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For Gay Guys 

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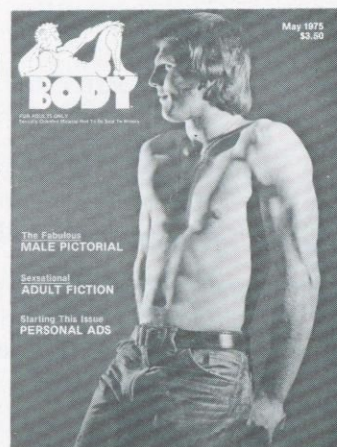


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HAVE you noticed recently that the Pornowar is at a standoff; Antiporn forces taking time out to lick their legal lumps and devise some other asinine strategy they hope will work *next* time, while the Pornopros—especially the gay ones—chuckle at the chuckleheaded comedy of errors that led to this odd impasse? Yet the oddest thing about the stymied siege is that it should seem odd at all. Sexual free-thinking has always triumphed in every age, however long and fierce the battle, because sexual repression/censorship is a war against nature that nature always wins. Some historical examples:

1) When gay guys of Sodom discovered that it's a gas up the ass—thereby giving sex a new fun dimension—even though the Antiporners of that time were successful in destroying the city to stamp out this 'vice' and its growing publicity/popularity, gayly rose the phoenix of sexual freedom from the ashes, and we've been joyously sodomizing each other ever since. Whatever else had been destroyed, the name and technique remain.

2) When that celebrated closet case, Napoleon Bonaparte—an S&Meanie if ever there was one—was sent a copy of the Marquis de Sade's manuscript (the Marquis expecting praise from one so addicted to torture) Napoleon promptly had the author clapped in an asylum. Yet this failed to impede the publication of de Sade's work, a masterpiece that has had such an ongoing impact on a particular gay sexstyle that those who are into S&M—whether deeply, or as role-players—identify it with the author's name.

3) And as the city of Sodom phoenixed in 'sodomy', as did Sade in 'sadism', so also did Pompeii rise from volcanic ash after 1900 years—her gorgeous pornomurals intact, revealing fantastic sexual rites common then, but which most of us at the orgy have not yet fully experienced. Thus those antiporn 'gods' who claimed that Pompeii would be punished for her 'wickedness' obviously didn't have the last word about the triumph of sexual freedom.

4) Closer to our time (1912-1915) is a perfect example of how sexual repression succeeds only in destroying the repressor. Anthony Comstock won every battle against free sexual expression except the last. In his "crusade against sexual libertines" and "their truck with lewd pictures and literature" he wielded tyrannical power, conferred on him by reason of his Postal Inspector status. That he made life miserable for lovers—gay and straight—for years, is common knowledge. What is not generally known, however, is the precise cause of his downfall.

Comstock was a kind of 'pornoPilate' who, while washing one hand of contact with "sinful wickedness," was, with the other, collecting up to 35% of the fines assessed against the "sexual libertines," as he called them . . . a quite legal, albeit clandestine, arrangement of that period. So as he grew more powerful his wallet grew fatter. The more storm-trooper raids he could contrive, for the flimsiest reasons, the more fines were collected, and the greater his take. Unlike the blindsided religious/reformer groups who had triggered and lost previous pornowars, greed was the self-serving cause of Comstock's downfall. When his motive was exposed, his

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May/June 1975

EDITORIAL GAYLY FLIES THE PHOENIX

A STUDY IN SEXUAL CONFUSION

BY FRANK KEATING



Athletic Model Guild

A Guide To Sex By Astrology Swingin' On A Star

By Forline

ASTROLOGY may well be the last straight-world fortress gay guys need to liberate. Remember the pink-faced lady with the psychic blue eyes spinning out your horoscope with old bullshit like, "Oh, my dear, you will never find your way without a woman . . ." Or, "You, an artist! Such an unmanly profession! Never!"

Everybody seems to be pushing some kind of magic formula for the ideal life nowadays, but it's usually got a hetero hang to it (been to a guru or yoga meditation lately?), and means "overcoming sex" in one way or another . . . transcending all that animal fun to sit somewhere and contemplate your navel, or become some kind of drudge. Traditional, hetero astrology is no exception.

But there's a new movement afoot in the astrological world . . . a few gay astrologers who are using new concepts of "people, earth-centered astrology" and who say, "fuck off" to old-style straight-world myths. These gay astrologers have got some answers for an exciting sex life that may surprise you . . . with lover, or in multiples of three or more.

Like, for example, they advise that you can get along and ball with any Sign in the Zodiac, the vital factor being to get into the other guy's head, as well as having a strong sense of where you're at . . . a feel for your own "center." And there are practical guides for this never considered by traditional or straight astrologers.

How about using astrology to plan a ball-shattering orgy? How about using astrology in order to turn on to a richer, fuller sex life through practical, earth-based symbolism?

Let's begin with "what Sign is best for you." Any Sign can be. And conclude with "planning the astrological orgy," which will include phases of the Moon.

The significance of your Sun Sign is that you were born at a certain time of the yearly season on earth, not that the Sun is in a certain constellation. It's the pulse of earth seasons that you relate to, not to the distant stars.

Any Sun Sign can be good for you. It's a question of figuring how you relate to the whole Zodiac, depending on the kind of relationship or sex you're looking for, and more importantly how you respond to it and how you use it. These are matters for you to decide. In earth-centered astrology you are not fated to do or become anything. Quite the opposite. By understanding the meaning of symbols, you learn to overcome fate

and to act as an individual . . . to shake off all the old shit laid on you by tradition, society and "family."

Selected here are six combinations which emphasize relationships "traditionals" often say are "bad," or "difficult." These have been selected out of the possible 144 combinations to demonstrate how this kind of astrology works and to show everything is possible in sex and relationships. There are no such things as "bad" or "difficult" combinations. Balling with the entire Zodiac . . . that's the ultimate adventure! Of course, settling down with all twelve Signs would take you more than a lifetime, although I know some gay guys who seem to be trying to do just that!

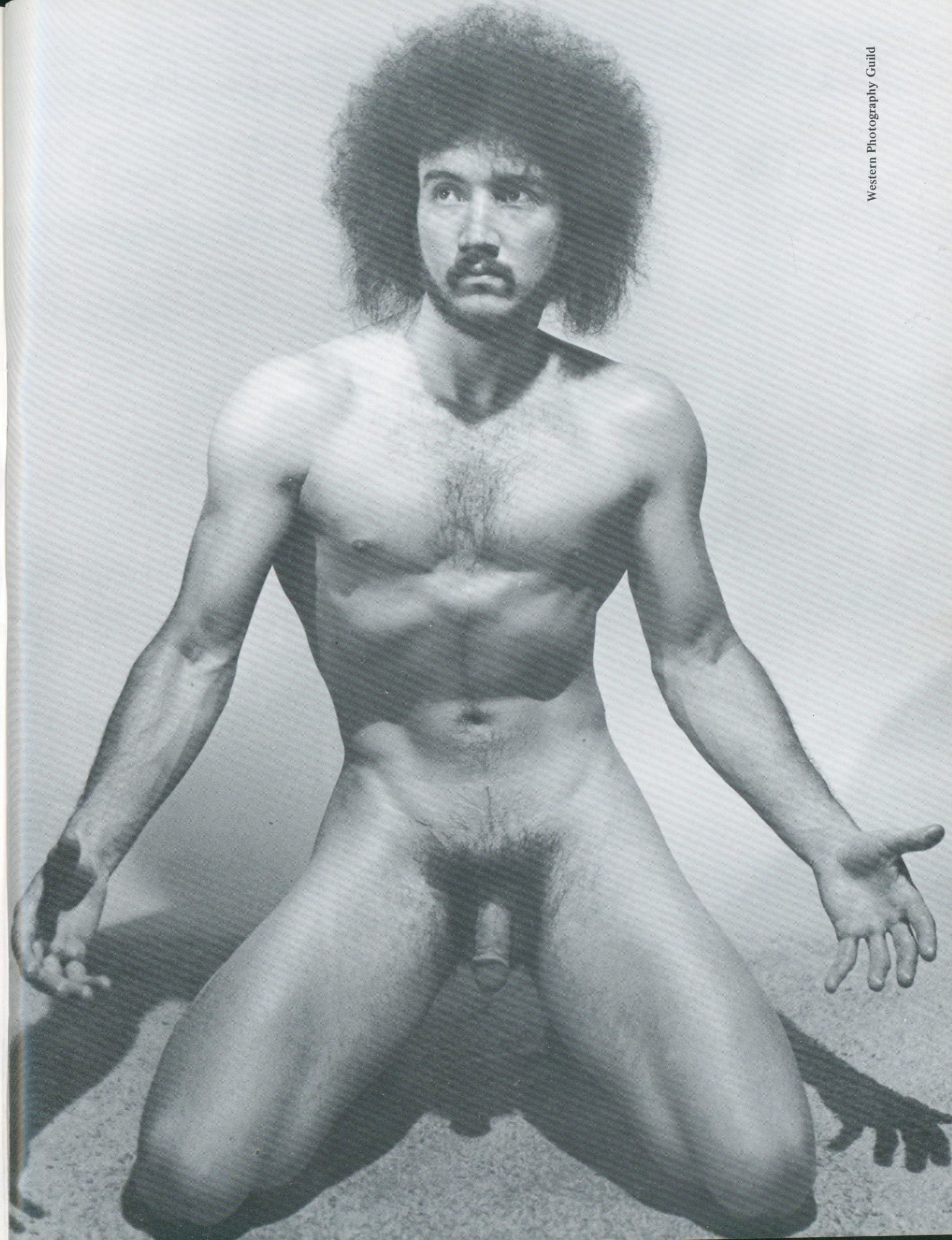
Anyway, here's the gay, earth-centered astrologer's interpretation of at least six possibilities:

ARIES-TAURUS. Aries, you are Springtime, wild flowers popping up like dicks in a sauna. Taurus, you build the walls around those budding wild flowers, lie down in the midst of them and sleep in lazy afternoons. Many an Aries will seem not to desire any kind of relationship that will keep him behind those walls because it's his solar purpose in life to discover . . . to create new situations, to find himself in a continuing search for action. That Taurus person lying in the Aries wild flowers could be just what Aries is looking for—in sex—if the Taurus likes to fuck. The Bull Sign can focus the Spring Sign's instability, bring the Aries back down to earth before he is off and running again. Taurus . . . let me tell you, Aries can be the best lay you ever had. He's just as romantic as you are and will enjoy your stability and desire to be productive, momentarily. If your Aries lover is an artist, build him an art gallery. But don't think, dear Bull, that you will confine your Aries friend for long. By letting him go, you will keep him. Aries has got to find himself out there beyond the rainbow; and, as a matter of fact, it wouldn't hurt you, dear Taurus, to get the hell out of the cloister once in a while and dig the Aries trip beyond horizons . . .

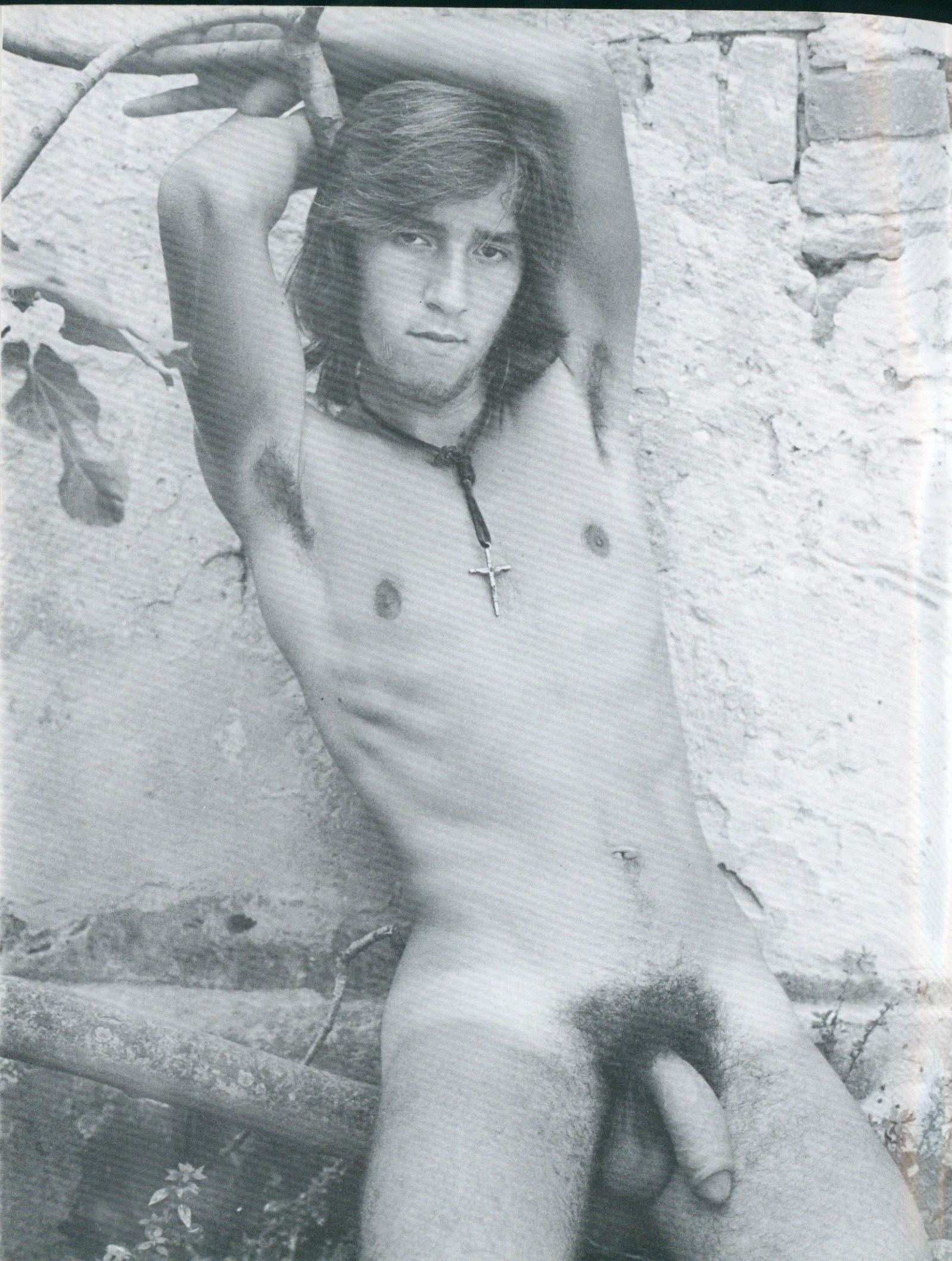
GEMINI-PISCES. Gemini's the one who climbs over the Taurean walls to wander, at least in the near countryside . . . to meet, talk, associate with his neighbors and try to figure out what the hell life is all about, and then to explain what he's learned to anybody who will listen. Pisces believes he knows all about life the moment he's born, and he probably does deep down inside his sensitive soul. Pisces in bed with a Gemini? Don't think about it, and don't try to figure it out, either of you, just do it. Of course, you may end up running away from each other when it's over, but don't think about that either,

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QQ



Western Photography Guild



A DUBIOUS PRIZE OF THE KISSING GAME: **MONO**

BY ROGER WATSON

ALTHOUGH the disease is clinically termed *infectious mononucleosis*, its full name is such a jawbreaker that even physicians usually speak of it as just 'mono'. Ask a dozen people what it means and very likely you will get a dozen different definitions. For example, while one may think that mononucleosis is some deadly 'osis' like tuberculosis, another may pass it off casually as "something like halitosis." It is not a killer, but one who has contracted the disease may well have several frantic sessions with the prayer beads before the feeling of impending doom subsides; and he who has cavalierly related mono to simple bad breath will know that he's had a tiger by the tail—or vice versa.

We are dealing with mono here as a disease of *sexual activity*, as differentiated from a specific sex disease. More specifically, as it is identified with *gay sex*; and still more specifically, with *orgiastic sex*, because it is almost invariably communicated by prolonged deep kissing . . . and what's an orgy without lots of deep tongue-plunging as a prelude (also interlude and postlude) to really 'deep throat' sex? Gay people often contract mono in groups because just one person having it can—through making the orgiastic rounds—transmit it to everyone.

Actually, it was through such group 'impregnation' that the disease was first analyzed epidemiologically, and—of all places—at West Point, our most prestigious military academy! It seems incredible: mono running rife among dozens of America's most magnificent men, caught with their *mucho macho* hanging out in the kissing game!

Infectious mononucleosis is generally recognized as of viral origin, although bedrock proof does not exist, and it is not transmitted to and by homosexuals exclusively. Girls contract it also—particularly after their own aphrodisiac revels. And so, as our clinical picture emerged, what now seems irrefutable is that the Point epidemic occurred because one presumably bisexual cadet, returning from the Christmas holidays, met an attractive girl on the train. Certainly she must have been unaware that she had mono, because the severe symptoms, such as we shall describe later, had not appeared.

During the long trip they kissed up quite an acquaintanceship. Some five weeks later, the cadet having returned to school to be greeted with long, smoochy Happy New Year's kisses by his secret gay/bi friends, all came down with mono—five weeks, or thereabout, being the incubation time for this disease.

May/June 1975

Thus medical authorities attribute such outbreaks of infectious mono to "occasions of prolonged kissing."

They also call it a "monastic disease," not using this term as a derogation of any faith, nor in a pejorative sense, but as being common to any group—male or female—living apart from the world for several weeks or months, then contracting it when recommunicating with society and—naturally—trying to make up a lot of sexual lost time.

For example, sailors at sea. While on shore leave a gay/bi sailor may have made it with a mono carrier. Assuredly during the encounter he will have found it necessary to administer prolonged 'reexcitation' via mouth. And so, carrying his 'prize' from the kissing game back to his ship, in just a few days at sea he probably will have had sex with most of the available gay guys, and it should come as no surprise that within five weeks of his return *nearly* everyone who had been kissed down to the tonsils by him will have come down with mono—along with its unhappy donor.

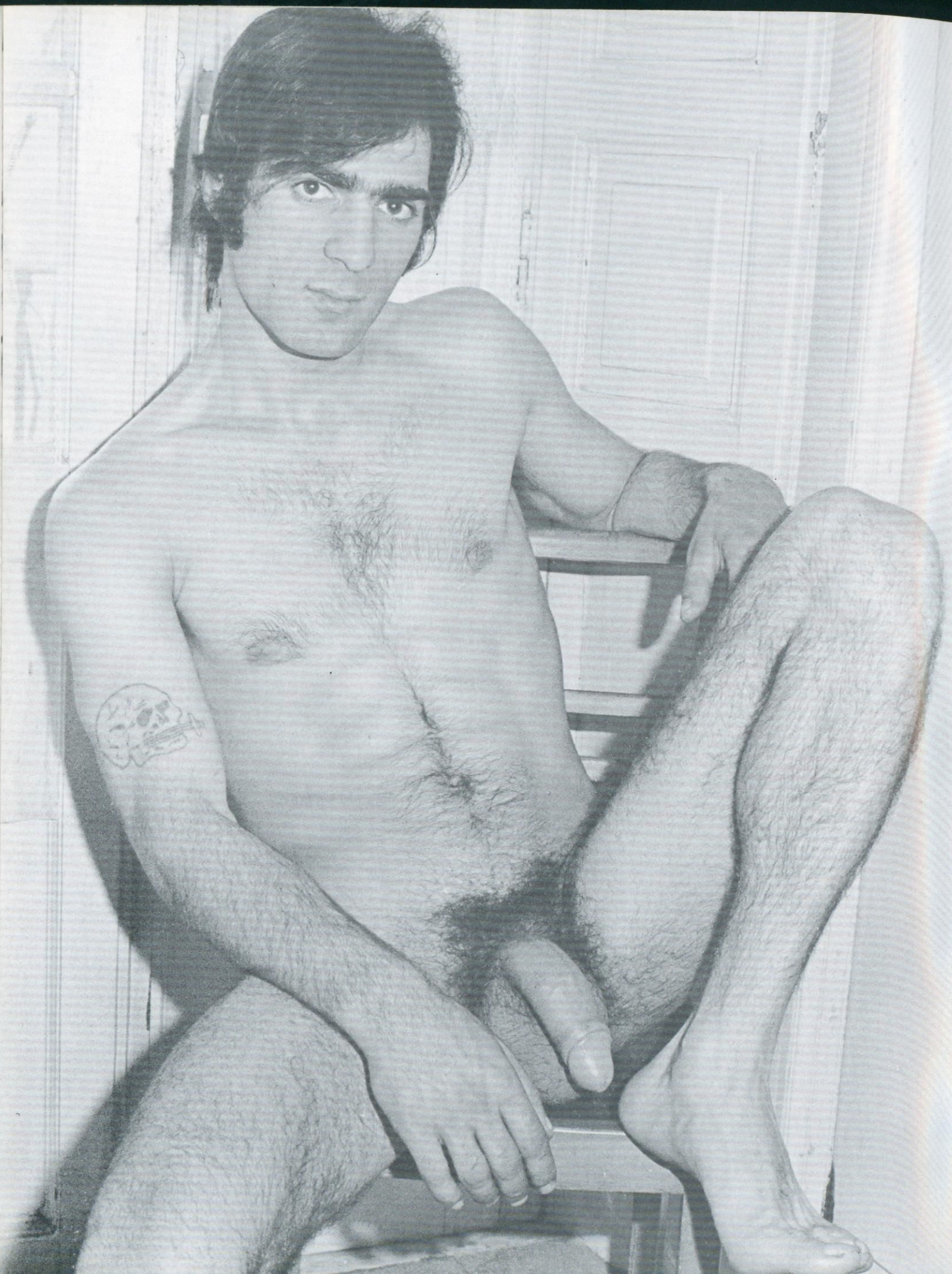
Some will *not*, however. Those who have had mono *once* will *not* have it again. The first time acts as an *immunizer*. Therefore, fear not when kissing up a later storm with a stranger—anytime/anywhere. (What a pity that 'gono' is not its own immunizer, as 'mono' is.)

