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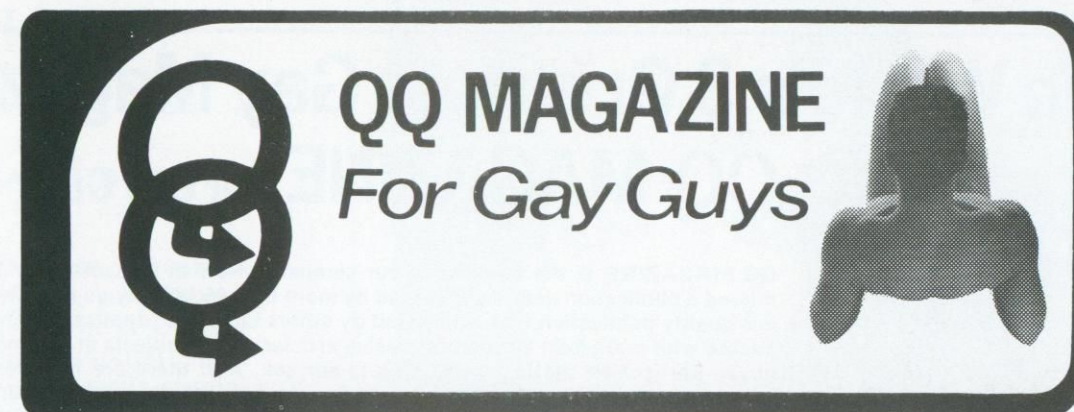
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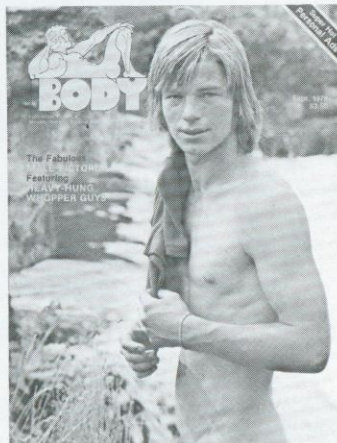
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Mad Munich!

Gay Oktoberfest

By Jon Lorrimer

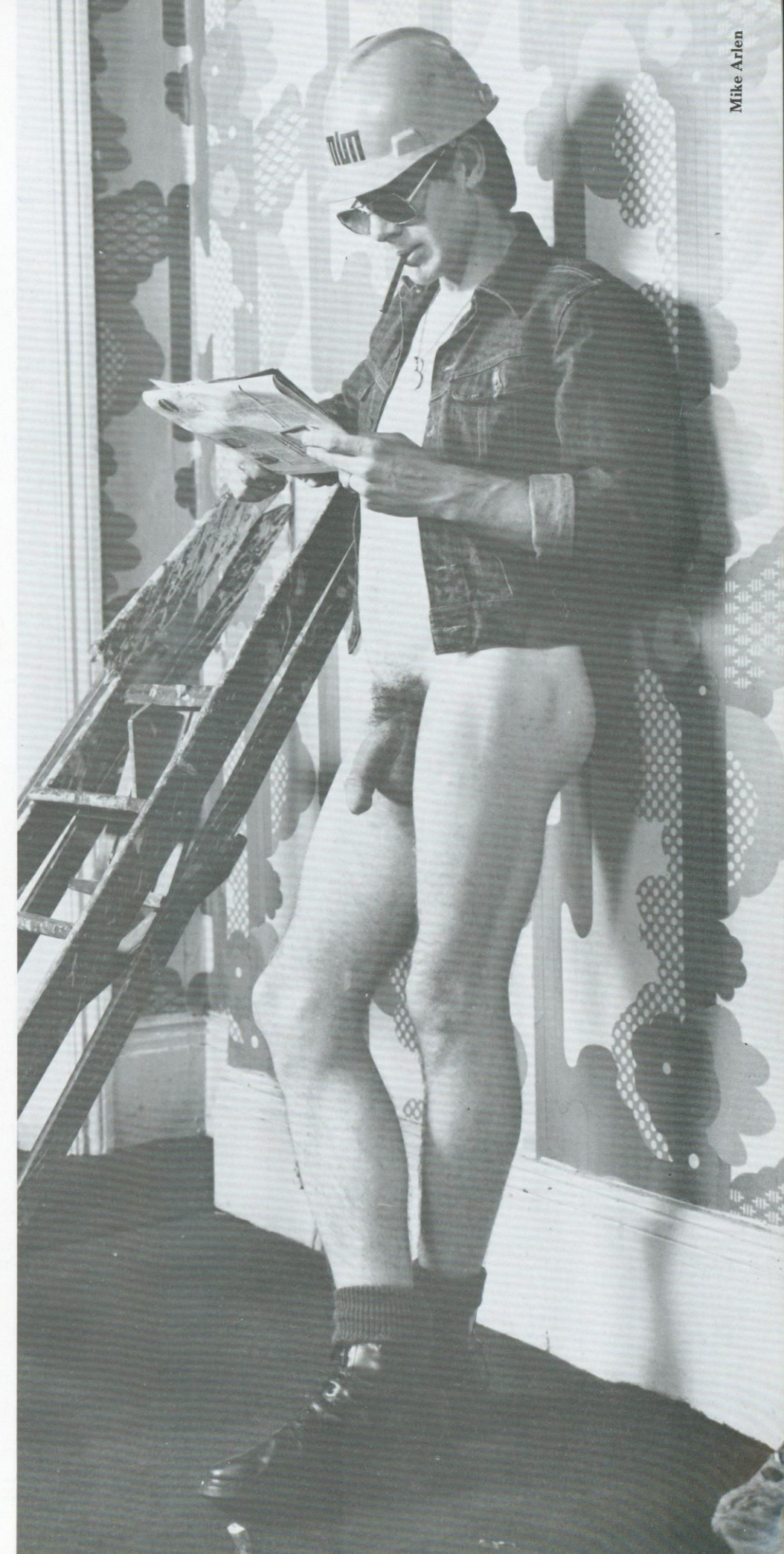
SINCE 1592, when Lowenbrau established its now-famous brewery there, each October has seen big, sophisticated Munich do a Cinderella-at-midnight turnabout and become again just a simple, friendly Alpine village . . . a neat trick, considering that Munich has a population of 1,500,000. For an entire month the city, where beer is a way of life, is all suds, smiles and sex, and because everything revolves around beer it's not inexact to translate Oktoberfest as Oktoberbeefest. If you'd like to delay your annual vacation from summer to fall, Munich will make you glad you did. It's the *then* place and the *now* time . . . particularly for gay guys.

Actually, Oktoberfest begins at the end of September when the hordes of summer tourists have packed up and gone, and continues for 16 wonderful days until the first Sunday in October . . . so what you get is still a lot of gorgeous summer and a little of fall: summer greenery/flowers in riotous profusion, but just beginning to be touched by the golden splendor of a Bavarian autumn. Everyone should have at least one Oktoberfest to remember.

Of course, Munich draws thousands of visitors to Oktoberfest, but there's hotel space for all. Although it's one of the three most expensive cities in Europe—closely following Amsterdam and Copenhagen—for the gay guy there are many ways to effect economies, so that you can have three weeks of dazzling fun without the gloomy prospect of taking Title XI when you get back home. Stay tuned and we'll show you how.

Even more than Paris or Rome, Munich is a city of lively outdoor cafes. Indeed, it often seems that Mrs. Hofbrau barely has time to sever the umbilical cord before another Bavarian spring arrives, and the post-partum umbrellas tell us she's given birth to another

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Mike Arlen



Munich sidewalk offspring.

Unlike Paris, whose ancient history and gay life are woven into one, so that you're rarely distant from museum or Montmartre—or Rome, whose ruins and cruisy Spanish Steps are so 'together' there's no inclination to go outside the city—there's so much of interest to see outside Munich. For example, you're less than 100 miles from any of gay Ludwig's three phantasmagorical castles: Neuschwanstein, with its high, turreted Disney-like towers . . . or the classical Linderhof and Heer-enchiemsee. You're within Tyrolean holidaying distance from the Bavarian Alps. Austria lies just across the border. Spend a few days there—see gay Vienna. And there's often some summer skiing in the Bavarian Alps.

Other than the frankly gay places in Munich, there are 21 museums, including the Alte Pinakothek; one of the world's finest art collections is in residence here. Then too, just about the time of Oktoberfest the Bavarian State Opera is readying its first performance of the season; Munich also has a fine symphony orchestra, and there are 20 legitimate theaters, all going full blast . . . as many as in New York's winter season.

Hovering high over all is Munich's famous Tower Restaurant—the equivalent of New York's skyhigh Windows On The World. A \$1.50 elevator ride whisks you to several observation platforms where you can see Munich's major glories, such as the twin-onion-dome Gothic cathedral, Frauenkirche. Lakes and forests spread out in one's view . . . and look there's Italy just beyond! The Tower restaurant revolves, making one complete turn every 40 seconds. "Faster," says the manager, "and it'd spill the soup."

Shop the center of Munich and you're in a zone free of traffic—a huge pedestrian mall. Walk through the Viktualienmarkt (a long word that means a marketplace where 'vittles' are sold). And visit the most amazing labyrinth of food halls in the world—the famous Dallmayr Delicatessen, which creates the food fantasies others only dream of! And of

QQ

course, don't miss Schwabing, Munich's Greenwich Village, near the University. More about Schwabing in a moment. First, in getting it on gayly in Munich you'll need

A PLACE TO STAY

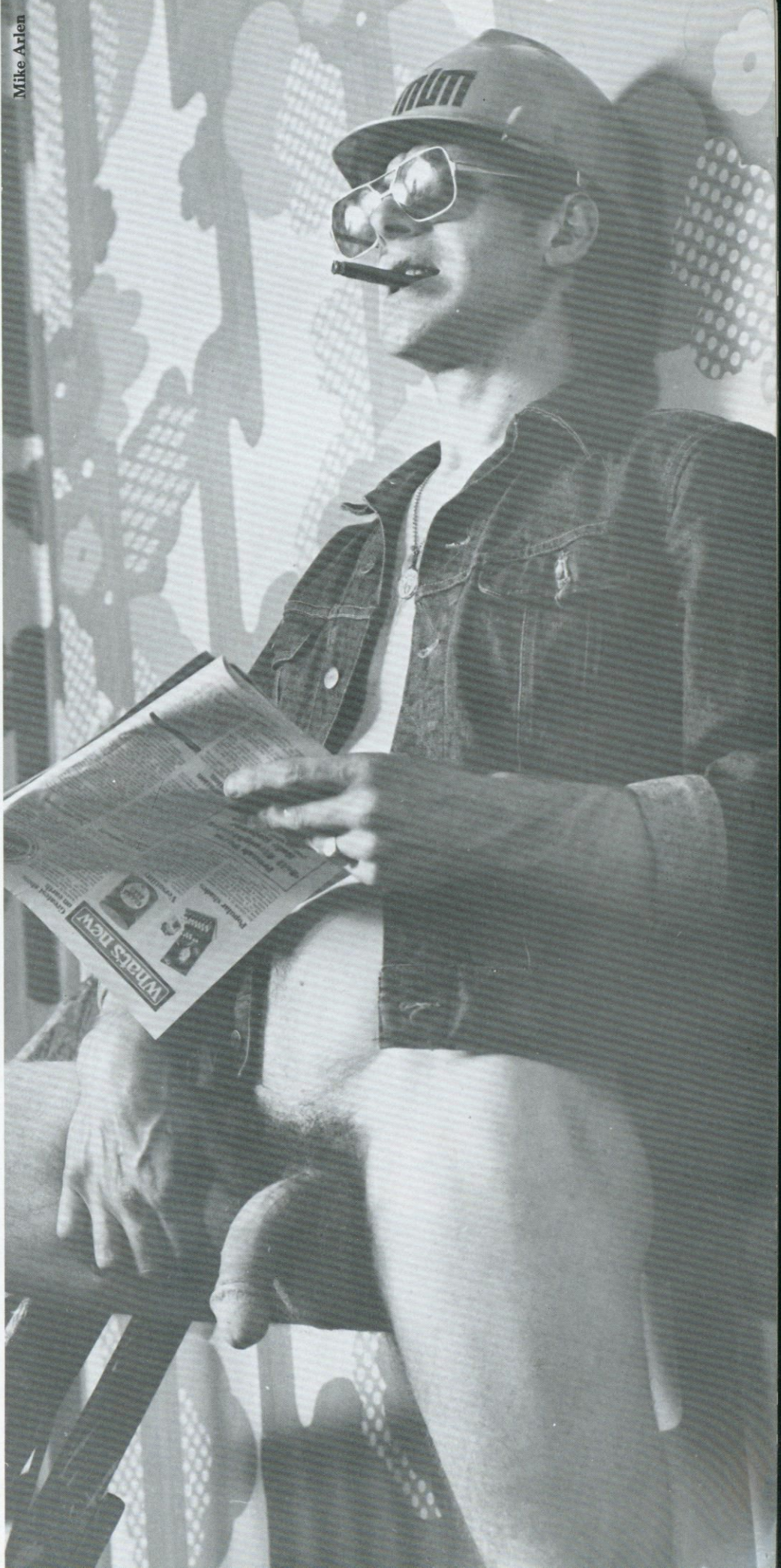
Hotel Deutsche Eiche. For good reason this is called the best gay hotel in Europe. Small, well-kept, and with a friendly and understanding management, it's a pity there aren't more like it on the continent. Located at 13 Reichenbachstrasse, just a few minutes walk from the Marienplatz where so many gay bars thrive, this hotel comprises two buildings with a central courtyard. The principal building faces the street (see picture), and has a street-floor bar and restaurant. So you begin saving right away: first, a good hotel that doesn't scalp you; secondly, a good hearty-German-food restaurant with reasonable prices; and to put it all together is the gay ambiance of the entire Marienplatz district . . . thus whatever number you are attracted to in one of the bars can be quickly whisked 'home' unnoticed. It's quite a deal. If you plan to come to Munich for Oktoberfest, however, reserve *direct* well ahead of the season.

Pension Lindner, 1 Dultstrasse, is also gay and near gay action spots. Rates for the Deutsche Eiche and the Lindner are about the same. Figure \$20 per person for a double, and about \$22 for a single room.

Pension Eulenspiegel, 54a Mullerstrasse, is gay and popular. Not large, and always busy. Same prices as the others. Now following are recommendations for some good, moderately-priced hotels—real bargains. They are *not* gay, but because they have special merits we'd like to clue you in on them.

The *Bundesbahn-Hotel Munchen*, located at Bahnhofplatz 2, is situated at the southern end (gay john end) of the principal Munich train station. You're right there at a heavy-action spot. Also, if you arrive by air, the airport coach will drop you off at the door. For all the fact that it's a train-station hotel, there is much to recommend it. Surprisingly, it is quietly

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Deutsche Eiche



Viktualienmarkt



Ochsengarten



John on Agnesstrasse



English Garden

elegant. Moreover, because of its nearness to the train station and the fantastic Track 1 john, staying here makes good sense. Because the hotel is of some size (226 rooms) it's easy to take someone to your room. If you can't find space at the gay hotels/pensioni mentioned, try this. Most rooms are with bath or shower. There's a bar, and an all-night restaurant. Very good, hearty German food. Rates are about 60 marks (\$30) for a single, or the same amount per person in a double. This includes breakfast. (Marks/dollars change so swiftly on the international currency exchange you'd better check the value of dollars into marks beforehand).

Hotel Torbrau, Tal 37. This is a 60-double-room/44-single-room hotel situated in an older part of the city, but within easy walking distance of the Opera and principal shopping areas. You will like everything about the Torbrau except, perhaps, its smaller-sized bathtubs—short and deep—which are quite different from the ampler ones of the newly-built Munich hotels. What may be lacking in tub-lengths (and tricks) is made up for by the friendly family that owns/manages the Torbrau. Even if you're cruising at fever pitch in one of Munich's meeting places, you just may want to knock off long enough to come back for a typical German high tea (tea in glasses . . . lots of whipped-creamy Black Forest cake). As one of those small economies mentioned earlier, the rates for this hotel are surprisingly reasonable. About \$20 for a single room—with breakfast—or about the same per person in a double room. The food is excellent . . . lots of it and the prices are easy on the wallet.

There may be other reasonably-priced smaller hotels in Munich, but surely none more friendly or comfortable than the Torbrau. If you can't connect with them you'll have to posh it in one of the luxury hotels . . . and during Oktoberfest they are high: \$50 upward.

MEETING PLACES

The right bank along the River Isar will still be heavily cruised when you arrive for Oktoberfest. Munich's climate is much like that of San Francisco. It's never really hot, and rarely bitterly cold. Summer-into-autumn is the best time, and so you'll arrive in 'high season'. Ask for directions to the Maximilian statue—it's the focal point of gay cruising in this vicinity. Once you've met 'Max' you can't miss . . . it's all around. Incidentally, one of the world's most interesting technical museums is on an island in the River Isar, so if you are of technical bent, you might care to visit the museum and then return to the right bank of the river and be 'technical' in a different kind of way.

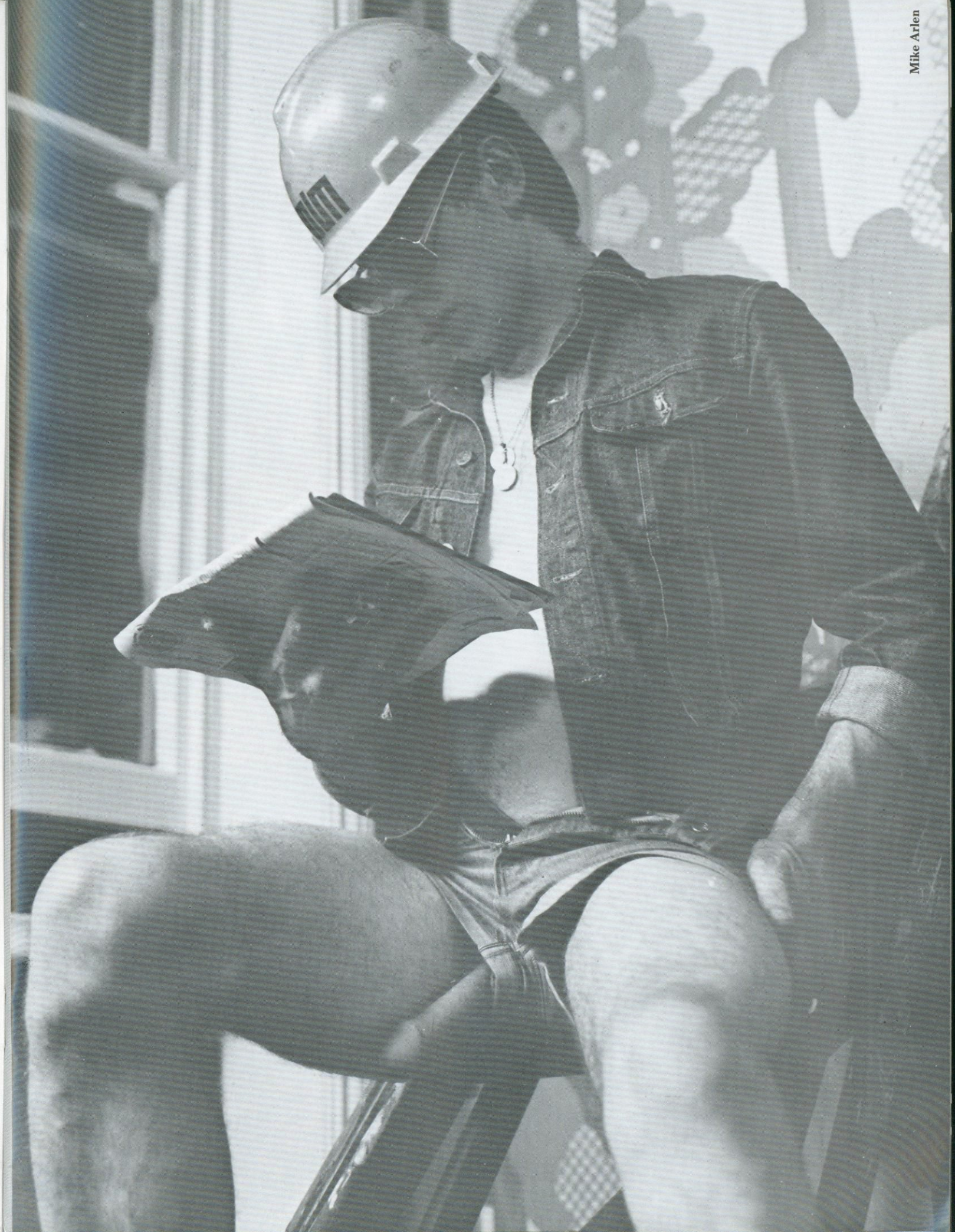
Another area you'll certainly want to explore is *Schwabing*. Not only is it the gayest residential area of Munich, but the major area for art—painters, sculptors and small galleries. It is also student-young, since it is near the University. In this respect it has much of the character of New York's Greenwich Village . . . especially Washington Square Park with New York University hovering in the background. Also like the Village, Schwabing has funky fun places, cruisy sidewalk cafes, good coffee houses and restaurants . . . and lots of humpy gay guys everywhere. Sex hangs loose in Schwabing . . . put on your most faded, threadbare, most humpily visible denims and come on down! From central Munich, take the U-bahn (subway) to *Universitat* station. Leave by the Giselastrasse exit and you're right in the middle of a great experience.

Another excellent outdoor meeting place is the *Viktualienmarkt*, previously mentioned. If you're staying at the Deutsche Eiche you'll pass through this marketplace as you head for the gay bars in Marienplatz. This entire area is so gayly centralized it often seems (particularly during Oktoberfest) as if a huge gay convention were in full swing. Playing peekaboo through the peas, persimmons and plums—not to mention the pomegranates—is a gay pastime in the V'markt. Try your luck.

ACTION AREAS

Let's double back to Schwabing (always a good idea). Just a short distance away is the *Englischer Garten*, a beautiful, woodsy area whose chief attraction for gays—other than all that flora, of course—is the English Garden john. The U-bahn stops

(Continued on page 53)





Mike Arlen

THE most available cruising forum has always been the gay bar. A town may be so small that the gay population can support only one. Another may be large enough that the spokes of its original 'hub' bar have radiated into bars for special tastes, ranging from the club-type (still thriving), to the piano bar, to one featuring old movies 'n grope, denim, go-go, pool/pinball, leather, S&M with dark back room and/or scat . . . and in a different way to the disco bar. Wherever/whatever, your presence there tells one thing—you're on the make.

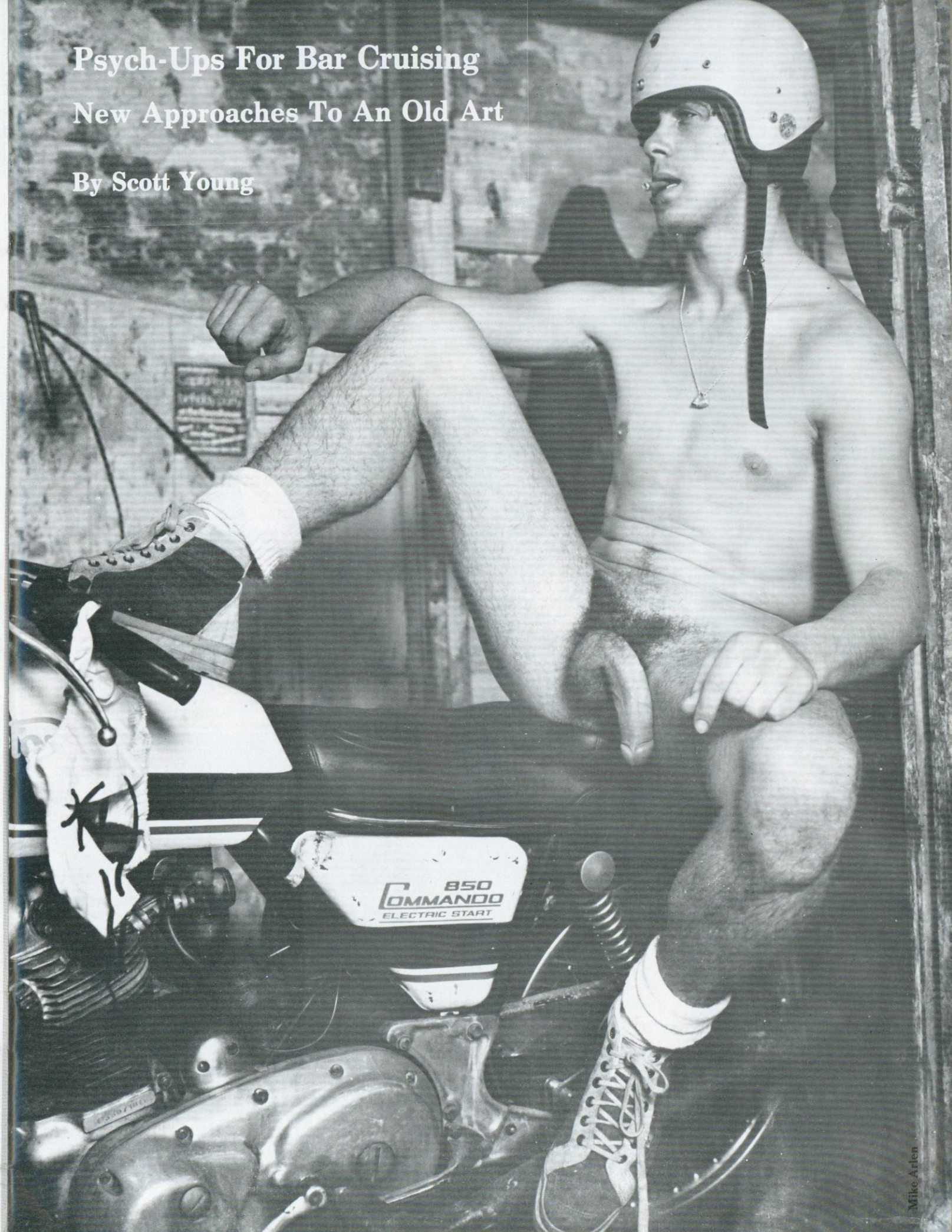
It's therefore puzzling why, in such *positive* oases of gay congregation—where there's no need to prove you're gay—there should be such *negative* hangups about gay approach. Or why waste a moment before putting the whammy on a humpy? Even with its two-steps-forward/one-step-backward gait, time has moved ahead for gays, thus there should be far less reason for such cruising wariness. Gay bars, moreover, are no longer discreet little no-name-on-the-door places, and the slip-in/slip-out visit would seem an anachronism of the still-, or pinky-in-the-water closeted.

Usually, the principal negative hangup in assertive bar cruising is a hangover from our recent past—the haunting fear of rejection. Any gay bar is a 'four walls' enclosure, often so claustrophobic that what embarrasses one is shared by all. If it's the only gay bar in a town, it's understandable that a shy guy's hangup may border on paranoia, so that he feels to be rejected by one is to be ostracized by all. Thus he rationalizes that if he fails, he has diddled himself out of a base of operations, for in that one-bar town where else can he go? Accordingly, he plays it *too* safe . . . his excessive caution about zoning in leads him to *over*-evaluate a possible trick. In turn, this takes such a lot of personal backing-and-filling and crossed signals—not to mention wasted time—that his possible trick is understandably confused. If initially the trick may have had a reciprocal high interest, such misunderstood delay can turn him off,

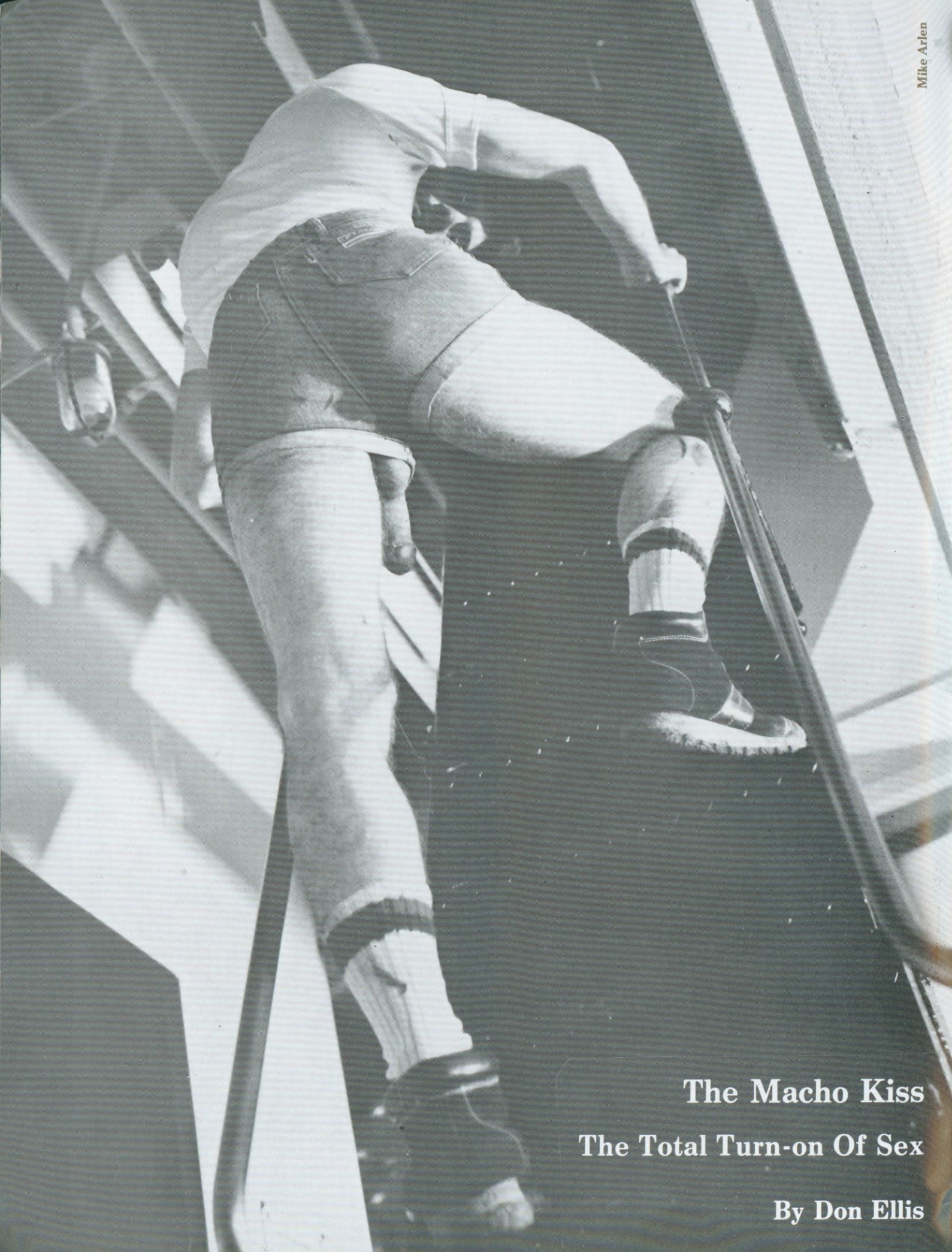
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Psych-Ups For Bar Cruising New Approaches To An Old Art

By Scott Young



Mike Arlen



Mike Arlen

The Macho Kiss The Total Turn-on Of Sex

By Don Ellis

TOO many of us never experience the total inundation of sex—of being swept away on a tidal wave of passion at its most furious—because of a hangup that might be easily surmounted. It may sound kooky, but usually the only barriers to such total sex immersion are simply hobbles of the English language. It's a curious situation made paradoxically moreso. Although we've developed our own lingo for all other aspects of the gay experience (which acts to identify us and bring us together), we've neglected—with a few exceptions—to develop equally expressive terms for gay sex (which often drives us apart at what should be the towering, unforgettable moments of climactic sex).

