

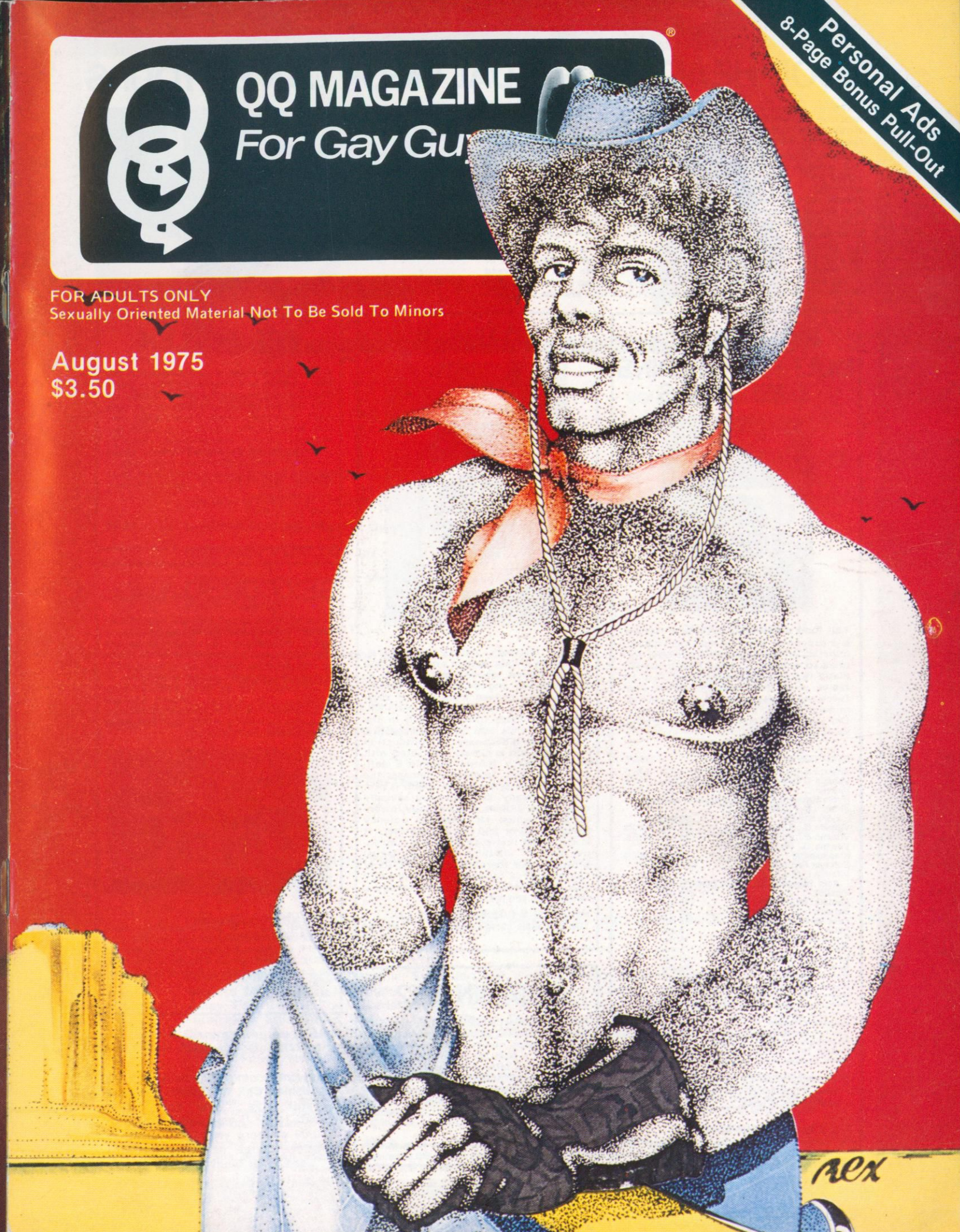


QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

FOR ADULTS ONLY
Sexually Oriented Material Not To Be Sold To Minors

August 1975
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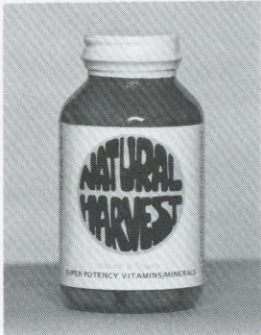
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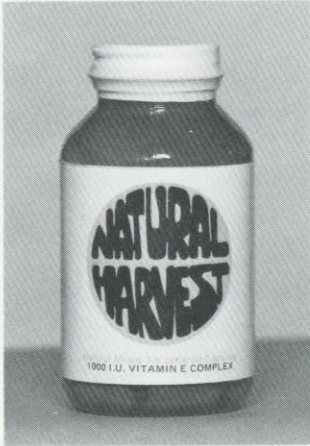
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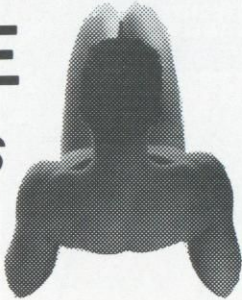
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 **QQ MAGAZINE**
For Gay Guys 

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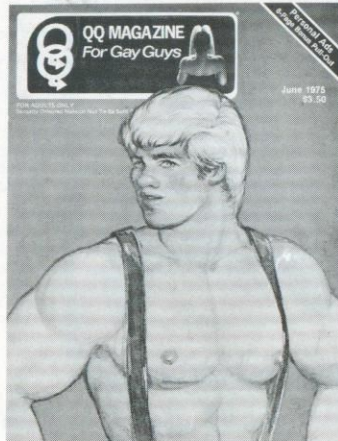
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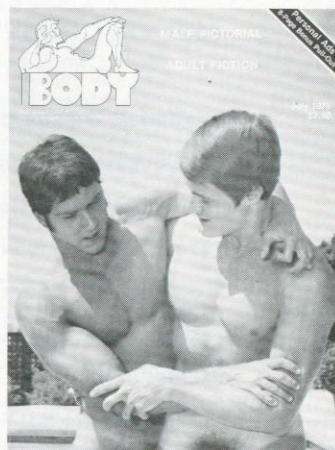


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TREACHERY is the basest of human vices, whether one betrays country, cause, trust or friend. The turncoat, the rogue cop, double agent, and gay entrapper are all contemptible. Now add to this list another Judas—one of our own—the 'renegayde' reporter. QQ identifies him as such, not only to point out his perfidy, but to warn him about the perilous course he has taken; so perilous that The Grim Reaper finds easy pickin's by just following the renegayde reporter on his rounds.

This treachery has reached a new low in several gay-exploitation articles written by gay reporters, many of whom boast of being 'gay liberators'. These reports appeared in *The New York Times*; in books about 'understanding' gay people—directed to straights; and in 'underground' or *exposé* weeklies such as New York's *The Village Voice*.

The *Voice* exposes ultra-liberal causes by the dozens but its liberality stops far short of aiding gay causes. One cannot recall an instance where the *Voice* had anything good to say about gay people; nor has it used its influence to help change anti-gay attitudes. But more importantly, in an obvious attempt at sensationalization the *Voice* has dwelt with journalistic relish on information that has had the effect of snowballing the ultimate harm to gay people in search of pleasure—death.

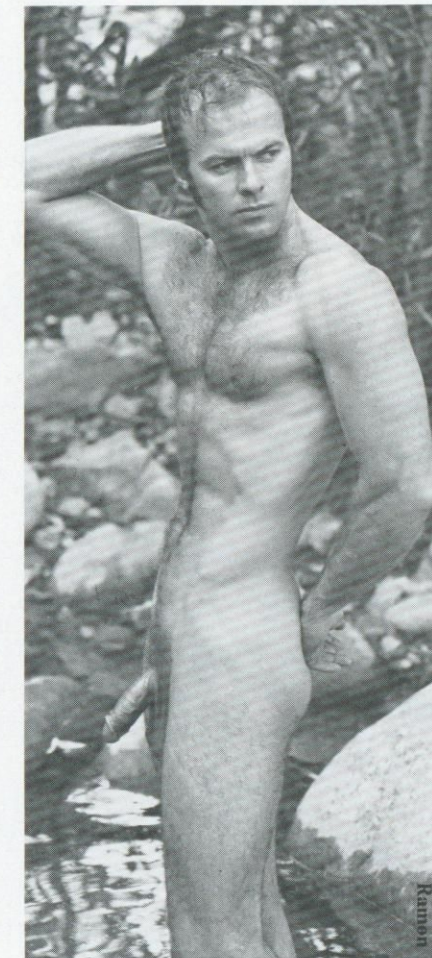
PIER FEAR

A prime example: Every gay guy in New York (and elsewhere, via QQ Magazine and Ciao!) knows about gay sexual activity along the deserted piers of the Hudson River at West Eleventh Street. We've often mentioned that this is a dangerous area because of the physical condition of the piers—rotting beams and fall-through floors have caused many abrasions, bumped heads, pulled muscles and other minor injuries. "One misstep can land you in the river!" we've warned, noting also that because this area is pitch-black at night some mugging has occurred. Far less, however, than in broad daylight along Eighth Avenue in the heart of the theater district. "At your own risk!" we've labeled the docks.

Our coverage has been *objective*

July/August 1975

Editorial Renegaydes By Jon Lorrimer



... to warn those most concerned: gay guys. Yet the *Voice*, with an offbeat coverage that reaches heteros throughout New York and New Jersey, has—through 'laser-beaming' it—sensationalized this information into what we see as such a 'hard sell' it's no wonder that every hip, head, beat, weirdo and mugger has been drawn *subjectively* to the area, and that several deaths have resulted. It has reached the point where thugs use the *Voice* as a 'social calendar' to keep informed of far-out happenings in Greenwich Village. It makes their ripoffs easier!

It's now common to see gangs of teenage bums, with little money in their pockets, come over from Brooklyn or down from the Bronx—roving with a can of beer in one hand, the *Voice* in the other—making the rounds of the Village for

kicks (and money). Having learned through pinpointed detail about the piers and other places from *exposés* that have literally blueprinted every spicy 'where it's at and how to do it' along the Hudson (the reporter's knowledge is so precise and intimate one suspects that he also is a denizen of the waterfront jungle), they go over for a fast blow-job from some unsuspecting gay guy, then mug, beat and rob for thrills. If the victim resists, this ignites a flare of youthful tempers and calls for a show of 'strength'. Their group 'macho' is challenged (and you can have lots of *macho* when you're with cowardly others!), a fight often ensues, sometimes resulting in accidental death as the victim tries to flee through the labyrinth of rotten wood and exposed holes.

FACADE JOURNALISM

Facts, once elicited, are *news*, of course, and should not be withheld. Heaven knows we had enough of that with Dick the Prick. But *exposés* are the product of a more fertile reportorial mind—often a gay mind. Many are *facade* journalism; a little truth masking a lot of speculation. Invariably the reporter takes a 'bleeding heart' approach. Under a facade of concern for crime, and armed with a few hard facts, he ventures freely into the realm of whimsy, innuendo, fantasy, Oz, Errol Flynndom, and (rather wistfully, one senses in the waterfront *exposé*) a little S&M. Then, toying *subjectively* with *speculative* possibilities, he either worsens an existing bad situation or sets the stage for crimes by those who otherwise might never have thought of committing them!

Our complaint is that gay writers who feed heterosexual readers the sensational about gay life—revealing our places... public johns, meat racks (there are frequent Fire Island exposés), and outdoor cruising areas... are contributing to possible violence against our own kind. Gay guys can be of great help when reading such articles to write and protest to the publishers, asking them to stop a dangerous exploitation wholly out of keeping with responsible journalism. How contemptible it is that one gay writer can make us all targets for a weekend ripoff!



THE SUGARCOATED SEX SELL

Don't Program Yourself Out Of Sex

By Walter Norris

"KILL him with kindness!" a mother used to say to a marriageable daughter whose new boyfriend loomed on the horizon as a possible son-in-law. "Butter him up . . . flatter him . . . shower him with compliments and he'll be at your feet."

Although this sugarcoated sex sell usually worked in those days when elaborate pretense was a way of life (it was, in fact, expected), in the casual world of today we have rejected pretense of every kind in favor of naturalness, social candor and understatement. While "Tell it like it is!" is now a cliché, and "Let it all hang out!" is somewhat obsolescent, nevertheless both expressions echo the sentiment of the times.

This is the age of verbal openness, and openness to feelings—yours, and yours to another. The best way to be more sensitive to another's feelings is to tune in on your own feelings more sensitively . . . putting them into words in the most honest, casual, *understated* way—without pretense or obvious design. Thus a flowery verbal bouquet is the quickest turn-off. Only one with a low-candlepower intellect will try the gift-wrapped sex sell.

If such a man were wiser—more with it—he would know that a flowery approach today will be received with more suspicion (and often with downright resentment) than thanks. The fact is, a head-on compliment is off-putting. First, because it is so old-fashioned; second, because it causes one to be wary and doubtful of whatever else another may have to say. Being attuned to casual candor and lack of 'window-dressing' of today, one tends to regard the direct compliment as gingerly as if it were a letter-bomb sneakily enclosed in a bow-tied heart-shaped box of Valentine chocolates.

SIX TIMES NO-NO FOR THE DIRECT COMPLIMENT

At a recent symposium of sociology professors from universities in the Midwest—men who have their fingers on the pulse of today's youth response—six reasons for the resentment of the direct compliment were adduced:

1. Because the direct compliment calls for a return of same . . . an obligation few young people care to assume. *Dishonest.*

2. Because the one being complimented is required

to maintain a facade of modesty just to avoid seeming conceited by agreeing with the praise. *Unnatural.*

3. A suspicion of ulterior motives. *Sinister.*

4. A 'drop the other shoe' misgiving that the direct compliment presages criticism of something else. *Insecurity.*

5. The natural resentment of being *judged* by another. *Presumption.*

6. A 'bite the bullet' worry that one doesn't really measure up to—or can't keep up with—whatever one is being praised for. *Inadequacy.*

At very least the act of giving a head-on compliment to a stranger implies that the giver is sitting in judgment . . . or is condescending, which is probably more detestable. This can be infuriating in either case to one of today's 'live and let live' or 'do your own thing your own way' philosophy.

HOW TO FAIL FULSOMELY

In a cruising approach an effusive compliment right out of the blue to an utter stranger can be devastating, because if by some miracle a liaison should follow, the cruised one will inevitably sustain the feeling that he must *approach* or *excel* a predetermined standard in the other's mind. This puts him at an annoying disadvantage. No matter how he tries to banish the feeling from his mind it will be difficult-to-impossible to participate wholeheartedly in the ensuing sex scene. What is missing is the casualness and candor of his own self-reliance. He finds himself also distastefully courting pretense. It goes against the grain.

For example, let's say that your sugarcoated sex sell may have gone like this: "You know, you look exactly like Warren Beatty . . . in fact, for a moment I thought you really *were*!" By referring to No-No #2 you will see at a glance why your fulsome praise has (a) cost him his cool, and (b) why he now feels uncomfortably *unnatural*. With one jolt you've unsettled him, and being unaccustomed to such a studied, deliberate overstatement he cannot react casually.

Of course, his mirror may have told him daily that *facially* at least he could be Beatty's twin, nevertheless you—a stranger—putting him in the spotlight of hard truth have caused him great concern that you will expect him to look like Beatty *all over*—to wit: measure up in every delicious

(Continued on page 30)



Athletic Model Guild

THE WAY IT WAS

GAY LIFE IN WORLD WAR II AMERICA

BY JOHN NICHOLS

LOOKING back, World War II was not all blood, sweat and tears. For many a gay guy who did not participate on the raw, raging battlefronts it was a time of high excitement, a chaotic atmosphere and a tomorrow-you-may-be-dead attitude. There was plenty of gay action available and although by today's living standards we certainly were not emancipated, we were not bored nor living in a closet, either.

The gay world was vastly different in those grey days. It was totally unorganized, frequently conducted under cover of secrecy and to most straights was still "the love that dare not speak its name." No quasi-legal groups were trying to help those caught up by unfair laws, no liberation groups were endeavoring to change those very laws and no one was voting for an *Emperor* or *Empress*. There were no Western or leather bars, no gay newspapers or magazines, no dance bars, no gay churches, no gay bike clubs and there could not have been five gay supper clubs in all of America.

Lacking these evidences of a more liberated society, gay life during the war did possess a mystique and an underground quality now long gone. Bars, bathhouses, theaters, in fact any establishment frequented by gays was not then drawn up as tightly in a "gay" or "straight" classification as they now seem to be. There was a touch more mystery to cruising because labels were not as prominently worn by either the place of business or its customers. "Is he?" or "Isn't he?" was a more tantalizing question.

Whether in or out of service, everyone was traveling in those days. Since no bar guidebooks were published, most guys devoted a rear section of their address book to city-by-city listings of action spots and people to contact. One was forever up-dating his information to keep it current, crossing out closed bars or adding new ones.

Volumes of correspondence circulated among friends with look-up recommendations of people and bars. Many a letter or phone call to a stranger started out: "You don't know me but I'm a friend of so-and-so's." When planning a visit or a move to a new city a spate of "who do you know" letters would appeal for help. All names and addresses would be carefully filed for future use.

THE PARTIES

Parties were a much more popular form of entertainment during World War II than they are today. They were so important that few weekends were faced without invitations to at least two or three functions, either cocktail or evening festivities. Any excuse could suffice to cram friends into an apartment or hotel room. Sometimes the crowd would swell until it was impossible for more to squeeze in. Usually several remained overnight—the post-party crowd—for a delightful orgy.

Party-throwing was common partly because of the comparatively few gay bars which existed but, more importantly, because of the uncertainty of where one would be tomorrow. "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die" prompted many a serviceman to toss one big final fling before being sent overseas. Also, many guys stationed in dreary camps all week looked forward to taking a hotel room in the nearest town on Saturday night and inviting everyone he could think of.

Parties were not expensive to throw. You could count on \$1 per guest, furnishing plenty of booze; about the fanciest hors d'oeuvre served was California dip. If financially short some civilians threw "rent parties." A set fee was collected on admission or they passed a hat for donations later in the evening.

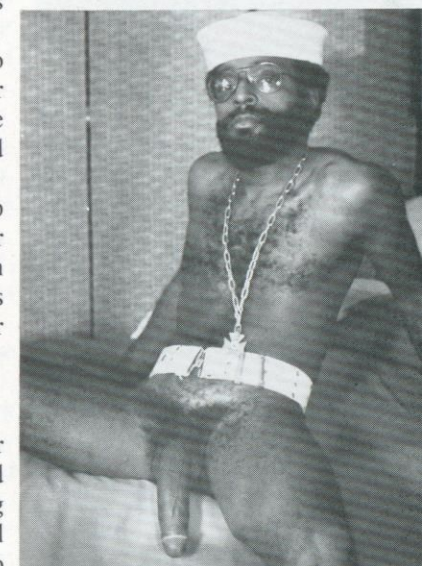
The most popular cocktails were Manhattans, gin martinis and frozen daiquiris. All were served in stemware, never on the rocks. Vodka had hardly



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been introduced and Screwdrivers were definitely low-brow. Although everyone drank beer, it was rarely seen at parties.

A fifth of Scotch or Bourbon cost about \$3, bottle beer was 25 cents in the bars and a jukebox tune was 5 cents. Prices were frozen during the war, even on rents, and many of us lived very nicely on \$160 to \$200 a month.

For civilians, business suits, wide ties and fedora hats were the uniform, morning, noon and night. They were worn everywhere, even to the lowest bars in town. Sport shirts and Levi's were strictly for Sunday at the beach.

And what threads those suits were! In an era when government was asking everyone to conserve fabric, our suits were marvels of excess material wasted on wide lapels, padded shoulders and multiple pants pleats. But sheer wardrobe elegance was gauged by the number of Countess Mara ties one owned; they cost all of \$5 each and were held in place by 4" tie bars. Shirt collars lacked permanent stays so we used a nasty wire contraption—purchased at the dime store for 10 cents—to keep collars in place.

Gay boys led the parade in accepting men's cosmetics in the 50s. But about the fanciest scent they used in World War II was "Tweed" and some went so far as to sprinkle some in their bathwater.

THE DECOR

When it came to interior decoration, we were a herd of sheep—everyone copying everyone else. The last word in a modern wartime apartment was to have the front room walls painted dark forest green with vertical green and white stripes or huge shocking pink cabbage roses. For wall decorations picture frames, mirrors and sconces of white plaster in scroll designs were an absolute must.

Actually, this was a style originated by Dorothy Draper in the late 30s with her decorations for Hampshire House, a New York hotel, and The Camellia Room, a nightclub in Chicago's Drake Hotel, both of which greatly influenced the times.

Another gay pastime was decorating one's bathroom walls with matchbook covers from famous snob-appeal clubs and restaurants. The project could take the owner years to complete, depending on his social life, and many a bathroom remained incompleated for years. The same decorating idea was used for card and cocktail table tops.

Decoration has changed and so has language. The word "queer" was just then being replaced by the word "gay." Straights still referred to "fruits," "fairies" or "pansies" but gays had for the most part abandoned these words. One even heard the expression "lavender boys" occasionally.

"Camp" was just creeping into gay parlance although straights rarely seemed to understand its meaning. Gays never had that difficulty.

Also in those days everything was "fabulous!" It was pronounced "fa-a-a-abulous!" and was overworked to the point of meaninglessness. The word has since, fortunately, been put to a well-deserved rest along with another frequently used gay put-'em-in-their-place epitaph, "Get you, Mary!"