All-girl and all-boy schools have occasional bouts with mono. Also monasteries, especially when Brother Superior—as sole contact with the outside world—goes out to market for the Friday fish and dallies too long with too many in the john. Nor is mono a stranger to prisons allowing visiting privileges. Nor in military camps. Mono can occur wherever groups of whatever sex are isolated from the world for considerable periods of time and re-entry is made with caution thrown to the winds. At such times the possibility of being savaged by mono is the farthest thing from one's mind.

MONO SYMPTOMS AND SIGNS

Looking at mono in gay perspective, it is most frightening because its symptoms are so much like those of venereal disease. In fact, many physicians believe that the symptoms and signs of infectious mono vary so greatly as to have replaced syphilis as the great imitator of all other diseases. What are these symptoms and signs?

First, the non-specific 'possibles' and 'usuals' before the disease has made great headway: fever of 102 or so; weakness; sore throat; tonsils coated white; headache; cough; and swollen lymph nodes (glands) over the body, but principally under the (Continued on page 41)



The Horny History Of The Jockstrap

By Frank Samuels



Alexander

IMMEDIATELY after one of New York City's new glamour 'health spas' had signed up a painfully shy young gay guy who wanted—as the muscle magazines say—"to pack on pounds of muscular bodyweight," a powerfully-built and quietly gay young instructor was putting him through the paces of his first workout. Having demonstrated the techniques of the curl, the squat and the situp, he directed his charge to lie supine on a pressing bench for a chest exercise. To his peekaboo surprise he noted that under training trunks the lad was gussied up to his navel in a jockstrap.

"What on earth are you wearing *that* thing for?" he asked.

"To protect myself," repied the young Steve Reeves-to-be . . . an all-over-the-body blush turning him momentarily into a tall Bloody Mary.

Concealing a smile, the instructor assured him "Don't worry, because the first guy who tries to grope you will be out on his ass."

Looking suddenly wistful for a moment, the boy said "But I didn't mean it like *that*. I just thought that because athletes wear a strap to protect themselves from injury, so should I."

The instructor went on to say that it is a common misconception that *all* athletes wear jocks, when, in fact, very few do. That the whole point of the jock is to protect the individual in rough *contact* sports, as well as in certain other activities where there is a possibility of injury in the 'cock pit' from the blow of a bat, a ball, a stick, a fall, or from the sheer meanness of an opponent who seeks to injure. But that bodybuilding, unlike football, baseball, hockey, wrestling and boxing, is not a contact sport, so there's no need for one; and that to some degree it actually hinders certain bodybuilding movements.

We should like to point out some interesting aspects in the evolution of the jock from its dual socio-athletic purpose in the sixteenth century to its quite far-out ornamental (usually) and functional (less so) apotheosis today.

THE ELIZABETHAN JOCK

In the time of the first Elizabeth's reign, a crude jock served as protection from jousting injury. At that medieval time, when knighthood was in flower, jousts took the wise precaution of wearing under the heavy suit of armor a kind of finely-meshed steel jockstrap. And so, even if unhorsed by the lance of an opponent, the luckless jousting never failed to make the

sex scene later that evening . . . never missing trick or stroke, since his cock and balls were still in mint condition.

A secondary, and quite different jock in those times was the codpiece, and this was described by Walter Norris in the December 1971 issue of *QQ Magazine*, now unfortunately out of print. In a section of an article titled *Tricky Teasers for Teasy Tricks*, Norris writes:

The codpiece dates to the sixteenth century when men wore tights and a short—just to the waistline—tunic, or doublet. However, unlike male ballet dancers of today whose tights are all of a piece, Elizabethan tights were two long stockings stretching to the waist, and where they were joined at the crotch a delightful *trompe l'oeil* was created. As one may imagine, Elizabethan gay guys seized the issue (if you will excuse the expression) and exploited it to the hilt, and so big baskets became the rage . . . and the bigger the 'beddier'.

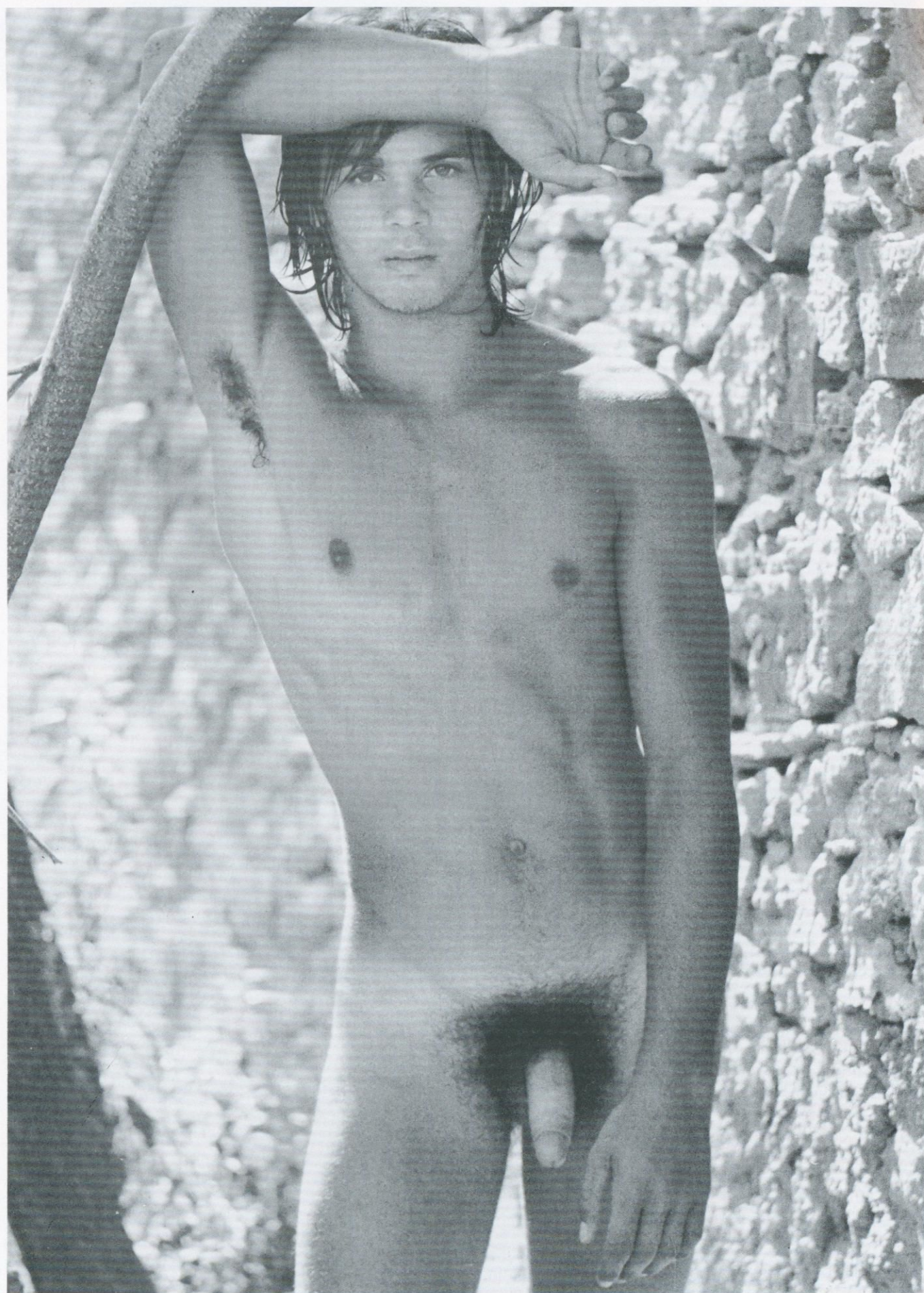
This annoyed the Church no end, and so for the sake of 'decency' an edict came down from the Queen that *no man under the rank of lord, knight, or esquire shall wear any tunic that is not long enough, when he stands upright, to cover his 'privities' and his buttocks, under a penalty of 20 shillings.*

So the codpiece came into use—a pouch meant to cover the crotch and conceal the goodies beneath. However, it had a quite reverse effect; since it looked like nothing so much as a giant basket itself, it called all the *more* attention to the area, and so codpieces grew larger as gay guys of 1570 began stuffing with cotton what nature might have forgotten. Sometimes such an exaggerated effect was achieved that one might have thought the codpiece had been stuffed with the *Illustrated London News* (Christmas edition). The codpiece lasted more than a hundred years, until skirted coats arrived on the fashion scene and obscured the view. Pity.

THE RENAISSANCE JOCK

Frenchmen, to whom the mere thought of being sexually incapacitated for even a moment, is something to hackle the back, wore a somewhat different kind of jock in the Renaissance period. Although the age of jousting had passed, they were much given to fencing and *jeu de paume* (a supposedly very courtly game of tennis, but which could be ruff-f-f!), and so there was the ever-present danger of being flicked in the groin by a rapier, or thumped in the testicles by a tennis ball, which was much heavier in

(Continued on page 40)



Jurgen

Gods Who Dance

Nureyev/Baryshnikov

By Terry McWaters

NUREYEV and Baryshnikov literally burst on the Western dance scene via two breathtaking ballet leaps—Nureyev escaping Soviet agents with a *grand jeté* across the steel fence of Paris's Le Bourget airfield in 1961 . . . Baryshnikov, thirteen years later, eluding more Soviet watchdogs with his own cleverly-improvised variation of a *cabriole* across the floor and through the door to freedom in Toronto.

These young gods who dance are a pantheon of two. Others may apply for admission to this charmed circle but the entrance examination is grueling. Although Baryshnikov had not met Nureyev or seen him dance (he was fourteen when Rudi made his celebrated Parisian leap) until both performed practically *vis-à-vis* in New York—Baryshnikov with the American Ballet Theatre at the New York State Theater . . . Nureyev with the National Ballet of Canada at the Metropolitan Opera House—in the brief time they've known each other they have become fast friends and almost brothers. They seem to be together every waking moment. Our man in the Forty Winks Department, however, has not come up so far with any hard intelligence.

It is a paradox that they are so different as dancers because of so many similarities in their personal lives, particularly with regard to their national origins, temperament, training and—in many respects—their now-similar lifestyles. The first of these odd similarities is that they might well be called

THE NON-RUSSIAN RUSSIANS

Neither Nureyev nor Baryshnikov considers himself really Russian. Nureyev is a Tartar; Baryshnikov is a Latvian. They are Russian only by a conqueror's fiat, by their Russian training, and the fact that their



Nureyev (left) welcomes Baryshnikov!

principal language is Russian.

Nureyev: "I don't consider myself Russian in the strict sense of the word. I am a Tartar . . . a Bashkir. It is exactly two hundred years since the powerful and magnificent race of Bashkir warriors, who for seven centuries had never known defeat, were forced to surrender to Russia. I can't define what it means to me to be a Tartar and not a Russian, but I can sense the difference in my flesh. Our Tartar blood runs faster somehow; it's always ready to boil. We are a curious mixture of tenderness and brutality—a blend that rarely exists in the Russian. Tartars are quick to catch fire; quick to get into a fight; we are unassuming, yet at the same time passionate and sometimes cunning as a fox. The Tartar is a pretty complex animal—and that's what I am."

Baryshnikov: "I was born in Riga, Latvia. My mother died when I was thirteen, but my father, a retired engineer, still lives there with my stepmother. I wanted to be a concert pianist, but my mother

enrolled me in a local school of ballet when I was twelve, where I learned French and developed a consuming passion for dance. Two years later, while on a trip to Leningrad with fellow students, I applied for admission to the Kirov Ballet School and was accepted."

What Baryshnikov modestly does not say is that his talent is so immense and his progress so swift that he completely bypassed the usual apprenticeship in the *corps de ballet* and was soon advanced to solo roles in major productions.

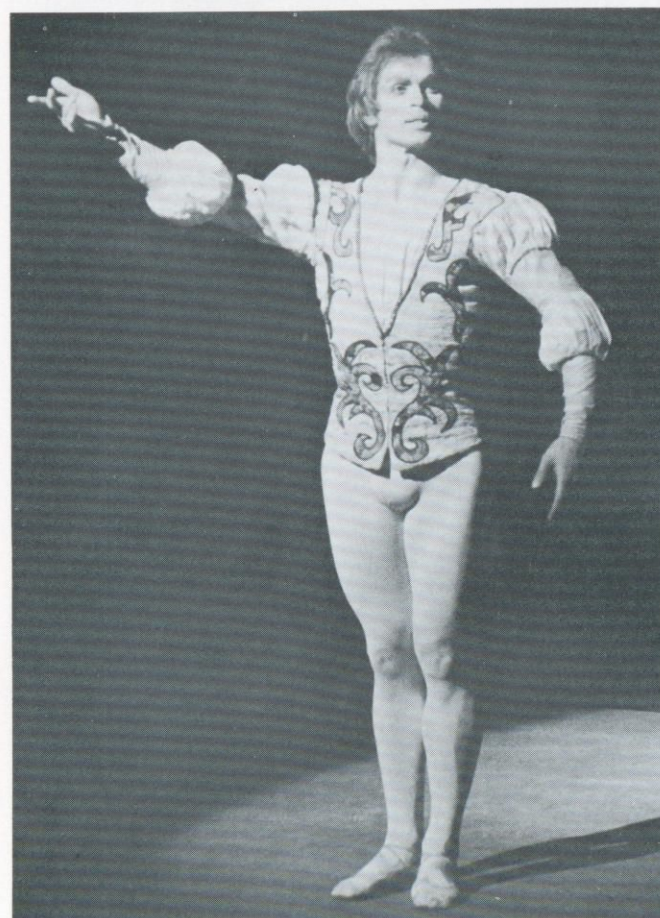
Thus Nureyev and Baryshnikov share the same history of being prize students at the same school; of having been blessed with the inspired and devoted teaching of Aleksander Pushkin, and his second-fatherly love and personal guidance; of being intensely musical (Nureyev is also a pianist)—an extension of talent that is so much a part of their performances which are first of all musical, and then balletic. There is, however, a notable difference in their ballet-school lifestyles. By his own account, Nureyev was unmercifully snubbed and put down by his fellow students. His classmates resented his swift advancement, and were jealous of the special attention lavished on him by the legendary Pushkin. Also, their dislike was a kind of xenophobia. Because of his Bashkir origin, his Tartar drive and slightly Mongolian features, he was an outsider; 'different'; and thus to be scorned as a 'non-Russian'. It was an ostracism so complete that a less courageous man might have been so embittered as to give up dance. But to Nureyev this was more like the Yankee belief that 'every knock is a boost'.

A BLOND PRINCE

Baryshnikov, however, has al-



NUREYEV



most literally had everything handed to him on a silver platter. His classmates adored him—his instructors, too. And as a professional he was the only Kirov dancer with his own no-share apartment—and a maid, no less!—as well as having his own small car. With his more 'Russian' look—Baltic blue eyes, blond hair done in a flattering long style, his angelic smile and gentle personality—he was a favorite of his colleagues, as he is today with his audiences. He looks like a twentieth-century Prince Valiant. Moreover, he not only looks like a genuinely good guy . . . his friends will tell you that he is. His high regard for his dance colleagues and his considerate partnering of whatever ballerina he may be dancing with, is simply a simple extension of his private image.

PHYSIQUE DIFFERENCES

The difference in physique structure between these young gods who dance is notable. Nureyev has a very slender, long-line body that derives from his longer bone structure. With his striking high-cheek Mongolian features and the suggestion of 'tiger on the prowl', he dominates the stage from the moment he comes on. He does nothing so crass as to 'grandstand' or 'come on strong' deliberately. Rather one senses that a powerful, irresistible force has arrived to take command.

On the other hand, although Baryshnikov is identically Nureyev's height—5' 8"—he has a slightly wider and more Slavic face, with a complementing bone structure. His bone-lengths are shorter and slightly larger than Nureyev's. This caused a dance critic of *The New York Times* to call him 'chunky'. This is uninformed, to say the least, for how can any man with a 27" waist and gloriously-rounded buttocks that are exactly proportionate to it be 'chunky'? If that were the case we should all be so luckily 'chunky'!

What makes a still greater difference physically—and as dancers—between Nureyev and Baryshnikov, is that the muscle attachments just under the backs of Baryshnikov's knees are shorter; this makes possible what is called in ballet 'leaps without preparation'. One second his feet are on stage. Then, without giving the slightest indication that he is about to leap, he is five feet up in the air! There is only one American dancer who has this unusual ability to leap without obvious preparation, and that is the Hawaiian ballet star, Finis Jhung of the late, lamented Harkness Ballet. Such a leap is something not to be missed. If the American Ballet Theatre comes to your community and puts on either *La Sylphide*, the wonderful old Bournonville classic, or *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, with Baryshnikov, please wheedle, needle, buy, beg or steal a ticket to see at least one of these performances. In either ballet this leap without preparation is so explosive that the audience invariably gasps in shock . . . and then, as Baryshnikov seems to hover in space for an incredible time, one simply can't believe what one has seen.

But where Nureyev dominates the stage from the moment of entrance, Baryshnikov steals on and into your senses. His quiet, gentle demeanor reaches out to you . . . and when his gravely sweet face breaks into a smile it seems to envelop the entire audience. Just don't let this lull you for a moment (or perhaps we

QQ

shouldn't have told you), for suddenly there will be fireworks going off like the Fourth of July and you find yourself sitting on the edge of your seat with surprise and excitement.

He is, moreover, like Nureyev, a consummate actor. It seems almost unbelievable that a young man (he's now 26) could have developed such a total sense of theatre so quickly. His tragedy in *Giselle* is so real as to wring tears from a stone. His comedy in *Les Patineurs* is so perky the audience is suddenly in a champagne mood. Baryshnikov simply bubbles!

AN ENLARGED REPERTOIRE

When one reflects that with typical Soviet heavy-handedness there is rarely a new ballet created for the Kirov in Leningrad; that the same old warhorses (*The Swan Lake*, *Sleeping Beauty* et al) are endlessly repeated night after night, year in and year out; one understands more clearly why Baryshnikov, like Nureyev (also Natalia Makarova and Valery Panov and his wife) felt they had to break away when an opportune moment made it possible.

Since joining the American Ballet Theatre, its wise directors, Oliver Smith and Lucia Chase, have seen to it that many ballets Baryshnikov has long wanted to perform have been remounted for him.

We have mentioned *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*. This ballet has not been performed by the ABT (or any other American company) since around 1951. At that time the star for whom Roland Petit created the ballet was Jean Babilée. It is a supremely difficult ballet—not only technically, but because it requires consummate acting skills—and only an artist with the special equipment Babilée had—and Baryshnikov has—can bring it off.

For example, just from the point of dance technique alone that famous leap without preparation is done not only several times from the amplitude of the stage, but more precariously from a small table that is part of the stage setting. It is simply 'back-hackling'!

In addition to the greatest possible demands on Baryshnikov's dance skills, *Le Jeune Homme* requires the most fluid and mercurial acting skills, inasmuch as 'the young man' must, in a time span of about fifteen minutes, run the gamut of emotional expression from desire and erotic love in a pot-smoky bed, to a wild fury at being rejected, to suicide by hanging. The role exploits the dancer's tremendous elevation, his catlike speed and his prowess in other areas of dance movement unrelated to classical ballet . . . his miming ability . . . plus what would seem totally alien to Baryshnikov—savage power. One might think that in the Department of Savage Power Nureyev would reign supreme. But Baryshnikov unleashes it like a pack of wild wolves. It is a total theatre experience one will surely never forget.

THE YOUNG MAN AND DEATH

To give readers who are unfamiliar with the ballet some idea of what to expect A young man in bared-torso jeans lies on a narrow bed with a crimson spread in a sloppily furnished Paris attic room. He strokes his body rather erotically and it seems somehow to charge the air with electricity (and every gay guy in the audience is turned on

(Continued on page 49)

May/June 1975



BARYSHNIKOV





What To Know/Do About Gonorrhea

By Roger Watson

IT is just as well that we first 'demythologize' the toilet seat as a source of venereal disease and get to the truth. There are five communicable venereal diseases and *none can be acquired from contact with a toilet seat*. Although VD germs are feisty fellows they are really quite fragile and cannot survive outside the human body.

Of these five forms of venereal disease gonorrhea and syphilis are the most common. Rarer, but quite as serious, are chancroid, granuloma inguinale, and lymphogranuloma venereum. Another common belief that should be demythologized is that gonorrhea can 'turn into' syphilis. *It can't*. Gonorrhea remains gonorrhea and syphilis remains syphilis. It is possible, however, to have *both* at the *same time*. Each of the five forms of VD is *completely different* from the others and retains its own character.

GONORRHEAL SYMPTOMS

A whitish discharge from the penis is usually the first symptom the infected individual notices. It strikes terror in the heart of the first-timer and he wastes no time getting to his doctor. Yet *just* a whitish discharge is often symptomatic of some other infection. For example, if the discharge, although white, is *thin to watery*, it may indicate some form of simple urethral inflammation. So note the texture of the discharge before cancelling plans for the Saturday night orgy. If, however, the discharge is *thick and creamy*—even to the point of being 'yogurt-y'—forget the orgy. You probably have gonorrhea. In either case you will certainly want to have your doctor check it. Why let anything so mysterious get out of hand?

