



QQ MAGAZINE

For Gay Guys



April 1973
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FOR ADULTS ONLY
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QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new readers desiring information which we make available through the sale of back issues (see ad in this magazine). Past articles are grouped according to general classification. Subjects are listed by exact title and by subject. The numbers following each title indicate volume, number, and page.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS: If in reading other magazines and newspapers (any language) you find any article, photograph, comic strip, etc., which has already appeared in QQ, please send us a copy. We will send you the purchase price plus postage plus a year's subscription to QQ by way of thanks. (Ads and certain photographs in QQ owned by established physique studios are not the property of QQ and do not apply.)

ANNOUNCING... A NEW MAGAZINE FROM THE GUYS AT QQ
DEDICATED TO THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL...

CIAO! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

First there was QQ MAGAZINE—filled with in-depth articles on ALL subjects of great interest to gay guys... PLUS some great body pictures....

Next came BODY MAGAZINE—dedicated to the beauty of the male physique... every issue containing more than 75 pictures but hardly any writing...

And now a new magazine—CIAO!—a little like QQ (many articles) and a little like BODY (many pictures) but ENTIRELY NEW—devoted to the World of Gay Travel!

CIAO! tells you where the action is!

Every issue of CIAO! will feature colorful articles on the world's gay cities—complete listings and everything will be rated. Many articles will contain maps as well as photographs of local streets, bars, baths, etc., to show you exactly where the action is and how to get to it. We'll tell you what it's like too. Gay restaurants will be featured, as well as news as it happens around the world—and lots of travel tips geared to fill your vacations with sex.

CIAO! will show you the action too!

In addition to pictures taken on location every issue of CIAO! will contain dozens of full-page photographs of the world's greatest studs—including four big ones in living color!



Typical spreads...International picture gallery and fully-illustrated ("on-location" photos) detailed articles (over 20 per issue).

CIAO! says it all—accurately!

CIAO! will succeed where gay guides fail. Most gay travel listings are inaccurate to begin with and even when the information is good—by the time it's written up and printed and sold in book form it's months old. When you get there bars have closed and you find vacant lots. CIAO! works fast. Its editors will gather information and write it up—and days before publication contact correspondents around the world and make fast trips to check things out. All information will be up to date—and because of this it stands a better chance of being useful months later.



CIAO! is for armchair travellers too!

Articles will be so colorfully written that even armchair travellers will treasure every issue. Just take a look at some of the features in the first issue: Great Gay Islands of the World—featuring Manhattan (New York City), Fire Island, Puerto Rico, Capri, Sylt, Ile du Levant, and Mykonos. Gay Holidays in the Sun—like Miami where there's lots of wintertime sex at the beach. Japanese Sex Shrine—dedicated to worshipping the phallus... where tourists can buy giant dildoes. Turkish Wrestlers—in their glory writhing around in slippery oil. Picture Gallery of International Studs—to show you where the biggest ones are. Plus much more.

CIAO! says it all!

The Italian word "Ciao!" (we pronounce it "Chow!") says it all—"So long... it was great, Baby... see you around sometime!" That's what sex is like for most gay guys on the move... beautiful but fleeting—and CIAO! will always be beautiful and new... every issue completely different from the last.

CIAO! is a big magazine!

Like QQ and BODY CIAO! is a big 8½x11 magazine—printed on the same heavy glossy paper with the same love and care. CIAO! is loaded with frontal nudes and cannot be sold to those under 21. Sorry.



Monthly features such as Gay Dining

CIAO! is a great travel bargain!

Why waste time going to places where gay guys are not welcome—and where sex is hit or miss? Be sure by knowing in advance—by reading CIAO! It comes out 6 times a year, every other month and will be sold at only a handful of bookstores in the bigger cities for \$3 a copy. We urge you to subscribe and save money... a 1-year subscription is only \$12 in the U.S.A. (\$15 in Canada and Mexico; \$17 all other countries). That's only \$2 an issue (on the subscription rate). Magazines are sent in heavy "glazed" manila envelopes which are plainly marked and individually sealed—and in 4 years of being in business we have never missed a publication date... and we're proud of it.



A special photo feature appears in every issue of CIAO! Here you see The Italians—part of a spread in our February 1973 issue. CIAO! also features a monthly picture gallery of international super studs—to forever end the argument over where the biggest ones are!

Subscribe to CIAO! today and save \$6!

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THE 1972 Presidential campaign and the resultant landslide for Mr. Nixon on November 7th have great import for Gay people in general, and for the Gay Liberation Movement, in particular.

For the first time ever, Gay Liberation became a national issue, although a muted one. For Mr. Nixon, McGovern's statement of support for equal rights for Gay people provided him with one more example to the American people of George McGovern's "radicalism." It was George Meany who stated publicly that—among other things, including George McGovern's ties with "those Gay Liberation people"—he could not support McGovern and thus declared the AFL-CIO's "neutrality." While there is great disagreement within our movement over McGovern's sincerity on the issue, the fact remains that it was the McGovern campaign which allowed some of the issues of concern to Gay people surface in a national election.

It was undoubtedly a political blunder of huge proportion for McGovern to even allow Gay issues to get a foot in the door of his campaign, much less to allow us to present our case on national television in front of the Democratic National Convention. It comes as no surprise to anyone that the national electorate is not ready to face Gay issues, and this is as it should be.

Change in national policies regarding Gay people cannot and will not come about until a majority of the people support such changes. These next four years of the Nixon administration will provide a real test for the Gay Liberation Movement. Will we turn our efforts to educating and winning the support of the people? Or will we turn our energies toward reacting to the "malign neglect" of the Washington administration?

I hope—and will do all I can to see to it—that the Movement will use these four years to build; to build and nurture a real *sense of community* among Gay people, particularly on the local level; and to build committed support among the people, in general, through a program of *outreach* to the larger community.

BUILDING THROUGH COMMUNITY

In the past eleven years, I have seen the Gay Liberation Movement grow from a few organizations and no more than a couple hundred of us to a national movement of close to one thousand organizations and tens of thousands of activists. But this phenomenal growth of the past few years, particularly since the "Christopher Street Riots" of 1969, is meaningless until and unless we begin to relate more to the masses of Gay people and have a real impact on improving their daily lives. Appealing to Washington or the various state capitols for enactment of Gay Rights proposals has little meaning when related to the day-to-day lives of our people.

During the next four years, we have a real opportunity if not an obligation, to consolidate the gains of the past few years by building on the local level, particularly in what we call the Gay Ghettoes, to give the Gay Liberation Movement meaning and purpose to the masses of Gay people.

In such areas as Silver Lake in Los Angeles, Rogers Park in Chicago, Greenwich Village in Manhattan and Back Bay in Boston (to name a few), there are large concentrations of Gay people who live (and sometimes work) in the same community. And yet, in these Gay communities, which exist in every major American city, very few of our people are active in their community—whether it be helping to formulate school policy

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Editorial

Four More Years

by Craig Rodwell





THE COCK-RING RIPOFF And Other Fantasexual Fables For Our Time

by Walter Norris

AS a sex liberationist Freud was the most daring and innovative of his time, particularly in his later years when he had come to rationalize masturbation as a wholly natural aspect of sexual expression—suggesting that it was equally as valid and important for some individuals as any other form/norm of sex.

He took his cue from the behavior of the animal world whose denizens at times prefer masturbation to any other kind of sexual articulation, even when quite satisfactory partners or mates are available.

If one reflects that in his time even learned physicians—almost as one—deplored masturbation as either insanity itself or a sinister practice leading inevitably to insanity, Freud's departure from the Victorian pragmatism of his day seems all the braver and more remarkable.

He said, "What many regard as insanity is in fact *super sanity* through which one draws nearer to greater dimensions and more extended dynamics of self-realization than we permit ourselves to approach in the dogmatic interpretation of 'sanity'. Since there is undeniable proof that this applies to the senses of sight, hearing and touch, how much more understandable it is that sexual self-stimulation is simply another joyous way of expressing oneself . . . a thing of pleasure, of beauty and creativity to be savored at will, with no inhibition, or need to 'compensate', and without any connotation of, or fear of, mental 'aberration'."

Surely there comes a time when every gay guy experiences a feeling of sexual letdown . . . when—even with the most cooperative lover—there occur small 'grey areas' where sex just doesn't 'peak' as it should . . . when he feels he has not been transported to the heights of a sexual Olympus as he'd expected . . . that some of the 'points' of sexual pointillism are missing . . . and that in some vague way the evening was disappointing. As a kind of compensation he rather guiltily resorts to masturbation to 'eke out' the evening's fullest measure of pleasure and keep it from being a total disaster. Very likely what has happened is that he was not fully challenged and has, for the moment, made masturbation a kind of surrogate sex. Really he should not, but instead add masturbation as a precious jewel to the many others in his sexual 'collection'.

SEX ON THE HOOF

That's the way animals do it! Animals (being more human than humans) perform self-sex always as a preference or desire . . . never as surrogate sex. Now if you think that masturbation is too sophisticated or impossible for our four-footed friends, perhaps these examples may tease your lips into a smile at their humanness.

Whether in isolation or freedom, spontaneous masturba-

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tion is practiced by almost every type of animal. The noble and elegant *horse*, of course, wouldn't deign to call self-sex 'masturbation'. And if he hasn't read *QQ Magazine* recently and adopted our more euphonious word 'fantasex', very likely he still calls it 'phallus-flapping'. He swings his huge member from side to side against each hind leg until a giant whammy of an ejaculation occurs. *Bulls* and *goats* blast off by bringing their hind quarters up while pressing backward with their forelegs. (And more about those sexy goats later.)

The *elephant*, as you can imagine, is a trove. What a sexy guy! He loves to go at it 'thumpety-trumpety'—even with Eleanor Elephant looking wistfully on—by compressing his phallus between his hind legs and going thumpety-thump with it until he's practically knee-deep in the stuff, at which point his eyes crinkle into a beatific smile and he raises his trunk triumphantly, trumpeting his orgasmic delight!

The *camel* grinds his phallus against anything stationary (hard to find in the desert, there being little but sand). When his caravan arrives at an oasis he makes a beeline for the nearest palm tree where he grinds away on the trunk until a twelve-to-fifteen-jet ejaculation occurs. *Monkeys*, of course, who have two hands and two feet, go at it in the most human and practical way. They are just as dexterous with the right as the left hand and delight in showing off their prowess at interchanging them without missing a stroke! They are equally adept at mutual masturbation—especially in front of an audience!

FANTASEXUAL TOYS

So with Mother Nature ("and it's not nice to fool Mother Nature"), the biblical Onan, Freud, and our friendly beasts (not to mention *QQ*) as witness, there's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy the self-stimulation of fantasex as often as you wish—wholly as a matter of preference—without the slightest fear that you'll go bonkers if you do it too frequently, or that it will make sex with interesting others an impossibility.

What we should like to stress in this article is that the more creative and varied you are in fantasex, the more creative and varied you can make sex with others. Here are some ways to do it:

THE COCK-RING RIPOFF

This fascinating bit of genital jewelry is many things: (1) it creates the optical illusion that your phallus is twice as large as it really is . . . (2) by compressing the phallus it holds the 'erectile' blood in the penile reservoirs for such extended periods that repeated fantasex or continuous and/or progressive sex with

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The Gay 'Calorimeater'

Count Your Sexual Calories And Lose A Pound A Day!

BY FRANK SAMUELS

"MY, but you're getting so squeezably slender. What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" a gayounguy asked admiringly of his friend who had just returned from a two-week sex blitz in Acapulco.

"Thanks for the compliment, but I expect it's the other way around. It's really not so much what I've been doing to myself—although that is true—but what I've been doing to others."

"How intriguing, and aren't you the sly one! You interest me strangely, so do, but *do* go on!"

"Well in a nutshell it's like this: Several months ago I read an article by Dr. Heinz Torkel-Ubell, the famous gay psychiatrist of Munich, in which he discussed a little-known phase of gay sexual activity—its actual expenditure of calories and the effect of this on weight loss. It is Dr. Torkel-Ubell's belief that the gay guy who would like to lose a few pounds might forsake the calorie-meter for the 'calorimeater', as he calls it with tongue in cheek, doubtless for want of something bigger to stash in there, and so—by keeping a mental account of calories expended during sex, as one goes along, and using this as a yardstick (if you'll forgive the expression) for increasing sexual activity in various ways—one can lose as much as a pound a day through sex alone."

"You mean, sort of 'think sex, not spinach' or 'make love, not lard'?"

"Exactly. That's just what I did."

"It sounds absolutely fascinating, and certainly it has worked beautifully on you. Tell me more."

"Actually Dr. Torkel-Ubell's approach to weight-loss through sexual hyperactivity is based on physiological fact. Since a pound of excess bodyweight contains 3500 calories of energy just crying out to be used, the more of those calories you burn through increased activity of *any* kind, the faster and firmer the weight loss."

"However, the doctor believes that without the firming factor of exercise, diet alone causes one to look older, even though slimmer. Moreover, since so many of us are not the 'jogging' type or the 'handball' (using the athletic reference!) type, or the 'weightlifting' type, what better way to lose weight than by having fun in sex while you slim and trim?"

"He goes on to indicate first the calories lost in everyday non-sexual activity, and then shows their relevance to 'sexual' weight loss."

"Is there really a great difference?"

"Yes, a very great difference. It is his belief that the emotional stimulation, plus the excitement of the senses, plus the extreme mental focus on sex technique, in addition to the obvious muscular action, actually *triples the calorie-oxidization per hour*, thus causing a quite dramatic loss of

weight if pursued regularly. As he sees it, sitting and watching TV burns only 38 calories per hour, while sitting and watching a pornographic movie, or looking at a porno sex book, would generate such extra nervous excitement and stimulation as to burn 100 calories—possibly more!

CALORIC COMBUSTION PER HOUR (NON-SEXUAL)

Bicycling (leisurely)	150
Bodybuilding (low, slow repetitions)	300
Bodybuilding (high, fast repetitions)	450
Breathing normally	33
Climbing stairs	285
Jogging	360
Lying quietly in bed	20
Sedentary employment (such as typing)	118
Sitting and watching TV or reading	38
Swimming leisurely	300
Swimming vigorously (or competitively)	500
Walking slowly	70
Walking briskly	176

LUST/LIBIDO

Cruising leisurely (the ' <i>che sera, sera</i> ' or 'let come what may—and hopefully lots—type')	100
Cruising purposefully (much darting of eye, flicking of tongue, flashing of fang, with a bit of 'patty-cock' just to make it show a little daringly for friendly persuasion	150
Just thinking about it and getting a stiff salute	90
Looking at the fabulous bods in BODY Magazine	160
Watching skinflick (and participating vicariously with your hand)	200
'The Touch Of Your Hand' on his knee, or his hand on yours	300

AT HOME

Kissing (kiss-nibbling of tongue/cheek/earlobe)	200
Kissing (double-tonguing it)	300
Kissing (deep throat)	400
Kissy-kissy-kissy around the pectorals	200
Genital kissing including changing positions which involves greater muscular action	200
Anal kissing, leading into rimming (deep thrust)	400

(Continued on page 43)

QQ





Star-Crossed Sex Styles

How To Cope With Your Sexual Horoscope

by Terry McWaters & Andreas

CONTEMPORARY astrologers say that the stars control your sex life by masterminding your sex style . . . as if it functioned in opposition to your own wishes and desires by means of a kind of 'punch card' from some celestial computer.

If anything 'zodiacal' is maniacal to you—or anything astrological an instant turn-off—you may be intrigued by their assertion that while the stars do exert a powerful influence on sex, nevertheless you can alter your sex style and 'outwit' the stars by *recycling your body's sexual propulsions* and in this way enlarge and enrich your life . . . stimulating it through a greater variety of techniques/nuances and making it possible for you to operate with greater fluency, approaching each sexual encounter with total abandon and total assurance! Now who among us—astrophile or astrophobe—can be bitter about that?

Anyway it's worth a fascinating try, for even if you have no faith in horoscopes you'll be enchanted by what can happen to you. How does it work?

First we shall divide the plan into 12 segments, each representing a sign of the zodiac and in each we shall point out the sexual hangups common to all gay guys born under that particular sign. Then we shall demonstrate some simple 'turnabouts' you can do which act immediately to change your entire sexual *modus operandi* . . . making the act of sex the really wild and wonderful thing you've always hoped it could be.

How strongly your astral nemesis will resist these alterations in your body's sexual propulsions! At first you may also find them disturbing, or at least puzzling. It may seem as if you are trying to do a sexy tango against the insistent beat of *The Stars And Stripes Forever*. But don't worry . . . you're simply outmaneuvering the stars . . . you're masterminding *them* for a change!

Here's how this technique works for one born under the sign of

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 20). The Capricornian is a sexual worry-wart. From the initial moment of cruising contact his approach to sex is made with strong personal misgivings. Likewise the act of sex. He does not enter into it fully/freely because of an intense conservatism and self-doubt that moves him to worry whether he's doing okay . . . or whether he is delighting his lover enough to make him want to return. Or, in short, the whole *mea culpa* or conservative/introspective bit.

What to do? Something that is foreign to your nature . . . something *anti-zodiacal*. Like what? Like playing the sex scene on *black satin sheets*! Since by zodiacal interdiction, the Capricornian is conservative not just in sex style but in every way—dress, choices of materials/colors, lifestyle—the

fact of discarding those white, white cotton sheets and dressing the sexual arena in black satin can drive you from introversion to licentiousness in seconds! *You just can't be inhibited on black satin sheets.*

The texture of satin is feral, and lying nude on it unleashes powerful animalistic drives that take you by storm. How you'll improvise! Then, too, the shift in color from the clinical of white to the sorcery of black causes you to *fantasize* rather than *rationalize*. So at once you can see what *that's* going to lead to! You may carry this further by sexing under candlelight (from black candles, of course). Music, too. Have you been giving your lovers a steady diet of Bach baroque? Why not switch to the savage beat of Stravinsky's *Sacre*?

And why not strongly reinforce this recycling of body propulsions with different choices in clothes design and colors? If your astral forces won't let you go the whole mod bit, at least try to go a little way. This, too, can light up your sexual world much more brilliantly. Such simple shifts in personal viewpoints can change your entire outlook on life. How you'll *vibra-a-ate*! (By the way, Elvis is a Capricornian and just look at what a switch to satin and leather did for *him*. All those clingy, crotch-conscious leather pants, and those satin shirts open to that divine navel! Is anybody sexier?)

AQUARIUS (January 21–February 19). While the Capricornian tends to worry about sex, the Aquarian worries not at all. Which, perhaps, is just the trouble. He's too sexually placid. Not smug (the Aquarian's legendary good manners would not allow him to indulge in such condescension), just *content*. He sees sex in a great big rosy dream. He thinks it such a 'nice' thing, yet he's oddly unable to bestir himself to be more aggressive about it. (See how your 'horoscope' can put you in a sexual straitjacket?) If sex comes along, well hello . . . nice to see you! If not, he'll get pretty much the same charge by dreaming about it. Consequently any trick of his will have a 'pleasant' time . . . be 'pleasantly' satisfied, and there'll be a whole passel of good gayguy sexual 'togetherness'. But passion? Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

So if the Aquarian reading this would like to make himself more active on the sex scene . . . let's say that if just for once he'd like to play the lead instead of a bit part, he can outmaneuver his astral nemesis by forswearing sex with an *individual* lover for a while and going in for group sex, beginning by asking a trick-of-the-moment to bring along a friend, or two, four or even more. Then having to rise to the challenge of aggressive others he will take the bit between the teeth (if you'll forgive the expression), trying new things and improvising

(Continued on page 34)

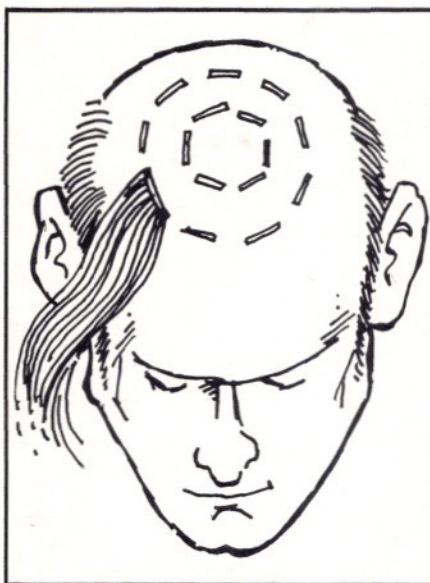
The Mark of Samson New Hair Replacement Method

Author's Name Withheld

THERE comes a time in every man's life when he takes a good, long look in the mirror. For some the image looks back unflinchingly—complexion still smooth . . . teeth gleaming white and even . . . hair thick and shiny. For others it is a traumatic experience. It was for me when I noticed a patch of skin on my head.

Baldness and even thinning hair can signal the decline of a man's sexual prowess, if not in actuality at least emotionally as a consequence of the misgivings he begins having about his youthfulness—this being synonymous in contemporary society with a guy's ability to perform sexually. Age itself is not a factor governing sexual expertise—but social conditioning concerning the youth premium tends to brainwash the average man in such a way that his erections fall at approximately the same rate hairs drop out.