English terms currently used for areas of the gay sex act are hobbling because they are essentially *straight* terms (in a sense we've 'misappropriated' them), and are either so functional or clinical that they grate on gay nerves and often cause a turn-off instead of a final turn-on when used.

For example, the term *anal sex* is quite explicit. Gay people use it most, but we weren't the first to take it up the ass. To some of us its reference seems pussyfooting, tame/timid, too semantic, or too coldly clinical. Others think it's too 'nice' a term and takes all the lusty ruttingness out of great get-it-on sex. Some equate it with the 'lace-bordered panties' term *anal penetration*. How chaste can you get?

But how magically the situation is turned around when the more macho partner growls, "Turn over . . . I'm gonna *butt-fuck* you!" Lace-bordered whaa-at? "Tear 'em off, get it in, go higherr-r-r! Oh shit, why didn't I practice with my new El Perfecto III dildo?" Obviously the English language is alive and well and waiting to be put to the test for our own gay purposes. Unfortunately, except for "rim" and "brown" (and when was the last time you heard *that* one?), and one or two other terms (even "trick" is of straight origin), we continue to dullify/nullify the greatest moments of gay sex with straight verbs instead of gay 'incentives'.

A MACHO MEETING OF MOUTHS

Much the same can be said of kissing. It's sad that such a beautiful word is so often a turn-off to the more macho-minded gay guys. Sadder still, because the lips and mouth are the most sensitive body parts, along with the eyes and fingertips. So for want of a more macho word, that great area of sex often goes a'begging for action.

Who doesn't kiss? We might begin with adolescent guys who've made it to the coming-out point. Usually their introduction to gay sex follows a pattern, beginning with mutual j/o sessions, then to the cock-to-cock measurement ritual of "Whose is bigger, yours or mine?" Touch comes to suck, maybe to fuck. But kissing remains a no-no for a long time (are Mom's tits still too fresh in the memory?). Straight hustlers, of course, don't kiss. "Marines don't kiss," is a famous dictum. The macho Spanish also boast this.

But again, how magically this taboo is lifted when one thinks of kissing as 'deep throating'. If the term now seems overused (or too reminiscently Linda September/October 1979

Lovelace), give it the pioneering credit it's due. 'Deep throating' has got more guys kissing than ever before! The effectiveness of deep throating *vs.* kissing is that the shift of English puts the nexus of fucking in another context. It makes tongue-in-mouth an extension of cock-in-ass, and as macho as all getout. Or what was 'feminine' just a moment before is now gutsily masculine/macho. The urge is not to just *kiss*, but to *plunge*. How quickly shibboleths fall!

Certain prefix-words can also be a deterrent to male/male kissing. Any switched-on macho guy who finds you absolutely irresistible and is willing to sacrifice years of leather-lips machismo for a meeting of tongues can be switched-off if any (even a passing) reference is made to *French-kissing* or *scul-kissing*. The former is tacky, overused and dated; the latter suggests a prolonged buildup or 'production' and therefore time a'wasting from cock and ass. More important, the origins of these words are straight, rather than gay. Hence, when mentioned, the suggestion of something feminine is reintroduced. Thus 'kiss' may turn into 'kiss off' and the scene is a shambles.

"KISS ME JUICY!"

Often a laidback partner will keep his lips 'upwardly mobile' for a transfusion of his partner's saliva. It's a terrific ploy to get even the most reluctant macho guy into the kissing game. But sometimes this is done so exaggeratedly that those 'upwardly mobile' lips look more like the intake valve of a B-52 being refueled in midair.

Receiving a transfusion of saliva from your partner should—as nearly as possible—be a *wordless* entreaty. In the first place, going into all that torturous pantomime with the gyrating lips when the partner is positionally near needs no words. For example, if you're lying on your back, legs up/over his shoulders, and he's butt-fucking you, his mouth is within easy transfusing distance. As the fuck grows wilder and his face moves nearer in response to your urgent pantomime, let a look of rapture play across your face, and casually place one hand around his neck. Now you're practically mouth-to-mouth. The rest is easy and the slightest brush of lips can shatter him. He's plunged into an erotic new no-escape world. Now all his sex priorities must be resystemed because old prejudices no longer exist/apply.

Again, caution! What can turn this high-voltage *drama* into *farce* at this breathtaking point are *words*. However sincere, they'll come out corny or clinical. "Give me-" or "Drown me (corny) with your saliva (clinical)!" Why words, when all they are going to add up to is *spit*? However passionately felt/said, such words evoke the feminine and a suggestion of *dependence*, and are so instantly un-macho as to dampen further exploration of that area of sex.

This is not meant to imply that saliva, as *spit*, and *expectorated* rather than transfused, has no place in sex. Indeed, those into S&M find 'spiteful spit', plus the macho of hard-lips kissing, a necessary part of this sexstyle. Holy cuspidor! We wouldn't malign

any S&M sexstyle, but a passionate *sharing of a life fluid* by mouth-on-mouth transfusion has no counterpart in the theatrically contemptuous *spit-in-mouth* of S into M from a distance apart. Until gays devise more appropriate phrases to define this difference, "kissing juicy" will, to some, continue to be equated with 'spittoonery'—even buffoonery. But why bother? Expressive lips can pantomime a desire that words cannot say.

If reason prevails at a golden opportunity with a macho guy, he will usually/finally respond—however gingerly at first—because his own passion has goaded him beyond endurance. When someone doesn't (won't or can't) respond, he's likely to be (a) a 'closet macho' . . . essentially a *tease* who's living in a Walter Mitty world behind a facade of 'pretend' macho that hides other sexual weaknesses. Or (b) he may suffer from a poverty of emotional involvement in other ways—selfishness, usually. Some part of him is just not there . . . or as Gertrude Stein said of Oakland, California (of course, they didn't have BART then!), "There's no *there* there." Thus 'macho' will be cold in other ways, and lack depth of human perception. You can't move him, so why try? Just get the scene over with as quickly as you can.

If a macho guy does get past the kissing barrier, even a little, you'll find that he'll be kissing all over your body. His kissing area expands simultaneously with his discovery that by not having kissed before, he's been missing a lot. He'll want to cover 'lost ground'.

KISS MEANINGS

There are some nuances of kissing that can affect a partner's ability to enter into the spirit wholeheartedly. Not all of this has to do with the question of machismo. If you've been puzzled by not getting the most kissing cooperation from certain partners you might check the suggestions we shall now outline. We hope you'll find them helpful.

1. There are dozens of different ways to kiss and, generally, each means something different (although there is a homogeneous relationship). First, it's not wise to assume that just *one* way of kissing (still thinking French- or soul-) is the be all/end all of that great art. While it may serve effectively with some, it can be zilch with others.

2. The *initial* and *final* kisses are perhaps the most important. The initial kiss is important because it is an 'analyzing' or 'questing' kiss. All kisses, except the final, *explore* (because all ask "Does he like it, does he not?"). His response to your 'question' will clue you in on how much to do, how far to go, how long to continue a kissing variation, and when to get the hell out of his mouth (such as time's ripe for *cock-in mouth*, *tongue-in-ass*, or some other horny butt-sex).

If he overpowers your initial kissing approach with a mouth-enveloping blockbuster kiss, well, you've got a tiger by the tail. His is the 'big gun' approach (if we may mix a metaphor or two). A real takeover guy. Expect to stay on the defensive for most of the encounter. Of course, sooner or later you're going to be sucked into the tidal wave of climax . . . but what a way to go!

If he startles/intrigues you with an unusual twist with the initial kiss, be prepared for an encounter of fantastic surprises. It means that this was only a sample. Expect kooky, funky . . . even kinky.

3. As mentioned, the *final* kiss is, in a quite different way, just as important as the first, because it can be so wildly erotic as to stamp the encounter *unforgettable*. It can be either a very deep kiss just *before* he ejaculates, or while doing so (if he's fucking you), or if he's mouth-fucking you he may ask you to hold his cum in your mouth, and then, via the deepest kiss ever, 'transfuse' it back into his own mouth for him to swallow. Whether you regard it as transfusing or 'recycling', it's *wild*!

4. There are also 'smoochalong' kisses. A good example: when he's lying on his back, legs over your shoulders, you're fucking him, and moving forward so that you can kiss/nuzzle his neck and (as far as possible) his upraising back.

5. 'Breathing kisses' delight some gay guys. They serve to provide respite from, as well as variation on, deep kissing. Slightly touching the lips to the side of the face/neck/shoulders, concentrating more on *breathing* on his body than on actual kissing. This can be alternated with briefer in-darting deep-throating. It tends to 'pace' sex. And to *build* sex. It's essential, of course, that with all that breathing you must have odor-free breath (more about this in a moment).

Many find that these little breathing kisses *invite the surrender of macho* (or cause a retreat from previously-held positions). Even the most avowed macho guy responds erotically to the warmth of breath and the touch of lips moving along his body as sex continues. He'd have to be stone not to.

KISSING VARIATIONS

When kiss comes to nibble, and nibble to bite, there's a whole new ballgame within the kissing framework. If your partner is game for a little playful roughhouse (but ask him first), try a little kiss, followed in the same place by a little nip (knit/purl), occasionally punctuating this routine with a sharper bite. And if you're bearded, or have a stubble, give him the abrasive treatment. And don't forget little fetishistic touches . . . tongue between the toes, kiss armpits, nipple nip . . . nibble earlobes.

With tongue inside his mouth, don't just plunge-plunge like a bathroom plunger. Let your tongue explore the sensitive roof of his mouth . . . swash it along the gums . . . along the teeth.

THINGS TO AVOID

1. Don't just 'peck' at him. Either kiss, or forget it.

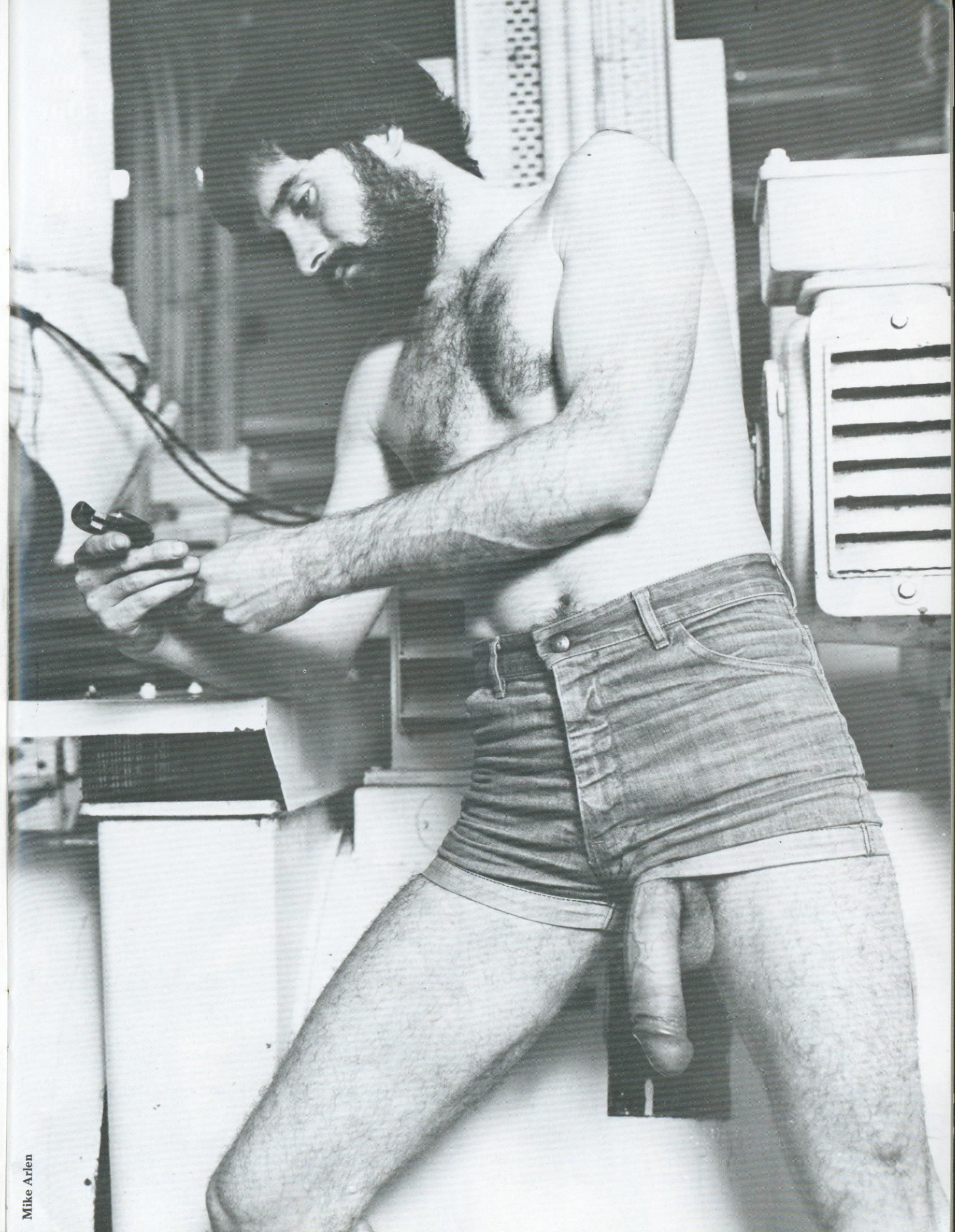
2. Don't insist on kissing if he has shown the slightest aversion to being kissed on/near the mouth. Don't pursue the matter hoping that you'll break him down.

3. Keep your mouth moist: tongue, lips and roof of mouth. You can easily do this by frequently pressing on your gums just *behind* the four front teeth—with your tongue. This automatically triggers an irrigation of the entire mouth.

4. When the tongue

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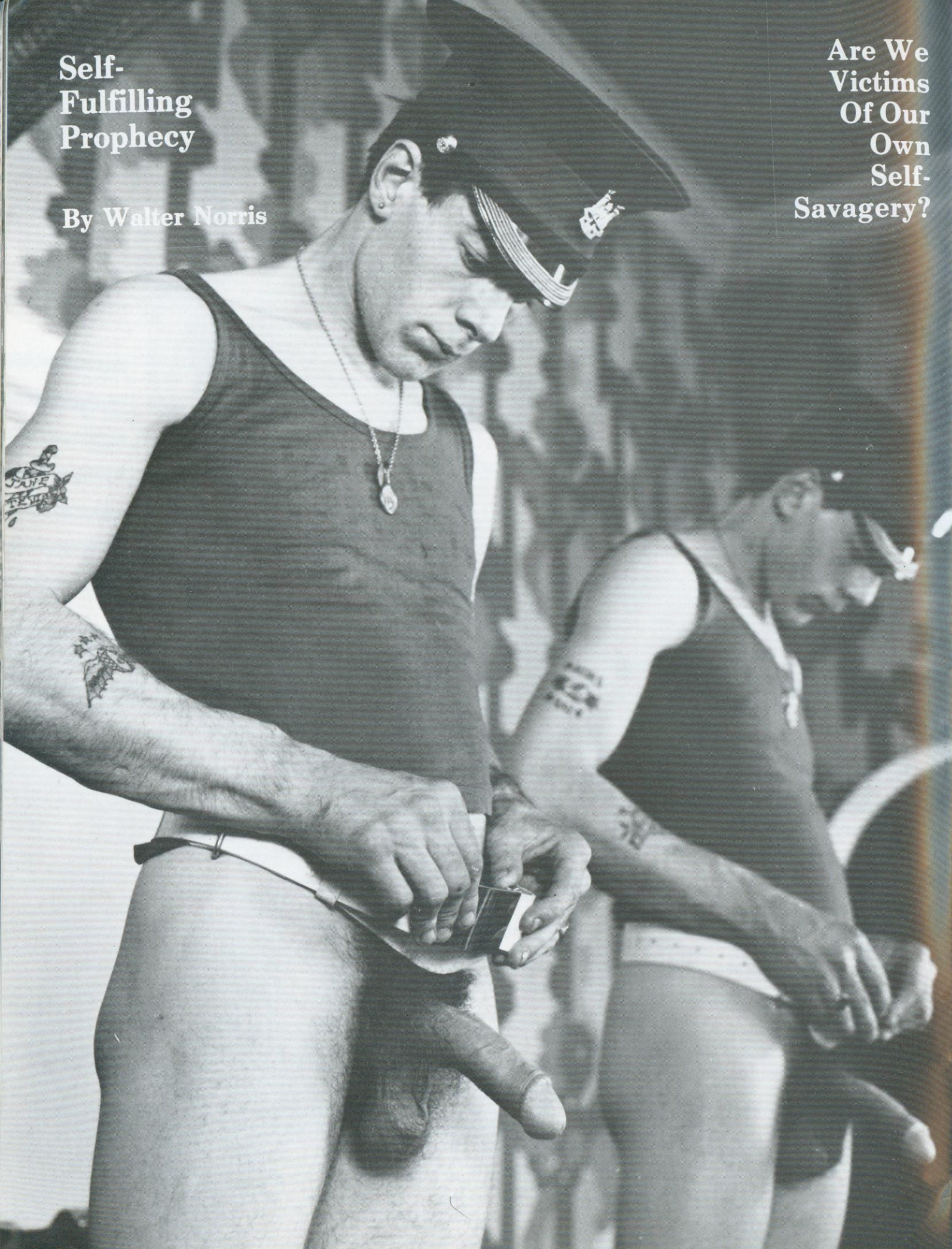


Mike Arlen

Self-Fulfilling Prophecy

By Walter Norris

Are We Victims Of Our Own Self-Savagery?



IF we may dip into our handy bag of cliches for a moment, we should like to 'point with pride' at many advantages that gay militancy has won for us during the past few years, while at the same time we 'view with alarm' the daffy-to-dangerous directions some of these militants have led us into.

Some lead mindlessly into a comedy of errors; others to a deadend tragedy of shocking horrors. Whatever the direction, we seem to act out a self-fulfilling prophecy in which a possible destiny is divined, its probable course noted, and then instead of averting it we follow through, step-by-lockstep, winding up victims of our own gaffes and self-savagery. We seem to *force* destiny. We are Samson destroying himself along with the temple . . . or Mrs. Danvers in *Rebecca* immolating herself as she destroys Manderley. It's all 'Twilight of the Gods'. How strange, that to some, Valhalla should seem such a cozy place. Tea and scones among the stones?

The many attempts to manipulate fate to one's ends are not just a gay phenomenon. Much is straight, everyday, and media-inspired, especially TV news shows in which newscasters actually *outline* steps by which sinister events that might be prevented are, in fact, precipitated (even, one suspects, *encouraged*) by blueprint description, and so easily come to pass. Here's an example:

Recently, the local newscaster of New York's WCBS-TV lamented that senior citizens are afraid to stroll along Coney Island's boardwalk in early evening because "a few muggers have already arrived on the scene, and where robberies were once rare, they are now frequent." And then, gratuitously (did one detect a crocodile tear?), he said, "It's easier for the mugger here . . . with all the piers along the beach he can easily rob his prey and dart off among the pilings and *never be caught*." News, of course, is one thing, and a warning to seniors is praiseworthy, but why, for the sake of a news 'exclusive', make the possible not just probable, but *easy* and *inevitable*? Any mugger worthy of the name, seeing that TV newscast, would have a guaranteed new source of income. Any time the pickin's weren't so good along Times Square he could always hop the D train to Coney Island and clean up! Is this 'responsible news reporting'?

THE DATE OF HIS CHOICE

Has the thought passed through your mind that a gay individual might resolve his own unique gay situation more quickly and effectively through the surprise effect of just *doing it on his own*, rather than calling upon gay militants to run interference? ("Seize the time!" Huey Newton said . . . time has proved him right.) By establishing the immediacy of a *precedent* the issue would be speedily resolved, and as quickly forgotten (for who, in these careless days, can remember the latest plane crash and the number of dead?).

Did you read about this incident? *The New York Times* thought it worth an editorial. We learn that "From Penrod to Andy Hardy, anxiety over the Junior Prom has been a staple of American teen-age lore. Boys suffer over not being able to capture the most popular girl in town, but 17-year-old Paul

Gilbert of Cumberland, R.I. had no trouble getting a date. His problem is that his father says he can't go to the prom because his choice of a partner is unconventional: Paul has asked another boy.

"When Paul took the issue to his school's authorities, they seemed inclined to wash their hands of it. The school superintendent explained: 'All we were doing is abiding by the request of the parents with respect to a minor child.' Suppose Paul and his date definitely show up at the prom? Will the school act as parent surrogate and bar the doors? 'Discrimination!' charges a National Gay Task Force spokesman. 'He's not being allowed to go with the date of his choice.'

"What is one to make of all this? Our sympathies go out to all involved—the embarrassed school officials, the concerned parent, the forthright teenager and his chosen date. Traditions are fine, but the rigamarole of the traditional prom seems to hurt more youngsters that it pleases. They are already under enough pressure without having to worry all spring about the big dance.

"There is a sensible alternative: have dances but not dates. At schools where that is the custom, students seem to have a fine time. That would not, of course, eliminate Paul Gilbert's problem. He would still court his father's displeasure and probably the derision of his fellow students if he stepped onto the floor with the date of his choice. But it would at least be a gesture toward treating social events as a treat, not a trauma, and dealing with teen-agers the way they deserve to be dealt with—as individuals."

A very wise editorial. All of the trouble could have been avoided (or quickly forgotten) had Paul Gilbert and his date simply glided onto the floor to let the chips fall where they might. Chances are, with typical American sympathy for the underdog, most of his classmates and teachers would have admired his guts, if not his sexual preference. Who knows, many gay others might have been inspired to respond likewise, and the whole foor could have been boogying with male-to-male dancers!

Had not the National Gay Task Force galumphed in, the beautiful simplicity of *daring to be different* would have smoothed everything. What a wonderful opportunity to have made an *individual* gay statement. Another taboo would have fallen. Very likely Paul's parents would all the *sooner* have accepted the inevitable and made the best of it; a stand would have been taken, a milestone passed . . . perhaps a new norm established. But the injection of the NGTF only mucked the brew. That's why the element of surprise can turn a seemingly hopeless gay situation around and make it acceptable and agreeable . . . something that tortuous years of tippytoeing around an issue, on the one hand, and hornblowing by gay militants, on the other, could not resolve so firmly and definitely and into-the-history books.

In the end, the school principal approved the date and the incident came to pass. Several days of "What was *that* fuss all about, anyway?" passed . . . and then gossip mongers like Harriet van Horne (*New York Post*), too old and bogged down by her Victorian upbringing to understand sex in general,



Mike Arlen

chimed in to chastise the happening. For over a week she filled her column with 'loved them' and 'hated them' letters sent in by readers—the majority of whom are typically bigoted, unenlightened heterosexuals who have now added a pint of venom to their biases—thanks to the publicity.

FATE BY BLUEPRINT

An earlier example of just how sinister the 'media blueprint' can be was revealed by the gay columnist on the staff of *The Village Voice*. He is an able reporter and knowledgeable about the Greenwich Village scene. While we have no quarrel with his reportage of the goriest gay stories (which are often eyepopping and, of course, bona fide news), we deplore his putting gays into the quicksand of peril when he reveals the precise *modus operandi* of such foul deeds, which has the effect of making sitting ducks of his compatriots.

His earlier, extensive coverage of the ripoffs of gays on the Christopher Street docks caused havoc for those who didn't read his coverage (comparatively few New Yorkers read the *Voice* vis-a-vis *The New York Times* or *Daily News*). By pinpointing the technique of the crimes, thugs knew when to go and where every treacherous hole in the rotting pier floors was located! When hordes of hustlers and assorted crazies learned *how* and *how profitable* such ripoffs and 'fun killings' were, it came as no surprise that murders began to occur with also unsurprising regularity!

Why a gay individual would do this to another—rendering him defenseless—is something only the reportorial mind comprehends. Obviously the printing press and TV camera take precedence over any possible human consideration. The hazards of homosexual vul-

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nerability would seem to enlist the sympathetic protection of any gay reporter, yet in this newsman's case there seems only an intransigence to get a story—incomprehensible to many of his gay peers. He, unlike Samson, is not one to bring down the pillars while he's still in the temple. His technique is more subtle: he can use the press as remote control, and thus be a mile away when the stones come a'tumbling down. Neat footwork!

THE DOMINO DOOM

More recent is his hindsight coverage of the so-called "unsolved Village slayings." Here, however, destiny arrived before he could pick up his pen. It's another aspect of self-fulfilling prophecy, the "domino doom" that some gays bring upon themselves, but which differs in that it does not *suicidally* follow the Samson/Danvers pattern. Here's a recent case example:

Paul Bateson, a gay X-ray technician at New York University Medical Center (and heavily the S in S&M), was convicted of killing Addison Verrill, a reporter for the entertainment-world publication *Variety*, by crushing Verrill's head with an iron corn-pone skillet and then stabbing him in the heart. Convicted of this crime, he was remanded to jail to await sentencing.

While in jail he heard about the furor caused by the sensational discovery of many bodies, all surgically dismembered and stuffed in Hefty garbage bags (what Jonathan Winters could do with this one . . . what a commercial!), floating in the Hudson River. As body after grisly body was found, Bateson seemed to fly away on the ego-trip he'd always sought. According to reports from the office of William Hoyt, the prosecuting attorney, Bateson had previously said "I like to cut up people and

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Mike Arlen

CIRCUMCISION has such a precise definition: 'cut around'. It's not a pretty word. Mention it, and already the cock intuits the chill steel of 'circumscissors'. Until the last few years not many adults would elect to have circumcision unless constriction of the foreskin created a hygienic problem or made vasocirculation risky, or sex absolute hell.

In the course of many sex encounters you may often note the incomplete or too-complete results of circumcision done in infancy—either routinely or too-zealously (as many religious practitioners do). If not enough skin has been removed the cock has a 'Raggedy Andy' look. If the *mohel* was fired with zeal, there's the look of 'ripoff', to the point where the ridge of the *glans penis* is so flattened the cock is all shaft from top to bottom. Or to quote an often-disappointed friend who is into foreskin, "My God, he was cut all the way to the armpits!" The cock is therefore shorn of two erotic charms: contrast, and flared/arousable contour.

If you have contemplated circumcision, but have hesitated because the terminology is a turn-off, why not think of this adult surgery as a *cosmetic cocklift*? At once this puts it in context with the cosmetic facelift and you'll be able to press on with anticipation, instead of qualms.

Although no claim is hereby made that the cosmetic cocklift is all hey-nunny-nunny, or that you can have it slit in the morning and be cruising by nightfall, the heady vista of how much more exciting your sex life can be—new horizons, and all that—should more than compensate for the few weeks of cock-convalescence, plus a little more time to get accustomed to the new feel of a now eroticized, adventure-bound cock.

WHY 'CUT'?

A review of the many Personal Ads in this issue will reveal that there are quite a few who are into 'uncut' rather than 'cut'. You'll note that most are adamant about this. They wouldn't have it any other way. So not everyone need feel that he is a necessary subject for the circumscissors. Indeed, there may be almost as many reasons why the cocklift should *not* necessarily be performed. A few examples will show why this is so.