As you well know, your penis is a very sensitive instrument. How could it not be when it responds wildly to just an erotic thought? Thus it is all the more understandable that the mucous membrane, or lining of the urethra, is equally sensitive and highly susceptible to invasion by the gonococcus that (a) causes the disease, and (b) gives it the first half of its name. So about two to ten days after sexual contact with a 'donor' you will experience a violent burning sensation when urinating, along with the whitish discharge. Take no chances, because the infection can be carried to the eyes, and—if one is the complete sexist—to the rectum.

IDENTIFYING THE GONOCOCCUS

A diagnosis of gonorrhea is never just speculative, even if all the facts at first fit into a kind of gonorrheal pattern. Although the discharge may be as thick and

creamy as Reddiwip, and therefore seemingly tell-tale, a smear of it must be examined under the microscope where—if the germs are gonococci—they will be seen as pairs of 'coffee bean' shapes. If these shapes do not have clear outlines, or are but 'iffily' identifiable, they will have to be cultured in laboratory test tubes until an exact diagnosis can be made. Thus one may have to wait several days before the returns—proof-positive or proof-negative—are in.

'YUCATANORRHEA'

This is a word coined from 'Yucatan' and the medical suffix *-rrhea* (which means 'excessive flow or discharge'), because in recent months men—gay and straight—have been making cruises to, or tours of, the Yucatan Peninsula and other Central American countries, particularly those areas containing Aztec ruins, and soon after returning home have developed what seems to be gonorrhea. All the classic gonorrheal symptoms are present: the sensation of burning on urination... the creamy discharge... the rectal burning... and pain in the area of—and radiating from—the prostate gland. Fearing the worst, the unhappy individual submits to all the usual tests and is relieved (of both worry and cash) when absolutely *nothing* shows!

The urologist will explain that he doesn't know what it is because he has nothing to go on. And since 'nothing from nothing leaves nothing' it has been added to the list of inflammations called 'non-specific urethritis'. Other than prescribing an antibiotic or sulfa drug there is little that can be done.

GONORRHEAL TREATMENT

If your tests show true gonorrhea: 1) the slide-smear of the discharge as seen under the microscope; 2) the proctoscopic examination of the rectum if you have burning there; 3) a slide-specimen of urine to rule out parasitic invasion, plus 4) the physician's finger up your rectum to determine whether the prostate is involved; the treatment for gonorrhea is a single injection of 300,000 units of procaine penicillin. Additionally, some urologists advocate a gentle irrigation of the urethra three times daily for three days with a 1:10,000 solution of potassium permanganate. Three negative smears and cultures at one-week intervals are necessary before the patient can be assumed to be free of infection.

Some urologists prescribe follow-up injections and/or oral medication. (Continued on page 54)

FOR many years Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester had been avid collectors of pre-Columbian art, but when the number of their pieces had reached 140 and outgrown all available space, the Laughtons decided to dispose of the entire collection through a noted art auction house. The sale netted \$91,250, considered a phenomenally high price in 1966. But today, just nine years later, it would have brought twenty times that much!

There are several reasons for the upsurge in prices for primitive art, particularly pre-Columbian (or to be more exact, pre-Conquest) art. One very crass reason is that people of recently-acquired wealth—and still insecure—have such a fear of losing it that they 'buy into' anything that is growing scarcer, for certainly the scarcer any commodity becomes, the higher the price. Gold, for example, which sold for \$48 an ounce just two years ago, now brings \$180 an ounce at this writing.

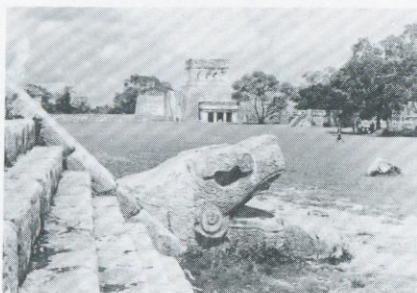
What caused the scarcity of pre-Columbian art? First, because it is such a sublime art that anyone with taste, studying even the smallest Mayan vase, falls in love with it. Naturally this created an instant and continuing demand. Next, greedy art dealers (there are some real barracudas in this otherwise noble profession) stopped at nothing to supply their eager customers . . . even if they knew the art object to be stolen . . . plundered from a temple, looted from a museum, or even taken by force at the cost of someone's life!

Finally it came to such a point that the awesome Mayan temples in Mexico's Yucatan peninsula were being systematically looted by art thieves organized with 007 precision. Using such tactics they began flying small planes to desolate locations, hacking—even blasting—into temples to dig up whole, or if this could not be easily done, to sever at connecting panels or conjunctive division, or—still worse—slicing up monuments and their sacred hieroglyphics as if carving up a length of salami . . . numbering the pieces . . . carting them through the jungle to the waiting plane . . . then flying them back to New York as blithely as though it were the Saturday 'pot run', where equally unscrupulous artisans re-assembled them with such expertise

More Precious Than Gold

Pre-Columbian Art

By David Bartel



that they appeared whole—even to the most knowledgeable collectors!

By December 1970, however, President Luis Echeverria of Mexico, enraged by the continual plundering of his country's unique treasure, signed a law making it a crime to remove anything of size from the country that could be considered a part of Mexico's great art heritage. With violators facing 30 years in prison, plus heavy fines, the plundering of monuments, frescoes and religious statues stopped almost instantly. Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador, also rich in pre-Columbian art, have likewise banned exportation of their national treasures.

Mexican collectors must now register their larger pieces and cannot either buy or sell. Finally, the United States agreed to return all archeological items if, upon being intercepted, they were determined to have been stolen. This good intention by the United States does not, however, include small vases and pots and certain other pieces of pre-Columbian terra cotta. These have been making their way into this country in a trickling degree. But they are minor compared to whole monuments—stelae—and such sought-after things as Campeche stucco masks.

When you visit Mexico you will want to bring back something of artistic value (legally, or course) to add to your collection. How can you determine what is genuine and what is fake before going to a lot of trouble and expense? There are several things one may use as a rule of thumb in buying anything 'artifactual' in Mexico.

1. If you see something made of pottery and the Mexican art dealer tells you it's pre-Columbian, kiss it first. Touch your lips to the pottery. If it is really pre-Columbian your lips will stick to it for a second or two. If it's a fake they will draw back more quickly than from a beastly trick. It's a fact. There is something the ancients used in making their pottery that after all these centuries reacts to the slight moisture of one's lips.

2. Also in shopping for pottery, look for spinning wheel marks on the inside of the object. If it's genuine pre-Columbian it will have *no marks* because the potter of that age had no potter's wheel.

3. Beware of purchasing anything that looks like gold. If there is really some gold in it the metal will be of poor quality . . . moreover, the intricacy of the design made it virtually impossible for the pre-Columbians to gild it.

4. In stone carvings be on the lookout for smooth, even lines. Fake! Remember, the pre-Columbians had only crude chisels and hammers to work with . . . any smooth surface indicates it has been made in this century with modern planing tools. Look for jagged, uneven lines.

5. Seek a reputable dealer who will back up his claims for the authenticity of his art objects. And the more expensive piece you buy, insist on more documented proof of its history and background. This is also important if you should ever wish to sell your art find.

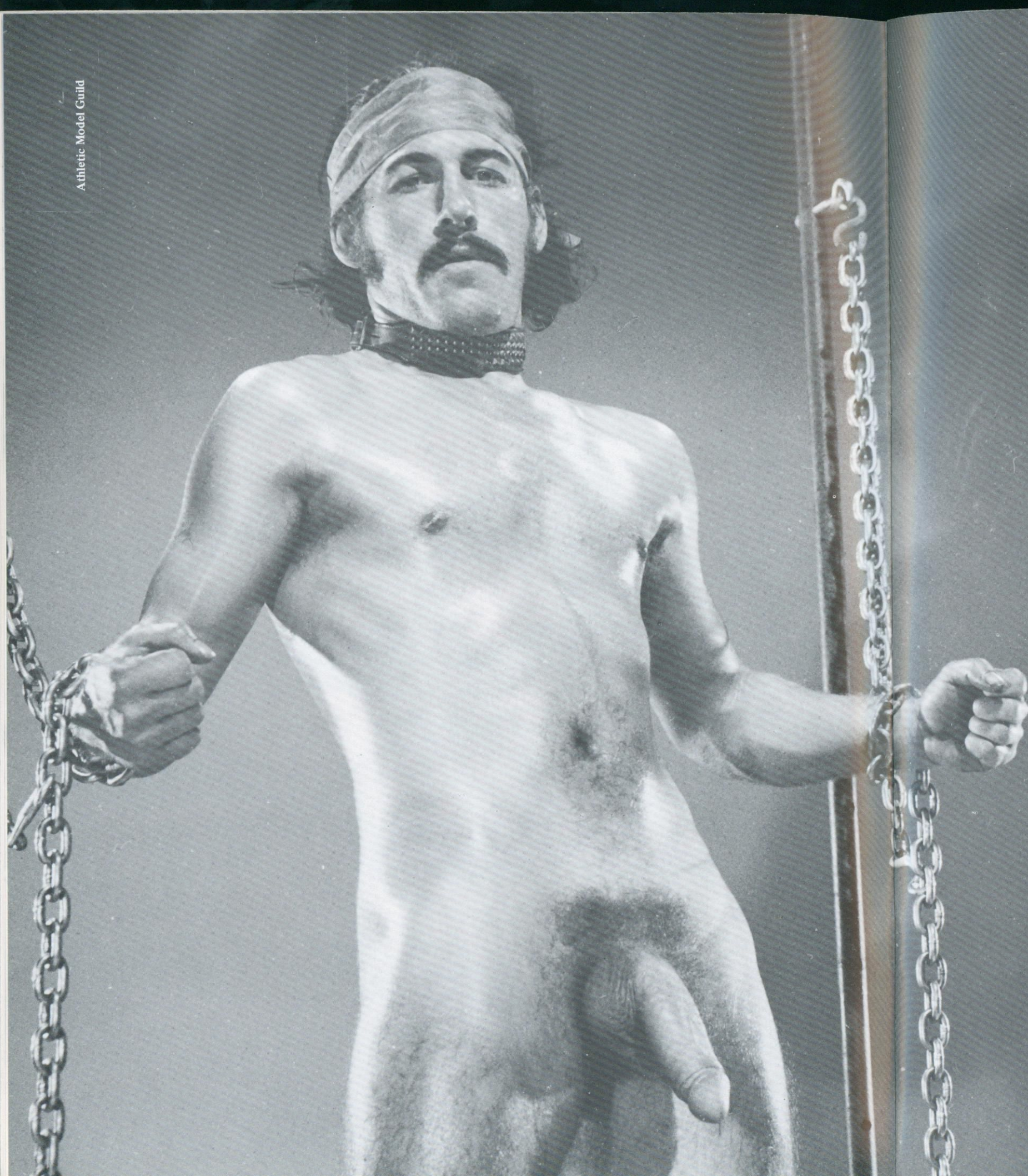
6. Mayan 'erotic art' is fake. While pre-Columbian art was sensual—as is any primitive art—it was not eroto-porno.

7. You will pay more for representations of people than of animals, or traditional Mayan geometric designs, or vegetables or fruit.

8. But perhaps simple, tactile exploration/examination of a piece is your best determination of its genuineness. A noted specialist in pre-Columbian art, Claudia Giancola or the Sotheby Parke Bernet Galleries in New York, says: "Know what to look for. Study samples of the real thing in museums. Hold the piece. A fake piece always *feels* phony. It has something stupid about it. If you've never seen anything like it before, it's probably not real."



Alexander



The Ins and Outs of ANAL SEX

By Bud Parker



WHEN it comes to anal sex a little knowledge of the anatomy of the lower bowel and the importance of mental attitude can and often do provide the means to an end—if you will forgive my pun.

ANATOMY

The *rectum* comprises the last six inches of the digestive tract. Its upper end connects with the *colon*, otherwise known as the large intestine, which is about five feet long and the shape of an inverted U. There is a curve at the junction but it does not resist passage between the colon and rectum in either direction. There are a series of valves and muscular rings in the rectum, the most powerful being the *sphincter ani externus*, where the digestive tract terminates. The transverse rectal folds, called by their discoverer's name, *Houston's valves*, girdle the rectum in three, but sometimes four or two, places spaced about an inch apart. They serve to contain the weight of fecal matter when the rectum is full and overlap each other like the folds of an accordion when the rectum is empty. When they are bunched up they sometimes block entry of the phallus until several gentle thrusts are made and they are "pushed aside," thereby providing desirable pressure on the phallus. Just inside the *sphincter ani externus* is the *sphincter ani internus*, a ring which is not as powerful as its neighbor; together these two series of muscular rings comprise the anal sphincter which contains fecal matter in the rectum and resists entry of foreign objects.

Pain is concentrated in the anal sphincter. It is riddled with nerve endings and its normal state of constriction is intensified voluntarily by men who get uptight, figuratively and literally, about being screwed. When entry is forced an unduly tight sphincter can suffer minor tears and severe pain is felt. Complete relaxation on entry is desirable, of course, thereby minimizing or avoiding pain altogether, but even when forced entry is made pain will usually subside within minutes, as soon as relaxation is induced. Mental attitude helps greatly.

MENTAL ATTITUDE

Your attitude towards your partner and your desire to accept phallic entry are the greatest contributing factors in painless insertion. If you *want* him in you, you will be mentally responsive and voluntarily relax your anal sphincter completely. To assist, you should gently "push out" as if having a bowel movement; this further assures total relaxation of the muscles guarding the rectum.

There are physical limitations, of course; we are not all built alike. However, in all human beings the anus is pliant and can easily accommodate the largest possible phallus under the proper circumstances. This does not apply to extremely large foreign objects such as dildos. Nor does it apply to fists and arms; only after you are fully aware of your capabilities should you attempt to indulge in bizarre activities, and always with extreme caution and experienced partners. Since the rectum can interpret pressure but not sharp pain, objects such as diamond rings on a huge fist can do irreparable damage. Forceful insertion of a very large object can also rupture the anal sphincter and necessitate surgical repair.

Foreplay is always a great relaxer in anal sex. Skillful fingers and a probing tongue can do wonders in "priming" the anus for the onslaught. Such foreplay also induces mental responsiveness by helping the receiver get used to entry both mentally and physically.

Cleanliness is a further aid in anal sex. Knowledge that the rectum and lower colon are empty eliminates the fear of accidental "spillage"—which can be embarrassing for both partners and a real turnoff. An empty bowel also eliminates the discomfort of unreasonable pressure caused by the combined volume of a phallus and a rectum that contains some feces. Cleanliness further permits greater versatility on the part of the receiver who likes switching from anal sex to oral and back again. Douching before sex is therefore highly desirable and I urge you to read the article on the subject in the April 1975 issue if you have not already done so.

To further assist mental attitude, anything that normally puts you at ease and induces complete relaxation will, of course, have a similar effect on your tolerance of phallic insertion. For some this is liquor, particularly since it has a numbing effect. For others it is pot, while some can do seemingly impossible things when they are turned on by poppers.



But most important of all is a partner who really turns you on; a guy you really want in you, and who is strong, yet gentle enough to perform skillfully—and that depends on how experienced he is.

POSITIONS

There is no one position that is best; there are, however, several positions which most guys favor—the most popular being (1) receiver lying on his back, legs up, either thrown back or straddling the giver's shoulders, the giver pushing in and downward; and (2) receiver bent over in dog fashion, either kneeling or standing flat on the floor and bent over at the hips, optionally resting upper body on a bed or table, with giver pushing straight in. Other natural positions include lying on one side, with or without one leg thrown up to permit deeper penetration; lying on your face with hips propped up on pillows to permit deeper penetration (an exaggerated version of this position is used by proctologists who require deep and painless insertion of their instrument); lying on your back on the edge of a bed or table with your legs straight up, held in place by your partner who pushes directly in; and sitting on your partner, who is lying flat on his back or sitting in a chair. The latter is particularly effective for beginners who want to be in control of entry, since it allows them to sit slowly, pull off if necessary, sit again, etc., until painless insertion is accomplished. Once relaxed a new position can be substituted since by then the receiver is confident of himself. All the positions which force the buttocks apart, as in throwing the legs overhead, permit deeper penetration since the thickness of the buttocks is minimized and does not provide a cushioned bumper to keep the last inch away from and out of the rectum.

The most comfortable phallus is the six or seven inch size; it is not so long as to place any pressure on the bladder and other internal organs, but is long enough to remain in without having to pull in and out on each thrust. To minimize the discomfort of a large phallus, avoid positions that force the buttocks apart, in order to restrict complete insertion if desired. To avoid contin-

uous in and out insertion of a small phallus use the positions that force the buttocks apart in order to keep the shorter length from pulling out. Uncircumcised guys are easier to take simply because once entry is made the phallus more or less moves within its own shaft of skin, which remains "locked" in position against the walls of the rectum, thus causing less friction on the anal sphincter.

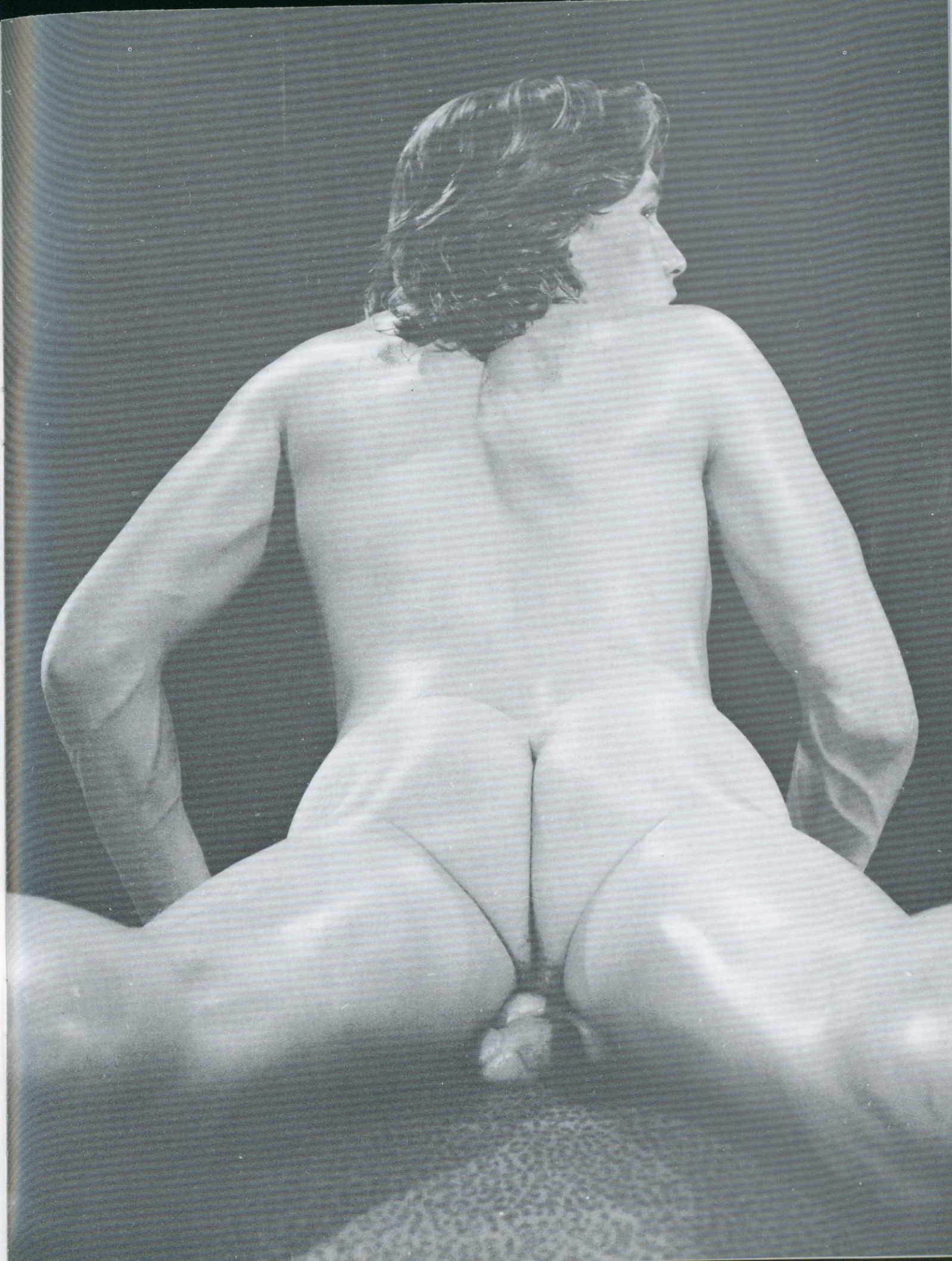
Practice does make perfect and the sensible use of realistic dildos made of soft rubber can and often does wonders in reducing mental anxiety concerning penetration, and helps one get used to accommodating larger and larger phalluses. Repeat: Use realistic sizes, especially in the beginning, and never use dildos that do not have a flange base to prevent accidental "loss" that may require surgical removal. Never use hard objects like wood, and never, but never use glass or pottery.

LUBRICANTS

Always use a lubricant. Dry friction can cause discomfort for both partners as well as irritation and damage of the lining of the rectum in the receiver. Favorites are K-Y (water-soluble and least messy, but a tendency to dry out quickly) and Vaseline (messy but lasting). Mild lotions are all right. Some guys like using lubricants that contain a mild nerve deadener, such as Preparation H hemorrhoidal ointment. These should be applied at least a half-hour beforehand for effectiveness and stronger preparations should not be used because they will deaden the sensitivity in your partner's phallus as well—a highly undesirable by-product, to say the least. Fist-fuckers favor Crisco, because it is cheap (important since so much is used) and its can is large enough to permit dipping of the hand rather than coating it a little at a time with small amounts of other lubricant.

