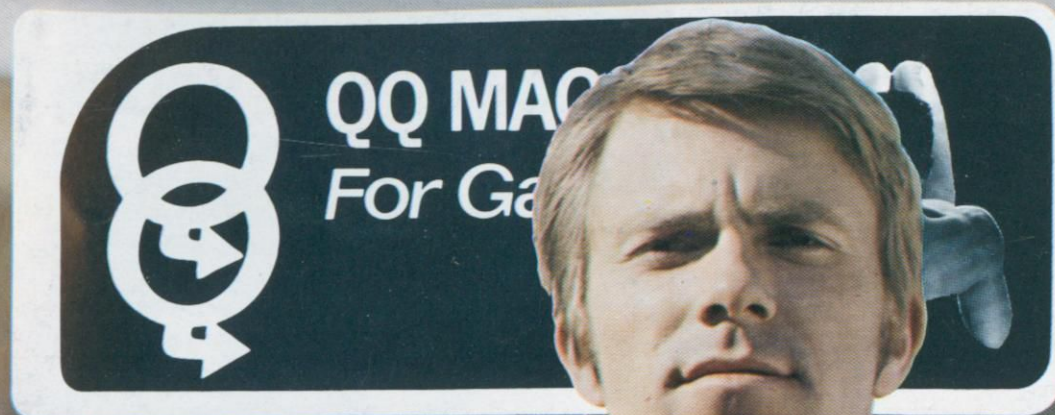




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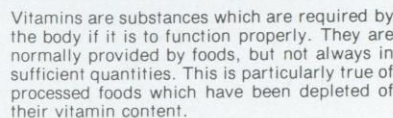
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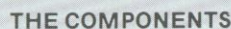
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 **QQ MAGAZINE**
For Gay Guys 

VOLUME 8/NUMBER 6

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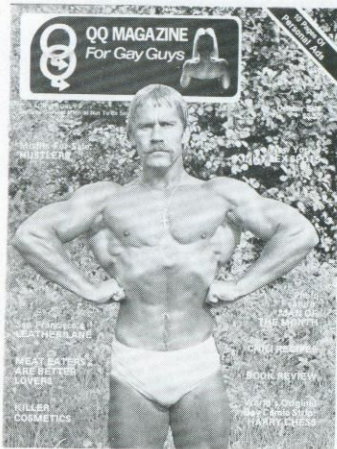
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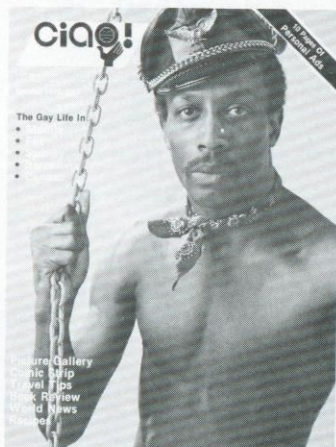
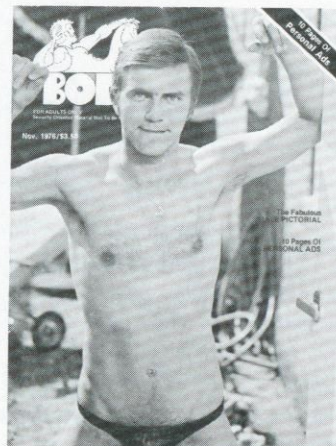


QQ MAGAZINE For Gay Guys

QQ MAGAZINE is the flagship of our company. Now in its ninth year it has never a publication date—and is read by more than 95,000 gay guys the world over. It is a quality publication that doesn't cut corners. Every issue is packed with more than 20 comprehensive articles on all subjects of interest to gay guys—Sex Technique, Gay Lib, Health, Travel, etc., plus the greatest photos found anywhere of rugged men in single and dual poses (undraped, of course), plus the only gay comic strip in the world—"The Super Adventures of Harry Chess." And a big 16-page bonus section of hundreds of Personal Ads! Full magazine size printed on heavy enameled stock with color front and back covers and b-i-g centerspread. Published bi-monthly; magazines are sent in plainly-marked, extra-heavy manila envelopes (so costly only Wall Street firms use them) that are carefully sealed to insure privacy. Sorry, cannot be sold to minors. One-year subscription (6 bi-monthly issues); \$15.00 in the U.S.A.; \$20.00 in Mexico and Canada; \$21.00 all other countries.

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NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

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LAST June, Governor Milton J. Shapp of Pennsylvania declared the following: "One of the least understood minority groups in this state is that group of men and women who comprise the gay community."

"Since emerging from anonymity, gay men and women have devoted much time and effort in educating the general public. Gay men and women seek equal rights in employment, in housing and in the law."

"During the week of June 12-19, they will be celebrating Gay Pride Week in over 100 American cities."

"Gay men and women are determined to develop community integrity, to stand up for their rights, and to encourage their community to take its rightful and responsible place in society, and join with others in seeking an end to prejudice, persecution and discrimination."

"As governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I hereby express my support for equal rights for all minority groups and for all those who seek social justice, and dedicate Gay Pride Week to those worthy goals."

Some days later, in a small-town newspaper somewhere in Pennsylvania (it would serve no purpose to give specifics), there appeared a letter from an outraged citizen—perhaps typical of Straight America. It follows:

"Gay Pride Week!!—Gov. Shapp has once again taken the side of the Gay groups in Pennsylvania. This time he has gone too far, signing June 12 to 19 as Gay Pride Week!"

"Shapp has tried under the guise of ending job discrimination to allow Gays to fulfill positions as policemen, prison guards, attendants in hospitals, working with the mentally ill, and as teachers."

"Recently a special half-hour television program on homosexuals in the Greater Harrisburg area put the estimated Gay total at 35,000. This report was not confirmed, but figures could be even higher."

"An article in December stated that a panel of 252 law enforcement experts hand picked by Gov. Shapp recommended that Penna. repeal laws prohibiting prostitution and other so-called victimless crimes. These resolutions included laws covering marijuana, gambling, sexual behavior, vagrancy and prostitution. Shapp agreed with the findings."

"During his short-lived presidential campaign Gov. Shapp eagerly welcomed the support of Gay Groups for his campaign."

"I do not want homosexuals an lesbians given the freedom to teach children in schools, whether in kindergarten or high school. Children's lives could easily be destroyed by their teachings."

"The Bible, which is the word of God, has denounced and condemned homosexuals and lesbians in both the Old and New Testaments."

"God has denounced it, but Gov. Shapp has welcomed it with open arms. Is there any wonder the morality of this state, this country is taking a downward trend? With public officials like these there is no way for morality and decency to go but down."

"Do you feel the same (Continued on page 38)

November/December 1976

Editorial We Will Overcome!

By The Editors



Ramon



Over The Hill

Coming To Grips With Age Can Be A Gripping Experience

By Gerald Moore

OKAY, everybody, readers and friends; everybody who knows me and somebody who reads me. Break out the vegetable juice and the ol' Hadacol, all you fellow strugglers against advancing years, battling the bulge. Have you ever silently sobbed when a handful of hair falls from your head, molting like a bald eagle? I don't want to be our national emblem. I *know* everybody's gonna get bald someday, but why is it happening to me? I thought I was something special, that I always had something on the ball . . . er, better spell that b-a-l-d! Can you tell by glancing at my chrome dome—which makes me look like an inverted exclamation point—that I'm a terrible ten-times-four? FORTY! Forty years old today! Nearly half a century! Jesus! One-fifth the age of the entire U.S. of A. put together! Please gather round, hold me up. I need your support. I never believed it till it happened to me, but there actually *is* a male menopause. And it can be a traumatic experience. I feel like a a Male Maude! This is every bit as mind-blowing as when I got and gave my first blow job in a never-forgotten sensuous sixty-nine!

Should I sing out in joy, or cry a dreadful dirge? Shall I buy full-page ads bordered in black, or hire a skywriter to cross the clouds with the nauseating news: I AM FORTY YEARS OLD TODAY! Please, no applause.

Forgive me if I do not rejoice. Being forty isn't a hell of a lot of fun. Not until you learn to accept it. The front I tried to put up was a cold front, pushed by southerly winds of youth's should-have-beens. The accumulated cumulous clouds of what-could-be predicted a gloomy forecast. In our life style forty is as good as dead, I was thinking . . . roll out the copper casket and lay me away.

But wait! I still have those happy years of the halcyon past to remember, way back then when I was young 'n dumb. Trickin' and dickin' every night, gettin' high to get low down . . . Memories too far away to touch, but too ingrained to erase . . . they may be gone to the tactile sense, but they are still sweet to some leftover olfactory capacity that tells me they were heady as fine wine. Yet memories cannot compete with the feeling of emptiness permeating my fading corpus. *Of course* it is fading! Comfort me not. False assurances will not assuage my ache or massage my prostate. I have warned you many times; when Gerald is intent upon feeling sorry for himself, he is not to be disturbed!

Someone more eloquent than I wrote that becoming forty is like having climbed up on one side

of a very steep roof and enjoying the view . . . before tumbling clumsily down on the other side. I am reminded of Peggy Lee's song, "Is That All There Is?," because I suddenly felt a creeping nausea that this may damn well *be* all there is! Give me just a little more time, please. Five years maybe. So I can pay off the last notes on the convertible . . . then, I promise; I'll put the top up and *leave* it up. Please let me get in a last few fucks (yes, I can still get it up!) before I go. Give me time to find an equally cantankerous codger to be my "companion" and "secretary" in The Final Days.

Already I hear whispers . . . D.O.M., D.O.M., D.O.M. Like a schoolboy's taunt! Henceforth I would pretend the initials are short for the Latin *dominus*. The Lord! When I enter the front door of George & Grace's Yum-Yum Lounge—where my loyal and steady patronage afforded them two Cadillacs and at least three lovers over the years—I envision all the younger numbers fleeing out the back door like cattle stampeding the screen in a John Wayne Western. And I know Grace, darling, is planning to ask me to honor some other establishment with my patriarchal presence. Am I bad for business?

And these years to come . . . God, I hope they take their time. But that's nothing more than the wishful thinking of a doddering old dollop, a choleric iconoclast . . . a futile attempt to apply brakes when all the fluid's leaked out of the lines. Oh sure, I *know* the doctor says I've got at least another 50 years to go. Well, if I got twenty-five bucks for five minutes of such advice, I might *want* to live to be 90. I persist in daydreaming about the good ol' days which are gone for bad now. If only I knew then what I know now, and all that flummery. Why is youth wasted on the young? Trite but true, and I keep thinking it when I see budding pubescent young saplings straining to grow hairs on their upper lips. I'd gladly give them my moustache, except I need it. I use it to conceal the dots of perspiration which collect there nervously whenever I palpitate after them or participate with them. The absence of the hirsute upper lip would belie the notion that we older men are settled in our emotion. I would blow my cool! You youngsters don't know how clever we gaffers can be. You must watch us constantly. I was really resourceful when I was between tricky thirty-five and fatal forty. I used to buy a dozen cheap watches at a time, leaving one out on top of the dresser when undressing for sex with an unknown sportster. It was for them to steal. My Girard-Perregaux was secreted away; and though I had several Timex's stolen, I



have the expensive G.P. till this day. But watches remind me of time!

And time passes so quickly now. It took me almost *forever* to reach the desired twenty-one! Then, only a hop, skip and jump to thirty. And 35—the onset of senility in our youth-oriented society—was upon me like a pestilence before I could count the calendar. Then 35 to 40 . . . shit, that was the fastest five years in the history of man! Faster than a speeding bullet, faster than the speed of sound, faster than the speed of speed!

Jack Benny was famous as an eternal 39. I decided to remain a permanent 35, a ridiculous period which I now refer to as The Great Escape. I bought an expensive toupee, wore a girdle to hold in the pot belly (wrongly named because it was caused more by booze than pot, unfortunately), and cleverly concealed the girdle with a six-inch-wide mod leather belt, butchly decorated with silver studs and an appropriately phallic buckle. Oh yes! The platform shoes! I really felt stupid on them, wobbling back and forth, until I mastered the art of in-style-over-nature. To look at me then, in the semi-darkness, you would have guessed I was 26. (Would you settle for 35? I would have!) I could bump my buns with the best of the young guys—but only one three-minute disco craze at a time, please. I had to recuperate between numbers and was forced to forego the seven-minute marathons altogether.

I avoided other old men like the plague! Guilt by association. Birds of a feather . . . you know what I mean. I learned the lyrics to all the hot top 10 hits, and gleefully puffed as the joint went round the room and the room went around. I was always afraid some acquaintance from my forgotten past would pop up, like a skeleton from the closet, and ruin my new image by revealing that I actually *preferred* Scotch or C.C. And I look back amazed at the arrogance of my 35-years-young act, decked out in the latest rage, and even more amazed that it worked, attracting tricks like a magnet. I recall one brazen young man, determined to deposit his body in

QQ

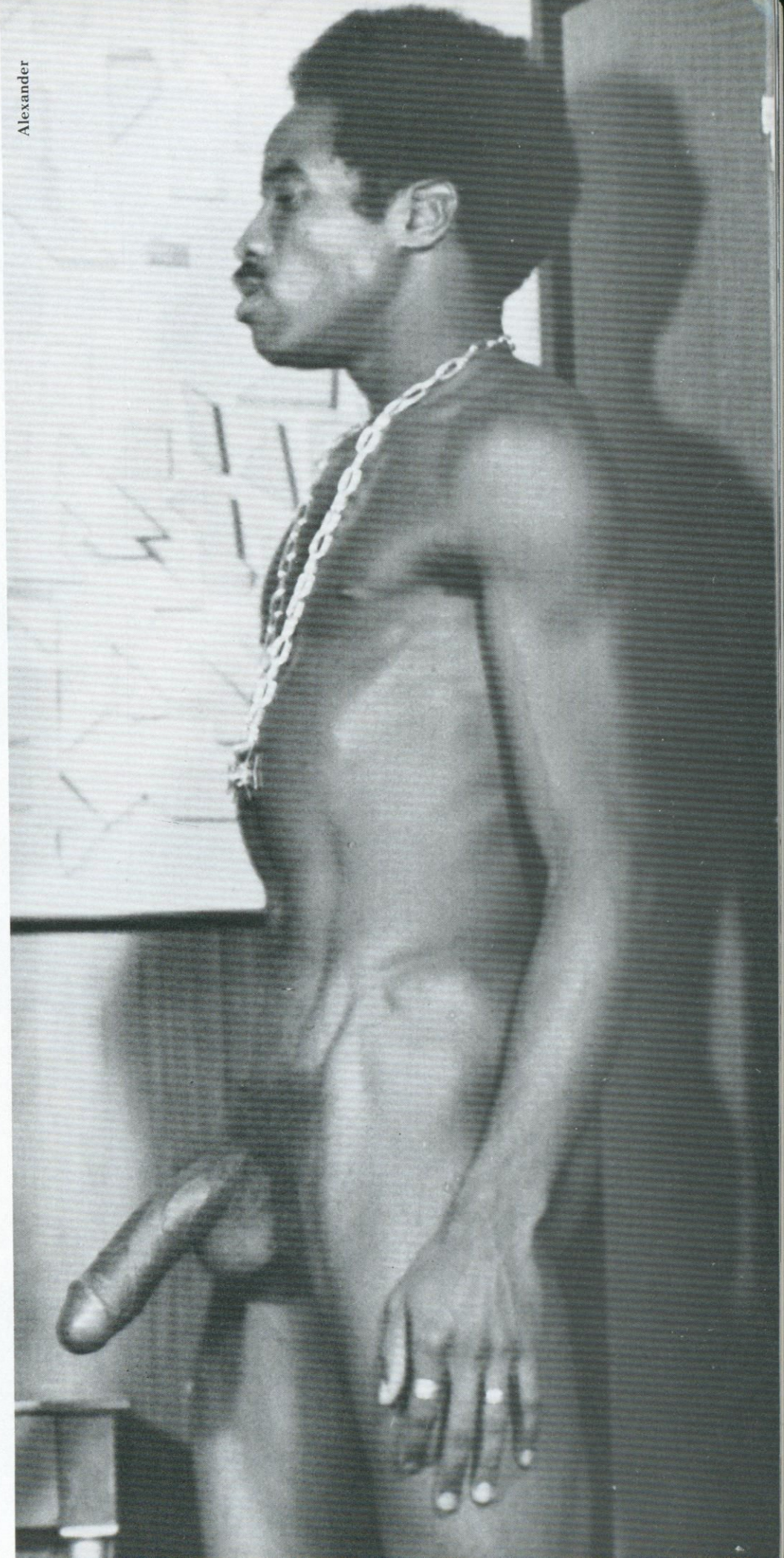
my convertible and displace my chosen one for a night, a strange form of sibling rivalry common at gay parties, but rather new to me. I wasn't accustomed to having young men fight over me. The new one sidled up to me, flirting, too feminine for my tastes. Coldly I told him/her, "If I want a woman, I would prefer a real one!" Undaunted, actually encouraged, he/she responded with "Oh, you're so witty, Gerald!" I replied icily, "Cops can call me Gerald. Garbagemen can. *You* cannot!"