I have never starved for tricks and I feel certain that for some partners at least my baldness was a plus in virility—but as more and more hair fell out I found it increasingly difficult to score with chicken. My older friends "didn't



notice," but my ego was wounded; I actually prefer mature partners but I couldn't stand knowing that younger studs now saw me as an "old guy who could no longer get it up."

I tried a wig. Great improvements have been made in the past few years; because of casual hair styles it is no longer possible to detect phony hairlines which made wigs immediately detectable in the past. But it was too hot and I dreaded the thought of someone running his fingers through my hair only to have it slip off my head. Moreover, it didn't make me look young; it made me look like an older guy *trying* to look young.

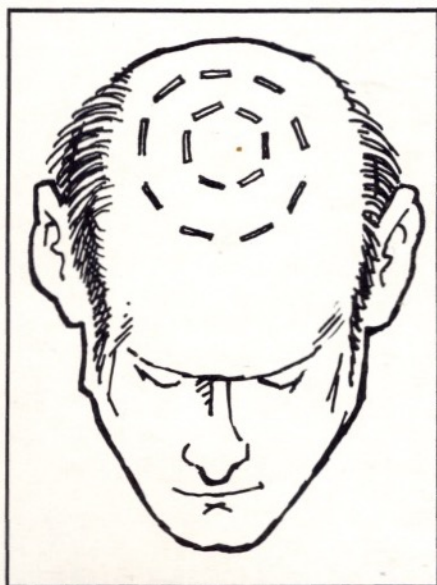
Friends who had had hair-weaving done regretted it. The process involves having an expert make braids with whatever hair you still have—to which are tied strands of artificial or human hair. It looks natural enough but as your own hair grows the braids loosen and frequent visits for retightening are a nuisance and quite costly. Besides, anyone touching your head can feel the thick braids.

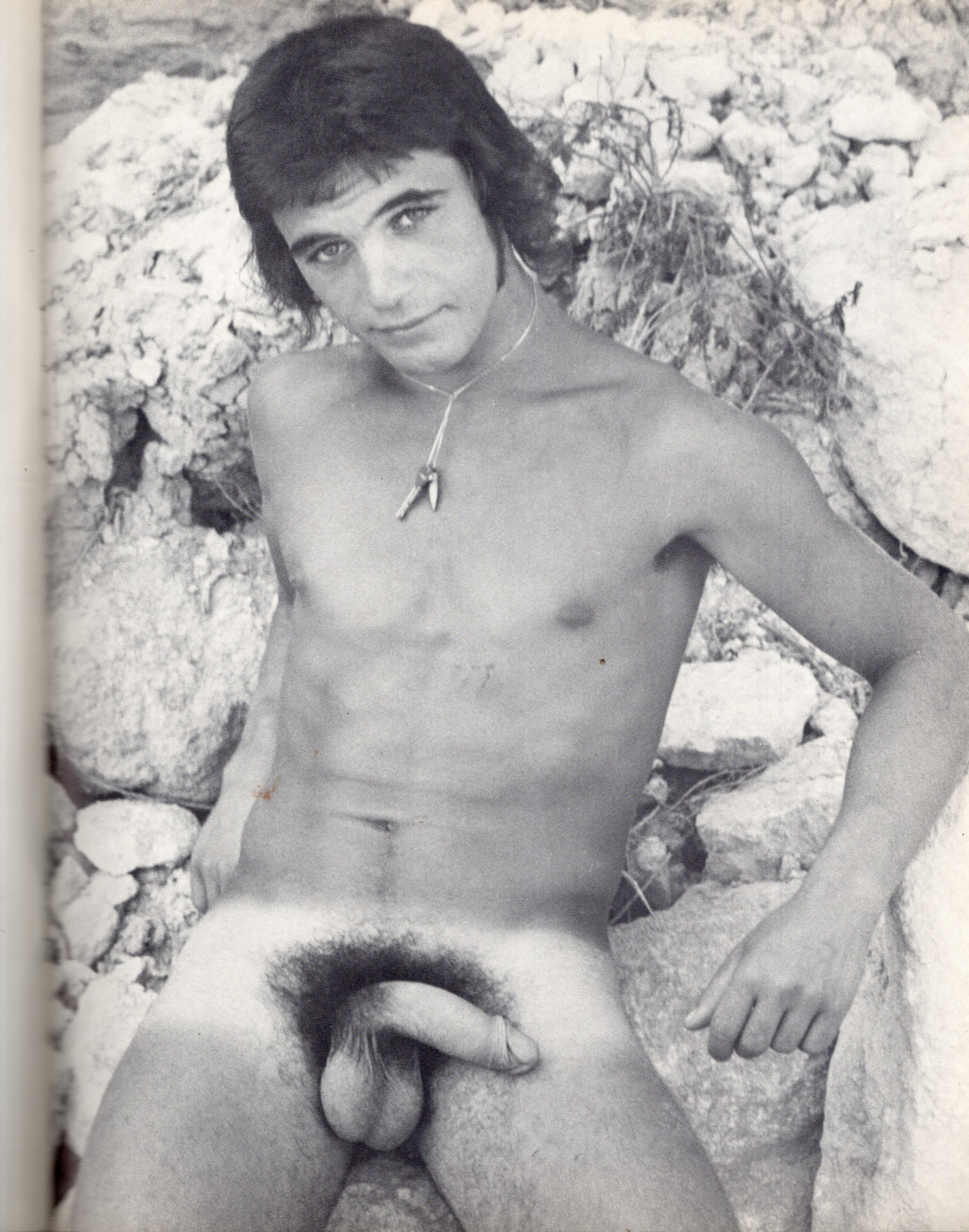
Hair transplants are extremely pain-

ful and expensive. One also needs a lot of time (years) for a successful job, and all during this time only the emotionally hardy can endure the stares the bloody scabs cause. Not to mention the constant itching.

I found my salvation in a new "hair replacement" technique which is gaining popularity in California and New York. It involves having surgical sutures sewn into your scalp. "Wefts" of hair (artificial or human) are then attached to these "permanent anchors" which, unlike braids, have no "give." Nor can they be felt because they are thin and hug your scalp. The knotted ends of the hair which have been attached are fine and only deliberate probing (hardly possible during heated sex) will reveal them.

It's expensive—\$1,500.00. Once completed, however, special care is not necessary—provided you shampoo regularly and do not gum yourself up with harsh hair tonics and sprays. Your barber can—with care—trim what little hair you might have left without disturbing the attachments. Hair styles can be
(Continued on page 44)





The Muscle Game

by
Bud Parker

THE annual Mr. Universe contest, which is held in London, draws contestants from all over the world. For two days each September more than fifty musclemen vie for honors and a crack at fame. A list of successful winners includes Steve Reeves (he was the first *Hercules* in the movies), Reg Park (you've seen him in the *Maciste* movie series), and Mickey Hargitay (married to Jayne Mansfield until her untimely death, he now tours the world with his nightclub act).

Frank Zane (U.S.A.) won this year's professional division and Elias Petsas (South Africa) copped the amateur title. Both men are beautifully built and their reward comes after ten years of training.

The coveted title is a dream-come-true for a winner because it sets him up as being something special—better than any other muscleman in the world. And *that* is important to most bodybuilders. Most of the contestants are sponsored by legitimate organizations and individuals—and others are brought over in exchange for sex. An acquaintance of ours who lives in London and who is hung up on musclemen pays upwards of \$700 (a considerable sum for an Englishman) to bring a guy over and house him in exchange for what amounts to a lousy piece of trade—and sometimes gets only one load and must often tolerate his guest's female friends brought in to lay. This particular guy is a collector of sorts; his list of *hasmades* includes half of all the muscle stars of the last five or six years. This year he sent round-trip jet fare and an additional \$200 to his latest *muscleheartthrob* in California. The guy kept the money and stayed home. Pity.

Stage door pickups are cheaper and oftentimes more rewarding—especially if you are not hung up on big names and are willing to settle for less than championship proportions. Many newcomers are beautifully built but just don't

NABBA Mr. Universe contest winners, left to right: Boyer Coe (Louisiana), 2nd place professional division; Elias Petsas (South Africa), amateur winner; Frank Zane (California), professional winner; and Dennis Tinerino (New York), 3rd place professional.





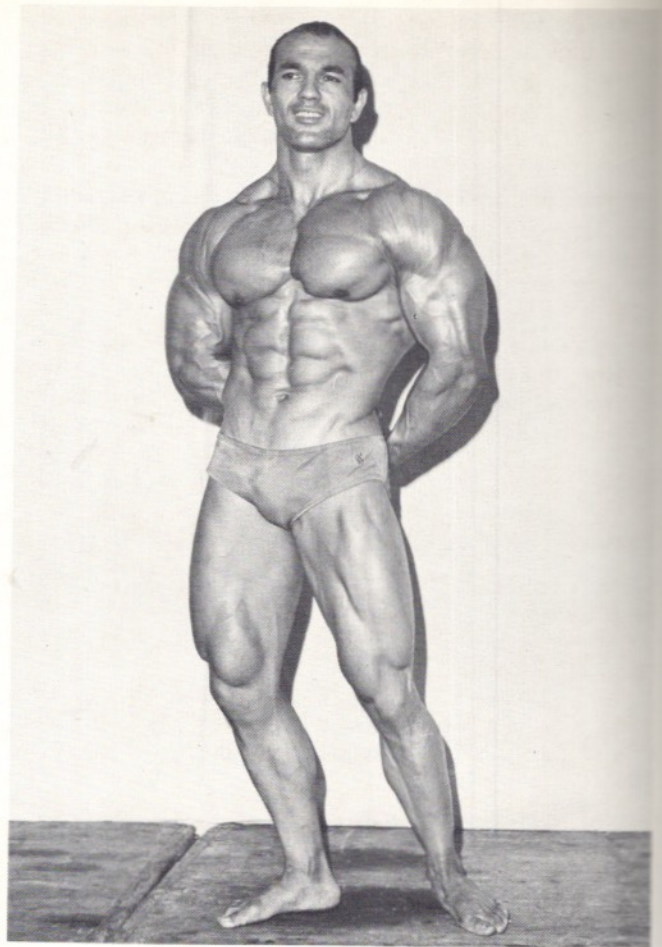
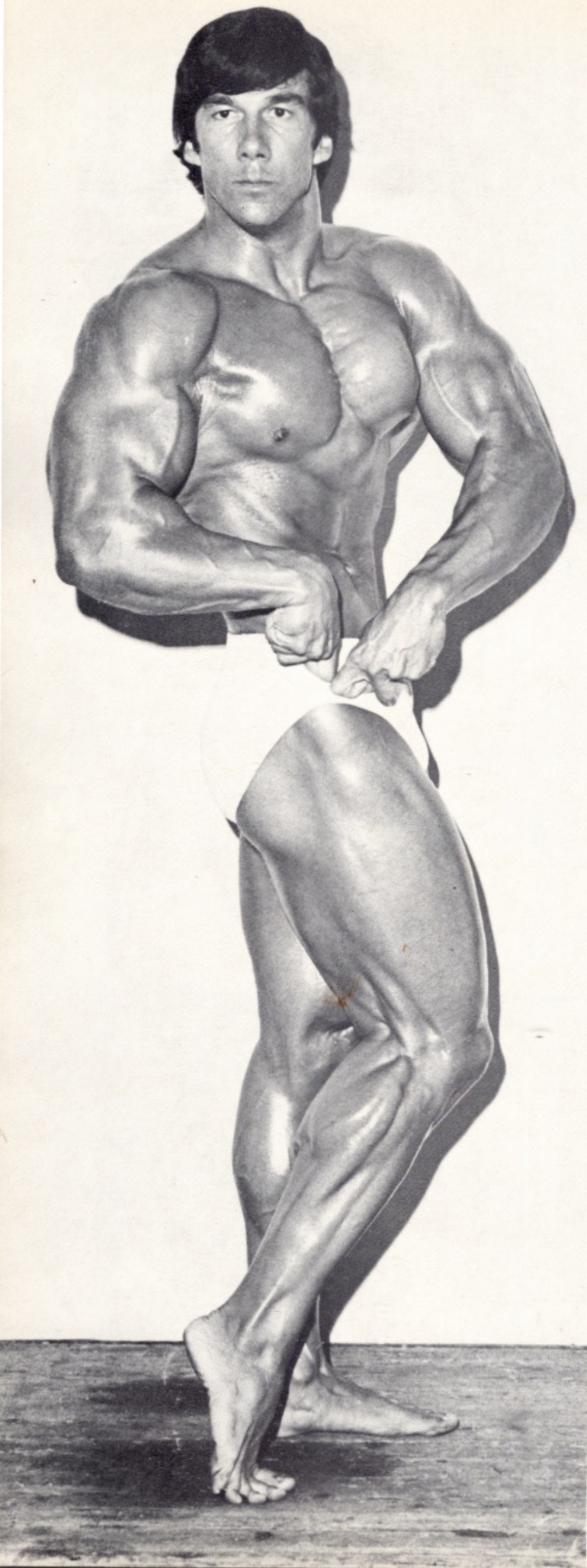




have the size it takes to win contests. If you're in the right place at the right time after a show (the stage door, or the nearest restaurant—which is where all contestants head for afterwards, to glut themselves with food and laughter . . . or swallow their sorrow), a few well-chosen words of congratulation or flattery ("You're really terrific, man, the best I've ever seen—and I've seen them all!"), or sympathy ("You're really great, man, the judges were blind—you've *got* to win next year!") will get you right in—especially if you make it with a contestant who is from out of town and is staying at a seedy hotel. I'll never forget the hunky guy—just turned eighteen—who didn't stack up against the big boys in one

Left: Lars Lunde (left) from Norway, and Bill Grant (New Jersey) match arms in the amateur division of the NABBA Mr. Universe contest. Above: Tony Emmott (England), 4th place professional. Below: Frank Zane (California), professional winner.



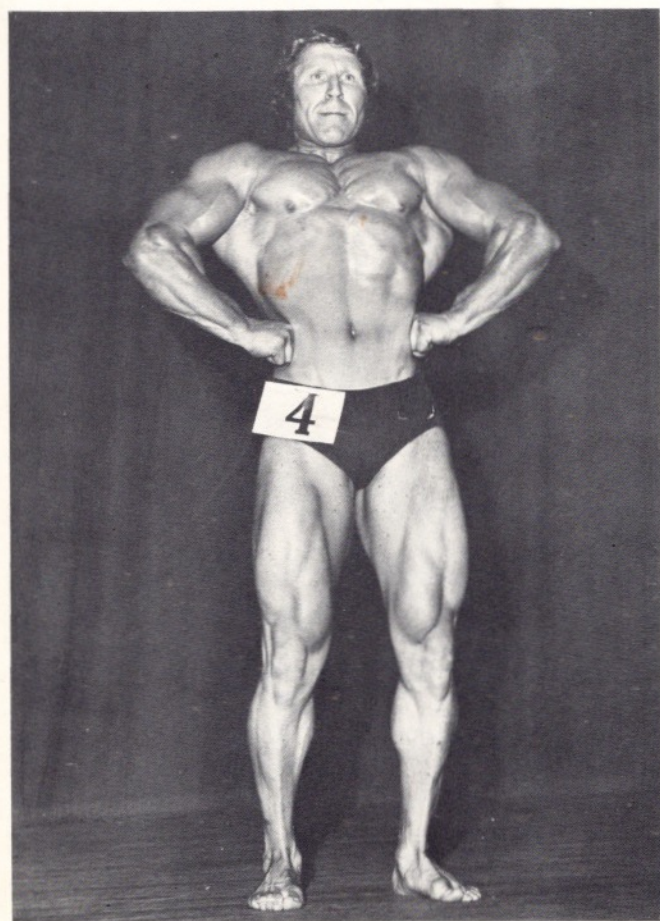


of the Mr. America contests I ran a few years ago—but whose lithe lines made everybody gay in the audience twitch all night. He was so naive, a farm boy from South Carolina, and he had his choice of at least six plush bedrooms that night—one of which he accepted graciously. He made the Big Time.

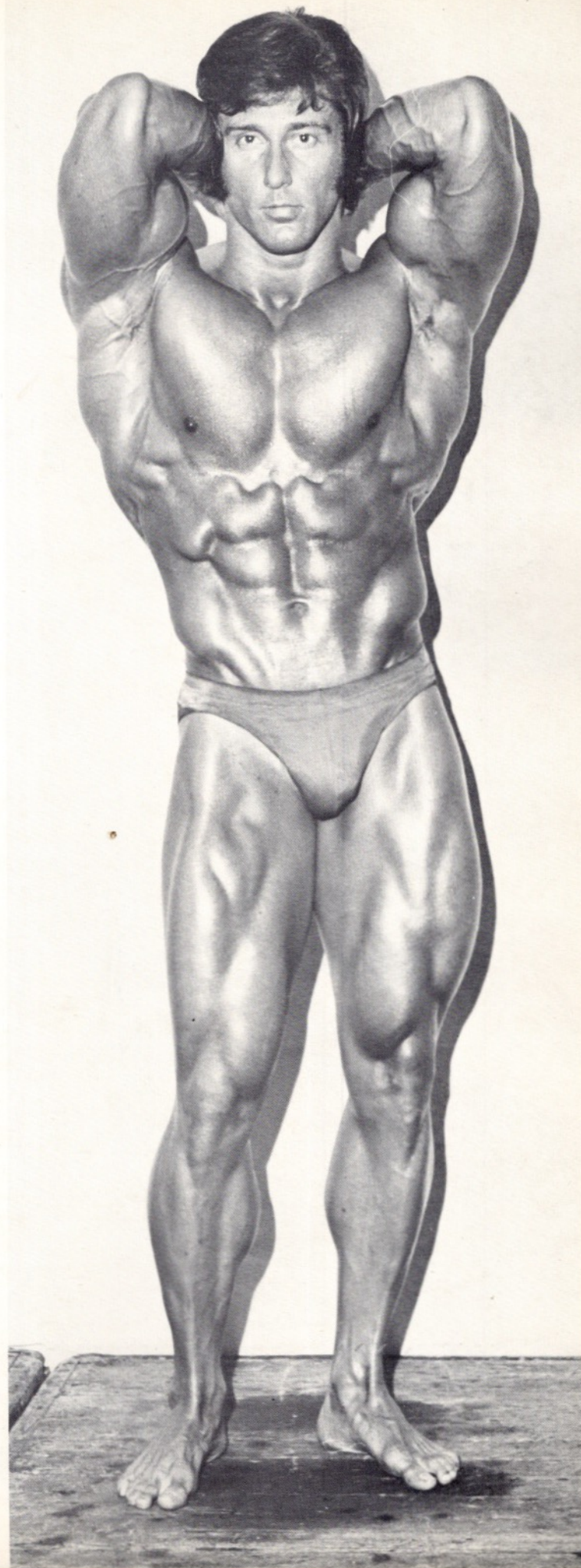
If you can manage to get backstage after a contest, and if you have a glib tongue, it isn't too difficult to get a lineup going for some deep throat action. A famous photographer who died last year, and whose photographs were recently shown at a big museum, used to come backstage to take pictures—and always managed to suck at least a dozen guys in the men's room. Right up until I stopped running the Mr. America contests in 1970 I was constantly annoyed by a top U.N. diplomat who had a penchant for black bodybuilders and somehow wormed his way backstage in order to proposition any West Indians whose visas were running out. His deal included an indefinite extension of the visa, use of his apartment and a small allowance in exchange for houseboy chores which included serving the master. Slavery of sorts still exists. (The man was booted from the U.N. when U Thant left; he's probably using black dildoes these days.)