Few hustlers plied their trade and then only in New York and Hollywood. The smart boys, of course, found a rich daddy and stuck with him. But if a hustler did work the streets or bars, his standard price was \$2. Asking money for, or paying for sex was considered pretty trashy.

Rip-offs and muggings were very rare. No one ever heard of mind-bending drugs, transsexuals or transvestites. S&M, golden shower sports and fist-fucking were almost unknown. If spoken of it was mainly in whispers.

Sex movies were always black-and-white, always straight and cost a great deal. Still photos of complete male nudes were also expensive, one 8 x 10 usually costing \$5 if you could find a seller. Some enterprising bodybuilders traveled around the country setting up with the host's consent in bathrooms during private parties and sold photos of themselves with a hard-on. They themselves were usually available for a fee later that night.

Drag was a Halloween affair celebrated at huge public parties such as Phil Black's in New York and Finney's Ball in Chicago. Other than a few drag showbars around the country, one rarely encountered it, perhaps because of prudish, restrictive laws.

One part of town which has declined in gay popularity since World War II

are bus station areas. Because this mode of travel was more extensively used by everyone, but particularly by servicemen, terminals were jammed. They were usually located in tenderloin neighborhoods surrounded by cheap taverns, inexpensive transient hotels and penny arcades. Practically every bus station T room enjoyed extensive cruising and most boasted glory holes large enough to warm a poor soldier's heart. Police surveillance was in uniform and not extensive. Plainclothesmen had not made their appearance on the scene.

Similarly, Y.M.C.A.'s were a big deal. Some of the more famous were New York's Sloane House; San Francisco's Embarcadero; and the St. Louis Y.M.C.A. All offered gay activity in wholesale batches. A trip to the showers between 5 and 7 p.m. was always productive except at the Embarcadero . . . where it went on 24 hours a day!

THE MEN

Soldiers, sailors and Marines enjoyed a wartime prominence and respect never since equalled. Civilians bought them drinks, talked to them, offered them rides; anything to ease their way. Uniforms are a rarity today but during the war servicemen wore them everywhere. A trim soldier could be a mighty handsome sight but the gay eye was mainly attracted by sailors and Marines.

Possibly because of their revealing, body-hugging uniform with its 13 fly-buttons, bulging baskets and flare pants, sailors came to represent gay sex with a capital "S." One of the first signs of spring was when you spotted your first sailor in whites after seeing him all winter in his Navy blues.

A more uncommon sight was a Marine. They represented virility, manliness and a challenge. Although their traditional uniform was no match for the Navy, a Marine's entrance with his crew-cut hair and determined chin could bring every bar to attention.

Soldiers were the easiest to make, mainly because of their numbers and a lack of a place to stay. But the really lucky night was when one landed a sailor or Marine and next morning the phone would be kept busy informing envious friends.

THE VAPORS

By today's standards bathhouses were modest, small and invariably dirty. None required membership. Admission was \$2 or \$3 but on crowded nights a tip to the attendant was necessary to avoid a long wait.

The two largest baths were New York's Everard and Newark's Howard, both four stories high and action on every floor. Both had pools, private rooms and dormitories for group affairs.

More typical were Chicago's four, all located in grimy basements: the Lincoln (which lasted for years); the Terminal (near Northwestern Station); the Wacker (on Skid Row); and the Wabash. Similar small baths in New York were the Penn-Post (near Penn Station, and charged only \$1.50); the Murray Hill (which attracted a black and white crowd—very rare in those days) and the Times Square.

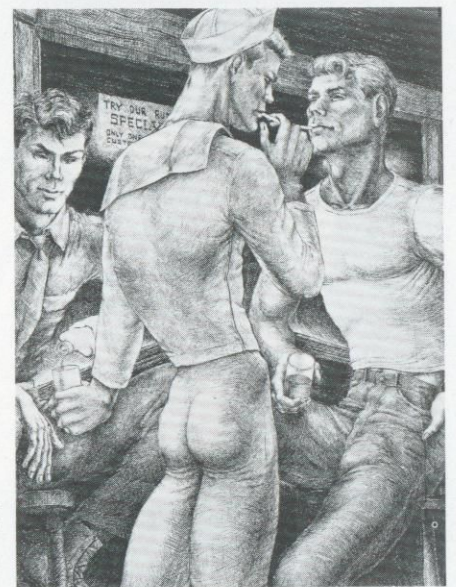
In San Francisco, Jack's Baths is still operating in its original wartime location. Others which are long gone were Boston's Carver Baths, Philadelphia's Bellevue Baths, Los Angeles' Crystal Baths, Pittsburgh's Liberty Baths, and Washington, D.C.'s Keith's Baths.

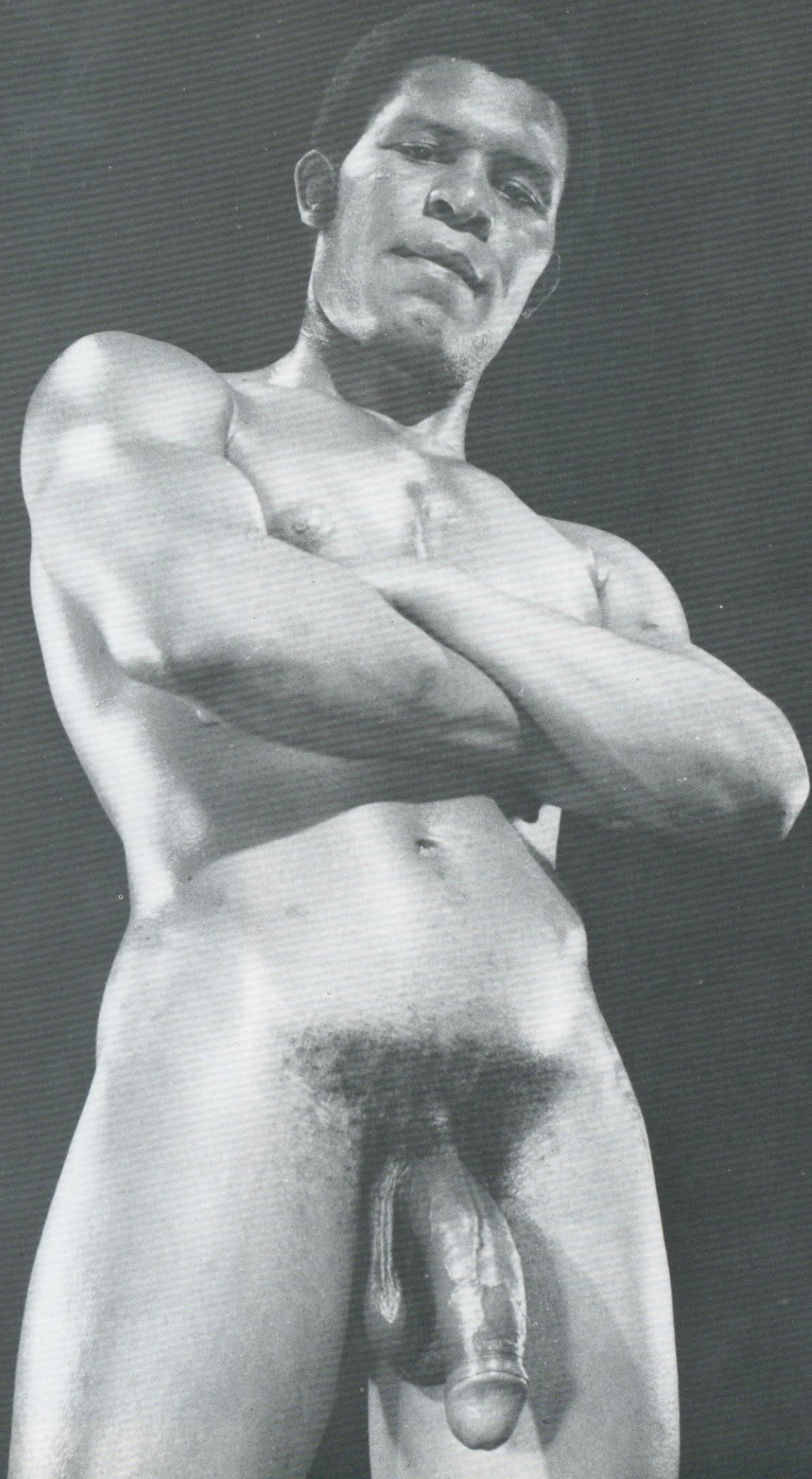
THE BARS

But then, as now, most gay contacts occurred in bar rooms. There were not as many as we now enjoy and surprisingly few still are in existence today. Most were straight-owned and always located in the downtown sector of each city. In such places as Chicago it was common knowledge most were Mafia controlled. One did not begin to discover gay-owned bars until the early 50s. Possibly because of graft or police payoffs, each individual bar seemed to last a great deal longer.

A random listing of bars around the country is sure to include some fondly remembered by many who lived during those hectic days. Here are just a few:

Arizona, sparsely populated in World War II, excited no one. Your best bets were in Phoenix at the Westward Ho Hotel Men's Bar (Continued on page 51)





From Rejection To Projection

Updating The Sexual Approach

By Terry McWaters

HAVE you had this amazing experience? You invest a small fortune in a fine new quadraphonic sound system. Then, once the speakers are installed strategically around the room, you lie back, basking in tonal luxury as today's super stars, recorded with today's sophisticated super techniques, bathe your ears with sumptuous harmony. In this new totality of sound every musical element falls naturally into place to create a complete aural picture . . . much as a magnificent tapestry brings a medieval legend to life before your eyes.

Later, as you look over your record collection, you spot some favorite 78-rpm discs or some early mono and wonder how they might sound on the quad. "Greater than ever, of course!" you fondly think. And so you pack the record-changer with treasured vintage Elvis or Judy, press the switch . . . then *whammo!* Total *chaos!*

"How awful!" you groan, disbelievingly . . . all your illusions crumbling. Those whizzes and wheezes and bangs and clangs! And the projection of the artist that had always seemed so relaxed and natural now comes through as labored and insistent. Quickly you switch off the quad as though forcing down the lid on a Pandora's Box of horrors.

What went wrong? Nothing that mightn't have been expected. Rarely does anything 'yesteryear' retain its same values when put to the test of the contemporaneous. Old techniques/old modes/approaches, like time-encapsulated styles of another era, have little more than a retrospective interest. They are curiosities rather than viabilities. While sufficient unto their day, they cannot compete with today's super 'everything'. Inevitably they work at a disadvantage. To expect super performance from them is to court disappointment and rejection.

VELOCITY IN SEXUAL COMMUNICATION

So it is with contemporary sexstyles and sex approaches. The slow, deliberate, intense cruising technique that once netted a delightful companion for an evening (and which often grew into a long-time affair) rarely works anymore. One must not expect it to, nor continue to hope it might, unless one is masochist enough to enjoy the pain of repeated rejection. Today gay people live in an era of great velocity in sexual communication, when tricks are counted by pocket computer. Few want to be more than overnightly involved . . . trying to get 'as much as' from 'as many as'. And this requires that one be *less insistent on a*

particular physical or sexual type, as well as to be *extremely versatile in cruising* (keeping your cruising skills honed to a fine point, and so flexible that you can stop on a dime and cruise *any* type of trick who passes by).

With regard to a preferred type, one might bear in mind that Mr. Right almost never comes along 'one-two-three'. And even if he did, more often someone with a more with-it cruising approach will have him instantly snared. To go on endlessly torching for a particular sexual somatotype, only to lose him via a *déjà vu* cruising technique that's strictly from the time-capsule, is actually a form of rejection—self inflicted.

This insistence on sexual somatotyping is what Freudian psychoanalysts call 'shadow hugging'. It is a form of narcissism, they say. "One who wraps his arms around his 'type' is hugging himself as his mother once did to him." So many of these Freudian analysts are themselves from the time-capsule. More modern analysts no longer take one tortuously through seance after seance back to childhood to get to the root of a hangup. They begin with the *now* of it . . . working from today *forward*, not from today *backward*. Thus, in a sense, their analysis bypasses the time-capsule and focuses on the brighter aspect of *projection*, rather than the murky *why* of rejection.

OVERCOMING INSECURITY IN SEX APPROACH

Projection is the quickest and best way to overcome an insecure sex approach that so often results in rejection. And it is so easy to do in these days of our exhilarating sexual freedom when gay guys have become 'relevant' to the total socio-sexual picture. There are so many really great guys on the scene—everywhere. Not only is there now something for everyone, but *someone* for everyone! What a happy harbinger that can be for the sexual pragmatist who has too often suffered rejection by his own limitation of choice. With such expanded opportunities to meet so many others, casually/easily, he will surely find at least a substitute or #2 type who may prove a wellspring of sexual inspiration. When #2 has led to #3, and #3 to #4—and more—he'll be into orgies before he knows it! How amazed he'll be by the speed at which his sex-approach/sexstyle has changed. No longer rejected, he'll thrive on *projection*!

There are such beautiful guys around. And by 'beautiful' we're not implying that each is a paragon of physical beauty. It's just that (Continued on page 32)

'Scentuously' Yours Great Sex...It's In The Air!

By Frank Samuels

HAVE you ever made it with someone so uniquely memorable that for months or years afterward you found yourself comparing all others with him . . . yet, great sex though all of them may have been, you found in none his unforgettable appeal?

In retrospect, his was not the handsomest face . . . no David he. His voice, perhaps, was just a voice . . . no haunting huskiness turned you on. Certainly his body would never rank with the Great Physiques of All Time. And while he covered all bases during the Divine Encounter you couldn't evaluate his sex technique as more than serviceable. As for the Great Common Denominator . . . well, Secretariat may remain happily at stud without fear of being one-upped. So it was Just A Cock. What, then, made this lover such a rare experience?

Biological scientists have provided the answer. *Pheromones* . . . literally 'something in the air around us' that makes sex click like shuttle-and-bobbin at certain times during each month when, as we all know, at other times it does not. Quite probably if you had met this memorable trick at some other time of that month when his pheromones were not strongly exudant, he—being Mr. Just Average—would have been instantly and completely forgettable.

What gay individual has not awakened after a night of purple sex to see in the clear light of day the *real* body lying beside him, only to ask himself, "How in heaven's name did *he* ever get here?" It is a too-frequently asked question that until now no one could rationally answer. So tarry with us awhile and we shall try to shed more light on this puzzling happenstance.

AERIAL HORMONES

Just *how* powerful pheromones are in inducing sexual excitation was initially discovered among ants. In turn, this led the sex scientists to trail the scent of sex from the insect world, through the animal kingdom, to the human establishment. There now exists ample proof that man's sex life is affected by his pheromones, and much knowledge has been gained to show how it can be humbly enlivened *all through* the month, rather than having it occur in occasional peaks amid the too-many plateaus of relative sexual aridity, as it so often seems to.

What are pheromones? As we know, *hormones* regulate *internal* behavior in man. Conversely, pheromones are *chemical messengers* secreted *outside* the body in amounts sufficient to affect the actions of the

same species of life. In human life this means man to woman . . . woman to man . . . man to man . . . and woman to woman. The entire spectrum of sexual activity. Because the sense of smell is inextricably involved, it will do no disservice to honest scientific investigation to call pheromones 'aerial hormones'. Indeed, gay guys may prefer to call them that lest some punster with a gagging sense of humor will inevitably call them 'fairy moans'.

THE INSECT WORLD

In the insect and animal worlds pheromones are found to play a crucial role, not only in sex, but in forcing observance of territorial rights; in regulating population; in finding food; and in choosing leaders. This is not fantasy, or—as the French have learned to say phonetically—no *boulle chitte*, but fundamental fact that everyone will be hearing more about shortly. It is by way of being a *QQ* scoop.

By somewhat simplistically thinking of pheromones as 'scents' we see how astonishingly they work among the lowest of the low in the insect world—on ants. For example, there is the 'funerary' or 'undertaker' pheromone . . . an execrant scent of dead ants as they begin to decompose. So 'semaphorically' powerful is this scent that just one whiff triggers worker ants into the sanitizing operation of carting away the deceased.

Now here is where the sex scientists made their first discovery. By painting a *living* ant with this substance and setting it free among its pals, the same thing happened. Although the painted ant was obviously very much alive (inasmuch as he was dragged away kicking and protesting!) the funerary pheromone (a real S&M type) held the whip hand, and the ants could only obey its smell/command.

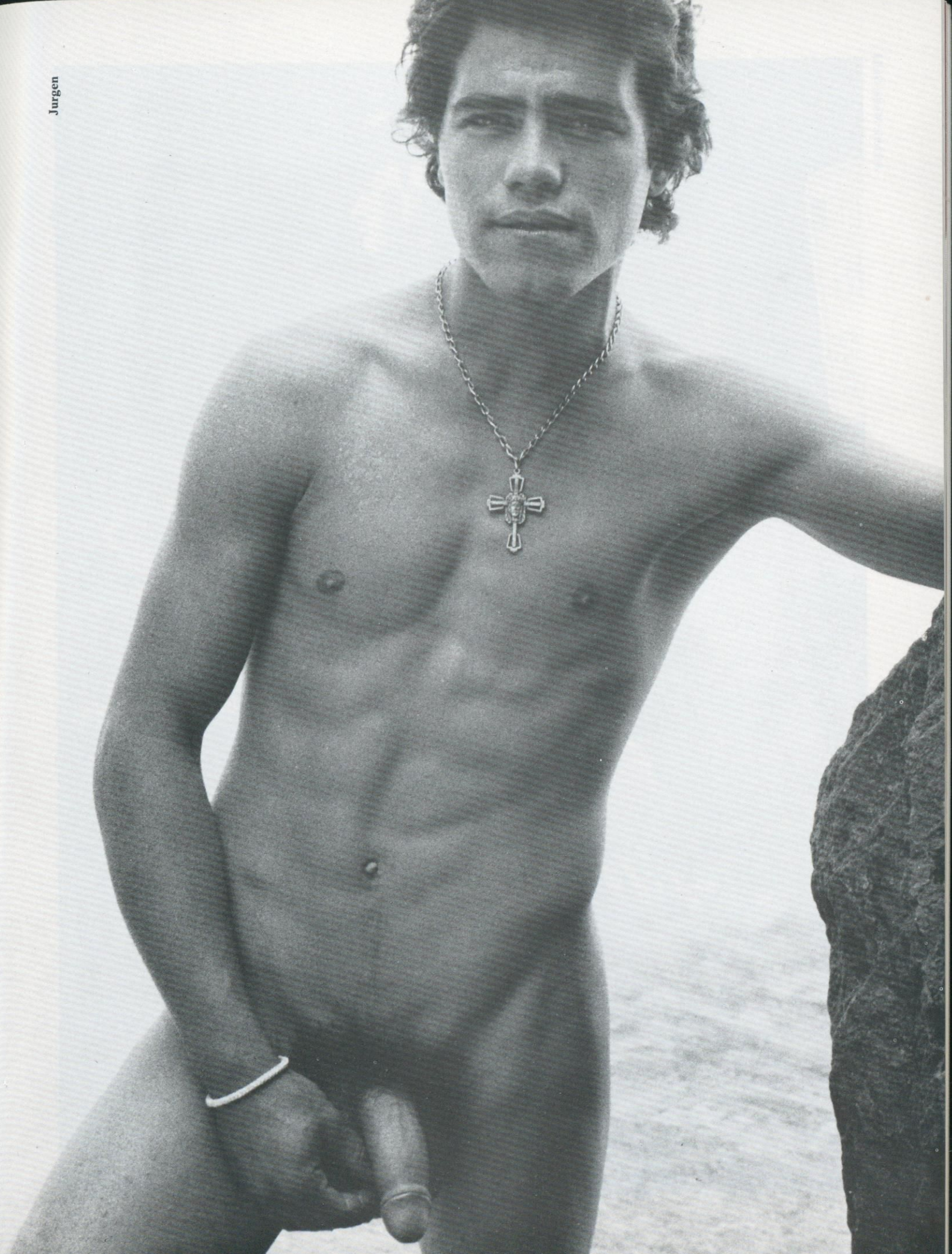
Yet no sooner had the 'dead' ant been dragged away and piled on top of the communal trash heap outside the ant nest than back he would crawl into the company of his live friends. Again the funerary pheromone commanded . . . again the poor ant was dragged away. "*Monotonous!*" he cried as this "Get rid of the little bastid!" performance continued until the scent wore off. As we see, the 'sanitation corps' was not thinking for itself, but reacting to the command of an outside force of greater strength. On the basis of this the sex scientists began looking into the sexual stimulation of

THE GYPSY MOTH/COCKROACH/QUEEN BEE

Pheromones work as advantageously for the female of the species as for the male. (Continued on page 36)

QQ

Jurgen





SEXAMETRICS

Gay Life On The Metric System

by David Bartel

BY this time next year gay guys may be wishing for the good old days of 1974-1975. The only things we had to worry about then were Watergate, the Mideast oil ripoff, high unemployment and higher inflation—perhaps the shafting of the dollar if we could wangle two weeks in Europe . . . or possibly a case of pinworms if we were tongue-trapped in the groove of a groovy guy in Central America, Mexico, or some more primitive/less hygienic country of the Caribbean.

