

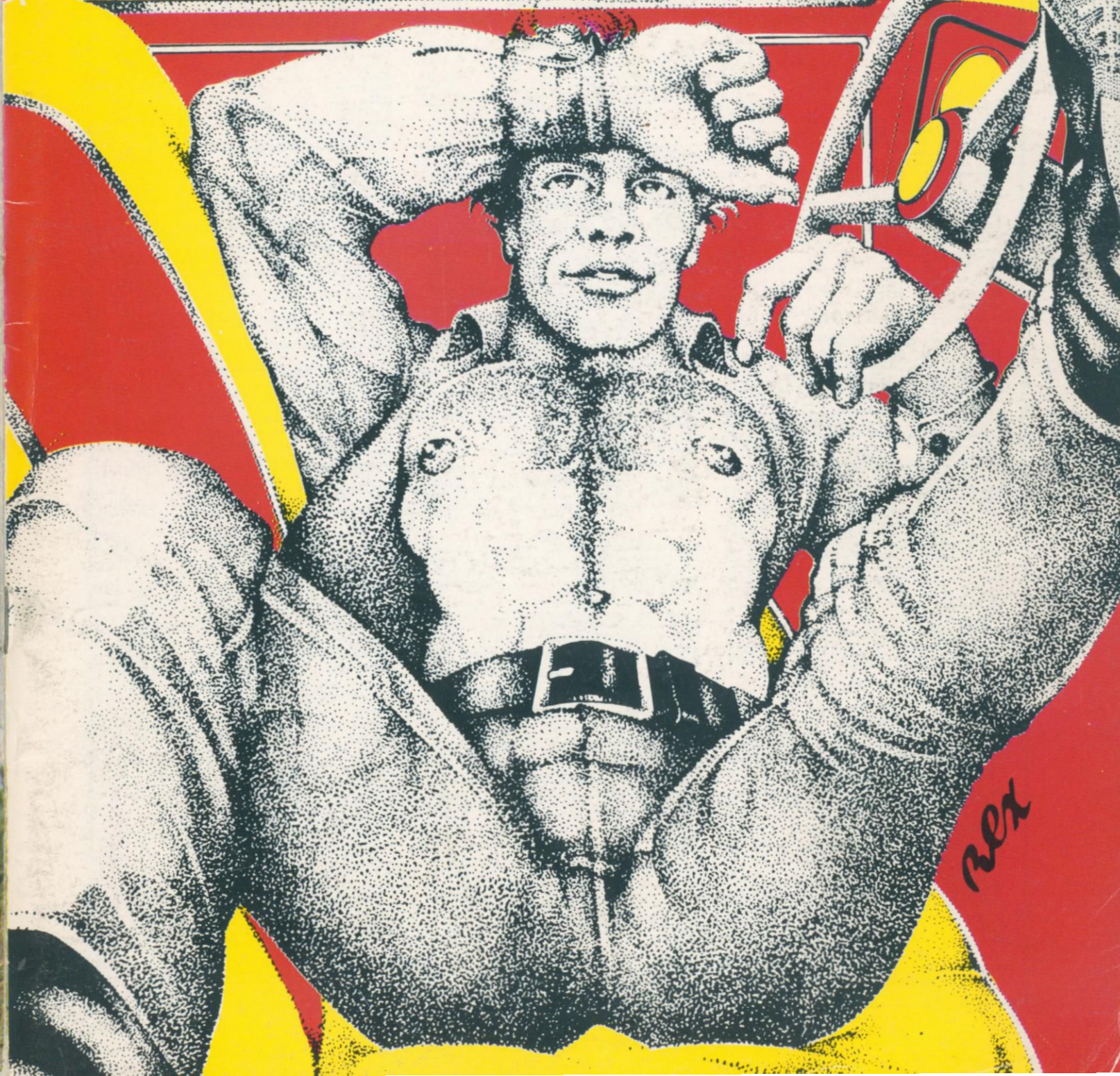


QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys



June 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.

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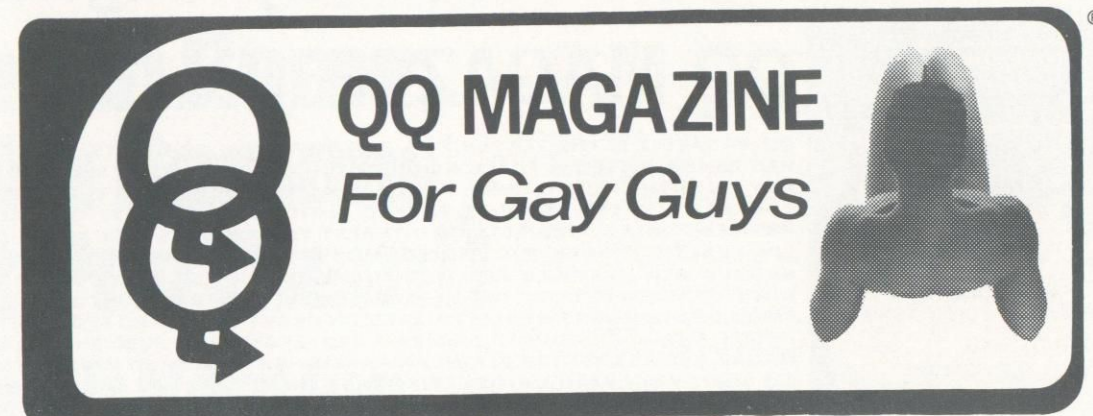
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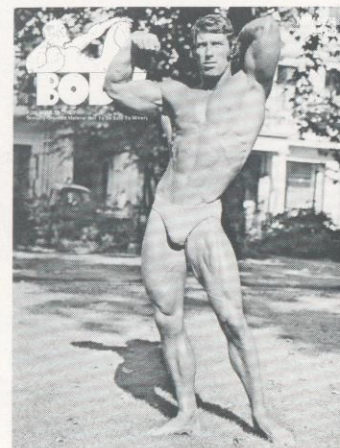


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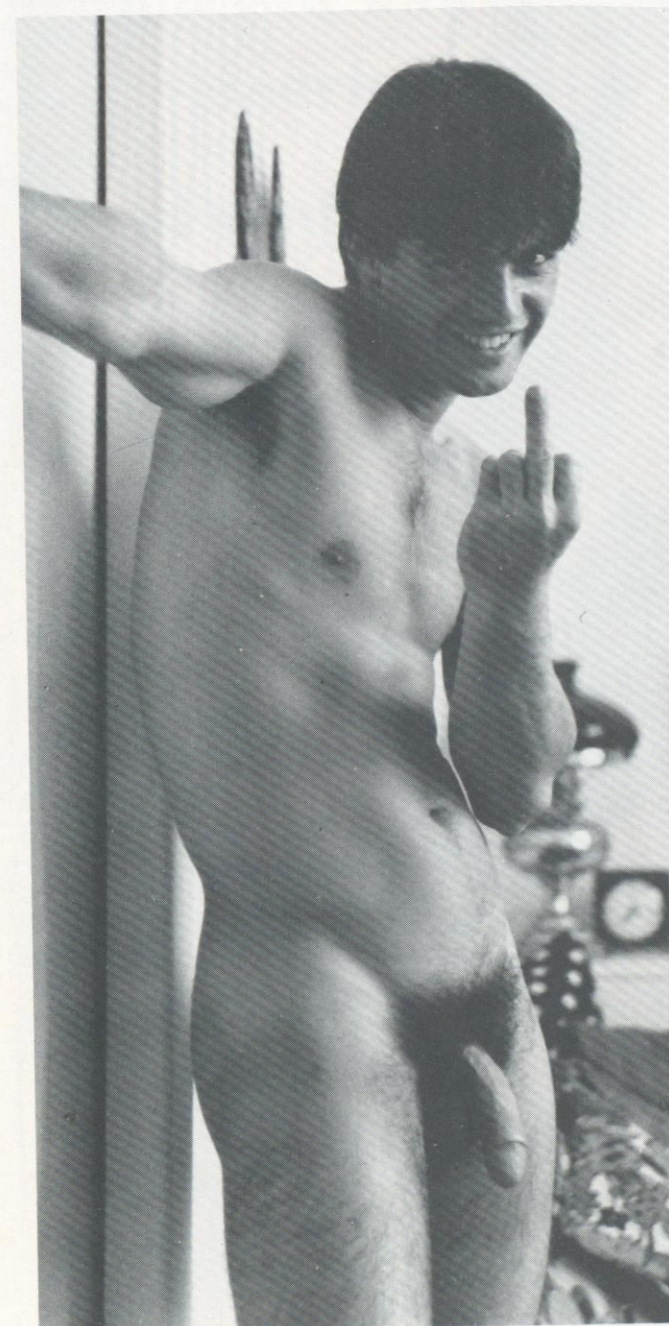
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EDITORIAL

When In Rome... Do The Romans (But Pay Them!)

by Frank Keating



LOOKING backward from the vantage point of the QQ editorial chair it would seem that we have been so concerned with reporting on crisis after newly-arising crisis and the adverse effect on gay people (the dollar devaluation abroad . . . gay people being made scapegoats for mass murder in certain Caribbean countries . . . the Supreme Court decision on pornography . . . new German laws and their constricting effect on gay life there . . . hassling at home, busting abroad), that we have had no opportunity to mention any possible good that may have resulted from such crises. Is there any? Yes . . . in a kind of rueful, tables-turned way.

First, the money crisis that initially worked to the detriment of the American abroad; now the energy crisis, which—while troublesome enough for us on this side of the Atlantic—is a very real tragedy for the Europeans. Both crises have demonstrable stretch factors that work in favor of gay visitors abroad and we should like to point out some of them. Not—it should be needless to say—with gloating. Our American sense of fair play, sympathy for the under-dog, and our genuine concern for the plight of our gay brothers everywhere divorce us from such ignobility.

At present the money/energy crises are linked and this has produced some unique and unexpected effects. One is the fact that the now-shortened work week abroad (three-day/two-day)—particularly in England, Holland, France and Italy—has opened new horizons of sexual activity and opportunity. To make economic ends meet, the European who, just months ago, took home a weekly pay of \$150, now considers himself lucky to have \$60 . . . a sum inadequate to keep him in Pierre Cardin suits, Gucci loafers, glamour hairstyles and petrol for the Jag. Now he has discovered sexual 'moonlighting'—a lovelier word than hustling—and it helps beautifully in taking up the monetary slack.

While this has had the effect of introducing 'les hunkee-humpees' (as French gay guys call them) to the delights of gay life and sex, it has also had a humbling effect on the pre-crisis hustler who—solely in the business of selling sex and therefore given to haggling over price—is now less grand and more flexible. No matter that months ago he quoted altitudinal prices for his favors, a disquieting feel of his thinner wallet is likely to throttle any bargaining talk before a word is uttered. Sex is strictly 'bargain sale' and thus American gay guys abroad are reaping some 'windfall profits'—something we thought heretofore reserved only to wheat growers, oil tycoons, real-estate operators and Presidents. You might say that we're getting 'a piece of the action' in more ways than one. And it's high time, too, don't you think?

There is an ethos of human conciliation arising from the monetary crisis that is more poignantly worthy of note, and it is this: poverty is the great leveler who makes congenial bedfellows of us all. For one—especially a Frenchman—who, even of necessity, dislikes to sell it because he feels "au fond du coeur" it is repugnant to sell one's body, there has been the buyer who—by no means miserly—believes that sex should be mutual, and that to pay for it is also "at heart" demeaning . . . and that somehow he has emerged from the transaction as a second-class citizen. The monetary crisis has expunged this—as yesterday's solved equations are erased from a blackboard. And if the specter of money still hovers in the background, there is also the more rewarding feeling that a greater rapport exists, making even the most evanescent encounter/affair one to remember.

The energy crisis has had (Continued on page 54)

Glory Holes

A Piece of Vanishing Americana?

by Frank Samuels

THE glory hole has an exciting past tense; its present indicative is equally wild; and while the easy-come, easy-go sexual liberation that gay people currently enjoy might seem to render it obsolescent, the 'hole' truth is that its future may be even rosier.

Very likely it always will be. The principal reason is that the glory-hole cubicle shelters men of diverse sexual preferences, shielding them under a blanket of anonymity wherein a variety of sexual roles can be played with that hint of mystery that is the heaven of all theatre. "Who is he (in the next booth) . . . what is he really like?" one asks, while one's other self answers "But do you really want to know . . . isn't he more exciting just not knowing?" Of course. Mystery unsolved evokes even greater mystery. The cubicle becomes a web of sexual intrigue where someone who might be quite ordinary outside seems, inside, to be the realization of a Walter Mitty dream.

Glory-hole sex is rather *trompe l'oeil* or 'look through' in character. As in *trompe l'oeil*, what we see through an opening—whether it is a window or an architect's clever interior design, the eye is more beguiled when looking *through* at something, than just looking *at* something. This is why the look-through of a stage proscenium dramatizes even the actor of little talent and gives him a greater personal dimension—*presence*—than he has in real life, and it is why a jeweler's concave display window makes a bauble within seem so much more precious and 'now and near' that one impulsively reaches out to touch it.

GLORY HOLES OF ANTIQUITY

The glory hole is by no means a twentieth-century invention. It dates to the sixteenth century when Andrea Palladio, an Italian architect (1518-80) designed ornate peep-

throughs for the gay nobility. Baroque swirls and whorls were adroitly arranged—"ben trovato," as Palladio said ("well invented")—around the marble urinals so that the host could weed out the small from the stupendous without being seen, and later make rendezvous with one or more who seemed promising. Other glory holes of the time were designed for actual sex, wherein the host could, unseen, fellate first one, then another, by moving a screen, much as a clergyman slides alternately the partitions of his confessional box to hear the replays of his flock's transgressions.

So the glory hole has always had a lot going for it and, to one who is more sexually turned-on by mystery, very likely always will. And who of us isn't?

There's a little voyeur in each of us, and that's nothing new, either. Ludwig II of Bavaria, the sex-trippy 'dream king' *QQ* and *Ciao!* have recently discussed, was a tongue-drooling voyeur who couldn't resist trying to convert others to this intriguing pastime. And so he commissioned an artist to paint voyeuristic designs on the doors of the men's *wasserklosett* of his fantastic Castle Neuschwanstein . . . men with large, rolling eyes peeking knowingly into *trompe l'oeil* windows and around doors, much like Charles Addams's grandmother. Ensconced in a concealed passageway nearby he could observe their expressions and determine by their reaction whether they would be receptive to a little gay diversion before following them inside.

SEXUAL AMERICANA

The evolution of the glory hole in our gay history began at least sixty years ago in rural America, or perhaps 'small-town' America would be more apposite . . . in places where homosexuals were few and homosexuality not so much a punishable 'crime against nature' (it was considered just too distasteful to even *mention*, let alone *punish*) as grounds for silent ostracism by the community.

Although a gay individual might never hear a word of reproach or vilification, and nothing of an obviously punitive reaction would surface, he *knew*. For examples: a job offering might have been "just filled" . . . or his master's degree from State might be just so much worthless paper when applying for a teaching position in the local school system . . . and while he might run for public office, the tally sheet of votes would find his name at the bottom. Moreover, he would not be welcomed into social activities, except perhaps in church socials where everyone made a great effort to "be kind," since after all, "we are in the house of God who loves all sinners."

So to 'bottom out' his sexual desires and get some purchase on fulfillment, a small-town gay guy had to have, as Shakespeare says, "a pretty wit." It is largely because he did that the glory hole came into existence in this country. And he still must keep his wits.

Sex, being a primal urge, only the timidest gay guy will not, out of sheer desperation, try to find some way of overcoming any barriers to it. And so by whittling a hole at phallus height between adjacent cubicles in the johns of schools, colleges, bowling alleys, court houses, theaters (particularly drive-in theaters), train stations, bus stations, public gyms, bathhouses, parks, highway rest stops, and sports arenas (even churches!) the gay guy pulls off a sexual *tour de force* of many dimensions and fascinating repercussions . . .

1) By creating a more congenial sexual climate for himself, simply as voyeur.

2) By turning sexual energy (Continued on page 30)



Bruce of Los Angeles

Getting It All Together

The Sex Machine In Action

by Roger Watson & Walter Norris

IN the October 1973 and December 1973 editions of *QQ* we anatomized the phallus and prostate gland, trying to give our readers a more graphic rundown on the function of each, and their interaction when sexual stimulation occurs. Many have been kind enough to write and say that we've helped open greater sexual vistas by reason of just such frank, pinpointed discussion.

SEXUAL TOTALITY

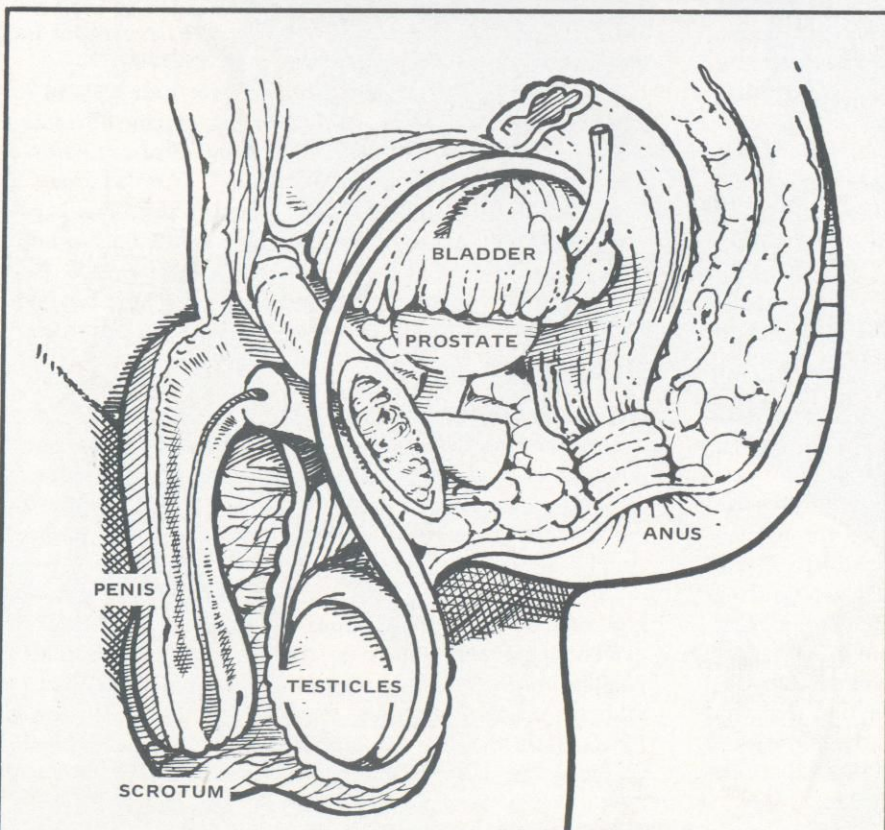
Great sex is the sum of many individual responses of phallus, anus, prostate and mouth—as well as sensory. In this article we'd like to discuss certain things anatomical, physiological and erotic that can help make sex the daring once-in-a-lifetime experience it really should be *every* time.

Now it may seem odd to begin with a discussion of your heart, but that's how and where it all begins. All truly inspired sex depends on an accelerated heartbeat, right from the moment you first see him and feel your heart skip a beat or two. It's what gets things moving and snowballing to orgasm, leaving you limp with sweat and breathless exhaustion. The man who can go through sex and reach orgasm with his heart beating a normal 72 times per minute may have satisfied himself, as he judges sexual satisfaction, but it is safe to say that he has not been an inspiration to his partner who, glad that it's over, will not want a repeat performance.

Sexual totality requires a *totality of involvement*, and total involvement of the sex machine is governed by the heart, beginning with that flutter when you first noticed each other. No inspiration—no heart acceleration . . . just routine sex. But as with all rules, the exception: when one is accustomed to doing a trick strictly for trade. The involvement is not total, but divided. At best it

(Continued on page 34)

QQ



THE ANATOMY OF THE SEX MACHINE



Bruce of Los Angeles



MEXI-MUSCLES

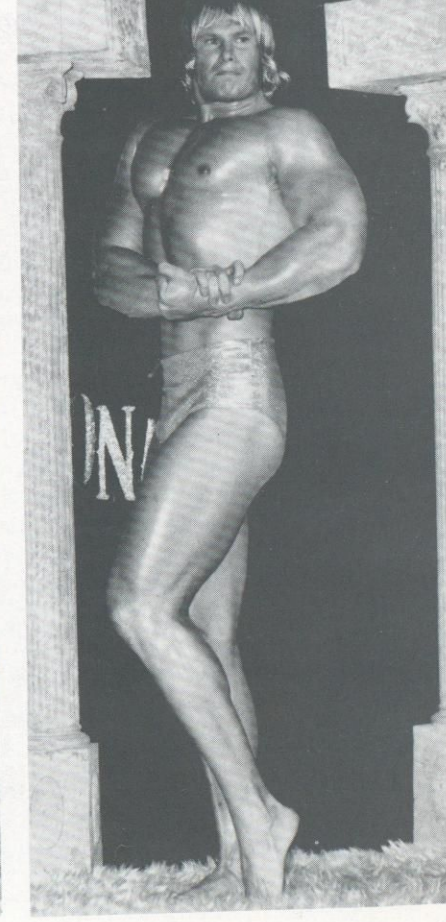
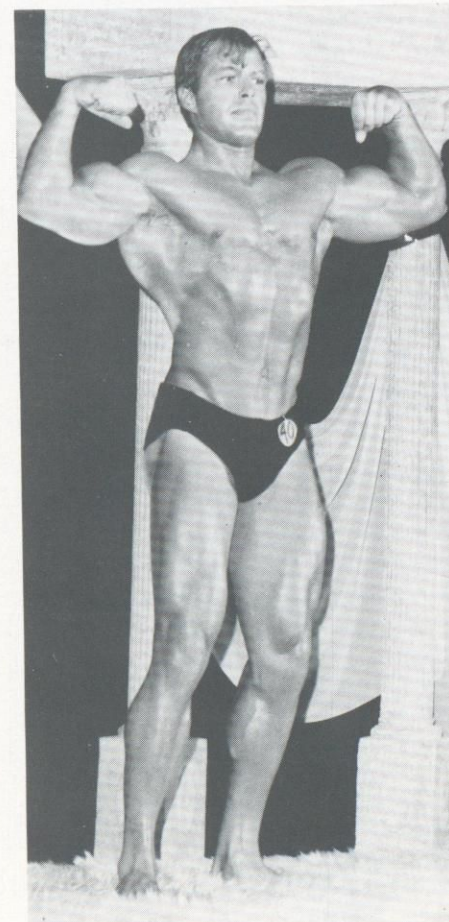
BY THE EDITORS

ONCE every year in Tijuana the donkey acts lose their crowds to a muscle show which is sponsored by a former Mr. Universe winner; Eddie Silvestre of the Club Atletico Silvestre mans the dais and stocks it with Grade A beef from Mexico to Morocco—to the delight of hundreds of fans who stream in from everywhere.

The contestants come from everywhere too—to vie for top honors in five contests and take back with them some trophies that are original works of art. Silvestre has an eye for beauty—which is not only seen in his trophies but also in stage sets that are usually filled with Roman columns, yards of silk and plush carpeting. The muscle guys he baits with all this glitter are certainly beautiful too.