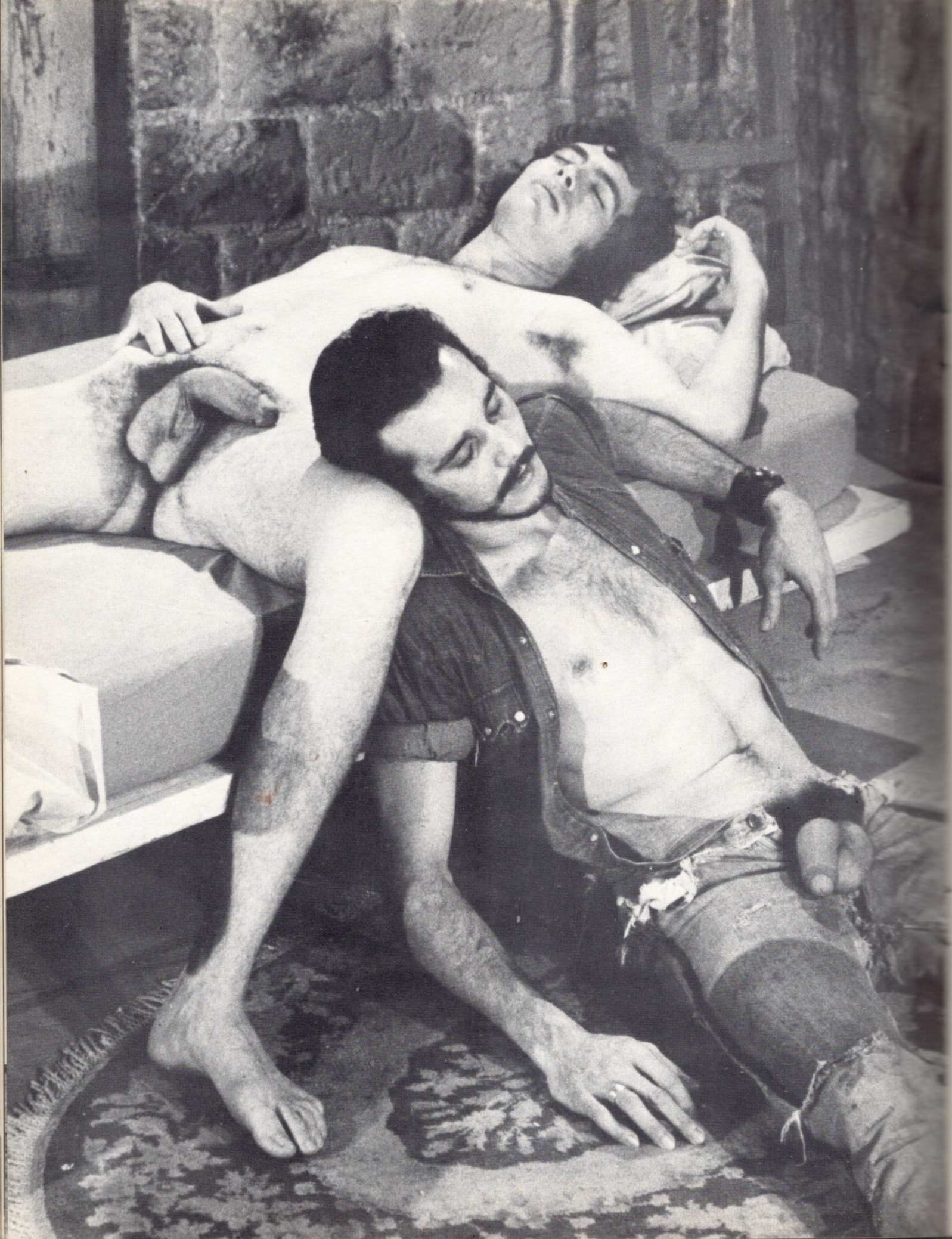
And so it goes when you start playing games with musclemen. If it's already your bag I haven't told you anything new. If it isn't—try it . . . you just may like it!

Far left: Boyer Coe (Louisiana), 2nd place professional division. Left, top: Elias Petsas (South Africa), amateur Mr. Universe winner. Left, bottom: Paul Grant (Wales), 2nd place amateur. Below: Michael Baker (England), who placed high in the amateur contest. Right: Another photo of Frank Zane (California), our new professional Mr. Universe.



March/April 1973





An Original Book The Ebanykus Journal by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the first installment of "The Ebanykus Journal," a novel by Dakota Jonson. A condensation of the book will appear in six consecutive issues of QQ Magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1974. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of six months in preparing this abbreviated version—in order to present a story which is as detailed as the original. And now, we invite you to share with us the sex-filled adventures of fiction's first Gay lover-detectives who find themselves entangled in a web of intrigue, dope, a kinky 'bull ritual', and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER I

MAN, there I was lying like a dead thing on a Gay beach out in Southampton dreaming about my next lover. Yeah—lover, not trick. This summer I had enough quickie dune-tricks and one-nighters to last a lifetime. So, I wasn't dreaming about cock at all. Not exactly.

Anyway, I was stretched out in my turquoise bikini near the water on a red and orange towel, wondering when my life's gonna get together again. It was a typical August afternoon, kind of a sting in the air; hot, but not as hot as July; dust blowing off the harvested potato fields behind me the other side of the reed-grass and rosehip bushes. A few clouds like white gauze spread thin against the sky, and the air smelled of salt spray and dying fish.

The beach I go to is called Fowler Lane. It's on the Atlantic the other side of Southampton on the east end of Long Island. Even though it's Gay, not many guys know about it, and I don't think you could say the dune action at Fowler Lane is "meat rack" but plenty of college kids get blowed there. Weekenders and vacationers sometimes dig orgies of a sort, and gritty screwing goes on back in the bushes—especially at a low, hidden corner we call *Paulie's Backyard*. But that's a story in itself.

As I said, I'm feeling like a lump of lead, thinking about the year I spent in Southampton—winter too. See, I'm supposed to be out there stringing together some essays and chapters on "The Sex Cults and Rituals of Ancient Greece." Try to turn them into a book. A Foundation is paying me money, but the bread's gonna run out soon and I'm long from finishing. Also, I'm between lovers, and everybody I meet is either Gay-married or running back to Manhattan.

To make matters worse, I'm psyched out from gettin' over the hill, turning thirty last April—the Taurus part of the month.

The beach was deserted, being four o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and there I was staring up at the veiled August sky, starting to get horny again. I'm telling myself, I've had it with sex. Still, I followed the old curiosity, raising up on my elbows to squint into the haze down the endless stretch of sea-washed beach to see if anyone's coming at me.

Nobody. So I looked out to the sharp-edged blue March/April 1973

horizon, finally focusing closer in on the breaking surf.

And then I saw him. He materialized in front of me, dripping out of white foam like a young Greek God—son of Thetis. He was naked and coming right at me, sun-sparkly brine cascading from his humpy frame.

Where'd he come from, I wondered, if not from the cool arms of Neptune? He probably floated down with the strong current from Bridgehampton, but I liked believing he'd been borne from the depths of the ocean. He plowed in the wet sand right up to me, green nylon boxer trunks looped around his wrist. His muscled shoulders hunched awkwardly as he paused to stare at me. Then he tossed a cocky head to shake out water from thick, black curls that fell in ringlets around his long neck. Moisture glistened on his rippling belly and heavy thighs—calves bowed slightly outward. A good fistful of prick hung from a dark nest of balls and hair, the top-heavy head of it full and swinging.

Shit! Who says I wasn't looking for cock!

He flopped down next to me and darted a glance at my groin. Suddenly he threw his arms around my chest and said in a husky voice, "Man, you're beautiful!" kissing me full on the mouth. So, what the hell, I know I'm not beautiful, but I grabbed hold of his slippery wet body anyway and kissed him back. Kissing him was like falling into a warm bubble bath.

We could've made it then and there in the sand and almost did, but I wanted to take him home. This one's gotta last awhile, I told myself, at least a couple of hours!

"My name's Eban," he growled pulling away from me and sitting on his haunches. I got a good look at his face then, a bronze glow in the late sun punctuated with deep, blue-green eyes. He couldn't be more than twenty-one or two. He turned to stare out to sea, profiling a perfectly straight nose except for a regal hook just below his broad forehead. Man, those eyes—changing blue as the ocean beyond the sand bar with tiny pools of green in them, like when it's a clear day and the water's roughed up with white caps. He sprung his head back to me and smiled a flash of glistening pearls.

"Well, not exactly," he said.

"What, not exactly?"

"My name's not really Eban, exactly. See, my mother named me after the Greek poet, Ibykus."

"Who?"

"Ibykus, the Greek poet, frenzied lover of boys. So my real name is sorta after him. It's EE-bon-ee-kus." he pronounced it carefully.

"Yeah, well, how'd you like to come home with me, Ibykus?"

"EE-bon-ee-kus. Say it. It's easy."

"EE-bon-ee-kus."

(Continued on page 40)



GAY VIENNA

... it IS if you know where to go!

by David Bartel

IF you think of Vienna as the city of schmaltz 'n waltz and schnitzel 'n schnapps . . . an oldold city where gay guys gyrate to the giddy Geritol beat of the Blue Danube Waltz—and where any overt cruising is really just a lot of Lipizanner horseshit—may we acQQuaint you with some surprising facts about Viennese gay life and tell you about some places you might like to include in your itinerary when next you make the European scene?

Most vacationers emplane for Europe with high hopes that sex is going to be far wilder than anything homegrown. After all, the major European cities—centuries old—are more sophisticated and so—one naturally assumes—gay life and gay guys must also be.

If one's first stop is Amsterdam this impression is all the more strongly reinforced . . . surprising Amsterdam, the ads call it, and it really is. But after Amsterdam that initial enthusiasm begins to wane by a smidge/mite/tittle/jottle as the goodies of Paris, London and Rome are duly sampled. Sophistication, we discover, is at best just a patina, and at worst masks the very humpyhorniness we seek.

Homosexuality is still considered a crime in Austria . . . largely due to unrelenting pressure from the dominant religious sect. How ironical this is in view of the fact that Vienna was the home of Sigmund Freud who practiced here and did so much to free homosexuality of the 'Scarlet Letter' and make it a viable and supportable way of life. As a gesture of homage to this great man you may wish to visit his home, now (since 1971) a national museum. It's at 19 Berggasse and open from 10 until 1 Tuesday through Friday. On weekends it's open from 10 until 4. His famous couch is a focal point of interest in the museum tour.

CAFE CRUISING

One should not look for great cruising areas in or around Vienna . . . nor, with several interesting exceptions, expect to find many overtly gay bars. Social life in Vienna revolves around the cafe—there being three distinct interpretations, or meanings, of this word. There are cafe-bars, cafe-restaurants and the cafe most familiar—the *konditorei*.

It is in the cafe of this latter category that you just may find your most interesting tricks. Here 'cafe' literally means 'coffee' and coffee is the Viennese way of life for gay and straight alike. One comes to a cafe/konditorei for coffee, to read a newspaper, study, meet one's mistress, gossip, settle the affairs of the universe, and cruise an interesting number. It's the cruusalazy way of doing it.

All you need: a cup of coffee—ask for *Mocca* (black), *Brauner* (brown), or *Melange* (light) . . . a piece of pastry . . . a gall bladder that won't chicken out on you from all the *schlag* (the thickest whipped cream in the world) that comes with the pastry (or coffee) . . . a roving eye . . . a longing March/April 1973

glance . . . a smile of acceptance (if you are the cruised one) and, to some extent, a smattering of German. (Berlitz it for a few weeks before flying over and you'll get by handily, although, in most instances, even this is not necessary since English is taught in all schools and, if not spoken well, is readily understood.)

If you're not quite sure whether questing glance or burning look is being correctly interpreted, here's how to erase all doubt. Simply walk over to the newspaper rack and give him a smile and a "*grüss Gott*" as you pass by. It is considered very bad manners for anyone not to respond in kind to this national greeting—even to a total stranger—and thus you can take command of the situation with the followthrough a cinch. If they are leisurely about everything else those handsome blondblond Austrian guys are quick on the uptake. There are two cafes in the konditorei category you will like very much:

Cafe Hawelka, 16 Dorotheergasse, off the Graben. Anyone who is gay, or who loves to be around gay people, or who has a love for art/music/theatre/opera (which is what Vienna is all about), or who grooves to the ambience of an international art crowd, comes to this popular and densely-gay-most-of-the-time konditorei. Of a certainty you will find here just what you're looking for. Very likely you'll decide that the Cafe Hawelka makes the best takeoff point for each day's cruising . . . and it's all done so apparently innocently! A very good time to go is just after 10:30 p.m. when gay Austrians come in for warm *Buchteln* (sweet rolls filled with exotic jelly). The Cafe Hawelka is open until 2 a.m. every day except Tuesday.

Cafe Mozart, in the Albertinaplatz. 'Tourist' gay guys come here in a kind of cinematic pilgrimage. The Cafe Mozart, as you may recall, was the locale of that never-to-be-forgotten film *The Third Man*. Everyone, but *everyone* comes here . . . not just those who are gay. But the remembrance of the cafe and its attraction for anyone who still puckers his lips to whistle the 'Third Man Theme' (among other puckerables) draws gay guys by the dozens and is very "*grüss Gott*." You shouldn't be surprised, however, if the trick you've turned is a 'blond Austrian' from your own home town . . . name of Smith or Jones, rather than Humparump or Zuckadick.

Cafe Bars (Wine Cafes)

Brückenstüberl, 22 Tiefer Graben. In the immediate area of the Opera House and St. Stephan's Cathedral is the most popular cafe bar in Vienna. A charming, candle-lit place done in *keller* or cavern-like design. The gay action begins early, and by midnight the place is packed. You may very likely have your first sight of a Viennese hustler in the Brückenstüberl. Nice, though. Everyone loves the friendly casual, make-out

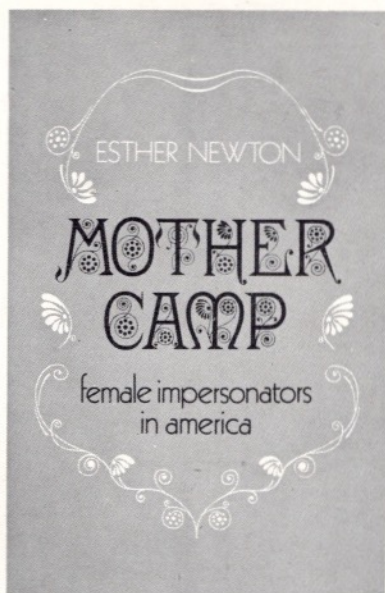
(Continued on page 37)

QQ's Man of the Month **Rory**

By Bruce of Los Angeles







book review

Real drag.

Mother Camp: Female Impersonators in America by Esther Newton (Prentice-Hall, 136 pgs., \$6.95) is a start. Somewhere, sometime, a well-written, sensitive, and sympathetic book is going to be written by a T.C. Jones or a Jim Bailey which will explore the often fascinating field of female impersonation. This isn't it, but it's a start, of value if only as a guideline to later writers of what not to do and how not to do it.

The meaning of the title as a whole escapes me. I know what "Mother" means and I know what "Camp" means (the author spends pages trying to define it for us), but **Mother Camp** has little to do with Female Impersonation in America. I suspect it may be merely a cute publisher's come-on, so watch out.

Esther Newton is a young anthropologist who first conceived of her project as a doctoral thesis (University of Chicago) in 1965. Since then she says her consciousness has been raised by Women's Lib and Gay Lib. So she wrote bracketing first and last chapters to flesh out a thin thesis and (she says) changed her conclusions.

I would not care to know what her old conclusions were, for here, revised, the new ones come across as those of a scientist looking at spiders under a glass. And although the scientist may absolutely adore spiders they are to him, and always will be, spiders.

After a few months of visiting and even (My God!) hanging around drag shows in Chicago and St. Louis, Ms. Newton tells all. Oh yes, it's all there: the bitchiness, the cleverness, the hated straight managers, the shabbiness, the street fairies (her

term, not mine), the hustlers, etc., etc. What is not there is one ounce of warmth, of simple human kindness—and, dare I say it?—of love.

Therein lies the book's overwhelming fault: to Ms. Newton drags are spiders.

Now, if you want to find out all about drag spiders this little volume is for you. Six short chapters describe the work, the workers (and those who would, but can't or don't), give a tape of part of one show, and generally fill us in on the back- and off-stage behavior characteristics of a handful of charming people—excuse me, spiders.

But it's not all bad. Cultural ethnologists love to pigeon-hole, but despite that—which is part of her job, I suppose—I found myself sensing that beneath the anthropological garbage there were a fair number of my gay brothers living a tough life to which I give, in the course of everyday living, very little thought.

So therein lies the book's value: it's not a bad consciousness-raiser, and I imagine, if anybody reads it, those who do will put the book down, hungry to learn what really goes on in the world of drag.

And that will have to wait for the entertaining work of some articulate member of the profession to come along. No straight araneologist, no matter how well tolerated by the gay arachnids (or vice versa) will ever be able to do the job competently. The world of drag is such that it screams for understanding, not the touch of the dissector's scalpel.

The book also includes a handful of really crude photographs; a couple of them aren't even captioned.

The type-face is too small, too.

—Orlando Paris

THE COCK-RING RIPOFF

(Continued from page 7)

others is easily possible without any phallic flagging . . . and (3) by giving you such an instantly prestigious phallus that you not only enjoy it all the more for its new, greater beauty, but relish its stupefying visual effect on others. Depending on how you use it, the cock-ring is everything from a sexual Tinkertoys to an ego trip! They come in various sizes and the idea is *not* to go on your ego trip beforehand by selecting a ring for a phallus of highly *imaginary* circumference (which will avail you nothing but tears of frustration and a loss of much pride and several dollars), but with the greatest precision.

Get one that will *firmly* compress the phallus at its base near the pubic bone so that it will stand smartly at attention through the longest sexual seance (fantasexual or in two-or-more sex), but not so super-tight that it 'strangulates' and completely stops the flow of blood, causing it to be trapped in the hollow spaces (cavernosa) in the phallus, coagulating and causing a kind of temporary priapism which produces an unwanted hard-on throughout the business day—an erection without desire and an embarrassment all around. But on the other hand do not choose a ring so large the phallus floats mindlessly around inside like a blob of eerie ectoplasm.

This is not only defeating fantasexually—especially if you are performing in front of a mirror (and when you see how handsome it looks all trussed up like a Christmas turkey you won't be able to take your eyes off it!)—but in dual or group sex, fantasexual or otherwise, you have to hold on to it for dear life, as though guarding the Queen's tiara, and this looks silly and can be a cause for merriment (and definitely not yours!). A well-fitted cock-ring can turn the most disgruntled phallic mushroom into an instant Eiffel Tower!

Sex shops in all large cities carry cock-rings. Try one on for size by placing first the left testicle through it, then the right (or vice versa) and then easing through the phallus. If you experience difficulty, consult the ads in *QQ Magazine* and other gay publications. Be sure to arrive at a good *snug* measurement so that you'll be right on with the ripoff later in the caper.

'POPPER POWER'!

No matter what sex toy you use to make fantasex more creative and varied (or even if you're just using your fingers) you can whip up a tornado of excitement and extend the exquisite sensation by fifty country miles if you'll take a generous sniff from your popper inhaler at or near the peak of orgasm.

To insure this, most gay guys who are quite active sexually wear a popper inhaler suspended from a chain worn around the neck like a charm or lavalier. This piece of sexual jewelry is not only ornamentally handsome (and all the more masculinely so if the chain is ruggedly constructed), but in its way is a kind of sexual 'calling card'—a gay cachet—that leaves no doubt in the mind of any passing gay stranger that you're on the make, too. But what is more important is that at the moment of truth it's there . . . quickly ready for a whiff without your

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having to poke around eeny-meeny-miny-mo over the bed and under the sheet, wasting valuable time and too often retrieving it *after* the ejaculation at which time it's all pointless anticlimax and Cinderella back with the brooms and ashes.

Poppers (amyl nitrite) can be obtained by prescription and since there are so many medical uses for this chemical it is not hard to come by (not to say 'come with'). If you have a gay or sympathetic doctor in your community you should have no problem getting all the poppers you want (for once the prescription is written it is usually automatically renewable for countless times) . . . or if you have a friendly (translate that as 'conniving') druggist (and you should . . . like for *gamma globulin* and other gay prophylactic necessities) you may even bypass the medico.

'POT POWER'

Although at this writing marijuana is still illegal—to sell, buy, own, smoke or even think about—it is so generally available that if this restrictive aspect of it does not greatly trouble you, you can build up an even longer chain of fantasexual/group-sexualexcitement by smoking a little grass before making the sex scene.

Having first put yourself in a passion mood of blue-to-pinky purple by ripping off a joint . . . then fantasexing with whatever teasing toy you wish . . . and then inhaling a popper at the strategic moment, you're really on a trip! Performed in this chain-reactive manner—as a kind of sexual continuum—you'll appreciate all the more why the word 'masturbate' is cold, hard and ugly, and 'fantasex' is beautiful.

'FANTA-GLOVE' SEX

In earlier issues of *QQ Magazine*, specifically in two articles dealing with self-sex toys (Volume 2, Number 1—*Variations On A Sexual Theme*, and Volume 2, Number 4—*Supermarket Sex*) we pointed out many objects that can make fantasex all the more exciting: simple, home-available things such as fucking between the halves of an oven-warmed cantaloupe spliced together with elastic bands (the warm juice tingles . . . the warm seeds tease and nibble and 'bite'), and a warm, juicy banana skin used as a phallic 'glove' while fantasexing . . . and so we need not recall these same devices here.

However, using them as a takeoff point it is well to mention several sex toys quite gayly in vogue. (1) The *barber's hand vibrator*. Oster makes the most satisfactory one from a fantasexual standpoint. It fits over the back of the hand and is anchored under the palm by springs. Turn on the current and fantasex to your heart's (and hard's) delight . . . it's absolutely wild! Of course it's all the more so if you're wearing your cock-ring . . . if you've 'potted' . . . and if you have your popper inhaler nestling cozily between your pectorals for the final blastoff!

Then (2) there's the *Juice Tube* which you've probably seen in these pages . . . a cock sleeve of flesh-colored rubber which fits the phallus like a glove and which—used in fantasex—works up a helluva head of sexual steam (and if you lubricate the *Juice Tube* or your phallus with KY or Vaseline or some sexy gel of your choice, just plain mayonnaise, or even good ol' spit . . . well there's a thrill-spill that makes you wonder



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

"CRUCIFY him!" the living god commanded, and the physician who had let one of the god's young male favorites die was strung up to die himself.

A god this remarkable man was, in the eyes of his followers, his countrymen, and of the peoples he conquered. A lover of other men he was, too, as had been his father before him. He had despised that father, and had tried to claim Zeus as his father instead, preferring to forget that his real father was to be credited for building up the war machine that enabled the young god to conquer a large part of the world of his time.

