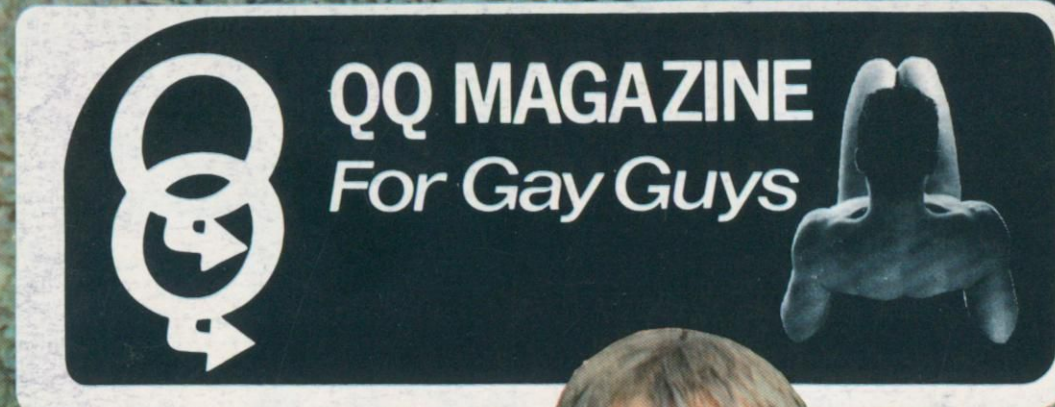




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SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1976

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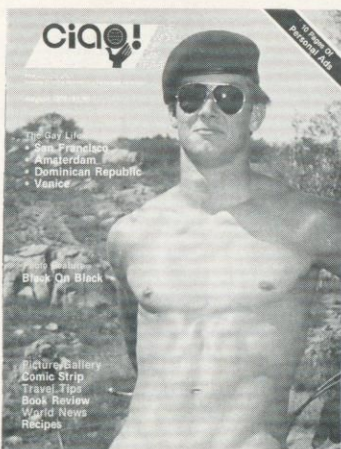
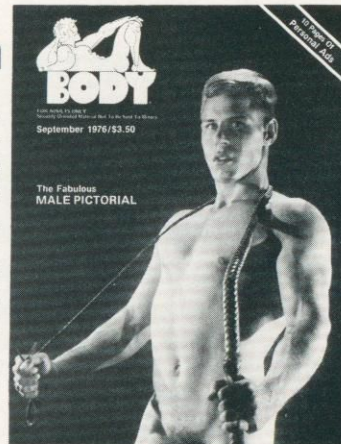


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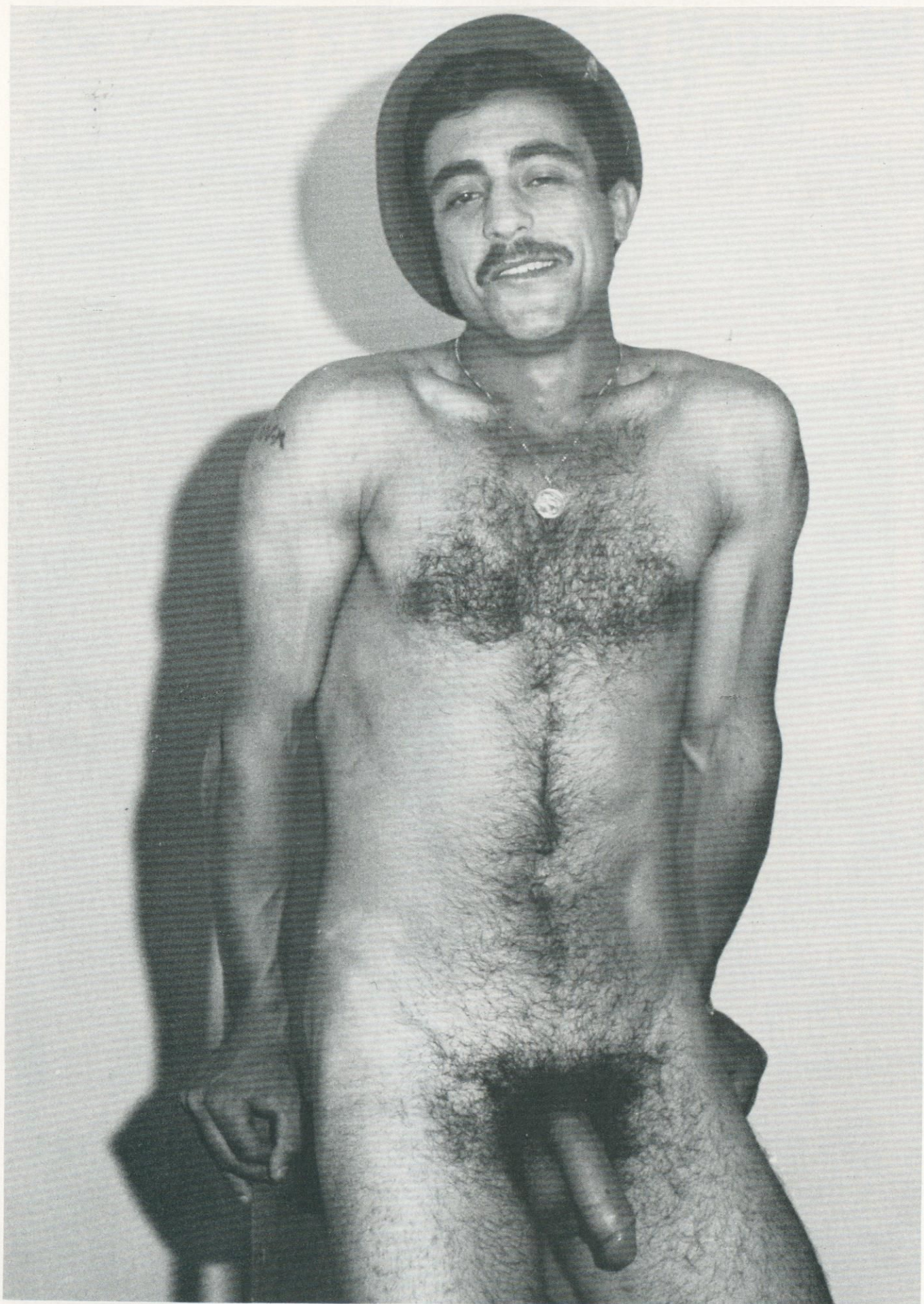
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EDITORIAL THE MEAT RACKER

A SOCIAL COMMENT



September/October 1976



HUSTLERS

Misfits For Sale

By Edwin Gordon & Rick McCarthy

MALE prostitution is a widespread fact of life throughout the world. In countries where homosexuality is oppressed and gay meeting places are sparse, a perfect climate exists for hustlers willingly providing easy contacts for tourists who have lucked out on their own. Here in the U.S.A. where gay life is open and making contacts with other guys is not a problem, the hustler concentrates on older men who demand young lovers and who, for one reason or another, cannot meet them on a mutually gratifying basis. Young men, as well as their older brothers, are easy marks for hustlers who possess certain physical attributes—such as muscles, or a huge endowment—that for some are desirable and worth paying for even if only on special occasions.

Hustlers who are organized and operate through call services or through “model” and “masseur” ads in gay newspapers generally are not a threat to their buyers. Such individuals consider themselves businessmen providing legitimate services for—and within the acceptable standards of—the gay community. They usually operate honestly and are not dangerous—if only because records of such transactions are usually kept by seller and buyer alike.

The real threat to our community comes from the thousands of “free agents” working the streets across the nation. Many of these hustlers are runaways and drifters who exist rather than live from one day to another. The majority are not homosexuals and have only contempt for the men they accommodate. They are crude, and more often than not, hostile. They perform without feeling—selling themselves to the highest bidders. They are usually dishonest—even in sex, where they feign orgasm as a means of hopping in and out of as many as a dozen beds in a single evening. And they are violent—sometimes maiming and killing to get more than what was bargained for. Such boys are shadows and have no trouble escaping the law—moving on to still other crimes.

In the last half-dozen years or so, numerous books have been written on male prostitution—the latest contribution being Robin Lloyd’s *For Money or Love*. Straights are titillated by such reading material—because it more or less documents the distortions they have read in their newspapers about criminal acts caused by hustlers. They still haven’t forgotten the scandals in Texas involving male call-services or the brutal murders of prominent homosexuals in

recent times. They want to know more—not out of a desire to provide solutions, but as a source of racy gossip they can bandy about at parties.

Our conclusion provides a solution—and all our statements make it quite clear why we should all strive to eliminate the existing marketplace of hustlers in our community.

“Why can’t dogs go to heaven?” That was the concluding, self-pitying lament of John Rechy’s biography of a hustler, *City of Night*. The answer, many readers must have felt, was that dogs (i.e. hustlers) deserve to go to hell.

Hell, in fact, would be too good a place for the murderer of a budding young dancer found a few years ago in his apartment off New York’s Central Park West. A hustler had castrated him, scooped out his eyes and dropped the testicles into the sockets. The killer later was found on West 42nd Street, notorious for hustlers, and identified through stolen clothes.

In 1965 police found the naked body of Dave DeCesere, famed for his “Photo by D” physique pictures, lying on the floor of his Greenwich Village apartment. His head had been split open and his face and chest mutilated with a meat cleaver which was traced, after painstaking detective work, to a Victor Mayo who had stolen about \$2,000 worth of photo equipment from the victim. Mayo was sentenced to a minimum of 15 years.

In 1969 the world was shocked by the murder of Ramon Navarro, the silent-film star. Witnesses at the trial in Los Angeles spoke of two hustlers, brothers Tom and Paul Ferguson, kicking Navarro in the face and beating him with a cane because they thought he kept money in his home. Navarro, it was noted at the trial, was accustomed to paying \$20 a night for a hustler. Both brothers were sentenced to life. (That case was an exception because the defendants received stiff penalties. Most typical was the prosecution of the killer of the New York photographer. Mayo was indicted for first-degree murder, arson, burglary and grand larceny. He was sentenced on a reduced charge of manslaughter in the first degree.)

In New York, in 1970, a First National City Bank executive was clubbed to death with two large soda bottles. He was seen entering his posh East Side apartment with what the papers called a “tough looking young man.”

(Continued on page 30)

Cosmetics Can Be Killers Good Looks...But At What Price?

By Frank Samuels

"AVON CALLING!" Those two familiar words accompanied by the two chimes—announcing the arrival of the 'Avon lady'—had a sinister import for Ellen Pattin, former director of health research for Women's Lobby, Inc., not long ago. Her amazed reaction to Avon Dandruff Shampoo was to have her hair fall out in fistfuls, according to a report in the *New York Sunday News*, May 23, 1976.

What really bugged Ms Pattin about the shampoo (which really *did* get down to the nitty-gritty of it—all of it) was that upon examining the bottle she discovered that none of the ingredients had been listed on the label, and so, not knowing precisely which may have suddenly turned her into a balding soprano, she was unable to determine what other shampoos, if any, might contain the same hair-removing catalyst(s) so that she might avoid them.

Also, many girls have had their sex life grind to a temporary halt by vaginal rashes brought on by using certain deodorant tampons, just as many gay guys have found their sexual activity stymied for the nonce because of a rash of pustules appearing on the *glans penis* and sheath . . . an allergic reaction to certain bacterial-contaminated aerosol antiperspirant that 'misfired'. Although aimed at under-crotch areas where sweat builds up body odor, the high-powered aerosol propellant often 'blunderbusses' the more sensitive areas of the penis, and so what might be just harmless blisters become suspect to one's partner as a possible manifestation of some kind of venereal disease. A turn-on it's definitely not. Here's good cosmetic practice: Before spraying—or rolling-on any antiperspirant around the crotch, first apply a fingertip of it under one arm, as a patch test, and let it stay on 24 hours. If any reaction occurs you may be sure it would similarly affect the genital area inasmuch as these two areas are equally sensitive.

Even if the test is negative, and you feel you can safely spray between the legs, be sure to cover cock and balls with a moist cloth when spraying. The escaping drizzle/trickle can zonk your sex life for days. By the way, this also applies to aerosol hairsprays. Cover your eyes, nose and mouth before pressing the button. Although what gets into your eyes just once may cause only minimal irritation, if done every day without this protection it can cause serious eye damage. This simple precaution can prevent mineral (aluminum/various oxides) buildup

in the lungs. Forgetting to cover your face just once or twice may not be lastingly harmful, but if continued you may develop a buildup of carcinogens in the lungs which, in time, can prove not just disagreeable and/or irritating, but *fatal*.

BATH HAZARDS

Bubble-bath preparations. Many of the new bubble-bath products coming out cause skin irritation. These are usually the cheapest brands. Here, the danger lies not only in skin irritation (which, generally, is first noted around the shins and on the skin of the upper back), but in eye infection, since one tends to hedonistically lather and slather all over in the bubbly goo. So many of these bubble-bath products are powders of one kind or another, not all of which dissolve completely in water. Just a 'pinhead's worth' of unsoluble bubble-bath powder in the eye can start a chain-reaction of irritation. Have the *Visine* handy, or the *Neosporin* solution, if prescribed.

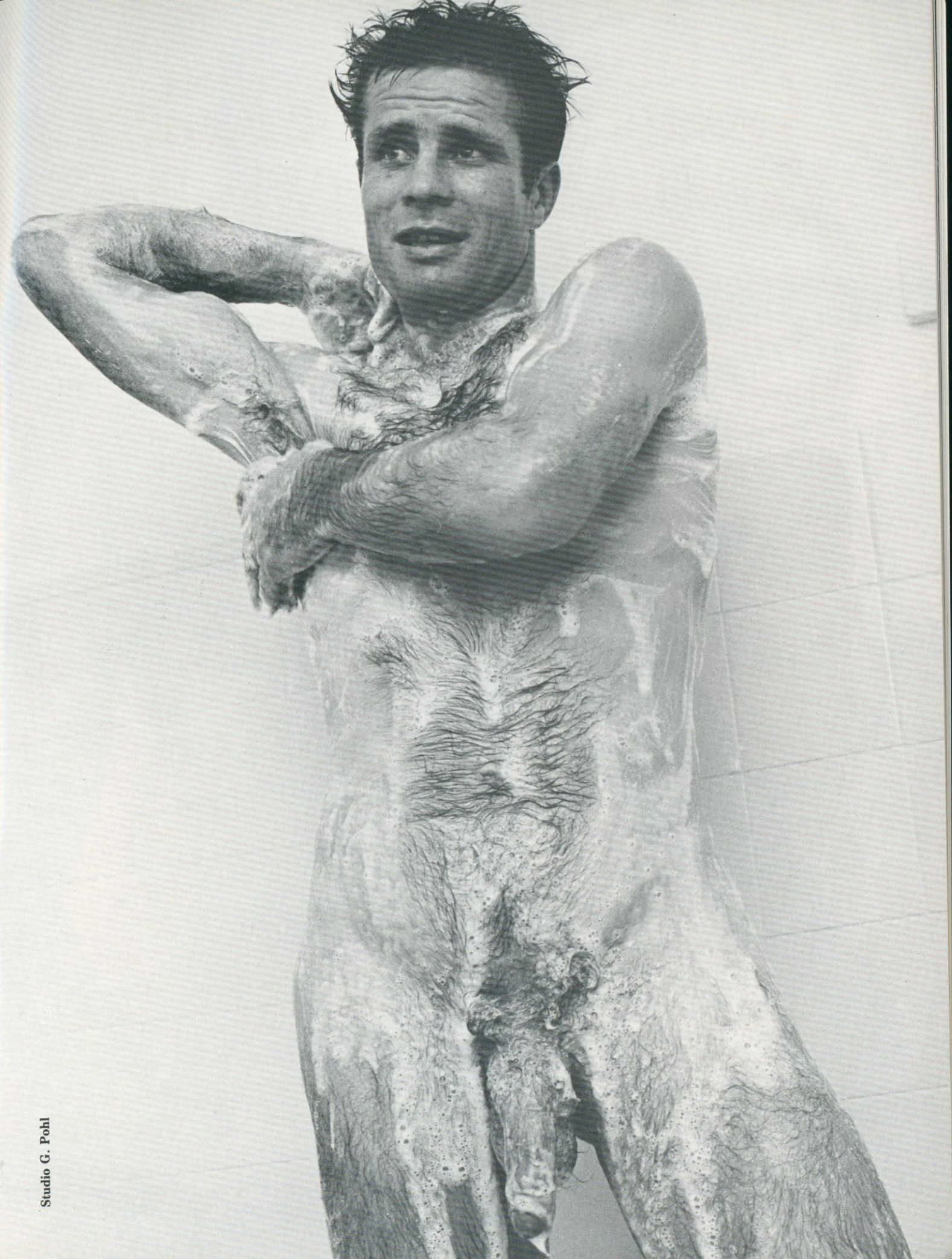
What is equally bad, if not worse, as the *News* report confirms, is that some of these preparations cause bladder infection. Here the irritants are first drawn into the *meatus*, or urinary hole at the end of the *glans penis*, as one sits in the tub, because we, quite naturally, tend to play with/fondle the penis in the bath (whether shower or tub). Then, by penile muscular contraction/release (or hard-on/soft) the irritants are drawn further along, traversing the entire length of the urethra until they reach the bladder. Surely nothing is more painful than a bladder on fire.

Be sure to give meticulous attention to drying the *glans* and work gently into the *meatus* after showering/tubbing with bubble-bath preparations. Showering with bubble-bath *gelée*, such as the popular German import *Vitabath*, can be erotic as all get out (the sensation is sheer roll-on jizzum), but be sure the penis is thoroughly rinsed and dried afterward . . . work the towel/tissue gently into the *meatus* to make sure. Such a simple daily precaution can not only save you lots of misery, but make you 'squeaky clean' and 'smell-so-good' for him!

