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JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1978

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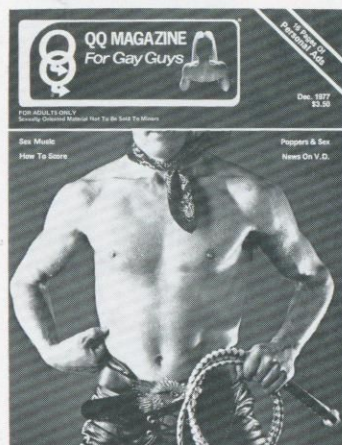
Front cover: "Hard Hat" by Studio G. Pohl. Back cover: Alan Davis by Patchwork Products.

Staff: George Desantis; **Editor-in-Chief,** Frank Keating; **Eastern Editor,** David Bartel; **Western Editor,** John McDonald; **International Editor,** Jon Lorrimer; **Fashions Editor,** Scott Young; **Food Editor,** Bud Parker; **Health Editor,** Roger Watson; **Fiction Editor,** Roger Lepage; **Furnishings Editor,** Paul Bennett; **Travel Editor,** David Parker; **Photo Editor,** Lou Sanchez; **Art Production,** Gorilla Studios; **Sales Director,** Al Edwards; **Advertising Director,** Paul Franklin; **Circulation Manager,** Bud Phelps

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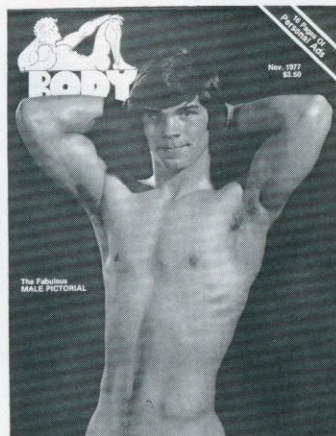


QQ MAGAZINE For Gay Guys

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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Rah-Rah RAW! Bare Facts On Nude Beaches By Jon Lorrimer

LIKE the tides and surf that pound against them, nude beaches in the United States and Canada abound with incessant vitality, growing each year in number, space, accessibility to towns, and, in the main, with freedom from harassment. There are a few notable exceptions: perhaps as a spinoff from Anita Bryant's sick crusade against 'ororiginal' sin, and the born-again evangelism of Deacon Carter. San Diego's long-famous long-nude Black's Beach, for example, seems headed for a 'cover-up'. In a recent referendum, 80,000 Jesus-freaks outvoted 70,000 staunch skinny-dippers, so it looks as if some kind of bikini/bean-bag will have to be worn.

Also, Cape Cod's equally famous Truro Beach has felt the wrath of the new 'godly' minority. Although most of the townspeople (and of Puritan descent, too!) and all the newspapers of Wellfleet, Truro and Provincetown enthusiastically supported the nude status quo of their nude beach, johnny-come-latelies—fearing a bare-ass devaluation of their ocean-front homes—were influential enough to have the National Seashore Act invoked, thus being able "to prevent this treasured 25 miles of primitive, unspoiled shoreline from becoming an ecological disaster." Even the mighty Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts could not prevail—this, in spite of the law of eminent domain which says, in effect, that public land, long used in such a way as to be considered traditional (nude bathing), may continue to be so used without interference, even though private owners, having purchased contiguous property, object. Thus after years of accepted nudity, with no complaints, Truro Beach should legally be allowed to exist as nudely as we've come to know it. Or what is public, remains public, regard-

January/February 1978



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less of minority private interests.

Unfortunately the National Seashore Act took precedence in this case, hence the unresolved mess. It might, however, be noted that gay guys have not helped the situation. In recent years so many have come to P'town and acted as though this entire area of Massachusetts were their own private preserve—to be so overt about sex in public without regard for the local citizenry—it is no wonder that this riled many otherwise sympathetic residents to the point where they joined in the campaign against nude Truro. We do so often foul up our own nests. Some consideration of others—particularly those who live there—might have prevented this hassle.

Although Smokey Bear is active along other beaches across the country, as yet there has been but little hassling—and that rather good-humoredly and sporadically. This has given the green light to the greater/faster proliferation of nude beaches in both the United States and Canada. When our reporters checked the nude beaches in operation and described them in the November/December 1976 issue of *Ciao!*, the listing, though complete, was not large. But today—roughly a year later—it is quite extensive and growing, as you'll note in this article.

We don't claim to be omniscient, and thus may have missed a few, so if any reader knows of a nude beach not mentioned we shall greatly appreciate hearing about it so that we may pass along the information to others. Unless specifically indicated gay, the beaches mentioned here are mixed. Almost invariably, however, when gay guys get together you may be sure they'll stake out their own enclave. So unless specific mention is made about a beach near you—or which may otherwise interest you—head for it, wet your forefinger, hold it in the breeze, and you'll be pointed in the right direction! The beaches are listed by states, in alphabetical order, beginning with

ALABAMA

Dolphin Island. One of the islands of the Gulf Islands National Seashore—near a bird sanctuary. Drive 30 miles south from Mobile on Route 163; a causeway connects Dolphin Island with the mainland. The western end is where the buns are baking. Lots of space; clean sand; no hassling. Ideal climate from April to October. Lots of gay guys from Mobile, New Orleans, and other towns in Louisiana and Mississippi head here. Stop by and get acquainted.

ARIZONA

Seven nude areas. Six are for swimming/sunning, the seventh is a wild nude shoot-the-rapids for the more intrepid—gay/straight. Around Phoenix there are **South Mountain Park**; **Canyon Lake**; **Saquaro Lake** and the **Verde River**. South Mountain Park is the world's largest—many nude areas with humpy Arizona studs. Miles of trails (nude horseback riding)—stop off where the pickin's look best. Both Canyon Lake and Saquaro Lake are in a mountain range east of Phoenix. They are artificial lakes, created amidst some of America's most breathtaking scenic wonders. Mostly young crowd at both. Popular and fun. Driving from Phoenix towards the

eastern mountain range you'll come to the Verde River, fed by mountain streams. Turn down any of the paths or dirt roads and head for the riverside. Miles of nude bathers. Out from Phoenix—nearer Kingman—is the Colorado River where the 'water sports' are really rough. Shooting-the-rapids nude, except for your life jacket slung around your waist. Bring muscles and endurance! Great bodies doing wild things. Amtrak runs a rapids-shooter special to Kingman, then a bus takes you to Diamond Creek where it all begins.

The area around Tucson has two nude areas—**Sabino Canyon Pools** and **Reddington Pass**. Sabino Canyon Pools are northwest of Tucson. For Reddington Pass, drive out Tanqueverde from Tucson to a dirt road. Walk along a path about 2 miles. A string of pools and beautiful waterfalls. (A note of caution about metropolitan Tucson. This town is notorious for its beat-a-gay-for-Anita fanatics. There've been some murders of gay guys. Take care.)

CALIFORNIA

As might be expected, California leads in the number of nude beaches—dozens of 'em! Let's begin from Southern California and work our way up past San Francisco.

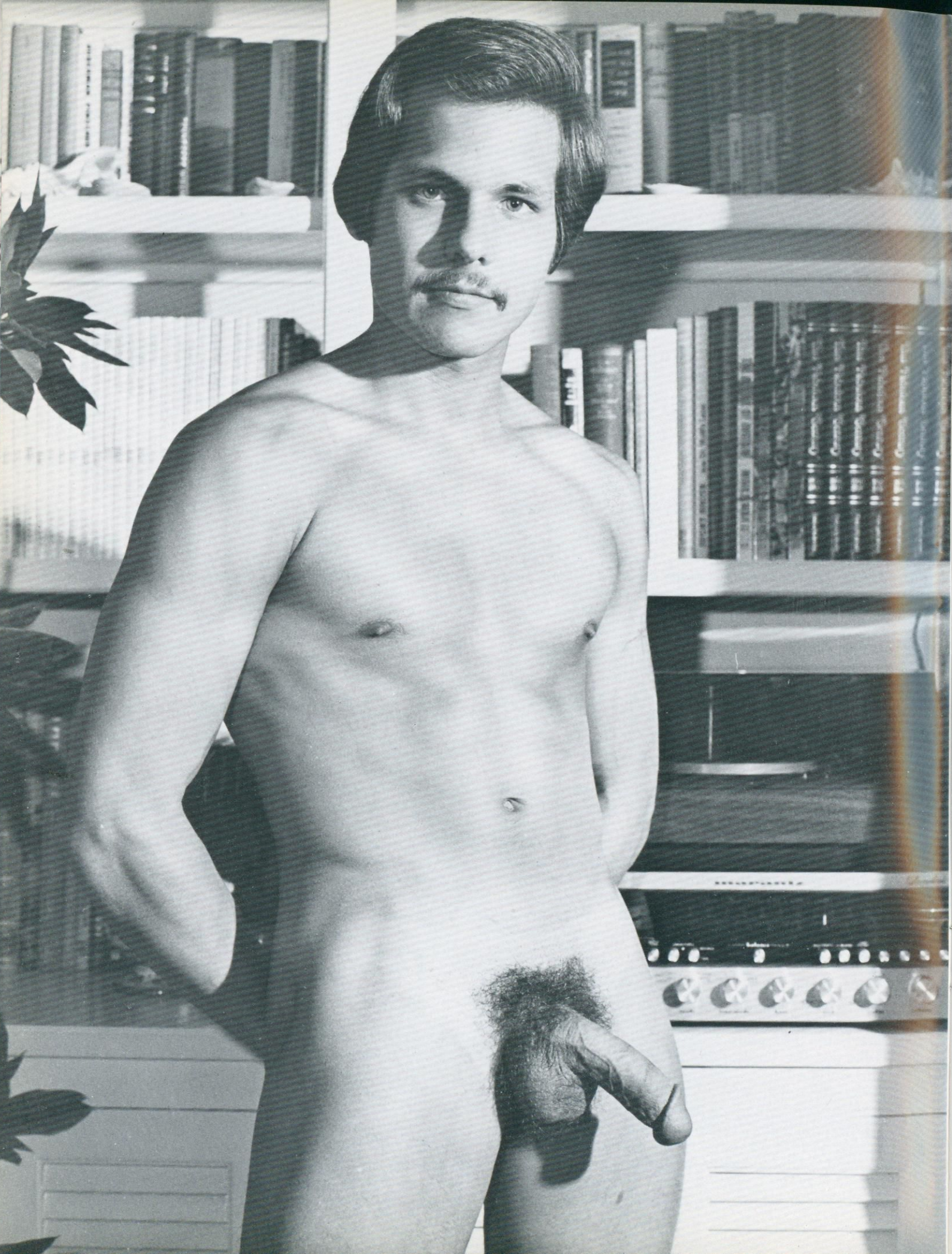
San Diego. Black's Beach, as mentioned, is iffy at this time. The most famous of California's nude havens—made more unique because it's such a huge nude area adjacent to a big city. Drive on Interstate 5 to the Genesee exit where it becomes Torrey Pines Road. Continue south for a mile; make a right turn onto La Jolla Shores Drive to the glider port where you may park. Hoof it the rest of the way to the beach. We hope the San Diego City Council has not buckled under pressure from the referendum groups, and that Black's Beach is still open to nudists.

Two sun resorts are also in the San Diego area. The **Samagatuma Resort** is privately owned/run—a nude enclave in the clear-air country around Ramona. The address is Route 1, Box 495, Ramona, CA 92065. Another is the **Swallows Sun Island Club**, 1631 Harbison Canyon Road, El Cajon, CA 92021. An open-admissions policy makes all nude visitors welcome. Write for more information.

San Clemente. 'Poor Richard's' country. The **San Onofre Beach** is midway San Diego and Los Angeles. Because of a nuclear power plant in this area (much 'national security-consciousness') this is an 'iffy', on-again-off-again beach, with regard to nudity. Check with gay guys in San Diego before making the drive.

Santa Catalina Island. Good for a day's trip from Long Beach by boat. The northwest side is the nude bathing area—two coves.

Around Los Angeles. At Palos Verde Point there's **Half-Moon Cove** (Smuggler's Cove). Two beaches and an intriguing swim-into cave. **El Segundo Beach**—at the end of the Imperial Highway. After passing through the entrance to the beach, head for the Standard Oil pier. Parking. Some mild hassling from the fuzz occasionally, but very popular with nude surfers—great bods! About a mile long, and you may wear a sequin G-string or just let it all



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hang out.

Santa Monica. The nude area is near the southern end of Santa Monica beach. Off the Pacific Coast Highway. Ample parking space. A favorite with nudists . . . long popular.

Malibu—Topanga Canyon Beach. North, at Pacific Coast Highway at the foot of Topanga Canyon Boulevard. After a period of some uptight hassling this beach was 'recanonicalized' nude in 1977. The parking area is along the highway. Cross over to the beach and walk north to the nude area. Los Angelenos are flocking here again.

Venice Beach. Although Venice is not a part of Los Angeles, the heavy police pressure in Los Angeles is felt even here. Once as freely nude as Cape Cod and Black's Beach, Venice has a kind of ambivalent, bodybuilding nudity. Now you see it . . . now you don't. Check it out, but don't count on showing your pearls (or purr-r-ling any).

Elysium Fields in Topanga Canyon. Admission is charged to this beautiful recreation center for the bare-it-if-you-wish who are into transcendental meditation. A place with all kinds of things to help you think and look 'beautiful'. Sauna, Jacuzzi, meditation-contact chambers. Drive along the Ventura Freeway to Topanga Canyon Boulevard. Then take the off-ramp south on Topanga Canyon Boulevard for about 8 miles to Robinson Road. Elysium is at 814 Robinson Road.

Sandstone III. North of Los Angeles—in the mountains—is a nudity-with-free-sexuality haven. Membership club. Find out more about it if you're interested by writing to P.O. Box 44285, Panorama City, CA 91402.

Nude hiking. Still in the Los Angeles area. Both Topanga Canyon and Griffith Park are usually filled with nude hikers seeking to connect with nature (among other connectibles). While the more secluded areas are mixed, the cruising is heavily gay around the accesses to Griffith Park.

Point Dume Beach—Malibu. This popular nudist beach gets lots of Hollywood TV/film players. North of Malibu. A wide, clean beach, with lots of green brush shrubbery, and action high up into the hills.

Zuma Beach. Also known as Pirate's Cove. A crowded small nude beach. Somehow all the 'right' guys get together, and there's usually action on the rocks.

Ojai—Sespe Hot Springs. Take Route 33 from Ventura north through Los Padres National Forest. Look for road-signs indicating Sespe Hot Springs. This nude paradise is 12 miles off Route 33.

San Bernardino. The **Treehouse Fun Ranch** is a commercial venture with many of the same accommodations mentioned about Elysium Fields. Nude sky-diving, nude hang-gliding, dance hall, Olympic-size pool, sauna . . . the works. Mixed. Take Route 15E from San Bernardino to the Devore exit, going toward Glen Helen Park. At the park make a right turn onto Glen Helen Road and one mile further ahead is 17809 Glen Helen Road and the Treehouse Fun Ranch.

Olive Dell Ranch. Currently being rebuilt and enlarged, this nudist resort is off the Riverside Freeway, south of San Bernardino. For updated

information, write the Ranch. Address: Route 1, Box 393, Colton, CA 92324.

Santa Barbara. Rincon Beach. Take Highway 101; exit at Bates Drive. Turn toward the ocean on Bates Drive. About 100 yards away from the exit is a fenced road leading into a parking lot; nearby are picnic tables, toilets, and so on. Then go via walkway past the cement retaining wall. That's the nude area.

Summerland Beach. Six miles south of Santa Barbara on Highway 101. Very gay! Some hassling occasionally by the fuzz, but it's all worth it!

Mono Debris Dam Hot Springs. Check your road map around the Santa Barbara area. A series of small hot springs with a growing nude following. Also **Little and Big Caliente Springs.** Take the Romero Canyon Road to Romero Saddle Range, turn right to the Juncal Campground, then left to Pendola Guard Station. The road forks here—the right fork goes to Big and the left to Little. Both popular with nudists.

Still in the Santa Barbara area is **More Mesa Beach**—an all-nudist beach against a background of white sandstone cliffs. Gay enclave is among the dunes. Gets humpy University of California gay guys. Overlooks the Channel Islands at the foot of Puente Road off Hollister.

Tassaharra Hot Springs. A Zen Buddhist haven in the Carmel Valley. Natural hot baths. Nudism. The Zen Buddhists administer the Springs. Open from Memorial Day to Labor Day. Go along Highway 1 from Carmel. The road to the Springs is well marked.

Gaviota Beach. Thirty-five miles northwest of Santa Barbara. Sunning, swimming/clam-digging in the nude. The hot nude (or nude hot) springs are just up a way from the Beach proper.

Guadalupe Dunes. Take Highway 101 at Santa Maria, following the Oso Flaco Lake Road. Walk in. Twenty miles of sand dunes and plenty of nudists. They need traffic-signals for the dune buggies!

Sunset Palisades Beach at Pismo Beach. Popular, but the fuzz comes around occasionally.

San Luis Obispo. The 'other' Pirate's Cove . . . a beautiful all-nude beach. Idyllic, growing in popularity as former hassling diminishes. (Too many nudists and too few fuzz.) Lots of gay activity at this mixed-nude beach.

Big Sur—Pfeiffer Beach and Freedom Beach. Nudity at the north end of Pfeiffer, among the dunes. Enter through Sycamore Canyon Road. Freedom Beach is not easy to find . . . ask anyone at Pfeiffer how to get there.

Gilroy. Madonna State Park, in the giant redwood country, on Route 101 between Salinas and San Jose. A commercially-operated nudist park. For information write Tan Oaks Park, P.O. Box 1356, Gilroy, CA 95020.