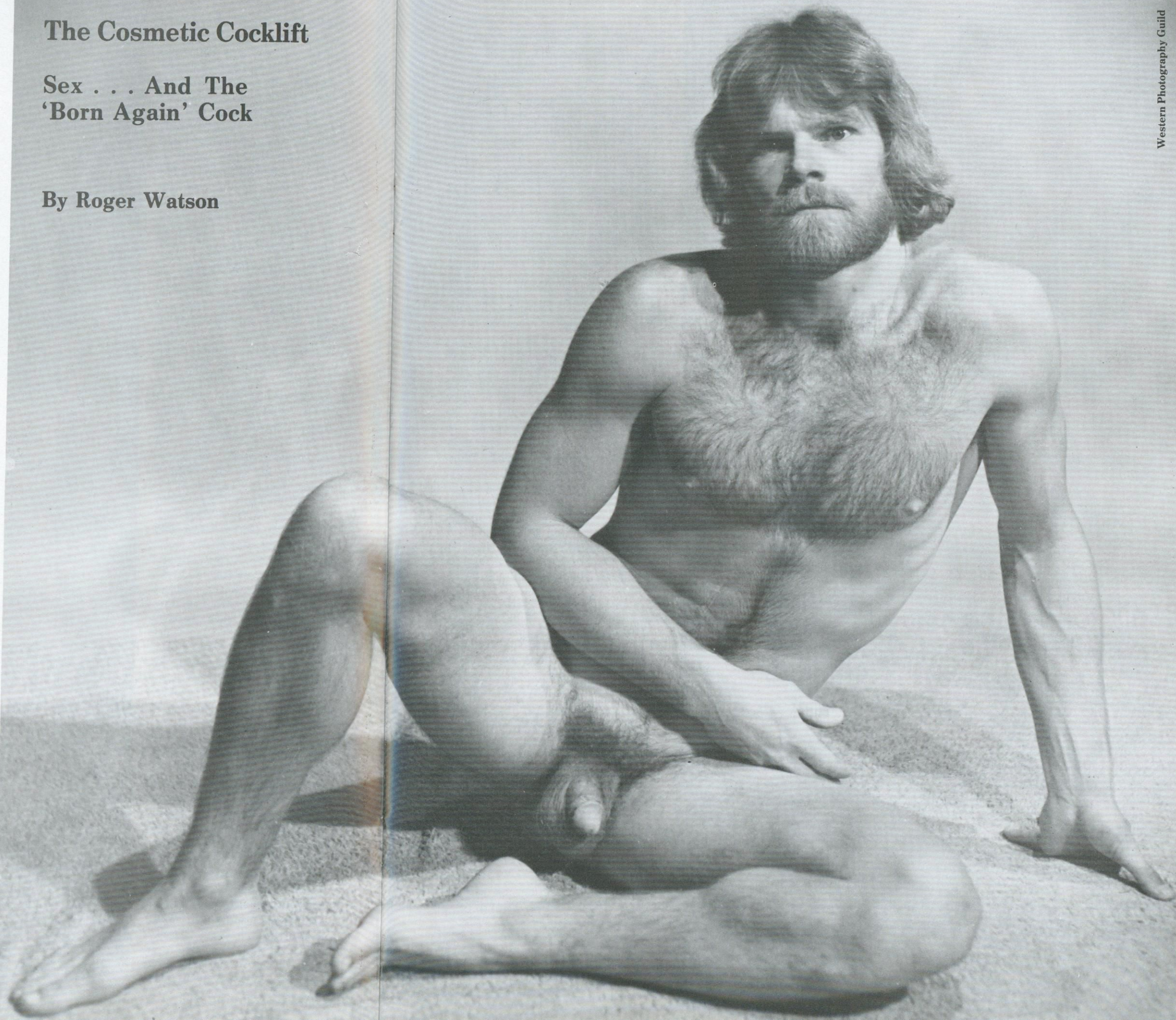
One is the man whose cock is of mouth-cramming size and flawless contour, with a foreskin covering just about *half* of the glans, leaving the peekaboo rest as a breathtaking turn-on, and the winky-pinky eye open for the tongue to double as snail-darter. Such retractable foreskin seems to have a sexy mind of its own. Kiss it . . . it gets its own hard-on. Brush/swash it with the tongue . . . it obligingly rolls back without constricting the *corpora cavernosa*; the hard-on is complete, and the cock is fully 'negotiable'. It would seem a sin to circumcise such a noble cock. Even a gay guy who abhors foreskin can find some surprising new delights in sucking it.

Another example: the man with a very long but moderately thick cock, the foreskin covering the glans just to the *meatus* (hole) and ending abruptly with a little lips-open 'pout'. There's not so much foreskin that it can be sold by the dressmaker's yard,

The Cosmetic Cocklift

Sex . . . And The 'Born Again' Cock

By Roger Watson





Western Photography Guild

or which looks (even with cock erect) like Salome's Seven Veils. The special attraction of this cock is that the *corona glandis* (thick ridge of the head) swells with excitement and begins to buck so stormily it seems to be retching. When this turgidity is evident under the skin (especially if the skin is thin), it is a turn-on even the most 'anti-cheesedip' anti-smegmatist could not long resist. Also, what can make such foreskin still more exciting is when—in addition to skin smoothness/thinness—beautiful blue veins 'marble' the texture. A blue-marbled foreskin is usually fully retractable, allowing for the greatest 'versatility'. Conversely, even with the precise formation of foreskin just described, if the skin has too much 'vascularity' (a term dear to the hearts of Mr. America types who glory in the ropelike 'varicosity' of such veins in their 20-inch arms) it will not be flexible. It won't respond to tongue-kiss nuances in the easy way the thinner-skinned, blue-marbled prepuce will. Generally, the cause of this foreskin vascularity is too much violent beating of the meat. So beat less, and get sucked more, and you'll avoid this rough-textured prepuce. Best of all is getting into *Accu-Jac*. Its evenness of suction/pressure prevents such vascularity through graduated control. Next to human lips the *Accu-Jac* offers the best sucking/bucking trip.

THE WHY OF 'CUT'

The reasons for having the cosmetic cocklift are both psychological and physical. The psychological reasons are so numerous they could not be touched on in a single article, and are as varied as the personalities of the individuals contemplating the 'cut'. They run the gamut from mild hangups to debilitating psychoses. Many 'reasons why' relate to the recent increase in adult circumcision in the struggle to (a) lift oneself out of the quagmire of a stultifying sexlife that promises no foreseeable 'fly me' goodies, and (b) to try a different approach to sex—seeking greater glories—even if one's present sexlife is more satisfactory by far than that of gay others who wish they had it so

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good.

In his fine article on *The Truth about Circumcision* in the May 1979 issue of *High Times*, Dean Latimer makes the point that 95% of all male infants are now routinely circumcised, and what catches one up short is that time has lurched on, and so many of the circumcised are past puberty, thus a woman—now so accustomed to a circumcised partner—will sometimes exclaim when a chance partner is *not* circumcised: "What happened to your thing? Why don't you have it taken care of?" The once-rare, therefore is the now-norm. As Latimer further notes, a father in Des Moines justified circumcision by saying, "I wouldn't want my kid to feel self-conscious in the boy's gym shower at school." Thus conformity and "keeping up with the Joneses." If we may paraphrase a line from the article: "One may never be bounced out of a partner's bed for being uncircumcised . . . though maybe he's just being polite."

Of great concern to gay guys is that with so many venues and public forums where nudity is the rule rather than the exception, it may be somewhat embarrassing to be the only, or one of the few uncut men in a gay baths; at a meatrack such as the ongoing phenomenon of Fire Island; at a nude gay beach; or at an orgy where there are many performers. While a man so uncut may indeed *perform* brilliantly in such a forum, the embarrassment may arise at those times when he's moving around before/between sex, and all that 'contrasty' foreskin is relaxed and dingle-dangling like a cowbell, as he walks. However magnificent his body, it may not prevent self-consciousness when all eyes are on the 'uniquity' of his foreskin. Of course, if the uncut cock is exceptional—as dwelt on earlier—all is forgiven, or not muchly noticed.

However simplistic, it's true to say that shedding one's foreskin often means shedding all sex hangups, because, subconsciously, they conceivably relate in some way to the act of circumcision. This is by no means as farfetched as it

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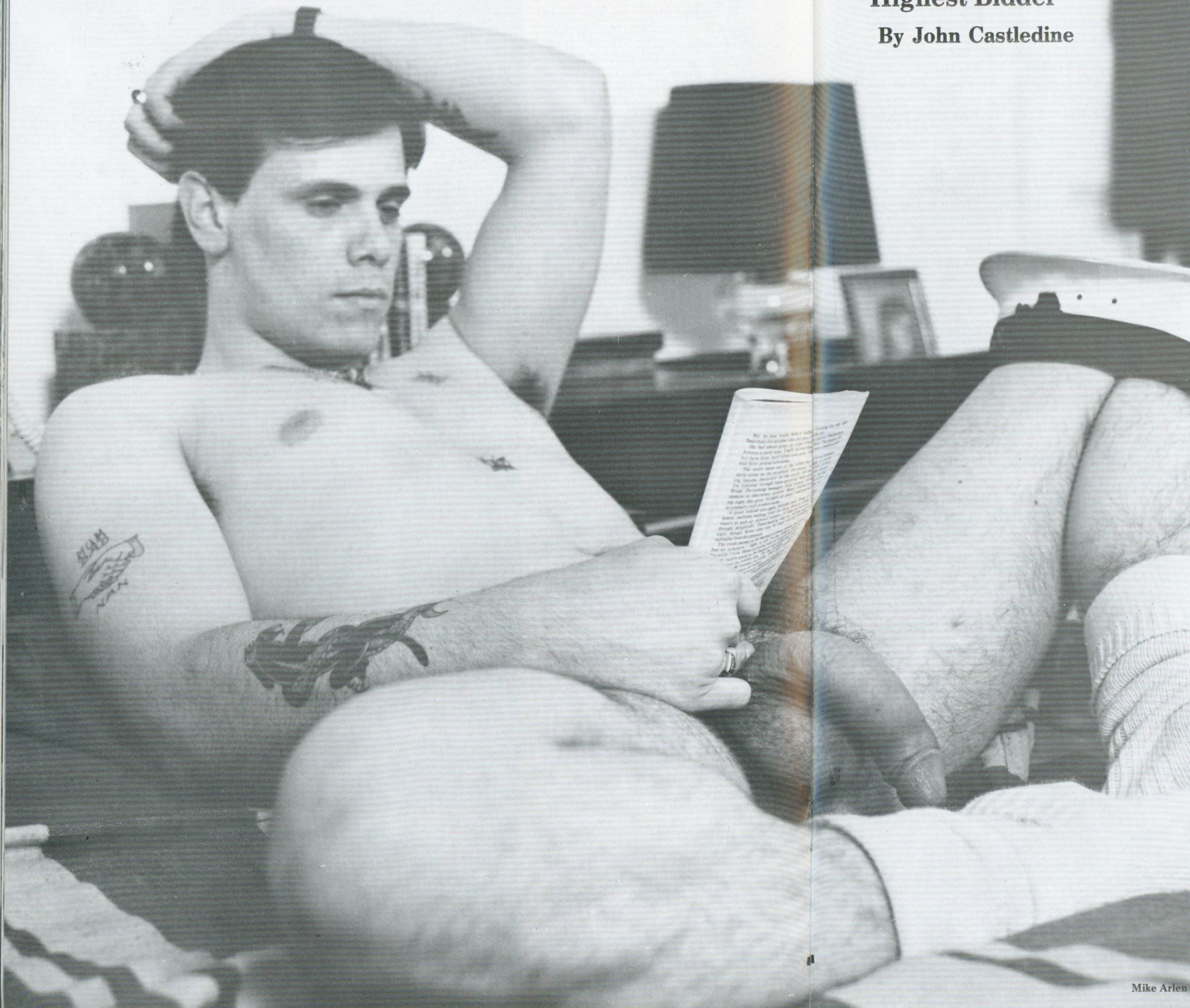
September/October 1979



Western Photography Guild

"Highest Bidder"

By John Castledine



THEY'd opened the old Gayling estate for public viewing on the holiday Friday, the auction of mansion and contents to be held Saturday. Ben Grantly had been interested . . . enough to travel down to the lake country to look it over. He'd wanted a country place for a year now, and the stock market had been kind to him.

But God, how the place stank!

Right in the heart of Cranfield village at the lake edge. In the Gayling family for five generations—but who'd buy the dump now? He looked up at the old lath and plaster ceiling where rain had seeped through; the air of musty decay that pervaded the old rooms.

Ben edged past a group of people admiring a huge antique dictionary on its own wooden lectern. Funny! People came out of the woodwork when there was an old family home, full of ancient furniture and memorabilia, up for inspection. Hunting for scandals. Wanting to pry into the secret lives of the wealthy—ogle the beds they'd slept in—*fucked* in!

"Oh! Beg your pardon," Ben murmured, not noticing the boy bent over the old desk in the library. The kid smiled an apology, moved aside so Ben could pass, then went on inspecting the knobs and bumps of the antique desk. Ben moved to the bookshelves, took down a volume (unseeing) . . . "Byron: Collected Works." Held the book up as a screen, watched over its tattered edge.

Purrr-ROW! He knew it was a *holiday*—and it was *summer*, but *this* kid. His only garment, faded denim shorts, fringed bottoms; amber limbs of brown satin, a slim waist little bigger than a two-hand job, and—*bending over that desk!* Ben turned a page, began at the kid's feet, worked up over slim ankles to swelling calves, to strong, smooth thighs that fingered up into blue denim cheeks . . . *oh man!* Those cheeks! The sharp, tight curved crack between where the denim snugged the hairy thighs and kissed into the sweet hairy young hole so temptingly upended to Ben's hungry eyes. *Jesus!* To have *that* beneath you, ass up, begging, pleading with you to ram it fuck-full of man-meat, thighs gaping wide and *aching* for thick cock!

Ben licked his lips and the kid straightened, jerked out of his absorbed exploration of the desk, saw him watching. "A beautiful desk," the kid said, smiling. "Guess it's been a 'Gayling' for generations."

Ben watched the fingers move over the desk's encrustations, wished they were on his zipper tab, moving, opening, lips gaping forward . . . "Guess so," Ben agreed. "You look like you're hunting for a secret drawer. You going to make a bid?"

The boy grinned. "You're kidding. It's a nine hundred job. No—my heart's set on something else much less expensive."

Ben's heart was thudding like to burst. Crazy! "Well—I hope you get what you want," he said as the kid moved past. He tried to think of something to hold him, but by the time he'd found his tongue, he'd disappeared in the crowd.

God! His cock was rock-rigid and he lingered at the shelf waiting for it to soften. No chance! Each time he thought of blue-clad buns and naked nipples kissed with curling goldies. *Wham!* Up she came

again. He should have worn jocks—especially with his bloody great whang-danger. Finally, using Byron as a shield (he'd have approved) he stood his cock upright; moved into the other rooms.

Crowded. Curious villagers, antique dealers and townies on holiday at the lake resort. Every colour and style of dress. But Ben hardly saw them. All he could see was blue denim snugging sweet apple-asscheeks, eyes so blue and smiling that . . .

He stared.

Not believing—not possible!

The face was the same. The full-curved sensuous lips, the hair blushed to gold by the sun in thick lustrous waves . . . Ben leant forward, read the tiny gold plate. 'Anatole Gayling. 1893'.

Incredible! No true resemblance of course—only because he'd seen the kid—saw his face now in everything. Yet—there *was* a resemblance. Behind him, two horsey women, peering forward.

"That's the one who committed suicide," the tall, thinner one said. She turned away from the painting, stared hungrily round her. "In this very room," she whispered. "Why do you suppose he did it?"

"Bunny, really! You'd fantasy yourself into outer space."

Bunny? He turned. Village women probably; Cranfield dwellers for decades, knowing the most intimate details . . . "How do you know?"

The woman had long front teeth, rabbit-like. Bunny! She stared at Ben as if he'd shoved his hand up her tweedy skirt. "Everyone knows," she snapped—a villager to whom the events of a hundred years were yesterday. "It was disgusting." Her eyes travelled over him, and he could almost hear her saying, 'Foreigner!' She tugged her companion's arm. "Quite disgusting! the things that some men do!"

They moved away, and Ben still wasn't sure if the disgust was for the man in the painting—some ancient scandal? . . . or for himself!

Saturday.

The auction. And the house as crowded as the day before.

Ben crossed the street from the little inn where he'd stayed the night. By God; he'd buy that painting! Crazy, but he'd buy it!

He scanned the crowd but the kid was nowhere to be seen. The auctioneer, red polka-dot shirt bursting over his belly-roll, was mouthing the phallic mike like he'd shove it right down. Nothing gay about him! Watched him hold up a bunch of china objects. "Now here we are, here we are! Austrian china . . ." He paused, nonplused. "Well—they're green, they fit inside each other . . ." He looked up, ". . . and I don't know what they are but I think it's a game. What's the bid?"

The crowd snickered; made a tentative offer, and it was knocked down. Couldn't see the kid. Who was he—a villager? One of the hippie kids camping along the lake? Shit, he was crazy! The kid was—twenty-three, or four? And he was thirty-five, a successful stockbroker looking for a country retreat. And he didn't even know if the kid would . . .

The auctioneer held up a painting. *His painting!*

"Now here's a pretty little item. Not large, and the frame's none too elegant . . ." He held it out at arm's length, showed it around. "Pretty boy—guess they had hippies in them days too, eh?"

The crowd laughed again and Ben waited for someone to start the bidding. He'd probably pick it up for ten or fifteen dollars? No one. "Come on now," Polka-dots coaxed, sucking his mike. "One of you ladies would like to hand this handsome lad on your wall and—ah—have a dream or two, eh?"

Rabbit-toothed Bun-Bun stuck up a bony hand and said, "Two dollars."

Bitch! Just so's she could say it was the one who committed suicide. "Five dollars," Ben said.

Bun-Bun directed a look of pure hatred at him and said, "Ten dollars."

"Fifteen," Ben said.

The auctioneer chortled. "You never know what they folks'll buy. Fifteen I'm bid. Is there sixteen?"

"Fifteen-fifty," Bun-Bun muttered.

"Twenty!" Ben snapped.

Bun-Bun's lips curled with fury and she turned a sharp angular back on the auctioneer. "Twenty, the bid," Polka-dots chirped, knowing the end was near. "Do I hear twenty-one? Going . . . going . . ."

"Twenty-five." A new voice.

The crowd craned to see the new bidder but a parked truck at the edge of the grassy lot blocked their view.

"Well, well," Polka-dots chuckled. "Do I hear thirty?"

"Fifty," Ben said curtly. He'd pay a hundred for the bloody thing.

"Fifty-five." The distant voice.

"Seventy," Ben said.

A pause. And the auctioneer giggling joyfully. "Do I hear seventy-five? Seventy-five? Going . . . going . . ."

"Seventy . . . one!"

"Eighty!" Ben snarled.

Silence from behind the truck. "Going? Going . . .?"

Then, "Eighty dollars and . . ." A pause, counting. "Fifty-two cents."

Ben's lips tightened. "Eighty dollars . . . and fifty-three cents!"

The crowd exploded and old Polka-dots almost choked on his mike. "Last bid?" His eyes probed behind the truck. "Going . . . going . . ." Silence—and everyone a little sad the contest was over. "GONE! To the gentleman in the red pants."

The clerk handed the picture to Ben, gave change from his automatic money-belt, and Ben studied it again. So alike! It really was incredible. And yet—why had he bought it? The flash of blue eyes, smiling curve of lips? A dream to hang on his wall like old Bun-Bun?

Crazy! He'd get out of this bloody magic village before it did anything else to him. He walked quickly back to the inn, paused by his Chev and there was the kid again. Smiling. "You get what you wanted?"

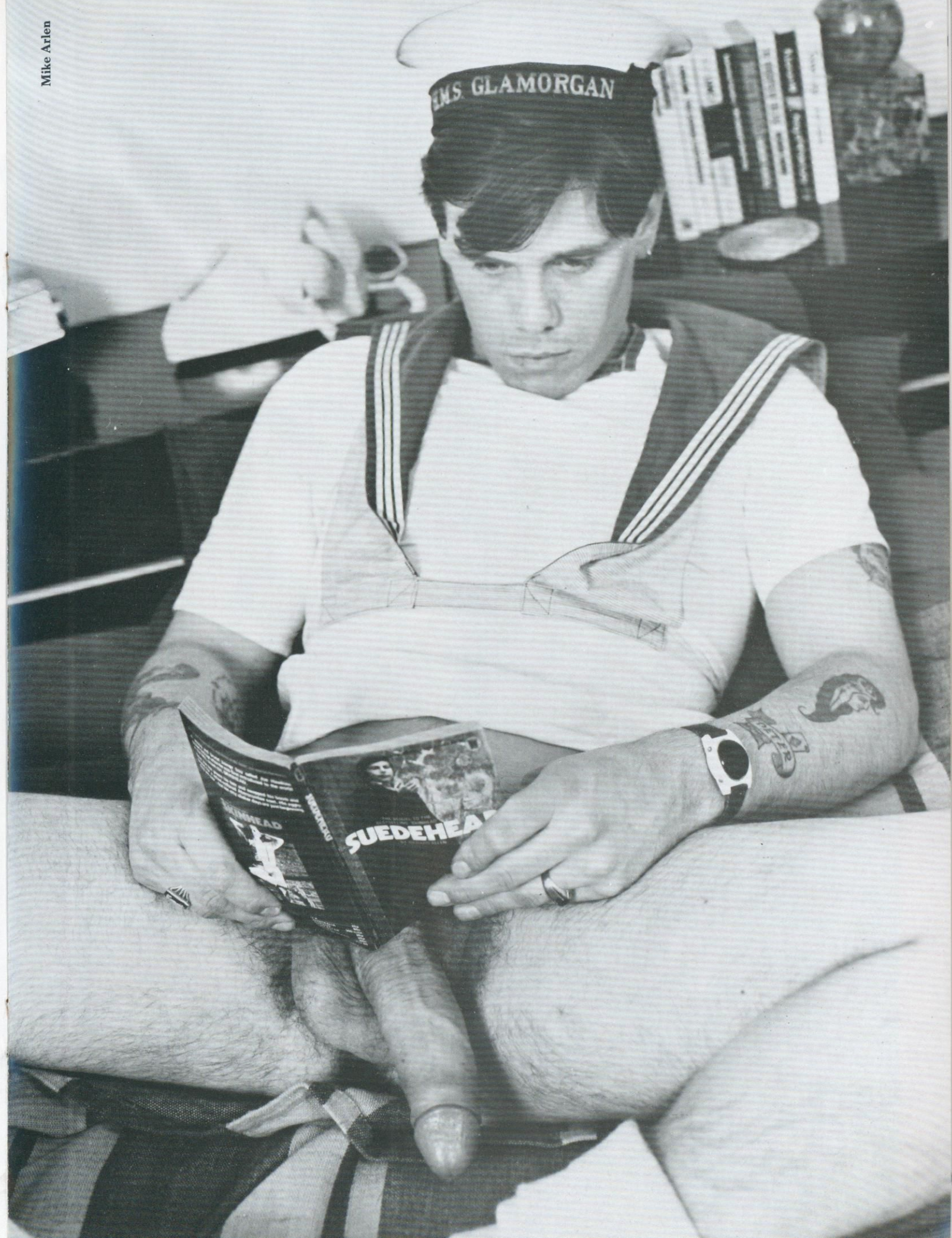
Ben smiled back. "Yes—but I had to pay the earth for it." Keep the kid talking . . . Get to know him. "You get what you wanted?"

The boy shrugged.

(Continued on page 42)

QQ

Mike Arlen





QQ's Man Of The Month

Geoff Hibbert

By Mike Arlen

WORLD'S LARGEST PHYSIQUE COLLECTION FROM ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD



Buddy Houston (l.) & Thomas Ghandi



Additional photographs of these and all AMG athletes featured in QQ publications are available. Five 8x10 BW photos, \$15; or one 8x10 color print of similar pose, \$10. Set of twelve 35mm color slides, \$7.20; or twelve 8x11 color prints, \$15. 8mm Color Films on many models (see Physique Pictorial).

PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL magazine serves as our "illustrated catalog." Latest issue 32, \$1.30 (1st class sealed postage; your name kept private!). Nude issues 17 thru 31, \$25. Fifty classic issues in straps for 1950's & 1960's, \$60. Complete set Bruce's Mal Figure (1 thru 36), \$50. (Limited supply.) State age over 18.

ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD, 1834 W. 11th ST., LOS ANGELES, CA. 90006

Westerners All



Lynn Finney*



Rick Alexander*



Rory McLeod*



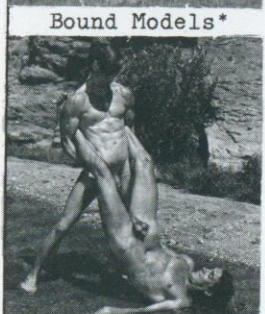
Ronnie Rains*

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

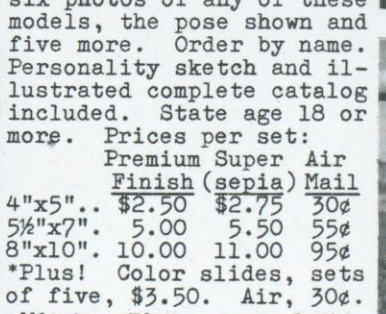
	Premium	Super	Air
4"x5"...	\$2.50	\$2.75	30¢
5 1/2"x7"	5.00	5.50	55¢
8"x10"	10.00	11.00	95¢

*Plus! Color slides, sets of five, \$3.50. Air, 30¢.

Western Photography Guild
Box 2801 Denver, Colo. 80201



Austin-Lee*



Kevin Cope*



Torso Fronts

THE COSMETIC COCKLIFT (Continued from page 23)

may sound.

THE 'BORN-AGAIN' COCK

An uncut individual may be a born performer—but within the context of his 'sex change' he's a born-again performer, discovering more erotic delights than he might have imagined. If he elects to have a cosmetic cocklift he can actually create what heretofore was only *fantasy*! What a transcendental experience can await the gay guy who has lived a considerable part of his life 'gathering ye rosebuds while ye may' with a valance of foreskin, and then—six weeks or so after his cosmetic cocklift—have a wonderful new world of sexual pleasures open to him. So if you've plowed the south forty and are now just *eking* out an sexual subsistence, why not give some thought to plowing a more fertile field, with a cocklift?

It should be mentioned here that the question of cock cleanliness among the uncut is not an issue. In this day of daily showering, genital hygiene is so vigorously pursued that almost every cock is prinky clean. True, there are some who 'service special interests'... almost sacramentally reserving a buildup of smegma for another who'll treasure it as manna from youknowwhere. No, carelessness in personal hygiene is not a specific complaint today. It ain't taste/smell that makes circumcision desirable, it's looks, 'with-it-ness', and an Everest of unexperienced delights to climb.

There's another subconscious reason why the 'cut rate' has advanced to 95%. This relates to the fact that the older man—formerly 'anti-cut'—now looks with favor on circumcision because he needs more 'plus factors' in competitive sex. He's got to have more going for him, now that youth is no longer his. The cocklift can supply much or even all of this! He can't chance encountering a majority who prefer cut meat.

Another reason is physiological. This applies especially to the uncut individual who's never found a way to retard ejaculation before the *complete* sex scene has been played. Premature ejaculation is as disappointing to a geared-up partner as it is to oneself. More often, the trigger-happy ejac is caused by extreme sensitivity of a glans when the foreskin retracts (or attempts to) for sex play. For some, even the light brush-stroke of fingers can cause blastoff. Then too, the *frenulum* (the slender string of flesh that attaches the foreskin to the

underside of the glans) can become so excited/irritated that the scene ends with an uncontrollable ejac. Obviously, desensitization of the frenulum can prevent premature cumming. Such desensitization is the natural result of foreskin removal.

CIRCUMCISION SYNOPSIS

If you have the November/December 1972 issue of *QQ Magazine*, you may wish to refer to the article *Prime Cut*, which dealt with a personal commitment to adult circumcision. It is so informative and detailed, almost step-by-step, as to be an invaluable reference. If you don't have that issue you may obtain a reprint of the article from QQ Publishing Company, Inc., for \$1.50. Ask for Reprint #29.

First, circumcision should be a patient/physician consultation, inasmuch as you'll want to be referred to an *artist* in the surgical field... no general or routine surgeon. A consultation with either physician or surgeon (or both) need not be revelatory of your gay motives. Everyone—gay/straight—is having it done... no problem. You might ask your consulting physician to recommend a surgeon who will perform the operation in his office. This can save you hundreds of dollars that Blue Cross/Shield will not pay when the operation is done electively in a hospital. The cost, varying with such surgical fees in different communities, may be as little as \$100 in a small town, to \$1000 in large city. In general, the larger fee includes 'followup visits' to remove stitches, examine, apply new dressings, and so on. Whatever the charge, you'll find the freedom of 'uncut' worth it.

The pre-operative procedure is to anesthetize the cock. In a hospital this can be done via general anesthetic. In the doctor's office, a local, via injections in the penile area. It can be just discomforting, if you have a high pain threshold... or sharply painful if you're quite sensitive. No matter... it's anesthetized in a short time. Fluid begins to build up in tissues.

