



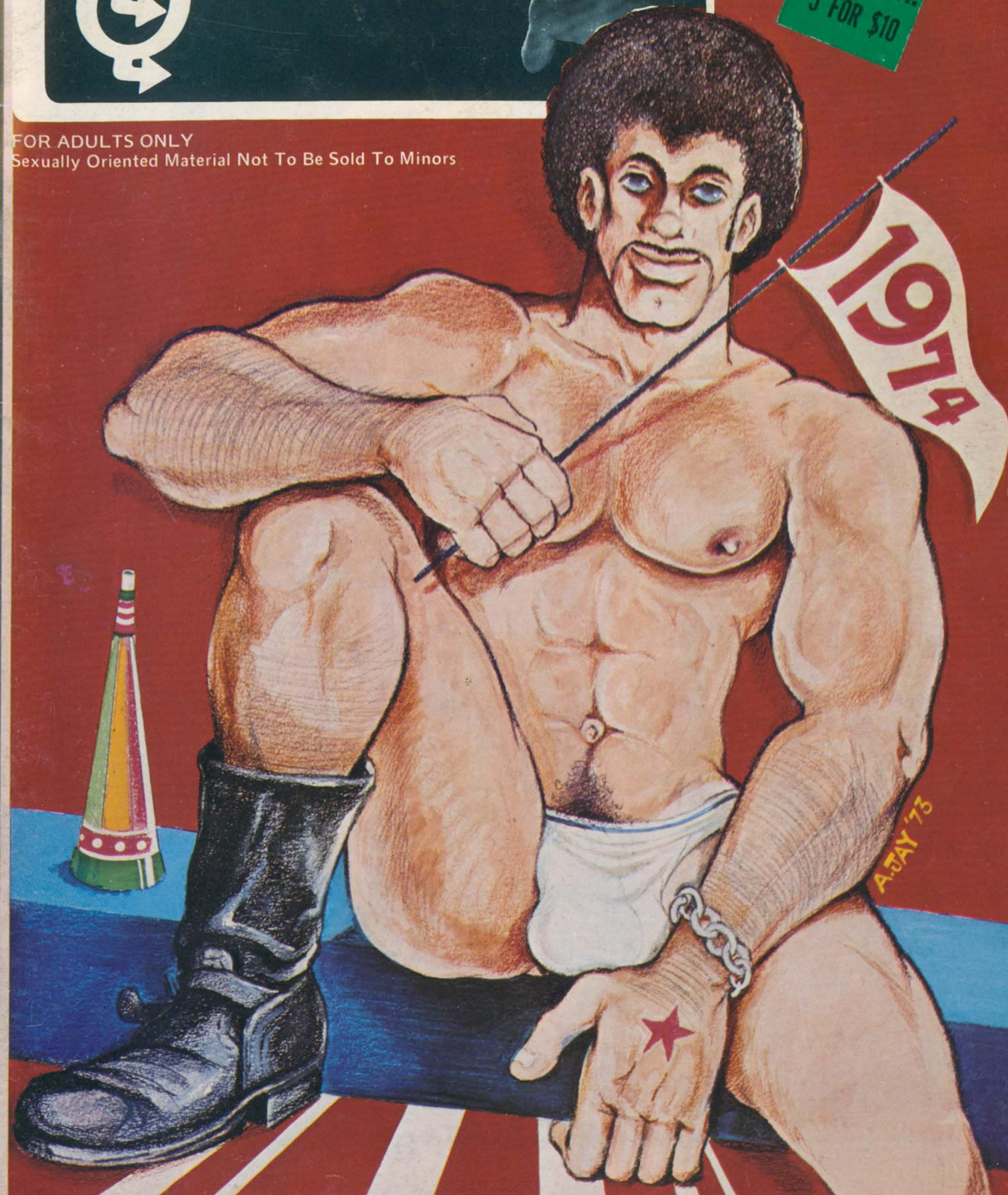
QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys



FEBRUARY 1974
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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.

SEX TECHNIQUE

General Love-making	1:4:6
Music for Sex	4:4:19
Sex Variations	2:1:6
Masturbation Techniques	2:3:6/5:2:7
Increasing Phallic Size	2:3:19
Using Vegetables, etc.	2:4:6
Douching and Anal Sex	3:3:6
Fellatio	3:3:9
Kissing Technique	3:3:27
Physiology of Sexual Response	3:4:6
Relaxing for Sex	4:1:16
How to Touch	4:1:10
Erotic Sensitizers	4:2:7
How to Undress Your Lover	4:2:54
Sensitize Your Lover	4:3:6
Sexual Pressure Points	4:3:10
The 30-second Orgasm	4:4:7
Fist-fucking Technique	4:5:9
Sadistic Sex	4:6:11
Sexual Fetishes	4:6:21/5:3:19
Sensual Massage	4:6:22
Gay Sex Games	5:1:11
Toys for Sadistic Sex	5:1:12
Sexual Eye Signals	5:3:6
Self Sex	5:4:6
Sexual Masochism	5:4:10
Preparing for Sex	5:5:6
Sex with Women	5:5:9
Artificial Lubricants	5:5:54

PSYCHOLOGY

Making a Gay Marriage Last	1:3:49
Editorial: Gay Prejudice	1:4:5
Why Straight Guys Fear Gay Guys	1:4:23
How Gay Girls See Gay Guys	2:1:19
Understanding Hustlers	2:1:25
Understanding Musclemen	2:1:28
Coming Out at 40	2:1:53/2:3:13
Understanding Closet Queens	2:1:54
Pygmalionism	2:2:6
Satyrism	2:2:16
Understanding Lesbians	2:2:54
Marriage Gay Style	2:4:10
Being Fat and Gay	2:4:18
Body Talk	3:1:54
Coping with Rejection	3:4:11
Confessions of a Gay Wrestler	3:4:15
A New Homosexuality for Our Time	3:5:7
Lurid Love or Lasting Love	3:5:13
The Bisexual	4:1:23
Overcoming Sexual Impotence	4:5:7
Overcoming Emotional Insecurity	4:5:10
Sexual Selfishness	4:6:7
Using Dirty Words	5:1:6
Sex with Older Guys	5:4:54
Coping with Male Menopause	5:5:14
Telephone Sex	5:6:7

LEGAL SUBJECTS

Fire Island Raids	2:3:14
The Homosexual and the Law	3:3:25
What To Do if You're Arrested	3:4:54

GAY LIBERATION

Gay is Good: Craig Rodwell	1:3:40
Homosexual Service Society	1:3:45
The "New Homosexual"	2:2:14
Editorial: The Liberators	2:3:5
50 Years of Gay Life in America	2:4:9
Editorial: The Tarnished Golden Rule	3:1:5
Editorial: Hanging in Together	3:2:5
Editorial: Color Me Gay	3:5:5
1971 Gay March	3:6:22
In Search of a Stonewall Nation	4:1:5
Ten Years of Gay Lib	4:1:27
Exploitation & Gay Lib	4:2:5
God & Gay Lib	4:3:54
Homosexual Law Reform	4:4:5
Gay People & The Arts	4:5:54
Image Smashing	4:6:5
Gay People & The Syndicate	5:1:54
The Syndicate	5:1:54/5:2:54
Gay People & Politics	5:2:5
Straight Oppression	5:3:5
Sexual Attitudes	5:3:54

Meaning of Obscenity	5:5:5
In Pursuit of an Image	5:6:54

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

John Cruising Manners	1:2:14
Cruising Confidence	1:2:35
How Not to Throw a Gay Party	1:4:16
Checklist for Cruising Bars	1:4:21
Gay Baths	2:1:8
John Cruising Techniques	2:2:26
Editorial: Cruising Baths	3:3:5
Lovers in Suburbia	3:4:27
QQ Visits a House of Call Boys	4:1:9
Anatomy of a Leather Bar	4:1:21
QQ Attends a Leather Party	4:2:21
Cycle Run	4:3:19
Leather Underground	4:4:8
Gay Lifestyles in Prison	4:4:12
Skid Row Sex	4:6:26
Reader Questionnaire Results	4:6:54
California S&M	5:2:9
Living Alone	5:4:9
Getting to Know People	5:5:22
Bar Cruising Techniques	6:1:18

BOOK FEATURES/REVIEWS/AUTHORS

Feature: "Naked Festival"	1:4:26
Greek Poetry: Cavafy	2:1:23
Oscar Wilde	2:2:53
Review: "The Lord Won't Mind"	2:3:37
Gay Poetry	3:1:21
Review: "this day's death"	3:1:21
Review: "Cruising"	3:2:48
Review: "The Love That Dared Not Speak Its Name"	3:3:54
Andre Gide	3:4:13
Review: "The Uninhibited Byron"	3:4:34
Review: "The Gay Militants"	3:5:34
Classics in Gay Literature	3:5:53
Gertrude Stein	3:6:14
Review: "The Wrong People"	3:6:34
Review: "The Young Male Figure"	4:1:32
Review: "The Dream King"	4:2:38
Review: "Sexual Heretics"	4:3:36
Review: "Sceening the Sexes"	4:4:32
Jean Genet	4:5:12
Review: "Strange Loves"	4:5:35
Review: "Homosexual Behavior"	4:6:32
Review: "I have more fun..."	5:1:30
Review: "Mother Camp"	5:2:30
Review: "Persian Boy"	5:3:30
Review: "Maurice"	5:4:30
Review: "Escape from Shadows"	5:5:30
Review: "One for the Gods"	5:6:30
Review: "Edward, Edward"	6:1:30

FICTION

Among the Mighty Pines (Lepage)	1:2:19
Summer '69 (Paris)	1:4:53
The Pumpkin Coach (Coriolan)	2:2:9
False Glory (Paris)	2:3:11
Fire Island: Laundry's	2:3:14
Hanging Out (Charles)	3:3:20
Talsen Interlude (Mitchell)	3:3:21
Larry and the Lieutenant (Arrington)	3:3:21
Send me a virgin, please! (Davis)	3:4:9
Coming-out Ball (Hagen)	3:5:14
On with the show! (Davis)	3:6:6
Memoir: Roger (Bentley)	4:3:9
Book: "Ebanykus Journal" (Jonson)	5:2
6 Chapters	Starting 5:2
Fond Deceiver (Damon)	5:5:16

FASHION

Bathing Suits	1:2:10
Sunglasses	1:3:7
Afro-Mod Styles	2:2:11
Leather Styles	2:3:21
Mod Styles	3:1:26
Underwear	3:2:28
Tricky Teasers	3:6:17
London Leather	3:6:30
What Not to Wear at an Orgy	4:3:30

TRAVEL

New York/San Francisco/Miami	1:2:6
Provincetown	1:3:10
Moscow	1:3:54
Japan	1:4:24
San Juan	2:1:34
Montreal	2:1:35
East Africa	2:1:36
Amsterdam	2:2:33
Gay Beaches of the World	2:3:16
San Francisco	2:3:31
Quebec City	2:4:33
Gay Streets of the U.S.A.	2:4:35
Los Angeles	3:1:18
Fire Island	3:1:28
New Orleans/Mardi Gras	3:2:13
Greenwich Village	3:2:18

Barbados	3:2:35
Toronto	3:3:13
Copenhagen	3:3:15
Gay Streets of the World	3:3:23
Puerto Rico	3:4:19
Mexico	3:4:25
Milwaukee	3:4:31
Washington, D.C.	3:5:17
California's Gay Parks	3:5:18
Boston	3:5:23
Using Gay Guidebooks	3:5:26
San Diego	3:6:19
Phoenix	3:6:54
Las Vegas	4:1:24
Dallas	4:1:54
London	4:2:11
Atlanta	4:2:31
Greece	4:3:21
Istanbul	4:3:22
Italy	4:4:25
St. Louis	4:4:26
Nudist Camps	4:4:54
Chicago	4:5:20
Nice	4:5:22
Paris	4:6:25
Vienna	5:2:27
East Berlin	5:3:16
Beirut	5:3:26
Portland	5:1:20
Tangier	5:1:26
Kobe (Japan)	5:4:23
Brazil	5:4:26
Haiti	5:5:27
Costa del Sol	5:6:24
Warsaw	5:6:27
Tokyo	6:1:25
Ibiza	6:1:26

PERSONALITY

Self-acceptance	1:2:46
Coming Out: Which Way to Go	1:3:5
The Leather Scene	1:3:15
Female Impersonators	1:3:16
Gay Astrology	2:1:13/5:2:15
Voice Improvement Made Easy	3:3:31
Gay Conversation	4:3:27
The Macho Gay	5:6:5

STAGE & SCREEN

Play: "We'd Rather Switch"	1:3:40
Understanding Ballet	1:4:14
Movies:	
"Gay Deceivers"/"Stud Farm"	1:4:32
Movie: "Sticks and Stones"	2:1:52
Movie: "The Damned"	2:2:26
Gay Recording Star	2:2:31
The Movie Queens	2:4:13
Sex Among Ballet Stars	3:2:7
"Me Tarzan... I"	3:5:9
QQ Talks with Michael Greer	3:6:9
Male Nudity in the Movies	4:2:23
Steve Reeves	4:5:15
Homosexuality on TV	4:6:13
Cross-Sexual Casting	5:1:15
Brando and Academy Awards	5:4:5
Gay Villains of the Movies	5:4:13
Pederasty in the Movies	5:6:13
Censorship and the Movies	6:1:13

HEALTH & EXERCISE

Hepatitis	1:2:9/5:3:14
Slimming Exercise Routine and Diet	1:2:24
Poppers	1:2:32
History of Circumcision	1:2:37
Aphrodisiacs	1:3:20
Biorhythm Theory for Sex	1:3:35
Self-defense	1:3:36
Crab Lice	1:3:53
Developing the Chest	1:4:39
V.D.	1:4:54/5:2:11
Pill for Erections	2:2:32
Amebiasis	2:2:33/5:3:14
New Findings on Poppers	2:2:33
Marijuana and Sex	2:3:8
Editorial: Generation Gap	2:4:5
Losing Weight Diets	2:4:20-22
Drugs and Pills on the Gay Scene	2:4:31
Circumcision Pros and Cons	3:2:9
Alcoholism on the Gay Scene	3:2:54
Youth Pill for Sexual Vigor	3:5:30
Cleanliness Below the Belt	4:2:9
Sex Under Drugs	4:6:9
Sex After Adult Circumcision	4:6:19
Phallic Size Through Silicone	5:1:9
Weight Loss Through Sex	5:2:12
Vitamin E for Sex	5:4:18
Diet and Exercise Plan	5:4:24

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1974 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 1

Editorial: Plastic Fig-Leaves	by The Editors	5
Anatomy of the Penis in Action	by Roger Watson & Walter Norris	6
The Best Technique for Bar Cruising	by Paul Damon	8
Mr. Fire Island	by The Editors	11
Censorship and the Movies	by John Marvin	13
1973 Pro Mr. America/Mr. World Show with Steve Reeves	by The Editors	19
An Original Book: The Ebanykus Journal (Chapter VI)	by Dakota Jonson	23
Tokyo: A Non-Transitional Enigma	by Crichton Stenhouse	25
Loco Loca Lovers: Gay Lifestyles on Ibiza	by David Bartel	26
QQ's Man of the Month: Ripper	by Pisces	28
Book Review	by Orlando Paris	30
The Company You Keep: Michelangelo	by Rob Arrington	31
It's Better in Pairs: History's Lovers	by Rob Arrington	32
Letters	by The Readers	33
Classified Ads	by The Sellers	38
Odd Son	by The Editors	44
The Super Adventures of Harry Chess	by A. Jay	52

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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, Île 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

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BY summer's end 1973 the thrust of sexual freedom had developed a lot of clout. Like Hannibal's tenacious army advancing two steps one day, retreating one step the next, exponents of sexual liberation had made just such slow, steady progress. Victory seemed nearer.

In retrospect we see how the cumulative effect of many individual heroisms made such progress possible. Hugh Hefner, for example, must be considered a pioneer of sexual liberation—and later with total nudity—with his popular *Playboy* magazine. Introduction to total nudity on the stage naturally followed, and this was exemplified most memorably by the musical play *Hair*. This in turn led to still more stage nudity—pointing up how silly it is to consider nudity shameful. The message of sexual liberation and nudity has been carried all over the world by the many road companies of *Hair*. But some of these pioneering heroisms involved great personal sacrifice. Who can forget the plight of Ralph Ginsberg—a man before his time—sent to prison for what is now considered the most innocuous publication of its kind—*Eros*? Infuriated writers took up his cause, and it is due in great part to their dogged determination to bring an end to such persecution that we are the freer.

Sexually liberated society has—as a corollary—even provided a good climate for acceptance of the gay lifestyle. Greater understanding and acceptance of sex and human desirabilities made mindful people see the injustice of condemning yet another form of sexual expression—homosexuality. This, conjunctively, provided a better climate for Gay Lib, and many fragmented groups, all working for the same end, but in different ways.

But then, a step backwards—the Supreme Court's September decision on pornography, by which it abdicated its duty to uphold 'equal justice under law', permitting small nuclei—rabble-roused by some local demagogue—to grind out 'community standards' and so ban even the least erotic film/book/magazine without regard for pornography's many benefits (for example, as pre-packaged sex for those unable to, or preferring not to have sex with others, and give them their due measure of release and joy); and this at a time when other countries have relaxed restraints on pornography without—as Senator Sam Ervin might say—"the heavens falling."

As an example of this, *The New York Times* of September 27, 1973 reports that the world's largest collection of erotic art will now be put on public view. Alfonso de Franciscis, director of the Naples National Museum says "The liberated attitude toward sex prompted me to open the collection. Most people, however, will find it tame after what they've seen elsewhere. At its best pornography is significant as fine art, and in any case has great psychiatric value, as well as sociological—as a commentary on the times in which it exists. Thank God, we've freed ourselves from the fig-leaf mentality."

But have we? These three 'redeeming social values' have always been self-contained in pornography, and thus it conforms to the requirements of the Court's decision. To rule otherwise, the Court reverses and convicts itself!

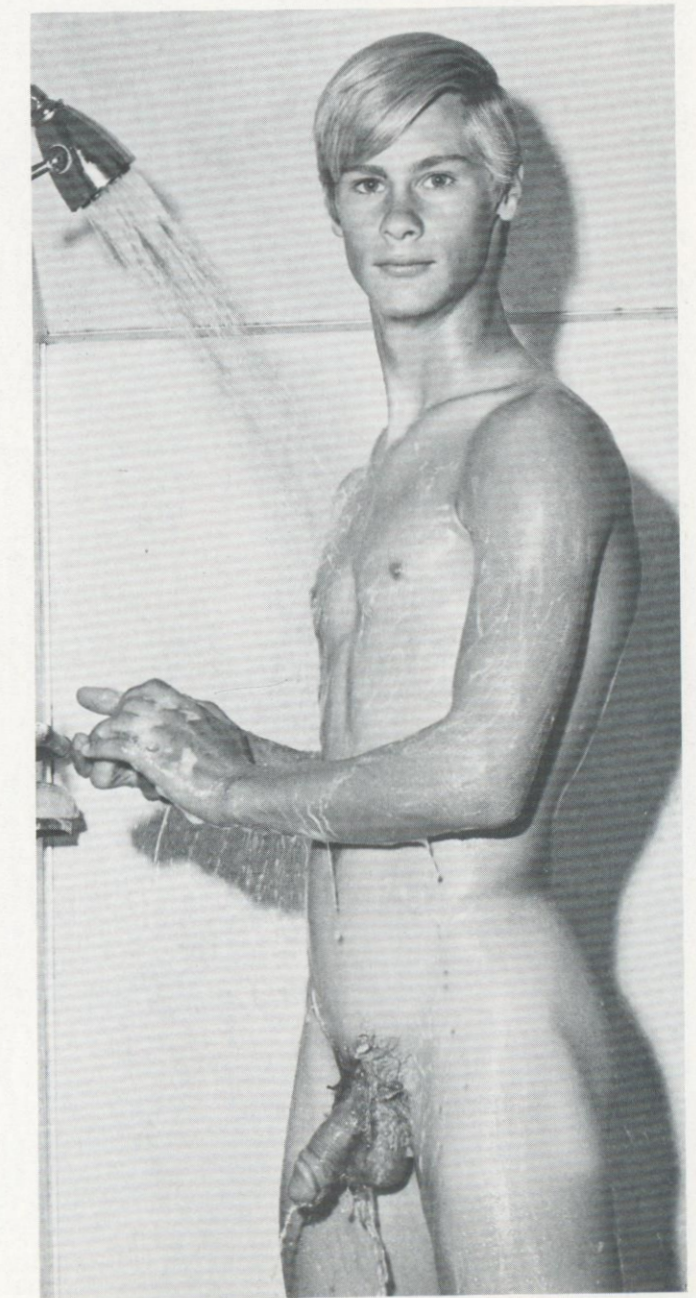
Yet 'morality'—as always—wears a plastic fig-leaf. For sexually liberated people, gay and straight alike, in our warm summer of enlightened change it grew soft and malleable, offering us exciting new freedoms . . . vistas of new delights. But in the wintry climate of Washington it has again grown cold and unyielding. This time, however, let's use this morality mask as a symbol, victory over which we must yet attain, and take two giant steps forward tomorrow!

January/February 1974

Editorial

Plastic Fig-Leaves

By The Editors



Bruce of Los Angeles

INSIDE STORY

Anatomy Of The Penis In Action

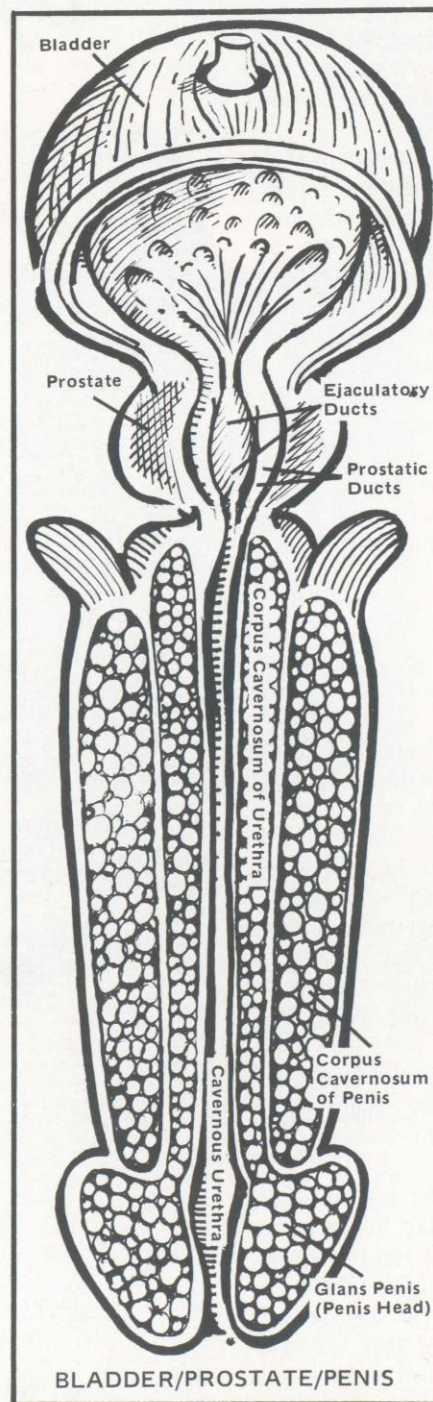
by Roger Watson & Walter Norris

THE gay male has many concerns for himself, but his pride in—or regret about—the size of his penis takes precedence. On the other hand, the heterosexual male rarely finds phallic size of overriding importance. If it's average, or even below, and allows him to function sexually to fully satisfy his partner and himself, that's all that really matters to him. He has many options open in perfecting a stimulating sex style, and if he perhaps sometimes rues the fact that other men have been more favored by nature, it is only a fleeting regret and never traumatic.

The gay male, however, too often sets himself on a collision course with fears, doubts and fallacies about what is expected of him with regard to length or thickness of the penis. Since we, as a nation, are so geared to measuring-up to norms of every kind, and so little of factual pertinence has been indicated about what constitutes a norm of male genital size, he is at a loss to determine if his is of sufficient size—an important consideration, of course, since the first impression upon stripping for sex is a breathtaking turn-on, surpassed in eroticism only by the tide of a driving orgasm. For it is here that lovers offer themselves to each other as the initial act of sacrifice and fulfillment—an offering as urgent, elemental and irresistible as time itself. Since one's sexual strategy is largely determined here—at this point of first impression, it is only logical that we begin our discussion with some observations about

THE ANATOMY OF THE PENIS

The first thing to be considered is "What is an *average* penis?" Knowing what constitutes such a norm and that



one measures up to, or possibly overreaches that norm produces serenity and sexual confidence and gets the encounter going with a minimum of reserve or uptightness.

While there are some differences in penile norms among men of various nationalities, it may be considered a healthy average if the penis is about *six inches in length and four-and-a-half inches in circumference when fully erected*, and when measured from the *top*, lengthwise—that is, from the pubic bone to the tip of the *glans penis* (head), and around the *thickest* part—the rim of the head.

Many men boast of having an eight- or nine-inch (or longer) penis because they take the measurement from underneath. This is illusory and illogical because in certain respects it is a false measurement, including about two to three inches that are 'inoperative' as the current White House expression goes; which is to say that the pubic bone stops any deeper penetration of mouth or anus.