The big event is the Mr. International contest. It is open to bodybuilders of any nationality and usually draws heavily on the big guys from the Los Angeles area. Sergio Oliva (a Cuban who lives in Chicago) won this year. He also won the Mr. Azteca International contest minutes later. But the contests which most spectators really come to see are the Mr. Mexico, Pro Mr. Mexico and Mr. Latin America—because the contestants are usually local beauties who go on to movie stardom in Mexican flicks. Luis Perez of Jalisco won the Mr. Mexico title this year. The Pro contest was won by Miguel Angel Torres, from Culiacan. Popular U.S. bodybuilder Johnny Maldonado, representing his (Continued on page 46)

This page, top: Pro Mr. Mexico winners, left to right—Miguel Angel Torres, 1st; Javier Medina, 2nd; and Manuel Elizondo, 3rd. Bottom: Mr. Latin America winners, left to right—C. Rodriguez, 2nd; John Maldonado, 1st; and Luis Perez, 3rd. Perez also won the Mr. Mexico contest. Note the beautiful trophy. Opposite page, top left: Carlos Rodriguez of Puerto Rico placed 2nd in the Mr. Latin America contest. Right: Franklin Jones placed high in the Mr. International contest. He's from Los Angeles. Bottom left: Charles Fautz is also from Los Angeles and also placed high in the Mr. International. Center: Paul Rehus competed in the Mr. International contest. He's been featured nude in BODY magazine (November 1973 issue) and was recently the subject of a kidnapping hoax which made headlines in the gay newspapers. Right: Glamorous Bob Schott of Santa Monica stood out in the Mr. International lineup.



What Do You Do After He Says "I Love You!"?

by Paul Damon

Love is friendship with wings.

Love conquers all.

Love is the morning and the evening star.

Love makes the world go 'round.

Love is a long and slender thing!

HOWEVER you define real love, it's still the greatest thing of all for making people happy. But as with all cherished things, there are a number of cut-rate imitations on the market that should be recognized for what they are and handled with care if you don't want to feel cheated. Even the real McCoy can be twisted into tragedy if not treated properly, as many unfortunate gays know all too well.

Gays seem particularly susceptible to misadventure where love is concerned—not surprisingly, since—for the majority of single gays—the watchword for the day is Loneliness. Being isolated from the mainstream through prejudice and discrimination does not a happy person make, and regardless of how far out of the closet one has come, it's still prudent to realize we have a *long* way to go before society ceases to be anti-gay.

Because of the rejection, the need to belong becomes more acute, and love becomes a prime—sometimes essential—objective. I don't know one homosexual who has not said "I love you" to at least three people, and had it said to him that many times or more. But love comes in different sizes and shapes. You can get it on sale during pre-season specials, or you can wait for the new fall line and pick up a full-length model to keep you warm on those cold winter nights. It can come by direct mail or you can pick it up locally, F.O.B., C.O.D., and, yes, you can even get it on credit if you're willing to pay the high interest rates later on. Any definition of love is as individual as the person who professes it, as everyone who's ever attempted to explain it can easily verify. And that's one of the most important facts you should be aware of when you hear those Three Little Words.

How a person should respond to a declaration of love depends on who is saying what to whom, when, where, how, and why. And if that sounds ambiguous, my gentle friend, all I can say is, so is love! If you don't quite agree, take a look at these protestations of love and the definitions I've given them:

"I think I'm falling in love with you.": I'm going to try it because I really like you, but if it doesn't work out, remember: I said, "I think."

"God! I love you so much it hurts!": You're a real turn-on, baby, and I want that sexy body of yours in bed with me every night of the week. Until something better comes

along.

"After all these years, I've finally found out what love really is. With you.": I've decided to face it. I'm not getting any younger, and the competition is getting stiffer, so maybe it's time to settle down.

"I love you. You're not like the others.": I'm tired of being alone and waiting for Prince Charming, and you are not *really* like the others, so . . . maybe we can make it work for awhile.

"I love you.": And all that lovely *money*, too!

"I love you.": You're the best catch in this whole city and won't the others be green with envy!

"I love you.": I love you. I want to go places with you, and do things with you. I want to miss you, sometimes a lot, when you're not with me. I want to feel warm coming home from work, knowing you're going to be there. I want to pass by a store window and have something catch my eye because it makes me say, "Gee, he'd really like that," and then buy it for you. I want us to make each other happy, and I want to build a comfortable, contented life style, with you right next to me doing the same thing.

I admit these are arbitrary interpretations. But if you've been gay for more than a month you *know* they're valid, and what some gays really mean when they bait the Tender Trap. And they're just a selected few of many, including combinations of two, three, or even more naked truths. So how should you react when you hear the words that are supposed to change your life? Before you commit yourself to any answer, ask yourself these questions:

WHO?

Who is saying it? How well do you know him? How long have you known him? Would you let him use your toothbrush without thinking twice about it? Do you find his job or profession interesting enough to *you* to be able to discuss it with him and take a genuine concern in it when he needs you to? Do you share common interests off the bed that can make your life together more compatible? And how about *on* the bed? Have you tried it enough times to know whether or not sex will work out well, and if not . . . does it matter to you? Do you have any strong feelings about *anything* that might come in direct conflict with his, and if so, can you come to a compromise? Are there age, racial, social, financial, religious, educational, or ethical differences which might cause problems later on? Forget his physical appearance and sexual performance for a moment, and try to visualize what

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QQ





The Handwriting On The Wall

Gay Graffiti

by Paul Marvin

ANYONE who has used a public restroom for one purpose or another is surely aware that almost every men's john in the world has a wealth of wit and wisdom inscribed on its walls. This writing and drawing is known as "graffiti," and is even older than recorded history. In fact, today's brand of wall-writing is a direct descendant of the cave paintings of Cro-Magnon man and the prolific wall-writings of the Greek homo-culture; and the substance and purpose of the inscriptions has changed little over the centuries.

A *graffito* (*graffiti* is the plural form) is defined by the dictionary as "a rude inscription, figure drawing, etc., found on rocks, walls, vases and other objects." It comes from the Italian word *graffio*, "a scratching."

Who is the graffitist? Why does he write? The French novelist Andre Malraux said that men are born with a desire to carve their names on the face of the earth. And carve they do. To write FUCK YOU or even JOHN LOVES MARY (Mario?) is a sort of instant fame. It is assured that someone, perhaps everyone who comes within sight of a well-written scrawl will take the time, just out of curiosity, to read it. Bumper stickers are graffiti. "Slogan buttons" are graffiti. Even T-shirts have become graffiti; and those who wear or use these various "expressions" become what their slogan says. Their existence becomes more real when it is visible in words and pictures. And the person who writes the graffiti is making his existence more real—he is putting it down in black and white. "I scribble, therefore I am."

Long ago, when men spoke less and wrote nothing, they drew pictures on the walls of their dwellings which were meant to bring their whole world together in the intimacy of their own homes. Drawings of men and animals played out the drama of their lives and expressed the meaning of their whole existence right there on their living-room walls. It is not really known whether the prehistoric men were trying to communicate to each other or to future men through their wall-writings, but in the more sophisticated Egyptian culture there is no question that the inscriptions and drawings found on the walls of their tombs and monuments were meant to tell others about how they lived and what kinds of things were important to them. In that early graffiti, art and literature were inseparable. Most of what has survived for us to study deals with life after death, religion and the lives of the royal families. As time went on, however, man began to use writing more and more, and art and literature began to go their separate ways. Also, as we get closer and closer to the present day, much more material remains for scholars to use, and the expressions of common people become more and more plentiful.

The great civilization in classic Greece is familiar to all gay people as the prototype of the perfect community—where homosexuality is not only tolerated, but encouraged as a way of life and a sound means of educating the young.

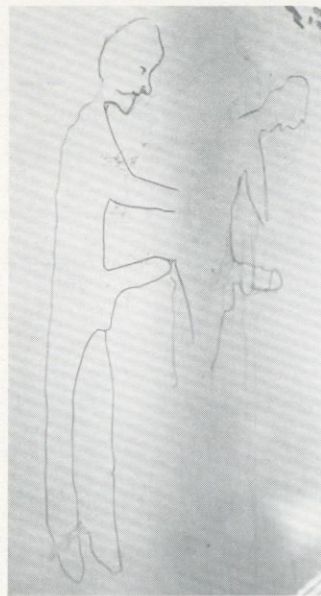
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Well, they had their graffiti too: craftsmen often found delightful expression of their deepest feelings on the vases which they ornamented with satyrs and warriors, lovers and pederasts, in the nude or partial nude and often with penises fully erect. They were seen alone, in groups and sometimes in scenes of oral or anal intercourse. Many of these vases and wall-sculptures have survived to today. The Greeks also had an interesting practice which comes so close to our modern-day graffiti as to be almost indistinguishable. We all know that Greek boys were initiated into manhood by an older man, who became the boy's teacher and lover. The boys in that culture who were more beautiful were, understandably, more sought-after, and it was not uncommon for a man to fall in love with a youth who happened to catch his eye. Greek writers have often chronicled what may have been the first gay graffiti in history, the writing of these boys' names on walls and other places throughout the city. The standard form for this expression was, for example, PHAEDON KALOS . . . Phaedon is beautiful.

When the great mountain Vesuvius erupted in 79 A.D., covering the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, it also preserved for us some of the culture and habits of the people living in Italy at the height of the Roman Empire. There were countless wall-writings instantly encased by the molten lava, and now that they have been uncovered they provide fascinating comparisons to modern-day graffiti. The fact is that translations of the Pompeian inscriptions turn out to be the same type of crude comments and express the same types of feelings as what can be found in men's rooms today.

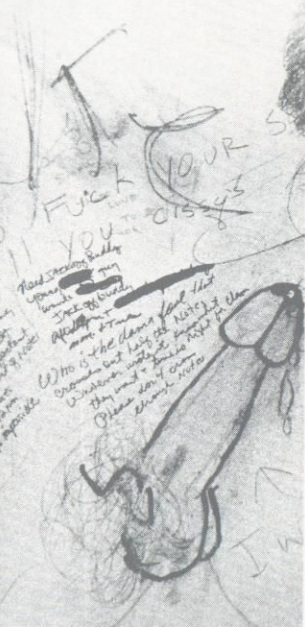
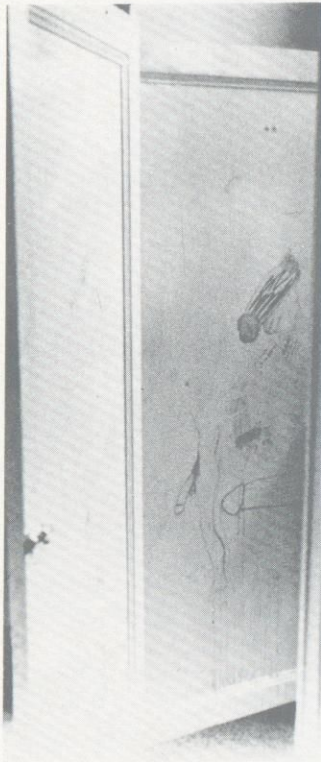
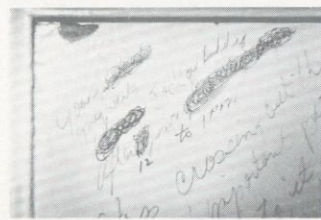
In London in 1731, a man with the unlikely name of Hurlo Thrumbo wrote and published a book entitled *The Merry Thought, or The Glass-Window and Bog House Miscellany*. It was a collection of writings on drinking glasses, windows and toilets (then called bog-houses), and it seemed to concentrate on the "wit and wisdom" the author found in those places. His main complaint was that these writings were so temporary and were easily lost, what with the glasses and windows so easily broken and the walls so often "new-painted and whitewashed" by "cleanly landlords." He felt it was his duty to literature to compile these writings in a book so that their "profound learning and wit" would be available to all who might be interested.

Thrumbo was right—graffiti is our most transitory form of literature, mostly because proprietors of restrooms and parks are so obsessed with appearance that they feel the walls must be kept clean and bright so as to appeal to their patrons. It is not uncommon, however, to see a wall which has been poorly washed, with bits and shadows of former verse and scrawl still visible. It was on such a wall in a Georgia university that I once observed a single line, written boldly in the middle of a recently-scrubbed bathroom stall partition: THIS WALL IS IN ITS THIRD PRINTING.



If you're thin & groovy
Come see me

want a
Chicago Dick!
make date



Graffiti has become a nationwide institution. To cover the whole gamut of anonymous wall-writing, in all the places it is found, through all the forms it takes and under all the subjects it deals with, would be the subject of many volumes. Sociologists study it because it is a mirror of social problems. Psychologists feel it is important because of the feelings it expresses. It is the concern of the police and other public-works departments because of the very fact that it often defaces public places. (*The Christian Science Monitor* recently ran a front-page story on the problem.)

But it is the purpose of this article to look at graffiti only from the point of view of the gay person who might see a fair amount of it in his daily life. It is sort of an overview of the types of writings to be found and a collection of some examples which I have come across.

In a 1972 issue of *QQ* (4:2:15), an article by George Desantis entitled "Graffiti King" told of a very accomplished artist whose drawings adorned the various restrooms at that author's college. Being a "john cruiser," he happened upon the drawings often and was even fortunate enough to meet the artist. That article described how the drawings of the "King" served as a "prelude to sex for gay guys and probably served thousands of closet cases and 'straights' who came to look and masturbate down through the years."

I, too, began "john cruising" in my college days, and although I have not had the fortune to see great works of art on bathroom walls, I have had many a good laugh and even a moment or two of rueful recognition at the gems of the English language I have found written there.

John cruisers (i.e., men who frequent public places in search of sexual or even social "contacts") inevitably spend a lot of time waiting and sitting around—stalling, as it were (you should excuse the pun). It is well known, in fact, that men will go back to the same place night after night, day after day, and rarely make a physical contact. They become "regulars," and sometimes even compulsive about their tearoom attendance. The thrill of anticipation—the possible contact—is what keeps them coming back. For the most part, of course, they are all waiting for their "ideal," a perfect creature who will come bursting through the door and take them "away from all this." This does happen occasionally, but it is more often the police than a "Prince Charming." Nevertheless, inveterate john cruisers keep returning, sometimes on a regular schedule, often shunning the very contacts they seek, preferring to "wait and see" if something better might come along.

During the time a fellow waits, he has to do something to occupy himself, so he will usually do one of two things—write or read. The guy who reads has been immortalized in one of the most famous graffiti-poems of all time:

SOME COME HERE TO SIT AND THINK
SOME COME HERE TO SHIT AND STINK
BUT I COME HERE TO SCRATCH MY BALLS
AND READ THE WRITING ON THESE WALLS

But it is not the readers who are most interesting. After all, they are merely spectators and are not really involved. When the reader begins to write, then we have something to talk about, something which is socially significant. And I am hereafter indebted to all those who have written on restroom walls, for the rest of this article will contain examples which are verbatim and absolutely authentic, down to the misspellings and bad grammar (which I have included exactly as it was found). I have neither made up any of these writings nor have I included any of my own wall-writings (which have been few, but highly articulate!).

In making a "tour" of the restrooms of America, one soon becomes aware of trends in graffiti just by observing the most superficial evidence. The fact is that most people write while sitting down—evidence, perhaps, of some degree of boredom. It is also interesting to note that writing which is right next to the "seat" is horizontal, while writing which is toward the front of the stall away from the "seat" is slanted. Furthermore, my observation in toilets all over the country has indicated that the last stall in a row invariably has more writing than the others, due to the fact that it is the most inconspicuous place to wait for long periods of time.

Some restrooms contain graffiti which expresses a cross-section of sexual interests; in others it is predominantly or exclusively gay. All-gay wall-scribbles indicate there may be more than occasional activity. But a curious thing sometimes happens: if a restroom is very active, one might find little or no graffiti. This presumably means that there is just too much happening for anyone to be sitting around.

Graffiti is found above urinals (BLOW JOB IN LAST STALL NOW), on walls and even ceilings (IF YOU'RE READING THIS YOU'RE PISSING ON YOUR SHOE), and invariably—even if every other surface is sparkling clean—on the plaster in the spaces between the tiles (ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT AND I'LL . . .).

The restroom that contains gay graffiti can be found anywhere. This writer has seen it in the washrooms of large churches, single-occupant outhouses at construction sites, even in the men's room of the United States Senate. Wherever I go, I cannot help but indulge my fascination and see what the local restrooms have to offer (in terms of writing!). This fascination does run deep, although I must assure you that I have never traveled more than 200 miles just to look at graffiti (might miss a development here at home).

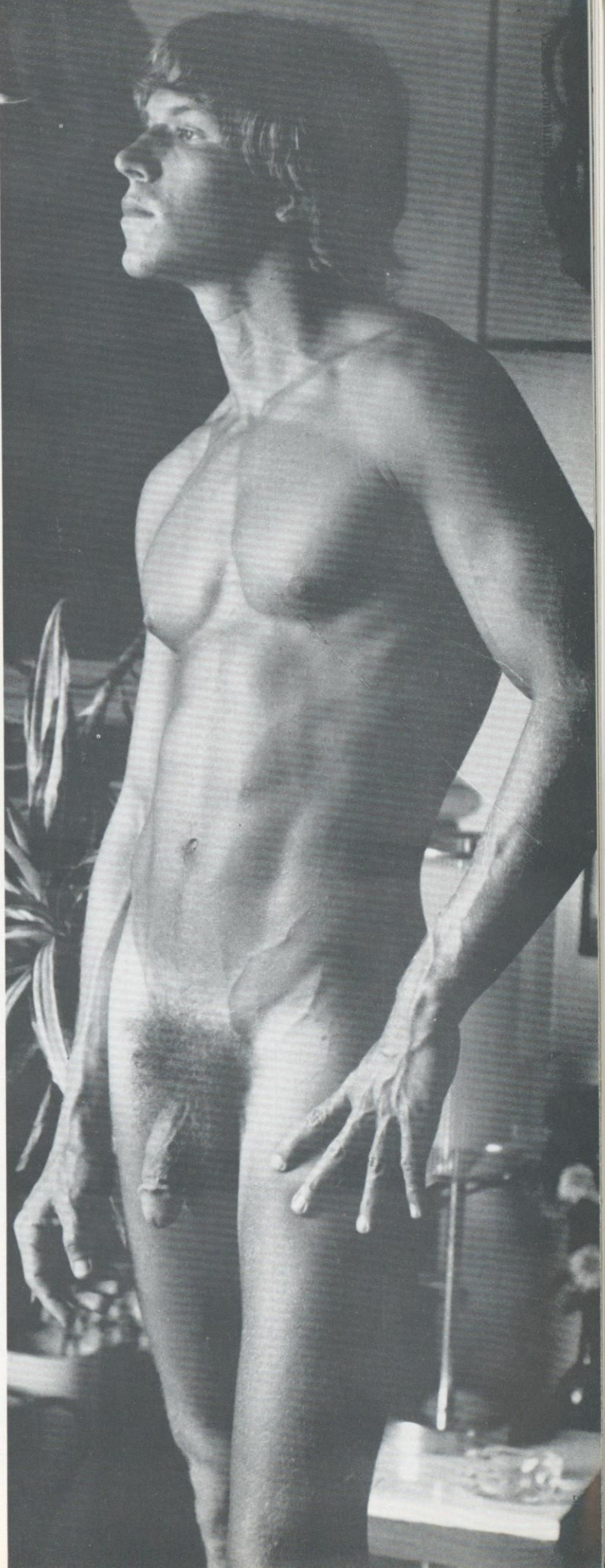
If you're out looking for graffiti and don't know where to start, there are some places which invariably have something, if not exactly what you're looking for. If they don't, either the building has just been built or the janitors are walking out the door with their wash-buckets. These places are the ever-popular bus station (train station for you early-Americana buffs), department stores, beach restrooms, YMCAs, truck stops and the perennial sure-fire college libraries (long may they wave). One out of three of these johns will also have a waist-high aperture in one or more of the stall-walls, known affectionately as a "glory hole." The reason for this hole is obvious, even to the casual voyeur, and it is a provable fact that where a glory hole exists there is decidedly more graffiti, and it is decidedly more gay-oriented, than in a comparable no-hole head. Even though the purpose of the glory hole is obvious, hardly one is ever found without the customary SHOW HARD FOR BLOW written beside it. Along with the famous MAKE DATE FOR SEX, these phrases are the most-often-seen words on privy walls. But if these were the only writings, restroom reading would be dull indeed. The variety and unpredictability of the human mind, fortunately, provides us with unending titillation and diversion, if we but seek it out.

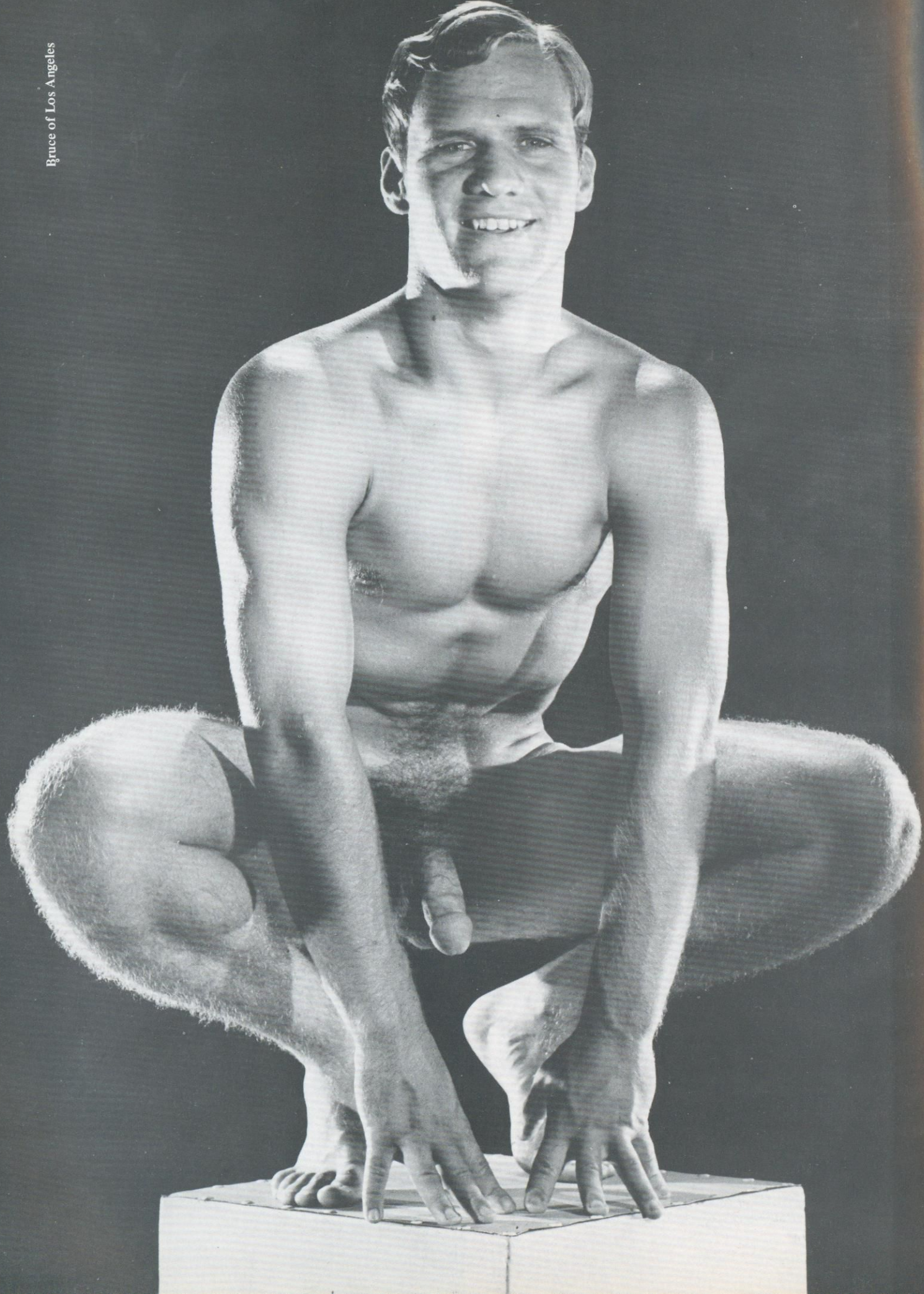
WANT SEX—MAKE DATE

WHERE IS THE ACTION? NEED SEX

CALL - - - - - FOR BLOW

Some writers are most direct in their expression. The above are examples of the no-nonsense approach. Of course, some are more inventive. While they deal with the same basic themes, writers who have a little more time can be downright entertaining. (Continued on page 48)





Get In Shape By Summer Diet & Exercise Plan

By Bud Parker

ONCE each year, about this time, we run an article to help you get back in shape by summer. If you've accumulated ten or fifteen pounds of unwanted weight over the winter, then this article will tell you how to shape up in time for the big Memorial Day weekend. Yes, you can actually lose ten, fifteen, even twenty pounds over the next four to six weeks if you follow a few simple instructions and put your will-power to work.