His father had been assassinated at his daughter's wedding feast by a handsome young page he had previously drunkenly raped in full view of an audience of banquet guests. His father had taken along 800 eunuchs on military expeditions for the sexual servicing of himself and his friends.

The son continued the practice with his own armies, and the sexual gratification his officers and men enjoyed had as much to do with the success of the campaigns as did his military genius. But he himself believed it all happened as it did

because he was a god.

Sincere belief in his divinity was widespread, but the young god did not let that interfere with his love-making with mortals. He made love as much as he made war. His sexual and emotional feelings for women were minimal and for men, maximal. His homosexual relations were well known throughout the entire ancient world. He was no less respected or feared for them.

But his true mortality was ruthlessly brought home to the world when he died of a fever in Babylon at the age of thirty-three, when he was at the crest of his career and of his physical magnificence.

He left behind an impressive legacy, having carried forward and fulfilled the aim of his father to unite the Greeks under one leadership and conquer the surrounding countries. The Greek culture—the most advanced culture of the age, philosophically and artistically—he left behind him wherever he took his armies influenced the world for generations to come after his death.

His father was Philip of Macedon.
Who was he?
He was Alexander the Great.



Royal Flush

By Rob Arrington

Gay is good. Gay is great. Gay is even royal! The facts are, sir, that royal purple was also royal lavender even back in the days before there was much recorded history that has survived. Tomb art has revealed that homosexuality was anything but unknown in the golden age of ancient Egypt, five thousand years into the dim past, so we safely assume that of the many Pharaohs who graced the Egyptian throne through a bevy of dynasties, there were plenty among them who liked the boys. In eight consecutive installments we will take a look at some famous gay rulers. This month . . .

"OH, THOSE GREATS!"

It takes a lot of doing for a king to be judged so kingly by history that "great" becomes a permanent part of his title. In the case of two "greats"—Peter I of Russia (1672-1725) and Frederick II of Prussia (1712-1786)—their gay natures had special influence on the course of history.

Peter the Great was a gigantic man with gigantic ambition and appetite, given to excess in everything, including war, food and drink, and sex. His gay ways began in his youth along with his vicious ways, which he learned under the harsh tutelage of a Swiss adventurer named Lefort. Lefort's handsome protege,

Alexander Menshikov, was young Peter's lover. Peter's fascination with Menshikov continued during the course of his long reign, and Menshikov was rewarded with riches and great personal power, ultimately being named a prince and marshal of Russia.

The father of Frederick the Great hoped to put an end to his son's homosexuality by having beheaded a handsome young lieutenant who was Frederick's favorite lover as a youth. But Frederick continued his passionate relationships with men upon ascending the throne, surrounding himself with brilliant gay courtiers in his lavish palace of Sans Souci (Continued on page 44)

why you've always done it the old hand-crank way!).

The effect, either with the *Juice Tube* or the Oster or banana skin or cantaloupe can be made absolutely mind-shattering if produced while sitting on a dildo or even one of those phallic-shaped commercial vibrators you can get in any drugstore and which are so highly-favored by women. Again, the 'pot-to-popper' gig will make the more-so all the more so.

FANTASEXUAL MOVIES

Of course most gay guys like to conjure the vision of one to whom they are especially attracted, turning-on vicariously with him while fantasizing. Others, however, do not visualize easily, and so it is timely to suggest that a home movie projector and a library of nude or sex films (if that isn't redundant . . . and it is) will give you the inspiration your mind's eye cannot supply.

Even in smaller communities these films are easily obtainable, but if not then you will find advertisements for them in many gay periodicals from which you can make happy choices. Fantasizing with one or more gorgeous gay guys before you on the screen, plus all the other pot-to-popper techniques we have mentioned, will give you an amazing variety of fantasexual materials, devices and outlets . . . all stimulating to the highest degree.

Moreover, gay sex films give added impetus (and physical thrust) to a fantasexual gangbang, or any other group-sex encounter. Seeing how wild others are on the screen can give you a sexual courage and bravado you might not otherwise evince . . . a real sexual freak-out!

TRY A NEW POSITION

So many continue to fantasize in the same reclining or seated position, not realizing that by taking another tip from the animal world they could double their pleasure by arriving at it from a highly unorthodox direction.

The goat—for all his well-known stubbornness—is quite a sexual innovator. He is one of the very few animals who practice auto-fellatio . . . his delight is in giving himself a blow job!

If he thinks himself unobserved he will first lie on his back. Then with a tricky hitchkick of his hind legs he throws himself into a kind of asshole-to-glory position where he rests entirely on his shoulders. Then, quickly swinging his legs back still further while simultaneously bringing his head forward, he is able to make contact with his phallus, taking it fully into his mouth and bringing himself to a simply effluvious orgasm!

For humans this position can be approximated with a variation on the old gymnasium calisthenic 'bike ride' movement. While complete phallus-to-mouth connection is rarely achieved except by an extraordinarily long-torsoed, long-legged, long-phallused and quite flexible individual, at least this variation will make it possible for you to so align phallus and mouth that at the moment of ejaculation you, too, may discover just what has delighted your sex partners in the past!

Try this: place a comfortable pad near a wall—about a foot or so from the wall (this will vary with various torso lengths). Lie on the pad on your back so that your head is about a foot or two from the wall. Thrust

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upward with your legs, bringing them backward until the toes touch the wall (or, even better, your knees, too). This will give you not only positional security but considerable comfort as well. It sounds difficult but it's really easy when you get the hang of it (and you'll get the hang of it often!). Fantasex as you usually do (having the other hand with popper at the ready). Then as you sense climax is at hand you'll be in a position to further, close the gap between phallus and mouth. Let 'er rip!

Also, this position is an ideal one if you would like to be fucked while fantasexing. By simply bending his knees as much as necessary while standing, your partner has a more grateful access to the anus since the anal sphincter muscles are automatically opened/relaxed in this position.

Sheer jizzumagic all around!

• • •

CALIFORNIA WHIPLASH

(Continued from page 9)

harassment has lessened somewhat in recent months and the guys have loosened up accordingly, but caution is still the order of the day. Still vivid in my memory is the night I walked into one of the leather bars in Los Angeles in full leather gear, an hour or so early for an appointment with a friend, to find that, though the bar was crowded and a few of the guys shot semi-interested glances my way, I was approached by absolutely nobody and the one attempt I made was politely but firmly rebuffed. Later, after my friend (who is well-known in that particular bar) arrived and we started talking, one of the previously-interested guys walked up to me and confessed that he hadn't approached me earlier because he had suspected that I might be a plainclothesman. I wasn't sure whether to be shocked or grossly insulted! With this in mind, Los Angelenos cannot be blamed for exercising a little caution, as entrapment is still in force and they never really know when the boom will be suddenly lowered and they will find themselves swept up and carted off to the local precinct.

For anyone into that sort of thing, San Francisco also boasts a swinging after-hours orgy bar, *The Covered Wagon*, a few steps away from the Miracle Mile and popular with the leather crowd, where you can avail yourself of food, sex or even a midnight swim! The sexual activity in the two orgy rooms is pretty tame by S&M standards, but now and then some interesting action erupts when you least expect it. Be prepared for anything. (Two other popular leather bars in San Francisco are *Boot Camp* and *Ramrod*.) The only orgy bar in Los Angeles is the *M.B.* It is private and sponsorship by a member is required. (The main leather bars here are *Falcon's Lair*, *The Black Pipe*, *The Outcast*, and *The 1170*.)

The club scene on the West Coast is similar to that in other areas, in that each city boasts several of them, some large, some small. However, the club activities are generally more interesting and varied in California. The runs, for example, always feature bikes and involve distances to be covered, and a good part of them take place outdoors (including the orgies). But even the in-city affairs, though infrequent, are carried out

March/April 1973

Letters

QQ always enjoys hearing from its readers. If there is anything you would like to share with others—your feelings concerning an article, or comments on a place you visited recently, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless specifically requested.

MAKING A HOT FIST

Dear Editors:

I'm into heavy masturbation and continually look for new treats. Just got myself an electric shaving lather dispenser and it works great. As soon as my first handful cools I dispense more hot creme for slick and warmth. Feels super.

You can get individual cans of shave creme at the drugstore which are equipped with heating coils that are placed under hot water before dispensing—thus heating the lather on its way out. Good too. But don't get the chemically heated kind because it can cause skin irritation.

I've picked up a lot of good tips for better hand jobs in reading QQ. Keep them coming.

Sincerely,

L.B.

Austin, Tx.

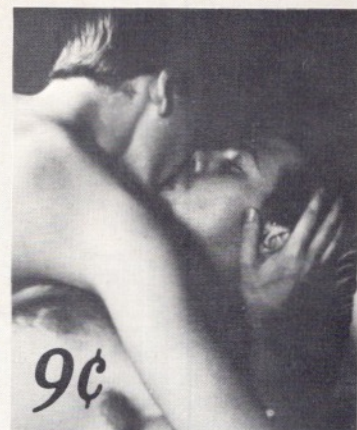
SEATTLE S&M

Guys:

We were particularly impressed to see that you mentioned the Black Rose Chapter of the Knights of Malta in your article, "Gay Portland," in your February 1973 issue. The Black Rose Chapter is our brother chapter to the south.

Here in Seattle are both the Central Chapter (Home Office) and the Jet Chapter of the Knights of Malta—which have as their base the 922 Tavern at Third Ave. and Madison St.

The main purpose of the Knights of Malta is to further the interest in



GAY WORLD POSTAGE

motorcycling, and the wearing of leather and/or Levis. It is also to further the knowledge and understanding of other fellows through formal and informal social events of a common interest. At the same time, it is the Club's purpose to promote friendship among the members with other individuals of similar interests.

Although the Knights of Malta has S&M overtones, you will find all types—ranging from regular sex to far-out scenes such as fist-fucking and water sports.

Fraternally yours,
P.M., White Knight
Knights of Malta
Central Chapter

ZURICH HOTEL

Dear Sirs:

I want to tell you how fabulous your new gay travel magazine is; *Ciao!* is a masterpiece!

I'm just back from Europe and thought your readers might like to know about a beautiful "old world" hotel in Zurich, Switzerland—the Hotel Europe. The rooms are almost luxurious and yet rates are reasonable. But what is most important is that the management is friendly towards gay people—and here is where many of the greater (and lesser) actors stay. Opportunities galore.

Continued success.

Yours truly,
M.K.

Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 46)

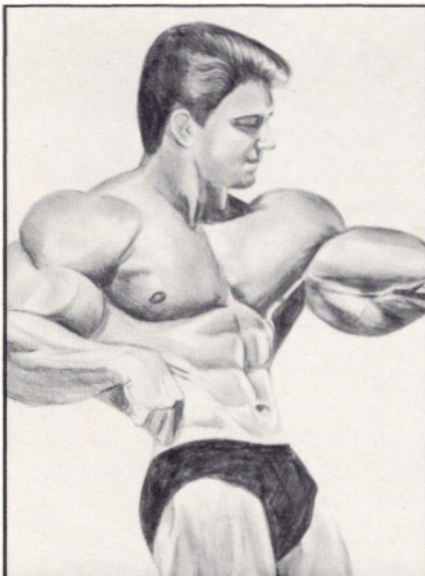
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with a certain amount of dash and flair which is lacking in the east. One club in Los Angeles, for example, features a yearly "ball," the highlight of which is the crowning of their "king" for the year. It's an impressive ceremony, complete with ceremonial robes and the like, and has become one of the most popular events of the season. Perhaps the proximity of these clubs to the glamorous world of Hollywood and show business has been partially responsible for this *modus operandi*. In any case, it is not at all uncommon for leather guys to travel from all over the country to attend a West Coast club event—but the reverse is only rarely true.

One of the great delights of California living is the private party. These seem to abound in the leather scene, as well they should. For anyone who digs entertaining, what's better than having a house of your own to do it in, with possibly a backyard and barbecue pit thrown in for good measure? ("No, Henry, the pit is for the spareribs, not the 'M's'!") While I've been to a good many groovy parties on the East Coast, none quite measures up to the bash thrown this past summer by a friend of mine in Los Angeles.

John is a fairly successful architect who owns his own home in the Silverlake region—a large, rambling house which he shares with his lover Steve. The party was to celebrate their fifth anniversary and they had invited well over a hundred people. Including the "friends" of the invited guests who tagged along they estimate that they entertained at least 150 that night.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the house is the playroom, a good-sized bedroom tucked away in the back of the second floor. Here, indeed, is a room to treasure! The ceiling is painted black and the walls lined floor-to-ceiling with shiny black leather. The floor is plain black asbestos tile. A huge kingsized bed dominates one wall, and this too carries a custom-made leather bedspread. The lighting is all recessed and on dimmers, and the furniture is practically non-existent, consisting of a couple of stuffed leather armchairs and a couple of black chests. There is plenty of swinging room and nothing to accidentally break with a carelessly-swung belt or whip. At strategic points along the walls John had sunk in ring bolts, from which dangle chains with restraints for wrists, ankles and balls. Between these string-up points are fastened to the walls short racks, from which hang a dizzying assortment of studded belts, whips, chains and a wide selection of toys. A fireplace with black marble (what else!) is featured on one wall and above it hang half-a-dozen branding irons, mostly varying designs of John's initials (John is the "S" in the family).

An ingenious harness affair makes it a simple matter to spread-eagle and strap down a man on the bed, and a black leather pillow is available for propping up the victim's ass if so required.

On the night of the party, John and Steve had outdone themselves. Anyone wandering into the playroom that night was greeted with a scene that would have rattled even the most blasé of leather types. No less than three groovy bodies, each wearing a complete leather head mask but otherwise naked, were strung up on the walls, and a fourth masochist, similarly masked, was

strapped down on the bed. These four victims were there and available for the pleasure of the guests, being subject to the whims of anyone who cared to make use of them.

By eleven o'clock most of the guests had arrived and, needless to say, had at least passed through the playroom, making the rounds from one "M" to the next, probing here, pinching and playing there. As the hour grew later, a few ounces of grass had been smoked up and a large quantity of beer consumed, the activity began to quicken. I had zeroed in on the most muscular of the "M's" on display, and was slowly warming up his ass with an evil-looking tawse from John's collection. Every other "M" was similarly being attended to, and a few of the "S's" had even doubled up on a couple of them. The guy on the bed was being treated to a rather formidable dildo up the ass and an outsized flesh-and-blood cock in his mouth, while a third "S" knelt on the bed beside him and administered short vicious blows to his ass with a riding crop.

Although the playroom was the center of activity, the rest of the house and grounds were not being neglected. A quick tour of the premises turned up interesting little scenes in the other two bedrooms as well (some people prefer their sex a little less public) and a few had even spilled out onto the back lawn, which was luckily fenced in for privacy. I remember thinking at some point in the evening how grateful I was that I didn't have to clean up after that particular bash!

There has been some talk in recent years of splitting up northern and southern California into two separate states. The rivalry between San Francisco and Los Angeles seems to be growing, despite the fact that guys from both cities often fly up or down, as the case may be, for weekends, parties or special events. And, on the Fourth of July and Labor Day, the dates of the two biggest West Coast runs of the year, you will find a congenial admixture from both cities. All of which would seem to indicate that whatever the political future of California promises, the lowest common denominator of them all—sex—will undoubtedly serve to cement the two sister cities together for, we hope, all time.

...

STAR-CROSSED SEX STYLES

(Continued from page 15)

like crazy, and discover to his surprise that deep down he has always been a raging sexual inferno! Then, having routed the last of the astral enemy, he will find that he can bring to an individual lover a mighty passion, an uncontrollable sexual curiosity and an almost carnivorous sexual appetite he wouldn't have believed possible!

PISCES (February 20–March 20). The Piscean is usually a 'gentle fetishist' whose aggressive fetishism has been locked-in horoscopically. From childhood he has regarded frank fetishism (as differentiated from the nostalgic fetishism of sexual 'souvenirs' such as a lover's glove . . . his scented handkerchief . . . the pressed flower from his coat lapel) as something to be ashamed of, however desired. Because of this repression he has developed a supersensitivity that is

sexually defeating. Although otherwise brilliant (and Pisceans are often geniuses) . . . mystic, psychic, intuitive . . . he is yet too shy to express sex in the way he'd like to. He may be, and usually is, such an attractive guy that sex is practically flung at him, yet he cannot indulge his predilection for fetishism in depth. The astral cabal remains in force.

What to do? First try this turnabout. Stop thinking of fetishism as shameful or obscene. Instead, honor it for what it really is: *the ultimate expression of love*, knowing that in fetishizing a lover you are wordlessly telling him that he is more to be treasured than gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Next, keep pre-sex conversation casual and truthful. Lead him into a discussion of fetishism in general and tell him frankly that you've never fully explored the realm of your own atavistic desires . . . that you've always been in a bind about them . . . and that you'd like to throw off all your fetishackles at this very moment . . . with *him-m-m!*

Do you believe for an instant he'll recoil in disgust? Hah! More likely he'll be so flattered and interested he simply can't wait until you blast into fetishist orbit! Whirl, baby, whirl! Your frank admission may not only trigger such immediate sexual reactions as a golden shower or an avalanche of 'analava', but reveal further surprises that would make Pandora's collection of goodies as tame as a box of ginger snaps.

ARIES (March 21–April 20). The Arian is the most sexually demanding . . . and the most body conscious (of his own). When there is a strong combination of both he is also most vain. His problem is really a non-problem . . . it's not something he must do for himself but something you must do for him. Since it takes a really great body to 'outbody' him . . . and a real sex machine to match him trick for trick . . . you'll have to keep on your toes (if not your knees) all the time. The trick is to continually surprise him and this is difficult because his imagination runs to purple riot *all the time!* But here are some bizarre suggestions that will not only work, but work so well he'll be wholly captivated. You just may be the greatest sex he's ever had—or ever will.

Sign up for belly-dancing lessons. Think that's wild? Not really . . . just different. If you live in a large city you'll find at least one belly-dancing school. They're advertised in the yellow pages of the telephone directory, or—if in a very large city—in a local off-beat newspaper (in New York *The Village Voice*). Now don't laugh about belly-dancing for men. A lot of guys—gay and straight—are taking it up not just for the sexual aspect of it, but for its terrific figure-taming benefits. Most studios have men's and women's classes; sometimes they're mixed. But that's competition . . . and fun!

If you don't have a belly-dancing school in your community (have you tried the Y?) you may enroll in a correspondence school and do your thing at home. Most mod magazines carry such ads; have a look. Study the technique, get the hang of it, fire up your record-player with some wild Arabian-stallion music, and you're off! By practicing for a few weeks you can work up a sexually provocative act he can't resist. All you need are your mirror, your music and your muscles (pelvic, that is). As the saying goes, *practice makes!*

March/April 1973

Bring to the seance a gift of love . . . like a string of white beads (especially if he's deeply tanned). Drape them lovingly around his neck so that they fall in the cleavage between his strongly-chiseled 'gladiator' pectorals and enhance their perfection all the more. And then some lightly-planted kisses from 'moundy' deltoids over, down and around the pectorals . . . a kiss for every bead should be about right.

Special tip. The Arian is a leg fetishist . . . his legs, your fetish! If you will begin your adoration of his body from this erotic point you'll surprise and delight him. Improvise, improvise, improvise . . . with finger, fang and phallus!

TAURUS (April 21–May 21). The gay guy born under this sign is a sensualist to his fingertips. Every inch of his body vibrates to the slightest loving touch. Thus he's overly dramatic . . . imaginative. His dreams are absolutely mind-blowing, and what is even more exciting is that he likes to act them out with a willing partner. So let him be the leader . . . you follow. His only drawback is that as a Taurian he is too much of a hedonist and in living it up he usually tends to overeat as well. In short, there's too much time spent in dream-fulfillment and too little on the gym floor. So our suggestion for this interesting gay guy is to head for the nearest gym and spend thirty minutes a day on fast, repetitive exercises that tackle the 'gut issue'. Then, with a reduction of carbohydrates/fats in his diet he can overcome his astral enemy and always be sure of having a beautiful body to act out his beautiful dreams.

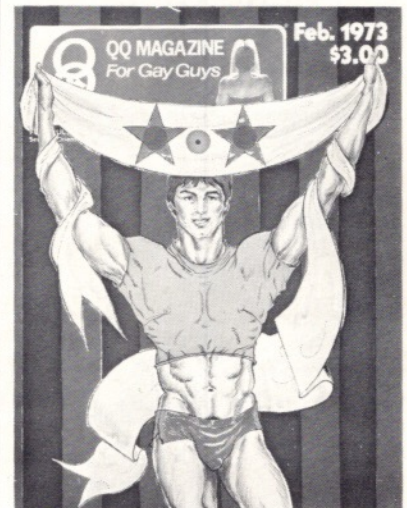
GEMINI (May 22–June 21). Restless, restless, restless is the gay guy born under this sign. Sex dreams tear at him in his sleep. He tosses and turns all night long . . . no piece, no peace. He finds it difficult-to-impossible to have sex with just one partner for an entire evening. Two, four, six, eight in succession are more his style. What is more upsetting to him (and his partner) is that he's never satisfied with his sexual expertise, for no sooner does he begin to delight with one technique than another pops up in his mind. Like a butterfly he's off again, on again. It takes him twice as long as anyone else to bring a lover to orgasm.