Each developed as a crisis of greater or lesser significance, yet we somehow managed to take them in stride and press on, undaunted. But 1976 is really going to be The Year of the Sticky Wicket because we shall have to come to grips with the greatest crisis of all—the United States conversion to the metric system. Then the problems of gay people will be well-nigh insurmountable because not only will they be different from, but superimposed on those of the also-confused hetero world. Specifically, if we can't deal with the dilemma of sex on the metric system with some humor and more *éclat*, then we'd better reserve a cell now at the nearest cloister.

Because most gay guys we've talked with have not given this looming catastrophe much thought (quite understandably being preoccupied with cruising and scoring on the 'inches' plan), it seemed to us a clear call to duty to sound the sex-alarm, or at least touch upon the thin-iced issue so near at hand, and in such a way as to give gay people food for thought. Our analysis is this: things look mighty bleak, fellas!

First, let's look briefly at the overall effect we may expect from the changeover to the metric system, and the disparaging and quite disillusioning way it 'grays out' the pleasure we've always found in the simplest things. The picture seems one of

METRIC JOYLESSNESS

Example: *movies*. When 1976 rolls around, the reissue of Burt Reynolds's most popular film will probably come on your TV screen not as *The Longest Yard*, but *The Longest 0.9144 Meters*. Of course we've adored Burt and his 'Longest Yard' right up to the last exciting inch . . . but to come face-to-face with his *opus magnus* again under such a title? Well, gents, turn-on it's not.

Example: *music*. "I Love you a Bushel and a Peck" is such a charming song . . . how it bounces and bubbles along! But you'll really have to scurry to fit the new words to the music as you sing "I Love You 35.2383

July/August 1975

Liters Plus 8.8095 Liters" (or even just "44.9478 Liters" if you want to tot up all the liters and let 'em all come on at the same time). See what happens? No bounce, no bubble. Ah, well . . . maybe it'll sound much better played on an electronic calculator.

Example: *popular sayings*. If we translate some of our everyday sayings (clichés, if you will) into 'metricalese', the familiar "Give him an inch and he'll take a mile" comes out as "Give him 2.5400 centimeters and he'll take 1.6093 kilometers." Or how about "29.5 millimeters of prevention is (or are—the grammar must be changed to fit) worth a half-kilogram of cure." Just no cadence at all.

Example: *nursery rhymes*. How about this old one we used to gay up as a compliment to a super-scoring gay friend? "Peter Piper Picked 8.8095 Liters of Pickled Peckers." See how the metric system is already taking the oozy onomatopoeia out of oral sex? But that's only the beginning, guys. Worse is yet to come.

METRICALIZED PORN

Pornowriters are really going to take it on the chin (because with the metric system they'll have to work harder to get it into the mouth). The eroticism and gay seductiveness of all porno-literature is, oddly, that it follows almost rigidly a never-failing formula. From novel to hotter porno-novel the pattern rarely varies.

Although the setting (baths/beach/bar) will differ from story to story, as will the 'dramatis personae' (tub-queens/leather guys/beach boys), essentially what the porno-writer seeks to do is to bring his reader to instant erection with the first graphic page, then turn up the wick more incandescently through page after page of encounter after wilder encounter, with—most important—bigger cock after bigger cock . . . until the reader blasts off to Olympian orgasm in clouds of juicy come with (and on) the last page.

To do this well (and if it isn't done well it's not porn but ho-hum) the writer must put the reader in the picture within the first paragraph and let him "follow along with the bouncing balls." This takes great skill so that the reader doesn't lose his precious erection in a maze of words.

No long descriptions . . . no detailed setting of a scene . . . no psycho to unravel. The writer just dwells for a couple of paragraphs on establishing the *persona* of the involved sexist(s) so that the reader can clearly identify with him (or them). In short, to just get the reader *there*, hot hand on

(Continued on page 40)



DUDES IN DENIM

BY FRANK KEATING

A century from now, historians seeking a cultural link between *now*-America and *then*-America will probably find it to be a pair of blue jeans. This shouldn't be strange because jeans, having been trendy for a hundred years undoubtedly will be just as trendy in 2075—and so will the humpy guys who'll be wearing them.

One of the odd charms of denim is that it always seems to be such a *new* thing—something impromptu . . . dreamed up just now. Yet 'denim' and 'jeans' are hoary with history. Denim was first produced during the Middle Ages in the French milling town, Nîmes—pronounced 'Neem'. It was a twill cord called *serge de Nîmes* . . . a rough cloth that grew so quickly popular its name was shortened from *de Nîmes* to just 'denim'. Along about this time the Italian Navy was seeking a serviceable cloth for sailors' uniforms. They found it in denim, and thousands of bolts were sent to the naval base at Genoa, which in French is Genes. Well, as you know, nothing has ever been the same since . . . the rough, sexy suggestiveness of those horny Genoese sailors in their basket-bulging, buns-bursting dungarees (or 'genes in jeans' one might say) connotes superstuddery to this very day. So much 'denimagic' has worn off on us that today any gay guy who slips into a pair of jeans feels he is instantly sex incarnate!

The popularity of denim in the United States has lasted 125 years; shows no letup; and is the result of

A HAPPY ACCIDENT

In the Gold Rush days of 1850 a German immigrant, Levi Strauss, arrived in San Francisco with a supply of canvas he intended to sell to miners for tents. But when a young miner complained that the men wore out their store-bought clothes too quickly amid the muck and rocks, Strauss was inspired to turn his canvas into work pants. They were such a sell-out that he ordered a supply of denim twill and made more. The miners liked these too, and laughingly called them "Levi's." Strauss also laughed . . . all the way to the bank! Today the company he founded grosses about \$650 million a year. Moreover, it has copyrighted the spelling *Levi's* . . . this, wisely, to prevent other clothing companies from coining 'levis' as a commercial word and selling jeans under such a label.

There are many reasons why denim remains so popular. Most agree that it's apple-pie American. Yet because of Elvis and his denim-clad swivel hips—and other entertainers/youth groups who later appeared in films, and were seen abroad—with-it guys, especially gay guys, all over the world are happily into denim. Today jeans are the hottest item of male clothing in the big NK department store in Stockholm . . . they're the rage of Tokyo . . . and even in Russia, where the department stores are forbidden to sell anything so

decadently Amerikanski as jeans, black-marketeers are cleaning up on them. There are dudes in denim as far as the eye can see!

For teen-agers denim symbolizes *revolution*. Charles A. Reich in *The Greening of America* says, "Wearing dark, inexpensive clothes such as blue jeans is an indication that young people reject affluence and the *look* of affluence. They suggest that neither individuality nor distinction can be bought in a clothing store. Clothes are primarily functional . . . thus jeans express the shape of legs—heavy or thin, straight or bowed—and as jeans grow older they adapt even more to the particular legs that are wearing them." Jeans also serve as a social protest. Wearing them is to vote "No!" against conservatism. Oddly, many parents are now wearing jeans. Then tend to abdicate their responsibilities as parents—to *not* act like parents. Rather than discipline with parental authority—causing certain hostility—they identify with adolescents and become like them.

GAYS IN JEANS

For gay people, denim is both a uniform and a 'calling card'. A pair of well-filled jeans tells a gay stranger more about oneself than words ever could. Some of us have jeans we've treasured for a dozen or more years. Rarely do we throw them away—only if they are totally in tatters. This is understandable for a quite practical reason—jeans are not easy to break in. It takes a lot of doing to make them heart-throbbingly 'contourable' . . . like sleeping in them (which gives them a little of your sexy magic!) . . . showering in them daily and letting them dry on one's nude body either in the sun or with a high-powered hair-dryer which helps to do it faster—and makes 'spot contouring' possible . . . or soaking them in bleach to remove the stiffness/newness, while causing them to hug the body tighter and more sensuously—'bigging' the basket and 'tight-assing' the buns. And when worn with a short, simple leather jacket . . . well, heigh-ho *macho*!

Denim manufacturers are a little uptight because it has become so high-fashion—a *today* fad, the feel, that can become a *tomorrow* cliché. They think denim is playing it too cozy with elegance (high/low-rise, bell bottom, straight/cuffed-leg . . . suits in pinks/pastels . . . ensembles . . . unsex—the whole bit). Because the mainstay of the denim business has always been kids, they feel they may react and turn to something quite different. And why not when denim slax that sold for \$5 two years ago are now \$14 up? Denim suits—contoured—bring up to \$300!

Also, the Western influence has entered the picture with dudes in denim *and* handsome, sculptured-leather cowboy boots. Western hats. Fancy scarves, too. And long, *lon-n-ng* fantastic pendant jewelry worn around the neck has become a *de rigueur* accessory with high-fashion denim outfits. In fact, the whole denim scene has become parade/charade . . . it has come full circle from the sexy simplicity it has always been loved for. So it just may be gay guys who still value the turn-on of beautiful basketry and bountiful bunnery who'll keep denim in perspective. Hang in there, guys . . . hang tough!



Alexander

RIGHT now many of our readers will be making plans for a European vacation, and since most gay guys will include Amsterdam in their itinerary (because that's where it's at) we'd like to send you aloft with this little thought. There's a lot more to Amsterdam than tulip terraces and teasy tricks—unpatriotic and irreverent though that may sound. Surprising Amsterdam isn't 'surprising' for no reason. There are many fascinating places to go/things to do that the average gay visitor never gets around to. For example, a diamond-cutting house.

Amsterdam is world headquarters for diamond cutting, and you'll be welcomed at such time-honored diamond-cutting establishments as Asschers' and particularly the A. van Moppes and Zoon plant where there are daily tours during the summer months. Why diamonds? Well, in the immortal words of Lorelei Lee "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend!" And soon they'll be very friendly everywhere—especially if you own one or more. With international currencies following a steady downward graphline, and with gold so wayward in price, a buy in diamonds may prove to be the wisest investment of your life.

We say this advisedly, because at the present rate of extraction the world's diamond mines will be depleted in thirty years, and a new, uncut, diamond-in-the-rough will be not just a rarity, but *extinct*. We'll just have to get along with our old everyday diamonds and, as you've surmised, they'll *really* be 'money with a hard-on' . . . the *hardest* currency! With prices climbing every day, why not dive into diamonds while abroad this summer . . . either for ornamental purposes (more pazazz for your pinky . . . or to stud a cockring with charisma), or as an investment that you can stash away in your safety-deposit box for a rainy day, and take out on special occasions to gloat over the glitter?

There's much to be said for ornamental diamonds, especially if you choose lower-grade stones. If you buy really great Elizabeth Taylor-type diamonds for this purpose, however, you'll have to pay such high insurance premiums they won't be worth it in the long run. But as an investment, excellent. Get the best you can afford. Moreover, if you buy directly from diamond brokers abroad they will assume control of the gems—keeping them in trust for you—and you won't have a cent of insurance to pay. The stone remains yours until you decide to sell it . . . then the broker just takes his percentage cut. And this gives you the option of popping in for tea at your broker's as often as you wish, to have a gander at your gem. And if, like hundreds of gay guys, you know little more about diamonds than that they sparkle, come in various sizes and cuts, cost a lot (you gave *him* a diamond), and 'are forever' (he *wasn't*), you may be interested in attending briefly

A DIAMOND 'SCHOOL'

If your appetite for diamonds has been whetted you'll be wise to stop off first in London and take one of the famous teach-ins at the Diamond Grading Laboratory, 46 Hatton Garden, London EC 1. (Please write well in advance for complete information.) These short, intensive courses are given for both the layman who

Diamonds Are Not Forever!

By Philip Bailey

must start from scratch (not knowing carat from karat or carrot), and for the expert who needs to brush up on his gem-crackery. The knowledge you gain from one of these courses can prove a significant turning-point in your fortunes. You'll get to know many interesting things about diamonds . . . how to know them, choose them, and how to sell them profitably. Many things, like . . .

1. A diamond is a piece of pure carbon that has been forced up through the crust of the earth's surface by volcanic action. Did you know that children in South Africa once played "Jacks-off!" (now, now, it's not what you think!), using the pretty yellow stones as 'jacks'? Having lost them all fair and square, the defeated one would point toward the winner and declare "Jacks-off!" (which he may have done, for all we know).

2. Only a diamond will cut a diamond. And diamonds are measured in metric *carats* (not to be confused with a gold *karat*), and one ounce equals 142 carats, and there are 100 points (200 milligrams) to a carat.

3. That *rough* diamonds are judged on size, color and purity. Lacking just one of these, a diamond is classified as industrial, to be used in cutting other diamonds or in machinery requiring the use of diamond cutting-edges. And that the Four C's determine the value of a *gem* (cut) diamond: Carat. Cut. Color. Clarity.

4. That Zaire is the largest producer of diamonds, but only 2% are of gem quality . . . the other 98% are put to industrial use. And that De Beers Consolidated Mines of South Africa controls 80% of the sales of the world's gem diamond markets. And that the average *gem* diamond weighs $\frac{3}{4}$ carat, and diamonds of less than 50 points are 'drummed out of the corps' as individually unsalable, to be stockpiled until—with others—they can be made into cheaper commercial jewelry.

5. And that many of the greatest diamonds—each a great romance—including the famous Blue Diamond of Marie Antoinette, disappeared over the years. It is believed that her diamond—lost in the French Revolution when she lost her head—was recovered, but shattered in an attempt to recut it clandestinely. The one remaining huge chunk is what we know today as the fabulous Hope Diamond . . . now the pride of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and a frequent subject of TV mystery plays.

Look into diamonds this summer. If nothing else develops they'll make your vacation a much more interesting one.

Wines Of Glory

FRANCE'S IMPERIAL PAIR

By Jon Lorrimer

IT would be a gross exaggeration of historical fact to say that a ruling dynasty was toppled from the throne because of a royal affair with the grape. Yet this is not as far-fetched as it might seem, inasmuch as the Romanoff passion for two premium French wines was an indicator that royal indulgence had overcome royal judgment, and that Nicholas II, the last Czar of Russia, had become indifferent to the needs of his people . . . an established cause of the Bolshevik Revolution.

The two wines themselves were, and are royal. *Romanée-Conti* is called The Red King of Burgundy, and *Château d'Yquem* is The White Queen of Sauternes. Soon they may be the last surviving royalty in Europe, but survive they will, as they have for centuries, because their reign is such a benign one. Although the days when the Romanoffs ordered these wines bottled in cut-crystal decanters, lettered in gold, have passed, they are still available to us—however in short supply—in less regal raiment.

Considering their royal status, both wines came up the hard-knock way of peasants who have had to fight and scratch their way just to survive. That this has given them a noble character is acknowledged by wine lovers all over the world.

Château d'Yquem is the result of a fortunate accident. A light golden extract from Sauternes grapes, it is a highly-prized dessert wine, completely different from any other Sauternes wine. One sip and you will understand why—and you'll never forget the experience. The uncloying sweetness of *Château d'Yquem* is due to its unusually high alcoholic content that acts in an unusual way on its high sugar content. The alcohol assays at a big 13%, but since, in the process of metabolism, once imbibed the yield is about 20%, those who have *Château d'Yquem* for the first time find themselves on a trip after one glass!

The unique sweetness of *Château d'Yquem* derives from the fact that the wine is pressed from the last harvesting of the Sauternes grapes, by which time they are shriveled to the size of currants. The sugar is, therefore, highly concentrated. Freshly-pressed wine—the first of the harvest—is always light and has more of a bite than that pressed from the second or later harvestings.

Château d'Yquem came about this way. A vintner who had been forced to delay the annual wine-pressing because of difficulties with his bank, and who, additionally, was the victim of a scanty crop that year, decided at the last minute to gather and press even the 'culls', or—as French vintners now call them—"the

grapes of the noble rotting," in order to salvage as much as possible from his sparse crop. Luckily for him, and happily for wine lovers, he put them in an individual fermentation vat, and *Château d'Yquem*, the peerless, was the result.

Today this heavenly wine (it is really distilled gold!) is pressed and processed just as it was at the time of its creation. While other Sauternes wines, as most other wines of France—and certainly those of the United States—are mechanically pressed and scientifically processed, by contrast *Château d'Yquem* never comes in contact with metal nor any modern machine that might diminish its special bouquet or change its taste in the slightest. It is mostly an all-manual preparation, using the same ancient wooden wine presses that date to the time when the French Popes ruled from Avignon. The only modern concession is that these ancient wine presses are now powered hydraulically.

THE MAGIC FOGS OF CIRON

The producers of *Château d'Yquem* believe strongly in the legend of The Fogs of Ciron. They maintain that the distinctive taste of Sauternes grapes is "divinely inspired" by the fogs that rise magically (for certainly there is no geologically-explained reason for them) from the tiny river Ciron. Somehow it appears that the action of the sun's rays on the frequent fogs arising from the Ciron produces the lightness and delicacy associated with these incomparable wine grapes. Thus as the grapes are 'inspired', so, they believe, is the wine.

The vineyards that rise high above the Ciron and surround the Château (a medieval fortress) are huge, and the vines are usually burgeoning with the Semillon grapes that give the wine its delicacy, and the Sauvignon grapes that give it its noble strength of character. Yet the process of picking the grapes is a tedious one because the vintner must wait until they ripen to the state of "the noble rotting" before he can touch them.

The grape-picking season lasts from September to—often—the middle of November because the individual grapes do not ripen at the same time. They're rather persnickety. "All in good time," they seem to say. Of course, there are also rainy days to be considered during these nearly three months, and the harvesting must cease at such times because the grapes swell with water and the vintner must wait until the sun has obligingly dried them before the harvest can continue. Moreover, those

(Continued on page 44)

Jürgen



July/August 1975

Maybe We Should Call It Joy

BY DAKOTA JONSON

CHRISTOPHER decided. Today he was going to make it with one of those goddamn, blue-eyed, glassy-staring, humpy, flaxen-haired surfers. He was just going to walk up to one of them, reach out for whatever was underneath his shabby black wet-suit and invite him in . . . for coffee . . . orange crush, anything to get him into the beach shack and into the sack . . . into his . . . well, damn it, anything!

Or else he'd go stark, raving mad.

He was lying in bed naked, listening to the rain and trying to keep his hands off a ramrod erection. If he touched it, it would explode. He'd been storing up his load, keeping it in reserve, but what the hell for? A dream . . . a myth . . . an impossible fantasy . . .

Trouble is, he thought, there may not be any surfers around today. The rain will scare them off . . . back into their gaudy campers . . . depending on the ocean, of course. They'd surf in a hurricane if there was a perfect wave to be had. They were fanatics.

Somehow Christopher managed to ignore the beckoning, taunting hardon, got up and slipped into a tight pair of fade-out levi's. By the time he made it to the john, he was limp and able to function.

He didn't dare put his hands on it, however, but simply ripped open his fly-buttons and let it hang. He stared out the window. He was afraid even to look at his cock. The state he was in, his own piss might turn him on. He squinted through the screen and tried to see if it was still raining. It wasn't. He was facing a two-story house next door, and between, a strip of sand where the campers pulled in.

There was one there now, white, with dirty buff curtains. It was empty, a single yellow surfboard strapped to the top. Whoever belonged to it must've been out reconnoitering the storm-tossed sea, or swimming in it.

And then it happened. He couldn't believe it. Some devil—some evil incubus was trying to drive him crazy. He wanted to hide . . . to button up his cock and run. He did neither. He stood transfixed, glued to the cold cement floor, straddling the commode, his arms folded over his chest, his prick starting to rise up to his belly button.

The goddamn camper owner had returned and, like a hustling male whore stripping in front of a watch-queen client, he slowly began to peel out of his wet-suit . . . tight stomach rippling up from a narrow waist to pointed, cherry-red, suck-me tits.

The surfer shook his dampened, flowing blond tresses in the wind until they streamed in front of his

Tarzan face like ripped banners. He tossed the wet-suit into the back of the camper. He was standing in orange boxer trunks now on the side closest to Christopher, stretching. Then he placed a hand on the camper door.

"Show's over," thought Christopher.

He was wrong. The surfer paused and reached into his trunks for a handful, suddenly slipping out a long and thick, big, purple-headed, semi-hard penis. He started to urinate against the front tire!

Shit!

Christopher wanted to scream, but couldn't. His throat was too dry; his heart pounding. The fucker just stood there letting it flow, and afterwards, letting it drip, and then shaking it . . . endlessly.

Before Christopher had a chance to straighten his head out, the guy quickly flopped the cock back into its hiding place, mounted the front seat of the camper, wheeled out into the alley and disappeared.

Christopher was never quite sure how he made it to the kitchen. He was dazed, befuddled, and shaking all over. Somehow he managed to put together a pot of coffee with a touch of masochistic fervor. He almost got a shock when he plugged it in. He had his fingers on the prongs and realized it just in time.

He poured orange juice and sank into a huge black bean-bag chair facing the front bay window.

The ocean was disorganized. No perfect waves, which explained why the surfer hadn't bothered to carry his board down to the ocean.

And there was nobody in sight. Only sulking seagulls on the sand, waiting for a handout.