This practice of measuring from underneath as a kind of sexual ego-trip has given rise to so many claims of extraordinary penis size it is no wonder that anyone who has never measured his penis in this way—either because the thought has never occurred to him, or because he is totally honest—may feel that he is at a competitive disadvantage. The next time someone tells you he has a nine-inch cock, mentally subtract three inches of 'underneath' and you will arrive quite probably at the true 'operative' measurement. It's not that he's telling a lie . . . it's just that he's not telling you the truth. By such Copernican calculation you will be more secure with the knowledge that yours (Continued on page 30)

QQ

Bruce of Los Angeles



The Best Technique For Bar Cruising Is YOU!

By Paul Damon

YOU'RE in your favorite night spot, all spruced up and looking your best. Suddenly you see Mr. Right, the one guy in the place with everything it takes to turn you on. So you casually walk over, introduce yourself, and start a friendly conversation. Before you know it, *bingo!* the two of you are walking out the door together for a night of fun and frolic. Right?

Wrong! Because if you're like most gays who do their cruising in bars, you don't walk over at all. You sit uncomfortably where you are and shoot him furtive little glances, hoping he'll stare back and cruise *you*. And if he does happen to glance in your direction with a show of interest, you get flustered and immediately look the other way.

Why is that?

Part of the reason is that the gay bar atmosphere has not changed, despite the addition of go-go boys, erotic films, and Mr. Humpy-Number contests. Nor has the gay bar *cruiser* changed, even though:

- 1) There are supposedly more gays "out" than ever before. (As well as more uninhibited straights looking for a new high.)
- 2) Sexual freedom has never been as extensive or diverse as it is today.
- 3) There is a flood of literature available instructing gays in how to cruise successfully.

Although bars have altered somewhat and even diversified into dance emporiums and leather bars as well as the familiar cruising bars, the basic purpose behind them—to provide a place for gays to socialize and cruise—remains the same. And as long as that is true, the bar cruiser will remain the same, with the same problem he has always had—a fear of being rejected in a social gathering of his peers.

No amount of humpy numbers and no degree of sexual permissiveness can erase that fear. Nor can a cruising guidebook help, because, although such a book may contain some useful suggestions, the emphasis is always on technique—how to approach a number, what to say, and how to say it. And if you're afraid to cruise to begin with, relying on someone else's technique is like trying to get through Europe with a language dictionary. You can find out how to ask for the check in a Parisian restaurant, but what do you do if the waiter suggests a brandy and cigar, or . . . perhaps monsieur would care to *sign* for the check? If your French is limited to the dictionary's "*L'addition, s'il vous plait*," you're up *le creek*, my friend.

A good technique is fine, and if you have one you'll certainly be a more successful cruiser. But a borrowed

technique always fits like a cousin's hand-me-downs. And while your own clothes may not be as flashy, they generally fit better and feel more comfortable. The secret to good cruising is a similar story: wear your own outfit at all times. Eliminate the reasons for any fear of rejection, and then develop your own cruising technique simply by being *you*.

THE PRIVACY COMPLEX

Ask a gay why he's afraid to cruise and you'll get a shrug of the shoulders, a weak smile, and that too-ready answer: "I guess I'm insecure." Even if that's true to an extent, it's never the whole answer, and too easy a label for gays to hide behind today. Gays are no longer willing to swallow the neat psychological platitudes which have been fed for decades to unresisting America in love with Father Freud. We know that all homosexuals do *not* have aggressive mothers and passive fathers. All homosexuals are *not* "arrested" at an oral stage of development. And all homosexuals do *not* suffer from persecution complexes and deep feelings of insecurity!

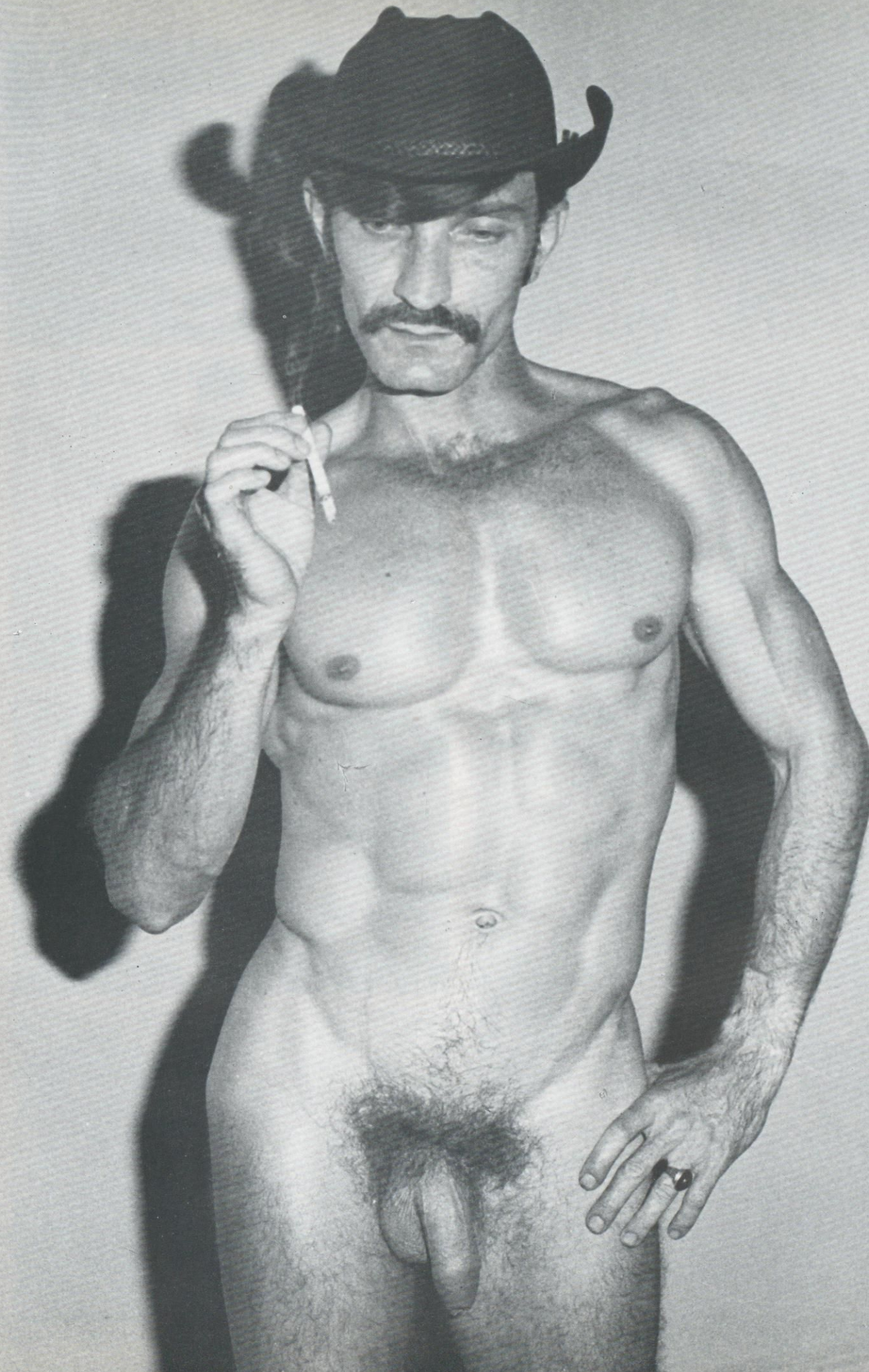
All right, so you get a little weak in the knees when you try to get up the courage to approach a humpy number. A certain amount of apprehension is normal when confronted with a stranger, especially one you want to get into the sack. We all feel that way to one extent or another because of the Great American Privacy Complex. One of America's strongest and most deeply-ingrained commandments orders: Thou Shalt Not Invade Thy Neighbor's Privacy. As the result even straight males (those butch studs we're supposed to emulate) have the same insecurity when lining up female bed warmers. How many straights do you actually know who can walk up to a female they've never seen and immediately engage her in witty repartee?

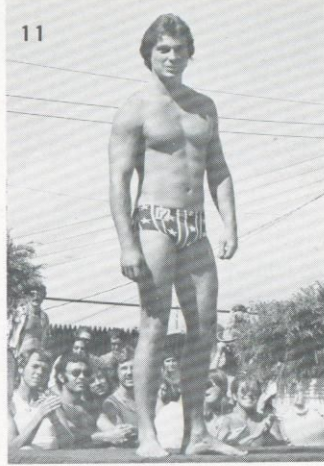
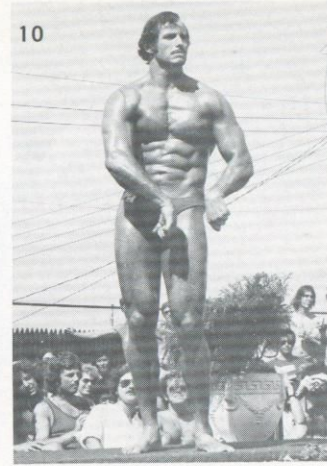
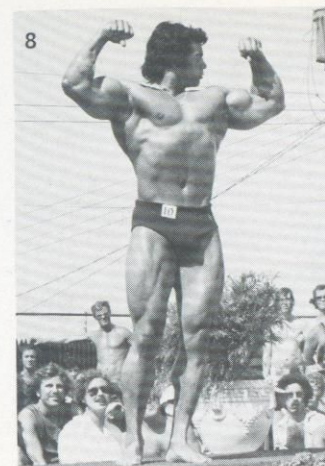
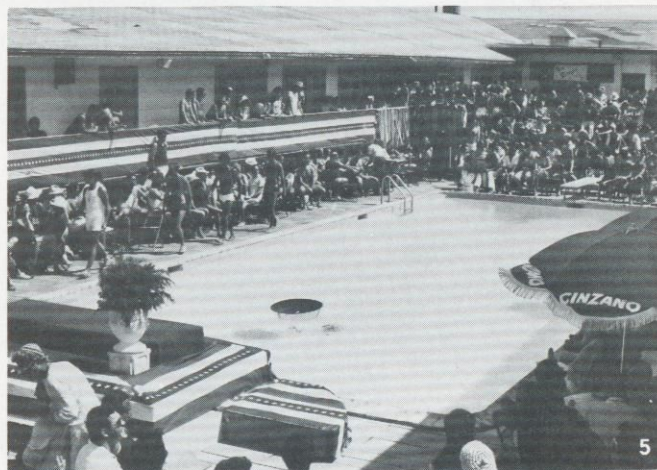
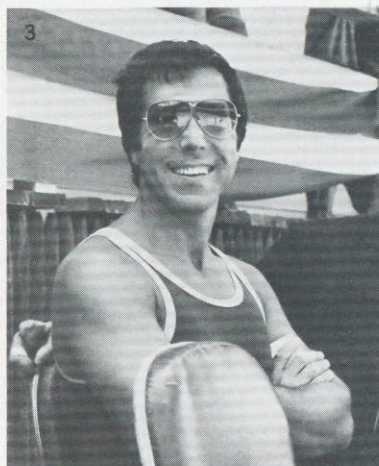
If you feel this kind of initial timidity and associate it with some deep insecurity complex you've lost the battle before you begin. And that humpy number you're interested in (and who may well be interested in you) sits restlessly on his bar stool until someone else goes over and waltzes *your* trick out the door faster than you can say "Who's got the K-Y?" And you then get properly miffed because you're much better looking, a better conversationalist, and also better in bed. The sad part of this situation is, *you may very well be right!*

Ironically, many gays who are not overly attractive or well-built often make better bar cruisers, because they know they just can't afford to sit back and wait for a number to approach them. And so they take the initiative and generally succeed,

(Continued on page 34)

Photo by Thomas Nasrallah





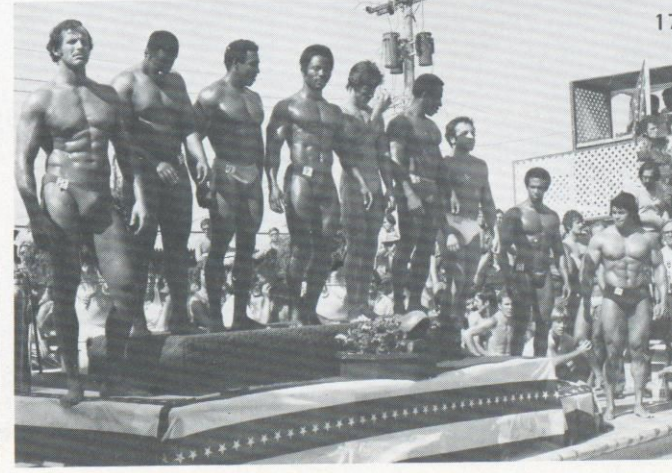
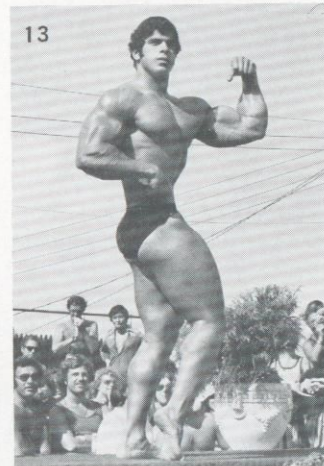
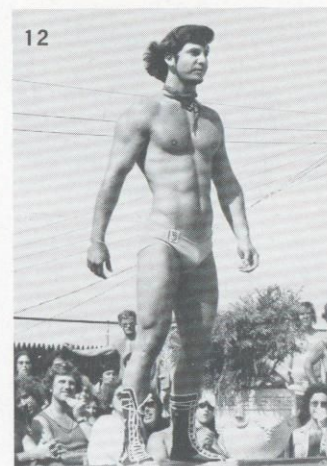
1973 MR. FIRE ISLAND

THE Fourth Annual Mr. Fire Island contest came off with a bang—providing an afternoon of fun for more than 1,000 spectators. Its setting was poolside at the Beach Hotel in Cherry Grove—the gayest community on Fire Island. Host Michael Fesco is to be congratulated on bringing together a good selection of musclemen and female impersonators and on running a gala event.

Highlights included the appearance of Mr. America Lou Ferrigno as guest poser. Billed as “The Boy Wonder” Lou weighs 260 and is 6’ 4” tall. He’s only 20 years old. Female impersonators “Rose” and “Yetta” wowed the crowd.

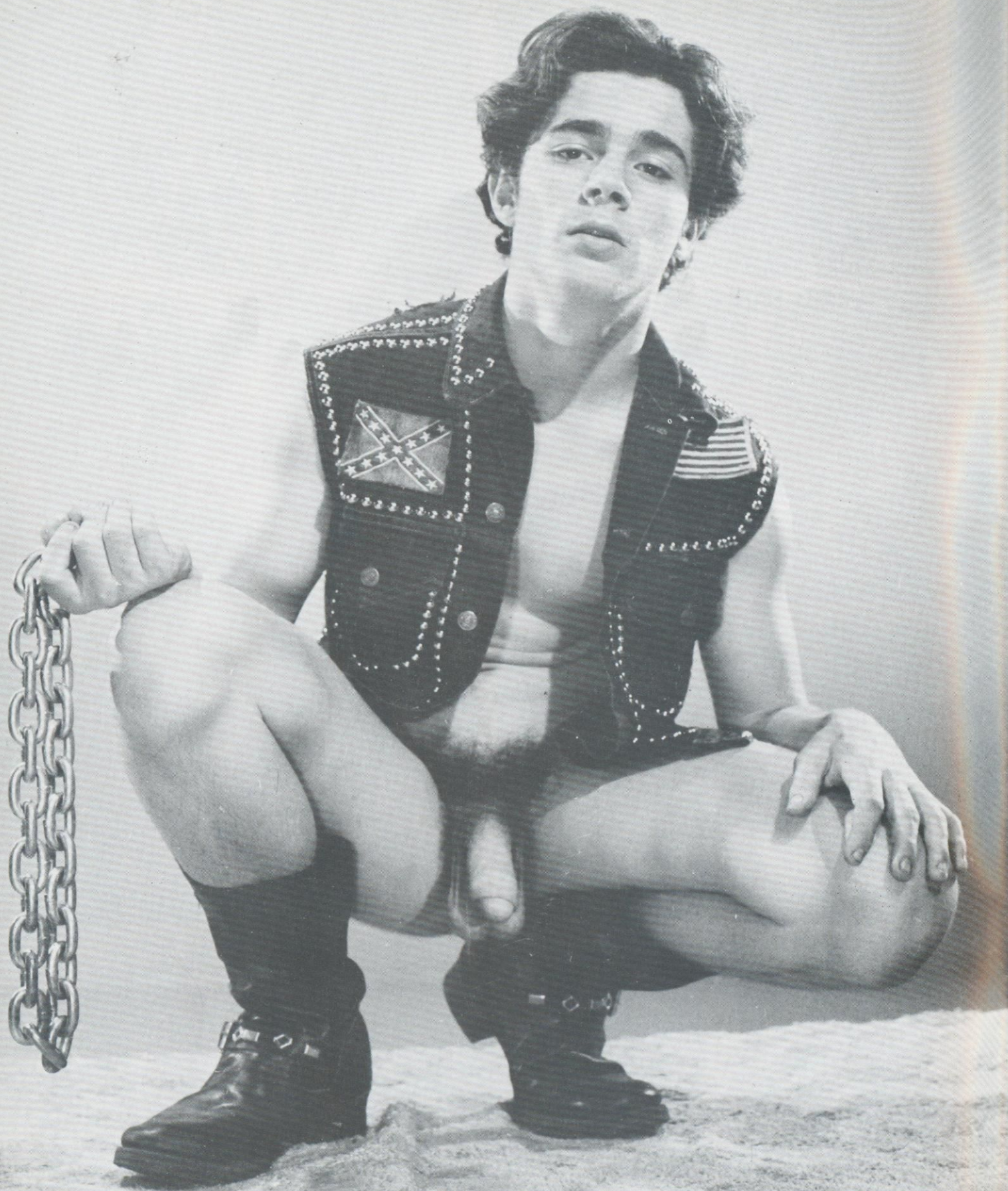
Former Mr. America/Mr. Universe Harold Poole was the eventual winner. There was a “Most Promising” division—an audience participation event in which lightweights compete for selection by applause. Craig Dudley won.

QQ publisher George Desantis (Continued on page 54)



Censorship And The Movies

By John Marvin



Athletic Model Guild

A Severy lover of good erotic entertainment must now be aware, President Nixon's carefully-stacked Supreme Court recently managed to bring to a crashing halt some twenty years of progress toward allowing free adults in this free land of ours access to any sort of entertainment they desired. Actually, when viewed objectively, the Supreme Court's decision is not the massively repressive dictate that it is usually suggested to be; in reality, it did little more than codify existing practices. Its primary effect was to give timorous local officials the courage to attempt censorial prosecutions that they would not otherwise have undertaken.

The first films to feel the vigor of local attempts at censorship have not been so much the unquestionably hard-core porno films; they were those films with clear-cut artistic merit. At this writing, for instance, the state of Georgia has outlawed Mike Nichols' highly acclaimed, hard-hitting drama *CARNAL KNOWLEDGE*, and a court in Dallas, Texas has found Peter Bogdanovich's whimsical and innocuous *PAPER MOON* to be obscene on the grounds that the 10 year-old Tatum O'Neal, the film's co-star with her father Ryan, is too young to swear! Such utterly asinine rulings as these will probably be the order of the day for some time, since—historically—attempts to censor “pornography” out of existence have succeeded only in persecuting the true artists of the age. The artist, secure in the knowledge of the intrinsic merit of his work, never seems to develop the knack for underground survival that is so much a part of the life of the hack pornographer.

As long as motion pictures have been produced, they have run into censorship problems, as might be expected. One of the earliest movies ever filmed was a little one-minute peep show affair cranked out by Thomas Edison's production-unit and titled *THE KISS*. It depicted two popular Broadway stars of the day, May Irwin and John C. Rice, in a brief scene from their current stage hit, “The Widow Jones.” In it, Rice can be seen whispering sweet nothings into the ear of the rotund Miss Irwin, then he smoothes back his luxuriant handlebar moustache in proper Victorian fashion and plants a sloppy kiss on her lips. On the stage this kind of carrying-on was forgivable, but in the privacy of a penny arcade or even—heaven forbid!—projected on a theater screen, it was positively obscene, and it was soundly denounced from many a pulpit. Quite a few communities banned the film outright, and a few others, more liberal, allowed it to be shown after the actual kiss was eliminated.

Similarly, an Edison record of the sensation of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, a belly dancer who called herself Fatima, was found shocking beyond

redemption by self-righteous officials of the day, and was wisely censored. Again, some areas allowed the film to be shown, but only after heavy white bars were added to mask off the more offending portions of the dancer's anatomy.

Meanwhile, enterprising moviemakers were not long in discovering the demand for hard-core sex action films. The first stag film is purported to have been produced in 1904, although that date should be taken with a grain of salt. Seemingly, *nothing* was ever done for the *first* time in films—no matter what early example of a technique historians point out, somewhere there exists an earlier example. At any rate, suffice to say that almost as soon as there were movies, there were stag films.

Mainstream movies, however, did not run into much seriously organized censorship until well into the 1920's, by which time they had become virtually a way of life for young Americans. This was the era of the liberated woman and bootleg liquor, and the movies were full of scenes of raucous parties and negligee-clad flappers. Furthermore, Hollywood itself was rumored to be a veritable hotbed of hot beds! Just how much of the rumor was based on fact we will never know; in good Hollywood tradition the fantasy has blended with the fact until they are truly all of the same cloth.

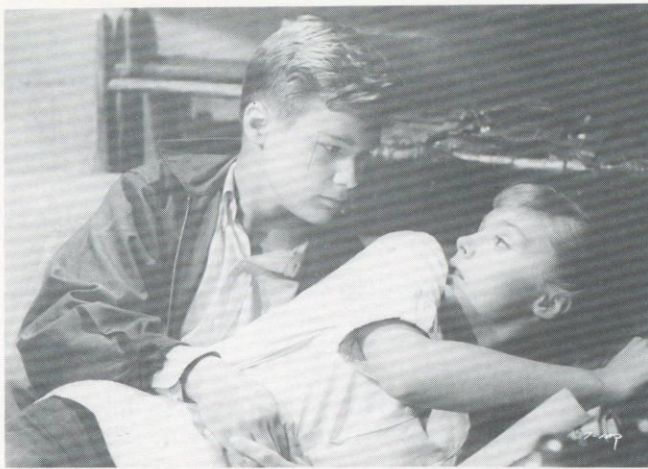
We do know, however, that Hollywood of the '20's was inhabited largely by former shop girls and farm boys and impoverished immigrants who had been catapulted overnight to dizzying heights of fame and fortune, and that many of them frankly did not know how to handle their success. Morality was a salable commodity, and the trading was brisk.

But then Hollywood was rocked by a series of scandals which, in the publicity-mad film business, made headlines around the world. Director William Desmond Taylor was shot to death, and the finger of guilt seemed to point in the direction of Mabel Normand. Rotund comedian Fatty Arbuckle was charged in court with the rape and murder of Virginia Rappe. The beloved comic Charlie Chaplin suffered through a three-ring divorce hearing which publicized his, shall we say “youth-oriented,” sexual tastes. The god-like matinee idol Rudolph Valentino was accused publicly of effeminacy, and always seemed to be associated with dominant, masculine women whom he was incapable of dealing with.

Even by the standards of Hollywood, the living was getting a little excessive, and the Hollywood lifestyle was dominating the content of the films of the day. In short order a hue and cry went up for censorship, and the spectre of governmental proscription loomed darkly over the industry. Hollywood decided quickly and fervently that it was better to clean its own house, and thus was born the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association, known for years as the Hays Office, after its first overseer, Will H. Hays, a former Postmaster General and an alumnus of the Teapot Dome Scandal. In the early 1930's, Hollywood's new-found sobriety was codified in a set of restrictive

JOHN MARVIN is active as a film editor, and is also an authority on motion picture history. He is the author of five past QQ articles—“Male Nudity in the Movies” (April 1972); “Homosexuality on TV” (December 1972); “Cross-Sexual Casting” (February 1973); “The Gay Villains” (August 1973); “Pederasty in the Movies” (December 1973).

January/February 1974



This page, top to bottom: Brandon de Wilde consoles Carol Lynley in a scene from *BLUE DENIM*, a ground-breaking film that dealt with teenage pregnancy and abortion. It was one of the new, unflinchingly adult films to come in the wake of the breakdown of traditional censorship. Next, Jane Russell with co-stars Thomas Mitchell, Walter Huston, and Jack Buetel in the Howard Hughes production *THE OUTLAW*. Controversy over Miss Russell's "full-figured look" delayed release of the film for over three years. Next, Otto Preminger is seen on the set of his film *THE MOON IS BLUE*, with the film's leading lady, Maggie McNamara. It was the first major movie released without a Code Seal in two decades. Then, Tony Richardson's lusty farce *TOM JONES*, starring Albert Finney, disarmed critics with its bawdy good humor. It opened new ground for film freedom and coincidentally provided the stage name for a popular singer just starting his career at the time. Opposite page, top and bottom: Rudolph Valentino, seen here in one of his more ludicrous publicity poses, was openly accused of effeminacy during the '20's, and in return challenged his accuser to a duel. It was one of several scandals suffered by Hollywood at the time. Miguel Alejandro and Ruben Figueroa cavorted naked and swore lustily through much of the "G" rated film *POPI*, leading some offended patrons to decide the ratings were a failure and to demand government censorship of movies.

rules and regulations known as the Motion Picture Code, setting forth exactly what was acceptable behavior and what was not in the movie world. Any film which did not meet with the Code standards was denied a Code Seal, and would presumably die of attrition out in the cold, cruel, moral world.