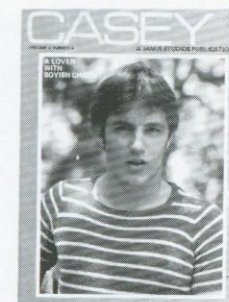
First-class surgeons will not use the *clamp* method (think toenail clipper) because too much tissue can be removed, possibly scarring the cock. The better way is with scalpel and surgical scissors by which a circular cut is made approximately 1/16th inch behind the corona glandis. The frenulum and prepuce are pared. This takes about 20 minutes, followed by about 90 minutes of stitching (up to 40 sutures may be necessary). Depending on the individual, some absorbable sutures are inserted in places where removal of skin is not advan-

(Continued on page 34)

47 "ACTION" MAGAZINES!



Hung heavy, long 'n thick, 60 studs. Now in its second hot printing. WHOPPER KINGS I... \$5.00



A hot lover with boyish charm, showing it off in bed, in the shower. Color. CASEY... \$8.00



A hot twosome, one dark, one blond, get it off hot! Color. DYNAMO II... \$8.50



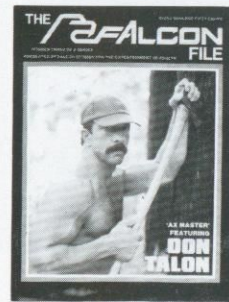
Three young studs get it on outdoors on a sundeck. Front, rear 3-way action. TOGETHER... \$8.00



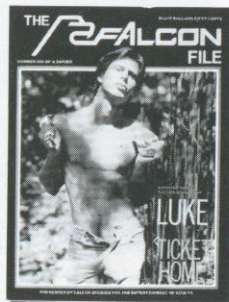
Stars Casey Donovan, Al Parker and Dick Fisk in hot action. Color. SUMMIT I... \$8.50



Two hot newcomers join Donovan, Parker and Fisk for a hot orgy. Color. SUMMIT II... \$8.50



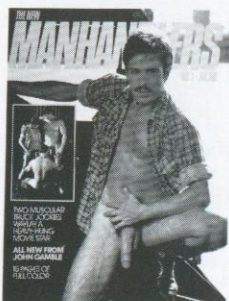
Don Talon, all man, gets into a hot campside orgy with two young scouts. FALCON FILE III... \$8.50



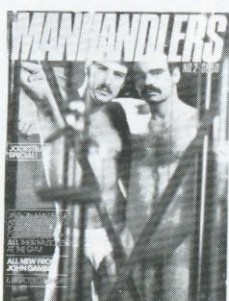
Luke, who's hung heavy, gets it on with a buddy. Front and rear. Color. FALCON FILE VI... \$8.50



Third World Studio brings its heaviest hung Black models together. BLACK ROOTS 2... \$8.50



Jayson MacBride does it front and rear with two big, muscle guys. Color. MANHANDLERS I... \$8.50



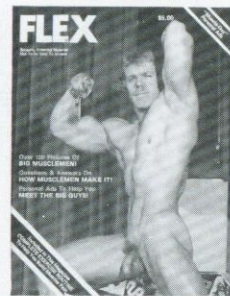
Scott Cooper and Jayson MacBride get it on in the gym. Action-packed. MANHANDLERS II... \$8.50



Bob Bishop and Ed Wiley, superhung, in hot action on a truck in the desert. JOCKS... \$8.50

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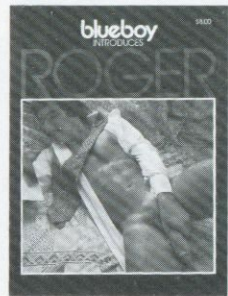
Muscle guys, nude, hung. Text on making muscle guys, plus personal ads. **FLEX**\$5.00



Masters, slaves, bikers, cowboys. Text on leather scene; personal ads. **FLOG**\$5.00



Hung heavy, long 'n thick, 60 studs. Now in its second hot printing. **WHOP'R KINGS II** \$5.00

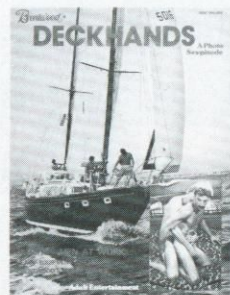


Macho, superhung and hot handling himself. Terrific photos. Color. **ROGER**\$8.00



Macho, hung and hot in his hard hat, torn denims, in the raw. Color. **DEREK**\$8.00

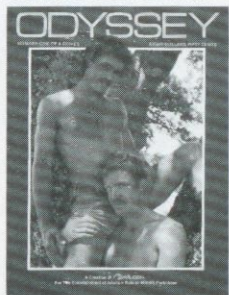
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Macho twosomes, threesomes in front/rear action, even toes. Color. **DECKHANDS**\$8.00



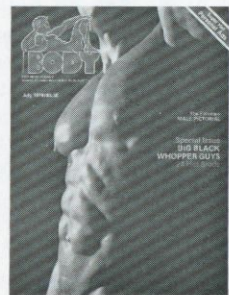
Great asses. Over 100 studs bare-ass it. Our second hot printing. **CHEEKS**\$5.00



Work-booted macho studs—heavy hung in dynamite action shots. Color. **ODYSSEY**\$8.50



Lumberjack-tough, hung and uncut, doing his own thing. Blond. Color. **BLU**\$8.00



Issue 44 (July 1979) BODY, crammed with 24 heavy-hung Black studs. **BLACK BODY**\$3.50

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Muscular, lithe, macho studs, all hung in single poses and hot action. **NEW MAN**\$8.00



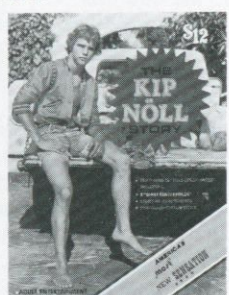
Five studs handle themselves. Great J/O shots. All young, hung. **SPECTRUM**\$8.50



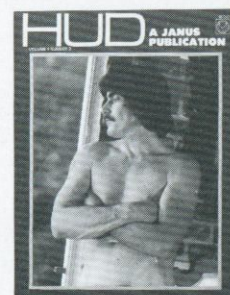
Superstud John Homes. Trim, macho, the biggest meat around. Color too. **JOHN**\$8.00



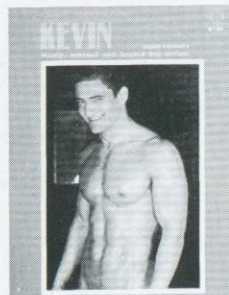
The American ideal—tall, blond, super hung. Many photos in color too. **BRUCE**\$8.00



All-American, hung and horny. Unique text with pictures. Lots of color. **KIP NOLL STORY** \$12.00



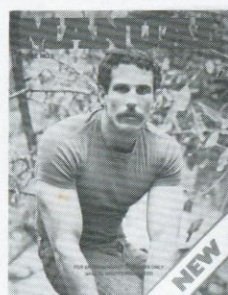
Very macho Latin does his own thing and shows you all angles. Color. **HUD**\$8.00



Manly, sensual, loaded for action . . . uncut too; in the shower, pool. **KEVIN**\$8.00



Gentle but sensual and built, in cowboy duds, nude . . . pulls it off. **MARC**\$8.00



He's muscular and hairy, plus five other studs of a different type pull it off. **MANUAL**\$8.50

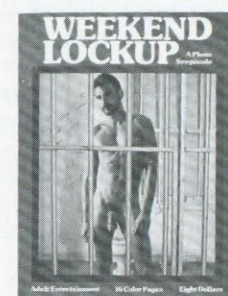


Muscles, beards, leather too . . . front and rear action. All ways! Color. **ENCOUNTERS**\$8.50

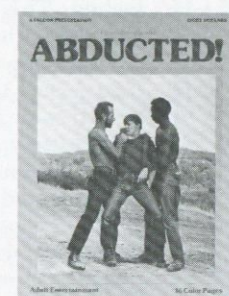
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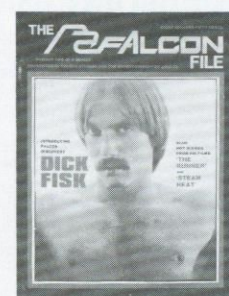
MAGAZINES FEATURING SUPERHUNG STUDS IN HOT ACTION!



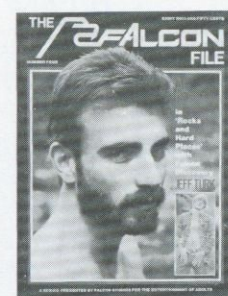
Hung, muscular Al Parker arrested; gets it on with two deputy bucks. Color. **LOCKUP!**\$8.00



A white and black stud abduct a white buck on the run. Action. Color. **ABDUCTED!**\$8.00



Superhung Dick Fisk in his jockstrap, soaping up, masseur action. Color. **FALCON FILE II**\$8.50

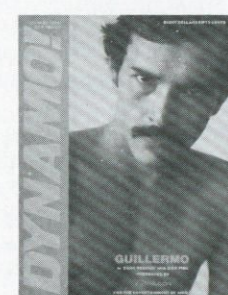


Superhung Al Parker & Jeff Turk in a hot threesome in the woods. Color. **FALCON FILE IV**\$8.50

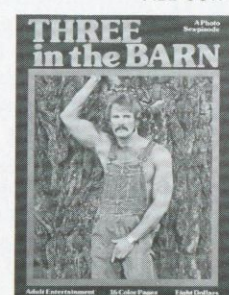


Muscular, hung threesome in an empty loft. Hot group action. Color. **FALCON FILE V**\$8.50

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Very hung, booted Latin studs get it off with Dick Fisk and others. Color. **DYNAMO!**\$8.50



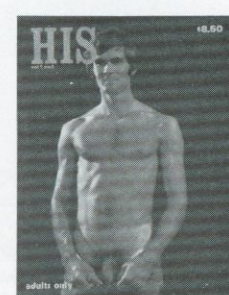
Hung thick in torn overalls get it on in the haystack. Really hot. Color. **3 IN THE BARN**\$8.00



Superhung studs in action. Phillip, Michael, Brian in leather. Color. **BEST OF GRIFFIN** \$8.00



Hung hard and thick, this booted threesome hits it off in a garage. Color. **TALON**\$8.50



Superhung and macho guys in hot action. Everything goes. Color. **HIS**\$8.50

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Two young, hung 'n horny athletic bucks in action in the woods. Color. **BACKPACKIN' II** \$8.50



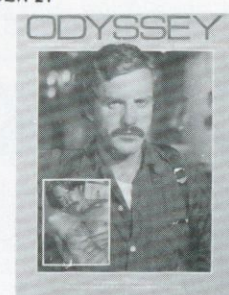
Superhung in western gear gets it on. Manly guy, tough/tender. Color. **SCOTT**\$8.00



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More baths action, in the orgy room. Young, hung doubles, groups. Color. **TUBTRICKS II**\$8.50



Very hot action in a shipping room. They're hung thick and long. Color. **ODYSSEY II**\$8.50

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☐ TOGETHER, \$8 ☐ HUD, \$8 ☐ MARC, \$8 ☐ JOCKS, \$8.50 ☐ SUMMIT I, \$8.50 ☐ SUMMIT II, \$8.50 ☐ FALCON FILE II, \$8.50
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☐ LOCKUP, \$8 ☐ ABDUCTED, \$8 ☐ 3 IN THE BARN, \$8 ☐ BEST OF GRIFFIN, \$8 ☐ TALON, \$8.50 ☐ HIS, \$8.50 ☐ SCOTT, \$8
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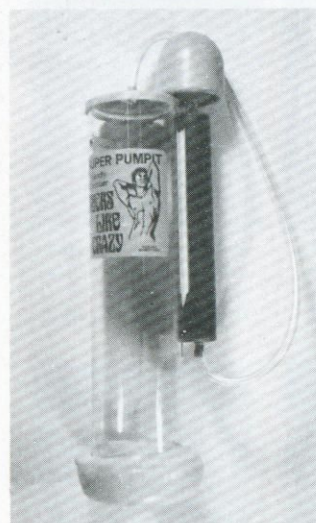
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SUPER PUMPIT

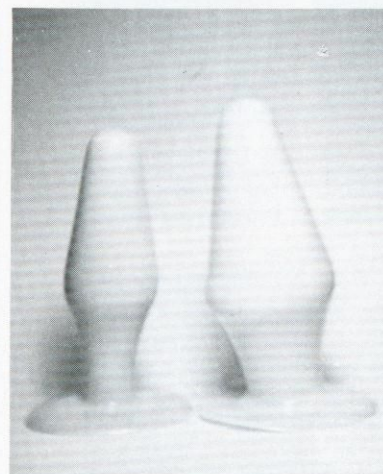


The SUPER PUMPIT is a popular device you've probably seen illustrated in the pictorials. A vacuum is created in the 9" clear plastic housing. The soft rubber cushion that acts as a seal is removable for washing. Plastic fittings. Sold as a novelty to adults only.

SUPER PUMPIT\$16.95

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CORKY

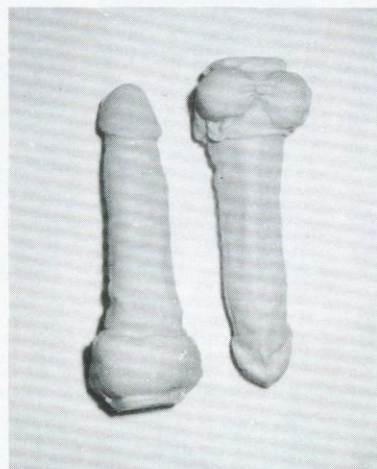


CORKY has a tapered design that permits anal insertion that stays in place. Velvet-smooth rubber—that's solid through-and-through (this gives it its necessary weight). Worry-free... snap it in and your hands are free to do other things. Comes in 2 sizes: **Big**—5" long by 2 1/4" thick (widest part), and **Jumbo**—5 1/2" long by 2 1/4 inches thick (widest part). Sold as a novelty to adults over 21 only. Sent insured in a plainly marked carton.

BIG CORKY\$11.95
JUMBO CORKY\$12.95

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The Titanic



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

THE TITANIC\$14.95

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THE TITANIC and EL PERFECTO III also available in BLACK. Specify when ordering.

El Perfecto



boing... Boing... BOING! It's graduation time with EL PERFECTO I, II, and III. All three models are molded from life and perfectly shaped. Their sizes are "workable." EL PERFECTO I is where preferred size begins; it's 5 1/2" long and 1 1/2" in diameter. EL PERFECTO II is comfortably large; it's 7" long and 1 3/4" in diameter. EL PERFECTO III is for the big boys; it's 9" long and nearly 2" in diameter. Get all three for your personal collection and be an accommodating host. Flange base helps prevent "accidental loss." Made of flesh-colored, flesh-like washable rubber. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent insured in a large, plainly-marked carton.

EL PERFECTO I\$8.95
EL PERFECTO II\$10.95
EL PERFECTO III\$12.95
ALL THREE (SAVE \$3.90)\$28.95

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

tageous. One suture, generally, is used to close the incision under the glans, where the frenulum is attached. This is wrapped around the cut rather than cross-stitched, which leaves a tiny knot of flesh which will turn black and fall off of its own accord some days later... leaving no trace of cutting.

The wound is then cleaned with peroxide and dressed with an antibiotic salve, generally Furacin or Neosporin. A drug such as codeine is given to minimize pain, and this is generally continued for two weeks. Also, your cock is now exposed as it never was, and so a medication such as Nupercainal, or some other 'caine is applied daily for a week or so. The glans is, to a great extent, deadened during this time—a necessity, inasmuch as the gauze dressing would otherwise irritate it.

When the surgeon gives the go-ahead to leave off the Nupercainal, the glans dries and 'peels', much as is the result when one has had too much suntan, too soon. Sensitivity to touch is decreased, and with daily applications of talc the oozing is stopped.

In general, you can masturbate within three weeks... try new horizons in sex with others in four weeks. Pinkiness gives way to darker red, but the glans will not 'match' the shade of the penis as a whole for several years. This, however, doesn't have the slightest effect on sex. It's just a matter of noting visual change.

SEX-STYLE CHANGES

At this time you will notice a change in the size of your cock. It will appear to be bigger, and perhaps longer. Nothing really startling, however: obviously, freedom from foreskin and frenulum allows the shaft and the glans to expand slightly—or will appear so. This is only practical physics.

If being uncut has interfered with your being the aggressor in anal sex, because the pull on the frenulum is quite painful (or at least mighty uncomfortable), you weren't able to give your all in gay sex. Circumcision, in freeing the frenulum, also frees the 'pull' (or yin and yang) when cock is into ass... and thus you want to plunge deeper, more wildly, and you can do this with no discomfort... only incredible joy and elation!

With regard to oral sex, the sensation of mouth on cock is highly intensified for up to a year, because there's no sheath to protect the now-naked glans. In time, sensitivity will equal that of an uncut penis, and—sadly—over a long period of time will be less sensitive than an uncircumcised cock, though a satisfying

amount will never be lost. This 'disadvantage' may in fact be an advantage, permitting you to last longer because greater stimulation is necessary.

Perhaps best of all, is that you will be more at ease with your partners (the majority of gay men—the young ones at least—do have hangups about foreskin)... you've nothing to 'hide', so to speak. You've got it all out in the open, and once accepted, carry on (and on and on!) from there. You will have avoided the probable hangups of your partners, and can give full devotion to the pursuit of far greater wonders in sex than you could have believed possible. There are so many other fantastic sensations that result from the cosmetic cocklift and we again recommend the article *Prime Cut*... it lists them in detail, and approaches circumcision and its sequential effects as it and they happened to the author of that article. It's *must* reading if you're contemplating circumcision. Learn in detail how it feels to be sexually 'born again'.

...

PSYCH-UPS FOR BAR CRUISING

(Continued from page 10)

and on to someone more aggressively to the point.

In the wake of newly-won freedoms for gays, it's a mistake for anyone in a one-gay-bar town to feel that he has no margin for error. Not when clothes-styles, or visual communication other than eye signals, or of specially-worn gay symbols/insignia make it almost impossible for anyone to mistake the 'scent of his quarry'.

GAY 'YES' SIGNALS

Recently in *QQ Magazine* we discussed how keys, kerchiefs and specific colors may be worn to indicate both sex-availability and sex-style, plus *modus operandi* of the wearer. Primarily this relates to outdoor cruising—making it easier by taking out the guesswork. Secondly it relates to indoor cruising of specialized bars with regard to whether the wearer prefers to be the active or passive partner. (The fact that both are in such a bar establishes the preferred sex-style.)

Of course, keys/kerchief signals are understood in *regular* gay bars. But there are other 'yes' signals that apply specifically to the non-specialized bar. Most are *non-intentional*, being an outward reflection of an individual's sex self-image. But their message can be clearly read by

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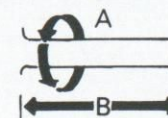
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discerning others. Whether he's aware of it, they tell how *urgent* sex is to him . . . whether he's *aggressive* or *passive* . . . and how he prefers to be *approached*.

Knowing this can save yourself many turndowns and prevent enlargement of your hangup, while increasing self-security. This is not necessarily to say that this sex 'semaphore' is infallible. But if you will give the system a try you may find yourself scoring more often, more quickly, enjoying your encounter much more since time is saved in getting to know what your partner wants and perhaps even how he will react. In all fairness, many gay guys in such large cities as New York have been putting the signals to work purposely for some time. Because we believe a review of such giveaway signals will help make psyching-up easier when one approaches an attractive guy who's just arrived at the bar, we should like to make a brief mention of them here.

COLOR SIGNALS

Granted, when dressing in casual clothes most of us prefer to wear the most faded denims. So call them 'pastel blue'. Other than to show off an underwearless full basket to best advantage, 'pastel', with regard to jeans, has no other meaning here. But other pastels worn with the jeans give a better clue to the sex *lengths* to which the wearer will go.

For example, if his open shirt is also a *single* pastel (pink, yellow, green or other pastel), it will usually indicate that his sexual outreach is also casual. His pastel basketry will have told what he has to offer down below . . . but the pastel-everything-else says that he's not expecting the wild, and that although he knows the score—every half-, quarter-, and eighth-note, and his technique is wholly adequate for any demand/response—he's not questing for the very far-out . . . more than likely he's a body-lover with a good body (though definitely not a Mr. America type), who's just as nice and beautiful and enjoyable in bed as his bar image suggests. He may not be the most sophisticated guy you'll ever meet, but don't make the mistake of thinking him naive!

His counterpart will be less casually dressed. Here you get the expensively tailored business suit, the white or pastel shirt, and the muted tie. The elegance of simplicity and vice versa. Check his build . . . you'll see that under that Pierre Cardin jacket he has muscular shoulders, and that the more you study him the more all-of-a-piece he is. Don't make the mistake of thinking that because he is the

epitome of elegant conservatism that his bed manners are stilted, stuffy, just suck/fuck, or that he is "just another dumb number." He just isn't the kind to mount great sex campaigns . . . he enjoys it, will make you enjoy him, and you'll revel in a perfect encounter.

Then there is the guy who's invariably casually dressed—ruggedly casual, is a better description. He likes to wear bold colors, either a single bold color (if he's ruggedly handsome you'll usually find that he favors the one-color idea because it provides a 'frame' and background for his rugged looks), or, if he's just rugged without being exceptionally handsome, a combination of bold colors (red and orange, for example). What his color(s) code is meant to say is that he has an insatiable sex drive and can take you by storm. Just give him time to quash his cigarette in the ashtray and you're both headed for bed and the *Star Wars* album!

Gay psychologists who relate colors to sex symbols say that the man who consistently wears clothes (however well tailored) of earth colors will make a loyal friend, but is not given to any earthshaking sex maneuvers. So if you'd like to have a good friend in your local bar . . . one to whom you can always turn when you feel insecure (or have been turned down), and thus bolster your self-image with some frank talk, this is your kind of guy.

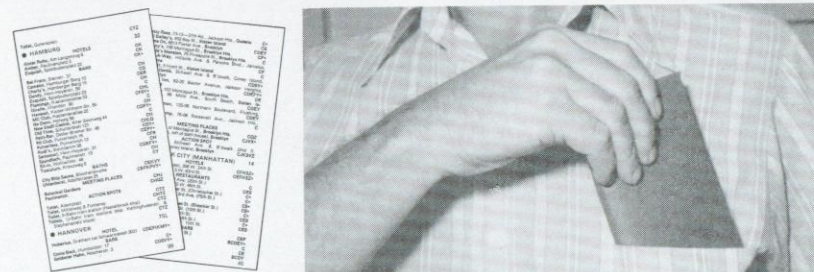
A final observation about color as a sex symbol. The same gay psychologists say that the man who favors pinstripes is too precise to be great sex. The reason: Although your conversation may touch all the bases of sex, business will be uppermost in his thoughts. So if you want a calculator for a lay, press on. Sex is such a wonderful invention it does seem a shame to waste it on the goal-oriented. Even though you put the act together, somehow you'll still feel a little cheated . . . there's a *lack*.

BAR APPROACHES

"Got a light?" "Do you have the time?" and "Hot (or cold), isn't it?" Practice saying "Never . . . never . . . never!" to these cliché gambits. True, when one is simply overcome by a number who's just walked to a barstool—the blood rushing to the head and drowning out any other opening line—take a solemn vow that even if you're at the point of swooning, as you clutch at a last straw, you won't open with a bid like one of those. "Got a light?" may not smoke (something that could have been easily determined beforehand), and thus your conversation is at a

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dead stop. "Have the time?" may have left his watch at home ... besides, every bar, by law, must have a visible clock. "Hot, isn't it?" is really cold potatoes.

The best approach is to *be yourself* and ask something, or observe something, that appeals/relates to you. And always be *casual*, don't let your voice suggest 'do or die'. For example, in approaching the 'pastel' trick, give him a little time to get settled on his barstool and take a sip of his drink before you move casually next to him. Rather than immediately shatter his thoughts, have a sip of your own drink ... or light up. And then, as if it were the most interesting thought that had occurred to you all day, turn, smile and say, "It's nice to see a new face in our bar. May I say 'hello' and welcome you? I'm John Doe." Well, nothing earthshaking about that. Nothing to stumble about on, either. But in that not-too-long, not-too-brief remark you've done a lot of things. You've expressed interest in a newcomer ... you've shown that you have casual good manners ... you've extended cordiality and welcome ... you've made him feel at home ... you've told him who you are and made it absolutely imperative that he give you his name in return.

Even if he's not instantly taken with you he will surely appreciate your effort (although you won't have made it seem an effort). In some way he must respond ... and when he does, you can take it from there. Perhaps best of all you've put him at ease by being unstuffy and beautifully casual. If our 'signals' bear fruit (as we believe they will) your conversation can grow more personal and you'll quickly know much about each other. The tip is: Don't make an initial short, choppy, questioning approach ... have lip-ready a complete sentence or two ... always with an *impersonal* question in the middle of it—something that doesn't pin him down and therefore causes *resistance* rather than *response*. Work up several of these statement-question-statement openings. Then practice repeating them before a mirror. See how casual/friendly you can make them sound. Turn your head in different directions. Smile. And get your eyes into the act. Look directly at him when you ask the question part, otherwise you're only 'parroting' and he'll quickly surmise that you're doing it by rote. What is important is that you think up sentences/phrases that make you feel good to speak them. If you can please yourself, you can please him. Feel comfortable *about* and *with* what you say.

Approaches need not be specifically

'tailored' for different types of individuals. What is gained by practicing the same lines in different ways is that you get used to different *inflection*. Or speak them a little more forcefully (less casually) to Orange-and-Red than you would to Pastel.

When you become expert in making points with opening gambits you'll take pleasure in minting a new phrase for everyone you approach. They will then not necessarily need to be 'formulated', as the example just given. You'll have become adept at *reading* an unfamiliar person, and have developed such expertise/flow with words that you can 'tailor' an opening on the spot. (You may also become so expert that you'll never use the same opening twice.) This has the effect of causing you to first compete with *yourself* before flinging down the gauntlet to the other. In turn, your personal 'victories' give you the greatest measure of confidence that you can handle any situation. And with that confidence, you sense that every trick you land is a 'honing' experience.

You'll reach the point where only a few well-chosen words can get the encounter going. Who can forget Carrie Fishier's opening gambit to Warren Beatty in *Shampoo*? "Wanna fuck?" If it got Warren B. instantly in the sack, a short blast will work just as well for you.

The gay bar approach is so different from what it was only five years ago. Then, any approach required such personal psyching-up and so much almost 'static pantomime' (if you'll excuse a small invention), it seemed as if two characters were performing a ritualistic Japanese Noh play. Slow, measured ... the meeting of eyes/the brief look away/the return. The slight lift of eyebrows ("Is he really asking me?"); the gentle flutter downward of lashes ("Oh, surely he's not saying no!"). What anguish! Each reluctant to make the first move lest everyone in the barroom be witness to *rejection*. Now it's his turn ... he moves to another location just a bit closer to you and from which he can look at you more directly/then gazingly ... then gazingly/then directly. You move closer ... but not too close, of course, lest you scare him away. It was like moving to the music of one of those awful scores Martha Graham used to have commissioned. Somehow ... seemingly centuries later ... you got together. One hopes the moment of truth in bed was worth all this shit. Mercifully only the barest few do it this way anymore. Of course, at that slow tempo, with endless fermatas, if anyone could chalk up a trick more than once a month it would

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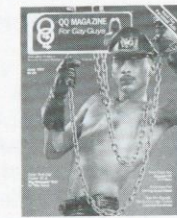
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be a miracle. The suspense was just unbearable!

Bar cruising should never be less than a fascinating game—but games are played fast today because the stakes are high . . . there are just too many panting others out there waiting to fuck. The best advice we can leave with you—repeating what we noted earlier: practice, practice, *practice*. Don't wait until you have him right there and can't get the words out of your mouth. Also, if you come to the bar to cruise, then cruise . . . forget about socializing. If you come to socialize, don't kibbitz someone who is trying to score. The two don't mix. Sex is fun, but it's also a serious business. Keep your priorities in mind and don't deviate for a moment. You can't fail.

• • •

THE MACHO KISS (Continued from page 14)

is in his mouth, vary the strokes. Don't just insert the tongue and go wiggle-waggle up and down. Devise a pattern of variations. Flatten the tongue like broadsword; roll it into a 'spear'. Attack in various ways.

5. In addition to all the usual methods of mouth cleansing, try this very effective trick recently recommended by dentists. Get a *soft-bristle nylon toothbrush* (not hard, and not natural bristles). Moisten it. Now with the brush at an always bristles-pointing-downward position, begin above the gum-line and bring the brush straight downward to the end of the teeth. *Don't* brush back upward, else you'll carry the dislodged particles back where they were. Rinse after each stroke. Make four or five downward strokes in each area before proceeding to the adjacent area. Now reverse the position of the brush and stroke upward when you begin cleaning the lower teeth. The soft nylon is thus able to penetrate to the fullest the crevices between the teeth and flush out all sediment. You'll be surprised to discover bits of Sunday's roast beef on 'Friday's' brushing! You'll almost certainly detect the odor of putrefied food—a principal cause of mouth odor. The nylon brush will have dislodged it. Check your brush and see. And work back as far as your wisdom teeth. Effluvia has a way of finding a home there. More bad breath.

Now when you begin working on the teeth from the inner surfaces use the same straight-downward motion. This may require some modification, depending on the structure of the teeth, but try, as far as possible,

to brush straight downward. In this way you'll get the crevices in the same way from both sides.

Afterward, use your harder-bristle brush with toothpaste or salt and brush in your usual way. Finish off with a thorough swashing of the mouth with something pleasant, or use just warm salt water. This takes time, but such preparation will give you kissing confidence . . . and your odor-free mouth will certainly be appreciated by your deep-throating partner who will respond all the more ecstatically to your kissing technique.