Davenport. Red, White and Blue Beach. This beach is 4½ miles south of Davenport. Privately owned. Entrance fee. Cameras prohibited. A \$3 parking fee. Clean sand, showers, picnic area. Never crowded.

Bonny Doon is 2 miles north on R, W & B. Keep your eye peeled for Bonny Doon Road which is sharply to the right, north of Davenport and south of Swanton. Not indicated (Continued on page 30)



Athletic Model Guild

The Bike-Sexuals

How To Be Healthier, Happier And Hornier

By Scott Young



“THE bicycle is the best sex machine money can buy,” doctors claim. Although they’re not selling bikes, and while at first thought this may sound like something out of early Barbara-ella, when the doctors get down to specifics it makes sense. There’s every good reason why we all should out biking—every day. After all, pedaling a bike for regular periods each day is even a recommended therapy for many who’ve sustained heart attacks.

Biking is a wonderful form of exercise for everyone because of its beneficial effect on the heart and vascular system, and here’s where sex enters the picture, for as the cardiovascular system is being strengthened, so is man’s sexual apparatus. And as an unexpected bonus, his sex *appetite* is whetted and his sex *mood* becomes focused and lighthearted through an unusual side effect of biking—as we shall show. So biking is all pluses and no minuses.

All this occurs principally through a process called *collateral circulation*—a clinical term for an increased number of blood vessels. It is medical fact that having such an extra supply of blood vessels can save one’s life in times of great/sudden stress: it helps one cope more easily with difficult situations that might otherwise result in stroke or heart attack. Doctors also say that a special value of this particular kind of exercise is in its aerobic function—that is, it *gradually* increases collateral circulation, and thus is better than jogging, which is often sporadic, and done with more sudden thrust. Biking *regularly* increases the heart’s volume *naturally*.

OTHER BIKING BONUSES

Everyday biking provably reduces hypertension (high blood pressure). Even if one is presently on hypertensive medication, the collateral circulation of more—and more flexible—blood vessels lowers blood pressure in so many cases . . . even to the point where medication may be decreased, or even no longer necessary! Moreover—and this should be welcome news to gay guys who cruise the gay cocktail bar circuit—biking has a beneficial effect on the liver—helping to prevent fatty deposits from forming, and so helping to prevent cirrhosis.

Also, doctors point out, the overweight individual who begins biking regularly starts to lose weight—

not, however, because he *exercises* it off, but because of a more optimistic change biking brings about in mental attitude. In short—biking gives one a sense of personal *control*: of being more in charge of one’s own destiny. And it is this optimistic change that helps the individual resist eating more food than he needs. It is really a paradox, the doctors note, that while most other exercise systems create a demand for *more* food, biking does just the opposite. Because it helps to *contain* the appetite through the optimum of *control*, one becomes (a) more selective about food, and (b) more judicious about the amount consumed.

THE ‘HAPPY’ HORMONE

It was recently reported that a British medical research group headed by Dr. Malcolm Carruthers discovered that such aerobic exercise as regular biking actually doubles the body’s level of norepinephrine. Norepinephrine is nature’s ‘happy’ hormone: the hormone that changes your disposition—making you feel less uptight and more relaxed . . . happier, carefree, and ‘tall in the saddle’. It helps free the individual of anxiety buildup because, as the report notes, “Biking releases the ‘good juices’ within the body.” This, as any gay guy will instantly sense, makes for more daring cruising and more liberated sex.

Simultaneously with this greater buildup of norepinephrine, the brain is supplied with more oxygen, brought about by the squeezing action of the blood vessels as they react healthily to the rhythmic flexion of the large muscles of the thighs and calves while pedaling. As any physiology student knows, the better the circulation and the more oxygen supplied the brain, the more clearly/rationally one thinks, and the more easily problems are solved. Synergistically, all this makes you a real ‘take charge’ guy.

BIKERECTION

There’s a definite connection between regular biking and better sex—a connection both physio- and psychological that works with precision to create stronger sex drive/motivation and to produce stronger, fuller,

(Continued on page 48)



Athletic Model Guild

Editor's note: Circumcision continues to be as controversial a subject as any for gay guys who are especially conscious of sensitivity and appearance of the phallus. Those against circumcision, particularly when it is forced upon the adult by social pressures and military demands (the subject of this article) are vehement in their stand. In fact, there is almost a fanaticism among many uncircumcised gay guys, who regard circumcision as butchery.

We here on the staff believe that there is beauty in variety and that, aesthetically, the cut and uncut phallus are equally attractive; for every unattractive circumcised phallus, caused by bad surgery, etc., there is an unattractive uncircumcised phallus, causing phimosis, etc. Regarding sensitivity, while it is quite true that the uncut phallus is supercharged, cut men nonetheless experience the same general sensations associated with sex as their partners. Therefore, the editors—who are collectively representative of a gay experience of several hundred years—can neither advocate nor condemn infant circumcision. But we do believe that forced adult circumcision is a violation of individual rights—and that is the main contention of this article, with which we wholeheartedly agree.

It is for this reason that we present "Circumcision In The Military"—to inform our readers about the practices that exist which are forcing men to undergo a transformation which, for many, is unbearable. The author, Joseph Halpin, has dealt with infant circumcision in the April 1976 issue of QQ Magazine. In that same issue the pros and cons of adult circumcision are discussed. (Reprints of these articles are available from the QQ Publishing Co., Inc. at \$1 each.) A new special-interest magazine SKINHEAD, now available and advertised elsewhere in this magazine, features not only photographs of uncut men, but also an article on the subject in question-and-answer form, as well as an entire section of personal ads for and by guys who are into uncut sex.

BECAUSE nearly 90 per cent of American males in the last 40 years or so have been routinely circumcised at birth, uncut guys, for the most part, have been subjected to high-school locker-room jokes; well meaning pro-circumcision coaches who tells of the evils of not being "clean-cut;" relatives admonishing Mom that Junior should "look like the other boys;" and the family doctor who recommends clipping to avoid trouble "later on." Those who survived this and felt safe for life have had one more hurdle to buck: good old Uncle Sam. When Junior raised his right hand, signed the dotted line, and wore his first pair of fatigues, little did he know that his body was totally Uncle Sam's . . . including his foreskin. And that situation still exists in today's New Military!

A primary reason for routine circumcision in the past was a Victorian horror of masturbation. One of the most influential books widely circulated in 19th-century America was a delightful tome called *Plain Facts for Boys and Girls* by J.E. Kellogg of Corn Flakes fame. Whole pages of his "factual" book described the evils of masturbation and wound up with a successful cure: circumcision without anesthetic in the boy's early teens! While not directly influencing European minds, anti-masturbation hysteria came to such that the French Army in 1861 proposed that all of its soldiers be subjected to circumcision. Not satisfied with just the Army, the French government in 1870 proposed universal circumcision for all Frenchmen. The German Army in 1889 advocated clipping its inductees. All three proposals were narrowly defeated, not because of ethics or rational thinking, but because of a controversy concerning the age at which it would be

CIRCUMCISION In The Military

By Joseph Halpin

best to circumcise. Still, the anti-masturbation hysteria endured as French officers had their sons neo-natally circumcised as a prevention of the "solitary vice."

In America at the turn of the century very few were circumcised, despite Dr. Corn-Flakes' "sure cure." It was only when World War I sent the doughboys overseas that the influence of French and British medical officers started a rash of circumcisions. French warfare, lack of cleanliness and French prostitutes caused many of our boys "over there" to lose something "down there." Later in the war, stateside medics got into the act and basic training camps were clean-cutting our boys for France. A World War I veteran informed me that sometimes circumcisions were done right then and there on the parade ground! So, for a nation of mostly uncircumcised males. World War I engaged our men in more ways than one.

During World War II, circumcision was encouraged for reasons of cleanliness an uniformity of appearance. A famous "blood and guts" General had an absolute mania for clipping. He told his medics, "I don't want to see an uncircumcised man in my outfit!" When he toured the medical facilities during fighting lulls, he ordered, "Fill those empty beds with uncircumcised men and circumcise them!" The medics would then go on a foreskin hunt and round up 20 to 30 men at a time and force them to be circumcised "on orders of the General."

Another mass Army circumcision incident occurred at the Allied Headquarters in Frankfurt in the autumn of 1945. Again, because of a lull in battle casualties (actually none at all), the medics went on a circumcision binge. The excuse was the belief that the uncut, sensitive phallus was especially susceptible to V.D.; Europe was full of prostitutes, and medics were constantly giving short-arm inspections, telling the uncut to "get that clipped, soldier." A few volunteered and signed releases, but most resisted and were threatened with a court-martial. The medics clipped up to 40 a day but still observed that soldiers, circumcised at birth, got V.D. just as fast as those who were still uncut.

Not all those who were circumcised in the service took it lightly. "I was circumcised against my will and I didn't want my son to go through life without a complete organ, as I am doing." When asked if he feared the service might coerce his son into circumcision, he replied that he told his son to resist with whatever means possible. Others who have defied the military have sometimes won their case. One soldier, uncircumcised, processed troops boarding the ship to Europe. During the monotonous journey, he and another uncircumcised soldier were



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told that now would be a good time to "get their circumcisions out of the way." He told the medics to go to hell and they were left alone. The closest escape was a soldier who was talked into circumcision and, after being prepped and shaved, backed out successfully. Not all were that lucky.

Total mandatory circumcision is not the rule in the military and, naturally, one does see servicemen who are uncut. It depends on the proximity of the medic to the company, whether he cares or not, and the individual soldier's personal hygiene. The fact, though, does remain; circumcision is a threat to the uncut and most who *are* uncut are subjected to annoying, harassing, and redundant circumcision talks. A few escape, but not many.

The Viet-Nam war produced a whole new spate of circumcisions: a hard-to-treat strain of gonorrhea, steamy jungle warfare, and a lack of hygiene caused an inflammation of the glans, called balanitis. Again, medics and doctors went on a circumcision quest (though by this time most males were clipped at birth). Even before being sent overseas, soldiers were subjected to circumcision lectures in basic training, with the ever-faithful base hospital always willing to comply. In fact, lectures on hygiene would have served the same end—cleanliness and its importance.

A group of new inductees were told to report to the hospital, prepped and placed in bed in one ward. Within a very short time all realized why they were there: all were uncircumcised. Coerced into clipping, one at a time was taken into the operating room where he was circumcised under local anesthetic. The last to go observed the first to come back and, noting the bloody bandages, wondered what he was in for. When all returned clean-cut, the pain hit 3 hours later. "It was like a bad burn. The stitches pulled and even the ice packs didn't help." Wryly, the soldier finished commentary, "We never made it to 'Nam; the war was over before we left basic."

A soldier landed in the base hospital after an auto accident. While being given a spinal anesthetic, he kept muttering, "no circumcision, no circumcision." Needless to say, another foreskin bit the dust for God and country. Complaining did no good as the doctor showed him a release form he apparently had signed—perhaps while under anesthetic, so no memory of this remained.

Even in the battle zone in Viet-Nam where field hospitals aren't as cleanly efficient as stateside (M*A*S*H fans, take note!), an extra "clip and snip" can occur. A soldier in Viet-Nam came down with tonsillitis, and when he recovered, found he was clipped at both ends. "The doctor was standing next to me admiring his butchery and said, 'while you were out, I gave you a freebie. I made a he-man out of you.'" Another soldier was three days in the field before being wounded and brought back to the field hospital. While going under, because of the strong sedative, he muttered, "Don't cut that; anything but that." When he woke up . . . you guessed it! The doctor's excuse for this one was, "cleanliness." He further stated that the soldier was in the field for three days and couldn't keep it clean there. He wound up the ever-familiar spiel with, "besides, you

should have had that clipped at birth."

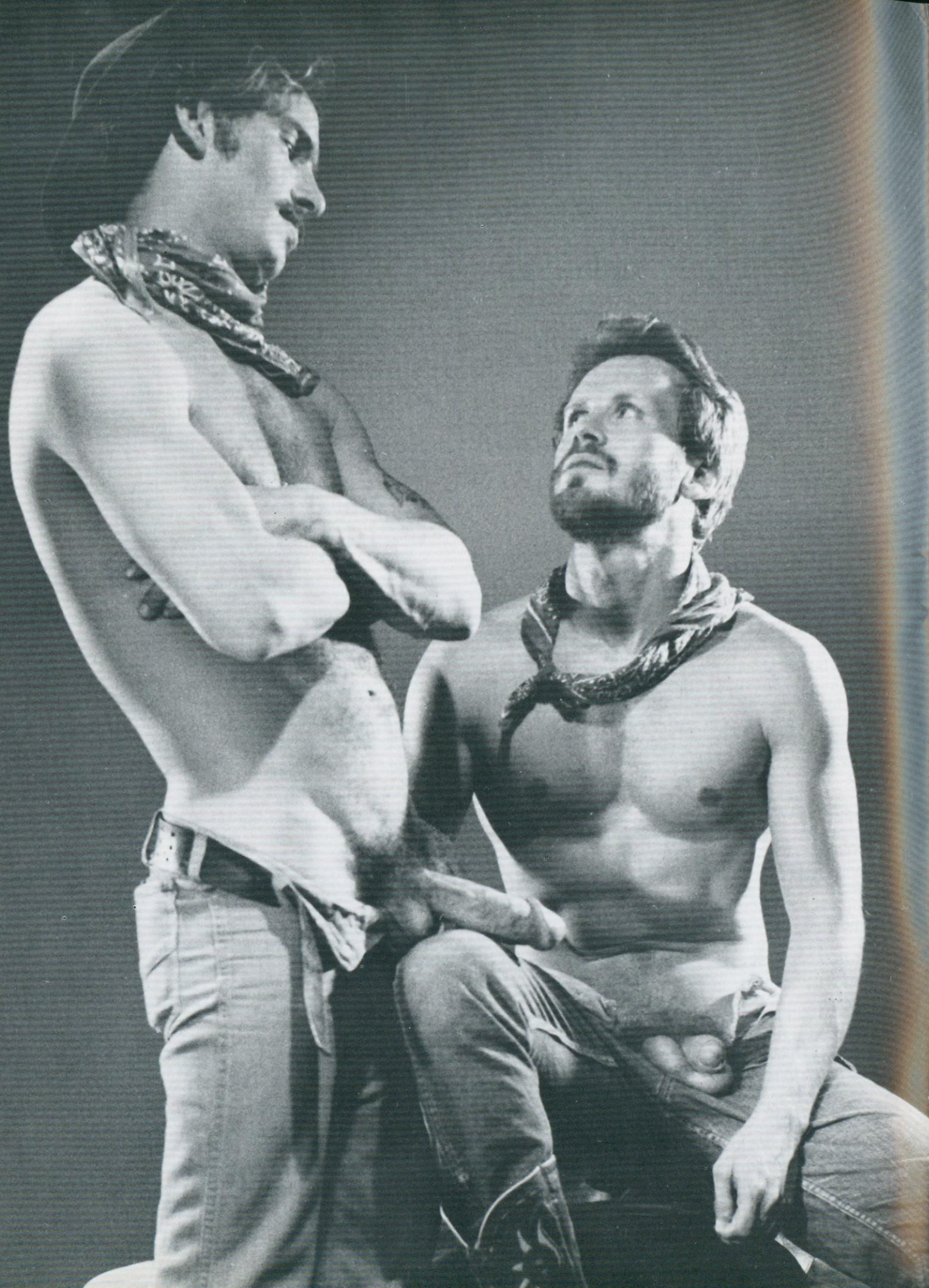
Not only is the Army concerned with uniform cocks, but other branches of the service are co-equal to a varying degree in foreskin finding and removing. According to a former Airman, all Air Force guys are circumcised, bar none. When I inquired as to Latins and Blacks who, as a rule, are uncut, he said, "They are told in basic they *will* be cut before going to their first assignment. If they object, two MPs will forcibly take them to the hospital to be cut." One such Airman, who was forcibly circumcised, lamented the loss of his skin by comparing it to a woman losing her breast. Whether the Air Force *officially* has made this rule, or whether it is "under the table" for A.F. doctors to enforce, is open to debate. It is known that an uncut Airman is extremely rare.

The Navy also has its share of circumcision but because most ships do not have operating-room facilities in their sick baks, clipping is relegated only to Naval hospitals and carriers possessing the same large hospital facilities. Even so, a Navy medic, used to giving short-arm inspections after every foreign liberty port, "clucked" at seeing a sailor's extremely long and tight skin. He finally told him to report to a Navy hospital nearby and have it clipped. When the sailor objected, the medic told him, "Okay. It's circumcision for you or a court martial and a general discharge!" One more sailor minus his skin! It seems that ethnic backgrounds cut across the circumcision mania. A native American stated that the Navy told him ". . . he had a 'torpedo' cock and that it should be circumcised. However, they couldn't do anything as they have an agreement with my people not to cut off our foreskin."

The Marines seem to be least interested in cock-cutting, as anyone who has ever been in a Marine barracks or Armed Forces YMCA shower room can testify. Even so, there is a report of a black Marine who used to have a 4" overhang—that is, until his short-arm inspection at Camp Pendleton. He actually cried during the butchery (as he called it). On the whole, though, Marine forced circumcisions seem to be rare and those that are done are requested by the Marine himself. The whole practice and routine of coerced, cajoled military circumcision isn't just a sporadic, under-the-table, hardly-spoken-about thing. An article in the December 1956 *U.S. Armed Forces Medical Journal*, called "The Technique of Circumcision Using Local Anesthesia" by Captain Richard Amelar, USAF, certainly supplies a need for military surgeons. The basic thesis is that local anesthesia wears off and the clipped man can return to duty the next day, bandage and all! Hospital beds are freed and man hours are saved. (How about the WWI parade ground?!)