He/she was wrecked. I was satisfied. But as I left with the chosen one he wrecked my convertible less than a block away. Well, nobody promised it would be cheap to stay young.

It is Gerald's Law of Masochistic Self-Defeatism—just as valid and scientific as Newton's Law of Gravity—that the age I preferred was decreasing in direct proportion to my increasing age. A vain attempt to relive my youth by extension? Probably so, but the first warning that registered in my besotted cerebrum was when I woke up on day, just before noon. A young man sharing my bed was aghast. "Wow," he exclaimed, "it's almost noon! Quick, get me to school. My mom'll beat the livin' tar outa me if I miss!" "Mom?" I thought quietly as we dressed quickly. Then, in the car, I headed in the direction of Southern State U. "Where the hell ya going?" he ejaculated. "You just passed it up!" I screeched the car to a stop and watched his boyish buns scamper toward Eleanor Eisenhower Junior High.

"My God!" I tried to recollect exactly where and how I met him. Ah, yes, it dawned on me. Fake ID. I oughta know, I was carrying one myself—just the opposite as I'd done at his age—to *subtract* the years and keep me a fixed 35. I moved and changed my phone number, hoping to hell he didn't get my license number. I know what they do to chicken hawks in this country. They CASTRATE you! I made up my mind, he and all his kind had to be anathema! Verboten! Or, to put it in the vernacular, jail bait! But I still continued (Continued on page 51)

November/December 1976





The Flowering Fetish

Why Be Chained To A Sexual Treadmill?

By Walter Norris

A famous actor, now deceased, whose movie roles with such glamorous stars as Olivia DeHavilland and Elizabeth Taylor gave him a spot in cinema, called the turn for many gay guys when he lamented that "Sex is such a banquet of desserts . . . what a pity that so many of us are beggars at the table." A splendid man, fine actor, and helpful friend to many, he had no need to beg for sex, yet he had much reason for his outburst.

He was an idealist about sex and early on had developed a particular fetish . . . 'the way it was' with a special lover . . . and his sorrow was that, unlike most gay people, he could never replicate this first inspired experience, no matter how often the opportunity came (and opportunities were at floodtide). An episode in his life will explain why.

Sometime in his teens—after this mind-blowing experience—he fell victim to a muscular weakness (a touch of polio, most surmised, but since he was reluctant to discuss it we never alluded to it). His body with lithe, long-muscle and symmetrical . . . a perfection of parts, and although no weakness was apparent, he was extremely cautious about the weights of the barbells and dumbbells he used. He would not train with more than medium exercising poundages, and it was when a training partner mistakenly handed him a heavier barbell for a Bench Press one day that he panicked as he sought to raise it from his chest. "Take it off!" he yelled, and we were startled to note that he had turned white from shock.

"Sorry to have frightened you," he apologized moments later, and it was then that he told us briefly something about his fear of positional muscular stress, and still later, how his reaction to muscular overextension was the reason why he was unable to pursue sex in his own idealistic way, responding to the demands/inspiration of a fetishized lover.

Seemingly he was turned on fully only by someone with a totally antithetical build, like that of his ideal who'd been a swimming star of a few years before—a blond giant with wide, wide shoulders, and almost nonexistent waist, the calves of a young Hercules, and phallically incomparable. Unlike most men of super build who are so conscious of their size that they are usually the gentlest of men—socially and sexually—the swimmer was all Genghis Khan on the sexual warpath. Every position—stretched to the utmost. Every muscle—strained to its fullest extension. Peak ferocity . . . B&D . . . S&M . . . the aquatic deluge, in the mouth and down the drain . . . the whole bit. He was hooked; this experience was

simply *beyond*! While he was to sex frequently during his brief life, "No other experience ever had that magic." Even though identical fetish-figures were easily and abundantly available, his dread of exacerbating his muscle weakness made such an ideal impossible to cope with, thus sex for the rest of his life was second-best . . . even routine.

What irony that through no lack of desire, but simply because of this *physical* inhibition, he wound up on a sexual treadmill, while so many others—as he lamented—remain beggars at the banquet table all their lives because they have not discovered the secret of being *emotionally* or *fetishistically* inspired, even though sexually expert. The result is that what should be a continual *refreshment* of sexual inspiration often devolves into a joyless, repetitive concern with *technique* . . . with the *mechanics* of sex, rather than an extension into its fuller meaning—a journey into enriching sexual desire.

What does it matter if one is expert in switching to all 37 sexual positions if there's nothing more to it than 'dazzles'? Technique that only dazzles does so for just a brief time and then becomes a bore. It's not unlike a concert pianist making his New York debut, who has technique to burn, and who indeed chars the keys through composition after finger-bustin' composition, leaving the auditor feeling as though he'd been lashed to the mast for two hours in a raging storm at sea.

THE 'WHY' OF CERTAIN FETISHES

From the countless sexual fetishes we should like to draw a few and show (a) why a fetish that seems improbable to some should be so popular with others; (b) why some that are relatively unknown should and will become popular; and (c) to burn the haze off the mystique of the *supposedly* far-out and show why it's not all *that* esoteric. In short, we'd like to help many gay guys stay off the treadmill of the trite, the repetitive and the technical-without-meaning.

Fast john cruising. For all its vast popularity there are many who simply cannot see why others are so hooked on it. This is largely because they cannot see the validity of a fetish that has no protracted erotic buildup. They think it just flashy 'n' trashy.

Although a flashy technique (or at least a secure, confident, turn-on-a-dime technique) is a prerequisite for running this sexual obstacle course and getting fast results, the fetish is the 'fast results' . . . moving swiftly from 'trick to treat', bringing each to orgasm without losing a

(Continued on page 30)

Turn Back The Cock Longer, Richer, Sexier Years!

By Scott Young

CURRENTLY on the hot-seller list is James Bacon's fascinating chronicle of *Hollywood*, in which this popular West Coast gossip columnist who knows the stars intimately, 'tells all', as the expression goes. Among the myriad tidbits, you will discover, for example, that the Monster Meat division of Hollywood is headed by Forrest Tucker, Milton Berle, and David Cassidy. Bacon's hilarious account of 'Tucker Time' in the locker room, when the towel is pulled back exposing the sleeping Tucker's unbelievable whopper—with gasps and choking from the assembled viewers—is already a contemporary classic.

But among more such tidbits, and relevant to our chronicle of a breakthrough in the field of endocrinology—which can crown a man's middle years with youth of body and sex glands—are two dissimilar episodes that form a kind of 'analogous paradox', if one may Mixmaster a phrase . . . something that certainly was not the intention of *Hollywood's* author.

One deals with Hollywood's most charming rascal, the handsome Errol Flynn, who consumed two quarts of hooch every day and died at the age of only 50, but whose body, as revealed during autopsy, contained the organs of a man of 80!

The other is a candid interview with Mae West, now well past 80, but whose body, if ever it must be autopsied (highly unlikely in any reader's lifetime!), will undoubtedly reveal the organs of a woman no older than 50 (if that isn't ungallant, blasphemous, or both!).

Flynn's story is that of a daredevil who courted *death* on and off the screen. Mae West's is that of a woman who courts *life* and has done daring, amazing, innovative things to lengthen it and preserve youthfulness. Obviously this has had a tonic effect on her glands—she's not been voted 'The Sexiest Woman of the Century' for nothing. In *Hollywood* she is quoted as having had a lover named Ted with whom she made continuous love for fifteen hours during which time he blasted off thirty-three times!

THE DETOXIFYING 'LOW COLONIC'

Mae West attributes much of the phenomenon of her continuing youthfulness of face, body and glands to the fact that she takes a 'low colonic' every day. In doing this she is said to believe that the lower colon (sigmoid and rectum) retains fecal toxins. Even if retained for only a few hours—unless they are voided via a low colonic, or 'mini douche', they can be osmotically reabsorbed into the system through the gut—just as trace amino-acids of proteins are reabsorbed. This, she believes, causes aging skin. Logically, it also affects the glands.

The theory is that merely the normal evacuation of the bowel may not be enough to expel *all* acids/toxins. Gay guys should find this of considerable relevance because so many of us are prone to tense too much in this area. Nervous tension, when transmitted to the rectal area because of (a) despair over 'the man who got away', or (b) one who was hung like Hercules ('My God, how I *tried-d-d!*'), can cause these toxins to be trapped in folds, whorls and *diverticuli* (pouches) of the intestine.

This practice may be frowned on by many physicians, but there is much proof of its validity when one can stay not *just* alive, but *youthfully* and *glandularly* (particularly *sex-glandularly*) alive for more than 80 years and never know a 'sick day'.

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Athletic Model Guild



RX FOR SEX

SEXUAL SIDE-EFFECTS OF PRESCRIPTION DRUGS

BY ROGER WATSON

DURING a recent medical convention one down-to-earth physician observed that, "Unlike the legal profession, in which one's client is presumed innocent until proved guilty, there is a tendency among doctors to presume that practically everyone is sick until proved well."

That there is considerable truth in this is evidenced by the increased production of pills . . . pills—not just for every ailment, but for every *symptom*, even imaginary ones. This has so reduced the need for around-the-clock pharmacists in drug stores that many large universities have had to close their schools of pharmacy because of a lack of enrollments. The respected pharmacist of an earlier day, who so often used to serve as a surrogate physician in some areas, has been reduced to the status of a store clerk. A physician today prescribes a certain medication, and all the pharmacist has to do is either count out an exact number of pills/capsules, or hand over a bottle of medicine that has already been compounded and packaged. He is simply a licensed intermediary. Moreover, if state pharmaceutical boards have not yet given the green light to drug sales by computer punch-out, be sure that—with a few exceptions (narcotics, of course, and certain drugs requiring nuanced compounding)—the time is not far off when they will.

HIDDEN SEXUAL SIDE-EFFECTS

The proliferation of pills-for-every-purpose has now reached the point where so many new ones are put on the market that supposedly 'out-perform' competitive earlier medications, the physician must actually reserve a specific time in his busy weekly schedule for visiting drug salesmen/pitchmen, just to get a smattering of knowledge about what they'll do. As it often happens, this turns out to be a 'smattering of ignorance', for while a particular pill may indeed improve a patient's specific ailment, some unforeseen, unexpected side-effect may create an undue amount of mischief elsewhere. This may well have been mentioned in the voluminous fine-print literature the physician received with the new medication; it's just that he had time to hit only the 'high spots' of it.

Consider, for example, even such an established non-prescription medication as our old friend, the aspirin tablet. Until just recently doctors prescribed aspirin routinely as a painkiller; now they're reluctant to do so. Instead, they are prescribing various compounds that do not contain aspirin.

But of specific importance to men, and particularly

to the gay individual, are those medications which, although effective in treating a specific condition or dysfunction, produce side-effects that put the hex on sex. For example, so many gay guys are congenital 'worry warts'. This is especially true if they've not been scoring as much as they once did, or would like to. Worry over missing or muffing a sexual encounter creates still more worry, and so it has become almost routine to take some kind of minor tranquilizer each day to ward off the feeling that one may be sexually 'falling apart'.

Two of the most frequently-prescribed 'minor tranquilizers' are *Valium* and *Librium*. Last year alone more than 80 million prescriptions were written for these two brands, and—using the Kinsey scale as a gauge—18% of them were for gay guys. In principle, the effect of these tranquilizers is to work on the central nervous system and reduce anxiety. *How* they do it remains a mystery (just as *how* and *why* common aspirin works to kill pain is still not fully understood!), yet the undeniable fact is that they do depress spinal reflexes, and the side-effect is that in doing so they also affect sexual function in ways we wish they wouldn't.

In what ways? Two, principally. Many straights, for example, have become impotent from frequent use of tranquilizers. Of greater importance to gay guys, however, is that (1) ejaculation is either so *delayed* that one's partner, if he is the oral aggressor, gets in a snit about what he imagines to be his fault (such as a lack of inspirational technique), and the encounter comes off less agreeably than it should . . . or (2) the ejaculatory process can simply 'shut up shop', and so there you have all that meat and no potatoes.

THE 4.3279 'ORGASS'

We do not believe it has been mentioned in any gay publication that—as an average—one 'orgasses' in 4.3279 minutes. Now that's cutting it pretty fine (and anyway, who'd be checking a stop-watch at such a time?), but it is medical fact and a Kinsey statistic, and is based on the length of time the average male can sustain a full erection without his resorting to some bit of goosy-gussying to keep it up. Devotees of fast john sex will say that 4.3279 minutes is too long a time to produce those desired spurts of enthusiasm (constant practice can have proved them right!). Yet, once lovers have gone through the eroticizing ritual and have gotten down to the suck 'n fuck of it, 4.3279 minutes (or even 4.3280 . . . why be chinchy about it?) should

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La Salle University



The Boys at D'Art



Numbered for Easy Pickin'



"Casa"

MAKE MINE MANILA!

BY BILL

Editor's note: This is the third and final article on Manila, for the time being. The Philippines, and particularly Manila, is more popular than ever with gay visitors—for here there is no discrimination concerning age; while it is quite true that the boys are commercial, it may also be said that they do it lovingly. Older tourists are as welcome as their younger brothers—and everybody returns home with a sense of fulfillment. Our first article, which appeared in the August 1975 edition of QQ Magazine (copies are still available for \$3.50, as advertised on page 45; or send \$1 for a reprint), was written by an American visitor. The second feature, in our October 1976 edition of CIAO! (still current and available for \$3.50; reprints for \$1), was done by an American living and working in Japan; he is a frequent visitor to Manila and presents a realistic and somewhat harsh look at the country and its people. In the article you are about to read you will discover still another attitude; the article was written by an American living in Japan who visits the Philippines regularly for business reasons—and he is perhaps most intimately knowledgeable of the people there. He tells you himself that he is in love with Manila and its boys—and what he says certainly explains why so many American gays are flying in at a fast clip. All the current action spots will also appear in our 1977 edition of "Private Stock," our international gay travel directory, which will be ready on Dec. 1, 1976; an ad will appear in our next issue. If you are planning to go yourself we urge you to read all three articles—for the information they impart will guarantee a sexsational vacation!

I'M one of those very lucky people who travel this old world of ours about seven months out of the year—happy to report that I enjoyed every place I've been and can't think of any place I wouldn't be more than happy to go back to again. However, when people ask—and they often do—what is your all-time favorite place to visit, there's no hesitation at all . . . I say the Philippines. I've always loved the Philippines, even before martial law and the new society, and even though I've made some thirty trips there in the past ten years, I always find something new and exciting. It's a colorful, dynamic country of young people, and their hospitality is unequaled anywhere in the world. There's always a festival going on somewhere; the Filipinos are the musicians of Asia and no one can smile or raise his eyebrows like a goodlooking Filipino or *mestiso* (mixed bloods). Gay life is an accepted thing in the Philippines and really quite open. You'll also find that the Philippine people are extremely tolerant of anything and everything as long as you're not hurting anyone or don't go too far out.

Let me tell you about some of the new in and fun places, and offer a little advice on your visit there.

BARS

New ones are opening constantly, and sometimes bars that opened just a month or so ago seem to disappear. Here are a few of the latest and greatest that should hold on awhile:

Cocobana. Recently opened and run by one of Manila's top designers. A nice atmosphere and crowd. On Remedios Street near the Rotunda. Less than a \$1 cab ride from any of the major hotels, and the cab drivers know the bars. Dancing here.

Ricardo's. Another dance bar. Good music and young crowd. Located in the tourist belt at the corner of United Nations and Del Pilar Street.