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SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY

(Continued from page 19)

put them in plastic garbage bags." And at another time, noting that a trick was coming by, he said he'd have to stop at the supermarket and get a supply of garbage bags. When a friend asked why, he said, "Because I'm going to kill someone."

Throughout all this one notes his passion to be *recognized* as someone special. Recognition—or high visibility—was the goal. Thus it was not surprising that when Bateson heard of the Hudson River cadavers he began to boast of the killings: to spill his guts . . . first to a prison inmate, then to an acquaintance. When Bateson was brought into court for sentencing,

the judge didn't stop with a parolable sentence . . . he threw the book at Bateson—literally—the 'Doomsday Book' of a life sentence, assuring that this man will no longer be a menace to society.

In the wake of all this, others have since recalled that one of Bateson's kinky tricks was to call an acquaintance on the phone as he was dispatching another victim, so what the auditor heard in the background were the bloodcurdling screams of the tortured man (a puzzle to friends then, a shuddery realization now). A straitjacket was found among Bateson's effects (probably obtained from the New York Medical Center when he worked there) leads one to believe that his m.o. was to first 'S&M' his victim into the charade of bondage/discipline, then, once trussed up, surprising him with a stake driven through his beating heart—Lugosi-style.

Many psychologists claim that any gay guy who's heavily into S&M is already carrying on a flirtation with death, and in this context Bateson could conceivably have been acting out a self-fulfilling prophecy. But the fact of so many 'domino bodies' popping up quickly/regularly after the trial supports the belief that here was a classic example of the 'domino doom'. It's the unexpectedness of what occurred after the trial that clinches the argument as far as we're concerned.

Of course, we by no means condone Bateson's crime(s) (we're even unable to understand it in greater part), and we feel safer that he cannot menace anyone anymore. But in a day when for all our militant victories we gays are still not accepted, or are only conditionally accepted, a lesson can be learned from this example . . . that *high visibility* for gays can be a pretty risky, 'cliffhanging' thing. Such bravado can lead one into paths of action that can keep the rest of us chained to the treadmill of pariahdom still longer. This is almost clinically illustrated in a column by William F. Buckley in the *New York Post*. The heading of his piece is

THE GAYS WHO GIVE GAYS A BAD NAME

Buckley takes as his tack the now-defeated Briggs Amendment (California) . . . that "aggressive gays are out for something much more than a mere respect for adult homosexual privacy. This is made clear in a publication called *Gala*, excerpts from which have been distributed by Anita Bryant's organization. What you have in that magazine is, so to speak, a *reprimand* by the militants of what one might call *straight gays*."

An organization Buckley refers to is the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights (New York City). What this organization appears headed for is something to bring the gayest gay up short. Listen to some of the quotations from the *Gala* piece. (The Spokesperson of the organization is speaking . . . apparently he wishes to remain unidentified/unnamed, as well he might).

"It is essential that the gay liberation movement as a whole recognize and fight for the rights of children to control their own bodies, free from the antisexual restraints now imposed upon them by adults and by the institutions adults control—religion, the state, the legal profession, the schools, and the family."

Hear another: "The ultimate goal of the gay liberation movement is freedom of sexual expression for young people and children."

Still another: "We gain nothing from limiting our defense of homosexual love to consensual sex between adults. It is absurd to *charge gay men who share their sexuality with boys as 'child molesters'*. Those of us who are struggling for gay rights are, moreover, hypocritical if we limit our demands to the protection of consenting adults."

From the foregoing it may appear to straights (and God knows, gays!) who read this organization's manifesto that gay liberation movements have, until now, been pretty much Tame Tabby . . . and that it will not be satisfied until every tot in the U.S. of A. is 'unionized' (presumably have been fucked as an 'entrance examination'), and pedophilia sanctioned . . . 'a house of boys' in every town.

Can we gay guys who've always regarded pre-pubertals as wonders of the Age of Innocence—and who would shudder at the thought of initiating a boy-child into gay sex—condone such gay radichic? These people are not necessarily the flakies. It may be that long years of straight rebuffs have so hardened them that they see pedophilia as a life-evolving, normal sexual state. But they'll have to cope with that 90% of the population that's straight . . . and more than that percentage of gays who respect children. Hard times ahead for all of us if this movement gets up steam. It'll make it hard for everyone . . . we'll once again be on the straight shitlist. But then, as the movement grows, it may fall victim to its own high-visibility level. Then it too may have a 'domino destiny'. By that time we'll be back in the closet.

OTHER VISIBILITY LEVELS

So often our gay gains lead some
September/October 1979

into the assumption that the widening cloak of civil rights gives us *carte blanche* to operate as we please . . . in effect, to switch off tired old yesterday and switch on exciting new tomorrow. We're pleased that we have reached a higher visibility level . . . proudly we operate gay stores, we're the movers and shakers of the disco scene, television is crying for gay sitcoms . . . we're getting a big piece of the action.



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But that high visibility level can slice like a boomerang. An example: do you remember when our 'low visibility level' allowed us to make it with others in college johns? Then gay people were either not really noticed, or were not recognized as being any different. We kept a low profile and sucked/fucked merrily away without any hassle from college authorities. Now, how the picture has changed! If you want to pee, get the key to the john from a proctor or monitor. The john door will be locked, or so foot-patrolled that nothing in the way of gay action can take place. Moreover, you just may find you're ushered out to a waiting patrol car. Why? Because the action is now visible to the average person on campus; *we have educated them well in the past years*

by telling all in the straight press, and on TV. True, entrapment is not the bogey it once was . . . the law in most big cities rules that out. But that doesn't mean that the fuzz doesn't know the situation . . . that they don't know where we are. They know, and the higher visibility level we seek, the more easily they can pick us off. Add gay bars to that list; add gay baths . . . gay venues, period.

Perhaps the only field where, professionally, we of very high-visibility level have free run is the entertainment industry. But that's because, in a sense, we're still thought of clowns or stereotypes. Of course, clowns are loved by everyone . . . but do they 'know their place'? Our closing illustration may show that straights still can't resist an opportunity to put us down. But the Catch 22 of it is that in this instance it was straights who forced their own destiny. A fitting reward.

THE VILLAGE PEOPLE

There's a group of six macho gays . . . the biggest draw in showbiz. They dress variously as a cowboy, an Indian, a hard-hat type, cop, biker and until recently, a sailor. Perhaps the sailor bit is off limits now. You may know them as the Village People. They came into profile—and high visibility—with the release of their greatest hit, "In the Navy." The song has a special meaning for gays, as does the Village People's other big hit, "YMCA." Disco-orientated, the songs have a minimum of words (but telling ones!) and an insistent disco beat, YMCAs across the land didn't much care for the words to 'their' song. Life in the Y is gay enough without stirring up the mix even more. They felt the Village People were coming on too strong.

The Navy didn't (at first). They loved 'their song'. Everything was going great . . . the Village People were going to spark a huge recruitment program for the Navy. Personal appearances were certain to gather new recruits. Then someone told the Navy brass that (a) the Village People were gay . . . and (b) that "In the Navy" is a gay song. How could it be? Why, there were such 'recruiting' lines as "Where can you find pleasure, search the world for treasure, learn science technology?" Nothing gay about that. But it was "They want you, they want you, they want you, they want you as the new recruit," sung to a masturbational beat that did it. The Navy instantly cancelled the VP who, alone, could have Pied-Pipered a full recruitment quota! So the Navy cut off its nose to spite its face . . . the recruitment program limps along with few takers . . . a

perfect example of a high visibility level having an opposite effect.

It's sad, and somewhat atavistic, to say that as we near the twenty-first century we may be wiser to maintain just a little lower profile. Because as of now, the more visible we are, the more resented we are by straights, and thus more vulnerable. Some of us, of course, plunge ahead willy-nilly—particularly the militant gay groups—only to be downed in our own self-fulfilling prophecy. Wiser others will use more restraint. It may take a little longer to win on all fronts, but surely it's worth it.

• • •

HIGHEST BIDDER (Continued from page 26)

"It's all too dear for me." His eyes wandered over Ben and he felt a tremble of warmth. *Maybe* . . . "You're staying in town?" the kid said.

"For a day or two," Ben lied. "Wanted to buy some property on the lake."

Christian's eyes flicked open. "You do? You've seen the old Pottinger place? It's the best round here—and it's for sale."

"Well—no, I haven't. How do I get there?"

The boy opened the door of the Chevy. "This yours? I'll show you."

Ben hesitated. The kid was too pushy; too *eager*! Maybe the local hood out for a quick wallet-roll. He shrugged. "Okay."

They spun down the main street (such as it was) and out under the pines at the end and along the lake road. "Ben Grantly," Ben said, hold out his hand.

The boy, studying the painting, said briefly, "I'm Christian. You must have really wanted this picture."

Ben glanced across. The kid could have been looking in a mirror. "It suddenly became very precious to me," Ben said softly.

Christian looked up, his face abruptly aged beyond his years; a pain, a kind of —sorrow! "Why?" he said. Knowing.

To lie would have been obscene; the spoiling of something suddenly beautiful. "Because it reminded me of you," Ben said simply.

The pain again. A tragic sadness that stained the boy's face with an inner sorrow. "Turn left here," Christian said abruptly.

Ben turned. The road became a sandy track beneath fir and pine, the lake a blue mist behind it. Christian jerked his thumb. "All this is the Pottinger place. The house is set well

back and you'd have to get permission, but we can see it from the road."

Ben pulled the car to the side and looked up the long drive. Certainly a beautiful house. Manicured lawns, white pillars, the works! He whistled. "Must be worth a small fortune. How come there's no 'For Sale' sign?"

Christian's eyes were hidden. "It's just come on the market. I know the—ah—gardner there, that's how I'm sure." He glanced at Ben and there was something in his eyes. "You—you like a swim?"

Jesus! The kid was gay after all! "I've no suit," Ben smiled.

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The kid smiled back. Hesitantly. Then boldly. "So what? Further on there's a little bay and an island . . . no one can see you."

Ben rammed in gears, made it in ten minutes flat. Cut the motor and got out, stretching. So beautiful a place. A sheltered bay, rocks, sandy beach, pines right to the edge.

"Up here," Christian said, looking back. "Under the pines."

Ben followed. It was cool and dim, shadowy. He peeled his shirt, aware Christian was watching him. Slipped off shoes, socks. "Aren't you going in?" Ben asked.

Christian glanced back at the car. "Ah—sure!" He undid his belt.

Slowly. Pushed down cut-off jeans. Slowly. And Ben knew his cock was already pouting and up with expectation. Christian had on black briefs, see-throughs, and *Jesus!* What a bulging swell nestling in there! Yet—no move so far? No hints—nothing! Either the most bashful stud ever—or a real cock-tease.

Ben pushed down his pants, stepped out of them. Christ, his cock was up and leaping, pick-handle stiff and just as thick. He watched Christian's eyes, his own feasting on those round suckable buns in their black mesh. *Shit!* If the kid didn't take 'em off soon, he'd rip 'em off.

His own rigid whang stuck out of his briefs and—to hell with it! He shoved them down, heard the gasp of amazement when Christian saw its drooling hugeness. *Jesus*, but he was hard! He turned, facing Christian, let his hand linger over his cock, playing, snugging back the rolling rubbery foreskin over his swollen fuck-head, the corona ridged-up and bursting with love-blood. "you—ah—want to swim, Christian?"

The kid couldn't take his eyes off it. His chest was heaving, eyes wide and staring. "Well, sure! Why else did we come?"

His hands came down, nicked into his briefs, pushing, slowly, his ass-cheeks peeping out, his pubic hairs brown and bushy, a froth of hairy gold on his gut; slowly, slowly.

Ben's heart was in his throat, hardly able to believe the kid was there, in front of him, tit-naked and . . . The briefs went further, the butt revealed, thick and blue veined. And . . . *there it was!* *Jesus*, how beautiful! A magnificent cock, arching out proudly over thick dangling hairies that bulged with unshed fuck-juice. And even as he watched, Ben saw the kid's cock flick up gently, totally out of control, a silver spiral of love-spit hanging from the massive rosy tip. He stepped forward until he was almost touching the kid, his voice hoarse, rasping. "Christie—you're sure you want to swim?"

Christian closed his eyes; knew his voice was gasping. "I—I don't know what I want." He flicked open, stared at Ben, watched breathless as Ben's hand came out, finger tipped into the eye of Christian's dripping tool.

Ben lifted the fingers to his lips, staring at Christian, sucked and licked the love-juice as he held the kid's eyes.

He'd have to go carefully. Something about the kid. Inexperienced? Not yet sure? Something! Ben locked his hands behind his back, knelt, looked up at Christian, then slowly, slowly brought his lips close to that

throbbing pink fuck-head. His tongue crept out, spiralled into the love-hole, dipped and licked round the flaring crown as the kid arched suddenly and gasped, not jerking back. Ben kissed lips to the crown, slipped them over, gently, further, the knob sliding in, down to the corona . . . ohh . . . the complete pulsing boy-head in his mouth. *Man, Man!* The kid's rosy tool shooting throbbing spunk in his mouth . . .

Ben sucked; slipped right to the butt, drew up sucking, and the kid suddenly jerked back, wrenching away.

"No!" Christian gasped. "It's—not what I want." He ran quickly down the sand, splashed into the water, swam strongly to the little island and Ben followed. They lay on the hot sand, panting, and after awhile Ben said, "I don't understand . . ."

Christian rolled suddenly on his belly, face pillowed in his arms. "I don't understand *myself*," he whispered.

God, but he was beautiful! The sand made crystal dust on the golden globes of his incredible ass, and the sun caught the hair nestling in his crack and fired it with light. Ben couldn't help it. His hand reached out, touched Christie's cheeks, fondling, and Christie arched against the seeking fingers, moaning.

"Is there—something else you want?" Ben whispered, breath catching, watching the boy's golden body writhing under his touch.

Abruptly Christie rose, took Ben's hand and led him to the pines that grew thick on the little island. "In here," he whispered.

Ben knew the kid was crying, face ripped with anguish as he knelt on the soft pine-needle earth. "You don't have to," Ben whispered.

He stood, Christie kneeling before him, gasping, and the kid's hands crept up Ben's thighs, massaging, trembling through the hair that curled wetly there; fondling the heavy balls, and—Ben's back arched, breath gasping. The kid's mouth, hot, hot as fire, hot and sucking; a feverish frantic burst of suction from those sensuous lips. Sucking. Sucking his tool, his fuck weapon as he gasped and arched into the hot mouth devouring him.

Ben dropped abruptly to his knees, straddled the boy, mouth gaping for the kid's thick springing cock; opened his legs over Christie's face and forced his raping prong into the kid's hot sucking mouth.

"Oh, Christie, Christie," Ben moaned. He grabbed the kid's legs, wrenched them under his arms tight so that delicious golden crack gaped September/October 1979

wide for his mouth. Licked and tongued the fat dangling balls, then—oh!—sucked hot and wetly into the luscious pink fuck-tube that gaped for his probing tongue.

Heard Christie groaning. Felt the rush of hot sperm, the flowing power of a glorious mutual ejaculation. Felt hot boy-sperm thudding in his throat and gulping, swallowed boy-curds as his own man-spunk jetted.

The fell back, gasping, arms entwined, the exquisite pleasure of total fulfillment. Ben could hear the soft wash of waves along the sand, the soothing of a gentle wind—and the soft breathing of the boy so near to him . . .

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When he awoke, the sun had gone and the air was cool. Christie wasn't beside him. "Christie?" Ben called.

The water seemed cooler as he swam from the island. His clothes were just where he left them. "Christie?" Ben called again.

He walked back to the car. Christie was gone . . . And so was the painting.

Polka-dots was not only the auctioneer; he was the land agent as well. "Three on Lakeshore Drive that'll interest you."

"I wondered about the Pottinger

place," Ben asked.

"The Pottinger place? No chance. They'd never sell."

"But I thought it was for sale?" Ben said.

Polka-dots, also called Charlie Fel-lowes, sucked his pencil. "Never. It's like the Gayling estate—been in the family for generations."

The cunning little bastard! Then the whole thing—*everything*—had been to get the painting? And *that's* why the anguish . . . the torment? Not *really* gay at all? Charlie was staring at him. "Something wrong?"

"I bought a painting at the auction on Saturday," Ben said. "It went much higher than you expected. You remember?"

"Do I ever! You wanted to hang it on your wall, eh?"

So! He hadn't been wrong about the phallic mike! "Someone else was bidding for it," Ben said. "You know who it was?"

Charlie looked at him shrewdly. "What's in it for me?"

God, he had to *pay* for the information? "What's your price?"

Charlie's eyes flickered over the handsome man before him. *Jeez!* Shoulders like a halfback, broad muscular tits in the summer-mesh shirt winking hairies at him. He thrust a finger in his mouth, flicked it out with a loud plopping suction. "Guess," he whispered.

Ben stared; half-smiled. "You're kidding?"

Charlie stood up, hung a 'Gone To Lunch' sign, pulled the shades, flicked open his fly and knelt, all in one movement. "Open up," he gasped, shaking with expectation.

Ben grinned, knew his cock had leapt to instant hardness at the idea of a free suck-off. "How often do you—go to Lunch?" he laughed.

Charlie was groping, eyes bulging. "Bout three times a day," he gasped. "Depends on the customer." He hauled out, stared, eyes bugging. "Jesssssss! What a bull!" His hand groped further. "Shit—swingers to match . . ." His plump body trembled with ecstasy. "Cod me full, mister. Fill me a burster, big man," he begged, cock-mouthing.

Not to worry! Cranfield never had a better Suck Agent. He whipped out his false teeth, gummed Ben's thick shaft with horny rims, biting a juicy suck-pressure that had Ben's nuts leaping. Ben threw back his head, gasping as the suction increased. *Jesus*, the guy was the Kung-Fu of all cock-suckers!

Charlie had his own meat out, flipping foreskin on a thick short shaft, moaning as he felt Ben's balls knot up, ready to spit fuck-juice into his hot mouth. He wrenched the tool

from his hot lips, masturbating it frantically. "Come on, man. Give, give, give! Give Charlie boy a juicy mouth-filler of hot spurties."

He suctioned again, suddenly rammed a thick finger up Ben's hairy hole. "Christ," Ben gasped. His balls convulsed, gushing and spurting into Charlie's hot sucker as the agent gummed and massaged the thick leathery tool gouging his mouth.

Heard Charlie gasping in ecstasy, knew the guy was shooting his own steamy jerk-juice onto the bare boards. "Jeez," Charlie gasped, "you wanna drown a guy?"

Ben's chest heaved. "Sorry. Guess it's just your funny way of suckin'," he grinned. "Now," he said, zipping, "the information."

Charlie stood. God, he should have demanded an ass-job as well. "You already know," he said. "Go out to the Pottinger place. You'll find all you want to know out there."

The Pottinger place!

So *that's* how the kid knew about the cover—and how he could sneak away so easy. The gardener! Probably *was* the gardener. Or maybe the gardener's son? He'd murder the little bastard when he caught him.

The drive was lined with spruce. Neat. Tidy. Lawns manicured. White marble birdbath spouting a phallic stream. At least the kid was a good *gardener*!

Ben parked in the curving gravel drive, walked up broad steps, rang a bell under the white portico. So! The mysterious bidder at the auction was almost within his grasp—the little bastard!

A faint rattle of the handle and the door swung open . . .

"Good afternoon," Ben said, "I'm . . ."

Oh, *shit*!

Bun-Bun! The rabbit-toothed bitch who'd *opened* the bidding! Oh, Charlie! Her face froze when she saw him. Lips tight. Frigid. "Well?"

Ben stammered. "I—I . . ." Mrs. Pottinger? Miss Pottinger, more likely. Who'd marry that bag? The spinster sister inheriting this lovely estate. "I've heard your gardener was looking for somewhere less—er—less to manage and thought he might be interested in my place."

Her face showed amazement. "Really? It's the first I've heard of it. However, if you wish to see him, you may do so. Down there," she indicated imperiously. "In that cottage."

Breathing relief, Ben turned, walked down the brick pathway as she stared after him.

He passed the greenhouses, the potting sheds. A real businessman, this gardener. Make a fortune with cut flowers to the city. Knocked on the

door. No answer. In spite of himself, Ben felt his pulse hammering again. To see him, *touch* him . . . The door was ajar. Walked in. No one about. From the back, the sound of a shower rattling on iron. Walked down. He'd surprise the little bastard; scare the shit out of him and them . . .

The room was tiny; a heap of soil-stained clothes on the floor, the figure of a man behind the plastic curtain, showering. Ben grinned. At last!

He squatted on the floor. Waited. Watched the figure soaping, touching. Saw the hand move, the jerking begin; felt erotic excitement rise as the figure played with himself in the warm shower, legs spread wide, gut hunched out and hand meat-beating frantically. Smiling, Ben slipped out his own cock, worked up a juicy hard, walked across and flicked open the curtain. The guy gaped in amazement, his stiff cock soap-lathered, his dangling balls curd-covered with snowflakes. He stared down at Ben's rampant cock, gasped at the nuggety balls dangling in their black forest of curls.

"Shit!" Ben gasped.

It wasn't Christian.

The initial shock faded.

Both stared—at each other's cock. "Well—" the guy mumbled. "Well—get in, fuck you."

Ben stripped. Crazy! They weren't even introduced. "Ben," he gasped, as the guy grabbed him, gut-rubbing.

"Curly," the other guy mouthed. He could *believe* it! Curly's butt was covered with a dense but fine forest of curling brownies. Man—how they'd swirl round his asshole, his balls—when he could get down there to check.

"You fuck?" Curly gasped.

Ben swallowed. "Yeah. You?"

"Yeah. Me first," Curly said. He bent forward, ass-lathered, bunched up like full moons, hairy crack—*darling* hairy crack all clean and suck-lovely. He put his hands on the shower wall, arched over and up to Ben, and Ben leant forward, licked into hot crack, sucked thirsty mouth into black-fringed hole, tonguing its fresh, manly sweetness, as Curly moaned, arched ass-back into him.

"Your *cock*, man. That thick ass-splitter. Up me, you bastard. Fuck my ass with your bum-splitter."

Ben lathered his pole, aimed, felt his pearly tip nestle in between the hairies, pressed, heard the guy gasp, arch up as it penetrated, heard him groan as the shaft sank deep . . . deeper . . .

"Oh Christ, man," Curly moaned. "You wanna split me?" He thrust back on the spike, sitting on it, ramming it into himself. "Take it out, take it out, bastard-fucker," he

moaned, ramming onto it. "Take it out of my roaring hot asshole."

Ben felt hot ass-suction round his cock; felt the tube caressing his prong, butt-gripping with an anal snap. Felt it sperm-milking, sucking down his ram-juice; new he couldn't hold back, couldn't . . . couldn't hold . . . Heard the guy screaming as fuck-fluid spurted . . . writhing and moaning against the burning spray spurted into him. "Fuck me, Benny. Fuck . . . fuck . . . *fuckk mee* . . ."

Curly whipped round. Before Ben could object, he was head-down, ass-up, a thick hand lathering his pearlies, cheeks pulled wide. And into him. Thick and swift. Ben gasped as the shaft penetrated, driving in, bugging his asshole as he groaned and twitched in the shower. Over in seconds. The hot sperms whanging into him as the guy bucked, heavy nuts swinging ball-wreckers against his pearly buttock-cheeks.

"Shit," Curly gasped, open mouth, still thrusting. "Oh shit!"

They lathered and washed each other, milking cocks of last sperm jewels, tonguing nipples and finger-exploring into rape-ravaged assholes. "You sure are some fuck, Benny," Curly said, mouthing him. He squatted, gaped open for a mouthful of hairy scrotum, ball-filled and heavy. He rose, letting his tongue lick all the way up till it found Ben's mouth again. "By the way, did ya want somethin'?"

"You know a kid about twenty-three? Gold hair, ass like—like yours. Blue eyes. Slim and bum-lovely?"

Curly nodded. "Why?" You want to get in his pants? No chance! I tried for months. Can't even get my mouth on his cock?"

"Who is he?" Ben said, drying himself.

Curly's face changed. "Why so interested? What's the kid done?"

"He stole somethin'," Ben said, dressing. "And I aim to get it back."

Curly staired his disbelief. "Stole? Can't be this kid. He didn't never steal nothing in his whole life." A faint change came over his face. "You from the police or somethin'?"

Ben laughed. "You *have* to be kidding! Where can I find him?"

Curly's face was studiously blank. "Search me. Never heard tell of no kid like that round here."

He walked up the brick path.

That Curly! *Wow*! Kissed Ben's ass and jerked off again—five minutes after they were dressed!

She was waiting for him, sharp gimlet eyes peering from behind lace as he walked to his car. The door opened. "Er—Mr.—what was your name?" she called.

"Grantly," Ben said. Nosey old bag. He paused, waiting. She probably wanted a bit of the gardener's mallet herself.

"Your *husband*!" Ben's eyes did a bug-out, mouth open enough to blow a rhino's horn. The spurdy one. "Curly?"

Bun-Bun sniffed. "Some do call him that. His given name is Richard." Dick! It figures. Dickie-Dickie with the big fat prickie-prickie. Lord of the manor who liked gardening.

"Mrs. Pottinger, I really . . ."

"Mrs. Stokes, if you *don't* mind!" she corrected. She glanced back at the cottage. "I think as how you'd better come in and tell me what's going on."

Ben hesitated; walked up the broad steps; entered a wide panelled hallway. Crystal chandelier above, wall portraits, and —*his* painting! There! Where everyone could see. Bold as brass.

He wrenched his eyes away from it. "I owe you an apology," Ben said. "Your husband was not the man I thought he was (God, the understatement of the year!) and I've no reason to . . ."

"You mean he isn't leaving this job for another?" Bun-Bun asked.

"No, he's . . ."

There was a movement on the curving stairway above. "Mrs. Stokes, what's the . . ."

They stared at each other.

"It's all right, Mr. Christian, sir. This gentleman was just leaving." Bun-Bun said. "Don't say nothing to Mr. Pottinger," she whispered harshly. "We could lose our jobs, Dickie and me."

Mr. Pottinger!

He hardly heard her; had eyes only for Christian, staring down with the same pain and anguish he'd first seen in those magnificent eyes.

"I'd like to speak to—to Mr. Pottinger," Ben said at the door.

Bun-Bun's rabbit-teeth nibbled, then she turned and ushered him back through the hall into the drawing room. Christian had disappeared and Bun-Bun did too. What a magnificent room. The walls flanked with bookshelves, wide French windows looking out over perfect lawns (Curly's able hands?), a thick Aubusson rug on the polished floor. Ben took down a volume—"Byron: Collected Works"—the same edition as the Gayling house in Cranfield. Opened it. The flyleaf. "To my dear friend, C., from A.G. with all my love."

And the date? 1893.

Ben stared at it.

Knew his finger was touching the secret truth of something long gone; the lavender-gentle breath of a love

(Continued on page 52)

COMPUTERIZED PERSONAL ADS LIST NO. 27

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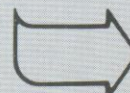
NEW YORK CITY, young 40's, brown hair, blue eyes, 170, 6', well-endowed looking for young hairy guy, good body, well-endowed. No fats. Puerto Ricans & Blacks o.k. H-1

STOP BY on your way through. Write and let me know when you're coming. Holmes F. Gibson, 146 E. Maple St., York, Pa. 17403.

LONESOME?

Let us put you in touch with guys you want to meet! All types! Nationwide! Free information. Friends Unlimited, Box 9729 (MM1), N. Hollywood, Cal. 91609.

7 MORE PAGES OF
PERSONAL ADS FOLLOW



MIAMI: Attractive young 50's, gay transvestite, big tits, well hung. Loves to French, also enjoy T.L.C., Greek. Travels north every summer, would like to visit, has cozy love-nest to entertain visitors or natives. Call (305) 324-9688 or write P.O. Box 015693, Miami, FL 33101.

I AM HOT and horny for top stud with large endowment. I have small buns for a lot of serious action. Enjoy horny, hairy, affectionate guys White & Black. I'm 5'8", 140 lbs. D.C. Dank 72-552 Willow St., Apt. 3, Palm Desert, CA 92260 (714) 346-5359.

WHITE MALE would like to meet cut white male 7" or more for sex in L.I. or N.Y. 43 yrs., masculine. Live alone. Have home 6', 180 lbs., br. hair, hazel eyes. Not into S&M or W/S. Want young man. **M-86**

ORANGE COUNTY, CAL. Horny w/m, 45, 5'10", 145, mustache, goatee, mutual Fr. & Gr., no fats, S/M or drugs. Visitors welcome. To 50, call or write Tony de Sousa, 455 Bolero Way, Newport Beach, Calif. 92663. Tel. (714) 646-2740.

HUSKY BOSTON-AREA non-smoker seeks same, 30-45, masculine, for serious, affectionate relationship. Share interests in bodybuilding, jogging, travel, classical music, human liberation. No S&M. **N-3**

CHICAGO BUTCH ex-Marine, 38, blue eyes, brown hair, 6', 189 lbs., wants to share "wild" collection of photos and movies with slim white guys under age of 29. **Z-1**

SO. CALIF. COAST, Santa Barbara to Oxnard, traveled by horny salesman 6'1", 180 lbs., 40's. Like music, art, studs between 30 and 60. Am into whatever turns YOU on. **B-29**

FLORIDA—CUM in the sun! Sexy blond to get it on with young guys. I'm 6', 150, smooth, 20's. Taylor, Box 013141, Miami Fla. 33101. Tel. in A.M.—(305) 358-1722.