One person, knowing of military circumcisions, was outraged and suggested that the American Civil Liberties Union be told. Whether they know or not—there is still a terrific uphill climb for servicemen to fight the "Green Machine." A recent newspaper article appeared stating that the Chief Medical Officer of the East German Police, Dr. Dietz, has inspired a new rule

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ALTHOUGH Mies van der Rohe is noted for the simple grandeur of his architecture, more important is the simple secret behind it. "Less is more," he said. In a metropolis like New York City whose architecture is polyglot—ranging in ugliness from the Victorian gingerbread excesses of the turn of the century, to the banal glass boxes of today's skyscrapers—his famous Seagram Building is a monument to the ballsiness of high adventure tempered by the good taste of simplicity. It suggests power held in check. In short, it's macho.

Something of the same might be said of Levi Strauss—the 'father of jeans'—but with Levi it was more a case of serendipity. He lucked out in 'discovering' denim through sheer happenstance. It made him a millionaire dozens of times over, and in the process created a dynasty of 'denim relatives' who have likewise richly prospered, and whose empire—although often assaulted by others—has remained intact.

Oddly, except for some slight concessions to changing fashion over the years, the rough denim pants he devised for the '49ers of the California Gold Rush haven't changed very much. With some minor changes: flares to straights; hip-huggers, or the higher bolero waistline so dear to the heart of the macho Spanish male who creams as he struts in them . . . showing off the sexy curves of his ass right down to the lickety split; and the fact that Levi's original fly was closed with copper snap-brads instead of today's zipper (or outside crotch buttons that hint of an uncontrollable tumescence beneath), a '49er miner could walk the streets of New York City today and feel quite in style—even high style.

Levi Strauss was a 20 year-old German opportunist and entrepreneur when he stepped off a windjammer during the early Gold Rush days. With a canny eye on how to make a fast buck, he noted how miners' pants wore threadbare after just a few days of frantic digging. Levi had brought along bolts of canvas, sailcloth and a roughspun cotton drill-cloth—his idea was to get into the tent-making business for the growing number of goldminers fanning out into the wilderness of northern California. Not one to miss such a 'golden' opportunity, he scrapped his tent-making plans and began running-up pants for the miners. At first, thinking 'stress' and 'rugged', he made them of canvas. But while the miners liked them for their durability, they complained to Levi that the material was too unyielding and increased the difficulty and hazards of their work.

Quick as a flash he switched to the twill-like material he'd brought along. Loomed in Nimes, France, it was called *serge de Nimes*—a term later shortened through common usage to just *de-Nimes*, and which still later entered our own language as one word, accented on a different syllable . . . we called it *denim*.

Denim was all the more magically macho since the uniforms of big-basket Italian sailors from Genoa were made of it. Seen frequently cruising such French ports as Marseilles and Le Havre, these mostly gay guys were not called *matelots* (sailors) by the French, but fondly/familiarly/gropingly as *les Genes* (the Genoese)—from which colloquialism

January/February 1978

Denim

The 'Less Is More' Of Macho

By Walter Norris



comes another name for Levi's—*jeans*.

So everything about Levi's was born of, or created for, or is related to something macho—whether in the rough masculinity of the cloth, or in the exciting ways it molds the body to bring out exciting possibilities . . . or particularly as it affects the rationale of cruising gay guys who would regard themselves as sexual pariahs without at least a couple of pairs.

THE ROCK-AND-ROLL IMPETUS

For several years denim was more commonly used in the manufacture of workmen's overalls than for pants (of course, there is quite a flourishing gay contingent of today who dig overalls as being more macho than pants). Although always popular, denim did not then attain the status of high fashion it enjoys today. The jeans one saw were generally worn by schoolboys, or by po'boys of rural areas. And it was just such a country boy of the early 1950s who was to give denim jeans—Levi's—a new and far greater thrust. He was from Tupelo, Mississippi, and as these lines are being written the news of the sudden death of Elvis Presley has just come over television.

It is no exaggeration to say that the hips of Elvis the Pelvis, gyrating sexily in his Levi's, brought into being an entire

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The ZONKED-OUT Sex Scene

How To Stay On Top Of The Orgy

By Brent Jacoby

Body Wt.	DRINKS (2-hour Period)											
	1½ ozs. 86-proof Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer											
100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
SAFE				CAUTION				ZONK				

THE greatest challenge in gay communication is the orgy, and in this competitive sexual arena we should be so quickly adaptable that we can express our true sexual selves without protracted buildup (so often necessary with just two); create an instant identity; establish a working accommodation with many diverse sex styles, and—even with little awkwardnesses along the way—summon the thoughts, murmur the words and, with erotic tracing and gesture, evoke the fantasies that flick the switch of a great sex scene.

Ideally an orgy should never falter. There should be continual surges of higher voltage to enliven it . . . a succession of higher peaks—no valleys. Everyone stays on top of it all, all the time. This sounds difficult but it's not. Other than a lively sexual imagination and fluid basic techniques, what is needed are clear heads all around. Some find that a drink beforehand greases the skids of inhibition and gets things off to a smooth start. Others favor a little grass. And along the way at strategic intervals poppers rev-up the voltage so that the peaks keep a'peaking. So any orgy can be a great one if common sense prevails.

Alcohol, however, can be the catcher in the rye; for all its common usage it can create an orgiastic hazard even if one is accustomed to drinking only moderately at any time. The greatly intensified excitement of multi-sex—of seeing gay life in such a different way and on a far broader canvas—is often blunted by a much smaller amount of alcohol than one might drink with sobriety at any other time. So if it's your first orgy you may find it helpful to refrain



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from drinking any liquor beforehand.

Sex researchers of the eminence of Masters and Johnson, as well as physicians in the laboratory, and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, agree that when the Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC) is above .05% both reflex time and depth perception are impaired. This is based on an accurate scaling that we shall include with this article, and is based on one's bodyweight and on specific amounts of either 86-proof liquor, or beer.

ALBERT ALBATROSS IS LOUSY SEX

The fullest concentration of every participant is needed to super-peak an orgy to the heights of Eros. So if your reflexes and keenness of sexual acuity are blunted and blurred it's manifestly impossible to stay on top. If, through the thinnest veil of *minimal* alcoholic illusion, you believe that you're holding your own among peers, think again. You may be tarnishing the magic of the occasion. If by slowing the tempo others are even slightly jolted out of orgiastic rhythm to accommodate your pace, acceleration of excitement is impeded. Soon it all becomes Saturday-night routine, and for this you'll not be thanked. If the orgy was a planned affair, in all likelihood you'll not be invited next time. Word does get around . . . Albert Albatross is a lallygagging lay.

Sex researchers have determined that postural changes affect the metabolism of alcohol—just as they affect blood pressure. For example, if one *sits* while drinking, the metabolic rate will be slower than if *standing*. Thus two sit-down cocktails may give one just a pleasant buzz of anticipation for the orgy ahead. Yet when one *stands* to deliver—plus the many postural changes characteristic of the orgy (particularly in the longer slow-stand position in fist fucking) the metabolic rate can increase so rapidly that the effect of the liquor hits with the force of a bomb. Not surprisingly, one can actually be zonked-out of the orgy before making much headway.

SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS—FOR THE INDIVIDUAL

There are some practical things you may do to prevent the zonk. If they seem simplistic, be sure that they work. For one thing, don't drink later than four hours before the scheduled get-together. If you simply *must* drink; if you think it necessary to have a cocktail or two to release any inhibitions about your part in the orgy—this four-hour safety zone will allow for *nearly*-complete metabolism of the alcohol . . . complete enough to leave you with a glow of anticipation and get you started in style. Then as you get into the thick of things, the metabolism is completed and you emerge as the champion you should be.

There's a special precaution you should take, however. And that is to swallow two aspirin tablets *before* drinking. Although the zonk can be prevented, as just explained, blood pressure rises and the pulse-rate increases with the intake of alcohol. Thus the slight residue of unmetabolized alcohol *before* the orgy, combined with the higher blood pressure and increased heartbeat (plus the excite-

ment of the vista before you!) can give you a throbbing headache. So it's a tossup whether the zonk or the headache is more defeating. Why have either, when timing of alcohol consumption and preemptive aspirin can make your evening unforgettably thrilling and beautiful?

If for some reason you can't take aspirin here's a practical trick that produces much the same effect, but in a different way. Before having your first cocktail (and even with it, as a kind of sly little hors d'oeuvre) eat slowly a cup or two of good thick yogurt. Get the plain kind—not the flavored or gussied-up-with-preserves kind which, with alcohol, can possibly create gastric distress. The yogurt lines the stomach and intestinal wall easily and quickly and this lining 'holds' for a considerable time. This prevents the alcohol from metabolizing so quickly—and so it's pretty much 'steady as she goes' all the way. You have buzz/glow, but no zonk . . . your reflexes and sexual perception are not impaired . . . and headache should not occur.

DEVIOUS PRECAUTIONS—THE HOST

If you're having guests for dinner, with orgy to follow, you'll want to keep untarnished your escutcheon as a host. You can do this by preventing any guest from making a fool of himself—and thus of you—and do it so cleverly that the guest(s) will not realize what you've done. They'll have a fine time and the orgy will be a foreordained success. Of course, since nearly everyone will want to hold on to some kind of socializing drink there must be either a service of cocktails or a flowing bowl *au buffet*. Here's how you can prevent the zonk of overconsumption.

1. *If flowing bowl.* Any alcoholic punch should be made with a tea or fruit-juice base (recipes abound). The trick is to avoid carbonated mixers in the punch—no ginger ale (even calorie-free); no club soda. It's the *carbonation* that sends the alcohol zooming through *all* the body—like a pinwheel. Even if the alcohol consumed is minimal, the effect of the carbonation on it will act in very nearly the same way as if it were a cocktail! The tea/juices will prevent this combustion of whatever alcohol there may be in a cup or two of the punch—or even more—and ensure clear heads. Also on your buffet have a pitcher of Bloody Marys for those who think punch—even alcoholic—is for kids. But disguise your Bloody Marys with so many spices that even the connoisseur of this essentially tomato-juice/vodka drink will not know there's not a drop of vodka in it! It's a commercial bartender's trick. So what buzz may result will be illusory—it's a great way to psych your guests into an all-stops-out orgy, thinking that they're getting delightfully tiddly. By the time they're into it they'll be so overcome with the magic of it, and all that jizzum, they couldn't care less that you played a trick on them.

2. *If cocktails.* Minimize the risk of serving too-generous cocktails by 'jiggering' them instead of guessing at them. A too-free hand on the bottle makes for a fast drunk. So measure the liquor exactly and avoid possible after-effects. Equally important: don't serve cocktails

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Kensington Road

'CHINEASIER'

Chinks In The Great Wall of China By David Bartel

OTHER than his resigning the Presidency (and not a moment too soon), many Americans believe the only praiseworthy act of Richard M. Nixon was to open a wedge of vis-a-vis communication with Red China in 1972. The fact is, however, that the first chink in the Great Wall of China's monolithic face occurred a year earlier with the invitation by the Chinese to American table-tennis players to compete in Peking. As you may recall, this was widely heralded as 'Ping Pong diplomacy'.

Of that time, one famous American player said that "China seems to come in the four primary colors—the 'everywhere' yellow of dusty earth . . . the sea of blue of baggy Mao suits . . . the red of their omni-brandished slogans . . . and a dull gray for just about everything else." If this picture seems bleak, and you wonder why 15,000 Americans have since been inside the People's Republic of China, it may be answered by Sir Edmund Hillary's reply to the reporter to asked him why he was driven to climb Mt. Everest. "Because it's *there*."

Following this Hillaryous line of reasoning readers may wonder why gay guys, visiting the Far East action cities of recent *Ciao!* review, are pitching for Peking—given the dour complexion of this forbidding land. Again, *challenge!* Just to say you've been there; then too, the Kinsey reflex—that of 1000 people anywhere, 9.8% are gay. So with its 400-plus million population this means there are at least 37-plus million Chinese who suck—or would like to. Say hello!

At present, though, no gay travel guidebook has wild listings of gay bars/baths/clubs/cruising areas in any *mainland* Chinese city. If you get as far as Hong Kong, to paraphrase President Truman, "the fuck stops here." Yet that doesn't dim the bright promise that one might luck out, once in. After all, homosexuality is still a capital offense in the Soviet Union but that hasn't blunted the gay approach. How daring we are . . . anywhere! Check the many listings for Moscow and Leningrad in our own gay travel guidebook "Private Stock" and be surprised!

So with a few more chinks appearing in the Great Wall it may not be long before we're all doing it on the bias. But for now we can answer the questions of those planning an oriental tour who would like to know the basics of how to get inside China—and let them take it from there; thus to make it 'Chineasier' here are some facts and suggestions.