Odd Ball's. Young crowd, some hustlers. Management is very helpful and you can have an enjoyable evening just watching the passing parade here. Located at the corner of San Marcelino and Oregon.

690. Located at 690 Retiro Strip, it's a little farther out, but still only about \$1.50 by cab. Soft lights, good music and a lot of goodlooking guys who are mostly for hire. There's dancing here and rooms upstairs for rent if you feel the need.

Adam And Eve, 1871 M.H. Pilar Street. Dancing, floorshow on weekends, mixed crowd of the young and not-so-young.

On Disco. Just opened the end of August; they advertise a bar, restaurant and disco. Located at 2102 Roxas Blvd.

Bars are not expensive in Manila and a beer costs from 50 cents to \$1

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with mixed drinks running from 75 cents to \$1.50. Most places have no cover or no minimum although there are a few that will charge \$1 or \$2 entrance on weekends if they're having a live show. The bar owners and bartenders are all very helpful, and can advise you on this one or that one if you have any doubts.

BATHS

Like bars, there are new ones springing up all the time. The very best at this writing is:

D'Art Athletic Groom Shop at 2450 Taft Avenue in front of LaSalle University. The card and window display read **REJUVENATE YOUR TIRED MUSCLES IN THE HANDS OF YOUNG MALE MASSEURS.** The front of the shop makes athletic uniforms and all the masseurs are dressed in colorful basketball tanktops with a number on them. You can choose from the boys lounging around the shop or go in the back room and look through a window where others are watching television or playing guitars. Just tell the manager the number and your masseur will escort you upstairs where there are curtained cubicles or a private air-conditioned room. A massage costs 18 pesos (about \$2.50); and a V.I.P. massage in the private room 30 pesos, or about \$3.50. The masseur should be tipped, depending on his service. The average tip is 20 pesos, or about \$2.75. There are about forty young masseurs here, and the manager says he adds new staff members every week.

Century Barber Shop located on the Espana Extension (near Christ the King church) in Quezon City has rooms upstairs and is also quite popular. It's a little far out (20 minutes and about \$2 taxi ride) but quite popular with Filipinos and tourists as well.

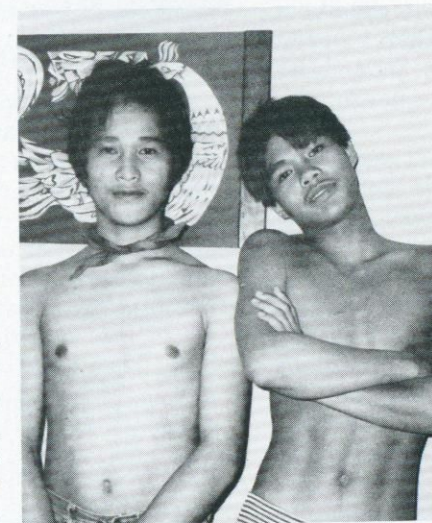
A few others I heard about but haven't visited are the **Spa Massage** at Espana Extension Corner and New York Street in Quezon City (very near Century), and the **Batu Massage** at Magallanes Commercial Center in Makati.

Most of Manila's massage parlors will gladly send their masseurs to your hotel. The cost is greater, however; between \$7 and \$10. (Continued on page 48)

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690 Retiro Strip



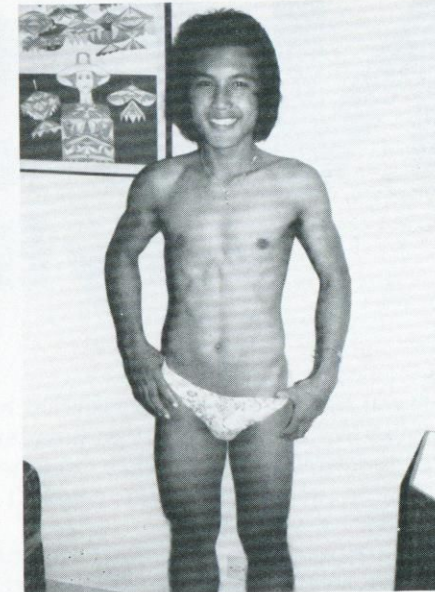
Meet Them at the KBS



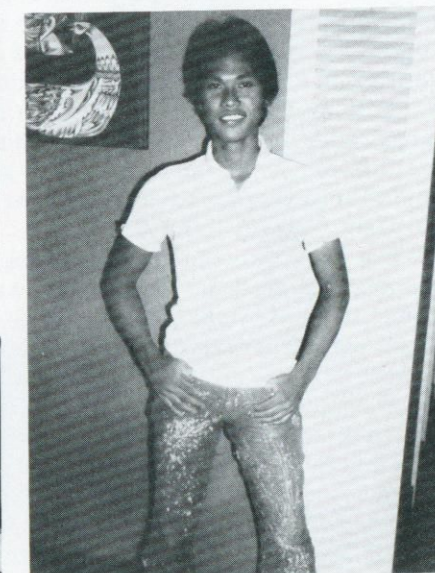
Young Construction Workers . . .



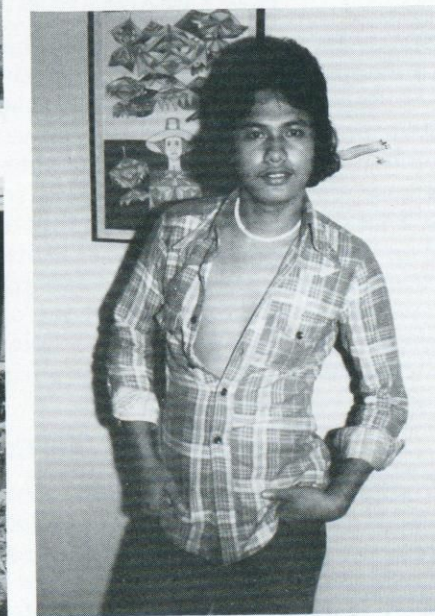
Are Thrilled To Accept Invitations!



Big Smiles



Slim Hips



Manila Awaits You

NO SWEAT!

Why Be All That Safe?

By Frank Samuels

IF you were to tell a 'scat cat' that he smells like a toilet, far from making him happier than a pig in shit he would take it as *no compliment*! Indeed, he might be so shocked he couldn't squeeze the Charmin for a week.

No matter that he makes the scene at such scat bars as New York's *The Toilet*, where fronds of discolored toilet paper comprise the 'decor' . . . and the turd is the *specialité de la maison* . . . the mere suggestion that he has even a smidge of *body odor* is enough to galvanize him into instant action. Racing home to his bathroom he does battle with the offending odor with everything from harsh soaps to 'male strength' antiperspirants. In this, however, he is no different than most other gay guys who have been brainwashed by advertising into believing that otherwise they will 'offend'.

It has reached the point where such simple cleansing hygiene as soap and water, plus an astringent or a *light* deodorant is not enough. Gentle, commonsense deodorants formerly used to keep one fresh for hours (cream/roll-on/stick) are being downplayed as only partially effective for men, hence the rise of the pore-blocking aerosols in 'super strength'. Such antiperspirants are so aluminized, however, and are often sprayed unnecessarily over so much of the body, that one coated with this mineral, coming into contact with a flashlight battery, practically risks electrocution!

BODY FRAGRANCE

No gay individual—except one who is preserving his underarm odor for the armpit fetishist—is likely to be careless about b.o. One who reacts strongly to sexual/emotional excitement, however, needs additionally a *mild* antiperspirant for those stress areas affected. But beyond this, simple soap-and-water, plus a mild *deodorant* traced lightly under the arms and around the pubic area, and in the navel, should suffice. Licking, tonguing and kissing the body are all part of sex technique. If all the aggressor gets, wherever his mouth and tongue explore, is the taste of metal, he has been cheated of giving and getting much erotic pleasure.

YOU NEED TO PERSPIRE

In addition to its heady power of eroticization, perspiration is necessary for efficient body functioning. Actually, you can't live without perspiring. This is because perspiration regulates your body temperature by maintaining a balanced water level in your body. This amazing function of nature is done with

two types of glands—the *eccrine* and the *apocrine*.

THE ECCRINE GLANDS

These glands are mostly in the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands, the forehead, and the armpits. They excrete sweat composed of 90% water and 10% plain salt. Even when these glands are triggered into overproducing by heat, nervous tension, sexual excitement, the ingestion of foods and/or medications, the sweat is invariably *odorless*, even though it may be profuse and causes the body to absolutely *drip*. It's never offensive, and can actually be a turn-on for, say, the foot-fetishist, who, seeing his lover basting in sweat—particularly under the feet—knows that he's doing a great turn-on job!

THE APOCRINE GLANDS

It is the apocrine glands that cause the rush to the aerosol antiperspirants. In their way they are sex glands since they respond quickly to sexual excitement. Clinically, they react to many kinds of emotional excitement. *The disagreeable odor they cause occurs when such apocrine sweat is decomposed by normal skin bacteria.* The armpits are havens for this bacteria buildup interacting with apocrine sweat.

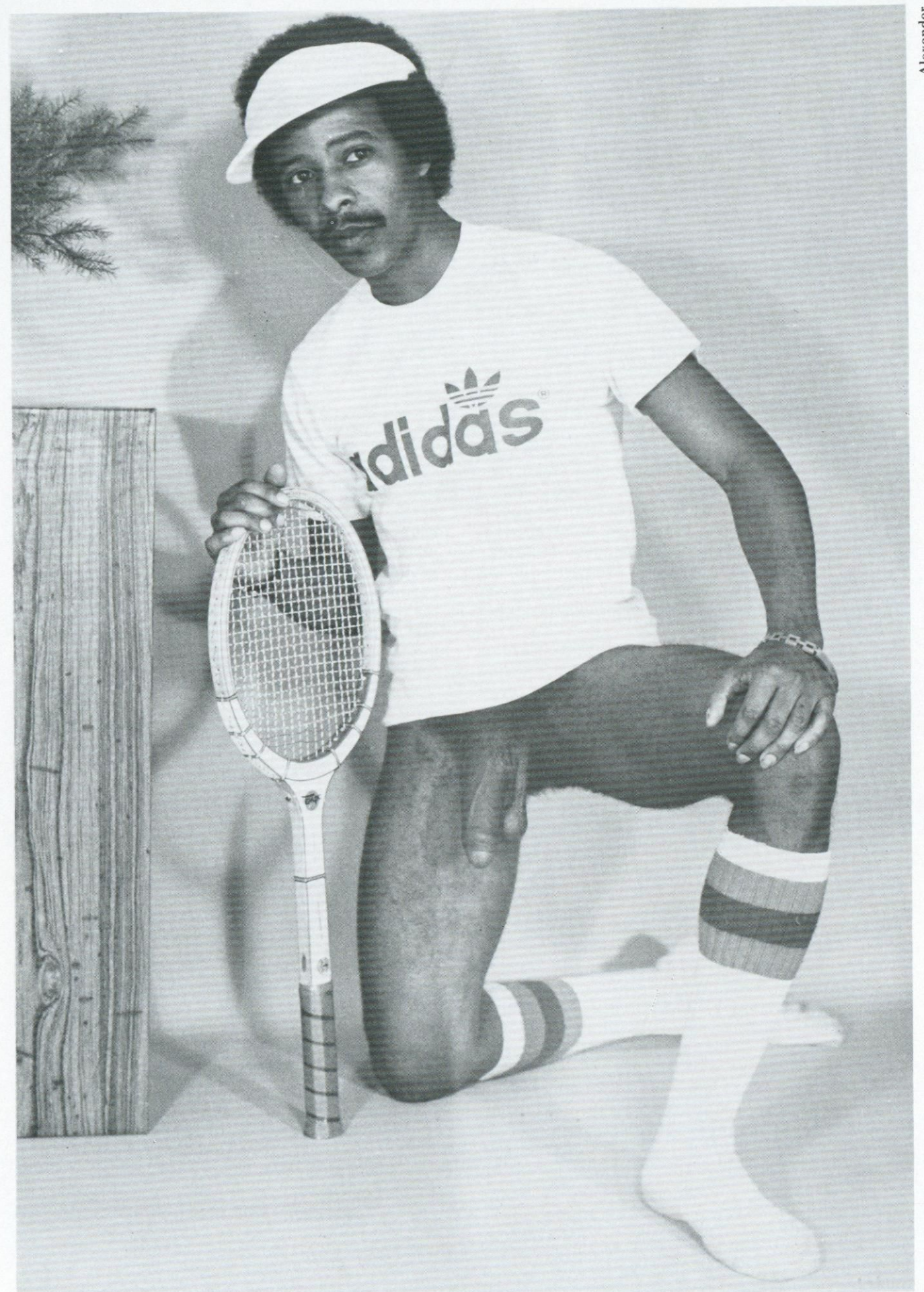
So right away you see that if one is careful to bathe twice a day, and use a light deodorant that doesn't block the pores, with there being *less bacteria* formed on the skin, when sweating does occur there need be *little concern for offensive body odor*. The more open the pores, the better the condition of the body; the livelier the skin tone; the sexier the skin smells; there are fewer skin rashes/eruptions; and the better the body's water balance is maintained. Just the light fragrance of the soap one uses remains to become part of the total eroticization as it blends with normal sweat.

A deodorant—as contrasted with an antiperspirant—does two things: it cuts down on the spread of skin bacteria, and it masks the disagreeable odor caused by the interaction of apocrine sweat and whatever bacteria remain. On the other hand, an antiperspirant stops everything cold: sweat/smell/oil/bacteria. But this brings about the sinister effects just mentioned.

It must be said that there are some men—particularly Latins—who eat highly-spiced foods—generally meats with a high garlic content (sausages of one kind or another), and salads/food dressings cooked with more than a 'hint' of garlic. When the apocrine sweat gets mixed up

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Alexander

Time For Tomorrow

By Lynda Susan Blake

THE first time Edwin got picked up he honestly didn't know what was happening—only that he'd met a stranger on the street who'd been unusually friendly and kind enough to invite him to his apartment to "get warmed up," as he put it.

Edwin would often go for walks alone to get away from his uncle and their huge, lavish apartment, but he'd never left this late at night, nor gone this deeply into the Village. It was almost winter and the wind was beginning to stir into violence, humming in a harsh whisper as it pushed against those who attempted to walk against it. Edwin walked aimlessly, looking around from time to time, almost enjoying the sting of the crisp, cold night air as it chilled his face. Occasionally a stranger would pass him, seeming to appear from out of nowhere, giving him a long, fathoming glance, but the thought never occurred to him that such glances held any other meaning than curiosity.

After he'd walked for what seemed thirty minutes he glanced at his watch and was surprised to find that it was after one o'clock . . . that he'd been walking for more than two hours. He glanced at the next street sign and noted that he had walked so far downtown, and drifted so far east, he wondered if he could make his way back. For about a minute he stood still, mentally retracing his footsteps; trying to figure the way back. He hadn't brought any money with him, there being no need for it since he was only going for a walk, and so now it was impossible to take a cab back, although there were many passing by. It was then, as he stood there, his young face illuminated in the darkness by a street lamp, that a stranger walked up to him and asked him for a match. When Edwin said that he had none, the stranger stood there a moment, as though trying to figure what next to do. Then searching through his own pockets and coming up with a pack, said, half to himself and half to the boy—"Well, what do you know! I had one right here all the time." He smiled, and the boy, friendly by nature, returned the smile.

The man took out a cigarette, put it in his mouth, then offered the pack to Edwin, who shook his head.

"Don't you smoke?" the man asked, making idle conversation.

"I do sometimes," Edwin answered, wondering whether the man would know the way back, "but it's too cold right now."

"Yep," the stranger quickly and heartily replied, as though these words told him all he needed to know. "Winter's here. It's getting pretty cold." A pause, then he continued. "Say, I know a place right

down the street where you can go and get warmed up for a few minutes, if you like. In fact, I was on my way there just now. It's a bar. A very friendly place, quite gay."

Edwin was cold, and decided that a few minutes inside a warm place would do him good. He was grateful to the stranger, and smiled again. The man took him by the elbow and led him down the street to where a flickering neon sign blinked endlessly, "The Gay Blade."

The bar was crowded, with all of the stools taken and about forty more men standing behind. Another, smaller bar was at the rear where several male couples were dancing to the pounding beat of the jukebox. Everyone was talking loudly, incessantly; groping, they made determined attempts to secure partners for the evening. Only then did Edwin realize it was a gay bar—a realization that caused him no particular emotion or sensation, but as simply a matter of occurrence, as one discovers that one's watch is slow.