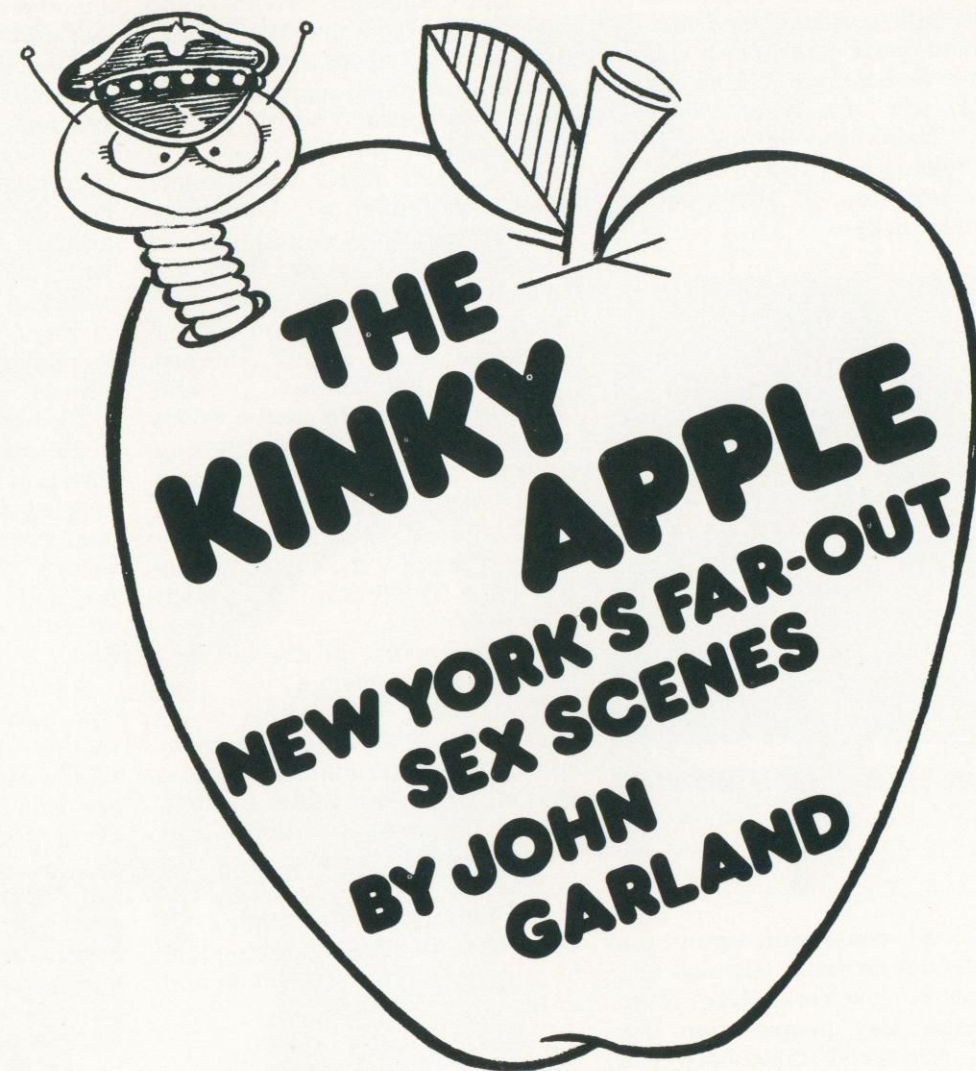
Hexachlorophene caused one of the most heinous cosmetic scandals, according to the *News* report. This occurred in 1972 when 40 French infants were accidentally killed by too much hexachlorophene in a 'simple' baby talcum. As all of us know, hexachlorophene has been an

(Continued on page 47)

QQ



Studio G. Pohl



"SCAT, cat!" is what dad used to say when he wanted to *shoo* (mom's expression!) a kitty. If you're over 30 you remember. These days *scat* means quite another thing in gay circles—and *cat* has long meant a *cool* guy in hip/black circles . . . so if somebody lovingly whispers, "Scat, cat!" in your ear next time you're wandering about in a dark *meat rack* or *back room*—he's asking *cool* you to give him a mouth full of *shit*!

Scat is a new expression—but shit with sex is an old aberration probably dating back to the cave man who stuck his finger up his wife's ass and tasted it out of curiosity. History books dealing with sexual matters tell us that *coprophiliacs* (shit fanciers!) could be found in every society—and that it was a prevalent aberration in post-World War II Germany among all sexualists who wanted to punish themselves for Hitler's wrong-doings . . . according to the psychologists of that period.

Rimming has long been a common practice in gay circles—but it is not to be confused with *scat* . . . which is the actual practice of tasting/eating/rubbing in shit during sex. As society in general, and homosexuals in particular, become more sexually liberated—inhibitions concerning sex are being shed and experimentation is the order of the day. Scan (not to be confused with *scat*) the classified ad pages in any gay newspaper and any doubts you have about *scat* not being widespread will be dispelled. Take this typical example of such ads appearing these days: "Hairy Scat, W/S Buddies Wanted. Athletic 6' 4" Canadian, 38, seeks scat & w/s workouts w/musc hairy buddies in raunchy underwear, sweaty socks, esp in uniform or hardhat gear. Dig far-out latrine fantasies. No S&M, B&D or hips." Name and address given, but deleted here; taken from *The Advocate*, June 2, 1976, page 25 (Trader Dick).

Also typical is this one: "Blks & Scat. Muscular young Blacks, let's get together

with your old skin-tight Levis filled with scat and turn me on. Let me work your booty. Have long-action tongue & horny service to you. Am W/m, 30's, 6', 200." Name and address given, but deleted here; taken from *The Advocate*, June 16, 1976, page 26 (Trader Dick).



Such ads come from around the world—but no doubt gay scat had its start in New York. Here, there are more gay people than any place else, and only here can specialty businesses exist—like bars for chubby chasers . . . and now—a bar for scatters. Appropriately, it is called *The Toilet*.

It's on the western fringe of Greenwich Village, sandwiched in between two meat-packing establishments (just think!—the hamburger you ate last night might have been packed there!). By day nobody notices the black door that leads up to scat heaven—but by night a regular stream of scatters and gay curiosity seekers board the old elevator to be taken up to where it all happens.

As you enter there are lockers—for your use if you wish to take off all your clothes and wander in and around nude. (Don't forget to take a couple of boxes of Wash 'n Dri's with you—or chance being turned down by a taxi driver who refuses to let smelly you in his cab!) The main room has a bar and a small stage adorned with toilets (props). The night I was there I had to step on and over the stage to get to one

of the adjoining rooms—and (wouldn't you know it!—I have the habit of always stepping in dog shit) my foot squished down on a fresh turd. There's a back room—where anything goes . . . and a room filled with toilets (usually occupied) which you may use for legitimate purposes—or sexual bliss . . . as they are usually occupied by guys who want to be pissed on and shitted upon—so don't relieve yourself until you get there . . . and there's no need to worry about toilet paper with all those flicking tongues around. If you go on a weekend night and want to sit on a bowl yourself—go early to guarantee yourself a spot and not miss out on a single turd or golden shower.

At some point in the evening you'll hear someone yell out, "Show time!"—at which point everybody adjourns to the main room. The entertainment varies; the night I was there a nude dancer did some gyrations—and then pissed in a beer can and guzzled it down. This was followed by a nude stud coming up out of the audience and giving him an additional quart (it went on and on!).



We've always had a lot of curiosities in New York—and there are a lot of unusual places to see . . . but *The Toilet* gets the prize. How long it will last nobody knows—but if you live within 500 miles of New York City, just seeing it is a once-in-a-lifetime experience—and you should make the trip. And if it proves too much for your heart—let me recom-

mend a couple of other kinky but not quite as far-out places:

The Anvil has a bar as well as an active back room where you can enjoy yourself until you drop from exhaustion. There's also entertainment—usually a guy who can take the biggest dildos around; he plops down on them with as much ease as mother inserts a squirt of *Summer's Eve* in her cooze! One of his specialties is taking a double-headed dildo (the 18" model QQ calls "Gemini 18"), bending it in the shape of a horseshoe, inserting it bent and then pop-shitting it out with a loud snap as it unbends and straightens its rubbery length. Sensational! "Encore! Encore!" the frenzied crowd screams! *The Anvil* is a turd's throw from *The Toilet*.

A few blocks farther uptown, on the waterfront in the Chelsea section—where such leather bars are located—is *The Ramp*. The proprietors have recently bought into adjoining buildings so you can wander around in the darkened rooms and find excitement at every turn. The specialty here is nude wrestling . . . there's an upstairs room with mats where you can sweat-up or rub on some baby oil and join in the fun with other studs who dig grappling.

Or try *The Barracks* in the Times Square area; it's the only leather/western baths in New York (though the most popular baths in town with leather guys is *Everard's*). Some of the rooms are equipped with S&M gear and there is a room with a sling to hold any guy who wants to set himself up to take a fist or two or three . . . !

If all this is too much for you—stop in at any gay bookstore that has film machines . . . there is more action in the cubicles than in the movies. Or wander over to the abandoned pier on the Hudson River at the foot of West 11th St. It's a meat rack maze—in spite of its rear end having been burned out in a hot fire that lasted several days a few months ago. Or do the normal gay bars and baths.

It's all here in kinky New York City—the best and the worst of all cities . . . the Big Apple that has enough delicious poison in it to clobber Snow White forever!

Athletic Model Guild





Friendly Enemies

Adverse Effects Of Mixing Medicines

By Roger Watson

GOOD medicines, like good friends, sometimes have a falling-out. As long as each pursues its purposeful way, unimpeded by the other, all is well. Pain is soothed, the brow smoothed, and the prognosis for recovery couldn't be brighter. But so often, in trying to speed recovery, one makes the mistake of raiding the medicine chest, mixing simple medicines—taking a little of this and a little of that—and an adverse reaction sometimes ensues, thus it takes a longer time to restore harmony within the body. Probably the commonest and simplest example of this is

ALCOHOL VS. COFFEE

In their way, both are medicinal. Alcohol is often prescribed for certain conditions, while caffeine, the 'lift' ingredient of coffee, appears in many common painkilling compounds. Put them together and, although chaos may not develop, certainly the result is to make an uncomfortable situation moreso.

If you believe, as millions do, that drinking several cups of strong black coffee will overcome a snootful of Scotch, you may make the unhappy discovery that it does not. The 'medication' of each reacts adversely together, and your friends at the party who have been urging you to swill "more black coffee!" to sober up will be dismayed to find that now they have just a *wide-awake* drunk on their hands. Instead of allowing you to sleep it off—nature's way—the 'up' of the caffeine lift keeps you unremittingly conscious of the 'down' of alcohol, and you're miserably aware of every throbbing pulsebeat of a roaring headache. *Suff-f-ferr!*

ALCOHOL VS. 'UPS' AND 'DOWNS'

The mixup-effect of alcohol on anti-depressants and tranquilizers—or 'ups' and 'downs'—is of particular importance to gay people, especially those involved in creative things (theatre, music, dance, interior design, and so on), or in competitive fields, or in meeting constant deadlines of one kind or another for which one feels the need of being first keyed-up, and then—the strive o'er, the battle done—unwinding.

It is in the inconsistency of these countervailing needs that the real danger of 'ups' vs. 'downs' lies. Some call it the *Dorothy Kilgallen Syndrome*. Here was a woman who had to be not only on top of everything when and where it was happening, but to deal with it, and with those temperamentally involved in it, then write about it, all the while worrying that someone might scoop her. Small

wonder that she was constantly on 'ups' in the morning, and 'downs' in the evening. Once, after a particularly arduous day, she took too many 'downs', and laced this with a generous quantity of liquor, and Dorothy Kilgallen rests in peace.

Alcohol interacts with both ups and downs to the advantage of neither. Medically there are about nine most-prescribed ups . . . *Aventyl, Elavil, Norpromin, Pertofrane, Presamine, Sinequan, Tofranil, Triavil* and *Vivactil*. You get them only by prescription, of course.

A special hazard, one that is so confusing at first to the 'beginner' is that it usually takes about two weeks for any of these ups to begin to really 'perform'. Also, when you've been on them for some time and no longer need to be keyed-up, or just decide to get off them, it takes another two weeks for them to 'boil out' of your system. They are 'long stretch' medications, slow to start, but lasting all the way—and beyond. Thus in getting *on* to them, while continuing to consume your usual daily liquor quota, can be disastrous. In short, by reason of inexperience with ups, puzzled by when they'll take over, one may often drink too much.

What is the immediate effect? Actually, something you didn't expect and—self-defeatingly—did not want—*profound sedation!* Also there may be a risky drop in body temperature. Blood pressure fluctuates and various organs are delayed in functioning. If this latter should continued over a period of time it is obvious that a process of organ deterioration can follow. You get 'too old, too soon'.

Tranquilizers fall into two groups—major and minor. The major ones are *Chlorpromazine, Compazine, Mellaril, Stelazine, Thorazine* and *Vesprin*. Popular minor ones are *Equanil, Miltown, Librax, Librium, Quaalude, Serax, Tuinal*, and *Valium*.

These also interact with alcohol to the benefit of nothing. When alcohol is taken on top of a major tranquilizer a hazardous increase in the depression of the nervous-system may occur. Also a precipitous fall in blood pressure. If you have glaucoma to even a minor degree, this can highly aggravate/increase it. Wine, especially, is a no-no with minor tranquilizers. It almost invariably produces heavy sleepiness. What is perhaps worse is that one loses the ability to coordinate. Beer also has this effect. Driving an automobile is terribly risky; any kind of calculation or cerebration is fuzzy and inaccurate. And when heavy liquor is taken on top of even minor tranquilizers the effect is a bomb.

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Liquors With A Lilt

The Light Touch In Tippling

By Scott Young

CURRENTLY playing in theaters on New York's West 44th Street are three solid hits—the adrenalized *My Fair Lady*, *The Wiz*, and *A Chorus Line*. Just around the corner on West 45th Street is another—*Equus*. Forming an apex to this theater 'triangle' is Downey's, long a favorite eating and drinking establishment of the stars and the starry-eyed. Here was held the opening-night bash for Richard Burton when he took over the Anthony Perkins role in *Equus* for several weeks . . . here also was held what turned out to be a 'wake' for Elizabeth Ashley's *Legend*, which limped through only four performances before collapsing.

In a definite way Downey's is a study in drinking 'barometrics', for here one notes how trends in social drinking have changed from what they were five to ten or more years ago. This is particularly evident on matinee days. The bar at Downey's is some distance from the dining areas, and separated by paneled walls, thus the bartender cannot see the clientele of the moment, yet in an instant he can describe the visitors accurately, being clued-in by the types of drinks they order. If, for example, there is a large pre-theatre luncheon party for those going on to a performance of *My Fair Lady*, he will 'parse' the patrons by gender and 'geriatrics' . . . they will be mostly female, middle-aged, and so drenched in nostalgia for a show they fell in love with years ago that they've come back to repeat history . . . and to dine on the same excellent food and have the same pre-theatre cocktails.

The bartender will also go quietly insane because rarely will he get two orders for the same drink. He can't have Martinis, Manhattans and Margaritas lined up to go. Instead, he will be deluged with orders for Bacardi cocktails, Pink Ladies, Sherry Flips, Blue Blazers, Sloe-Gin Fizzes, Singapore Slings, and a drink that is the time's-a-wastin' bane of any barman . . . the several carefully-floated layers of various liqueurs that make up the once-popular *pousse-café*. Also he can as quickly divine the age group of the men . . . orders will come for 'highballs' instead of such today choices as Dewar's-and-water, or Jack Daniels-on-the-rocks. The word 'highball' really dates!

On the other hand, if the pre-theatre party is going on to see *The Wiz*, Geoffrey Holder's fantastic musical with an all-Black cast, there will usually be no orders for whiskeys, and few for gin or vodka cocktails. The drinking takes on a much lighter touch

as the crowd, being mostly expatriate Caribbean Islanders, want something yummy and 'rummy' . . . particularly light rum drinks. Soon the restaurant is filled with the delightful aroma of fresh limes being squeezed.

DRINKING WITH A LIGHT TOUCH

The lightest of all drinking, however—in tune with times—will be done by those going on to *A Chorus Line*. It's a no-pretense crowd, a young, today crowd, and they're about to see a young, with-it, no-pretense musical where, instead of the heavy costumes and scenic trappings of *My Fair Lady*, the actors perform mostly in simple practice clothes!

What the bartender gets will be orders for either chilled white wine or Bloody Marys for the gals, and either the same, or something like a light Scotch-on-the-rocks or a Margarita, a vodka Martini for the guys. These light drinkers of today don't want a moment of showtime dulled by a bombing drink; the show is so *alive* they want to be on *top* of everything, as if they, too, were *in* and *of* the show.