N.Y.C. SUBURBS: 50, 6', 195 lbs., trim beard, uncut, big balls, mutual genital torture. **M-80**

ST. LOUIS. 42, 5'11, 175, like the outdoors. Would like to write to gay men. I am honest & sincere, clean-cut, will answer all. Write to F. Duren, 1408-A Penrose St., St. Louis, MO 63107.

N.Y. Hot young stud, 31, white, masculine, hung & active, sincere. Into sex, levis, travel, sports, films. Race unimportant. Age to 50. I'm hot & horny Gr. active, versatile at times. Let's hear from young hot males. Phone, photo appreciated. **G-38**

EASY-GOING, affectionate Airman, 49, national/international routes, seeks contacts to make layovers less lonely. Prefer mature, sensual guys who like quiet evenings at home: drinks, dinner—then the main event! **A-27**

VANCOUVER, B.C. Non-smoking W/M, 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., uncut, looking for hung, hairy, humpy dudes with good bodies and together souls who enjoy classical music, opera, theater, good food, and quiet times with A/P Fr/Gr action. Photo/phone appreciated. Box 4343, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3Z7.

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

TORONTO white male 26, 6'1", 190 lbs., enjoys Northern Ontario. Can travel. Interested in young guys 18-25. Let's get together for some drinks and fun. Photo please. **H-10**

ROOMMATE WANTED. GWM, share expenses, interested in sex, not lover. Prefer discreet masculine type 28-48 yrs. I'm early fifties, 5'8", 156 lbs. Only sincere guys need reply. Chuck, 235 S. Harrison, Apt. 214, East Orange, NJ 07018.

NYC, hung, butch, solid body, handsome, mustache, 39, wants guy with/into animals. Prefer you under 35, slightly S, hairless, not overweight, into tit play, maybe scat, pic important, will return. **D-34**

FORT LAUDERDALE retired bachelor looking for mature, agile, unattached companion and gentleman's gentleman. Interests: swimming, fishing, traveling driver. Send photo, personal details, sexual preferences, etc. **Q-2**

SEEKING LOVER. Handsome, masculine, 34 years old, w/m, 6', 185 lbs., affluent, well educated. Seeking nice looking w/c/m to 24. The right person will receive my love, affection and a life of security and luxury. Location unimportant. Photo and phone to **O-9**.

W/M, 38, 6'3", 195, masculine, hairy, discreet, act./pass. French, active Greek. Seek masculine, husky, hairy men over 40. Like sports, music, photography, other sexual interests. Travel most of U.S. on business. Photo appreciated. **M-71**

TACOMA, WASHINGTON area.Help! Need 18-22 well hung young brother, white, Latin or Black, who can use older brother with financial aid. I am GWM 40's. (206) 857-4962. Or write **F-37**

NORTHERN MICH. 27, 175 lbs., 5'11", blue/brown. Looking for gentle, masculine male 20-40 for friendship, love, relationship. Like it uncut. Box 236, Alanson, Mich. 49706.

BEVERLY HILLS, 37, important personality, good-looking, well-endowed, needs muscular bodyguard and companion over 25, excellent salary, must live-in. Fringe benefits. Send photo and resume. **D-52**

MANHATTAN MAN seeks uncut guys anywhere. Correspondence, date, possible perm. relationship. I'm 42, 5'10", 160, 8", dominant, affectionate, intelligent, upward mobile, into quiet, sophisticated lifestyle. Need sweet, submissive, affectionate, erotic romantic by my side. **B-87**

SASKATCHEWAN. Masculine W/M, 42, 5'8", 155, trim, varied interests, seeks masculine friends any race, within reasonable driving distance in Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Alberta, Montana, North Dakota. Photo appreciated. Box 894, Weyburn, Sask. S4H 2L1.

C.B. FREAK would like to know how to contact gay guys and recognize them on mobile citizen-band radio. Any good suggestions? Write me. All answered **H-31**

G/B/M—31, 5'8", 215 lbs., brown eyes, black hair (partially bald), A/P French, A-Greek. Greek person(s) in NY Metro area for good times and friendship. Must be P-Greek, or willing to learn. Permanent relationship possible. Prefer non-blacks under 25. No drugs (smoke OK-I don't), beards, S&M, B&D. Pen-pals welcome. Prefer photo with first letter. All answered. Write: Argust, P.O. Box 161, Bronx, NY 10469.

BOSTON, MASS. 29, 6'3", 160, G.B.M. seeks other young slim guys all races for j/o scenes-fun. Write Lee, P.O. Box 487 Essex Station, Boston, Mass 02110.

MICHIGAN W/M, 28, 170 lbs., is seeking young guys for companionship or just for a good time. Please send me your favorite photo and get together soon. **M-46**

SEATTLE AREA. W/M, 21, 5'11", 180. Professional, seeks meaningful friendships with upfront men 18-35. Personality plus. No fats or fems. Occupant, P.O. Box 415, Bremerton, WA 98310.

PHOTOS AVAILABLE, revealing, of creative role player ready to consider your scene or fantasy—3 for 5, SASE. Do travel. Mid-20's, 5'11", 155. Boxholder, P.O. Box 402, Lemoyne, Pa. 17043.

SANTA BARBARA/Thousand Oaks. Want only mature men over 35. Dana Pointer, P.O. Box 3882, Ventura, CA 93003.

BUTCH GOODLOOKER 23, heavy hung, muscular, 5'9", 163, digs lusty male action with same to 36? Horny stud buddies, uncut or muscular, send photo for same. Discreet. Write direct. Mark, 2000 Center St., Box 1380, Berkeley, CA 94704.

MASTER 30, slave 25. Novices seek S/M types to swap training technics by mail. Into W/S, spanking, B/D. Need to expand limits slowly to max. Will answer all serious only. **M-94**

GAY COUPLE, 29, 5'8", 160 lbs.; 39, 5'6", 135 lbs., have hungry mouths and hot buns. Seek single/couple guys for friendship. Call Al, (603) 424-3313 or write SW, Lord Cavalier Est., Merrimack, N.H. 03054.

HOUSTON: W/M, 23, 5'9", 185, brown hair and eyes, seeking sincere pen pals and friends, local or elsewhere. Please, no fems. Write Bill, P.O. Box 61293, Houston, TX 77028, or call (713) 682-2780.

WANT TO MEET young Asian 18-25. For possible long term. Photo gets mine. I am 40, 5'8", 150 lbs. Blk. hair. Asian art is my business. **K-46**

CENTRAL CONN. GWM, 5'7", 155, brown eyes/hair, clean shaven. If into fun & mutual Gr/Fr, A/P, let's get together if between 18-40. Have many gay movies. FOB, P.O. Box 3694 Central Station, Hartford Conn. 06103. Phone please (203) 246-2826.

BAKERSFIELD OR SAN LUIS OBISPO: Truckers, studs, travelers, must be under 30, clean shaven, trim, firm body. Overnight hospitality offered by discreet, versatile college type. Mark Zill, Box 1124, Bakersfield, Ca. 93302.

L.A. BLOND European nudist, 35, 6', 155 lbs., horny, versatile. Has movies and Polaroid. Seeks exhibitionistic, well-endowed men for modeling and fun. Letters with revealing photo, phone get mine first. **B-76**

ATLANTA AREA. Young white male (under 25) wanted to share home with older guy. Write Boxholder, P.O. Box 105, Decatur, Ga. 30031

40 YEAR MACHO MALE welcome others as friends and possible guests in New Orleans. (504) 833-8893, or write **E-5**.

UNLIMITED reciprocal friendship to those seeking mature sincerity and honesty. Have many cherished friendships to share with love. Married contacts especially desired. **M-9**

ORIENTALS WANTED by w/m Caucasian in 40s for penpals and friendship. Write from anywhere. Located in S.F. Detailed letters requested, photos appreciated. Prompt replies assured. **M-20**

COLORADO. White male, 56, not young, 5'6", 140, average hung. Seeks mail buddies, friendly, interesting, sincere. Greek god's body or super-dong not necessary. Any age, size, color welcome. **B-51**

CHICAGO W/M, mid-30's, 5'11", 170 lbs., masculine build, versatile. Meet same for fun and games. Travel midwestern states. No fats or fems. Frank letters with photos answered. **B-23**

NYC. Kips Bay area. Married men (bi or straight), 30 to 60 yrs., any race, for discreet, clandestine, French service by intelligent, reserved, mature, attractive Mulatto man, prof'l. **R-45**

G/W/M, 45, 6', 135 lbs. Enjoy outdoors, boating, snow-mobiling, fishing, levis, sun. Straight looking guy. Looking for same type. Race unimportant. 100 miles of Janesville, Wisc. **C-77**

UPSTATE N.Y. I'm hot for abundant meat. A/P French, A/P Greek, 30s, average wt., ht., size. Open to new innovations. Can travel. Explicit letter/photo please. **R-44**

ITALIAN-AMERICAN. W/M, 20, 6'1", slim body, brown/hazel. No gay friends. Would like penpals for friendship/love. U.S./foreign white males only from ?-40, nice looks, no fats, fems, please. All answered. John Parini, R#1, Box 97, DeSoto, Illinois 62924

MALE, 5'9", 150 LBS., brown hair, lives in S.E. Portland, Oregon, interested in meeting someone who likes bicycling, fun times. Write, let's get acquainted. **S-19**

LOS ANGELES/ORANGE COUNTY area leather/levi blond (37 yrs., 6', 158 lbs.) bottom turns onto deep ass play with large endowed studs. Take one or more at the same time, gang bangs, FF/WS, rubber/leather toys, hot wax, you name it! Letter, photo to Jerry G., 113 Orange Hill, Anaheim, Calif. 92807.

EAST BRONX BLACK, 36, 6', 175. Seeking masculine, heavy black mustache & trim beard & well hung, who enjoys hot buns & French—50. No phonies or fats. Photo must. **H-70**

SF BAY AREA/OAKLAND HILLS. Like nudity? Pornography? Skinnydipping? Let slightly soiled middle-aged man entertain you in/around secluded pool. Also enjoy theater, dance, movies, good food, good conversation and good sex. **G-21**

LONG ISLAND GWM, 32, seeks local area gays ?-40 for friendship and sex. I am Act./Fr., Pass./Gr. Tell me about yourself. Answer all. Write Dennis Monroe, Box 193, Franklin Square, N.Y. 11010.

MALE/WHITE/37, 6', 178 lbs., dirty blond, with great sense of humor, wishes to correspond and/or get together with other males. Photo appreciated. Yes, love sex, life and people interest me. I have a beautiful soul, do you? Maryland area. **A-1**

BI-FEMALE. Find sex with gays and bis most creative and unattractive—fun only. Have male friend who sometimes makes it a group situation if all agree. Consider whatever. Travel. **M-87**

YOUNG CALIFORNIA GUY, passive Greek, interested in hot J/O letters and horny photo exchanges with thick, hung studs to 40. Meeting possible. Dig guys in uniform, levis, and truckers. **H-19**

NUDE FILMS. Want to buy or rent films including Chuck Connors in nude action. Nude still pix of same acceptable. Prefer color. **L-61**

NEW YORK: European, 5'9", 155, seeks uncircumcised guys over 25. Models welcome. Details to Box 222, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

BLOND BACHELOR. Love nice, young, lean, muscular body with defined buns. If you love same send revealing photo and I'll do same. Let's get together. Northeast Illinois. **B-52**

PAINFUL to be alone. W/M, 45, 145, 5'10", waist 29, hairpiece, wants to find a fine man as a lover and pal. Whites only not over 40. Have nice hard body, soft heart. Justin Bakutis, P.O. Box 6851, Glendale, Calif. 91205.

SUBURBAN BALTIMORE. Late 40's, foxy, stocky, warm guy who likes kissing, embracing, body contact. Dislike bar scene. Like literature, arts, am French active/passive, Greek passive. Live alone. **S-8**

NYC, W/M, good proportions of body, heart. Blond, 5'6", 40's. Active/passive pleasures except rough, drugs. Love versatile guys, warm friendships, hot raunchy or gentle sex. Exchange photos, explore? **E-14**

COLUMBUS, OHIO: GWM, 48, versatile, great head, always hungry and horny. Will travel, visitors welcome. Special attention given to satisfy Black studs. Try me! **E-8**

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

WISCONSIN: Hung, versatile, uninhibited w/m, 5'8", 140, wants to meet and/or hear from studs, couples, any race. Can travel. Photo and phone preferred. Discretion assured. Answer all. **F-30**

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

CHICAGO BI and divorced interested in companionship and relationship with bi's or gays 18 to 45. Photo a must. Am middle-aged and a businessman. **D-5**

MANHATTAN. 45 year-old Negro male, 5'11", 168 lbs., desires masculine male over 30 for sincere and affectionate relationship. Looking for a lasting occasional sex partner and friendship. No drugs or S/M. Photo appreciated. **J-18**

QUAKERTOWN, PA. W/M: Greek passive, French active/passive seeks top man to 40. Am 5'10", 165 lbs., small beard, willing to please. Call Jack, (215) 691-9174 after 7 P.M. or write **M-55**.

LOVING COUPLE of 6 years desire friendship & mutual sex relationships with other loving couples. No S/M, drugs, etc., just sensual sex scene & mutual fun correspondence. Mel/Jack, 55 Sutter #97, San Francisco, CA 94104.

SHIP'S OFFICER, 40's, wants penpals, possibility meeting, preferably construction, students, seamen, military, Arabs, Southern Mediterranean types, like good straight-type trade 15-30 years, slender, attractive. **G-7**

MIDWEST. Tall, slender, versatile, hot. Your picture gets mine. **G-50**

MIAMI AREA w/m, masculine, mature, uninhibited, versatile, young, 40, 5'10", 140, digs sincere dudes 20-?, into levi-leather, some master-slave relationship, mutual fantasy satisfaction, feet, movies. Seeks visitors, friends and/or permanent relationship. **K-36**

HORNY & READY w/m couple, 42 & 50, Apple Valley, Calif. Sex and good times. French/Greek active/passive. Photo if possible. No way-out scenes. Penpals welcomed. **P-27**

CAMBRIDGE, masculine male, 24, 6'3", 175, would like to meet and correspond with other masculine males for good times. Race is no barrier, photo please. **N-22**

DETROIT: 35, blond professional, goodlooking, 5'11", 160, 7"-plus (thick) seeks either goodlooking peers (prefer hairy, but not necessary) for mutual oral fun or any oral expert not desiring reciprocity. Discretion assured. Photo exchange appreciated. **M-6**

PHILA. GUYS—4. Love sex, all kinds, no scat. Dig big and the bigger the better. Send photo or call anytime, (215) 271-0378.

D.C. PROFESSIONAL: 30, 6', 165 lbs., masculine, seeks satisfying relationship, as well as sex. Up to 40, any race. Like Armenians, Turks and Iranians. No fems. Write: J.M., P.O. Box 57243, West End Station, Washington, D.C. 20037.

ORIENTAL friends sought by tall, skinny, 29, w/m. Leaving Aug. '79 for Korea. Visiting Calif. & Japan. Am sincere, gentle, affectionate & desire to hear from you. Write: Gene, P.O. Box 95, Whitefield, OK 74472.

CALIFORNIA BEACH STUD. Tan and blond, hot and horny, 5'11", 170 lbs., 28. Looking for other hot studs in good shape to visit and have fun in the sun. Am versatile, but get off on heavy rear action by hung studs. Write with picture and phone to Michael, 671 Glennayre #2, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92651. Overseas correspond. and visitors welcomed.

WANTED: GAY CHRISTIANS, any age, race, 30, 6'4", 9" & 35, 5'7", 7". Love outdoors. Love sex but friendship more. Write if passing thru or surrounding states (Missouri), then visit. **K-21**

WESTERN CANADA. Couple, 37, 40, professional, monogamous, seek nonsmoking couple/single correspondents anywhere for eventual meeting. Interested in theatre, fine arts, travel, sunbanning, food, drinks. No drugs. Discretion expected. **O-4**

Ad List No. 27

SO. CALIF. Oriental, 5'8", 145 lbs., trim bodybuilder, short black hair, br. eyes, tennis, cycling, travel, plants, music, seeks w/m friends, pref. under 40. No fems, drugs, S&M. Photo please. **L-14**

AUSTRALIA: Educated Chinese, 30, 5'4", compact 128 lbs., wishes to correspond with big macho Black/White American. Must have super-endowment, beard/moustache and hairy chest. No fats, drugs and kinks. Intimate photo appreciated and discretion assured. **H-72-F**

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY: GWM, 38, 6'2", brn/brn, 185, hairy, masculine, quiet, straight-appearing, slightly dominant and aggressive. Interests include photography, electronics, porno movies. Have house in country. Want to establish permanent relationship with GWM, 25-38. Muscular body helpful but not mandatory. Good home for the right person. Write, I know you are there. Also seek new friends for weekends. **S-47**

LONGHAIR computer systems programmer, W/M, moderately hairy body, mid-20s, 5'7", wants to meet similarly together, presentable guys. No heavy drugs or phonies, please. Call (512) 690-8768 or write Gordon, Box 30081, San Antonio, TX 78229

S.E. PENNSYLVANIA bearded w/m, 35, 5'8", 150 lbs. Live in the country. Looking for "real" men who enjoy water sports, especially wet dungarees and wet jockey shorts. J/O scenes. **L-11**

FF BOTTOM MAN WANTED by D.C. couple 29 & 34. Have movies, toys. Must be clean-cut, between 18-30. No fats or fems. Write with photo. Visitors welcome. **D-51**

YOUNG GUYS WANTED: Am looking for young studs, 18-25. Fems or butch. Write soon. Your lucky day is just a letter away! Will answer all. W.W., 906 Wildwood Blvd., Williamsport, Pa. 17701.

MID-WEST GEMINI, 40, looking for someone in Orlando, Chicago, Reno to show me your city and have dinner on me. Not a bar fly. No drugs or S&M. White, sincere, 20-30. Interests incl. travel, sports, photography, people. **G-13**

E. PA.-NJ. GWM couple, mid 30s, want to meet singles & couples to 40 for mutual enjoyment. No fats, fems, dope. Photo gets prompt reply. Occupant, PO Box 4161, Allentown, PA 18105

OHIO, WOOSTER AREA. White, tall, trim, middle-aged (50's), athletic, wide interests, outdoors, music, books, arts, some travel in state, occ. discreet meeting for friendship and sex, gays or bi's. **V-2**

SEATTLE: BM, 32, 6', 165, attractive, quiet, seeks traveler; wishes to develop intellectual/social relationships U.S. and overseas. Interests: theatre, travel, photography, aviation, tennis. All nations welcomed. **W-65**

MONTREAL, Very attractive W/M, lazy & free, 31, 6'2", green eyes, enjoys Fr., j/o, exploring, sleeping, smoking, with guys 18-35, very good-looking only. No mustache, beards, fems. Will travel. Tobert. **M-90**

COLLEGE GRAD, 6'3", 170 lbs., blue/grey, wishes to contact 35-60. Interests: reading, music, theater, lasting friendship, quiet masculine types. **B-11**

TWO WHITE, continental, seek active Black man over 40. It could be very interesting. Both 40 years, one active, one passive, moving to L.A. August. We love sport and music, and dining out. **B-92**

SENSUALLY ORIENTED W/M, 50, digs contact with touch of Black skin and all that goes with it from head to toe—and in between. Located in Pittsburgh and Buffalo. **H-53**

OVERSEAS, or U.S. coming to So. Calif? Disneyland area dude offers info, has hospitality. No age/race hangups, bi OK. Call/write Dean, Box 1427, Orange, CA 92668. (714) 998-1088 before 10 a.m., after 7 p.m.; wknds any.

GWM NOT LONELY, not bored. Enjoy exchanging letters on leather, levis, toys, porno, solo S/M, solo bondage, anal sex or (?). Fact or fancy. **Z-4**

SO. CALIF./SAN FRAN. Handsome bi w/m, 33. Endowed, cut, bright, seeks masc. w/m 18-40 cut or uncut. No S&M. Photos answered only. Write c/o Box 1262, Wilmington, Calif. 90748.

HIGH-BOOTED masculine men having sex in Leather is the wildest! Also dig tattoos, motorcycles, breeches, uniforms, rubber, beards. Photo gets same in full gear. **W-14**

KINKY SEX! STUDS ONLY! Handsome leatherman into bizarre, far-out freak scenes. Let's live your fantasy. Tripout on animals, F/F, master surgeon, deformed C/B, foreskins, S/M, piercing, W/S, genitorture, uniforms, cassettes, tattoos, or ? Nude photo a must. **H-99**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA W/M, young mid-30's, 5'11", 180 lbs., wants to meet Asians (Filipinos especially) or Latins for friendship and love. Interested in classical music, art and life. Joe Halpin, 119 - 10th St., Santa Rosa, Calif. 95401.

BLACK MALES desired that dig white head and buns and live in or near Kansas City, Mo. No rough stuff, etc. Just passionate, sensual sex. **J-17**

NEW YORK. Traveling executive, mid-30's, slim, 5'8", black hair, moustache, Greek active, French active/passive, FF-top. Wants meetings with compatible masculine guys 25-50 for action or friendship. Not interested in fats, drugs or S/M. **F-33**

S.F. & BAY AREA. W/M, 30's, would like to meet hung males for good times. Have movies. Write details to: Van, P.O. Box 11093, Oakland, Calif. 94611.

PUERTO RICO: 5'6", 155 lbs., W/M, butch-appearing, versatile, interested in men to 40 visiting or living in area. Can provide pleasant vacation for right person. **G-46**

IS THERE ANYONE out there under 30 who would like to write to someone 52 who is warm, sincere and loving? Will answer all letters. **M-28**

WHITE MALE 64, 5'10½", 180, looks young, Honest, sincere, affectionate, discreet, seeks males not over 40. No fems, fats or kinky stuff. Photo and detailed letter appreciated. All answered. **B-61**

MILWAUKEE: Want to meet gay males 18-40 for friendship and fun. No S&M please. **A-35**

PITTSBURGH AREA male duo seeks single/couple gays for friendship and pleasure get-togethers. Whites over 40 only for French love. Can travel anywhere, anytime. Write, then visit. **H-9**

SELF-EMPLOYED, 50, will share home with handyman/carpenter/electrician/plumber in exchange for assistance in renovation of houses. Also give good velvet head. M.D., 778 South Logan St., Louisville, Ky. 40204; or call (502) 585-1335.

CINCINNATI/DAYTON, Ohio area. Mid-40's, active, slender, bearded dude, prefers buying in-house (mine) services of versatile, discreet college dudes, jocks, others. Phone evenings, ask for Boots: (513) 423-5159.

COLUMBUS, OHIO—In my 50s. Enjoy French for trade or 69. Prefer under 30, but age no barrier. Like sex movies, etc. White male. **D-61**

SOUTHERN NEW YORK: Handsome, young (30's), waiting to hear from you about your fantasies, possible meeting or phone j/o. Send frank letter, pic if possible, phone number. Let's get it off! **H-75**

4-H GUYS WANTED: (Handsome, Hip, Hung & Horny) for friendship & French by very discreet, well-built professional advertising photographer. Travels often on coast to coast & worldwide assignments. Tel. (312) 525-1110 (Chicago), or write **W-53**.

SLAVES ATTENTION. No experience necessary. Must be masculine, sincere, loyal. No dope. All limits respected. Send photo, details. Dominate, affectionate Texas master—45, 5'11", 175, muscular, smooth body. Can travel. **B-85**

ALL GAYS: Come to the Gay Synagogue, every Friday 8:15 P.M. at 57 Bethune St. (up ramp in courtyard). Free coffee & tea hour and dancing. Call (212) 929-9498 or write P.O. Box 1270, GPO, New York, N.Y. 10001.

SEX COUNSELOR, 65, out 10 years but virtually inexperienced. Travels West Coast. Welcomes correspondence, maybe more, from young guys who like to "educate" older men. **M-92**

FLORIDA W/M, 59, 5'6", 152, wishes correspondence, possible meetings. Interested in masculine males, any age or race, S&M, B/D, nature, friendships, exchange photos, experiences. **W-63**

NEW JERSEY. Gentleman, 54, handsome, young in heart, needs chauffeur-housekeeper 17-25, discreet. Love and affection, full support, passive French requested. Photo and letter answered. **W-31**

GERMAN STUDENT digs stallions, Great Danes, j/o, poppers, and hot sex. Exchange cum-filled j/straps. Am 24, 6'4", 147, uncut 8" with mushroom head and low-hanging nuts. Helmut Regensdoerfer, Box 18453, Denver, Colo. 80218.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY. Enjoy nude swims, etc.? If well-endowed, bi, gay or straight, I have the place. Daytimes preferred. Photo a must. Write Box-holder, 5355, Van Nuys, Calif. 91403.

UPPER MICHIGAN: Would like to meet gay travelers to the Copper Country. When in area call George, (906) 482-6079.

FIRE ISLAND

Cherry Grove: Luxury Home—Day, Weekend, Week. American Plan.
Tel. (516) 597-6771.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT. W/M, 5'7", slim, 40, active French/passive Greek, professional, seeks mature, experienced top man well hung. Photo, address answered. Box 4385, Albuquerque, NM 87106

LOVERS, early 40's, nudists, a/p Greek/French, like outdoors, levis, leather, antiques, sex with singles and couples. Your photo gets ours. Seek friends. Robert Witherly, R.F.D. #1, Box 146, Farmington, Maine 04938.

MASCULINE WELL-ENDOWED stud in Northeastern Ohio area wanted for Greek-oriented, hot, horny, masculine white male. Fr. okay, too. No hustlers or drunks. Photo appreciated. **S-23**

TORONTO, ONT. attractive student, 26, very honest and sincere, seeks genuine friends 18-25 in area. Varied interests. Please send photo (essential!), phone number. Satisfaction guaranteed. I'm waiting! **P-1**

L.I., N.Y. B/M, 185, 6'5", 40, prof., sincere, mature. Wishes to hear from Arabs, Puerto Ricans, Japanese, Indians who are mature, 25-40. No fats, fems, heavy drugs. Pos. relationship. **F-18**

MIAMI, FLA. w/m, masc., bottom man, early 40's, educated, 6', 160, brn/brn. Requires: Strong in-depth action by masc., hairy top man over 35 mentally and emotionally. Guarantee photo exchange. Chuck, (305) 538-6521, eves/weekends, or T-17.

PASSIVE YOUNG DUDES, all races, needed in Los Angeles area for total submission to husky, aggressive white stud, 41, 6'4", into B/D, S/M, FF, piercing and kinky scenes. Send photo. **T-3**

TWO LOVERS in lower Maine would like to meet others for friendship, affection and fun. No drugs or fats. Smoking and poppers great. French and Greek are greatest. Let's get together. **L-2**

WATER SPORTS: Only butch, uncut cocks need to reply. I won't miss a drop. Write: Occupant, 6806 W. Forest Rd., Landover, Md. 20785.

TIDEWATER AREA VA. Exceptionally discreet gent offers by far the best deep throat head service in area. Especially the well hung. Best movies. Satisfaction assured. Reciprocation not expected. **L-17**

TRAVEL TO DALLAS? Are you: Attractive, built, uninhibited, discreet, hot, of good mind, into 3's, 4's? So are we. Mid-30's professional couple awaits your contact. No s/m. Box 36243, Dallas, TX 75235.

SOUTH EAST TEXAS, hot bachelor, 5'9½", 155 lbs. Quiet, discreet, looking for a friend to share interests in music, books, sex, etc. Write me and send picture for reply. **N-21**

WANTED: Young muscular stud who digs archaeology to work in New Mexico. If you're well-endowed, young and interested in outdoor work, as well as "in," let's hear from you. **L-63**

TX/DALLAS. WM, 5'10", 145. Hairy, good looking. Greek active/passive. Nonsmoker into weightlifting. Interested in meeting those with muscular trim bodies and Big, BIG endowments. Sebastian Eddins, 2107 Moser, #210, Dallas, TX 75206. (214) 747-5490.

CHICAGO: Professional w/m, mid-30's, 6', 158 lbs., blue eyes, seeking GWM, 20-40, interested in sincere, intimate relationship. I enjoy music, plays, entertaining, swimming, hiking, especially with someone else. Please write, photo appreciated. **W-57**

SOUTH TEXAS friends wanted, any age, race. Also need job leads. Contact Tom Lee, 611 E. Ligustrum, Robstown, TX 78380. Phone (512) 387-4078.

LONG BEACH, CAL. Fr. A/P Gay Nudist looking for new friends, anywhere. Int. photography, music, letters, sex and porno films. P.H.Z., 340 Adair, L.B., Calif. 90805. Call (213) 422-0756 anytime.