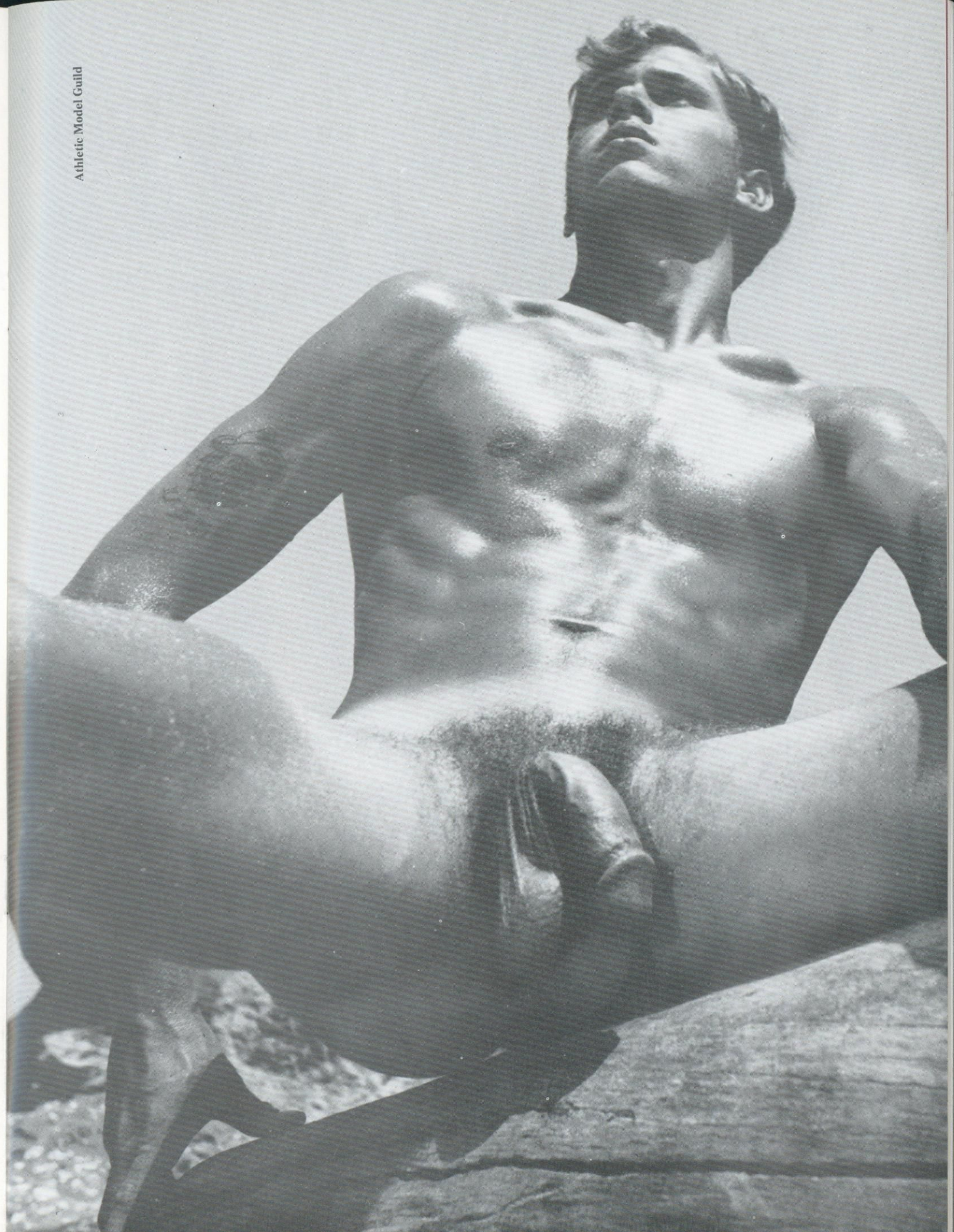
"Jonathan Seagull, my ass," Christopher muttered bitterly. "Like me, just lying around waiting for somebody to give it to me."

Well it served him right for coming to this closety, sewed-up asshole, sexless Newport Beach! He must've been plain dumb.

His friend up in Hollywood had warned him . . . good old Mark Graham . . . one of his more wealthy and mature acquaintances, who'd give you his last dildo and ask nothing in return. Mark owned a chain of saunas across the country, for men only . . . one in Hollywood. Gay saunas, that is. The beach shack had been left to him by one of his many rich relatives (they were, all of them, rich), and he'd said, "Go on, Chris, take the shack down in Newport Beach for a week or so, but I'm telling you, nobody—but nobody fucks down there—not even the women—they're drunk all the time—not so gay divorcees. And did you ever hear of anyone who got laid by

(Continued on page 46)

Athletic Model Guild





Athletic Model Guild

Gay Manila And The Mabuhay Spirit

By Joseph Halpin

FOR the gay traveler, it is always a delight to discover a new place where gay life exists. While most think in terms of London, New York, San Francisco, and Amsterdam as being gay centers, there are other places where the more adventurous, craving the exotic and unusual, would find equal (or nearly equal) pleasure. Such is Manila, Philippines, a city of four million people who share old world Spanish charm with brisk American commerce and way of life. Supermarkets stand next to little Chinese stores, replicas of Spanish colonial churches can be seen from towering skyscrapers and restaurants are present to suit every taste. In this age of inflation Manila still remains one of the lower priced cities of the world. That, along with a very *laissez faire* attitude toward gay sex, handsome and only too willing young men, and no language barrier (English is well spoken by everyone) should be more than enough to attract anyone traveling in this area to make Manila either a joyous stopover or a vacation spot for a summer.

SOCIAL BACKGROUND

A Filipino once said: "We lived in a Spanish monastery for 400 years and in Hollywood for 50." While the Spaniards controlled the Philippines from 1521 to 1898, they produced a nation of farmers and serfs to serve the ruling upper-class Spaniards. Intermarriage did exist to where today, the best of two worlds blend in the Filipino—the grace, liveness, and delicacy of the Malay and the poetry, passion, and physical characteristics of the Spanish. During the U.S. possession of the islands (7,100 make up this nation), very little changed as far as physical characteristics go, so even today, most Filipinos possess Spanish surnames, over 87% are Catholic, and the young boys and men about the most handsome in existence. With black hair, large liquid brown eyes, smooth body skin, thin waists, and beautiful bodies, the Filipino male is indeed the "pearl of the Orient."

Unfortunately, the Filipino inherited some undesirable social behavior from Spain and America. Even after independence (1946), crime continued to rise until it became almost impossible to stay in Manila. Street crimes were so common that papers ignored incidents, police were corrupt, and tourists totally unsafe. As a result, only military and missionaries went to Manila, leaving the entire nation in a tourist slump while visitors went to safer Japan, Hong Kong, and other Asian places.

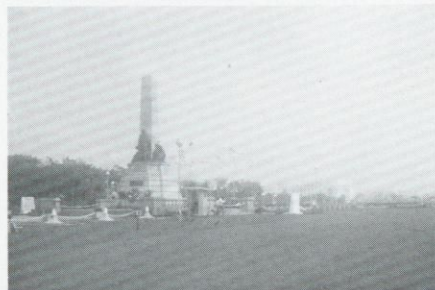
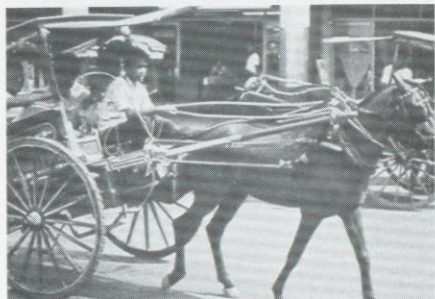
MARTIAL LAW

On September 21, 1972, President Ferdinand Marcos declared Martial Law proclaiming the "Bagong Lipunan" or New Society. After mass arrests of political dissidents, a 72-hour cessation of newspapers, radio and TV, a dazed nation awoke to find honesty, justice, pride, healthy respect for law, a new social discipline, and safety in the streets. During the mass roundups, gays were taken from the streets and parks but soon returned unharmed. Some of the highest political figures in the Marcos government are reported to be gay, therefore, within a week, gay life resumed as before.

The restrictions in the New Society are few: political public speeches against the Marcos regime are forbidden, newspapers are censored but world news is fairly treated, and there is a midnight to 4:00 A.M. curfew during which everyone must be off the streets. There are no signs of oppression; no military uniforms or political banners are to be seen. There is no fear of police entrapment: in fact, gay life seems to flourish now more than ever since organized crime has all but disappeared and tourists are not subject to extortion attempts. Taxi drivers are honest, street gangs are gone, bars are safe, and the visitor is guaranteed a military trial within 24 hours if any national bothers him. With this in mind, the visitor can relax and enjoy Manila and its attractions.

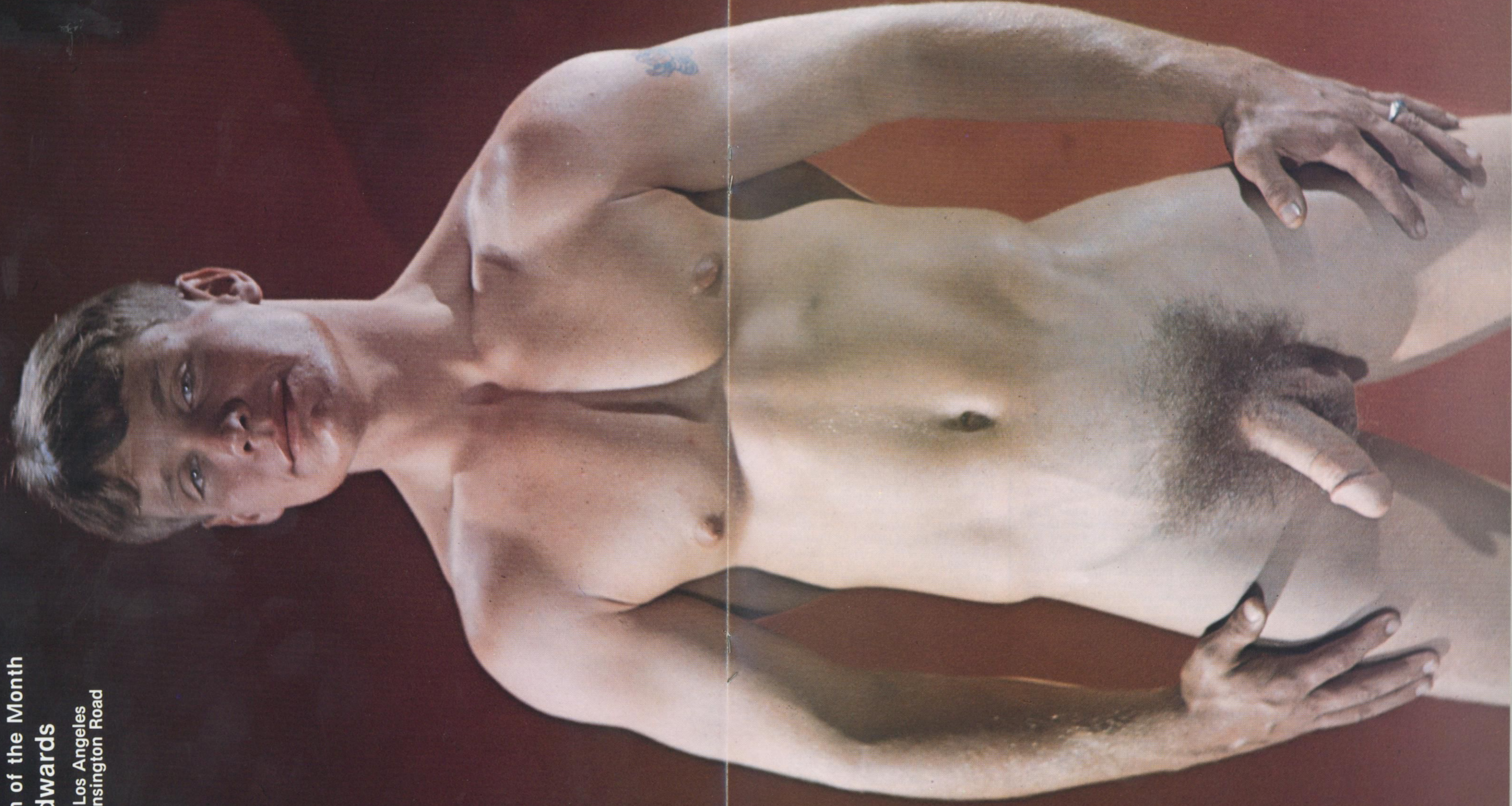
HOTELS

As a result of the new regime, hotels are being (Continued on page 42)
July/August 1975



QQ's Man of the Month
Mark Edwards

By Bruce of Los Angeles
Courtesy Kensington Road



REVIEW BOOK

MYRON



BY GORE VIDAL
A NOVEL

"Myra lives!" screams the dust jacket of **Myron**, by Gore Vidal, 244 pgs., Random House, Inc., \$6.95, begging the question: Who gives a damn?

This book, subtitled "A Novel" (so we'll know for sure and possibly to avoid libel suits), pretends to be a sequel to **Myra Breckenridge**, which was, indeed, a funny book. **Myron**, though, is not. It is a beating of a dead horse into the ground, to mix metaphors.

The dead horse, in this case, is an elaborate, ill-conceived joke, which unfortunately does not improve with retelling and retelling. The fact that it is an in-joke—Capote and Mailer, among undiscerned (by me) others, being Vidal's victims—makes it even worse. If the reader recognizes everybody he might be mildly amused. If not he has been ripped off for seven bucks.

The story of **Myron** is simplistic: he falls into his television set during a late-late showing of **Siren of Babylon** and wakes up on the set where Maria Montez and Bruce Cabot are filming it in 1948. In short order his body is taken over by Myra Breckenridge, and a modicum of farce is generated as these two struggle all over the lot to possess the body. But don't worry: the type-face sizes (large and small) vary according to who is in charge at the moment, making it all very easy to follow, dear reader.

Anyway, the set of **Siren** turns out to be an existentialist hell, or Limbo, from which there is no exit. Myron is determined to get out and return to Mary-Ann, his real-life wife. Myra is happy to remain where she is, for here, she believes, she can alter the future and save the movies (her

other real passion, second to male genitalia).

To make this crap box-office, Vidal has sprinkled it with sex. The sex, though, is funny, a campy imitation of the real thing, and no one, no camp I know, is ever campy in bed, not, certainly, intentionally.

To be cute (what other reason?), Vidal has also substituted the names of Supreme Court justices for the "dirty" words. This childish ploy is not even funny; it quickly becomes a bore. A cock, Mr. Vidal, is a cock, not a rehnquist; and balls are balls, not powells; and shit is shit, not vidal.

Myron, however, is not all bad. (Though one wonders if Gore Vidal had not written it if it would ever have been published.) It is written with flair, in an attractive, or, rather, two attractive styles, and it is, sometimes, fun. Flair, style, and sometimes fun are not enough, though, to keep me from yawning nor enough to make up a good novel.

If you are an old-movie buff, by the way, you'll enjoy Vidal's bitchiness, his trivia-ridden memory, and his innumerable thrusts at stars and would-be and have-been actors. There are, I admit, probably lots of gay guys who dig cinema trivia, who dig sophisticated camp, and who like to immerse themselves in inconsequential fluff. It is probably for them that **Myron** was written, but I suspect that for them time is frozen, as it is in the book, at about 1948.

1948 was not, I am told, a very good year.

Now, a note about Vidal. Gore Vidal is a writer of immense talent. That statement can stand alone, but if you doubt me, research his titles. So what is an Immense Talent doing, writing shit like **Myron**?

Why is he not writing good gay novels, as with **The City and the Pillar** he has proven he can? Your answer is as good as mine, but I guess the good life in Italy has removed him from the perils and problems of the average gay guy, and he doesn't give a damn about the average gay guy.

Here, Mr. Vidal, you are wrong. You have, by virtue of your success, an even greater responsibility to the gay world than even you can imagine. Were it not for the gaydom of your own soul you couldn't even write graffiti.

Someone told me Vidal should stick to historical writing such as his **Julian** and **Burr**. I disagree. It is high time he put himself to work on a really good gay novel again. After all, **The City and the Pillar** was published 27 years ago, in 1948.

Maybe Vidal was frozen in 1948, too? I'd hate to think he just can't get it up anymore.

—Orlando Paris

THE SUGARCOATED SEX SELL

(Continued from page 7)

anthropometric detail. So if you will now refer to No-No #6 you will see how inadequate your head-on compliment has made him. Be sure that if somehow the sex scene can be made to follow after all this, he, at least, will not fully enjoy it. He will be unable to enter into the encounter rapturously because he will spend most of the time trying to live up to your expectations that in every way he is like the divine Warren . . . and failing miserably, much to his dismay.

Under other circumstances—had you been casual in your approach and low-keyed in your opening gambit—there would have been no reason for his over-concern. In this day of uninhibited naturalness and verbal freedom . . . when the third or fourth (at most) sentence of "let's get acquainted" greeting to a humpy number is "Wanna fuck?" . . . he would have gone with you eagerly, with nothing to clutter his mind but the delightful expectation of great sex as a mutual reward.

THE OBLIQUE COMPLIMENT

If, however, the 'complimentary' approach is your natural way of making a pitch for someone (and why be unnatural, and thus be made uptight yourself?), the oblique compliment is a far better way, and more temperamentally in tune with the times.

Let's say, for example, that the scene is a gay bar you're visiting for the first time. Having looked around with a bemused smile and a nod or two of approval, you turn casually to the interesting guy next to you and say: "Friendly place . . . wish I'd known about it before." To which he may reply: "Yes, every gay guy in town loves it." "Is it ever crowded?" you pursue the matter. "Well-I-I," he may say with a knowing smile, "there's always room for one more."

However dullshit this may seem—or gayly commonplace—a kind of understated rapport has been established. You haven't come on stage like Lauren Bacall chewing up the furniture, but the stage is set. He's quite aware of you, and in an anticipatory way (for after all he has helped set the stage). So now you may let him have the casual oblique compliment by saying something earthshakingly follow-through, such as "This neighborhood is new to me . . . I wonder if there is a really good hairstylist around here. I can't seem to get anyone to cut my hair the way I want it. And yours looks so nice." Nothing elaborate. A little throwaway compli-

ment . . . but from little, lots.

Consider the many good things you've accomplished with this simple remark—however utilitarian it may have seemed at the moment.

First, you've complimented him in such a casual way that he has no reason to get uptight. He's not going to quickly run his hands over his hairdo to feel if every strand is in its proper place.

Second, by lightly, ruefully deprecating your own hairstyle (which, of course, you know is not a Mixmastered mess) you've made it unnecessary for him to return the compliment with some elaborate, pretentious lie.

Third, you've asked him obliquely for help, and that, too, is a fine compliment since it expresses trust in his opinion.

Fourth, very likely you are attractive in many other ways—forgetting for the moment any imaginary imperfections of your hair trim—and now, having had ample time to look you over, he may be tempted to 'even Steven' by obliquely complimenting you on something that has turned him on. So if you'll accept his compliment as lightly, gracefully, and as quickly-over-with, no-fuss, as he accepted yours, both of you are not far from the "Let's fuck!" stage.

Certainly there are many things one may obliquely compliment another on in everyday life. Not just someone's hairstyle . . . but his clothes, or perhaps his macho jewelry that suits him better than it might anyone else . . . or his success in looking just a little different and not so 'herdsh'. And the more impromptu your remark—the less studied—the more charm it will have.

Or if you meet someone in the street who has an unusual pet peeing, by complimenting the pet with an admiring glance (even a few 'pet words') you obliquely compliment his master's regard for animals. Or cars . . . an unusual apartment design . . . or how one successfully runs one's business, or applies oneself to one's job. Or, particularly, compliments on collections so rare they simply ask for comment . . . Haitian primitives, for example . . . or pre-Columbian sculpture . . . or artifacts so important that the anthropological knowledge of the owner must be commented on as a mark of respect (and thus complimented). Oblique compliments on any of these vastly different things/modes/functions can lead you to a galaxy of sexual delights. They're foolproof because they're sincere . . . and directed at one's possession rather than to him as a person. The brouhaha of studied pretense, therefore, cannot be operative in such a situation.

The "How Great Thou Art" approach is a sure road to scoring failure. On the other hand, genuineness is immediately apparent. As the late Haim Ginott,

July/August 1975

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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:

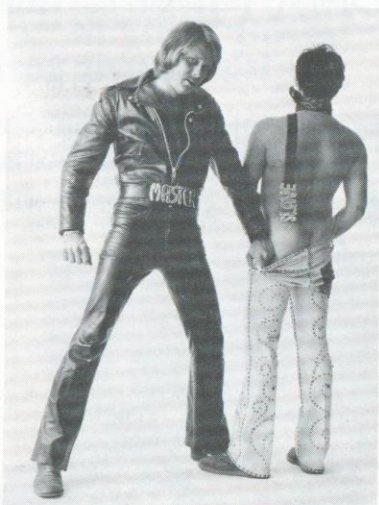
THE MOST FAMOUS PAIR OF ALL

If Oscar Wilde had chosen to ignore the Marquess of Queensberry's public accusation that he was a "sodomite," which he most certainly was, the affair between Wilde and the Marquess's young son, Lord Alfred Douglas, would not have received worldwide publicity and the trials that ended in Wilde's ruin could have been avoided.

Wilde was the wit of London in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and was a highly acclaimed writer of books and plays. He was already involved in

the gay life when he met the blond, handsome Lord Douglas, more or less drifting from boy to boy, occasionally being inspired enough by one to use him as a model for a piece of work, as he did with handsome young John Gray, who emerged on paper as Dorian Gray.