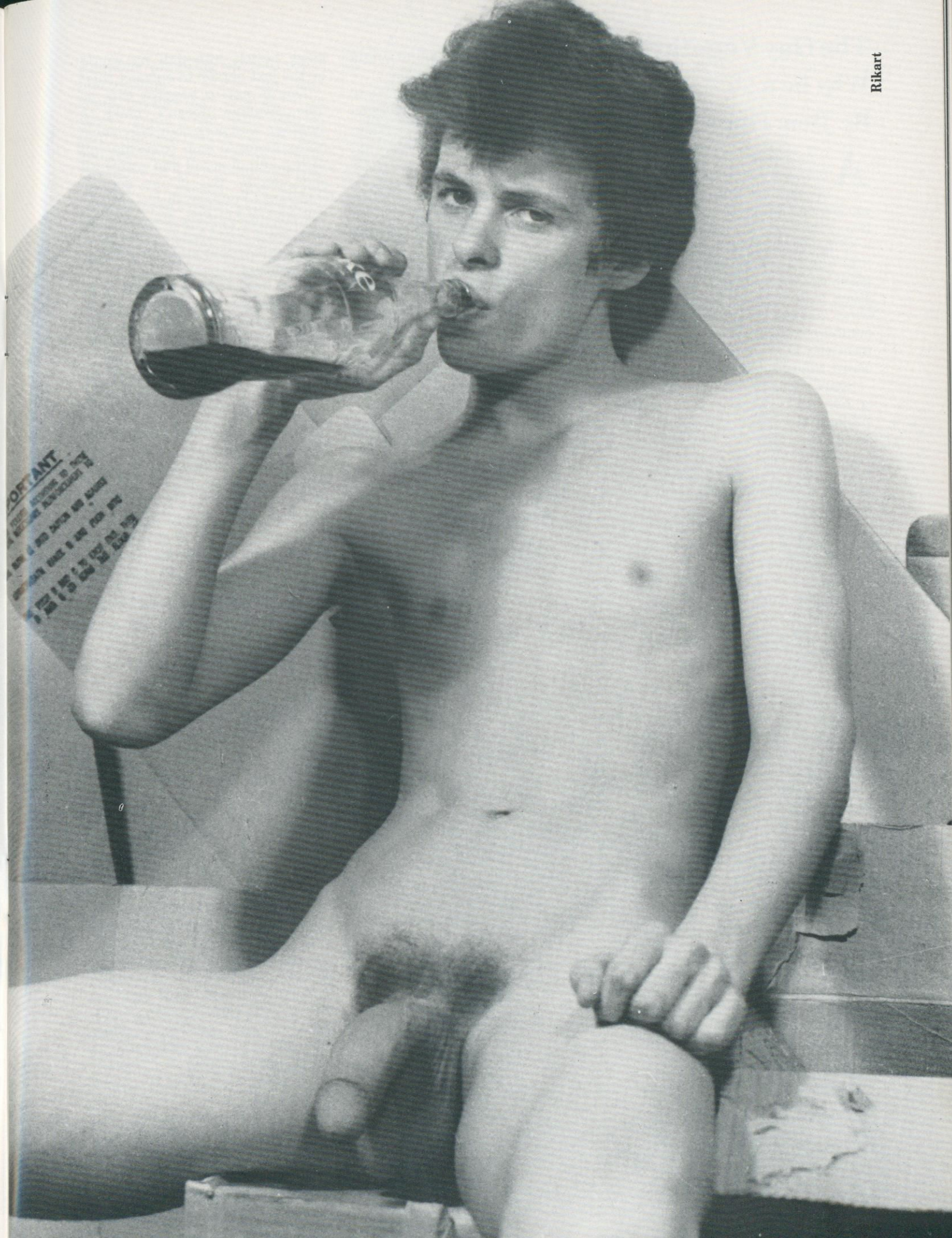
Later they'll probably go on to a disco—gay or straight—and will certainly need to keep their wits about them to *compete*. You just can't cut it if you're bombed out on liquor . . . you can only drag-ass along the dance floor, doubling as an albatross for a more vivacious and with-it partner. Definitely you'll not be the life of the party.

There is still another practical reason for drinking 'light' if the disco is to follow. As we all know, computerized lights begin to intensify mood. The music grows in volume—decibel by climbing decibel—taking on greater and greater sexual urgency. As the music peaks, the dancing grows wilder. As soon as the dancer reaches one computerized 'plateau' he'll want to space out to a still higher one. To speed this, at such points dancers often start popping 'ups'. Already they're 'above' the stars 'n' 'spangles of the dance floor and want to be way, way up there . . . a part of the aurora borealis. Pretty soon the libido is practically orgassing.

Heavy liquor, or much liquor beforehand turns the 'up' into a soporific 'down' and so there you are, still at the airport—spacecraft grounded. Thus the manufacturers/processors of liquor have taken a tip from the new light trend in drinking. The alcoholic content, or 'proof' of liquor is being reduced to conform to modern

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QQ



The Gay Vegetarian

Why be a 50% lover?

By Don Tipps

As he neared ninety, George Bernard Shaw once lamented that he had discovered too late the hazards of vegetarianism. "It was my long dalliance with the carrot that ruined my sex life," he said ruefully, with still a twinkle of Shavian wit. "If only I'd stuck with hearty Irish Mulligan stew instead of carrots and cucumbers and other alphabeticals from the kitchen garden, what a clan I would have sired!"

Shaw's loss of sexual sack-time is our gain, however, not only subliminally in the great plays he found time to write, but because he pointed a finger at a little-known barrier to sexual aggressiveness: that the cult of vegetarianism (or to put it another way—a lack of full-amino proteins in the diet) puts a damper on enthusiastic follow-through of the sex impulse—now a widely-accepted medical fact that many gay guys will find interesting in the light of its identification with their sex problems, or vice versa.

How closely do you relate—as to extension of personality and sexual aggressiveness—to one or more of the following dietary characteristics? Slot yourself in. You may be surprised to discover that to a quite considerable extent you really *are* what you eat, and that a few alterations in your diet can dramatically improve your image, your sex-impulse/follow-through and your lifestyle/outlook in general. For example . . .

ACT. FR/PASS. GR

One of the most popular features of *Body*, *Ciao!* and *QQ Magazine* is the 10-page *Bonus Pull-Out of Personal Ads* through which gay guys of various sexual preferences correspond with compatible counterpart others. Riffling through these Personal Ads one frequently notes the code *Act. Fr/Pass. Gr*—indicating via such gay 'shorthand' that the author of the ad takes it in the mouth or anus but is unwilling or (presently) unable to return the favor in kind, or go 'all the way',

much, paradoxically, as he might like to.

How he painted himself into this corner is a fascinating subject that gay psychiatrists, or psychiatrists who deal sympathetically with gay people, have an answer for. It is, basically, that such a man is extremely shy—much the introvert. Of course, there are many psychological reasons for this (he may have been too long in the closet, and aggressiveness—for the moment at least—is too daring for him; or he may have had too few cruising opportunities to get the hang of fast give-and-take sex; or he may be self-conscious about having a small phallus . . . too frequently the reason for *Act. Fr/Pass. Gr* . . . an overreaction to it as being unattractive to a better-hung partner for *reciprocally aggressive* oral/anal sex; and, of course, there are some to whom it is simply a matter of choice). Nevertheless, there is a consensus of modern psychiatrists, who are also nutritionally hip, that *diet* has much to do with his problem, and can help solve it.

"Such a man," some psychiatrists say, "being gay, is therefore more body-conscious than are straights, and is too drastically the 'waist-watcher' and tends to eat either too little food, or vegetarian/low-calorie foods that will not alter his bodyweight or increase his waistline."

They believe that such people (gay or straight) who adhere to an almost totally-vegetarian diet are first *changed in general temperament*. The lack of aggressive vigor that is the result of a lack of meat-protein causes them to be quiet in temperament and to grow more introverted. Such individuals usually develop a distaste for working competitively, all-out, with others, although they perform beautifully and accurately on assignments requiring the most meticulous detail, when working apart. It follows that as this change in social withdrawal grows there is a feed-back into their sexual life/preference/style. And so it is all the more understandable that the *Act. Fr/Pass. Gr* of gay life is really a *shy* guy. And he may be just terrific, too . . . someone you'd like to meet and

know better, although he would be the last person to suspect this!

This is not to suggest that as 'one swallow doesn't make a summer' one pork chop will cause a gay monk to leap from his cell with a hell of a yell and screw all and sundry. But if one who is reluctant to engage in 'co-op' sex will review his diet, he may just find that it is lacking in so many of the elements that build confidence and aggressiveness.

Most 'today' diets are with-it in the need for increased protein. Most recommend 80% protein with about 15% carbohydrate and 5% fat. Just enough carbohydrates for energy and enough fat to help them burn more brightly.

If the mainstay of the diet is meat or such other high-amino protein foods as fish (with the exceptions of salmon, which is too fatty, or sardines, which are too oily), or fowl (with the exception of goose, which is too fatty), the was-waist of gay guys will stay all the waspier. So that should take care of one gay hangup. But best of all, one will feel so much more aggressive and 'on-the-town' sexually, which should help take care of the other hangup.

SENSORY AROUSAL

If you think our reasoning too simplistic, and that anyone who has a passion for raw carrots is *ipso facto* phallically stunted or sexually thwarted, it may interest you to know that great business corporations are placing much stock in what their consulting psychiatrists tell them about the eating habits of those they are about to employ. They are now testing the 'sensory arousal' of applicants, who are asked, among other questions, whether they are mainly meat-eaters or vegetarians. If you are such an applicant, and you advised the personnel director that you you have a passion for veggies, you would very likely be posted to some department of which research is the principal activity. Of course, this is assuming that you have other personal attributes and educational qualifications. Long ago, personnel managers of large corporations learned that the vegetarian (or 'picky eater' as the trade term goes) does best in

positions requiring special attention to detail . . . to very fine, very small details that less sensitive others might miss. And you, in turn, will find that in a short time you are doing quite a job for them. Of course, if you should suddenly develop a passion for sirloin steaks you can either expect to be transferred to another department or get the pink slip, because you'll have become—to their stunned amazement—a 'bull in a china shop'.

On the other hand, if in your *resumé* you confess that you can't pass a McDonald's without stopping in for a Big Mac, they'll feel quite sure you'll make it big in the sales department, or in some other department where gregariousness, congeniality, with-it-ness, enormous energy, drive, and ambition are required. Although you may little suspect it, they'll have you typed as a real go-getting swinger who'll fuck anything—who'll let it all hang out. You're the guy who'll give the greater impetus to the firm.

THE MILITARY AND FOOD

Of course the military establishment, always the die-hard last to give up the norm, the orthodox, the comfortable and the conservative, have finally gotten around to food-testing their soldiers, sailors and Marines. You may be surprised at some of their findings, although most concur with other tests.

1. *Big meat is in!* (As if we didn't know!). Tests show that big meat eaters make the most aggressive leaders. Says the brass, "The boys who are big on meat have greater zest for action." The Army likes dominant men, and meat makes 'em that way. (As if we hadn't learned that years ago!)

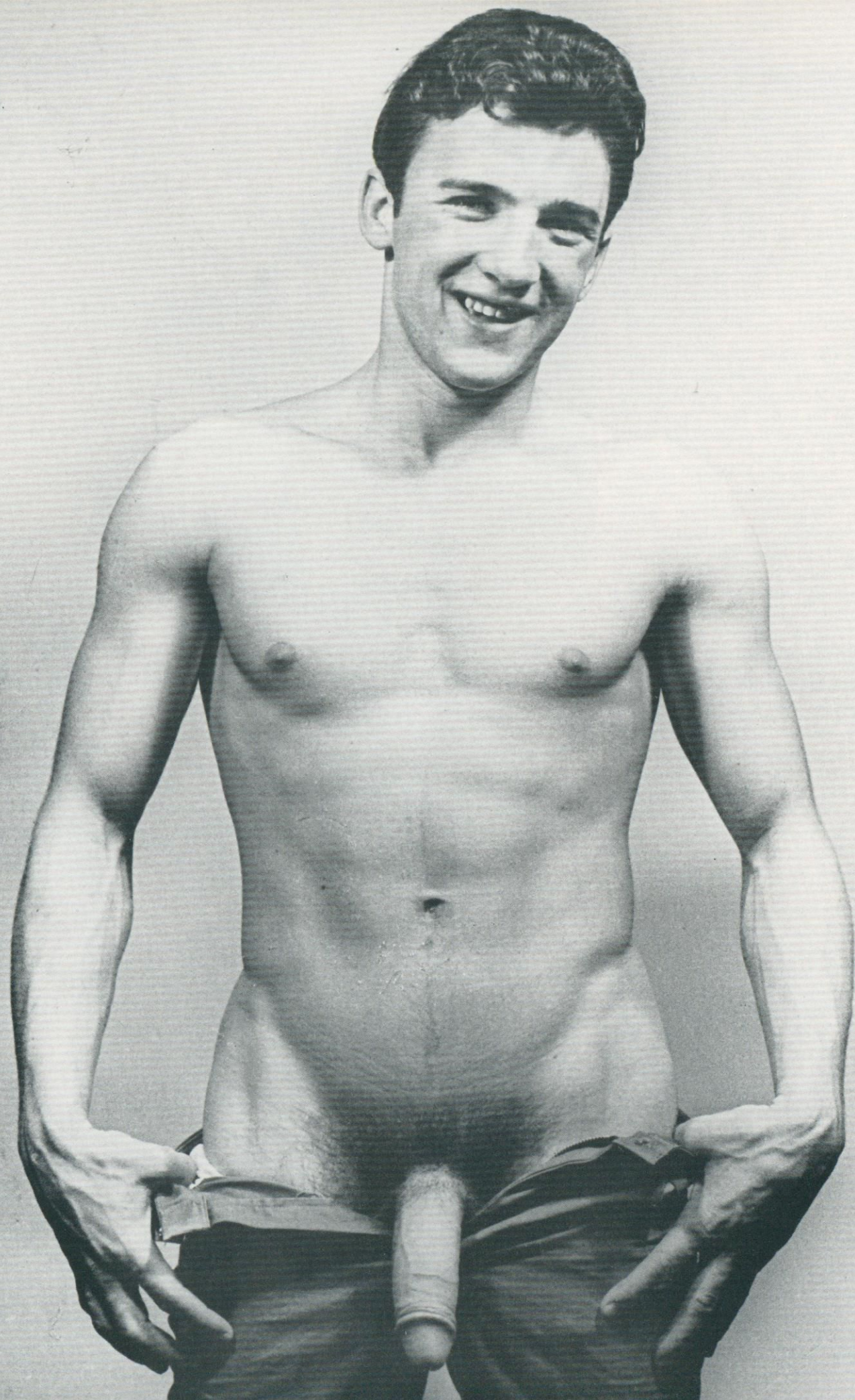
2. Those who prefer fruits and veggies are more likely to be reserved; the bookish type; lovers of art and music. They are less at ease in social situations, and not as competitive as meat-eaters.

3. The officer who has a yen for spaghetti and other starchy foods is averse to solving problems; has a sleepy outlook; is on the complacent side.

4. Salad lovers (meat and vegetable salads) are sympathetic, willing (Continued on page 51)

September/October 1976





Art For Everyone Your Print Collection

By Terry McWaters

GAY people are inherently lovers of beauty and, to a man, are creative in some individual way. So it is only natural for us to surround ourselves with beautiful and interesting things, and this extends to the elegant/clever in interior design, unique art objects and, when possible, with at least one or two good paintings.

During the past few years, however, good paintings have been in short supply. With affluent straights buying them more as an investment/security than for their intrinsic worth, many paintings have been stored until their market value rises to the highest mark, simply by reason of their scarcity . . . supply and demand.

An example of this is the art world's estimate that unseen works of Picasso are being held in reserve and will, in time, add about \$200 million to his estate. It is said that Picasso was a canny man with a franc and a hard man with a buck, and once he had learned that 'anything Picasso' meant money in the bank he never again threw away even an undotted 'i' or uncrossed 't', or the squidgiest squiggle of paint from his easel. Even his wastebasket was as assiduously 'mined' as a '49er panning for California gold. His friend, Gertrude Stein, noting with some amusement this Midas-like squirreling of his 'artsyfacts', was moved to observe that "Picasso could spread horse shit on a canvas with a trowel, call it *Ordure de Cheval*, and it would sell; not because it might be great art, but because the shit came from Picasso's horse."

THE BARE CUPBOARDS OF MADISON AVENUE

With leading museums buying up the greatest (and, in most cases, the largest) paintings with trust funds/bequests from wealthy donors, and with individual collectors grabbing the also-great but smaller-sized rest, the cupboards of Madison Avenue art dealers are growing bare. With few exceptions there is rarely a *vernissage* of just a single painter's works. Generally there are about a dozen of a particular genre or school by several artists, but these are so often lacklustre, and have been exhibited in gallery after gallery, they're now just one step from the flea market.

To illustrate the dearth of one-man shows and the dreary output of the painter involved—who actually needs a kind of gimmick to get even a fair attendance at his private showing before 'going public'—there was the recent one-woman show of silent-movie star Janet Gaynor (the first Oscar winner) who brought a clutch of her paintings (she paints flowers) to the

Wally Findlay Galleries on New York's West 57th Street. Although she was received with open arms by the noted invited guests (old-time movie stars galore, from the Garbo/Goddard era), no one bothered much to look at the paintings . . . each guest being geriatrically appraised by another ("My dear, you're really holding up well!"). Huntington Hartford probably summed up the critical opinion best with one word, "Competent." After the public was admitted, several of the works were sold, some, we heard, bringing up to \$10,000, which they wouldn't had they been painted by someone named Gaynor Janet. You pay through the nose for nostalgia.

There was the more recent example of Wyeth (Jamie) painting Warhol (Andy), and Warhol painting Wyeth. Another gimmick. Warhol was said to have complained that he'd taken the trouble to paint Wyeth on good quality paper, while Wyeth had painted Warhol on cardboard, "which will quickly dissolve." A mercy. Suffice it to say that it was not topnotch Wyeth, and as for Warhol, he never was.

GROW WITH THE ARTIST

Today the would-be collector of good art has two very excellent choices. First, with works by masters of earlier schools being few and hard to come by (and are often clever frauds), it is wise—and can be of far greater interest—to look around on your various vacations and see what young local painters are doing . . . painters who as yet have not been caught in even one beam of limelight. If you see something that really pleases you (the first criterion of any art purchase), buy it. Then go back again and again and study that artist's later output. In a sense, grow with him. Then, *through* him you may meet talented others whose works will please you just as much, and in a different way. Before you know it your walls will be hung with prized works.

For example, if Haiti is on the agenda for a gay vacation, you might reread the recent article in *QQ Magazine* on 'how to find', 'what to choose', 'what to look for', and 'what to pay' for Haitian art. While one usually thinks in terms of Haitian 'primitives', there are other painters who love this island and have taken up permanent residence here. Get out in the countryside and meet them. You'll find some real treasures.

Or how about Provincetown? Art is everywhere in P'town, along with gay sex. What pleasanter way to spend a vacation? Beauty, beauty all around you! Or Taxco, if you're planning

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Bicentennial



A Hot Dish With Cool

By Walter Norris

IN our patriotic zeal to help celebrate the 200th birthday of our nation it occurred to us that our special recipe for what we shall appropriately call our Bicentennial Chili might add just the right run-up-the-flag-boys touch, and so we shall gladly share it with you in this article. Now at first thought, a 'celebration chili' may seem odd to many, but when one remembers that it is a distinctively American food—along with hamburgers, hotdogs and apple pie—then the 'madness' in our 'method' is clearer.