Let me repeat: The following plan is not intended to be used by heavyweights who have gained perhaps a hundred pounds of fat over the years. If you are obese I urge you to see your doctor and perhaps join *Weight Watchers*.

But if it's a layer of "smooth skin" you want to get rid of, or a spare tire, or that little bit of fat that has filled in the crack between your buttocks and upper thighs, then my plan will work. Starting today . . . decide you *will* be ready for summer, and you'll do it. Your reward will be total success on the sex scene because your body will look great.

DIET

The first part of the plan concerns diet. The first week you must go on a *low carbohydrate* diet. Eat all the proteins and—within reason—fats you want, but limit your carbohydrate intake to 50 grams a day. Let me simplify: Eat all the meat, fish, fowl, eggs, nuts and cheese you crave to feel filled, and use butter and cream freely—but watch those sugars and starches. You *must* refrain from eating cakes and candies because their high gram count will destroy your diet. You will need a carbohydrate gram counter—so go right down to your local health-foods store and get one for about a quarter. These simple guides are usually in book form and list foods and their gram content alphabetically.

The main purpose of a low-carbohydrate regimen—as far as I am concerned—is to get you off sweets, which are also high in calories. Now, for your second week, change to a *low calorie* diet. Again, you'll need help so get a calorie counter from the same store for about the same price. Plan your diet carefully and make certain you eat balanced meals which include a little bit of everything. Eat no more than 1800 calories a day—and try to make them up with the same foods you relied on while on the low carbohydrate diet, thus keeping sugars and starches (high in calories) down to a minimum. For your third, fourth, fifth and sixth weeks reduce your intake to 900 calories a day. Eat nutritious foods but rely heavily on artificial sweeteners such as *Sweet 'n Low*. Diet colas help quench one's desire for sugar effectively; one of my favorites is *Diet Pepsi* because it doesn't have an unpleasant taste when served very cold.

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Also, if you find it difficult to plan meals, then try some of those put up by *Weight Watchers*. You'll find them in your grocer's freezer and every serving is calorie controlled, thus eliminating guesswork on your part. Some taste good, others don't. Experiment with these, as well as other diet foods available at most supermarkets.

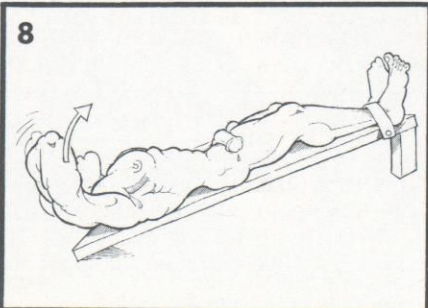
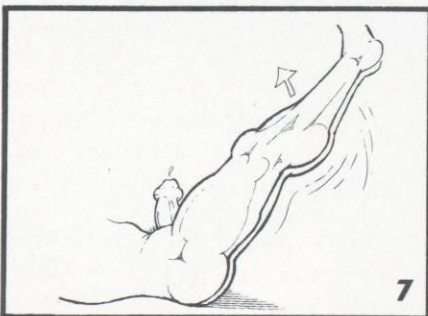
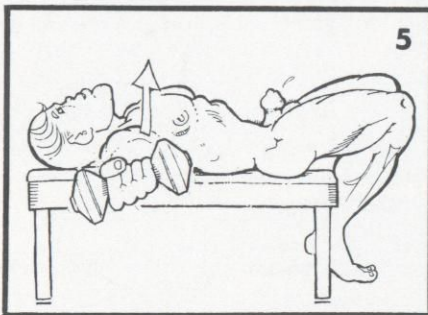
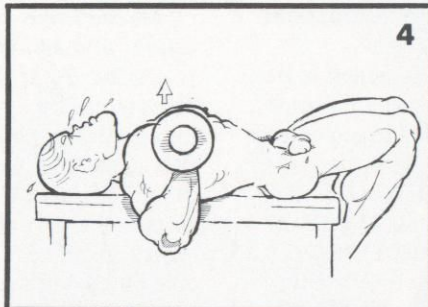
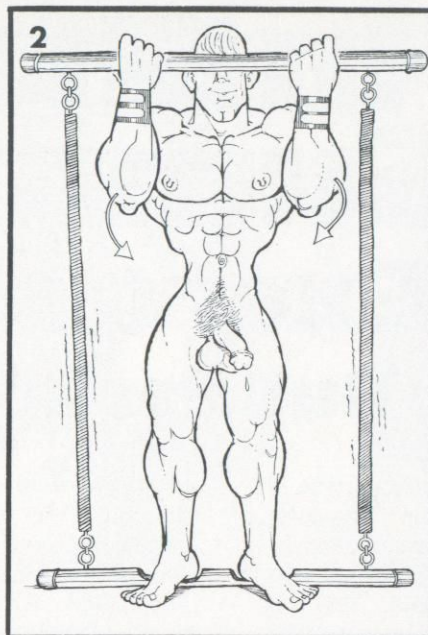
All the while you should take vitamins in order to make certain your diet is not starving your body of vital nutrients. It was by no accident that the guys at QQ chose *Natural Harvest*—which you can read about elsewhere in this magazine. This brand is superior, but the important thing is that you take vitamins—no matter what brand you use. Moreover, dieting sometimes tires one more easily so make certain you get about eight hours of sleep each night.

The final week—just before your grand beach appearance—take a mild diuretic, one which is sold without a prescription at your local health-foods store or drugstore. Follow label instructions and do not take if you have a kidney condition. The drug will eliminate excess water from the tissues (particularly the skin) which will help give you a "tight look." Do not take regularly, however, as kidney irritations may occur. Go light on salt, too, because it helps *the tissues retain water*.

EXERCISE

The second part of the plan concerns *exercise*. While dieting will strip you of unwanted fat, only exercise will help give you muscle tone and shape—and also help you lose a little more weight. Every other day, starting the first week, do only one "set" (unit) of 15 repetitions per exercise. Rest two minutes between exercises. The second week do two sets of 15 repetitions of each exercise. Rest one minute between sets and two minutes between exercises. The third week and thereafter do three sets of 15 repetitions of each exercise. Exception: You may do as many situps and leg raises per set as you like and you should do 50 side bends to *each* side. Train nude in a warm room and shower afterwards. Do not eat for at least an hour before working out. In the beginning weigh yourself once a week. Thereafter check the scale twice a week, and don't get discouraged at the outset if a loss does not show right away; it will come. Your mirror is your best judge.

Here's a simple routine anyone can do with an ordinary pair of 5- or 10-lb. dumbbells or spring set. If you don't have a doorway chinning bar you can rig something up, and if you don't have a slant board you can lie flat on the floor for situps and leg raises; you will simply have to do more because lying flat will cause less resistance on your mid-section.



1. Alternate Dumbbell Press. Stand erect, take a dumbbell in each hand. Bring to shoulder level, and with palms facing inward simply press upward in alternate fashion; as you push one hand skyward, lower the other. Do the same number of repetitions (15) each side. The movement should be deliberate and slow. This exercise is for the deltoids (shoulders).

2. Curls with Dumbbells or Springs. Take a dumbbell in each hand and "curl" them by starting at arms-hanging position with your palms facing forward, and then—keeping your elbows fixed against your sides—bringing your fists/dumbbells to shoulder level. Lower and repeat. If you use springs please refer to the illustration accompanying this article for stance. This is for the biceps (upper arms).

3. Dumbbell Triceps Press. Sit on a hard surface, such as a piano bench. Lean on one arm as shown in the illustration. Hold a dumbbell in the other hand behind your head—palm facing forward, elbow held straight up. Now, without moving your elbow (upper arm remains fixed against the side of your head) press the dumbbell overhead by straightening your arm (lower arm moves only from your elbow). Lower and repeat. Then do the same for your other arm. This is for the triceps (rear of upper arm).

4. Dumbbell Bench Press. Lie flat on an exercise bench or piano bench. Now, press your arms upwards, held straight over your chest. With a dumbbell in each hand, palms facing away from you, lower the bells to the chest by bending at the elbows and bringing them down. Press up again, lower and repeat. Inhale as the dumbbells come down, exhale as you press. This is for the pectorals (chest).

5. Dumbbell Flyes. Starting as you would for the Bench Press, dumbbells held up over chest, the palms should face inward this time (towards each other). Now, as you breathe in, lower the dumbbells to the side—keeping your arms rigidly straight in cross-fashion. Exhale and return to starting position. Do not bend the arms. This is also for the pectorals (chest) but unlike the Bench Press, which is mainly for building size, Flyes help shape the pectorals, giving them a "square" look.

6. Wide-grip Chins. Using your doorway chinning bar, grip it at its ends. Hang loose and slowly pull yourself up until the bar touches the back of your neck. Lower and repeat. This is for the lats (the slabs of upper

back muscles which, when full and viewed from the front, give your torso a V-shape).

7. Situps. Lying on your slant board, or flat on the floor if you don't have one, hook your legs under a strap or piece of furniture, clasp your hands behind your head, and sit up. Lie back and repeat. This is for the abdominals (upper part of the midsection).

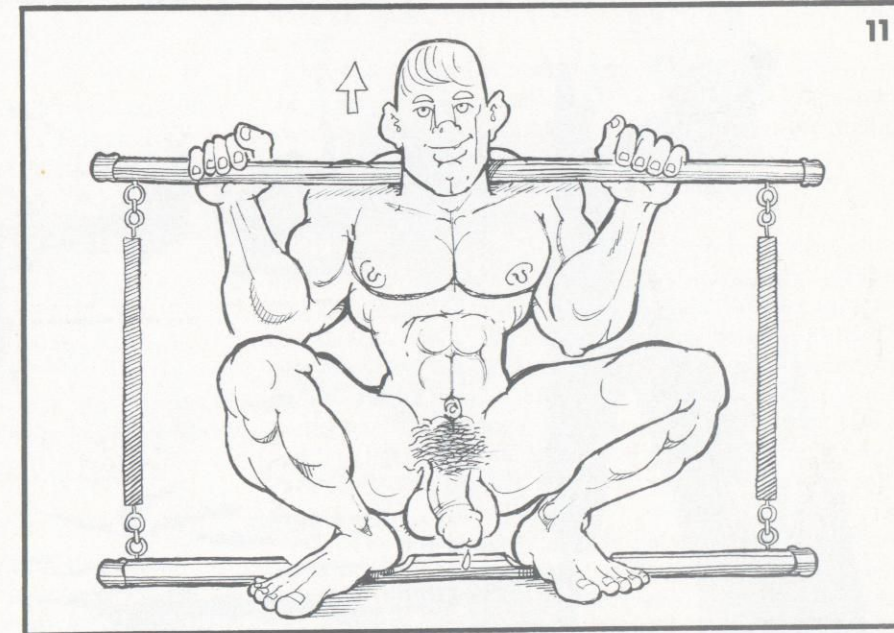
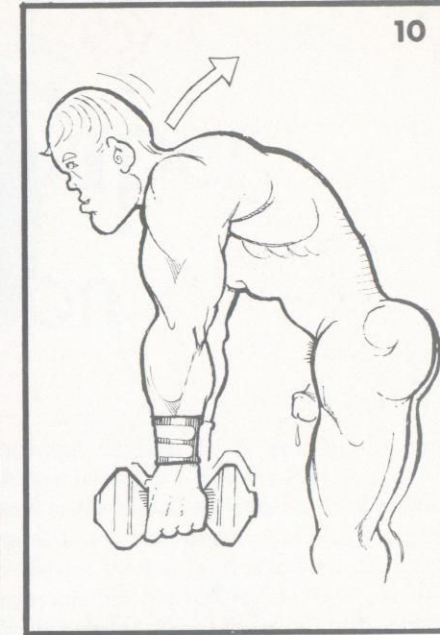
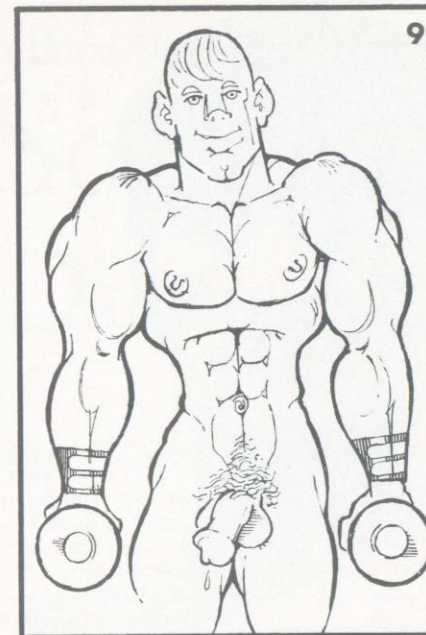
8. Leg Raises. Lying on your slant board, but with your head in the higher position, or on the floor—keep your legs straight and raise them until your toes are overhead (legs at right-angle to the upper body). Lower and repeat. This is also for the abdominals, but the lower part.

9. Side Bends. Stand erect and take a dumbbell in each hand with palms in at the sides. Now, keeping your legs and upper body straight, bend sideways at the waist—back and forth. Let the dumbbells "pull" you down. This is another exercise for the abdominals—the side portions.

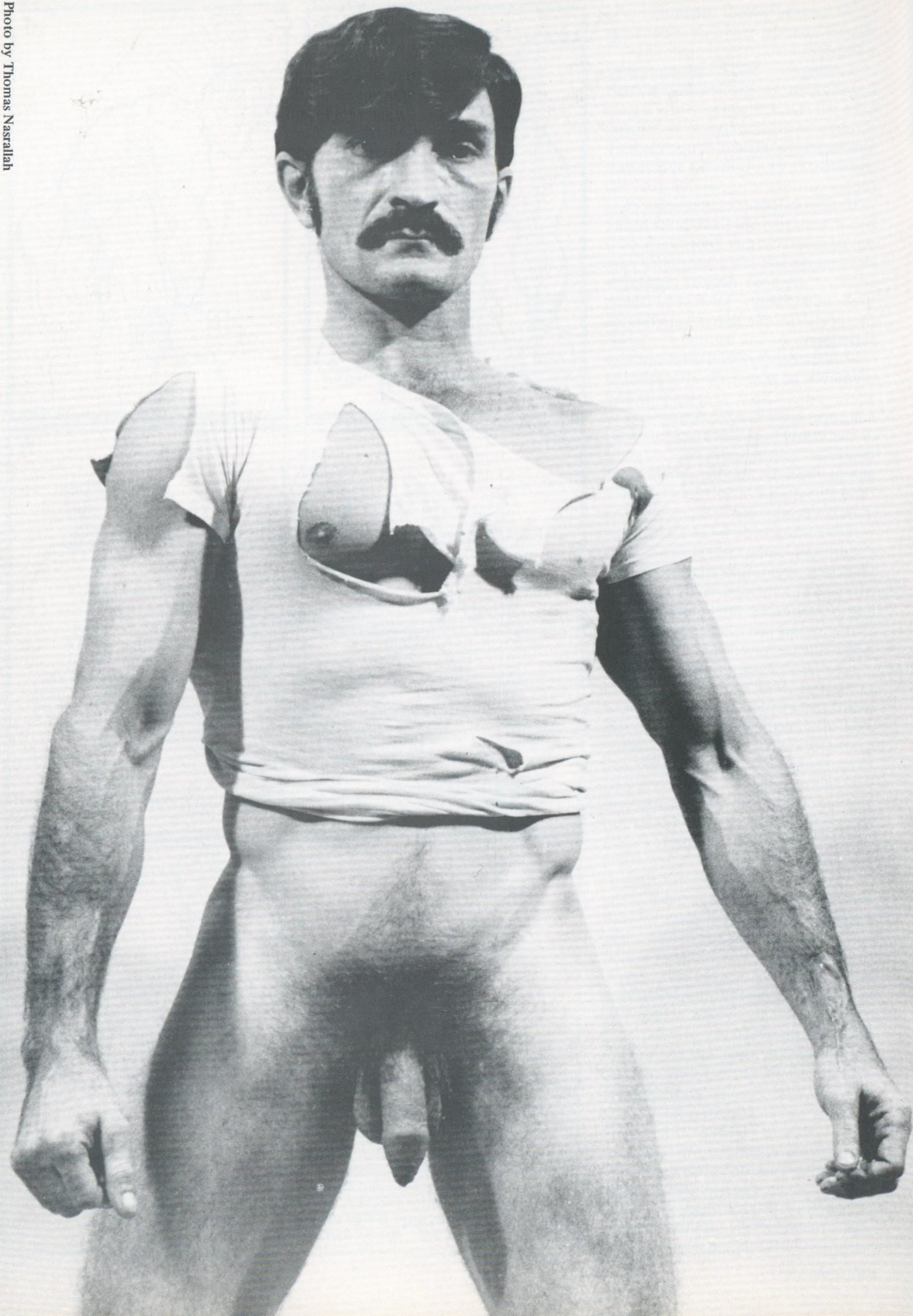
10. Bend-overs. Standing erect with a dumbbell in each hand in front of your thighs—palms facing inward—keep your legs and back straight as you slowly bend forward from the waist until your upper body is parallel to the floor. Stand erect and repeat. This helps trim the lower back.

11. Full Squats. Using a cable set as illustrated, or holding a dumbbell in each hand at the sides for resistance—start in a standing-erect position, feet spaced about a foot apart, pointed outward slightly—and then simply sink down until you are in a below-sitting position. Keep the back straight and return to standing position. Lower and repeat. This is for the thighs (upper legs).

12. Heel Raises. These may be done in a variety of ways. One of the easiest is to hold a dumbbell in each hand—arms hanging freely at the sides. Now, keeping your body straight—simply rise slowly on your toes. Lower and repeat. This is for the calves (lower legs) and you can make certain you attack the full muscle by pointing your toes forward, inward, and to the sides from time to time. If someone trains with you, then Donkey Heel Raises are possible. They're performed as illustrated—by you bending forward and resting your upper body on a desk or table while your friend "rides" you—his bodyweight directly over your legs (which must be kept straight). If you want to make the exercise tougher (and more) (Continued on page 54)



The exercises illustrated on these pages are fully explained in the article. They are: 1. Alternate Dumbbell Press. 2. Curls with Dumbbells or Springs. 3. Dumbbell Triceps Press. 4. Dumbbell Bench Press. 5. Dumbbell Flyes. 6. Wide-grip Chins. 7. Situps. 8. Leg Raises. 9. Side Bends. 10. Bend-overs. 11. Full Squats. 12. Heel Raises. By performing these exercises as outlined by Bud Parker, and by paying attention to your diet, you should be able to get in shape in four to six weeks, and stay that way. Art by Spread Eagle Studios.



An Original Book The Socrates Caper by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the sequel to "The Ebanykus Journal," a book which appeared in serial form in QQ Magazine throughout 1973. A condensation of "The Socrates Caper" will be run in six consecutive issues of this magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1975. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of several 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 . . . and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER I

WOULD you believe it? Ebanykus and I were sacked into our honeymoon apartment in San Francisco for only two weeks when we got a letter, sucking us back to grimy Manhattan. Getting away from New York for any length of time is like trying to escape a clutchy queen in an orgy room.

The letter came early one morning while Ebanykus was off to join H.I.M., one of San Francisco's gay organizations. Yeah, he hadn't changed a bit. The first two days in town, and he had to be into something.

The letter was dropped through the mail slot of our Shangri-La apartment and lay on the beige wall-to-wall carpet . . . a mauve, square envelope trimmed in gold leaf—a tiny, beckoning sentinel.

Dear Jonquil and Ebanykus,

Although not directly involved in the YOCK controversy, I followed the trial avidly as it so directly concerned the Gay community upon which I depend for my livelihood. I was able to read "The Ebanykus Journal" at Gay Now! Inc. the other evening, and they gave me your temporary address in San Francisco.

I am part owner of the Broadway Baths which is precisely why I'm writing to you now.

In brief, we are being threatened and I'm very much afraid powerful forces, other than police, are behind it. I shan't detail this for you, but the incidents have affected attendance appreciably.

My dear Jonquil and Ebanykus, how can I induce you to assist me? I shall pay you both handsomely, and shall be forever grateful. The matter is urgent. Call me collect as soon as you receive this.

*Hopefully, and most sincerely,
Elliott Sandhurst II*

He'd penned a phone number under the signature. The letter was written carefully in the same purple ink as the envelope, an old-fashioned, sloping hand, as if he'd scratched it out with a feather quill. I had visions of him sitting in front of a Louis XVI escritoire, the whisper of a blue ostrich plume fanning the candlelight. Lots of gold candlesticks and
May/June 1974

picture frames encasing Hudson River paintings. And Gramercy Park. He had to live in Gramercy Park.

Ebanykus got back around noon all juiced up. He rushed onto the patio where I was watering a clump of pungent geraniums with a martini pitcher, and squeezed me from behind. Now, Ebanykus ain't as tall as me; he's got tiny hands, and kind of a crazy habit of hunching up his shoulders when he walks, but, man, he's strung with steel wire! What a grip!

Mine ain't so bad either. The pitcher got swallowed up by the magic geraniums as I spun around to bury a kiss in his wet mouth like he was a first-time score. I never get tired of falling into that beautiful mouth.

"Hey, Jonquil," he hooted, "let's go to bed."

"Lemme find the pitcher . . ."

"Fuck the pitcher," he said, "it's your turn in the barrel." He yanked me by the arm through the glass doors and kept right on talking. "This Monday we're gonna zap the Mayor's office. See, they fired a guy who works for the city 'cause he had a Gay marriage at church last Sunday, and—come on, man! I talk better in bed."

He ran out through the living room leaving a trail of clothing behind, faded Levi's, construction boots, a frayed sweatshirt. I followed his bouncy, ivory buns, stripping down.

When I got to him he'd already slid under the blanket and was sitting up, his springy head of black curls splayed against a stars-and-stripes pillowcase, his sea-blue eyes opened to me like he'd never seen me before.