Wilde was at the peak of his fame, with one hit play after another opening on the London stage, when he took up with Douglas. It was a strange affair in some respects, with the two of them deeply involved in visiting male prostitutes. Their constant companionship soon caused a scandal (Continued on page 51)



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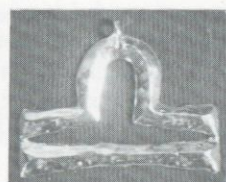
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SCORPIO



CAPRICORN



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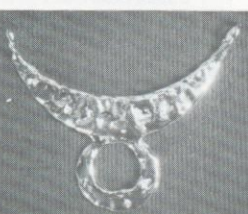
ARIES



LEO



SAGITTARIUS



TAURUS



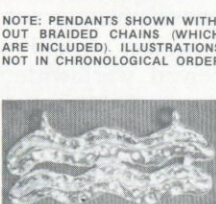
GEMINI



CANCER



PISCES



AQUARIUS

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Ph.D., who wrote so many fine books on child-understanding, said: "It is easier and less confusing to cope with honest praise, or honest criticism, than with a dishonest mixture of them. Direct praise of an individual, like direct sunlight, is uncomfortable and blinding." How true this is in the approaches to gay sex.

Easy does it... and once over lightly!

...

FROM REJECTION TO PROJECTION

(Continued from page 13)

our newly-won sexual freedom has given us all conversational 'wings' that make the free flow of gay ideas so fascinating that we are all far more attractive. Because we're no longer inhibited, and have so much more to say and project we have a broader appeal. And so any further adherence to sexual somatotyping is so obviously anachronistic that even the most indrawn pragmatist will be appalled by the thought of it. We just want to get to know each other—and lots of 'each others'—better. There are many ways to do this.

If you are a naturally shy guy who has too often experienced rejection you will find the new types of gay bars, and gay parties, the best places for unfettered making out. Only a few years ago—before gay people became a recognized social force—the gay bar was at best a furtive rendezvous. Gay guys often felt uneasy in such surroundings... unsure of themselves, as if the leg irons had been unshackled for the nonce and the 'freedom' was so new and strange one didn't know quite how to cope with it.

The gay bar was always under some form of surveillance. If not on the checklist for the night's raid by the fuzz, then at least it was strictly monitored by the non-gay owner who (a) despised his clientele in the first place (but not their dollars), or (b) insisted that everyone face the bar like prisoners at a lineup, and/or (c) was instantly into the john if two guys went in together, or if a single stayed inside longer than it took to drain 100 cubic centimeters of urine from the bladder. Sometimes it took hours of superfluous beer/cocktail-consumption before any kind of gay gig got going.

Ancient history! Today proprietors of gay bars have designed them to initiate, facilitate and stimulate the flow of gay conversation and ideas. Inhibition is out... exhibition is in. We project! In just a matter of minutes everyone has gotten into the spirit, and as the bar traffic moves up and down and "Hello,

there!" everyone gets to know each other to some cruisy extent. A contact is almost a foregone conclusion... somebody in there likes you!

Some gay bars have lounge areas with deep, comfortable chairs where a bar acquaintance, begun just seconds before, can deepen. And others have darkened areas where a fuller exploration, without benefit of audience, can take place. Still others have dancing space. Some have nude Go-Go dancers to add spice. How easy it all is!

Rejection out of hand is a rudeness now almost never known in such places. A turn-down is usually little more than a regretful postponement and should be regarded that way. If he says "Gee, I'd like to be with you but I'm here with a friend just now," he means it. He also means that two hours later he'll probably be back looking for you, hoping that someone else hasn't already scored. The simple fact is that the free flow of conversation has made all this possible. So can good sex be far behind?

OTHER TURN-ONS

A gay bar may not be your thing. It just may leave you more sexually confused than convinced. This may be because you are a reluctant conversationalist. Perhaps you respond better to the visual communication of the nude body. Not to a particular, or 'Mr. Right' physique type, but just to the 'corpus delicious' unclothed. If fulfillment of your sexual desires has been largely denied you by reason of the fact that opportunities for viewing others nude, and being nude before them, have been scanty, then you have been suffering inadvertently a kind of rejection.

SO HOW ABOUT A BATHS?

Is there any city of some size in the United States, Canada or Europe that does not have a gay baths... or men's nights in a baths when the congregation is on its collective knees (and not for prayer!)? If you are a reader of our *Ciao!* magazine you will have learned by now where most such baths are in or near your community.

And if you're not acquainted with *Ciao!* (shame!) you will also find this important and relevant information in "Private Stock," the new, up-to-the-minute gay travel guide published by QQ Publishing Company, Inc. Once you know, then just go! You'll find every physique type under the sun there. And you'll go 'cockrazy' over the stupefying varieties of the phallus.

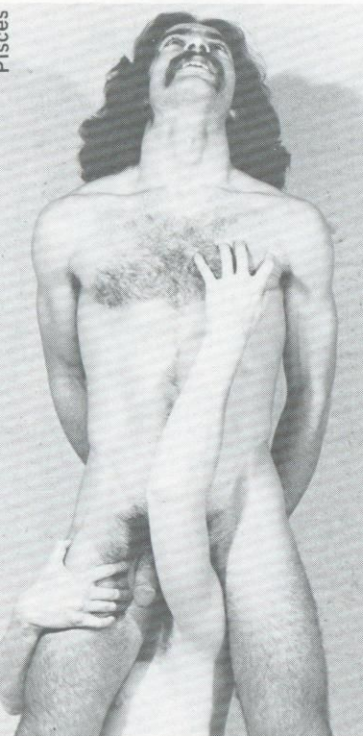
Best of all, the tub scene is so relaxed and casual and totally 'make-out' you'll realize that here is the perfect venue for your kind of 'getting to know you'... your kind of sex approach. The chatter of the gay bar is left behind. Often a

July/August 1975

A Guide To Sex By Astrology Swingin' On A Star

By Ferline

Pisces



LIBRA

September 24 to October 23. Success? Yeah, glamour-tuned Libra, it's there and you're beginning to smell victory. Then, why so unsettled? New sense of power fucking your mind, that's why! Less running—less ass this summer will help. Consolidate for fall's promise. We need you!

SCORPIO

October 24 to November 22. It's lover time. Ruling Mars goes opposite Scorpio July 1... into Taurus. So much screwing—sucking, you may run to hide! What's missing? One warm body merged with a long period of creative activity. This may be it, Scorpio!

SAGITTARIUS

November 23 to December 22. Try funnin' at home. Jupiter in Aries makes you wanna propel yourself to the other end of nowhere—sperm for rocket fuel. Be practical! Neptune in your Sign signifies a need to tune in with what's around you.

CAPRICORN

December 23 to January 21. Fuck it, Capricorn. Ain't you ready to free yourself from that prison you locked yourself into? Go! Jupiter into Aries for you means ACTION! This fall, schoolteacher Saturn moves out of your life.

AQUARIUS

January 22 to February 20. Now belongs to you... entering expanded period of social activity... works lead to success! Sex life highly charged. Are you lost out there in the big, wide world? Then come on home... at least into your own head.

PISCES

February 21 to March 20. Man, you really feel it for the other guy... get stung easily. Emotional life and love scene rewarding after July 9, or—you're gonna see very clearly what's wrong with it! Good time to make waves, Pisces.

ARIES

March 21 to April 20. Zap! Zing! Mars thrust and go-go-go enters Aries May 21, to July 1. And powerful Jupiter on a much longer trip there. The Aries question: What good's the new trick, new lover, success—unless you build it all into your life?

TAURUS

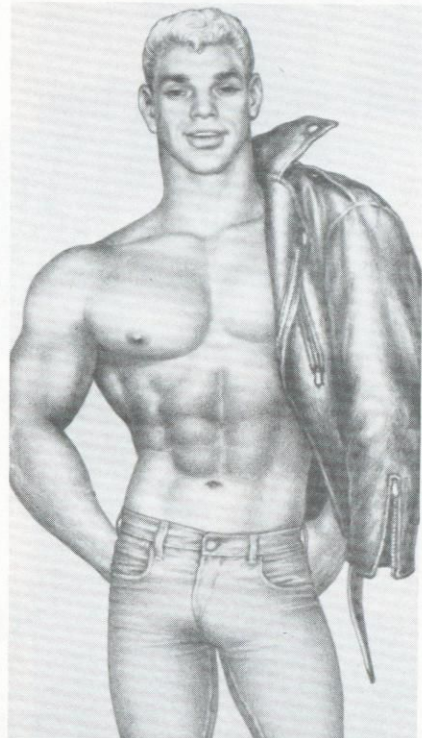
April 21 to May 20. Detach yourself... roam. Mars in Taurus July 1... dig living, stop anticipating—a Taurus hangup. Let 'em come. Let 'em go. Good sex with Aries, Taurus, Libra, Scorpio, Pisces. Head trips: Gemini, Leo. Leave Cancer, Capricorn till fall.

ANSONIA BOOK STORE

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Attention! Jack, formerly at Priapus, is now at the Ansonia Book Store, 2109 Broadway (entrance on West 74th St. between Broadway & West End Ave.). He says: "Come see me for the best selection of GAY MALE FILMS! 25 PEEP SHOWS WITH THE LATEST THRILLERS! ALL COLT AND TARGET FILMS! FALCON FILMS! ALEXANDER STUDIO PHOTO SETS, FEATURING GREAT BLACK MALES! LATEST TOM OF FINLAND PICTURE BOOKS! HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT PHOTO SETS . . . MAGAZINES . . . SLIDES . . . AND FILMS!"

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NUDES! NUDES! NUDES!

FROM ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD



Mike Mast (left) & Skip Tumaloo



PHOTOGRAPHS of these and all AMG models featured in this magazine are available. \$2 for 8x10 B&W or \$5 for 8x10 Color of similar pose. Set of six 35mm Color Slides or six 2x3 Color Prints, \$4. 8mm Films available are listed in PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL. When ordering pictures of the models seen in this magazine please indicate name of magazine, issue and page number.

PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL MAGAZINE serves as our "Illustrated Catalog." New Issue 27, \$1. Latest 10 issues, \$10, or set of 47 back issues, \$40. Include statement that you are over 18 and not offended by nudes.

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

baths is as quiet as a monastery. What need for conversation with all that phallic openness of communication? Because there are so many physique types and varied personalities, if you have some doubt as to the appeal of your own nude self don't lose another moment. Few denizens of a gay baths have a 'Mr. America' concept of a sexy bod. By such advanced bodybuilding standards most are far from 'Mr. Anything'. Just nice, firm, pleasant-to-look-at, great-to-be-with bodies.

The meat means more than the muscles here. Yet not everyone in a baths is a phallic prizewinner, either. Far, *far-r-r* from it! If yours is a really big conversation piece, be proud, of course. But if you are less than 'star-studded' don't let that inhibit you. Very likely you will have a greater prize than most others.

Of course, big cock size has always been, and will always be the principal subject of conversation wherever gay guys gather. But when the sheet is pulled back and the pillow plumped up, it is *great technique* and a gift for erotic stimulation and sexual improvisation that will count for more.

MEATRACK MOBILITY

If you do find the baths, with their fewer numbers, to your liking (and so having forgotten all about sexual typecasting, and no longer fearing rejection), you will discover that a summer meatrack with its many more participants is, in a way, a kind of extension of the tub scene. Your baths experience will give you a more buoyant approach to these many, many more. But rather than just pairing off—as in a baths, or from a gay bar—the meatrack is a 'round robin' sexual get-together. As one goes from this groovy guy to that—chain fashion—all inhibitions are lost in a kind of orgiastic anonymity. On and on it goes, and where it stops nobody knows. A weekend at such a meatrack as that so well populated on Fire Island will prove how true this is. *Conservative* or *type-cast* sex simply does not exist in such a place.

As we have noted, a gay bar crackles with conversation. A gay baths is a quieter oasis. A meatrack can be quieter still, considering the far greater number of guys present and each trying to get 'as much as' from 'as many as' . . . thus conversation is at a minimum. But john cruising is the quietest of all. Any sound is to be avoided lest it call attention to the attendant lurking outside.

Cruising here is done simply by look, gesture, and by moving next to your quarry. For example: if you come into a john and spot a gorgeous number at Urinal #5, you don't move on to Urinal #10 and then look longingly back at him.

You head for #4 or #6 on either side of him; put the meat on exhibition; perform a few erotic gestures with it, and if you see him doing likewise—and getting an erection—strike! Genuflect, and get right to work.

Cubicle cruising is also done quietly. The only sound will be the tapping of your shoe toward his foot under the partition as you convey your kind invitation . . . or possibly the scratching of pencil on paper as you drop him a note. And if there is a glory hole, so much the better, the faster and the quieter. No sound at all.

All this, oddly enough, makes john cruising an ideal venue for one who has experienced frequent frustration in conventional or conversational cruising. When no words are spoken, even if the meeting results in no sexual response, there is no wound to the psyche. Disappointment for the moment, perhaps. But you can't feel you have been rejected out of hand. You'll quickly rationalize that the door of the john will swing open again and again and again. So hang in!

HELPFUL TURN-ONS

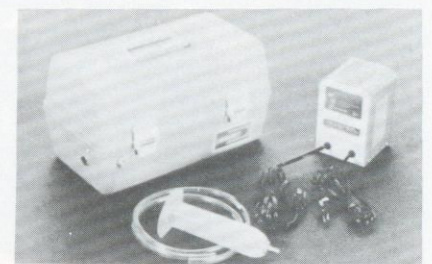
1. *A too-conservative style of dress often triggers rejection.* The rejector may reason, however wrongly, that you are just as *conservative* in bed. So a little touch of leather can help mightily. You needn't go so all-out as to wear an all-leather suit, but nothing gives a man a more *macho* look than a leather jacket, or a leather outer coat, and/or a touch of denim—like jeans. Leather/denim, just by being rough-textured, transforms what otherwise appears *static* into the *alive*. Look around you—particularly in a gay bar—how many conservatively-dressed men do you see? Precious few, and they are (a) generally older, or (b) have to dress conservatively because of their profession or business. The 'with it' look is the casual look, and the casual look means at least a minimum of leather and/or denim or an unusual accessory of some kind. For example . . .

2. *Why not wear an interesting astrological pendant?* It makes an appealing conversation piece, particularly if the 'chosen one' is also wearing one. What better way to get a conversation going than by comparing zodiacal signs? The new *QQ* catalog has a display of astrological pendants . . . if you are a subscriber to our magazines you'll have received the catalog. If you don't have one, drop us a note and we'll send you one. You'll be delighted with the many *new* things (Slave and Master belts, for example) that can help you project a more exciting and sexually-adventurous look. Or . . .

3. *A new hairstyle, or a beard—if you*

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It is crucial that you furnish **exact measurements of your erect penis to ensure perfect fit** of the sleeve sent with your unit. If you are purchasing **ACCU-JAC** with a friend order an additional sleeve for the second person if his size is different from yours and/or you intend to use **ACCU-JAC** simultaneously with a T-connection accessory (see coupon).

If you wish to learn more about **ACCU-JAC** before purchasing see our detailed report in the February 1975 *QQ Magazine*. Send \$3.50 (\$4.50 in Canada & Mexico; \$5.00 all other countries) for a copy; \$1 for a Xerox copy of the report. Address on coupon.

Our prices include all shipping charges and taxes where applicable. We ship via insured parcel post. Cartons are sturdy and carefully packed and bear no revealing markings. U.S. residents desiring air service please add \$10 to your order. A money-order or charge expedites shipment. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Price reflects manufacturer's 1974 increase. You must be over 21 to order.

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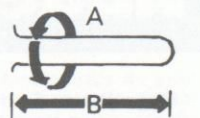
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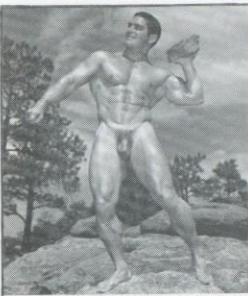
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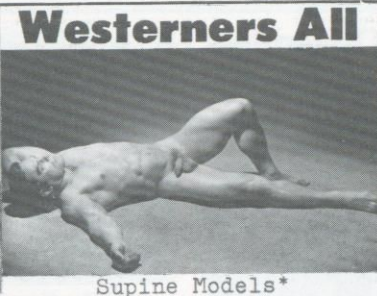
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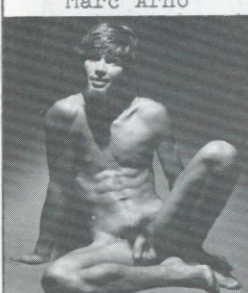
Marc Arno*



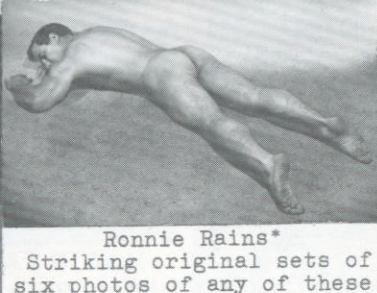
Supine Models*



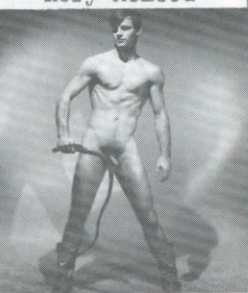
Rory McLeod*



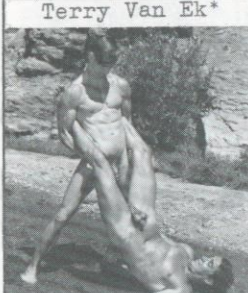
Terry Van Ek*



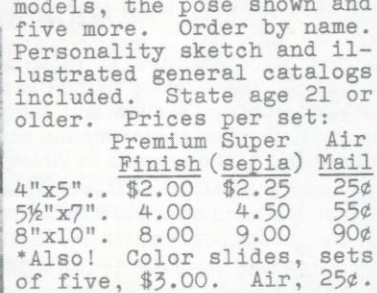
Ronnie Rains*



Kevin Cope*



Austin-Lee*



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don't presently court one—can give you a more *macho* image, too.

4. Have you unwittingly brought about rejection by your reluctance to participate in any but oral sex? Perhaps you have dropped the chance remark that "I just don't care for anal sex!" and thereby have turned off a dozen humpy guys who otherwise might have thrown you instantly in bed. So if you are reluctant because you've tried it once or twice and found it uncomfortable, or possibly painful because you were not technically versed in anal sex, try again . . . with progressively-sized dildos. Dildos are wonderful teachers! And they're fun, to boot. Practice at home with, first, a smaller-sized dildo anointed with K-Y or Vaseline. You will discover that as you progress to the 'post-graduate' sizes you are losing your fear of anal sex because your anal sphincter no longer resists 'attack' but welcomes the 'intruder'. When you have been able to accommodate large dildos with anticipation and ease, consider what a joy you can be to those with the largest phalluses. Today all active gay guys are into anal sex. So come on into the twenty-first century!

5. Finally, don't set up an impossible situation. Don't insist, and especially, don't plead. Don't pursue any hoped-for trick beyond the point where he has indicated that he is simply not interested. If you do you will not only embarrass him, but wound your psyche even more. It is more than likely that your projected trick is *not* really turned off by you personally. He may have other plans; and he may be responsible to, or for, someone else. There are so many 'ifs' and 'possibles'. It's possible, for example, that he wants someone to discipline him quite strongly and you are not that S&Mish. He can easily sense that you are not that *dominant*. Also, it may be that just for that particular moment, and given the mood he may be in, you are just not the guy for the moment or the mood. Perhaps another time would be perfect. But since there will be other times and perfect moments with others, why torture yourself? Every self-inflicted torment drives the sensitive gay guy back into his shell. Thus having come as far as you have, why turn back . . . why retreat?

Project!

...

SCENTUOUSLY YOURS
(Continued from page 14)

The female gypsy moth cannot fly. Because she is just not content to wind up as an old maid—knitting one and

QQ

purling two—and would like to get a piece of the action (or action from a piece), she gets plenty of sex by squirting a few molecules of her pheromone. Powerful stuff! It brings as many as 10,000 airborne males from miles away to her roost as she lies there doing her "Beulah, peel me a grape!" bit! The sex-research scientists say that if she wished to she could release all her pheromones at one time and be fucked into eternity by more than 1 billion male moths! Oh . . . what a lovely way to go!

Male cockroaches have a special cocksmanship pheromone . . . *seducin* (don't you just love that name?). This works in a quite different and very clever way. Not only does *seducin* attract the female, but it stops her cold in her tracks and instantaneously props her into fuck-position long enough to get a blast from a cruising male. Moral: never belittle the bugging bug . . . that one knows cruising ploys we've never learned, but only wish we had!

Queen bees also have their special pheromone. It's called the 'killer' or 'Elizabeth and Mary' pheromone. With it the queen bee prevents the emergence of a rival queen. Although she doesn't behead a rival—as Elizabeth I did Mary, Queen of Scots—when her pheromone is sniffed by worker bees it has the effect of inhibiting their ovaries. At the same time it deters male worker bees from building the royal cells, only in which the queen bee can be reared. If she should die or leave to found a new bee colony she takes her pheromones with her. Of course this removes the magic spell and the worker bees begin at once to prepare new royal apartments in anticipation of the birth of a new queen.

PEROMONIC FISH

Pheromones also regulate the social behavior of certain fish. For example, bullhead catfish are so blind they can function only by their sense of smell—principally through changing nuances in the odor of their urine. Biologists say that group stability and individual fish recognition are based on this acute sense of smell. Catfish can tell in a trice any change in pecking order among members of the school; they know when a leader has fallen in battle and change their allegiance accordingly. It is believed that stresses in any phase of catfish life produce changes in the blood chemistry, and that this is transmitted through urine to indicate shifts in status or *modus operandi*.