When the stranger asked him what he'd like to drink, Edwin, remembering that he had no money, told him so. "Did you really think I expected you to pay for it?" the man asked, almost playfully. "It's on me, of course." Edwin said he'd have a brandy. What kind? No particular kind, just brandy.

Seeing Edwin for the first time the bartender studied him suspiciously because he looked so much younger than his twenty-two years. But after a moment's indecision he gave the drink to Edwin, perhaps with some ulterior motive in the back of his mind. Edwin's friend took Scotch, and for the first time Edwin noted that the man was already slightly high.

After having gone several hours without food, the brandy hit Edwin abruptly. After just a few sips he felt himself getting tipsy. Suddenly everything seemed funny to him . . . the lights seemed brighter, the music quieter. He did not hear the man order him a second, and then more drinks. Finally he became aware that his friend was leading him to the back room, and as he moved the floor seemed to tilt beneath him. The jukebox was running wild, and the couples were absorbed in each other, their cheeks together, arms around each other.

"Why don't you take off that coat," the man said, already beginning to help him off with it. "It's awfully hot in here. You don't need it."

Once the coat was off, Edwin wondered why he was receiving so many stares; everyone has an outstanding feature, one that a stranger is bound to

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notice first. With Edwin it happened to be his ass. He had on a green turtleneck, tapered black slacks and black leather platform shoes, all fitting smoothly on his slim boyish frame . . . defining the shape of every body part—every muscle. He was five feet ten, very slender, with a small waist, long, lean legs and slender hips, and a really sculptured ass that added a hint of sinuousity to the profile of the lanky build. His friend laughed and said that in all that time they'd forgotten to exchange names. He told him his name, but Edwin forgot what what it was. He told the man his name.

As the minutes went by he became still less aware of his surroundings until he found himself seeing lips move without attaching to them the sounds of voiced words . . . seeing objects pass by without being aware he was walking. He felt arms slipping around him and soon his thoughts and body were moving in rhythm to the insistent drone of the music. He did not even realize the overtures directed to him, first hesitant and cautious, then audacious, first by one, then by many. Social restraints in gay bars are invariably relaxed, and on a Saturday night like this they quickly become faint, and then disappear altogether.

Intoxicated partly by alcohol, and partly by their own thoughts, men easily touch others they've never seen before—making the touch seem accidental, then friendly, then in some other way revealing the real meaning of the gesture . . . the reaching out. At first Edwin didn't notice the hands brushing against his rear for it seemed only that others wanted to pass him and he was in their way. Finally the brushes began to lose their casualness and became caresses. He began to hear voices around him, seeming to be speaking to him—some as mere whispers, others heartier, louder. Mounting sensations.

"Hey—that's beautiful, that's really great," one voice said, half-surprisedly, half-genially.

Another voice. "This kid is something else! He gets hard when you touch his ass. Look."

He felt the caresses, the lustful clutches become firmer—more defiant. Then felt himself changing arms; someone else was holding him. The sighs he'd heard before and thought were someone else's he now found to be coming from his own throat. He heard from one of the voices that someone had given him some marijuana, but he could not remember when. He let his head rest on the shoulder in front of him that offered support and let his arms rest on the neck above them. It wasn't for a couple of minutes that he realized he was kissing the man who held him. He felt hands roaming through his hair, and liked the feeling; he was groped, and liked it too.

Another voice. "Hey you'd better take that kid somewhere. I think he wants to do it here!"

Laughter.

Moments later he was being helped on with his coat . . . first one arm and then the other being placed in the sleeves. An arm slipped around his waist and stayed there until he felt the chill numbing wind of the outside, and then changed positions and lay around his shoulder. The sting of the wind brought him partially back from his dreamlike state and he began to attach words to their meanings. For

a long time his friend said nothing, then asked hesitantly, "Cold again?" Edwin nodded.

Edwin started to say that he had to get home, that his uncle would be wondering where he was, but was stopped by a security he felt, something vague—some relaxation.

The street was deserted—dark, save for the few streetlamps. They came to an apartment house, the entrance lit so brightly that Edwin's eyes were pained at first; he squinted, put his hands to his face. After he was led into the elevator he watched with an odd fascination as the numbers lit up and faded as the elevator rose. When they got off he allowed himself to be led down the hallway and waited while the door was unlocked and pushed open. As soon as it was closed again the man quickly, efficiently, almost mechanically removed Edwin's coat and laid it on a chair, then seized the shoulders and held them fast. He began to feel them up and down—look at his partner up and down. He clumsily slid the turtleneck up and off the arms, then undid the buckle of the belt, then knelt and took off shoes and socks, and finally, after tugging off the slacks and shorts and flinging them on top of the overcoat, the man pulled Edwin's nude body to him, rubbing, fondling, nuzzling it, as if to get all of it. He put Edwin on a sofa and suddenly, realizing that he himself was still fully clothed, shook his head in annoyance. Hurriedly he shucked them off and was back at his partner with new zest. He felt the young body, rubbed it up and down almost ritualistically as if to absorb the youth, the litheness, the leanness. Quickly he stood up, grabbing Edwin, pulling him after him. Edwin felt himself being led through room after room, doors opening and closing, until finally they reached a dark bedroom. The man drew him to a huge bed. Lying face upward, Edwin looked dreamily around through the darkness of the room. It was but a few seconds before his friend joined him, flinging himself down upon the mattress with such fervor Edwin felt it jostle him over onto his side. They kissed for a long time, running their hands through each other's hair, rolling over each other on the bed, their legs entwined. Then, with speed and skill, the man quickly changed positions, in what seemed like one movement, so they were now in a sixty-nine position and he could begin his work. He was surprised to find a cock of such impressive size on such a slender youth. It was, he estimated, about seven inches long and more than average width, seeming even thicker against the long, lean legs.

Although unfamiliar with this particular act, Edwin, not knowing quite what to do, tried to match movement with movement. He felt the tension rising in his loins, surging as he felt the wet kisses against his cock, the hands occasionally fondling his ass, for by this time the man knew Edwin liked this. The fervor caused him to become more urgent in his attempts to please the man—he made unknown, wanton movements with his mouth and tongue, licking, kissing, sucking motions that until now he didn't know he was capable of performing. Suddenly the man jolted up, seized Edwin by the hips and whispered quickly, hoarsely, harshly, "I want to fuck you." He jumped up,

(Continued on page 40)

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Hot Pot

Getting 'Stewed'

From Gumbo To Hobo

By Terry McWaters

IT may be a noble *boeuf Bourguignon* in Brittany; the incomparable *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles—or its spicier New Orleans cousin; a Gypsy *gulyas* simmering juicily over a campfire; Kentucky's burgoo; Philadelphia's 'pepper pot'; a Spanish-inspired *paella*; or a clutch of whatever ingredients may be at hand, cooked in a tin pail and called 'mulligan' by a band of comradely hobos on the road. But whatever the national or regional name may be, all have something in common . . . they are hospitality hot pots. And no matter how elaborately or simply they may be prepared, all are basically bubbling, tasty stews.

Very likely the hospitality hot pot stems from the rural French housewife's *pot-au-feu*, and if not actually a pot on the 'fire' it was always on the back burner getting tastier by the minute for family and friends stopping by. Jewish mothers, particularly in turn-of-the-century New York—when so many had come here to make their new home—always had a pot of something delicious on the stove to welcome old friends from abroad.

In this day of soaring food prices, especially meat, gay guys—who can't live without entertaining—have found in the hot pot a new way of sharing their hospitality with many others. For us, the advent of the popular Crock Pot has made entertaining not only inexpensive, but a lot easier and more fun because of the buffet or 'dip in 'n dig in' aspect of it. Having alongside the Crock Pot a huge bowl of crisp greens—plus a couple of bowls of different dressings—some crunchy bread, butter, and a few bottles of wine, and you have a real 'occasion'.

What is equally delightful is that with the amazing variety of stews regionally native to the United States, one can entertain fifty times a year and never repeat a hot-pot recipe. There are as many American stews as there are states—each noted for its highly individual taste, derived from the 'makin's' of a particular area, and spiced with herbs or seasonings indigenous to it.

Probably the first American stew—although many will say that it's not actually a stew—was the New England boiled dinner. It pre-dates the Revolution, and its principal ingredient is corned beef, or to be precise, a brisket of beef that has been preserved in brine made, in Colonial days, from kernel salt, the size of a grain of wheat.

What puts this 'fife 'n drum' Yankee collation into the hot-pot category is that—like most other stews—the meat is simmered in bouillon, with the addition of potatoes, carrots, white turnips and/or

parsnips (the French use leeks), and—usually—steamed cabbage. Call it a New England boiled dinner, or Irish corned-beef and cabbage, or Gallic *pot-au-feu*, or stew, you have a mess o' goodies that enslave the appetite. The only differences are in the regional spice variations. Then too, for example, the French—with so many varieties of mushrooms (even a truffle) at hand—toss a handful into the pot. Also, the Irish prefer yellow turnips to white, which gives the hot pot a slightly sweeter taste.

BOUILLABAISSE—THE FRENCH AND OURS

You mightn't think that *bouillabaisse* can be just as delicious in Minneapolis as in Marseilles, but it is . . . in a different way, of course—that being the charm of this adaptable, soul-filling dish. The Minneapolis melange is not greatly different from the New Orleans version, and indeed why not? Minneapolis is only a hop, skip 'n oar-pull up the mighty Mississippi from New Orleans. And that Jean Lafitte did get around.

The great taste difference between a true Marseilles *bouillabaisse* and ours occurs because of a 'missing link'. It is the uniquely Mediterranean fish called *rascasse*. The other fish varieties that go into the Marseilles original are red and grey mullet, crabs and eels. Since these are also found in Gulf waters, the absence of *rascasses* is compensated for by red snappers, redfish, or drumfish. In Minneapolis, read the latter three as lake trout, black bass, walleyes or northern pike.

New Orleans—also Minneapolis—*bouillabaisse* breaks away from the Marseilles version with gumbo *filé*, and—in New Orleans only—Creole tomatoes. But the end result in every case is a highly enjoyable 'hot-potty' dish that gives pleasure to everyone. It is odd, but the pronounced spice variation of gumbo *filé* led to the creation of still another magnificent fish dish—jambalaya. Here there are usually only two kinds of fish used—shellfish, such as shrimps and oysters. Some use crab, and there may be a taste of lobster, to boot. But the jambalaya—which is more of a casserole preparation—really needs only shrimp and oysters, with wild rice, tomatoes, an onion and a teaspoon of dried tarragon—plus the indispensable gumbo *filé*—to become the noble Cajun/Creole dish everyone within kissing distance of the Mardi Gras loves.

Inasmuch as not everyone lives around the Gulf of Mexico, or up in Minnesota's lakeland, a hot-pot *bouillabaisse* is impractical. Imitations abound, but they are not remotely

(Continued on page 39)



WEST BERLIN A NEWER, GAYER CITY

BY JON LORRIMER

SO many gay vacationers in Europe continue to avoid West Berlin. Somehow the feeling persists that there's something sinister and eerie about this truncated city . . . much as one feels put off by the magician's lady who's sawed in half but remains miraculously alive. This is understandable because there's still the naked 'saw' of the Berlin Wall, with magician Checkpoint Charlie at the grisly ready. It's a pity, too, and self defeating, because not only is West Berlin an exciting new city, its gay life is so diverse that a several-days' stay is an unforgettable experience.

Gay guys stalking prey in Germany generally can be categorized as those who like the easygoing, freewheeling Munich style, or who groove to the pounding drive of Hamburg's St. Pauli district. And so it comes as a surprise to discover that West Berlin has much of both, with a few tricks of its own up its sleeve as well. So if one will forget about those dour men in raincoats and felt hats on the other side of the Wall, and give the Western sector a play, West Berlin can turn out to be something really special.

It may sound peevisish to say that Marlene Dietrich's old German-made movies have also acted as a deterrent to a fuller exploration and enjoyment of West Berlin by gay guys. They are so often paraded before our TV-weary eyes it seems but natural to think of the city as it used to be . . . a ghetto of smoke-filled dens, populated by beer bellies and cigar mouths—those uglies who could excite only a chubby-chasing senior citizen. And so the most difficult thing about putting West Berlin back in gay focus is to erase the impression encapsulated by those circa-1940 films . . . reflecting that *everywhere* time does lurch on, and that no city—especially vigorous West Berlin—is like it was twenty, ten, or even five years ago.

Of course there are still lots of small clubs, with barmaids instead of bartenders; and tinny, ear-splitting three-piece dance combos. Also there is that something strangely dear to the German heart . . . the drag (read 'bedraggled') show with its roster of too-heavy and too-heavily-made-up queens. But to each his own . . . for to everyone there is a season under heaven, as the Good Book tells us. Today West Berlin has rapidly become the European center of really *big* entertainment. Some of the showcases are huge. Most out-Vegas Vegas in elaborate shows—even the Paris *Lido*. But what is more important is the sense of vast relief that the heavy clouds of Iron Curtain oppression and sexual repression have lifted, and that West Berlin rallies to a white-hot gay beat. So begin to make your plans now; you'll find it a delight as

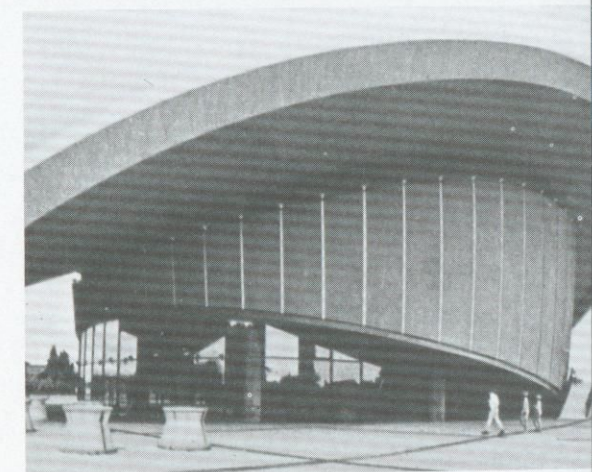
A TRULY LIBERATED CITY

It may help to understand why the city is more open and more receptive to outsiders when one considers that English is now spoken everywhere, by almost everyone. NATO has helped bring this about, of course, but English is also a required language study in German schools.

Language has always been the uneasy 'nag' of cruising any strange European city . . . fearing that one can't make oneself understood (or worse, being *misunderstood*—like fist in mouth instead of ass!). So imagine your delight to freely cruise the many outdoor gay areas and never have to stumble over "*Wieviel verlangen Sie?*" Just ask in English, "How much do you charge?" and right away you'll get an English answer you'll understand . . . something like "Fifty marks!" Hustling, as you see, is everywhere—even in prosperous West Berlin—but it's just a bit nicer here. Believe it or not there are lots of humpy guys who *give* it away with love and kisses, unlike those in less prosperous countries, such as Italy, where sex has its rental fee everywhere, by everyone.

(Continued on page 36)

November/December 1976



QQ's Man Of The Month
David
By Dudley



BOOK REVIEW

With **For Money Or Love: Boy Prostitution in America**. 256 pgs., Vanguard, \$8.95, author Robin Lloyd has peeled away layers of indifference, contempt (or envy?), ignorance and cynical laughter to reveal a situation most of us are aware of, but few of us understand.

The subject is that of the poultry market: chicken and, by extension, chickenhawks; and in Part I, The Case, the subject is carefully, with detailed case histories, examined and shown to be a problem of staggering proportions. Part II deals with the history and causes of the problem; Part III, The Cure, or, rather, several interlocking cures.

I use the word "problem" here because in our society problems inevitably arise when a young boy (as young as 8) decides to sell his body and when an older man decides to buy it. That is not to say that other problems (for both) have not helped to create the problem, which for one is a warped sense of values (often including loss of self-esteem) and for the other may be guilt, scandal, and their ugly aftermath. Economic deprivation, for one thing, can lead a boy into it. A wife's disaffection, for one thing, can lead a man into it. A simple craving for love can lead them both into it.

It is with that kind of understanding that Mr. Lloyd tackles the case, and never once does he express the more typical societal reaction of disgust, nor does he imply any put-down of either vendor or customer. He is quite scientific in his detachment, yet curiously empathetic in his style and in his treatment of his subject.