We need hardly add that this was not the case at all. The late '30's saw a whole string of exploitation films released without a Code Seal, and they did quite well by themselves in terms of box-office receipts. These films generally fell into two categories: the story of the fallen girl, detailing in no uncertain terms the exact nature of her fall, and the anti-drug tract, depicting the moral squalor of the unrepentant dope fiend. Interestingly, the drug most reviled in these exploiters was marijuana—the harder drugs were almost overlooked. It is largely due to these lurid "exposés," filled with distortions and outright lies, that today's young pot smokers are subjected to such hysterical vindictiveness by their elders. One of these anti-drug tracts, entitled *REEFER MADNESS* is currently enjoying a revived interest and is regarded by audiences as high camp.

Interestingly, we were able to come up with only one example of a film dealing with homosexuality among these exploiters—a drama of lesbianism entitled *CHILDREN OF LONELINESS*.

One of the few producers to successfully fight the Motion Picture Code at the height of its power was David O. Selznick, in a case connected with his multi-million-dollar epic, *GONE WITH THE WIND*. The dramatic highlight of the book comes as Rhett Butler (played in the film by Clark Gable) is walking out on Scarlett O'Hara (Vivien Leigh) and she asks plaintively what she is to do without him around. "Frankly, Scarlett," he says coolly, "I don't give a damn!"

The Motion Picture Code was not about to permit the innocent ears of the movie-going public to be assaulted by such unbridled profanity, and ruled that the film could not be released unless the line in the script were changed to read "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't care!" Selznick acquiesced and had it filmed that way, but he also realized just how silly and ineffectual it sounded, and so he secretly had a take made with the original line, and then began months of wrangling, bargaining, and begging before the Association finally allowed the controversial version to be inserted, only a week before the first screenings. Some religious leaders

and others were horrified, and condemned the film soundly, but most viewers recognized that the word was entirely correct in the context, and no appreciable loss of virtue was recorded among those exposed to it.

It was not until 1952 that a major film dared to buck the system and go into release without a Code Seal. It was Otto Preminger's film, *THE MOON IS BLUE*, a charming little bedroom farce starring David Niven and unique in the unabashed use of the word "virgin" to describe the condition of the leading lady. Even without the sanction of the Motion Picture Code, or perhaps *because* it didn't have it, the film was a smashing success, and coupled with the rather desperate search to find new gimmicks to offset the popularity of television, it prompted other producers to ignore the Code and tackle more adult subjects in a more adult manner.

A short time later Preminger broke new ground with the first serious study of drug addiction (*THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM*) and he has also been among the first filmmakers to turn his attention toward such socially significant issues as rape (*ANATOMY OF A MURDER*), the emergence of Israel (*EXODUS*), Southern bigotry (*HURRY, SUN-DOWN*), and the responsibilities of Catholic clergy (*THE CARDINAL*). Often underrated because of their traditional approaches to their subjects or because of Preminger's inconsistent talents as a director, his films have nonetheless long been in the forefront in the drive against the repression of censorship.

By the early '60's the Code was an anachronism, and it was quietly forgotten as producers found that the family audience had been assimilated by television and that the movie audiences were more adult and would buy more adult entertainment.

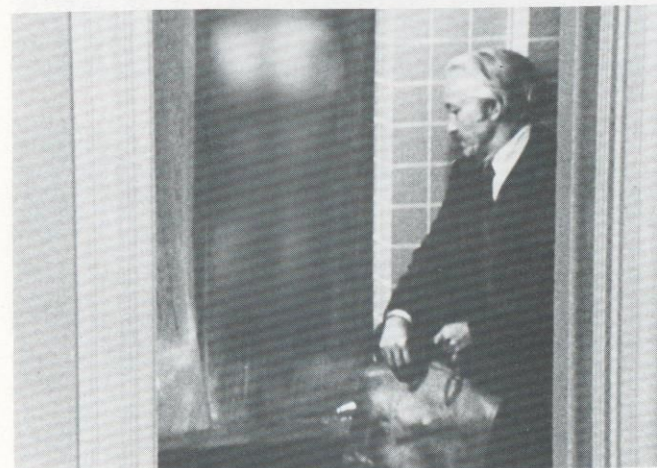
By the late '60's, however, the censorship forces were rearing their ugly heads again. Nudity, both male and female, was rapidly becoming a staple commodity in movies, and there was literally no longer any subject matter that could not be touched upon, either to be frankly examined or to be exploited. In many local communities censorship was already a way of life, and the threat of national government control was almost a certainty, so once more the industry decided to beat the government to the punch and do something about the situation themselves. This time, however, they decided that rather than try to control the content of the *movies*, they would try to control the content of the *audiences*.

The result was the movie rating system, which went into effect in late 1968. The idea is that every film be given a rating symbol based upon the film's suitability for children. Thus parents have some supposedly objective standard by which to gauge the film's content and so its advisability for their children.

The ratings were as follows: G-rated films ("General") are suitable for all audiences, while M-rated films ("Mature") are also good for anybody but contain some elements that some parents might find objectionable for their children, and should be forewarned about. R-rated films ("Restricted") are only acceptable for young people, usually under 18, if they appear with their parents in tow, and X-rated films are theoretically not to be shown to young people under any circumstances. The M rating caused considerable confusion among parents who were looking for black-and-white answers rather than guidelines, and it was changed to a GP rating ("General, with Parental Guidance") which was later

January/February 1974





inverted to PG ("Parental Guidance").

All this is excellent in theory, since it allows the film-maker to include whatever he cares to, and only attempts to instruct potential audiences as to what the film-maker cared to include; however, in actual practice, it has trod a rocky road. Most of its troubles have sprung from the simple fact that it is an attempt to impose objective standards on what is basically a matter of taste.

The first impulse was to rate films stiffly, probably to stave off those who were still calling for a government censorship board. There are two or three films that lay claim to being the first X-rated movie, but it is safe to say that the first *important* one was *MIDNIGHT COWBOY*. Just how this film merited an X is and always was a mystery. There is little nudity in it—only an occasional fleeting glimpse of Jon Voight's backside or the breast of one of his several leading ladies. The story concerned the several sexual affairs of the title character with partners both male and female, but they were all handled with a restraint that was breached by the other films of the day. Presumably the shadowy administrators of the ratings board thought that they would make an example of it because it was a major much anticipated release. In any case, the film was enormously successful, both critically and financially, and eventually won an Academy Award as best picture of the year, prevailing over such contenders as the John Wayne vehicle *TRUE GRIT*, to the astonishment of one and all.

It was obvious that *MIDNIGHT COWBOY* had been rated too stiffly (the rating was later quietly reduced to an "R") and so for the next year or so, the ratings board fumbled around trying to find its footing, and not knowing exactly what criteria to use in its job. Each film came to be rated on its own merits or lack thereof, with little regard to precedent, which did nothing but add to the confusion. Parents complained bitterly that the code was not working, and many of their complaints were justified, given the need for a code in the first place. Nudity, for instance, was an area of particular concern to parents who seemed to feel that the sight of God's greatest creation undisguised will warp young minds. Yet, so long as it was not in an overtly sexual context, nudity was generally passed with an M rating, with the result that there were a great many films for a general audience, which contained substantial amounts of bare skin. Similarly, violence was seldom considered a matter for an R rating unless someone actually smeared his guts across the camera lens, and so G and M pictures often contained violence and sadism of stomach-turning proportions.

Typical of the rating problems in those days was an Alan Arkin vehicle called *POPI*. In synopsis form it was the wholesome and heartwarming story of a Puerto Rican father's attempts to better the lot of his two young sons, and it was given a G rating in keeping with that concept. However, the film also contained frequent and free-wheeling profanity. One comic scene was built around the premise that the younger boy was ashamed that his father was only a dishwasher, and his telling his friends that his father ran a whorehouse. Another scene concerned Arkin's attempts to find a Spanish phrase that sounded like the English "son-of-a-bitch" which his son uttered when he was not supposed to speak English. Furthermore, both youngsters had several scenes involving total nudity throughout the film. It was all tastefully done, and totally in keeping with the film's milieu, but it was also clearly out of keeping with the spirit of the G rating.

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Opposite page, top: Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman in *MIDNIGHT COWBOY*, the first important film to receive an "X" rating. Next to top: Richard Warwick steps naked into the shower in the British film *IF . . .*. Next to bottom: Villain Strother Martin prepares to do away with actor Robert E. Brown, whose naked backside can barely be seen through the shower curtain, in the Universal thriller *SSSSSS*. Bottom: Art Garfunkel, Jack Nicholson, and Candice Bergen in the Mike Nichols classic, *CARNAL KNOWLEDGE*. If you live in Georgia, the courts will no longer allow you to see this film. This page, top: A rare male nude shot from a "girley" movie of the 1950's, *NUDES ON TIGER REEF*. The popularity of these independent productions led major producers to insert some nudity into the big pictures. Next to top: May Irwin and John C. Rice seem unlikely candidates for the screen's first "porno stars," but their film for Thomas Edison, *THE KISS*, horrified nineteenth-century bluenoses and was among the first movies ever censored for obscenity. Next to bottom: *FATIMA'S DANCE* was one of the highlights of the 1893 Chicago Exposition, but when Thomas Edison filmed it a year or two later, the movie was widely denounced and frequently censored. Bottom left: Will H. Hayes was Hollywood's first "in house" censor. For some three decades every Hollywood movie produced was forced to conform to his puritanical midwestern conservatism. Bottom right: An unconfirmed rumor of her complicity in a murder destroyed the career of popular comedienne Mabel Normand as virtue descended on Hollywood during the '20's.

After several such misjudgments, the rating system was pronounced a failure, and the threat of outside censorship loomed larger than ever before. In a last-ditch effort, a new chairman was brought onto the board and asked to overhaul the system. He was Dr. Aaron Stern, a practicing psychiatrist, and he is to be credited with reviving the rating system and staving off governmental censorship.

Dr. Stern's plan was to map out clear, objective criteria for the rating of films, and to stick to them through thick and thin. He decided to relegate any nudity and all excessive violence to the R category, and to open up the M (by now GP) category to more mature subject matter, handled with sufficient visual restraint. The X category, he said, would be strictly for the exploiters and the trash, determined for the most part by the display of frontal nudity.

On paper, Dr. Stern's approach is the best yet, and it must be cited for virtually eliminating the myriad of local censorship groups that had flourished until then. However, it is once more an attempt to apply objective standards to a purely subjective matter, and so it is, as W.C. Fields would say, fraught with imminent peril.

Most of the problems have concerned the X rating. It is, according to Dr. Stern, allocated strictly for the trash, but the objective standard of frontal nudity to denote trash has landed such pictures as Stanley Kubrick's masterpiece *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* in the X grouping along with the hard-core porn. Kubrick later trimmed his film slightly to rate an R instead of an X, and it is situations such as this that have brought some of the most serious charges against Dr. Stern's administration of the board. Producers will eliminate things from a film that should really be there, so the argument goes, so they can qualify for a better rating, which supposedly assures better box-office. This comprises prior censorship and thus makes the board a censoring body.

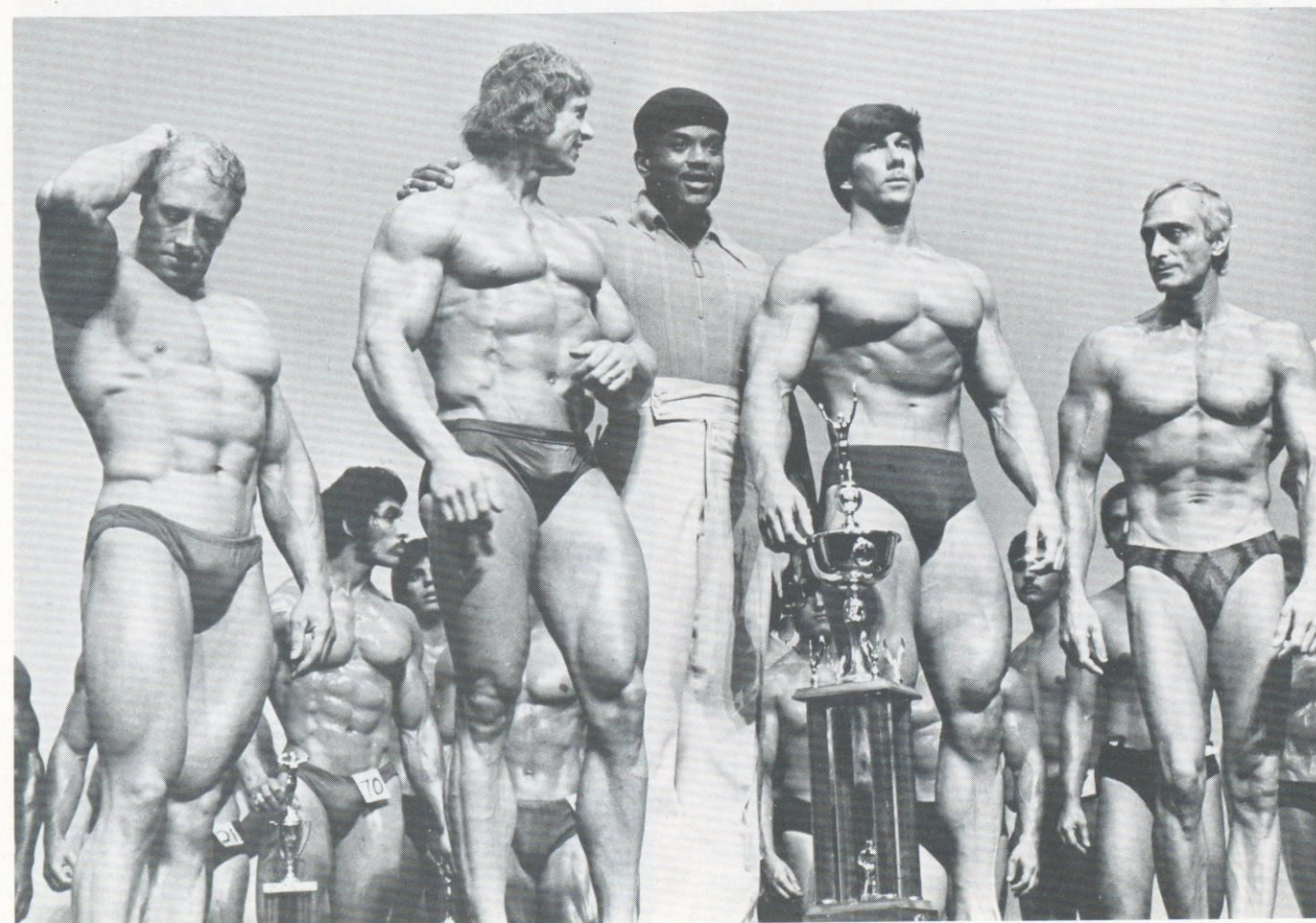
Dr. Stern argues that it is entirely the producer's prerogative to add or delete anything he chooses at any stage of production, and that he (Dr. Stern) does not *demand* cuts, he only *suggests* what should be done if a specific rating is desired. The final cut is up to the producer commensurate with whatever rating he is willing to accept for his film.

Both arguments have some merit. Many an admirer of exposed skin has been disappointed to find that some nude scene involving a favorite actor

(Continued on page 50)

January/February 1974



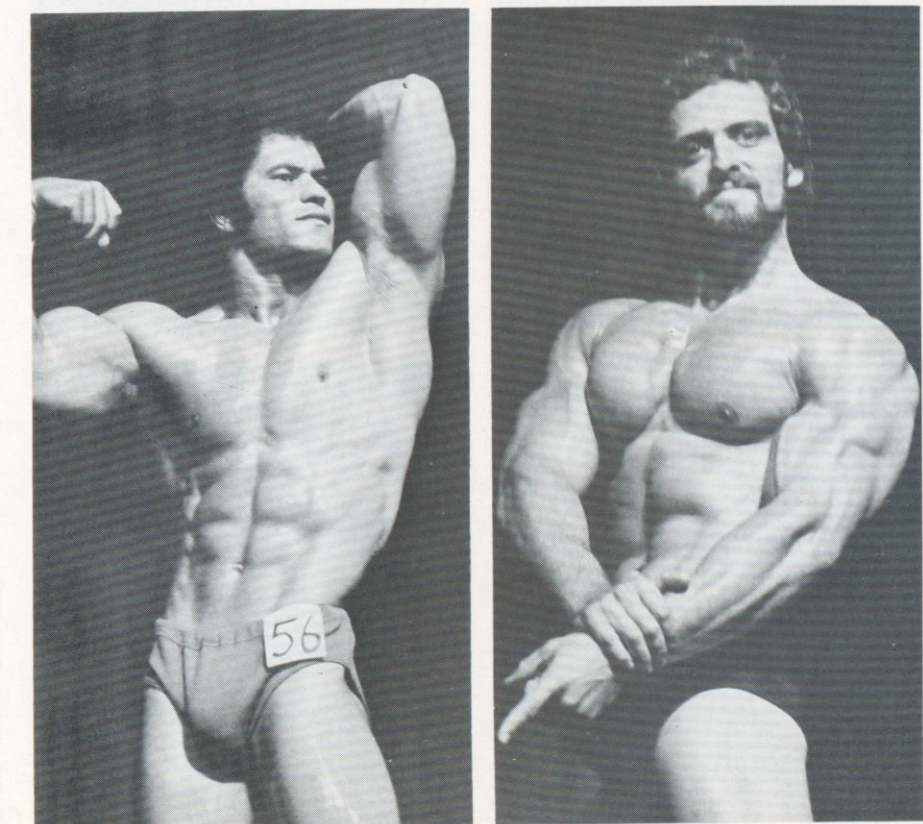


1973 WBBG PRO MR. AMERICA/ MR. WORLD SHOW Featuring Steve Reeves

DAN LURIE, publisher of Muscle Training Illustrated, a bodybuilding magazine, and President of the World Body Building Guild, an organization which sponsors muscle contests throughout the world, fulfilled a dream by bringing the great Steve Reeves to New York to appear in the 1973 WBBG Professional Mr. America/Mr. World Show. Tracking Reeves down took months; he lives in Switzerland half the year and in Southern California the rest of the time, raising horses. Reeves is originally from Montana.

It is hard to believe that Steve Reeves reached his zenith as a musclem nearly 25 years ago, when he won the Mr. America and Mr. Universe titles—and that since then he has not made a public appearance. Hard to believe because he seems so contemporary to all of us—thanks to TV and his string of beefcake movies filmed by Joseph E. Levine years ago. Still harder to believe when you see him today—because his dynamic good looks belie his age . . . 47.

Fans of his refused to believe that anyone could find him and arrange for a personal appearance in New York City. But Dan Lurie's persistence paid off—and it was a dream come true for thousands of Reeves admirers when "Hercules" stepped off the plane at Kennedy International Airport where he was cheered wildly. In the days that



Opposite page, top: The 1973 WBBG Professional Mr. America winners, left to right—Josue Rivera, 3rd; Warren Frederick, 2nd; Chris Dickerson, 1st. Bottom: The 1973 WBBG Professional Mr. World winners, left to right—Tony Emmott, 3rd; Paul Grant, 2nd; Sergio Oliva, known as the World's Biggest Bodybuilder, was on hand to congratulate the winners; Boyer Coe, 1st; Roger Servin, 4th. This page, top: The 1973 WBBG Teenage Mr. America winners, left to right—Barry Kadane, 2nd; Dominick Menno, 1st; Dave Armentani, 3rd. Middle: Three Pro Mr. America contestants, left to right—Charles Fautz, 6th; Don Ross, 4th; Dan Samuda, 9th. Bottom left: Pro Mr. America contestant Herman Pacheco, 10th. Bottom right: Another Pro America champ, Fred Gallipoli, 8th. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

January/February 1974



followed he made appearances on TV talk shows . . . was given the Key to the City by Mayor Lindsay . . . received standing ovations when fans spotted him at Madison Square Garden and the theatre . . . and made a spectacular showing in the WBBG show before thousands of his most loyal fans—fellow bodybuilders.

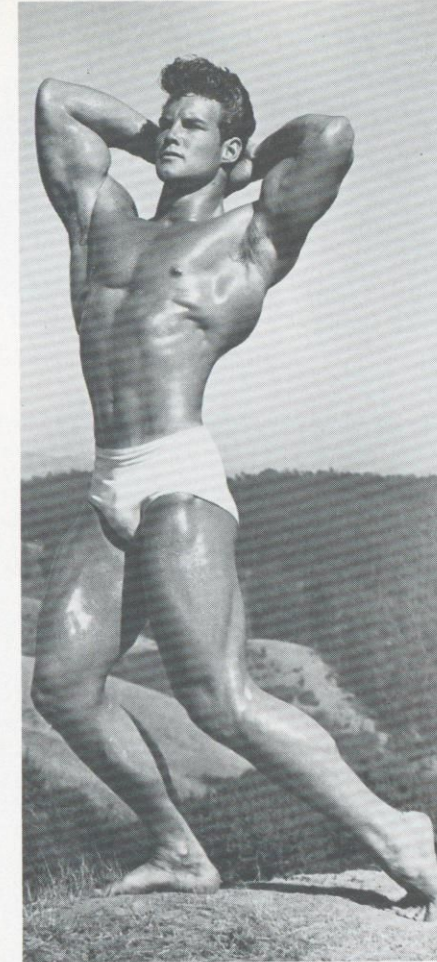
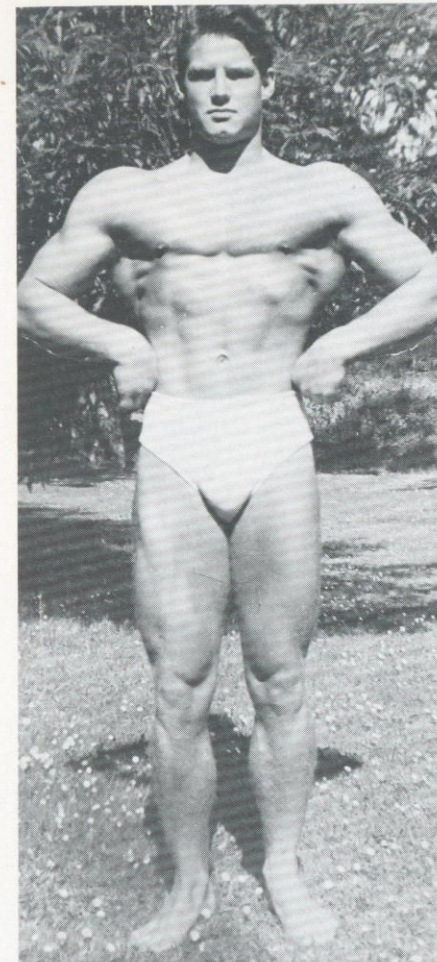
Because Steve Reeves has so many admirers among QQ readers we thought we'd not only present photographs of the contestants in the WBBG contests and pictures of Reeves taken at the show—but also some candid shots from his past and a few movie scenes as well. We were particularly proud to have been a part of this show; QQ publisher George Desantis (also known as Bud Parker) is WBBG Director and emceed the WBBG presentation.

The 1973 WBBG Pro Mr. America title was won by a former AAU Mr. America, Chris Dickerson. The Pro Mr. World title went to Boyer Coe, who won it in 1972. There was a Teenage contest and guest posers included Mr. America/Mr. Universe winners Frank Zane, Dave Draper, and Sergio Oliva.

The 1974 WBBG muscle show is scheduled to come off on September 7th. We will advertise the place and time next year—and it promises an even greater surprise than Steve Reeves. Perhaps you'll be with us.

This page, top left: Steve Reeves at the peak of his popularity, seen here in "Hercules Unchained." Top right: Reeves today, now 47 years old. Middle left: A closeup of Reeves, taken on his arrival at Kennedy International Airport, where a press conference was held. Middle right: With Howard Cosell on the A.M. New York TV Show. Bottom left: Another closeup, taken on the A.M. Show. Bottom right: On the WBBG stage for his special appearance. His wife, a Polish princess, is beside him. WBBG President and publisher of Muscle Training Illustrated, Dan Lurie, is on her left. QQ publisher and WBBG Director, George Desantis (also known as Bud Parker) is in the foreground; he emceed the show. Opposite page, top row, left to right: Steve Reeves at age 18; 22 (when he won the Mr. America title); and 26. Middle row, left to right: A rare photo, taken in Nice, France when he was 23 years old, just after winning the Mr. Universe contest. He sported a beard for his stage role in "Kismet." Still another beard for his film role as "Hercules." Bottom row, left to right: Steve in the movies—in "Hercules Unchained"; "Thief of Baghdad"; and "Morgan the Pirate." TV and contest photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated. Movie photos furnished by Avco Embassy Pictures Corp. Physique photos property QQ Publishing Co., Inc.

