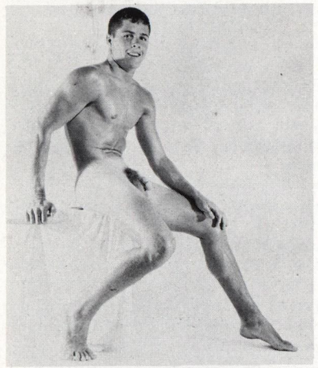

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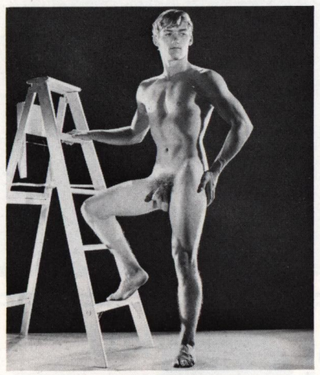

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the frequent references to 'sissy' will not irk as they would today. They were of their time.) For example, in *Sissy Man Blues* you'll get the singer's message . . .

I woke this mawnin' with
my business in mah hand.
If you cain't bring me a wumman,
Bring me a sissy man.

And in *Prove It On Me Blues* there is a first-hand recounting of lesbian love. And George Hannah, one of the great blues artists of the day sings about his own "strange feeling" for another man. Some of the blues are sung by the unbelievable Bessie Smith, and Ma Rainey. George Hannah is unforgettable. Remembering the era to which these blues songs relate—and how pussyfootingly gay guys had to operate—make this album not only refreshingly tongue-in-cheek, but an aural history of a phase of gay emergence.

MUSIC FOR THE ANTI-ROCKERS

There are gay guys by the thousands who are not moved sexually by rock. They form the backbone of symphony subscription lists and are the loyal claque for favorite opera stars. As devotees of 'serious' music they respond better to musical backgrounds that are more in harmony with their own tastes. But here, the host should avoid playing records of a soloist or musical 'personality'—no matter how great this might be at another time. This, particularly if your trick is also a 'performing artist'.

As noted in *Music To Sex Up The Dawn With*, if you have discovered that your new young church organist is gay, and somewhere between the sacramental wine and the Seven-fold Amen you agree on a time at your pad, don't load up your turntable with Bach. Right away this turns him into an E. Power Biggs, and he'll be so busy Sherlocking every contrapuntal device that what you'll get is more fugue than fuck. Likewise for violinists, cellists, and those into some rarefied musical cult, such as Early English Musick for sackbut, krummhorn, heckelphone, recorder and virginal. Be assured that such a buff will be more attuned to the music than to you. And of course, if you're having an opera buff in the buff, and try to please him by putting the entire album of *Norma* on your turntable, he'll spend good sacktime agonizing with Beverly as she tries to get her relentless vibrato together, and out of the pitfalls of her roulades.

What is a beautiful alternative is to play orchestral or ensemble music of the French impressionist period . . . something that not even knowledgeable musicians will try to follow and criticize linearly—as if with score in hand. But even here, avoid the hackneyed, even of great impressionists—Ravel's *Bolero*, for example. Sexy though it was the first thousand times you heard it, it is not far from being a cliche. Instead, why not play Ravel's *Introduction and Allegro*, for harp, clarinet, flute and strings? Very moody, feral, sexual. Or his *Daphnis and Chloe*—how sensual can you get? Or his ***Rhapsodie Espagnole***.

Although Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun* is overly played, it still is a beautifully moody and sensual piece. Play also his String Quartet, his *Rondes de Printemps* and *Iberia*. And Ibert's *Escales* (Ports of Call) evoke sensually phantasmagorical pictures of the Mediterranean. Chausson's *Poeme* is mauve and misty and throbs with passion.

Try to avoid the repertory of the romantic period as it is known note-for-note by heart by most serious music lovers, and so there is no longer any mystery to it.

Stock up on works that, hearing them objectively, seem to be more ideally suited as a musical 'tapestry' rather than concert performance. The more the mind is diverted by the familiar and the structural, the less it becomes involved in sex. Let music create *mood*—and nothing else. It's fun to collect music with this in mind . . . then, with a joint and a popper to help sustain mood—and those special 'serendipities' one finds along the sexual way with a special guy . . . well, as Omar has it, "Paradise thou were!"

Ludus Tonalis, 24 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014, specializes in out-of-print LP records. The unusual store will be featured in the Feb. '78 CIAO! out in January. In the meantime, write to Albert (see page 21) for a free list of their offerings.