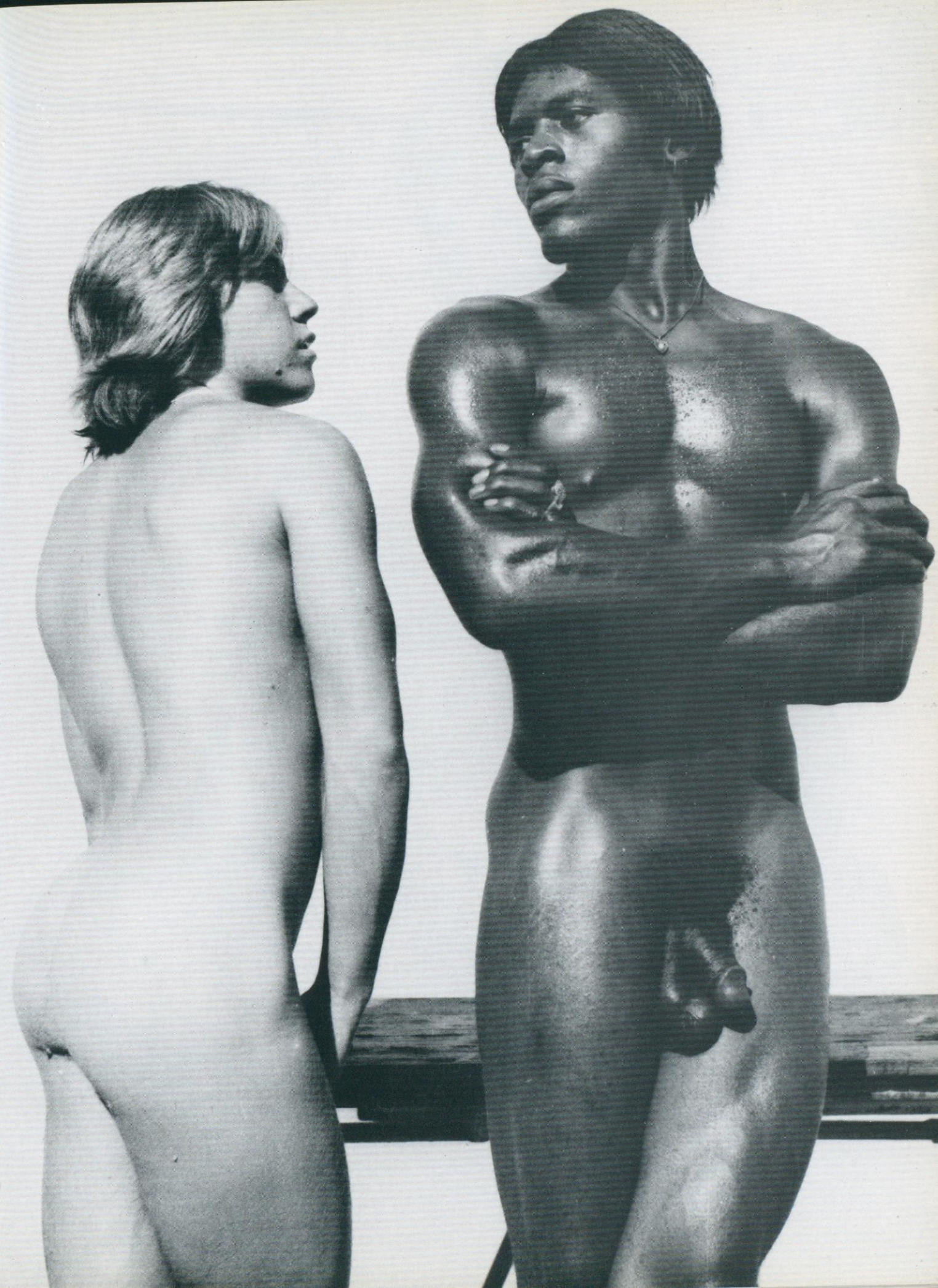
THE CRUISE WAY

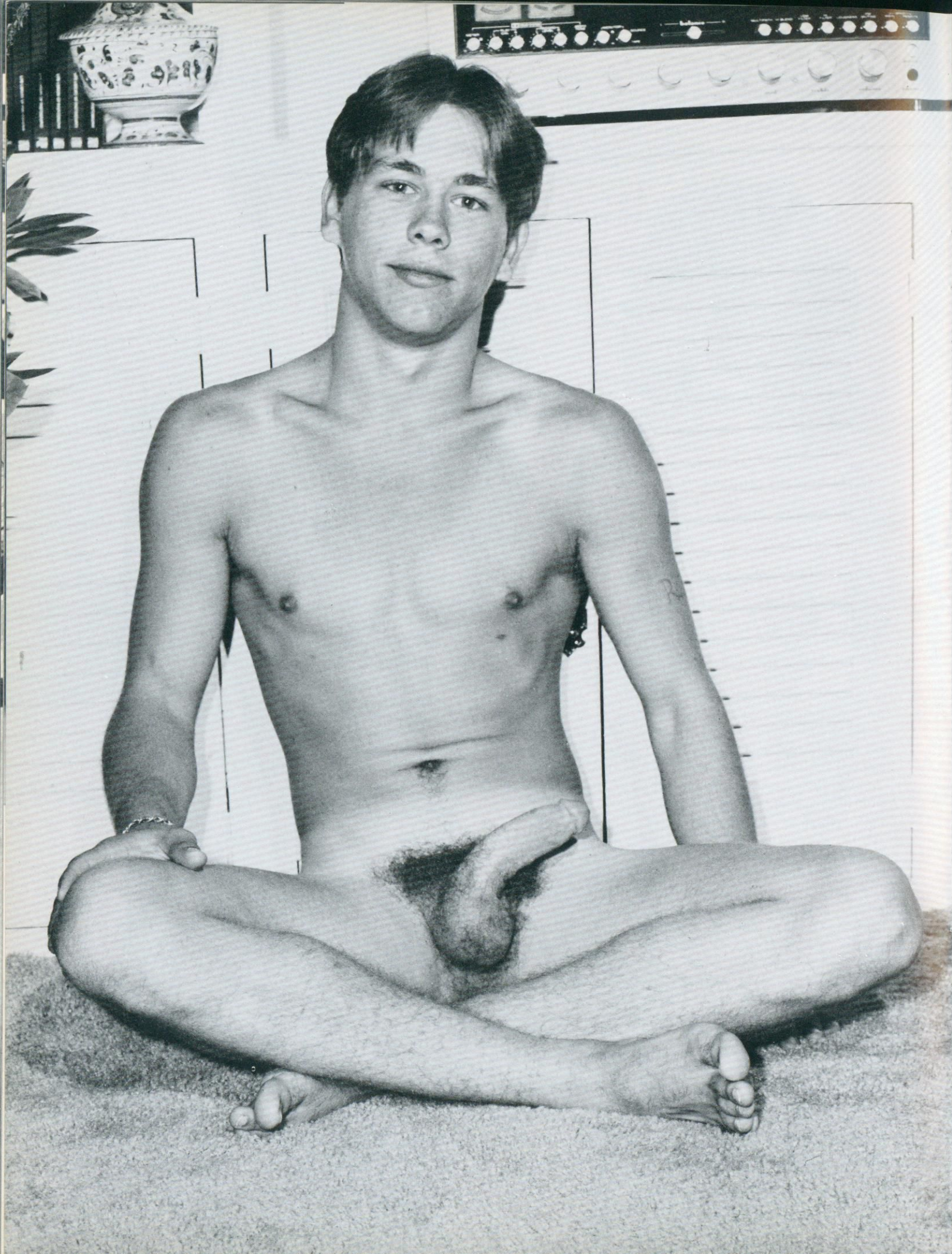
This is the easiest way if you want to dip a pinky in China just to say you've been there. If your wallet is filled with enough pretty pelf to permit a round-the-world cruise you'll find that Cunard's *QE2* annual cruise will dock in Hong Kong on March 13, 1978, dispatching some 650 passengers to Kwangchow (Canton) by rail. A limited number will escorted on to Peking on a first-apply/first-accommodated basis. Apply when arranging for the cruise. This stopover includes a visit to the Peking Opera, excellent Peking restaurants, shopping areas, tours of communes, visits to hospitals (see how acupuncture is performed . . . learn how to 'noodle the needle' to anesthetize your anus when confronted with monster meat. Comes in handy.) You'll also visit schools, zoos, factories, and wind up your stopover with a bang-up Chinese banquet.

Holland America's *Prinsendam* begins a trans-Pacific cruise in September of each year, docking in Shanghai instead of Hong Kong (although Hong Kong is a port of call on the cruise). The cruise lasts 27 days; begins at Vancouver, then on to Alaska, Singapore, Japan and China. You may buy any portion if it (such as joining it in Alaska).

Holland America's *Rotterdam* cruise docks at Hong Kong, sending its passengers by train to Canton and in the same small-number groups on to Peking. This is an 87-day cruise, and you can board at New York on January 17, or Port Everglades, Florida on January 19, and West Coasters can join on February 2 when the *Rotterdam* reaches Los Angeles. Pretty much the same Peking tours as the *QE2*. Far less expensive, however, if you thumb your way to Los Angeles first. Write to the Cunard or Holland America office (Continued on page 46)

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ELEGANCE ON THE CHEAP

Great Wine Buys From Abroad

By Don Ellis

THE increasing popularity of wines in the United States and the ease with which American wines are being mass produced have had a chastening effect on vintners abroad. Suddenly all that 'High Mass' mysticism surrounding the choosing of a noble wine from a great vintage year has been burned away in the heat of international competition. Although money, as it always will be, is the name of the game, one may be surprised at how dramatically the prices of imported wines have dropped . . . even allowing for the heavy import duty.

All this should be good news to the gay host who—elegant to the core—still prefers to translate his wine-bottle labels from the French, German and Italian. If lately he has lamented that his wine cellar seems to be suffering from malnutrition, here's his golden opportunity to beef up its corpuscles with some really good imported wines at unbelievably sensible prices. Considering that inflation is universal, the paradox is that while the quality remains high the prices keep dipping.

THE RED WINES OF 'NOW'

The trick in choosing these excellent-but-inexpensive wines is to look first for the vintage years 1970 and 1971 on the labels. Don't go farther back (too few/too expensive), or later than 1971 (spotty harvests/iffy wines). Next, carefully study the labels, once you've indentified the year, for the regions from where they come. For example, superb Clarets of 1970/1971 will cost only from \$4 to \$6 a bottle, and the two best regions of the Bordeaux should be identified on the label(s) as Pomrrol or St. Emilion. You'll find more 1970 than 1971. Although both years are excellent, 1970 had a more bountiful harvest.

For good buys in red Burgundies of 1970/1971 in a live-with-it price range of only \$4 to \$7.50 a bottle your best choices will be from the Côtes de Beaune—look for Pommard, Santenay, Volnay and Beaune. A note of caution about buying these red Burgundies: don't lay in several cases of them unless you're the frequent host. They are for 'now' or 'pretty soon' drinking, because the longer they're kept, the more the aliveness of taste tends to fade. They'll still be good, but not so noble. It's sad that such excellent

wines have such a shorter life . . . but then, as the cliché goes, "the good die young."

Still on reds. For the devotee of Beaujolais wines, 1971 is your year. In fact it is the only practical year from the point of vintage value. What good years there were before 1971 mean little, since the wines of those years are now too old. Your best bet will be a 1971 Beaujolais from the regions of Morgon and Moulin-a-vent, which should be identifiable on the label(s) of the bottles you contemplate purchasing. Here's a tip for Beaujolais connoisseurs. Why not try one of the beautifully light and fruity Beaujolais-type wines from the Loire Valley: identifiable as from Chinon or Bourgeuil? These cost only about \$3 a bottle—a beauty of a buy—and, happily, you can keep them longer in your wine cellar!

THE WHITE WINES OF 'NOW'

White wines, of course, are better when young (but then, who isn't?). So think 1973 and more recently. You can get some really excellent Chablis for under \$4. Look for the target year 1974, and the region of Moreau. Also there are some 1974 Grand Cru Chablis for about \$7 . . . and how much posher and more elegant can you get?

Great *white* Burgundies, like the great and inexpensive reds just mentioned, are available from the same Côtes de Beaune. Target 1974 instead of 1970/1971, as for the reds, and you'll come out with an excellent white Burgundy for about \$3.50 a bottle. And while in your wine merchant's store, keep looking for more 1974 and more regions of the Côtes de Beaune. There was such a glut of great white Burgundies of that year that much was dumped on the market just to get rid of it. Still greater bargains than the \$3.50 bottle! So don't think your wine merchant is putting you on if he offers you an excellent 1974 white Burgundy for as little as \$2.75.

RED WINES FOR THE CELLAR

Big Burgundies—Burgundies with a big taste and exceptional richness—are in plentiful supply. The vintage years, however, are slightly different. Target 1969 and 1972 in your mind; look for the regions Côtes de Nuits and Côtes de Beaune.

If you are usually

(Continued on page 54)

TRICKS WITH WINE COOKERY

Easier Gourmet Dishes

By Gus Ditz

SURELY the gay host is the most considerate of men. Nothing is too good for his guests, and so having invited a contingent of friends to dinner at his home he may begin to pull out the wine corks the day before in an almost lemming-like attempt to create the be-all/end-all gourmet meal.

As strange as it may seem, although prohibition was abolished in 1933, the use of wine in cooking in this country is a rather recent concept. Like anything new, however, the reaction to it has usually been to exaggerate . . . to try to do/use more for what would be better with less. The results are often less happy than hoped for—considering the effort—and the host may find he may have spent heavily on wines he didn't need . . . such as cooking wines and drinking wines, rather than dual-purpose cooking/drinking wines. With the hope that we can help him make his dinner just as deliciously gourmet—with half the cost and half the effort—here are some suggestions.

Avoid 'cooking wines'. If, in an effort to impress your guests with a noble vintage wine or fine Champagne, you economize with a dollar bottle of cheap cooking wine, no Romanee-Conti or Dom Perignon you serve them will disguise the fact that the food is not equally inspired. Indeed, the nobler the wine you serve, the more pitilessly it will reveal the miserliness in the kitchen. The reason for this is that the alcohol in wine evaporates during cooking. What is left will be just the aromatics of the wine. In the case of cheap cooking wines, which are pressed from lying-on-the-ground culls of grapes—or a throw-it-all-together blend of whatever awful-awful the vintner may have left from his wine harvest—these aromatics will be flinty, bitter, and quite overpoweringly offensive to the taste.

Also if among the other seasonings of your recipe are garlic or rosemary, the cheaper the cooking wine the more these stronger spices are brought out, and so what should be just a heavenly *hint* of each tends to overpower the dish, resulting in what is little short of one-arm-lunch-counter cooking.

What is equally bad: if you schedule an orgy following the meal, the whole sex scene can dissolve into clouds of garlicky belches and farts. Anyone with a gassy gut, made gassier by garlic, who is simultaneously plugged by a whopper cock, knows

the true meaning of *torture*.

So for your cooking wine, use an irreproachable drinking wine—dry white, red or sherry (which need not be expensive)—one you'd proudly serve your guests—and revel with them in the delightful aroma that drifts from your kitchen.

Shallow-dish cookery with 'spoon-fed' wines. As an example of 'if a little is good, more is better', many cooks make the mistake of dumping into whatever dish they may be preparing the *entire* amount of wine called for in the recipe, and then just let nature take its course.

The course nature will take—particularly in shallow-dish cooking—is to evaporate the alcohol too soon, thus 'frying-in' the aromatics/spices. Even if the cooking wine is superior—easily drinkable—pouring in so much at one time 'bridles' the character of the dish in preparation, rather than 'gentles' it. The purpose of any wine in any cooking is to create a happy marriage of spices and natural juices of the meat . . . a marriage that should be truly consummated, not '*consommed*'. One spice should not upstage another. This is very likely to happen in shallow-dish wine cookery (sauteeing, braising, and in certain quick casseroles) because a faster heat is required, thus the meat is dryer than it should be; small chunks/escalopes will curl around the edges; and the sauce never has an honest chance to get it all together. A disappointment all the way around.

To prevent this, try 'spoon-feeding' with your wine. If your prize recipe calls for a 'lump sum' of wine, instead of pouring it all in, or making it a two-stage operation, spoon in just two or three tablespoonsful at a time—at intervals when a peek at your creation shows that the juices are cooking down. Then the dish—when fully cooked—will turn out beautifully moist and tender . . . with every spice intact and proportionate. The meat, therefore, will have an excellent consistency, and will be a feast for the eyes as well as the tongue.

Here's a little trick in braising, using either white or red wine. Put a little wine in the bottom of the cold casserole so that as the utensil warms, the wine will steam up and make an initial acquaintance with the meat. This, of course,

(Continued on page 51)

Athletic Model Guild

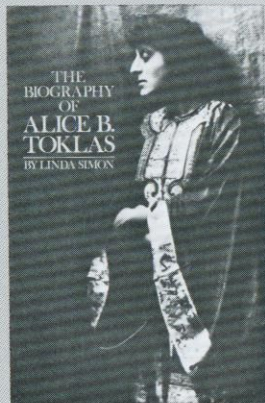




QQ's Man Of The Month
"Leather Master"

By Studio G. Pohl

BOOK REVIEW



Would you believe that Alice B. Toklas once danced the fandango dressed as **Carmen**—swirling red satin, rose between her teeth, castanets clicking—in the ballroom of the Del Monte Hotel in Monterey? **Alice?** **Tiny Alice?** Alice of **The Cookbook?** Or that Picasso was so turned on by Alice's fine moustache that he groped her under the dinner table while discussing art with Gertrude Stein? That it was sly Alice who first noted Ernest Hemingway's latent homosexuality? Or that Gertrude proposed marriage to her in a most proper, Victorian 'gentlemanly' way (Alice was so turned-on she couldn't turn off the tears, and cried her way through 30 linen hankies a day for a week)? And that Gertrude, overcome with joy at Alice's acceptance, ascribed to Alice her rhapsody to Lesbian love—**Lifting Belly** (of which Gertrude had 200 pounds to lift and harness with a dildo)?

Kiss my lips. She did.

Kiss my lips again she did.

Kiss my lips over and over and over again she did . . .

These, and other amazing revelations about the unknown quantity of Gertrude's lover, have been reconstructed by Linda Simon in **The Biography of Alice B. Toklas**; published by Doubleday; 321 pages; \$10). For Steinophiles and gay legions who've never understood the mechanics of this odd menage, this book is a treasure trove—unmined diamonds everywhere!

Although published in 1977, the book is not hot off the press. We review it here because we'd like to go into it in more depth than other reviewers have. With a plethora of gay books published each month, reviewers must cram lots into little to do justice to all, so by 'revisiting' a book we believe that **QQ Magazine** can render a service to both author and our readers.

The 'Catch-22' of Alice B. is the 'B'. It stands for Babette. Alice **Babette** Toklas? Now what's a nice Jewish girl doing with a middle name like that? The onomatopoeia suggests **Bette** (both Davis and Midler), and **soubrette**, all of which

she was, and this is the key to the mystery of this woman in the shadows. **Gentle Alice** was **vivacious Babette** in turn-of-the-century San Francisco—a with-it girl until her mid-teens (**Babette/Carmen**). But she was also career-minded. A prize pupil of the noted Otto Bendix, she was on her way to becoming a concert pianist (and had given a debut recital). But as she was about to get a nibble of the apple of success, tragedy struck. Her mother died and she took over the job of running the house and rearing her younger brother and sisters. Ferdinand, her father, was a successful manufacturer whose plants ran on the oiled wheels of German thoroughness. He expected no less in the management of his household. So at this point red-satin Babette became gray-bombazine Alice, and remained so until adulthood and the San Francisco earthquake changed the course of her life. (The author's description of the quake is a priceless vignette: Enrico Caruso running from the Mark Hopkins in pajamas and mink coat . . . Sarah Bernhardt sobbing and tit-heaving through the streets in her carriage, apostrophizing San Francisco as "next to Paris, the darling of my heart!") but controlling her emotions in time for the evening performance of Phedre in Oakland.)

The 'Gertrude' phase of Alice's life began when she took up digs in Paris. Gertrude fell in love with her at their first meeting, although it was months before she popped the question. There's no doubt about their lesbianism: it's simply that Gertrude recognized hers and was proud of it (which gave her an aggressive advantage), while Alice was a late bloomer who'd never had sex until their 'wedding night'.

Other biographers harp on the suggestion that Gertrude was the motive force and that Alice served only as background: running **Gertrude's** house; typing **Gertrude's** manuscripts; playing hostess to wives while husbands were drawn into the magic **Gertrude** circle. The **Biography** clears this 'mystification' and proves that Gertrude might still have been with her pigeons-in-the-grass-alas had it not been for the rose-is-a-rose-is-a-rose of Alice. Gertrude recognized the diverse gifts of Alice as collective genius. So equalized was their relationship that Gertrude would not make a literary move without the advice of Alice. Alice was Gertrude **Other**—Gertrude was Alice **Other**—a part of a success she'd dreamed of for herself, but which fate and time had denied her. It was a short ride from Babette into Alice—from red satin to gray bombazine. Luckily for us all it was a one-way trip. Read the **Biography** and be convinced.

—Scott Young

RAH-RAH RAW! (Continued from page 9)

on maps. A very popular nude beach with cliffs 'n caves. Especially popular with hang-gliders who let 'em hang while doing their thing nude.

Hole In The Wall. This nude area is around a giant rock from Bonny Doon. You'll have to get to B.D. first. Granite rocks and nitty-gritty sex.

Up San Francisco Way. **San Gregorio Beach**, of course. Popularly known as San Gregayrio Beach. Nine miles south of the town of Half Moon. Take coastal Route 1 south from San Francisco. Three miles of gorgeous beach and gorgeezus gay guys.

Devil's Slide. A private, legally nude beach 5 miles from the town of Pacifica. Gay and active.

Check these newer, growing-gayer (but still mixed) beaches. **Capitola Beach**—on the right side of Capitola Pier, south of Santa Cruz . . . **Scott Creek Beach**, 6½ miles north of the Red, White and Blue. Also **Four-Mile Beach** (because it's four miles from Santa Cruz, to the north). Nude surfing. Also **Laguna Creek Beach**, a half-mile north of R, W & B. **Panther Beach**—1½ miles north of R, W & B on a small side road west of the highway. Fantastic scenery: rocks, caves, natural bridges—not to mention the nude bods. **Land's End Beach**, which—believe it or not—is inside San Francisco! At the north of San Francisco Bay where the Cliff House and the ruins of the old Sutro Baths meet. Cut down to the beach via dirt road from Land's End below the parking area. Although not well known, it is growing quite popular.

Berkeley. This is iffy, but take a chance. **Lake Anza** in Tilden Park. Although nudity has been banned, the tradition remains. We're 'unquenchable'!

Oakland Hills. **Lake Temescal** is popular with nudists.

Russian River. North of Santa Rosa on Route 101. Lots of nude areas, but for gay guys the most popular is the beach along the river a half-mile from Mirabelle Park. Lots of action.