QQ



January/February 1974



An Original Book The Ebanykus Journal by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the final installment of "The Ebanykus Journal," a novel by Dakota Jonson. A condensation of the book has appeared 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 VI

GET into the *legend*, man. That's where it's at." Ebanykus laid that on me in our fight at Two-Mile Hollow, and I'd been too bullheaded to follow through.

Legend. Myths and dreams. Well, why not? After all, what are the ingredients of reality? To arrive at the truth, why not follow the legend—the myth—the dream?

I spent Saturday morning re-reading "The King Must Die" and started asking myself some questions. Suppose Jimmy's killer had been living out the myth? If so, it was some heavy trip, man, and all I needed was to answer one more question—a simple "what if?" The answer fit perfectly like the final wedge slipped neatly into a Chinese block puzzle.

I had it—the solution to the YOCK murders. Now all I had to do was smoke out the killer—at the YOCK ceremony.

Ebanykus was right about another thing. He should've worked me into his plans from the beginning. Too late now. I would have to carry out my design alone, and hope he'd be there to help me at the right moment. And I was afraid I knew something he didn't know. Time would tell.

I made the mistake of shaving my moustache off. As it turned out, Diana hardly saw me, and besides, my bare face made me look like Mister "X."

Ariadne picked me up around eight in the fading twilight. David wasn't with her. She said she'd dropped him already; that he was going to participate in the ceremony. I hadn't counted on that.

I followed her in "Absolutely" my heart pounding. Had I lost my head? This couldn't be happening. My throat was dry. My mind, buzzing.

We wound through the labyrinth of Water Mill backroads—"heads of ponds," "tows," and "paths," finally pulling up at the edge of a thicket. A narrow dirt lane disappeared upwards through the trees—a tunnel burrowed out of oaks like the rabbit hole in "Alice in Wonderland." We ascended into the shadows.

That house. Man, that house! A gigantic salt box with falling shingles and tiny, dark, mullioned windows. In the stygian night its steeply sloped side rose into the moonless sky like the prow of the Flying Dutchman. No sound came from it. No light. It rested in the earth like an abandoned relic waiting for a hurricane to blow it into legend.

Ariadne led me inside through a cathedral ceilinged living room to a midget door under the staircase. Another rabbit hole. Only this one creaked.

"Down there," she whispered.

Into the labyrinth to find the Minotaur. The Bull. YOCK. To find Ebanykus and rescue him.

I couldn't see a fucking thing until my eyes got used to the light. The smell of incense and pot stung my nostrils. We were in a huge basement area, the ceiling just high enough for standing room. We crawled into the darkest corner we could find.

Live bodies lay along the walls, a limp collection of arms and torsos and tits—all female. As my eyes adjusted, I could see their faces, grotesquely painted with white clown make-up, beaded eyelashes, round red splotches of rouge on their cheeks, and ruby lips. Their breasts were painted too—white, the nipples circled with a fine purple line. Occasionally a hand floated into the murk, the fingers touching tiny gold cymbals making a splashing sound like from far away—a distant temple—of the goddess, Diana. Thin, haunting strains of hypnotic music insinuated the air—high voices, flutes and reed pipes—dull, thudding drums—rippling glissandos of harps—music which evoked cool glades beneath olive groves in Ancient times. Dancers flickering through leaves of underbrush, Dionysus and his frenzied maenads and nymphs circling the altar—intoxicated—moving in to let fall the knife, to dismember the King, to kill the Bull.

Against the far wall between two small doors I could make out a leering mask, the head of the golden calf—Taurus—his untipped horns curved sharply upward.

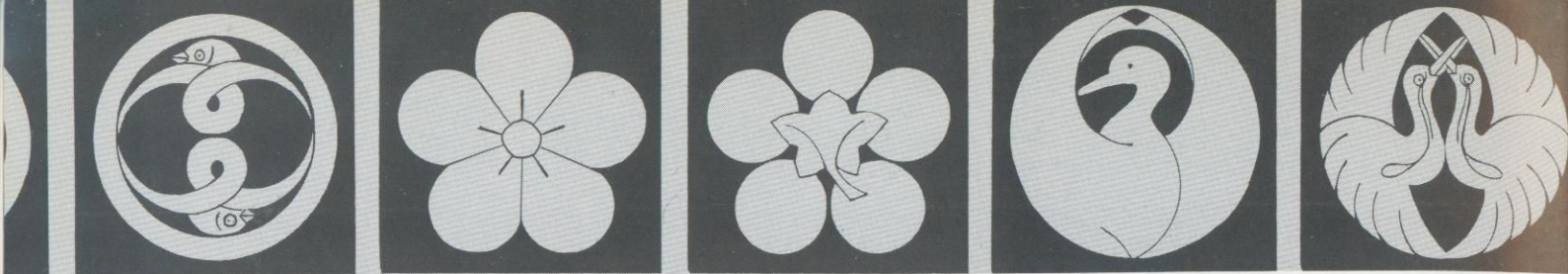
The nymphs writhed along the floor, rising and falling, drifting toward the center where they formed a half-circle, prostrating themselves on their backs, their legs spread wide.

A cacophonous crescendo of sound splits the air. Shrieks and groans and the clash of cymbals. The two doors alongside the Taurus mask spring open. The bulls stride out to the altar.

Bulls? Man, like guys sixteen to twenty, oiled skin, rippling thighs, sharp tits, curled heads like Greek Gods, greased penises hanging full between muscled, naked legs—fantasy come to life.

"... so, man, see, I come to the big city and panhandle for awhile, deal small-time in little paper bags of grass. Until I meet this far-out chick who gets me into YOCK, and now—man—now, I'm a Minoan Prince once a week and it's 4,000 years ago, and I worship the Bull—I am the Bull—the Minotaur and I fuck, man,

(Continued on page 37)



Tokyo

A Non-Transitional Enigma

By Crichton Stenhouse

SO you want to be where the crowd is? I don't mean the gay crowd; just the crowd. Then, Tokyo's the place. Maybe Calcutta's worse but you're in Tokyo and once you've been walked over, thumped up and down, smashed into countless times, whirled around by the free-wandering indifference of a directionless Japanese crowd you'll forget all ideas about seeing Calcutta. One chappie described the Japanese to me as being like "ants without their antennae." Get the picture? Only, ants run. Japanese amble. And if you can visualise a man ambling in all directions simultaneously you'll have a good picture of what's waiting for you. It's a wonder they've not come up with a form of human mudguard to beat this situation but the answer to that lies in that Japanese love a crowd and seem to revel in chaotic confusion.

But, you think—aren't the Japanese famed for politeness? Yes, they are—but they only practise that in well-rehearsed given circumstances where indebtedness is clearly indicated. The people in a pedestrian crowd constitute what Japanese individually refer to as non-persons and thus not worthy of courteous consideration. By not having been formally introduced to a person clears one's conscience of considering him in any way. You see? That's the catch in all circumstances of life in Japan. For everything you've been led to believe about these 'industrious' people you'll find that almost the exact opposite *really* applies. For industriousness, as an example, read 'pointlessly frenetic activity'. And when multiplied by a hundred million souls that can look like massive industriousness. To those who merely glance.

This writer has been told by numerous North American damsels that the Japanese are a nation of faggots; or some similarly charming connotation. Don't you believe it. Before you launch yourself into the awaiting maelstrom it is an advantage to realise some basic truths about the historical fact of what we might term an absence of identifiably androgenic qualities in the Japanese male. There quite simply are no standards of masculine behaviour in this society. So in a crowded subway station you may suddenly see an attractive, tough young working lad wearing a pair of women's slippers—even with a pink pom-pom adorning them. And on the streets up above you'll be inclined to feel that all those gorgeous mincing lads are heading for the nearest gay bar. In either case you'd be 100 percent mistaken. The be-slippered youth probably shoved on the first pair of shoes he could find where several pairs were lying as he exited from his house on a brief shopping errand. And the Japanese male often walks in a swaggering, almost extravagantly feminine manner (Continued on page 42)

Opposite: Pisces photo. Top: Shin Gekijo (New Cinema). Middle left: Oban, a baths. Middle right: Tokyo Club. Bottom left: Shinjuko. Bottom right: Shire, a bar. Art and photos by the author.

January/February 1974





Loco Loca Lovers

Gay Lifestyles On Ibiza

By David Bartel

WHEN Britain's Royal Ballet came to the United States on its annual visit a few years ago, one of its far-out ballets and its youngest male dancer created a furor among our gay balletomanes. The ballet was Kenneth Macmillan's *The Invitation*, and its teen-age rape exponent was Christopher Gable, and it is safe to say that the gay ballet world has never been quite the same.

Although at that time Gable was less than nineteen, and not then one of the company's luminaries, *The Invitation* had been created on him (to use balletic parlance). No one else in the company could do it, none had his special flair for the role, and it was our good fortune (and his, as it was to prove) that he was flown over for three performances of the work.

Certainly if Gable were not a full-fledged star before his whirlwind visit, New York's gay ballet enthusiasts crowned him as *their* star before his performance was five minutes old! He instantly proved his right to stardom in a role demanding not only handsome, virile, muscular youth, but that special eagerness of youth that brooks nothing in its search for the fullest, freest exploration and expression of sex.

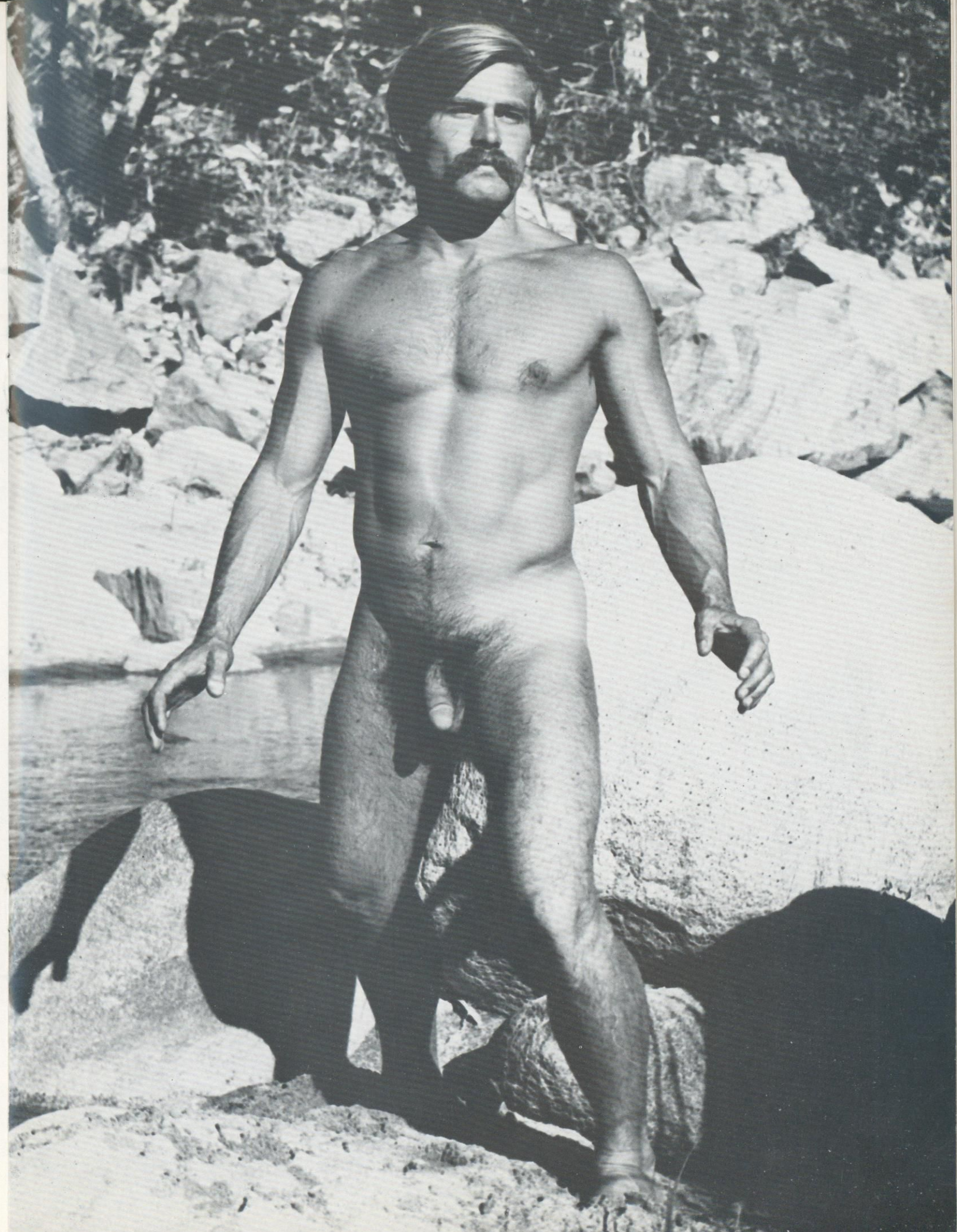
So profound has been his effect on contemporary ballet, and on those associated with it, that Keith Money, in his superlative picture book *The Art of The Royal Ballet*, devotes more than two hundred of its fascinating color and black-and-white photographs to Christopher Gable. If you are not into the Gable mystique and would like to see cause as well as effect, you have two current options: get the book, published by The World Publishing Company, or see him in the motion picture *The Boy Friend*, so popular it is now in its third re-run cycle. Or perhaps you saw him in the role of gay companion to Richard Chamberlain in the film based on the life of Tschaikovsky.

Gable, unfortunately, is lost to dance. Believing that he had greater opportunities as an actor, he resigned from The Royal Ballet and is now fabulously successful on British television, as well as in films.

It was during his tenure with The Royal Ballet that he came to know and love the small island of Ibiza, one of the Balearic Islands off the eastern coast of Spain. Again he was a daring first; the first of the entertainment world to buy a small house so that he could fly over on weekends, get away from the hectic life of a London star, and just unwind—feeling free to do whatever the spirit moved him to do, and in whatever way he wished to do it, with no one looking askance. Since then many of Gable's contemporaries have followed his initiative,

(Continued on page 44)

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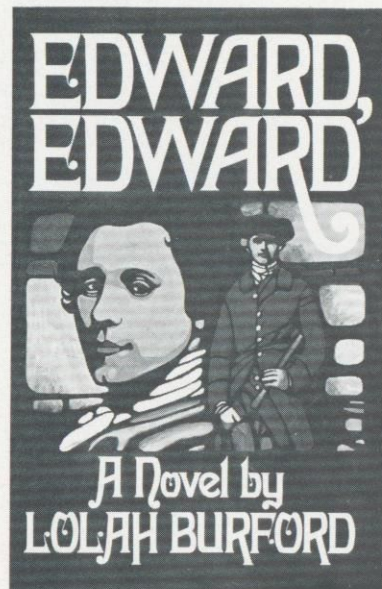


QQ's Man of the Month Ripper

By Pisces



book review



One of the small, insignificant mysteries of 1973 will be why Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc. took the trouble to print **EDWARD, EDWARD**, by Lolah Burford, 561 pgs., \$8.95.

Edward Clare Armstrong is the bastard of James Noel Holland, Viscount Rockfort, Earl of Tyne, and at the age of six he is brought to his father's house in up-country England by his mother who promptly dies. The year is 1795.

The story of Edward's relationship with his father, lasting at least until 1816, when the book mercifully ends, is, I gather, a spoof on the 18th Century English novel. There can be no other excuse for it, and this supposition is supported by the cute title page conceits, "A New-Old Picaresque Romance" and "A Study in Grace," printed in flowing italics. Unfortunately, the author is neither Henry Fielding nor Jane Austen, and the spoof fails by sheer tedium, repetition, and boredom. If it is not a spoof, if it is intended to be taken seriously, so much the worse.

Well, anyhow, Edward's father is rich and can do and get away with just about anything he wants. And among these, fitfully, are screwing his son, beating up on him, and keeping him imprisoned in a dungeon room in the basement between his school terms at Oxford. That, for you who look for the good parts, is about it, and you really have to stretch your imagination to dig those scenes. Now for the deep

part: Edward, early on, falls in love with this charming fart, and it isn't until page 558 that he seemingly wakes up and goes straight. Or does he? That is left, too, to your imagination.

Full of color, full of what the blurb writers like to call "historical flavor," and full of shit! (Would you believe Edward is at one point stolen by the gypsies?) **EDWARD, EDWARD** is probably the winning candidate for this year's saddest joke.

And, oh, yes, up at Oxford Edward gets mixed up with (and once fucked by) a revolutionary student whose friends abduct him, for political reasons, and subject him to a big deal S&M scene to enforce his silence. Near the end of the novel this student has been, for mutiny, hanged, but not 'til dead. He is chained to a Thames-side dock to await the rising tide. Our Edward finds out about it and smuggles him some dope to ease the agony and misery of the drowning death coming in an hour or so. (Now, there might have been a novel!)

Unfortunately, such humanistic episodes rarely run over five pages, and in a book this length that makes for a lot of in-between dull reading.

And, too, there is, of course, a girl friend, a cousin who lives on the next estate. (Near the end she turns out not to be a cousin, after all, and so it's o.k.) But Edward, remember, is in love with his old man, and he just thinks he loves Anne. For his trouble Anne's brother has him lashed by lackeys, and that settles that for a few years.

And, to round out Edward's character, he is also entranced, somewhat sophomorically, by Charles Wesley's Methodism, but that is trounced out of him, and he is also treated, for a short while, to the use of his father's mistress.

The trouble with all this is that Edward is not a very nice guy, he's a bore, and we couldn't care less. Even his hang-up on his father is a bore because he doesn't do anything about it: he can't; if he isn't in the dungeon or away at school he's sick, and he gets sick with incredible regularity. He looks, in my mind's eye, like a dilettante Ronald Firbank who can't write—or do anything else.

Now, though I doubt it, there may be hordes of book club ladies who will eat boxes of bon-bons and go "Tsk, tsk" at every deliciously dull page of **EDWARD, EDWARD**. And the editors at Macmillan (Who edits there, anyhow?) may very well know what they are doing, but I doubt that, too. In sum, I can't find any excuse for it. It sure as hell isn't for gays.

It isn't gay, either.

—Orlando Paris

INSIDE STORY (Continued from page 6)

and his are probably equal!

Those two or three inches that extend underneath are, however, of highly *erotic* importance when a lover is exploring one's genitalia with lips and tongue. Not only does the penis look bigger in such perspective, it *is* bigger, and so adds to the excitement of the encounter.

Just be sure that you're not thrown by most claims of size, for while certainly there are many who can honestly claim an eight- or nine-inch operative measurement, not everyone is a pornomodel and you can go through your entire sexual life and never meet such a stud. Just measure your own from the top—erected—and if you approximate the six-inch norm, be thankful, knowing that you also have several inches of hidden treasure to impress your lover as he goes deeper into oral exploration of your pubic area.

Again, anatomically speaking, it is not advisable to measure your penis when it is soft. This, too, is pointless because it is not a true measurement and is psychologically self-defeating. It's the active, erected penis that counts—only that.

In its normal or flaccid state the penis is like a factory whose powerful engines have been shut down for the night. After sex many changes occur—some psychological as well as physiological. First, erection wanes because orgasm is the most effective natural tranquilizer known to man, and relaxes the entire body at once. Blood pressure falls from its peak of sexual excitation . . . the pulse slows to its normal 72 beats per minute. It takes some new, continuous and certainly powerfully-erotic stimulus to keep the penis gung-ho for quickly-repeated sex.

Next, without such stimulation, extended length begins to retract by an inch or so. Next, it diminishes in circumference because of the characteristic action of

THE PENILE MUSCLES

These are unlike any other of the body's muscles, being weblike while all others are striated. During sexual excitement the *corpora cavernosa*—the small sacs that are warp-and-woof of the penile muscles fill with blood. The more erotic the stimulation—the greater the excitement, and the greater the excitement—the more blood charges into the sacs, and the more the penis lengthens and enlarges. Such a vast increase in volume often causes one to feel that any moment the penis is simply going to burst!

Now a sexual physiological miracle takes place. During this time the prostate gland—which is both Mixmaster and MIRV—has been busy blending certain other body fluids (which give sperm its spicy taste), and just at that split-second when the penile cavities are fully engorged with blood the prostate gland and the contractile muscles of the penis join forces. The bladder exit is sealed—not a drop of urine emerges—and the penis fires off its first rocket of sperm. Here the word 'climax' is literally true. After complete ejaculation there is nothing . . . no higher peak can be reached at that particular time. One might well say that the curtain has been rung down on a brilliant Act One. If the 'play' has two or more acts, the entire

process is repeated in precisely the same physiological manner. Like a good play, different types/variations of eroticization and stimulation have special points to make, but sometimes, like some plays, you just can't top Act One.

At this point it should be noted that the contemporary use of the cock ring can do much to make the sexual encounter more *continuously* rewarding. Among its many virtues the cock ring makes it possible to hold the blood in the penile reservoirs for a considerably longer time by preventing a too-swift drainage back into the body, thus maintaining the erection to a notable, if not the fullest degree, of volume. This is what makes the cock ring so valuable (and today, importantly if not actually necessarily so) when one is participating in an orgy where one is expected to produce almost unceasingly.

Although the cock ring has been discussed in other issues of *QQ* it is *à propos* this article to explain how it is used. Whether made of metal or the newer flexible non-metallic materials, the cock ring is chosen by size so that when it is fitted around the penis at the pubic bone it is just a trifle loose. Not so loose that it is not firmly fixed in place—to remain that way—but loose enough so that when the full engorgement of blood is in the penile reservoirs during erection the ring simply locks it in . . . very much like the cuff of a physician's blood-pressure machine contracts against a patient's arm. The cock ring is put on the soft, non-erected penis in this way: first one testicle is gently eased through the ring, then the other; finally the penis itself (it is impossible to do this with an erection), and the entire genitalia are assembled (perhaps 'mobilized' is a more accurate description since the express purpose is a sexual 'assault') into an impressive unit.

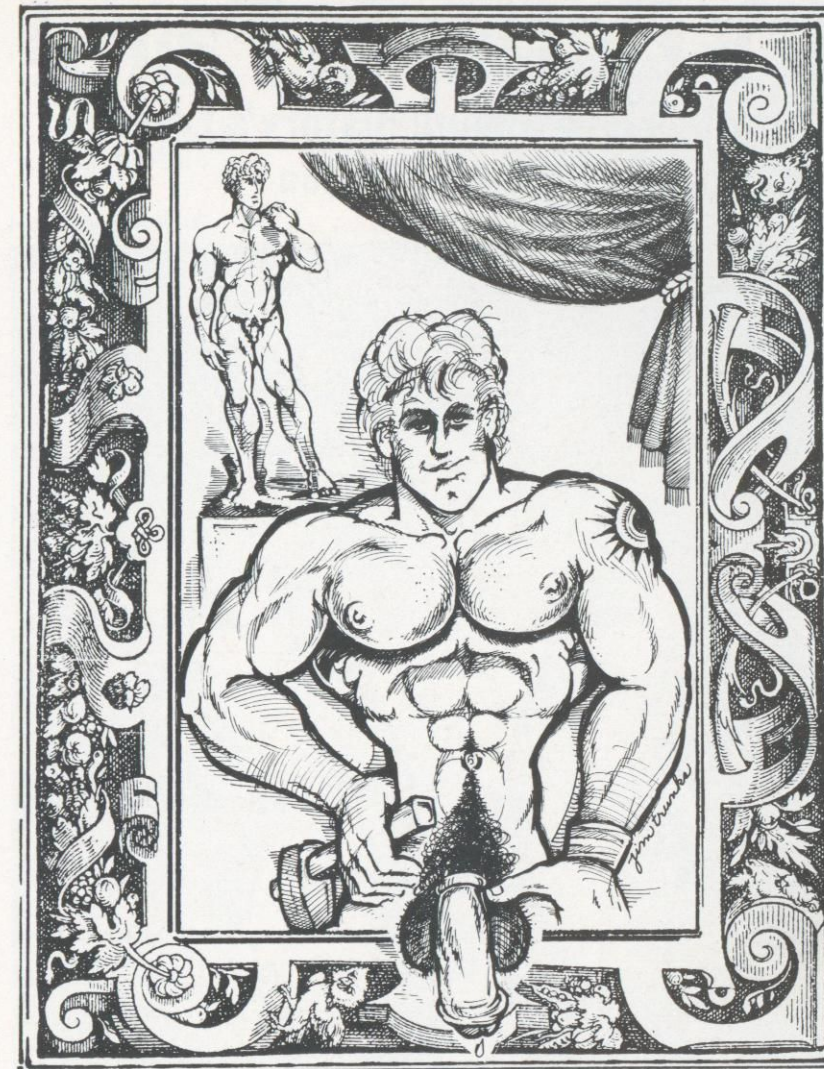
Viewed from the front, or in a mirror, the picture is most erotic, even before the penis achieves erection; and as the blood begins to fill the penile chambers the pictorial effect is really formidable since there is such a tremendous forward thrust of the sexual arsenal . . . very *macho*—a galvanizing turn-on.