TRY A LITTLE BALLSINESS!
(Continued from page 18)

the art of making love . . . that it is being turned into a kind of Bedroom Olympics, with lovers trying to play all the roles . . . athletes, coaches, audience and umpires. One counselor summed it up neatly with this observation: "For tying your sexuality up in knots there's nothing like sitting in judgment on yourself during a performance."

So enjoy sex by not working so hard at it. Put more spice into it, yes . . . and try a little ballsiness. But don't score yourself so pinpointedly. Let it flow naturally as you feel it. You don't need semantics and catch-phrases to get a hard-on. And the less you try to overachieve, the more, surprisingly, you *will*!

• • •

BUTYL POPPERS
(Continued from page 7)

lists butyl nitrite as a "chemical reagent" rather than a drug. And so *it can be legally sold without prescription*—just like aspirin—without question. What's even better, it can be purchased in gay sex/toy shops and adult book stores . . . and if you'll turn to the advertisement for *Poppers* elsewhere in this magazine you'll find how easy it is to buy butyl nitrite *directly by mail*. Easy as pie! This is a special blessing for those in areas where there are no retail outlets such as those mentioned, and butyl would be as difficult to obtain as amyl. Also, ordering by mail often results in paying less because larger mail stocks make possible certain discounts from time to time, especially to reordering customers . . . something to remember, and stock up on, if you're into poppers and are sexually very active. It is also well to bear in mind that gay guys everywhere are turning on to butyl and—as in the case of amyl—stocks are being sold out before they can be replenished, and some retail outlets are jacking up the price. So get it while it's still relatively inexpensive. It'll keep! (But not for long!)

THE PUZZLE ABOUT POPPERS

What puzzles many would-be popper users is that butyl is offered under several guises: under many brand names (while amyl is the product of only two principal manufacturers), and that it is advertised as a 'deodorizer' or as 'incense'. Well, for sure it's *both*, but this creates a certain 'sexual confusion' for those who've never tried it. For those who buy butyl point-blank and have never tried *any* brand of popper, it's "Well, what is it . . . and how do I use it?"

First, butyl distributors hold the overly-optimistic view that anyone who's used amyl poppers will know precisely what to do with butyl since—operationally—they are similar. Moreover, at present, other than identifying this chemical reagent *generically* as butyl nitrite, manufacturers have refrained from frankly publicizing on the label just what fantastic things butyl poppers do. The general idea is *restraint* . . . not to make such overt claims for it that the FDA could, as with amyl, find a loophole and pull a Catch 22, putting us right back where we started!

Understandably this has confused thousands of new, would-be, want-to-be users. Some who have bought it point-blank in a gay sex shop have been too embarrassed to ask the salesman simply how it works; thus it comes as no surprise to us to receive letters from the un-oriented asking *us* how it's to be used. Shortly a letter will go out to readers of *QQ Magazine, Ciao! Magazine* and *BODY Magazine*—and to others who wish it—clarifying the 'mystery' of how butyl works . . . how it is, generally, to be handled . . . and what to expect in the way of sublime results.

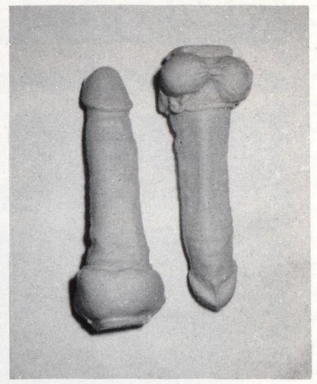
In general, butyl is packaged in .033-oz bottles (in which case the uncapped bottle can be covered with a handkerchief and the vapor inhaled through it or the cloth can be moistened with butyl and inhaled). This is one of the differences between amyl and butyl—with butyl the more versatile.

It also comes in ampules—like amyl—12 to the packet, and the ampule may be crushed at one end and sniffed 'barebacked' or covered with a handkerchief. Most, however, encase the just-opened popper in a metal inhaler so that it can be switched on or off as needed—'spot inhaled' when you come to a particular stage of the encounter, to hold that special sensation longer, and doing this at various points, which allows you to still have enough popper left to really blast off when climax nears.