Then too, there is a catfish 'fuck-in' pheromone. When a school of catfish gets uptight for some reason—particularly if there is overcrowding—some with-it catfish 'flashes a moon' with his fuck-in pheromones and everyone gets

July/August 1975

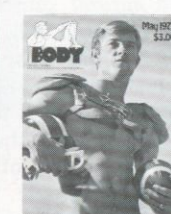


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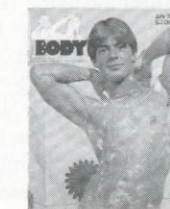
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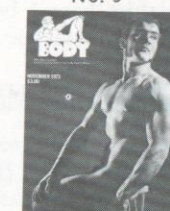
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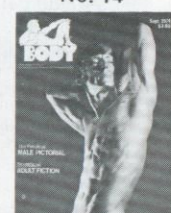
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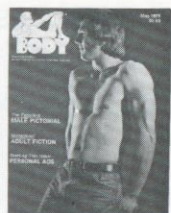


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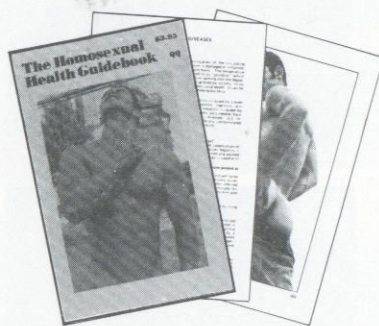
The binders are sturdy and attractive—covered with imitation black leather (grained). Each binder comes with 12 "spines" which are inserted in the center of each magazine and then snapped into place. Capacity is 12 magazines (based on our current issues, which are printed on heavy stock; earlier editions of QQ are thinner and it is possible to accommodate as many as 18 magazines in each binder . . . for this reason we are making available extra spines at 75 cents a set of 6).

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on with the orgy. Peace reigns. Also, aquarium attendants have long known that when a tank of any kind of fish is in a state of agitation (piranhas and other vicious predators excepted), by taking a horny number from another tank and placing him in their midst it will set them happily getting-to-know-you as they get a whiff of his sexy pee. Dare we say that he makes the tank a piscatorial paradise? Not only are blind fish turned on by the scent of pheromones in urine . . . every fish is into the Golden Shower . . . but then, of course, who isn't?

PRIMATE PHEROMONES

Certain categories of monkeys (in particular the rhesus monkey) also react to pheromonic urine—and in an AC/DC way. In 1971, sex-research scientists became convinced that *natural* odors and *natural* substances would eventually be found to heighten human sexual desire and response . . . man to woman/man to man/woman to woman. They began with monkeys.

In monkeys they used a common catalyst—urine, of two constituencies—male and female. When the nose of a male monkey was daubed with a concentration of pheromonic urine from another male for several days, he lost interest in the female and would sex only with the male. By reversing the process and daubing his nose with female pheromonic urine, he switched back to his former hetero role. Female-to-female urine produced a lesbianic response. So the actuality of pheromones as sex stimulators hasn't been disproved in any scientific instance. In fact it is *proven* fact!

MALE PHEROMONIC STIMULATION

Let us return briefly to the initial postulation of this article to ask, "How could such an experienced gay sexist be so turned on by Mr. Just Average when, by any gay evaluation, his obvious mediocrity could be perceived first through the senses of sight and hearing, and then by touch and taste (tongue exploration—oral, anal and corporal)?"

As any scientist dealing with sexual exploration can tell you, the turn-on came through the fifth sense—the sense of *smell*. If our Mr. Just Average had nothing else but powerful pheromones, then he had the encounter going *his* way from the first cruising moment. Superstuddery; great bod; dream face; haunting voice . . . although nature had short-changed him in each of these categories she had given him powerful pheromones that pulled everything together—made it work . . . made the night beautiful . . . made him memorable. In sex, powerful pheromones can make the plain seem beautiful . . . can make a small phallus seem monument-

ally large . . . can cause the voice to take on the most sensual nuances . . . and transform into godliness the most ordinary physique.

Prosaic as it sounds, the fundamental fact is that he *smelled good* . . . smelled of such a *total* maleness—lusty, hot-blooded, sensuous . . . the heady, wine-like scent of his powerfully pheromonic urine gushing down over the body before sex, and the joy of smelling a few wayward drops of it during sex . . . the rich aroma of his underarms and the spicy aroma and taste of his sweat . . . the waves of heat scent generated as his buttocks writhed in uncontrollable muscular convulsions to imprison the tongue—draw it in deeper—give it the rich *ripeness* of love . . . the salt-scent of sperm that grew more soul-filling with each jet charge.

All these are pheromones that seem to join in happy harmony to create a sublime sexual union. All of us have experienced this, perhaps only once . . . perhaps many times . . . never comprehending why it happened so totally in just that way . . . and what made it such unbelievably *different* sex. The experience is so enriching one wonders if, and how, it can be made to happen again; or more often. More peaks, as it were . . . fewer plateaus.

SYNTHESIZED PHEROMONICS

Current studies to determine whether pheromones can be synthesized have brought positive results. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, a research chemist, Dr. Stanley K. Freeman of International Flavors and Fragrances, a New Jersey-based organization said to be America's principal perfume supply house, notes that an amount between 5% and 10% of the research budget is earmarked for pheromone work! Also, the noted Masters and Johnson Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis is reported hard at work in pheromone research. Dr. Freeman is quoted as saying: "We now have tools such as gas chromatography and mass spectrometry to measure exquisitely low concentrations of hormones in the blood. Now, if and when one inhales a particular chemical or substance, and it does have a real effect, this should be reflected in the hormonal content of the blood."

Elsewhere there are experiments being conducted to discover how mutations/essences of urine, sweat and saliva can be used to heighten pheromonic activity. While this has been approached only from the idea of increasing female response to male pheromones, gay people could tell them a thing or three and save the ladies a lot of time!

In its way, amyl nitrite ('poppers') is

related to pheromonic stimulation. Although the use of poppers is an extension of orgasmic sensation *after* it has occurred—rather than a pheromonic *cause* of it—this does serve to prove that man can be sexually stimulated through his sense of smell by what goes on *outside*.

When the time arrives (and sex-research biologists say this will be quite soon) that human sex pheromones can be isolated and 'packaged' for individual use on an every-day-of-the-month, all-peaks-no-plateaus basis, anyone far-sighted enough to have bought stock in a perfume manufactory will be rich overnight. The end result will be curbside-to-curbside bodies in every street . . . fucking without ceasing . . . and priapic phalluses as far as the eye can see.

AN EXOTIC AND SUBLIMINAL NATURAL PHEROMONE

At present only one exotic, subliminal, natural sex pheromone has been isolated and made available for common use. We use the term 'subliminal' here in the sense that although the pheromone acts *below* the threshold of consciousness to stimulate sexual desire, it is *consciously* applied. That pheromone is *musk oil*. And in its *purest* form it is sexual dynamite! First, you may want to know why we say that musk oil is a *natural* sex pheromone.

Because many people think that musk is of herbal rather than animal origin. Musk oil comes only from the prepuce (foreskin) of the male musk deer—surely one of the sexiest animals extant. It contains, by aggregate, all the secretions of his sex glands which are, naturally, channeled into his penis. Call it deer smegma if you like, for it is gathered as dry secretions. And so when this secretion is reconstituted with other essential oils, the result is a powerful pheromonic scent, a drop or two of which on strategic areas of the body (the pectorals and crotch) will be sufficient to drive lovers into a state of rapturous oneness.

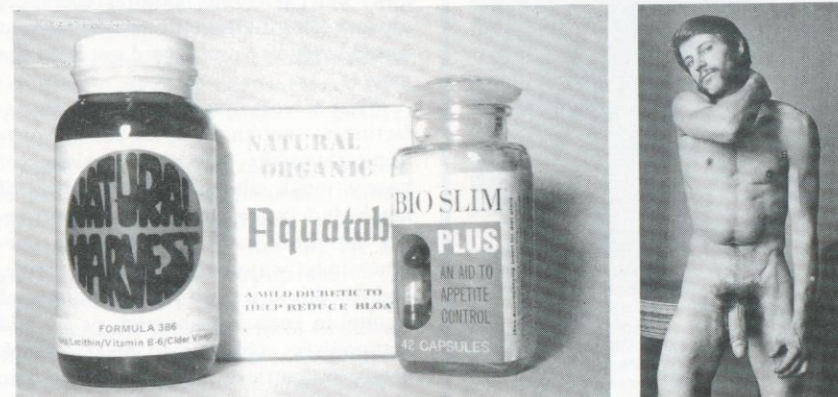
The fact is that musk *oil* works equally well for man/woman and for woman/woman as for man/man. Thus it is truly a *unisex* musk oil. Musk *oil* acts to bring all human pheromones together into a desire-stimulating unit, and then strengthen this union with its *own* pheromone, creating an unforgettable *whole* . . . rather in the same way that sex with Mr. Just Average was so mind-blowingly complete. In short, the sexual excreta in the musk *oil* has much the same sex-desire-stimulating factors as those human pheromones secreted outside our bodies.

You will note that in the foregoing paragraph the word 'oil' was italicized.

July/August 1975

Trim Down...Look Sexier And Be Sexier With The Fat Fighters!

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.



Formula 3B6

An amazing combination of highest quality natural and organic ingredients to help fight fat. Each capsule contains: **KELP**—a natural mineral harvested from the ocean. It is rich in iodine which is so important in regulating metabolism to burn up fuel and help melt fat away. **LECITHIN**—a substance derived from vegetable oils. In recent experiments doctors found that it reduces cholesterol by as much as 30% and that it tends to shift weight from fatty areas of the body to muscular parts for a more symmetrical physique. **VITAMIN B-6**—the fat-metabolizing vitamin that acts with body chemicals to help balance and regulate body fluids to prevent water retention and bloat. **CIDER VINEGAR**—an ancient solution used for ages in diet formulas. It serves as the basis of **Formula 3B6**. Because **Formula 3B6** is natural and organic it may be permanently added to your diet, like any vitamin pill, or taken for a limited time only when shaping up for the beach, etc. Recommended dosage is 6 capsules daily.

FORMULA 3B6 (100 capsules) \$6.95

Aquatabs

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.

AQUATABS (84 tablets) \$3.95

Bio Slim Plus

When your stomach is full you feel less hungry and you eat less. Thus, your weight goes down naturally. The basis of **Bio Slim Plus** is cellulose, a natural ingredient that expands in your stomach and reduces hunger tantrums naturally. You eat less because you want less and your weight goes down. Each capsule also contains vitamins and minerals to help provide those ordinarily derived from normal meals. **Bio Slim Plus** may be taken from time to time or regularly. Dosage is 3 capsules daily. Free diet plan included.

BIO SLIM PLUS (42 capsules) \$3.95

Fat Fighters Special...Save \$2.50

Because we believe using all three fat fighters is especially effective we are offering them (when purchased at the same time) at a reduced price. You normally pay \$14.85 for the three fat fighters . . . buy them together for ONLY \$12.35 and save \$2.50! So act today . . . all you have to lose is weight!

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

The Titanic



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

THE TITANIC \$14.95

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El Perfecto



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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This was done to differentiate it from musk perfume, musk cologne or musk anything else. In general, musk perfume/cologne/toilet water is made from synthetic musk . . . xylene musk, ketone musk, and musk ambrette. Scent they have . . . pheromones they don't. Only musk oil reconstituted from deer preputial glands has pheromones.

Like all businessmen who are out to make a fast buck, when word got around that musk oil is a true aphrodisiac, right away most perfume manufacturers got to work slinging together anything that would smell like musk, and get it on the market.

What is worse, some perfume manufacturers—not knowing (or caring) anything about the true characteristics of honest musk oil—use the actual oil of musk, but (a) in such small quantities per hundred gallons of cologne/perfume/toilet water, that it is ineffective, and (b) dilute it with large amounts of alcohol to keep it stabilized, or (c) add antagonistic colorings to make it look pretty in bottles, that all pheromonic content is weakened and/or destroyed.

Of course such a product is all right for someone who simply likes the scent of musk—not caring whether it is natural or synthetic, and who uses it just to smell pretty. Musk to many, however, is not that cosmetically attractive.

It was with the thought of determining how gay guys could use musk oil pheromonically—as nature obviously intended—that led us to what we think is a most effective product—Unisex Body Oil. If you have our new catalog (mailed automatically to all QQ, Ciao! and Body Magazine subscribers), very likely you have already read the information contained in it about Unisex Body Oil. An advertisement elsewhere in this issue of QQ Magazine also gives the correct information.

The secret of good pheromonic stimulation through Unisex Body Oil is to use it ver-r-ry sparingly and subtly. You can't drum up more sexual desire/one-ness with a gallon of it than you can with two drops. In fact, if you use too much, your lover (and you) will become so conscious of it that it is no longer subliminal, but quite prominent.

So we are suggesting to those who use it to follow this procedure. Place one drop on the sternum area (the breast-bone area between the pectorals) and then with one finger smooth it over and around each pectoral outline and nipple. Take just one more drop and place on a pulse-point in either of your thighs near the crotch. Smooth it around. Generally there will still be enough oiliness to give the other thigh some scent. Use no more. Let nature take its course. Subtly the subliminal effect of the Unisex Body

Oil does its erotic work.

It is always best to shower before putting on Unisex Body Oil. Clear away all antagonistic excrescences. Also, if you want to make a subtle impression on some likely lover during the work-day, follow the same procedure. The faint fragrance of this minimal amount of Unisex Body Oil will have him in your spell . . . quickly!

...

SEXAMETRICS

(Continued from page 17)

horny cock, and let him hump with each hero through an entire book that should be read in less than an hour. Any fantasexer who can't do this can be helped by a semester or two of remedial reading.

Because ever-increasing cock size from character to character is of the essence in a porno-novel, the reader must either subconsciously feel, or see in his mind's eye (if the cock description is graphic enough) the progressive rise in cock statistics from hump to hump. In this way his own erection will be sustained throughout the episodes and synergistically increased as he participates in the action via hand. This has always been easy for both writer and reader with the 'inches' plan. Moreover, in recent months such fantastic sex toys as the Accu-Jac have made even more intense 'follow-through' possible.

Because of its unique mechanical cocksuction, Accu-Jac allows the porno-reader to hold the book in one hand and trace sensuous nuances on his own body with his former 'humping hand'. Yet even this aid to twenty-first-century fantasexing may prove so difficult with the metric system that the porno-writer may be thrown out of a job, and the reader driven absolutely bonkers!

It may be that the metric system will do to porno-literature what all the censors, the do-gooders, the lawyers, the fuzz, the Supreme Court and Billy Gram (sorry about the spelling, guys, but we're trying to get into 'metri-character') by boring the reader into a stupor of total sexlessness. Let's take as an example a typical porno-novel lead-off, doing it first on the 'inches' plan and then metrically, to show you what you may be in for. Here is the opening movement—*molto agitato*—from the

CONCERTO FOR COCK AND CRANKING HAND

Tom was a heartbreaker. He knew it. Nothing shy about Tom. A catalog of his physical turn-ons checked out A-plus in every detail. Years of weight-training

had disciplined his fantastic body into a symphony of symmetrical perfection. At a proud six feet he carried his 190 muscular pounds as lithely as a tennis player. Add to this his handsome face, and his hair as blond as silver wheat that capped his head in a shining aureole, and it's easy to see why he was so super unbelievable.

Seeing him standing nude behind Jerry as he lay prone on the bed was even more breathtaking. Faint tendrils of the same shining blond hair shimmered down his broad 50-inch chest and curled deliciously around his large dusky-rose nipples that always jutted out with a steely arrogance as his cock rose menacingly. Still fainter traces of his blond hair outlined Tom's sharp abdominal muscles even more, cutting them into deep one-inch serrations . . . and continued, now more densely, into the erotic landscaping of his glorious triangle of sex, from which rose a cock of such magnificence that, when erected, was an unchallengeable eleven inches of pulsating length and eight inches of angrily swelling circumference.

He stood there, animal-crouching, sensuously rubbing half of a four-ounce tube of Vaseline on his cock until Jerry, glancing backward over his shoulder, saw with widening eyes the awesome punishment in store for him. As his firm round young ass began to suck in and out with a rhythmic welcoming motion, Tom's own hard buns began an in-sync gyration. Then when he saw the moment was totally right, he made a sudden swift descent and was instantly and deeply into Jerry. Jerry stuffed the pillow in his mouth to choke back a scream of agony and ecstasy.

"Did I go in too far . . . too soon?" Tom asked anxiously.

"No," Jerry moaned. "No . . . give it to me all the way."

"But there's a full two inches more, and near the top my cock's at least an inch thicker."

"Split me open . . . split me wide open!" Jerry begged. "Split me!"

And Tom drove it in to the hilt.

HUMP THIS NUMBER

The hand-cranking or Accu-Jacking reader should have no difficulty reaching Cock State #1 with this first episode. But let's review it to see how it would work on the metric system. By omitting repetition of certain narrative lines and getting down to comparative basics, we learn that . . .

At a proud 2-plus meters he carries his 86-plus muscular kilograms as lithely as a tennis player. Now here is our first sticky wicket. Oddly, to one unfamiliar with metrical transposition (for whatever the figures quoted may be

he will still be thinking in terms of 'inches/feet/pounds') the smaller digits of meters and kilograms have the inverse-ratio effect of diminishing Tom by half! Indeed, the porno-reader, thinking '2-plus feet' and '86-plus pounds' may understandably have the impression that Tom is a Pygmy tennis player—blond hair notwithstanding!

Faint tendrils of the same shining blond hair shimmered down his broad 112-centimeter chest. ("That fuckin' Tom has a chest like a barrel!" the reader rationalizes, thinking 'inches' on the 'American Plan' . . . thrown off by the higher digits of centimeters.) Now he's really getting a confused picture. You, too?

More faint traces of the hair seemed to outline his sharp abdominals, cutting them into 2.5400-centimeter ribbons. ("Well, one thing you can say for the guy, he's got really cut-up abs," the reader concedes.) They continued, now more densely, into the erotic landscaping of his glorious triangle of sex, from which rose a cock of such magnificence that, when erected, was an unchallengeable 28 centimeters in length and 20 centimeters around. ("Wow!" the reader practically leaps from his bed, restrained only by his Accu-Jac. Tom is really hung!")

He stood, animal-crouching, sensuously rubbing half of a 113.38-gram tube of Vaseline on his cock. ("No wonder Tom has to hustle," the reader sympathizes. "With all the Vaseline he uses he'll fuck himself into the poor-house!")

"But there's a full 6 centimeters more, and near the top my cock's a full 2 centimeters thicker." ("Oh, that poor Jerry . . . they'll have to sew up his ass with a knitting needle!")

If you have reacted much as our non-metricalized porno-reader, by now your cock should have attained the zenith of total collapse. No amount of hand-cranking or speeding of the Accu-Jac—even to the 'butter' stage—will raise it by one inch (sorry . . . one millimeter). Confusion is a sexual turn-off, and the reader is totally confused. Say what you will for the metric system . . . cerebration will never take the place of masturbation.

And now . . .

SOME METRICAL SIDE-EFFECTS

If you have intuited that the road of the porno-writer/reader is a rough one, please be concerned also for the plight of the porno-shopkeeper. Comes the year of metrix and he'll have to revamp his entire store, recalculating into metrics every sex toy on his shelf. For example, whenever he sells a cockring on the centimeter plan, the buyer is certain to return it for a

Free Catalog

1975 CATALOG

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•Health Aids •Skin Wear
•Unusual Jewelry •Fun Things



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Bottoms Up!



As more and more guys are liberated and shed hangups about their sex lives more and more get into anal antics. Pros know that a desirable partner is a clean one and that there is no greater turnoff than a colon that is full and impossible to control. Keep it clean and avoid discomfort and embarrassment. Just a few minutes before your evening shower does the job wherever you are when you have a handy Folding Douche Bag. Made of fine latex rubber with reinforced fittings. Bag holds 2 full quarts; 5-foot hose comes with durable thumb valve to control water flow. Screw-on accessories include a short vaginal-type syringe for a quick lower colon douche and a longer anal insert for a thorough colonic rinse. Folds compactly for easy traveling (carry-pouch included). Sent in a plain wrapper via insured parcel post with instructions and manufacturer's 6-year guarantee.

FOLDING DOUCHE BAG \$7.95

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PARIS

is the big travel feature in the current June 1975 CIAO! now out wherever you buy this magazine. The August 1975 CIAO! will feature CAIRO... look for that issue in June. Many other foreign as well as U.S. cities in every edition—to help make your summer vacation really h-o-t!

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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

different size. It'll be worse than the annual Christmas-gift exchange at your local department store.

Dildos will have to be recalibrated, too. Accuracy of fit is equally important here. One can't play guessing games with the metric system. It's horribly accurate. You'll just have to know your exact metric size, or else experiment with one dildo after another in the toy shop until you get the right one. This may be fun for the purchaser, but it will sure play hell with the shopkeeper. The wise gay guy, if he's not as good at mathematics as he is at sex, will do well to stock up on dildos while they're still on the 'inches' plan. Otherwise he can wind up with more holes in his ass than one.