LEGAL COMMENT

Anal sex is a form of sodomy that is punishable by law nearly everywhere. We cannot prescribe its practice but do offer these suggestions for improvement and safeguards for health for those who indulge.





Jurgen

Fiction

Three's A Crowd

By Dakota Jonson

LET'S face it, man, it all started when I got horny over the guy in the window last summer. And, what the hell, who wouldn't? The way he was standing there stripped to the waist, beckoning buns turned in my direction packed like two handfuls of promise in tight levi's . . . wild, black beard . . . fierce dark eyes.

He was talking on the phone and had no sooner hung up when off came his pants! Nothing underneath! And right in front of the lighted window!

He knew I was looking. Even though I was in darkness our rear windows were very close to his, and the way he kept turning his ass towards me . . . well, I shoulda got the message.

Anyway, my then Cuban lover, Ricky (short for Enrique), shouldn't have gone out to Fire Island without me that weekend . . . he said it was to take pictures of an actress. Of course, I guess after seven years as lovers, some separation is expected, and me—well, I confess I'd been kinda possessive . . . hanging on . . . freaked out when he didn't get home from work on time, or went off to his mother's up in Washington Heights to spend the night. Sure I knew he was there. I would always phone. Think I'm crazy? Can't trust *any* queen in New York City, lover or not! Only on the Fire Island trip, he didn't leave a number.

But nothing happened with the guy in the window that night. If only I'd known then what Mr. Naked Ass was in to! It wasn't that I wanted to be faithful . . . not with my lover on Fire Island! It was just, I didn't know what to do about it. I'd seen the guy with a chick more than once in his tiny apartment . . . lights turned off as she bared her boobs. Gullible me. I thought that meant he was straight, and I sure wasn't into going down on no cunt! Besides, what was I supposed to do, scream at him, "Come on over!"?

Ricky, the great problem solver, found the answers a few weeks later after the summer had ended and we'd drifted into cold nights and warm, autumn days. Only six short months ago? Seems impossible!

A Saturday afternoon . . . still too early in the season for the Opera broadcast, so Ricky was reeling a tape through the stereo . . . Czech Philharmonic blasting brass and horns . . . Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" . . . re-living our season at the Met several years ago . . . Rudy and Margot and the Royal Ballet.

We lived in this huge seventy-foot loft in the Village near Bleecker Street and Houston, great tall windows facing LaGuardia Place, now tilted open to let in the sting of fall, the shutters on the rear windows hinged

out to expose the building behind . . . and our friend who was again with phone in the window sill . . . with his pants on.

I'd already told Ricky about the nocturnal vision last summer, and he'd said, "Why the fuck didn't you do something about it?" So, on that Saturday afternoon, I nailed him in the kitchen, a small nook off the living area, and whispered, "He's at it again . . . the guy in the window . . . prancing around the room and looking in our direction . . . except right now, he's on the phone. And the chick is gone. I saw her leave about ten minutes ago . . ."

"Well, for chrissakes, why are you whispering?" He slammed down the bread knife he was using to slice a fresh loaf of wheat from Zampieri's . . . our in-town Saturday ritual . . . coffee, Jarlsberg Swiss and Zampieri's fresh-baked . . .

He shot out into the living area and took a spread-stance facing the rear windows. I wandered back toward the telephone near the bed for a more distant view and gave a signal by arranging my meat in the cut-offs to the right, thinking the guy in the window might catch on. Ricky suddenly spun around from staring and ran to the front of the loft like a gazelle (damn it! he was a tight package!) . . . to the picnic table we used for a desk and started scrawling something in red crayon on a huge piece of cardboard, the side of a box our new wine glasses came in.

"This is the way you gotta do it," he fired at me as he swaggered back to the rear, holding the cardboard high in the air like he was marching in the Christopher Street parade, reinforced with the pounding waves of Tybalt's death on the stereo. He had blocked our phone number in giant, lip-red figures on the placard, and held it against the window.

Two seconds later the phone rang . . . only half-a-ring before I snatched it up, signaling Ricky to turn down the music, then stroking my crotch with a free hand.

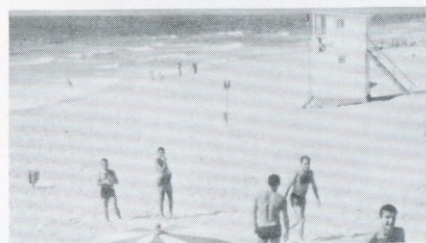
"Hi!" His voice was gravelly, but not too low-pitched. I could feel his piercing black eyes penetrating the loft, although he was too far away for me to make them out clearly. "You guys got a big place over there. We like to give parties, but our pad is too small. Do you ever give parties?"

So that's it, I thought. He wants to use our loft for a bisexual brawl . . .

"Yeah," I responded, "now and then."

He gave his name and phone number and said we'd have to "get together"

(Continued on page 44)



Israeli Interlude

Gay Adventure In The Middle East

By Jon Lorrimer

PICTURE a group of gay Israelis who, hearing constant rumors of, or living under the threat of, or even in the midst of war, are blithely making plans for their annual Gay Day Sun Festival. "What flaky guys!" Western gay people may say with surprise and admiration. "How's that for putting your priorities in order?"

Yet this is but one example of Israeli indomitability in the face of adversity, for with typical Israeli insouciance they never put off until tomorrow any fun thing they can do today. *Mañana* is not a word that translates easily into their language. So if you have tentatively included Israel in your summer vacation plans, with a view to investigating its gay possibilities, why not finalize them and arrive in time for this lighthearted festival which will be held this year on May 1 at "Achzivland" in the district or province of Achziv? Achzivland is a nudist campground open from April 1 to October 31, and proudly boasts a 'swingers' hostel' for gay guys and gals. The entrance fee to the campground is \$1.50, and to the one-day Festival, \$3.

The focus of the Festival is on art. Gay Israeli painters, sculptors and craftsmen/women come here to show their works for the prestige value of such an exhibition; for sale; and, particularly, as gay conversation pieces, for by being in constant attendance at their exhibits they have a better chance to meet gay others from all over Israel, as well as interesting visitors from abroad—namely you. So if you decide to include Achzivland as part of your Israel-Middle East summer vacation you will have a splendid opportunity to share in the diversity and richness of gay life in this brave young land.

Geographically, Achzivland is four kilometers north of Nahariyu. And once in Israel, if you'd like to know more about the Festival and/or make arrangements to stay on the campground or in the hostel, telephone 04-920250 and ask for Eli Avivi. Eli is host of both the Festival and the campground, and welcomes all gay people and nudists—gay or straight.

Also, as a locus of gay life in winter (November to April) the visitor to Achziv (the district in which Achzivland is located) will find the Yod LaYad Youth Hostel inviting and comfortable. It's just a ten-minute walk north of Eli Avivi's Achzivland. Telephone 04-921343. One has a choice of rooms, dormitories or bungalows. And just next to the Hostel is the Wimpy Hamburger Stand and Drive-in Restaurant. Not specifically gay, there are lots of gay guys who come here. It's all very friendly . . . the food is excellent . . . and it is open every day of the year.

If on such a happy note we have helped crystallize your vacation plans, we should in all honesty tell you that gay life is not so 'Rose of Sharon' in certain districts of other Israeli cities. For example, we must warn you that you can really, but *literally*, get

STONED IN ISRAEL

Although the ancient city of Jerusalem is bustling and internationally gay in spite of its years, we urge our readers to stay out of a particular district. This is the Mea Sherim quarter of the city . . . the bailiwick of the extremely orthodox Hasidic sect, to whom homosexuality is forbidden by ancient Halactic Law. You will easily recognize the Hasidim. Male members of the sect wear long black (often messily stained) *soutane*-like coats, and round, broad-brimmed hats trimmed with fur. They are further distinguishable by their long, uncombed/unkept hair that falls in squiggly curls down the sides of their faces. So if you cruise this area and actually make it with one of these Ugh! tricks, don't be surprised if you and he wind up in some lonely spot, stoned to death in the ancient manner. This seems only fair and proper to the Hasidim . . . they do it strictly according to the Book!

But between these extremes—the happy

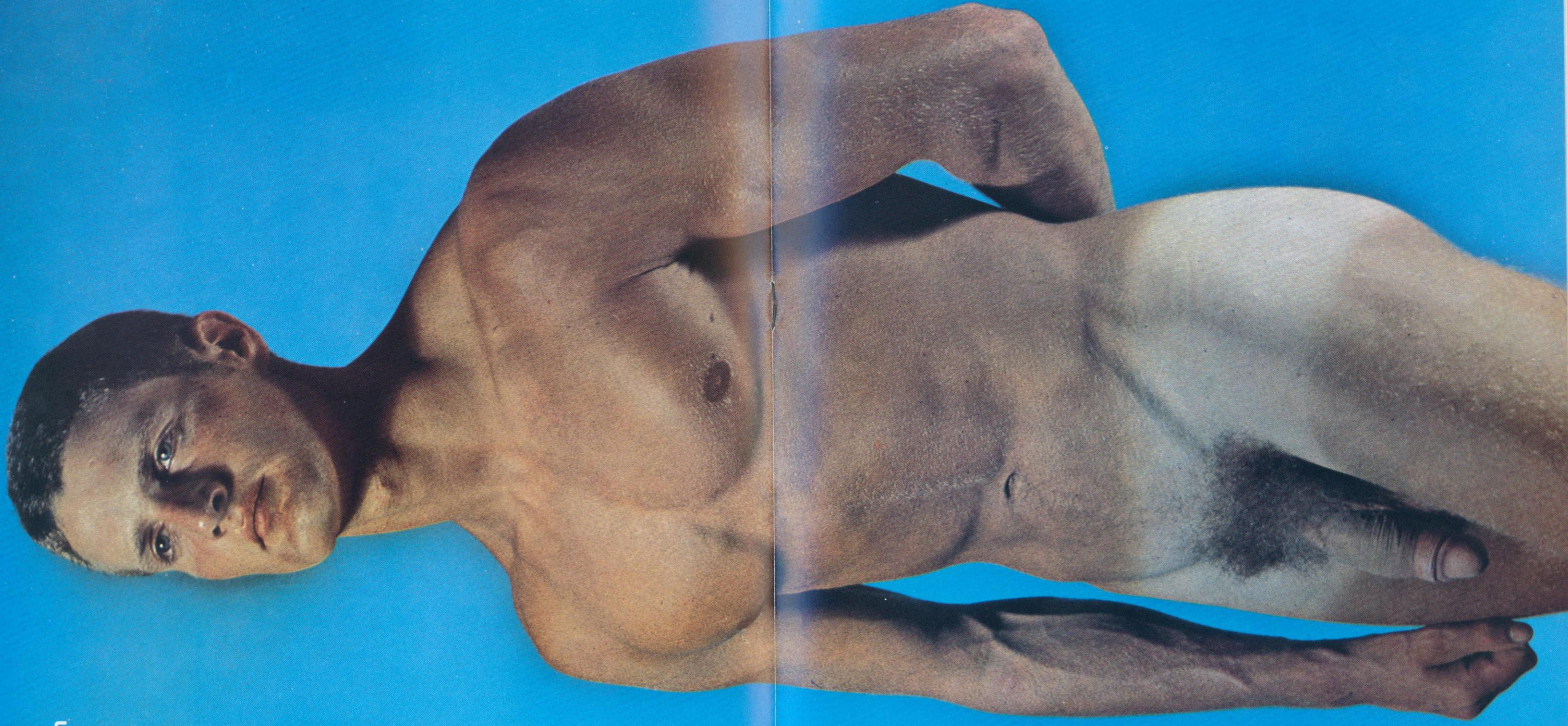
(Continued on page 36)

QQ

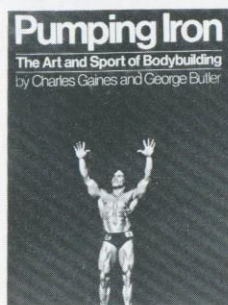


Athletic Model Guild

QQ'S Man of the Month
Harrison
By Dudley



BOOK REVIEW



Pumping Iron, the Art and Sport of Bodybuilding, by Charles Gaines and George Butler, Simon and Schuster, 221 pgs., \$15.00 cloth, \$6.95 paperback, is not a book for everyone.

In fact, I was sure it was not for me, either: bodybuilding had always seemed to me to be sham, a bit mysterious, and a bit silly. Seeing a physique contest, which I once did, left me embarrassed: I had not known what to look for, and I assumed everyone else there was crotch-watching, too.

So, when I picked up this hefty, 8½x11 book I was not at all prepared to be delighted. Flipping through it, I was arrested time and again by good photography; and then reading the text, rather than learn anything as from a text-book, I began to get the feel of the game.

A second reading, which I think the text deserves—and it's not all that long or difficult: Charles Gaines writes, if sometimes flamboyantly, always with clarity—made it all come to life. Gone were the Charles Atlas images from my mind, replaced by respect for a lot of hard work, pain, and sweat on the part of the contestants.

Gone, too, was the mental put-down of the magnificent physique I, as an average guy in such matters, had fabricated to protect my ego. This, too, was replaced by respect, largely respect for guys in one tiny minority who are doing their thing as, indeed, they have every right to do.

The author/photographer team has every right to do their thing, too, and, for the most part, they do it well. They concentrate on the big names (six or seven) in the business and disregard the other thousands. They also reduce the number of good gyms in the U.S. to two or three. They toss off two gratuitous remarks about "fags" and "faggots" which could have been omitted. (An opinion I hold, totally intuitively, is that they protest too much. Mention is unnecessarily made of everyone's wives, girl-friends, and kids, including the authors', and one bodybuilder is even photographed with a topless girl sitting on his shoulders. He has delicious deltoids!) But, these failings aside, they try hard.

One element of **Pumping Iron**

which brought the book to life is a generous scattering of quotes from the bodybuilders themselves, used as caps for their photos. More so than text or photographs, these quotes bring the bodybuilders down from their arcane Olympus to the everyday level of you and me, and, lo and behold, they turn out to be human beings, too. One such quote, germane to this review, is from Arnold Schwarzenegger, who appeals visually, as well:

"Sometimes girls are attracted to your body; sometimes homosexuals are attracted to your body. When a homosexual looks at a bodybuilder, I don't have anything against that. I would probably stare the same way if Raquel Welch or Brigitte Bardot walked by. If I see a girl with big tits, I'm going to stare and stare. And I'm going to think in my mind what I'm going to do with her if I would have her. The same is true with the homosexual—he's looking at the bodybuilder and picturing what he would do with him. You have to face it if you have a good body, and it is somehow a compliment to a bodybuilder."

Aside from the human qualities thus exposed, which, in turn, humanize the whole sport (or art, if you will) the authors give us a good backstage view of bodybuilding. They thoroughly explore training, including workouts and unbelievable diets, and in this way, once again, we learn there is more, much more, to it than a flashy oiled body posing briefly on a dais.

Also, the competing organizations which promote bodybuilding come in for a few well-deserved slaps. (They won't cooperate with each other; titles overlap confusingly.) This type of observation keeps the book from being a gushy, everything-is-rosy tract.

What fails, and maybe this is one reason I read it twice, is the book's organization, which is inexcusably bad and totally confusing. Parts were written as a novel—the story of one Big Event, the IFBB Mr. Olympia Contest in Baghdad, Iraq. These parts were chopped up and among them were scattered flashback chapters on training, gyms, vitamins, definitions of lats, teres, et al.; all important, surely, but things this reader would have liked to know about before going to Baghdad.

That, however, is nit-picking. Every page is well illustrated: the plethora of good photos takes one's mind off the crudities of textual arrangement, and the whole is much more than the sum of its parts. If you care at all about male beauty (as these guys see it) **Pumping Iron** is a winner.

Even if you don't care, it's a runner-up.

—Orlando Paris

SWINGIN' ON A STAR (Continued from page 6)

because the sexual experience could be the most shattering you ever had . . . a combination of every imaginable fantasy, if you let yourselves go. Gemini wants the ultimate trip, and Pisces has had it already, at least in his head.

CANCER-SAGITTARIUS. A combination rarely considered as ideal. Sagittarius is the wanderer into distant realms . . . the mystic explorer searching for "meaning" in life. But he's got to get his act together or he'll end up as a monk or hermit. And so what better way than returning the lurking grin of that hesitant, humpy number staring at him through the smoky mob of the local bar? It'll be better if the Sagittarian is sober so he can handle it. The sexy guy with the misty eyes may be a Cancer. These two Signs can have a strange attraction for each other. When the Sagittarian gets back to the Cancerian apartment or house, he'll discover why. For all his wandering, Sagittarius loves a glamorous, comfortable home, and the Cancer offers and displays his lush house plants and fish tanks . . . his canopied bed, solid creature comforts. The reason the Cancer brought the Sagittarius home in the first place is that he wants to add a touch of mystery to his familiar surroundings. And, dear Sagittarius, a little of all that personal sense of "home fires burning" could do you a lot of good, especially if you like to struggle beneath the Cancerian canopy on a firm, king-size mattress candle-lit winter nights, sipping spicy red wine and listening to head music. Sex could be a wrestling match, but something's gonna explode before the night is over, because you both got something the other needs. This is the Cancer's trip, filled and surrounded by Sagittarian necessities of opulence, far-out music, flickering candle-light and glowing red wine. And the Sagittarius will respond . . . provided the wine is one he approves of. But don't worry, Cancer. If it isn't to his liking, he'll tell you so and go right on fucking . . .

LEO-AQUARIUS. These are two opposites in the Zodiac, but opposition in earth-centered astrology means awareness and possible fulfillment. Leo will run into Aquarius inevitably in some kind of glamorous social situation . . . Leo is probably the one who has created the social atmosphere . . . a brunch, soiree or smart cocktail party . . . buffet radiant with delectable munchies rather than sit-down dinner, for Leo loves to make the grand social gesture. And Aquarius loves to make grand personal gestures in Leo's social atmosphere. It is almost impossible to sense

what these two will do once they get in the sack since now the crowd has gone and all the props have been taken away. They are alone at last and can't quite figure out what to do about it now the mob has left them to their own devices. So, they'll probably do something wild . . . fist fucking is a distinct possibility. Maybe they should've started an orgy before everybody split?

VIRGO-????? Now, don't get uptight, dear Virgo. This doesn't mean you can't combine with any Sign. On the contrary, you can get along with everyone, if you'll stop nit-picking or worrying over the stud with the beautiful erection who might have the clap. He most probably doesn't, and wouldn't you really love to eat that cock no matter what his Sign is? It is the Virgo's solar purpose to be the critic of the times, to help us get our tits together into developing the techniques of living, health habits and routines which keep the human machine functioning. Virgo can, and does, fuck with every Sign of the Zodiac, and is, as we all know, anything but a Virgin. The real meaning of the Virgo is "gathering the harvest." So, gather it and feast on it. Don't store it away for winter, unless you're isolated in the wilderness without a supermarket. In a sense, the Virgo has got one up on all of us because he can be quite perceptive about people. This means he can really dig everyone. The secret is to live life whether you've got it all figured out or not. Live it, and see what happens afterwards. The results could blow your mind.

LIBRA-CAPRICORN. The fall . . . Libra. The winter . . . Capricorn. Libra is about to step out into the world and participate in the exciting drama of sex, orgies, lovers, a beautiful home, shopping for expensive things in out-of-the-way, exclusive shops . . . trying to sleep with everyone he can . . . afraid to let go of his personal independence, yet somehow trying to figure out what the value is in all this activity . . . how he fits into the "group." So, he may constantly run, like the Aries who is opposite him in the Spring. In Libra, however, it is social instability that's displayed, rather than the personal instability of Aries. Capricorn has been through all that running about in social circles and has taken upon himself the burden of making something out of it, building some kind of structure he can fit his social life into . . . a set of a close circle of friends jealously guarded . . . work routine (work first and play later) . . . a demand for fidelity in relationship. It's all a matter of discipline, my dear, says Capricorn. It might appear that a Libra-Capricorn experience is impossible. But if the Libra could realize the value he possesses to contribute things of beauty (including

May/June 1975

It's Better In Pairs! Who's Who Among History's Lovers By Rob Arrington



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

THE ENGLISH ARTISTS AND INTELLECTUALS

Edward Fitzgerald wrote "The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on" in "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." This line has endured as a famous quotation from Fitzgerald's brilliant translation of "The Rubaiyat" in rhymed verse, a masterpiece which became a favorite poem in the English language during the

last century. It may also express the poet's personal quest for happiness.

Fitzgerald was a quiet type of person who admitted that when he wandered about the beaches at night, he longed for "some fellow to accost me who might give some promise of filling up a very vacant place in my heart."

Men of his own background, such as Carlyle and Tennyson, whom he (Continued on page 51)

Letters

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

LOUD-MOUTH GAYS HURT

Dear Editor:

We have been meaning to comment on your December 1974 editorial by Dakota Jonson for some time. In "Gay Lib or Self Lib?" this man has said what we've waited so long to hear—something that will bring homosexuals a status of equality faster than by any other means.

Our own lifestyle supports his views. We are two men, both holding substantial positions in our jobs, both active in community affairs, both trying to better ourselves in conventional constructive ways. We live together in a small-to-medium sized community and neither advertise nor pretend to be other than what we are. There is little doubt that our straight friends and neighbors know we are lovers. It has not adversely affected our relationship with them. I fact, we are leaders of a neighborhood group and have a waiting list of prospective tenants for houses that we own and rent. We are simply two hard-working, neighbor-respecting gay men who are very much in love, who have earned the respect of all the people we know, live and work with.