Marin County. **Bolinas Lagoon Beach.** Sunbathing, mostly because a nearby sewage plant makes swimming unsafe. Also **RCA Beach** north of the Bolinas Lagoon, off Mesa Road. Also **Stinson Beach**, south of Bolinas. Two nude coves at the south end. Hard to reach. Can be entered only by inching your way down a steep cliff. Popular with gay guys. No hassling.

Point Reyes National Seashore. **Limantour Beach.** Beautiful, with rolling hills. One of the most beautiful nude beaches anywhere. Often chilly.

Not far from Santa Rosa.

Stockton/Sacramento area. **Lake Tahoe** between Pope and Baldwin Beaches. From San Francisco through Sacramento and up C-50. Then take C-89 along the southwest edge of Lake Tahoe. Parking at the Visitors' Center. Then hoof it along a natural trail. Also **Upper Echo Lake.** This is 10 miles west of Lake Tahoe. Beautiful, rocky beach—great scenery, and great nude swimming/sunning.

Grass Valley. Nudity at the longest covered bridge in the world. Take I-80 from Sacramento in the direction of Lake Tahoe; make a detour up Route 49 north to Yuba River, near Grass Valley. Keep your eyes peeled for Bridgeport. About 200 yards straight up stream from the bridge are lots of pleasant, active swimming spots.

Navarro. The **Navarro River.** Take coastal Route 1 north from San Francisco past Point Arena . . . about a 2-hour drive. When you reach the intersection of Highway 128, double back 4 miles on 128 to the Masonite Campground. Great for camping, fishing, swimming in the raw.

COLORADO

Colorado Springs. About 25 miles out of Colorado Springs are 100 acres, used in summer only by nudists. Lots of rugged Colorado College students make it here. **Boulder.** **Beachcraft Lake—The Reservoir.** Also college-patronized. **Glenwood Springs.** Here is the popular-with-a-young-crowd **South Canyon Hot Springs:** a natural hot springs/nude paradise. Off Interstate 70, between Grand Junction and Denver—nearer Grand Junction.

CONNECTICUT

New London—Miller's Pond. Popular with students of Connecticut College and the U.S. Maritime Academy (gobs and gobs of gobs with 'gobs' of it!). Just 2 miles north of the College. Also **Salmon River State Forest.** If you'll take Route 16 through the Forest to where it crosses the river via a covered bridge, then the road that follows the river going upstream, this will emerge into a dirt road. Where the road veers from the river, park. Walk upstream to a deep-water site for nude swimming/sunning. In all, about 1½ miles from the bridge.

FLORIDA

Fort Lauderdale: Dania Beach. South on U.S. 1, left on A1A, then left on the ocean for a half mile. Gay and great . . . meat rack. Everything you want. Daytime is best.

Key West—Bahia Honda State Park. A mixed nude beach 36 miles from Key West. The north end is where it's at. **Grassy Key.** Nine miles north of Key West. Very popular. The January/February 1978

Trent Hamilton

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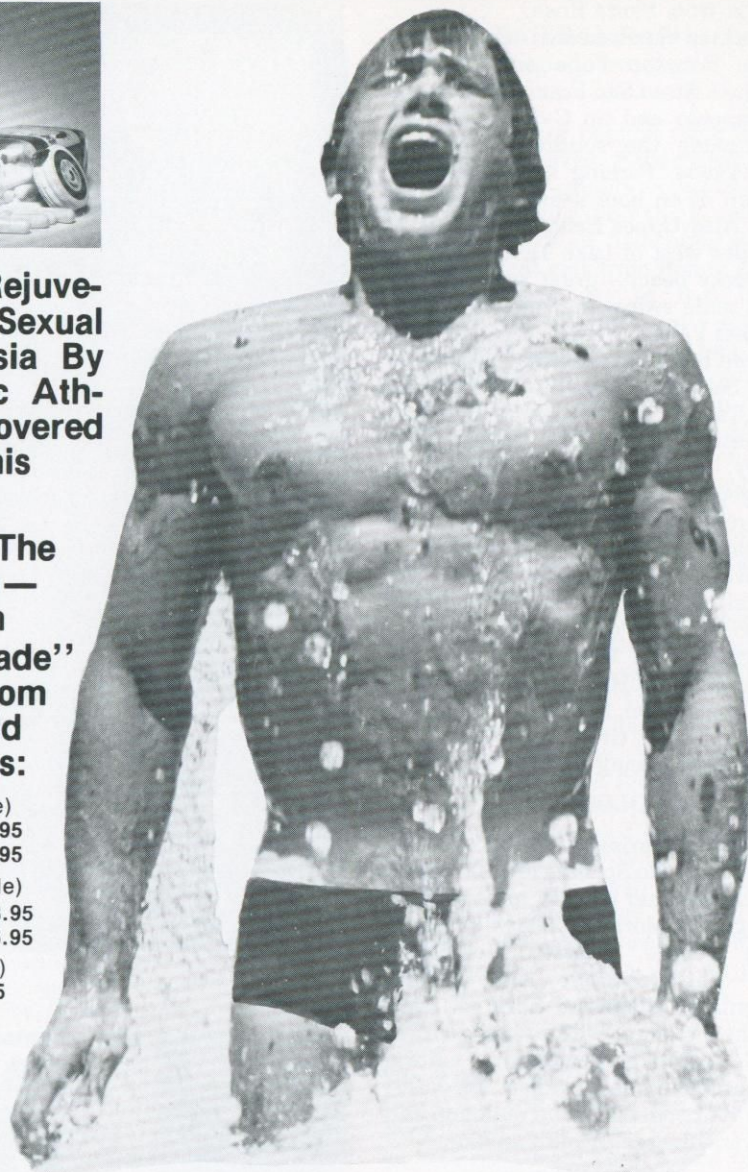
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works. And hustlers. (It has been brought to our attention that the area has been fenced off recently. Check locally when you arrive.)

West Palm Beach/North Palm Beach. At Singer Island, in West Palm Beach, there's a little-known, but growingly popular nude area. And at North Palm Beach there's the so-called **Air Force Beach** (the title dates from World War II), 2½ miles north of the public (non-nude) Riviera Beach. It's private, but that doesn't stop nudists from doing their thing. There have been some busts/fines. Use caution.

Miami. Several luxury hotels such as the **Eden Roc** and the **Fontainebleu** are said to allow nude sunbathing in rooftop solarium. The idea is that sophisticates—used to going topless in Riviera spots—have been bypassing Miami for less confining vacation areas . . . particularly young people. So check this out if you're going to Miami. And for gay guys, of course, there always has been the wild **Virginia Beach**. Turn off garbage road opposite the Seaquarium; drive right on the beach to the gay area. Nudity and sex in the bushes. Take care!

Key Biscayne. There's a nude beach between Crandon Park Beach and Bear Cut Beach. For years it was avoided because of police harassment. Now the American Civil Liberties Union has obtained a decision that bans harassment. Go, and enjoy!

Turtle Mound at New Smyrna Beach. One of the oldest nude beaches in the state. Also along here is the **Canaveral National Seashore** where there are such nudist havens as **Target Rock**, **Glory Hole** (would you believe?), **Cat Hammock**, **Lone Palm** and **County Line**. The fuzz often buzz these places, so have a care. The strip of beaches south of the Brevard County line, however, are free of hassling—the result of several court decisions favoring nudists.

Sarasota—Lido Beach (topless gals, mixed gay/straight). **Siesta Key.** Deserted stretches of beach along the Gulf of Mexico. Lots of bare and dare!

Fort Myers—Sanibel-Captiva Island. **Bowman's Beach** is a clothes-optional area.

GEORGIA

Plains. There's a skinny-dipping place—a creek where Jimmy Carter once displayed his jewels, 'tis said. If you are touring Plains (though God knows why) have a dip.

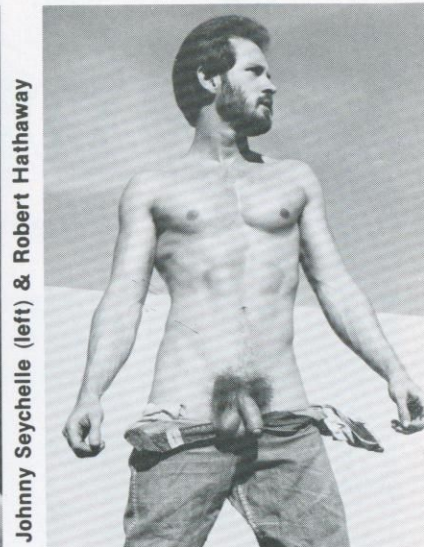
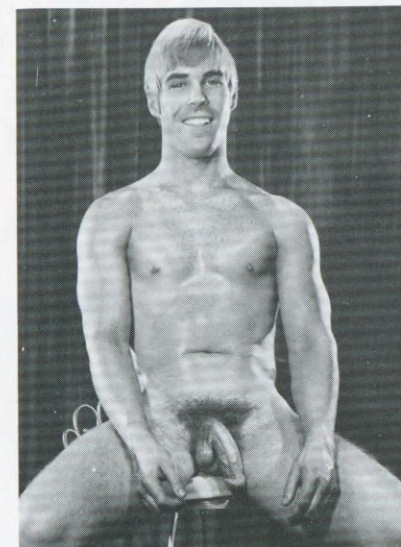
HAWAII

Maui—Makena Beach. Gays 'n bisexuals. A real paradise. Also **Kauai**. On the northwest coast, where the **Kalalau Valley** joins the Pacific, is an

(Continued on page 37)

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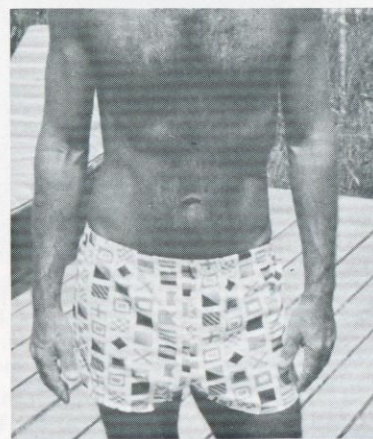
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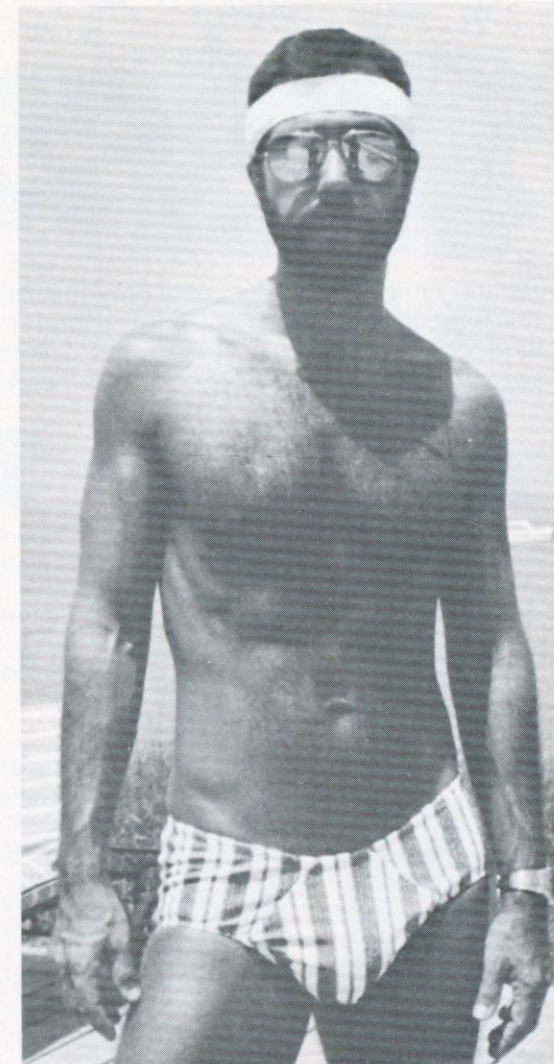
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Order Forms On Page 54

'everybody' nude beach. Oahu has a nude beach but it's a commercial ripoff. Admission \$10. Not worth it.

INDIANA

Bloomington—The Stone Quarries. Indiana University students have discovered nudity in the limestone quarry areas. **Rose Lawn—Dick Drost's Naked City** ... a 300-acre nature park, run by the famous promoter of such nude contests as Miss Nude World and Miss Nude Teenybopper. Rose Lawn is on Route 65, south of Chicago. Humpy truck drivers love this place—and so may you! If you want more information, phone (219) 987-2000.

LOUISIANA

In addition to the Gulf Islands National Seashore, listed under Mobile, Alabama—where Louisianans go, as well as others from Mississippi and Alabama—check the nudist resort in the New Orleans Indian Hills Club (P.O. Box 52745, New Orleans, LA 70152). You just may never get to the Mardi Gras!

MAINE

Brunswick—Popham Beach State Park. Located on the peninsula at Bath on I-95 from Portland. Areas allowed for nude bathing. It's all very hush-hush and iffy. So if you're up that way—ask.

MARYLAND

Dickerson Rock Quarry. Nudists from the District of Columbia and nearby Virginia/Maryland have discovered this delightful place. If you're in Washington, drive along River Road through Potomac, Maryland. Just before the end, make a turn on 28 and go through Poolsville and Beallsville. Dickerson is three miles beyond Beallsville—watch for the No Parking signs along the highway. Look for (you can't miss it) the footpath or trail leading over the field to your left. Follow the path about three-quarters of a mile across a stream to Rock Quarry. Don't pay any attention to the No Trespassing signs. Just zone in on this beautiful woodsy area with its clear water and unusual rock formations. Nude diving, swimming. Camping, too (the backpacking kind).

Ednore—Rocky Gorge Reservoir. Another beautiful Maryland nudist haven. It's located about 10 miles past Beltway. New Hampshire Avenue runs into Ednore Road. Turn right on Ednore for about 2 miles. You can park in an area just past the bridge, and walk on to the exceedingly beautiful lake.

Ocean City. On the Atlantic Coast, just south of Delaware in Maryland is the beautiful, remote Assateague

January / February 1978

CIAO! Magazine BACK ISSUES



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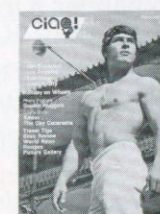
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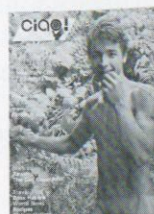
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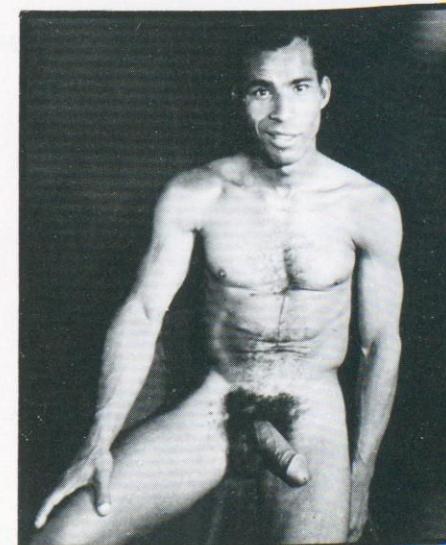
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No. 22 (July-Aug. '76): San Francisco; Amsterdam; Dominican Republic; Venice
No. 23 (Sept.-Oct. '76): Barcelona; Manila; Sydney; Fiji; Cannes
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CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

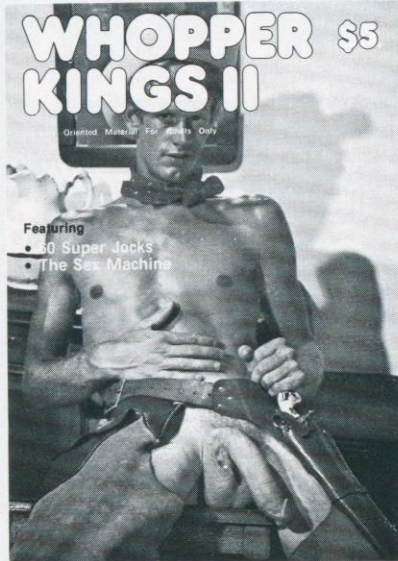
The December 1975 Ciao! is devoted entirely to the Gay Caribbean—including The Yucatan. Also covered are the Bahamas and Bermuda. Puerto Rico is the main feature—and gay life on 25 other Caribbean islands is exposed. Find out about little-known male brothels and where the sun shines bright on gay vacationers.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

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Island National Seashore. Clothes optional along the beach. No hassling. Enjoy!

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—L Street Beach. Famous, and still thriving, and still mostly observing the tradition of dividing bathers by sexes (but, mercifully, not by sex!)

North of Boston—Georgetown Quarry. Georgetown is east of Lawrence and south of Haverhill. Very popular with Bostonians and others in this heavily-college/university area.

Ipswich—Crane's Beach. Crowded with lots of nude swimmers. The temperature, however, is often cold and disagreeable.

Provincetown, Truro and Martha's Vineyard. Please refer to a descriptive and in-depth article in the November/December 1976 issue of *Ciao!* If you don't have the issue, you may order it (\$3.50), or a reprint of the article in that issue (\$1) from the publishers of this magazine.

Chappaquiddick Island. There is nude swimming along the outer sandbar. Chappaquiddick has a morbid fascination because of the Kennedy tragedy. But its nude beach lets the sunshine in. Only in summer, of course, as is the shoreline along Nantucket where there are lots of nude enclaves.

Newburyport—Plum Island. This 8-mile-long beach is about 20 miles from Boston. The southern end is the nude end. A little 'Eden'. So is Cranberry Pond in Leverett. This is hard-by Amherst and is the special fun-playground of nudists of the University of Massachusetts, on whose property the Pond is located.