Mr. Lloyd's credentials give us a clue. He was born in Great Britain, saw his share of World War II and Korea, and then became a "photo-journalist for *Life*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, and *The Washington Post*. Before working with *NBC* (which he does now on the West Coast) he produced, among others, a documentary entitled *Trouble in the Reformatory*, an expose of brutality in the Texas state reform school system.

It is obviously this last assignment that led Mr. Lloyd into an awareness of boy prostitution and inspired his desire to share his understanding, insights, and suggestions for reducing its prevalence.

Incidentally, Robin Lloyd sensibly cuts the age level off at seventeen, and does not concern himself here with the older male hustler. True, hustlers may easily have been boy prostitutes at one time, but their problem—largely one of economics—is a different one when they reach adulthood. He estimates (conservatively, I imagine) that 300,000 boys sell their bodies, and they provide problem enough in sheer

numbers (no pun intended) for one book.

The boys who put themselves up for sale do so for money, too, of course, but also for a variety of other reasons: thrills, something to do, to pay for drugs, cars, clothes, etc., or just for an hour or so of love in an otherwise bleak existence. This last reason is most important, for it, more than the others, constitutes a terrible indictment of parental neglect, inadequate schooling, and a juvenile justice system archaic by any standards. No boy is a born whore.

One of the heroes of the book is a Catholic priest in Houston, Texas, a Father McGinnis, who has taken on these "roots of alienation" and with no bullshit whatsoever has sought to offer boys an alternative to prostitution. "Surrogate fatherhood" might sum up his approach, and it works, but we need a hell of a lot more surrogate fathers to do more than dent that 300,000 figure.

This, then, is the substance of the cure which Robin Lloyd suggest, and he details it with specific proposals ranging from a Cabinet level Department of Education and Youth to a total revamping of the revolving-door, school-hostile outside circus, from the establishment of small, sensitively directed Group Homes to homosexual foster parents being given the opportunity to bring up abandoned kids. (This last proposal is not as revolutionary as it may sound; it has been tried with great success, and efforts are now under-way to expand upon the heretofore experimental trials.)

In his introduction to **For Money Or Love**, Senator Birch Bayh says, "I believe his book will help to arouse our collective conscience." Indeed it does. But it does more than that for me. It pinpoints the problem as being in large part a specifically gay problem and one to which we, as gays, might well address ourselves. Every minority has its own problems, and the minority is usually at its best when it pulls itself together and confronts those problems constructively.

Gays, therefore, in my opinion, would do well to read **For Money Or Love**, share Robin Lloyd's insights, and then, individually and collectively do something about it. It could be a hell of a lot more rewarding in the long run than some of the half-assed projects so enthusiastically undertaken by the gay crusaders on their own behalf. And it certainly would do no harm to try doing something for someone else for a change.

The dust jacket of **For Money Or Love** shows the angelic face of a too-cute, long-lashed boy sketched against a background of sleazy want-ads for chicken. Tacky. Don't judge this book by its cover.

—Orlando Paris

THE FLOWERING FETISH (Continued from page 11)

moment, all the while marveling at the erotic differences between them. Thus the *technique* of fast john cruising is *not* the fetish, as so many think . . . it's simply the *access* to it.

Psychologists seem agreed that any fetish originates in one's mind, therefore sexual fulfillment is an emotional response to 'psyche-ic' inspiration. As long as the fetish flowers and flourishes in the mind it is powerful and compelling. Only when it is used technically and routinely does it lose its power. Strong psychic impulses, say these psychologists, stem from infancy and retain their hold on us throughout the rest of our lives. For example:

The Piss Slave. More straight men than will willingly admit it are devotees of what personal advertisements in gay papers and magazines call rather archly 'water sports'. Some have found that they can achieve a stiffer erection, hold it longer, plunge it in deeper and snorkel around fancier with a flashy technique if their wives or girlfriends have pissed on them before the seance.

A Puerto Rican friend of ours—a really handsome dude, and winner of many 'Mr.' titles—is nevertheless so blasted off when his wife pisses on him that he not only dispatches her to a fare-thee-well, but straightaway hies himself two floors up to a waiting gay friend and is driven up the wall even higher, and then—almost 'satyr-ically', one might say—has to jerk off (and in the coldest possible place) before he can get it down. He especially loves it when the snow is falling and he can dash outside nude for the third and final climax! No sexual treadmill here!

Psychologists would find nothing unusual in this because it happens all the time. The difference between the piss slave and other fetishists is that, for some reason, most are embarrassed to mention it. Strange, because the 'golden shower' is as old as time . . . the fetish being formed when the child was in the placenta . . . all that happy gurgling going on for months . . . the more and more often he's pissed on as an adult—gay or straight—the more he is recalling the joys of his happy fetal period!

Probably the first known instances of *swallowing* piss are of either Eskimo or Siberian origin. In these sub-zero climates grew (and still grow, in some sparse areas) an unusual species of mushroom with extremely high aphrodisiac powers (not unusual, when one considers that

Siberian ginseng is one of the most powerful strains). When eaten, the lucky mushroomer could sustain an erection for practically days. In early Czarist Russia these mushrooms could be afforded only by the rich. But the peasants, having heard of their mighty aphrodisiac powers, willingly accepted part of their wages in 'mushroom piss' from their masters. A man would work for sixteen hours for a bowl of fresh-pissed mushroom urine!

Gay piss slaves usually like it both ways; to be love/laved in it, and by having their masters unleash a torrent into the mouth, which is either totally swallowed, or swallowed, gurgled and drooled. It is part of the S&M picture, of course, but there are many piss slaves who, abhorring violence, are nevertheless hooked on the golden stream. This, oddly enough, is a dual fetish . . . a fetish of one who *gives*, and of one who *receives*. Poor Tallulah simply couldn't get over the wonder of it . . . or enough of it. Not only was she a towering actress, but the greatest piss queen of her time. The fetish on the part of the receiver, however, is the stronger . . . it represents an act of complete self-abnegation. "Here I am, your devoted slave!" one is actually saying. A more powerful sexual turn-on is hard to conjure . . . possibly because, in being 'unbilically' related to one's fetal period, water/piss is so elemental that the fetish *for* and *about* it sexually, in later life, rarely if ever diminishes (and that's only when the 'donor' has been eating stinky-pee asparagus before sex!).

To one into piss, just the sound of another urinating in the bathroom—or even the squishy flow of water from a tap—can produce an erection . . . much as the foot-fetishist is turned on when passing Thom McAn's window and gets a 'boost' from a 'boot'. Which proves the anchorage of the fetish is in the mind. Try it . . . you'll absolutely *lave* it!

Incidentally, the piss slave feels more secure because there's a kind of religious connotation for his actions. Many churches use holy water as part of the ritual . . . which is why piss slaves make such good parishioners. They feel right at home. When the priest intones "*Asperges me, domine* . . ." ("*Sprinkle me, Lord* . . .") the piss slave is likely to rise and exclaim "Right on, Father! On me . . . on me!" Certainly the piss slave will never be found walking the sexual treadmill. If you should try these aquatics at some future encounter you'll quickly discover why this (still) conversational hush-hush no-no (even in some gay circles!) is becoming a popular addition to the fetish reper-

November/December 1976



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toire. After centuries it's still emotionally irresistible . . . one simply glugg-g-g-gs with rapture!

Fist fuckers. Although fist-fucking has been less discussed than piss slavery, everyone knows about it, and through pornofilm after pornoflic, in which a fist-fucking scene is the invariable climax, everyone knows *how* it's done. An article in the previous issue of *QQ Magazine* went into this in clear detail, so there's no need to re-cover the ground. It's the *why* that is of concern to many.

Although fist-fucking actually began as part of the S&M/leather scene (and it is indeed a poverty-stricken leather bar that doesn't have a dark room somewhere on the premises where such action is heavy), and because of this has many sinister overtones that are off-putting to many who'd like to try it, the fact is that others, far-removed from leather/S&M, are quite expert at giving and receiving the fist. Again, psychologists (many of whom are into fist-fucking) believe that it is the ultimate fetish because it *flirts with death*. It's not Russian-roulettish, but its hazards make it, in some respects, a flirtation with infinity.

Even in S&M circles, the entrance of the fist into one's rectum is cautious—no matter that the scene beforehand may have been violent in its lead-up—because leather/S&M guys are, usually, considerate people (so many are artists, writers, illustrators, designers, and men of many expressive media), and much of their performance is simply glowering put-on. (There are, of course, some who can give or take a jackhammer up the ass.) But put-on, or for real, the entrance is usually 'gingerly-bread' whipped up with Criscoed hand (Vaseline-type preparations being too cloggily viscous for 'free fisting'). Some feel that fist fucking is a *spiritual and thus fetish-like preparation for the big asshole in the sky. The big wipeout*, as other have it. This makes more sense than one might imagine at first thought, because, in gay people especially, there is often a great concern with death, and the death wish (which our lives have, in many cases, strengthened).

But to some, and we think this is a more meaningful explanation, the fist in the gut is a bridge from the known of familiar anal-entrance in regular fucking, with the *unknown* of the processes within our body. Or a bridge from the finite to the infinite. It is simplistic, of course, but can one say it's not just trying to 'get it all together'?

At first this unusual experience is certainly going to cause discomfort

and some pain (but so did your first *regular* fuck). Most gay guys agree, however, that on subsequent occasions there occurs a feeling of great peace, deep calm, and oneness within the body, as though, for a time, the finite body and infinite spirit had been one.

QQ Magazine is by no means pimping for fist-fucking, but it is a sexual fact of life that many would like to experience, but have never understood the rationale and/or technique. Thus in both issues we have tried to burn away the haze of the fist-fucking mystique, and cover the subject as completely as it can be done, theoretically. We hope we have been of help.

...

PRESCRIPTION DRUGS (Continued from page 15)

'bottom out' as the norm.

Here's a little arm-chair test you can make. Sit back, and review the last dozen or so tricks you've had during the past couple of days. Very likely most orgassed at near that figure. If one took longer than that, check him off as not being the wildest trick you ever had. *N'est ce pas?* The reason may very well be that he had been popping tranquilizers. If you are planning to sex up the evening, do your tranquilizing in the early morning. By the time you're ready for action it *may* have lost its inhibitory effect on clouds of cum. Better still, avoid all tranquilizers and seek other ways to relax your nerves . . . such as going for a pre-sex swim, or hitting the barbells for an hour or so beforehand, or even going for a long walk, during which the passing parade will take your mind off your hangups.

THE HORNY HYPERTENSIVE

So often gay friends tell us that they've been acutely aware of something wrong just at the moment when the sex-going was great. Invariably it turned out that when in the kneeling position one or both feet 'went to sleep', or they experienced prickly sensations unrelated to the 'pricks' before them. This proved quite embarrassing inasmuch as there was the constant need to adjust the feet to reduce the prickliness, and as this continued until relief was achieved, quite naturally there was a loss of sexual rapport.

This, say physicians, is usually a condition called *paresthesia*, and is defined as a *perverted* (you should

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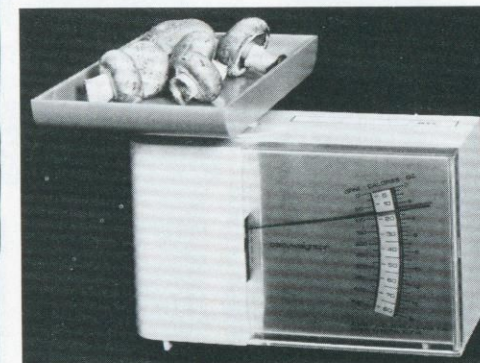
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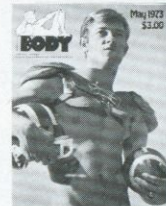
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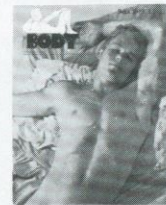
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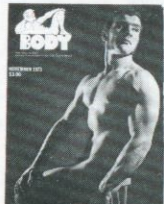
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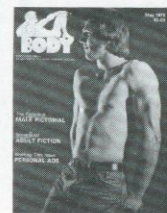


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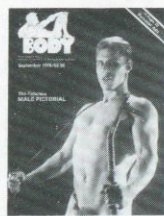
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excuse the expression) *sensation of tingling, crawling, or burning of the skin*. It is another example of medical side-effects that put the hex on sex. Our friends are all mild hypertensives (but for that matter, because of the stresses inherent in gay life itself, most of us have less than ideal blood-pressure readings). When one takes medication for mild essential hypertension (*essential* is the medical definitive for hypertension from unknown causes, but generally suspected to be of nervous or stress origin) there is, in general, a mixture of drugs, one or more of which is tranquilizing in effect. True, the blood-pressure is regulated, but the side-effect can be upsetting when you've got a great trick you're working on. So why not ask your physician—if he's treating you for hypertension, and you've had such experiences—to switch you to a different medication? You don't have to be specific about what *kind* of sex you're into . . . be general. Just tell him that the medication is obviously interfering with sexual function . . . describe whatever reactions you chronically have . . . and very likely he'll come up with something of a different medical 'family' that will do the job just as well, and you won't have the constant worry of side-effects.

It may be that just losing a few pounds is really all you need to lower your blood-pressure to within normal limits. Today, physicians are generally agreed that blood-pressure stabilized at around 140/90 is okay. But some are so nitpicky that they prescribe stronger medications to keep it much lower . . . something that is simply not normal for everyone.

Ask your physician to tell you what your blood-pressure readings are, and if they are in this 140/90 norm—in general—then ask him if you can't cut down on your medication (so that you don't take any four or five hours before sex). In this way you can prevent the embarrassing, upsetting side-effects of the medication and cruise up a storm.

The distressing fact about medical side-effects, with regard to fluid sex function, is that the question, or relevance of sex rarely comes up in a discussion between doctor and patient. For all his diagnostic skill, the physician too often sees only the immediate problem before him . . . the need to correct what is *obviously* wrong.

He may be too busy, or uncaring, or even blind to other inner needs to go into them. For example, if actual *impotence* is a man's primary concern, certainly the physician will deal

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with that in absolutes and specifics. But if a *diminution of fluid sex function* is a *secondary* problem, and you don't insist on his advice, he is not going to go into it as deeply as he should. Be sure that he's not going to probe; you'll have to pry the information out of him. Yet it may be the basis of what, on the surface, is your greater problem!

Except for the late Kinsey, and Masters/Johnson, most of the drug researchers have not been interested in drug-related impotence, or lack of fluid sex function/response. Thus it is important, if you take medicine for some specific ailment, to find out whether the side-effects are sexually sinister. If you don't, you can be in for some rough sledding.

...

NO SWEAT?

(Continued from page 18)

with all that spicy bacteria on the skin the result can be socially/sexually disastrous. Such an individual may find that he needs not only to bathe twice or more daily, and use a deodorant on *most* areas of his body, but some kind of antiperspirant—mild to heavy—under his arms and between his legs near the scrotum. *Not* all over the body . . . just in these two strategic areas.

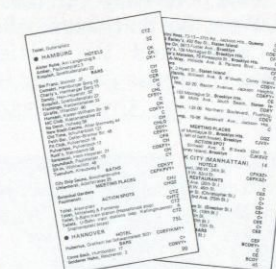
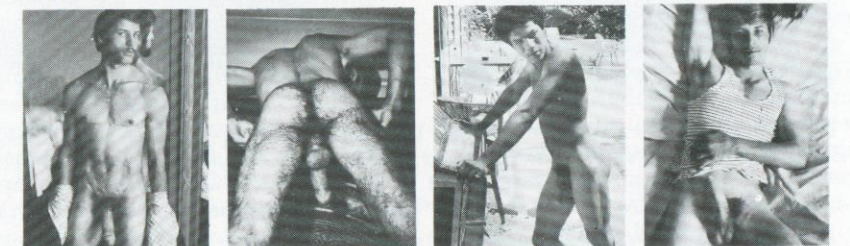
But here—as in every instance where an antiperspirant must be used—remember that there are spray, cream, and roll-on antiperspirants. Don't use aerosols—for another good reason. There is an additional hazard in using *any* kind of aerosol, whether it's a household insect spray or a bathroom disinfectant/cleaner. It may seem over-cautious, but you will be safer if you'll make a practice of covering the mouth, nostrils and eyes with a thick tissue (such as Viva, Bounty, Scott or Teri) while spraying, and then immediately leave the area until the spray has settled. Serious injury to lungs (metallic buildup) and eyes can result from frequent aerosol use. Moreover, most of us finish off grooming our hair each day with an aerosol hairspray. It's so routine by now that no one thinks about its hazards. Your hairstylist does, usually. Many states require him or her to shield your eyes and nose with a hand or a towel or tissue before beginning to spray.