"The scenario has changed, Ebanykus."

"The what?"

"The scenario—the scene of action. We may not even be in San Francisco by Monday."

"Why not?"

"I got something to show you."

"You got gonorrhea—the crabs!"

"I could only get that from you," I said, jumping out of bed and dashing in my skinnies to the small desk in the living room, pecker swinging. I flew back to him, waving the purple and gold sheets in the air.

"Who's that from?" he asked, "Holly Woodlawn?"

"No. No—well, read it, Ebanykus, and you'll see how famous we are." I handed him the letter and climbed back into bed, scrunching close to his warm, hard body.

He read it silently, except for an occasional groan, or "ah-ha!" exclaiming when he'd finished, "Oh, man, who is this cat? He raps like a Greek scholar or something."

"More like a Victorian poet," I said.

"Yeah, well now I know why you been talking so funny. I thought maybe you'd been
(Continued on page 36)

ETHNIC DINING (PART 2)

HOW TO STAY SEXILY SLENDER ABROAD

BY TERRY McWATERS

KEEPING one's waistline tamed in the face of a never-ending banquet of rich foods while on vacation in Central and Western Europe is by no means easy to do. As we pointed out in the earlier part of this article (*QQ Magazine*, April 1974), the trick is not to count calories per food item/portion as one would do at home, but to eat sparingly of the many delicious foods . . . a bit of this and a bit of that, or—as we noted—to eat *less* of *lots*, rather than *lots* of *less*. That is also good advice from a medical point of view, and your liver and gall-bladder will appreciate your thoughtfulness . . . they won't be thrown out of gear by a concentration of a few rich foods.

But the farther east one travels in Europe—down to Asia Minor, and into North Africa—in general it may be said that the fewer foods one encounters, and their much simpler preparation, make the job of waistline-watching considerably less onerous, as we shall see this month.

Ethnic Dining in Greece and Turkey. One reason why you'll find it easier to stay slender in this part of Europe is the custom of dining quite late. For example, those pleasant little Greek *tavernas* don't even take the bolts off the doors until around 8:30 in the evening, and as a rule food service is not available until 9, or a little beyond. This will have given you a long sightseeing day, and climbing the Grecian hills can be pretty rough exercise! It can also work up a riproaring appetite. However, just to make sure that you don't completely cave in to your clamoring taste buds, while you're waiting for your antipasto have a glass of that unique Greek wine called *retsina*. There is simply nothing that will quell hunger pangs like this resin-flavored wine. In a strange way (known only to the mysterious Greeks) it acts to raise the blood-sugar level and thus the appetite is 'pre-appeased' to a great extent. Also, it has the effect of creating a desire for substantial foods, rather than frill foods, and so you'll likely dig in on some kind of lamb or veal, or perhaps fish or fowl.

Lamb, of course, is a staple of the Greek diet and has been since the days when lambs were sacrificial offerings to the gods. In general lamb, in both Greece and Turkey, is prepared in three simple ways: braised, roasted, or broiled *à la shish-kebab* on skewers, and since fats are minimal because of the simple preparation, what you get is just about all protein, thus gladdening the heart and keeping the waistline trim.

What thickens the waistline problem—and the plot—is what comes before and after dinner. Here is where one should exercise utmost caution. The typical Greek antipasto (not greatly different from the Italian) will contain many succulent olives—black and green—and these are calorically high. Two fat Greek olives will add up to 100 calories. Then too, that hunk of *feta* cheese on your antipasto plate, although crumbly—suggesting that it is low calorie—should be eaten sparingly. Greek and Turkish cheeses are made of

goat's and sheep's milk which has a greater concentration of fat than cow's milk.

Tarry long with the fresh, crisp (just picked an hour or so before dinner) celery and tomatoes . . . have an anchovy or two . . . and a dollop of that typical Greek dish called *taramosalata* which is cold, lemon-flavored red fish roe. Some call it caviar, but it is not. This will put you in the mood for a hearty soup and the favorite of most Greeks is *avgolemono*. It's a staple of every Greek menu. Avgolemono has as its base a low-calorie chicken broth, and egg yolks (protein) which give it its thickness and unusual flavor, plus lemon juice (low in calories) which gives it its spiky piquancy. Eat lots. It's filling and nourishing and won't use up many calories of your daily allotment.

You'll be tempted to do as the Greeks do and sop up any remaining soup with that crusty Greek bread. Made from unbleached whole-grain flour, it tugs at the appetite and one is tempted to plow into it and consume an entire loaf in one sitting. Don't. Settle for half a slice and ask the waiter to take the rest away. He'll look puzzled, even a little miffed, but just spread your fingers across your tummy and look sad and he'll understand right away.

Having tucked away your antipasto you can look forward to whatever meat course you may have chosen. And if boiled greens—especially dandelions—are on the menu (and when are they not?), be sure to have some. Nothing in nature packs such a vitaminic wallop as greens, and this must surely be why the Greeks are the ruggedest people in Europe. Boiled greens are an acquired taste for many, but once you have a dish of them beside you with a slice of fresh lemon to zest up their peasant goodness, you'll begin to feel almost *rapturously* healthy at once!

Greeks, like Italians, have a variety of pasta-type dishes. But since you know the overt dangers of these, let us warn you about the covert dangers of such Greek/Turkish salads as *scordalia* (garlic salad); *melitzanosalata* (eggplant salad); and *dolmades* (stuffed vine, usually grape, leaves). While the bases of these salads are quite obviously low-calorie greens or vegetables, they are excessively oily when prepared either the Greek or Turkish way, and since oil (any kind) prints out at 125 calories per tablespoon on any caloric chart, you can sense disaster!

What one should also be wary of are Greek/Turkish cooked desserts. Common to both countries, but having originated in Turkey, is that super dessert, *baklava*. Baklava is a first cousin to Sevastopol Schnitten we described in the preceding part of this article. With about 1000 calories per average portion one need only *look* at it and begin gaining weight. Baklava is a concoction of nuts and dripping honey fresh from Mount Hymettus. So settle for just a taste or two and call yourself a hero. However, if you feel your backbone turning to jelly at this point, quickly call the waiter and ask him to bring

(Continued on page 41)



GAY BOTTLAND

Island of Ruins And Roses

by David Bartel

IF your community supports an art cinema, or if—on the basis of an 'R' rating—some local theater shows 'gentle nudity', very likely that most beautiful Swedish color film *Hagbard and Signe* (or, to give it the title under which it was re-released, *The Red Mantle*) is now one of your most treasured memories.

As John Marvin pointed out in his excellent article on nudity and pseudo-nudity in the movies (*QQ Magazine*, April 1974), this is the Gothic romance that brought to gay attention that handsomest of all European film stars, Oleg Vidov, and which—in some of its many breathtaking scenes—showed us the nude magnificence of his body, as well as the nude gay Norsehorseplay of a thirteenth-century sauna. If you were as enthralled by the film as we were you saw it not just once or twice, but several times, marveling at the secret of its magnetism.

After all, we've seen much *more* nudity; nudity more pointedly projected; nudity from 'soft' pornudity to really hard-core nudity. So why was *Hagbard and Signe* so compelling? Why the urge to see it time and again? And why should this simple, forthright film with its absence of sexual complexities create such a throat-clutching thickness of silence and pent-up sexual desire among the gay audience that just the sound of an opening zipper would have blasted us all into a sea of boiling orgasm?

While there are many more psychological explanations than we can give, one that serves reason is that gay people, more than all others, are attracted by, identify with, and react to the Gothic in films . . . actors, period costumes, long hairstyles, set design, art, and—especially—the all-stops-out, hell-for-leather sexuality . . . all of which we take seriously whether it is serious or camp.

An example of Gothic camp might be any Dracula-type horror film that stars that Gothic camp, Vincent Price; or the Gothic mystery of the television film *Frankenstein* with Leonard Whiting and Michael Sarrazin. It is gay people who support even the *neo*-Gothicism of such films as *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* But we really come into our own in the Gothic *romance*. The free expression of love/lust so Gothic seems to free us, and we react to it instantly and strongly, even when the film concerns wild, free *heterosexual* love, as that of Heathcliff and Cathy in *Wuthering Heights*. But we reacted most intuitively to the implied homosexuality of men at arms, as expressed in *Hagbard and Signe*.

ROSES IN DECEMBER

One reason why this film was so sweeping in its effect was the stark realism of its

(Continued on page 42)

QQ



Bruce of Los Angeles

QQ's Man of the Month
Tony



book review



O.K., you can stop holding your breath . . . John Rechy has belched again; this time with **The Fourth Angel**, 149 pgs., Viking Press, 1973, \$5.95.

I adored *City of Night*, at least parts of it. I think John Rechy is adorable, at least his photo. And I really do wish he would write a gay *Gone With The Gentle Zephyr*, a blockbuster of gay novels. (I am equally sure he can.) But, my friends, I am sorry, very sorry, to tell you this isn't it.

The Fourth Angel is not so much as I said above: a burp; it's a fart, not one of the loud ones, the silent, smelly type. To save you the outrageous price of 4¢ per small page I'll tell you all about the plot, what little there is of it.

Diggit, there are these three very cool cats in El Paso (Texas, where else?), see, who think it's kinky to "get into people's heads." Once there, they "get all the shit out." Presumably this will make all the people groovy, and the world will then be rosy. Two of the cats are flat-bellied youngmen (that's the way Rechy writes it) and one is a girl, flat-chested, I suspect, although she is described as having a "full but slender body."

By the end of Chapter I they have recruited (picked up in a park—Rechy likes parks) the fourth angel who is all hung up over his mother's death a month earlier. (Rechy likes dead mothers, too.) They toss their uniformly long hair and toy with their purple shades, if you can imagine that.

Well, this unpromising quartet of teenagers apparently have nothing to do. The girl's ("I'm not a fucking chick.") old man gives her so much bread, man. The phraseology is Rechy's. So they tool around El Paso in her shiny, expensive new car, looking for weirdos to hassle when they aren't too stoned.

Surprisingly enough, they aren't even very good at that. They do entrap one poor guy out of a gay bar's parking lot. They lure him into a condemned house, more depressing than the parking lot, but I suspect that's symbolism, but they blow that scene, too. They are too busy going "Oo-eee" and "Zoom!" and "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!" (I counted) from their childish acid trips. Children, for those of you who don't know, are definitely not angels.

And, for those looking for their gay porno kicks, there is one tiny gay rape, but it's one of the four angels fucking another, and by then (pg. 145) we couldn't care less; spaced just a bit too far out.

The book ends, mercifully, with the girl crying into the cold wet sand of a deserted island (more symbolism, you guys) after she insisted, "None of us will ever, ever cry again!" one page back. Dig all that deep shit, man.

So, ask yourself into which file cabinet or waste-basket did John Rechy dig—excuse the expression—to dig up all this crap. Then ask why. I've caught myself wondering, as I read each page, how refreshing it would be if there were a small apology on the back of the book jacket, something like, "Sorry, I needed the money."

Well, maybe he does, you know. But I'm not very excited about the idea of his getting it out of our pockets, not with the reputation he earned as a good gay writer with *City of Night*. **The Fourth Angel** is a literary rip-off, and I suspect its sales will be about zilch. I hope so.

But whether it's the marketplace bomb it deserves to be or not, as I've said before I hope John Rechy can keep going, and I don't mean tripping, until he's written a truly great novel for us. There is some fantastic competition nipping at his heels and they are moving up—fast.

Lest this sound like an attempt to soften a blow, let me repeat that I think Rechy is really capable of doing us a great job (and a not insignificant favor) of putting the contemporary gay world on the hard-back page. He has demonstrated that once, beautifully, but now, after his fifth novel—four bummers in a row—he'd better get on his ball-point stick.

The Fourth Angel is an outasite drag.

—Orlando Paris

GLORY HOLES (Continued from page 7)

into sexual *synergy*, however vicariously; masturbating while watching an also-aroused opposite number in the next cubicle.

3) By bringing into his sexual orbit a *straight guy* who, perhaps being defeated once too often in his search for sex of his own choice, is not averse to being done as trade through the glory hole, since the blanket of anonymity covers him . . . and who, should his identity become known or surmised, can't very well impeach the gay guy who is doing him (and who, having gone *this* far and finding that it delights him *this* much, might be tempted to go 'all the way' and increase the local gay population by one!).

STRAIGHT GLORY HOLES

It is surely within the realm of credibility that often the glory hole in an uptight community is the secret handiwork of a straight individual who, being something of a voyeur at heart, really wants to be done as trade but lacks the "pretty wit" to make an overt pitch. Some sexologists hold to the belief that this is the true reason for the coming-into-existence of the glory hole.

They cite many instances. For example: the young man in a high-morality town who, having treated a local girl to whatever constitutes an 'evening on the town', and getting a "No . . . we *mustn't*!" when the action seems to be getting past the dry fuck stage, is driven out of his mind with frustrated lust, seeks the nearest glory hole for relief.

Somebody will be there . . . *sex* will be there . . . the feeding of a hungry mouth. This is psychologically tantamount to having sexually scored for the evening. He has not lost face . . . his genes are still hopping like Mexican jumping beans. In this meeting of unseen faces each has satisfied his sexual needs in his own particular way. Sex has been compensatory in either case, and further traffic between them need never recur.

Yet, given the premise of such examples, we still believe that the gay graffiti/messages around most glory holes suggest that they are usually gay-inspired ventures. Talent is involved . . . we have it. Then too, in many cases glory holes act as 'convocation halls' for the few who make up the clandestine gay society of a hidebound community. Being unable to communicate in our special lighthearted, campy way, the glory hole represents a line of social communication at very least, and a sexual safety valve at most.

RURAL PEEP SHOW

The horniest, humpiest guys you may ever meet are in small towns across America—particularly in the farm lands of the Midwest. Farm boys have that super-healthy look of being born to the plains. Phallically they are huge, hard, proud of it and eager to show it—any time and all the time—at just an inquiring look or the drop of a sexy word. Readers of the former *The Young Physique* magazine will fondly recall the wonderful, sunny pictures of young farm lads and Midwest high-school athletes by Troy Saxon. How they all seemed to be 'listening' for sex . . . thinking about it . . . pulsating with it . . . panting for it. There was always the

additional turn-on of an outdoor john or a barn or a toolhouse (if you'll excuse the expression) that seemed so sexily convenient. How natural it all seemed.

Sophisticated gay guys from the city often underestimate the sex potential and drive of country boys. With their clear skin and open look they project a kind of perpetual unspoiled innocence. But don't be fooled. They're wise . . . how very, very wise! That wide-eyed look disarms because being naturally curious they are eager to discover everything about sex . . . right now. Sex is an always exciting dare to them. The mere mention of it and you have a heavy listener.

They've known since babyhood that the phallus is meant for more than bladder relief. How could they not when they see animal reproduction all around them, and invariably carry on with woolly lambs, gay cows with licky tongues, or horny goats? If a rural Bo Peep has lost her sheep she'll know darned well where to find him. He'll likely be in the corncrib getting a ram up, the rectum he'll never forget. Baa-baa, black sheep, indeed. Baa-baa, *any* kind!

In their eagerness to put together the human sexual puzzle they go to any and all lengths. Therefore, don't be surprised, when you stop off in a rural town and ask a handsome youngster on the street where the nearest john is, to find his levis standing instantly at attention! The connotation of *john* with *sex* is electrical.

Either he will escort you there personally while talking up a blue fog all the way (even, with typical native courtesy, putting a nickel in the slot for you), or direct you there . . . and no sooner will you have unzipped than he'll have silently come into the other cubicle! "Had to go, too!" he'll laugh merrily across the way, although he may be unable to pee a drop. It's his conversational bridge . . . enough to keep you there until he can figure you out (or, often, you him). The approach is honest and direct. He takes little time leading into his real interest—*s-e-x*. However naive it may seem, it is a sexual approach that denizens of gay bars—ever in the search for new conversational ploys—might utilize.

Glory holes in small-town johns are much larger than one finds in large cities. This is because they serve various functions/needs. There is—at the outset—absolutely no stigma attached to them. Yet, paradoxically, New Yorkers are 'always a little uptight about them.

Gay guys worry that the security guard may be lurking outside, or that the fuzz may have the john staked out for a periodic check. But for a small town not to have glory holes in its public johns would be unthinkable . . . and for them to be hassled by the police? . . . never! Glory holes are a rural way of life. First, they are conversational conduits . . . next, they are windows for those curious about the size and shape of things to come. With such a dual function, time, and the need for friendly togetherness—sexual and social—even more than as an accommodation for ever bigger phalluses, have seen them whittled to larger dimensions day by day.

Thus while they certainly see plenty of action—all quite casually arrived at and savored—such action can be as casually switched to talk about the weather, or



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

DIAGHILEV

IF it hadn't been for Sergei Pavlovich Diaghilev—to be known ultimately simply as Diaghilev—ballet throughout the Western world might never have reached the refined stage of development it has. For Diaghilev brought it out of Russia, where it had been bottled up tight for over a century, and started the

wave of excitement for the art in Europe that eventually led to the founding of the great Western ballet companies that thrill balletomanes today.

Diaghilev's famous Ballets Russes was the granddaddy of them all. The company was put together in 1909 when (Continued on page 44)

It's Better In Pairs!

Who's Who Among History's Lovers

By Rob Arrington

Pisces



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:

RENAISSANCE LOVERS

Italy was the home of famous lovers, not only during the conquering centuries of the republic and empire periods, but during the Renaissance as well. Although homosexual love was very much in evidence during that period of intellectual, esthetic, and spiritual reawakening, it existed under an opprobrium and censure that didn't make it easy for a gentleman to pursue another gentleman in matters of love.

Leonardo da Vinci was one who suffered from the narrow attitude of homosexuality during the period of the Italian Renaissance. As a youth he was denounced in a public notice in Florence that branded him a sodomite. This bad experience was very likely what caused him to avoid emotional entanglements during much of his reclusive life. He managed this in spite of the fact that his great handsomeness and charming personality attracted all sorts of (Continued on page 46)

whatever—without embarrassment, or loss of face or erection—when someone else whom both may know enters the john. There's no scurrying away, followed by a pregnant hush, waiting for the sound of zip-up and shuffle-out. It's not as though the proscenium curtain had been lowered swiftly on a rousing Act I. Rather it is as though a scrim curtain had floated across the stage to indicate a passage of time or a change of mood . . . until the intruder leaves and mood can be reestablished. And it all happens with such good humor, such native grace, good manners and with such perfect timing that lovers need not miss more than a tick or a lick or a stroke!

Thus the small-town glory hole can be fraught with almost unbearable sexual excitement one second, and yet be as folksy, friendly and casual as a church picnic the next. And while the intruder undoubtedly knows what's been going on, you may be sure your secret is safe. He, too, has been a celebrant at this orifice many times himself—as trade or mutual sexist . . . and tomorrow may be his lucky day.

To those who ask "But in this age of sexual liberation when you can practically sex it up in the streets, who needs glory holes?" The answer lies here in these nostalgic glory holes of Smalltown, U.S.A. lying—as it always will—in the fact that the more 'closely' a town is, the more glory holes one finds. They are a refuge for those who have serious thoughts about gay sex, or more erotic sex than the mores of a town freely recognize . . . thus they are escapism and realism at the same time. They need no defense. To so many they mean so much more . . . they think of them not as glory holes, but holes of glory.

NOSTALGIC GLORY HOLES

For gay people past thirty-five the demise of the train and the updating of the town library robbed them of a vital avenue to sexual activity, for surely there was no train station across this broad land that did not have a glory-holed john. Likewise the public library. Of course with the acceleration of modern travel, train station after station closed its doors. Fortunately for us all, many of these stations still stand and with the energy situation as it now is—and which seems destined to grow worse—trains will soon be running regular schedules, and glory holes will be doing a thriving business once again. For example, note the resurgence of stations across the country now served by Amtrak.

Of course in large cities where suburban train travel is the lifeblood of business, service has never diminished, nor has the traffic in the johns. Amusingly, these stations and their johns are being updated with some frequency, but no matter how 'secure' the architects make the johns—even to the point of steel-plating the cubicles right down to fourteen inches above the floor, they reckon without that clever gay guy who carries a mini blow-torch in his summer purse and can cut a glory hole to order in just minutes! Is there no stopping us? Ah well, as they say, "necessity is the invention of Mother," and this is simply an updating of an older technique, for in more nostalgic days when gay people were not so suspect by railroads, and the partitions of john cubicles were made of wood, one

simply carried along an ice pick and got through to the trick in a trice, without trouble and loss of valuable tricking time. Station masters, seeking to outwit us, boarded up the holes, securing them with heavy screws. However, our gay brothers, impervious to such shenanigans, always took the precaution of bringing along a heavy nail file, a small screw driver, or a saw, and proceeded to undo the mischief.

The public library was always a safe haven for gloryholers. Until larger and still larger Federal grants were made to them, such libraries operated on a very low budget. The librarian was usually an older woman sadly underpaid, and her assistants were female trainees, and so the only guardian of the john was, if any, the janitor, who, being elderly usually, couldn't have cared less what was going on.

While to the interested observer the library was a very busy place, many who came in were not interested in books and headed for the john with almost unseemly haste. Now, however, outwitting the larger library staff has become stickier . . . the grants have made possible many 'improvements' in the john situation and so one must work harder and more deviously to get what one seeks. Yet in the end we triumph.

In this respect it may be of some interest to mention that in a particular building on the Bloomington campus of Indiana University there is a john that's heavily patronized by gay people throughout the day and early evening. Yet with all the university's vast resources of knowledge it cannot solve such a simple architectural problem as how to seal off glory holes and/or prevent their being 're-formed'. No way has been found to stem the flow of gay traffic in the john—nor to cope with those who wield big can-openers used to unplug plugged glory holes as quickly as they are sealed.

GLORY HOLE WITH CHARACTER

Rivaling the baroque glory holes designed by Palladio in the sixteenth century were some found in the New Orleans ferry stations in their heyday. One was chiseled into the partition of purest Carrara marble—the glory hole being the open mouth of the head of Bacchus with his grapes, giving it a kind of double-fuck/double-suck sensation!

TURNSTILE COMMERCIALISM

Of late there has begun a creeping commercialism in john traffic. Currently this may be noted in so many gas stations where, because there is practically no gas to sell at various shortage times, the enterprising proprietor has resorted to turnstiling his john for gay sex. This 'look the other way' deal allows him to charge not just the usual nickel/dime for the weary traveler to relieve himself, but several dollars 'security fee'. Thus in areas where sexual housing accommodations are not possible or feasible, the commercial john—particularly those with glory holes providing local studs and transients with opportunities galore—serves beautifully.

A much earlier example of turnstile commercialism must be familiar to many who made the Coney Island scene some years ago. In an alleyway just behind Surf Avenue, the street nearest the ocean, there was a public restroom under the elevated subway tracks. It housed ten busy stalls

S-E-X! IN A BOTTLE?

For 5,000 years millions of Orientals have steadfastly maintained that Ginseng has great merit as a rejuvenator and aphrodisiac. The Chinese administer Ginseng to their sick to restore health. Healthy people use it to resist disease and make themselves stronger. Men past 40 use Ginseng to avoid climacteric (symptoms of menopause) so common among Westerners at this age—and attribute their ability to procreate children at the age of 60 or 70 and over—a happenstance which is not rare in China. So treasured is this herb that wars have been fought over it in China . . . that it has been valued in the past at \$3,200 a pound . . . that Ginseng roots are given by the family elders to the bridegroom on his wedding day!