MICHIGAN

Oxford—The Gravel Pits. About 25 miles northwest of Pontiac. From Pontiac take M-24 to Oxford. Head for the back roads and you'll come to an idyllic nude swimming area—the gravel pits—much like the Bloomington, Indiana stone-quarry swimming places.

Other good Michigan spots. Sanilac State Park on the Lake Huron shore, two miles south of Forestville (check your road map). Also Port Crescent State Park, Saginaw. Route 53 takes you straight to it. And Grand Haven's Rosy Mound Beach. This is in Grand Haven State Park. The most active nude bathing area in Western Michigan. Also Oval Beach at Saugatuck; and Sleeping Bear Dunes near Traverse City, on Lake Michigan, just off Route 31. Also at Traverse City is Pentwater, a nude beach very popular in summer. But for gay guys, Saugatuck is the gayest and best. It's called January / February 1978

Michigan's 'Fire Island'. Many stay at the popular Saugatuck Lodges—very convenient to the action.

MISSOURI

Columbia—'Strip Swimming'. Columbia is the home of the huge University of Missouri whose students have discovered the old strip mines nearby (hence 'strip swimming'). Drive 10 miles north of Columbia on Route 63; you'll come to the pool-filled mines from which coal was taken. Beginning in 1976 this became a popular nudist area for everyone—gay and straight.

MONTANA

Jerry Johnson Hot Springs. A natural hot springs one mile off U.S. Highway 12—about 69 miles from Missoula, near the Idaho State Line. Located in a beautiful, heavily forested area.

NEVADA

Lake Tahoe—Paradise Beach. A heavily-gay nude beach in the 'Cal-neva' area. Follow Highway 28 south past Sand Harbor to Mariette Creek Bridge. Just past the bridge you'll see parking areas on each side, from which a trail branches off. Follow the trail to the left of the creek; cross; then go left again on the trail. The nude/gay area is at the north end of the beach and rocks. Also check Hidden Beach State Park . . . several nude enclaves on this Nevada side of Lake Tahoe.

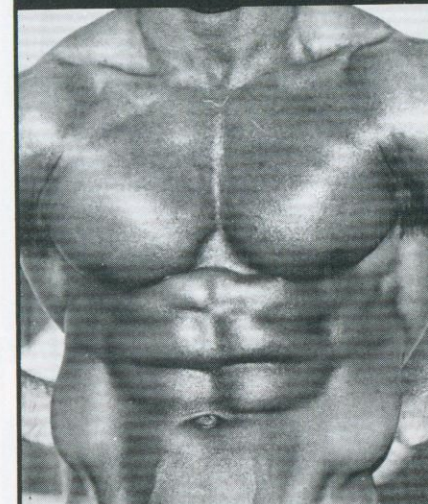
NEW JERSEY

Palisades Park. Not well known, but good for gays. Past the George Washington Bridge from Manhattan—near Fort Lee. On the left side of the park (on the upper level of the cliffs) you'll find several nude areas. The Manhattan skyline is glorious from this distance. No hassling. Also Coven Point Beach within the city limits of Jersey City. This is in the midst of several commercial activities (oil derricks, and the like), and along abandoned piers and barges. Plenty of space for nude sunning (and funning).

Wildwood. Take the Garden State Parkway to this beautiful place which is 50 miles south of Atlantic City. There's a nude beach south of town. Also there's a gay action spot—underneath the north end of the Boardwalk. Meat rack! Young crowd. Hustlers and muggers, too, so be careful. It is interesting that the city of Wildwood sponsors nude swimming in the general area mentioned. This is because French-Canadians, who love to skinny-dip, come here in droves every summer.

Glen Gardner—Circle H Ranch. In

1978 Muscleman CALENDAR



Completely new and different—our 1978 Muscleman Calendar features 12 pages of your favorite physique stars—Mr. America, Mr. World, Mr. Universe, etc. Spend the year with the world's best-built men . . . don't wait—1978 is here. Buy one for a friend too . . . it makes a great gift. Only \$3.00 each (postage included). Order from: Calendars, P.O. Box 662, Holyoke, Mass. 01040.

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TROPICAL DISEASES
Correction: On p. 15 of the Dec. '77 QQ it was stated that all NYC Tropical Disease Clinics have been phased out. In fact, only the one in Manhattan no longer exists; there is one in the Bronx, and in Brooklyn. Call (212) 566-8148 for information.

TRAVELERS

If you are planning your next trip be sure and check your back issues of Ciao! before you go. Or send us \$1 for an article reprint for each city you plan to visit . . . we'll tell you where the action is.

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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

the western part of New Jersey, nearer Phillipsburg and Easton, Pennsylvania, is this favorite of nudists. About 60 miles west of Manhattan. A commercial enterprise: Olympic swimming pool; restaurant; accommodations for singles and doubles. No hassling. For more information, you may write Circle H Ranch, Dewey Lane, Glen Gardner, N.J. 08826. Mixed.

May's Landing—Sunshine Park. Long famous as a family-type nudist haven. Gets young and old. The nudist magazine *Sunshine & Health* was 'born' here.

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fe. Spence Hot Springs. Also **Battleship Park Springs.** Drive from Santa Fe west on Route 44, then on Route 4 to Jemez (watch for signs). Small, but active, with nude bathing legal Sunday through Wednesday. Battleship Park Springs is larger; a couple of miles below Spence Hot Springs on Route 4. Public lands, in the Santa Fe National Forest. Both are popular with the University of New Mexico students in Santa Fe, and with the art 'colonials' from Taos.

NEW YORK

Turkey Hill Pond in Palisades Interstate Park—vicinity of Bear Mountain (near West Point). Wooded areas and lake . . . quiet, beautiful; lots of gay guys come here, although it's mixed. Smokey Bear is around, although he doesn't growl very often. Also **Island Pond** where Route 210 intersects Palisade Parkway. Take the Seven Lakes Parkway towards Lake Tioriti. The lake is about 1½ miles up the road on your right. Lots of secluded coves and good clean water.

New Paltz—Peterskill and Minnewaska Falls. New Paltz is a swinging college town and the students make nudity a way of life at these Falls. Vast grounds, walkways, forest pathways—lots of clear-water pools and sun areas. Some gay enclaves. At the Lake Minnewaska Resort Gatehouse \$1 admission is charged which gives you a day's permission to do what comes naturally. Crowded on weekends. Campgrounds, restaurant—skiing in winter.

Ithaca—Six-Mile Creek Reservoir. Cornell University guys make it here. On the south side of Ithaca. Verr-r-y popular.

New York City and environs. The famous **Jones Beach**, the nude **Riis Park**—as well as **Fire Island** (notably Cherry Grove and The Pines!) have already been described in depth in both *QQ Magazine* and *Ciao!* No need to gild the lily. But how about the

World Trade Center 'Beach'? This is a sandfilled area in the Hudson River off West Street. It's a tanning 'beach' and gets a big play from Wall Street's young tycoons during the weekdays, and gay guys all the time. Although you're in full view of river traffic and the godawful majesty of the Statue of Liberty, don't let that stop you. **Sunburst Rock** in Central Park, off the East 79th Street entrance, is on-again/off-again nude. Lots of gay guys come here . . . lots more would, too, but the Central Park muggings (they're even ripping off the Weather Station in Belvedere Castle!), make it risky. And **Pier 51** in Greenwich Village has previously been described in detail.

Tobay Beach on Long Island is actually a gay enclave/extension of Jones Beach. Park in Lot 6 or 9 and hike it to the area. While it is under the jurisdiction of the Long Island Police, they tend to let it all hang out (and it does!). Great beach; clean sand—and an active meat rack in the bushes. A real 'don't miss' if you're in New York in summer.

Sagg Beach is at the end of Gibson Lane, a small road off the town of Sagaponack, New York. At road's end (foot of Main Street) is the Atlantic Ocean in all its swirling glory. Unprotected by lifeguards, and a favorite of family-type skinny-dipping, it also is beginning to get a play from gay guys in this area. Lots of 10 to 20-foot-high sand dunes make it an ideal meeting place. Give it a whirl. It's like being in a fresh, new world.

The Hamptons. Sagg Beach is pointed in the direction of Bridgehampton. Nudity is yet spotty in the Hamptons, but at **Amagansett**—just beyond the 'last' Hampton—East Hampton—there's **Asparagus Beach** where they take it all off. An article soon to appear, called *The Other End Of Eden*, will have a full report on gay life in The Hamptons. More information on nudity.

NORTH CAROLINA

Dan River Beach—not far from Winston-Salem and Greensboro. Popular with young nudists. Also **Ocracoke Island** with Pimlico Sound on one side and Raleigh Bay (Atlantic Ocean) on the other. In topography something like New York's Fire Island—a nudist paradise in a natural preserve.

Durham—North Hope Creek, Little River and Eno River. Duke University students make these nudely active. North Hope Creek runs through the Duke University campus and is, therefore, the most populous and popular. Little River has lovely pools and smaller groups. **Eno River** has many secluded spots.

QQ

OREGON

Rooster Rock State Park—Portland vicinity. Lots of sandy beach along the river. The extreme eastern end is where gay guys gather. Restrooms; conveniences. The season is from July to September. Gays and straights get along in perfect harmony—no hassling. Also **Cougar Reservoir**—the **Hot Springs**. Above Cougar Dam, about 30 miles southeast of Eugene. Nude swimming most of the year. It gets cold in Oregon quite early, so the nude season is short. Both these areas are favorites of college students.

RHODE ISLAND

Kingston—Moonstone Beach. As lovely as its name, this beach is south of Kingston. Take U.S. 1 along the ocean from Providence. It's administered by the Interior Department and is odd in that it is mostly gay! What helps gay matters along are the students from nearby University of Rhode Island. It's an all-people, no-hassling place. Also, west of Moonstone Beach is the **Ninegret Conservation Area** near Charleston. Good surf, no crowding or hassling. The beach is reached from Route 1, East Beach Road, Charleston. Walk a half-mile east from the parking lot and you're in business.

TEXAS

Houston-Galveston. Galveston is Houston's seacoast. Here is **Nude World**, northwest of Houston on FM 1774. There's also a nude beach on **Bolivar Peninsula** which extends from Houston around Galveston Bay. A ferry leaves at 20-minute intervals from the foot of Highway 87 at the end of Galveston Channel. When you reach the Bolivar Peninsula, go right about 2 miles from the ferry landing. That's it.

Corpus Christi to Brownsville. Known as the Padre Island Seashore this entire area was covered recently in *Ciao!* Add to that, however, **Brazos Island**, a beautiful nude beach on the Gulf of Mexico.

Austin—Lake Travis. University of Texas students make this swing nudely at **Hippie Hollow**. Lots of intimate coves, boating, water-skiing . . . all in a framework of natural limestone terraces leading out into the tempting, blue, blue water of Lake Travis.

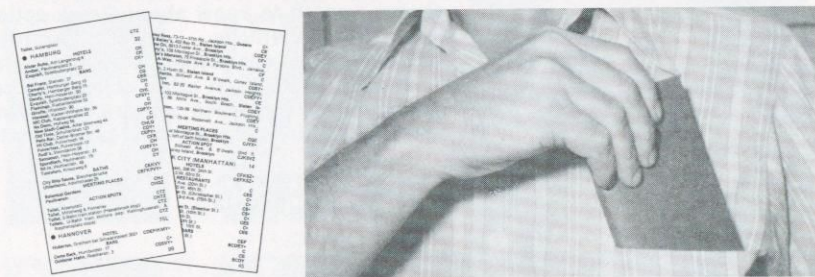
VERMONT

Lots of places! Try the "Ledges" of Harriman, on route 100, two miles south of Wilmington. Or **Mad River**, 2 miles south of Warren (Beautiful pools and waterfalls). Also lots of smaller nude areas around **Brattleboro**, along the Rock River . . . and at

January / February 1978

1978 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY

From The Editors Of Ciao!—The Most Celebrated Gay Travel Magazine In The World—A 1978 International Travel Directory Containing Nearly 4,000 Up-To-Date And Accurate Keyed Names And Addresses Of Gay Hotels, Bars, Baths, Movie Houses, Book/Sex Shops, Meeting Places And Action Spots Throughout The U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, The Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, The Middle East, Asia, And The Pacific . . . Your Passport To Gay Adventure In A Compact Booklet Small Enough To Fit In Your Pocket!



THE MOST ACCURATE GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY IN THE WORLD

Nearly all existing gay travel directories are "rip-offs" of guides published years ago—providing information which is no longer valid. The editors of our gay travel magazine span the world—constantly gathering information for *Ciao!* They have prepared our 1978 gay travel directory—which we call "Private Stock." It contains nearly 4,000 accurate and up-to-date names and addresses of gay establishments and meeting places everywhere in the world—conveniently arranged by country and city in alphabetical order. By utilizing a concise system of "keys" we are able to present detailed information about each listing; the keys are so arranged that you can instantly interpret them and learn everything you need to know—whether a place is entirely gay, what you will encounter—young guys, old guys, sex, no booze, entertainment, food, lesbians, hustlers, muggers, cops, even dangerous animals (in jungle meat-racks!). And we dare to bare it all—including johns on college campuses, in subways and department stores that swing. By using small type which is easy to read we are able to cram all this valuable information in a compact booklet which is securely stapled together in magazine form and small enough (3x5) to fit in your shirt pocket. Its cover is durable and leather-grained with absolutely no "tell-tale" printing so that discreet travelers can use it anywhere. Plus other features such as where to look for sex in college towns, and how much hustlers are paid—and how to handle them. Published annually—"Private Stock" is the only gay travel directory you need . . . the only one you will ever want. It is your personal address book for hot times! Sent via certified 1st class.

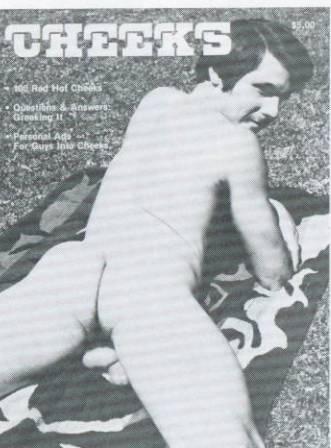
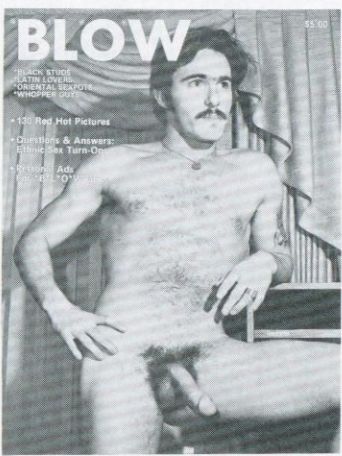
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CHEEKS



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Name Signature Age

Address

City State Zip

the abandoned quarry near Woodbury . . . and the Brandon Quarry near Brandon (very popular with students). Also Shelburne Point near Burlington. Also The Gorge, which lies just over the border from Massachusetts. A beautiful naturist area. Waterfalls and pools and beautiful people.

VIRGINIA

Lee Bridge Beach on the James River. Near Richmond. Belle Isle is the location. Take the Lee Bridge from Richmond, cross the James, make a right turn on the first street south of the river. Drive a block to the parking lot. Then wade across the shallow river. The nude beach is on the north side of Belle Isle.

WASHINGTON

Spokane—People's Park on the Spokane River. Also Soap Lake, 100 miles west of Spokane. **Seattle**—the Gorge at Black Diamond. Quite gay. Clear water and beautiful falls. Also near Seattle, **Lake Washington's Swimming Hole**.

WISCONSIN

The Sandpits of Oshkosh. Also Asylum Bay north of Oshkosh. **Nude canoeing** north of Eau Claire on the Chippewa River. Also a nude beach on **Lake Pepin** near Red Wing, Minnesota. Also the foot of Big Falls 10 miles from Eau Claire. In **Door County** there are Washington Island (reached by ferry, a la Fire Island); **Newport Park**, near Ellison Bay; and the sand dunes south of Jackson Port, near Bailey's Harbor.

WYOMING

The Firehole (Firehole Beach) in the Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area.

CANADA

British Columbia. **Wreck Beach** in Vancouver. Wreck Beach is a 'cram course at the University of British Columbia. It's a famous clothes-optional beach adjoining the campus of the University. It's really about three-quarters nude, and of the three-quarters nude are three-quarters gay guys! Also the Spanish Banks east of Towers Beach outside Vancouver city limits. The Canadian Mountains always look the other way.

Ontario. **Fantastic Hanlin Point Beach**. Take the Hanlin Point Ferry from the foot of Bay Street in Toronto to the Toronto Islands. The nude beach area is between the lake and the airport at the extreme end. Also **Scarborough Bluffs** outside Toronto. Beautifully scenic, but dangerous waters.

As you see, the list of nude or free-choice beaches is growing apace. January/February 1978

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

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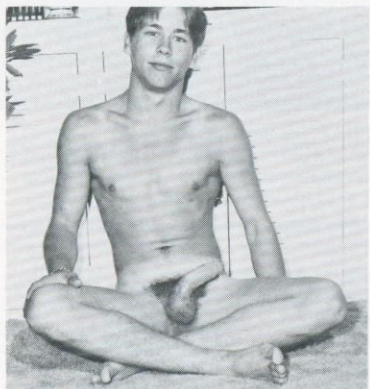
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...

CIRCUMCISION IN THE MILITARY (Continued from page 15)

in that organization that all of its members, including the young cadets, must be circumcised. He has even designed a tool to insure a custom job! In a totalitarian state one wonders if these young men chosen to become police cadets have the option to refuse. Apparently not. In this regard, the East German police and the U.S. military are alarming and shockingly similar.

The information for this article, with one exception, came to me through the extremely kind courtesy and generosity of Bud Berkeley, founder of the Uncircumcised Society of America. Since the information given was from unsolicited correspondence, it is generally assumed the writers were truthful in their statements. In any event, the details of this article were from letters sent to Mr. Berkeley and his help has thus enabled me to disseminate these details to the wider readership of this magazine.