By understanding how the two types of sweat glands work, and why you needn't 'overdose' with deodorant or antiperspirant, you guarantee yourself security in many ways. Take time to be careful.

November/December 1976

1977 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY

From The Editors Of Ciao!—The Most Celebrated Gay Travel Magazine In The World—A 1977 International Travel Directory Containing Nearly 4,000 Up-To-Date And Accurate Keyed Names And Addresses Of Gay Hotels, Bars, Baths, Movie Houses, Book/Sex Shops, Meeting Places And Action Spots Throughout The U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, The Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, The Middle East, Asia, And The Pacific . . . Your Passport To Gay Adventure In A Compact Booklet Small Enough To Fit In Your Pocket!



THE MOST ACCURATE GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY IN THE WORLD

Nearly all existing gay travel directories are "rip-offs" of guides published years ago—providing information which is no longer valid. The editors of our gay travel magazine span the world—constantly gathering information for Ciao! They have prepared our 1977 gay travel directory—which we call "Private Stock." It contains nearly 4,000 accurate and up-to-date names and addresses of gay establishments and meeting places everywhere in the world—conveniently arranged by country and city in alphabetical order. By utilizing a concise system of "keys" we are able to present detailed information about each listing; the keys are so arranged that you can instantly interpret them and learn everything you need to know—whether a place is entirely gay, what you will encounter—young guys, old guys, sex, no booze, entertainment, food, lesbians, hustlers, muggers, cops, even dangerous animals (in jungle meat-racks!). And we dare to bare it all—including Johns on college campuses, in subways and department stores that swing. By using small type which is easy to read we are able to cram all this valuable information in a compact booklet which is securely stapled together in magazine form and small enough (3x5) to fit in your shirt pocket. Its cover is durable and leather-grained with absolutely no "tell-tale" printing so that discreet travelers can use it anywhere. Plus other features such as where to look for sex in college towns, and how much hustlers are paid—and how to handle them. Published annually—"Private Stock" is the only gay travel directory you need . . . the only one you will ever want. It is your personal address book for hot times! Sent via certified 1st class.

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WEST BERLIN

(Continued from page 27)

No other European city, with the possible exception of Paris, has lovelier parks, and of special interest to gay people are

BERLIN'S GAY TREFFPUNKTE

A very popular outdoors *treffpunkt*, or rendezvous, is in the vicinity of the monkey cages in Tiergarten Park, near the Stern Memorial. You can't miss the general location—a round concourse reached from four sides, with a tall monument in the center. This great park may remind New Yorkers of Central Park, and Londoners of Hyde Park, because of its heavily wooded areas. Busy by day, it's busier by night. *Tip*: Cruising in West Berlin is not as rapid or automatic as in Hamburg or Munich. Perhaps it's because caution is more ingrained in the West Berliners after their long years under Russia's frowns. So allow a few extra minutes to really get a bead on him. Don't rush things. You'll undoubtedly find he's worth the extra waiting/trouble.

West Berlin's greatest outdoor *treffpunkt*, however, is the *Park-treffpunkt* in the Grunewald district. To get there, take an S-Bahn from the center of town to the Grunewald station stop. As you exit the station, cross the large road and at once you are in a beautiful green forest. Walk to the left for a few minutes until you come to the 'where it's at'. Can't miss. It's safe here; only the flintiest-hearted hustler-shark would disturb the serenity of this divine place.

If the day is fine (from spring through early autumn), walk on to the nude gay beach along the lake (*Grunewaldsee*). Since the trails are winding you can lose your way, so it's best to ask someone for precise directions once you're there. Surely Europe boasts no handsomer gay guys than the nude bods along this cruisy beach. The action goes on in the woods behind the lake/beach. Each to his own tree! Since some concessions along here are private/club, you should take along a little extra money and an I.D. card for easy entrance. Lots of straights come here; and lots of lesbians too. Thus it's not all 'ours'.

A third outdoors *treffpunkt* is at the Hochmeisterplatz, in West Berlin. But this, sadly, has come into disrepute because the hustlers here are sometimes ugly (unlike most other areas) and there have been muggings. Avoid it at night, and be watchful by day. No Eden is perfect, of course.

GAY BARS/CLUBS

If one thing distinguishes gay life in West Berlin from that of any other European city, it's the frequency with which bars and clubs open and close. Odd, because each is apparently built to last until the Second Coming (or even the Third). Usually a fortune goes into building and decorating such a place. Then—in just a few months of waiting-with-bated-breath to see whether it'll catch on with the gay crowd—it may fold, to be 'born again' as either another gay place, with a different motif/gimmick/decor or an entirely different enterprise.

Such a 'newly-now' or 'nowly-new' place is the caught-on *Wu-Wu*, a gay club at 4-6 Kleiststrasse. The word 'Kleist' pops up often in gay listings, and is not a dictionary word. Kleist, one deduces, must have been a real swinger, and Kleiststrasse—and everything gayly 'kleist' in West Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany (Sylt Island, for example)—has some relation to him. Of course, the word *kleister* means 'paste'. So if you'll just think of Kleiststrasse as 'Jizzum Street', you'll be pointed in the right direction. In West Berlin there is the gay Kleist Casino and the Kleist Palais. The *Wu-Wu* is the gay *most* in West Berlin just now. Great disco/dancing/floor.

The *Kleist-Quelle*, 36 Kleiststrasse, is another matter. Here are clustered more hustlers than at any other West Berlin bar.

The *Tabasco*, unlike its name, is a quieter bar at 3 Fuggerstrasse (see how we're leading you down the road!), which is just south of Kleiststrasse. It's an elegant club; very 'friendly-fugger', with a twenties-to-well-past crowd. Very popular; it may be just your thing.

The *Trocadero*, once the really in gay place, has fallen behind the *Wu-Wu* in popularity. Yet it still gets a heavy (and fast) crowd turnover. Perhaps the reason is the huge map on the front wall pointing out every other gay place in West Berlin. Greater love hath no man . . . It's at 13 Courbierstrasse, just off Kleiststrasse, a little to the north.

A relatively new leather bar is the *Knolle*, not exactly centrally located, but some distance away where Bundesallee 48 meets Wilhelmstrasse. Leather sports in the basement . . . orgies-s-s.

Among the most popular bars and clubs are the *Bi-Ba-Bo*, 5 Pfalzburgerstrasse, just a few minutes off the Kurfurstendamm (or Kudamm, as the Germans shorten it). Great bar, dancing, snacks. A friendly place. Not expensive, either. Also have a go at a gay club just known as *Gay*, 19

Joachimstalerstrasse. A popular meeting place before going elsewhere. Open from noon one day until 10 a.m. the next. (They do need a couple of hours to sweep out the confetti and rhinestones!) The *Hoppla Sir*, at 70 Urbanstrasse, is good only on weekends. Ruff-f-f, with lots of hustlers—and not the nicer ones, either.

Alphabetically, here is a further rundown of the current bar/club scene.

Abraham's Kneipe—12 Mommsenstrasse. Old-hat, and patronized by local gays, mostly, and they're not tourist-minded.

Andreas Kneipe—29 Ansbacherstrasse. Long popular, it's gayest at night. Straight/gay office workers come here during the day. Very comfortable. You'll like it. Open 24 hours.

Boulevard Café Saro—Lietzenburgerstrasse 77. Almost completely gay, and a very in place. Young crowd.

Chez Andres—70 Pasanenstrasse. A night spot of the cabaret type. TV's. Drag shows.

Chez Nous—14 Marburgstrasse. More cabaret, more drag, lots of TV's. Expensive.

Chez Romy Haag—Fuggerstrasse. Mixed, cabaret.

Clou—14 Joachimstalerstrasse. An 'iffy' place, such as previously mentioned, that, once wildly popular, is far less so now.

Club 70—58 Eberstrasse. Shows films. A good pickup place. Five U-Bahn stops from center of town.

Coco Bar—19 Giesebrechtstrasse. Open 24 hours. Young crowd, but not particularly interesting. Give it a try, though. You might like it.

David—3a Eisenachstrasse. Baroque/classical music, Segovia-type guitar. Quiet, centrally located.

Datscha—8 Motzstrasse. Too many hustlers. Ruff-f-f. Straights come here too.

Elli's Bierbar—at 102 Skalitzerstrasse. Weekends. Leather. More hustlers. More ruff-f-f.

Goldfish—1 Winterfeldstrasse. Has drag queens and has seen its day.

Hebbel Bar—38 Witzlebenstrasse. Although out of the center of things, this is a very friendly bar. A Munich 'Gusti's Ochsegarten' type of 'du-enna'.

Hollande 23—at 23 Grunewaldstrasse. A bit too far out. You'll need a cab to get here and it may not be worth the trip. Elegant and expensive.

Karmeen Luetzower Lampe—21 Behaimstrasse. Cabaret, run by a TV celeb. Popular. Drag queens by the dozens.

Kleist Casino International (K-C), 72 Stresemannstrasse, is a new gay

QQ

place, fast becoming in and worth a visit. Although you'll be charged an admission fee, this will be credited to your first drink. It's more of a formality than anything else. A night place, operated by the management of the Apollo Sauna (see under Baths).

Kleist Palais—Kleiststrasse/Corbierstrasse. Cinema bar. Very expensive. Straights come here too. Young crowd.

N-14 Bar—Nordufer 14. A popular place for older gay guys.

S-Bahn Quelle—13 Savignyplatz. A leather bar and a very interesting place. You'll recognize it at once as being the locale of some of the scenes in the film *Cabaret*. Now in. Many celebs. Not expensive, either. You'll like it.

BATHS

Apollo Sauna—at 72 Stresemannstrasse. This baths limits its clientele to the young in years, (not over 40), not the young at heart! Sauna, steam, pool, solarium, private rooms, massage, plus a 'birching' or spanking room . . . and orgy rooms. This is the most popular baths in West Berlin. Hot/cold buffet, and delightful in every steamy way. Gorgeous, humpy numbers come here . . . lots of celebs.

Bath Inn—23 Hubertusstrasse. Has a pool, Jacuzzi, bar, snacks, massage, solarium, and get-together lounge. Open daily from 4 p.m. until midnight. This baths is in the gay hotel of the same name. So if you stay here you may never want to leave!

Club Sauna—1 George-Wilhelmstrasse. Closed Sundays, and during July and August. Near the Kudamm sector. Take dues money and I.D. card (also for the Apollo Sauna). Lots of action.

HOTELS

Bath Inn—just described. Lots of younger visiting gay guys stay here. An 'almost anything goes' type of hotel. Easy to bring in tricks (what else?). It's more of a pension—thus is not really large. A very rewarding place to stay.

Hotel Pension d'Easte—29 Kurfurstendamm. Right in the heart of 'where it's at'. Lots of kinky action. Very popular and crowded. At any/all the hotels mentioned be sure to reserve well in advance.

Hotel/Pension Rheingold—9 Xantenerstrasse. Gay owned and operated by helpful guys who also arrange tours.

In addition to this rundown of the West Berlin gay scene, you should always carry with you a copy of "Private Stock," which is easy to fit into your jacket pocket . . . so you'll

November/December 1976

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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

have an easy-to-check digest of where everything is—and there's lots in West Berlin. The new 1977 edition, out near the end of this year (watch for ads in this magazine) will have all the above listings, plus all new places which will be open at that time. "Private Stock" is always an update on gay places everywhere. It can save you lots of time and money.

From an island of oppression to an oasis of new freedom, West Berlin has made a tremendous change. To see this beautiful city is to be enchanted. Remember, it's still the culture capital of Germany, and you have such other great things as the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under its great conductor, Herbert von Karajan... the equally great Berlin State Opera... and the museums which are unrivaled. There's always something exciting going on here, so check your travel agent, have your passport ready, and fly-y-y!

...

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

as I do? I want Gov. Shapp and his anti-morality anti-Godliness out of places of authority in this state and country.

"It can be done! It takes a little time out of your busy schedule. Write letters, complain to public officials, make telephone calls, not one, but several, complain to the Governor's office personally. If all God-fearing men and women would speak out against this, it would end!

"Think over what Gov. Shapp is doing. Think what this proclamation is saying. Not only to you but to your children. If you do nothing you may soon find members of these Gay groups teaching the subject to your kindergarten children. It can happen!"

One of our subscribers responded to the letter by writing directly to the man who sent it to the paper. A copy was sent to us:

"Yes, Mr. Geyer, Gay Pride Week! I believe you have a most distorted view of homosexuality, as do most unenlightened and narrow-minded people. You will find that this letter is signed, *Anonymous* if you will, because of the views you and many others falsely hold about homosexuals. You see, I am Gay and a teacher, and would, no doubt, lose my job if it were known. Not because I have molested any students or tried to "teach" homosexuality, but because of these untrue ideas people like you have.

"First, may I point out, one does not teach homosexuality; it is in all of us, as is heterosexuality. In the growth process, attitudes of all kinds are formed, including those of sexuality. Most attitudes are formed by the time a child is four or five years old; before he or she gets to school.

"I am not ashamed of being Gay, only fearful because of the stigma society has placed on my alternative lifestyle. Most people have the stereotype homosexual in mind when they think of homosexuality; the very effeminate, overt type. This represents a very small group within our lifestyle. I know doctors, lawyers, ministers of all denominations, construction workers, firemen, farmers, and people in any other occupation you can name, who are Gay. A great many of them are heterosexually married with children of their own. Most are as masculine as any completely heterosexual male, or more so in some cases. My own ex-lover is divorced and has three children; he is also a teacher.

"Those of us who are teachers and Gay would not more think of taking our sexual or moral beliefs into a classroom than would a heterosexual teacher. We do not attempt to seduce children, as many who share your thinking believe. Do heterosexual female teachers seduce their male students? Do heterosexual male teachers seduce female students? The answer to these questions is, *sometimes!* Of course you don't very often hear about it when it does happen. The statistical fact is that of all child molestation, including statutory rape, 95% is heterosexual, only 5% is homosexual. We who are teachers are exactly that, we do not carry our beliefs into the classroom.

"As a teacher I am responsible for the smaller children. I truly love children, not in a physical sense, but an emotional one. They are alive, vibrant personalities; they are tomorrow; they are beautiful human beings. This is what I teach.

"You, as so many others, return to the words in your Bible. I am also an atheist, which places two-fold damnation on me in your mind, I realize. (My beliefs on religion do not go into a classroom either.) The Bible was written over two thousand years ago in a time when death far outranked the living. Disease, wars, natural disaster, ignorance were rampant. There was a great need to have humanity reproduce itself in great numbers to exceed the number of deaths. Hence, religious edicts forbidding any sexual outlets that did not result in reproduction of the species. All such sexual outlets were banned on threat of hell-fire and damnation,

from masturbation to coitus interruptus to homosexuality. Our great Puritan ethic has kept all this alive into today where it is no longer necessary. We are overpopulating the world with it.

"Fortunately, not all heterosexuals feel the way you do. I am proud to number among my friends a great number of straight couples and individuals who know about and accept my alternative lifestyle. Some of these are people with whom I teach. Many have children and have no fears that I may infect their children. In some cases, the children who are older also know and accept my lifestyle.

"I have found in my experience that those who over-react negatively to homosexuality are those who fear it; and those who fear it most, fear its presence within themselves."

The battle continues—and we can only wonder if it will come to a conclusion in our lifetime. We must continue to fight... not with sticks but with words—for it will be by reason that we will win our cause in the end. The futility that we all feel must be endured. For ourselves. For those who follow. We will overcome.

...

HOT POT

(Continued from page 25)

like the real thing. It occurred to us that the party-minded host might like to tempt his guest with this easy-to-make jambalaya. It takes only 45 minutes to prepare, so you'll have plenty of time to spend with your friends. And it can make you the most talked-about host in town.