Functionally, poppers are most effective in relaxing the mind—in overcoming years of hangups/inhibitions, so that as you proceed with sex you are free to discover greater beauty in your own and your lover's body. No longer do you feel that you must make technical Brownie points. Because the sensation is one of floating (we know of no better descriptive word for it) you are not in the least concerned with technique, but in extracting the greatest joy and eroticization of each moment. For example, let's say that you have a hangup about rimming . . . you've never been able to get into it, although subconsciously you may have wanted to very much. Inhale the popper and rimming comes easy—and deep—as though you'd always done it. Or perhaps you may have always had some fear of being fucked—that it would hurt, or that for some reason you just *can't*. Or perhaps you've been fucked with a small-sized cock that didn't upset your psyche too much (or your libido either). The really big ones, though—you've lost a lot of great sex in avoiding them. Inhale butyl and that

(*Continued on page 54*)

The Titanic



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THE TITANIC $14.95

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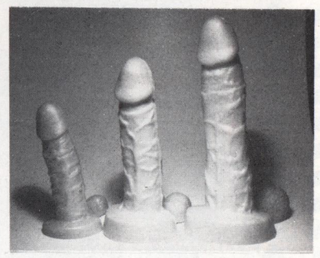
El Perfecto



boing . . . Boing . . . BOING! It's graduation time with EL PERFECTO I, II, and III. All three models are molded from life and perfectly shaped. Their sizes are "workable." EL PERFECTO I is where preferred size begins; it's 5½" long and 1½" in diameter. EL PERFECTO II is comfortably large; it's 7" long and 1¾" in diameter. EL PERFECTO III is for the big boys; it's 9" long and nearly 2" in diameter. Get all three for your personal collection and be an accommodating host. Flange base helps prevent "accidental loss." Made of flesh-colored, flesh-like washable rubber. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent insured in a large, plainly-marked carton.

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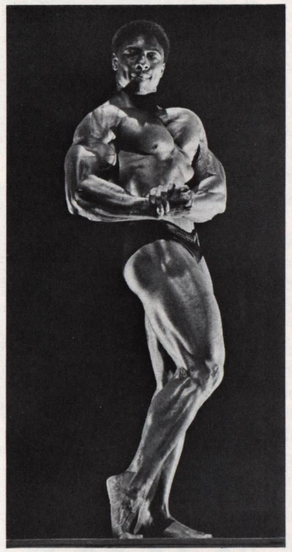
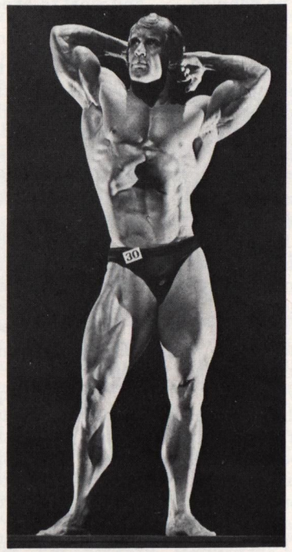
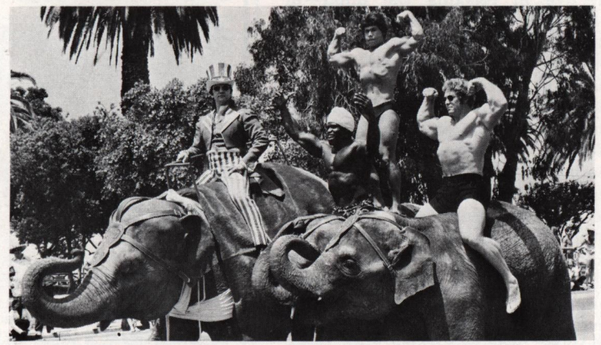
MUSCLE CONTEST NEWS & NOTES

MR. AMERICA

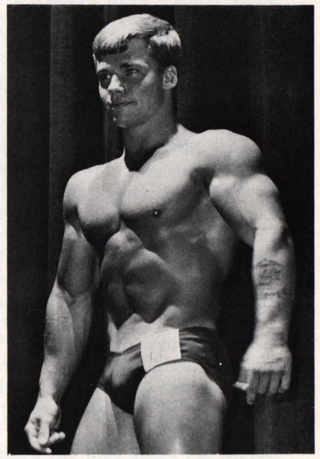




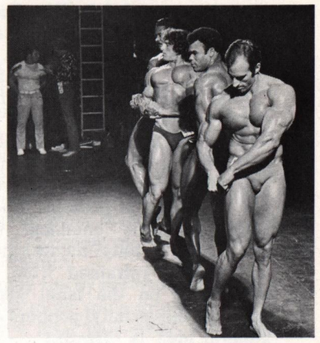


Thanks to the efforts of Gold's Gym in Los Angeles, the 1977 AAU Mr. America contest came off as the best ever . . . because of its highly professional presentation—which included a gala parade chock full of musclemen, marching bands, celebrities and elephants. The winner was Dave Johns (top left), a security officer. C.F. Smith (right) only placed 5th in the contest, which is indicative of the high calibre of competition. A special 84-page commemorative magazine highlighting every facet of the event is now available from Dan Lurie, Suite B, 1665 Utica Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234, for $2 a copy plus 50¢ postage and handling. It's the first time an entire magazine of any kind has been dedicated to a single bodybuilding event. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