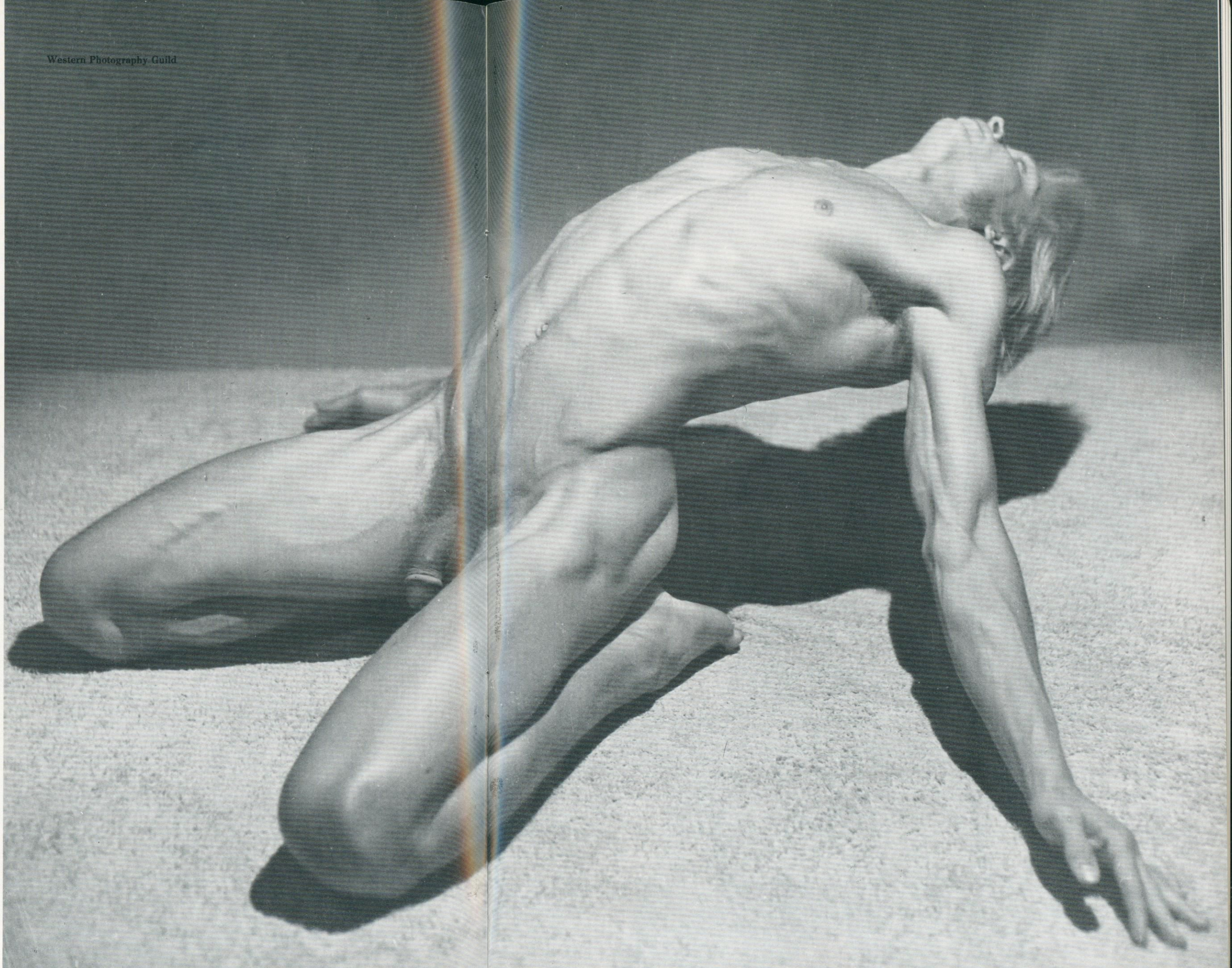
Chili is of wholly American origin, and although many believe it to be a Mexican dish that caught on and wafted its delicious aroma across our land, enslaving us all, yet it's really just the other way 'round. Chili had its origin a few days after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

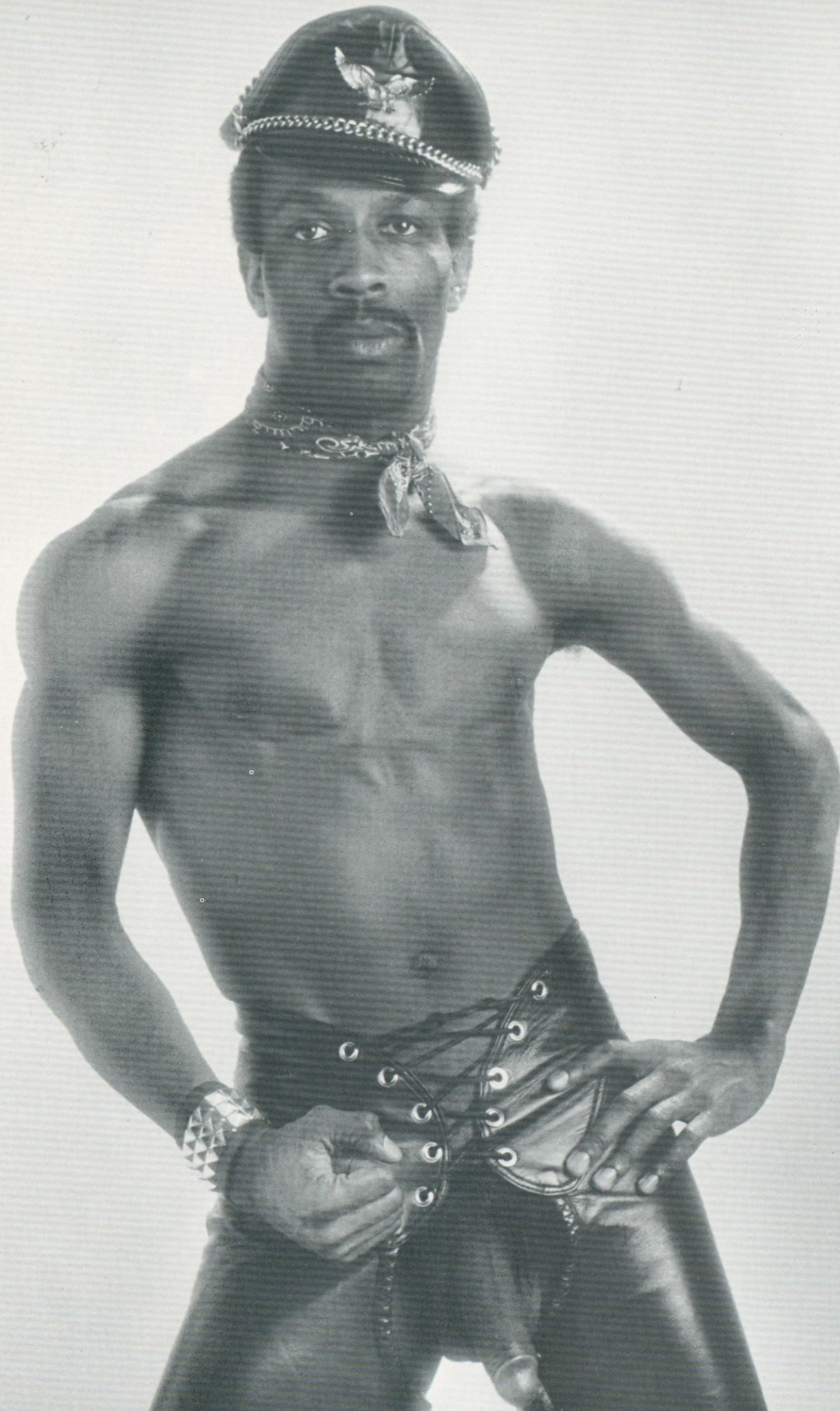
Having eaten the last-time-around turkey leftovers from our first Thanksgiving Day dinner, the Pilgrim Mothers set about preparing some other communally-cooked, communally-shared dish that would please the Pilgrim Fathers as they got on with the business of founding our first Colony. They had brought with them on the *Mayflower* some strings of dried chilies and some bags of dried kidney beans, and so with someone throwing in a little of this, and someone else her two-cents worth of knowhow, a very tasty dish resulted. Unsurprisingly, they called it 'chili'.

Chili, therefore, is of the same bicentennial age as our nation, yet it will always be as new as tomorrow because there are so many fascinatingly different ways to prepare it, and although it is truly a *national* dish, its popularity and viability stem from the many *regional* touches that enliven it and give it an ever-sturdier character. Whatever one does to chili only

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Western Photography Guild





FOLSOM STREET... San Francisco's Leather Lane By A. Jay

GOOD NEWS! All you leather studs will be glad to hear that "The Miracle Mile"—that funky ol' thoroughfare is alive 'n well and still throbbing with kinky fun. However you dig it . . . heavy, raunchy, way-out, or shades of in-between, it's all here in one horny package on Folsom—three blocks south of Market Street, running parallel with it.

Some of the uninitiated out there might ask, "What's so special about Folsom?" By day, it's busy and industrial; an active street lined with warehouses, nondescript businesses, small factories, showrooms, a few food shops, and weathered Gothic houses. But as soon as the sun sinks behind the hills of Marin County, Folsom strips down . . . puts on its heaviest leathers, raunchiest see-thru Levi's . . . and becomes the Leather Capital of the World. You New York leather devotees might argue that the Christopher/West Street scene, the heavy action on West 14th Street, or the funky traffic up on 11th Avenue are tops, but it all places a pale second. And what about L.A.? The leather scene there is dispersed, uptight (thanks to Chief Davis), and full of poseurs. When L.A. leather guys really want to let loose, they head north to Folsom. Yes, Folsom has it all-together. What makes it super special is that all the many bars, baths, after-hours watering-holes and eateries can easily be covered on foot. (Well, almost!) And if you insist on wheels, parking space is plentiful and handy.

There have been some recent changes on the Folsom scene, so if you haven't been South of the Slot in a year or two, you'll be in for a few surprises! I might add here that a few of the following establishments are directly off Folsom on adjoining streets, so getting lost is an impossibility. But to play it safe, I've arranged the following list as a kind of leather walking-tour of the street. We'll start at the Northeast end and work our way up . . . so slip into your favorite pair of Frye, engineer, or construction boots and we'll be off! And remember . . . last-call is at 2 a.m.

The Ritch Street Baths, 330 Ritch Street—off Folsom, near 3rd Street. This bathhouse is still one of the town's all-time favorites with a good selection of types. It's gone thru a recent face-lift. There is now a new shower maze, steam room . . . and if we can believe their new ads—a few kinky surprises! The place is open 24 hours, with plenty of parking. Rooms run in the \$4-\$5 range. Lockers are \$2-\$3. Buddy nights are Tuesday and Thursday with two bargain rooms going for \$6, and two lockers for \$3. Movies on Monday and Wednesday nights. Master Charge.

The Trading Post, 960 Folsom, between 5th and 6th. Nick, who owned A Taste of Leather above Febe's bar, has opened this large leather emporium. This leather department-store is comprised of six or eight special boutiques that carry *everything* from books, magazines (yes, you can get the latest *QQ* there!) leather/western gear, toys, to heavy racks, torture tables, hoists 'n cages. If you bring your own slave and camera, picture-taking is on the house. Cruisy movie machines are also available to members. (Fees are moderate.) Open 9 to 9.

The Slot, 979 Folsom, between 5th and 6th, across the street from The Trading Post. If you're into *very* heavy scenes, this is the tubs to hit! At one time all the rooms were equipped with some sort of rack, hoist, sling, mirrors, etc., but the management decided to redecorate, and some of the equipment was removed. Still, the place attracts a big out-of-town, raunchy clientele. You never know what far-out scenes you'll uncover here . . . everything from FFA activists, oily bodybuilders, jockstrap fetishists, uniformed studs, watersport enthusiasts, to just plain, everyday S/M action. Rooms run about \$5 and can be reserved ahead of time. Lockers are also available.

The End-Up, at 6th and Harrison. A super-popular disco bar with a great sound system, trippy lights and friendly bartenders. This glitz



A.J. Arrives on Folsom St.



Folsom St. Gothic



Ritch Street Baths



The Trading Post



The Slot



The End-Up



The Round-Up



The Glory Hole



The Tubs



Folsom Barracks



Hungry Hole/Playland



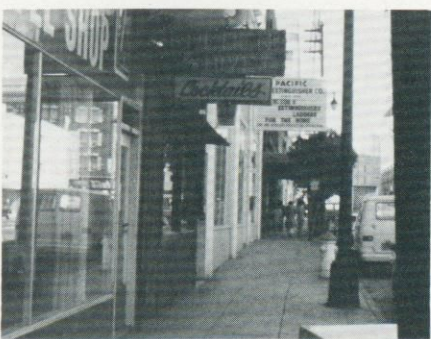
The Club Baths



Boot Camp



Ramrod



Golden Rivet

palace is a little out of place here in macholand, but one can forgive it since it does get the choicest meat from Castro, Polk and surrounding campuses. It also runs a jockey-shorts contest periodically, with cash prizes.

Harrison House Hotel, is located upstairs. The rooms are inexpensive. Young-ish guests. Call (415) 956-2676 for information.

The Round-Up, 298 Sixth Street at Folsom. A western bar that attracts all types. Since it is just down the block from the End-Up (and is owned by the same management), it gets much of that crowd too. A former Mr. America tends bar here . . . if you're into muscled.

The Ballroom, 6th Street, between Folsom and Howard. A very popular after-hours watering hole. Fun 'n games abound after 2 a.m. It might be a bit hard to find, so just follow the crowds after the bars close. It's more-or-less right across the street from . . .

The Glory Hole, 205 Sixth Street, between Folsom and Howard. A new bar with an unusual ambience. If your scene is glory holes, this is the spot to hit. A good place to let it all hang out. It draws some great-looking guys, so check it out.

The Tubs, 1015 Folsom, between 6th and 7th. A new-ish bathhouse that's open 24 hours, with 2-hour in-out privileges. The customers are mixed and groovy. You can get into some very interesting scenes here . . . especially late at night. Admission is \$4 or \$5, depending on when you go.

The Folsom Barracks, 1147 Folsom, between 7th and 8th. The new owners have taken some industrial strength Lysol to this tubs, and not a moment too soon! This place is one of the street's more popular attractions, even though the young, pretty ones have moved on and the crowd can get somewhat uneven at times. One dollar gets you a locker from 1-3 a.m. any night. Rooms available.

The Red Star Saloon, located right under the Barracks. This leather bar was one of the most active bars at one time (could it have been that connecting door

QQ

into the Barracks?). At this writing, it is being renovated and is scheduled to re-open soon.

The Hungry Hole, 1190 Folsom, between 7th and 8th. This leather/western bar is a new face on the block . . . it's holding as the Number One spot on the street . . . and is packin' 'em in. Fun and games in the back area that includes a long, dark, outdoor alley. A good place to cool off (a smile here) since on weekends it is crotch-to-crotch . . . and hot! The management hasn't licked the ventilation problem yet. Lots and lots of horny guys here.

Playland is a small, unpretentious hotel located over The Hungry Hole. The rooms are clean, handy and inexpensive. It's owned by the same people that have The Slot. For reservations, write to 1190 Folsom or call (415) 861-0874.

The Club Baths, 201 Eighth Street at the corner of Howard. (Not to be confused with the original Club Turkish Baths on Turk Street.) The Club Baths chain has opened this new spa in the old Technicolor Building, and is attracting a very large clientele of humpy beauties. The rooms are large and pleasant, with carpeting and dimmers. It also has the largest Jacuzzi this side of the Rockies. A lot of money has gone into this bathhouse and expansion plans are in the works. There is no sign on the building—just a large black door with only Master Charge and BankAmericard signs hanging over it. Lockers and parking lot available. Membership is not required—but it helps . . . especially on weekends.

Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant, two blocks off Folsom, between 8th and 9th. This was one of the area's most popular watering holes. But it had problems and closed. It has been fixed up and re-opened, and is again pulling in the grooviest of Folsom's leather-studs. Their slogan: Boozin' and Cruisin' says it all.

Note: For you guys into uniforms and cops, the California Highway Patrol is located just around the corner.

The Ramrod, 1225 Folsom, between 8th and 9th. This is one of Folsom's true-blue, hardcore leather (Continued on page 44)

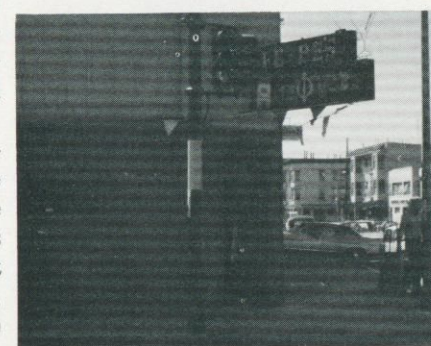
September/October 1976



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QQ'S MAN OF THE MONTH



JEROME
BY STUDIO G. POHL



BOOK REVIEW

With *The Fancy Dancer*, Wm. Morrow & Co., 287 pgs., \$7.95, Patricia Nell Warren has, I am happy to report, done it again. Like her earlier novel, *The Front Runner*, *The Fancy Dancer* ranks right at the top of contemporary gay lit.

There is, in both novels, a similarity of character depth, of richness of imagery, and of electric plot which grabs you and carries you through the very last page. Also, both books show a profound understanding not only of gays, but as well of what might be called their aesthetic mystique—a blend of humor, sympathetic understanding, and an enormous capacity for love.

As in *The Front Runner*, in which the author immersed her readers in the world of track (a field which she knows with intimate authority based on long, hard experience) here, in *The Fancy Dancer*, we are carried to the world of Catholicism in a small Montana town. It is, however, more as though we are given the whole state of Montana, for the seasons, the wheatfields, the flora, the people of Cottonwood, Montana, are placed before us with a vibrant sense of immediacy, providing the same fidelity to detail and truth which produced the above-mentioned authority.

In this setting we find Father Tom Meeker, the 28 year-old assistant to the irascible priest of Cottonwood's single Catholic parish. Tom is a serious young priest fighting for his parishioners by day, wrestling with his conscience by night.

This latter struggle is catalyzed by the appearance, in Tom's confessional, of Vidal Stump, handsome, of Indian heritage, out on parole, a hell-raiser, a fancy dancer—one who, in Indian adolescence, danced in traditional Indian garb (minimal) according to exuberant and exotic rites I suspect are at least as old as Tom's before the Catholic altar.

What eventually transpires between Vidal and Tom—and the effect on Tom of his passionate love for Vidal—is the meat of the novel. Vidal's intent, to seduce Tom, succeeds through persistence, and in the process Tom's concepts of homosexuality, of himself as a priest, and of himself as a man suffer a careful re-examination and a thorough reassignment of values, this last prompted by Tom's visit to the Denver chapter of Dignity, the Catholic homophile organization.