We and other gay men and women like us have a lot of work to do to offset the adverse effects of the loud-mouthed soap-box gays. So, down with loud-mouth



GAY WORLD POSTAGE

gays and power to solid gays who are not afraid to work for the respect of all brothers and sisters through example!

Your magazine has earned a place in our life through its continuing series of informative articles. Our love for each other has actually deepened—thanks to the way you have of telling it like it is and shattering foolish guilt feelings about desiring a lifestyle which too many people—gay and straight alike—consider abnormal.

Sincerely,
Joe & Mike
Green Bay, Wisc.

Editor:

We regret that there are only a handful of noble men involved in the politics of gay lib and mourn the passing of one such individual—Dr. Howard J. Brown, who suffered a fatal heart-attack at age 50 on February 1, 1975. Dr. Brown was a prominent educator who was Health Services Administrator of New York City during Mayor John V. Lindsay's administration, and who openly "came out of the closet" a couple of years ago to the bemusement and shock of fellow educators and physicians. He created the National Gay Task Force which will undoubtedly suffer without his leadership and counsel.

his often beautiful body) to his fellows, he could find the solidity he's been looking for all along in Capricorn. And the Capricorn could do with a little of that Libran idealism, and rather loose way the Libran has of getting involved with life.

SCORPIO-SCORPIO. At some time in his life, most likely as soon as he's experienced his first orgasm, Scorpio is going to get personally identified with something, someone, or some things outside himself . . . the more penetrating, the more deep the identity becomes, the better. He is the most misunderstood Sign in the Zodiac, because he is one of the most profound, occult and powerful, so what more spectacular combination than Scorpio-Scorpio? Certainly there are many other possibilities, such as Scorpio-Taurus, Scorpio-Pisces, Scorpio-Cancer. All things are possible, but we are dealing here with the less-than-obvious. Scorpio as the "sex Sign" has a different sexual meaning than his opposite Sign of Taurus. Taurus is biological, organic. Taurus fucks because that's what you're supposed to do . . . get rid of all that tension so you can go back to smelling the flowers, watering the crops, or planning your lover's life for him. Scorpio's search for sex goes far beyond mere function. With Scorpio it's a matter of merging yourself with other forces, other powers beyond yourself, and greater than yourself, yet always in a very personal way. So, with Scorpio, sex can become a trip never to be forgotten. "Look, man," says Scorpio, "is that all you do is fuck? Yeah, screwin' is okay, but so are other things, like suckin' cock and lickin' ass, and . . . here, take a sniff . . ." If he talks at all while balling you. As lovers, two Scorpions could probably end up managing a small fortune together . . . or at least a business of some kind, if they will just get out of the sack long enough and keep their orgies limited to once every two months!

Of course, there are any number of Sun Sign combinations possible. As stated, twelve times twelve! And all of them potential turn ons. To really get into it you need to have two Birth Charts done. Sun, Moon and planet positions reveal their significance in their relationship to each other, and the interlocking of the planets, Sun and Moon between the two Charts can reveal real, practical guidelines for making a relationship work.

Above all, make sure your astrologer is not only gay, but is familiar with people, earth-centered (sometimes called "humanistic" astrology), and that he doesn't depend on computers to calculate the Charts. Computers only fit you into general categories, whereas

the personal services of an astrologer will (or should) give you the chance to tell him where you're at when you go to him, and what's happening in your life, thus enabling him to adjust the positions and "houses" (called "rectifying"). You are not computer readouts! And besides, the astrologer might be someone to invite to you next orgy!

THE ASTROLOGICAL ORGY

What signs to invite? First of all, you're going to be thinking about more practical matters, such as how versatile and how many are hung with more than six inches . . . are there enough humpy asses and trim, firm bodies to go around?

But there are a couple of astrological helpers which can heighten the experience, assuming you know all the right things to do in preparing an orgy in the first place!

There's only one thing to consider of primary importance when you invite according to Sun Signs. Try to get as many opposites as possible, or failing this, try getting Signs which "square" each other. If you go for the "ideal" combinations, called "trines"—that is, all Fire Signs, all Earth Signs, all Water Signs or all Air Signs (especially all Earth or Air), you may end up with everyone sitting around getting along harmoniously but nobody turning on. Did you ever hear of a "harmonious" orgy? Trines are for romance, not orgies.

Trine Combinations To Be Avoided

All Aries, Leo, Sagittarius (Fire)
or,
All Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn (Earth)
or,
All Gemini, Libra, Aquarius (Air)
or,
All Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces (Water)

The value in matching opposite Signs is that Sun Signs will tend to seek "their other half"—like finding the reflection of oneself. There can exist a kind of "pulling away of forces" but this in itself can cause the sexual sparks to fly. What you want out of an orgy situation is, after all, for something to happen . . . it's glory hole, hot cum, ass-hump sex you want, not a social tea. So, if you invite a Gemini, be sure to ask a Sagittarius, etc. Here's a complete list of opposites in the Zodiac:

Aries - Libra
Taurus - Scorpio
Gemini - Sagittarius
Cancer - Capricorn
Leo - Aquarius
Virgo - Pisces

An important word of warning, however. Do not invite *all* of only one pair of opposites, such as all Cancers and all Capricorns. This could be disastrous. What is suggested is trying

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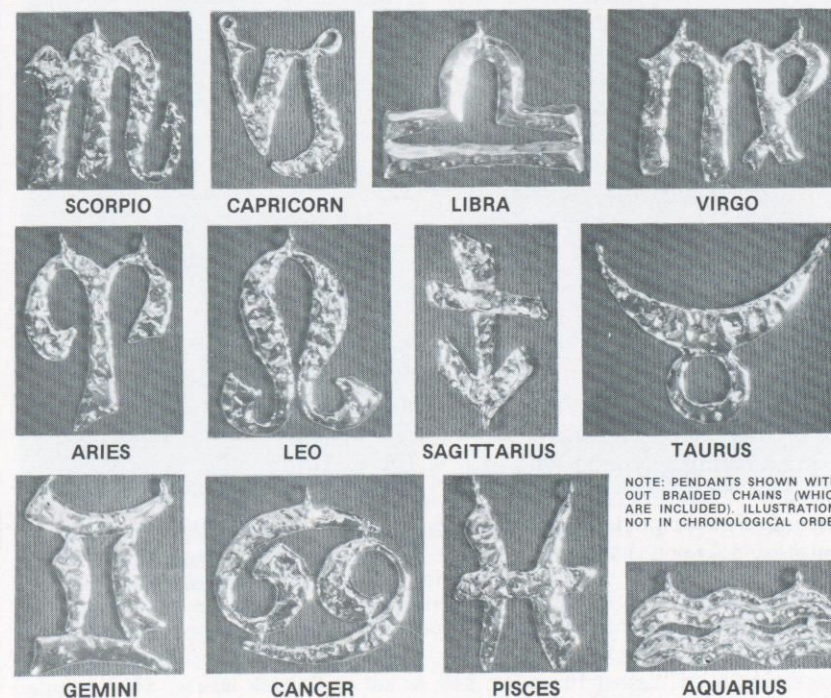
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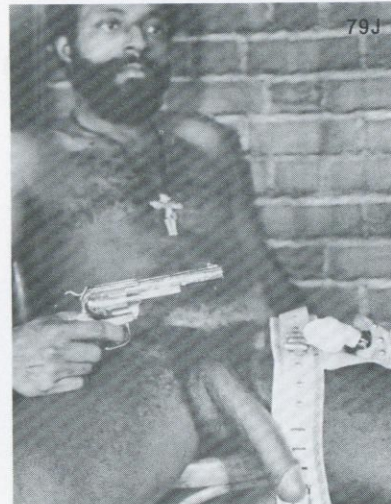
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to match the opposites of several different Signs.

If you want to further spice the pot, and especially if there's an aura of "master-slave" to any degree among your group, go for the square relationships. These are supposed to be difficult, stressful combinations, causing tensions and crisis (climax?). Your orgy might end up a shambles of cum-splattered walls, sore assholes and bitten cocks, but I guarantee you, something will happen. Here are possible square combinations, and in this case, unlike the oppositions, any one group should work very well:

Leo-Scorpio-Taurus-Aquarius (the most possible)

Aries-Cancer-Libra-Capricorn (this might become a deadlock)

Gemini-Virgo-Sagittarius-Pisces (poetic)

Ideally, you should invite all twelve Signs and let it happen. That way, you've got it all. But that seems impossible. The foregoing is offered because you suddenly may realize you've got all of one Sign coming, or all Earth Signs or Air Signs. Get on the phone quick and do some shuffling.

When should you have the orgy? This is another vital factor to consider astrologically.

One aspect of the Solar System never dealt with by traditional astrologers are the phases of the Moon, and these should be watched carefully for selecting the most auspicious moment. More than any other symbols, the Moon phases indicate the times for qualities of activity in humans here on earth... the time to take certain types of action to accomplish certain things.

This is not to suggest that having an orgy, astrologically or otherwise, should have a heavy reason or purpose behind it. Who needs a reason for any kind of sex? But you will discover that an orgy around full moon time, for example, will be an experience your friends will never forget.

Following is a run-down of all the phases of the Moon—how the Moon appears to us here on earth as it reflects the light of the Sun and seems to change shape—with comments on their potentials for fun-filled orgy time. A few hints are given as to how to recognize what phase of the Moon is in progress, since the daily papers (and astrologers) only give four of the eight major phases each month. The entire cycle, waxing and waning, from New Moon to Full and waning to New again, takes about 29 1/4 days.

New Moon. The Moon is invisible since it is in conjunction with the Sun. A day after New Moon, the Moon will appear after sunset above the western horizon as a thin sliver, and the entire

New Moon phase lasts about three or four days. An orgy held at this time should include those who act largely from instinct and don't talk too much. *Orgy Characteristic:* "spontaneous combustion."

Waxing Crescent. The Crescent is not a sliver anymore, and is seen after sunset about half way up to midheaven which is straight over your head. The Crescent waxing is cradled toward the setting Sun. Gay guys who've got their act together are making another attempt to get rid of the dead weight of the past. *Orgy Characteristic:* "experimenting... an instinctive search for new, exotic positions and methods for kinky orgasm."

First Quarter, Waxing. The Moon is exactly sliced in half and is directly overhead at sunset, the illumined half facing the western horizon. *Orgy Characteristic:* "action... a lot of tension in the air, but once the cocks get stiff, and grounded in the right receptacles, there'll be at least three orgasms per head before the Moon goes down."

Gibbous, Waxing. The Moon is starting to get a bulge in it and is half way down to the eastern horizon at sunset. From now until Full Moon, when the Moon rises in the east as the Sun goes down, is the best phase to have an orgy, but don't invite anyone who asks you why you're having it. *Orgy Characteristic:* "anything can happen. Whatever does will be wild, noisy, unpredictable. You'll have a heavy laundry bill."

Full Moon. See above, Gibbous, Waxing. Right at Full Moon time is the climax of action. The actual Full Moon when the Moon is opposite the Sun lasts only a day... only for a minute, if you want to get technical. The waning from Full Moon phase lasts as do all phases, for a little more than three days.

Three Waning Phases—Disseminating, Third Quarter, Balsamic. All have psychological overtones, a kind of quality of "release" or letting go. It is important during these phases to have guys in who have really got their heads together without any hangups whatsoever...

Disseminating. The Moon has got that bulge again, only now rises in the east well after sunset. *Orgy Characteristic:* "good old fashioned fuck... if he can't find an ass, he'll find somewhere to put it, so plan accordingly."

Third Quarter. The Moon comes up well after sunset, somewhere in the middle of the night and is exactly half again, only now the illumined half faces the eastern horizon. You will probably have a lot of doubts about even holding an orgy during this phase, but if you do, don't expect it to be very exciting, unless your group really knows where

May/June 1975

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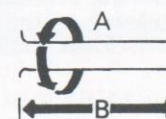
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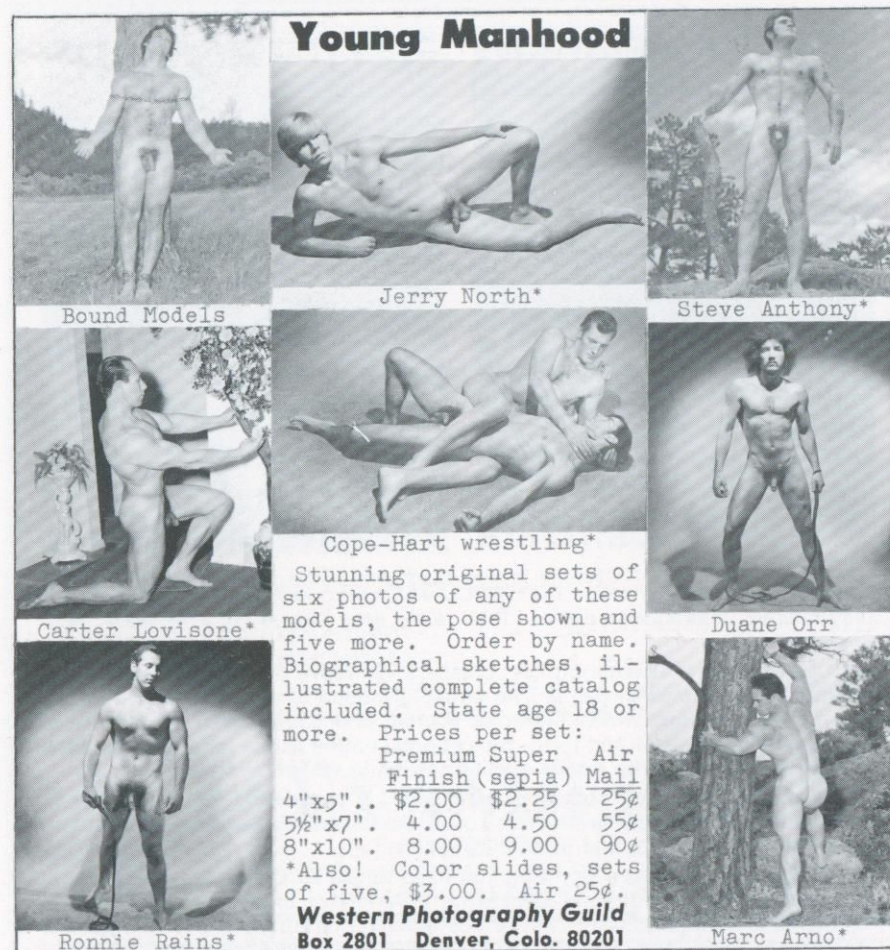
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they're at in life—to a man—since this phase represents a "crisis in consciousness." *Orgy Characteristic:* "iffy"

Balsamic. Three days before New Moon, so the Moon can barely be seen in the daytime out front of the Sun, and a thin sliver. Now is the time to hold the social tea. Invite successful, mature types who know how to take care of themselves and could dig a young lover . . . also, young guys who want to learn from older guys, as well as digging a warm bed with groovy big daddies who've kept themselves in shape. *Orgy Characteristic:* "wait . . . until New Moon . . . it's only three days away . . ."

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ISRAELI INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 26)

and the horrible—there is a broad spectrum of gay life you will want to know more about and enjoy. And so we shall cue you, city by city. Moreover, for confirmation of the information gleaned by our travel editors in their several trips to Israel and the Middle East, our friend Jack Bernstein has checked and rechecked each item down to the last detail and found it accurate, if sometimes 'painfully' so.

Jack Bernstein is a bona-fide travel agent specializing in gay itineraries. A former San Franciscan, he has settled permanently in Israel. He represents the spirit, the excitement and the youth of Israel, and you will find him a very helpful contact via correspondence, and once there, a real friend in this ancient and mystery-shrouded land. His address is 23/15 Rehov Nahalat-Zvi, Petach-Tikva, Israel. After having put his final seal of approval on our report, he included several gay Israeli recipes for special cocktails/drinks, and in this article we shall give you a few of them.

YOU'RE OFF!

Very likely you will fly El Al to Tel Aviv. If so, you will be pleasantly surprised to find that about 90% of your traveling companions are in their teens and early twenties, and who make the trip a pleasant one with their guitars and happy Israeli songs. There is a reason for this. Young Jews all over the world have a spiritual affinity with Israel even if they have no family ties. To them it is the homeland that most have never seen. Going there—however

QQ

pleasant airborne life may be—is a pilgrimage. Somehow the feeling prevails that they must demonstrate a solidarity with their young spiritual brothers who live there under the omnipresent threat of danger.

In a way it is a feeling of 'stand up and be counted'. This love for a homeland they never knew far outweighs the threat of danger, and so ships, trains and planes arrive hourly with enthusiastic young people from everywhere. They come to offer support—not only spiritual, but with money. A gift of money also buys a seedling tree that, once planted, grows and flourishes as a token of love from a faraway brother and makes the relationship closer.

As to gay life, it should be made clear that there are no exclusively gay places anywhere in Israel. Yet because Israel is a young country if, albeit, in an ancient land, and therefore very liberal in its thinking, gay life abounds in other venues. It's all in knowing how to be a part of it casually—with knowledge of its pitfalls.

One of these pitfalls is that cruising at night is dangerous. Not—as in other countries—so much because of muggers, but because Israel is on a constant war footing, hence dark areas, and particularly those adjacent to Palestinian strongholds (Libya and the Palestinian sectors of Jordan) are patrolled. The Israelis don't take chances. Either you must have legitimate business in such areas or—especially at night—you may be mistaken for an Arab and wind up very *rigor mortis*. Having been sneak-attacked so often, the Israeli guards may shoot first and reconsider later. While one deplores such hasty 'justice', the Israelis have found it necessary for national security. Stay in the brightly-lighted areas of the cities we shall describe, for here is where you will find

ISRAEL'S GAY LIFE

Having begun on a happy note with Achziv, let's continue our tour of Israel's major cities and towns and investigate the gay possibilities of each.

Safed, in Galilee, gets really gay at the annual Lag B'Omer Celebration, which falls this year quite conveniently on April 29, so you can see this festival and then press on to Gay Day in Achziv, two days later. Nice timing! Safed has a very interesting and quite gay Artists Quarter. So please include a one-day visit here in your Israel itinerary. A good contact in Safed is Haya Schwartz who knows about everything gay in his town. His address is 12 Rehov Tet-Zayin, Safed, Galilee. And his phone number is 067-20226.

Moshave Amirim is also in Galilee, May/June 1975

1975 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY



From The Editors Of Ciao!—The Most Celebrated Gay Travel Magazine In The World—A 1975 International Travel Directory Containing Nearly 4,000 Up-To-Date And Accurate Keyed Names and Addresses Of Gay Hotels, Bars, Baths, Movie Houses, Book/Sex Shops, Meeting Places And Action Spots Throughout The U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, The Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, The Middle East, Asia, And The Pacific (Including Australia And New Zealand) . . . Your Passport To Gay Adventure In A Compact Booklet Small Enough To Fit In Your Pocket!

THE MOST ACCURATE GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY IN THE WORLD

Nearly all existing gay travel directories are "rip-offs" of guides published years ago—providing information which is no longer valid. The editors of our gay travel magazine span the world—constantly gathering information for Ciao! They have prepared our 1975 gay travel directory—which we call "Private Stock." It contains nearly 4,000 accurate and up-to-date names and addresses of gay establishments and meeting places everywhere in the world—conveniently arranged by country and city in alphabetical order. By utilizing a concise system of "keys" we are able to present detailed information about each listing; the keys are so arranged that you can instantly interpret them and learn everything you need to know—whether a place is entirely gay, what you will encounter—young guys, old guys, sex, no booze, entertainment, food, lesbians, hustlers, muggers, cops, even dangerous animals (in jungle meat-racks!). And we dare to bare it all—including johns on college campuses, in subways and department stores that swing. By using small type which is easy to read we are able to cram all this valuable information in a compact booklet which is securely stapled together in magazine form and small enough (3x5) to fit in your shirt pocket. Its cover is durable and leather-grained with absolutely no "tell-tale" printing so that discreet travelers can use it anywhere. Plus other features such as where to look for sex in college towns, and how much hustlers are paid—and how to handle them. Published annually—"Private Stock" is the only gay travel directory you need . . . the only one you will ever want. It is your personal address book for hot times! Sent via certified 1st class.

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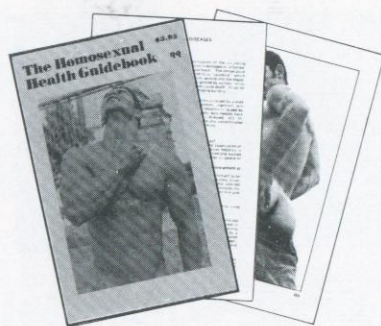
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The Homosexual Health Guidebook measures 5 1/2" X 8 1/2" and is printed on heavy glossy stock. It is sent via 1st class in a heavy, carefully sealed plain manila envelope.

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and a bus will whisk you there from nearby Safed in minutes. Lots of gay people here who make the scene *en masse* at the Organic Vegetarian Restaurant for lunch between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. The food is delicious and the management looks with kindly eye on its gay clientele.

Petach-Tikva is where Jack Bernstein has his travel agency. A center of gay activity here is the Youth Hostel, next to the Yad Labamin Cultural Center on Rehov Arlozorov. This is a mixed (guys/gals) hostel for those between 16 and 30, and while by day it seems ultra conservative, when the lights go out at night it can be wild! Upon arrival at Ben-Gurion Airport, take bus 249 to Beilinson Hospital and walk just a short distance from there to the Center. The postal address for reservations is Box 786, Petach-Tikva, Israel. Or, if you're already there, telephone 03-913121.