The Russians have spent an enormous amount of time and money researching Ginseng—and it is presently being taken by their athletes. But here in America practically nothing is known about the ancient herb. Claims made in the Orient are dismissed as "imaginary" and U.S. government agencies strictly forbid an advertiser from proclaiming that Ginseng has any value at all.

In personal experiments made by the publisher and editors of QQ Magazine, Body and Ciao! it was found that sexual potency was increased—but we are unable to substantiate this. We make absolutely no claims as to its value. Countless articles have been published in Establishment magazines—and we personally believe that 50 generations in the Orient simply cannot be entirely wrong. You make up your own mind.

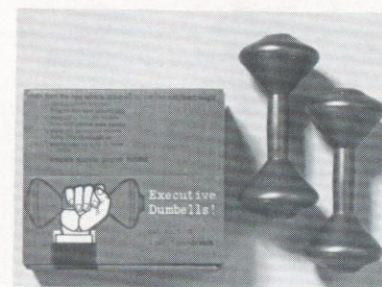


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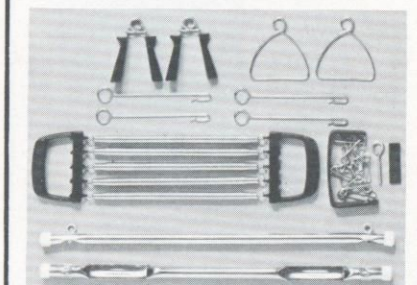
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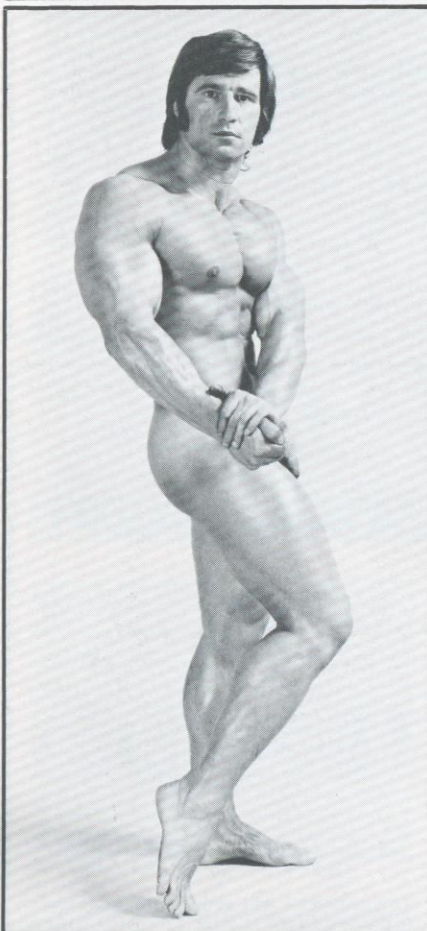
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... five on one side of the room, and five on the other... each set being 'interconnected' with glory holes. Sara was the turnstile attendant who—though long wise to the rest of the ways of the world—could never quite understand the riddle of gay sex. Seated at her usual position at the turnstile, making change for the ten-cent admission, she had a direct view of the floor of the johns and never ceased to marvel at what she saw. Somehow she could not understand why—judging from the shoes she could see—people were turned in the most unusual directions when they were supposed to be sitting on the pot!

'Sara's' eventually closed—thanks to a greedy proprietor who began charging regulars \$5 and \$10 for the privilege of sitting undisturbed for hours. Asking patrons who were unwilling to pay only frightened closets who wanted anonymity—and silence.

But don't let it be said that you can stop a guy who digs glory holes—as the owner, who indulged in the delights of his own establishment, has proved. Now retired, he spends his days in Connecticut carving new holes in public johns across the state. His favorite haunt is the Danbury State Fair each fall—when he moves in with a linoleum knife and cuts square holes in the makeshift wooden john partitions—preparing to spend long afternoons in the can.

Truly—he lives a glorious life!

Ed. note: In our travel articles in QQ Magazine, and particularly in Ciao! we give locations of glory holes in areas being discussed—such as the ones in the johns at 6th Street and on the Municipal Pier at 1st Street in Miami Beach (see the April 1973 Ciao!). If you have a particular favorite please tell us about it so that we may pass the information on to our readers, thereby doing our part to help keep a piece of Americana from vanishing.

...

GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER

(Continued from page 8)

is accommodation, not passion. There's no reciprocity; each seeks to satisfy himself and so it is easily possible for each to be 'serviced' in his own way—actively or passively—without the pulsebeat of either climbing even one point higher than the normal 72. And any slight perspiration that occurs is just the result of so many foot-pounds of honest labor by the aggressor. It's always uphill for him.

Because many gay individuals believe they cannot, or do not wish to have sex as a dual or tribalistic involvement, they often abandon sex entirely—much too early in life—because they have painted themselves into a sexual corner, feel there's no way out, and grow tired of repeating the same sexual clichés... yet fear to broaden their sexual outlook. Variety is important to everything in life, and to sex it's indispensable. And so it is with the thought of helping our brothers who, in the belief that they are really grooving to a non-reciprocal sexstyle—but who may actually be in a rut with it—that this article, in part, is intended.

We are not trying to make swingers of you overnight, but if you have refrained from

the give-and-take of reciprocal sex—while in your secret heart-of-hearts you really *would* like to make it totally with someone, yet are restrained by reasons known to yourself (and more likely *unknown*), and have arrived at a sexual/emotional stasis, then first make an attempt to understand your inhibitions in order to purge yourself of them.

Your sexual reticence may be—

a) Because of a deeply inbred shyness that prevents sexual aggressiveness with gay others of great sexual expertise who demand a lot from any encounter. Or,

b) Because you may have been the only gay person in a small town and now, footloose but not yet fancy free in a big gay town, you conclude that your own attempts at cruising active gay guys would betray your unsophistication. Or,

c) Because you've done trade for so long you—with your first try at totality (starting from scratch, as it were)—might be so awkward in foreplay/sexplay as to turn him off—not so much physically/phallically, but because you're a puzzle to him—that the sex buildup, having arrived at a midway plateau, stays there too long as he tries to figure out your sexual game plan, and how he can fit himself in to help you pursue it. Thus inspiration, like sound—as acousticians say—"decays." Usually the scene has to be remounted... 'going on from there' is an anticlimax to a climax never reached. It usually means a waiting pause and doing it all over again from the beginning. Valuable sexual time is lost as he tries to figure you out... to solve the puzzle that is you.

SCENARIO FOR SEX

If you are the oral aggressor you will note how your lover's body tautens. At first this occurs in areas remote from the actual sexual 'arena'. The motion/direction of the upper body is in-drawn and downward... and as he bends his knees, that of the legs is upward. You catch your breath in wonder because you begin to sense the miracle of nature that is about to happen... and you marvel still more because *you are in control of it*. There follows a dizzying whirl of your senses as you and he seem caught up in the quicksand of a sexual vortex, the point of whose cone is the pubic area... and from which you can't, or wouldn't, escape.

His neck grows rigid—note how the muscles stand out like cords. His deltoids, widely far from the sexual seat—mound and bunch. His pectorals striate and crunch, and seem to be encircling a phallus of their own lying in the trough of the sternum. Nipples that only moments ago were soft and pliant and delightful to touch and kiss, are now hard and unyielding. And around the nipples you will note goose-pimples of ecstasy.

His chest, pink with good health, has—because of his steadily increasing heartbeat—become quite flushed. And it, too, seems to have changed in texture... steely now. His abdominals, relaxed during casual foreplay, stand now in bold relief, as if he were displaying them in a physique contest. His breath comes in great gulping gasps as his heart revs up another 10 beats a minute. The more erotic the stimulation, the faster the heartbeat, and the more labored his breathing becomes.

His blood pressure is mounting... the pulse rate escalates. If you can manage a quick glance, look at his inner thighs where

the big veins are now writhing serpents which seem to have a throbbing pulsebeat of their own. At this point he may suddenly lock his legs or feet or knees against/around you, depending on whatever position you are working from; he squeezes his buttocks in spasmodic rhythm. If you were to ask him why he couldn't tell you. But it is a reaction as old as time; subconsciously, instinctively/animalistically he is trying to help you bring him to orgasm by squeezing against you in whatever way the sexual position of the moment permits, and so applies pressure on his prostate gland—that source of all ecstasy. When you note this, remember that Mother Nature must have great love for her gay children because she has made the prostate gland so accessible to gay manual stimulation. So reach back with one hand between his legs and insert your forefinger in his anus... slowly and easily, until you go in far enough to touch his prostate gland. Stroke it and press it *very gently*. The gentler the stroking/pressing, the faster and more copiously you bring him to orgasm.

This can be done better when he is lying on his right side, facing you. It is the same position your physician places you when he gives you a rectal/prostate checkup. You should be very careful in entering the rectum with your finger. Before having sex you should have taken the precaution of cutting your fingernail(s) short enough so that they do not abrade the rectal tissue.

Also, if you have a trick with a very long or very thick (or both) phallus that, when erected, does *not* point directly outward, but insists on rising to a twelve o'clock high position, and you must alter your operational position and work from his side (your head toward his feet as he lies supine), his prostate is equally accessible. Also, if you're in the 69 position this upward/backward trajectory of his phallus is a real blessing since it may be taken far more deeply into the mouth than in many other positions—even to the uvula (quite a distance, actually), or—when you are more practiced, and the collision with the uvula does not gag you—slightly beyond. As you will divine in a moment's reflection, the prostate can be easily reached without hindrance.

The final outward and visible sign that the deluge is near, is when the scrotum—which in foreplay hung loosely—tightens around the testicles and what you see and feel is an exciting sexual mound—a unit, very much the same in appearance as when a cock ring is worn. This signifies that (a) the *corpora cavernosa* are now entirely filled with blood and the phallus is at its hardest... and (b) that the ductile *epididymis* leading from the 'semen factory' of the testes has ejected into the *vas deferens*, that long duct that carries the semen to the final ejaculatory channel, the *urethra*, and gives the signal to the contractile muscles to begin pumping, driving the load on its wildly erotic journey to the point of ejaculation.

For many, this natural functioning of the sex machine is enough, but as we have said, there are those of great sexual experience who seek more extended excitement... desiring to capture and hold this ecstatic moment much, much longer... and so, perhaps, with a whiff of popper they're off to Mount Olympus... and are, for a little while, not mortals, but gods!

May/June 1974

ANAL SEX

The anus is an extremely sensitive zone. Anal eroticism has its origins in childhood when a boy begins to take pleasure in excretion and grows curious about his anus. The feeling of 'wanting to go' will cause many children to delay the act of defecation as long as possible. Thus delayed defecation and actual defecation add up to a very pleasurable sensation. Already the boy is a sexist without realizing it.

This sensation continues all through life. It follows that anal intercourse is, in some ways, an extension of a childhood/adolescent pleasure. The feeling of fullness in the rectum caused by honest anal sex makes it all the more valid.

Unfortunately, many men approach their first anal sex encounter with considerable misgiving and, in consequence, make what should be the high point in a new sexual vista a turn-off. Of course, as the adage goes, "each pleasure has its pain," but the initial discomfort of anal sex for the first few times is minimal. And once the phallus has completely entered the rectum, from then on until withdrawal sex is one great ocean of delight in which both giver and receiver happily lose themselves, simply because sharp pain can be felt only in the sphincter where there are nerve endings—and not in the rectum itself, where pressure is the only sensation experienced.

The difficulty and discomfort are in the re-education of the anal sphincter whose muscles—always pressing outward/downward in expelling waste have to learn intake as well. It will pay great dividends of anal comfort if one who has never experienced anal sex will first practice with sex toys... dildoes of small to quite large size. By experimenting with various sizes for a week or so—always making sure that the dildo and anus have been well lubricated—the anal sphincter becomes so accustomed to its new duties that it will respond quite freely when the real thing makes its entrance. The trick is to relax; that is, to minimize tension in the sphincter. This can be done by consciously 'forcing out' as if for a bowel movement. Moreover, mental attitude—*wanting* anal penetration—promotes relaxation.

But what is of equal importance in making anal penetration painless as well as pleasurable is to experiment with your dildo using various sexual positions. You will likely find this position your most accessible one: (a) lie on your back... (b) raise your legs in a wide 'V'... and (c) if you can place your feet against a wall or the headboard of a bed... (d) your buttocks will rise slightly... and (e) free your anus for entry. Then (f) insert your dildo gradually until it is completely in and you can begin to operate it back and forth as if it were an actual phallus. This may seem a bit gingery, but it is suggested so that you can feel the contact and pressure on the prostate gland without injuring it with inexperienced jabbing and poking. Once you've contacted the prostate gland you'll know it, and you should then begin squeezing your buttocks muscles gently to exert a little more pressure on it. By taking these elementary precautions you can easily and fairly quickly accustom your anus/rectum to receiving a phallus of huge size.

If you grow so 'hoist by your own petard'

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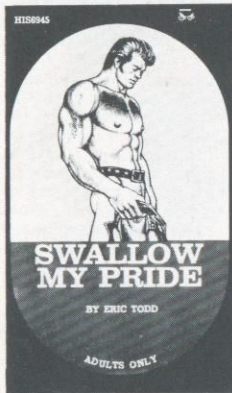
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that you advance to the fist-fucking stage, your earlier experience with the largest phalluses will have proved valuable. Some men just don't and will never accept the idea of fist-fucking . . . but there is a growing legion of those who would be unhappy with anything lesser. Caution: Since the rectum/colon cannot sense sharp pain it is imperative that you engage in passive fist-fucking with experienced partners only. Care must be taken not to injure the rectum/colon with sharp fingernails or hand jewelry, or rupture the bowel by twisting or jabbing the fist too rapidly.

Also practice anal entry, using your assortment of graduated dildoes in other positions. The reason for this is that you will be having sex with many types of bodies and phalluses pointing in different directions. Be prepared for anyone and anything. A stint of delightful homework will make it possible for you to size up any physique/phallus/anus situation and know how to give and receive with equal elan. You will be better served by learning the best operative anal sex positions. Refer to past articles in QQ, and to the manual *Gay Sex Techniques* which have covered this in complete detail.

A note of caution before we end our discussion of anatomized sex: If you are into anal sex, no matter if you do not experience much difficulty with even the largest phallus, take the precaution of having a rectal checkup about four times a year to prevent—among other things—cancer. The physician can tell in an instant whether the prostate/colon is in trouble. A little precaution will help you enjoy sex even more . . . all your life, without recrimination.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE SOCRATES CAPER

(Continued from page 23)

tricking with an encyclopedia salesman

“Well, should we do it? What do you think?”

“This guy's letter spooked your head.”

“Shall we split for the Big Apple?”

“What?”

“Fly back to New York . . . to help Sandhurst. Think of the fun we'll have, hangin' out at the Broadway Baths.”

“You and your sex drive,” he said.

“Come on, Ebanykus, be serious.”

“Okay. Let's fuck.”

“Oh, man, that's all we been doing since we got here . . .”

“So?”

So we did.

And more than fuck. I mean, it gets better each time with him; unexpected things happen, like never thinking who's gonna do what. But once I get my mouth around his cock or my wet tongue into the round, warm nest of his balls—or my crotch against his backside—or his against mine—or whatever—man, it's the old cliché fireworks—a juicy, hard, plunging orgy. The popper industry's gonna go out of business if this keeps up . . .

Afterwards we called Sandhurst in New York. I imagined him walking through a gold-beaded curtain into a solarium thick with hanging lantana and potted palms.

A vigorous male voice—my first surprise—

QQ

growled, “Sandhurst here.”

“We're calling from San Francisco, Mr. Sandhurst . . .”

“Please!” he commanded. “If we're going to work together, it's Elliott! I told you to call me collect!”

“It's a hassle!” I answered. “And you said urgent.”

“Yes. So I did.” There was a pause.

“Ebanykus is on the extension,” I said.

“Oh, yes. Hello, Ebanykus!”

“Hi!”

“I believe I must have covered most everything in my letter. How soon can you get back here?”

“We haven't talked it over yet,” I said. “Perhaps Tuesday, if we're not in jail by that time.”

“Oh, come on!” Ebanykus groaned.

A woman's voice called out, “Elliott!” and he must have covered the mouthpiece because dead silence followed. Then, the commanding voice again. “I want you to get back to me as quickly as you can, please,” this time chewing the words carefully. “It is, as I indicated in my letter, an urgent concern for all of us. I had wanted you here tomorrow . . .”

“We'll have to talk it over,” I said.

“Tomorrow?” Ebanykus cried. “Hey, man, impossible, for chrissakes!”

“Well, at least by Tuesday. I want to put you both to work at the Broadway so you can investigate for me undercover, as it were. I'd be most appreciative. As I indicated, I will pay you.”

“Lay it on, man,” Ebanykus chortled.

We left it at that, telling him we'd phone our arrival time. As soon as I got back in bed with Ebanykus, he said, “I wonder who the woman was interrupted him? Isn't he Gay?”

“I dunno, Ebanykus. You wanna do it? Could be the YOCK hassle all over again.

“Yeah, sure, man. I wonder who the woman was on the phone?”

“Probably his mother,” I said.

We dropped into Newark the following Tuesday, late afternoon, a clear October day. Elliott Sandhurst II met us at the airport. Trouble was etched into his chiseled, aristocratic features, his full mouth tense, dark shadows smudging wrinkled skin beneath wide-set, pale-blue eyes.

He stood a head taller than us, coming on like an uptight father image, yet clothed in black leather from head to foot—oiled, ebony jacket, arm-length and belted at the waist; skin-tight pants and high boots.

His heavy hand gripped like a vise. Thick, gray hair matted over a broad forehead, and in spite of his haggard face, his weathered skin glowed pink in the late October sun. He hadn't shaved, but he had the clean smell of Irish soap. Gray whiskers dotted his square jaw. His appearance matched a kind of upright, straight-from-the-shoulder, no bullshit presence.

When we got to his car, it was almost exactly what I'd expected—an ancient white Jaguar sitting on the pavement like a fat, reluctant toad. I was surprised it moved. But it did, rolling and listing to starboard.

Ebanykus wallowed in the rear, mumbling things like, “Wow!” “Hey, man,” and “Far out!”

“So what happens now, Elliott?” I asked as soon as we'd slipped through the toll booth onto the Jersey Turnpike. “How'd May/June 1974

it go last Saturday?”

He didn't take his eyes off the road. He raised his square jaw into the air as if he were going to gnaw on a leg of lamb. And kept silent.

Ebanykus, recovering from his blush over the Jag's elegant wood paneling and built-in bar, leaned his curl-tossed head between us and asked, “Hey, Elliott, what do I do in this bath palace? Think I can cut it?”

Elliott bared a full set of perfect white teeth. “Oh yes,” he said. “You'll fit right in.” He frowned and glanced at me. His face was a maze of tension lines, and he lapsed into silence again.

We brooded all the way into and through Lincoln Tunnel. Then, just as he coaxed his fat Jag into uptown traffic on Eighth Avenue, he said quietly, “I'm being followed again. He caught us as we left the Turnpike.”

Ebanykus gave a grunt, and Elliott spoke through clenched teeth. “It's the same,” he said, “always the same—the cream-colored Lincoln. Watch, Ebanykus.”

Sure enough, a waxed Lincoln pulled up and stopped alongside—my side—at the red light at Forty-ninth Street. A youngish blond guy with a flat, pale face and wide, watery gray eyes grinned white fangs at me, coming on like a bedeviled Peter Pan. He snaked his right hand slowly across his chest to his left elbow. It held a gun, its barrel hole pointed at me like the asshole of an elephant.

“Jesus, duck, Ebanykus!” I yelped, slithering down.

“It's all right,” Elliott intoned, gravel-voiced. “It's only a threat.”

“Bullshit!” Ebanykus' muffled exclamation came from the floor behind me.

The light changed.

“He'll turn off at the next corner,” Elliott assured us.

He seemed so confident, I ventured up from my cowardly nest and peeked out the window. The eggshell tank got ahead of us and disappeared into traffic, right on Fiftieth to the east.

“Who the fuck was that?” Ebanykus demanded, crawling out of his shelter.

“I'm not sure,” Elliott replied.

I bit my tongue and said nothing. My heart was pounding like I'd sniffed a popper. I wanted to grab my lover and run for a jet that would streak us back to San Francisco. Ebanykus slumped into the leather.

Elliott sliced the Jag uptown through yellow lights, but was forced to stop at Columbus Circle. Turning to me suddenly, he said, “You'd better know what happened last Saturday.”

“Yeah, maybe we better . . .” Ebanykus growled.

“The precinct detective is a friend of mine, so we kept it out of the papers. I'm not paying off, you understand, but he's sympathetic. I think he might be in the closet—out of necessity. And anyway he knows the Broadway is clean of dope and crime.”

“Well, what is the dear closet detective keeping out of print?” I asked.

“Yeah—what, for chrissakes!” Ebanykus echoed.

“A young man was, well—” Elliott caught himself, raising one hand up from the steering wheel and slapping it down again. “Well—killed—strangled at the Broadway last Saturday night, on the third floor.”

That shut us up for a moment.

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He goosed the Jag through the Circle and up Central Park West. We darted through clattering traffic, but inside the Jag all was hushed silence. As he pulled up for another red light, he said, "He was—well, one of the attendants, Ebanykus. I dunno, maybe you'll want to back out of this. I hadn't thought they'd resort to murder."

"They?" I found my voice. "Who's they?"

"Well, whoever's trying to run me out of business."

"Look, man," Ebanykus said, "didn't anyone see who did it?"

"Are you kidding, Ebanykus?" I said. "The hallways in the Broadway are as murky as a meatrack on a moonless night. That's part of its charm."

"It was rather dark," Elliott agreed as he maneuvered through jaywalkers at Seventy-second Street.

"Eighty-first is best," I mumbled, "we're on Columbus across from the Museum."

"Yes."

"So how'd it happen?" Ebanykus asked. "I don't know. I just don't know. It was late. Not too crowded." He sighed. "We haven't had the crowds lately, I'm afraid, and now this has happened . . ."

"Didn't the police look into it at all?" I asked.

"Oh yes. We called them in as I said, but you know how they are. Their investigation was routine, to say the least. They questioned Gregorio and Gene . . ."

"Attendants?" I asked.

"Yes. Gregorio works the reception cage for me. And Gene Boucle, his friend, helps out with the cleanup. We only had one other attendant on duty, the boy who was killed."

"What about your friend, the detective?"

"He's doing everything he can, but he's not getting cooperation from homicide downtown. You know how it is with a Gay killing. Look, can we wait till we get inside?" and he wheeled into the curb like he was guiding Queen Elizabeth II into port.

In spite of the time bomb he'd laid out us, it was good to be home again to our shut-up rooms smelling musty, and even to greet the cockroaches scurrying for cover on the kitchen table.

We don't have much, Ebanykus and I, but what we've managed to put together is all ours and paid for. And familiar, you know—a colorless overstuffed wingback chair and sofa, both somewhat worn, given to us by Ebanykus' mother; scattered bent cane chairs used for dining; a new smelling inner-spring and mattress, lofted high in a corner of the living room with a view of Museum Park, the trees now tipped with yellow and gold. Even our chipped blue china scrounged from a flea market—chipped, but china—and a jungle of green plants, climbing philodendron, spiders and cornstalks, potted poinsettias and avocados—all we had thrown together to make a home . . . greeting us now like old friends.