But possibly the worst side-effect will be the interminable puns. May we quote *Variety*? "Soon we will have 'Take Me to Your Liter,' 'Thoroughly Modern Millimeter,' and 'The Kilo Monsters,' among others too nauseating to contemplate." Truly, metrixex in '76 is not a heartening thought. As we have noted... unwittingly, and from causes wholly unrelated to the end result, it may be the year of Billy Gram.

• • •

METRIC EQUIVALENTS

(National Bureau of Standards)

1 inch	= 2.5400 centimeters
2 inches	= 5.0800 centimeters
4 inches	= 10.1600 centimeters
6 inches	= 15.2400 centimeters
8 inches	= 20.3200 centimeters
1 foot	= 0.3048 meters
1 mile	= 1.6093 kilometers
1 ounce	= 28.3495 grams
1 gallon	= 3.7853 liters
1 pound	= 0.4536 kilograms

GAY MANILA

(Continued from page 27)

built to accommodate the large influx of tourists. There are the familiar Hyatt Regency and Manila Hilton hotels, many other ones ranging from first class to downright flops. My favorite is the Filipinas, a first class hotel with very reasonable rates—about \$10.00 to \$12.00 a day for an air-conditioned single. Located right in the Tourist Belt on seaside Roxas Boulevard, the hotel offers all the comforts one could want from a cozy bar to friendly(!) room boys. A suggestion would be to get a room overlooking the boulevard and the harbor as the sunset is a beautiful sight—especially when shared by your new-found friend.

Another hotel near is the Luneta which is less expensive (about \$4.50)

but less comfortable and not very well serviced (although extensive renovations were underway in 1973). Its main advantage is that it is directly across from Luneta Park (*very gay!*) and, like the Filipinas, has discreet desk clerks who "are not looking" when a guest brings his friend up for the afternoon or the night. The cheaper hotels are somewhat clean but too depressing for a long stay. I would recommend these only for the thrifty or the most hardy. Their prime purpose is for locals to bring sexual partners in for a fast fling and very few people stay more than one night.

THE TOURIST BELT

This area is officially called *Ermita* but known as "The Belt" by everyone. Actually, it is a six-by-six block area bounded on the West by Roxas Boulevard: Luneta Park on the North; Taft Avenue on the East; and Herran on the South. Within this area are all the tourist shops, hotels, restaurants, bars, and other tourist attractions. It is also the scene of the gay action (or a good part of it) in Manila.

GAY BARS

Compared with New York, San Francisco, London, or Amsterdam, the gay bar scene is very small. In 1973 there were four in this area, and during my brief absence from the city one had closed (to be reopened somewhere, but nobody knew where). What does exist is a good choice between a cozy, intimate, air-conditioned bar, a slightly larger place serving Filipino and Malaysian food, and a noisy, raucous dance bar. There is reportedly a male brothel in nearby Makati called *Cleo's* and a gay bath near the Taft Avenue Y.M.C.A. but I didn't have a chance to follow this up.

El Bodegon, on Juan del Pilar and Herran is a small (about the size of a large living room), very friendly place with gorgeous bartenders and often equally stunning customers. The atmosphere is one of quiet elegance. Spanish flamenco music tinged with rock & roll is played by a trio crammed on a tiny stage near the door. Dimly lit, this is a perfect place for having a quiet drink at the bar and perhaps sending a drink to a lonesome male sitting at one of the tables. He won't be lonely for long.

Ang Galing, on Taft Avenue about three blocks south of Herran (near the Philippine Women's University), is a bit noisier but features a back room where young boys sit in booths—no bar here—and call you over to join them. Asian food is served and the national drink, San Miguel beer, is the order here. Sitting in the front part of the little restaurant is a sure way of attracting a

QQ

lone person. Going to the back room is better—darker and more intimate.

Back to the area of the hotels, this time on Pilar and United Nations Avenues is the *Abbey*, an upstairs, large, noisy, crowded dance bar. Admission is two pesos (36 cents), and mixed drinks are served. Boys here are more of the street and pick-up type, ranging from moderately butch to screaming queen. Extremes, though, are not usual and I saw no leather types or high drag.

This, of course, is not the extent of Manila's gay life—far, far from it. The Filipino has a casual attitude toward gay sex, and it can be found in the larger hotel cocktail lounges such as the *Sultana Room* of the Hilton, the *Tropicana Hotel's Ambassador Room*, as well as the many small restaurants in the area. These little restaurants, called *Panciterias*, are clean and convenient for inexpensive food, good San Miguel beer (about 18 cents a bottle) and companionship with young men in groups who welcome you to their table. What could be just one beer can very easily (and often does) turn out to be an all-afternoon and evening affair with much loud talking, laughing, buying of food and beer after beer. After several hours, who knows who will return to your hotel for "a few more drinks." When a Filipino takes a liking to you (and most are attracted to Anglo features), a flick of the eye, a touch of the hand, and a brief nod is all it takes. A direct proposition is either accepted or rejected and there is no "indignant outrage" at being approached if the Filipino is totally straight. He simply doesn't care one way or the other.

OUTDOOR CRUISING

The *wildest* and most notorious spot in Manila is Luneta Park, scene of uninhibited cruising. The park is spacious, neat, airy, colorfully lit with an illuminated fountain and soft music playing from loudspeakers. There are no dark bushes or hidden crannies so "al fresco sex" is out. Entering the south gate, directly across from the Luneta Hotel on T.M. Kalaw Street, and walking toward the Mother Filipinas statue—a white stone, madonna-like image—one will see many boys gathered and others walking along the paths in twos or singly. It is pretty certain that you will be approached as you walk around the area. Should you see someone you are interested in meeting, just walk up to him and start talking. There are two outdoor cafes in the park and you can take your new-found friend here and watch others cruise. All this goes on seemingly totally unnoticed by "straight couples" who also walk around the area. (Incidentally, the New

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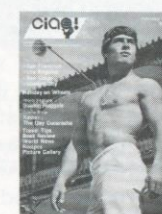
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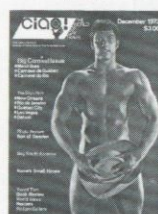
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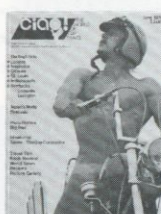
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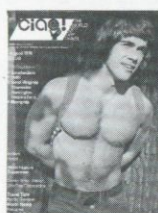
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Society seems to have eliminated female prostitution as no girls are seen anywhere for pick-up purposes).

Two places are out for cruising: the restrooms and the Rizal statue. The "tearooms" are immaculately clean, brightly lit, and watched by a guard. The area around Jose Rizal's statue is sacred, consecrated ground and is considered hallowed to the memory of the great poet, writer, priest, patriot who was executed in this park in 1896 (starting the revolution against Spain) and whose remains are beneath the statue. Cruising here would be considered a sacrilege.

Another cruising spot is the corner of Pilar and U.N. Ave nearest the *Abbey*. Groups of boys approach and one will single you (or you can single him) for an evening of companionship. There seems to be a lack of fierce jealousy among the street types who are available for a short-time affair, so choosing one will not annoy the others. In fact, don't be surprised if the following day the boy sends a friend of his to your hotel room or introduces one should he meet you again the following evening. As with the boys you will meet in Luneta, these boys want payment but it is usually asked the following morning, and mostly a request for you to take them to a store so they can buy a shirt or a silk handkerchief. The going rate is about 25 pesos (nearly \$4.00). In any event, don't be overly generous nor overly suspicious. The Martial Law has made it very clear that "rip-offs" and "con artists" are subject to a stiff trial with the tourist almost guaranteed the winner. The word here is: be casual, easy-going, and friendly and let the chips fall where they may.

In the bars, especially *El Bodegon*, the type of male is more educated; usually a young business executive from Makati, or a graduate student from Ateneo or U. of P. so there is little talk of money but an "even-steven" relationship. Here, rather than in the park or street, you may find a person who is genuinely interested in forming a permanent relationship—that is, as long as you are in Manila. If you two do click, a word to the wise: don't cheat! Filipinos are very passionate and jealous, and even a flick of an eye to another boy can set off a fireworks of temperament.

GAY MOVIE HOUSES

Under the New Society, there are no porno shops, adult book stores, X-rated movies, and *Playboy* (as well as all gay magazines) is banned. Movie houses in nearby Quiapo district no longer feature "bomba" movies but Bruce Lee martial arts-type films. There is, though, lots of "bomba" going on in the "tearoom" as

well as in the balcony where you can see boys masturbating themselves or each other. Sitting down next to a boy is quite expected and body contact almost instantaneous. Several movie houses feature this added attraction and any street or park boy will tell you the same.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QDD SON

SAY



"Masochist who beat self is independently 'welty'!"

Because of the midnight curfew (sometimes lifted for a special event), night life is short, brisk, and crowded. Bars open about 8:00 P.M. with the best time between 9:00 and 11:00 P.M. The *Panciterias* are open all day but serve only beer, separately, or with food. Last call is about 11:20 as when the first warning siren goes off at 11:30 P.M., drinks and food are cleared and everyone departs for home. This is the best time for a pickup as everyone must be off the streets, and your hotel being nearby An interesting day could be spent in one of the *Panciterias*, a cruise of the park, a meal back at one of the *Panciterias*, then on to *El Bodegon* concluding a last-minute stop for liquor for both of you as you return for the night.

Most Filipinos drink beer—San Miguel being the national monopoly—and are able to hold their alcohol, whether beer or hard liquor. Should you "get into your cups," that is the kiss of death. No Filipino will respect you and being drunk more than once is, more now than ever, considered a sign of "old society" behaviour. Catchword here is: moderation and relaxation.

ABOUT SEX

For those who like "Latin types" but have had unfortunate experiences with our Latin uncut friends, you need not fear Filipinos. Practically all are cut—usually around the age of 10 to 12. Nowadays, boys born in the large city hospitals are clipped at birth, but the old, *barrio* style still is widely practised. A boy has his foreskin slit lengthwise with a sharp knife and split open to expose the glans. You might notice a large amount of skin beneath the head—this is what used to be on top!

For the most part, sex is passionate with kissing, embracing, body contact and much hugging. The delight is front-to-front contact with kissing and mutual masturbation most common. Sixty-nine is somewhat employed while anal sex is rare. When orgasm is reached, this is not the end of sex but prelude for more as the Filipino can ejaculate often and loves every minute. Extremes such as leather, S&M, and fetishes seem not to exist but probably are available if you look hard enough.

MABUHAY

Now that Martial Law has eliminated the unpleasant social elements of Manila, such as begging, pimping, pickpocketing, beatings, and shoeshine boys, a vacation here is a delight and a sincere pleasure. The main thing is to let go, relax, and let the "mabuhay" spirit take over. Mabuhay? It means hello, welcome, hospitality, peace, happiness—anything you want. It definitely is here in this undeservedly bypassed city of beauty, friendliness, hospitality, and handsome young males. Mabuhay!

WINES OF GLORY (Continued from page 22)

'magical' fogs of Ciron are also highly individual, and the wise vintner leaves Mother Nature strictly to her own devices at such critical times, lest she put a curse on him and his crop!

Small wonder, then, that a bottle of *Château d'Yquem*, as the dessert wine of a special gourmet meal—such as a Christmas or Easter feast—costs up to

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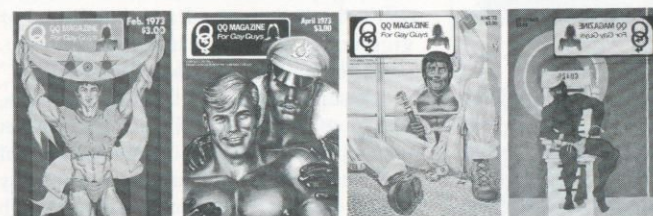
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\$30 when imported into this country. But it is worth every cent, and one bottle will serve many because it is a wine to be sipped in smaller quantities, rather than quaffed in larger amounts.

The wise host will serve *Château d'Yquem* in either a smaller fluted wineglass, larger than used for cordials or liqueurs. The fluting somehow seems to entrap the aroma, so that with each sip one gets a little extra freshet of aroma. Each sip is, in a way, a renewed experience. Also, the smaller-sized glass causes the guest to savor the wine drop by drop, rather than swallow by swallow. Your wine merchant may not have a single bottle in stock and will have to order it for you. But if you want the perfect wine to end a perfect dinner—and reward you with the goggle-eyed appreciation of your friends, give him the go-ahead.

THE RED KING OF BURGUNDY

The smallest vine-growing area of France is the *Domaine de la Romanée-Conti*, from whence comes our other peerless wine. It is truly the king of Burgundy and, like *Château d'Yquem*, is always in short supply.

The *domaine* is so tiny (measuring 328 feet by 590 feet) that the total yield of *Romanée-Conti* Burgundy is never more than 7,200 bottles in even the best years. Almost any other vineyard in France is twenty-five times larger and more productive. Other French vintners, awed by the nobility of this great wine, smile at all the busy-ness of the small *domaine*. "It's as if they were assembling a Mercedes-Benz in a toyshop!" they say admiringly.

Considering the greatness of *Romanée-Conti* as an end-product, one would scarcely believe that grapes from which it comes grow on what appears to be the scraggiest hillside in France. All the *Romanée* vineyards (of course *Romanée* makes other Burgundies) surround the little village of Vosne-Romanée. With the exception of the two most valuable acres of land in France, the terrain has a harsh appearance . . . all stony, red clay. But as one approaches the *domaine*—going up the hillside—the texture of this earth changes. Beneath is deep, rich soil . . . rich, particularly, in lime. It is the mineral content of this prized patch of earth that gives *Romanée-Conti* both its satiny texture, as one perceives it on the tongue . . . and its unique aroma that enslaves the sense of smell.

One who has enjoyed the taste of many fine Burgundies—even *La Tâche*, *Richebourg* and *Romanée-St-Vivant*, grown in this area . . . literally side-by-side with *Romanée-Conti*—have no trouble identifying 'the great one'. It has often been said that *Romanée-Conti*

"has less the 'animal' perfume of other Burgundies . . . less 'vegetable' than even the best Bordeaux . . . and is quickly identifiable by the penetrating bouquet of violets mixed with the scent of cherries and the color of a deep, richly-glowing garnet."

As in the case of *Château d'Yquem*, the climate factor is most important in producing the Burgundy grapes from which comes *Romanée-Conti*. Burgundy is a hardier wine than a Sauternes, and comes from grapes that thrive in a somewhat more rugged climate. Where *Château d'Yquem* flowers amidst the magic of The Fogs of Ciron, with the sun and Mother Nature watching over all benignly, the grapes that yield great Burgundy wine respond to a more 'S&M' treatment by the weather.

Burgundy grapes are 'fogless' . . . the hillside on which the grapes grow rises above the fogs. Yet they are protected against the dread *mistral* by higher sheltering hills. Because the rains erode the earth and send precious silt tumbling down the hillside it is occasionally necessary to cart wagon-loads of rich limestone clay from other areas. It is this special treatment that keeps the earth of the *Domaine de la Romanée-Conti* so pricelessly productive. Other than restoring the eroded land no other special treatment is needed.

It is odd, but the climate that produces good Burgundy grapes is almost identical with that in which great Bordeaux grapes are grown . . . but what a world of difference between these wines! And what a world of difference between great Burgundies and the greatest—*Romanée-Conti*!

For all its nobility, and considering that fewer than 8,000 bottles of it are produced each year, the market price of *Romanée-Conti* is less than that of *Château d'Yquem*. A bottle in your wine merchant's shop, of some good vintage year since 1962—taken, generally, by 'even' years—should cost up to about \$30.

Of course the host who serves this wine will need more bottles of it than *Château d'Yquem* since, being served with the meat course, more of it will be drunk—and more 'quaffingly' than 'sippingly', hence larger wineglasses are needed. Psychologically one responds to size in anything (don't we all!).

Although these wines will not arrive on your table in cut-crystal decanters à la Romanoff, nor with their proud names affixed in gold leaf, somehow your guests will sense the affinity and deeply appreciate such a royal gesture. If you ever need to make a deep impression on your guests, or if you are by nature a generous host who always

gives of your best, the crowning glory of your table will be these two wines of glory. They are an experience never to be forgotten.

...

MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL IT JOY

(Continued from page 24)

a surfer? Nobody sucks in Newport Beach either, except maybe the women, if you get them drunk enough."

Good old Mark had warned him.

But Christopher refused to listen. Because he had to get out of Hollywood and because he had this fantasy about finding something different at the beach. Nobody to blame but himself. His hangup was incurable . . . he was a romantic . . . a dreamer . . . an illusionary . . . in other words, he now told himself, *ignorant*!

Yet, his was such a simple, uncomplicated fantasy. Somewhere, somehow, he wanted to find a guy that would be fun to have sex with . . . joyous sex . . . yeah, and even gay. Everybody had forgotten what gay meant. Who the hell was gay anymore?

"Who the hell is gay anymore?" he asked Mark. "I had it with Hollywood. Every guy I been to bed with lately, I don't think there was any laughing, or giggling or joy about it . . ."

"The trouble with you, Christopher," Mark said, raising a thin left eyebrow, his hazel eyes sparkling, "you want perfection. You haven't been on one of my weekend boatrides, have you, my dear? Perhaps we don't have much giggling on the outings, but we have plenty of pleasurable moaning. Now and then a slap and a scream."

"Yeah, well if that was my scene," Christopher replied.

"Your scene, my dear, is that you want to have everything your way. Fantasy . . . pure fantasy . . . it will never happen."

"Shit, Mark, all I want is to have a good time—like gay, man. Nobody even knows what the word means anymore."

"Oh, but my dear, we do . . ."

Christopher would not be put off. "Like the other day," he said, "over on Hollywood Boulevard . . . I'm looking in this shoe window on the corner and this guy's around the corner staring back at me—like grim—through the shoe window. He doesn't smile. I don't smile. It might be vice . . . see what I mean?"

"Whose fault is that, my dear Chris? He just might well have been vice. Thank your gay-libbers for doing nothing about it. You would think after all the frantic, noisy antics and marching and banner-waving in this town, we would be free of the goon squads. But

we aren't."

"I don't know nothin' about gay lib, Mark. All I'm after is some gay sex."

"I wouldn't know what you're talking about," Mark sighed wistfully. "I'm only a flesh peddler."

"Well anyway, I went with this guy on Hollywood Boulevard, because I'm horny, right?"

"A one-way ticket to the bail bondsman. You *do* need to get away."

"Nothing happened. I mean, he wasn't vice. He was just gritty . . . serious. He wasn't any fun, either."

"What did you do, for heavens sake," asked Mark, "swap war stories?"

"Naw. I fucked him good . . ."

"Tell me more . . ."

" . . . and he kinda groaned a couple of times. And then he turned me over, ate out my hole and screwed me . . . It was like some kinda ritual."

"Tit for tit. What are you complaining about? You've got to learn to use your imagination," Mark teased. "You can't always have moonlight and roses. Come, my dear, and spend a weekend on the boat with us, but don't forget to trim your fingernails. You will find whether anyone is laughing or smiling, quite immaterial."

"You been to an orgy at your sauna lately?" Christopher asked, frowning.

"I never go to the sauna except to fire slovenly managers."

"It's like—well, mechanical. Nobody smiles . . . hunters stalking prey . . . and when they finally get into it, it's him sucking and him rimming, and number three pinching number one's tits while number four shoves his dick or fist up number five's ass, as if he was planning the Normandy invasion."

"You are in a bad way, and what do you know about the Normandy invasion? I was there."

"I saw the movie . . . I gotta get down to the beach for awhile, that's all I know. And now's a good time because I got vacation . . ."

"We're having a boat ride next weekend, my dear, and you have such lovely hands . . ."

"Come on, man . . ."

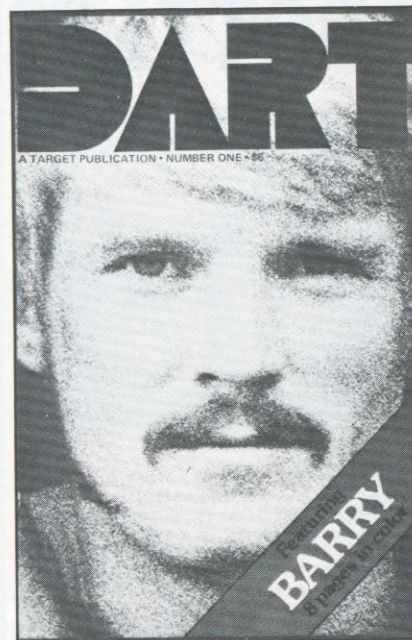
"Have it your way. But don't say I didn't warn you . . ."

So here he was, a paid-for beach pad . . . nothing out front but a broad stretch of dirty sand . . . and before this morning's rain, more goddamned studs wandering around than you'd find at an orgy, and none of them turning on. All of them limp and in love with the ocean.

Christopher also was stuck with his fantasy . . . a lot of good it did him. He couldn't bring it to life all by himself . . .

And such a beautiful, happy, joyous fantasy it was . . . the long walks he'd

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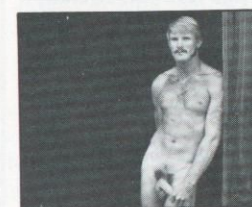
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For 5,000 years millions of Orientals have steadfastly maintained that Ginseng has great merit as a rejuvenator and aphrodisiac. The Chinese administer Ginseng to their sick to restore health. Healthy people use it to resist disease and make themselves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

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

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



We now make available potent 0.5g capsules (1 or 2 a day suggested) of highest quality Korean Ginseng. It has been processed and packaged in Korea under the Quality Control Procedures prescribed by the Office of Monopoly of the Republic of Korea from roots which are 6 years old. Each bottle bears a distinctive gold label and official inspection stamp and cap seal. We ship it to you carefully packaged via insured parcel post. Sold to adults only (please state you are over 21) and we do not accept returns. Indicate quantity desired.