Tel-Aviv. If you're planning to spend several days in this fascinating city, here's a bargain for you. Pay for six nights at The Hostel and sleep the seventh night free. And if you're a student with an ID card you'll get a 10% discount as well. Rooms and dorms. Telephone 03-287088 Buses 4 and 43 take you there. Some interesting gay places: The *Eros Sex Shop*, located in The Shopping Center, 30 Rehov Ibn Bvirol. Buses 11, 12 and 19. Porno goodies and gay films. For cruising, *Dizengoff Circle*—all day, all night, 365 days a year, even on Yom Kippur!

Also dine at *Cafe Kassitt*, 117 Rehov Dizengoff. A very with-it English-speaking young crowd, this is one of the special places in Tel-Aviv recommended in the new travel guide "Private Stock" published by the QQ Publishing Company, Inc. The *Cafe Kassitt* is popular with gay guys and gals and is becoming more frequented by bisexuals . . . and not to be missed! Later, stop in for a beer at the *Red Lion Bar*, 157 Rehov Dizengoff (just a few steps away from the Kassitt). The owner-manager is a friendly American who makes gay people feel right at home.

If the tubs are your thing, you'll find the heaviest action on Thursday and Saturday nights at the *Esquire Men's Club*, 46 Rehov Shlomo Hamelech. Telephone 03-238685.

For used paperbacks, for cruising and rapping, all with a free cup of coffee on the house, stop in at *Riv's Book Botique*, 231 Rehov Ben-Yehuda. The owner is a pleasant young man formerly of San Francisco, and his establishment is active the year around. Right next door is *Bernie's Bottle Club*. Open 7 days a week from 10 a.m. to 3 a.m. It's mixed during the day, but very gay after 10 p.m. An actively-cruised bar and an excellent restaurant. Buses 4 and 43

make the scene. As for outdoor cruising places, our recommendations in "Private Stock" remain the best: the *Gordon Steps*, and *Independence Park*. However, be careful at night. Use the same caution you would in cruising any other outdoor area, in any other city, in any other country, after nightfall.

Haifa. This is Israel's port city . . . they call it the 'San Francisco of Israel'. First in order of interest is the new Central Bus Station which opened in June 1974 . . . a complex of shops in which the cruising is good. Just be sure to exercise caution. The *Cafe Orion*, located in The Hadar, 15 Rehov Herzliva, next to the Orion Cinema is pretty gay on Saturday night, but at other times the crowd is mixed. Try it then not only for some humpy numbers, but for the best coffee, the lightest pastries, and the most delicious snacks in Northern Israel. Also the *Balfour Cellar*, 3 Rehov Balfour . . . a meat-and-dairy restaurant/bar is very popular with gay tourists. *Club 120*, 120 Rehov Yafeh Hof in the Mercaz Ha Carmel district has enough gay guys to make it an interesting place. By and large, however, it is fairly straight. Give it a try. Usually a few lesbians are among the congregation. Call it mixed.

Also mixed, but patronized by gay guys—local and from afar—is the *Meadon Ha Oleh*, a tourist and newcomers' club with snack bar and a spectacular view of Haifa. Located on Sederet Hannesi in the Mercaz Carmel district. It varies in popularity from time to time, but is still worth dropping into.

Drop into the *Leiberman Used Book Store*, 11 Rehov Shapiro. This is packed with college students, young medical post-grads, plus some chicken waiting for daddy. A good place for a pickup . . . especially for older gay guys who are young at heart.

The best outdoor cruising area is that recommended in "Private Stock"—*Gan Haem* (Carmel Park). And for good subway cruising, try the Carmelit, Haifa's rapid-transit system. The best station bet is the entrance near Rehov Yaffo.

Jerusalem. The YMCA (pronounced 'IMCA') is the best gay place to stay. Located on Rehov David Ha Melech across the street from the King David Hotel, it has nice clean rooms. The bar at the *King David Hotel* is fairly straight by day, but gayly swinging at night . . . about 9 p.m. For sauna, massage and action there is the *Turkish Baths*, 36 Rehov Yehezkel. An absolute delight . . . swimming pool, sun decks, snack bar, lounge. Open from 11 a.m. to midnight, except on Friday (11 a.m. to 5 p.m.). Buses 2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 15 and 27 stop here. Gay gals get squeaky clean here on Monday and Wednesday.

For the best martinis in Israel, go to *My Bar*, an American bar and restaurant at 6 Rehov Hillel. A favorite with older gay guys . . . many lesbians . . . casual sports attire. Also *Uncle Mustache's*, an inexpensive restaurant serving delicious food in East Jerusalem. High-school/college guys and young tourists in their twenties call this 'home'. English-speaking and very friendly.

For outdoor cruising try "Private Stock's" recommendation . . . the *Park of Roses*. But just don't wander off into the Hasidic quarter and get 'stoned'.

SOME WORDS OF WARNING

1. The 1971 Drug Abuse Law is strongly enforced, so if you're into pot and/or LSD, leave 'em at home.

2. Although many people speak English (Hebrew, of course, is Israel's principal language), you may find yourself in a place/situation where no English is spoken. If you'll fall back on any of the following languages—even minimally—you'll make yourself understood—Russian, Polish, German, Arabic, French or Spanish. Many Israelis speak all of these fluently.

3. Israel has a very low crime rate, therefore strolling/cruising the streets even at night is relatively safe. The Israeli cops are not into hassling gay people. Their attitude is a quite civilized one.

4. And finally, if you need help or information from a friendly American source, the Association of Americans and Canadians is located at 76a, Rehov Ben-Yehuda; open daily except Saturday from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

We are including this additional section as a kind of digest so that you may clip it from this issue if you should visit Israel. In this way, wherever you go, you may have it as a ready reference to glance at and note any pitfalls that we can help prevent. So in

Tel-Aviv

1. The men's restroom at Central Bus Station can be rough at night. Cruisers, take care.

2. Rehov Hayarkon at night, from the corner of Rehov Trumpelder south to Jaffa. It's patrolled by both uniformed and plainclothes police to try to keep the hustlers and rough trade moving on.

3. The Hatikva Quarter, especially Rehov Hagana and its side streets. This is the stronghold of Tel-Aviv's Black Panthers and you can get roughed up.

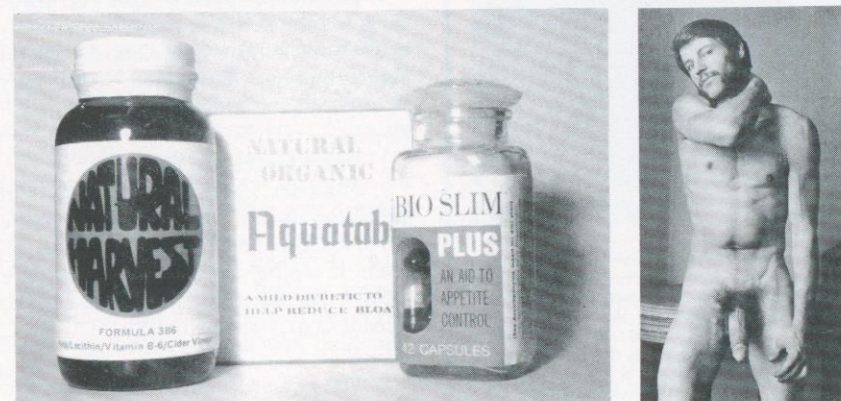
Haifa

1. Palmer's Gate by the harbor, especially at night, when you may be mistaken for an Arab. The police are on the alert here for possible Arab infiltration.

May/June 1975

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Trim guys look sexier . . . and feel sexier too. We now offer our exclusive selection of fat fighters to help you achieve and maintain a lighter weight. They are made from natural ingredients and contain no harmful chemicals whatsoever. Each fat fighter does a specific job and need not be taken in combination with the other two, but combining all three is especially effective, particularly if used with light meals and moderate exercise.



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FORMULA 3B6 (100 capsules) \$6.95

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Diuretics are used to help eliminate excess water from the tissues (particularly the skin) and thus reduce bloat. Bodybuilders use diuretics prior to physique competitions in order to attain maximum muscular definition. Boxers use the substance to reach a lighter weight just before a match. You can use **Aquatabs** to get rid of that smooth look before going on a beach holiday, etc. **Aquatabs** are made from natural and organic ingredients and are completely safe. However, because the urinary system is taxed in the elimination of excess water they should not be used regularly but only for relatively short periods throughout the year, as required. Diuretics should never be used by individuals who have any kidney disorder. Recommended dosage is 3 tablets daily.

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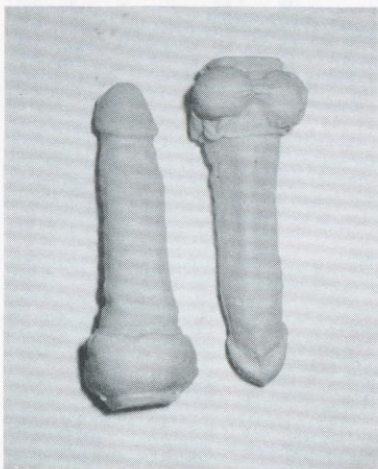
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Some like 'em long 'n lean; some like 'em short 'n stout (see our other ads . . . we have 'em all!)—but most guys prefer a "workable" size. EL PERFECTO I is where preferred size begins; it's 5½" long and 1½" in diameter. EL PERFECTO II is at an acceptable limit; it's 7" long and 1¾" in diameter. Flange base helps prevent "accidental loss." Both models are molded from life and are made of flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

EL PERFECTO I \$8.95
EL PERFECTO II \$10.95

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tion.

2. Along Rehov Yaffo there is lots of rough trade, S&M, hustlers and cops. If this is your thing, exercise reasonable caution during the day, and be even more vigilant at night. All the cafes and bars here are filled with the types mentioned.

3. There is a watchman on duty in the men's restroom of the Haifa Railroad Station. Cruise with both caution and finesse!

4. Bat-Galim Beach. Lots of trade here, but the beach is patrolled not only by the fuzz, but by Civil Guardsmen (at night) against infiltration. And they have automatic guns that go B-A-N-G!

Jerusalem

1. Don't forget the Ughs!

2. The bars, cafes and restaurants in the Katamon and Musrara Quarters are full of leather, S&M, hustlers and rough trade. It can be very exciting. But there are also the Black Panthers and cops to consider. At your own risk.

Eilat

1. The beaches are polluted. Lots of trade but unsafe at night.

2. The beach at Nueba on the Sinai coast, south of Eilat. Raids here are not so much on gay guys as on drug pushers. Lots of Israeli hippies here. It may be your kind of place, but take unusual care.

Bat-Yam

1. This beach adjoining Rehov Ha-nessiim is a paradise for hustlers of the sadistic kind. Also petty thieves . . . muggers, and the like. Completely unsafe at night.

Palmahim (near Rishon Le Zion)

1. The beach. Risky during the day. Avoid completely at night.

And now for a couple of those interesting cocktail recipes from Jack Bernstein we promised you earlier in this article. Try these two . . . they should put Israel in a mellow mood in your thoughts.

Gezer Ha Zakan (The Old Carrot). 1 ounce white rum and 4 ounces carrot juice. Put into a tall glass, add a tablespoon of Worcestershire Sauce, salt/pepper, and fill with ice-cold soda water. Drink it as fast as you can.

Mahshu Hadash (Something New). Into a large mug pour a jigger of cherry brandy (Kirschwasser is fine), 1 ounce Triple Sec, and 1 ounce Sabra (a Hebrew liqueur). Add 2 ounces of lime juice, a dash of Angostura Bitters, 1 teaspoon of brown (not white) sugar, and stir. Fill to the top with hot tea and serve. It really is something new, fellows! Try it at your next orgy!

In a forthcoming issue of *Ciao!* we should like to introduce you to the pleasant mysteries of "Climb Up," of "Black Day," of "Bridge at Achziv,"

and "River Flowing Into Sea," among other fascinating drinks by our friend, Jack Bernstein. Look for them.

...

JOCKSTRAP

(Continued from page 11)

those days . . . being made of wood! As one may well imagine, there were no Billie Jean Kings in those days.

And so the customary jock of that time was made of leather that had been soaked in a fragrant oil for several weeks, then cut and molded to fit phallus and scrotum. There was a special reason why *fragrant* oil was used for softening the leather. The aphrodisiacal scent of exotic patchouly or heady musk scented the genitals, and it was a real turn-on for one's lover.

Also a turn-on, particularly for gay guys who have always made the undressing of a lover an important part of the sex ritual, was the fact that the leather jock was secured around the waist by slender, elegant thongs tipped with metal beads. Removing the thongs one by one . . . slowly, lingeringly, heart-clutchingly, with an occasional flick of metal biting into young flesh . . . was an act of pure Dinoysian worship. By the time the final thong—dangling lusciously, temptingly down between muscular buttocks—had been loosened, and then guided by tongue all the way down, it was simply impossible to breathe, so charged was the atmosphere. *Quelle révérence . . . quelle amour!*

THE AMERICAN JOCK

With the exception of soccer—played in many European and South American countries before it ever caught on here—American sports have been consistently more rugged, and played more hell-for-leather roughly than those of other countries. American jocks, however, have usually been made either of leather, rubber, or double-ribbed latex. The material used in making the protective strap has, in the main, been chosen with regard for the special type/degree of violence of the sport. It is hardly arguable, for example, that the western rodeo is in its way as rugged a sport as football. With respect to occupational hazards, the difference is that the football player risks an *occasional* head-on and violent groin injury during a game, while the rodeo rider undergoes constant jolting, bumping and irritation (as does the cowboy who spends much of his time breaking in wild horses). And so the horseman has long favored much the same softened-leather jock of the Renaissance Frenchman, except that it has never been so

exotically and so aphrodisiacally processed. Thus molded to the contours of his generous genitals he sits his mount with less friction and more comfort.

On the other hand, the football player in high school and college used to be well protected with just a heavy rubber, or rubber/fiber, or—in recent years—double-rib latex jock. But with the advent of professional football and its unbelievable roughness and team-to-team, player-to-player 'revenge', a much different jock was needed. Today, in addition to the heavy strap, a plastic cup is snapped inside to provide uplift (the strap itself) and comfort (the cup . . . shielding against a sudden blow or fall). At first wooden cups were used, but the players objected when they found that having sex with splinters in the cock was not exactly an unalloyed delight. (Of course, if the player were having sex with a gay guy, the latter was always more than willing to extract every lovely splinter by 'tonguing 'n teasing' it out.)

Baseball players—particularly pitchers—are prone to groin injury from a batted ball. It is said that handsome Tom Seaver of the New York Mets is so 'jock conscious' that he wears not just one strap, but two . . . plus a pair of store-bought Jockey shorts . . . plus the plastic cup placed between the straps.

THE SEMANTICS OF 'JOCK'

Although there are many explanations of how the word *jock* came into common usage, we believe that because the jockstrap has been in use for four hundred years the probably-correct derivation is from Elizabethan times when the slang name for *penis* was 'jock'. It is interesting to note that around the turn of the century in the United States, when bicycling was very 'in', a bicyclist was called a jockey . . . long before the term was applied to horse racing. In those days a jockey was referred to simply as a 'rider'.

Today, another form of cycling has brought out another kind of jock . . . the 'status symbol' jock. The motorcyclist—especially those who travel in packs—is usually also into leather . . . even to the extent that his jockstrap is reproduced in it. Leather is the symbol of extreme manliness to these men. It's S&Macho, if not always S&Maso, and this symbol of 'jock power' takes many forms. For example, some gay guys who have bikes wear the same jock on cross-country trips and then trade them with other leather/bike types.

Moreover, the jock—either in leather or fabric—has always had a raunchy appeal to many gay types. The more the jock is divinely scented with piss, sweat, crud and cum, the greater the groove. Also, there are 'Swap Jock' clubs

growing in number every day. And there are those who advertise in gay newspapers for the sale or purchase of used straps . . . particularly of noted athletes, dancers and models.

Hal Warner, editor of the former *The Young Physique* magazine, once said that whenever an issue came out featuring handsome young Jim Stryker in his double-knit jock, there was sure to be a flood of requests from readers who wanted to buy it. Price no object!

Since in this leather age even jumpsuits are made of the stuff, it should come as no surprise to learn that the codpiece—now done in leather—is making a triumphant return. Worn on the outside, just as the codpiece of Elizabethan days, it is eye-popping. To see a really with-it leather guy dressed in leather all over . . . visor cap, bike-suit, boots (even a whip), and with upswept 'cock pit' in leather is *tres formidable!* But it is a part of the crazy, beautiful, thrilling patchwork quilt that is gay life!

...

'MONO'

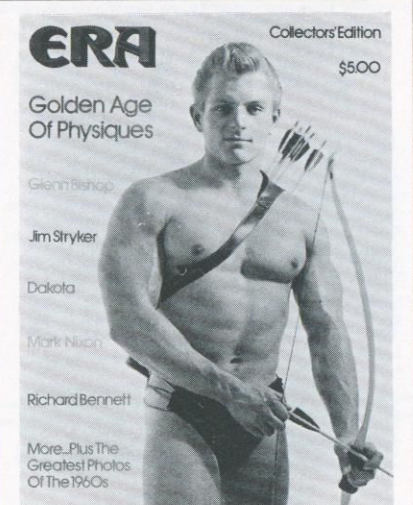
(Continued from page 9)

jaw and at the back of the neck. Also dizziness may occur and the beginning of a body rash may manifest itself.

Now here is where the great 'medical mixup' begins. For at this point the gay guy, thinking 'flu' or 'virus', will head for his medicine chest and the tetracycline capsules. But when forty-eight hours have elapsed and these capsules have not helped (antibiotics have no effect on infectious mononucleosis)—and more serious signs appear (such as a much heavier rash . . . physicians say that antibiotics usually cause a denser, more extensive spread of the rash)—he discards the 'flu theory' for that of VD. Counting backward his tricks of the previous fortnight—as if on worry beads—he tries to recall whether one or more might have given off some warning signal(s) that he, in the throes of 'throating', failed to recognize. "No way . . . all okay," he says. But if he had thought back at least *four* weeks, rather than *two*, he might have pinpointed the culprit trick (which we hope others will do, once they've read this article).

THE DEEPENING GLOOM

Being somewhat traumatized by the thought of VD (lying there like a lead balloon), plus the fact that (a) his spleen has now become enlarged and tender, and (b) that the measles-like rash is still more extensive, his fear grows . . . and



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it peaks with the entrance of still other actors in the mono syndrome: high undulant fever and extreme weakness. This time he waits no longer, and off he goes to the doctor for a diagnosis that will remove all doubt. Buoyed mightily by his resolution, in spite of his suffering, knowing that he's now doing the right thing, he says confidently to himself, "A shot of gamma globulin is probably what I need. That should do the trick." Sorry, friend . . . it won't. You're a mite late.

While gamma globulin injections will relieve the symptoms of mono, they will not cure the disease. But just as in a case of hepatitis where injections prior to sexual forays with questionable partners help to abort, or lessen the severity, of hepatitis—plus booster shots from time to time to help fortify the body against future exposure to hepatitis—such injections are of great value in preventing mono in the event of exposure. So, in short, the gamma globulin injections one routinely has as hepatic insurance likewise offer the bonus of help in averting/aborting mono.

WHAT YOUR TESTS SHOW

Specific blood tests will show unique changes in the white blood cells. Normal white cells will be overshadowed by large cells with a single nucleus—mononuclear cells—thus the name of the disease. Although mononuclear cells are sometimes found in other disease pathologies, what clinches it for infectious mono is the Paul-Bunnell 'heterophile agglutination' test. In this instance the word 'heterophile' has nothing to do with 'doing straights for trade'. It just means 'attracted to a different species'. During the test, blood serum from the patient is added to a suspension of red blood cells from sheep's blood. If agglutination (clumping) of sheep cells results, it is positive and you definitely have infectious mono, because the sheep cells would not clump as the result of any other disease.

MONO TREATMENT

Unfortunately, there is little modern medical therapy can do for the victim of mono. This is rather deflating, of course, but the fact is that the disease simply has to run its course. Whatever treatment prescribed is of a supportive or 'make you more comfortable' kind. Certainly rest for at least two weeks is advised, particularly if the spleen has been involved (and it usually is), in order that it not be further traumatized. Sexual activity is out.

Also, you will be encouraged to drink lots of fluids, and to buy a big, economy-size bottle of aspirin. Aspirin,

of course, to relieve pain and to lower the fever thermometer, as it does in most other febrile illnesses. Steroid therapy may be indicated in severe mono. And, as mentioned, gamma globulin can help to relieve symptoms.

Your doctor will advise you to stay off your job, and from any activity of a vigorous nature. Rest is probably the most important part of the mono-convalescence therapy, because physical activity at this time only throws you for a further loss, producing more symptoms or exacerbating existing ones.

Use the time to catch up on all those books you planned to read, but never got around to . . . TView . . . get involved with a quiet hobby . . . and occasionally invite your gay friends over for a bull session. It will help take your mind off your travail. (Remember: you're not a mono-giver if you don't kiss them!)

There are so many things you can do to while away the time. Besides, the convalescent period is not too long at that. Contrary to folklore and years-earlier medical opinion, mono no longer requires four to six weeks of hellish hermitry. You should be back in the best of health within two or three weeks after the peak of the disease. At the peak, mind you . . . not from the time you first experienced those non-specific symptoms. The best indication of when you can resume a full schedule is less that of what the tests show, but of how you feel. If you'll take it easy for two weeks, you won't have to parlay your convalescent time into five.