WYOMING: 28-year-old man would like to meet or correspond with same 19 to 35. Send photo and letter. **B-90**

MICHIGAN W. MALE, 26, 5'8", 146. Brown hair, eyes. Wish to correspond with male 18-26. Non-smoker and non-drinker. Photo appreciated. Will answer all. Thank you. **M-93**

PRIVATE COLLECTOR wants photos of uncuts, especially long overhang and head cheese. Any color. Send sample and price list. **M-91**

OAKLAND CO. MICH. Lonely GWM, 55, 140, 5'8", wishes to correspond and meet honest, sincere, affectionate white gay males, 30 to 60 for mutual pleasures. **W-24**

ALTOONA, PA. GWM, 30, 5'6", 135 lbs., discreet, sexually versatile, has own place. Looking for discreet gay friends for sex and mutual interests. Ages ? to 35, trim guys preferred. No fats, fems or blacks. **M-76**

SUCCESSFUL, WEALTHY international businessman/author, 32, would like to meet teens & young guys. Send a detailed letter about yourself and your interests, and a photo. Discretion assured. **S-87**

HOUSTON, TEXAS: W/M, 35, 5'6", 140, mustache, butch, versatile, digs butterfly levis, jocks, bikinis, western, leather, mild S&M, amyl, j/o porno, bodybuilding. Letter or cassette. Photo please. **T-25**

NORTHEAST OHIO: Two masculine guys, 36, wish to correspond and meet men or male couples for friendship and/or sex. Enjoy traveling and camping. No drugs or fems. **R-37**

ALTON, ILLINOIS AREA—40 yr., 6'2", 205 lbs., seeks stable relationship with white 35-55 yr. for Greek action. Must be sincere, discreet & straight appearing. **M-89**

HOUSTON GWM, 33, seeks fun & games with well hung younger blond with little body hair. Into F.F., W.S. & toys. **P-37**

OHIO: W/M, 30's, 5'8", 175, br/br, interested in meeting masculine guys in Youngstown area or anyone passing through on I-80. Photo appreciated but not necessary. All answered. Write: John, Box 173, Youngstown, Ohio 44501.

CHICAGO: 35, 5'9", have good W/M friend with talented mouth who gives fantastic head. Would love extra head. Would love extra person at same session wishing same long velvet oral service. Photo, please. **S-104**

LEATHERMEN: A/P, F/G, pot, poppers, cock rings, br/br, 5'8", 135, mild S/M, B/D, love giving/getting head. Be hung. Nude picture. **S-51**

MONTANA: Would like to hear from gays in Montana, Idaho, and Alberta. Am 33 years old, no drugs or fats. **A-13**

SENSUOUS senior citizen, lives alone in rustic retreat, wishes to exchange letters and photos in friendship with all ages and races, broad interests and sympathetic ear. Visitors welcomed. **L-19**

MONTREAL: Novice, 28, 5'9", 140 lbs., wishes to meet other guys 20-35, any race, for sex and good times. Photo appreciated. **S-96**

BLACK CHICAGO MAN, 5'7", muscular 140 lbs. Age 34, well hung, looking for Black guys, 21-45. Especially eager to take it by mouth by Black super-endowed. **N-20**

NEW YORK WRESTLING CLUB has over 300 macho members throughout the U.S.A. For info: John Handley, 59 W. 10th St., New York, N.Y. 10011; (212) 477-4227.

MICHIGAN: Professional gay couple wishes to meet other couples in area, or when traveling through. In early 30's. Have own home, sincere, discreet, into theatre, antiques, sports. Would love to hear from same. Picture gets prompt reply. Hairy chests more than welcome. **S-43**

DISCREET PROFESSIONAL looking for friends 18-24, I am 42, 6'2", 200 lbs. Like all races. Can you relate? Write: Darrell, Box 1102, Stanton, Ca. 90680.

MEDITERRANEAN TYPES and places fascinate me! Mature GWM writer and frequent visitor to Spain wants to correspond with others having interest in travel, particularly Spain and Mexico. **R-38**

VANCOUVER, B.C. gay couple seeks third guy, 20's to 40's for good times. No s/m or b/d. Just gentle loving. Inexperienced welcome. Write Jim and Andre, P.O. Box 35054, Station E., Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G1.

WESTERN STATES athletic and well-hung grad student wants to meet other w/m's or 40 who are hung extra thick or super long or have massive hanging balls. Photo a must. **C-21**

SAILORS & WATER LOVERS—Let's get acquainted. Own a large sailboat usually operated in the Gulf of Mexico off St. Petersburg Beach. **W-2**

WASHINGTON, D.C. GWM, 49, 5'10", Scorpio, slim, bearded, French A/P, Greek passive. Especially dig Blacks, hairy-chested Whites, casual or lasting relationship. No fats, fems, S/M. George (202) 544-4980 or **C-79**

AUSTRALIAN—39, 6'1", 170 lbs. Visiting California approx. mid-year. Need contacts and/or accommodation. Horny, versatile, prefer well hung. Write Pete c/o Box 635, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia 2000.

SEEK YOUNG LAD with firm body, good personality, interested in learning photography from professional. Non-smoker, no drugs, fems. Long Island area. Answer all. Am 35, 5'9", 175, brown/hazel. Send photo. **D-64**

MANHATTAN: Attractive, tall, thin young w/m likes lots of oral sex, nudity, masturbation with young, thin, good-looking guys. Likes classical music. Show you the West Village. Photo please. **B-77**

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA, GWM couple, mid-30's, seeking singles/couples, locals/visitors, 40 and under, for friendship/sex. No fats, fems, S&M, long hair. All answered, photos first. **M-73**

GRAND CANYON. Bisexual w/m, well-endowed health bug. Slender, handsome 52, but looks 42. Guide service and ... Greek active/passive. No fats. Send photo. Al Wheelock, Box 1147, Flagstaff, Az 86002. Phone (602) 774-6838.

CORDUROY LOVER. W/M, 49, 5'11", 160, masculine, seeks other non-obese men to 40 who wear soft corduroy and are Greek-passive or versatile. Midwest but travel east and west. **A-29**

READING, PA. AREA w/m, 43, 6', 165 lbs., enjoys leather/levis scene, b/d light s/m. Wants to meet guys with similar interests. Photo appreciated. **C-56**

CHICAGO W/M, 30, 140, 5'11", wiry, hairless, masculine, weightlifter, well hung, travels mid-west, NYC, Florida. Into erotic fantasies, physical action, toys, ass play. Randy, Box 11894, Chicago, IL 60611. Phone (312) 929-6197.

WOULD LIKE assistance to settle down in Florida or California or New York City. Will do any work. Well educated. Will be grateful. 5'8", 135, 40, look younger. **G-36**

EL PASO: GWM, 62, 10", 170. Educated, home lover, personable, CLEAN, quiet, honest, DISCREET. To meet same for friendship, other. Orally oriented. Not "class" or "profession" conscious if requisites met. Mature men only. No dopers, boozers, weirdos, fems, phonies. Interests: Books, gardening, music, varied. Photo nice. Write and enjoy. **J-20**

PETER-YONKERS, phone Dicky, (516) HA3-5097, call collect.

SAN DIEGO, CAL. AREA W/M interested in swimming, reading, etc. Marines, uniforms, levis, denim. Nude photos a must. **D-29**

GWM in Michigan would like to hear from others in state. I travel U.S. too. 31, 6'1", 234 lbs., brn hair/blue eyes, enjoy out of doors. **S-54**

DETROIT. Downriver area. W/M, 22, 6'2", 180 lbs. Seeks gay or bi W/M 18-28 for friendship and sex. Photo, phone appreciated. **S-116**

D.C./VA. Trim, good-looking bisexual W/M 48, 5'7", 160 lbs., uncut. French A/P, Greek passive, seeking masculine White buddy 25-50 into male/male sex, porn and j/o. **T-26**

BUCKS CO. PA.—Philadelphia-Trenton areas. Two versatile F/G guys interested in getting together with others to enjoy good sex and build friendship. Welcome visitors from overseas. Photos exchanged. **K-12**

ORIENTAL? New York Caucasian seeks equal relationship with possible future. I am 37, 175 cm, 65 kg, quiet, intelligent, well-hung. You are yourself. Letter, please. **C-69**

OREGON: Passive Portland w/m, 38, 5'10", 152 lbs. Digs Levis, leather, B/D, cannabis, nature, motorcycling. Have GL-1000. Desires meeting masc., mature, masterful men for good times. Photo appreciated. JC, 3532 N.E. 20th, Portland, OR 97212.

ABILENE OR BROWNWOOD AREA. Weekend water-skier, white male, seeks others with same sports interest. Lake Brownwood location. **O-3**

BIG BISEXUAL, W/M, 27, masculine, 6', blue eyes, clean-cut, 260 lbs., student, desires white male/female couple into levi's. Will experiment in S&M, wrestling. Photo, phone to Box 371, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TULSA, SWM, 42, 5' 10", 180 lbs., brn hair/eyes, ave. endow. Enjoy outdoors, camping, nudism, boating, waterskiing, studio physique photography. Wish to meet area GWM, 20-35, butch and enjoy the above. **M-35**

MARINES, SAILORS, Coast Guardsmen, College Students. Truckers when in Coastal North Carolina call (919) 729-5321 for an evening of entertainment. Ask for Lee and be discreet.

WANTED 50-70, rugged, heavy, outdoor types to share country cottage 1-2 days week with two versatile men, 30, 5'8", 135 and 50, 6', 160. Photo if possible. L. Bolline, Box 381, New Canaan, CT 06840.

NEW 1979 CATALOGS of Gay Publications from around the world, movies and adult toys now available. Australian supplier for QQ magazines, subscriptions, Stroker Systems, etc. \$1 cash will bring our big, illustrated catalog by air-mail. ROBERT, W.G. NOMINEES, P.O. BOX 177, COWANDILLA, SO. AUSTRALIA 5033.

SHAVE ME, skinhead, butch slave bodybuilder, unclaimed occultist male, well into magic rit., large pecs and nipples. See master. S/M pad. Travel? Ring for stud servicing. (604) 921-7721, any hour.

PROFESSIONAL MAN wants to correspond with and meet men personally mature. Chronological are or race not important. Interests include human relationships, music, handicrafts, reading, writing. Discretion essential. **H-13**

PHILA. W/M, 50, 5'11", 155 lbs. Seeks uninhibited guys near same age who are into mutual heavy W/S, 69, etc. Must be in the same area. Stanley Heinmueller, 557 Seville St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19128.

MAINE: Interested in meeting 18-40 for mutual interests, levi types, muscles to slim, active French. Like music, movies, people and good times. Will answer all. **S-13**

WHITE ENGINEER, 39, interested in music, theater, literature, sex—not necessarily in that order. Would like to meet Black engineers or professionals with similar interests. Please write. **G-8**

OLDER GAY, 66, seeks others any age for mutual French and perm. relationship. Clergy welcome, no drugs or rough stuff. Be my house guest for a weekend or a few days. Schenectady, N.Y. area. **M-14**

D.C., VA. SUBURBS. Good-looking w/m, age 40, 5'11", 165, brown hair, blue eyes, wishes to meet discreet males 25-45, for friendship and sex. Am Greek passive, French active/passive. Photo would be appreciated. **E-9**

Ad List No. 27

MASTER SAMPLER: Slaves to 33, masters any age, leather men, j/o buddies, uniform buffs, hairless young men, S/M novices to necrophiliacs. This 32, 5'10", 146-lb. 7", cut, 30" waist hairy man is masterful. Respectful letter w/j.o., nude, leather or uniform pic gets mine. East Coast. **D-60**

BOSTON: Horny stud, 36, 5'10", 160, well-endowed, hairy chest, mustache, digs leather, butterfly-levis, boots, poppers, j/o, rough and dirty. Photo appreciated. **R-39**

I WEAR BRACES. W/M blond, blue eyes, skinny Texan. Seek other young guys with braces, headgear. Wear boys size 14 underpants, youth-size j/strap. Will send them dirty, cumy; write first for info. **H-76**

YOUNG 40's, professional w/m, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks new friends and possible relationship 18-40. Sincere, discreet. Photos exchanged. Travel frequently, into music, theatre and sports. No fats, fems, or dopers. P.O. Box 298, Burnt Hills, N.Y. 12027.

TOLEDO, OHIO AREA. Attractive W/M professional, 5'10", 148 lbs., seeks Black friend/lover/companion for theatre, dinners. Endowment unimportant. Looking for lasting relationship. Pen pals welcome. **C-76**

TARHEEL LEATHER SLAVE: W/M, 50, 6', 175 lbs., 7", masculine, intelligent. Into boots, levis, rubber, m/s, w/s. Willing and anxious to obey orders, serve, service. All answered, can travel. **H-58**

MONTANA, Missoula. Into massage, with sauna, jacuzzi, salt rubs, and full oil treatments with a complete and total massage. No charge. When in the area call (406) 542-2078. Ed.

SANTA MONICA LOVERS: 30, 23, want to meet other young couples (local or visiting) who enjoy the beach, health spa, movies, and good times. Send photos and phone number. **A-25**

6-FT. BEOND wants to meet people in Indianapolis area. Locals and visitors. Letter and photo gets mine. **L-4**

SAN FRANCISCO. Muscular, humpy W/M, 31, 5'7", 145, desires to meet similar type studs, any race, for heavy fantasy and super hot sex. No drugs, fats, or queens. (415) 752-2871.

JERSEY: W/M, 5'10", 150, handsome, butch, levi type will try your scene, versatile. Seek butch 19-35. All answered, can travel. Pic, phone appreciated. **G-44**

HONG KONG EXECUTIVE, U.S. educated, mid-thirties, nice appearance. Has own penthouse; loves travel. Looks for butch young guys. Can be excellent host. Warm relationship to last. **C-10-F**

EASY-GOING, fun-loving Texan wants to correspond with others 18-30 east of Mississippi River. I'm 6', 160 lbs., and interested in history and movies. Photo appreciated. **K-2**

NO. OHIO W/M, 33, seeks correspondence with muscular guys to 30. Non-smokers. Write Ken Bredehoff, 4660 East Harbor Road, Port Clinton, Ohio 43452.

WASHINGTON, D.C. GWM, masculine, intelligent, good-looking, 34, 6'1", 180. Aggressive yet open-minded. Seeks clean-cut, attractive, professional, 25-38, for friendship plus! Enjoy cooking, home entertaining. **D-47**

CHICAGO WHITE MALE, 5'11", 180 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes, 39. Like Orientals but not a must. Age 21 to 30, ballet-type body; feminine petite types. French/Greek sex. **P-3**

CANADIAN. Good-looking, 37-yr. old, masc. male. Tall, blonde, passive mostly. Especially into Greek. Wishes to meet hairy, husky masculine man, any age. Send photo for fast response. **K-43**

NORTH JERSEY W.M. Motorcycle rider, 6', 170 lbs., 34, medium build, Lev. type. No S&M or fems. 25-35. Would like to meet the same. **B-86**

LEHIGH VALLEY, PA. Pocono Mtns. W/M, 48, Pisces, seeks friendship with males 35 to 50. French only. No fats, fems or drugs. Send picture. **B-88**

NORTHERN VA. Beginning weightlifter wants hairy, hung, muscular instructor. Also want companion for D.C. porn movies, home showings, etc. I'm 27, 5'6", M.A. **B-84**

CALIFORNIA: Professional man, 38, white, would like to meet student for companionship and good times. Assistance possible. Also, would like to correspond with friends abroad; frequent visits to foreign countries. **O-6**

WEST VIRGINIA mountain stud, 6', 175 lbs., masculine and hung, wants to meet fellow mountaineers in their 20's and cum with them in the mountains. **E-10**

CHICAGO. Exquisite French-plus for young w/m 18-20's if you're slim, honest, intelligent and horny. W/M levi guy, 40's, 165 lbs., slim, wants to service you. **J-3**

WASH. STATE, SEATTLE AREA. 35, 5'9", 145, European. Various interests. Versatile. Buns enthusiast. Seeks meaningful relationship. Personality Plus. Sincere only. Photo desirable. Occupant, P.O. Box 3652, Bellevue, WA 98009.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Masculine bodytrainer; beautiful body like 25-30, 5'3", 130, au/br., seeks masculine 18-45 liking 40+. Interests: arts, French sex, friendship, relationship. Exchange beautiful body photo. No layouts. **N-18**

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

HOUSTON: W/M, 23, 5'9", 185, brown hair/eyes, seeking sincere pen pals and friends, local or elsewhere. Please, no fems. Write Bill, P.O. Box 81293, Houston, TX 77028, or call (713) 682-2780.

TEXAS, W/M, 5' 9", 144 lbs., likes 'music, photography, camping and films. Wishes to correspond with attractive guys. 2000 Burroughs St., Wichita Falls, Tx. 76309

BLACK STUD, hot, horny, seeks white males in Northern Ohio or Ohio Turnpike travelers stop at Exit 8 for some action. **E-7**

TRADE: Photos and J/O letters wanted. Help start collection. Soon can offer trades. Hot stories, action, front or rear shots needed. Send sample(s) of what you can supply, list price. **K-35**

SO. CALIF. attr. yng. atm. blond, 6', 150, trim, tan swimmer's bld; univ. grad, seeks foxy yng. ath. smooth W/M's, Latinos, Mex. or Orientals turned on by heavy physical exploring-loving; or j/o, jocks, wrestling, massage. Photo. David, 3940 Gresham, Apt. 331, San Diego, Calif. 92109. Tel. (714) 270-2288.

NORTH JERSEY, 35, 6'4", husky, passive. Would like to meet masculine men. P.O. Box 422, Saddle Brook, N.J. 07662.

WANTED: Bi or gay Blacks or Orientals to pose for nude polaroids. 18 to 35, uncut only. Will pay. Winston C. Graf, 123 Standley St., Beverly, MA 01915.

OHIO, W/M 31, 6'2", hairy. Looking for fun-loving guys. Can travel or entertain. Write Rex, P.O. Box 54, West Salem, OH 44287. All answered. Photo welcomed.

CALGARY, ALBERTA. Un

NEW YORK W/M, 5'7", 130, 44, uncut, seeks slender guy to 45 for exciting encounters. **P-28**

QUEBEC, CANADA: 30, interested in art, music, photography. Enjoy horny masc. 20's for friendship, penpal and sex. Discretion. **B-80**

IN LAS VEGAS, we're two good-looking into three. We're tops in the sack. If you're slim, great looking, young and hung we'll send photo. **M-11**

DETROIT: Front and rear receiver to age 35 wanted by slim, muscular GWM, hung and hairy. I like long, deep French sessions by knowledgeable giver. No fats, fems or blacks. Prefer macho and muscular. **C-40**

SO. CALIFORNIA GUY, white, masculine, sense of humor, nice appearing, interested in sports, bridge, entertainment, photography. Interested in meeting/corresponding with masculine guys for versatile relationship. Exchange photos. Jerry White, 11325 Blix St., N. Hollywood, Ca. 91602.

AUSTRALIA: Leather guy, 32, "S", seeks frank dirty correspondence with well-hung muscular guys. Interested in boots, uniforms, denim, dirty briefs, B/D, W/S, humiliation, depilation, FF, enemas, scatology and all way-out scenes. Photo appreciated. **G-40-F**

BUFFALO AREA: 5'11", 170, 6x4½". Sensuous senior citizen, professional, owns comfortable home for someone to share, not necessarily expenses. Prefer well-endowed and uninhibited. Travelers on I-90 welcome. **M-39**

NYC: 6'2" BLOND/BLUE, 170 lbs., hung, athletic, likes skiing, swimming, outdoors. Has extra room for young guy, runaway. Box 535, Elmhurst N.Y. 11373 or (212) 424-0748

HOUSTON: W/M, 36, would like to meet masculine men. No S&M. Stop by when you're in town. Phone: (713) 522-8483.

BROOKLYN W/M 32 yrs old; 5'6", 140 lbs. French active/passive, Greek active. Looking for fun & games. Possible long relationship. Phone a must. **F-36**

NEW YORK STUDENT sought by fiftyish professional for companionship, part-time well-paid office and house work. Prefer virile, max. 26, uncut. Call 8 to 12 p.m. (212) 749-7768.

NYC HOT BUNS, seeks hung studs for heavy rear end action. Prefer well-built uniform guys: cops, firemen, army, navy, etc. Photo a must. P.O. Box 833, NYC, NY 10009; or (212) 724-7400, #195.

LIKE 3-WAYS? Want to try it? Two Levi guys in Northern California dig studs under 30, 501 levis, poppers,boating, hunting, fishing, and???? Call or write Dave & Chuck (707) 998-1797, P.O. Box 455, Clearlake Oaks, CA 95423.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Horny, dominant, trim, 55, seeks others securely masculine enough to trade roles, mild s/m or who groove on toys, porno, movies, j/o. Photo desired, all answered. **A-4**

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. area W/M desires to hear from Blacks, any age. Seeking companionship and friendship. Moving down in August. No drugs, S&M or fats. Am buying farm. Write Eric Kay, Box 98, Lyme, N.H. 03768.

NEW YORK BLOND, 44 (ex-Dutch and Australian navies), 6', 175, into leather, uniforms, S&M (not way-out), bondage (both roles), Greek (passive and active), mutual French, spanking (passive), looking for mature guys with similar interests. Travel extensively Europe, Australia and Orient. Hospitality offered overseas visitors. (212) 249-2571 or E-11.

AUSTRALIA SELLERS NOTE: If you own a shop anywhere in Australia and would like to handle QQ Magazine, BODY, CIAOI, write Robert, P.O. Box 177, Cowandilla, So. Australia 5033.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA: Two, electronics engineers, versatile, 40's. Average looks and build; nonsmokers. Like to correspond with similar U.S. guys. View visiting States again in 1979. No way-out scenes. C. Johns, P.O. Box 282, Ryde, N.S.W. 2112 Australia.

TORONTO LOVERS, 20's, seek guys for three-way, or just a meaningful friendship. All scenes, no extremes. Both attractive, easy-going. Pen pals welcomed. Will travel or accommodate. Sincere. **B-33**

NEW YORK CITY: W/M, 5'10", 135, seeks other mature (roughly 40-65), honest, educated, affectionate males (any race) for love and friendship. Like lots of lying naked together, touching, caressing; also good talk, music, outdoors; sharing the human adventure. Box 1281, New York, N.Y. 10025.

NEW YORK CITY: Versatile, w/m, 39, 5'8", 155 lbs., seeks w/m 25-55, mature only. **E-19**

TEXAS GULF COAST w/m, 5'11", 170 lbs., blond/blue, wants to meet hung, muscular, good-looking studs 16-? for fun or whatever comes up. Phone/photo to: Tom, Box 456, Sinton, Tx. 78387.

MANHATTAN: Mature Black Scorpio seeks mature White French-active slave under 175 lbs.—my white glory head—for regular service. **S-99**

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA. GWM, 60, 6', 160, uncut, masculine, personable, orally oriented, seeks another discreet, adjusted guy for occasional evenings of togetherness, Fr., j/o, and whatever develops. **D-50**

HI, FRENCH ACTIVE, 18-30, you're in luck! I'm w/m, 30 and love getting serviced. Take your time. Call (707) 433-4573, Tom; or 1851 Bailhache, Healdsburg, Ca. 95448.

WANTED: Sincere friendship and fun times with guys 18-23 only with trim muscular builds for any area. Am w/m, 39, 145 lbs., 5'9", live in Midwest. Send photo. **H-29**

WHITE MALE would like to contact rear French enthusiasts. Trade experiences and will provide information on So. California areas for excellent contacts for this popular sport. **S-108**

MICHIGAN FUN-LOVING country boy at heart, white, 40, 6'1", 170 lbs., well-educated, well-traveled and well-endowed. Wishes contacts with sensitive, sincere males, no race barrier. **N-4**

LONG BEACH, CAL. W/M looking for J/O-W/S buddies, phone, single, groups; in or out of clothes. Also am active French and dig masculine types in anything from uniforms and tight levis to business suits; dig poppers, porn (have films), heavy J/O scenes, and dig passive Fr. All masculine guys welcome, married o.k. No fats or fems, please. **K-28**

FOR SALE: Cum-stained wearing apparel—shorts, bikinis, and jockstraps. Personal requests accepted. Send \$1 cash for information refunded on first order. **C-16**

CLEVELAND AREA: Outgoing, nice, average, professional, intelligent white male (35-5'8"-140) would like to correspond with and meet friendly gay guys for whatever. No drugs, fems, boozers. All answered. **G-41**

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN. Y/bi/W/M, virile, hung, handsome, educated, 6', 170#, seeks similar area peers for mutual stimulation—mind/body; intimate friendship. Send photo. P.O. Box 624, Pontiac, Mich. 48056.

J/O IN COCKRINGS. W/M, 6', 145 lbs., 38 yrs., wants hot sessions in Balto. area. Phone (301) 566-1454 6-11:30 p.m.

WHEN FATHERHOOD is denied a gay man, he often seeks friendships with young men for whom he can provide warm, friendly, wise, sincere counsel. Write to me. **S-17**

W/MIDDLE-AGE PROF. Active Fr./Pass. Greek., seeks 18-35 Bl. Sp.-Am., W. top man. S.E. Pa.-Md. Interests: music, theatre, fishing. Photo appreciated. **D-63**

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in watercolors of cocks send photo of yours. Write for studio appointment with world's most famous cock artist. Nuki, Box 9005, Washington, D.C. 20003.

VISITING LAS VEGAS SOON? Call Rich and Jack at (702) 878-8808. Let us help you with hotel and show reservations. We'll show you the bars and a good time also.

BRONX, GWM, 33, 5'9", 150, wants hairy-chested men 25-40, slim build, brn hair/eyes, mustache, 6', slim, discreet, photo if possible (nude), size of endowment not important, no blacks, fems, drugs or S&M. **M-69**

WEST MICHIGAN: W/M, 6'2", 190, 40's, sincere, discreet, professional, likes classical, theatre, travel; interested in hearing from same over 30. No S/M, fats, drugs. **H-16**

ONTARIO. Goodlooking young gay sought for friendship and sex. I am mature and enjoy art, music, fine dining, bridge, photography, nudism and outdoors. If you have similar interests, are stable and sincere, respond in detail. Uncut preferred. Nude photo appreciated. **W-61**

NORTHERN INDIANA. Is Northern Indiana all Straight? W/M, 41, 5'7", 150., hot, horny, hairy, uncut. Digs mutual j/o & sucking with guys to 45. Some W/S, a lot of foreplay. Love sex with real man. Write with photo. Correspondence welcome. **P-35**

W/M, 34, stable, educated. Interested in contacting, corresponding with other W/M with mutual interests in Police/Military uniforms, boots, leather, rubber, total bondage/immobilizations, discipline. Photos exchanged, meetings welcomed. Ce"l Bob (415) 751-6977 Keep trying, buddy!

NYC: BLOND, trim, good-looking boy-next-door type, likes to service & satisfy Marlboro men. Like dominant guys in uniforms, business suits, cowboy boots who like to be serviced. Please write. **P-32**

NEW JERSEY, Bergen County. GWM, 50, 5'8", 165, straight appearing, seeks guys to 30 for French action. No drugs, Blacks, S/M, or hustlers. Into photography, auto-racing, football. Call (201) 288-4796 evenings.

WANTED: young (to 25) blond with hairless rear who likes to receive enemas. San Francisco area. **B-70**

WHEN IN EUROPE, share my bed. Mediterranean Maltese man, 40 years, 155 lbs., 5'8", hung, versatile. Loves to meet sincere people of any place/race/religion/age (especially Blacks) Carlo Azzopardi, Xuereb Flats/4, Wejter St. B'Kara, Malta, Europe.

SLAVE sought by understanding master for bondage & toys. Must be sincere, no dope, 18-35, total servitude. Letter & photo to **A-36**.

MASCULINE MATURE MALE wants lightweight boy, 18 or older, 100-140 lb. range who digs active/passive French and wants sincere Father/Son relationship. Box 5259, Akron, Ohio 44313.

SOMEWHERE, SOME PLACE, there is someone who is slender, or thin, un-cut, very well hung, 25 to 45, orally and visually turned on by a 5'8", 132 lb., 29" waisted, macho, overly hung, middle-aged stud who can qualify 100% as outlined above. I'm looking for a lover/partner to carry on a very lucrative business and be my heir, in return for the remaining years of my life. Physical beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, not in the eyes of other people. So don't rule yourself out. I'm 43. Writel Check **BODY** March, for Buddy Houston, the perfect equipment. **S-115**

MASCULINE W/M DIVORCED, 6', 165#, 49, 7" uncut beauty, large low hanging balls, hairy chest, belly, mustache. Digs getting head from masculine dudes by the hour! No fems, fats, farouts, drugs! Into smoking, amyl, making friends in L.A. and along truck routes to Memphis, Birmingham, New Orleans, Houston, Dallas, Phoenix. Foreign correspondence and visitors welcome. All letters answered, your photo gets mine. Call (213) 221-5759 anytime **after** 6 p.m. L.A. time, or write to Tommy, 3772 San Rafael Ave., L.A., CA 90065.

BOSTON, mid-30's, masculine, professional seeks Big Brother relationship with masculine, boyish type 20 or younger in Northeast. Only sincere, genuine guys with sense of direction need reply. **C-66**

GWM COUPLE 41-50 new to S.W. Fla. likes to hear from same in area or visiting for friendship or entertaining only. Nature, photography, nudity, gardening, fishing. P.O. Box 522, Alva, Fla. 33920.

AIRLINE GUY, Toronto-based, 40's, 180 lbs., 5'10", blue, lt. hair, seeks nation-wide man-to-man guys, friendship and fun times together, reciprocal hospitality. Photo a must. Uncut guys preferred. Occupant, P.O. Box 156, Station "A", Mississauga, L5A-2Z7, Ontario, Canada.

(smaller the better). Very generous to right person. Great opportunity. **F-17**

ENEMAS: If enemas are your bag, let's get it on. W/M, 40's with expertise will share nozzle & soapsuds with guys for erotic give & take tube-shooting. No S&M. Duer Thompson, 479 North State St., Concord, N.H. 03301.

W/M 51, Fr. Act./Greek Pas., seeks uncut super hung Black man to share simple lifestyle. No drugs. Masculinity a must, hairy a plus. Age unimportant. Hot is. **P-36**

CAUCASIAN MALE, 40, active French, desires meeting Oriental, Spanish, or Black male, N.Y. or N.J. area for friendship, possible permanent relationship. Interests are theatre, ballet, music, travel. **R-1**

LONELY IN ARKANSAS. W/M, 35, 5'11", 150 lbs., long hair, beard, like to write or meet gay guys under 40. Interests: theatre, movies, music, reading. No fatties or S/M! Box-holder, P.O. Box 349, Eureka Springs, Ark. 72632.