...

DENIM (Continued from page 17)

denim 'jeaneration'. He was Mr. Denim. What Sinatra and his bow-tie trademark had done to excite a previous generation, Elvis and his Levi's, his geetar, exciting voice, looks, hair and flashing smile were to the 'now' generation. Twenty-four years of being top Houn' Dog.

Other early rock groups took it from Elvis the lodestar—and took it from denim. The Beatles, for one, and their many rock 'progeny'. Their concerts, like those of Elvis were performed in a sea of denim—literally *acres* of it sometimes. To have gone 'fancied up' in anything else than t-shirt and Levi's would have been bizarre, to say the least. Denim had changed our lifestyles.

It is an such an honest, down-to-earth cloth—so devoid of fuss—that when it is gilded with something more

than just t-shirt and/or leather it loses character (or, perhaps more accurately, the *wearer* loses character . . . he's oddly out of focus and 'un-with' it). Elvis, as a performer later went in for spectacular costumes. This didn't work, and so he alternated between denims and his famed black peg pants and open-throated electric shirts—and on to greater triumphs.

Later, rock groups began going in for more theatrical outfits; the costlier and farther-out, the better. Although denim was no longer a part of the *act* of the rock stars, those who came to their concerts wore nothing else. Denim was—is—here to stay.

Remembering Elvis as he once was, one is inclined to wonder if, in his last days . . . first, reportedly, on anabolics to correct an organic dysfunction, which grossly turned him from glamor boy to fat boy; thence into drugs, for what reasons only God knows; then making a comeback, wearing a \$2000 gold lame costume with a broad, jeweled belt that only made more poignantly obvious a once-gorgeous body at its now-obese worst . . . one wonders if he hadn't reflected on the beautiful simplicity of his early days and rise to fame—and the simple denim jeans that were so much a part of it. And said "Fuck it!" and may have overdosed it to eternity.

DENIM—FOR EVERY AGE

Some designers have tried to improve on Levi Strauss—thus we have French jeans by Yves St. Laurent; denim in outre styles by Italian designers; denim suits; gus-sied-up denim. Somehow all this never seems to work satisfactorily. Or to rephrase Mies "More is less." The less the designer fusses with denim the more macho it has. As an example, early in the fifties John Blye, in his then shop at 46th Street and Fifth Avenue in New York, featured 'nautical' or St. Tropez-type jeans. They came in a variety of pastel shades: pink, coral, palest azure and others, as well as in navy, and were caught at the waist not by a belt, but a cotton rope of the same shade, knotted casually at one side.

To see these in the Blye window meant a throat-clutching urge to buy. They looked Elvisy—although he hadn't yet made the scene. But once on the bod all macho vanished. The look was 'soft'. Of course, if one wore a wide-knit, see-through Norse t-shirt, this helped. Still, one's gaze was directed more to the tits than the tisket-a-tasket of the basket (which isn't all bad!). Such fussing with honest denim robbed it of character. After a season or so they disappeared.

Always the trend is back to basics . . . back to the twill-rough no-shit of

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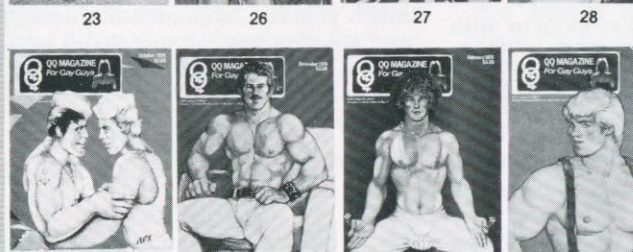
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the natural cloth. It is the macho of natural denim of Levi's that has kept them alive and flourishing. When a designer begins to prettify denim he invariably fucks it up. And to accessorize it robs it of still more macho. Much as Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked about the furbelowed dandies of his time: "They wear the ruffle, but lack the shirt."

Since the denim age is also the age of the t-shirt—even the 'proselytizing' t-shirt of chest graffiti, such as those worn by gay guys calling down maledictions on Anita—this simple garment and/or leather (any kind, any design, anywhere) are about the only accessories that groove with Levi's. An open-throated, or down-to-the-navel (or even down-to-the-goodies) sport shirt is, of course, a perfect accompaniment to Levi's.

Don't give up denim just because you think it's "too young" for you. There's a denim for every gay age-group. Chicken and very young guys look even a little unfocused if they're not wearing denim *all* the time. Blue and bleached/faded denims are good through most younger-age groups (and remember—gay guys always tend to look younger longer!).

White also looks great on anyone—usually teens-through-thirties—if he has kept up his gym workouts and still has a 'to-32-inch' waistline. Also, if he's taken special care of his face and neck. White *can* be a giveaway. Beyond this 32-mark, however, white tends to spread/enlarge the waistline. No problem . . . get into wheats and watch the waistline magically diminish by two inches! Wheats are best for much older guys, and are almost *de rigueur* for one who has grown long of tooth and bony of ass. Because blue denim is rather cruel in its honesty it should be avoided if one's once-proud and bouncy buns have now fallen like a tired soufflé.

But no matter what one's age—nor whether one is into blue/bleached/faded/whites/wheats—wear denims without underwear. Nothing is so morale-lifting—to the wearer and to (hopefully) the beholder. Give us all a treat! Gay guys have had a lot of heavy laws laid upon us, but omitting jockey shorts to let the basket rise to its countoured biggest and best is still legal. Make the most of your opportunity!

And if you *must* dicker (if you'll excuse the expression) with the fit of your Levi's, have your tailor tighten them somewhat in the crotch, thereby giving your jewels an appropriate Tiffany showcase. Don't just let 'em hang there, sight unseen . . . make 'em sparkle . . . let 'em say something!

Also, save your old jeans. Never throw them out. If you go abroad on holiday you'll find that an old pair of jeans makes the perfect 'thank you' gift to a young European lover. How it will delight him. Denims are universally loved, and in many countries (notably Russia) are impossible to get. Denim speaks a language all its own—worldwide. That clever Levi Strauss—he never bothered to mine gold . . . he minted it!

...

THE ZONKED-OUT SEX SCENE

(Continued from page 21)

in typical commercial-bar glasses. The commercial-bar cocktail glass holds a bit more than 4 ounces, instead of the 3 your cocktail recipe calls for. If you use a larger glass and 'jigger' your recipe for safety's sake, you'll have a lot of empty space at the top. So, of course, rather than have your guests think you're chinchy with your liquor, you'll fill it to the brim. In this way two such cocktails will equal almost three of the 3-ounce kind!

3. Don't rush around refilling cocktail glasses before they're empty. Count on the enlivening ambience of good gay conversation among your guests. Chances are, they're looking forward to dinner and the orgy, and so a cocktail, for most, is really just something to hold in the hand. If you press it out of them, of course, they'll drink it out of courtesy. So why waste good money, good liquor, and trigger a sexual debacle?

4. Along with any drinks, stock your buffet with such alcohol-neutralizing (or alcohol-retardant) hors d'oeuvre as strips of raw vegetables (munchy-crunchy kind); and anything 'cheesy' . . . bleu cheese balls covered with nuts . . . spicy cheese dips . . . even just good old mouse cheddar with crackers. And hard-cooked eggs in various attractive preparations. Mayonnaise helps too. All these make it difficult for alcohol to metabolize rapidly (much as the yogurt) and so you overcome the zonking problem effectively and tastily, as well.

THE BAC GUIDE

Earlier we mentioned the Blood Alcohol Concentration chart, and by studying this chart anyone can almost precisely predict how quickly he reaches the fuzzy-to-zonk stage. As you will also note, alcohol consumption is geared to (a) the individual's bodyweight; (b) on a maximum-for-everyone, one-time-only drink of 1½ ounces of 86-proof liquor or 12 ounces of beer (not both!); (c) a time frame of

2 hours is given to judge overall metabolic response; and (d) that there are gray/white/black areas which show just how soon one begins to lose sharp focus and the comparative extent/degree to which fuzziness-to-zonk lasts. The numbers 1 to 12 represent 10-minute intervals for a total of 2 hours.

Why not make the test and determine in an accurate and fascinating way whether you can safely drink *two hours before* an orgy and still hold your own? Check your own nude bodyweight against the corresponding (or nearly so) figure in the left-side column. Very likely your test will prove comparably the same with the given figure. You will discover that the lighter your bodyweight, the sooner you get into the fuzzy-to-zonk stages. The heavier you are, the later the hooch begins to affect you. While at the end of two hours the man of very light bodyweight may still not be the life of the party, the heavier man will be almost totally free of the zonk stage. You'll know pretty well how much you are in control of yourself, and whether you can just 'hang in' or be the *star*! Press on!

...

'CHINEASIER'

(Continued from page 22)

nearest you for additional information about these Chinese stopovers.

THE BUSINESS APPROACH

Because the Chinese would like to sell more of their products to the United States they look benignly on businessmen—single, as well as in groups—who'd like to visit their country and inspect what they have for export—from all over China. This may be an easy 'in' and have a special appeal for those clever gay guys who deal in art, interior design—particularly in colorful materials for draperies . . . for after all, this is where the silkworm was born and thrives.

If you'd like to mix business with (dare we breathe it?) possible gay pleasure, this is a golden opportunity. For nuts-and-bolts information about the proper procedure(s) for this you need only consult with the *National Council for United States-China Trade*, 1100 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. They are very helpful, and the epitome of politeness, and can speed you on your mission (however divertingly devious). Be sure to write on your business letterhead, and if you have friends who'd like to go along to sound out the sucking places of the

gayly-Red or the Redly-gay, so much the better. As noted, the business group is given a 'priority' welcome. Each man in your group should also submit a brief business biography along with your letter of application. And if any hold public office, be sure to state this. It speeds the issue . . . makes it more official/impressive . . . gives it more clout.

This group approach also works well if you and friends have a professional or sociological interest in some aspect of *modern* (note that . . . it's important, as you'll see in a moment) Chinese culture. Athletic competition, for example. (Not gang-bang culture, however!) If you express an interest in studying 'Chinese water sports' (couching a phrase), expect that to be taken *literally*, for what you'll get is not a series of clandestine 'golden showers', but a guided tour of every swimming tank in the People's Republic of China! And China's big, baby!

Above all, don't be tongue-in-cheek about the purpose of your professional/cultural visit. Right away they'll figure out 'tongue-in-ass' and say you nay. Your interest should appear *genuine*. 'Sociology' can turn into 'socializing' when you're free—

not being eternally 'escorted'. You'll have time. (Tip: In your application for an invitation to Peking don't specify an interest in *ancient* Chinese culture or *ancient* Chinese history. How they hate this kind of thing! Think Mao-modern . . . the Chinese are *now* poeple . . . *today* people, and want to forget the 'cruel, dynastic past'.)

INDIVIDUAL ENTRY

On an individual basis you must be invited into China, as distinguished from the blanket permission granted via the cruise stopovers mentioned (for which the ship companies arrange). To get invited you must request an invitation from the *China International Travel Service (Luxingshe)*, Xitan Building, East Changan Street, Peking, People's Republic of China. Right from the horse's mouth. The whole bit. Write in English, explaining in detail what you hope to do/see in China. Also tell them how you expect to arrive—such as by rail from Hong Kong to Canton, and thence to Peking by train or plane; or by air from Tokyo (just the thing if gay Tokyo is on your itinerary and you can get the two dovetailed); or from Paris, via Athens, Cairo and

Shanghai (Air France is an accredited airline).

Tell them how long you'd like to stay (2 to 3 weeks is the usual stay). You may not hear from Peking for a month of more. Don't give up. If all seems futile (and please remember that you're doing this months-to-a-year in advance), write again—and again.

If still no word, here's a tip. Get in touch with the *National Committee on United States-China Relations*, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017. This is a non-profit, altruistic organization that exists primarily to aid in exchanges with China—fore and aft. *Ask their help in preparing a more (politely) forceful letter*. This amazing organization also offers extensive briefing kits (you get one free) with an abundance of travel and cultural information.

Another tip. If you finally get the beckoning hand from Peking, make sure that you do not stop first in Taiwan. A Taiwanese visa on your passport is the kiss of death. No matter how welcoming your invitation you'll have *had* it. They'll coldly tell you to take your tits and go!

Naturally, as any tourist, and certainly one exposed to the magnifi-

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cent buildings and treasures of Peking, you'll want to take pictures. The requirement is that all film you bring into China must be *developed* in China. Take no chances. In particular, do not take any photos of a possible trick lest this evidence be used against him. Play it cool and follow the rules.

ACCOMMODATIONS

Your travel and tour arrangements will be processed and must be paid for in advance (much as Intourist does it in the Soviet Union). Luxingshe takes care of all this to the last detail, including hotel accommodations. As an individual visiting Peking, however, you pay your own hotel account. Reserve now—pay then.

In general, business/professional groups are billeted in larger tourist hotels—quite modern, but by no means elaborate . . . and absolutely spotless. Call it comfort without luxury. A favorite is the *Hain Chao* (New Overseas) Hotel, centrally located. Less expensive is the *Peking Hotel*, also tourist-group oriented, on East Changan (or Chang An) Avenue, a principal Peking street. Serviceable and spotless. But as an individual inside Peking you may wish to stay in something more elaborate. Thus you might prefer the posh/expensive *Hsiang Shan* (Fragrant Hills) Hotel in the Western Hills, 4 miles from the center of things, and just past the Summer Palace.

Most hotels have excellent restaurants, and other individual restaurants abound. In the hotel dining rooms tourists have a choice of Chinese or Western-prepared foods. This is because the Chinese understand *turista* (they can get it just by going to a distant, unfamiliar province!) Prices range from quite inexpensive to expensive. Although your meals may have been 'package paid' you may still want to eat elsewhere occasionally—as in Russia. No problem.

Perhaps the only really irritating aspect of your visit to Peking is the omnipresent tour-guide . . . always smiling and beautifully polite, but still, always *there*. Of course you do have time to go out on your own after all the culture-tours and whatever-scheduled have been ticked off with the accuracy of a Swiss watch. And it is during such non-touring, non-sponsored hours that you will have a chance to meet someone interesting. After all, a wink is a wink is a wink—even on the bias.

Please do not take this Chinese omnipresence as something sinister. It's not all that 'double-O-sevenish', although any overt waywardness may be reported. The fact is that *friendli-*

ness and *Chinese* are synonymous, and they go to great pains to show you their country at its prideful best. You may ask any questions you like about anything. You won't get that guarded, Kremlinized evasiveness so typical of Moscow. You'll either get a straight answer, or a prompt response which may tell you more because it tells you less! Clever, these Chinese.

While no claim may ever be made that modern China swings gayly, your visit—and that of other gay guys—may help widen the chinks in the Great Wall of China and we'll all get to know each other better. And isn't that what it's all about?

...

THE BIKE-SEXUALS (Continued from page 11)

longer-lasting erections. In previous articles in *QQ Magazine* mention has been made of the effect of greater, more flexible capillary strength for greater, more satisfying sex. How, then, does biking come into the picture?

First, biking works directly on the capillaries of the genital area . . . in a sense they have 'first choice'—they get a piece of the action quicker because they're the first engaged. Inarguably, since the principle of collateral circulation is to increase the number, flexibility and volume of the blood vessels, those little tributaries of the blood vessels are likewise increased and strengthened. This has a great effect on the cock. Certainly the more capillaries that feed blood to it—and the *more* there are and the *more* they *pour*—the greater the supply rushed into the *corpus cavernosa*, the reservoir of blood in the cock that—as it fills—makes the cock huge and meaty in times of sexual excitement. (An odd side-effect of this is that the man who takes to biking regularly is invariably surprised at how quickly he becomes horny, once in the saddle—even if no 'inspiration' is visible!)

Secondly, the pistonlike movements of the legs on the bike pedals have a healthful, stimulating, massage-like effect on the prostate. We have often recommended in *QQ Magazine* that at least a few sets of leg 'scissoring' movements be done each day while lying on one's back to break up stagnative deposits of fluids which can lead to hardening of the prostate. Biking does this effectively, and also produces an excellent muscle tone in this vital area—so important to great sex.

So with all these *physiological*

QQ

factors working for you: (1) to help you keep that wasp-waistline without dieting; (2) to increase the working capacity of your heart by reason of more—and more-flexible—blood vessels; (3) by stimulation of the prostate to rid it of stagnant fluid deposits (which often result from less active or total abstinence from sex—'priest's disease' as it is sometimes called); (4) the 'capillarizing' of your cock with all those little *extra* mouths pouring blood into the *corpora cavernosa* in times of sexual excitement; and (5) the *psychological* turnaround of no hangups and all-systems-go, there's every good reason why you should begin biking . . . or begin anew.

Start by biking an increasing number of minutes per day until you are putting in at least an hour or so. Many are doing it with a Moped. In this way you have the chance to pedal awhile, then motor awhile. Lots of gay guys are into Mopeds; there's even a gay Moped identification. Usually this is noted in the cyclists' gear . . . always Adidas—jogging shoes, shoulder bag, and the Adidas band around the forehead. (Tennis champions such as Björn Borg and Vitas Gerulaitis, who wear it to keep their beautiful long hairstyles in place while on the court, have given this headband a particular cachet. It's very *in*.) Add to this your popper necklace at the ready. No mistaking that! And if you have really good show-off calves you'll want to wear denim short-shorts. If, however, your calves are a bit on the skinny side you can look just as fetching and fuckable in pants . . . particularly if they're tight and show off the wildly-churning muscles of your buns (if you're in racing position), or the sexy bulge of the cock, which will look absolutely over the edge (figuratively and literally) as the horn of the saddle points up your jewel collection below.