And you should rejoice in the fact that a positive mono test assures you of total immunity from now on. Medical journals have not recorded a single instance of recurring mono, once it has been diagnosed as such. Also—and this is rather 'left-handed' encouragement—whenever any or all these symptoms do occur at later times (if they should), you will know without doubt that you do not have mono, but possibly something quite serious that needs immediate attention. By having this knowledge tucked away in your memory bank (being alerted by what you know it is not, so to speak), you won't hesitate, but hie yourself to your doctor before whatever it is really lays the double whammy on you.

Also, the fact of having been zapped by mono may make you a more analytical cruiser; conditioning you to look for other signs and portents above after you've checked the curves and bulges below. If you can't resist sexing indiscriminately, however, at least you will develop the good habit of seeing your doctor for occasional booster shots of gamma globulin—just in case.

While the medical profession is not in

total agreement as to the precise cause of mono (although its viral origin seems more firmly established with each test), like most viral diseases, when mono goes away it takes with it all its hairy tricks . . . leaving no abnormalities in its stormy wake. You are well, period. Whole in body and mind. And to close on a still happier note; there is recent word that a mono preventative/deterrent looks very promising in the laboratory stage. We hope this will soon be translated into production, and when it does we shall pass along the glad tidings to you via QQ Magazine.

GAYLY FLIES THE PHOENIX (Continued from page 5)

days as a 'reformer' were ended. Overnight he became the laughingstock of a citizenry he had so mercilessly ripped off. And again the cause of sexual freedom had taken a giant step forward.

There is a great difference between those earlier pornowars and that of today in which we are embroiled. The end result, one has no doubt, will again be a victory for truth, and a further advance in natural sexual expression. The odd thing is that this will come about because of a national state of total confusion! Here are some reasons for this editorial view.

First, Watergate has had a blunting effect on every kind of do-gooder movement—especially on the 'evils' of porn. The thrust that powered the pornwar is no longer forceful enough to make any headway for it. It's really quite a switch.

Until the evil monster of Nixonism was unmasked, the great 'silent majority' had complacently trusted his administration, seeing at the tip of its iceberg too little of the sordidness that was to prove too much. But now, eyes forced open widely, they wonder if possibly—with regard to the natural communication of sexual ideas—they have been searching too much for too little. The perspective has shifted 180 degrees!

For one thing, having nearly lost our national ass by reason of Nixonian conspiracy and censorship, those same church groups and other do-gooders who had earlier favored censorship of us are now willing to tolerate anything except censorship! They "stand aloof," as they say, "from the 'problem' of sex and pornography," being unwilling to fight it "lest in doing so we render aid to all censorship." How's that for sexual confusion?

For another thing: lawyers are having a financial field day. Having laid sexual 'guidelines' that do not guide, but only May/June 1975

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further confuse, the Supreme Court has played into the hands of the lawyers. Even a witless prosecutor knows that the Court's decision provides no intelligent, workable statute that applies equally to all. Equal Justice Under Law is a precept our founding fathers wrote into the Constitution; "and don't you forget it," they said, in effect. Which is why every prosecution of pornography has failed, to date. When every community sets up its own standards, completely out of context with our Constitutional guarantee—judging violations of them whimsically, it is obvious that they, in the long run, will fail.

But what is perhaps more remarkable in the light of the relaxation of censorship (or failure to successfully prosecute, to put it another way) is that other, and long-taboo aspects of sexuality have surfaced naturally in films. What, for example?

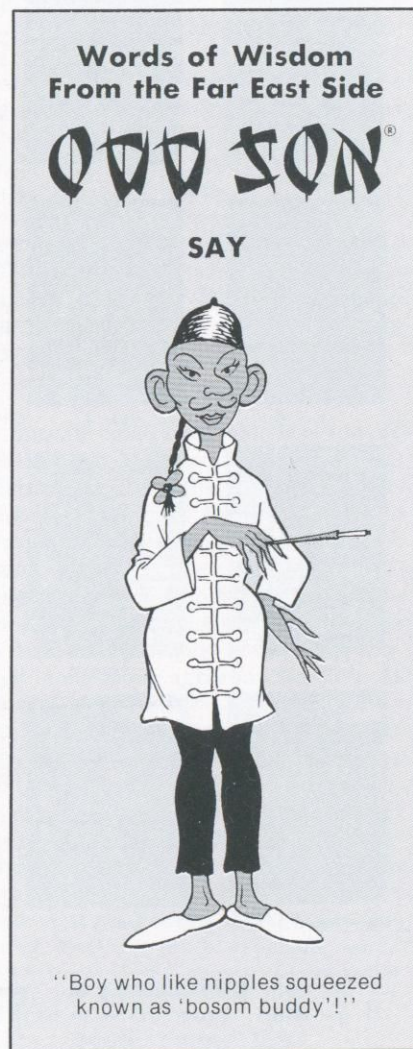
Incest, for one. Here again confusion wins the battle. *Variety*, the bible of the entertainment business, asks "Does incest lie within, beneath, or beyond pornography?" A spate of films dealing with incest would seem to be the answer. *Murmur of the Heart* was a film about a sexually-frustrated adolescent whose lovable mother 'accommodated' him. Also, remember the earlier son/mother rape in *The Damned*? No problem . . . no feathers ruffled. Both films had a good run and no one gave them a second thought.

How do actors feel about incest in our films? Some, like actor-producer George C. Scott, seem to think it a quite understandable thing. In his R-rated film *The Savage Is Loose*, Scott makes a fine (and quite legal) distinction between sexual need and sexual perversion. Marooned on an island, all hope of rescue abandoned, a shipwrecked boy grows to manhood, and desiring to fulfill himself sexually, casts a carnal eye on his mother. If he should impregnate her, the boy would be father to his own brother. Scott's point of distinction ("legal hocus-pocus," an attorney would call it) is that "the film deals with *survival*, not *incest*." Or which came first, the chicken or the egg?

If this film were to become a case for prosecution, consider what the Court would have to face fairly under its guideline of 'redeeming social value, as applied to local community standards'. Would the film be barred because boy-fucking-mother is actual incest? Or would it be permitted to run because it is a study in genetic survival under inhuman conditions, and therefore humanitarian in essence? Confusion?

Bestiality, also, is a long-taboo subject—rarely discussed even in 'impolite'

conversation—now emerging in films under relaxation of censorship. Some Danish films dealing with bestiality have played the Seventh Avenue pornotheaters in New York recently. The funny thing, though, is that supposedly sophisticated New York pornotheater managers are showing such films ginn-g-gerly! This will seem funnier still to those strapping, pink-cheeked, blond-haired 'naive' young guys on farms in Nebraska, Kansas and other Plain States to whom 'bestiality' has been an important part of their formative sex life.



On your next swing through the Midwest, pick up one of these unbelievably handsome guys (who may be waiting for you in the courthouse john). You may think he'll be "just another dumb number" who'll be a lousy lay because of his sexual inexperience. But once he's into you like a triphammer working overtime, chalk his 'inexperience' up to a running affair with a handsome little sheep who adored him . . . who followed him happily into the barn several times a day and went ecstatically *baa-baa-baa* with his every phallic thrust!

Also, bestiality is not unknown to the cunt-swashed woman in a towering city apartment house who has a plethora of poodles. So when Eeny has gotten in some licks and retired breathlessly to a corner, there are also Meeny, Miny and Moe to spell him until he gets his second wind.

Moreover, films of an earlier period dealt obliquely with bestiality—or have you seen the 69th rerun of *King Kong* and missed all that 'symbestialism'? Also the Lugosi/Dracula films dealt with bestiality on a kind of idiotically-unbelievable level. Genet helped matters along with more sophistication . . . as did Cocteau, allegorically. Like a closet queen, bestiality has always been ready to pop out for tea and crumpets once the hour has struck. With confusion in the courts aborting prosecution, and relaxing censorship, the time for all phases of sexual communication to surface is at hand.

Whether one is pro-incest, pro-bestiality, or if the very mention of such things is a revolting turn-off, they have their place in the total sex picture. To suppress, repress or censor them is to retard the emergence of all things bright and sexual, because to do so is a betrayal of *someone's* natural instinct.

And it's not nice to fool Mother Nature . . . no matter the source of her "sweet, creamy butter."

...

THREE'S A CROWD (Continued from page 25)

sometime" and hung up . . .

The first contact. His name was Michael Polo and he was a writer, he said. Ricky made the pronouncement we'd never hear from him again. Ricky was always making pronouncements, and most of the time he was on target.

This time he wasn't.

It all came about in a funny way, though, our first threesome, and it was like the final death knell of our love affair . . .

I should explain. Ricky is a photographer who freelances assignments all over town . . . mostly performance stuff . . . small theatre and ballet groups and occasional shots at the Metropolitan and New York City Opera companies. He was itching to get into his own lab setup, and had just about given up trying to use the kitchen as a darkroom. So maybe that had something to do with our breaking up.

Anyway, one evening several weeks after the Saturday phone contact with Michael Polo, I got home kinda late—well, six-thirty, from my job at the Safari Club where I was a fund-raiser,

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and a client of Ricky's was there—Chandler Harris, the English set designer. He'd contracted Ricky to take some colored slides of his designs for an opera. I said hello and left them alone out front, although you couldn't hide from anyone in the loft—there were no partitions—unless you made like a cook in the kitchen or soaked in the tub in the john. I decided to put some dinner together, and shortly thereafter the designer left.

Ricky was acting kinda funky . . . distant . . . into his own head. But then, winter was coming on, and he sort of hibernated every year like a grouchy bear until Spring and bulging baskets came again into view. I tried to get through the haze, asking him a couple of routine questions . . . what he thought of the Chandler Harris designs . . . how the day had gone . . . and got back a sullen grunt or two.

The only thing I couldn't figure was why he was hanging around the kitchen if he didn't want to talk. I was into salting a roasting chicken and scraping carrots.

I soon found out. Crazy Cuban. He was waiting for the goddamn phone to ring . . . the wall phone extension in the kitchen. And it did . . . a shrill alarm bell, I should have known. He grabbed it quickly before I could even turn around from the sink.

"Hi . . . oh yeah, hello," he growled sensuously. "Well, I'll try. Sure, tomorrow night should be okay . . . I'll get hold of some by then . . ." And hung up.

"Who the fuck was that?" I asked, not a little miffed, my bull-possessive blood stirring. Jealous, I confess, is a better word for it. I was mad because maybe I missed some action.

"Oh—that was the guy in the window, Michael Polo," he said wistfully and faded into the living area to sit by the glass coffee table . . . me in hot pursuit.

"Well, what did he want?"

"He wants to come over. Only he won't come over unless we've got poppers."

I started to feel better. I hadn't missed the action after all . . . or had I?

"Can we still get some at the drug store on Broadway?" I asked eagerly.

"Yeah, I guess so. They cost plenty there . . ."

"But they're the real thing. You know, Ricky, we don't know what he does in bed. I mean, there's that broad with the boobs. He's not gonna bring her over, is he?"

"No!" he snapped, much too abruptly, like he knew more than he was giving out. "I mean—I don't think so," he explained, his eyes staring into space.

"Well, maybe he just wants to get sucked off," I said, "or fist-fuck us, or something . . ."

"No . . ." Less positive, this time. He still had that faraway gaze, however, like he was into some kinda fantasy he didn't want to share.

And then I got the flash. It came suddenly, like a jolt of reality-shock. The game was over.

"You had him," I said flatly, sucking in my breath to steel myself from the blow I knew was coming.

Ricky smiled wanly and tried to make his hazel eyes friendly in the gloom, raising his fuzzy eyebrows. One thing you can say for Ricky. He never lied to me. "Yeah . . . I had him," he said.

With raw carrot and paring-knife in hand, I sunk into the sofa. "Tell me about it," I gasped with forced happiness coloring my voice. My heart was pounding, and I felt like there'd been an earthquake.

"It was really crazy," he replied, getting up and wandering off into the shadows. I followed. "I've had the *craziest* afternoon," and he chuckled. "Chandler Harris was due at four-thirty, you know—for the appointment—I mean, I was expecting him, and about three-thirty the phone rings and it's this Michael Polo. 'I see you're there,' he says. 'Can I come over?'"

Ricky and I settled near the front

windows facing the street. Easier to talk there. We didn't have to look at each other.

"So, I thought to myself," he went on, "shit, if I don't say yes to him now, we'll never have the chance, but first I told him you wouldn't be home until later and why not come over then? But he said he couldn't come over later . . . it'd have to be right then, so I said okay . . ."

"What about Chandler Harris?"

"Yeah," Ricky said, chuckling louder this time—hysterically, I thought. "I know. I had all sorts of misgivings about Harris popping in on us at the crucial moment. Anyway, Michael got here almost at once."

(So now he was calling him Michael, already . . .)

" . . . and even then I thought, what am I doing? He probably only wants a blow job, and you know how much I like to fuck . . . He no sooner got in here, and he started ripping off his clothes, dropping his overcoat, pants, jockey shorts where he stood. At least he wasn't wearing boxer shorts—not a word. Just started to strip, and I thought, what now? Do I go down on my knees?"

He paused and stared at me. It was almost dark outside. I had a sick, forlorn feeling. I said nothing. I waited.

"So . . . well, anyway . . ." Ricky stretched his hands over his head and sauntered back toward the bed, a king-size on the floor at the dividing line to the living part of the loft. He sat on it, and I noticed for the first time that it was carefully made. I followed him, placing the paring-knife on the hutch that housed the stereo, and started to crunch on the carrot to tranquilize my nerves . . .

"Well, anyway . . ." Ricky's soft voice wavered in the murky light and I had to stop biting the carrot to hear him. " . . . anyway, he came right over—to here—to the bed—pulled back the covers. I jumped in beside him started doing my stuff on his dick . . . it's not very big . . ." He got up and walked away from me, laughing. "Let me tell you, my dear, that's *not* what he wanted. In a flash he'd flopped over on his stomach . . ."

"You fucked him," I said, trying to get out of my own miserable head and into his—trying to share the joke with him.

"Yeah," he said, turning back to me, "but honest, I would've waited for you, but he was in a hurry, and Chandler was coming any minute . . ."

"Oh, sure, I dig . . ."

"Michael wants it with both of us, but he's got to have the poppers . . ."

"Sure . . ."

"Afterwards, without saying hardly

anything, he got up, said he'd call, put on his clothes and left . . ." His voice trailed off. Then he started to giggle again. "Want to hear some music?" he asked, bending down to the tape deck.

"Yeah, sure," I said, picking up the paring-knife. "How about the Funeral March?"

"Whaa-a-a . . .?"

Instead he put on the Rolling Stones.

I don't know how I ever got that blasted chicken in the oven, but I did. Afterwards, I went out to brood at the picnic table beneath the poster of Bette Davis as Margo Channing. Ricky edged up close to me after awhile and said, "Is something wrong?"

"Oh, hell, Ricky, I don't know. I just feel kinda lost, like something's changing between us . . ."

"Well, look, man, I would never have done anything like that unless it was for both of us. If I said no, he might never have come over."

"When I'm not here?"

"It could've been you that was here instead of me."

"You don't know that."

"Nonsense. Sure I know it."

"Well, anyway, Ricky, it's like something new—I mean, are we getting into threesomes now?"

"Now? My dear, we've been together seven years . . . It's only sex. You'll feel different after tomorrow night . . ."

I don't know if I felt different, but I sure felt like I'd spent a night in the meatrack at full moon.

Michael Polo entered on schedule, moth-eaten, down-to-the-floor army overcoat, bristling beard, and a "let's get to it" urgency. Naked, he was a turn-on, close up just like in the window. Neat, smooth little olive shaded body, wired for action. Lights out, silver bullets and cornsilk lotion at the ready, we got into it fast . . .

So, man, what do you do when you find yourself for the first time sharing another guy with your lover? After seven years? I mean, sure we'd tricked on each other now and then (at least I know I had), when we'd been separated. But this was different. Right here and now was this bod, cock, ass and tits in the same bed. Would it work for both of us?

No time to *think* about it. The worst thing you can do in a threesome is to *think*. If you start anticipating who's gonna do what and who's gonna get most of the action—well, you might as well forget it! And, man, if you don't want to really freak yourself out, pay no attention to your lover.

It wasn't easy. Rattling through my head was the devil himself cackling, 'look at that prick, your lover, down on Polo's meat, rimming his ass, sucking

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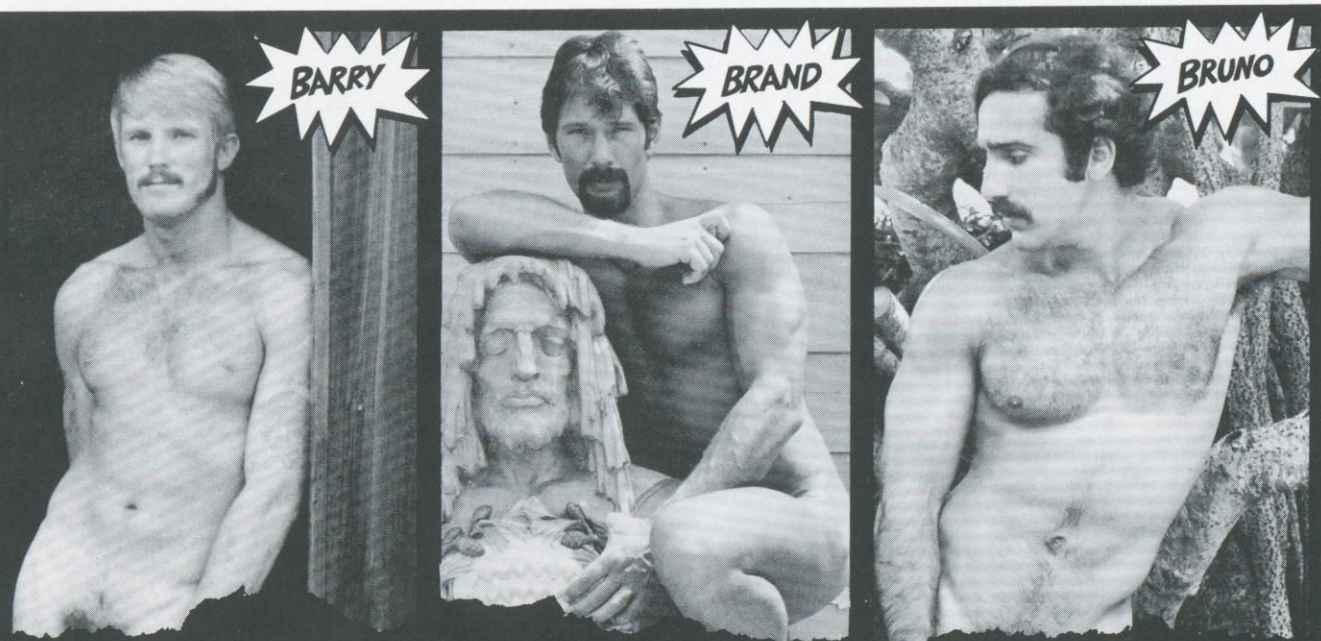
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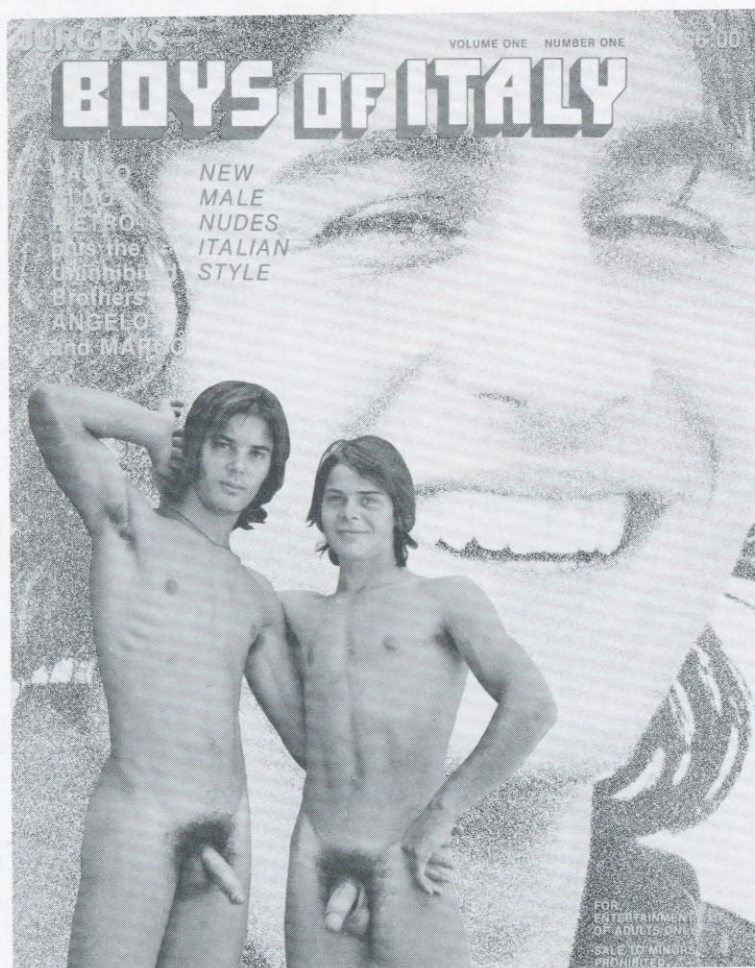
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his tits . . . he ain't done that to you, in maybe five years!" But when the amyl nitrite popped, who had time to *think* or listen to evil voices?