NYC/NJ w/m, 33, 6'2", 165 lbs. Have hot ass/ mouth and tits waiting to service rough, masculine guys. Dig leather, Western, uniforms, S&M, T/T, W/S. Photo and phone appreciated. **G-47**

CHICAGO AREA GWM, 45, desires the company of GM (any race) to 35 yrs. for lasting, rewarding, intimate relationship several times monthly. Send letter, photo, phone number. No drugs. **L-60**

GWM, 27 yrs. old, travelling to Vancouver in April, wishes friends, aged 35-45, hairy, uncut. Am 6½" uncut. Photo appreciated. **P-34**

NEW YORK CITY: White European, 42, Virgo, 5'9", blue eyes, young looking, slender, versatile, Greek passive, non-smoker/drinker, likes tall 6' or over Blacks, masculine, slender, versatile, hairless body, no beard, Greek active, compatible Zodiac sign. **D-26**

FREE 5,000-WORD S/M STORY exchanged for ideas for S/M-based stories; your true experiences or wildest dreams. Ideas must be accompanied by sender's photo. Perhaps continued sharing? **C-7**

NEW JERSEY-MANHATTAN area 40-year-old man, 6'2", would like to meet or correspond with man same age or younger. **H-5**

SEEK YOUNG LAD with slim, smooth body, long mod hair, who is interested in learning electronics. Offer home with fatherly love and mutual French fun. Send photo. **L-7**

NEW YORK professional, 55, seeks companion-secretary. Compensation commensurate with time. Age 25-35 with resume and photo. **E-12**

POLICE/MILITARY uniforms, boots & leather added turn-on for mid-40s, 5'10", 150# professional. No S&M, B/D. Share these pleasures one-to-one. Also collect police patches, badges, etc. Contact **U-1**.

N.B. CANADA: 22, 5'10", 165. Seek to correspond with other guys to 28. Maritimes and New England. Clyde Jacques, P.O. Box 1114, Campbellton, N.B., Canada E3N 3H4.

N.Y.C. AUSTRALIAN, well-endowed, world-travelled, uninhibited, digs Black, White, Hispanic 18-45. Have projector and fucky-fucky films. Photos returnable. Handsome, 6', horny, 145, ex-Merchant Marine. Let's turn on! Cock rings, poppers, etc. **T-8**

L.A. BLACK trim muscular topman wanted for good times, friendship by together, masculine, hip, attractive W/M, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs., with groovy, hairy-chested body, into weightlifting. Apt. #1, 8560 Franklin, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

COLORADO: 28, 5'8", 140, Brn/Blue, snow skier, outdoorsman, athlete. Wants to hear from young Levi studs from all areas. Vacationing in Colorado/ skiing next season. Write. Gene, P.O. Box 273, Golden, CO 80401.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA botanist seeks uncut, handsome, slender, 19-24 who enjoys sex, movies, and outdoors. No drugs. Include photo. **S-42-F**

BLACK, masculine, muscular professional, seeks well-hung, masc. men for good times. I'm 5'10", 150, black hair, brown eyes, beard and mustache. 9½" hung. Can travel. **J-22**

BODY/PHALLIC WORSHIP. W/M, 28, wants to worship hung young guys by letter, cassette, phone, in person. Worship but no S/M. Anxious to hear from body/phallic worshipers everywhere. **Y-8**

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CENTRAL VIRGINIA GWM, straight-looking, well-hung bachelor, mid-fifties, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'10", 165 lbs., well educated professional. Enjoys music and the arts. Live alone in contemporary house, rural area of Blue Ridge Mtns. Like to share it with warm, intelligent, loving individual who is seeking a lasting, meaningful friendship. Picture appreciated if possible. **H-44**

EASTERN EXEC. 31, blond, 6' 170 lbs., travels U.S. east Rockies. Desire meet males 24-33, dinner, shows, companionship when in town. Exchange photos. **D-11**

BOSTON GWM, 46, 5'7", 135, straight-appearing seeks males 18-50 for occasional sex sessions afternoon or nite. No hassle or expense. Beginners welcome. **M-8**

WHITE, 33, 5'6", 145, wishes correspondence with men 21-45. Possible meeting. Prefer Greek active, French active or passive, all races. Prefer recent photo: P.O. Box 16138, Minneapolis, Mn. 55416

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

TEEN—OLDER, sincere, regular guy; hesitant but interested in knowing attractive, genuine, understanding, friendly guy for ideal relationship. Write from anywhere, exchange photos. Your concerns always considered! I care! Orange Cty, Calif. **G-5**

N.W. MO., E. KS., S. IA: Young men, teens-21, footballers, wrestlers, athletes in jocks, bikinis, desired by 28-year-old coach for love, other sports. Trim modish non-athletes too. **C-42**

COMPASSIONATE MASTER, former paratrooper officer, incestuous father needs son 19-26, small build, anally oriented, into or curious about leather games. Will support or assist career. Viet Nam veteran preferred. **B-13**

SO. CALIF. AREA: W/M, 39, trim 6'4", wants to service your stud equipment, my apt. only. You must be white, 18-45. Look over my male porno while I relieve your hard problem. No fats, fems or S&M. **W-47**

WASHINGTON, D.C. Husky, attractive Black professional, 31, 6'3", 215 lbs. (muscular football player's build). Not well-endowed. Interested in casual and discreet action. Photo please. P.O. Box 50286, Washington, D.C. 20004.

MISS GULF COAST, 23 year-old butch wishes to converse with well-built men over 40 for future good times. Very discreet. No fats or fems. Your photo gets mine. **J-21**

S.E. PENNSYLVANIA. GWM, 48, 5'11", 175 lbs. Professional, handsome, fond of arts, good living, seeks young man as companion or more (18-40). No restrictions-racial-financial. Nude photo required for answer. **M-77**

W/M 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., interested in friendly correspondence from others everywhere. Not interested in anything way-out, nor in fems or fats. Box-holder, P.O. Box 60291, Sunnyvale, Calif. 94088.

FATHERHOOD denied Gay man, so he seeks young men for providing love, understanding. Middle-aged, desires correspondence/meetings for mutual accord, AP/Greek, A/French, some photo., nudism, art. Photo, write please. **B-60**

LONG BEACH, CA. AREA. Gay couple wants to meet other guys for friendship and action. Dennis: 6', 165 lbs., 32; Terry: 5'8", 120 lbs., 33, handicapped. Call (213) 591-6349 before 10 P.M. any day.

TWO W/M, 27, 5'11", 150 lbs., and 40, 6', 170 lbs., seek slender males 18-30 for good times. Together or separately. Call and leave message: (212) 492-6334

AUSTRALIA: W/M, 6'2", good looks, 8' cut, 40, wants very hairy, well-hung musclemen, w/only. Navy, Marine, police, etc. Love to hear from and see you. Tony, P.O. Box 365, Tom Price, W. Australia 6751.

VERY HORNY ORIENTAL guy wishes to exchange hot letters and photos, especially with well-hung studs. Enjoy hairy chests and enormous endowments. Will answer all replies. **Q-1**

ORIENTAL FRIENDS who look under 35 and enjoy receiving French service are sought by a 45 w/m in So. Calif. who is occasional traveler to Asia. Please write. **M-83**

ITALIAN, 59, single, masculine, endowed (7"), slender, very affectionate, wants to be frenched by fat male over 40 (Black-White) with pug nose (no reciprocation). Friendship and sincerity very important. (212) 693-0594.

ENJOY THEATER, music (not necessarily in that order or all at once). Am 5'7", 155 lbs., age 45, hairy (except on my head), non-smoker, discreet resident of Washington state. **S-50**

GWM, 26, 175, blue/brown, average build, Central Ohio. Interests: tennis, hiking, camping, other sports, manly companionship, travel. Looking for GWM with similar interests. **C-67**

S.C. CUTE, intelligent, affectionate, versatile, horny guy; a boyish 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/smooth, artistically tattooed bod. Wants to meet honest guys 18-39. Travelers welcome. Photo please. **F-1**

CONN. J/O FOX. GWM with 7x5 pole seeks j/o buddies 18-35 for mutual or group handwork scene. Have super j/o and other gay films. Call (203) 889-7530 after 6 p.m. for details.

CENTRAL NJ SHORE. Goodlkg. prof. w/m, 44, 5'8", 142, endowed, cultured intellectual, A/P Gr/Fr., wants new friendships, swap visits. W/trim singles, couples 25-45. Pics promptly ret. w/mine. All answered. **H-73**

YOUNG W/M. Goodlooking. Has hit hard times recently. Badly in need of financial help. Repayment could included friendship, love and hot times. **H-74**

WANT TO MEET identical twins under 30. No fats, drugs. All letters answered immediately. Enclose phone and address. Southeastern Penna. area preferred but all answered as I travel frequently. **A-33**

MICHIGAN: Jackson. White, 32, tall, slim, well hung. Like to meet 18-39 slim on the shy side. Uncut preferred, but cut o.k. No weirdos. Send nude photo if possible and phone. **R-43**

AUSTRALIAN male couple would like to correspond with others contemplating a visit to Australia. Interests are theatre, music, photography and nudism. Write to P.O. Box 174, North Rockhampton, Queensland 4701, Australia.

HORNY AUSTRALIAN, 30, 5'6", 120, brown/blue. Like to meet, correspond with 7-35. Photo appreciated. Good masseur. No fats, S&M, drug. (03) 534-5822, or write Box-Holder, P.O. Box 187, St. Kilda 3182, Australia.

TORONTO: Oriental or Philippine friend or penpal wanted by tall, handsome, successful professional, 48, who travels widely. Should be under 30, affectionate, personable. Answer all, anywhere. Photo appreciated. **W-58**

PHILADELPHIA MASTER. Masculine & hung w/m, 5'9", 165 lbs., 40's, seeks submissive w/m under 35 for S&M, B&

HOT SAN FRANCISCO professional man into bodies, camping, hot sex, motorcycles and antique cars. 6', 160 lbs., 33, Aries, versatile well developed body and large endowment to share with others. Dirt Bikers A+. Let's do it in the dirt. 415-864-5269.

GWM "First Mate" needed for "cruising" Chesapeake aboard comfortable offshore racer. Sailing knowledge or willingness to learn required. Landlubbers welcome at riverfront cabin. Only serious replies with photographs. All answered. K-45

WAITING TO COME, W/M 30, brown hair, blue eyes, hairy chest, 175 lbs. Into levis; collect photos of hairy musc. guys who wear same. Other photos welcome. Going college, looking for person who looks like me. Michael F. Stowell, 612 West Patterson, Apt #305, Chicago, IL 60613.

D.C. AREA. GWM athlete, distance runner, weight-lifter, 38, 5'11", 155. Masculine, intelligent, sensual, human. Attractive, lean, muscular. Interested similar types 30-45. S/M if erotic. Photo please. J. Suddest, Box 55029 Ft. Wash. Post Office, Oxon Hill, Md. 20022.

WESTERN N.Y. w/m, 6', 152 lbs., brown hair & eyes, a/p French, would like to write & meat hot, hung studs to 40 to ride me. Married o.k. Send photo. W-67

ALL U.S.A. Norwegian professional man, 32, 5'9", 152 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, masculine, in U.S. frequently, many interests, wants to meet masculine friends to 40 for fun and sex. N-14-F

ORIENTAL, ARAB, JEWISH; European, Spanish, Black, White males (18-35) wanted for fun & possible relationship by sincere, affectionate GWM, 30. All letters answered. Write P.O. Box 4086, Sunnyside (Queens), New York 11104, or call (212) 729-3319.

COLORADO: Alamosa-Pueblo. Masc. exec. seeks friendship & physical pleasure with other masc. guys. Goodlooking Ex-USAF officer, 45, 6'1", 194 lbs. Blue/brown/graying sideburns. am building—Forbes Park area soon. Visit Colo. often. Live Virginia. (804) 973-1194 or B-62

SLAVE FOR SALE and/or rent! 5'10", 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 3-1-46. Extra strong body and spirit—S/M, B/D, W/S, etc. Not used often. Strong master could train right. Send your price and requirements to: Lee, P.O. Box 253, Naperville, Ill. 60540.

OKLAHOMA W/M, 38, 5'11", 165 lbs. would like to correspond with gay males under 40 in NE Oklahoma area, with similar interests. Enjoy masturbation and oral sex. C-72

TUCSON, ARIZONA gay white male, age 25, 6'1½", 168 lbs., brown hair, gray/green eyes, French descent. Can travel on weekends. Your photo (nude?), brings my nude photos. Write: John H., P.O. Box 2461, Downtown Sta., Tucson, Arizona 85702.

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA: Uncut w/m, mid-30's, 5'9", 135 lbs., passive Greek, active/passive French, needs well-hung young active guy to service my buns. Photo appreciated. M-70

NYC/NJ, 6'3", 185. GWM, 48, wants discreet buddies 35-55 for mutually satisfying friendships. Younger welcome but no hustlers, fats or fems. Photo appreciated. S-103

BIG LOOSE NUTS sought by goodlooking oralist with same, shaved. Watersports, heavy JO, dirty talk, any age with good body. Am 40, 5'10", 160, blond/blue, muscular. Can host in Miami, or travel. B-42

VIRGIN ISLANDS. Black professional, 32, 5'9", 170 lbs. Greek/French passive and active. Desires professionally aggressive 25-40 that would relocate to the V.I. No drugs. Include photo. C-80

NYC White European, well travelled, early 50s, 150 lbs. Good body, U/C, endowed. Love big balls, versatile. No S&M, fats, drugs. 30-? Answer all; fun and friendship. E-20

CHUBBY CHASER: If your fantasies include a 6'2", 300, uncut, benevolent autocrat in his sixties, please send your offer to Paul, P.O. Box 2811, San Francisco CA 94126.

INVETERATE TRAIN-RIDER seeks others for friendship, 39, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Had a trickin' trip on Amtrak lately? Send photo, phone and letter to Henry De Boer, P.O. Box 1068, Albany, NY 12201.

FLORIDA: 54, 6'4", average looks/body. Desires younger man, hirsute, live-in companion. Should enjoy gardening, fishing, boating, outdoors, music, intelligent drinking, interesting sex. Not into drugs. L-62

that . . . A.G.? *Anatole Gayling?*

Then who was C? His mind fantasied; built pictures. He was a Pottinger. Clarissa? Christina? And they were not allowed to marry. The tragedy of—and *that's* why he killed himself?

The door opened and Christian stood there.

Staring. At the book Ben held in his hands.

His eyes rose to Ben's face, and oh, the anguish . . . if he could smooth it away; brush the cobwebbed sadness from a face so purely innocent.

"You took my painting," Ben said.

Christian stood at the French window, looking out. "I'm sorry—but I had to have it. I never dreamed anyone else would bid so high. I should have taken more money with me." The words came tumbling out; agitated, despairing. "I know it was wrong, but . . ." The concern was too great for the smallness of his transgression. . . there was something else, something deeper.

"I'd have given it to you," Ben whispered. "Given you—*anything!*" Christian swung round, his face working with tears. "*Stop it!*" That's what happened before and I'm—I'm . . ." He couldn't bring himself to say it, the words hesitating at his lips. "*I'm the same way!*"

Ben crossed to him, put his arms round the trembling figure. "Christie, please . . . tell me what it is."

The boy jerked away, opened the French door to the brick-paved terrace, walked down the winding path and Ben followed. "It's too involved," Christie muttered. "You wouldn't understand."

"For God's sake, *try* me," Ben insisted.

They reached the greenhouses, moved beside the glass walls, and Ben knew the boy was going to tell him.

"Anatole Gayling was my great-grandfather. His daughter married a Pottinger and that's how—I came to be a Pottinger . . . the resemblance you saw. Just after that portrait was painted, Anatole and my other great-grandfather, Christian Pottinger were—were discovered in bed together. It was a terrible scandal, so much so that Anatole—well—you know what happened."

"Ben touched his arm, wanting to comfort him, *love* him.

"The family never forgot it. They were always afraid the same *taint*," he said bitterly, "would be passed to the sons. My father used to talk about it—worry about it. I think he was—the same way. Then three years ago my mother divorced him and left, and he shot himself.

Ben drew a sharp breath. Oh

Christ, the crass stupidity of the village mind, the smallness, meanness. "Christie . . ."

The boy jerked away, his face twisted. "And since I've grown older—able to understand myself . . . I know *it's in me too!*"

He flung himself abruptly onto the bed of hay by the greenhouse, his head pillowed on his arms, shoulders heaving, and Ben reached out, stopped himself just in time.

"Christie, listen," he pleaded. "You're all wrong. You're making it a thing of shame and ugliness. There's no greater joy than to love someone—no greater purity of spirit. And if that person is the same sex, what does it matter?" He had to hold back, stop himself caressing, touching. "The important thing is that you *can* love, you *can* give yourself to someone else. Completely. In body as well as in spirit."

Christie's voice was muffled. "That's what Anatole said." He sat up, scrubbing his eyes, drew out a faded yellow parchment. "I knew he'd left a message for—for Christian. I thought maybe the desk in the Gayling house—then I knew it had to be the painting. That's why I *had* to have it . . . to see if it would tell me . . . give me the answer to my own . . ." He handed it to Ben. "This was in the back of it."

Ben read it.

'My Dearest Christian,

'Please forgive me for what I'm going to do. I can't believe that my love for you is anything but an emotion of the purest beauty, yet it has brought shame to both our families. Perhaps when I make this, the greatest sacrifice, they'll understand how deeply I feel—how life without your love is no life at all.'

The words that followed—exquisitely tender—an outpouring of love for the eyes and heart of one alone. Reading it, Ben knew he was intruding on a love story whose fragrance came down through the years, touching his heart, his mind.

At the bottom—

'Forgive me, dearest love—and remember me.

'Anatole.'

"Oh Christ," Ben whispered. "Oh Christ, Christ!"

He knew tears were burning his eyes as he handed back the letter. "And Christian never found it?"

"He was drowned soon after," Christie said. "Sailing on the lake—in the worst storm they'd ever had. They said it was an accident." He rose, entered the greenhouses, the warm humid air touching skin like living breath. "But I know it was suicide. And for weeks now I thought I'd do the same. It's a curse—an evil

that's built into both our families." He gestured round him and for the first time Ben saw the vast expanse of orchids, exquisite Cymbidiums and Laelias, beautiful Cattelyas and Lady Slippers. "What *man* would want to devote his life to this sort of thing?"

"They're yours?" Ben said, then with a growing rage, "*Christ!*" he exploded, "one of the greatest men who ever *lived* fiddled with sweet peas—and they helped him unlock the secrets of heredity—the basis of our knowledge about life itself. Mendel, you little fool," he snapped. "Gregor Mendel!"

Christie stared at him, and did he imagine it, or had the pain, the self-accusation lifted a little? "That's right. You think—"

"I think you're a little fool," Ben said harshly. "Ever since you could walk you've had it drummed in that love for another man is disgusting. Well, let me tell you, buddy-boy, there's nothing disgusting in the love I feel for *you*, and by Christ, if it's the last thing I do, I'll make you believe it."

"The blue eyes flashed open wide. "The *love* you feel for me?" Christie murmured. "You could really—*love* me?" His face bloomed, the warmth, the heat rushing to his cheeks. "Then—show me. Oh please, please show me!"

The straw was fresh and scented beneath them. Ben took him, drew him down, found lips and mouth. "Oh Christie!" The gasping moan of a youth exploding into love, of wanting to give, to be taken.

Ben's impatient hands found the belt, opened, ripped down jeans, sought frantically into tiny briefs, ripped them off and nakedness lay before him. He rose, tore off his shirt, pants, staring down at the golden youth spread below, open, waiting.

And Christie stared up at the twin-columned towers rising, the strong-thighed love-man above, gaped at the heavy dangles all hair-browned and bursting in their swollen pouch, the thick pronging man-tool he adored. Slowly, Ben lowered himself to his love, squatted over the gasping face, let scrotum and thick pudding balls dangle against thirsty lips that licked out and pleaded; thrust his dripping cock-head to the gaping mouth, to Christie's lips, begging, sucking.

The suddenly Christie flipped over, his golden body writhing on the sweet hay, ass-cheeks up and begging for love. "Please love—*please*. You *know* what I want, Ben."

Oh God! The sight of those arched thighs, raised up to his kissing cock, the cheeks all round and fuck-full of boy-meat; the swollen penis butt swelling over dangling balls so curled September/October 1979

and haired with goldies. Ben knelt behind the raised cheeks, his cock bursting with desire. Looked down at the darling crack of his love, the cheeks clenching together for his stabbing penetration; stared at the winking hole palpitating under his seeking finger.

"Can you take me, Christie?" Ben whispered. "I'm huge!"

"Yes. Oh please—yes!" Christie gasped. "I've—I've used things," he moaned, full of shame at yielding to a need so desperate. "I can—take you. Into me, please—fuck into me."

Gasping, Ben spread the pearly ass-cheeks, tongued in, mouth-sucking and juicing the crack with tongue-juice; kissed and sucked out the hole, the sweet dearest tube of his love. Pressed against him, nestled in the broad cock-head as he spread pearly cheeks open. Watch the membranes stretch, opening, his glans slice in, kissed by golden curls as it buried fuck-deep, up the hot rape-tube . . . Oh! . . . so tight and hot his asshole, so clenching hard round his cock-shaft; sucking it up into the burning tunnel, inch by tender inch.

Christie gasping, moaning with exquisite pain and desire, head buried low, buttocks arched up to the manly thrust buggering his ass-cheeks from behind. "Now," he gasped, flinging his head side to side. "Now, Ben. Right in, right in. Right to the *butt!* To the butt, the— *fucking—butt!*"

His voice trailed off to a moaning scream; thighs spread wide, ramming back in moaning agony onto the buggering spike of his lord.

And Ben slammed in, felt his pubes crash against the golden buttocks of the writhing boy beneath him as his monstrous shaft sank its length right to the thick-bristled butt up the gaping tube of his love. Pulled out, almost to the tip, sank it again, butt-deep as Christie moaned; again; again; the buggering shaft raping the kid's ass with merciless stabs; felt it rising . . . rising . . .

"Oh God," Ben gasped. "I'm—I'm *commingggg* . . ."

Knew he was groaning as he spurted; heard his wild cries as he buggered into the straining youth beneath him; heard Christie scream with a pure and true ecstasy of feeling as the man-cock jerking inside him brought him to juicing ejaculation. Reached under the straining young belly, grabbed the boy's thick spongy tool, felt the love-sperm jetting in hot boy-gushes into his hand as Christie cried and laughed and moaned at the same time.

"Ben, *Ben!* Fuck me, lover. Fuck your hot man-tool into me and make me love you forever."

Ben collapsed on him, thick jet tool

still pulsing. "I'll never leave you, sweet love," he whispered. "I'll find a place—stay here . . ."

Ben felt a slight movement behind him and Curly was there. Two seconds to shed clothes, shoes; another second to juice his hot dangle-whanger; another second to kneel behind Ben's upraised twitching ass.

"Stay there," Curly said. Aiming. Pressing. "Just pretend I ain't here."

Ben looked back, grinned and . . .

But that's another story.

A long one.

And thick . . . like all dangle-whangers ought to be!

MADLY, MERRILY MUNICH!

(Continued from page 8)

here. From your exit, walk along Ludwigstrasse, turning at Von-der-Tann Strasse. Enter the Garden at night, walk a short way, and cross a little bridge. Right away you'll see the action. Very free and open.

Four other johns are worth your cruising attention. One is the public john at Agnesstrasse, off Elisabethplatz (see picture). The second is the earlier-mentioned *Track 1 john* at the Hauptbahnhof. With all the people passing through the Bahnhof during the day it is surely the busiest of them all. The third john is in the subway station at *Karlsplatz*—not far from either the Bahnhof or the imposing Frauenkirche. The fourth is underground at the *Odeonplatz*. There are others at the many 'platzen' but those mentioned will keep you busy and yield the best results. Still, you may serendipitously come up with something equally rewarding.

A special suggestion. As we've noted, there's much to see outside Munich proper. And so if it's a fine day—and warm—check the *beach and woods around Wolfratschausen* on the River Loise. There's a going meatrack, nude sunning/swimming, and sex of every style . . . whatever you want. This area is seasonal. When it gets too cool it's more or less deserted. Since you'll be there in (actually) the end of summer, you'll probably find it thriving.

BATHS

Here we go again—back to Schwabing. This time for the popular *Turken Sauna* . . . well known to every Munich gay visitor. Take the U-Bahn again to Universitat station. Walk over a block to Amalienstrasse, then down to its junction with Turkenstrasse. At 70 Turkenstrasse is the baths. As you might surmise from its location, it gets lots of humpy University gay guys. This baths is

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open from noon until midnight, every day . . . and there's a bar, food service, solarium, steam room, 'rest' rooms, and a lounge with color TV. The attendants speak English and French as well as German. The clientele speaks Sex. Sometimes there is other entertainment—cabaret style . . . look for this during Oktoberfest. A very clean, well-run baths operating on the so-called 'selective admission' plan (translation: club-style, bring passport or ID and dues and join on the spot). They're not fussy, just careful.

A fairly new baths is the *City Sauna* on the Sendlinger-Tor-Platz (just a short distance from that special hotel we mentioned several paragraphs ago—the Bundesbahn-Hotel Munchen). The actual address is Lindwurmstrasse 3. The *City Sauna's* slogan is *Als gast kommen; als freund gehen*. Or "Come as a guest, go as a friend." They're working hard to live up to that promise. Of course, there's a sauna . . . sundeck . . . masseurs . . . a friendly bar . . . and as it is modestly advertised, 'bequeme nebenraume', which is meant to say nicely, 'convenient, comfortable orgy rooms'.

If you've once tried the *Turken Sauna*, you might next time check out the *Sport Sauna*, also in Schwabing and a near neighbor of the *Turken*. The *Sport Sauna* is at Amalienstrasse 51. So get off at that same U-bahn Universitat station (you should own stock in it by now!), and you're just a couple of blocks from it. Open daily from 1 to 11 p.m. Depends on University students for action. It hasn't peaked, like the others . . . not enough time. Pretty much the same layout.

GAY BARS

Margaret Maxwellhouse's advice: "When you've got something that works, you stick with it," is not taken lightly by Muncheners. And so it may somewhat *deja vu* to recite the list of Munich's gay bars. Still, in the last few years many new bars have opened, and some have taken off like rockets. The oldies-but-goodies are the *Ali Baba*, Augusburgerstrasse 21 (snacks, dancing, and packed every night—Oktoberfest or not); *Pils-Stuben 2000*, at Dultstrasse 1 (open from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m., and gets a young crowd . . . very generous and reasonably-priced drinks and a friendly crowd). At Ringseisstrasse 1 is *Die Spinne*—long a favorite—which has entertainment. Beginning at 6 p.m. and lasting until 9, there are porno-movies. After that is a get-acquainted interval. Then at 10:30 is a cabaret . . . a drag show and/or a male strip show. The drag show is done with that

special German flair that no others seem to match. *Die Spinne* is open daily. The U-bahn stop is *Goethe-platz*. It may be of interest that you can charge the drinks and show on your Diners Club, American Express, or Carte Blanche card.

Teddy Bar, or just *Teddy's*, has a clientele from 20 to 80, and is proud of it. To many older gays it's like a club. But here are almost as many young hustlers as older guys—understandable—but they're not the sharky type . . . and after all, everywhere in Europe play-for-pay is accepted. *Teddy's* is located at Hans-Sachsstrasse 1. A near neighbor, at 10 Hans-Sachsstrasse, is *Walter I*. A very friendly bar that has old movies (feature films) and there's groping and sex. The crowd here is young and well-dressed. Since *Teddy's* and *Walter I* are so close, check both out. If you don't find what you prefer in one, you're very likely to find it in the other.

Leather/macho bars are still spear-headed by *The Eagle*, at 30 Sendlingerstrasse (the entrance is on Schmidstrasse). Also long popular with leather guys is the *Ochsengarten* at 47 Mullerstrasse. John action is heavy in both *The Eagle* and *Ochsengarten*. And both are packed, spur-to-spur, every night.

Leather gets heavier into S&M at *Black Jail*, Maistrasse 10, at Rothmundstrasse. Don't go just to "see what it's like." *Black Jail* is a selective bar, and unless you're in denim/leather or heavyleather . . . *heraus!* It's open only from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Munich's elegant gay guys bring some of the world's most beautiful (literally) boys to the *Tadzio* (Bar Club *Tadzio*), Baldestrasse 7. As the name implies, it's floating in androgyny!

A gay disco/bar, packed to the rafters every night, is *Fred's Pub*, Reisingerstrasse 15. This is an exciting amalgam of a good disco, U.S. films, a swinging bar and uninhibited guys doing what comes beautiful on the dance floor. It gets young boys as well as men; and open nightly from 7 until 1 a.m.

So this is a rundown on the many different types of gay bars that make Munich so different from any other gay city. We hope you have a chance to try 'em all.

SPECIAL SEX-SERVICE

If you're not a gay bar devotee, and are not so enthusiastic about heavy cruising of outdoor areas, you can have sex served to you in style at the *Herren Club* ("House of Boys"), a hustler haven. The location is Augustenstrasse 1. It is wiser to phone first, however. The number is 59 68 67.

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