CRUISE AREAS

If you are planning a vacation abroad you'll be wise to brush up on your biking before you go. Then you can rent one in any large European city. For one thing, there are many cities abroad (most, in fact) where biking is so common that to be without one is almost quaint, to say the least. Amsterdam . . . Stockholm . . . Copenhagen . . . Prague. You can save lots of tourist dollars by biking. Also, age is no factor . . . everyone who can move a leg bikes.

But what is of particular gay significance is that in the vicinity of many European cities—Munich, for example—there are gay action areas you just won't want to miss, but which are in outlying areas that can be reached only by bike. Often (usually) these action areas have been chosen

January/February 1978

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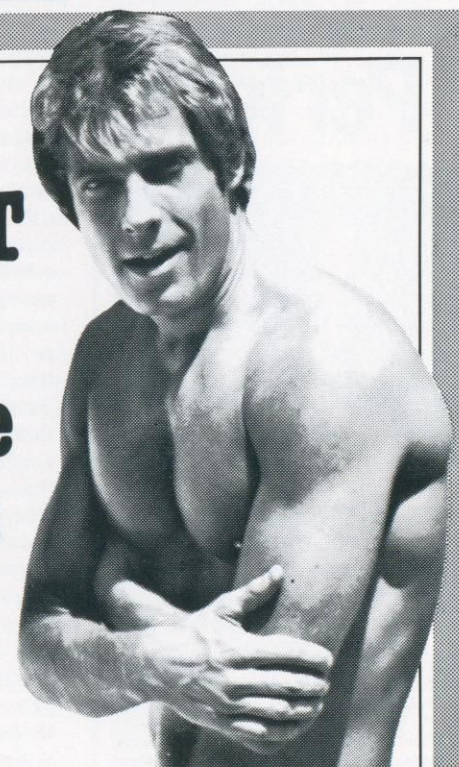
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for their seclusion, and so automobiles can't get in—there are piggy paths leading to such areas, rather than roads. Check the listings in "Private Stock"—the international gay travel guide published by the QQ Publishing Company. Biking to an action area can dish up a slice of gay life that may be the only *visible* gay scene in even a very large city.

The same may be said of many American and Canadian cities. You may live in a city that, on the surface, may be totally and unforgivingly straight... but six miles out of town—wow! Why miss out?

BIKING SAFETY TIPS

1. Whether you're biking in a very large or very small city (and more accidents happen in small than in large cities), a few simple precautions will keep you on top of everything—smooth sailing all the way... anywhere. First, find out from your local travel/motor/license bureau if there are specific regulations for bikers. Observe them scrupulously.

2. While this may seem a little over-cautious it can prevent accident/injury. When you are crossing at an intersection that has a considerable flow of automobile traffic, *get off your bike and 'walk it' across*. Like magic, this has the effect of turning you instantly into a pedestrian and makes automobile drivers look out for you instead of your looking out for them. In this way, in the unlikely event of accident, the law is on *your* side. (By the way, this is a fundamental traffic law in many European cities—particularly in Switzerland.)

3. When driving along in the direction of a line of parked cars, stay a full car-width away. You should, if possible, glance into the cars as you approach to see if a head is visible. If so, there may be a hand on the door handle and it may open just as you're passing. If you're too close, obviously there will be an accident of sorts. If you're a car-width away, however, this will not happen. Also check to see if any car looks as if it's going to pull out. This usually indicates that a fast, improper takeoff is about to occur. A quick check will set off your mental warning signals.

4. As a good citizen, obeying all traffic rules, you should signal for a turn *well in advance* of making the turn. No 'flip of the wrist'. Be *definite*. Make the signal *before*... not *during* the turn, as so many automobile drivers carelessly do. And never turn without both hands on the handlebars. Having made your signal in advance, replace the hand on the bike for safety in maneuvering the turn.

5. Take special care if you're biking

and a light rain has just begun to fall. The reason for this is that the street is normally greasy from oil spills. A light rain/drizzle mixes with the oil and makes the pavement slick. This, however, does not apply as much (indeed, if at all) if the street is quite wet, since the grease hazard has been washed away.

6. Drainage gratings. Avoid them if possible. Avoid them entirely if the slits/slots in the grating run in the same direction you're going. Generally such slots are about the same width of your bike tire (Mopeds excepted because of the wider tire width). If your tire gets caught in a slot you can be pitched ahead, or off into the path of an ongoing car. Also, avoid manhole coverings. They can really flip your lid!

7. As if you were driving a car, yield to pedestrians. If you don't, the law is *not* on your side but—as noted—on the side of the pedestrian. Not observing this safety rule can cause just as nasty an accident as if you were driving a car. And you can have a nasty lawsuit to look forward to.

8. Some states/cities have bike-ways or bike paths/lanes/routes. In New York City's Central Park, the auto lanes are closed to everything except bikes/Mopeds and horse-drawn carriages from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and again from dusk 'til dawn. In such bike-crowded areas the better the etiquette the less chance for a spill. For example, if you're biking with a friend, go single file, rather than side-by-side... give others a chance.

BIKING HEADGEAR

If you're biking (Moped or bicycle) on a freeway/thruway, rather than in less congested areas (and particularly where speed is a factor), you might give some thought to sturdier headgear than the Adidas bandeau around the forehead... or even the criss-leather-strips headgear of the bike racer. The latter, surprisingly, offers very little protection. With the prevention of a concussion in mind, may we suggest the motorcycle helmet? It offers the ultimate in head protection... far more than the mountain-climber's helmet, or the pith, or polo helmet. Be sure to shop around and get a good *fit* as well as a sturdy helmet. A poorly-fitting helmet is not only uncomfortable; it's unsafe.

PROTECTING YOUR BIKE

If you've sunk a bundle into a classy bike or one of the elegant Mopeds you'll always want to prevent theft of it. You'll be amazed by how quickly a bike becomes an extension of yourself. Being robbed of it is a little like

losing part of yourself.

1. Don't just 'chain' it outside. Moped/bike thieves have a trick for this. They simply pour Freon on the chain—instantly freezing it so that it becomes as brittle as glass. With just a chip of hammer and chisel they have a brand new bike to have and to hold, and/or to sell to a fence. If you must use chains (you live in an apartment and can't take it to bed with you) and park it in the basement, try chaining it with *flexible* cables. Freon has no effect on this. The possible thief must work his balls off, and by the time his labors are finished he may have been trapped.

2. If you chain your bike, be sure to loop your chain (have it long enough) around the wheels and tires, as well as the bike frame. In this thieving world there is a ready black market for stolen Moped/bike wheels, tires and accessories. Wheels with quick-release hubs, for example, are highly prized by black marketeers. You may want to go so far as to remove the front wheel and chain it together with the rear one.

3. Invest in a Lockalarm. This is a rather new development and it works like this: when a thief tries to sever the cable all hell breaks loose. A sound goes off that can be heard at least half-a-mile away. The only drawback is that you must take it with you wherever you go. It's excess impedimenta, of course, but it can effectively prevent loss of greater value. Cost: about \$20 or a little more.

4. Register your bike with the proper licensing/police authority in your area. Because one bike looks so much like another, the police have nothing unusual to search for. But if you register the serial number, should it turn up you can claim it without trouble. You just can't walk into a bunch of retrieved bikes and say, "That lavender one with the sequined handlebars is mine." You'll have to do more—like prove it. There are an awful lot of lavender bikes with sequined handlebars around!

Buying/owning/protecting a bike or Moped may seem something of a chore at first, but the blessings of improved health, a trimmer waistline, a cockier cock, a harder hard-on, and a longer-lasting erection—plus the opportunity you have to meet gay others in the most unlikely/unheard-of places (not to forget simple functional mobility), make it worth every dime you spend on it and every precaution you take against losing it.

It's a real friend... and a gay companion. Together you can make some really wild scenes!

...

Tripping? See page 41!

January/February 1978

WINE COOKERY

(Continued from page 26)

will quickly ripen into love, and when you serve it there'll be just a slight aroma of wine to delight the nostrils... the meat having been seduced by the wine in a kind of 'mini-marinade' before the heat had begun to evaporate the alcohol. It will also tantalize the tastebuds of your guests, making your dinner a success even before they dig in!

The spoon-fed ham glaze. If your wallet will allow, buy a canned Polish ham (Krakus and Atalanta are popular imports). These Polish hams are more 'honest' than our own, inasmuch as our Federal law permits packers to add water to canned hams. The Polish hams are all meat—no fat or water—and can be made all the more delicious with a spoon-fed glaze... a glaze frequently basted with a tablespoon or two of *white* wine. The simpler the constituency of the glaze, the better, since the wine mates more congenially with fewer things than with many. Such a glaze might well be just a mixture of brown sugar, mustard, and for the liquid that blends it—dry white wine.

Keep your eye on the oven, and whenever you note that the glaze is approaching the caramelization point, spoon-feed it with a little more white wine. Moist, but not runny... not enough to erode the sugar and mustard. By reason of their packing-house preparation canned hams are more porous than a smoked or uncooked ham. Thus the glaze does more than just coat the meat. It 'explores' the ham in a little more depth. Be sure to follow the preparation instructions on the container of whatever ham you purchase, since not all are to be prepared in the same way. Then let the glaze work its gourmet magic, and what you'll have is not just a pig... but a poem!

Gourmet leftovers. In these days of soaring food prices, here is a little trick with wine that can turn leftovers into a truly epicurean dish. Without the wine—and this special kind of preparation—what you would likely get is just hash. Try it this easy way:

First, please keep in mind that leftover meat cannot be cooked very long because it quickly dries out. So our Gourmet Leftovers require a two-part preparation. *Step 1:* Simmer wine, vegetables and herbs from 10 to 25 minutes as needed (if garlic is used, the full 25). *Step 2:* When the flavors have been brought out and the wine reduced, add all this to the meat and heat it through. Serve. Delish! Whatever flavors you customarily use

in a white-wine glaze, marinade or in a stew, ragout/marengo, will respond beautifully to this little trick of a treatment. You just may look forward to serving leftovers with pride!

What to do with 'the last of the wine'. Many otherwise gifted cooks find that they have a little wine left in the bottle after following the recipe of a classic dish. Again, operating on the 'if a little is good, more is better' principle, they add it to the food when the cooking is *completed*. Or why waste it?

This is a great mistake, because even a minimal amount of wine added to a nobly-prepared dish just *before* it is brought to table can change its character greatly (and always for the worse). The reason is that the alcohol has not evaporated, so what happens is that it lies there uselessly and abandoned, like second-hand 'cum' and gives the spices/juices/sauces a bad trip. The overriding taste one notices is *bitterness*. No way!

So if you'd like to use up the last drops of your wine to bring out a little more flavor before serving, add it to the pot just *10 minutes before cooking is completed*. In this way the alcohol will evaporate, and the spices/aromatics will act something like a popper—highlighting the piquancy of sheer delight. This is of special value in heartier stews, or with roasts, where wine is used in more bountiful quantities before and during cooking. Thus the little extra dash 10 minutes before cooking ends will not throw your creation out of character. It will, as Puerto Ricans in New York say, "make it a little more *mas*." (A little more of same... literally, a little more 'more'.)

Some poaching tips. Whether you poach a fish or eggs, white wine is the ticket. You can do it 'gourmet simply' or simply gourmet, using almost any fish of choice... red snapper, sole, turbot, halibut. The easy-does-it way is the best way. Simply use a frying pan or Corning-ware shallow dish big enough to hold the fish... season with just salt and pepper and *barely* cover the fish with an equal blend of dry white wine and chicken bouillon (use the store-bought kind). Then let simmer for about 12 to 15 minutes, or until you can fork flakes from the fish. Then use the remaining poaching liquid—usually there'll be plenty—and thicken it to make a sauce for cooked rice or boiled potatoes.

One of our favorite poached fish dishes is done just a little differently and takes only 45 minutes of preparation time (allowing for the fact that eggs have been hard-cooked earlier and set aside). Try our

Salmon Steaks in Wine and Egg
(Continued on page 54)

MUSCLE CONTEST NEWS & NOTES

Mr. AMERICA



Top: Don Ross (center) is the new Pro Mr. America. He's seen here in action during a judging session which was held hours before the formal presentation in Madison Square Garden. Bottom: There was also a Teen division; it was won by Dan Morrow (center). The contests were sponsored by the World Body Building Guild. Photos courtesy of Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

1978 Musclemen Calendar

There are plenty of beefcake calendars around, and after awhile they all begin to look alike. Not so with a new entry that's being pumped out of the rugged hills of Massachusetts . . . a Musclemen Calendar—12 photos of famous bodybuilders to welcome the months. See p. 39!

Mr. World & Mr. Olympus



Serge Nubret (left) came from France to compete in the World Body Building Guild's annual Pro Mr. World contest—and won. Minutes later, on the same dais in Madison Square Garden, he competed for the coveted Mr. Olympus title—and won it too. His buddy Gerard Buinod (who placed in the World competition) joined him in his moment of glory. Photo courtesy of Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

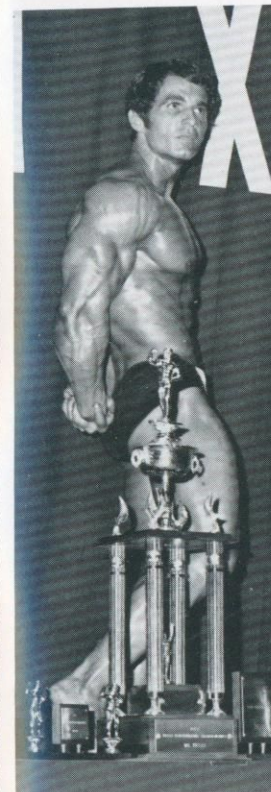
Mr. Massachusetts



At 18 Jeff McBride is the youngest Mr. Massachusetts ever. He won the AAU contest with ease—beating out 29 rivals. Jeff is 6' 1" tall, weighs 220 lbs., has 19 1/2" arms, a 52" chest, 31" waist, and 27" thighs. Photo courtesy of Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

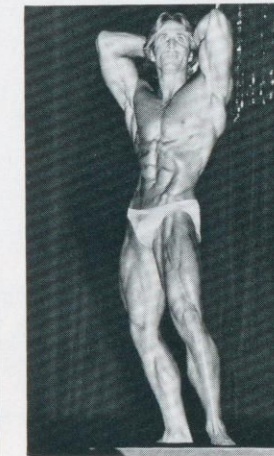
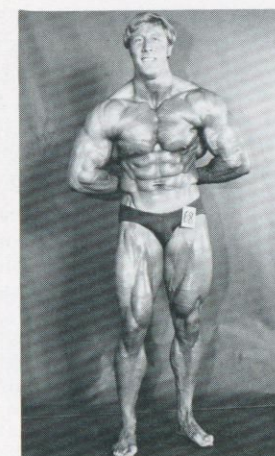
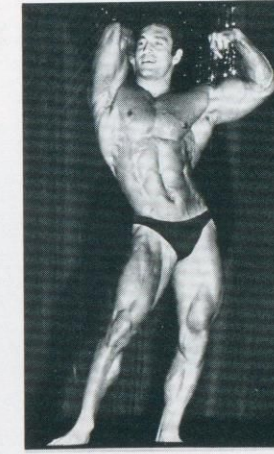
NOTES

Mr. Texas



Top: The senior division was won by Billy Arlen. Bottom: Chris Johnson won the teenage contest. The sponsor was the Texas Athletic Club in Austin. Photos courtesy of Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

Mr. Universe



The most coveted of all muscle contests is held in London each September—the NABBA Amateur and Pro Mr. Universe. Top, left to right: Amateur winners—Bertil Fox (England), 1st; Jim Morris (U.S.A.), 2nd (he bodyguards for Elton John when the singer is on the road); Ahmet Enunulu (Turkey), 3rd. Bottom, left to right: Pro winners—Tony Emmott (England), 1st; Serge Nubret (France), 2nd; Steve Davis (U.S.A.), 3rd (he's posed for Athletic Model Guild; see the AMG ad elsewhere in this magazine for their address in case you want to write for photo prices, etc.). Photos courtesy of Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

HERCULES



The World Body Building Guild inducted five champs into its Hall of Fame this year. International President of the WBBG, Dan Lurie (center) gathers with the recipients and wrestling sportscaster Vince McMahon (second from right). Those honored, left to right: Serge Nubret (see comments elsewhere on these pages); Steve "Hercules" Reeves; former boxing champ Joe Louis; World Heavyweight Wrestling Champion Billy "Superstar" Graham; and Sylvester "Rocky" Stallone (represented here by his brother Frank). Photo courtesy of Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

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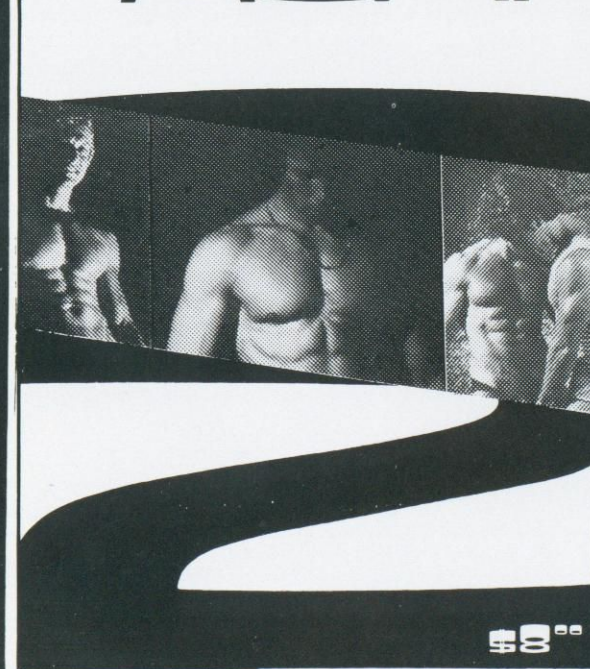
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 (continued)

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