No matter that one's penis is something less than average . . . this inspired piece of genital jewelry creates a visual impression of considerably greater penile size—electrifying the partner and giving the wearer a great boost of confidence. Practice with the cock ring when you are alone—it brings a far greater eroticism to masturbation. Wear it when nude around the house and glance in your mirror frequently. It will give you greater personal assurance and help you develop an unassailable sexual philosophy. Quite a lot from a metal circlet!

CAN THE PENIS BE ENLARGED?

In the Summer 1970 issue of *QQ* there was a discussion of how this is effectively done in Arab countries. You might refer to it. However, with some rare exceptions, it works only on the *pre-teen* to *early-teen* boy. The technique described is really adjunctive to his natural growth—spurring the penile growth in length/circumference. Once past his early teens, if it has been successful, there is no need to continue this therapy. Or, if only minimal additional development resulted, very little more can be expected

January/February 1974



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

Michelangelo

OF all the many geniuses who flowered in his enlightened time, he remains the most deservedly famous. He was The Man of the Renaissance. He was called Michelangelo Buonarroti, but his last name is little used. Michelangelo is enough.

He lived for eighty-nine years, and on the eve of his death, in 1564, he was sculpting another of his famous masculine statues. No other man—not even Phidias of Greece in the classical era—ever caught the idea of masculinity in sculpture better than did Michelangelo. This great man considered himself a

sculptor above all else, but he was also a genius painter, as the hundreds of thousands of visitors to the Sistine Chapel in Rome each year will attest. And Michelangelo was an architect, engineer, and poet as well.

The great male love of his life was a noble Roman youth named Tommaso Cavalieri whom he met when he was in his sixties and at the peak of his artistic powers. He reached emotional fruition in that same period, too, and recorded his passion for Cavalieri in the form of sonnets. Michelangelo is supposed to have (Continued on page 54)

It's Better In Pairs!

Who's Who Among History's Lovers

By Rob Arrington

Athletic Model Guild



Look behind a famous man and you'll find a lover in his shadow nine times out of ten. From Caesar right up through Lawrence of Arabia and our contemporary great men, lots and lots of them have had lovers, both famous and anonymous, who have admired them and inspired them and have, in many cases, strongly influenced the marks they've left on history and the works they've left behind. Famous gay pairs have been a part of the human scene since history began. This month:

THE GAY CONQUERORS AND THEIR LOVERS

Alexander the Great was deified by his Macedonian followers and by the inhabitants of the countries he conquered as well, in his relentless campaign to bring the whole of the ancient world under his heel. This brilliant military strategist had few doubts about his godship. He often said that sleep and sex were the only things that made him aware of his mortality, and he considered both fatigue and sexual

pleasure as evidence of weakness.

But, of course, that certainly didn't prevent Alexander from getting tired or from having sex, and his favorite lover was a handsome young stalwart named Hephaestion, and who accompanied Alexander everywhere as he went about the business of conquering the world. And so beloved of Alexander was Hephaestion that he permitted him to read the letters he received from his mother, Olympias . . . who seemingly was the only other person (Continued on page 49)

from the technique. The penile muscles do not respond to physical exercise as do the body's striated muscles, so in most instances further enlargement of the adult penis through such an exotic technique does not occur.

But why not try this? It just may help to a surprising degree. Get a jar of a good moisturizing cold cream and gently and thoroughly massage the skin of the penis each day—both during erection and when it is flaccid. It happens that so often one has a characteristically tight skin covering the penis that erection is uncomfortable. Massaging the skin each day with the cream ameliorates this condition. Also leave a little on; it can be quickly removed with a tissue if an unexpected sexual opportunity comes along.

As the skin is softened it becomes more pliant—stretching more, providing more space for the penile sacs/muscles to expand during sexual excitation. It may surprise you how this can account for some actual growth—certainly circumferentially . . . and possibly lengthwise—particularly if the head is stricture by a cowl of foreskin that is too tight. If the skin of your penis can be retracted only with some difficulty, this cream massage can be of great help. As the skin becomes more pliant the head can thus move forward freely, and so it can have an effect in lengthening the penis simply because its head is now free and more maneuverable.

Let us make it clear that no cream will—in itself—enlarge the penis. Only a charlatan would claim that it can. It is only in the greater pliancy and flexibility of the penile skin that allows more blood to enter the penile sacs—plus the new freedom of the glans penis—that can possibly effect an increase in size. Some men have reported an increase of a half- to three-quarter inch gain in length through a several weeks' practice of this technique.

In the February 1973 issue of *QQ* there appeared the true story of a man who tried to increase the size of his penis through the injection of silicone. Initially this worked so stunningly that it gave a wholly new cachet to his sexstyle/lifestyle. But his harrowing account of how—in a short time—his 'new' penis began to alter so drastically in contour, not to mention the many subsequent surgical operations required to correct the damage—plus astronomical hospital bills—is something that should cause every gay male to reflect on such folly before submitting to such a dangerous procedure.

There are also certain appliances advertised in sex magazines which are touted as penis enlargers. They work on the suction or vacuum principle of force-drawing blood into the penis and pulling it forward. While we have not heard of anyone who has increased penis size with these devices, there are, of course, always the exceptions to the rule.

Wholly unrelated to the earlier account of the man whose penis was injected with silicone—and perhaps of great importance to any man who has become sexually impotent due to systemic causes—is the work of Dr. Brantley Scott, a urologist at St. Luke's Hospital in Houston, Texas. Dr. Scott and his colleagues are reported to have succeeded in implanting a device in the male that inflates the penis when a bulb is squeezed. It works like this:

Two elongated silicone rubber cylinders are installed along the length of the penis. In the pelvic area a reservoir of fluid is implanted. Then, by means of two bulbs implanted in the scrotum, the flow of liquid is controlled. By squeezing one bulb the fluid is forced into the cylinders and causes the penis to become erect. There it remains as long as sex is continued. It is then withdrawn by means of squeezing the alternate bulb, returning to its permanent place in the pelvic reservoir. A drastic means? Yes . . . but if it extends the sex life of an impotent man by many years it is undoubtedly worth all the trouble.

Some physicians are experimenting with hormone injections to enlarge the penis. Since hormones are chancey in many cases—having sinister side effects (some actually diminishing the sex impulse/power)—you should consult a medical specialist—a urologist—before going into this therapy. Why achieve your major goal of enlarging your penis to stud proportions if in the process the sexual urge no longer surfaces?

Inasmuch as our discussion has been primarily directed to the anatomy of the penis, it may be timely to mention a special exercise that has a profound effect in helping a man keep an erection muscularly and naturally. Or, to put it another way, to help prevent his losing an erection during sex.

In many instances one may not be in the best physical condition, or may have certain psychological problems. Any or all of these may prevent him from either achieving his fullest erection, or, once attained, losing it during sex. It is dismaying to lose an erection. It puts a gray overcast on the encounter, and until it is finished everything is on a haphazard, try-anything/everything basis. There's just too much 'repairing the damage' to keep things going at a time when sexual joy should be unconfined. It's called

THE 'MAGAZINE' EXERCISE

Esalen-inspired, this is sometimes called the Penis 'Tent' Exercise because it is rather like raising a tent. Here's how it's done: lie face upward on the bed and bring your penis to full erection. Now open a magazine at the center (this issue of *QQ* is just the right weight) and place it over the penis so that the penis is centered in the 'trough', and the magazine end facing you lies at a downward slant and touches just above the pubic hair. This gives firm support for what follows.

Begin to contract (raise) the penis several times until it becomes tired, or until the erection begins to diminish. Relax for five minutes and repeat the erection and the follow-through. This time try to increase the number of repetitions. Each day you should try to increase the repetitions by one or two until you are doing forty to fifty of them.

By continuing these repetitions you really do build up a contractile force in the penis and discover that not only are you holding the erection at its fullest for a considerable period, but that in both oral and anal sex this deliberate contraction is unbelievably erotic to your partner. Delight him by making it throb in his mouth—make it positively thud against the roof. He will be thrilled at the thought that he is delighting

January/February 1974

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.

GEORGE MUFFED IT

Ed. note: The following letter was a "reaction" to *QQ* publisher George Desantis' article in the October issue, entitled "I went straight (for 15 minutes)!" It was written for laughs, but seems not to have amused at least one reader:

Dear Mr. Desantis:

I wouldn't consider 15 minutes with a Mexican prostitute a good example of going straight. I'm sure if you scraped the bottom of the "gay" barrel you could find the same disgusting experience; a few of the guys could use stitches too!

How would you feel if someone tries a worn-out old queen to see if the gay life was as good as many people say it is and decided it was terrible? Wouldn't you scream out for a fair chance to show him the joys of gay sex?

As a woman married to a gay guy (by choice) I would be pleased to offer my services to show you what it is really all about. I am not out to convert anyone to being straight but I do believe in enjoying the best of both worlds. Sex with an intelligent, sensitive and fairly good-looking woman is a totally different experience. (Just ask my husband!)

If you make it to Ottawa, Canada please drop in and let us make your stay both enjoyable and educational.

Yours truly,
Mrs. (signed)
Ottawa, Canada



9c

GAY WORLD POSTAGE

GAY IS GOOD

Dear Editor:

I've often thought of writing to say how very much I enjoy your "absolutely divine" magazine. But every time I reach for a copy to get your address, something seems to come up (pun intended!). I figure that while I'm sending my renewal notice it would be convenient to write such a letter.

QQ makes being gay all the more joyous. When I first chose to lead an active gay life, your magazine made coming out much easier. I was suffering from the misconception that homosexuals are social deviants and therefore had misgivings about something over which I had absolutely no control. But *QQ*, through its consistent publication of intelligent, sophisticated and provocative articles, confirmed another idea of mine—that homosexuals are equal (if not superior!) to the best of the well-adjusted heterosexuals. Two years of *QQ* and *BODY* have led me to the unalterable conclusion that GAY IS GOOD!

Sincerely,
S. J.
Austin, Texas

SUCCULENT POLES

Dear Editor:

Thank you for your wonderful article on (Continued on page 54)

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you so much. Also, in anal sex, the feeling of this deliberately-contractional throbbing in the rectum may possibly be the most unusual sexual sensation he's ever had. By practicing the Magazine Exercise you will learn to develop more erotic patterns and create some sexual miracles of your own... and it doesn't matter whether you have an 'operative' nine inches or an average six—or even less. It's exciting to your partner no matter what the measurement.

But please note again that you should do this exercise at least once a day—twice if possible—and be sure to note the number of repetitions, always trying to increase their number. It may take some weeks to achieve a goal of fifty fully-erected repetitions. If you can increase by only one per day you should be encouraged. But don't, however, increase the weight of the magazine. It's the number of repetitions that counts... not the weight. Trying to lift the Encyclopedia Britannica with your penis is frustrating and pointless, and might possibly bring you to grief!

...

BAR CRUISING

(Continued from page 8)

because you and others like you have left the field wide open. It may have even happened to you, when you've said "yes" to a trick who asked nicely, while still sighing over the humpy number you were eye-wrestling with all night.

But is it really such a travesty of good form to say hello and introduce yourself? In any cruising situation—whether it's a bar, a bath, that humpy meat rack, or the Lavender Lane in your own home town—that's what he's there for! And so are you. By visiting a known cruising spot every gay relinquishes his right to privacy, and he does so voluntarily. So if you've heard a neighbor say he's only there to see friends, forget it—that joke is as old as the one about Socrates and the travelling stylus salesman!

Whatever you do, be honest. Don't chastise the gay who goes after what he wants. He realizes that cruising is not a spectator sport, and he's playing the game properly. (Incidentally, how many times have you criticized the trick who came up to cruise you?)

INSECURITY DOES NOT A CRUISER MAKE

There is a certain type of insecurity felt by many gays that I will readily admit to as a problem. Any gay intelligent enough to understand "job security," "entrapment," and "harassment" has to feel a bit insecure at times. And despite the battles for gay pride in the 70s, the majority of gay males still feel the scars of oppression. Scars that, for some at least, will never heal.

Insecurity is common to any group treated as socially-inferior. But gays are unique among minority groups in America because they are usually persecuted as individuals, and later coalesce into a minority group. And the insecurity that can develop when an entire nation, a 200-million-member culture, is down on you alone is sometimes too deep to ever erase.

Ethnic minorities such as Blacks or Jews

are discriminated against as a group, and more often than not remain in close proximity to others of their kind. As a result, a child in such a minority group has about him constantly a family, friends, and relatives who love and accept him, helping to bolster his ego and give him some amount of confidence with which to meet discrimination.

But the average gay usually develops into his late teens or even later feeling alone and different, an outcast from the people and the way of life he has been taught are "correct." And while he keeps his terrible secret from those around him, he is constantly assaulted with the ethical values of a culture which in many ways is alien and opposite to his inner nature. Even now, regardless of the efforts of gay liberation movements, the universal dictum can still be heard loudly: The Homosexual Is A Creature Identical With Yet Inferior To The Rest Of Mankind. Amen. We Have Spoken!

Gays can learn to harden themselves against the prejudices of a bigoted society. Although more painful, many can also condition themselves to cope with the scorn and revulsion of friends and relatives. But it's almost too much to bear when rejection comes from our peers, because we are all we have!

And the insecurity of such a position is carried through all aspects of daily life, even, without realizing it, to cruising. For if you do get up the *chutzpah* to make a pass and he turns you down, it is very easy to twist that natural hesitancy mentioned earlier into an *unnatural* inferiority problem. You can subconsciously combine the rejection of society with the refusal of a trick and wind up with a hazy impression that there really must be something wrong with you.

If you analyze your past feelings honestly, you'll probably agree to having had some such feelings when turned down by a trick. But if you can look at the situation objectively for a moment you'll discover that this kind of faulty logic is pure nonsense, suitable only for enriching lawns. There are many reasons why you can be rejected as a sex partner which have little or nothing to do with you as a person.

The gay who is afraid to wound his ego by taking a gamble in the cruising game fails to put himself in the other trick's basket. If you've done all the right things and he still says no, chances are still good that it is not *you* he is turning down. He doesn't even know *you*. He is merely (from his point of view) refusing a possible sex partner. He has no idea what you're like in bed, so he can't be turning you down because you're no good. And, he's turning down that possible sex partner for his own reasons, which may have nothing at all to do with *you*.

Smother that insecurity for a moment and listen. I have not as yet received any advances from Dakota or Glenn Bishop. But in spite of that I can still generally do do better than Quasimodo's ugly brother. I have been rebuffed by guys who simply didn't want to go to bed with me, and I'll admit it. But, I've also been rejected because:

1) I reminded one trick in several important ways of an ex-lover he hadn't gotten over. While things started off with a bang between us, they didn't end that way because, the more we talked, the more he discovered he liked me *too* much!

2) Another humpy number refused because I don't have light blond hair and blue eyes.

3) One particularly handsome demigod said no and frustrated me more than I care to admit. I found out later he thought he had been exposed to VD and, being unusually decent, had come to the bar to warn another trick he'd been with. But he had no intention of romping around in the sack with anyone until he was sure he was clean.

At the same time, I've turned tricks down because I didn't like their attitude, or their manners, or arrogance—personality quirks of my own—and I'm sure they've managed to avoid at least the more serious kinds of mental disorders. So unless you like thinking of yourself as lawn fertilizer, treat that ego thing for what it is, wipe yourself off, and go take a chance. And if you're turned down, take *another* chance!

MR. WONDERFUL

There is one more important reason that prevents many gays from cruising when they'd like to, and it too is tied into the I'm-the-center-of-the-universe ego problem. Naturally, when we cruise we tend to select targets who are attractive and sexy. What we may ignore, however, is that often the trick who turns us on is someone we believe is better-looking or better "something" than we are. This can put us slightly in awe of the person to the point where we'd almost expect him to turn us down... because we probably would if we were he.

An incident which happened to me recently destroys that myth nicely. In a casual bar conversation with an acquaintance about how important physical attraction is in gay society, he remarked that he thinks of himself as rather homely. Running down a list of mutual acquaintances to discover what he considers good-looking, he added that he doesn't particularly think I'm so hot in the looks department either. This momentarily surprised me, since, when I first cruised him it was a mutual thing, and we have made it together enjoyably several times. But the real irony came a short while later the same evening when another gay told me quite seriously that I am the epitome of masculine turn-ons!

I mention this because the incident illustrates several important points which every gay should keep in mind while cruising. First of all, like too many other gays, my acquaintance has a very rigid idea of what constitutes being "handsome." And neither he nor I live up to that ideal. But he makes the common mistake of assuming his taste is universal. Thankfully for most of us (and very fortunately for *me*) he's wrong. Secondly, although he still believed I am not his Prince Beautiful, we tricked successfully because he doesn't make the other mistake of assuming that's all there is, and because he saw something else in me that turned him on. And thirdly, taste is always an individual, personal thing—which is something we all know, but often forget when being rejected. Just remember that old proverb: One Man's Meat Is Another Man's Peppermint Stick... and if you search a little bit, you'll always find that man who likes peppermint!

LEARN TO LIKE YOURSELF

Simply put, what all this means is that January/February 1974

despite what you may have heard, despite what technique you use, the only really successful way to cruise is with the inner security that comes when rejection doesn't deflate your ego. Few of us are perfect sex symbols who can turn anyone on. But no one needs to be perfect to make it sexually in the gay world. Give your ego a rest—even if you don't get a rise in your own crotch when you see yourself in the mirror, there's always someone who will. If you can convince yourself of that basic fact you may still lose a battle or two, but believe me, you'll be well on your way to winning the war.

The best way to build that inner confidence is to sit down and write out two lists: one containing all your virtues, and a second listing all your faults. Keep your strong points in the front of your mind as much as possible, and especially review them with a quick mental rundown when you're going out to cruise. At the same time, critically examine your faults and pick one or two you really think you could eliminate with a little effort. Then eliminate them immediately. As soon as you erase even one thorn in your makeup you'll begin feeling more like the man you'd like to be, and you'll create a new image of yourself which will boost your ego tremendously. Those faults you really can't change (and they should be very few), learn to live with—you're not alone. (Remember what happened to the last man who was perfect?)

MORE HINTS THAT HELP

Once you readjust your mental attitude and begin to gain confidence, *then* read some of those cruising articles and how-to books. They really do contain some valuable hints on the externals of the cruising art. And in addition, remember these pointers:

1) When selecting your ensemble for the evening, wear only what you'll feel comfortable in. If you're not sure the fit is right, or the color or style, forget it—the first non-positive comment you hear will ruin your evening. It's probably also a good idea to dress somewhat conservatively because whether or not you like to admit it, if you've been having trouble cruising you probably *are* basically conservative. Later on when you develop more inner security, you can wear a tapered fig leaf if you like, and still come off as the height of fashion. As Oscar Wilde once wrote, "Style largely depends on the way the chin is worn. They are worn very high at present."

2) The same basic advice goes for body scents and makeup also. If you're going to cruise seriously, stick with those colognes and after-shaves that you know are good on you. Most scents are distorted at least a little when they blend with your own body scent, so stick with the tried-and-true and don't gamble. And save the makeup for a time when you feel like camping. Even if they think you make a beautiful woman and get a kick out of your performances, the majority of gay guys will still pick a more male-looking male for sex games. After all, that's what it's all about!

3) How about your basket? If you're built small and that bothers you, do something about it. Consider one of the new style men's briefs, such as the pouch type that lifts up and forward. Or forget the brief entirely and go *au naturel*. If you now wear

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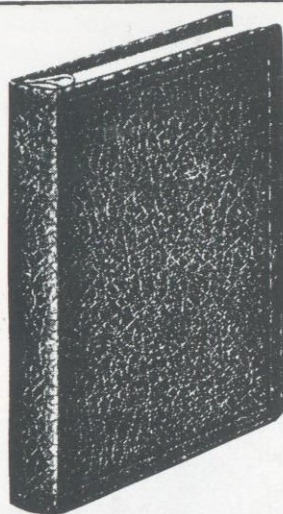
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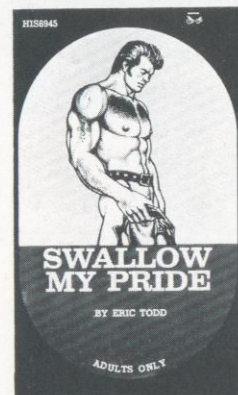
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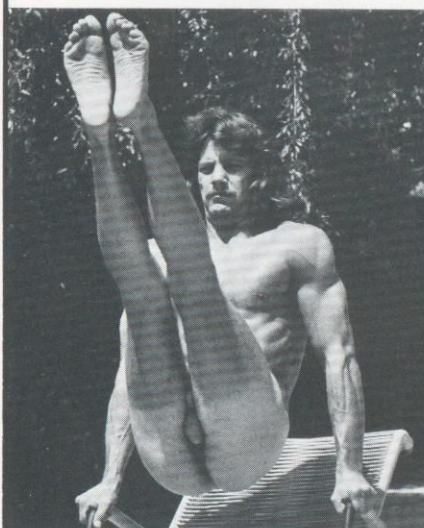


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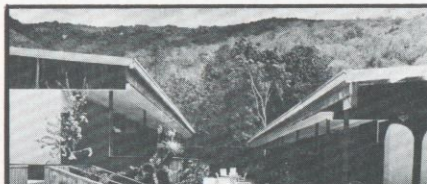


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your basket on the left (as, for some reason, gays have a tendency to do), try switching over to the right and you'll probably find it looks bigger. But try to believe, please, that not everyone is a size queen. There are many gays who know that “it's not how long you make it” that counts, but “how you make it long.” And, as a friend of mine is fond of saying, “If you can't give 'em twelve once, give them six . . . twice!”

4) Study the Mona Lisa and practice smiling in front of a mirror. Seriously. Most people look far more appealing when they smile softly, and it always exudes more confidence than a frown. First of all, a smile makes you better looking. Secondly, loneliness repels loneliness, and there's no quicker way to scare off a potential trick than by looking sad or thoughtful in a bar. If someone looks your way, smile just a bit and it'll go a long way toward making you more desirable. It's not only more pleasant . . . it also makes people wonder what you've been up to!

5) Look, but don't touch. Groping and fondling may be an important part of cruising in public, such as a meat rack, T-room, or the baths, but it is definitely not chic in a bar. Public cruising leaves no time or desire for small talk and the emphasis is bluntly and honestly on the physical. But by grabbing that big basket in a bar scene you make yourself appear desperate, and that does nothing to elevate *his* ego.

6) You've probably heard the success stories of the really gutsy studs who merely walk right up to a trick and ask, “Wanna fuck?” Again, in a public cruising situation, or even in a leather bar, this approach may be all right, but it's still crude in a social atmosphere such as a typical cruising bar. (Interestingly, I have been groped in bars, and I've been approached by similarly blunt advances, and they always turn me off. I have also been approached in the same fashion in public cruising spots, and, although I am still not turned on, I am not offended as in the bar. It seems that the animalistic, forthright honesty employed by those who cruise the public scenes lends a sort of justification to such approaches.)

Without getting into a list of clever opening lines for the bar scene which you can find in any guidebook, the best approach is the one that best fits your individual personality. If you can't think of anything else or don't care to be witty, “hello” still works fine. In fact, it's a great line in *any* case.

But as in the case of the language dictionary mentioned earlier, avoid a clever opening line unless you're prepared to continue speaking in that language. And always keep an eye out for those “natural” openings that seem to come along somehow, such as “accidentally” picking up his drink when you reach for your own.

7) You've heard it, seen, and most likely you've done it, because the best way to introduce yourself with finesse in a cruising bar is to send your target a drink. Then, rather than turn away in embarrassment, look at him until he acknowledges the gesture. If he has any manners at all he will at least smile or nod at you in thanks. And if he has genuine *savoir faire* he'll come over briefly to thank you personally whether or not he's interested in tricking. If he doesn't acknowledge your gracious gesture, forget him—he's not worth it to begin with. The

important thing is, though, that by sending him a drink, you state your interest clearly and still give him an opportunity to save you both embarrassment by either carrying it further or dropping the game right there. And he can do either politely. But everyone is flattered by polite attention, and the fact that you find him appealing cannot be construed as anything but a compliment. So gather your courage and compliment him; he'll love it whether he responds positively or not. And it's even possible then that, although he may not be available for you that night, the situation may change later on if you've impressed him favorably.

A word of warning, however. Forget the childish trick of sending a drink anonymously, then watching him try to figure out who his admirer is. It's unsettling and disturbing, and in all ways a negative come-on.

Also remember that different types of bars may call for other approaches also. In a dance bar, for instance, it's more natural to ask him if he'd like to (dance!). In a leather bar it might work better if you brought a drink up to him. But sending a drink via the bartender with your compliments is always correct in any case, so don't avoid it simply because it's done so often. That's *why* it's done so often, my friend!

8) Once you've gotten to first base and engaged him in polite conversation, use this little trick I picked up from a hypnotist friend: concentrate your line of vision on a point at the bridge of his nose where the eyebrows meet. Normally people focus on either the left or right eye when talking to someone. If you look directly into his left eye, he'll focus on your right. But, if you look at a point directly in the middle of both, you give the impression that you're staring into both eyes at once, which is unsettling. He'll look from your left eye to the right, then back again, trying to get you back in focus. And the overall impression you create is one of being wise, comfortable, and very much in command of the situation!