Turnabout? Pot or tranquilizers. The gay Gemini is a natural for pot because in extending time it causes him to dally with one technique . . . it makes him less 'nit-picky'. It gives him a chance to savor to the full the delights of his partner. Tranquilizers, of course, *tranquelize*. However, with some gay Geminis they work more as sexual depressants and that's bad! He may find, then, that the lesser potencies of *Librium* work better. In this way he is not so bombed and can operate lucidly, lingeringly and lusciously without ever losing the thread of sexual 'conversation'.

CANCER (June 22–July 23). Of all star-crossed sexualists the Cancerian is the most intuitive. Surely there must be a bit of Southern-European Gypsy in him for he is a natural sexual 'fortune-teller', or at least he has a kind of built-in radar that alerts him to what you have in mind even before you fully know yourself! Naturally this makes him super-successful on the cruising range. He's on top of all the tricks (and no pun

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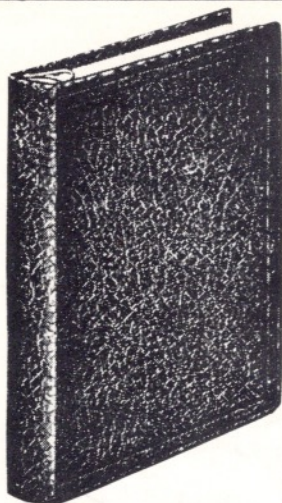
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intended); his finger is always on the sexual pulsebeat and he can detect the slightest aberration which, of course, helps him weed out the deadheads. You may be sure that whomever he takes home will certainly have been the best of that particular day's catch.

For him, too, a bit of pot and/or a dollop of a very gentle tranquilizer can help by causing him to be less demanding, less pragmatic and less automatic in his sexual judgments. Moreover they help him become less *anticipatory* so that he can enjoy what a lover has pridefully put aside for him in his sexual picnic-basket without the preguessing or outguessing that invariably suggests a put-down.

You'll find that you must pace yourself when sexing with a Cancerian. Try to take him by surprise. Arrange your various ploys neatly in your mind . . . then try not to give him a hint of what you're planning next to do. *Strike like lightning* and you can explode him into a six-jet ejaculation . . . in just minutes!

LEO (July 24–August 23). When you make the gay bar scene you often may be entranced by an attractive number who lights up the joint with the wildest sexual stories. “What fantasies that guy dreams up!” you marvel.

Fantasies, no . . . facts, yes. The Leo has such far-out sexual experiences and he's so overjoyed with them that he wants you to share in the fun. To him just telling about them is a kind of ‘instant replay’ that, in retrospect, is just as good as the original ‘screening’. So he gets a double charge. Don't fault him for that. And if he should look at you with lovelight in his eyes, drop everything and go with him. You'll never regret it!

With the exception of certain minor fears that other gay guys would never be troubled by, like checking his pocket several times to see if he has his doorkey and won't be locked out (or is that psychically indigenous . . . never miss out on a trick?) he is the least star-crossed lover. Fate can be kind.

VIRGO (August 24–September 23). Sex-actitude personified. He's happiest when having predictable sex with a predictable trick in a predictable place, and who will ‘orgass’ in a predictable time. For all his timetable approach to sex, and for all the impression one gets that he has no primitive side, he has deeply hidden emotions. Turn-about? Invite him to tea without telling him about the 20-man marathon you have lined up for the kickoff in the bedroom. Since the Virgan is also a man of precise good manners he will neither falter nor flinch, although he may be repelled by so much meat on the hoof. But once having sampled a trick or two (just to be a good sport, of course) you'll note a striking change as he begins to skip happily heels-over-teakettle around the remaining eighteen! Thus having outmaneuvered his astral guard there'll be no stopping him!

LIBRA (September 24–October 23). The Libran seems to be easygoing but there's a lot of sexual tension beneath that's waiting to surface. His problem is extreme self-doubt with respect to sexual potency. While he'd like more than anything to join in a merry marathon he's afraid he doesn't have the sexual pazazz to last it through.

QQ

The Libran is the gay guy who grooves strongly to aphrodisiacs. He keeps health-food store shelves stripped of ginseng . . . he invests in every new gimmick that is touted as increasing potency (like flavored phallic gels) . . . who eats aphrodisiac foods, and who burns eucalyptus in his fireplace and fills his bedroom with exotic flowers whose fragrance, he believes, increases potency. It is surely no coincidence that most of the letters *QQ Magazine* received after publication of the article *Supermarket Sex* (Volume 2, Number 4, Fall 1970) were from gay Librans who told us how much these suggestions had 'Libra-rated' them from their needless fears, and how much they have been helped in extending/enriching their sex life. Although *Supermarket Sex* with its basket of 'frigoodies' touched on many matters aphrodisiacal, it was not published with this expressly in mind. Yet we commend it to any Libran (or indeed anyone) who would like to ward off an imaginary impending impotence. It may well prove that all you need to stir smoldering sexual embers to an unquenchable sexual blaze is just a variation or two in the way you stoke!

SCORPIO (October 24–November 23). Omigahd, omigahd! Sex, sexx, sexxx! Oh those *Scorpions* . . . they have it coming out of their ears (and in them!). There's simply no sexual trick under the sun they haven't tried (or won't). Totally uninhibited they are children of Eros . . . bacchantes . . . sybarites . . . often satyriasts. Boing, boingg, boingg . . . that thing is going night and day. Yet when in the casual company of a Scorpion one never really senses that he is so totally involved in sex. Usually he is quite secretive. Sex fills his dreams . . . he dreams of flying/soaring . . . I'm Scorpio, fly me to the moon! He also has dreams in which jealous or envious others are trying to steal his tricks and quite naturally this drives him onward to prove that he's still *Numero Uno*. So what Scorpion needs a turnabout? Stay Valentine, stay . . . every day is Valentine's day!

SAGGITARIUS (November 24–December 23). With all the sexual excesses of others behind us we're glad to end these celestial contemplations with a word about the smiling Saggitarians. These are healthy people . . . well-balanced, with no sexual problems. The Saggitarian is usually so well-adjusted that his very mode of life takes years off his calendar age, and when others of equal years are crumpled up in wrinkles and stinky pee he's still younger than springtime, fresh as a daisy and gay as a lark.

So on this upbeat note about gay guys who have no hangups we come full circle in the sexual horoscope of those who do . . . yet who need no longer chafe under them with these happy turnabouts!

• • •

GAY VIENNA

(Continued from page 27)

gemütlichkeit of this swinging wine cafe. It's an especially good place to go if you don't care for bombed-out American cocktails. You can keep your wits about you

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with soft drinks, beer, cheap wine (wine is often less expensive than coffee in Vienna!) or—if you simply must—skyhigh Scotch. If you've not been directed here by a knowledgeable Austrian friend, here's how you make the scene. From the Opera House walk up Kärntnerstrasse just two short blocks past St. Stephan's Cathedral. Turn left into the Holemarkt which, in just a step or three, magically becomes Wipplingerstrasse. Then, between the second/third cross streets you'll see a long flight of descending steps leading to the lower level—Tiefer Graben, called, colloquially, 'the lower depths'. Just to your left is a door with a small plaque (at this writing no other sign was visible). That's the Brückentüberl. The weekends are as wild as anything gets in Vienna (and you can be surprised!) when there's dancing . . . and fellas it ain't to the strains of The Blue Danube Waltz.

The Piccadilly is another cafe bar, or rather bars . . . there are several in this large place at 12 Annagasse. You start out again from the Opera House, going once more up the Kärntnerstrasse. Annagasse is the second street to your right. Here the hustlers are out in force and really work at it to please you. Gorgeous guys! It's best late (from about 11 p.m.) . . . a slow-starter 'sleeper' type of place where you may be somewhat disconcerted initially by the seedy surroundings. While this is rather off-putting if you arrive too early (you're more conscious of it), once the action begins you'll forget about it, later remembering only what a good time you had.

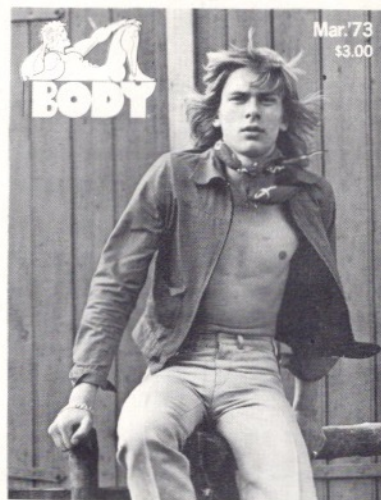
Express Quick (Quick Bar), 7 Rauhensteigl. No number, only a plaque, indicates this place. The street, however, is only a block long so you can't miss it. Here we go again from the Opera House (they really do sing there, you know!) up Kärntnerstrasse, this time continuing for four blocks, turning right into Himmelforte ('gate of heaven'). If your libido runs to ruff-f-f trade, here's just the place for you. Small, very intimate and cruisy. Essentially it's a coffee place but beer, liquor and wine are available.

Die Alte Lampe, Heumuhlgasse 13. This one is away from the inner city, a few minutes walk from the Opera House through the wholesale market district. In some odd way it may remind you of 'The Trucks' area in New York's Greenwich Village. Since this area can be very dangerous at night you will be wise to cab it. However, if you should decide to walk through the market, don't cruise the big john unless you have some judoholds/karate chops warmed up, just in case. Moreover, the police regularly buzz the market area and john, so even if you are able to ward off muggers you can't use your karate choppers on the fuzz. By Viennese gay standards the Alte Lampe falls into the 'cafe restaurant' category, and in addition to its good drinks, serves delicious food in absolutely huge Doggy-Bag portions. The bar is small and really doesn't come alive until 9 when the pianist arrives. Things get going quite interestingly after that. Not expensive; a really big meal will cost you little more than \$4!

Other Cafe Bars/Restaurants

Although mixed—roughly 75% gay—the *Cafe Stengel* at 6 Schossegasse is worth a visit. It's just two blocks behind the Town Hall. A very friendly place . . . good food at moderate prices and deft, friendly service.

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Also the *Cafe Alge*, just a block from St. Stephan's Cathedral at 10 Bauernmarkt. The leather crowd favors the *Kopernikusstubl*, 8 Corneliussgasse near the Apollo Cinema. Out of the center of things (you'll need a cab to get there), it's 'leather rough', although don't expect it to be remotely as 'leather' as any such place back home.

OUTDOOR CRUISING

About the best that can be said for outdoor cruising in Vienna is that it's 'iffier' and 'chancier' than in any other European city of comparable size. Probably the best place is the park in front of the Town Hall. The best time is late in the evening when the fuzz is less likely to hassle. Even so, plainclothesmen do check the park/johns. So whaddya do if you get caught kissing the dew off his lily? Flash your Nixon button and see what *that'll* get you. (Four more years, most likely!)

JOHN CRUISING

Very limited but often good. If—just before taking off from the Opera House on one of your jaunts up the Kärntnerstrasse to one of the cafes mentioned earlier—you cruise the john in the Opernpassage—the underground crosswalk to the left of that magnificent edifice as one *faces* it—you may be happily surprised by what you find. However, it should be stressed that even 'with facilities' cruising in name only is usually about *all* you can do here. You can 'make a contract' (as Viennese gay guys quaintly put it) to meet elsewhere, but you just can't pull a caper, Raper! The john in Town Hall park closes early, as does the john alongside St. Stephan's Cathedral. This latter john is quite popular and can be most rewarding. Just be careful. Also the park in front of the Rathaus—around the statue of Johann Strauss—is cruised.

GAY BATHS

Zentral Bad, 20 Weihburggasse. All ages . . . sizes . . . some straight . . . mostly gay. After paying a \$1.75 sauna fee you change upstairs in small 'tea for two' cubicles. Then downstairs to the hot rooms (3) and pools (2) and saunas (2). Lounges, beds, tables/chairs. Can be fun if you don't mind doing your 'bad' cruising early in the day. Closes at 6 p.m. Open every day but Sunday. Best action on Saturday when all those handsome young Austrian farmer-boys come into town to sell their produce in the market, and 'produce' a helluva lot more in the baths!

Rossl Sauna, also known as Annagasse Bad. (Some gay guys say "Anna's gas is bad" because the place stinks!) However, it is popular and has the virtue of being open all through the night from 11 p.m. It adjoins the Wienerwald Restaurant at 3 Annagasse. (Maybe it's all that red cabbage and sauerkraut! Anyway, if fru-u-uity farts are your bag, here's the place to bag 'em.)

Esterhazy Bad, 59 Gumpendorferstrasse, opposite Esterhazy Park. From 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. except Saturday/Sunday. Most gay guys do it the economical way by asking for a 'steam, second class'. You get *all* the action, so why pay more? Most think it's fun. Give it a try and let us know.

WHERE TO STAY

You can live it up in baronial splendor at the *Hotel Imperial* (formerly the Emperor's

guest house), or the *Bristol* (owned by the Imperial's management and equally posh), or the *Krantz-Ambassador* where royalty and heads of state are housed. Or a vast number of less expensive places which any fine travel guidebook can better pontificate on than we can in this brief article. However, tourism is now such a tremendous business in all of Austria and you'll be wise to have your travel agent nail down reservations in a hotel of your choice before you leave.

But with an eye on 'tricking' accommodations you might keep these hotels in mind when cruising the johns/cafes/wherever:

Hotel Modern, in the Krugenstrasse. Centrally located and convenient to the cafes mentioned here, you can bring anyone in any time of day or night. A 20-schilling tip to the concierge or hall porter makes everything easier.

Hotel Urania, also in the heart of the city, permits one this same freedom of cruising action. A 20-schilling tip ('trinkgeld' as it's called . . . literally 'drink money') will also assure smooth sailing on your cruise.

Of course the historicity of Vienna and the opulence of an empire now headless are magnets enough to draw anyone from anywhere in the world.

You'll be so overcome with the grandeur and beauty of it all you just may forget about tricking for quite a time. But once you do settle down just a bit, begin your daily tours from the vantage point of the Opera House and the Opernpassage—that john complex mentioned earlier. You'll find the sexual pace accelerating hour by hour . . . and when it's time to fly back home you'll do so only with the deepest regret and a very fervent pledge to return to Vienna . . . truly the City of Dreams.

• • •

THE LAVENDER SYNDICATE

(Continued from page 54)

while ignoring the negative control they exert over the minds and bodies of Gay people.

There are many ways that you can help in this struggle:

1. Express your anger to other Gay people. Let them know that we are going to have to run these parasites out of our lives; nobody is going to do it for us—not the police (of whom many are "on the take"), not the courts, not the media—only ourselves through our collective determination and pride.

2. If you're a member of a Gay organization which accepts payoffs from syndicate establishments, whether through "advertising" in publications or "donations," get together with other up-front people in your group and put an end to it. And see to it, that publicly at least, your group takes a stand condemning the exploiters.

3. Beware of the people in our own community who seek to excuse and explain away the syndicate stranglehold on our social institutions. In particular, I'm referring to people who say "Don't call anybody Mafia unless you can prove it." If it were that easy to prove, the problem would be well on its way to solution. Basically, you know if a place is mob-controlled—things like

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watered-down drinks, creepy straight guys at the entrance collecting "minimums," mysterious limousines that pull up around closing time and collect the money, easy availability of drugs on or near the premises, deliveries of hijacked liquor which come in unmarked trucks, etc.

4. And, in the not too distant future, when you see other Gay people picketing a place because of syndicate control, *respect* that picket line at the very least; and, if your anger is sufficient, *join* it.

And, finally, when you are personally convinced that a Gay establishment, whether it be a bar, a bathhouse, a publication, a bookshop, a movie house or an organization is free of overt or covert syndicate control, *support* that establishment and get your friends to support it. Let the world know that as Gay people, we have the pride and determination to exert control over our own lives.

It is this kind of determination that the larger society respects. And if I have not yet managed to communicate my personal anger to YOU, I won't stop trying. I have been in this movement too long and am convinced that until we rid ourselves of outside control we will never even begin to be a free people!

• • •

FOUR MORE YEARS

(Continued from page 5)

in their local school boards, improving local private and public housing is open to Gay people (not just families), and, in general, of building a viable feeling of community where people feel they have some control over what goes on in their local communities.

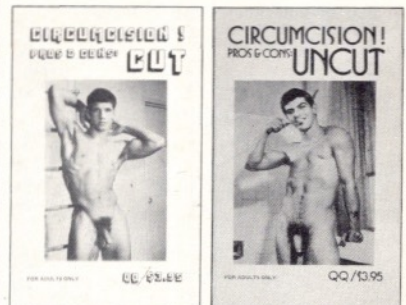
It is this feeling of powerlessness on the local level that I feel must be changed before we can begin to seriously think we can effect change on the national or state level. Somehow, in these Gay Ghettos, we must build and nurture a feeling amongst our people that they can create for themselves a real community of friends, neighbors and lovers—a real community where they have influence in their local schools, precincts and social institutions and that their local elected representatives are made answerable to their needs and feelings.

OUTREACH

At the same time that we are consolidating and giving permanence and meaning to millions of Gay people in their communities, we cannot neglect reaching out to the larger community through a program of education and open dialogue.

For example, we have tens of millions of potential allies in our efforts in the families of Gay people alone. At this time there are a number of "Parents of Gay People" organizations springing up around the country. And I think this is one of the most important trends in the Movement and something that every one of us can help to accelerate. For those of you who have taken the time and effort to re-educate your families on the subject of Homosexuality, you know of the great joy in having the love and support of your family. (For myself, I'll never forget the great surge of pride I felt when my mother told me she was proud of me when she heard me speak on Gay Liberation in

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public.)

Other programs of outreach in the next four years must include continued contacts with universities, unions, professional associations and other private and public institutions. In the past year, we have seen the establishment of Gay Centers on university campuses (notably Columbia); Gay caucuses in the National Education Association, the American Library Association and, most recently, the establishment of a Gay legal caucus.

To sum up, it would be easy for us to wring our hands over the fate of the first national candidate to support Gay rights issues and some of us probably will. But if we firmly believe that our cause is just, we will use these four years to consolidate and strengthen our movement and begin to make it applicable to the day-to-day lives of the millions of Gay people. We will turn away from contrived protests for protest's sake; and we will work positively in our communities where we already have the potential for immediate and lasting change. We will reject the media freaks and ego-trippers in the movement and we will move out into our communities and relate directly to the people.

This is a time of testing and challenge to the Gay Liberation Movement. Will we meet that challenge?

• • •

THE EBANYKUS JOURNAL

(Continued from page 25)

I decided then and there he was a Pisces and had to be putting me on, but, man, who cared? He flopped over on his belly and the rounded curves of his ivory ass, tight and firm with a hairline crack made the curls on my scrotum stand straight. I wasn't gonna pass this one up. I persuaded him to put his trunks on for the walk down to the parking lot, and he said, "Sure, man, I'll go home with you. You like to fuck? I don't dig anyone who don't fuck."

"Try me." And off we went.

I knew he'd turn on to my car, a sixty-nine rooster-red Shelby, ram-air and all that shit. He stared at it shaking his head repeating, "Absolutely. Absolutely. Absolutely."

"Yeah," I said, "so what is it? Bunch of metal and grease and fiberglass. Get into it, Ebanykus and I'll take you home with me like the rape of Venus."

In spite of the "absolutely" Shelby (unpaid for) I live in a humble part of Southampton alongside the Polish working class—a small rented house near the village north of Hill Street—the "unfashionable side" of town. I dig it. It's cozy. Only problem is I don't have much privacy upstairs. No tall hedges.

Fortunately, I got a basement bedroom, damp in the summer, cold in winter, but great for sex and cuddling. Ebanykus had no sooner got to the bottom of the cement stairs leading to this mouldy cavern than he turned to me.

"Oh man, this is beautiful. Neptune's Cave."

And so the basement got its name. He had to be a Pisces.

Have you ever been so turned on to somebody the first time you flop into bed

with him you do nothing at all of consequence? That's the way it was with me and Ebanykus the first afternoon. The bed down in "Neptune's Cave" is no good for sleeping, but it sinks in the middle and we got into it naked and salty—into each other's arms, exploring nooks and crannies of each other's bodies—skin and hair and holes and mouths and necks behind the ears—tensely whispering all the things we was gonna do, and ending up splattering come all over, holding on afterwards for dear life and making frantic promises how much better it'd be later on. I had to get away from him. He was too rich, like chocolate cake. He wanted to sleep, anyway, so I went upstairs and made myself a pot of black coffee.

"It's just another trick," I kept telling myself. Then, when I was about ready to go back down and really make love to him, the way men oughta make love, slow and easy, he appeared at the top of the stairs, wearing his swim suit.

"Hey, man," he said gruffly, "could you spin me over to Sag Harbor? I left all my clothes there."

"Sure, Ebanykus. You wanna come back later?" I tried not to sound eager, but it was difficult.

"Can I sorta stay here a few days?"

"Yeah, why not?"

So I was taking a chance, but we had a lot more to do in bed. Why not dig it?