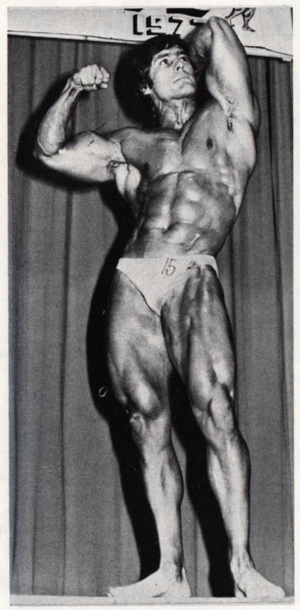
Teenage Mr. Universe



Several organizations around the world run Mr. Universe contests—the latest entry being the World Cup Professional contest just held in New Jersey. Winner of the Teenage division was handsome Brian Dwyer (above), a Marine. Below are a few of the Senior contestants: Warren Frederick (second in line) won; Pat Neve (first) was 2nd; Don Ross (third) was 3rd. The show featured some famous guest posers, including Larry Scott, Sergio Oliva, Dave Draper, Serge Nubret and Chet Yorton. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.



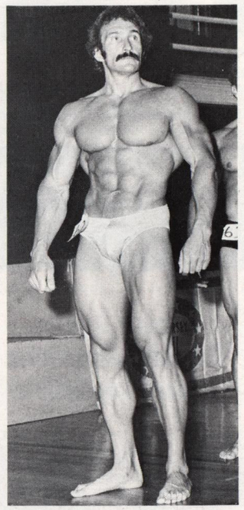
Mr. Europe





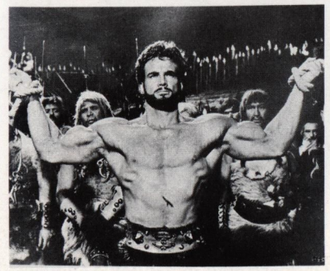
Handsome Jacques Neuville (left) of France won the NABBA contest, staged in England. Above, Harold Dickenson (left) placed 4th; he is a former BODY Magazine coverman (Mar. '76), and was featured in the Apr. '76 QQ; Eddie McDonough (right) was 3rd. Both men are from England. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

Mr. Colonial America



Fred Shandor won the AAU contest recently held in New Jersey. Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

HERCULES



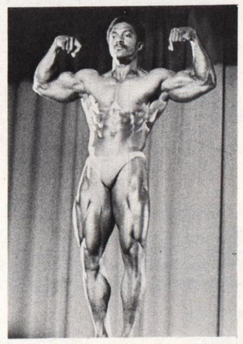
Steve "Hercules" Reeves is now available in living color in a big 2x3-foot poster. The backside features 25 black-and-white photos of him as a boy, a young champion, and movie star—along with commentary. The poster comes in magazine form, folded, and is available from Dan Lurie, Suite B, 1665 Utica Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234, for $3. Really great if you're into gym wall decor.

Mr. Miami



Tom Felts won. Last year's Miss Miami, Nathalie Sydor, presented the trophy. Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

Mr. South'n California



Charles Glass won the title and the Most Muscular prize too. Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

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ANAL-ESE is a desensitizing lubricant which combines slipperiness with mildly-numbing benzocaine for those who desire less painful anal penetration. Fruit flavored and scented. Comes in ½-oz. tube.

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eight-incher is in before you even realize it! No problem.

So without ecstasizing at length about it, poppers relax the mind so that you can easily do what you *thought* you were unable or unwilling to do. If the desire is locked inside you, be sure that poppers will unlock that mental block; make the physical easy, and the erotic an unbelievable fantasy come to glowing life. It just may be that this compelling vapor is a better psychoanalyst than a shrink. Why not try it with a friend first?

WHAT DANGERS?

With all its vast and growing usage very little harm has been done—and this has been the result of carelessness. In the New York *Daily News* of Monday, May 16, 1977, a writer interviewing some physicians who know how the nitrites work, reports some as saying "Butyl is no more dangerous than taking a hot sauna, then jumping in a cold pool." Of course, to the Finns this latter is a common practice, and to it they attribute their vigorous good health. By now they're accustomed to the shock value of very hot to icy cold. Even so, they 'eased into it' at first.