These hints will work to create a positive impression for you when you adapt them to your own personality and combine them with native common sense. And if some appear a bit deceptive, remember that all's fair in love and war, and minor skirmishes of both. But the most vital thing to remember is that nothing will work unless you have confidence in yourself. Forget your fear; or rather, face it and defeat it, because it does not belong there. Then be yourself and let him see what he's getting, and it'll work out far better in the long run, with more repeated success stories. Everyone is favorably impressed by the strength exhibited by self-confidence, even straights. And the more inner security you develop, and the more you let others see it, the faster you'll discover that *you* are the best cruising technique you can possibly have!

• • •

THE EBANYKUS JOURNAL

(Continued from page 23)

all the fuck I want. And bread? Well, so what? So this chick gets me selling heroin, January/February 1974

nickel and dime bags, dropping dope around. So what? All I gotta do is get tattooed and learn the answer to a riddle. And don't I get to fuck all I want, man, and I'm a Prince—a Stud . . . ?”

Naked hunks—Studs—now scatter among the painted nymphs and fall onto them, their cocks stiff and ready for sacrifice—to ravish the maenads, to rape and plunder them—until the King stops them—until the Challenger fights the King—until the Queen arrives—until the King Must Die.

David was humping near the center of the pile, sloshing his beautiful meat into a wriggling nymph. I looked at Ariadne, expecting to see her livid with rage, but she was smiling, an entranced stare coloring her eyes.

Diana—I mean, the KA-WEEN, baby!—now explodes through the stage right door, a gossamer, pink Isadora Duncan veil draped on her naked, stunted body, across her tits, around her short torso, and back across her bony pelvis. She shrieks, spinning like a transmuted Bacchante among her screwing minions.

Shrieks again, and groans and another crash of cymbals. Rip Zonderling breaks into the room, dressed in a short, Minoan skirt, roped at the waist, his chest exposed and shining. He wears a large scimitar at his side. He stands like the bronze statue of the Charioter.

And now Ebanykus strides out from the opposite door. Neptune save him! Crazy Ebanykus, looking out of place, like he should be digging his feet into sand at Fowler Lane—like he should be coming naked out of the sea. Neptune's your God, Ebanykus—not Bacchus!

He's stripped bare. He lopez over to Rip, his shoulders hunched up in that funny way I'd learned to love. Rip takes the sword from his side and throws it on the floor. Diana spins around and picks it up.

Rip and Ebanykus start to wrestle. From my side, Ariadne begins to laugh, a low earthquake tremor at first, then shattering into an erupting volcano.

Diana hovers over Rip and Ebanykus. Oh my God! Have I been wrong? Is Diana going to kill? David pulls out from his chick and slithers around behind Diana.

A chant begins from the Bacchantes:

“The Lion and the Bull,
The Lion and the Bull,
Fuck until the Ram comes,
Fuck—Fuck—Fuck—
Fuck until the Ram comes!
Kill the King!
Kill Cock One Year!
Kill the King!

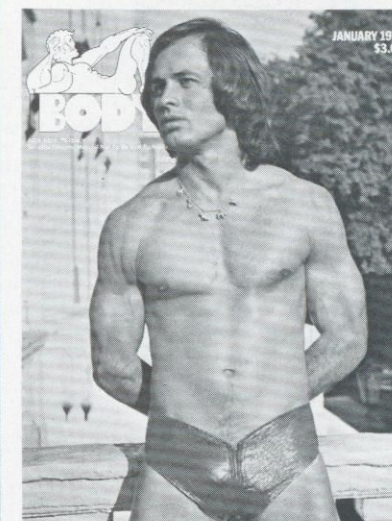
Frenzied screwing—chanting. Rip and Ebanykus in a slow ballet, and suddenly I realize each is trying to get at the other's backside, to mount and penetrate. This must be it—the challenge—whoever gets his fuck into the other becomes the King. Diana has really freaked the legend!

And why is David floating near Ebanykus like a shade of Hades? Why is Ariadne laughing hysterically? Diana swings the saber—threatens—who?

Sudden fear infects the room as Diana screeches, “Who would kill the Queen?” And deadly silence follows. This can't be part of YOCK. There's too much terror in the faces of the celebrants.

“Who would kill the Queen?” Diana

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QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

Prostate and Sex.....5:6:8
Penis Anatomy.....6:1:6

FOOD AND DRINK

Spaghetti and Meat Balls.....1:2:30
European Wines.....1:3:22
American Wines.....3:1:9
Understanding French Food.....3:3:11
Good Eating...Italian Style.....3:5:20
Spice Cookery of India.....5:5:13
Israeli Wines.....5:6:11

GROOMING

General Hygiene.....1:3:25
Wigs.....1:4:10
Hair Removal.....1:4:12
Look Young Forever.....1:4:37
Removable Tattoos.....2:1:27
Skin Care.....2:1:32
Facial Exercises.....2:2:23
Personalized Colognes.....2:2:24
Summer Hair Care.....2:3:54
The Skinhead Revolution.....2:4:28
Male Cosmetics.....3:1:16
Cosmetic Surgery.....3:2:10
Flaws that Flatter.....4:4:20
Natural Beauty Mixtures.....4:5:26
Hair Replacement Technique.....5:2:16
Genital Hygiene.....5:3:11

DECORATING

Sex-lighting Your Bedroom.....1:2:16
A Stylish Apartment on a Budget.....1:2:20
Art Deco.....5:5:11

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

Your Dog Can Save Your Life.....1:2:40
Witchcraft.....2:1:20
Moving to a Big City.....2:2:18
Male Model Exploitation.....2:2:21

Gay Life in the Military.....2:3:11
The Homosexual and Religion.....2:3:53
The Gay Shakespeare Reader.....2:4:54
Mother is Coming to Visit.....3:1:37
The Modeling Profession.....3:2:17
Slavery 1971.....3:6:13
Twelve Ways to Dump a Lover.....4:3:33
Making Musclemen.....5:2:18

PHOTO FEATURES

Famous Taormina Boys.....1:3:28
Colt Studio Portfolio.....2:3:25
Mr. Fire Island Contest.....2:4:25
Mr. America/Mr. World Contest.....3:1:23
Musclemen: A Pictorial Tribute.....3:3:17
1971 Mr. America Show.....4:1:13
An Appreciation: Tom of Finland.....4:1:14
Art: Graffiti King.....4:2:15
Art: Quaintance.....4:3:12
Mr. Universe.....4:3:25
Art: Steve Masters.....4:4:12
Mr. Belgium.....4:4:22
Mr. Germany.....4:6:31
Mr. Fire Island.....5:1:23
Mr. Universe Winners 1948-1972.....5:3:20
Mr. America.....5:5:18
Mr. Britain.....5:5:21
Mr. France/Mr. Europe.....5:6:19
Mr. Fire Island.....6:1:11
Mr. America-World/Steve Reeves.....6:1:19

REGULAR FEATURES

Harry Chess.....Starting 1:4
Odd Son.....Starting 2:1
Company You Keep.....Starting 3:2
Centerspread Pinup.....Starting 3:4
Lovers in the Dark.....3:3:4:3
Royal Flush.....4:4:5:5
Lovers in the Dark.....Starting 3:3
Royal Flush.....Starting 4:4
Better in Pairs.....Starting 5:5

screams again, breaking away from the center of the floor and racing toward us, crying, "Amazon! Amazon! Amazon!"

The maenads are frightened. "Stop her!" the Bulls shout, "Stop her, for chrissakes, she's gonna kill somebody with that fuckin' sword."

Rip lunges after her, Ebanykus close behind. David, horror etched on his face, scampers quickly across the altar, yelling, "Ariadne, look out!"

The knife is over Ariadne's head. It's swinging downward. I duck quickly and go for Diana's ankles. "Amazon!" she screams, "kill the enemies of YOCK!"

I've got Diana's legs. Rip has her arms. The deadly weapon swishes through the air, swings around and cuts Rip viciously in the side. He falls back into the crowd. The knife clatters to the floor. David and Ebanykus hold Diana who struggles free....

By this time Ariadne had slipped behind me and headed for the stairs. Diana got away from David and Ebanykus and all three of them ran after Ariadne.

Rip lay on the floor bleeding from his side. I knelt beside him. Cocks and breasts were all around us.

"Go after them, Jonquil," he groaned, "Leave me be! I tried to stop you. Why did you have to mess into it? Now look. Get out there and stop them, man. They'll kill each other!"

I gestured I wanted to help, but he grinned. "No, Jonquil. I'm okay. Look at all the freaks I got to comfort me." So, I bolted for the stairs, scrambling through the huge living room to the front of the house.

Ariadne and Diana were tangled into each other like clawing wildcats, pulling hair, going for the jugular vein. Diana was still naked, having lost her veil back in the Palace of Knossos. Spitting, clawing, rasping sounds. David and Ebanykus were trying to get in to tear them apart. Hopeless. Ebanykus was naked too, and David.

"Jonquil," Ebanykus shouted, "for chrissakes get me a pair of jeans. In 'Absolutely'—in the trunk!"

"Get them yourself. Here are the keys!" I tossed them over, took a deep breath and plunged into the midst of the warring goddesses. David raked in beside me. Arms, legs, tits and David's cock thrashed around me. I got knocked in the jaw by an elbow. Dust flew into my eyes and once I even had Diana's cunt right in my mouth! Jesus!

David got hold of Diana at last and dragged her out. I clutched Ariadne, lifted her in the air and started to carry her away. She was as light as a ladyfinger.

"Amazon!" Diana shrieked. "Amazon! I'll kill you! Mess with YOCK, will you?" "Ebanykus, you and David follow me," I yelled. "To Hippolyta's!"

"What are you doing?" Ebanykus asked. "Taking Ariadne to Hippolyta's," I said.

They couldn't stop me. I was already running down the path with my feather-weight bundle, shouting "Follow me to Hippolyta's in 'Absolutely,' and tie up Diana for chrissakes!"

My design was working! I was terrified and thrilled. Soon, man, soon it would all be ended.

When we got to Ariadne's Stag Triumph, I put her down gently.

"We'd better split," I said, "before the

witch of Knossos gets loose again."

"Where are you taking me?" she chided. "Back to Athens?"

"Yeah, unless you'd like to be left on Naxos—come on, Ariadne. This is no time to be clever. Give me the keys."

"They're in the ignition."

She snuggled in beside me. I'd never run a Triumph before, but the system was familiar. We drove to Edge of Woods Road and across to Deerfield, taking Noyack to Sag Harbor and the Easthampton Turnpike. I kept silent. I thought, let her do the talking. As we dropped onto Stoney Hill, she said, "Why the fuck we going to Hippolyta's?"

"A couple of reasons," I said.

She pondered this a minute, then said, "Well—?"

"You'll be safe there."

"Oh, come on, Jonquil, don't hand me that shit."

"What's wrong? Are you afraid of Hippolyta?"

She laughed, a barking sound. "Fuck no. I was there last night in fact. Spent the night with her." She was quiet for a moment. "She told me you'd been to see her."

"Yes. I was. Yesterday."

"I find that very interesting."

"Yeah. It was. I learned more from what she didn't tell me, than from what she did."

"Well maybe when we get there and David gets there—and Ebanykus, maybe we can work everything out. Or have you already worked it out?"

"Worked what out?"

"Don't play dumb. You know what's going down."

"Shit, Ariadne. I know from nothing."

A lie, of course. "All I wanna do is get Ebanykus out of this mess and back into my lovin' arms."

"You're never gonna make it with him. He's too crazy."

"That's the way I like 'em."

That shut her up for awhile which was okay with me. I needed time. Time to get to Hippolyta's. Time for Ebanykus—yeah, and for David, the one uncontrolled element of my design—time for us all to hang in at Hippolyta's.

Ariadne helped give me that time. I guess she hadn't figured me yet—how much I knew. We small-talked all the way to Amagansett—about YOCK and Diana, like game playing. But as we drew up to Hippolyta's, I knew the game was over. My heart heaved into my throat and I got a chill. I had to follow through. No slithering out of it now.

"I'm gonna park out front," I said. "I don't want Hippolyta to know we're here—yet. And we got some talking to do."

I could hear her breathing heavily as I shut off the motor. She fumbled in the map box. "I need a Kleenex," she said.

I hesitated, then jumped in. Like, the time was now. "As I mentioned, Ariadne, I went to see Hippolyta yesterday."

"Yeah. As you mentioned. Well, look, don't you wanna rape me—take advantage of me? Like the Sabines, isn't it? Didn't you carry me off to fuck me?"

"The rape of the Sabines is not my period of history."

"This car's good for fucking."

"Yeah. I know."

She brooded for a minute, holding something in her hand. I knew what it was.

January/February 1974



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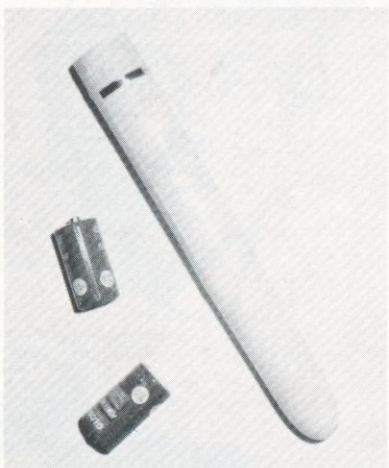


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"Well, why are you sweeping me off to this dyke's house, then?"

"Let's not get shitty," I replied. I twisted around to face her in the darkness. Her face glowed like a pale moon. "Look, Ariadne, we both gotta find out some things from Hippolyta, right? Hippolyta hasn't exactly been honest, has she? She knows some things about last Saturday night, for instance."

"Yeah. Dig."

I was shaking. Damn! Now was no time to lose my cool.

I tried to concentrate on the legend. Man, here was the perfect setting for it. Just like the night, long ago, on the island of Naxos—the olive grove, the waxen leaves of mountain laurel—so long ago, yet now—today—this night, here I was like Theseus reliving the myth.

"Hippolyta would jump off a cliff for you, Ariadne. You oughta be more grateful."

"Yeah. Well, she's only a dyke."

I prayed she'd have to eat those words—and soon. Or else I'd be dead.

I swallowed hard, took a deep breath and gripped the wheel.

"Jimmy was a good lay, I guess." I felt her body tense beside me. She dropped her right hand between her leg and the door.

"Yeah. He was."

"Did you fuck him before or after you stuck him with the needle?"

"Yeah. Well, at least I got a good screw out of him."

"Jimmy called on *Golden Door*, didn't he? Tried to get you busted for dropping heroin and to take over the market at the same time. How'd you know it was Jimmy who called the cops? From the man?"

"Shit, you think I'm a dunce? Who'd you suppose I was on the phone with all day Saturday—the dyke? The man told me, baby. The man told me everything Jimmy was trying to pull."

"And you had the man sewed up because you're bringing the stuff into him yourself—through your parents, I'd guess . . ."

"Sure. And they never know. A friend of the man gets the stuff into their luggage—shit, once into my stupid mother's cosmetic jars."

"And Carlos was making drops for you in Manhattan . . ."

"Yeah. Hey, Jonquil." Her voice was cold steel. "How'd you like to see how Jimmy got it?"

"Rip saw you pick up Jimmy Saturday night after YOCK, and Rip got scared. But Rip's not the one killed Carlos."

"Come on, Jonquil, take out your dick." She started to unbutton her jeans with her left hand. "Come on, Jonquil, put your fingers in it. It's warm and soft."

"Some snowy night in front of a fire," I said.

"Okay, baby, any way you want it."

"Carlos called someone else besides Rip, didn't he, Ariadne? Ebanykus thinks it was Rip tried to blackmail. But it wasn't Rip . . ."

"Hey, Jonquil, don't you wanna fuck me like Jimmy did? Poor Jimmy had my legs in the air and didn't know what hit him. Poor, stupid Jimmy thought I was dumb and wasn't onto him. Thought we was just gonna fuck and run more dope. I gave him his scag before we screwed—neat and warm into the vein. I got a little heater hooks into

the cigarette lighter—like to see it?"

"Some other time. You're stoned now, aren't you, Ariadne? You been stoned all evening. You ain't gonna make it, Ariadne, not this time."

"Poor Jimmy didn't know I loaded him with the whole medicine cabinet."

"How did he get the bumps on his head?"

A frantic little laugh cut her voice. "Would you believe? Screwing! I got on top of him—ridin' his rod . . ."

"Carlos knew right away you killed Jimmy . . ."

"Oh shit, Jonquil, let's have a little action. You and I'd make a great team. You're not like all them others . . ."

"Carlos knew 'cause Carlos was working for you—like all the guys at Diana's work for you. You recruit them. All except Rip. Rip was the only one wouldn't fuck with you. And Rip told Diana you killed Jimmy, and that's why Diana attacked you tonight."

"Jesus, you talk a lot."

"So who did Carlos call . . ."

"Ever try a little pussy, Jonquil?"

"I don't dig it, Ariadne, but if I did, I wouldn't want it coming at me like a snapping turtle."

"Too bad. Guess I'll have to give you the poison the hard way. Can't turn you on, huh?"

"Who did Carlos call?"

"Shit, you know all the answers . . ."

"It wasn't you he called. Carlos was afraid of you—and the man. So he called David and said he knew you killed Jimmy and would David meet him at Fowler Lane. And David met him. And killed him. For you."

"You want it the easy way, Jonquil?"

"You're not gonna stick me with that needle, Ariadne. Know why? Because Ebanykus is gonna be here real soon in my car—safe and sound. Ebanykus doesn't know about David. I'm counting on that. Ebanykus could never believe his high school friend would ever get fucked over by such a dumb cunt . . ."

"Watch it!" she croaked.

" . . . and, see, David knows Ebanykus doesn't suspect him. So David's gonna keep his hands off Ebanykus. They'll get here real soon, and Ebanykus will be alive. Anyway, David would never kill his friend—not even for you . . ."

She brought her right hand up and laid it on her lap. It held a large, fat hypodermic, a milky liquid floating inside.

"Don't you have to heat it up or something?"

"Not this poison, faggot!"

"You forgot about Hippolyta? She's inside waiting for us. Hippolyta's not gonna go on forever covering murder for you."

"That dumb dyke don't know from nothin'."

"Better not count on it."

"Come on, faggot, if you're not gonna screw, stick out your arm."

"Just like the legend."

"What horseshit . . .?"

"Mutilation. Ariadne on Naxos. Why'd you think Theseus left her there? 'Cause he found her with the bloody remains of male genitals in her hands, stoned out of her mind. You're well named, Ariadne. You're not even giving David all the lovin' he needs. No

wonder he goes down to Fowler Lane and gets blown . . ."

"Stick out your fuckin' arm . . ."

I stuck it out all right—into her chest, knocking her back against the door. But she was too quick for me.

"Faggot!" she screamed, bringing her hand around like the head of a puff adder and plunging the needle into my back, her left hand pushing the plunger. I struggled to pull her hand away, but already the poison was taking effect and I slumped forward. She pushed my body away from her and opened the door and disappeared up the pebbled driveway.

I hadn't expected—oh, Christ!—I never dreamed the effect would be so instantaneous. I hung on to the door, but my vision blurred, my heart pounding unmercifully. I fought to pull myself out across the bucket seat. I lapsed into unconsciousness, then awoke and found myself falling against cold metal . . . damn! Where was Ebanykus?

I couldn't raise myself, overcome now with a heaviness I'd never experienced before . . . falling . . . into the hills of Naxos . . . gotta stay alive . . . gotta get up into the mountains . . . to Hippolyta . . . it's me, Hippolyta—Theseus . . . no, damn it, Jonquil, lover of Ebanykus . . .

Was there a flash of lights? Has Ebanykus come? I stagger and fall again onto hard rocks, then crawl into a thorny bush . . . into laurel . . . and Ariadne is brought to me stoned with wine and gore . . . the remnants of the sacrifice held in her white, blood-stained hands . . .

. . . Must get to Hippolyta . . . pebbles grind against my palm—knees . . . if only . . . muffled sounds, someone has me in his arms . . . Ebanykus! "I'm gonna die Ebanykus. Hold me man . . . I'm dying . . ."

"Shit!" He slaps my face. "Man, do you look awful! What happened to your moustache? You look like shit!" Good old Ebanykus, even in death he gives with the insult . . .

Well, I didn't die. Hippolyta knew what was going down after my visit with her, snuck out to Ariadne's car Friday night, found the hypo and substituted a sedative for the poison, the kind used to quiet wild animals.

I had seen the flashing lights in my stupor crawling into the driveway and—thank Apollo—it was Ebanykus and David in "Absolutely." Ebanykus picked me up as David dashed inside. Seems Ariadne, who'd gone into the house after punching me, told Hippolyta she was gonna leave my body there. Hippolyta said, "Oh no you're not!" and got a hammerlock on Ariadne, demanding, "Where's Jonquil? You think you killed him?" Hippolyta already had called the police on a hunch they'd be needed. They were. Anyway, she had hold of Ariadne's neck just as David rushed in. Seeing this, he pulled a gun and shouted, "Let her go, Hippolyta. We're splitting outa this!"

Ebanykus, his back turned, trying to maneuver my limp body into the living room, bumped against David's legs and dropped me (prick!) like a sack of potatoes, spinning around to confront David threatening with the gun. It took Ebanykus a couple of flashes to dig what was going down—but he finally saw the light.

"Hey, David, what . . .?"

"Stay out of it, Ebanykus. I'm getting

Ariadne free . . ."

"Hey, man, you ain't gonna shoot no one with that thing."

Hippolyta held fast to Ariadne, and quick as a flying fish, Ebanykus dove for David's legs and knocked him over, pinning his old high school chum to the floor. The police arrived in time to keep them from clobbering each other.

Hippolyta, the dyke, and Ebanykus, the faggot, had the situation well in hand while I drifted benignly off into mythical realms. I slept for hours!

So that about wraps up the YOCK caper. Hippolyta had lied about getting Ariadne out of jail on Saturday night because she didn't want Ariadne's parents to know Ariadne spent the night with her so told them their telegram and phone calls to the Suffolk County judge didn't pay off until Sunday morning. She compounded the lie to everyone, simply because she thought it didn't matter—until my visit on Friday when she began to put it together, pretty much the way I had.

Hippolyta's lie had been the one piece missing from the puzzle. "What if," I'd asked myself, "what if Hippolyta is lying and Ariadne got out of stir Saturday night?" And that's the way it was.

Ariadne and David are awaiting trial, but they never found the man. He cooled it, apparently, because word has it, "H" disappeared from Long Island like snow in April.

Diana is up in Vermont somewhere now, still doing her YOCK thing, without knives and dope. Still digging the slurpy gang-bangs. Without Ariadne to recruit for her anymore. And that's what Ebanykus had discovered when he split into New York—that Ariadne was heavy into YOCK, embellishing it with bread so she could use the Bulls to run heroin for her.

Now I ain't saying all the good guys was gay and all the bad guys, straight. Look at Carlos. The Spanish community isn't gonna mourn his death. He was the worst kind of pusher, laying it on kids twelve and under and not even a user himself.

And Rip—ah, beautiful Rip. The freaks took good care of him and he recovered, but the last I heard he'd split YOCK for good and was trying to put together his romance again.

As for me and Ebanykus. Well, what can I tell you? He's as crazy as ever. Always trying to drag me into some funky scene. But I got the book finished, spicing it with the YOCK ritual. The Foundation bought it and will print it soon.

I split Southampton for good. Ebanykus and I have an apartment on West Side Manhattan now. At first I wanted to run off to Alaska or something, but, man, I asked myself, why hide? Why not try digging life for a change and see what happens?

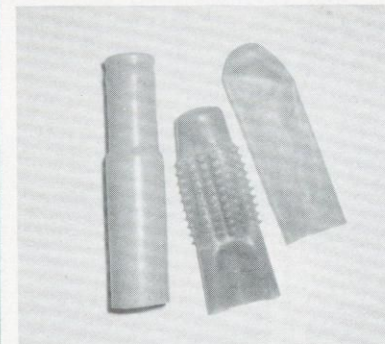
Of course, I miss "Neptune's Cave." Just the other day, I said to Ebanykus, "Ebanykus, we gotta find some place with a mouldy basement to fuck in."

"Yeah," he said, "with a bed that sinks into the floor and thick quilts, and little windows high up . . ."

"But for now, will you settle for a new-smelling innerspring overlooking the Museum of Natural History?"

I guess we could all dig a kind of "Neptune's Cave" with somebody, sometime in

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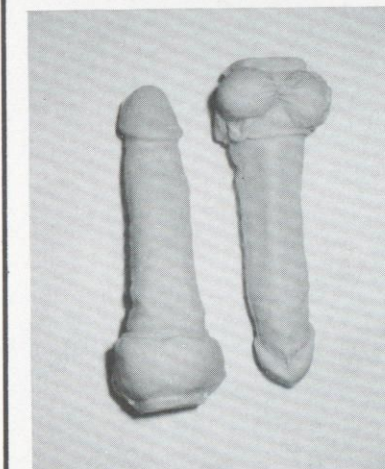


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...

TOKYO

(Continued from page 25)

because he's comfortable that way. God bless him. Take the chance to glance at television and you'll see a continuous programme of Samurai movies in which the actors thereon, when not chopping off adversaries' heads, are jumping nimbly away from their enemies—yes, right out of the picture, over a hundred-foot tree. This is the way the Japanese even today see themselves and it accounts for the outrageously swash-buckling gait of many male walkers. In terms of Japan's history, the men and women were traditionally coiffeured and dressed almost identically. They shuffled along the street on their wooden getas (shoes), with no freedom for leg movement allowed by the restriction of kimono or summer yukata and thus the mincing walk was unavoidable and is standard even today. In the early days of foreign merchant penetration in Japan, the swishing skirts and patter of sandals suggested females but such an enchanting sound, approaching around a corner could equally have heralded a magnificent young man. Presumably some of the first traders did not experience constant disappointment.