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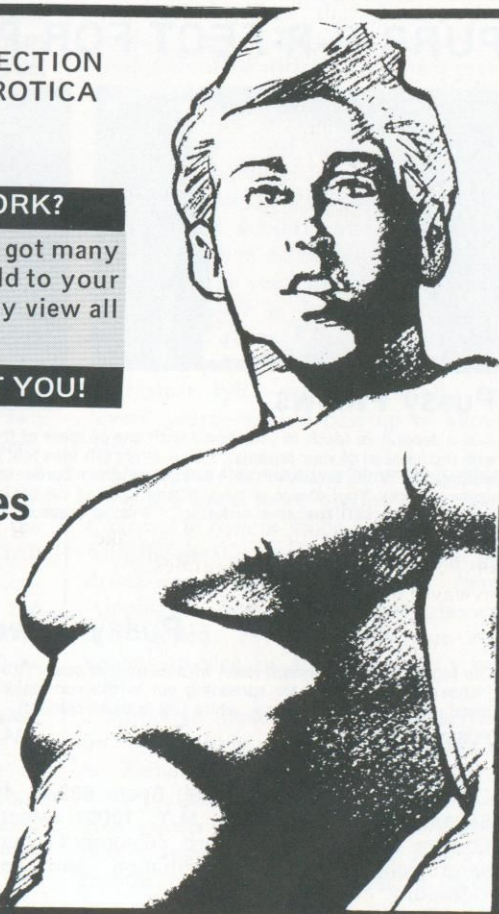
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envisioned in late afternoon along the pounding surf... red-orange sun sinking into the horizon behind Catalina Island... lonely strolls... a little jogging, slopping in and out of the surf and disturbing the sandpipers. And finally, wet and out of breath, his chest heaving butch-like, he'd sit on the rock jetty down at the Santa Ana River as fiery fingers reached out to inflame his bronze features... the sky... the sea... and then some horny guy would come up—right? And he'd be smiling and laughing. And he'd take the laughing god home and it would be, like—fun, Christopher dreamed. And of course, gay, damn it! Laughter and giggling....

The growling, snorting percolator and rich smell of coffee aroused him.

Today or never! He wouldn't wait another minute. He would take a mug of coffee out to the ocean. If he didn't find anybody he could always drill a hole in the sand or jack off behind the rock jetty. He was that desperate.

It was a day for fantasy... the first good rain of the season, and the on-shore wind was blowing wet earth smells down from the mountains and canyons. The ocean had no form at all... just one big mass of foam and roar, slate gray, blue-green, turquoise, white caps bursting like a hundred orgasms of sailors lost at sea. Shattered rain clouds were driven by the gale, torn into flying gray scud and woolpack.

He was... salty seaman! Buccaneer on the Spanish Main!... Mister Christian aboard the Bounty!

Actually he missed the surfers sitting on the swells like bobbing buoys, dark specs rising and sinking... like Jupiter up in the sky shook ground pepper on the sea.

But what the hell, with or without them he'd live out his fantasy, and maybe... just maybe, it would come true, this time.

Down at the rock jetty, the muddy Santa Ana River was spilling into the surf carrying debris from the storm... brown, gnarled tree roots... golden leaves and twigs from a thousand brambles. Christopher sat at the point of the rocks in front of the rusting sign which pointed to the surfing areas... south into Newport Beach and north to Huntington Beach and the tall refinery stacks on the shore belching white smoke.

The coffee mug had been emptied. He put it down and squeezed it between his thighs. Even that got him excited. But essentially, it was the moody sky and sea that was stirring his gonads, and making the hair on his balls all prickly.

He was looking back toward the south and Mark's one-story yellow shack,

studying the sandpipers pecking for sand dabs when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the figure approaching... a man, cutting diagonally across the wide spread of sand, down from the row of beach cottages. He was heading straight for Christopher, or so it seemed.

He wasn't wearing a wet-suit either, and as he got closer Christopher could see his hair was short, curly and dark. And he had a bushy moustache. He was snuggled into a P.O.W. kind of jacket, the wool-like fur framing a large head and reaching to just above the knees... blue cords or levi's, Christopher couldn't tell, and boots caked with sand.

Christopher entered a state of semi-hypnosis.

Well, shit, he couldn't be vice. And he wasn't a surfer, obviously. Probably, Christopher told himself with a shrug, he'll walk right up, say "Hi," smile and keep going. Or else he'll be grim.

Christopher found himself getting tense, a sharp aching pain in his right shoulder; and he was beginning to grind his teeth and get wrinkly around the eyes.

The swaggering figure didn't pause, but kept on moving toward the jetty, tossing his head in the wind now and then... kicking sand.

He was close now... blue cords... he was on the tidal ebb, squatting to run his large fingers into the debris. He picked up a tiny flat rock and sailed it into the ocean from a kneeling position, jumped up, stretched. Almost in reflex, he jerked his head toward Christopher and smiled broadly. His eyes were dark and piercing. He came up to the jetty, that goddamn swagger again, stopped beneath and looked straight into Christopher's eyes, grinning. "Hi there," he shouted.

Christopher swallowed and stared back. "Hello," he mumbled. Then realizing the guy below might not have heard him, he took another gulp of the onshore wind, frowned and cried, "Hello!"

Why did he feel so fuckin' tensed up? "Mind if I climb up there with you?" the guy asked.

"Yeah," Christopher said, "I mean, yeah, it's okay."

He watched the top of the curly black hair and the frame of fur as the bulky body hurriedly scrambled up the rocks. Soon he was standing over Christopher. The flap of the coat was blown open at the bottom, exposing the outline of his cock against the blue cord. Some piece of meat, damn it! Christopher swallowed again. Was he swallowing air or his thumping heart? He got up and tried to smile, but all he could put together was a contracted, twisted grin. "Hello," he said again.

July/August 1975

"Hi! My name's Rocky, what's yours?"

"Rocky?"

"Yeah, Rocky, for the Rocky Mountains. I was born up there somewhere they tell me in the middle of a sheep meadow or something."

"Oh... yeah."

"You haven't told me your name."

"Chris... it's Christopher, but people call me..."

"Chris... hi." Rocky held out his hand, a big-palmed, rough bunch of fingers, then grabbed Christopher's thumb in a third world handshake.

"You live around here?" he asked.

"What? Oh... yeah," Christopher mumbled.

"Whatsa matter, you cold or something? I can't hear you. You're shivering."

"What? Oh no. Yeah, I live around here... right down the beach."

"No shit?" Rocky threw back his head and guffawed... a huge, full, hearty sound. "No shit!" he said again. "Jeeze, at long last, a live one."

"What?"

"Joy, man. You're joy, aren't you?"

"Joy? Whaddya mean?" Christopher was beginning to feel like the queen with a limp prick at a gang-bang. This Rocky character had taken him by surprise, and he couldn't get his head together. What the hell was wrong with him? A humpy number practically wrapped around him and he was behaving like a grim, serious, up-tight faggot!

"Joy!" Rocky exclaimed. "That's what we're calling it up in the mountains, man. Joy! You know... gay! Nobody up there says 'gay' anymore. Gay don't mean nothing. Joy does."

"Oh... yeah..."

"Man," Rocky said with a chuckle, "that all you can say is, 'yeah'?"

"What? No. I mean..."

"Heh, man, can we go to your pad and screw? I been goin' bananas down here. See, like my sister married this dude who works around here somewhere... in some bank or something, and they invited me for a visit. So, shit, I had nothin' to do for awhile... I make pots... you know, ceramics... anyway, I drove out... but chee-ris! A guy sure gets horny around here."

"Yeah—I mean, I know what you mean." Christopher formed a smile... at last... but it didn't feel sincere, somehow.

"I mean, you are joy, aren't you?"

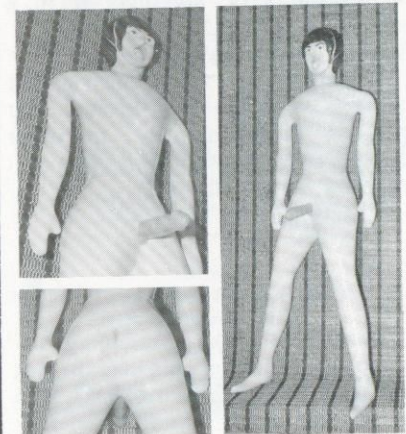
"Sure... you mean in bed?"

"Yeah! That's it, man! In bed! You got it! That's why we don't say gay anymore, up in the mountains."

"I see what you mean."

Without warning, Rocky spread out

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his arms and threw them around Christopher in a bear hug, almost toppling him over and kicking the coffee cup off the jetty, smashing it to a thousand pieces.

"Hey, watch out!"
"Shit, I'm sorry, Chris, but you just get me so goddamn, happy excited. You do like to screw, don't you, and other stuff? Splatter come on the walls . . . rim and suck and all that?"

"Well, sure I do."
"Your pad okay?"
"Sure it is."
"Well, let's go!"

Christopher felt like a stumbling, untrained circus seal slogging over the wet sand, trying to keep up with Rocky, who was striding like a mountain climber and singing some kind of hill song in loud, twanging dissonance. And laughing between phrases, or rather sounding more like a wailing hound dog.

They were no sooner inside the shack than Rocky flung off his jacket and threw it on the floor, reaching out both arms like he was Samson gonna push over the pillars. He was wearing a bright plaid lumberjack shirt, its buttons popping over a burly, hairy chest. His cock pushed against the side of the blue cords like a billy club. Suddenly he slumped into the bean-bag chair, his legs spread wide.

"Hey, Chris, come on over," he growled, then started to chuckle. "I mean, let's have a little joy, okay, with my joy stick. Come on, man . . ."

Christopher had lost his erection. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but shit, Rocky's rod was beautiful, and what the hell . . .

Hesitatingly he shuffled across the room, dropped to the floor and grabbed the bulge in Rocky's pants.

"Wow man!" Rocky screamed and jumped up from the chair. "Now you wanna watch me piss? I gotta piss bad. Where's the crapper?"

"You go on," Christopher said and sat back on the floor, glowering. "It's through there . . . through the bedroom."

Rocky stared at him for a minute, grinning. Christopher thought, I gotta get with it or I'm gonna lose him. He tried to grin like Rocky and said quickly, "I'll get naked and jump into bed."

"Woo-ee!" Rocky hollered and bolted out to the john, laughing loudly.

In the bedroom, Christopher tore off his clothes, seized the blankets, flung them on the floor, and then reached to twist the cap off the cornsilk lotion. He lay backside on the sheets, dick pointing to the ceiling like a divining rod. He anticipated disaster, but at least he had it stiff again and was ready for anything.

On cue, Rocky, the All-American, hairy mountain goat, bounded into the room, stripped to flat pelvis, nipples like radar probes pushing out from the black forest. And, of course, the son-of-a-bitch was grinning, smiling, chuckling and laughing, in that order.

He stood by the bed and Christopher, afraid he might go limp again, quickly turned on his side, unzipped Rocky's fly, pulled out the hard prong and sunk it into his throat. Rocky's laughter became hysteria.

"Suck it, faggot," he screamed, "oh suck it!" Shit! He could be heard all the way to the Huntington Beach oil fields!

Rocky unplugged his cock from Christopher's mouth and started prancing around the bed trying to push his legs out of the blue cords with his feet, and laughing joyously. Bare-ass, he broad-jumped onto the bed, hung his genitals over Christopher's face, sliding his balls down Christopher's nose and into his mouth. Christopher grabbed him by the haunches in desperation and pulled his hole onto his tongue.

"Woo-ee!" Rocky hollered.

They fumbled and tossed and wrestled, and somehow, Christopher finally got Rocky on his belly and started the ritual . . .

Christopher heard himself shouting, without mirth or glee, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Oh joyous fuck!" He was dead serious as he rammed and prodded and screwed into Rocky's bouncing, laughing ass.

A Clockwork Orange fantasy . . . "In and out! In and out!" Christopher yelled. He could hear Beethoven and wanted to ream out the hole until there was nothing left of it.

And Rocky never stopped laughing.

And suddenly Christopher knew he'd had enough of joy. And that if he didn't stop Rocky's laughter, he'd never have an orgasm. Already he could feel himself softening inside.

Maybe the devil made him do it. Maybe . . . who can say?

Christopher drove as best as he could up to Rocky's eyeballs and held fast. Then, flattening himself out on Rocky's spine, he started running his fingers along Rocky's ribcage. Goddamn it. Christopher would give him something to laugh about. He'd tickle him to death.

Rocky mutated suddenly into jelly. He rolled, he tossed and bounced and jerked and spasmed into a bubbling mass of flesh, gasping for air.

"Stop . . . stop!" He breathed between fits of panic. "Chee-ris!"

"Fuck. Fuck, joyous fuck!" Christopher cried, poking and titillating Rocky's goose-pimpled flesh.

"Gonna die. Gonna die," Rocky moaned.

When he thought Rocky had had enough . . . when Rocky just couldn't laugh or chuckle another sound, Christopher let go and collapsed on Rocky's back, splaying his arms out to the side, his cock still inside the exhausted mountain boy.

Then he pulled out, leaned over for the cornsilk lotion bottle and poured some on his right hand.

And now the ritual . . . Rising to his knees, Christopher began working his fingers one at a time, trying to remember, grimly, the articles he'd read . . . index, second, middle . . . his whole fist into Rocky's hole . . . the Normandy invasion . . . even his wrist disappeared between Rocky's cheeks.

And Rocky stopped laughing and moaned with pleasure.

Much later, after Rocky, glassy-eyed, dazed and melancholy, went back to wherever he'd come from, Christopher slumped into the bean-bag chair and picked up the phone. He scowled, his tan features locked into grim determination. He dialed the number slowly, mechanically. After seven or eight rings, a voice finally answered on the other end, the cool, trembling sound of Mark Graham.

"Yes?"

"Mark. This is Christopher."

"Oh yes, my dear . . ."

"What I want to know is . . ."

Christopher inhaled quickly, unable to continue.

"Tell."

"What I want to know is . . . when's the next boat ride?"

"What?"

"The next boat ride, damn it!"

"My dear Chris, what went wrong? Did your fantasy come to life?"

"Yeah . . . something like that."

"And not what you expected," Mark said flatly.

"How did you know?"

"Simple. I've lived longer than you."

"Yeah."

"Well, tell me, my dear, what happened?"

"Just say I had my fingernails trimmed, that's all. I tried something new."

"Darling Chris . . . you know you are always welcome, but it may not be what you expect. There are others with small hands, and you have a very delectable backside . . ."

"So . . .?"

"So, I trust from your recent escapade you have learned to take life as it comes to you. If I may use the modern vernacular . . . I hope you have learned to get with it . . . with reality . . . and not think that others will always behave according to your expectations . . ."

"Okay . . . okay . . . but, damn it, Mark, there's one thing you gotta

know."

"And what may that be?" Mark asked with a quiver.

"On this boat ride . . . if anybody laughs, or smiles, or even grins at me, I don't know what I might do . . . I might . . . hell, I might shove both my fists up his ass!"

There was a soft, exhaling sigh on the other end.

"My dear Christopher," Mark answered after a moment. "I don't think I shall ever understand you."

...

THE MOST FAMOUS PAIR OF ALL (Continued from page 31)

and sparked the public attack on Wilde by Douglas's father that led to Wilde's disgrace and downfall after he sued the Marquess for criminal libel. The evidence presented against Wilde in that trial was so overwhelming that he withdrew his suit, only to be arrested and tried on charges of involvement in male prostitution. A subsequent trial on the same charges brought Wilde two years in jail.

Wilde paid dearly for his affair with Douglas. His dazzling literary career came to an end and within five years he died at the age of forty-four, a broken man.

In our next issue . . . *"The Frenching French Poets."*

...

THE WAY IT WAS (Continued from page 11)

or the Waldorf Cellar. In Hollywood was The Jade Room, Bradley's, and the House of Ivy (still doing business). On Sunset Strip was Club Gala, a bona-fide gay supper club.

Los Angeles also boasted of one example of a type of bar which has long since vanished. During the war a safe bet for successful cruising was the cocktail lounge in the principal downtown hotel. Many were restricted to men only. Servicemen, locals and travelers all convened there—usually at cocktail hour. Hotel managements and their bartenders acted as though they didn't know what was going on, but everyone was perfectly wise.

Such a bar was Los Angeles' Biltmore Hotel's Men's Bar—a large, beautiful, oak-paneled room with a huge bar. By 6 p.m. every night the guys would be packed three-deep, the servicemen among them hoping to find a reason to make America worth coming back to.

San Francisco had a similar gay bar in the St. Francis Hotel but there was always plenty else to do in this

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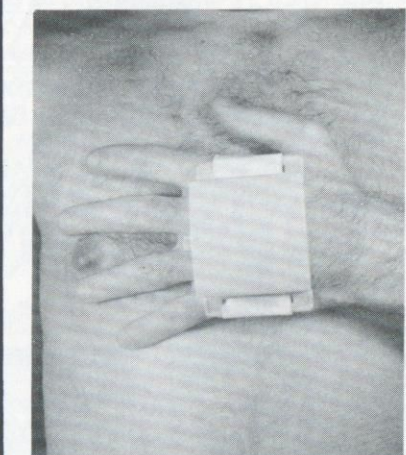
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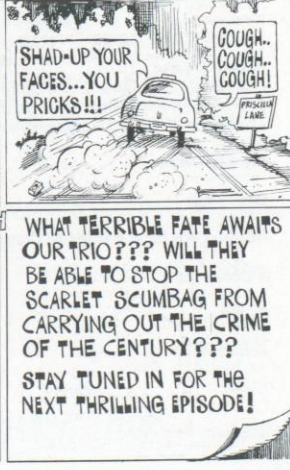
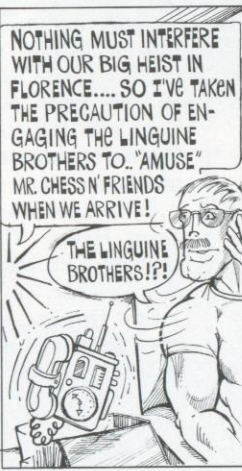
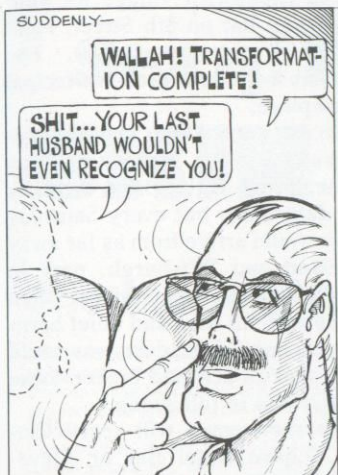
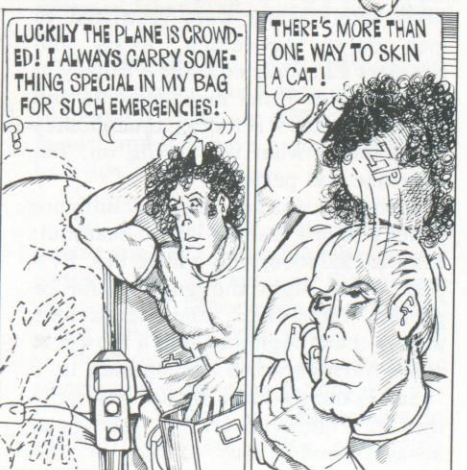
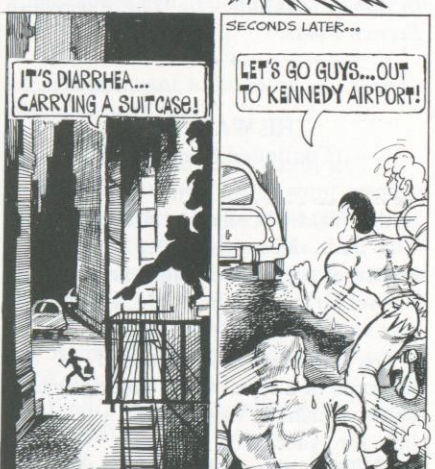
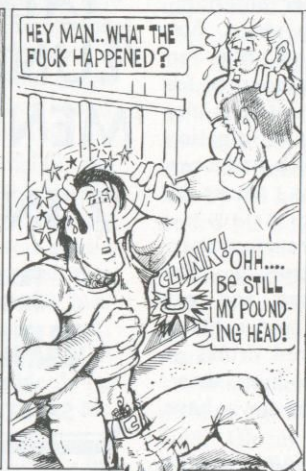
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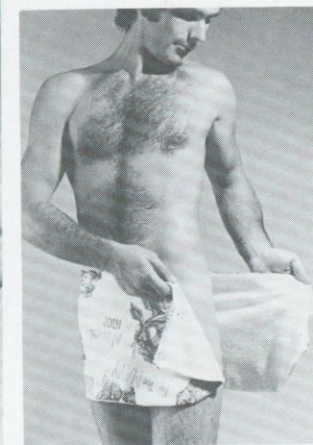
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