I opened a window to let in cool, fresh Fall air.

"Who watered your plants for you?" Elliott asked. "They're extraordinary."

"Hippolyta," I said, "a friend of ours. You must remember her from the Journal."

"Oh yes. Hippolyta to the rescue."

"Yeah, man," Ebanykus cut in, "she's fantastic."

"Ebanykus . . ." Elliott started to walk nervously about the room, peering at the bookshelves and into pots, "Ebanykus, I would like you to go to the Broadway right away. I know it's rather sudden, but there's not much time to lose . . ."

My lover looked at me. "Well, sure, man," he said, "point me."

"You've never been?"

"Nope."

"You're expected. Introduce yourself to Gregorio. We'd go with you, but I'd rather you found your own way into the routine. We'll follow shortly. Gregorio will help you out. And you can get something to eat from Jeff downstairs."

Ebanykus shrugged and said, "Sure," then hitched up his faded jeans and bounced into the john to brush his teeth and change his shirt. When he came out, Elliott "pointed" him and off he went.

He sure was itching to go, damn it! He said, "See you later, man," and clumped out the door. I listened to his fading footsteps, going . . . going . . . gone . . . and becoming aware suddenly that Elliott was talking to me.

"What?" I snapped, coming out of it.

"I was saying, I'm very grateful you chose to help out." He fell into the wingback chair, a bundle of tension, smoothing down the perfectly smooth leather on his knee with his long fingers.

"Oh . . . yeah . . . well, what's the story?"

"The story is, Jonquil, someone's trying to get me to sell out the Broadway."

"Who?"

"I'm not sure. At first I thought it might be the Syndicate. They approached me about a year ago to front for them, but I turned them down." He spoke carefully with a grim smile touching his lips. "It's likely now they've got to my partners—one, or both. I don't know. I want you to meet them—dig into this and find out what you can. That's the first step."

He unwound from the wingback and moved over to the windows, pulling aside the transparent white curtain.

"And the police refuse to investigate the murder?" I asked.

"Not refuse. No. They questioned everyone—Gregorio and all the help. But it was hopeless. By the time Dick, my detective friend, got to the Broadway, we were cleared out."

"Do you know anything about the boy who was attacked? Did he have enemies? Was he whoring around or anything?"

"No. He seemed decent enough. He'd been working for me about a month. Gregorio knows him. And—oh, look here, Jonquil, I really don't think—everything's got out of hand. Honestly, I do need you and Ebanykus . . ."

"I hope you're not using Ebanykus as a lure to trap the mad strangler," I said flatly.

"Certainly not!" He sprang up and glanced at his watch. "We'd better go on up to the Broadway. I'd like to show you around. Jeff can fix us something to eat. An organic salad . . ."

"Yeah, well let's go! Not that I don't trust Ebanykus or want him like he's my exclusive property, but the Broadway ain't exactly Disneyland, is it?"

But, I suppose, the Broadway Baths is like Disneyland—not Tomorrow Land, nor May/June 1974

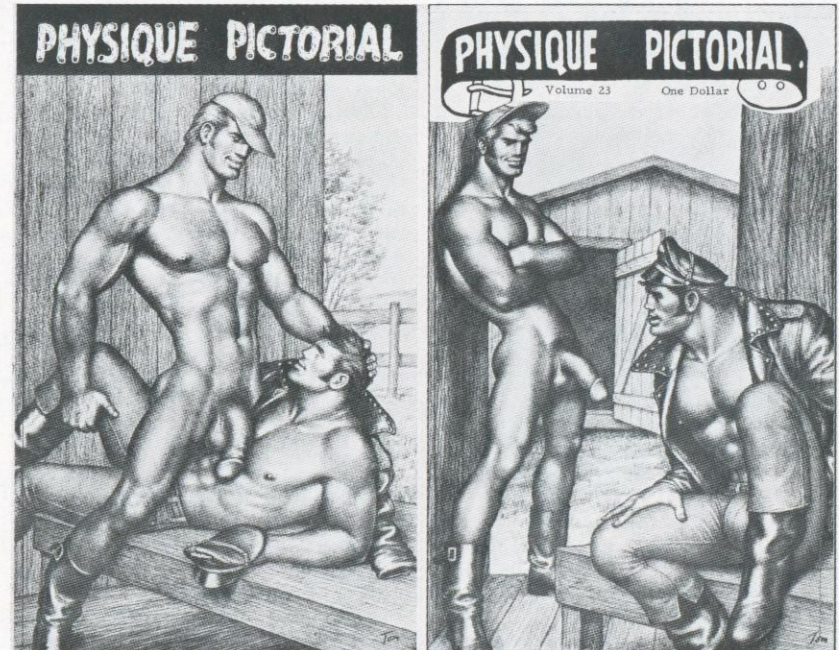
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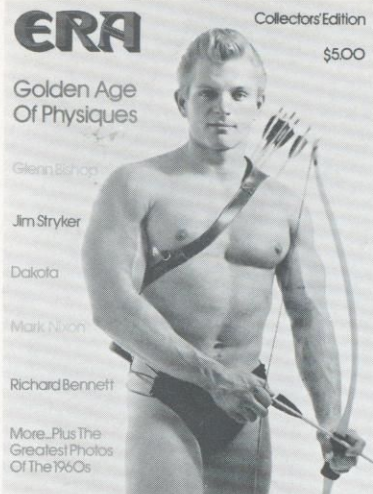


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I hadn't ventured into the Broadway since the YOCK caper only a few months ago. Nothing had changed, except attendance obviously had fallen off. From the sidewalk it looks like any other brownstone in the block, four stories with a fresh sandblast and ivory-cream paint, on one of the improved blocks in the West Eighties near Broadway.

Every nook and cranny of its insides has been designed for maximum satisfaction, each floor engineered for the big cruise, and the great thing about most people who go there is, they're there for sex. Period.

In addition to Mister Toad's Wild Ride steamroom downstairs, there's a tiny, cool swimming pool for splashing lovers, and a sauna smelling of eucalyptus oil to dry out in, only a towel snap removed from the pool. Across the room on the other side, a sizzling lunch counter replenishes temporarily depleted hedonists. It overlooks a tiny dance floor where the guy who's got it flaunts it, showing off the eat-and-fuck-me buns.

Elliott and I made our entrance at the first floor level, into a tiny square confronted by a see-through glass wall. Gregorio buzzed us in. On the other side of the black lacquered door with golden knob, rows of standup lockers faded into a long corridor. A tiny, draped cubicle was off to the side, used for a free, once-a-week VD clinic. A narrow carpeted stairway floated up to dreamland, two floors above, with private rooms, painted fresh and spotlessly clean. Dormitories are tucked in a corner near the johns on each of the two upper levels.

I remembered Gregorio from my visit last summer. He's gorgeous. I watched him flex an extraordinary torso as he said hello, not smiling. His sandy, Afro hair stood out from his head a full six inches all around. His blue eyes, tired and troubled, were glazed over with that "don't look at me" expression you get sometimes on New York subways, continuously shifting.

As he reached through the half-door to shake my hand, I noticed a large ring on his left index finger, three giant gold letters carved in blocks: "A," the Greek letter, LAMBDA, and "K," translating "ALK." Some kind of lover's ring, I assumed.

Ebanykus had romped into his work with typical enthusiasm—too goddamn much of it, if you asked me! He was nowhere to be seen. Halfway through a guided tour of the lower level, I told Elliott to hell with it. I wanted to see Ebanykus.

Up on the third floor, my lover came bobbing out of darkness, a wad of dirty sheets and towels tucked under his arm. So apparently there had been some action.

"Hey, boy," I said softly, "where's a guy get a good fist around here?"

He stopped short and smiled. "Who needs a fist?" he said. "I got twenty-five inches, soft. I'm a walking dildo and you don't have to crank it." He opened a walk-in locker and dumped the dirty linen.

Elliott was grim.

"Ebanykus, third floor coming up!" Gregorio's command squawked over the intercom.

"Shit!"

"Just keep your mind on your work," I said. "And watch out for Jack the Ripper."

The new arrival, a nervous Wall Street type with shaved head and paunchy mid-section appeared at the top of the stairs, and Ebanykus swung over to him. "Can I help you, sir?" he asked with mock formality. The man held out his key. Ebanykus, tossing a smirk at me, led him into the gloom.

I turned to Elliott. "Let's have a look at the orgy room," I said.

"Oh, yes... you go ahead. I'm going to phone Jack Strong."

"Partner?"

"Yes. I want you to meet him tomorrow," and he left me.

As I penetrated the sanctum-sanctorum of the dormitory, I was enveloped in darkness and the lingering smell of male sweat and splattered sperm. As I continued through the room, and as my eyes adjusted, I spotted a number sitting on top of the last bunk, his short legs dangling over the edge. I'd seen him before around the Westside, one of those tricks you run into on the street and never make it with somehow.

He was leaning back on his elbows and had thrown his towel aside exposing a come-and-suck-it prick. Around his arched and haughty face and down his neck, smooth black hair fell in soft waves. He was clean-shaven. High, sharp cheekbones and a hooked nose made him look like a Mexican spiced with Indian blood. His large round eyes, two jet holes, darted about the room. He was offering himself like a cold stone idol to be worshipped, and giving nothing back.

But he was a hump. Too bad he knew it.

I braked in front of him. He glared back with a lascivious leer, gently stroking the end of his phallic offering, running his tongue over a perfect set of white teeth. He wore the same ring I'd seen on Gregorio's index finger, the three gold-blocked letters catching the light through the draped door: "A—LAMBDA—K."

Suddenly his hand reflexed backwards away from his cock, his face froze and his dark eyes widened. Elliott had come into the room.

"Gene!" he barked. "What are you doing in here? You know it's not permitted! And besides, it's rather dangerous, don't you think, to be alone? Does Gregorio know where you are?"

Gene, his ego trip shattered, leaped down from the bed, grabbing his towel and slinging it around his tight belly. "I'm off duty," he snarled, tossing his head and strutting out the door.

"Don't know why I keep him," Elliott said. "Because of Gregorio...."

"What's with the ring?" I asked. Gregorio has got the same....

"The ring?" Elliott snapped. He took my arm and led me out.

"The ring with the block letters," I said, looks like A—LAMBDA—K. Is it some kind of friendship thing, or what?"

"Oh, yes," he said evasively, pausing to look in the john, then turning back. "Look, how soon can you start in the morning? I talked to Jack Strong. He can see you, but

rather early. He's always busy with something. But he will see you."

"Well, yeah, I can get out early, but I'd better get home now and get some sleep. Tour ended?"

"Well, yes."

"When's Ebanykus get released?"

"What? Oh, not long. Midnight." He twitched his head toward the dark end of the corridor. "Still a honeymoon?"

"Yeah, man," I said, "like forever...."

In our next issue... Jonquil gets the strong-arm as he's turned on by a painting and his lover behind a secret door.

...

ETHNIC DINING

(Continued from page 25)

you Greek coffee. He whips it up fresh in just seconds, and if nothing else will put steel in your spine, this is guaranteed to do the job. However, it is made with sugar, so don't sugarize it further. But the little Greek cups—even smaller than demi-tasse—will keep you from drinking too much.

Of course, from the weight-watching point of view, the Greek taverna not only puts on weight if one is not careful, but the vigor of its dancing to the wild *bazouki* afterward will take off much of what you've just put on. Join in the dancing. You'll feel better for having done so.

Ethnic Dining in Morocco. If the Tangier tour is part of your itinerary you're in for still more lamb, but done in a very different, more exotic cuisine... and that mouth-watering native dish of Morocco—*couscous*.

Dining in Tangier is a visual as well as gustatory experience. Many fine restaurants have large dining rooms with authentic Coromandel and Moroccan screens... walls paneled with mosaics... filigree Moroccan lamps... and one sits in pasha-like splendor on a red velvet banquette while a fountain gurgles with delight that you've come!

You may be so beguiled by this siren song that you are unaware of the hidden danger lurking just in front of you when the couscous is brought in. Couscous, to oversimplify it, is a form of semolina, and this cereal forms the basis for the dish which is also known as couscous. A complete North African couscous consists of meat (generally lamb or chicken) made into a stew, with the cereal steamed over the stew kettle. Since you know that cereal is calorically high, you will want to use caution in tasting this delicious dish. You just may want to dig deeper and deeper into it and make it a meal in itself. Well, that's what the Moroccans have been doing for centuries. However, with the thought of keeping your waistline under control being uppermost in your mind, you will wisely decide to have just a small portion of it and get on with the other dishes that make up a Moroccan dinner.

The main course will often be *pastilla*, also very rich, being made with strudel-like leaves of dough filled with chicken and almonds and sugar(!); or *kefta brochettes* (ground meat on a skewer); or "cigars" (pastry rolled into cigar shapes and filled with chicken). But as we mentioned earlier, lamb—as in Greece and Turkey—is the great

May/June 1974

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mouth-sizzling *vindaloo*s. These contain vinegar and chillies, but no sugar. Your wiser choices will be the various grilled-meat *satays* (beef, lamb or chicken). Never the pork. And of course you'll take it easy with the rice. While most curries are nothing without rice, the less you eat of it the easier it is to hold your waistline.

Ethnic Dining in Hispanic Countries. It's difficult to 'think protein' or 'low calorie' when dining Hispanically. In any Spanish-speaking country there is plenty of protein, but so many dishes are rich in high-calorie foods and sauces that make them even more fattening, that one is often thrown for a loss when choosing from a menu. First, since there's an awful lot of rice in Spanish/Latin American cooking, let that be the first casualty of your meal. A taste or two, if you simply can't resist it... then let it lie in state on the side of your plate, watered with your tears.

For appetizers, since most are oliveoiled, choose something in the cold fish direction... *ceviche* of cold pickled fish or shellfish... or *garlic soup* or *gazpacho* without the inevitable croutons... these are lowest in calories.

If you like one-dish meals, such as *bouillabaisse* or *zuppa de pesce*, you'll find the Spanish answer in *zarzuela* as an equally delicious fish stew. Another excellent one-dish meal is clams steamed with white wine and herbs. Clams are low-caloried to begin with, and it takes a helluva lot of spicing up to add more. Safe... and delicious, whether prepared the Spanish, the Latin-American or the Portuguese way. Of course if you are watching your waistline in Mexico

you'll like *huevos rancheros*... eggs poached in a 'specky' tomato sauce. With a salad of fresh greens, a bit of olive oil and lemon juice, you have a perfect high-protein meal.

In Brazil, following more in the Portuguese tradition, a one-dish meal to delight the heart and tame the tummy is Brazilian shrimp (so different from other species) with fresh tomatoes. If peas come with it, however, eat sparingly; and if rice, even more so.

No matter where you dine Hispanically you're sure to hear a chicken cackling in the distance. So anything '*pollo*' is your cue for a low-calorie, high-protein, all-goodness meal... chicken braised with tomatoes... chicken in a green *mole* sauce... chicken *paella*.

Spanish cooking wouldn't be Spanish without *paella*. A Spanish menu lists them by the baker's dozen. While many are mixtures of meat, fish and fowl—such as *paella Valenciana* (seafood, chicken and sausages), others are basically one meat or fish, such as *paella mariscada* (all seafood).

If you do not speak Spanish, or—more importantly—read it, and if the menu is not also printed in English, be sure to ask your waiter about any *paella* with a lovely name (and they all have). It may have more calories than a triple portion of Sevastopol Schnitten, and so there you sit just watching your waistline drifting out the window thataway! If you'll make a point of choosing a one-meat, or fowl or seafood *paella*, and and have a crisp green salad with it, you'll be on the safe (and delicious!) side. Then you'll have a few calories left for something deliciously 'desserty' like *flan*.

There is no reason why anyone can't

tour all of Europe, the Middle East and the Far East, dining sumptuously and low-calorically, with just a little careful planning and a weather-eye for the storm-signals of foods with hidden fat-factors.

We hope our little two-part series will be of some help.

...

GAY GOTLAND (Continued from page 26)

background... thirteenth-century Sweden. The setting is Gotland, near the capital of Visby, the last remaining walled city in northern Europe. If you are including Scandinavia in your vacation plans this year, please visit this wild, beautiful island whose history, vividly evident today, will simply engulf you!

Gotland lies in a cradle of water rocked by the hands of blood relatives on the North—Finland, and Sweden proper... and on the East and South by Russia and Poland. In nearly six centuries since it was annexed by Sweden it has never quite acknowledged the relationship. You will discover that there are *Gotlanders* and there are *Swedes*. The island looks just as Gothic today as it did in 1360 when construction of the wall around Visby was completed.

One feels that here is a place where time went out for a coffee break and never came back. The civic authorities keep it so... nothing can be constructed unless it blends without the slightest dissonance with its original Gothicism. Just five minutes off the

plane from Stockholm (an hour's flying time) and you will have the oddest feeling that you too are on stage... playing a part in some vast Gothic theatrical production!

Gotland is called "the gay island of ruins and roses" although in this instance the word 'gay' does not refer specifically to our lifestyle (yet in the summer months, when more than 200,000 Swedish students and gay visitors arrive for vacations, it is swingingly gay). Rather it indicates that the people of Gotland are the blondest, liveliest, happiest, friendliest, most generous and most understanding people in Europe.

This may seem paradoxical to those whose acquaintance with Swedes is limited to citizens of Stockholm. Inasmuch as Swedes are not overly enthusiastic about anything—and are never given to excesses of any kind except soul-searching introspection—one may well wonder why the *Gotlanders* are so different since they live only a few hundred miles from Stockholm.

Yet as Norwegians are blonder and livelier than Swedes, and the Danes are still blonder and happier and more outgoing than the Norwegians, the *Gotlanders* are the 'most of the most'. Their almost national blondness (although, of course, there are many who are not blond) comes from the Russian (Ukrainian) side of the cradle... the fun-loving part is a heritage from the many Poles who were among the original *Gotlanders*... and their fierce pride and spunkiness comes from those liberty-loving Finns. It is a happy amalgam of all that's bright and beautiful, and a visit to Gotland may prove the most rewarding vacation of your life.

Also, if you have imagined all of Sweden to be remorselessly cold during most of the year—with perhaps just a brief letup in summer—you will be pleasantly surprised to find that Gotland has an equable year-round temperature. This is because the sea around it is warmed by many branches of the Gulf Stream. If you step off the plane even in early December you will find a welcoming garden of roses growing at the airport!

THE VISBY 'NECKLACE'

Visby faces the Baltic Sea and only the shoreline is open. Around the rest of the city—from shoreline-left to shoreline-right—is its famous architectural 'necklace'—a magnificent Gothic wall. It has often been said that Visby is the walled heart of a vanished empire. This cannot be denied. Visby was ruled by German and Gotlandic merchant princes in the twelfth century and, as all students of history know, this mercantile republic joined with other northern European trading centers to form the Hanseatic League. At the height of its commercial power Visby dominated the Baltic.

But as the outlying *Gotlanders* noted with increasing dismay that their beautiful country was being more and more controlled by the merchants of other countries—that what had begun as a cooperative of friendly merchants had now become an actual occupation of their country—they first began to resent this foreign domination and the loss of control over their own commerce, and then, as feeling rose higher, they translated their resentment into decisive action. And so the merchants erected the wall not—as so many believe—as a protection

against piratical Goths and Vikings, but against the onslaughts of angry *Gotlanders*.

Until the wall was erected these forays had been unexpected—"lightning raids" we would call them today—and the merchants, in their haste to conceal their great treasures of gold and silver, dug into the surrounding hills and woods to bury them.

To this day a gay couple can be sexing it up within the walled city, in public grounds, and, kicking into the earth as passion gains the upper hand (or foot, in this case) occasionally uncover small pits and caches of gold bars, silver coins, beautiful urns and jewelry made of the precious metals. One of these caches—estimated as having lain concealed for 800 years—aggregated 17 pounds of silver bars and 3,000 silver coins weighing almost 6 pounds! So if you want to spend your vacation where you can have a steady stream of blond young Vikings for sex, and simultaneously discover other 'treasures' by sheer accident, here's the place! Unfortunately you'll be 'queen for a day' only, since the Swedish government will have you by both testicles... (a) you'll be enjoined from taking out of the country more than a small amount of your find as a souvenir... and (b) what you keep will be so heavily taxed by Swedish revenue laws that you'll have only a few trinkets/kronor to show for your night among the 'Wild Strawberries'.

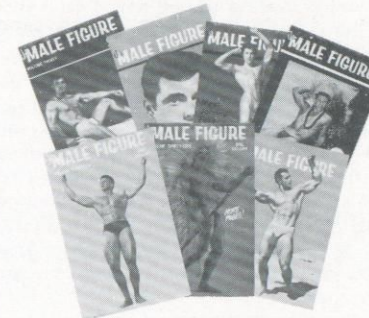
FLORA AND FAUNA

Gotland is still 44 percent woodland and the air is crisply redolent of fresh pine, juniper and spruce. Towering white-barked birch trees, wild blue chicory, and the spectacular pink 'tar blossoms' plus 35 kinds of orchid, and golden fields of grain as far as the eye can see, make this the last paradise of nature in Europe. It will be a summer to remember for you. It's both a place to soak up the sun on the many fine beaches—some with nude areas, although these should not be thought of as strictly gay, inasmuch as any display of nudity is generally inspired by reasons of health-seeking. But of course when nudity abounds it rubs off on gay people more than straights. Gotland is also a place to drink in the history of a proud people. Once you have visited Gotland *Hagbard* and *Signe* will seem, in retrospect, the most honest film you've ever seen.

Visby can be quickly reached by air from Stockholm by SAS, or you may drive your rented car to Nynashamn from Stockholm and have it ferried across to Gotland. Or you may go by steamer from Kalmar, Oskarshamn (almost directly across from Visby) or Nynashamn (which is the town nearer Stockholm). The entire island is only 75 miles long and 35 miles wide, and is—as we mentioned—surrounded by the blue waters of the Baltic. There is so much to see and do in this 'gay city of ruins and roses' that you'll find every day of your vacation filled with new exploration.

An oddity of a walking tour around Visby is that you lose your sense of direction. The winding lanes seem to go everywhere and nowhere at the same time. You'll find this more delightful than upsetting since this turn, or that, will lead you past ten medieval churches that were the houses of individual worship of the merchant princes of the Hanseatic League. These churches assume shapes indigenous to the island's way of life... a church in the shape

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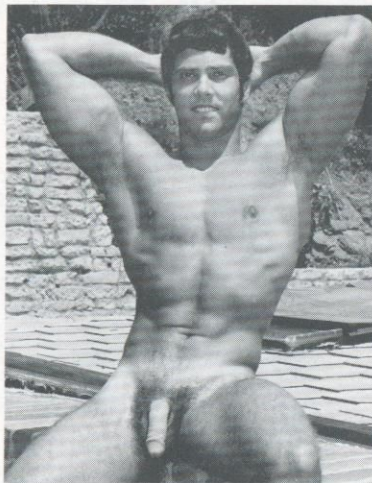
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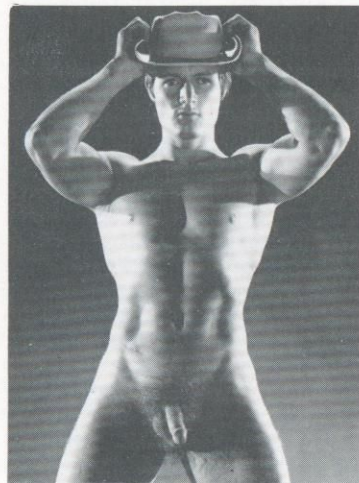
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of a Viking ship, for example . . . or decorated with birds or animals of the period.