To understand the significance of this and one other difference twixt East and West is important—assuming you intend your stay to be one of intellectual significance. The other thing you should understand (and if you're over 50, take great joy in knowing) is that no Asian society makes a distinction in age where it applies to physical attractiveness. We have been in steambaths and often observed some old daddy head off with the finest stud therein, all of forty years his junior.

So now—let's get into the Japan of the 1970's. To begin with, it is the world's most expensive land. And the leading in intensity of pollution. Actually, in these days of novel tourist promotions it's an amazing fact that no one has mounted that bandwagon with conducted pollution tours. That may come.

But we are concerned about a gay tour. The chances for this were fabulous ten years ago. Now Japan has dulled all of the points which used to shine out with a brilliance which made this country one of the most worthwhile for gay people to take in. Many older queens have hung on and still continue to live here and you can rely on their suave and determined competition at the gay bars, but, my darlings, be sure of one thing—a point in your favour is that you are NEW. The Japanese young'uns are looking for just YOU. That is, if they like foreigners. And

so long as you head for the places I'll mention they're the ones you'll most likely run into.

Typical of the alternatives that exist in this society and given the natural passivity of the Japanese you should, in one case, not push anything until some indication of interest is given, for fear of offending their 'foreigner consciousness'—yet your not taking a suspected chance to pick a guy up might lose him altogether. You'll have to judge circumstances. But one rule holds in all Asian lands. Be gentle. Do not push TOO hard. They'll show you with their eyes that they're interested and many will be. But the Japanese frighten easily and if you're with a friend, lose him if you are cruising for they cannot take the foreigner in large numbers. Also try to speak the language—baby language, but Japanese baby language. It's not difficult, for grammar is entirely unnecessary. Chances are that the lads you meet in 'western' bars who talk English are either smooth operators who've been around all those resident queens I mentioned (or even scouting for new faces while Daddy's on a trip to Kyushu) or—they may be studious. But perhaps you'd like that. Remember the Japanese can 'sense' a stranger and they like the novelty of you, so use that knowledge mercilessly in attracting attention. Foreigners have only been known (and so slightly known before 1945) for 100 years in Japan and the word for us (gagin) also means "outsider." So understand the implication, for it never changes—however long you stay here.

That explains why few resident foreigners will befriend or help you. They are jaded, poor chaps. And they live in a world which revolves with each of them at its imaginary centre. But in a land where a restaurant can display signs advertising "fresh milk squeezed daily from female bulls" or a traffic exhortation in the sky appeals for "PRAY SAFETY"—there is humour, my friends.

During the five years of which I've spent half of each year in this country almost all the truly great make-out places have either been closed, torn down, have changed hands or have stopped turning a blind eye. Steam baths that were fabulous are now as dreary as a morgue and, even in the best, all you do is make a date or leave with your newfound friend. The Tokyo police have recently become active in suppressing gay life. But that's like flogging the proverbial dead horse in a land where nearly every man masturbates daily as a matter of course and would do this for his friend as unthinkingly (men think nothing of sharing beds on company trips, etc.). Someone I know once asked an attractive young policeman where the nearest gay bar was and was promptly given the information—so don't take anything TOO seriously. Remember, you're on vacation. But baths, toilets, movies have gone out of commission so frequently that Japan is sure to lose its attraction for gay folks. Yes, you wonder where the guys go now. My friends and I are wondering about that, too. Sometimes it seems like a conspiracy.

But definite make-out places are not really necessary for meeting the lads you'd like to know, as you'll see. However, we will give you a few pointers and possessing these you will head for the places indicated and ask there for directions to others. One

operating centre in a couple of areas is all you need to start building your own foundation and branch out into the great unknown. A hindrance in my attempts to assist you is that Tokyo changes faster than any of the many cities I know. A massive building and construction site in the proximity of a density of gay bars in Shinjuku (subway stop is Shinjuku, 3 chome) denies me indicating exact location with photographs but in Shinjuku head for the Shire bar (Sheeray) and ask there for Mako, the Cave, Sazae and Regent (very international) which are very near, all together and accompanied by many similar neighbours. This is the foreign-penetration area where you must compete with very determined people. Even the old Shire has changed out of recognition since the early days when I knew it as Tokyo's oldest gay bar—distinguished because its male 'mama san' was murdered one wretched day. Never did I leave that dumpy old place alone. But the master has recently indulged the Japanese love of 'plastic decor' on the grubby old walls and even the atmosphere of the once friendly crowd is not the same.

But I'd recommend it as your starting off point. Landmarks are scarce in Japanese cities (you'll see why) and people carry the ubiquitous visiting card (name-up ca'dho), each with a little location map printed on the reverse side. Ask the bars for their card. All bear location maps.

Still in Shinjuku is a gay movie right behind the Odakyu Department Store set into the store's rear—hopefully indicative of your own experience. It's in a short street without other commercial enterprises so it's very easy to find.

Way, way back in the dimness of Japan's past an event occurred which is still considered one of the land's dimmest doings by headline conservatives who bemoan the degradation of the national culture which has accelerated since the momentous event referred to; opening up of Japan to foreign influence in 1868 during the Meiji era. Apart from the fact that it is the Japanese who degrade their own culture since no one forces them, nor could, to do what they do in destruction of one of the most highly perfected aesthetic environments ever to have existed on this earth, you—the visitor—may revel that Meiji lived in the sweet fact that the big but rather drabby park named after him swings after daylight is dispelled. Take the train three stops from Shinjuku to Shinanomachi and egress from that station, walking left outside the station along a wide tree-lined avenue to a little white cottage on the left where the occupants probably aren't urinating. Check that out. Continue in the same direction to a police box (the occupants there may know where you're heading but won't harm you). At this point cross the street you've been traversing and head into the park on the right. There's a second can there at the main gate. In the trees around it people hang around for years before they'll speak so, as usual, you'll have recognised the signs of alarm (or delight) that a foreigner is around so play it accordingly. Lots of young'uns here, boys. There's much motorized traffic here but you could wander off into the bushes although a taxi back to your hotel is what your newfound friends would most likely prefer.

You may think I ought to have already January/February 1974

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mentioned the Ginza area since it's what most people think of in reference to Tokyo. Well, there is one little gay cinema in this predominantly business cum shopping section. Walk behind the Wako Department Store and there you'll see the *Ginza Bunka* (culture!) in a small street so step up with 250 yen ready and enter to see what this basement locale has to offer that day.

In another direction and rather out of what is now central Tokyo is the old downtown area of Asakusa. It is best known for being the location of the famed *Kannon Shrine* in whose grounds it is almost impossible NOT to get talking to some young blood desperate for you to make an approach. Show your interest with your eyes and SMILE, for God's sake. Chances are he'd never speak first—talk to him and do it gently, remember. No forcing. Near to the Kannon is the *Oban*, a steam bath actually owned by gays, but recently the police have harassed it. Its steamroom is built for about twelve steamers. There can be sixty. And that close together, in the heat, it could be all over without your knowing it had started. If you want that. The Japanese are the world's 'handiest' people and they'll never look at you while you're exploring. But in such a place, watch it!

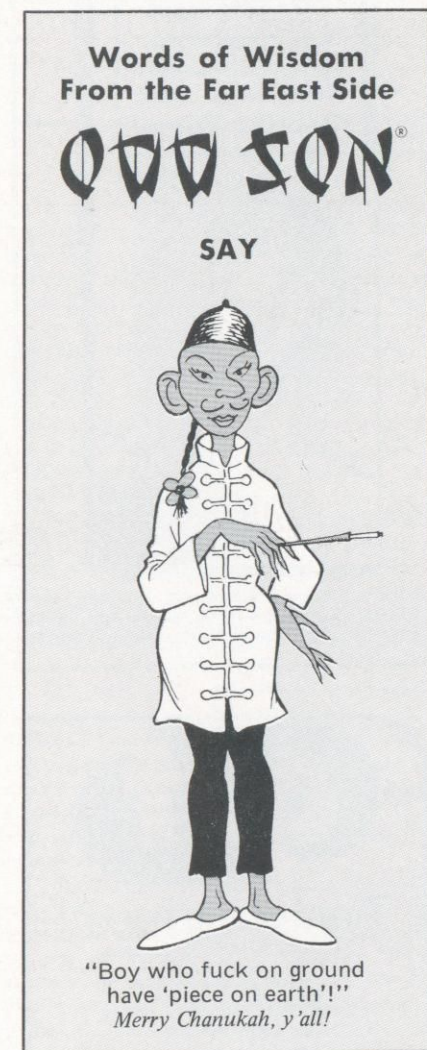
I value this place because very pretty lads do gather here and the best way to meet them is while languishing in the warm pool before entering a hot room. Meetings thus made in the most casual and natural way are, in our experience, the best. Even arrange with your friend to go to one of the varied and fascinating drinking shops which are enormous fun after the bath without necessarily knowing what the follow-up might be. Someone who indicates real desperation for sex is high on the list for not acquiring it. Those should be content with the steamroom hands.

The Japanese won't and usually can't take you back to their tiny apartments (apaatos) but there are sex hotels galore which your new friend will be clued in on—some cater to gay duos. He'll know. There's one near Shire but it's usually packed and like most places it closes early. The best one we know is an attractive inn-style place called *Take* (Taake) and the bar master would reserve there for you.

To get back to Asakusa, anyway—take a Ginza line train to Tawaramachi, being one stop short of the terminus of the line at Asakusa. It's an intersection so you might ask someone "Kokusai Shochiku wa doko des'ka?" ("Where is . . . ?") and after walking on in the indicated direction you'll see that large, ugly theatre (revue) on your left and having crossed the street you're proceeding along, one block before the theatre, you'll see a lane on the right with a toilet on the corner. Easy to find. A miraculous fact in teeming Tokyo I can assure you. Turning into this lane to the right you'll see Oban a block along, on the left at the corner. From there, or before you enter, walk further along the same street till you come onto a wide pedestrian thoroughfare with about a dozen cinemas on it. Walking left you reach the *Shin Gekijo* (New Cinema) on your left and walking right, the *Tokyo Club* again on the left side. Either is sure to contain the one you feel is just right for that occasion. People will never speak—they paw and sometimes look

into your eyes. You'll know when they're interested.

Asakusa, being old Tokyo, is the centre for traditional things which include yakuza and chimpira (gangsters and their novitiate hoodlums). Thus, much admirable rough trade abounds but only play with these gents if they give the lead. In Japan always stay away from people who ignore you. It usually indicates they don't go for foreigners.



And that's the understatement of this article, my luvs. There is no danger whatsoever in Tokyo from theft or mugging and the type of pressure yakuza can bring against you, as a visitor, is hardly likely to lead to blackmail; just don't take one back to your hotel, that's all. You'll easily recognise them from the gaudy (stay away from) or traditional clothes they wear. The young Chimpira can surely be dolls with their squareheaded crew cuts. Japanese are usually circumspect and they'll all warn you to beware of the rough types I'm talking of but I can assure you they are the only really interesting Japanese in a land where blandness is standard and the warmest hearted, if ram-bunctious—and the greatest sex to be had. Have a ball with them if you get the chance. Only, don't carry more than 5,000 yen with you. And they're the lads to introduce you to bars that really matter—where every second guy is a stud of cropped hair, bronze skinned magnificence and NO English is spoken.

Tokyo is a city full of surprises. It was that way one late night in Asakusa where I'd stopped with a friend to dally near a small fountain and a passing yakuza, clad in pyjamas on his way to the bathhouse, called over, "It's rather fine, isn't it?" You could have knocked me down! God knows how he learned, far less memorised, so sophisticated an expression in English. But such an event is part of the Tokyo night scene.

What is paramount for you to realise is that the Japanese, who are rigidly and uncompromisingly strict in their (so long) established protocol, do make allowance for three grades of exceptions and these are permitted much transgression against the rules. The categories allowable are children (who are undisciplined until they enter middle school), drunks (whom you will see lying sprawled in everyone's way, lying dead-asleep in station concourses and subway passages, etc.), and, here it comes—foreigners.

Japanese indulgence with their foreign visitors (and residents) has noticeably lessened of recent times but it is still sufficient to allow you much leeway GIVEN great goodwill on your part to those whose assistance you may seek. I have seen appalling ugliness on the part of visitors from the New World in Japan and can understand the gradually mounting Japanese reaction to 'insensitive' foreigners but in actual fact, no one on earth is uglier when out of his own land than the Japanese themselves. It is all a part of the opposite extremes I was telling you about.

Here are some helpful phrases for use in Tokyo (accent on the capital letters):

Excuse me. *Sumimasen*. (soomAsEn)

Where is this place? *Kono tokora wa desu ka?* (kono tOkoro wa doko des'ka)

Shall we go? *Ikimassen ka?* (eekimasEn)

Do you like homosex? *Homosex suki desu ka?* (homosex s'ki des'ka?)

Please come to my hotel. *Watashi no hoteru kite kudasai*. (watAshi no hoter' keetay kudasai)

I like you. *Suki desu*. (s'ki des')

Is it okay? *Yoroshi desu ka?* (yOroshi des'ka) Note: *yoroshi* infers complied agreement and can be a sex question.

Do you like men? *Otoko suki desu ka?* (otoko s'ki des'ka)

I don't care for females. *Onaka suki ja nai*. (onAka s'ki ja nai)

Have a cigarette? *Dozo*—(handing the pack over)? Note: *dozo* is a polite imperative which applies to any offer, such as motioning to your cock, meaning an invitation for him to suck you, etc.

...

LOCO LOCA LOVERS

(Continued from page 26)

either buying or annually renting small houses on Ibiza, much as we do at Fire Island, Provincetown, or Saugatuck, which popular physique idol Glenn Bishop once dubbed "Michigan's 'Fire Island'." The name was well chosen. Saugatuck still is.

QQ should not like to mislead you into the belief that Ibiza is an all-gay island. It is not, since it attracts professionals in all the arts—straight and gay. A good example of

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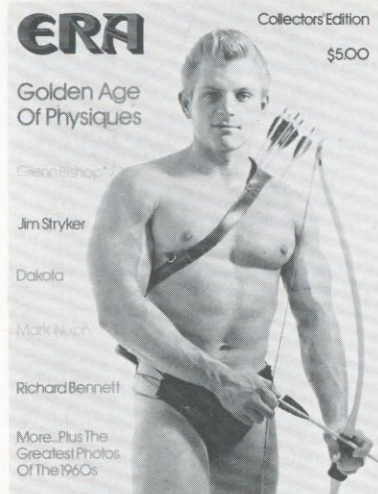
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the international personalities it draws is Clifford Irving of recent 'Howard Hughes' note who—until his legal dolors—lived in Ibiza with his family for most of the year, along with many others in the creative arts, particularly painters. Ibiza is a painter's paradise. It is certainly worth mentioning that handsome British film and stage star Denholm Elliott has just established an art gallery and bar in San Carlos, a small, quite charming place.

This magical island's attraction is not for those who live a split-second cruising life—although there is plenty of cruising. Nor is it for those who begin stripping the moment they arrive on the island, demanding instantly to know where the nearest meat-rack is—although groovy group sex is a way of life on Ibiza. It is not limited, nor does it function, in a particular area on an *everyday* basis, being wholly and delightfully impromptu. Somehow, almost telepathically/telegraphically, word gets around where a seance is being held and soon every gay individual of this persuasion makes the scene. Thus while group sex is of great amplitude, the arena for it is flexible—ever shifting.

For the gay individual who spends all his daylight hours and most of his evening hours in gay bars Ibiza might not be all he would hope for, yet it has gay bars, gay/straight, and lesbian bars that really swing. There are just not a lot of them, yet quite enough for the for the size of the island.

Ibiza has no gay baths; a sauna would completely mystify the gentle Ibicencos. John cruisers might rue the day they ever left the concrete jungle of subway tearooms. It is no 'chicken coop' either. The thrust of sex with teen-agers only just isn't responsive enough to make it of overpowering interest to those who seek a refreshment of their sexual life at the wellspring of extreme youth.

WHAT IS IBIZA?

What, then, is Ibiza? Wherefore its charm? And specifically, what is its significance to gay people and gay life?

It is so many things. It is, first of all, an island not yet spoiled to a tragic degree by triphammer and building crane (although this is surely coming, thanks to greedy entrepreneurs—the signs are already here). It's inexpensive compared with cutthroat resorts like Mallorca and Barcelona and Madrid. It has gorgeous beaches, simple people, and the least-restricted sex of Spain. In truth Ibiza doesn't consider itself a part of Spain... the language is not Madrid Spanish, but Catalan, or to oversimplify it... it's a language made up of Spanish, Arabic, much Basque, and colloquialisms. Don't bother trying to bone up on it... it will totally elude you. You can get by in English. Your high-school Spanish will help still more. And since there will likely be an influx of your own countrymen when you're there you'll have no trouble linguistically.

But what is so special about Ibiza is that it is a state of mind... a place where one finds one's own sexual milieu. In short, whatever your sexual preference you will have abundant opportunities to express it. For example: if a lively gay crowd is what you feel more comfortable in, you'll want to stay in the town of Ibiza. Ibiza, being the seat of government for the entire island, is the largest town; 40,000 regular inhabitants

throughout the year, this number swelling with summer visitors to about double that number. The season is May to October... the crunch coming in mid-July to the last week in August. The town of Ibiza wears two faces: the quiet old town whose walls were built by the Phoenicians centuries before Christ, and the lively one that stretches along the waterfront. Here you'll find excellent hotels, gay bars, movies, the inevitable discotheque (by the dozens, although not gay), good restaurants and a good cruising area.

On the other hand, if you like a quieter, more serene gay life (and even more *saturatedly* gay) you'll love San Antonio Abad. If you are familiar with the gay topography of New York's Fire Island you'll have no difficulty identifying with San Antonio Abad. This picturesque town of only 7000 in-winter inhabitants has beautiful beaches, fascinating secret caves where you can take beach tricks by one, two, or many more (the best group sex can be found here, and if you've never had sex in a sea cave you're in for an exciting experience). It has good hotels, the lushest scenery and lots of famous people you might never have suspected were gay. It's just a great place to lose any uptightness, any shyness, any and all inhibitions. You're going to feel royally welcome and free to join with introspective others like yourself. Let's just say there's a lot of sex and good gay fellowship, and lots of beautiful places to make your dream come true.

Other than Ibiza and San Antonio Abad there are eight other small towns, with perhaps Santa Eulalia del Rio (about 9 miles from Ibiza) being the most popular art colony... lots of picturesque scenery to

paint. In this smaller town, as well as the smaller others, cottages have been bought up and redone for those who expect to live here all year. While this may not be of special interest to most gay people here on a visit, you'll miss much if you don't spend a day or two exploring each of them.

BACK TO IBIZA

You'll probably want to get into the center of things the moment you arrive on Ibiza, and you'll find the best place to start is to *cruise the area known as Vara del Rey, particularly from the vantage point of the Hotel Montesol*. The open-air sidewalk cafe (cafeteria, actually, since you can bring your food to the tables outside) is directly in front of the hotel. Cruise down to the waterfront and in just a few minutes you'll have a good idea of what Ibicenco life is going to be like for the rest of your visit.

GAY BARS/RESTAURANTS

An almost exclusively gay bar is *Clive's*, on the waterfront. It's friendly, inexpensive and a great place to meet others. Also in the waterfront area, near the main pier at 6 Calle Obrador, is the *Whiskey Club*. Eye-cruising and make-out, but not *there*. Back up in the town you should visit *Los Pajaros*, a very hospitable place run by an expatriate English couple, Brian and Caryll. Inexpensive.

A real Indian princess hostesses *Wauna's Stage Door*. While it's not entirely gay—*mezzo-mezzo*, as it were—it is a little wilder than the others just mentioned. It's also more expensive. Still more expensive, and with very good reason, is the *Persian Bar*... very posh. You sit on pillows of priceless

Persian silks in a beautiful room lined with more of the stuff. The waiters are from Tangiers and bow you in and out with prayers in Islamic. You'll feel like a gay pasha!

In the section known as the *Playa Figuerettes* you should visit the cafe beloved by painters, writers and playwrights. It's the *White Horse*, long the haunt of gay novelist Robin Maugham whose book *Escape From Shadows* was reviewed in the October 1973 issue of *QQ Magazine*. And you'll also like a typical English pub next door to the White Horse—*Jorge's Bar*. The interesting thing about Jorge's is that you can size up a likely trick without moving from your seat, since you have an unobstructed view of other gay bars and who's going in where.

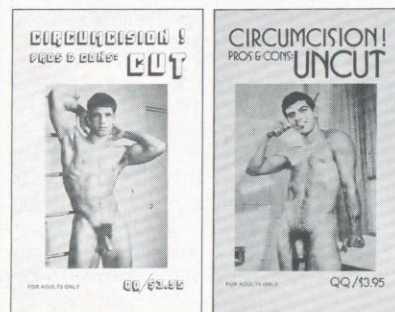
IBIZA'S HOTELS

Even with the devalued dollar, hotels in Ibiza (as well as everywhere on the island) are not expensive. Quite the contrary. You will like the *Hotel Argos*, Playa de Talamanca. A modern hotel of 106 rooms, it's right on the beach. Prices about \$7 single and \$11 double. In the same excellent class are the *Hotel Carabela* on Playa d'en Bossa, which has 245 rooms—about the same tariff; also the *Hotel Galeta*, Playa d'en Bossa. Same prices as the Carabela. The Goleta has 252 rooms with bath. Very popular. Somewhat less expensive, and excellent in every way, is the *Ibiza Playa*, Playa Figuerettes. All its 124 rooms are double with bath for just \$9.00.

SOME RESTAURANTS OF CHARM

Here are some delightful restaurants

CIRCUMCISION PROS & CONS



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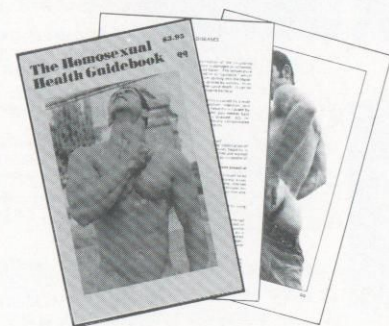
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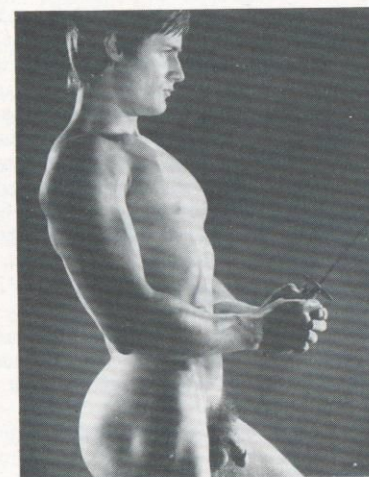
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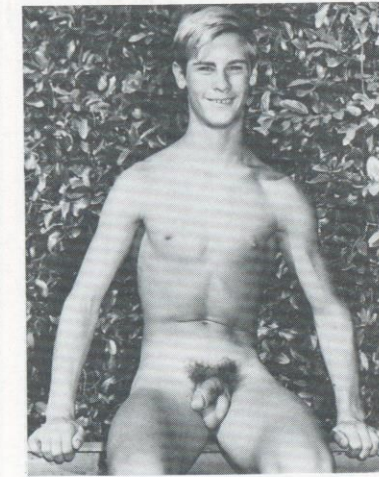
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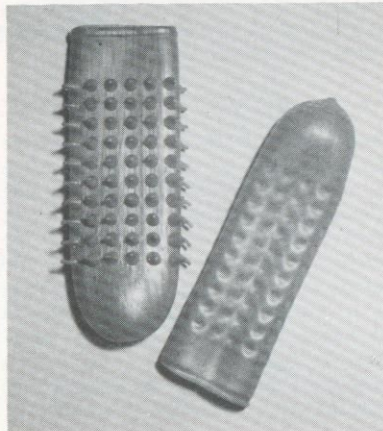


Bottoms up! If that corny expression makes us look like assholes—sorry, guys . . . but our new toy has our imaginations running 'fuckamuck'. This one's made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) which leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" in diameter, 6" deep, stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere (legs, etc.). Sold strictly as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

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where the food is authentically Ibizan, authentically delicious, and authentically easy on the pocketbook:

Cellar Bolear, Avenida Ignacio Wallis, 18. Regional cooking, with fish paella the specialty.

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Alfredo (quite inexpensive), Vara del Rey, 18. Their *sofrito* pages are outstanding. The best in Ibiza.

SAN ANTONIO ABAD

At first sight this second town of Ibiza may appear to be nothing more than just another pretty Mediterranean place. Indeed, if you give it just a cursory lookaround you'll probably head right back to Ibiza without giving it a second thought. Don't. Tarry awhile, friend. What looks like Junior Dullsville is really gay Shangri-La, and what may seem eerie silence is really the hushed excitement of waiting . . . maybe just for you.