I got my first scare from him, however, that same afternoon. We were breathing "Absolutely" up the long, open stretch of Deerfield Road toward Noyack when I asked him how long he had been out in the Hamptons this summer?

"Only a coupla weeks," he answered, slouching into the bucket seat, his bare legs spread. "I been staying at this house in Sag Harbor—Diana's. She runs a kinda groupie thing. Can't say too much..."

"Because you don't know or sworn to secrecy?"

"Both," he said tersely. He reached his small hand across the stick shift and rested it in my crotch. Now, if I was into fist-fucking... "See, I was working at the Mayfair on Job's Lane, but it was driving me up the wall. Can't dig it, man, indoors all day. Anyway, I sorta knew Diana in New York, in the Village, and she says come be a part of her thing, so I did."

I let it lie for the moment.

"You got bread?"

He jerked his arm back and his whole body tensed, sudden anger gripping him. "Fuck yes, I got bread. Whaddya think...?"

"Hey, Ebaynkus, cool it. I didn't mean—just thought you might need some help." I faked a laugh. "Besides, I barely got enough to get by on, but if you need anything..."

"Okay, man, dig." He relaxed and smiled. "I'm together. Just need a place to stay for a few days. Can't hang on at Diana's. She wants to get me too tied up, and I'm not ready for it yet."

"Ready for what?"

"Huh? Oh, nothin' exactly." He paused. We'd reached the hilly curves of Deerfield and he sat up straight. "Well, see, like chicks," he continued. "Balling. Man, you wouldn't believe all the screwing that goes on down in that house. Part of Diana's cult-bull ritual. But, look, I can't tell you about it. Okay?"

QQ

"Sure, okay. Forget it."

We turned onto North Sea Road and headed for Sag Harbor in silence. I cut over Brick Kiln Road into the south end of town since he'd told me Diana lived in that direction. As soon as we stopped at the Bridgehampton Turnpike, he said, "You better let me out and walk. See, Diana shouldn't see me with you. It's gonna be heavy enough pulling out from her and she's like paranoid about Gay guys."

I looked at him hard, telling myself, "*So, Ebanykus baby, you're just another trick after all,*" but saying out loud, "Sure, man. Take care. I'll probably be home all evening, but you better call . . ."

"Ah, come on. I'll be there. A couple hours. Wait up for me."

We stared into each other a few seconds trying to read the future. At last he jumped out of the car, hollering, "Ciao!" I sped away from him without a backward glance.

He did come back—late. I wasn't waiting up for him. By midnight I pretended to forget about him entirely and went to sleep in the upstairs front bedroom. He clumped onto the porch and banged on the door. I clambered out of bed. He wore red cords and a Mick Jagger pullover and carried an olive green tote bag. A turnon.

So, what the hell. Enjoy. We wasted no time getting downstairs again into "Neptune's Cave." Sex, however, was as raw as before. We smoked a joint and sniffed poppers, but even with all that help, we climaxed much too fast.

And we slept in each other's arms, inhaling mold and the stale smell of pot and amyl nitrite, waking once to fool around and climax again.

Next day we got off to Fowler Lane early for a naked swim, then lay out in the hot sun up near the dunes like a couple of lizards. All of a sudden Ebanykus sat up and said, "I know what I'm gonna call you. It's a perfect name for you!"

"Come on, Ebanykus, why you gotta have another name for everything? 'Neptune's Cave' for my basement—'Absolutely' for my car. But me? Man, just call me by my right name . . ."

"No, that's not your name," he said. "You don't fool me."

"Eban, if you want me to call you Ebanykus . . ."

"This name—my name for you is perfect."

"Nothing's perfect."

"Oh yes." He smiled. "I'm gonna call you Jonquil."

"Jonquil!"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Jonquil's Narcissus." He arched his back and threw a handful of sand in the air. "So are you. An actor! Always looking in the mirror—I've seen you! Always fingering your straight blond hair—baring your capped teeth . . ."

"My teeth are *not* capped."

"That's how I know you're a famous actor in disguise, always admiring yourself."

"But Jonquil's a flower—it sounds feminine . . ."

"No, it doesn't. Jonquil's Narcissus. Narcissus was a man—a God. A Greek God of great beauty who spurned the love of the nymph Echo . . ."

"Yeah, I know the story . . ."

"Anyway, the flower's beautiful. And so

are you."

"Bullshit!"

"Jonquil!"

"Okay—you have it your way. Call me Jonquil." I grinned, and he said, "What're you laughin' at?"

"You're into the Greek thing, too?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure I am. You too?"

"Sure, I told you, I'm supposed to be writing a book. Speaking of the Greek thing, Ebanykus . . ."

"Yeah . . ." He rolled over on me, sitting on my legs and pinning my arms. "Speaking of the Greek thing, Jonquil, 'what're we doin' here . . .?'"

It seemed to take a million years to get back to "Neptune's Cave." And we weren't stoned. Just eager. And this time we were ready for it, down in that mouldering basement, our hideaway.

That afternoon I began to believe I might fall in love with him. It wasn't just the sex thing. It was like, man, the thrill of consummating that love—everything two guys making it should feel. I mean, whatever became of Ebanykus and me afterwards really didn't matter, you dig? These moments belonged to us and to us alone. They were complete. Like, now the whole world was ours, the beginning and the end. And we found pieces of ourselves that'd been lost, fragments of our lives we could never put together again alone.

I'll never forget the moment he turned from me and took my hands and pressed them against his smooth, nipples chest and whispered, "Come on, Jonquil—now—do it to me like the Greeks did it. Fuck. Fuck me now, Jonquil. I gotta have your meat inside me, Jonquil, now."

Fucking. What is it—two guys? Who knows? I guess it's like discovering yourself again, fulfilling adolescent dreams. When I got all of my cock inside of him, it was like one body, man, driving into him, abandoned, deep, lunging thrusts; pulling out to feel the head slipping against his tight hole, then driving in again.

Until a thousand, splintered fractions of my legs and thighs and arms and cock climaxed in shuddering orgasm.

If it had stopped there, what then? Would we have stayed together? Become lovers? But it didn't stop. I took it out, silently rolling onto my belly. He spread himself heavily over my back without a breath, gripping my shoulders and pushing his thickened prick into my ass until I felt him deep inside. He screwed me, man, just like that. Christ it was beautiful!

Now we're one, Ebanykus, just for a time, male like ancient Greeks.

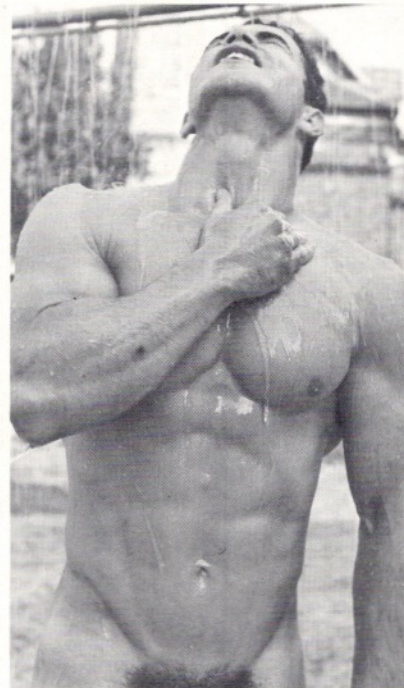
And when I let you go, shall I keep the memory of you?

Yeah, just for a time, until you're mine and I am yours and we are one again.

We slept together most of the afternoon, and I let myself dream about a life with him and saw his reflection mirrored in the green tidal wash of the sea . . .

How we ever got out of the sack and off to the bar I'll never know. We fucked a couple more times, less poetic than the first, perhaps, but wild. We drove to the *Out Of This World* in Easthampton for a martini about six o'clock. Martini for me—rum and

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coke for Ebanykus.

If ever I thought I was gonna have Ebanykus to myself for long—forget it. Here was our first chance to spend an evening out alone and we got right into his friends and crazy life. No sooner inside *Out Of This World* and even before I could order drinks, he spun away from me down onto the dance floor and over to a table near the outside garden.

Sitting at the far side of the table was a woman in her mid-thirties dressed in butch pants and sweat shirt, two bra-less nipples pushing out of it. *Diana?* I wondered. On the side closer to me, her back turned, was another girl distinguished by flowing, blond hair, like Rapunzel or Melisande.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your golden hair . . ."

The gal in the sweat shirt didn't look too happy. In fact, she was glowering at "Rapunzel" and it was obvious they were fighting. "Rapunzel" sat very still, and "Butch Big Nipples" talked a steady stream, waving large, bony hands. Ebanykus strode right into it. "Butch Big Nipples" stopped short and glowered at him. Then Ebanykus turned to me and beckoned me over. I had the drinks and took them across.

"Jonquil, this is Hippolyta." Not Diana after all. She got up and shook my hand, taller than I expected, a face shaped like a full moon, soft brown eyes. I laughed. "Hippolyta?"

"Yeah. What's so funny?"

"I'm sorry. I wasn't laughing at your name. It's just that Ebanykus calls everybody and everything by something else, and I thought maybe . . ."

"No, Hippolyta's my name all right," she barked, "my father laid it on me. Hippolyta, the Amazon." She cackled. "He was a Graecophile."

"This is Ariadne," Ebanykus said as I turned around to meet the blond Rapunzel.

Ariadne. Was she for real? As it happened, her name was hers also, but she looked like something out of a legend. She stood no higher than my chest. She was so thin I was sure if I touched her or grabbed her too suddenly, she'd crack and fall apart. In the half-light of the bar her skin was shining alabaster, her face structured with prominent, high cheek bones. Penetrating blue eyes fixed on mine. She wore faded denims with a red rose embroidered on the right leg near the thigh.

And where did that dark, rich voice spring from? Certainly not from such a fragile, tiny breast. "Hello," she purred. "Ebanykus says you met only yesterday."

"Yeah, he came naked out of the sea . . ."

Hippolyta guffawed. "Well, for Chrissakes, sit down and join. We're standing here like nervous dykes at a pool hall."

I sat next to Ariadne facing the wall, but hardly had time to pull out my chair before Hippolyta said to me, "You know what this is all about?" She frowned.

"What *what's* all about?" I gulped the martini, trying to get comfortable. "No, I haven't the vaguest."

"Oh crap!" Ariadne snapped, making me jump. "Hippolyta, they don't give a shit about us." (Ariadne, as a legend, was beginning to take on new colors.)

"I'm trying to get this young nymph to ass back to her dear little mother in Dobbs Ferry," Hippolyta said. "Right? You think

she pays any mind to me? She's running with this creep, David . . . Ebanykus, *you* talk to her. David's your friend, though God knows why—right?" She held up a large, bony hand to me. "I knew she was meeting him here today. They meet here every Thursday, then it's off to pot and dope and gang-bangs at *The Golden Door*. Right?"

"Save your tits," Ariadne shot back, "I stopped going with you a year ago."

"You and David hangin' out at *The Golden Door*?" Ebanykus asked.

"Christ, Ebanykus," she replied, "we go there every now and then and smoke a little. What's the hassle? Hippolyta's a woman scorned."

Hippolyta withdrew suddenly, leaning back precariously in her chair and glancing sideways at Ariadne. Then she laughed a high, shattering cackle.

"You really believe that, Ariadne?" She swayed, cackling again.

Ariadne kept at her. "First you got pissed 'cause I was messing around with Diana's harem. I no sooner split her freaky scene and meet David and you start in on him."

Hippolyta turned to me as if for support. "Just because I was in love with her, she thinks I wanna pop her into bed all the time. Right?" She zeroed on Ariadne again. "Love is more than sex, Ariadne, and I have a responsibility to your family . . ." She caught herself suddenly and jerked her face toward the door behind me.

"Oh, screw the family!" Ariadne shouted. "When are they ever home? What a lot of bullshit!"

I got a whiff of outdoor smells—tomatoes ripening in the sun, warm hay in the barn, apples on the ground in September—and the smell of clean sweat.

David was standing behind us. Hippolyta had seen him and her face darkened. Ebanykus said something like, "Hey, man," and I got up. Ariadne flicked her blond locks but remained seated.

Cripes! David towered above me, and I'm almost six feet. Wide-set, dark brown liquid eyes pinned me to the wall, a long, grinning mouth, heavy lips, open like he was gonna take me and shove his tongue down my throat. Pointed, hard pecs stuck out from a transparent tie-dyed shirt. He gripped my hand, then loped around the other side of Ariadne, fluffing her hair with a fist. His crotch came level with her face, and hanging in his tight Levi's—goddamn it—thrusting like a monolith—well, shit, man, he was hung like a stud horse.

His entrance had the effect of a Fall wind blowing away storm clouds. Hippolyta gave up the battle. She greeted him with a cursory hello and asked me if I'd walk her out to her car. Ebanykus stayed behind to rap with his friends.

Hippolyta drove away in a fit, but took my phone number and said she hoped we could get together sometime—the three of us.

When Ebanykus had rejoined me in "Absolutely" I blurted out, "Man, what a hump your friend David is!" He laughed.

"Yeah."

"You ever had him?"

"Oh, not really. We fooled around some in high school, but he digs chicks mostly."

I suggested dinner at the *Villa Capri* in Springs.

"Naw, man," he said, "Hey, would you mind? I really should split into town to see my mother."

"New York? There aren't any trains."

"Well," he said, "in the morning."

I didn't see him again until Friday afternoon. He called me in the morning from New York, supposedly and asked if I'd meet him at the station in Southampton about two-thirty. This little deception would've worked fine, except about two o'clock, when I was wheeling over to the car wash on the by-pass, I spotted him getting out of a beat-up VW at the corner of North Main Street.

"On your way to meet somebody?" I asked tight-jawed as he slumped into "Absolutely."

"Ah, man, hey, I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"Come on, I know how it looks . . ."

"Ebanykus, believe me, we can drop the whole thing right now, man. If you want out, say so. Why put yourself through it? Why lie and carry on?"

"Come on, let's go back to 'Neptune's Cave'."

I shut up and headed for home. As we rolled into the driveway, he said suddenly, "Jonquil, I was at Diana's."

I geared down to first and shut the engine. "Look, Ebanykus, don't try pulling a number on me, man . . ."

"I did it—I mean I'm gonna keep it alive because of your book."

"What the fuck you trying to pull . . ."

"Lissen to me, for Chrissakes! Ain't you supposed to be writing a book?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"Sexual customs of Ancient Greece—rituals?"

"Yeah, so what . . .?"

"Diana can help you. That's what."

"Come on, Ebanykus! How the fuck's she gonna help me? I need Diana like I need a twenty inch dildo. I can do without, believe me!"

"Will you stop bein' so goddamn uptight and lissen to me! Shit, you been sittin' on your ass all winter and summer with that fuckin' book. Your money's running out, and you're getting nowhere. You told me so yourself. Diana's just what you need, man. It's her whole thing, right out of two thousand years ago. I'm gonna try to get you into it!"

Well, man, that's how it all got started with Ebanykus and me and the mad scene with the bulls and dope. Started, stopped and started again. Ebanykus wasn't able to tell me much more about Diana that afternoon, because, see, I believed him—that he was trying to help me out, and we ended up down in "Neptune's Cave" again, digging it.

What could I lose? He was right about one thing for sure. I was getting nowhere with the book, and before I met him, nowhere with my life. Just rollin' along.

Yeah—so we ended up in the sack again. And—yeah—dig—it was better than ever.

And, shit, man, I was alive again!

Next month—Chapter II. Wild sex, a dope raid . . . and death invades the dance palace. Don't miss this exciting installment of "The Ebanykus Journal!"

• • •

THE GAY 'CALORIMEATER'

(Continued from page 12)

LOVE WORDS

Speaking gentle love words or responding to them	60
Increasing the passion decibels in your voice or urgent response to his	90
More urgently: "Take me, lover!" or response to his urging	125

RESPONSE TO COMMANDS AND FOUR-LETTER WORDS

"Fuck me . . . fuck me!"	50
"Ram that tongue all the way up my ass, you shithead!"	100
"Get your fuckin' head on that thing and don't miss a single stroke!"	150
"I'm coming . . . don't spill a drop!" . . .	200

FUCKING

Fucking slowly, about 12-15 strokes per minute	400
Fucking moderately, about 18 strokes per minute	550
Fucking quite rapidly, about 25 strokes per minute	650
Fuck-faking . . . faking passionate convulsions, as well as feigning orgasm, just to get it over with when you have a trick who really doesn't measure up. This burns up the most calories because of the heightened emotional tension, worry and disappointment engendered . . . plus the mental force required to sustain erection in the face of total disaster . . . as well as the increased muscular action involved; greater because it must be maintained at the most vigorous level to convince the disappointing trick. This alone can easily run up a calorie-oxidization count of	1800

As you see, if you have two duds like this per day you can easily lose a pound through sheer frustration—not the most salubrious way of losing weight!

Dr. Torkel-Ubell points out that, in fucking, the calorie oxidization depends to a great extent on the length/thickness of the 'donor' phallus. His indications of 400 and 600 relate to an *average* phallus of about six inches in length by one-and-a-half inches in circumference. If yours is larger, or if you strike gold with a 10 to 12-incher, then the calorie-oxidization count is far higher . . . as much as 1000! The point he stresses is that the calories burned are roughly *equal* for *both* donor and recipient. This is borne out in studies of the phalluses of various nationals: the very long Swedes, the very thick Sardinians/Sicilians . . . the very 'everything' African Arabs and Puerto Ricans, all of whom—if sexually active—maintain a trim bodyweight.

OTHER 'CALORIMEATERED' FUCKABLES/SUCKABLES

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Please rush me _____ copy(ies) of Gay Sex Techniques at \$3.95 each via 1st class in a heavy, plain envelope. Enclosed is my money-order for \$_____. I am over 21 years of age.

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Very fancy, if he's really something special 260

Faster, if he's a really rugged 'cock's a' wasting' type and you've got to run through your entire repertoire considerably faster to dazzle him. 350

Anal insertion. If your/his phallus is rough, or heavily vasculated with sexy veins . . . or small and prickly like a pod of Mississippi okra . . . or big and prickly like an Arizona organ-pipe cactus, rack up a much higher calorie-oxidization count since all this tricky maneuvering can take the ginger out of you emotionally, mentally and physically . . . even up to 500

Oral effort. If he's 'uncut' you can burn up a lot of calories making tongue-insertions under his foreskin. Even more so if he has about 3-plus inches of lace curtains to plow through, under, around, and over. The 'stretchier' your tongue has to be, the more calories you burn, because here it is engaged more strenuously/muscularly, to. 500

HOW TO BURN CALORIES IN SELF SEX

If you just couldn't resist that slice of apple pie or that serving of Baked Alaska or that fancy *bombe glacée* at dinner, and are now fearful that its 300 calories are going to take up permanent residence around your tummy, try a little fantasexing before beddy-bye and knock them off before they can do any damage to your figure. Here are some figures on calorie-oxidization through self-sex:

With thumb and two fingers, gently, continuing to *almost* orgasm . . . then allowing the phallus to detumescence . . . then repeating in this manner for about 30 minutes before you finally permit ejaculation. 300

With the whole hand, more briskly bringing yourself to ejaculation in approximately 10 minutes 250

Fucking a warm cantaloupe (heat a cantaloupe in the oven, cut it in half, place it around the phallus, and secure it with elastic bands) . . . about 30 minutes. 500

Fucking a warm papaya (this requires a shorter time because the papaya is a good deal smaller than the cantaloupe and any such 'unit', being more compact, tends to increase speed of execution. Or you just can't 'shilly shally' or 'dilly dally' with a papaya like you can with a cantaloupe. About 10 minutes are all you need to rack up a calorie-oxidization count of. . . . 350

Group grope. Depending on the number in your group of fantasexualists . . . and on whether pornomovies are shown before and/or during the Mixmasterbation . . . and on other external stimuli (music, lights and so on), a two-hour group grope should yield a personal calorie-oxidization count of. 1000

OTHER 'CALORIEMEATRICS'

Giving your lover a soap-a-rub-a-dubbing in the shower. 400

Lubricating the genitals—his/yours. . . . 100

Mayonnaising his body/he yours, for 'slippery-eel' sex will turn on your calorie burner for an initial 200

Slippery-eel sex. In a big plastic bag accommodating two nude, oiled bodies . . . rolling, clutching, twisting, rutting, grasping, groping, wrestling, fucking . . . all this, continued for 20 minutes or so yields a calorie-oxidization

count of about 1500

And always be sure to count such things as changing positions during sex . . . such as switching to the

Fucking in legs-in-air position . . . fewer calories burned by the aggressor, more burned by the recipient because of the extra muscular strength/coordination/timing required to maintain this effective position . . . up to, say 300

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SAY



"Meat rack in woods
called 'Garden of Eat-in'!"

Fucking in standard position (recipient lying face down). In this position the aggressor burns more calories by reason of the greater effort he must apply with an arched body. The stress of torsion/tension, plus the basic plunging movement of the phallus, plus any lovely muscular movement that blends the act into a cohesive whole, will net him a calorie-oxidization count of at least. . . 700

And be sure to count such auxiliary sexual activities as putting on your cock ring(s)—as well as the additional staying power that poppers or pot or whatever else you favor can provide.