If you're in Visby during July and August you'll have an opportunity of seeing the unique musical drama staged each year in the ruins of the thirteenth-century Dominican monastery of St. Nicolaus. The play is based on the life of a famous Gotlander, Petrus de Dacia, who was the head of the abbey until his death in 1289 and whose grave is said to be in the church. The odd thing about this annual play is that because its background is the very natural one of the abbey ruins, the characters seem more to be *reincarnated* personages of that period than modern actors dressed for the parts. Eerie!

Your walking tour around Visby will take you past other half-destroyed churches around which ivy has grown tall . . . and the picturesque toy cottages with their tiny gardens enclosed in rose-covered stone fences. And, of course, wherever you look up you see the Wall . . . two and a half miles of lacy stonework supporting thirty-eight towers that hem in the city on every side except the sea side, preserving its thirteenth-century unity, with not a care that time has raced us into the twentieth century.

Two very special places should be on your Gotland itinerary: (1) the Fornsal-Hall of Old Things—a museum where so much of Gotland's history comes vividly to life and where you'll see the famed treasure hoards (other than that one you'll likely 'kick up' with your lover on your night of 'Wild Strawberries') . . . and (2) you'll miss much of Gotland's wild life if you fail to take the unique bus/boat tour to Stora Karlsö, off the west coast of Gotland, which is a bird sanctuary protected by the Swedish government, and where no human population is permitted to establish itself.

And while we're still among the flora and fauna may we tell you that you'll simply fall in love with the tiny beige-to-pink-to-white ponies? *Russ*, to give them their Gotlandic name, are the direct descendants of Viking horses. The blood strain has remained pure for seven centuries. They are so gentle that they become instant soul mates of children.

WHERE TO STAY

Think *pension*. There are really only two hotels of interest in Visby and you will probably stay at one or the other for a day or two until you have decided which pension interests you. One is the *Snäckgårdsbaden*, which has 92 rooms and is just a mile outside Visby in easy walking or biking distance. It is a famous resort hotel with excellent service: a fully-licensed restaurant (meaning that liquor is available) . . . music and dancing . . . swimming pool, plus a sandy beach below the hotel that is very much cruised in summer.

The other is the *Stadtshotellet*, also with 92 rooms, in the center of town. Its restaurant in a medieval cellar is popular and it is here that you will meet all the gay visitors to Visby during your vacation.

It should be noted that since both are old hotels—although they are always being updated—the bath situation at the more rural *Snäckgårdsbaden* is nothing like the Holiday Inns. There are some private baths, but you'll have to 'rough it' a little by washing in the lavatory in your room, and

bathing/toiletting down the hall. But this, too, has an advantage . . . one meets such interesting people sashaying back and forth. The *Stadtshotellet* is much more bath-conscious.

WHERE GAY LIFE BEGINS

As a veteran gay vacationer in Europe you will have discovered long ago that in smaller cities the discotheque is where it's at. Not a *gay* discotheque; just a discotheque. However, this means much more to gay people in Sweden than anywhere else. As we noted in the June 1973 edition of *Ciao!* (*A Sexual Smörgåsbord*), homosexuality is a freely-accepted way of life in Scandinavia. While the American Psychiatric Association has just grudgingly admitted that homosexuality is not a mental aberration but a sophisticated sexual choice, Europeans in general and Swedes in particular have accepted it unconditionally for at least twenty years. As we mentioned in that particular article, parents often celebrate the gay union of a son with his lover, much as they might if it were a straight marriage. They hire a hall, have a catered reception, and everyone drinks to the happy couple, wishing them the best of good luck.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

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SAY



"Boy who fuck donkey
get 'piece of ass!'"

So in many respects there is little need for an essentially gay bar or gay discotheque or gay *anything* in Sweden. In fact, it might be a gay *anachronism*. This is especially true

of Visby. The disco is the *Rock 'n Roll Circus*, and everyone—no matter of what sexual preference—is seen here many times each day. While each summer sees some new disco opening, this is still the great favorite, and you'll find the most varied sexual choices. The Gotland art colony makes this an evening haunt. Composers, conductors, musicians, and those of the television and film industry flock here . . . such notables as Ingmar Bergman have summer homes here. So where art and music flourish so does gay sex.

Since Gotland may spoil you for all other vacation spots in Europe, may we urge you to allot the principal portion of your stay to this idyllic place? There's something here for everyone. Why not claim your fair share?

...

DIAGHILEV

(Continued from page 31)

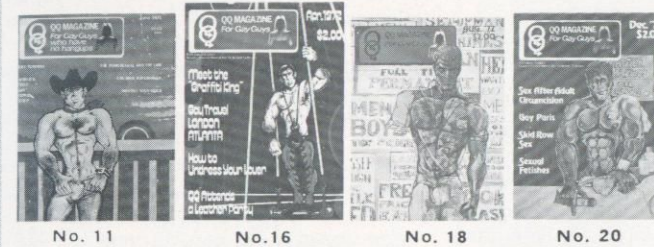
the Russian impresario assembled a group of fine dancers from St. Petersburg's Maryinsky Theater troupe and brought them to Paris to perform. Among them was a supple youth named Vaslav Nijinsky, who was Diaghilev's lover at the time—immortalized in ballet history as the greatest male dancer ever. Parisians were electrified by Nijinsky's greatness but hardly less pleasantly stunned by the exciting productions Diaghilev had devised for them. The impresario had superb taste and a vast knowledge of music and art. All that, combined with his talent for finding the right people to do the right things, resulted in some supreme results for the Ballets Russes. Diaghilev signed such choreographers as Michel Fokine, composers like Igor Stravinsky, and painters such as Pablo Picasso to contribute to the modern classics his company created, among them *Scheherazade*, *Petrouchka*, *The Firebird*, and *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

Of a series of young lovers Diaghilev had in the course of the two decades the Ballets Russes danced in Europe under his direction, Nijinsky was certainly the most famous. A stroke of fate brought Nijinsky into the company in the first place. He had so scandalized a Russian audience at the Maryinsky Theater by dancing without a supporter and showing an enticing bulge that he was summarily thrown out of the troupe. What was Russian ballet's loss was the Western world's and Diaghilev's gain. Diaghilev's influence on the brilliant dancer helped Nijinsky to develop his genius to the highest level. The impresario also helped Nijinsky achieve success as a choreographer. His two major works, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, have endured as classics.

But the course of true love stopped running smoothly, and Diaghilev was not at all happy when he caught Nijinsky posing nude for the sculptor Rodin. He was unhappier still in 1913 when Nijinsky—perhaps to escape from Diaghilev's thrall—abruptly married a girl who had recently joined the company. Diaghilev fired him. There was a brief reunion a few years later, for professional reasons, but things were strained.

But though Nijinsky's defection certainly

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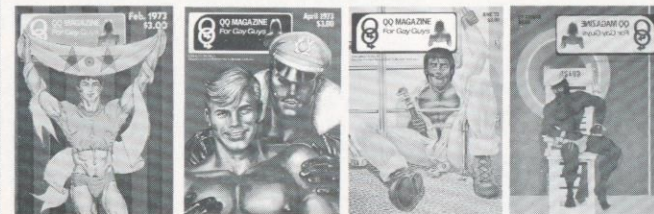
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ranked the proud Diaghilev, it didn't stop him from furthering the careers of other talented protégés in subsequent years, among them Leonide Massine and Serge Lifar, who have both had long and outstanding careers in ballet since the time they danced with the Ballets Russes.

Diaghilev's last choreographer was George Balanchine, who ultimately went on to found and head the New York City Ballet and remains its director today. Balanchine choreographed his especially famous *Apollo* when he was working for Diaghilev.

Diaghilev died in Venice in 1929 with Serge Lifar at his side. The Ballets Russes went on in other hands, but it was never the same.

MEXI-MUSCLES

(Continued from page 10)

homeland of Puerto Rico, won the Mr. Latin America contest. There were also subsidiary events for best body parts—in which Pierre Vanden Steen of Belgium fared well.

If you care to plan a trip down to Mexico next winter, you might stop by Tijuana on your way to Acapulco. Write to Eddie Silvestre, Club Atletico Silvestre, Rio Balsas No. 6, Tijuana, Mexico for the date of the 1975 contests.

RENAISSANCE LOVERS

(Continued from page 32)

young women and men to him.

Women he never had anything to do with, but presumably he had affairs with youths like Andrea Salaino who worked under his tutelage during the period when he created such masterpieces as *The Last Supper* and the *Mona Lisa*. It was when he was older that da Vinci met the young, handsome, and devoted *Francesco Melzi*, and the two names are linked together in homosexual history. Melzi remained with da Vinci during his last years and the master artist proved his devotion by willing his young lover all his paintings, money, clothing, and scientific equipment.

Unlike Leonardo da Vinci, *Michelangelo* was not a handsome man, but he was one of the greatest interpreters of male beauty in art the world has ever known—witness his famous statue of David, held by many to be the most perfect representation of the male face and physique ever fashioned.

Michelangelo's love of male beauty was reflected in his daily life, too. He was in love with a handsome nobleman named *Tomaso Cavalieri*, who inspired him not only in his sculpture and painting but who was also the subject of love sonnets Michelangelo composed.

Benvenuto Cellini was not only the greatest goldsmith of the Italian Renaissance—he was also a great lover of both men and women in that great age of love. His greatest male love was a lad named *Paulino*, their affair beginning when Cellini took the boy on as a workman in his shop at age fourteen. Cellini was so wild about Paulino

that he recorded his passion unabashedly: "Paulino was the best mannered, the most honest, and the most beautiful boy I ever saw. His modest behavior and actions, together with his superlative beauty and his devotion to myself, bred in me as great an affection for him as a man's breast can hold."

In our next issue... "The Gay Life in Merry Old England."

"I LOVE YOU!"

(Continued from page 12)

life will be like with him as a person, now, and years from now.

WHAT?

What is he really saying? Can you translate his "I love you" into one of the interpretations given earlier? If there's some doubt in your mind, it's better to wait a while until you're more certain. Unless, of course, it doesn't bother you, and you're willing to accept it for what it is. But try not to deceive yourself into thinking what *he* means is the same thing you mean, simply because you'd like it to be that way. Try to discover what he really is saying, and see if his meaning is compatible with yours.

WHERE?

"I love you," in the middle of an orgasm can be a whole different language, baby! Be careful of romantic settings wherever they occur because a mood, atmosphere, or enchanting situation can sometimes delude a person into genuinely believing he is in love. He may well be... at the moment. And that's even more dangerous than false love. If the first "I love you" comes during one of these times, see if it's repeated in the morning when your hair's no longer a symphony of delicately harmonized waves, and those limpid pools that were your eyes last night are polluted with those unattractive red lines.

WHEN?

Has a comfortable little will just come to light that means you and your favorite uncle have just passed on to a better life? Did you accidentally happen to do or say something in a way that made a big impression on him? Has he (or you) just broken up with a lover—or is there a possibility he feels he's been without too long? Has there been a tragedy recently that might be affecting either one of you?

We gays tend to be sensitive souls, and compassion, sympathy, good fortune, and even simply good will can often become confused with love, either on the part of the lover or the beloved, or both. A personal misfortune or depression can often bring two people who like each other close enough together that they can momentarily mistake strong emotion of an entirely different sort for love.

And that same sensitivity can cause other tricks too: if you should happen to order *Chateaufort du Pape '47* on a whim and that just happens to be his very favorite wine... Kismet. All the patrons magically turn into seraphim and cherubim and break into the

Hallelujah Chorus as he says in words of delicate crystal which will ring forever when touched... "I Love You." But what happens if you really wanted a Budweiser, but didn't dare ask for it with the Chateaubriand?

HOW?

The question of how he says he loves you has many ramifications. It means, does he come right out with it, trippingly on the tongue, or does he hesitate, awkwardly, afraid to be rebuffed or afraid possibly of the seriousness of the commitment? It means, do the words come from his heart, or from that best-seller, *How To Say "I Love You" in 1,000 Different Cliches!* "I know we only met on Some Enchanted Evening, but You Do Something To Me, and I Love You For A Thousand reasons... ever since The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face In The Light Of The Silvery Moon," somehow doesn't seem to have the ring of sincerity one should expect from a lover.

One important "how" is, does he say it in actions and expressions also? You can sometimes see Love Light in a person's eyes, and touch is one of the oldest forms of communication. And if it's real love, there have to be those tender little demonstrations of it, like the card sent for no special occasion, serving cauliflower with the dinner he's cooked for you, even though he hates cauliflower, and occasionally doing something or going somewhere of your choice when he doesn't particularly care to.

There are as many different ways to say "I love you" as there are lovers, and probably even a whole lot more. Make sure you know how he says it and how many ways he says it and you'll be better equipped to respond wisely.

WHY?

Why is one of the first questions you should ask those three little words. Basically, there are three distinct reasons why humans profess love to each other: because they have a special need they think the other person can fulfill; and/or because they've been smitten with lust. Because of the nature of human emotion and the myriad complexities of the mind, it's easy to mistake one of these for another and that can often lead to difficulties later on.

Lust is repeatedly mistaken for love in gay life in particular, because of the heavy accent on sex. Ideally, we would all like our lovers to be terrific in the sack, with the same amount of sex drive that we have, so that we both want it at the same time, and we both enjoy it every time. Sexual desire can play a very important part in fostering and nurturing love in a relationship, but there certainly should be more for a lasting union to develop. If the two of you hit it off just right and really groove on each other's body, that's a pretty nice set-up, and if he's proved to be the world's greatest lover, you're lucky. But I've heard, so was Don Juan!

Even more dangerous than mistaking lust for love is confusing love with need. This is often more subtle, so much so that the guy himself can believe he really loves you because you fulfill certain of his requirements. He can say "I love you" because he wants you to love him, to bolster his ego. (I used to know one humpy number who kept a scrapbook with pictures of his ex's to show to prospective applicants for the

The Juice Tube

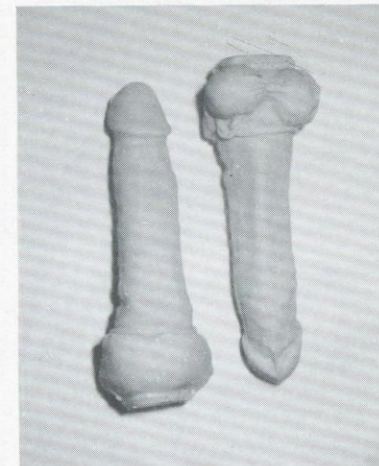


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Philadelphia: ADULT BOOK SHOPPE, 942 Market St. (2nd Floor)

TEXAS
Dallas: COMMERCE STREET NEWS, 1513 Commerce St.

AUSTRALIA
Cowandilla, S. Australia: *ROBERT, P.O. Box 177
Sydney, N.S.W.: *CUPID'S DART, 580 Oxford St., Bondi Junction; *VENUS SHOP, 26 Bayswater Rd., King's Cross

position. And he really believed he had loved all twenty of them!). Nor is it uncommon for a gay to profess love to you because you've been good to him—cooking him delicious meals; bringing him little gifts; waiting on him hand and foot. Now if that's what you want, fine. But make sure you know what you're getting into. And don't forget the gays with fetishes. If he loves you because you're dark-skinned, or long in the cock, or because you're a professor and he's always had a thing for professors, take care. If that's the case, there'll probably be some trick in the future who is darker-skinned, longer-cocked, and even more professorial than you.

Lust and need are probably the two impostors which cause the most breakups of gay relationships. They make for the one-night affair which both partners allow to continue until they can't stand it anymore. There's nothing wrong with needing some things from a lover, and there's certainly nothing unethical about desiring his body. But if that's all there is, chances are the magic will wear off sooner or later, and probably sooner.

Real love, however, is far more difficult to get rid of, even if it is the most difficult experience to define. Perhaps the best single description of it is given by Antoine de LaSalle, who said, "Love is an egoism of two." The more points you share in common, the more likely your love will last and grow deeper. That's not to say, for instance, that you *both* have to adore *Carmen*, but if he's an avid opera buff and you're into *The Rolling Stones*, it may be a bit difficult for you to harmonize. I know a literary critic and his writer-lover who have long, sometimes heated debates over the interpretation of any given short story or novel. And they both love the exchange because, although they hold differing viewpoints, they share a real love for literature. And when one of them succeeds in changing the other's opinion, they *both* feel they've grown closer.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT LOVE?

So, after all this, what *do* you do when he tells you he loves you? That depends entirely on how you feel about love, before any other considerations. I disagree with the old saw that no man is an island. There are many, especially gays, who prefer the safety of a moat around their lives to the gamble of finding a higher form of happiness in a society which seems to have forgotten what real love is.

If you're not ready for a love affair, or if this one isn't your Prince Charming, recognize it and be honest with both him and yourself. Then it's probably best to stay away, at least for awhile, to let him recondition himself and his feelings.

There are four kinds of gays who hear the words I Love You often, from all types of other gays:

1) Sexual turn-ons. If you're handsome or good-looking with a great body and all the right equipment in the right size, you'll hear the words often. Your physical attributes can be a terrific benefit to you in gay life, but they can also get you into a lot of pain if you fall for someone who just wants your body, or if you've heard the same thing so often you

become jaded and think they're all after the same thing.

2) Genuinely nice guys. In gay social life, there is an abundance of unethical behavior. Therefore, if you're really nice, you can represent something unique, and receive almost as many protestations of love as the sexual turn-on. But genuinely nice guys are usually the sensitive guys also, and that can make you an easy target for Cupid's arrow.

3) Wealthy, successful, or artistic. These three types share a common attraction, because they can instill envy and admiration. And as with need and lust, these feelings can also be confused with love.

4) Loners. Those who are emotionally independent and *not* looking for a lover offer a magnetism hard to resist for many gays. All people, whether they are aware of it or not, are attracted positively to exhibitions of strength. Loneliness repels and in gay life with its constant displays of insecurity, frustration, and the continual search for belonging, those who seem to have risen above it all appear to have great inner strength.

If, however, you are searching or waiting for love and someone comes along with the magic words, remember this: the superlative form of love occurs when the happiness of the beloved is essential to one's own. Despite all the beautiful poetry written on the subject, Unrequited Love does not have to be tragic, and if it is, it wasn't real to begin with. True love, the highest form of love, leaves no room for jealousy or feelings of possession. If he says he loves you, it should be a statement of fact, not a request for reciprocation. A mutual admiration society is what we all hope for, and it *is* possible if you know what to look for and have the strength to wait until the real thing comes along.

...

GRAFFITI

(Continued from page 17)

LOOKING FOR HOT, HUNG, HORNY LIKE ME FOR MUTUAL SATISFACTION 6' 2"—175—8" COCK. MAKE DATE TO KISS AND BE KISSED, RUB AND BE RUBBED, SUCK AND BE SUCKED, FUCK AND BE FUCKED FOR HOURS AND HOURS.

(Note the alliteration, the sheer poetry!!)

IF YOU WANT A 12" DICK WITH LOTS OF HAIR, CALL -----.

(Exaggerating for effect is a common poetic device!)

More than occasionally, the avid reader will run into statements which, because of their incorrect grammar or misspelling, or simply the naïveté of the writer, are really funny:

WHERE CAN I MEAT THIS GUY?

(Now *there's* a double meaning with class!)

FUCK ME IN MY ASS ANYTIME—MAKE DATE OR I'LL SUCK YOU.

(Sounds almost like a threat!)

I LOVE TO GET FUCKED IN THE MOUTH ---I DON'T HAVE ANY TEETH!

9-27-73 WOULD LIKE TO FIND A STEADY TO SUCK ME

I WILL PLAY WITH YOUR COCK AND SUCK YOU ---NOT HUNG TOO BIG ---I AM HERE OFTEN, 1-2 P.M.

I AM SUPPER HOT --- DID ON YOUNG DUDES

(Underneath was written: YOUR SPELLING IS ATORCIOUS)

Sometimes the humor of a writing is so succinct and ingenious that we are forced to say, "Why didn't I think of that?" Often the more intelligent graffitiists will take a popular advertising slogan and change a few words to suit their purposes. My favorite so far is FLY UNITED - - - FUCK A DUDE. And then there's the recent National Airlines ad campaign, "I'm so-and-so, fly me to Miami!" Consider the possibilities of *that* one!

In the John of the Los Angeles Greyhound station there is a graffitiist whose writing has survived every new painting, wash job or wall refacing since the facility opened in 1968. He is one of those whose charming innocence makes the reader smile and whose direct, even urgent, approach is a study in motivation:

TO HAVE YOUR COCK SUCKED OFF FEELS WONDERFUL AND IT MAKES YOUR COCK BIGGER. TRY IT YOU WILL ENJOY IT I'M SURE AND WANT IT DONE FOR YOU EVERY CHANCE YOU POSSIBLY CAN. DATE _____ TIME _____

At this writing that message is written in at least three stalls, always in black marking pen, and always the same wording.

Once in a while I run across "ads" which involve the graffiti-writer's wife, and these, surprisingly, often solicit a gay man for a three-way.

WANT A YOUNG GUY TO SUCK MY WIFE WHILE YOU FUCK ME IN THE ASS

IF YOU HAVE 10" MEET ME AT THE GAS STATION ON 9-12-73 AT 2:30 FOR SEX WITH MY WIFE AND ME.

One wonders in this last example how the man's wife is going to get into the toilet at the gas station with the other two men. I didn't follow up on this, so I guess we'll never know.

The types of sex wanted by the various writers range from merely watching (I LIKE TO SEE BIG COCKS THROUGH THIS HOLE) to S&M (MASTER NEEDS SLAVE, CALL --- ---), and it is not uncommon to find many references to masturbation among the other writings.

I LIKE TO JACK OFF HEAR, DON'T YOU?

9-2-71 AT 1 PM EVERY SATURDAY, JACK OFF SESSIONS

JACK-OFF PARTNER WANTED FOR LONG, HARD JACK-OFF EVERY SATURDAY AT 12 NOON

And then there are those who go to a place and are sadly disappointed, expecting HOT SEX and getting nothing.

THIS PLACE IS DEAD. WHAT HAPPENED, IT USED TO BE WILD

ITS A BUMMER SITTING HERE FOR NUTTING

May/June 1974

Occasionally one will enter a restroom which is, shall we say, untidy, and find that the walls of the stalls are covered with spots and dried drips. In case you have ever wondered, but weren't sure—yes, it's sperm which was wantonly spilled by one of the JACK OFF lovers who probably just got tired of SITTING FOR NUTTING. The question is, why shoot it on the wall instead of down the john or in some tissue? Just another form of advertising, another way of saying, "Look what I had to do—where *is* everybody?" The last resort, of course, is for the person who is waiting to get so frustrated that he goes to every cruising spot in town and writes on every wall in town the directions of how to get where he is (COVINA PARK AFTERNOONS . . . HOT ACTION), then just sit in Covina Park and wait for them to line up at the door.