—Orlando Paris

There are, as well, sub-plots centering around a Mrs. Shoup, Cottonwood's book-burning bigot (whose daughter has been knocked up), an elderly pair of sweet Lesbians, and a younger pair of gay ranchers who raise mustangs. None of these interferes with the basic plot however, but rather they tend to lend emphasis to it, for it is in Tom's reactions to them that we come to know Tom, to like him, and to care what becomes of him.

The ending of Ms. Warren's novel is something of a surprise: no suicide, nor do the two lovers ride off into the Montana sunset together. However it is true to the characters created and in that sense it is honest, and that very honesty is the quality which makes *The Fancy Dancer* still another in what I believe is a new current of gay lit.

(Others are Laura Z. Hobson's *Consenting Adult*, Sandra Scoppetone's *Trying Hard To Hear You*, and the previously mentioned *The Front Runner*.)

Despite occasional flaws, all of these novels share *The Fancy Dancer's* honesty: gay characters have other dimensions beyond their being homosexual. The characters create and are influenced by the story lines—as in real life—as opposed to the contrived moralization of most earlier works. And, finally, these novels all show tremendous respect for the individual, be he gay or not, and the gay characters shine in their new cloak of everyday humanity.

That these three authors are women leads to interesting speculation. Could it be that publishers are more willing to accept the honest treatment of homosexuals from a woman on the mistaken theory that were it from a male author it might be considered propaganda in favor of gays?

Certainly a gay male writer can bring more depth to inter-male sex (or read Lesbian writer to inter-female sex), and one would hope this will be one day soon. For if there is a major imperfection in the four novels mentioned above it is in this realm. The three women all do well, surprisingly well—their lack of specificity is interpreted, I am sure, as delicate restraint—but I can't help wishing some male writer, honest, but at the same time realizing the potential for in-depth portrayal of gay sex, would come along and be proudly published.

That wish, however, may not be soon realized. In the meantime, the way to encourage publishers is to buy and read books such as *The Fancy Dancer*. If books such as these sell as they deserve to sell, we may see the next wave of good gay literature on the not-too-distant horizon.

The Fancy Dancer dances. Come to the ball. Have one.

HUSTLERS (Continued from page 7)

Other still unsolved and/or unresolved crimes allegedly committed by hustlers include the murders of John S. Knight 3rd, the newspaper scion, who was knifed in his posh Philadelphia apartment last year; actor Sal Mineo, the recent knife victim of an attacker in his garage (police suspect—on the basis of existing evidence—that the killer was a hustler the actor saw on a regular basis); director Michael Greer, strangled in his luxurious Park Avenue apartment a few months ago (he was found bound to his bedpost with a necktie—which at first led hip New York City cops to theorize that Greer was the accidental masochistic victim of an accommodating sadistic friend).

Prosecuting attorneys may have little trouble obtaining grand jury indictments in such hustler-murder cases, but the pitch of the defense attorney is as predictable as the sunrise: "My client was seduced by a dirty old man. Sure, it was wrong to kill him, but what red-blooded American man wouldn't fight to defend his manhood from a queer?" The women jurors dab at their tears and the men rise up stoutly to defend the purity of their sex. The victim, it is agreed by one and all, had it coming to him.

The dancer, the heir, the actors, the banker, the decorator and the photographer represent only well publicized cases. In others you have to read between the lines. "The victim was found stabbed to death at the YMCA . . . the body of an unidentified man found on the rocks below Land's End . . . last seen offering a ride to two sailors . . ."

Where mere robbery or beating are involved, the incidents rarely make the police blotter, for obvious reasons. Even if a homosexual is bold enough to risk the publicity, the police are likely to sneer at him and heavily stress his complicity in picking up the hustler in the first place. "That's tough luck, buddy," the cops will imply, "but next time get a hooker."

There would be no way to verify the estimate, but it does not seem an exaggeration to suggest that one out of every four or five American homosexuals at one time or another has suffered loss of property or physical harm at the hands of hustlers. Hustling thus represents one of the most widespread, yet least publicized and ineffectively prosecuted crimes in the nation.

Politicians use "law and order" as a euphemism for cracking down on hippies, Blacks and student protest-

ers, but blush at the idea of a man selling his body to another man. Social scientists for years have studied the institution of prostitution, yet the body of professional literature on male hustlers is miniscule. (A speaker who successfully argued for adoption on homosexual rights at the 1970 convention of the American Sociological Association cited "poorly authenticated studies and misdirected inquiries that argue that homosexuals and other sexual minorities are, by implication, weak or evil.")

The irony of the "poorly authenticated suicides" is that hustling is so obvious. Every city has its meat rack, and any gay guy who has been around at all can spot the hustlers.

- In New York they are on West 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues, and along 3rd Avenue below 59th Street.

- In Chicago, Bug House Square, not far from the Lawson Y and, of course, the Greyhound Bus Depot.

- In San Francisco, Market Street and Union Square.

- In Los Angeles, Hollywood Boulevard and the inevitable bus depot.

- In Miami, the 23rd Street beach.

Every city has its milk run, park or bus-station john. There is a definite pattern of cruising. Gay guys go out for an early-evening quickie, or after the bars close. Judicious and discreet conversation can usually separate the hustler from those looking for a legitimate roll in the hay.

It is difficult to define, but after awhile most gay guys tend to develop a sixth sense for distinguishing hustlers. It is certainly not infallible, as any older and wiser homosexual can attest, but often the nebulous hunch that "he just looked like trouble" has saved a guy from getting his teeth knocked in, or having his apartment torn to shreds.

In other words, it is one thing to cruise Central Park West, or Polk Street in San Francisco, and pick up a groovy guy, go to the apartment and make the scene. It is something else again to deliberately seek out and step into an alley with a guy who is so obviously a hustler he has dollar signs on his eyeballs.

Gay guys have long known how hustlers operate. Later Broadway and Hollywood were also to point up this in a series of then-liberalized films, plays and books that we've all seen or read during the past decade. Finally it got to the point where it was *de rigueur* to show just how 'evil' or dangerous hustling can be. You'll remember, or be reminded in TV re-runs that . . .

- In *Midnight Cowboy*, Jon Voight is such a comic failure as a professional stud with women that he ends

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HOT MOUTH.....\$10.95

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

up with a frightened schoolboy in a movie theater and later with an older salesman whom he beats, whether fatally we do not know.

• In the movie version of *Staircase*, Rex Harrison brings home a simpering faggot as a George-and-Martha ploy to humiliate Richard Burton. The faggot is shown tucking away some money as he leaves, whereupon Burton simulates suicide. The hustler in this instance is so god-awful that one wonders if both Charlie and Harry ought not to have done themselves in.

• In *The Detective*, plucky little Frank Sinatra tracks down the hustler-murderer of a New Yorker through the darkest byways of gay bars, orgies in truck trailers and gymnasiums. No Harry Chess, he.

• In *Flesh*, Joe Dallesandro seems as bored as any 9-to-5 commuter as he struggles manfully to keep it up and raise \$200 so his wife's girl friend can afford an abortion.

• *Last Exit to Brooklyn* has a hustler-drag queen raped and mutilated; the hustler-cowboy of *Boys in the Band* rather pathetically asserts that he at least tries to show affection; hustling in *Naked Lunch* is seen as one of the simplest ways a junkie can afford heroin.

The theme of all these portrayals is one of despair, degradation and hopelessness. Although straight audiences are now better informed, there are still many who are led to believe that gay life is ugly and psychotic; that hustlers are objects of ridicule and contempt; and that their customers deserve any harm that may befall them. How smug straights must have felt then (as many still do), hustler does not necessarily conform to reality. In real life there are hundreds of hustlers who fulfill their little unwritten gentlemen's agreement and scoot off to the next trick. With some it's a lark, like the Ivy League panhandlers on the New York's East Side. To the GI who is broke and needs bus fare back to the base it's a tradition as old as warfare. To most it's a full-time, albeit physically demanding, profession, lacking only union cards and coffee breaks. There is nothing terribly new or complicated about love for sale.

Flesh, in this regard, is probably the most realistic picture of a hustler's life. With Joe Dallesandro, hustling is a sometimes thing. This time it was because the little ball-and-chain needed some money, and in the Warhol context that did not seem any more improbably than the fact the hustler was married in the first place.

In *City of Night*, on the other hand, the hustler operates on a sharply contrasting compulsion. Once he

slides into the pattern in New York, hustling becomes his sole reason for existence. With a gradually increasing intensity, his desperation takes him to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and finally New Orleans, during Mardi Gras.

He does not always demand money, and there are indications he would like to develop a lasting relationship. But what makes Rechy's book so compelling and honest is that the hustler finally rejects the chance to receive love. The memorable last chapter finds him inflamed with mental and physical exhaustion. A remarkably attractive and benevolent Jeremy asks him to quit hustling and become his lover, but he is unable to. The die has been cast. He takes the money, walks away from Jermy and piteously asks why dogs can't go to heaven.

The personality patterns of most hustlers probably fall within the range of the shrug-of-the-shoulders nonchalance of *Flesh* and the quiet desperation of *City of Night*. It seems unlikely that many high school lads walk into the counselor's office and declare they will pursue a hustling career. It's merely a pattern that a guy falls into because it is simpler than, say, washing dishes at a Texas taco joint.

Most hustlers, in fact, are dropouts with four strikes against them. They frequently have run away from fragmented families are are unprepared to make a living in a complicated world not of their choosing. Jon Voight's rustic naivete about life in Manhattan illustrates the point beautifully. What else could a guy like that do?

The only requisite is a beautiful body. Like any prostitute, there has to be a concern about appearance. Dallesandro insists that his wife must launder his jockey shorts because "they like you to be clean." The clothing is usually fetishist—boots or sandals for the toe queens; smart basic black leather with just a touch of chains for the masochists; or, the most natural, military uniforms. Hippie attire, the collegiate look, or anything less than butch does not make it. There is a calculated slouch and disdainful appearance, as artfully contrived as any high-fashion model's. There is, in short, a preoccupation with the surface image which seems appropriate since there is so little personality underneath. It's all frosting and no cake.

Hustling, by definition, is a lonely profession. Any meaningful rapport with the trick is out, nor can he be seen too often with his colleagues because few customers are stupid enough to take two of them to a hotel

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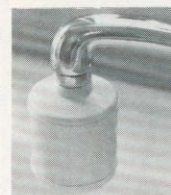
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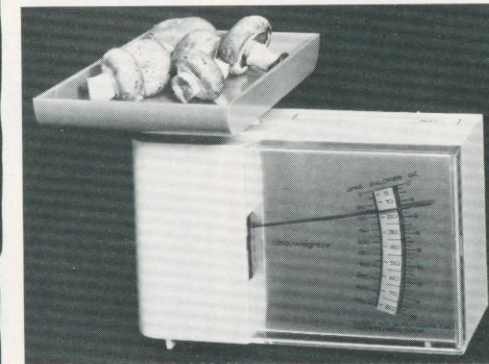
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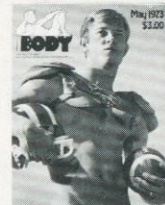
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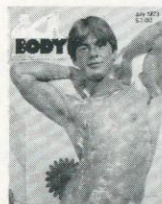
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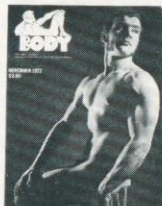
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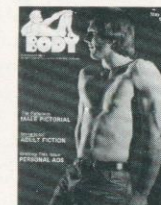


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room at once. So the hustler hits the streets alone at night. He may drop into a gay bar or cruise an all-night movie theater, or subway tea room. But he usually ends up very late at night, leaning against a wall, puffing on a cigarette, and moving along whenever the police drive by. There is, of course, no future in hustling. This year's trade is next year's competition. No matter how often he combs his long hair, it will fall out as surely as that of the older men who pursue him. Anonymous, and with nothing saved and no chance of job security, he faces the future bereft of a lover (of either sex) and without the consolation of having at least tried to make a romance work. Not for him is the mellowness of an old age recalling the grand passions and small tenderesses of loving experiences. His future is a cold cup of coffee at 4 a.m. at some all-night eating place, and the possibility of a heaven for dogs.

Another possibility, which may be both cause-and-effect of hustling, is the hard drug scene. Some addicts turn to hustling; some hustlers become addicts. In either case it means trouble for both hustler and addict. The sharp, juxtaposed, hideous images of the fantasy orgies and cold-water flat injections in William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* speak volumes on the subject. As for the customer, he need only return from the theater some night to find his apartment ransacked to know that hustling and drugs pose a heartbreaking combination.

Why do they do it? "Just for the money . . . I'm not queer" is the standard line.

It is, in fact, a cardinal characteristic of hustlers that they must never seem to enjoy it. To go down himself, engage in anal intercourse, or to kiss the other guy would be an admission that he is as low as the customer. Like the poor white Southerner who can imagine himself superior to Blacks, the hustler must always be convinced that he is not, thank goodness, a faggot like those who seek his services.

Typical is the scene in James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* where the two soldiers accompany a pair of older homosexuals to an apartment for sex, collect the money and then trot off to Honolulu whorehouses. In understanding the behavior of hustlers, it cannot be emphasized too much that this adamant insistence that they themselves are not queer is of supreme importance. It provides them, realistically or not, with their lonely little shred of dignity. Moreover, as will be noted shortly, it simultaneously provides part of their appeal to customers who share the

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fantasy.

A relatively recent addition to the hustling scene is the call boy service. Kenneth Marlow, in his campy but rather helter-skelter book *Mr. Madam* claims to have originated the first such service in Hollywood in the mid-1950s. The assertion seems anachronistic in light of Mary Renault's novels in reference to male prostitution in the baths of ancient Greece. Whoever began the custom, "massage" services are in full swing in almost every American metropolitan area.

A typical ad in a Los Angeles underground paper reads, "Masseur, 85% repeat, young expert, Persian rub. Men only. Reliable." You call the number, ask for some butch name and the answering service assures you he will call back promptly. Negotiation over the telephone about the price and nature of service to be rendered provides anonymity. Generally these call boys charge around \$35. A San Franciscan just recently complained that the "masseur" practically carried an alarm clock with him so as not to overstay his welcome!

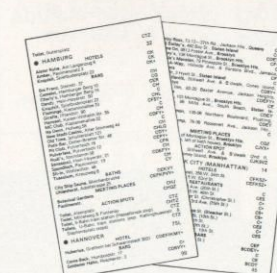
The advantages of a call boy service, as opposed to street hustling, are obvious. The client is assured of prompt trade by a generally young and appealing hustler. There is some security, in that the customer can always complain to the service—for whatever good it may do him—if the experience is unsatisfactory. There is the excitement of fantasizing about what the hustler might look like until he shows up. The hustler, in such situations, at least finds efficiency and security, attributes long cherished under the American free-enterprise system. It is not known whether male massage services have yet taken to giving Blue Chip stamps, as some San Francisco female prostitutes were doing earlier, but some do offer Master Charge.

A few months ago the New York City vice squad took it upon itself to pore over the ads placed by masseurs in a gay newspaper based in California. They compiled a list of masseurs operating in New York and made arrests. When gay community leaders protested, the cops explained that they were only trying to "protect homosexual buyers" from dangerous hustlers—many of whom had telephone answering services to help compile a list of johns for possible blackmail threats.

Obviously, "masseurs" are seldom a threat to their johns—if only because they are aware that records of the transaction are kept . . . an ad clipping; a telephone number recorded in a date book tucked away in a drawer; knowledge of the impending

1976 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY

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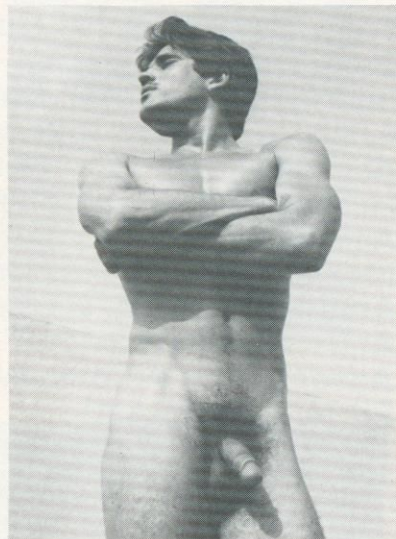
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meeting by a friend of the buyer, etc. In contrast, anonymous street contacts, where the hustler who means to do his john in, are truly dangerous situations for the buyer—because where the couple goes and what happens is known to them alone. This brand of hustler—so typical of those found in the seediest sections of town, frequented by both male and female prostitutes, can maim and murder and disappear into the night. This latest purge by NYC cops is puzzling—not only because it serves no purpose but also because it is such an outrageous waste of manpower and funds at a time when the city is on the verge of bankruptcy.

And who are the customers who respond to these ads for "Persian rubs," whatever they may be? It does, after all, take two to tango, and for every episode there must be a hustler as well as a customer. The clients may be categorized as those who are naive, old, or titillated by the idea of prostitution per se.

The naive are those who end up with a hustler by accident. And woe unto them, for the only good to come of it will be the rueful lesson learned. Deception and plain, old-fashioned horniness and greed fall into this category. Examples of unwittingly being taken in by a hustler can crop up in a cocktail party conversation among almost all happily-adjusted and fairly experienced gay guys.

• A visitor to Boston cruises a clean-cut, intelligent, well-dressed young man at a bar. He is, he says, an insurance salesman and tosses out enough comments about annuity plans and actuarial tables to sound convincing. They adjourn to the visitor's hotel room. The insurance man steps into the bathroom before undressing. He emerges with a knife and forces the visitor to hand over his wallet before fleeing.

• Two lovers who have an understanding they both can trick visit Omaha. One leaves the bar with a new-found friend; the other gets drunk and closes down the bar. He drives around the milk run until spotting two other guys who pull over in a car. Stupidly, he pays for a hotel room for the three of them. After sex he goes to the bathroom. When he returns the other two are dressed and leaving. Spotting his wallet empty he tries to stop them and gets slugged in the stomach for his efforts. He elects not to chase them down the hall and into the lobby as he has not a stitch of clothing on.

• A Midwestern professional man picks up a teenager loitering around a tea room. Neither has a place to go, but the teenager suggests a secluded

spot out in the country. They park near a corn field and turn out the car lights. Immediately another car speeds down on them and the teen throws open the door. Other youths jump in and start beating the professional man. Only the approach of another car prevents his being robbed or permanently injured.