Polo had a kind of strong smell about him . . . not raunchy. It's just there wasn't anything sweet or perfumy or artificial on his body. It smelled like, and tasted like a *body*—a *man's* body; and when he slid down between my legs and started on my hole and rod—who gave a shit if Ricky hadn't eaten my ass or sucked me off in five years—or ten! And pretty soon I couldn't tell whose meat was shoved in my throat or where my hand or tongue was . . . floating . . . blood rushing to the gonads . . .

Sure as hell, I knew who I screwed, and I came out feeling like the stud of the Century, because Polo really dug it inside, making wild animal sounds with each thrust—from me and Ricky.

Once Ricky and I tried to drive both our cocks into Polo at the same time—Ricky, of course, as engineer.

Polo didn't want us to quit. He wanted us—anything—to keep ramming into him all night, but not having any dildos on hand, and not able to get it up anymore, we had to give up. And besides, we ran out of poppers . . . Yeah, a whole box . . . Polo doing most of the inhaling that would give any regular guy a heart attack.

We piled out of bed. Polo slipped back into his clothes. We gave him a hot cup of tea and made polite conversation. He drank his tea, said he'd call, and left.

That wasn't the last time we saw him, together or separately . . .

Separately . . . that's when the trouble began. I'd quit my job at the Safari Club—up to my eyeballs with old dinosaur men who refused to be dragged into the Twentieth Century, let alone the Age of Aquarius . . .

Anyway, I was home mornings, except for my day to collect unemployment, and Michael Polo started calling . . . I mean, would you believe poppers and cornsilk lotion and fucking at ten o'clock in the morning?

Ricky had his turns too . . .

And there was the pressure of me being out of work. Ricky called me a welfare case, as a joke, he said. And Ricky needed a photo lab, not a kitchen.

Well, hell, man, those are problems you can work out, *if* you want to. But what do you do in the heat of an argument when your lover, in jest or not, tells you "something kinda crazy happens when me and Polo are alone together . . . he really goes wild . . ."

Your ego suffers. And your goddamn pride . . . And, then there was that blasted possessiveness of mine . . .

It was obvious that Polo was becoming to Ricky like the dog in the window—you know, the guy who gets the dog first—honey, that's *his* dog from then on, no matter how much the animal may tolerate you.

The usual things started to happen . . . getting home later and later . . . sex between us dwindling to nothing . . . tricking outside the home . . . the same old story . . . Can't really blame it all on Polo . . . the break was coming long before that.

What we needed to learn, I guess, and couldn't, was how to live together under the same roof even if we could no longer satisfy each other's sexual needs. The seven year itch . . . but certainly the fork in the road almost all gay lovers face, especially guys, I think.

How you face it and deal with it tells whether you can go on in life with the same guy and still be lovers and live together . . .

I don't know the answer. But I do know it had nothing to do with fucking Polo. Who'd ever want to miss great sex like that? And I know, to stay together sharing a life has to go far beyond the bed—has got to have a purpose outside the home.

Me and Ricky didn't make it, that's all. I haven't figured out *why* yet . . .

So now what? Where do I go from here? All kinds of things happen when you first split with a lover—I found that out. You find yourself wanting to hang on, even though you keep telling yourself, you're not hanging on. You get an impulse to cut the cord and never look the guy in the face again . . .

Or you can crawl into a hole in the Bowery (or East Seventh Street if you happen to be in L.A.) and drink muscatel, or you can jump off the Brooklyn Bridge or other suitable height.

And then there's love around the corner, and there's the new moon when grooving into a new bed is possible . . . every goddamn month of the year. Faith? In the new moon? Hell no, man—faith in *yourself*.

What *is* love between two guys? Between any two people? Answer that question and get the gold star.

Better still, don't answer it. Just go out and *live*. It's the only way to find out what love is . . . and living . . .

Me? I'm gonna take a trip. That's what I'm gonna do. And not to the Brooklyn Bridge to jump off it. I'm gonna take a trip and find new ways to dig sex, new life, new people, and maybe somehow learn something about *myself* in the process . . . where I went wrong with Ricky . . . if I don't run too far and too fast.

And love? Sure it'll come again—some day. In the meantime, maybe I'll May/June 1975

learn why Rick and I didn't make it, so next time, it'll be better . . .

Next time . . . next time . . . next time . . . things will be different next time . . .

GODS WHO DANCE

(Continued from page 15)

from this point!). He glances nervously at his watch several times; stirs restlessly; and bounds into action as a door opens and a dark-haired girl, wearing a simple yellow dress and black gloves, enters. With the first of those 'leaps without preparation' the young man is instantly across the room at her side. When he tries to embrace her, she is cold . . . utterly indifferent to him.

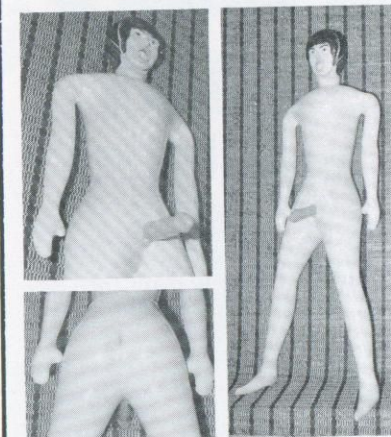
He continues to try to dance with her, to touch her. She watches his open protestations of love and the violence of his frustrations as he continues to leap—higher and higher—beating his legs together in nervous anger as he leaps either onto or off of a table.

Casual she lights a cigarette and blows smoke in his face. Angrily he slaps it from her hand, still trying to engage her. She slaps him and he falls to the floor. Viciously she kicks at him until he rolls over, rises and falls once again, both face and body suggesting the slow supervention of pain and frustration.

Now she really has him in a tizzy. First she changes her tactics . . . becoming soft, gentle, caressing. Leading him to a chair, as if he were a child, she strokes him gently, cradling him. Next, she moves a stool close to a beam in the bedroom, stands on it, takes a rope, adjusts one end into a noose and flings it so that it begins swinging. Returning to the young man she now twists his head so that he must look directly at the noose. Swiftly, suggestively, she forces him backward and runs from the room. Now in a greater fury the young man flings away the chair, leaps again without preparation onto the table and spins wildly. He upsets the table and dashes about with growing frenzy, his mind having now gone completely bonkers. Finally he edges toward the beam. Physically and mentally spent . . . his hopes destroyed . . . he climbs up, places his neck in the noose and kicks away the stool. With a final touching shudder of his legs—as if some wild bird in the agony of death—he expires.

There is then a typical Cocteau apotheosis. The walls of the room fall away, and death in a white mask appears, walking across the rooftops of

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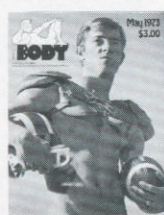


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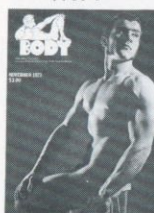
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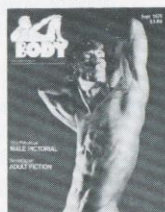
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Paris. The flashing Citroen electric sign seems to add to the futility of it all. Pointing to the young man who slides down the beam and joins the spectre of death, the figure now takes off the mask, revealing the girl the young man had loved. With a gesture she urges him forward and the two move away into the skyline of Paris.

It is a ballet like this that was the prime motivation for Baryshnikov's defection from Russia. Such a ballet has never been given there . . . and it is highly unlikely that it ever will be. Baryshnikov, like his confreres Nureyev and Makarova and Panov, could no longer stand having his talent immured in the museum of *Swan Lake* and other fairy-tale ballets. To leave Russia, for the good of his artistic soul, rather than because of political considerations, seemed the only possible choice.

THE NEW NUREYEV

But his friend, Nureyev, has also been swept up in change. At first we saw him in classical ballets that are the bread and wine of Britain's The Royal Ballet. But as of this writing, while Baryshnikov is doing the modern ballets of The American Ballet Theatre at City Center, Nureyev is appearing at the huge, beautiful Uris Theater with his own new program called *Nureyev and Friends*.

In this program he dances in each of the four ballets, each performance. They are Paul Taylor's *Aureole*—a contemporary ballet that shows the versatile Nureyev at his inventive best . . . Balanchine's *Apollo*, in which he is the most convincing Apollo yet seen, bringing a far greater meaning to the ballet than any casting by Balanchine has ever done . . . Jose Limon's *The Moor's Pavane* . . . and, in the field of classical ballet, Bournonville's *Flower Festival in Genzano*. This is quite as great a *tour de force* as Baryshnikov's performances. It might, therefore, seem on the surface that there is considerable rivalry between them. The opposite is true. Each simply finds new strengths in the other . . . glad that having been dually taught by Pushkin they can present themselves as he would have them be. Their dancing is an affirmation of the love and respect they had for their late teacher.

Obviously refuting this supposed rivalry, the two dancers manage to lunch together frequently at the Russian Tea Room, an authentic Russian restaurant just east of Carnegie Hall on West 57th Street in New York City. Just when every seat is taken, somehow with the entrance of the magisterial Nureyev and his blond Prince Valiant, a waiter goes scurrying and invariably finds "the last remaining free table."

While lunching there recently with a group of gay friends, Baryshnikov and Nureyev were interviewed. On the subject of "rivalry" this is what each had to say:

Nureyev: "I do not try to dance better than anyone else. I never try to compete. I only try to dance better than myself! I have taken myself out of the races a long time ago. As for Mischa, I consider him an extremely talented dancer. I wish him well, and I hope he will be glad of the opportunity to absorb the great ballet riches of the West. That is how I have felt. A dancer's life is a short one, and I must dance constantly and dance everything. Dancing every night is not difficult for me. The more I dance, the better I dance."

Baryshnikov: "There is no competition between us whatsoever. Nureyev is a very great dancer and it is an honor—and very flattering—to be dancing in New York the same time he is appearing. I am indebted to the Kirov. I would never have left if only I could have had a couple of months every year working with other companies. I can see how Natasha (Natalia Makarova) and Rudi have grown as artists by their experiences since they left. I hope that will be possible for me too."

Nureyev is much more circumspect when he is being interviewed today than he was several years ago. Once, when an interviewer was trying to pry into his love life, and asked that stereotypical question invariably reserved for gay people: "Why have you never married?" he replied candidly, "But it would never be an honest or sincere relationship. Of course I have a personal life . . . something goes on, I'm sure. But I really don't think the public should know about that. Do you?" Very likely he will advise his young friend to be equally discreet.

It has been said that within the realm of dance Nureyev is surely the Dionysus of the wild revels as Baryshnikov shows the pure face of Apollo. Thus we urge our readers to make any sacrifice to see these two great dancers. So great, that their like comes only once in a century. They are part of a life experience to treasure.

...

IT'S BETTER IN PAIRS

(Continued from page 31)

was associated with at one time, did not fill that vacant spot, but a rugged seaman named *Joseph Fletcher* did. Fletcher's nickname was "Posh," and the poet's letters to him were addressed "My dear Poshy."

May/June 1975

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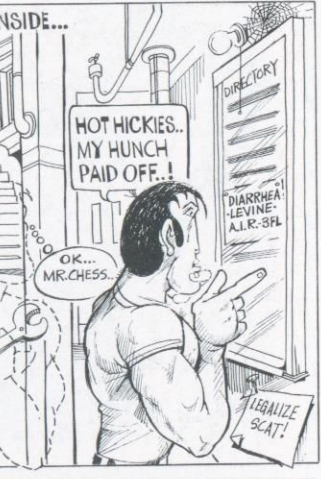
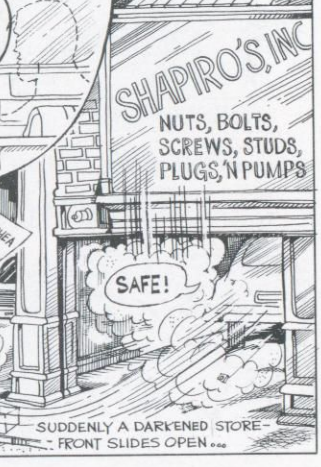
THE SUPER SUCCULENT ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHES!

XXX RATED BY A.JAY



THINGS HAVE TAKEN A DAN RATHER BIZARRE TURN IN THIS EROTIC TALE OF MURDER, MYSTERY N' ROMANCE! THE SACRED, INCAN IDOL-KAHLUA BLEWA... HAS FALLEN INTO THE UNSCRUPULOUS HANDS OF THE MYSTERIOUS NASTY...THE SCARLET SCUMBAG! AFTER STRIPPING AND HOT TO EXPERIMENT WITH HIS NEW TREASURE, THE SCARLET SCUMBAG SUPPED THE GOLDEN PHALLUS OF KAHLUA BLEWA OVER HIS THICK COCK! SUDDENLY A SUPER QUEER THING HAPPENED...THE SCARLET SCUMBAG BECAME INVISIBLE...AND THE CURSE OF KAHLUA BLEWA WAS REVEALED!!! NOT UNDAUNTED...THE S.S. DECIDED TO USE THIS NEW TWIST-OF-FATE TO HIS EVIL ADVANTAGE! MEANWHILE OUR FUGG AGES, HARRY/MICKY MUSCLE, N' RANDI AGNEW FOLLOWING A HOT LEAD SPED TO THE BOWELS BURLY ON NOTORIOUS WEST 14TH STREET TO QUIZ DIARRHEA LEVINE (PRONOUNCED 'LEE-VINE') ABOUT THE S.S.!! BUT THE SHREWD DIARRHEA, A

MALE STRIPPER, FEARING HARRY AND HIS BOYS WILL DISCOVER HIS SINISTER TIES TO THE S.S. LED OUR GUYS TO AN INNOCENT LOOKING BASEMENT DOOR! AS OUR FUGG HEROES RUSHED DOWN IT...THEY DISCOVERED TO THEIR HORROR THAT THERE WEREN'T ANY STAIRS...



Readers: Please note paragraph bottom of page 3

PARIS

is featured in the June 1975 CIAO! Get the latest scoop on one of the hottest cities in Europe and find out all about a bar that is lined with army cots and hot holes . . . where you can cool your whistle at the bar and shuffle over to a dark corner and have your pipe worked on too. We also visit many other U.S. cities . . . the west is in the spotlight this month. Lots more. Out in April wherever you buy this magazine!

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Fitzgerald described his lover as "a man of simplicity of soul, justice of thought, tenderness of nature, a gentleman of nature's grandest type." He was twenty-four and "big-handed, soft-hearted, grave and handsome."

Fitzgerald and "Posh" spent a great deal of time together on their boat, *Meum and Teum*.

One of poet Lord Alfred Tennyson's most famous lines was "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Tennyson wasn't referring to a shattered love affair but to the death of his lover, Arthur Hallam, whose death at twenty-two had a profound effect on Tennyson—eventually the poet laureate of England—for the rest of his life.

Tennyson and Hallam met at Cambridge and formed a passionate liaison that ended a few years later with Hallam's premature death. The shock of it affected Tennyson deeply. Eventually he was to address his famous "In Memoriam" to his departed lover. It was published anonymously and the conjecture was that the poem had been written by a woman who had loved Hallam because of the intensity of the passionate, emotional lines. When Tennyson was revealed as the author, he received many letters of abuse, for, as the reviewer for England's principal newspaper noted, the poem's language was "unfitted for any but amatory tenderness."

But the poem's immense popularity was probably due in part to Tennyson's inability to hide his true feelings. Significantly, in several places in the poem, the poet speaks of himself as "being widowed" by Hallam's departure from this vale of tears.

Samuel Butler, most noted for his monumental novel "The Way of All Flesh" had ideas way ahead of his time which he openly expressed in his writings.

"The Way of All Flesh" is considered autobiographical. The novel expresses the hero's yearning for a normal sex drive. This theme probably stems from Butler's problems in his lifelong affair with Charles Paine Pauli which cost him heavily financially and emotionally. He commented that the story of his relationship with Pauli was "a sour document all the more devastating for the considered quietness of its tone."

In our next issue: "The Most Famous Pair of All."

GONORRHEA (Continued from page 17)

And those allergic to penicillin are given

tetracycline, oxytetracycline, or the very powerful Vibramycin (doxycycline monohydrate). The latter is given via 50 mg. capsules (imprinted with code number 094) beginning with 4 capsules early in the day, then 2 at bedtime, the first day; then 2 capsules twice a day for 3 days, continuing, if necessary, up to 10 days.

It should also be mentioned that some strains of gonorrhea are resistant to penicillin, so don't just call it quits after the first big shot and congratulate yourself. Go back for a checkup to be certain that the cure has really 'cured'. Moreover, don't be surprised if your urologist asks you for a blood sample. This is standard practice to make sure the patient does not also have syphilis.

WHAT IF YOU FAIL TO HAVE TREATMENT?

If gonorrhea is untreated—if you just let it run its course without having any checkup—the germs may extend deeper into the urinary tract, thence to the prostate and neck of the bladder. You will experience urgency and frequency of urination . . . also there may be occasional voiding of blood. Add to this prostatic abscesses, or epididymitis—which affects the seminal vesicles—and you have a real problem. Also you will find that your sex life is one long, heavy burden.

Untreated gonorrhea also has noticeable side-effects, one being gonococcal arthritis. A joint—for example, your knee—may swell with pus and become painful . . . sheer agony the more it recurs. Although rare, yet quite possible, are gonococcal infections of the heart or brain (meningitis). Don't take chances!

THE NEW WAVE OF GONORRHEA

The man who has sex with a woman and then with a man is more often a gonococcal donor. Women are often unknowing carriers of gonorrhea because the symptoms men experience *do not occur in women*. The gonococci can travel up her uterus to attack the fallopian tubes and ovaries, and other than being sterile she may (will) not know she has the disease. Comes along the bisexual or 'crossing over' straight and boin-n-ng-g-g, gets gono right away.

If money is an object, and if your community has a free municipal VD clinic, this is often a quicker/surer way of having your possible gonorrhea diagnosed and treated. The doctors and nurses of such clinics are 'VD-orientated' . . . they deal with nothing else of a medical nature.

Wherever you go for treatment—never attempt to cure yourself. Incorrect dosages of antibiotics may not effect a cure and only mask symptoms of diseases which are actually rampaging your body.

Sexy! Exciting! SKIN WEAR

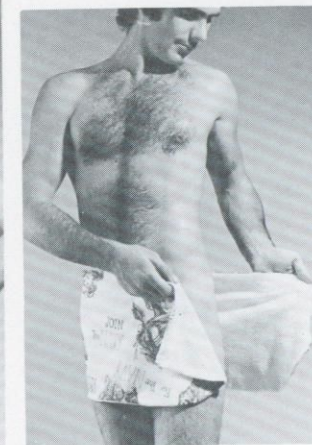
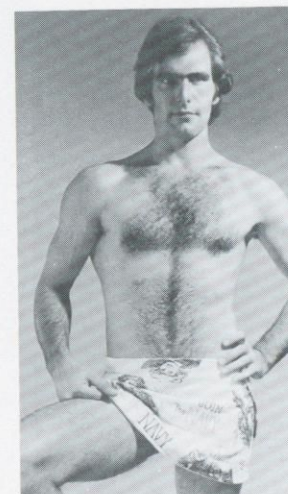
The Masterpiece

The MASTERPIECE by Tempo is a multi-functional body-contoured garment that can be worn as underwear—as a conventional brief or as a jock by unsnapping the rear coverup—or as swimwear by the daring. Fashioned in fine nylon with small vent holes and solid arrow for appeal where you want it. Elastic band and stretch material assure comfort. Basic white and brilliant red arrow only. **State size when ordering: S (28-32); M (33-36); L (37-40).** Buy more and save!

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3 MASTERPIECE\$29.95



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The Tempo COVERBOY is a clever one-size-fits-all wraparound; simply use the right set of snaps to accommodate your waist size. Great for quick coverups and lounging. The layered garment is made of absorbent terrycloth on the inside and covered with a colorful imprint ("Join the Navy") on 50% polyester/50% cotton on the outside. Its stretch quality assures a snug fit. Has rounded corners and hangs in there at a tempting 11" top to bottom.

COVERBOY\$5.95

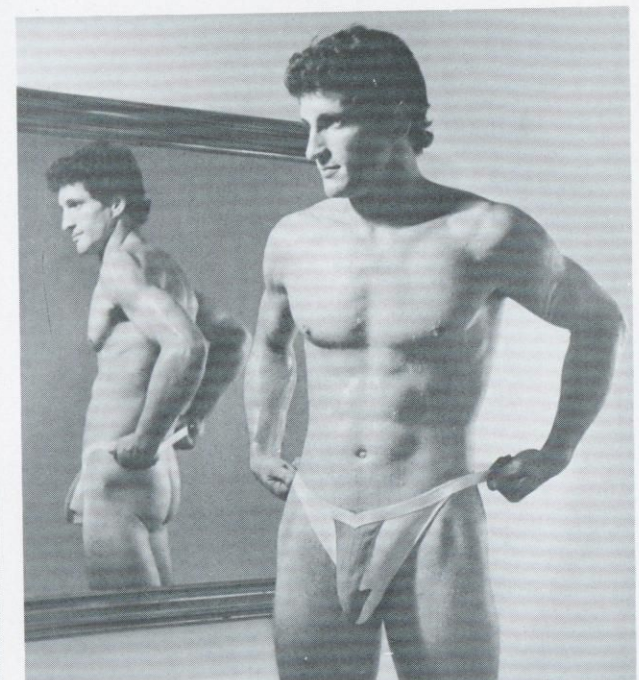
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Get in on the skin rage at the beach without letting it all hang out . . . tie on a Tempo MATE and let nature do the rest. Fits great front and rear and no jock necessary. Sexy! Available in a colorful print only . . . we ship the latest designs we have in stock. Color preference may be requested but not guaranteed. **State size when ordering: S (28-32); M (33-36); L (37-40).**

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