SHRIMP JAMBALAYA WITH WILD RICE

You'll need:

- 1 cup wild rice, well washed
- 1 #2 can tomatoes
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 teaspoon dried tarragon
- 1 pound fresh shrimp, peeled and deveined; or 2 8-ounce packages frozen; or 2 #1 cans
- 1 pint fresh, or 1 8-ounce package frozen oysters
- 1 teaspoon gumbo filé
- Salt and pepper

Put the wild rice, tomatoes and juice, onion, tarragon, salt and pepper in a shallow casserole with 1 cup water. Cover tightly and cook in a 350-degree oven for 35 minutes. Add the shrimp and oysters. Cover and cook 10 minutes longer. Just before serving, add the gumbo filé (this must not be cooked); fluff the rice

November/December 1976

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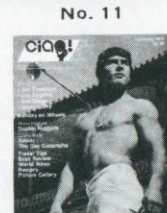
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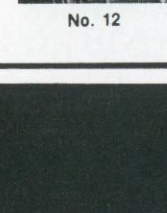
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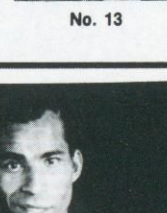
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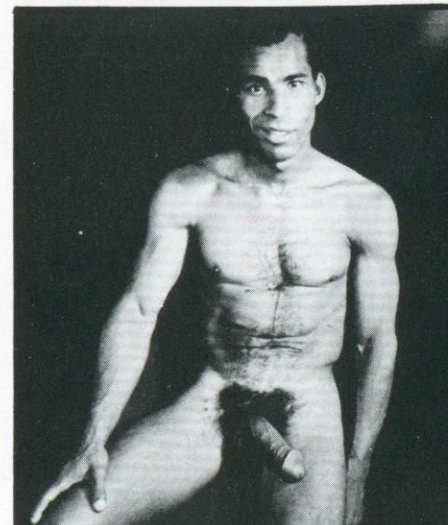


No. 13

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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with a fork. This serves 4 happy people.

What to serve with it? A simple watercress salad and hot buttermilk biscuits. The latter will be found in tubes in the refrigerated-foods department of any supermarket, so why slave over a dough-board making them by hand? Also, keep your dessert simple. Why not just a canned pear in port wine? The ruby wine colors the pear, making it pretty as well as deliciously different. The pears should be refrigerated for several hours; the colder the pears, the 'spunkier' the taste.

Unless you're in Budapest, Vienna, or by chance turn up in Transylvania where Gypsies thrive, you won't find a true *gulyas*. Although many restaurants serve "real Hungarian goulash," the fact is that this is usually nothing more than beef stew. A true Gypsy *gulyas* is an easy dish to prepare and lies lightly on the stomach. If you take our *Ciao!* travel tip in the October 1976 issue and trek through Provencal France by *roulotte*—the authentic, restored Gypsy cart described in *Gypsy Jaunt* in that issue—you might like to get more in a Gypsy mood by preparing this also-easy

GYPSY GULYAS

You can hot-pot this for really delighted guests . . . here are the ingredients:

2½ pounds best-quality beef—chuck or round
1 quart beef stock, heated
3 tablespoons butter
2 onions, finely chopped
3 tablespoons flour
1 ripe tomato, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1¼ cups diced potatoes
Salt
1¼ tablespoons rose paprika (if you have a Hungarian-owned store in the city you can get this fresh . . . if not, use the packaged)
Caraway seeds

Melt the butter in the pot or heavy saucepan, stir in the onions and saute them over low heat until tender—transparent, not brown. Cut the beef into 1" chunks, stir into the butter/onions until each piece is seared on all sides. Sprinkle with salt and a pinch of the caraway seeds. Next, mix the paprika and flour, making a pretty color, and stir the mixture into the meat, making sure to coat each piece evenly. Now add, a little at a time, the hot beef stock, stirring all the while to eliminate lumpiness. When smooth, let the *gulyas* simmer for about 1 hour. Then add the tomato and pepper and cook 20 minutes longer. Add the potatoe cubes last and cook until they are done. This will gener-

ously serve 8 persons. Although very filling, this *gulyas* is very light. To accompany it you might serve a lettuce and escarole salad with a spicy dressing. Red wine for the table. And a simple dessert. A dish fit for the King of the Gypsies!

Thus far we've given you authentic, easy-does-it recipes for a hot-pot meat stew, and a Southern fish dish. Here's one that takes longer to prepare and really sticks to the ribs . . . no serving it to those who must 'wasp-watch' their waistlines! This stew utilizes chicken, along with beef and veal, although the 'chicken' part used to be wild game—squirrels, would you believe?

The origins of Brunswick Stew are vague. Some say it is a Brunswick County (North Carolina) creation; others say it's from Brunswick County (Virginia). But it as much Georgian (and all Southern), with a Brunswick, Georgia to prove it! Because it can be made in quantities large enough to feed as many as Christ did with the loaves and fishes, it is a 'must' at Southern outdoor crowd gatherings. But it is so delicious and can be made also in quantities small enough to serve just 6 to 8 persons, we thought you might like to add this to your hot-pot repertoire.

BRUNSWICK STEW

You'll need:
½-pound chuck beef, cut in small cubes
½-pound shoulder veal, also cut in small cubes
1 3-pound chicken cut in serving pieces
4 peeled/quartered tomatoes (or 2 cups canned)
3 medium onions, chopped
A few strips of bacon cut in squares
2 cups lima beans (or 1 package frozen)
2 cups diced potatoes
2 cups fresh okra, sliced
2 cups cut-from-the-cob corn
½-cup bread crumbs
Salt
Freshly-ground pepper
Tabasco
3 cups boiling water

After frying the bacon squares in a heavy enameled pot, add the beef and veal, browning on all sides. Take out the meat and put in the chicken, browning likewise. Pour off the fat, and return the meat to the pot, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. Add the tomatoes, onions and water, letting this simmer for 45 minutes. Remove the chicken pieces to cool, then pull meat from the bones and cut in little chunks. Return chicken to pot and add lima beans, potatoes, okra and be liberal with the Tabasco (several dashes). Simmer for

1 hour more, skimming off the arising fat at various times. Add the corn and cook 10 minutes more. Then stir in the bread crumbs (and a dab of butter, if you like). Taste. Add salt and pepper if necessary. It should be quite peppery, and be 'heard' above the Tabasco. The mixture should be the consistency of s thick porridge. Spoon it on a dish and serve with hot corn bread (or corn sticks), and a light salad of fresh greens with a vinegar and oil dressing. Beer with this . . . no wine. And forget the dessert, except for, perhaps, a piece of fresh fruit without trimmings. Your waist-line will have cried "Uncle!" (or maybe "Auntie!").

...

TIME FOR TOMORROW

(Continued from page 22)

went to the dresser and came back with a jar of Vaseline and lubricated his cock, then Edwin. Again that clumsy fumbling, hasting touch that fought against time in its quest for pleasure. Edwin had never sexed in this position; his partner placed pillows beneath the boy's hips, pushed his longs legs far back, and entered him from the front. It took some time for the phallus to push its way completely in, thrust by thrust. To ease some of the tension on his leg and hip muscles Edwin pulled his legs all the way back, placed them on the man's shoulders, and crossed his ankles. This seemed to startle him.

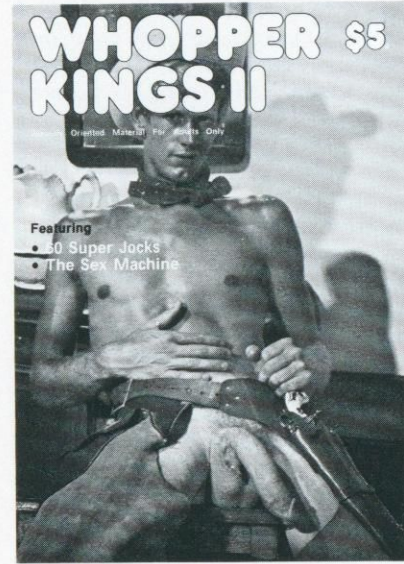
"What are you doing?"

Edwin looked up, still dazed.

"What are you, some kind of contortionist? Nobody can do that!" But he soon found pleasure in being gripped that way and began to thrust more violently, his breath quickening, his hands gripping Edwin like a vise.

As the room began to whirl his eyes closed with desire, languidly; his chest began to heave and he felt himself being drained of all energy, shooting quick bursts of hot sperm into the youth, taking him by the shoulders and shaking them violently, convulsively, as if seeking a way to relieve the pent-up tension overtaking his body. Then suddenly becoming gentler, he removed a hand from one shoulder to caress and fondle Edwin's cock, rubbing around the head with his palm, caressing the balls, tugging gently at the length of the phallus. Edwin moaned—the combination of this, with the sensation of the man's cock rubbing him on the inside—being almost too much to bear. He panted, threshing his head from side to side, voicing sounds he never knew

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himself capable of making, then felt a shuddering, almost uncomfortable chill spread through his body.

He and the man threshed around until they lay side by side, a tangle of limbs, and slowly, wearily separated themselves. Edwin was exhausted, and he saw the dark, obscure images grow dimmer before his eyes until everything went blank and he drifted off into a deep sleep.

The man yawned and switched on the soft light of a lamp on the table next to the bed. He wanted to see Edwin's face for some reason, perhaps just to assure himself that he was there—real. At once he understood the reason why the bartender was at first hesitant to give Edwin the brandy. When closed, the huge brown eyes formed long, perfect arcs—the long, dark, downy lashes against the smooth cheeks. He had a small nose and long, sensuous lips that curved up slightly in a relaxed, dreamy smile. His lips were almost scarlet. At first the man thought it was lipstick, but rubbing them with a fold of white sheet proved it was not. Then he leaned forward and kissed the smooth forehead, then brushed his lips against the smooth cheek, turned off the lamp, and left the room.

When Edwin awoke he found himself in another room—it seemed to be a second bedroom. He raised himself on his elbows and looked around. His clothes hung on a hanger on a closet door. He looked down at his body; it had been cleaned.

The bed had been freshly made, and for the first time he realized what a luxurious bedroom it really was—done entirely in blue—plush royal blue carpet, matching draperies and bedspread, while the walls were painted powder blue, with white, wallpaper-like decorations, and the furniture was of dark mahogany. On the opposite wall there was a solid mahogany dresser, intricately decorated, above which a mirror hung, framed in mahogany, whose decorations matched those of the dresser.

Edwin could see his own reflection, and it seemed to him almost like a photograph of someone else to see himself sitting up in that huge bed, surrounded by blue. He had temporarily forgotten about those events that had taken place the night before, not really thinking of where he was at the moment, nor how he'd gotten there. He felt rather that something covert had taken place, but it was buried too far back in his mind to fish out.

His head ached with a dull, throbbing pain, then he remembered that he had been drunk. The realization came to him, startlingly, that he was nude, and he recalled being undressed. Slowly it came to him

what had happened afterward. He became afraid, without knowing why. Hearing footsteps approaching the door, and not knowing how he should react, or what he should say to the man when he entered, Edwin quickly lay back and pretended to be asleep.

Soon he became aware of the presence of another person in the room; then there was a pause, a hesitation of what felt like an hour, but was actually only about a minute. He sensed the cover being lifted. Another pause. What was the purpose of this, he wondered. Did the man want to watch him, to gaze at him? He then felt himself being covered again, gently, caressingly, as though he were fragile and could be broken by any touch save a brushing caress.

After another pause the man left the room, and after waiting a safe interval Edwin reopened his eyes, wondering what he should do. He saw a clock on the night table—a digital clock, and the numbers read 3:02. They clicked—changed to 3:03. At first he assumed that he had been there for an hour or two, but then a suspicion hit him and he got up and went over to the window. The curtains had been drawn so that not a hint of light or darkness outside could be perceived. When he parted the curtains and looked down at the street below they were lit with daylight, and so it was 3:03 p.m. He had been asleep for more than twelve hours.

He reached for his clothes and quickly dressed. He found his shoes and socks at the foot of the bed, and put them on. After that he sat on the bed, leaning forward, arms crossed and resting on his knees. A look of anxiety crossed his face and he covered it with his hands for a few minutes, not knowing what to do, not wanting to leave the room, not knowing what to say if he saw the man.

His thoughts drifted back, sorting through the events and circumstances of his life. He thought of his uncle, wondering what he might be thinking right then . . . then of his father who had been dead for nine years. He remembered that once his father had taken him to the beach with his mother one sunny summer afternoon, and how he had watched them swim while he sat lazily on the shore. The sun glinted on the sand, causing its reflection to glare in his eyes, hurting them. He saw them out there, running and splashing through the water like children. They were laughing.

Edwin continued to stare down at the plush blue carpet, unaware that now there was someone else standing in the room. He'd heard no footsteps

approaching, nor had he heard the door opening, but he had sensed that someone was there with him, and slowly looked up, not wanting to see who it was, having to find out. First he saw the slippers, then the silken pajama legs, and the beginning of a plush robe that exactly matched the blue color of the room.

Neither of them said anything for a long time; Edwin sat, looking up half-fearfully, half-impudently at this man who seemed so different from the one he'd been with the night before. His first impulse was that it was someone else. This man was tall and slim with broad shoulders, gray hair and strong, dominant features. Edwin estimated his age to be 45 to 55 years. There was an air of richness about him, of sophistication and extravagance.

He walked over and sat next to the boy. Finally the man spoke, quietly, in a voice that was steady and deep, "I thought you were a . . . hustler," he said, explaining.

Edwin shook his head, still looking down.

"You've never done this before?"

Edwin was still shaking his head. "No . . . yes . . . No, I mean, not all of it."

This seemed to be answer enough, for he did not press the issue further; he said now, in a voice that sounded as though he were talking more to himself than to Edwin, "It's been a long time since I did it like that . . . it was good for me. You're different—you do things to me that no one else ever has. I . . . felt different. It was . . . real." Another pause, during which the man looked more determinedly, steadily at the boy, then added, "And you make me so horny I don't know which end is which."

Edwin gave no response, the thought never occurred to wonder just what the man meant.

"How old did you say you are?" asked the man.

"I didn't. You never asked me."

"Well . . . how old are you?"

"Twenty-one . . . twenty-two."

"Which one is it? Twenty-one or twenty two?"

"Twenty-two. I just turned twenty-two," Edwin said definitely, now getting his thoughts in order. He doubted that the man would believe him now; few people did unless they knew him. He looked about nineteen.

"You live with your parents?"

Edwin shook his head, then blurted out, without intending to, "My parents are dead."

The man tried to put his hand on the boy's shoulder in an apologetic gesture, but Edwin shook it off, flinching as he did so, as if in pain.

"Weren't you out looking for a

QQ

man?"

"No."

"Why," began the man, fishing now, "were you walking around in that part of the city at that time of night if you weren't interested in picking up a man?"

"I didn't know what part of the city I was in." He was still staring into his lap.

"You must have found out sooner or later. You must have seen—"

"I didn't see anything! I didn't know!"

"All right then," said the man, not gently this time, but determinedly, as though trying to corner the boy. "What about when you saw me? What about when you let me take you to a gay bar and buy you all those drinks. You still didn't know what was going on? You actually didn't know?"

Edwin shook his head, not trusting himself to speak.

"Well you remember how you were acting, don't you? You mean to say you didn't know the score when men began to touch you," he persisted, louder and more vehemently this time, "like this?" He reached in front of the boy and quickly found the organ beneath the clothes, then squeezed it.

"No!"

"Or this?" he went on, his tone now mocking and venomous. He reached behind the boy and harshly rubbed and clasped his hips, as the men in the bar had begun to do the night before. He leaned farther over and used both hands now, kneading the hips callously.

"No! No! I didn't! Don't make me!" He stood up, his arms still around himself, his face turned away, his shoulders trembling slightly beneath the green turtleneck.

The man stood also, walked in front of the boy, and tried to put his arms around him to comfort him. Edwin yanked himself away, crying silently but uncontrollably. Again the man came in front of him; again Edwin flinched away. Finally using both hands to firmly clasp the boy by the shoulders, the man turned him around, forcing him to stay there. Edwin murmured, "I didn't . . . I didn't . . ."

The man's hands moved down to Edwin's arms, forced them apart, held them there. "What about when I brought you here," he continued, his voice calmer and softer, but just as determined, and now tinted with hues of lust, "and took off your clothes? And what about when you let me—"

He quickly reached down to the slender hips and clasped them, then ran his hands up and down them. Edwin looked towards the door, his face a mask of torment. He tried to step away; the man seized his wrists

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and pulled him back. "You didn't know what was happening?" he laughed mockingly. "Well just what did you think was going on while I was fucking you? What?"