The antidote for such episodes is as difficult to acquire: common sense. Never pick up two hustlers when you are alone. Avoid giving a hustler your name and address. Carry no more money than you expect to spend on a trick and leave all other identification except your driver's license at home, particularly credit cards. If a suspicious, yet desirable guy is at a bar, inquire of the bartender or friends whether he is a hustler. Some men keep weapons on them or in their car as protection against unruly hustlers or any other type of thief. One San Franciscan installed a mirror on his headboard and keeps a heavy crystal ashtray on the nightstand. His theory is, that in addition to providing a groovy visual aid in sex he can always smash the mirror with the ashtray and defend himself with a shred of glass! That may be a little dramatic, but his other plan of defense in case of an attack by a hustler seems more pragmatic; if there's any reason to feel threatened, bite him where you've just been loving him!

The problems of the older homosexual are more poignant. They feel—accurately or otherwise—that they can no longer attract sex partners. DeCesere, the New York photographer who was murdered, was 58, and Novarro was 69. Yet it is the glib and foolish misconception of the teenybopper to suppose he can "just pay for it" when he grows older. The schoolboy who tried to barter his books with John Voight is as much representative of the customers as the older salesman. Many older homosexuals manage to keep themselves in shape, cultivate a wide circle of friends, and find sex with their peers without purchasing the services of a hustler. It is unfortunate that many older homosexuals insist on making it with teenagers—which they usually must pay for—when, in fact, there are many attractive middle-aged guys who prefer older lovers. Many others enjoy the security of long-time lovers. It behooves all younger homosexuals to prepare for their more mature years.

Younger and attractive men, however, also patronize hustlers, and in many cases this is because they are, simply stated, dishonest men who do not trust themselves. They are dishonest because they fail to acknowl-

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If you are into masturbation then **ACCU-JAC** is for you. It is a professionally engineered massaging device that took four years of research and development.

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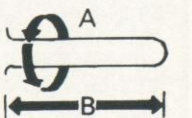
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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

edge their homosexuality, to be true to themselves. Skulking out to find a hustler, nervously checking into some dingy flophouse and shelling out \$30 or more is an exercise in psychological masochism which reinforces their self contempt.

In Rechy's book, and others, some customers seem to all but invite trouble. They'll leave their wallets out in plain sight and sob and beg not to be robbed. The talkative old salesman in *Midnight Cowboy* speaks of knowing he had it coming to him when Voight starts to beat him. Brought up to regard homosexuality as wicked, these men seek out hustlers so their act becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. The fallacy of their motivation resembles that of the closet queen who says, "I stay at home and feel lonely because if I went out I might be rejected," thus ignoring the fact that the only way to overcome loneliness is to have the courage to risk rejection.

The titillation of the whole mystique of prostitution accounts for some customers' motivation. It is simply easier to shrug off guilt feelings if one pays for sex. A man may be young and attractive, yet hung up on the notion that openly to give of himself—as opposed, that is, to giving money—is tantamount to being "queer." He can afford to get his rocks off, but cannot afford to chance falling in love. This attitude parallels that of the hustler's, cited earlier, to the effect that, "I'm not queer, this is just a simpler way of releasing my sexual tension. This is nothing more than a commercial transaction, therefore the social stigma is removed."

Polly Adler's delightful memoir as a madam, and more scholarly books about female prostitution cite similar examples of men who convince themselves that to pay for sex eliminates the onus of immorality. Thus a straight husband can see nothing wrong with visiting a whorehouse, whereas to seduce the neighbor's wife would clearly be a breach of morality. And the latent, or closetish counterpart would say that to pay a hustler for sex is not wrong, whereas to set up housekeeping with a lover would be a clear admission of homosexuality.

That such a rationalization is illogical makes it nonetheless meaningful to some customers of clients. Similarly, there are some gay guys who are thrilled by the idea of seducing a straight man. And it will be remembered that being straight is one of the most sacred, if inconsistent, principles among hustlers. The butch, straight image with its overtones of innocence ("I just do this for the money.") provides a big turn-on to

those who basically are nostalgic for their own uncomplicated, "straight" youth. It amounts to shadow hugging. "I yearn for my lost innocence," the customer may say to himself subconsciously, "and so I will seek out a reflection of it, even if I must pay to swallow the manifestation of it."

Thus the hustler's delusion that he is straight complements the customer's need for seemingly straight, super-butth gratification. And if both hustler and client would appear on a realistic level to be kidding themselves, to be fantasizing in an illogical manner, whoever claimed that human emotion was a rational thing?

The important thing is that both the hustler and the customer got what they wanted. At least what they thought they wanted. And it must be remembered, too, that it is easier to pontificate about the psychology of it than to come to grips with a painful and deep-seated problem. Hustling, after all, is here to stay. An awareness of the frequent misery and loneliness of the hustler's life and the omnipresent danger to the customer make the institution of hustling no less real.

What seems important is that there is more to gay life than hustling. Quickie sex in a cheap hotel room, compared with a full and rich life with a lover, is like drinking warm beer when you could have sparkling burgundy.

Say what you will about this generation—but it is quite true that the youths of today are less hung-up on physical good looks and age than their gay brothers who are 40 and over, and who grew up with a whole set of Hollywood Sparkle Standards and Values firmly implanted in their Tab Hunter days. Guys today are turned on by all sorts of things—particularly everything that's macho... and age is not a barrier. Nor is a scarred face—because there are other things to turn on to... subtleties that are as difficult to describe by a youngster as they are impossible to comprehend by an oldster. Suffice it to say that there truly is somebody for everybody—and if you doubt that, spend a couple of hours in a busy john and observe how opposites attract... even if you fail to understand why. Or relax at the baths—and observe... and see amazing things. If you prefer to find out without checking into a baths or cruising a john—simply read all the personals in this magazine and you'll discover that out there lots of humpy guys are looking for someone exactly like you. There are clubs for leather guys—where age is nothing to worry about. There are clubs for chubby chasers—where a few pounds of fat will go a

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long way. There are clubs for scatters—where a good healthy shit is all you need. There are lots of fistfisters around—where the size of your hole is all that counts. And if you have a whopper... you can be as ugly as a bag full of donkey dicks and you'll still make out! Fact is, nobody really needs hustlers!

The sweetest love is that which is freely given and received. Love, after all, is too precious to have a price tag attached to it. So, if you're paying for it and enjoying it less—take a good long look at yourself and the gay world around you—today's gay world where more often than not all cats in the night are gray... and every guy has an equal footing if he asserts himself in the sexual arena.

...

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

(Continued from page 15)

Ultimately this can lead to a big fall in blood pressure, and possibly to breathing failure.

ASPIRIN/CODEINE

If you are into orgiastic sex, it may happen that you will get into an odd position to accommodate a lover of unusual size or unusual accomplishments and get more pain than pleasure from it. Very likely you will have pulled/strained a normally less-used muscle and the resultant pain may not only increase, but hang around for days. You see your doctor who, well aware that the pain must be excruciating—but judging it to be of only a few days' duration—may prescribe one or two tablets of codeine to be taken simultaneously with two tablets of aspirin. Thus repeated, perhaps for a day or two, you are made comfortable and can continue your sexual rounds.

If the pain is protracted, however, you may find that you are beginning to suffer stomach pains as well—resulting not from the muscle strain, but from the aspirin part of your medication. Most doctors are convinced that taking aspirin frequently, or for more than a couple of days in succession, aggravates/irritates the stomach, often causing bleeding. Certainly the modern physician who knows or suspects that his patient has a history of peptic ulcer will not prescribe aspirin at all! This will surprise many because aspirin is consumed by the tons every year, and no home is without it in the medicine cabinet.

Very likely the physician will prescribe some aspirin-free painkiller

September/October 1976

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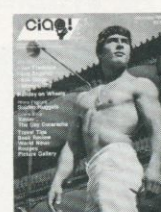
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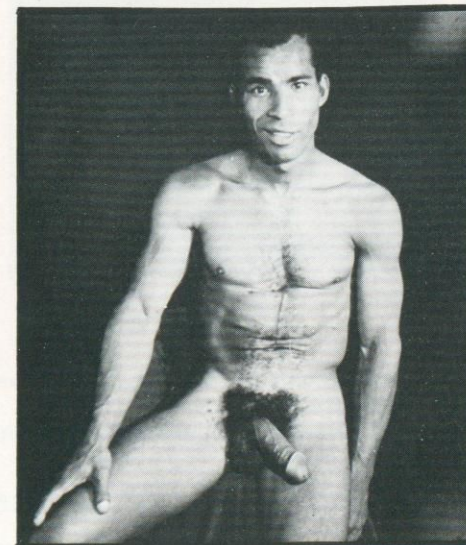
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No. 18 (Nov.-Dec. '75): All-Caribbean issue; see separate ad below.

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

CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

The December 1975 Ciao! is devoted entirely to the Gay Caribbean—including The Yucatan. Also covered are the Bahamas and Bermuda. Puerto Rico is the main feature—and gay life on 25 other Caribbean islands is exposed. Find out about little-known male brothels and where the sun shines bright on gay vacationers. This issue is virtually an Official Guide to the Gay Caribbean and because places change slowly on the Islands the information will remain valid for years. If you are a wintertime vacationer—send for a copy now. Supply is limited. Specify issue by date when ordering. Only \$3.50 a copy in the U.S.A., \$4.50 in Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 elsewhere.

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such as *Tylenol* (acetaminophen) to accompany the codeine pills. Some find Tylenol less effective, or less quickly effective than aspirin, nevertheless the risk of stomach irritation and/or bleeding is avoided.

Where aspirin-free painkillers are most valuable is in the longer-term pain of a herniated spinal disc, or in cases of chronic sciatica. (By the way, it's a good idea for the active sexist to do a few minutes of bending movements each day . . . toe-touches and the like . . . just to keep the spine flexible so that it won't be taken by surprise by some hair-raising sexy 'turn' (or turn-on!). Twisting the body quickly into an unusual and/or very stretched turn—when it is not in condition—can easily traumatize the sciatic nerve, the widest nerve in the human body. The resulting/continuing pain can keep you out of sexual circulation (or even normal body activity) for days or weeks. Obviously aspirin is a no-no for such extended cases.

But it should also be remembered that many painkilling compounds one buys over the drug counter contain aspirin (*Empirin* compound, for example, contains 3½ grains per tablet, a generous amount), or by prescription (such as the popular *Darvon* compound). In its simplest form *Darvon* is the trade name of a white

crystalline medication long used in painkilling formulae—propoxyphene hydrochloride—and in *this* form (the small *all-pink* capsule, not the gray/pink or gray/red capsule, which is the aspirin-containing compound in different strengths) it works quite well, and without the possible side-effects that some occasionally experience reactively (disorientation, or a temporary sense of great urgency to do something, a need to hurry, and so on). Ask your doctor about this so that, via prescription, you can have some on your medicine shelf.

ANTIBIOTICS VS. ANTACIDS

By reason of our unique sexual lifestyle, gay guys run into hygienic hazards, or hazards of infection, more often than straights. An antibiotic, particularly the popular tetracycline, is within easy reach of any gay individual's medicine shelf. We tend to take it every 6 hours for 2 days to abort certain real or suspected infections, ranging from the common cold to throat soreness that may be an 'exquisite perquisite' of sucking a true super stud. Tetracycline is a broad-spectrum antibiotic, as are aureomycin and terramycin, among others, and it is most effective in 'heading off at the pass' many a growing hazard.

The mistake so many make, how-

ever, is to swallow the antibiotic on schedule, and then, if a headache or upset stomach occurs, taking an antacid, such as *Alka-Seltzer*, or *Bromo-Seltzer*, *Di-Gel*, *Maalox*, or *Pepto-Bismol*, *Milk of Magnesia*, or even the popular *Tums* (surely one of the best medications for overcoming 'heartburn' and/or gastric distress).

What happens is that the antacid and the tetracycline 'mate'. They really and truly 'fall in love' and have such an orgy in the body that the antibiotic never gets around to stopping the infection, and the antacid never really gets with it in fully overcoming the gastric whatever. Actually/clinically, the antacid blocks proper *absorption* of the antibiotic, and so inhibits its effectiveness, so you are right back where you were, and the infection grows.

Moreover, there are certain foods that work in much the same inhibitive way that antacids do. These are: almonds; American cheese; buttermilk; Cheddar and cottage cheese; custards made with milk/cream; ice cream; milk (whole or non-fat); pizza (if it contains cheese); green vegetables (they contain calcium, the inhibitor in antacids, as do all the other foods listed); waffles (made with milk/cream); yogurt.

So if you take tetracycline, never take it 1 hour before, during, or for 2

hours after a meal containing any of the foods listed. And we again remind you . . . don't take antacids during the 2 days you take tetracycline.

Now inasmuch as tetracycline may give you indigestion, and will certainly kill all bacteria—good and bad—you will have to 'reflorestate' your stomach after the antibiotic session has worked its magic. Like a couple of days after. Now you'll need the very foods listed! Most gay guys have found that eating a pint or more of *plain* yogurt for a day or two afterward (in addition to the regular diet) does the trick beautifully. Those who don't care for yogurt eat heartily of the creamiest cottage cheese. Then, all things being equal, you should be back in the pink.

Tip: Hopefully, your doctor will not prescribe two kinds of antibiotics to be taken simultaneously, or even slightly apart. Different antibiotics do different things, and only a wildly incompetent physician (or a forgetful one) would prescribe such a mish-mash. Each might negate much of the work of the other. This rarely happens, but it is well to be on guard . . . mention it to him, just in case he may have forgotten.

It is not the intention of *QQ Magazine* to get heavily into more serious medical reactions, particularly when the reader may be a quite special case to his physician who, very likely, knows him intimately—having treated him for a long time, and whose symptoms/reactions are a matter of the physician's record and/or instant recall. But the examples just given are so much a part of the gay profile we thought it might be to our readers' advantage to mention them, and take simple precautions.

Stay well!

...

LIQUORS WITH A LILT (Continued from page 16)

drinking habits. This is done by adding distilled water to the liquor at its most alcoholic. Let's see how this has come about.

Whiskeys (Scotch, Irish, rye, bourbon). At the time of the original *My Fair Lady* those 'highball'-drinking gentlemen were downing 100-proof whiskey—meaning that the alcoholic content was 50%. The 'proof' listed on the bottle label is precisely half of the alcohol within.

A few years later a bar couldn't sell a bottle of 100-proof whiskey in a month. Too bombing, if you were drinking with others who preferred a lighter liquor. So those distilleries

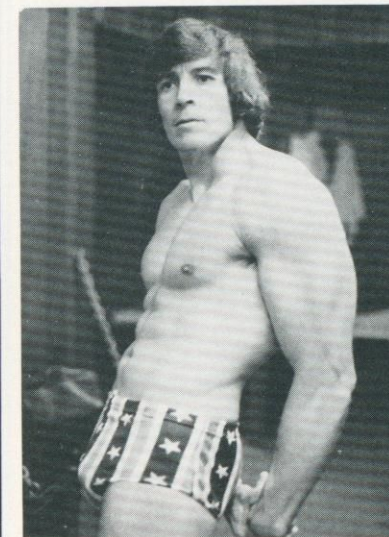
that had adhered to the 'pure' or 100-proof standard found that they were losing a lot of business to those whose whiskey had been 'altered'. From 100-proof, whiskeys of all kinds were first reduced to 86-proof. Now, in just the last two or three years, this has been reduced by popular preference to—in many cases—80-proof—or 40% alcohol. Older toppers, therefore, who still like to drink 'heavy' whiskey will have to drink nearly twice as much to get the same effect. There are, however, still a few brands that assay 100-proof. These are bottled-in-bond bourbons, such as Old Granddad, Old Forester, Harper's, and the like; and such quite-old Scotch whiskeys as Bell's 12, and Ambassador 12- and 25-year-old and a few others which, although they assay 86-proof, bomb the daylights out of you faster because of the aging. There will always be some loyal customers for them (at whopping prices!).

Vodka, for a long time, followed the line laid down by Mother Russia, where this potent liquor, made of potatoes, assayed a whopping 110-proof (even 130-proof!). Later this began to change. Vodka, no longer a product of Russia and Poland, reaches your Bloody Mary or vodka Martini from plants in New Jersey. It, too, was first reduced to 90-proof, then 86, and today many brands are on your local bar at 80-proof. Let it be said, as we have in earlier articles, that the Bloody Mary you get with your Sunday brunch will be vodkaless or nearly so. What you get is a lot of tomato juice gussied up with a disguise of many spices, and if you think you're getting a bit tiddy it's only in your mind. Your liver will never know it!

Tequila is still a relatively new drink to most Americans. Made from the Mexican cactus plant it also originally assayed 100- to 110 proof. If you were a 'pioneer' Acapulco vacationer on that gorgeous beach where those young doe-eyed, humpy numbers hadn't yet heard the world 'hustling', much less knowing what it could do for them financially, perhaps you first experienced tequila as the 'Mexican Itch'. You took—Mexican style—a lick of salt spread over your closed fist; squeezed a few drops of fresh lime juice on your tongue; then took a gulp of tequila. Wild! But *too*, if too many at 110-proof.

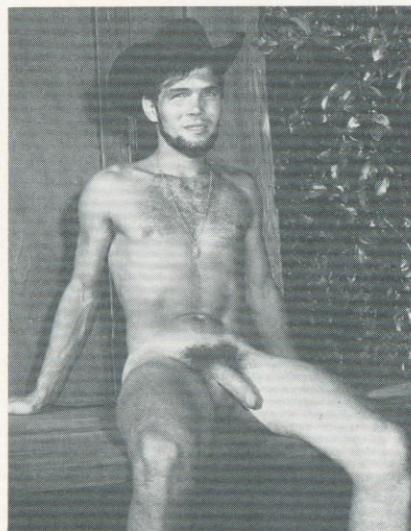
Today your cocktail glass will already have been 'rimmed' with salt. Then the tequila mixture of the Margarita is poured in, and although the procedure is not greatly different, the alcohol is. Tequila is now available widely everywhere . . . the proof reduced to 86.