If you will try to increase your sexual vocabulary by making your technique as varied as you can, then use all your little exciting tricks each time you have sex, you will happily find that you can lose any excess poundage you have been fretting about, and maintain a normal bodyweight and a trim figure as long as you operate!

• • •

"OH, THOSE GREATS!"

(Continued from page 32)

and inviting much comment on the paucity of women at court. But criticism was minimal, for under Frederick's enlightened rule Prussia reached new greatness. Frederick abolished tortures, allowed complete religious tolerance, and granted appeals on all grievances. No wonder he was "great!"

(In our next issue . . . "The Mad One!")

• • •

SAMSON

(Continued from page 16)

changed provided you don't choose one which requires more hair than you have, in which case additional attachments must be made by those who originally worked on your head.

The first meeting is for consultation and "blueprinting." An opaque plastic cap is taped to the head and then marked with a grease pencil wherever sutures should be made, according to bald spots and head contour. Samples of your natural hair are taken at this sitting, for color matching. Sometimes only one tuft is required, but if your hair is darker here, lighter there, grayish in another place—then several samples will be taken.

The second visit is made only to verify color; the customized "wefts" are now matched to your own hair.

The third visit comes several weeks later. After being seated in a comfortable chair (not unlike the one your dentist uses) your head is doused with an antiseptic. A bonafide surgeon then anaesthetizes your scalp by injection—the most painful part of the process. I thought the pinching and burning I experienced hurt terribly; I barely recovered from one jab when the next followed. Mercifully, it lasts only a few minutes. Once numbed (a peculiar sensation only those who have been anaesthetized locally for surgery will understand) the sutures are placed, usually only a fraction of an inch apart in an inner-to-outer circular design, each suture being about a half-inch long.

The surgeon leaves as soon as the last suture is placed and an assistant then sews the "wefts" of hair to the implanted "anchors." In about half an hour you look like a human mop—and wonder why in the world you ever had it done. A stylist then cuts and combs everything into place according to the physical limitations of your head and your personal preferences. This over with, you look in the mirror and then realize why "hair replacement" is the rage; you are suddenly you ten years ago and it all looks so natural.

The session is followed by frequent shampooing with a special antiseptic which is provided for you—and sleeping on a satin pillow case (also provided) for weeks (hair pulls less on slick material). Several weeks later a final visit is made at which time the surgeon examines your scalp for possible infection (a rarity).

As time passes your friends become used to your new look—and you do too. Whatever hangups you built up concerning your age quickly vanish and confidence comes back. It's kind of like being reborn—and

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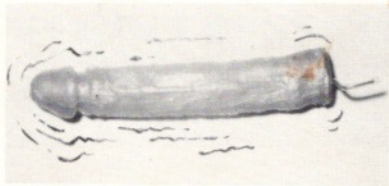
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when you feel as if you "have it" you somehow manage to score every time.

I may have "had it" all along—but it took a shock of hair to bring it out. Like Samson in reverse. In truth I am still the same guy I was before—and I sometimes wonder why that wasn't good enough.

...

V.D.

(Continued from page 11)

prescribed by a physician, over a period of a few days. In fact, the symptoms usually clear up after 24 hours.

Some doctors advise their promiscuous patients to urinate and wash with an antibacterial cleanser (and that includes taking a soapy enema if anal sex is involved) immediately following sex—and also to take one or two antibiotics afterwards as a preventative. *Vibramycin* is a popular drug. Other doctors do not advise taking antibiotics unless needed because the body tends to build up a tolerance and then the same drugs will be ineffective in curing the disease. Gonorrhea is caused by a bacteria called *gonococci* and is a more prevalent form of V.D. than syphilis. Curing one dose will not prevent another and it often goes hand-in-hand with syphilis.

SYPHILIS

Syphilis comes in stages. In about 10 days you may notice a raw sore on your cock, or even on your mouth. This is where the germs—called *spirochetes*—entered the body; the sore itself is called a *chancre*. Sometimes it takes the form of a small pimple or cold sore and no special attention is paid—and it is during this stage that the germ can be spread to all your partners. If you contract it in the rectum you will not know you have syphilis because the chancre is painless. Soon it will heal—but the disease remains in your body. The chancre stage is referred to as primary syphilis.

Secondary syphilis occurs 3 to 6 weeks later when a rash may appear on any part of the body. You may also get a sore throat, or headaches, and some hair may fall out. The insidious thing about the disease—especially in this stage—is that its symptoms are not all that unusual and may be mistaken for something else. Soon even these symptoms will clear up—but the disease continues to ravage your body.

In its late stage—which it will ultimately enter 5 to 25 years later—the disease may cause you to go blind, or deaf, or be crippled, or it may kill you. It is somewhat heartening to know that syphilis can be arrested any time before death—but what damage it has caused can never be repaired.

There is only one certain diagnosis of the disease—a blood test. All gay guys who are promiscuous (and most of us are) should get one every 6 to 12 months—just to be sure. Some guys feel uptight about doing this—thanks to a Victorian upbringing—but health is so important for a full life and shame has no place in medicine. If you cannot bring yourself to go to your own physician, then report to your local Board of Health for a test and possible treatment (an advantage of utilizing public services is that they are free). Your visit is held in confi-

dence and no one need ever know. And don't ever try to treat yourself . . . it never works—especially days before going for an examination because antibiotics can disguise the germ and cause it to go unnoticed in your blood.

V.D. is not particular . . . anyone can get it. A man who digs holes with a pickax wears heavy construction boots to protect his feet. A steelworker wears a glass shield over his eyes to prevent sparks from hitting them. Sex is an integral part of gay life and V.D. is one of its dangers. Our protection is the regular checkup. Remember to get yours . . . that body has got a lot of livin' to do!

...

LETTERS

(Continued from page 33)

OUR MAN IN FINLAND

Dear Editor:

I became a subscriber to your great magazine earlier this year and missed seeing the article on Tom of Finland in the January/February 1972 issue. Regrettably (for me) copies of this particular magazine are no longer available. Would you consider repeating the spread?

Sincerely yours,
F.B.
Seattle, Wash.

Editor: You're not alone in your admiration of Tom's art; we have had hundreds of requests for this particular back issue—which was an immediate sellout. However, we cannot bring ourselves to run the same spread again in its entirety; we strive for freshness—new articles which are informative and very unusual. But we will compromise by repeating Orsen's article on Tom in our "Letters" section—sans art. We hope this will satisfy the curiosity of those who have written for information about the man and his fabulous art—art which has enriched thousands of gay lives and for which Tom has received hardly any remuneration; payments for originals have been modest and his is the most copied (by unscrupulous sellers of gay literature) in the world (without Tom's permission—and without payment). For the first time ever a major publishing company—our company, I am pleased to report—has commissioned Tom to do an exclusive picture story which will be available only through our direct mail advertisements and also through ads in our three magazines—QQ Magazine, Body, and Ciao! Tom will receive half the net sales—as he should . . . and we hope our relationship will blossom and that just treatment will inspire him to create still other works. The picture story—"Ringo & The Renegades"—will not be made available to stores—because it is our only way to control distribution and accurately determine the identity of plagiarists so that we may prosecute to the fullest extent of the law. (Thus far too many syndicate types have simply copied whatever they wished—even books—because gay publishers usually want to avoid unnecessary publicity and court battles.) A thumbnail sketch of Tom appears in "Ringo & The Renegades"—and now we repeat here the descriptive article of Tom

Tom of Finland And The Guys At QQ present

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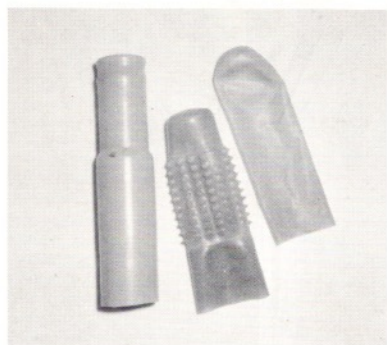
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which has raised so much interest:

An Appreciation TOM OF FINLAND

by Orsen

Tom of Finland has established himself in the last ten years as an acknowledged giant in male physique art. He is the creator of a huge stable of tough handsome studs whose amazing adventures are guaranteed to keep a world-wide audience permanently turned-on. But, apart from his personal friends (I'm happy to be one), I doubt if many of his fans know anything about the man himself. As an artist myself, I've a tremendous admiration for his beautiful technique and rich imagination, and I welcome the opportunity to pay him this tribute long overdue.

Perhaps the first point to establish is that Tom is a Finn, and lives in Finland. Busy with a full-time job, he sometimes finds time to turn out a regular stream of goodies featuring his own special mixture of muscles, motorcycles, boots, and breeches.

Finland is a pretty cold country for much of the year, so the men wear leather jackets and long boots as a matter of course, and until very recently many also wore the well-fitting flared breeches that Tom has made his trademark. He received his first pair of boots at the age of five, and absolutely refused to be parted from them; at night they had to stand by the bed! That first pair has had many successors, including some which he generously gave me three years ago—and I can tell you they're the most comfortable boots I've ever owned, and look great.

When you first meet Tom, broad-shouldered, well-built, with a sexy moustache, he's rather withdrawn, showing the formal politeness of many Northern Europeans. He's a little hesitant about his English—which is in fact much better than he gives himself credit for. On closer acquaintance he's extremely friendly and generous, with a shy sense of humor, and gets very enthusiastic about his favourite topics, which include (apart from physique art) good food and wine, theatre, movies, and travel. He goes to Spain for sunshine, and nearly every year spends some time in London, where he has many friends.

Tom is a very modest guy and it's difficult to get him to talk about his work, but basically he draws because he enjoys it, to please himself, and really gets a great personal kick out of creating his rugged supermen. This I feel is the secret of his success—the terrific sense of life and enjoyment that almost bursts off the page. Tom combines gusto and impact with a drawing technique so meticulously polished and detailed he is able to make the wildest scene believable. The exaggerations are so consistent that he creates a complete, private superworld where we can all look like Flash Gordon, and everybody makes out.

Tom's first attempts at physique art were closely linked to the photographs in the good old heavy muscle magazines, the only physique books available in Finland at that time. He would find a picture of a well-built athlete and think, "Ah, he would look really good in boots and breeches." Or, "This one should have sideburns and a moustache." He would then alter the photograph accordingly. The next step was to copy poses, learning every detail of the

muscles and body positions, often working on two or three guys together—which provided the beginnings of Tom's talent for group scenes.

The big breakthrough came when he found a couple of copies of Athletic Model Guild's "Physique Pictorial," which provided—along with more conventional muscle shots—pictures of cowboys in jeans and boots, and sailors and Marines in uniform, of motorcycle riders in leather, and lots and lots of wrestling.

Tom says the photographs of guys in jeans were a revelation—"I had just never realized how sexy they could look." Indeed, it's difficult to remember that fifteen years ago hardly anyone in Europe had seen real levis, let alone worn them.

Tom was also very interested in the work of such artists as Quaintance. Although he has never attempted the classic Greek and Roman scenes which were Quaintance's specialty, that artist's cowboy paintings featuring those fabulously sleek torsos had great influence on Tom of Finland.

But Tom decided that his first full set of drawings should not be in any way copied after American art, so he began work on "The Men of the Forests of Finland," concentrating on light-hearted scenes of life in a logging camp, with rough, tough hunks in jeans or breeches and the splendid thick back-laced thigh-boots of the Finnish lumberjacks.

A.M.G., to their everlasting credit, saw the talent in these early efforts, published them and encouraged Tom to do more, suggesting interesting themes and ideas. Sometimes he worked from film stills; sometimes his sketches were turned into films. He produced his first motorcyclists, grinning from under shiny peaked caps, in belted leather jockstraps and long boots. There was "The Prison Bully," perhaps his first S&M drawing, "The Hitchhiker," "The Supermarket Thief," and the picture I consider his first masterpiece, "The Lazy Sailor." It was this drawing that provided Tom's entrance into realistic art. His hairy stud was free of pseudo-classical whimsy, artistic drapes, and emasculated demi-gods. The subject was a contemporary pipe-dream, firmly and confidently drawn. After ten years I still find it a turn-on.

During the next years Tom worked on a long series of successful sets for A.M.G., including "The Cyclist and the Thief," "Two Hoods in Hollywood," "The Careless Cyclist," and "Punishment of a Cycle Thief," and he also produced some fine drawings for the British "Scan" magazine, and some even better ones for Scott Studio.

The Scott pictures include several that Tom himself feels are among his best work, such as "The Cyclist and the Sailor," where a very simple old situation has been transformed into a real knock-out by the close inter-relationship of the figures and the strong sensual atmosphere.

He has done a great many private commissions, always preferring to concentrate on the particular themes that he understands best. "People often ask me to do very interesting subjects, but if I know they are not right for me, it's better to refuse than to disappoint with bad work." His subjects are always contemporary. "It has to be now," he says.

The relaxation of censorship laws in many

countries has given Tom the opportunity to develop the famous series of "Kake" picture stories, and perhaps this is the place to explain the word "kake"—in case you've wondered, as I did. Well, "kake" is a Finnish male nickname, most nearly equivalent to "butch," given to sexy young stud-types, and, as Tom says with a grin, "I know some boys like that, so I called the hero after them."

Tom's sense of humour is an important element in his pictures, without in any way spoiling the exciting action. In the midst of a busy scene a hand quietly appears, having a crafty grope all its own, and you have to look carefully to determine whose hand it is. Or look closely at some of the cap badges and belt buckles; you'll be surprised . . . or maybe you won't!

The "Kake" stories and a large number of other drawings are particularly interesting in their attitude regarding the police. In contrast to almost all other gay literature and art, the cop comes out pretty strong in Tom's world, being rated an equal winner in the virility stakes with the sailor and the motorcyclist. Of course, the uniform of the motorcycle cop—peaked cap, leather jacket, big belt, breeches, and boots—is always a turn-on for the S&M element in the audience, and perhaps Tom is also indulging in some kind of fantasy that makes fashionable young gays in St. Tropez dress up in full U.S. Army khaki, although they'd rather die than wear it for real.

What will be the next developments for Tom? What are his plans? He's designed everything from T-shirts to tattoos, and was once even asked to design a "leather number" for the Folies Bergere—but he didn't think the dancers had the "right kind" of figures!

He's anxious not to repeat himself, and is always looking for new themes, but has to be careful not to alter his "types" and faces too much from what is expected in a Tom drawing. He feels that the "Kake" formula, with its almost "strip cartoon" style, has been fully worked-out, and would like to return once again to the more detailed pencil studies, and to the very beautiful full-colour paintings for which he hardly ever has time. Also, he'd like to be getting a rather larger slice of the financial cake, because, like many other artists, he's found it's the middle-men who make the real money. Contrary to what you may think, he's not a millionaire.

A "serious assessment" of Tom's work is quite irrelevant in my opinion. He is simply a superb entertainer, vigorous, inventive, and unpretentious. His pictures don't pretend to be great art; they are frankly and cheerfully physical, sometimes brutal, but never nasty or sentimental.

Tom loves to draw, and is also very conscious of how eagerly his fans await the next pictures, so as he says, "I suppose I will continue."

Let's hope so!

PRO LSD

Dear Editor:

I question the credibility of your article on sex and drugs (December 1973 issue). The LSD experience is as varied as the people who use it. It changes with life itself. True, sometimes a tripper loses his potency, but that often results from his inability to play

sexual roles that are all too transparent at the time. Games and role-playing are self-defeating, and if one tries imposing them on a tripping partner, he may find that person withdrawing into other things more interesting. Sex is not the only climax a human enjoys.

Like any sex, with LSD one needs the right setting and the right partner. Genuine caring, and an open, free attitude turns sex with LSD into a fantastic experience in touching and communication.

If you believe a "far-out LSD tripper" prefers fantasy to a real lover, try dropping acid some evening to get off on masturbation. Betcha you'll feel pretty silly, and go looking for contact with a real flesh and blood person. Contrary to the media, more often than not LSD is an escape to reality.

If the terrible allegations against frequent use were true, our college campuses, by government statistics, would be hotbeds of depravity and suicidal maniacs. Come on now, let's be truthful.

LSD is not a toy, but used with knowledge and thoughtfulness it can be a great aid in freeing one's awareness of beauty and undoing society's rigid conditioning.

Sincerely,
S.W.

Tampa, Florida

A SCHOLARLY PROTEST

Dear Editor:

Keep John Marvin's articles on homosexuality in the movies and TV coming . . . they are excellent! But I must protest one statement Mr. Marvin made in his very interesting article, "Cross-Sexual Casting," in the February 1973 issue. The author says: "Homosexuality, per se, was never a subject in Elizabethan drama . . ."

What? Never? Back to the stacks, John! Take a look at Christopher Marlowe's play *Edward II* (1593), which extensively and explicitly concerns the relationship between that king and Gaveston, whom Edward succinctly describes as "my minion." (See Rob Arrington's discussion of Edward in a recent "Royal Flush"—December 1972 issue.)

Marlowe would be an excellent nominee for "The Company You Keep" if only because of his pronouncement that "all thei that love not tobacco and boys are foolies." True, the Surgeon General may have raised doubt about the reference to tobacco, but the rest of the statement must surely stand inviolate for all time.

Appreciatively,
S.L.

Silver Spring, Md.

NEW BOOK BY QQ AUTHOR

Dear Editor:

I particularly enjoyed reading "Memoir: Roger," the short story by Robert Bentley, which appeared in your June 1972 issue. I for one would like to see more stories by Mr. Bentley. May we have some soon?

Sincerely yours,
J.S.

Boston Boston, Mass.

Editor: Mr. Bentley is a fine writer and we would also like to see more of his work in our magazine. His visualization is especially excellent. We recommend his new book,

(Continued on page 53)

Marquis de Suede

20 West 22nd Street
New York, N. Y. 10001



No. E14—It is called an inhaler and we hope you have a ball with it. Needless to say, you can fill it with your own secret potion. Spun aluminum on a leather thong . . . \$7.50



No. J72—Leather turn you on? If it does . . . nuff said. If you are not sure, try this on for size and we venture you will make your mind up real fast. Glove-soft black leather with chain waist. State waist size . . . \$12.50



No. B1—Narrow wrist band, or that special ring to go on other private parts. Wherever you choose, all we need is your circumference and the style you want: PYRAMID, DOME, OBLONG, or CHAIN . . . \$3.00 ea./3 for \$8.50

On all orders please add \$1.25 postage and handling. No C.O.D. or stamps.

For New Fall/Winter
Catalogue Of Leather & Sportswear
Send 25¢ To Dept. QQ11

THE SUCCULENT SUPER ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHISS!

I'M HARRY!
FLY ME!

BY
A-JAY

THE DRUMS OF BANG KOCK WONG!

OR
A BULGARIAN IN THE BUSH IS WORTH TWO HAND JOBS!
EPISODE II

OUR SUPER STUDS, HARRY, MICKEY AND RANCID, AGING ON ORDERS FROM BIG F AT FUGG CENTRAL... ARE HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A PRICELESS, 3 VOLUME SET OF GAY PORN... DONE BY THAT SUPER FAB PORN ARTIST- TONG OF HONG KONG! THEIR SEARCH HAS LED THEM TO THE NOTORIOUS CHINESE SECTION OF P'TOWN... AND A NASTY DISCO CALLED "THE ELECTRIC LITCHI-NUT!" THE SINISTER OWNER, BANG KOCK WONG WAS NOT FOOLED WHEN OUR GUYS TRIED TO INFILTRATE THIS SINISTER HOT-BED OF SIN 'N SEX BY APPLYING FOR JOBS AS NAKED GO-GO BOYS.

WHEN LAST WE SAW HARRY, MICKEY 'N RANCID, THEY HAD BEEN TRICKED DOWN INTO A DARK SUB-BASEMENT ROOM WHERE THEY WERE TRAPPED AND CORNERED BY A ROOMFUL OF WONG'S MASSIVE, MUSCULAR GUARDS... ALL HORNY 'N GREASED UP FOR UNSPEAKABLE

FFA ACTION!! BUT WAIT...A BIZZARE SCENE UNFOLDS...

OK BOYS...START THE SUCTION...!!!

THERE GOES MY MANICURE!

I THINK I'LL SEND OUT FOR A PIZZA

OK BOYS...START THE SUCTION...!!!

1...2...3...

GEK!

SHIT!

OK...BIG LOO...GIVE HIM THE BLACK HOLE OF GANTON...A SLOW DEATH BY SUFFOCATION!

VERY JEWISH!

WAIT!

POPP

MMMMMM...

BANG KOCK WONG

YACK...MAN, YOU SMELL LIKE A BOX OF DEAD POPPERS

HAPPINESS IS JOE MAHARIS' ASS!

CRAP!

BEFORE YOU FINISH THESE SPIES OFF...I'D LIKE A LITTLE DEPRAVED 'WONG-DOING...HEE HEE!! TAKE THEM BELOW!

NOW I KNOW WHAT THE INSIDE OF A JELLY DONUT LOOKS LIKE!

SHIT!

TIE HIS HANDS 'N OIL HIM! HE'S TO WRESTLE FUNG GUSS ROT!

NO! FUNG GUSS ROT!

NO WAY!

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE... MISTAH CHISS!

GULP!

BELOW...

WAY OUT!

SLURP!

I WONDER WHAT GEORGE MAHARIS IS DOING TONITE?