Quite different from Ibiza in tempo, one is quickly aware that the natives are also greatly different. Although in San Antonio Abad is the one place on the island where, in one sector, complete nudity reigns, it certainly doesn't 'reign' in the town proper. In fact, the Ibicencos rather think you've committed a mortal sin by even mentioning nudity. The older ones will whisk out their prayer beads and begin a Divine Intercession for your salvation! The younger ones, although enjoined by their elders from doing so, love to come near the rocks and caves and peek at all that nudity from behind the bushes/branches . . . one realizes that many are just on the verge of coming out and find the nude body irresistible.

Another oddity, showing how long it takes for superstition to die, may be noted if you should make it with an Ibicenco. He will want to do it only at night . . . and if at his home, once in his bedroom he will first cover the crucifix over his bed, as well as any holy picture in the room, with a heavy scarf. In this way, he believes, God won't see him in such a 'sinful' action, therefore there will be no need to unburden himself of any guilt or shame to the village priest in the confessional box. Likewise doing it in the dark. What God doesn't see, God doesn't mind!

GAY BARS/RESTAURANTS

Miguel's (called Mickey Mouse by some). Spanish beer is cheap . . . good Spanish brandy costs about 12¢ a glass! Top that, if you can.

The King's Bar is also a rather swinging place . . . the young crowd loves it. Its host is Tony from the neighboring island of Menorca. It's probably the best meeting-place for gay guys in San Antonio Abad, although—we should strongly admonish—don't try to do anything here. *La Reja* is also popular, with a very popular pianist at all times—Mad Stan.

For outdoor eye-cruising while sitting around with drink in hand, *Manolete's* is tops. Probably the campiest place in San Antonio Abad is the *Bar Sancho Panza*, which really isn't a bar but a hamburger heaven run by an expatriate Englishwoman, Vera Morris. She was, decades earlier, a well-known music hall performer, and she's lively and funny, and you'll certainly want to come and see her again and again.

HOTELS

Hotels in San Antonio Abad are good and modern . . . all have private baths . . . all are in the same inexpensive tariff range of the hotels in Ibiza—perhaps a dollar cheaper. Here are four of the best:

Hotel Palmyra, on Dr. Fleming. Has 120 rooms on the beach. Price \$9 for a single; double \$14.

Hotel Arenal, on Dr. Fleming. Also located near the beach. Has 131 rooms. About \$7 single; \$10 double.

Hotel Acor, on Cala Gracio. Beach facilities . . . 109 rooms at \$6 single and \$10 double.

Hotel Bahia, on Bellavista. Has 85 rooms; least expensive of all at \$5 for a single and \$8 double.

GENERAL DINING

Try these two excellent restaurants. The food is superb.

Cellar el Refugio, B. Vicente Ramon, 5. You'll keep going back for their shellfish stew. There's simply nothing like it anywhere in the world!

Continental, Balanzat, 24. Would you believe . . . Swedish food? That's all they serve. And if you'd like to cool down your tastebuds from all that Spanish spice, it will do just that, and deliciously!

Although there are various cruisy areas in and around San Antonio Abad, most gay people prefer these

GAY BEACHES

There are two . . . one, a long strip extending from the *Hotel Ses Savines* right up into the town of San Antonio Abad. The other is more favored by Europeans of a somewhat older age group . . . the *Playa Español*. A very relaxed, easy-come, easy-go type of beach. Neither, however, is nude.

We're saving the best for last. It's the *Punta Galera*, which is more rocky promontory than bare beach. Honeycombed with caves . . . blue sky and blue sea and brilliant sunshine for 300 out of 365 days in the year, it is heaven for gay guys of more athletic build since it takes a bit of doing to get there. Also, you pretty much have to know someone who is familiar with how to get there, otherwise you'll get lost along the way. But it's nude, wild and free, and beautiful and you'll do a double take when you see how many famous personalities have not only let their hair down, but dropped their pants. And you'll make out like crazy! This, you'll say, is why they call San Antonio Abad the 'Fire Island' of Ibiza. Unbelievable!

...

IT'S BETTER IN PAIRS

(Continued from page 32)

Alexander loved deeply in the course of his tumultuous life.

The extent of Alexander's passion for Hephæstion was clearly evidenced when the lover died of fever. The conqueror ordered Hephæstion's physician crucified and had a tremendous tomb built for his lover, and forbade all music for a considerable time.

The Carthaginian general Hannibal has been particularly noted in the annals of January/February 1974

Tom of Finland presents "RINGO & The RENEGADES"

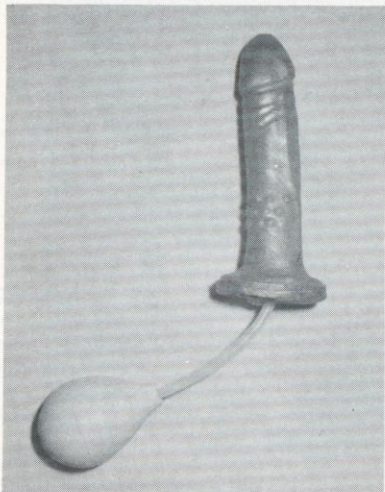


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THE BIG SQUIRT is more faithful than Old Faithful because you say W-H-E-N! Flesh-like, flesh-colored and 7" long. Bulb fills with your favorite hand lotion, etc. Solid rubber, completely washable. (May we suggest that you order an extra as a novel 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.

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Westerners All

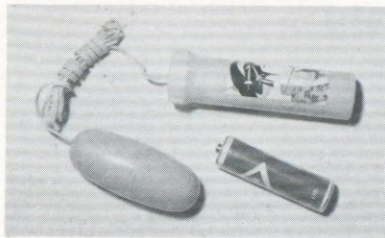
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The Sinker

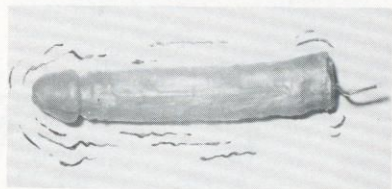


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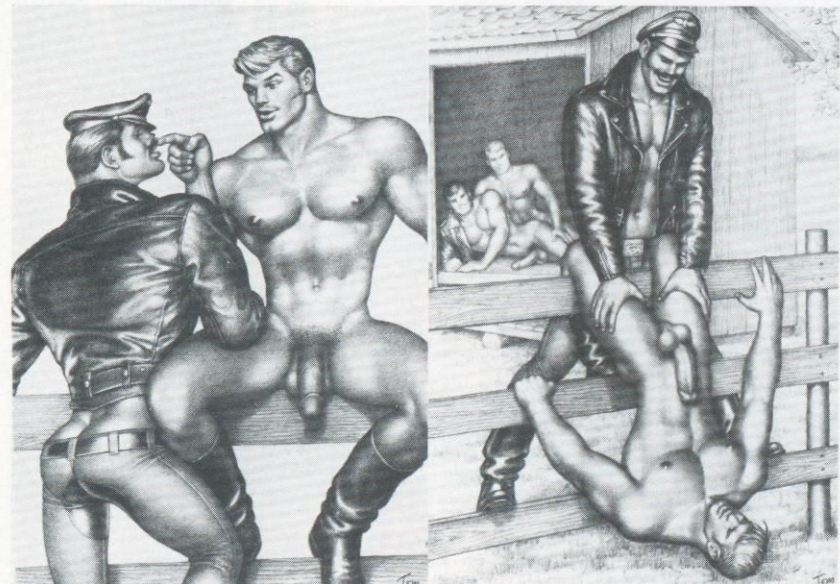
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Hur-r-r-y! Hur-r-r-y! Hur-r-r-y! The BIG TORNADO is here! It twists . . . it squirms . . . it throbs . . . you control the action by turning the crank. A full 10½" long (2" in diameter) of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber. Completely washable. A great toy for you and an appreciated gift. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

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Book: Best of Tom, \$7.50. Contains 47 drawings not in either of the above groups. We also have a few vintage-new copies of Guild Press No. 9 Tom Book at \$5 each.

Tom's drawings appear on the cover of Vol. 23 Physique Pictorial, \$1. This volume also illustrates many of our other current models. Tom and hundreds of great models are found in the various back issues of Physique Pictorial. Set of 46 issues, \$40.

Please include statement that you are over 18 years and not offended by the male nude.

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history for accomplishing the seemingly impossible task of taking his army across the Alps—on elephants yet—to whip the heretofore invincible Roman armies in their own countryside.

What has been given less publicity is the odd relationship between Hannibal and General Hasdrubal . . . who was not only Hannibal's lover during the conqueror's formative years but also had been Hannibal's father's lover before that. When Hamilcar, Hannibal's father, died, Hannibal was only a boy, and Hasdrubal assumed command of the Carthaginian army in waging the Punic Wars for the next eight years while Hannibal was busily growing up.

At the same time, Hannibal was also being wooed and won by Hasdrubal, whose beauty as a youth had lured Hannibal's father to him. Hasdrubal soon proved that it was possible to love father and son with equal passion. Livy said of this in his writings, "The youthful charms which Hasdrubal permitted Hannibal's father to enjoy, he considers that he has the right to require again at the hands of the son."

When Hasdrubal was slain, Hannibal assumed command of the army and went on to finish the job of conquering the Romans. It's quite conceivable that the inspiration of his tender love for Hasdrubal helped him to do it.

(In our next issue . . . "They Loved While Rome Burned.")

CENSORSHIP

(Continued from page 17)

has been trimmed from a film to merit a PG rating rather than an R, and many PG-rated films containing pseudo-nude scenes consistent with their ratings provide more frustration than entertainment. For instance, this reviewer recently attended a screening of the Universal horror film SSSSSSS, rated PG, in an audience of young adults and teenagers. At one point in the film, the hero, played by strikingly beautiful Dirk Benedict, suggests to his girlfriend, played by Heather Menzies, that they go into the lake for a nude swim. At this point, several giggles and interested comments spread among the girls in the audience. (Strangely enough, the boys didn't seem nearly as interested in the prospect of seeing Miss Menzies nude as the girls—and your reviewer—were in seeing Mr. Benedict.) However, when it became obvious that Benedict, although apparently nude on the set, was going to remain discreetly hidden behind a blatantly obvious bush, the audience displayed its displeasure with loud and heartfelt booing and hissing. The sentiment was repeated again later in the film when a nude shower scene involving a handsome and beefy actor named Reb Brown provided only a misty look at Brown's obviously naked backside through a frosted shower door.

Of course, while complaining of the nude scenes we have missed because of some cautious producer's desire for a PG rating, it is wise to also consider the reverse of the coin: without the rating system we might very well have never had the numerous nude scenes that have come our way!

At any rate, with the advent of the movie

rating system, things settled down eventually to a fairly enjoyable impasse. Nudie movie theaters were showing extremely explicit material, quite often outright hard-core pornography (differentiated from "soft-core" by the presence of real, rather than simulated sexual activity), and they were seldom bothered by the police, who seemed to realize that they had better things to do than try to regulate the entertainment of private citizens. Major films frequently tackled adult subject matter in a frank and forthright style that seldom shied away from controversy or nudity if necessary, but no longer sought them out simply for the supposed "shock" value. Less bothered with prosecutions than in the past, the dealers in hard-core pornography began to turn their attention toward improving their product, technically and artistically. Audiences who wanted sexually explicit entertainment could get it openly and freely, in practically any gradation of explicitness and production quality they might demand. All but the most obtrusively prudish were happy and the nation was not being overrun by a wave of sexual maniacs whipped up to a frenzy of lustfulness by the sight of a naked body in a movie theater somewhere.

But then, this past summer, the Supreme Court dropped a bombshell into this satisfying state of affairs. Actually, as we stated, the decision didn't really add much new to the existing situation, but it did incite the local police into attempting to exercise the censorial powers that they probably had all along but had all but given up trying to use. And in some localities, policemen, feeling their oats, have come down with both feet on nearly everything in sight—from unashamed hard-core porn to that most tasteful and conservative institution, Playboy Magazine. Just how all these cases will stand up in court is a matter of some concern not only to those interested in access to sexual material, but to anyone concerned with the protection of the real American way of life.

The most potentially important aspect of the Supreme Court ruling is its affirmation that pornography may be judged by "community standards" (as opposed to national standards), and for some years to come the already overflowing courts will now be forced to ponder just what constitutes the "community standard." And, even before that, just what constitutes the "community?" Is it a state, a city, a neighborhood, or perhaps a single city block? Should Gay material be judged by the Gay Community for which it was intended? Most importantly, is the "community standard" that which it practices or that which it preaches? Just how should it be determined?

A couple of years ago, the Los Angeles Police Department, working on a pornography case, took a poll of the people of Southern California and discovered that no less than 98% of the area's population was virulently opposed to pornography, and wished stronger laws for the oppression of it. Such unanimity is preposterous on its very surface—a truly impartial poll probably couldn't find 98% agreement that the sun rose this morning—and its findings are all the more suspect because almost in the same breath the Police Department complained that pornography is a multi-million dollar industry! If only 2% of the public even

January/February 1974

tolerates the stuff, just where, we wonder, do the multi-millions come from? The seeming paradox is easily enough explained—the LAPD's "impartial" survey was taken in shopping centers and large department stores located in middle-class neighborhoods, and further was taken by uniformed officers of the Vice Squad! Now, picture a uniformed vice cop walking up to you and asking if you like dirty movies, and imagine your "impartial" answer to him!

Fuel is added to the book-burner's fires by the constantly-heard complaint that there are no good family films anymore, a refrain repeated by people who proudly proclaim that they never go to the movies. The simple fact is, however, that there are fewer good family films (although there certainly are some) because those that are released do so poorly at the box-office. Some production companies actually produce family films when they need a financial failure as a tax write-off, so assured is their impoverished reception.

This reviewer recently saw a showing of the well-advertised MGM family-type film, FRAZIER THE SENSUOUS LION, in a theater with exactly one paying patron! Of course, FRAZIER must surely qualify as one of the worst films of this or any other season, but during the first week of its run, word-of-mouth should not have killed it so completely. Similarly, we attended a Friday evening screening recently of the much-touted family film TOM SAWYER and were able to count the entire audience—46 lonely souls—on their way out. Of course, generalizations cannot be made from such individual experiences, but the fact remains that in Los Angeles, immediate seating is available for family films, while you must stand in lines a block long to see DEEP THROAT, which has now been playing for the better part of a year. Surely this says something about the "community standard!" It would seem logical that any movie which is sufficiently patronized to turn a profit cannot be too seriously opposed to the "community standard," but then, logic has never fared too well in its death-fight with the forces of censorship.

Other incidents amplify this generally gloomy picture for the fate of family entertainment. Several times in recent years civic or religious groups in various local communities have responded to the mandate for family entertainment by opening little theaters for classic older movies or contemporary family entertainment, and they have nearly all gone under from lack of business. The prestigious Jerry Lewis chain of theaters, dedicated to showing only family films, is tottering on the brink of bankruptcy, and the similar United General chain has already folded.

Does all this mean that there is no more family audience? Certainly not. The family audience exists as much as ever, but it is completely satisfied by the entertainment supplied in its own living room by television. Every night of the year it gets a feature film or its equivalent in the form of a 90-minute series episode, plus a "B" feature in the form of a 60-minute episode and probably even a couple of two-reelers in the form of a half-hour program. It gets comedy, drama, mystery, documentary, newsreels, and Saturday cartoon matinees, and most of it is easily a match in quality for the average

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VOT'S DOT RACKET?

HOLY BALONEY- VOT'S DIS? A BUNCH OF LEATHER GUYS HAVE SET UP ON MINE ISLAND!!

WHAT VILLY SEES...

WESTCOAST WOLFPACK M.C.'s ANNUAL BARE-ASS BASH!

LATER-- THIS MUST BE THE SPOT!

JUDY GARLAND MEMORIAL PLAYGROUND

BOSS... MIMSY, YOUR VERY PRIVATE SEC HERE! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE FUNNY NOTES WAS SHOVED (SIGH) UNDER OUR DOOR AGAIN! YOU'RE TO GO TO THE MEATRACK AND FOLLOW THE LEFT PATH TO....

This is Fat FUGG Central, Mr. Chess! The Caper this time around is those famous, missing hairdressers... and it's a super emergency! The President is being hassled by his wife and has contacted the CIA... the CIA has contacted the FBI, and the FBI has grabbed on to us! Watergate has them all uptight. I'm dumping this whole mish-mash in your guys capable, hairy laps! Don't let FUGG down, H.C., 'cause it'd be a fat feather in FUGG's cap if we break this case! Here's the details... the only clue is that these guys were on some sort of club outing near this mini island off Panama....

HOLY HICKEY!

DOSE LEATHER PUNKS SHALL SUFFER! I WANT TO BE ALONE...SO...

DIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES! HEE...HEE

VILLY SIPS ON HIS MAGIC COCKRING

AS VILLY GOES UP IN SMOKE, THERE'S A THUNDEROUS GLAP...A FEROCIOUS FLASH... THEN--

CLAP!

COUGH... COUGH!

CAPTAIN COCK-RING APPEARS!

MOMENTS LATER... DOWN IN THE CRYPT...

COME HEINOUS... WE HAVE WORK TO DO...!

HEINOUS PENIS

YES MASTER!

KUNG FU You!

TWO DAYS LATER... NEAR 'EL REPTIL'...

LAND HO! LET'S PULL IN!

PANT...

MAN... IT'S HOT! LET'S TAKE OFF OUR TRUNKS AND JERK OFF!

ZAP JARAY FOR THE WIN!

HEY BOYS, LOOK! FOOTPRINTS!

AND LOOK AT THIS! AN INHALER 'N A BOX OF POPPERS!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I ALSO HAVE A STRANGE TINGLE THAT WE'RE BEING WATCHED! YOPS... SOMEONE JUST GUNNED DOWN OUR RAFT!!!

THIS PROVES THOSE HAIR-BURNERS WERE HERE, MAN!

GEE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER AT THE OTHER END OF 'EL REPTIL', THE WOLFPACK M.C. GUYS FROLIC AWAY AT THEIR BASH... UNWARE THAT ICKY EVIL LURKS NEARBY--

LOSTEN... BOYS... A GUITAR... AND SOMEONE'S SINGING!

WHAT THE BOYS SEE...

YOU JUST MASTURBATED MY HEARTSTRINGS YOU MOTHER YOU...

WOW... LOOK! HE'S GORGEOUS... AND I SAW HIM FIRST!!

FREAKY!

WOW!

FUNKY!

LET'S SEE! KISSIE! SOCKY!

LET'S ALL SWIM OVER TO THOSE ROCKS AND SURPRISE HIM... OK, MEN?

YEAH!

YEAH!

YEAH!

YEAH!

LET'S DUCK FOR COVER FAST! OH- IT LOOKS LIKE A BAD POUR IS ON THE WAY!

ASHMANTH IS NOT A FLUSH FLKA!

MAN, THIS STORM IS KICKING UP SOMETHING MEAN! WE'RE IN FOR IT... LIKE HEAVY!

YEAH!

GEES

CASP!

SUPER SHIT!!! THIS MOTHER IS CARVED OUT OF THE CLIFF...AND THE FUCKING ROCKS ARE TOO SLIPPERY TO SCALE!

The New York Times

WEST COAST PANICS AS 17 TOP HAIRDRESSERS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEAR OFF PANAMA! EXTRA

FILM/TV INDUSTRY ON THE BRINK OF COLLAPSE

PAT NIXON HIDES AT SAN GEMINI

ALL WEST COAST SOCIETY BALLS A MAHJONGG PARTIES CANCELLED! JACKIE O... LEE R. AND JET SETTERS HYSTERICAL!

FULL INVESTIGATION STARTED

BEAUTY SALONS UP AND DOWN COAST FOLD UP TIGHT

GAA SAYS IT'S A COMMIE PLOT! TROY TERRY SOBS! BATHS, TEAROOMS SHUT!

RONA CARROT BARES BREASTS ON TV IN AN EMOTIONAL OUTBURST

MAMA RIGGAN PAINTS

JAMES GORDON LOUGHS

TOP SHAGGERS

THE NEXT DAY--

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO HARRY'S SECLUDED CHERRY GROOVE HIDE-A-WAY... THE LOCKER ROOM.

HAPPINESS A TEFLOON DYE-DO!

FUNGGO!

RINGGGG

DIRECTLY ABOVE...

THIS SHOULD STOP THOSE PRICKS!

RIGHT ON!

CRUNCH!

YIPS!

SHAFT IS A VENISH MOTHER!

CRACK!

POOP

CRASH!

TO BE CONTINUED!

HUMPY HOLIDAYS ALL!

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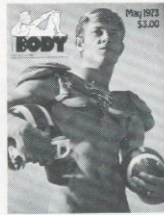
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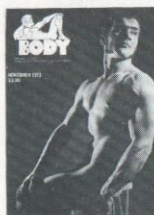
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Hollywood product of the '30's and '40's. Furthermore, even the tiniest of communities has a choice of at least a couple of stations, so if the viewer doesn't like a show, he can turn to another, and of course the program changes nightly. No wonder the family audience doesn't patronize the neighborhood theater any longer, no matter what some protesters say to the contrary.

Even the censorship groups seem aware vaguely of this problem, as they seldom if ever actually concern themselves with the propagation of family entertainment. To be sure, they all claim to be for decent literature, or for clean entertainment, but in practice they are doing no such thing. They are solely concerned with being against indecent literature or unclean entertainment, and this is an entirely different matter. It is apparently the philosophy of these negatively-oriented thinkers that if they can only create a sufficient vacuum, it will automatically be filled with the proper material—which is, we fear, a vain hope. One is graphically reminded of the apocryphal story of Michelangelo's explanation of how he carved his famous statue of David: "I just chipped away everything that didn't look like David, and there he was!"

Unlike sculpture, entertainment must not be an either/or situation. It is not necessary to eliminate all erotic entertainment in order to have family entertainment, and on the other hand, the survival of good erotica is in no way predicated on the failure of the family audience.

There is a very real hope for the future aglimmer in many courts, however. Recently in several widely separated areas, juries carefully selected to consist of only the most conservative elements of the community have failed to convict on pornography charges on the grounds that it is not their place to dictate their neighbor's viewing habits. They may personally deplore pornography, they have decided, but they have no right to deprive anyone else of the right to see it if he wishes. It is not necessary to eliminate pornography in order to protect children from it, they are discovering, any more than it is necessary to ban aspirin from the pharmacist's shelves in order to keep the kids from swallowing whole bottles of it.

Just where will we go from here? That is anybody's guess. The first taste of sexual freedom brought questionable excesses and then a moderation and a seeking after quality, and the new taste of repression will probably do likewise—the early zealous attempts to do away with anything that dares to suggest the existence of sex will be followed by a period of easing up and seeking after genuine quality, probably to be followed by another period of wide-open license. Perhaps the universal law of inertia applies even to this pendulum, and one day it will cease to swing altogether, coming to rest in some middle ground that is acceptable to all.

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP (Continued from page 31)

said of his handsome young lover: "I discovered in him besides incomparable personal beauty so much charm of nature, such

excellent abilities and such a graceful manner that he deserved and still deserves to be better loved, the more he is known."

The sonnets addressed to Cavalieri are steeped in emotional admiration for the youth. So deep was the hold of the young man over the older, that one authority stated, "Tommaso Cavalieri could have obtained anything from Michelangelo."

But there were other youths besides Cavalieri who were intimately involved in Michelangelo's emotions, among them his servant Urbino, and also a certain Cecchino Bracci, who was seventeen and the subject of some of Michelangelo's sonnets.

There is a quite definite reflection of Michelangelo's homosexuality in his oils and sculpture. He was greatly attracted to the male figure. His magnificent rendition of David in marble remains the definitive idealization of the ultimate beauty of the male nude. Of the enormous array of figures that Michelangelo fashioned in oil, stone, and marble in the course of his long life, there is a singular display of masculinity in all of them, even in the female figure.

Michelangelo was in one period of his life friendly with two other fantastic gay geniuses of his time—Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael—but he fell out with them and rejected their friendship. Julius II, the Pope who commissioned him to decorate the Sistine Chapel, was also homosexual.

MR. FIRE ISLAND (Continued from page 11)

was among the judges. The photos you see here were taken by our staff photographer and Thomas Nasrallah. They and the accompanying caption tell the rest of the story.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 33)

Warsaw in the December 1973 issue. I'm a Polish immigrant living in Buffalo, N.Y., and I must admit I was flattered by your remarks concerning the size of Polish *kielbasy*!!

Find enclosed a picture of my good friend Roman Zabinski, who lives in the town of Katowice, in Poland. He's 25 and I thought your readers would like seeing him.

Yours truly,
R. P.
Buffalo, N. Y.



QQ

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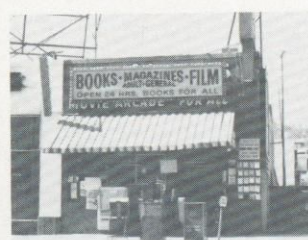
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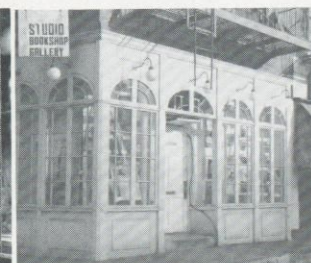
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