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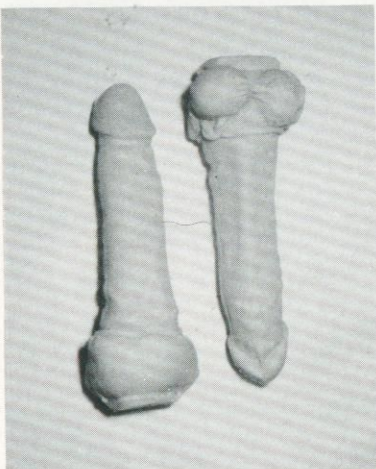
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By the way, there's another interesting Mexican drink done with Tecate (fine for light drinkers). Tecate is that unusually potent beer of Mexico. Comes in an iced metal container with pull-tab. Flip the top, sprinkle fresh lime around the can top, sprinkle salt over that. As you drink the beer you get the salt/lime and the effect is sheer magic. Like other foreign beers, Mexican beer is highly alcoholic, far more than our own domestic brands. So if you are South of the Border, down Mexico way-y-y, try the Tecate trick.

Oddly enough, gin remains the most popular of all liquors (except, as mentioned, wines—which are only 12% alcohol). There are still many gins that assay 100-proof, and most of these are imported from abroad—from die-hard distillers. But as mixed in the cocktails of today's lighter drinkers, the proof of most brands has been reduced to 86 or 80. The dry Gibson, made with 80- 86-proof gin and a tot of vermouth and a clutch of cocktail onions, is still—along with the climbing vodka Gibson, done the same way—the best-selling bar drink. Far less potent than it used to be, it is in line with what today's light drinkers prefer.

With light drinking in vogue, it is interesting to note how the liquor sales-picture has changed since the early 1960s. Sherry-Lehmann, New York City's famous liquor importers, have said that in the earlier period 75% of their business was in hard liquors, and only 25% in wines. Today this is exactly reversed. It's 75% wines and only 25% heavy stuff. Of course, Champagne, as a wine, has always held its own. But then, Champagne is essentially a celebration drink, and so costly (even if domestic) that only the well-heeled can afford to serve it often.

There is currently word going around about a wine 'hoax'. It concerns two of the most famous and certainly most expensive sherries—one, a cream, the other a milk sherry. The cream sherry sells for about \$15 a bottle; the milk sherry for about \$12. What's the difference? "Oh, lots!" many will say. "The cream sherry is so much richer and smoother." Why is it? Because it has been discovered that 'richness' is just more of what bartenders know as 'simple syrup'... dextrose, actually. Added to an otherwise quite ordinary sweet sherry, the syrup is what gives it that velvety feel and expensive taste. More of the syrup is in the 'cream'... less in the 'milk'. Poor fools we. We've been forking over a whopping sum for 'expertise'. By going to just a little mixing trouble with a \$3 bottle of sweet sherry, plus a tablespoonful or

two of simple syrup, we could have that 'ambrosia' that has always been priced for the 'gods'.

Gay hosts are discovering that in this era of liquors with a lilt it's wise to have several jugs of wines on the hospitality table—chilled whites and roses... room-temperature reds—rather than a battery of heavier alcoholic ammunition. Wine makes the conviviality moreso; and when it's time for the orgy... clear heads all around.

Besides... it's 'liquor-fingerin' good!

...

BICENTENNIAL CHILI (Continued from page 22)

serves to make it better—in a different way—thus chili is a hot dish that never loses its cool... no matter who's minding the back-burner. So wherever you have it, in each of our fifty States, it will be different as it is delicious, and delicious as it is different, if you don't mind a mixed simile.

For example, Boston's long-famous Sloppy Joe is a lineal descendant of the Founding Mothers' chili, and remains more-or-less constant as a more-or-less 'liquid' in a more-or-less sandwich... or 'manwich' as it is televisually hip to say.

'TEX-MEX' CHILI VARIATIONS

Contrast this with the 'Tex-Mex' variations of chili which are far from liquid. In fact, you can almost cut most Texas chili with a knife! This is because of the great availability of beef in the Texas area, thus more of it—and the best quality—goes into their *chili con carne*.

Also, in most Texas chili the meat isn't ground, as is the general practice with chili elsewhere. It is made of half-inch cubes of beef, with about 12 pods of fresh-picked chilies to each 3 pounds of beef. The chilies are the 'Mex' contribution to this regional chili. The chilies are boiled until soft in just a little water (the idea is definitely *not* to boil the 'hell' out of them!) while the beef cubes are being browned in a little fat. The seeds and skin are separated from the pulp by putting them through a strainer. Then the meat and chili pulp are cooked together with a little ground cumin and oregano, and a clove or two of garlic. If the mixture seems on the verge of becoming a little too thin and liquidy, a bit of *masa* or cornmeal is added to thicken it. Also, unlike most other chili variations, beans are added minimally. It's not that Texans are

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uptight about beans... far from it... they even have beans for breakfast! Also at every other meal. Which is why, since they regard their *chili con carne* as just that—literally, chilies with meat—and a dish uniquely celebratory and Texan, they go easy on (or omit) the kidney beans in preparation.

HOUSTON'S PATIO CHILI PARTIES

Over in Houston, however, hostesses get very elegant with chili. A typical example of Houston hospitality is the *chili con carne* 'patio party'. It's a wonderful idea for casual entertaining, and more's the pity more of us don't have patios to 'alfresco' it, too. Here, the almost-the-same basic chili just described is served. The variations are the addition of some kidney beans, chili-ketchup, and Worcestershire sauce... plus, mind you, fresh hot chili peppers! With the chili, the hostess generally serves fresh sweet onion rings, pickled *jalapeno* chilies, corn muffins and ice-cold fruit punch.

The lesson to be learned from this is 'the hotter the chili, the sweeter/colder the drink to be served with it'. Some serve iced tea, others serve iced Coke or Pepsi, or the 'diet' versions of the same. What simply does not mate very well with chili—with the exception of one or two variations—is wine. Wine somehow throws chili 'out of sync'. Cold beer goes well with this dish—some like iced coffee. On the other hand, hot coffee, like wine, seems to throw most chili variations out of focus. It causes it to lose character, and one to lose interest in whatever its unique style of preparation.

CHILI—AND THE GAY HOST

It may be of some service to the gay host to suggest that he make a point of having several different kinds of ice-cold carbonated drinks within easy reach of his guests. Ice up a lot of cans of Coke, Pepsi, Dr. Pepper, ginger ale, or their alternate diet counterparts... whatever one prefers. Not only do all these iced carbonated drinks pep up the chili—bringing out little nuances and overtones one might otherwise not experience—but they serve a baser, albeit quite human, need, most satisfactorily.

As we all know, beans are a very farty food, and if carbonated drinks are sipped along with the chili, the inevitability of frequent, uncontrollable anal 'blipp-p-ps' and 'wupp-ps' is averted. There will be no need for hurried, chain-fashion trips to the bathroom to "let 'er rip!" Any slight oral burp can be stifled delicately at birth via a napkin, thus preventing

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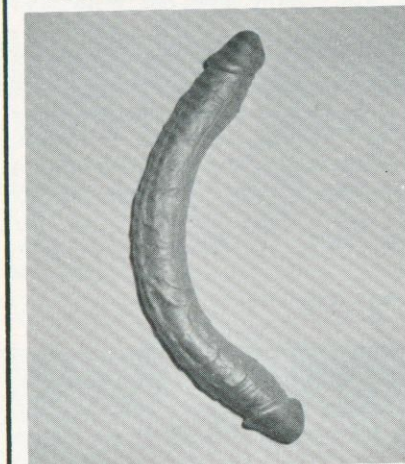


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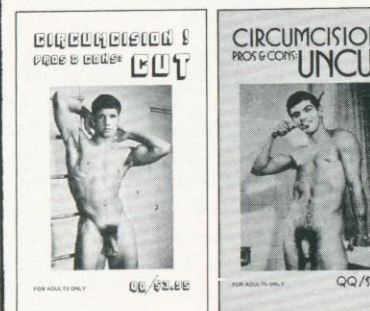


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the forcing of air into the intestine. We have learned by uncomfortable experience that when the gut is gassy, the orgy usually turns out to be more pain than pleasure, not to mention the torture of red-faced embarrassment. With such 20/20-vision foresight, the host can look forward to his chili party without fearing that the walls will come tumbling down. With or without patio, a chili party is a wonderful way to extend one's hospitality at any time—winter or summer. As mentioned, however hot the chili, it always keeps its cool.

CAJUN CHILI

Somewhere in the Cajun country of Louisiana, not far from New Orleans, rice and spaghetti, or—more accurately—rice or spaghetti was first added to chili. While basically this may have been of necessity to add volume to a meal—particularly in the case of a husband and wife with many little mouths to feed (the same is often said of beans), nevertheless, rice or spaghetti really enhances so many variations of chili, and—oddly, as the exception to the rule—a very cold white wine goes with it. Perhaps it's the Italian in the spaghetti or the Japanese in the rice that elicits this gustatory response. So if your hospitality chili is going to be Neapolitanized or Nipponized you might as well have a really cold bottle of something like *Fazy-Battaglia verdicchio* on hand.

The Cajuns, who can't stand any food unless it is cooked in Hell, are even stronger on the chilies than the Tex-Mexers. If you are ever down this way, try it. It's absolutely unbelievable! And hot? It's hot enough to burn out even a case of third-degree clap!

THE CHILI CAPITAL OF AMERICA

Cajuns, working as chefs on the turn-of-the-century (later to be excursion) Mississippi River steamboats, such as the *Delta Queen* (no transvestite she!), introduced their special chili to the gourmets of Cincinnati—the last stop on the trip, after moving from the Mississippi to the Ohio. What they did was to make Cincinnati a haven of chilicultists.

Since then, many emigrants of European countries have added their talents to varying Cincinnati's chili, and the result is now that there are more different varieties of it in that very gay town than Howard Johnson has ice-cream flavors. All these chilis have been extolled in other magazines, but we should like to suggest that when you are in town you try the fare at both the Empress and the Skyline Chili Parlors. At least try an Empress chili dog and wash it down with root beer. Root beer? Right,

guys . . . in Cincinnati it's chili and root beer with just about everyone. Especially with any of the varieties at the Empress or Skyline.

Here, some patrons actually drink coffee with their chili—it's so special even coffee can't hurt it.

At the Empress the menu consists of five special chilis . . . One-Way Chili (plain or basic chili) . . . Two-Way means that chili nestles on a bed of spaghetti . . . Three-Way is topped with grated cheese. Four-Way Chili is capped with onions, while #5 gets you the full bean treatment. You'll find these chilis quite an experience, and may want to repeat it soon. You'll discover that some of them, especially the Skyline brand, are available commercially in department-store food sections or in gourmet food shops. They can be easily prepared for serving with a minimum of skill and effort.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

QWQ SON

SAY



"Clairvoyant who practices fellatio known as 'seersucker'!"

OUR BICENTENNIAL CHILI

As we promised you at the beginning of this article, *QQ Magazine* has a recipe for an easy-to-do-chili that will delight all your guests, and make them call for seconds. It takes only a few minutes to throw together and

should be left to simmer just long enough for your guests to down a few drinks. It's inexpensive, too . . . five dollars should cover the cost of the ingredients in the mixture. Here's what you'll need:

- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 lbs. lean ground chuck
- 2 very large onions, cut up
- ½ teaspoon dried oregano
- 4 garlic cloves, minced
- ½ teaspoon ground black pepper
- Salt to taste
- 1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
- 1 16-ounce can whole tomatoes
- 1 tin (1 1/8 ounces) chili powder
- 1 16-ounce can red kidney beans

Coat the bottom of a very large skillet with olive oil. Add chuck, onions, oregano, garlic, pepper, and salt. Cook over low flame for about 15 minutes, breaking the meat with a fork while mixing the ingredients. When the onions are translucent and the meat has been thoroughly broken up and browned, add the tomato sauce, tomatoes (with juice), and chili powder. Blend, breaking the tomatoes with your fork. Add the kidney beans (with some juice) and stir in. Cover and simmer for at least a half hour, preferable an hour, stirring every 10 or 15 minutes. Serve with garlic bread and a green salad. Recipe makes enough for 6, or 4 big eaters. Leftover portion can be refrigerated or frozen and heated later.

Note, please, the indication of garlic bread for the chili. There are few breads that do justice to chili. Garlic French bread is one that does. In many areas the preferred 'push-bread' is the plain soda cracker . . . Ritz crackers . . . cornbread, as noted in the Tex-Mex chili . . . and even just plain Melba toast. What can ruin a chili service is flavored bread, such as rye or pumpernickel. Some hosts just put out a big bowl of oyster crackers, and this serves beautifully. Also those round 'sea wafers' or 'sea biscuits' one customarily finds on the table in seafood houses.

And remember, the chili you cook today will taste even better tomorrow if you fridge it overnight. It seems to marinate in its own delicious goodness, and gets all the better. So when preparing it, make lots . . . Seal-A-Meal it, and you can have a Bicentennial Celebration whenever you like.

Enjoy!

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FOLSOM STREET UPDATED (Continued from page 27)

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No. 36: July-August 1975 (Vol. 7, No. 4)—Some of the articles are OVERCOMING REJECTION; W.W. II GAY NOSTALGIA; GAY LIFE ON THE METRIC SYSTEM; WORDS TO MAKE OUT; MANILA

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many. If you're into serious S/M action, stop here! *That's an order!* Feature films (the straight kind) are shown on Sunday afternoons and Monday/Thursday evenings.

The Golden Rivet, 154 Ninth Street, between Harrison and Howard. One of the new bars in the neighborhood with a pleasant ambience of plants and informality. It's where Castro cowboys meet Folsom leather. Also very popular at midday with business-types and locals.

The Ambush, 1351 Harrison, between 9th and 10th. This leather bar has become very popular with some very, very humpy studs, and many say it's the atmosphere 'n the super sound system. Also, a few heads find this spot a big turn-on. There is a small toy shop located upstairs just in case you forgot your cock ring or popper juice.

The Bolt, 1347 Folsom, between 9th and 10th. (Formerly the No-Name.) This new macho bar is another hot contender for the leather/Levi set, and it is running neck-to-neck with The Hole in popularity. Before The Bolt opened, rumors persisted that it was going to be a dance palace! But fortunately for all, cooler heads prevailed. The new decor—a construction site—is pure funk, and it works! So wear your hole-iest t-shirt, jeans 'n work shoes, and you might

brush against some sweaty, muscular hard-hat in the dark back corners. The management hopes to have *live* wrestling soon (an entertainment license is in the works), so all you aspiring and perspiring grapplers take note. The Bolt also has the hunkiest bartenders on the block!

Fe-Be's, 1501 Folsom at the corner of 11th. Another heavy leather bar, small and crowded, that seems to draw the butchest of the over-30 guys. The cruising here is serious. Popular Sunday brunches. Draft beer is 10 cents from 4 to 10 p.m. Canned beer is 40 cents from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. Check A Taste of Leather shop upstairs.

The Stud, 1529 Folsom, between 11th and 12th. This bar gets a nice blend of hip heads into funky trips, and young, butch leather.

The Covered Wagon, 278 Eleventh Street off Folsom. At one time this was infamous for its after-hours action, rooftop pool 'n deck (members only) and its *alfresco* after-hours action. But The Wagon's popularity has slumped (check The Ballroom) and now its status is uncertain.

Hamburger Mary's, 1582 Folsom Street, between 11th and 12th. This popular eatery is an oasis in the middle of all the frantic Folsom action 'n dishes out nourishment all hours day and night. The hamburgers here

do taste good after hours of boozing . . . and who knows? This might be the spot where you finally catch up to that tattooed mysterious stranger you've been eye-balling all night!

Cissy's Saloon, 1590 Folsom, between 11th and 12th. Another popular pub that attracts all types and ages. On some busy nights the crowd looks like a Tom of Finland drawing.

Folsom Prison, 1898 Folsom at 15th Street. The wildest and butchest of all the Folsom's heavy leather watering holes! The auction block has been replaced by a larger john . . . and the action in there can get *very* wet and funky! The Prison's new weekend hours: opens at 6 a.m. Saturday, Sunday and holidays.

Le Domino, 2742 Seventeenth Street at Florida (626-3095). This gay French restaurant is not far from The Folsom Prison. It's very popular with the locals, although not too many visitors know of Le Domino because of the location. The decor is warm, friendly and relaxing. The service is efficient and unobtrusive. And the food is superb! (You'll be surprised to find how moderate the prices are, too.) Dress is casual and reservations are a must at all times. A bar (piano) and cabaret (weekends) are located downstairs. Ample parking. Closed Sundays.

Miscellany: Anyone who is hot for a

tattoo can be accommodated at *Lyle Tuttle's* famous studio and museum at 30 Seventh Street, not far from Folsom. Admission to the museum is \$1 and hair-raisingly worth it!

The only place to be seen for Sunday brunch . . . and to find solace for that hangover . . . is the *527 Club* at 527 Bryant, near 4th Street. It's a large, rambling restaurant/bar with an outdoor patio. This place gets very leather-busy since the food is good 'n plentiful. The atmosphere here is also very relaxed. Don't forget to check-out the groovy waiters 'cause this is where the ripped-levi look got started. 'Steak-and-date' night on Monday, when two can eat for \$8.

If you gotta pump that iron before hitting the bars, try the *Apollo Health Spa* at 851 O'Farrell. It's a gay gym run by a bunch of very friendly guys. You can work out in the raw, if you like, and enjoy their Jacuzzi and steam room. Moderate fee. A short time membership can also be arranged.

One of the best gay bookshops anywhere is the famous *Le Salon* at 1118 Polk. Soft and hard. Porn galore . . . including all QQ publications. Great management.

And now, where to stay? If you are driving, the Folsom area does have some motels (straight) in the immediate vicinity; Travelodge on 7th near Folsom; Western's Francisco Civic Center, and the Baywood, both between Harrison and Folsom; Western's Americana on 7th and Mission; and a Holiday Inn at 8th and Mission. The following popular-with-gays hotels are also near the Folsomscene:

The Bunkhouse, 38 Washburn. Inexpensive. Young clientele. Rooms must be rented by the week or month. No one-nights.

The Federal Hotel, 1087 Market. Clean and reasonable. Convenient to all the bars and transportation.

Harrison House. (See above.)