"Weird" is the rule in some restroom graffiti. One must be ready to expect the most far-out material when reading a bathroom wall. References to excretory functions are relatively common, especially for long-time cruisers:

IF UNDER 30 OR IF YOU HAVE BIG COCK (REALLY BIG LIKE HIS) WRITE ALDO M ---, --- (address) --- -HE CAN BLOW 5 DIFFERENT WAYS & YOU CAN PISS IN HIS MOUTH 1ST. IT FEELS GREAT. HE'S SLIM, NICE-LOOKING, DARK HAired. HE SHOOTS FOR 9 SECONDS WITHOUT STOPPING.

Some people make it very obvious that they want reactions from the people who read their words. Recently I came across this strange request, all in the same handwriting:

SHIT ON MY FACE - - - I'D LOVE IT PLEASE COMMENT ON THIS.

Since about half the graffiti written is accompanied by the date it was written, it is often possible to tell how long it has been since efforts were made to clean the wall. Now this in itself is not interesting, but it does become interesting when you can read walls which have been left alone by the janitors for long periods of time. For instance, on one wall this year I saw:

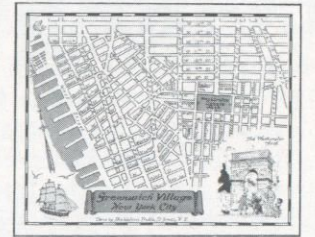
ANYONE WHO CAN TAKE 7" MAKE DATE

Underneath: (2-6-68)

It was still just as clear as the day it was written. One can only surmise whether the liaison was a success. There is still quite a bit of writing at USC's library which dates back to my college days there, 1964-68. I went back recently just to check it out! It's nice to know that some things don't change. But if we're talking about old writing, the prize has to go to the basement restroom of the old Indianapolis train station. There are scratchings in the marble of those walls with dates at various intervals all the way back to 1889!! If they ever tear down that station, they should preserve the walls just out of respect for history.

Having spoken earlier about the "Graffiti King," (QQ 4:2:15), it must be mentioned that nearly every stall where written graffiti is found will also contain drawings to go with the words. The most common "visual aid" is a simple outline of penis and testicles, sometimes carefully drawn to actual life size (or bigger!), other times a mere scrawl which, if it were not found on a restroom

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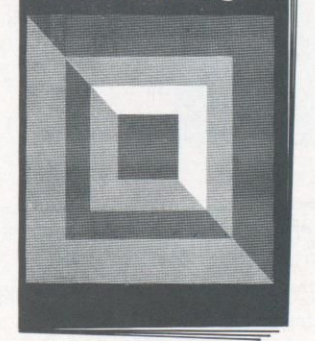
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London

is featured in the May-June CIAO! (out in mid-April). We tell you about some fantastic bars that get so crowded everyone moves out onto the streets . . . the wildest john in town . . . where and how to meet the Guardsmen (royal hustlers!) . . . plus the usual CIAO! treatment to help make your visit jolly good!

BACK ISSUES BODY Magazine



No. 7



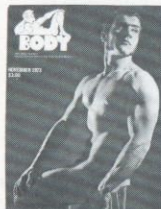
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No. 13

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wall, could never be identified as the male organs. Would-be artists sometimes use existing marks to begin their drawings; for instance, the natural lines in a wall made of marble (if you are fortunate enough to find marble stalls anymore) sometimes resemble the natural curves of the human body. And no budding sketcher can resist using *any* hole in the wall to become the anus or vagina of the man or woman he draws around the opening. Among the other drawings that might be found, sometimes a practical-minded artist will draw plans for a glory hole (accompanied by HOLE NEEDED HERE, or some such instruction), so that when someone happens along with the tools, he will not have to waste time with blueprints. For those of us who enjoy graffiti, the glory hole can be a welcome addition, since as we saw earlier, where there is a hole, there is more scrawling.

Inevitably, as people come in and see drawings, they will add other bodies, sometimes in the most unlikely positions, in every conceivable sex act and some that are virtually impossible, until there is a veritable daisy-chain of mutual males, each by a different artist, joined to each other in drippy, surreal ecstasy. The final touch is the man who feels he can add no more, except to label the "sucker" ME and the "suckee" YOU (or vice versa).

Additions to drawings and writings are commonplace, and often create most interesting results. Often, after a straight artist has left his rendition of his "dream girl," complete with long, styled hair, large breasts and open vagina (always, curiously, missing the clitoris), the gay "vandal" will take his pencil and add a penis, creating a strange visage which probably only satisfies the vandal's dislike of women.

Other additions to existing art work include the immediate reaction of some viewer to a scene of passionate intercourse (I'D LIKE TO TRY THIS), or his first thought when he sees a picture of a penis (YUMMY!! or MMMM GOOD). But far and away the strangest addition to the writings already on the wall was one I saw in a large downtown Los Angeles department store. Next to every phone number, request for phone number, meeting time or solicitation, were the letters L.A.P.D. (Los Angeles Police Department) always written in dark blue ink and always about the same size. It was as if an anonymous warning were being given by someone who had called one of those numbers and got himself into trouble. Are some of the numbers and "situations wanted" which one might find on bathroom walls really police tricks? I have called a few and never found them to be connected with the police, but then again I know of people who have. Take care.

There are occasional outright jokes on toilet walls which are sometimes mundane (DON'T LOOK HERE FOR A JOKE, IT'S BETWEEN YOUR LEGS), and other times quite interesting (SUCK MY DICK—SIGNED PAT NIXON). Probably one of the best-known bits of humor is the statement:

MY MOTHER MADE ME A HOMOSEXUAL
(With the inevitable reply:)
IF I BUY HER THE WOOL, WILL SHE
MAKE ME ONE?

Anti-gay sentiments are not uncommon, especially in restrooms where there is

a lot of gay graffiti. The people who denounce gays do so in tones which vary from mild sarcasm to vitriolic murderous hate (if we take at face value what we read), not unlike the racial hatred which is also seen frequently in men's room graffiti. Most of these are written by men who are frustrated and unable, for one reason or another, to get what they want—the classic closet case. In a Southern California toilet was recently written the simple slogan GAY POWER NOW. Someone obviously didn't like the idea, showing his displeasure by writing FUCK YOU FAG. But the writer of the first blurb didn't let it get him down, no sir: he merely added the word WHEN?, thus rendering impotent the intended hate-filled remark.

Some men are more compassionate, and they feel it is their duty to "reform" the "misdirected" gays. Occasionally I run across references to the Bible, written on walls that are crowded with gay graffiti in the form of warnings such as:

IF A MAN LIES WITH A MALE AS A
WOMAN, THEY HAVE COMMITTED AN
ABOMINATION. REPENT

or, simply,

CONFESS YOUR SINS—READ ISAIAH
55:7—YOU CAN BE HELPED.

Someone had the right idea when he responded by simply writing:

WHAT ABOUT ISAIAH 55:1???

(Is. 55:1 reads: "Ho everyone that thirsteth, come to the waters. And he that hath no money, come, buy and eat.") Despite the doubtful relevance and the even more doubtful taste of such a use of the Scriptures, more power to him! God doesn't dislike fags. Even the graffitiists are beginning to stand up for themselves.

Even though the community image of gays has come a long way in recent years, there are still a few people who believe that all a gay man needs is a good woman to "set him straight." One wall writer has found the "elixir," and so advertises:

QUEERS: DRINK A LOT OF PUSSY JUICE
AND YOU BECOME A MAN AND BE A
MAN.

I hate to disillusion a writer of such concern and compassion, but even if it were that easy, there are a lot of gays who would really rather not switch. (Pussy juice? Really!)

Some writings just defy categorization and even, occasionally, make no sense at all. Why would someone write,

A COCK SUCKS BETTER IF IT DOESN'T
STAY HARD TOO LONG. SHOOT YOUR
LOAD OF CUM QUICKLY!

And even the psychologists would have a hard time figuring out this one (every word is exactly as I found it three weeks ago):

I LEAVE THIS MOTHER FUCKIN PLACE
IN 3 HOUR SO FRED SANDFORD YOU
SUCK MY DICK DOWN TO THE BONE
AND SUCK THE JUICE OFF MY BALLS.

For many years now I have observed an occasional attempt on the part of a john cruiser to find out what kind of people cruise the place while he's not there. One method I see every now and then is IF YOU JACK OFF HERE PLEASE SIGN BELOW. (Rarely are there any names). Another one I saw recently was SUCKERS, LEAVE YOUR

NAMES, and the numbers 1...., 2...., 3...., etc., in a list below.

The only names under that one were Donald Duck and Roto-Rooter (obviously jokes!). But there is one device that I've seen three or four times now that never fails. The would-be census-taker makes a series of columns with heavy black lines and at the top of each column writes these words:

AGE . . . HEIGHT . . . EYES . . . HAIR . . .
COCK . . . SUCK . . . BE SUCKED . . .
DATE . . . TIME.

The person who comes in later is then supposed to enter his age and answer all the questions. This particular form (there are many variations) had entries beginning with 6-6-73, and the most recent one being 11-14-73. The ages represented, each one written in a different ink, were as follows: 30, 29, 19, 39, 40, 13, 32, 19, 14. Another type of "scorecard" which is most interesting is the one that is filled out by a single man during the space of one "visit" to his favorite cruising place. Marks are made in "tally" form (four marks then a slanting mark across them to indicate groups of five—if the person is so fortunate) and they are meant to show exactly what the man did while he was there and how many times he did it. A typical example which I saw some time ago, looked like this:

SUCKED III
SUCKED ME II
SAW IV II
SAW ME IIII
SHOT CUM II

Then there is the simpler scorecard of the voyeur which I have seen only once. It looked like this:

GOOD COCKS III
BAD COCKS IV II

Exactly what standards he was using to determine "good" and "bad" were not indicated. I must admit I was rather intrigued!

It is a rare treat to walk into a lonely john at an off-hour and find a virtual masterpiece of literature written on the wall. I'm not referring here to the short gems one might see just anywhere, but a whole story which has to be written rather small because there is so much to tell! These usually take the form of a narrative, telling what happened to the writer JUST THE OTHER DAY, or LAST NIGHT. Often the story is fantasy, but the more fantastic, the more interesting the tale, as far as I'm concerned. In these mini-novels men tell of picking up hitchhikers, 14 or 15 years of age, really hung, wild and hot, and then they go on to describe, in excruciating detail, exactly what they all did in the motel room rented by the man. Some writers tell of their cousins or nephews walking in on them while undressing (or whatever) and the sexual action that followed. In fact, it seems that most of the stories deal with areas of homosexuality which are still taboo—incest, child-adult relations and such.

My favorite of the "stories" I've seen was the one in which a man gave two teenagers a ride and was attracted to them immediately. Unfortunately, I don't remember the exact wording, since I saw it many years ago, but the general idea was that the man started a conversation with the boys, gradually getting around to talk of sex. (This was all written on the wall in minute

detail, with quotation marks, exclamations and the whole bit.) The man asked the boys if they liked to fuck girls, and they said Yes. He said that he was sure they were too young to shoot sperm, and to prove it he bet them that he could suck them for five minutes without them "cumming." The rest I do remember verbatim (I never laughed so hard):

THEY BOTH GOT HARD AND I SUCKED
THEM AND THEY BOTH SHOT HOT
LOADS OF JUICY, SWEET CREAM DOWN
MY THROAT. I LOST THE BET. I GUESS
THEY SHOWED ME!!

Probably the most revealing form of graffiti is the "add-on" type; that is, writing that someone else has seen fit to make additions to. We can see immediately what kind of a sense of humor some people have, and we have a better-than-usual chance of finding out a person's true feelings on a subject. When a person reads a wall-writing and adds something on, it is usually his first impression. He doesn't sit and think twice or contemplate what he is going to add. (Additions in the following examples are in parentheses.)

I WANT A LOVER
(OK)

I HAVE THE 9" DICK FROM DEEP
THROAT.
(SO, YOU CAN HAVE IT!)

elsewhere on the same wall:
(YOU ARE FAST TALK: PROVE IT!)

4-13-73—9 A.M.
(STORE DOESN'T OPEN UNTIL 10)
(NO, BUT YOUR ASS OPENS ALL THE
TIME, SO LET'S GET IT ON)

WHERE ARE ALL THE YOUNG GAY
GUYS AT?
(SUCKING THE COCKS OF OTHER
YOUNG GAY GUYS)

I WOULD LIKE A MAN! AROUND 45. I
AM 35 WHICH IS GETTING OLD, BUT I
CAN STILL GIVE OUT A GOOD FUCK
AND A B.J.

(I LOVE TO BE FUCKED. WHERE CAN
I MEET YOU? I'M SEXIE)

MY AGE IS 17. PLEASE A GOOD-
LOOKING CHICANO IS WHAT I WANT.
(THERE IS NO NICE LOOKING CHI-
CANO)
(YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT)
(WHITE SHIT)

I'M 19, BLUE EYES, DARK HAIR, LOVES
TO GET FUCKED
(WHY AREN'T YOU HERE NOW?)

BOYS, GET YOUR COCKS SUCKED—IT'S
GREAT!!
(WHERE)
(HERE)
(WHEN)
(5 P.M.)

A great deal of the graffiti one sees begins with the words "I AM . . ." These writings, which are intended to be a description of the writer and of his preferences, often impress me as poignant and can sometimes become almost sorrowful expressions of desperation. Some of them are straight-forward:

I AM 23. I NEED A PLACE TO LIVE
UNTIL I GET SETTLED. WILL PAY WITH
SEX, 18-35 YEARS. LEAVE DATE.

(Continued on page 54)

BACK ISSUES CIAO! Magazine

CIAO! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL

\$3 ea. in the U.S.; \$3.50 ea. in Canada & Mexico; \$4.50 in all other countries:



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



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THE SUPER SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHES!

BY A. JAY CHES!

X-RATED!
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GEE!

WHAT HAS 2 WINGS AND A CROOKED DICK?
"THE WHITE HOUSE"
SECRET ANSWER

AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST EPISODE...ALL LOOKED LOST! SINISTER CAPTAIN COCKRING HAD OUR HAPLESS HEROES (HARRY CHES, MICKEY MUSCLE AND RANCID AGNEW) TRAPPED INSIDE A BIZARRE HOTHOUSE... DOWN IN THE BOWELS OF A FOREBODING ANCIENT TEMPLE! ALL THIS ON THE MYSTERIOUS ISLE OF EL REPTIL...SOMEWHERE OFF PANAMA!

HOW THEY GOT THERE IS TOO MIND-BLOWING TO LAY ON YOU NOW! CHECK OUT THE LAST 2 EPISODES!

AS OUR HEROES LAY UNCONSCIOUS FROM A HIDDEN SLEEPING-GAS BOMB...A SECRET-TYPE PANEL OPENED! THE PERUVIAN PENIS FLY TRAP... A HIDEOUS COCKEATING PLANT... SLOWLY CREEPT TOWARD THE HOT, PRONE FORMS OF OUR GUYS! IT'S HUNGRY, CARNIVOROUS TENTACLES ENTWINING HARRY, MIC'S AND RANCID'S DRIPPING, SEMI-HARD COCKS...

BUT WAIT... A STRANGE SCENE UNFOLDS AS C.G. LISTENS OUTSIDE--

I DON'T HEAR A SOUND! NO SCREAMS...NO LOW MOANS OF PAIN...NOT A WHIMPER! THE PENIS FLY TRAP MUST'VE SWALLOWED THOSE 3 GUYS WHOLE! GASP! THE THOUGHT OF IT MAKES ME THROW!

THOSE GUYS EATEN ALIVE... HOLY TURTLE TURDS... THAT TURNS ME ON! JUST A FAST WHACK OR TWO TO RELIEVE MY JUICE TUBE!

VOMIT IS IN!

I'M COMING!

SPLAT!

ROSEMARY WOODS TAPES IT UP THE ASS!

PHEW! WHAT A HEAVY LOAD! I MUST PEEP INSIDE... I'N MAKE SURE MY LOVELY PLANT IS SATISFIED. Hee hee! NOW TO TURN ON MY SUPER JUICES!!!

...TURN MY COCK-RING 4 TIMES TO THE LEFT...

CLICK MY HEELS 3 TIMES...FACE EVERARDS... AND THEN...

CHECKER WAS A DYKE!

CRASH!

1.2.3.. RAM!

SPLINTER-TINKLE!

MA BELL IS A DING-A-LING!

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!

EEK... MY DARLING PPFT HAS BEEN SLICED UP...AND MY HIDDEN TRAP DOOR IS MYSTERIOUSLY OPEN...HUMMM!

HIDDEN TRAP DOOR

PERUVIAN PENIS FLY-TRAP

DEADLY SPECIES

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T LEAD TO WHERE I THINK IT LEADS!

NIXON IS A COX SACKER

I FEEL A BIG O COMING ON...!

ME... NEXT!

GEE!

HEINOUS...WHAT IS ALL THIS? HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY YOUR MASTER'S ORDERS!

WELL...I GOT BORED PLAYING WITH MYSELF IN THAT DUMB BOX! I WANTED SOME FRESH MEAT TO EAT!

SLURP.

SO YOU CREEPT UPSTAIRS AND RESCUED THESE FUGG SNOOPS!

HEY...MAN

CRACK!

YEAH!

SHAD UP... YOU THREE!

YEAH!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, YOU FUGGIN' BULLY! HE'S ONE OF THE BEST COCKSUCKERS AROUND!

SOB

LET'S GIVE HIM THE OL' CREAM OF WHEAT!

YEAH!

I HAVE SOMETHING VERY NASTY PLANNED FOR YOUR GRUBBY BODS! NOTHING TO COMPARE WITH WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU... BUSTER!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

RIGHT ON!

AUG!

AS CC RECEIVES MASSIVE BODY BLOWS...HIS MEAT STARTS TO SHRIVEL AND HIS MAGIC COCKRING SLIPS OFF!

SUDDENLY...A BLINDING BOLT, A FLASH OF ELECTRIC LIGHT...A CLOUD OF BLUE SMOKE...AND CAPTAIN COCKRING IS TRANSFORMED AGAIN INTO...

YIPS!

POOF!

CRASH!

MILD MANNERED, OBNOXIOUS VILLY VATSON

COUGH-COUGH

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUY WITH THE EARRING?

VOT!

WHAT'S THIS KOOKY COCK-RING DOIN' ON THE FLOOR?

GIVE ME DAT!

SAY PRETTY PLEEZ!

HERE...CATCH!

DON'T THROW IT...!

OOPS... SORRY!

MINE GOT... IT FLEW OUT DA VINDOW!

???

OYE VEY...IT LANDED ON DA SACRED LOST IDOL OF EL REPTIL... KAKA-LOCA! HURRY VE MUST RETRIEVE IT!

FISTING IS A CROCK OF SHIT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER-- OUTSIDE IN THE STEAMY JUNGLE--

YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED YOUR QUICK-CHANGE ACT!

YEAH MAN, WHAT'S WITH THAT MOTHER SPORTIN' THE EYE-PATCH?

I WILL TELL YOU ALL...VONCE I HAVE DAT COCKRING!

THEN YOU FOOLS VILL SUFFER HORRIBLY!

PANT...PANT...

VE ARE HERE... BUT VE MUST LEAVE QUICKLY! DA NASTY NATIVES HERE ARE VERY DANGEROUS!

PANT... PANT...WHAT'S ALL THIS OFF-THE-WALL SWEAT OVER A DUMB COCKRING, ANYHOW?

YEAH!

BE QUIET!

SUDDENLY...

TO BE CON-TINUED!

...AND WHAT ABOUT THOSE MISSING HAIR-BURNERS...

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I AM 23, SLIM WITH SMALL ASS THAT NEEDS TO BE RAMED BY YOUNG LONG THICK COCK.

YOUNG AND HUNG AND WANT TO COME. CAN YOU HELP?

WHITE MALE COCKSUCKER 40-LOTS OF EXPERIENCE. WILL SUCK YOU OFF, SWALLOW YOUR LOAD.

Some are specific:

MARINES: I AM A YOUNG HIP DUDE WHO GIVES FAR OUT HEAD. BUST YOUR NUTS IN MY THROAT AFTER FUCKING MY FACE FOR HOURS.

I AM DYING TO FUCK PUSSY

I AM 15-I WANT 10" TO KILL ME. MY NAME IS MIKE

And some are downright heavy, crying out in silent terror:

I BEAT OFF IN HEAR. I AM A TROBLED FAG. HELP ME.

And others, by an ironic twist of a later comment, can be heartbreakingly funny:

I AM 19 AND AM STARVING FOR SEX.
 (I AM 70, AND SO AM !!!)

And so, the endless parade of graffiti goes on and on. From the simple 4-word slogans to the involved, carefully written stories, it will all continue. Psychologists believe that even well-adjusted people have repressed thoughts. John walls are a healthy outlet for them. By studying trends in graffiti, perhaps sociologists of the future will be able to determine the state of social problems in a particular area, or even the key to isolated individual problems which have baffled them.

The "handwriting on the wall" is more significant than it looks on the surface. Underneath are motivations which are important to the writer and interesting to the reader. Next time you go into a john, spend some time reading the walls. It may tell you something you didn't know about your brothers. And if you have the urge to write something, go ahead! It may tell you something you need to know about yourself.

WHEN IN ROME (Continued from page 5)

much to do with this also, as you will happily discover when you go abroad once more. With so much free time on his hands, the European 'moonlighter' has more time to really discover sex... to savor it... and—in getting to know his partner better—prolong the encounter.

Then too, blackouts being the European way of life at present, there is greater excitement in picking up someone in the dark... a feeling of challenge and mystery and "Johnny's so long at the fair." There is the exciting intuition that both of you are being quite daring. Hangups vanish... inhibitions are lowered. And if, in the course of the encounter, you discover that you have many more things in common, why not invite him to a good restaurant for the gourmet foods and fine wines he has always enjoyed, but which are now impossible on his budget? By being as generous as you

can—wherever you can—with money and your special consideration, you will add immeasurably to his pleasure and regard for you, while simultaneously adding cubits to your own stature, so that you will no longer feel that you have been misused.

GET IN SHAPE BY SUMMER (Continued from page 21)

beneficial to the calves) then place the balls of your feet and toes on a 2X4, thus allowing the heels to sink further down (this really works the calves!).

MAINTENANCE

When you reach your goal and have determined your ideal weight, you can maintain it by consuming the proper amount of food. Simply multiply your desired weight by the figure 15—which will tell you the daily number of calories it takes to stay at that level. Continue taking vitamins—and exercise regularly. This sort of maintenance will keep you in shape and make it unnecessary to go all out in shaping up quickly next year.

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Bud Parker is a leading expert on diet and exercise. He has been editor of several bodybuilding magazines for more than a dozen years and has personally organized nine Mr. America/Mr. Universe pageants.



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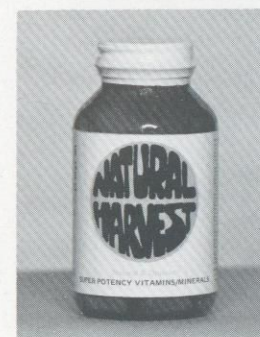
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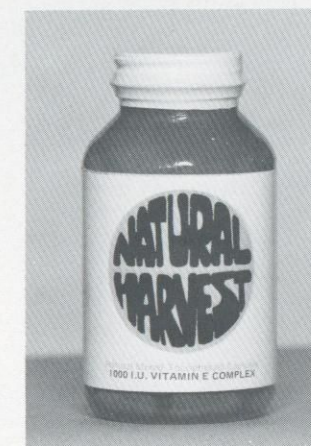
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