TELL FUNG GUSS ROT THAT ALL IS READY!

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE GLOOM, AN OILY FUNG GUSS ROTT APPEARS!

CASP... BE STILL MY GENTILE HEART!

LET'S MAKE 'DIS QUICK...I WANNA CATCH 'DA CLINT WALKER FILM FESTIVAL!

CRACK!

MEMO: MAO IS NOT URMISH!

AS THE UNSEEN, CHINESE KETTLE DRUMS OF BANG KOCK WONG START THEIR MYSTERIOUS BEAT, HARRY 'N HIS AWESOME OPPONENT INCH FORWARD...

BONG BONG BONG

ONE OF MY FAMOUS ROD TAYLOR, BALL BRUISING DOUBLE HERNIA TWISTS SHOULD FINISH EGG... ROLL THERE...

I THINK I'LL FLYK 'DAT YANKEE ASS AFTER I CREAM HIM!

SUDDENLY...

AUGGGG...

THIS IS FOR ANNA MAY WONG!

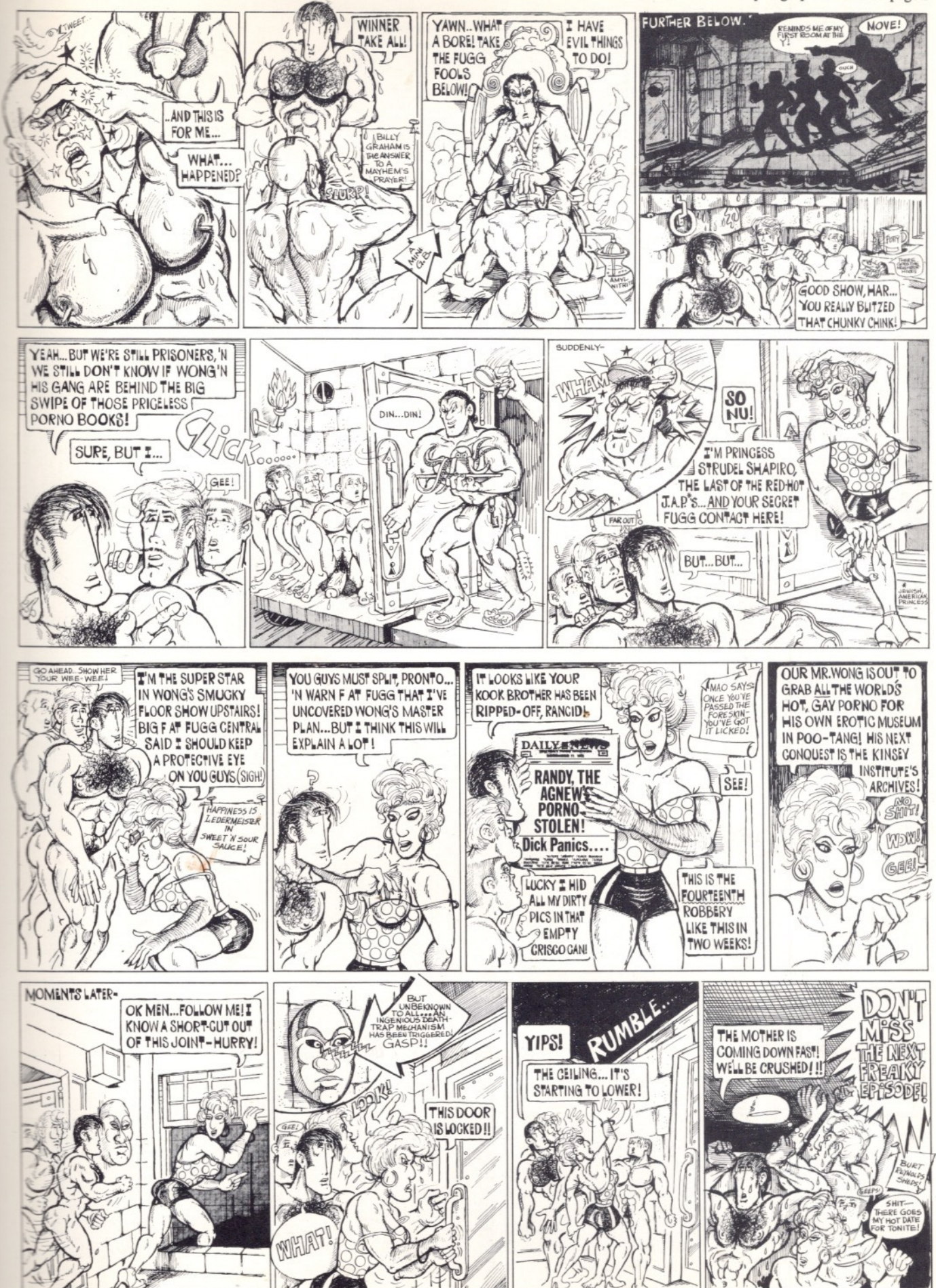
WHACK!

...AND THIS IS FOR SUZY WONG!

EEEEK!

CRACK!

HARD 'N HEAVEN!



MAGAZINE DEALERS

QQ MAGAZINE, BODY, and CIAO! are sold almost exclusively by subscription. The following is a list of select outlets where these magazines may be purchased in person (*indicates back issues also sold at these locations).

ARIZONA

Paris Book Lounge
315 E. Washington Blvd.
Phoenix, Ariz.

Shack
3024 N. Scottsdale Rd.
Scottsdale, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA

Adonis
384 Ellis St.
San Francisco, Calif.

The Bayou Lounge
1640 Main St.
Redwood City, Calif.

Book Bin
4459 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Book Circus
8230 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Brunswick News
45 E. Colorado Blvd.
Pasadena, Calif.

Jason's Adult Books
1702 N. Western Ave.
Hollywood, Calif.

Le Salon
1118 Polk St.
San Francisco, Calif.

The Locker Room
1951 University Ave.
Palo Alto, Calif.

Newsboy
7540 Topanga Canyon Blvd.
Canoga Park, Calif.

Paris Book Store
8165 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Pete's Magazine Shop
178 So. Murphy St.
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sandbox Book Store
4877 Lankershim Blvd.
No. Hollywood, Calif.

Swingers & Squares
4539 Van Nuys Blvd.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Tampa Book Store

19318 Van Owen
Reseda, Calif.
Western News
5507 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Tom's Adult Books
5659 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

COLORADO

Bachelor's Library
826 - 15th St.
Denver, Colo.

La Parisian
733 E. Colfax Ave.
Denver, Colo.

FLORIDA

Fountainhead News Centre*
8 East Bay St.
Jacksonville, Fla.

KENTUCKY

Book Bin
239 N. Limestone St.
Lexington, Ky.

LOUISIANA

Sidney's News Stand*
917 Decatur St.
New Orleans, La.

MASSACHUSETTS

Esplanade Paperback
107 Charles St.
Boston, Mass.

Nini's Corner
Harvard Square
Cambridge, Mass.

MICHIGAN

Uptown Bookstore*
16541 Woodward
Highland Park, Mich.

Uptown Bookstore*
16401 W. 8 Mile Rd.
Detroit, Mich.

MISSOURI

Broadway News
712 No. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

8th Street News
119 No. 8th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Magazine & Book Exch.
1900 No. Union
St. Louis, Mo.

Olive Street News
3608 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.

6th Street News
208 No. 6th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Time-To-Read News Co.
7 West 12th St.
Kansas City, Mo.

Washington Avenue News
707 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK

D&S Book Store
136 W. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

Legend Gallery
152 Seventh Ave. So.
New York, N. Y.

Midtown Bookstore*
138 W. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

News Stand
SW Corner
42nd St. & 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Oscar Wilde Mem. BooksHop*
291 Mercer St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
500 Hudson St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
166 W. 72nd St.
New York, N. Y.

Village Variety
3 Horatio St.
New York, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Parker's Newsstand
117 E. Green St.
High Point, N. C.

OHIO

Fantasy Bookstore
113 N. Erie St.
Toledo, Ohio

Paperback Book Store
10200 Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA

Adult Book Shoppe
942 Market St. (2nd Fl.)
Philadelphia, Pa.

PUERTO RICO

Lion of St. Mark's Baths
152 Tanca St.
Old San Juan, P. R.

TENNESSEE

Commerce Street News
609 Commerce St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentleman's Bookstore
2612 Franklin Rd.
Nashville, Tenn.

Market Street News
929 Market St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

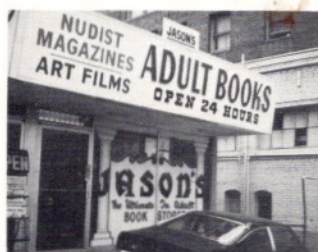
Music City News
105 Fifth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

Swinger's World
400 Broadway St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Time to Read
226 Fourth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

TEXAS

Commerce Street News
1513 Commerce
Dallas, Texas



Jason's, Hollywood



Fountainhead, Jacksonville



Esplanade, Boston



Midtown, NYC



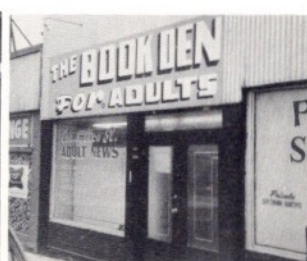
Oscar Wilde, NYC



Studio (Downtown), NYC



Legend, NYC



Commerce, Nashville

"Here There Be Dragons," available at local bookstores across the country. Mr. Bentley is also planning to bring out a book of his short stories this year. Until its completion he will be too busy to write new stories for magazine publication but will resume doing so in late 1973.

HAVE A SEXY 1973!

Hi, there, Guys!

Just a short note to wish you and your readers much luv and sex in 1973!

We luv you,
Matthew & Buddy
Glendale, Calif.



Matthew (right) & Buddy of Glendale

NEW SEX LAWS

Dear Editor:

I know your readers would be interested in comparing laws as they vary from state to state, concerning sodomy and certain other "crimes against nature." Would you consider publishing such a list?

Yours truly,
G.R.
Kansas City, Mo.

Editor: We have considered running such a chart, in our gay travel magazine, CIAO!, as an "aid" to travelers, but laws are changing so quickly these days that we believe the effort would be wasted; the picture could change in the short time that lapses between insertion in our magazine and its publication. Laws pertaining to sex are now governed by the states. Just recently a Senate Committee recommended the 'federalization' of many laws, among which are included those pertaining to homosexual acts. If such laws are passed not only would they cancel existing state laws but could impose a serious threat to our very lifestyle.

March/April 1973

The Gemini 18



THE GEMINI 18 can be used as a "single" by those who like length—or a "double" by two at the same time. Flesh-like, flesh-colored solid rubber over 18" long and better than 2" in diameter. Molded from life, very realistic. Over 2 lbs. of springy rubber. Completely washable. (A tip for the economy-minded: It can be divided in half by cutting, for two good-sized singles.) 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 GEMINI 18 \$19.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ
Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450
Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

The Big Squirt



THE BIG SQUIRT is more faithful than Old Faithful because you say W-H-E-N! Flesh-like, flesh-colored and 7" long. Bulb fills with your favorite hand lotion, etc. Solid rubber, completely washable. (May we suggest that you order an extra as a novel salad dressing dispenser? It will shock and amuse your guests.) 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 BIG SQUIRT \$12.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ
Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450
Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.



Physique Pictorial. \$1 per copy. 4 B&W nude issues \$4. One part-color nude issue \$2. Additional 40 issues in strap 50¢ each. Send \$25 for entire group. "Best of Tom of Finland." 48 page book, 8x10 lithographs of Tom drawings: \$7.50. AMG is the exclusive agent of Spartacus, Art-Bob, Harry Bush, and many other fine physique artists!



The World's Largest Collection of 8mm Athletic Films You Can Rent or Buy! Over 1500 titles, most are stocked, and others available on special order. Color, nude or strap, stories, posing, wrestling, almost everything (we offer no hard-core). New Films are constantly being made. Our films and photo sets are reviewed in Physique Pictorial. Colorprintsets, 35mm color slides on all current AMG models: Set of 6—\$4. Send for list and information. You must be over 18 years old; send statement. Athletic Model Guild, 1834 W. 11th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

Part II

The Lavender Syndicate

by Craig Rodwell



LAST month I presented a brief outline of the extent of organized crime's domination over many of our Gay institutions, and I also recognized that before we could begin to gain control there would be a long and difficult struggle. When we talk about "syndicate" control, we're talking about a multi-million dollar big business; and they're not going to just walk away because we say they should.

The first step in this fight is to somehow get our Gay brothers and sisters mad enough to want to do something about it. For too long and for whatever reasons, we have passively accepted the situation; but as our individual and group feelings of pride in our lifestyle and solidarity with our people grow, we find a new determination to assert control over our own lives.

Probably the major goal of the Gay Liberation Movement, but the least recognized, is that we are challenging Gay people to like themselves with a healthy self-respect and dignity; and when an historically downtrodden people begin to like themselves, they begin to get mad at institutions and groups which exploit and use them. That's why increasing numbers of Gay people are getting mad at governmental institutions which legislate against us; against religious institutions which condemn us; against business institutions which discriminate against us; and yes, against the crime crowd which controls our social institutions.

Just recently we have seen a few signs of this anger. In early September the Gay Revolution Network (a New York based group) set up an "Anti-Mafia War Council." The call for their first meeting read in part: "This monster, the Mafia, infects so much of Gay people's lives in New York's homosexual ghetto. Gay bars are one of their major sources of converting bad money (from heroin, bank robberies, hijacking, etc.) into good money. Practically every drink we buy, every meal we order, every drug we cop, every time we're robbed by a desperate junkie we end up paying off this beast in some way. There are thousands of victims that have been twisted and torn up by these straight men who profit off us and are directly enhanced by the degree of oppression laid on us by the straight men in City Hall, Albany and in Washington."

The GRN further called on Gay people to boycott Mafia places and on Gay organizations to provide real alternatives and finally to "cut our movement and its members loose from Mafia influence now!"

And many Gay people here in New York City are now beginning to ask, "Why do some Gay publications give free space listings to all the syndicate-run places in town? Why do some of the Gay organizations accept large donations from syndicate operations and give them 'honorary homosexual' awards while maintaining a silence on the issue of mob control over our social institutions? Why did a former president of a Gay activists group, during Congresswoman Bella Abzug's recent primary campaign, take her on a well-publicized campaign tour to meet her Gay constituents in only syndicate-run establishments? Why does a former president of a Gay Liberation organization now work for a publicly-identified 'soldier' in the syndicate?"

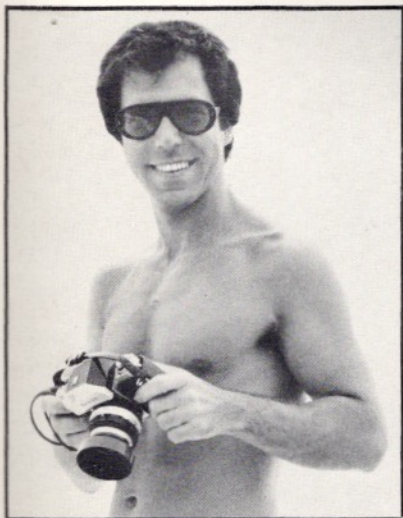
Questions like these are being asked because a lot of us are unwilling any longer to quietly sit back and see our Gay community exploited and this anger must equally be directed towards so-called "leaders" in the movement who are "for sale." Also included in this group are the columnists in various Gay publications, local and national, who regularly glamorize and help to reinforce the syndicate Gay bar syndrome,

(Continued on page 39)

QQ

"Let me welcome YOU to Fire Island!"

Says George Desantis Publisher of QQ Magazine, BODY, and CIAO!



George Desantis at Fire Island

Just think of it! This summer you can be on Fire Island—Mecca for thousands of gay guys the world over. Just 2 hours from New York City lies the prettiest little island you have ever seen—where there is so much sex it has actually driven some guys right out of their minds . . . too much! But if you are a powerful love machine and think your body can stand marathon sex—you'll get the bonus of being on the ocean in a country setting and the most fabulous gay nightlife found anywhere. (Please refer to the article on Fire Island in the Jan.-Feb. '73 *Ciao!* magazine, available from the QQ Publishing Co., Inc., for \$3.)

DECIDE NOW!

As soon as we receive your reservation I will send you confirmation of your dates as well as detailed information concerning your vacation. You will receive additional literature prior to your departure, to help you plan your stay. Arrangements will be worked out by mail so that you may time your arrival, thus enabling me to personally meet you.

DAY 1

I will personally meet you anywhere in New York City if you arrive by bus or train. If you arrive by plane I will pick you up at the airport. Then I will personally drive you to Sayville, where we will board the ferry for Cherry Grove—the wildest gay community on Fire Island. If you drive you will receive information enabling you to reach the ferry, where I will meet you and escort you the rest of the way. (Free parking for the duration of your stay, at the Sayville dock, in lieu of transportation furnished for those who require it.) On the Island there are no worries about your accommodations, no check-in hassle . . . all of the details are handled by us. I will see that you're settled and then give you a walking tour of Cherry Grove. The tour will terminate in the Daytime Meat Rack, where you may linger until dusk if you're in an especially horny mood. Cocktails and dinner at 8, and you will be the guest of honor at the Summer Headquarters of the QQ Publishing Co., Inc., in Cherry Grove. Afterwards, your first drink at the Ice Palace—a mad discotheque—is on us. Stay and dance, or cruise—but if you decide not to go home

with anyone I will meet you at 2 a.m. and escort you to the Nighttime Meat Rack—and deliver you to the dozens of tongues awaiting your bod in the bushes.

DAY 2 'TIL END

Brunch is at our place the next morning, and then a walking tour of the beach and the second gayest community on the Island, The Pines, about a half-mile away. Afterwards you are absolutely free to do as you wish the duration of your stay—but we will not desert you at this point. If you need assistance with a problem, or advice, we will be there to help.

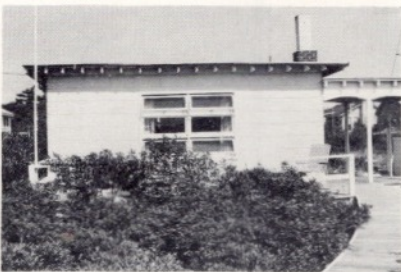
TOUR COST

The tour price includes all the services outlined in this ad—including accommodations. It does not include drinks and meals (allow \$10 per person per day if you do your own cooking, if you rent the cottage; or \$15 per person per day if you stay at the hotel). Nor does it include personal needs such as laundry, sundries, etc.

HOTEL OR COTTAGE

Hotel. We have reserved space at the Cherry Grove Inn, in the heart of the Grove. The rooms are simply furnished but are modern and comfortable. They are also clean. Bathrooms are shared (doors may be locked when occupied, for privacy). Linens changed weekly, towels available as needed. Free continental breakfast served in the office (coffee and sweet rolls).

Single room per person, weekly . . . \$200.00
Double room for two, weekly . . . \$350.00
 (Note: These rates include the tour as advertised; they are not the actual hotel rates. Available June 1 thru September 28, Friday-to-Friday rental only. No exceptions. Weeks of June 29-July 6, and August 31-September 7 not available. No pets.)



The Cottage

Cottage. A small but fully furnished two-room cottage in Cherry Grove. Large day room with full kitchen/dining area at one end. Couch converts to sleep 2. Working fireplace. Electric heaters, radio, clock, etc. Linens and towels. Large bedroom with two twin beds. Complete bathroom with stall shower. Front and rear sun decks.

Single occupancy, weekly \$300.00
Double occupancy, weekly \$350.00
Three persons, weekly \$400.00
Four persons, weekly \$450.00
 (Note: Friday-to-Friday rental only. No exceptions. Available June 1 thru September 28. Add \$50.00 for weeks of June 29-July 6, and August 31-September 7. Four persons maximum. Pets permitted if arranged for in advance.)

GENERAL CONDITIONS

A deposit of one-half the total tour cost must accompany the reservation. Depos-

its are non-refundable regardless of circumstances. Balance must be paid by check or money-order 2 weeks prior to arrival. No exceptions. Non-refundable. The QQ Publishing Co., Inc. assumes no responsibility whatsoever for inclement weather. Nor does it assume any responsibility whatsoever for personal injuries and sicknesses incurred. All services and accommodations outlined in this advertisement and paid for are unconditionally guaranteed. Please do not write for additional details. Only persons making reservations will receive further information.



The Cherry Grove Inn

BOOKING ACCEPTABILITY

Please book early. There is limited space at the Inn and only one cottage. List alternate dates if possible. If alternates are not possible please state so when sending your deposit, and your check or money-order will be returned promptly if we cannot accommodate you. All arrangements are to be made through us only (not the hotel). Those wishing to book hotel space privately should not contact us. No reservations accepted after May 31, 1973.

WEATHER

June and September are pleasant months at Fire Island. Cool days but usually warm enough for sunbathing; evenings are chilly and require light jackets or sweaters. Rain is unpredictable in this area. July and August are very pleasant, sometimes hot. The evenings are usually warm enough for t-shirts. A list of suggested clothing will be sent to those making reservations.

RESERVE NOW!

Reserve now—but only if you are sure. Send to: George Desantis, QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001. (Make checks payable to "QQ Publishing Co., Inc.")



"Downtown" Cherry Grove