But regardless of this glowing view, butyl—just as amyl or other nitrites—should not be inhaled by anyone who has glaucoma or coronary disease, nor by anyone who has suffered a head trauma, or cerebral hemorrhage. It is the sudden fluctuations in blood pressure caused by dilitation of the blood vessels when nitrites are inhaled that are the cautionary factors here.

Then too, newspapers have infrequently reported on some very old man conking out; poppers were found on him. Yet it could have occurred because of other things: he may have become overexcited from masturbating to the big cocks in *Whopper Kings I* and *II*, or seeing the fake thirtieth ejaculative spurt in a porno-movie. It would be impossible to accurately determine since nitrites leave no trace in the bloodstream.

Just don't be careless and swallow butyl or amyl—you may be in for a really bad trip if you do. The clinical reason is this: When a nitrite is swallowed it attaches itself to the body's hemoglobin, tying up that portion that transmits oxygen through the body. This can cause shock and possible vascular collapse. But then, we shall assume that all our readers know their nose from their tongue, and only in cases of rank carelessness might this serious mishap occur.

A few complain of post-popper headaches . . . even a popper hangover (without the nausea) the morning after. So if you are headache-prone, take two aspirin or Empirin tablets the night before and wake up with a clear head. A little-mentioned side effect is really a kind of occupational hazard of those into

DISCOLANDIA

This, interestingly enough, is as much an occupational hazard for straights as for gay guys, and it stems from the easy availability of sex in these liberated '70s. So liberated is sex, and so available (porno theaters, gay baths and the like) that it actually is often secondary to other forms of excitement. The lights, the wild beat, the dressy costumes, the whirl 'n swirl of the disco is in itself a tremendously exciting drive. Add to this the fact that gays and straights alike come to the disco already high on pot.

But just as in sex, there are peaks of particular excitement one would like to sustain. Because pot-smoking is a one-shot deal (it must be done *pre*-disco, not on the floor or in the dance establishment) the modus operandi of imprisoning the special high falls to the popper. Dance 'n sniff . . . sniff 'n dance, getting higher-r-r all the time. Sometimes the disco smells like a lacquer factory!

The 'occupational hazard' mentioned stems from the fact that the constant body gyrations on the floor of the disco, plus the 'rush' effect of the popper, builds up such terrific excitement that sex, when later the magic moment arrives, has far *less* magic than the disco! And that's bad! Even with poppers it's hard to relight the stage for the sex scene. It's like having a play with a terrific Act I and a letdown Act II.

Obviously there is a physical threat in disco-popperizing. A guy can burn out too soon and too easily. Too strong a drive on the body—continued for too long at a time—has an insidious effect. Moreover, there should always be some degree of *competition* in sex. It should not be relegated to "Later, perhaps." If you are into disco, and do get into poppers, use them wisely . . . if you do you can climb an Everest of excitement every blessed day.

One last note of caution—and this relates to what we've just mentioned. Remember that poppers not only relax the vascular system, but the muscles and reflexes throughout the body. *This also means the cock.* It's not much fun to be full of piss, pepper and high purpose elsewhere in the body and have your cock fail to meet this high challenge. Thus go at your popper gently, each time you inhale. In this way, when the moment of truth does arrive, you'll have a satisfactory hard on and end the encounter with all bang and no whimper.

QQ

POPPERS

Legal N-Butyl Nitrite in Ampule and Liquid form. **We carry only the Top Brands and send you the ones we have in stock at the time of your order.** Ampules come in a crush-proof box; the liquid is in a sturdy bottle (0.33 fl. oz.). Shipped in a large outer carton via UPS (when street address is given) or insured parcel post. Sold strictly as novelty incense to adults only.

Ampules

1 BOX (12 AMPULES) .....**$ 8.00**
2 BOXES (24 AMPULES) **$15.00**
3 BOXES (36 AMPULES) **$22.00**

Federal law prohibits the sale of N-Butyl Nitrite for inhalation. Sold for use as a room odorizer only.

Liquid

1 BOTTLE .....**$ 6.00**
2 BOTTLES **$11.00**
3 BOTTLES **$16.00**

Wicks For Inhaler (12 Per Pack) .....**$ 1.00**

Inhalers



The BINARIAL INHALER is beautifully constructed . . . it's the "double-barrel supercharger" that will give you years of dependable leak-free use. Comes assembled with two fresh wicks.

BINARIAL INHALER **$12.95**



The BALL-BUSTER INHALER is tooled from lightweight aluminum and is leakproof. This inhaler hangs from either end (black cowhide thong included). Comes assembled with a fresh wick.

BALL-BUSTER INHALER **$6.95**

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