Mark Twain, 345 Taylor. Downtown. Not that gay, but the management is understanding. Across from the airline terminal.

Playland. (See above.)

National, 1139 Market Street. A convenient hotel with 100 or so clean rooms.

Grand Southern Hotel, 1941 Mission Street, between 15th and 16th Street. The newest one in town.

The Turk Street YMCA, 351 Turk Street. The ol', notorious Embarcadero now has a very tight security, so if you want a cheap room . . . try this Y. It's not that far from Folsom or Polk. And who knows what adventures might happen in the shower room?

Well, dudes, that's it for now. Here's hopin' you have a ball on September/October 1976

Folsom. But then, how can you not help it? Drop me a card and let me hear how you made out. And remember those famous words of Harry Chess's . . . "When in doubt, piss in his mouth!"

Ed. note: For the complete gay scene in San Francisco, see the current June issue of Ciao! magazine, out wherever you buy this magazine—or send \$3.50 to QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001 for a copy . . . before your trip west!

• • •

COSMETICS CAN BE KILLERS

(Continued from page 8)

ingredient of certain 'anti-bacterial' anti-body-odor soaps for many years. You may not have noticed that it is disappearing from them, too.

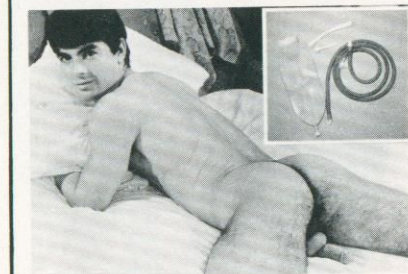
According to the *News* report, not only was this chemical being used in soaps, but in many cosmetics (which would include many men's 'skin aids'). Three consecutive studies, especially one conducted by an FDA physician, had demonstrated the link between hexachlorophene and brain lesions, but the FDA and the cosmetics industry argued over the validity of the tests for months. (Or get all the bucks while you still can!) It was only after the tragedy of the French infants that pressure was brought to bear on cosmetics containing this chemical. Some hexachlorophene products are still around, however, with minimal amounts . . . still too much. Examine the label of any soap or product to see if it is listed. If so, avoid it like the plague.

COSMETICS THAT 'CIRCULATE'

As the *News* puts it, "It appears that we not only wear cosmetics but we also circulate them through our bloodstream. No one knows what could be the effects of a lifetime with Right Guard deodorant or Prell shampoo pumping through our veins." Heinz Eiermann, the FDA's top cosmetics expert, doesn't know, nor do the cosmetic companies. Indeed, most of the 25,000 cosmetic products on the market have never been tested for reaction to prolonged use. Some believe that the danger of chemical circulation through the body begins with the scalp . . . via

Shampoos. Shampoos are many and varied as to purpose, and each has its own 'secret formula'. That is, until recently, when the FDA began requiring exact labeling of contents. All well and good, but if one studies the label of just one shampoo, Clairol

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.

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Shampoo ("gentle color care for blonde shades"), and reads the listing of ingredients therein, one will discover that the 'secret formula' is still just that—*secret*. At least as far as the layman is concerned. It contains, according to the label: *lauramide deadea lauryl sulfate* . . . *hydroxpropyl cellulose* (We take this to be a hair thickener.) . . . *dea lauramino propionate* . . . *diamethyl octynediol* . . . *sodium lauraminopropionate* (Laura, Laura everywhere . . . maybe "Laura, the face in the misty light?") . . . *disodiummedia* . . . *fragrance* . . . *p-chloro m-xyleneol* . . . *quaternium-6* . . . *FDC blue #1* . . . *DC violet #2* . . . and water (well, at last . . . we thought you'd never get here!).

Obviously Clairol has conformed strictly to the law, but to what avail? What customer would know what the ingredients are/do? How can one know whether any are absorbed into the body percutaneously (through the skin)? Do they cause cancer? Do they create gene mutations? Even though each ingredient may be as pure as the driven snow, why should the purchaser be left in the darkness of total confusion?

Many cosmetics have been recalled by the FDA because they contained vinyl chloride, which is known to have caused liver cancer in factory workers. Ordinarily, the FDA can act only after people report damage. They just can't go in and keel-haul a cosmetics plant without some kind of complaint. Thus pre-sale testing is *not* required for cosmetics.

According to the *News* report, in the past two years 108 FDA recalls have included Evelyn Marshall's *Creme Wash Cleanser* (it had elemental mercury content), Natural Organics' *Nutritional Skin Cream* (bacterial pseudomonas contamination), Avon *Clearly Gentle Baby Cleanser* (bacterial contamination), *Luzier* (a division of Clairol, Inc.) which had mold contamination.

The obvious answer to cosmetic doubt is to use cosmetics or bath accessories that are of natural origin, as they occur in nature, without 'oxidizing' or 'lauramaying' them. Which is why we are delighted to bring to your notice the thoroughly natural, wholly hygienic and most effective new technique of

CLEANING WITH CLAY

A French firm, Pierre Cattier, has developed a small line of safe cosmetics that can be used to excellent effect by both women and men. The basis of these cosmetics, which include a most excellent soap, shampoo, and an unusual toothpaste which comes in mint and anise . . . the

bases of these cosmetics are *green clay* and *seasalt*. The green clay is called *argile* in French; it's from the sea, as is the salt, and just may do for cosmetics what the discovery of sea kelp has done to make better health foods.

There are two kinds of the soap. Very generous, long-lasting bars of each. *Argimiel* is gray in color (no colors/dyes are added to the products) and is made of clay, honey and olive oil. The honey content is so generous as to have a most beneficial effect, particularly when one bathes in the shower. The rinsing process takes somewhat pleasantly longer than other commercial soaps, and thus a gentle massage of the face and body—extended for a longer period to one's cosmetic/hygienic advantage—is not only possible, but a natural follow-through. *Algoli* is the other soap, made with seaweed and olive oil. It is natural in color.

Moussargile is a fantastic shampoo that all men should love because it must be the speediest shampoo of all. It is made of the clay and fermented lactics. How instantly clean the scalp feels! No time for it to penetrate percutaneously through the scalp. Dirt and oil off, pronto!

Dentargile—the toothpastes, are also made from clay and seasalt. Their bland and balancing action cleans teeth gently and invigorates the gums. You'll like Mint, of course, and Anise should come as a delightful surprise. Each is a real experience.

These products are available from Good Life Products, Inc., Suite 1500, 2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001. The prices of the cosmetics are as follows: *Argimiel* or *Algoli* soap, 3 cakes for \$5 . . . 6 cakes for \$9 (and you may mix your order with both soaps). *Moussargile Shampoo*, for oily or dry hair (and please specify) is \$3.50 for 3 1/2 ounces, or 7 ounces for \$6.50. *Dentargile* toothpaste, in either Mint or Anise (you may mix your order) costs \$2.00 for 1 tube, or 2 tubes for \$3.50; or 3 for \$4.75. These are sent postpaid by Good Life Products, who are real modern pioneers in discovering better things for better health and better looks.

Give them a try . . . you're in for a treat!

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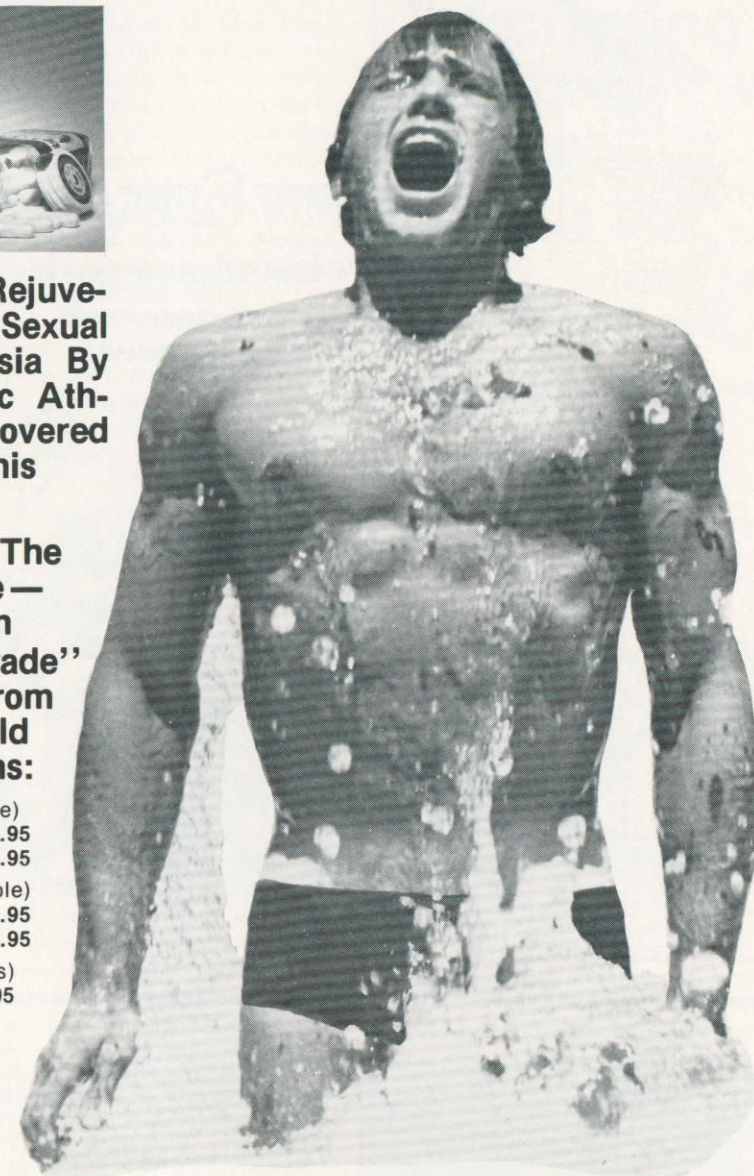
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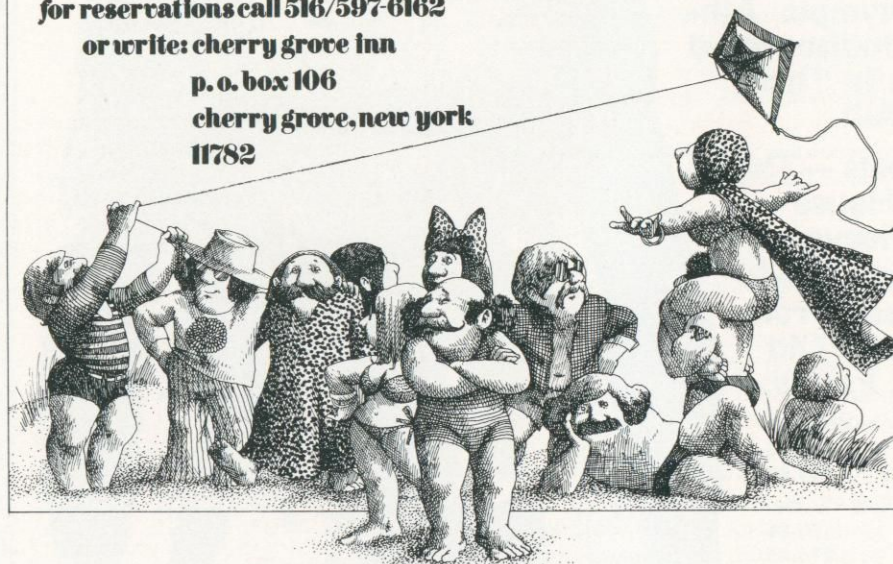
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going to Colorado for the skiing in winter or the music festivals in summer. Art colonies abound. Some really good art is to be found at prices you can afford to pay. If you would like to own some good paintings without paying with an arm and a leg, check each summer's vacation schedule to see if an art colony exists wherever you plan to go. You'll be doubly rewarded.

ORIGINAL PRINTS

Your second choice is an equally good one. It has been said that "Prints are the common man's market for the possession of valuable art." Original prints are produced via one of three processes: (1) serigraph—a silk screen production; (2) through etching or engraving, a process which uses zinc or copper plates; and (3) the lithograph process, which is an offset method of printing.

Unfortunately, you will need to keep your wits about you as much (or perhaps more) when planning to buy original prints, than in choosing 'master' paintings. Fraudulent prints are very difficult to detect. There are some steps you may take to guarantee the genuineness of the print in which you're interested.

(1) Experts say "Stick only to reputable dealers." So how does one know who is a 'reputable' dealer? For one thing, if you will simply ask the curator of your local art museum, or of the principal museum in the city you are visiting, he will tell you the best ones. The austerity of museums often tends to overpower the art neophyte. He feels "They know so much and I know so little . . . perhaps they'd just be annoyed at my questions." Well, that's what museums are for . . . to educate as well as to bring artistic pleasure to the most people. Besides, your tax dollars are supporting them, so why not? Also, if you are interested in prints of contemporary artists you should read such publications (also found in your museum) as *Print Collectors Newsletter* (50 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 . . . phone 212-628-2654); *Art News Magazine* (750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 . . . phone 212-682-8226); or *Art Forum Magazine* (667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021 . . . phone 212-838-6820). Ask about subscription rates to these publications. Your local museum may have one or all of them. On the West Coast there are two excellent publications: *Curants*, in San Francisco; and *Art Week*, in Oakland. Check your phone listings. For original prints by European artists you should have a subscription to *Art International*, produced in Lugano, Switzerland.

(2) A quite effective test for print

fraud is to look at the print under a magnifying glass. If you see the 'screen' . . . tiny dots . . . then what you have is not an original print but a 'down-to-the-guts' composition of a photograph.

(3) Prints experts will also tell you to carefully study the print's ink texture. If the ink seems to be 'sitting' (in prints' parlance) on the paper, so far, so good. But if it's smooth, it's a fake.

(4) Look for the artist's signature in pencil. If the artist is as genuine as his print, then he will sign it (and/or number it; even write the title of the print) with pencil. He knows that a penciled signature is more difficult to imitate than ink, and in some cases (depending on the texture of the paper) virtually impossible.

(5) Just what constitutes an 'original print'? Perhaps the best answer is supplied by the Print Council of America, to wit: "The artist must sign and number each print in pencil; and he must create the image himself and supervise the 'pulling' of the print from the source of its reproduction (whether from stone or copper plate)." In other words, the artist must not only produce the original, but follow through every step of its reproduction.

(6) To establish the authenticity of a print the buyer must always bear in mind the Latin adage, *caveat emptor*. After all, it's your money, so you can 'beware' by asking a lot of questions. Don't be shy.

You might ask the dealer for catalog information on the precise print(s) you may be interested in, such as *how many prints of that particular image were run off?* . . . and *were all the prints personally signed?* . . . and then ask for a *money-back guarantee*. Although you may not get a 'forever-and-ever' clause from a dealer, a reputable art-auction establishment, such as the Parke Bernet in New York City (see *The Elegant Hucksters* in the May/June 1976 *Ciao!* for a complete description of this amazing fine-arts auction gallery) will give you a five-year guarantee that will protect your investment if, by some remote chance, the print turns out to be a phony. (Their staff will have checked thoroughly in advance.)

(7) We understand that the United States Customs has a listing of shady art dealers abroad. So if you are planning a trip across the briny you might first get in touch with Customs concerning the extent of their information about this. Also, in some larger American cities there are 'bunko' squads that have had plenty of experience with shady art dealers. Check with your local police head-

quarters.

(8) Ask the curator of your local museum to assist you in authenticating any print. Usually there is no fee charged for this. You might handle it better this way, as is common practice with the Los Angeles County Museum. Write to the curator, or departmental authority, enclosing a slide or Polaroid photo of the print you're considering purchasing, and ask them to assist you in authenticating it.

Although these precautions may seem somewhat excessive, the fact is that there is such fraud in anything 'art' these days it is better to err on the side of too much inquiry than too little. Art enhances life . . . you should not be put through a daily trauma of wondering if the print that adorns your wall of your home is really the real thing. Know!

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THE GAY VEGETARIAN

(Continued from 19)

to listen to other people's problems, and tend to move faster/speak more concisely, react more quickly, work briskly, and are exact in detail.

5. Dessert lovers. Too impulsive; funloving; can't get them down to barracks basics. Immature. And, psychiatrists say, one who has a passion for ice cream is still nursing at his mother's breast. He'd better not get caught making up his mind which of Howard Johnson's 28 flavors!

Perhaps it is all best summed up by a University of Maryland study which indicates that one who has few or no food hangups tends to have a mature outlook, a balanced personality and a logical mind.

Also, many psychologists believe that a level of 'arousal' in the brain distinguishes extroverts from introverts. This has special meaning for gay guys. Because meat-eating sexual extroverts are so practiced in plugging into their physical senses—the 'get-on-with-it' of cruising/scoring—their need for more exotic sexual titillation is as minimal as their need for exotic foods. Since they're 'right on' with it, and right there with it, who needs finger-bowls or finger cymbals?

Conversely, the introvert has a more difficult time getting it all together, just as he is in deciding whether there's too little or too much saffron in the salad.

The answer? More meat, and leave the lettuce for the rabbits. In more ways than one we are what we eat. So dig in . . . don't be a shy guy. Make it . . . make it big . . . and make it Act. Fr/Act. Gr for both of you!

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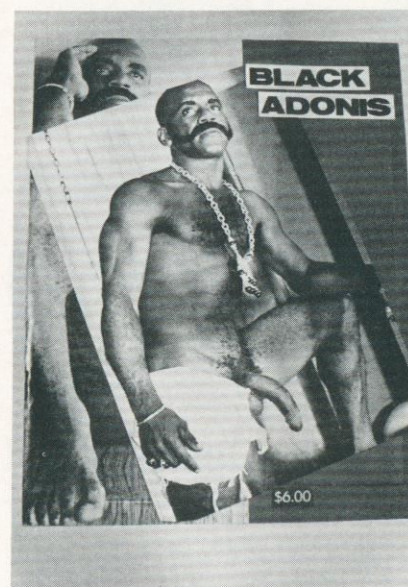
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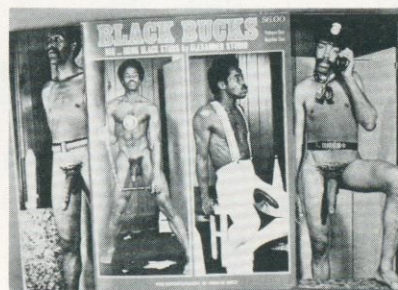
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