Again Edwin tried to back away; the man grabbed him and shoved him against the wall.

"You wanted it then," he said, his voice a savage whisper, "and you want it now." He held the boy pinned against the wall, holding both wrists with one of his hands, using the other to keep the shoulders steady. He went on, mockingly, "Just as you want this." He roughly kissed the boy on the mouth, so harshly that he bruised one of Edwin's lips. He kept on, the kisses now becoming wilder, rougher and more penetrating and fervent until both their faces were wet with Edwin's tears. He rubbed his stiff rod against the boy, scissoring the long legs open by shoving one of his own between them. Edwin tried to push him away, to turn his head, but the man would only react more violently and overpower him; in fact, the boy's struggling seemed to be a source of strength to him.

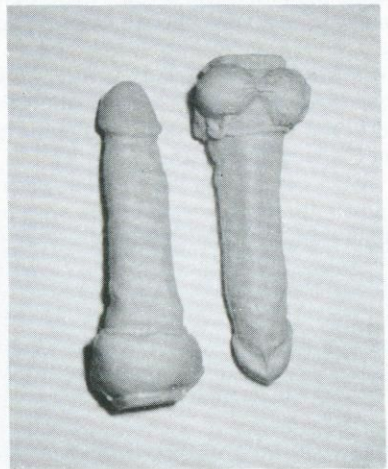
Edwin was then shoved back onto the plush blue bed; tried to get back up but was pushed down again. The man got over him and began to unbuckle his belt, but fumbled too much and finally thrust it aside, ordering, "Take off those fucking clothes!"

Edwin obeyed, slowly, fearfully, knowing that his own strength was no match for the man's—afraid to speak or struggle any more. The man grabbed him and pushed him onto the floor, yanked his arm to turn him over on his face, then quickly opened his robe and pajama bottoms. Again he seized the hips, this time lubricating neither them nor himself and attacked the boy, shoving his way into the contracted sphincter. "Do you know now?" he asked mockingly, his voice tinged with desire. "Do you know what's happening to you now?"

He brought the boy up to a crawling position and violently worked his way in and out, using his large hands to thrust the pelvis back and forth. He pushed Edwin back down onto the floor before the youth could catch himself, and the top of his forehead met the floor with such impact that it produced a slight thudding sound even through the muffling of the carpet. Another moment and he was snatched back up into the crawl position.

He cried out in the beginning, raising his head as though directing his lamentations toward the sky, then sinking it, letting it drop as though in exhaustion. His cries seemed only to make the man attack him with a

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greater zest, ramming and slamming in and out as if the cries were a source of excitement to him. Edwin found himself hitting the floor again, then being picked back up to the crawl position; it seemed hours were going by.

"Well," persisted the man, his voice how a harsh, chilling whisper, "do you know what's happening? Isn't it what you want? Isn't it?"

"No! Stop!" Edwin's voice broke slightly, partly because of the way he was being jostled. "Please stop!"

"You want it."

"No!"

"Why did you come here, dammit? Why did you come here last night and let me fuck you if you didn't want it!"

Edwin cried out again, this time tiredly, weakly.

"You wanted me to fuck you! You wanted me to! Say it! Say it!"

Edwin felt sharp nails begin to dig into, sear down his back; he felt the surface of his skin rip under the clawing, over—over—over again. He lifted his head, his face a tortured mask of anguish. He cried out piercingly, imploringly, pitifully, at the top of his lungs. "Yes! Yesss!" He dragged the words out, screaming them, agony directing his voice. "I wanted you to!"

The man seized the hips more vehemently than he had ever done before—so firmly that now they even ached from the hold he had on them. The words—hearing them spoken—vitalized him, and he quickly, strongly ejaculated, falling once again on top of the boy, pushing the long legs farther apart, like scissors, then grabbing the waist and working himself and the boy up to a kneeling position. Again the thudding as he crashed in and out, again Edwin was crying, softly now, wearily and submissively. Finally the thudding lessened, and he changed from harsh kneading to languid caressing, and pulled out, exhausted. Then, still there on the floor, with a half-smile of victory and pleasure spread tiredly across his lips, he leaned against the wall and closed his eyes.

For a few seconds after he was freed Edwin didn't move. Then with a great effort, mentally going over all the cuts and bruises on his body, he stood up. His back hurt more now than ever and felt as if it were being stabbed, whipped, seared. He put one hand back across one shoulder and rubbed it, then brought it back to look at it; there was no blood, but he could feel that the skin had been pierced.

He quickly gathered up his clothes and left the room, quietly shutting the door so that the man would not hear him and awaken. He looked around at

the huge room, lavishly done, and the apartment reminded him of the one he and his uncle shared, although the color schemes were different.

He came across a bathroom done in red, the first time he'd seen one like it. He entered and noted that there was a full length mirror on one wall, and turned his back to it, studying it. The gashes were not quite deep enough to bleed but were a bright red, streaking down from his shoulders all the way to his hips. His forehead ached slightly from where it had banged against the floor, and he was sore and even bleeding from not being lubricated.

He had to stay there until the bleeding stopped, and after a few minutes passed he became concerned that it might not.

After he had dressed and was trying to find his way out, he saw that there were so many doors to the apartment it seemed segmented. He opened four doors, each of which led to a huge room which led to still another room; in the last room he saw two doors on each side, and for no particular reason opened the door on the left. He froze. The walls were painted black, the ceiling red. On the far wall hung whips, chains and strong-coiled ropes. There were two fixtures connected to another wall which appeared to be single handcuffs, and on the floor was a black mask with matching black leather gloves. In the center of the room was a long piece of black cloth, and next to it something closely resembling a baseball bat.

A sudden fear struck him. He turned and bolted towards the other door and quickly pushed it open. It led down a long foyer, at the end of which was the living room. The living room, the sofa . . . it came back to him now, and he remembered seeing that part of the apartment the night before. He heard a far-off door open suddenly. Was it his imagination? No, another opened, louder this time. He rushed for the door leading out of the apartment and saw hanging on the knob a long chain with several keys. He assumed there was a key for each room but had no way of knowing which key was for which room. He tried one of them in the top lock. It was the wrong one. Another door opened, paused, and closed. He was sure he'd heard it this time; it was clear and definite. He tried a second key; again the wrong one. Another door opened, paused, and closed. He wondered how many rooms separated them now. He fumbled, then found a third key. *The wrong one.* Kept thinking, "Be calm. Don't worry. Don't be nervous. There's nothing to be afraid of. Find the key."

"Been wandering around, have you?" a voice called from what seemed right behind him. He spun around but no one was there. After trying key after key there was another pause, then the man came out. Edwin saw him standing there, shutting the door behind him, smiling. He dropped the keys, quickly reached down and picked them up.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" the man asked, his voice not venomous but laughing. Edwin, still fumbling, became almost hysterical; he couldn't take it. "No! No-o-o! Stay away!"

The man was still walking towards him slowly, genially. "What's the matter? Come on, give me the keys. You know I wouldn't hurt you, don't you?"

Edwin, in a last effort, tried a key at random. It went in.

The man knew better than to make a rush now; he was too far away. But he did try to hold the boy back by stunning him, by saying something he knew would reach him, at least temporarily. "Come on, son."

Edwin stood there, his hand still on the key in the door, ready to open it. He flinched and almost recoiled on hearing this and said, almost imploringly, "That room."

The man was still approaching, walking so smoothly that the only way you could tell he was moving was by the distance between them lessening. He was at the end of the foyer now, at the edge of the living room. "That room? That's not for you. You know I wouldn't use those things on you, don't you, Edwin?"

Hearing his name spoken made his eyes open wider, almost questioningly. He did not remember telling the man his name, and wondered how he knew it.

"There's no need to leave now, Edwin. You haven't eaten since yesterday. You must be hungry. Why don't you stay for a few minutes."

Edwin said nothing. The man was halfway across the living room. He reached out his arms. "Come on. Put the key down. Hang it back up on the door. Come with me." He smiled again. "What are you afraid of? You know I didn't mean to hurt you. I wouldn't hurt you on purpose."

Edwin moved as though he were going to unlock the door and the man almost bolted forward. The closer he came, the more he began to act as he had before. They were only about six feet apart, and he was quickly shortening the distance. Then Edwin saw that look in the eyes . . . that look that was the same as it had been in the room. He quickly turned the key in the lock, slipped down the bottom lock and opened the door just as the

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Travel:

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

man bolted forward. He ran out of the apartment and did not stop until he was halfway down the hall. He saw the face burst out of the door suddenly as he turned back, the man yelling, "Get back here you little son of a bitch! Get your skinny ass back in here before I come out there and beat the hell out of it."

Edwin backed away, slowly, now that he thought he was out of danger. He did not expect the man to leave the apartment in his robe and follow him out of the hallway, and was stunned, almost paralyzed when this happened. He should have run out in the beginning, he thought, then he would have had time to get away. The man had stopped yelling, in order to avoid attracting attention, but had taken the shoulders again and was saying firmly, "You forgot your coat. Come back and get it. You wouldn't want to leave without your coat, would you?"

Edwin looked around to see if anyone was there, then shook his head. Then, by some freaky coincidence, the elevator in front of them opened. There was an elderly couple in it, peeping out inquisitively. Edwin quickly turned and stepped in just before the door closed.

The couple smiled at him as the elevator went down to the lobby. Edwin smiled back, then looked up to see the numbers light up and black out in sequence, as if they were footsteps. His smile made him look even younger than he usually did, with the slight dimples it brought to his smooth cheeks and the way it made the long, soft, fleecy brows turn up towards the center of his forehead, producing an innocent, almost angelic, effect.

"Lovely day," he heard a voice remark. He turned and saw it was the woman. He nodded, smiling again, and looked back up.

"I've never seen you in here," she said sweetly, inquisitively. "Visiting someone?"

"Yes. My . . . godfather."
"How nice."

The elevator came to a stop and the door opened. Edwin left ahead of the couple, but as he approached the double doors leading out of the building he felt someone pinch him on the rear. He quickly turned around but there was no one else there except the old couple. The old man turned and gave a wink as they passed by the stunned boy. He must have been at least seventy years old.

Edwin stood there until they were out of the building, staring ahead with a shocked, perplexed expression. He left when they were out of sight, looking up at the sunshine as he opened the door, squinting his eyes and shielding them with one hand.

He followed the signs and streets until he found his way back to a part of the neighborhood he recognized, walking quickly and with apprehension, not looking at anyone. Luckily it was not nearly as cold as it had been the night before; there was little wind and the sun shone brightly. When his apartment building was in sight he quickened his step, looking at his watch and noting that it was after four o'clock.

When he got to the door and reached for his key, he remembered that it was in the pocket of his coat. He rang the bell, crossed his arms, and leaned against the wall. After a minute it opened; his uncle looked out, saw him, and smiled. "Edwin," he said heartily, "you didn't come home last night." It was neither a question nor statement of consequence, merely a casual remark. He opened the door all the way to let his nephew in, then closed it.

Edwin felt he should say something. "Sorry for not calling."

"Forget it," his uncle laughed. He went in and sat down in one of the large chairs across from the sofa and took out a half-empty pack of cigarettes from the pocket of his robe. Lighting up, he blew the smoke out lazily, narrowing his eyes against it. His nephew and he looked so different that one would not be able to surmise they were even distantly related. Edwin's eyes were huge, of a soft brown color. His uncle's were dark and sinister-looking. Edwin's lips were long, dreamy, and would be sensuous were it not for that ever-present innocent half-smile. His uncle's were strong, the bottom lip protruding farther than the upper, giving him a stern, determined expression. He was physically larger, taller, huskily built.

"Toss one of those over here, will you?" Edwin said. He took one, lit it, and sank back in his chair, breathing in deeply, languidly. He knew that his uncle wouldn't ask him where he had been. In fact Steve seemed pleased that his nephew had spent the night out. Edwin knew what he was thinking . . . that he had been out with a woman. He suddenly felt ashamed. And he knew why his uncle was dressed like this, too, because he had been with a woman the night before. Now Edwin remembered why he had left so abruptly to take a walk. Although the apartment was soundproof and the rooms completely shut off from one another, he did not want to be in the apartment when one of those women was there, which was usually about every night.

His uncle stood up. "I'll grab myself something to eat," he said. "Have you eaten? Are you hungry?"

"No," Edwin answered, but I could use a drink."

Steve went behind the bar, and as usual he asked what Edwin would have, although invariably he'd say brandy. This time Edwin asked for a scotch on the rocks.

"Steve?" It had taken his uncle nearly two years to get Edwin to stop calling him "uncle."

"Yea?"

"I . . . nothing. Forget it."

"Anything wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. Nothing. Why should there be anything wrong? Do I sound as though there's anything wrong?"

"Yes," Steve answered, his voice carrying a trace of laughter.

"Oh. Well, there isn't. Just forget it."

Edwin became uncomfortable as Steve's gaze grew graver and lost its twinge of humor. Neither said anything for a moment, until Steve asked, "Did you know her?"

Edwin looked up. "Did I . . . what?"

"You heard me. You're upset that you didn't know her. Is that it?"

Edwin looked down, shaking his head almost hopelessly. The situation would have been humorous, he thought, if he were watching it as a bystander instead of experiencing it.

"What are you letting it bother you for?" Steve asked, his tone friendly. "Chalk it up to experience. It's good for you."

Edwin finished his drink all at once, then stood up and went to the window, looking again at the street below. As time passed, his uncle talked with him on an equal level more and more; as he got older it seemed that his uncle got younger. When he had come to live with him he'd been thirteen and his uncle twenty-eight. Now he was twenty-two and his uncle thirty-seven, but looked just about the same as in the beginning. The thought hit him all at once now, that whenever he would go for a walk his uncle was thinking he was going out to see women; that was the reason he'd be so friendly, so you-son-of-a-gun-like when Edwin would return. He closed his eyes for a moment, shaking his head. He looked across the long room and saw Steve going to the kitchen. Again he called, "Steve?"

"Yea?"

"I . . ." he stopped, not being able to say what he wanted to, but feeling obligated to say something. "I . . . wait, I'm going with you."

As he walked across the room his uncle remarked, "You really should put on some weight."

Edwin felt more relaxed, his tension being attenuated by Steve's

straightforward, almost jovial manner. "You're always telling me that."

Pointing to the usual Sunday afternoon feast of bacon, eggs, toast, orange juice and coffee, Steve said, "Eat."

"I want another drink," Edwin said.

His uncle remarked in that same half-laughing tone, "She must have really been something."

Edwin gave no reply but left the room and went back to the bar. Pouring himself another scotch he drank it quickly, wanting it to dull his thoughts and sensations. Steve came out, got the Sunday paper from the coffee table, and sat on the sofa with it. He rarely dressed on Sundays, but spent the entire afternoon lounging in robe, pajamas and slippers reading the newspaper. Until late evening he didn't have visitors and spent the time alone. At first Edwin would wonder whether Steve though of his being there as an infringement, but soon got over this when he sensed how invariably happy Steve was to see him, giving him half the paper to read. Edwin would usually change into pajama bottoms and completely relax, lying on the carpet, elbows on the floor with one hand supporting his face and the other turning the pages. They wouldn't talk much, but the silence was not noticeable to either. It was a light, comfortable silence, rather than a vacuum that need be filled with words.

"You reading the paper now?" he asked from behind the bar.

"Yea," Steve answered. He picked up the paper and half-extended it. "Take some."

Edwin smiled. "In a minute. I want to take a shower and change." He walked to his room, watching his uncle with an intent gaze. He was happy to be here—he looked out his window, then sat on his bed for a few moments, thinking lightly, more easily this time. The scotch was finally having the desired effect. He was almost happy. He slipped off his shoes, then his socks and stood up to slip off his sweater. He was at the window now, right across from the door on the other side of the room, looking out as he reached around his waist to take hold of the turtleneck.

He leaned over, and stood back up, pulling the sweater over his head. It was at that instant, when the sweater was covering his head and face, leaving his entire back exposed to full view, that his uncle passed by, and seeing the light on, glanced in, did a double-take and stopped.

Edwin was now bare from the waist up. He spun around. "Steve, I thought you were still in the living room."

"What's happened to your back?"

"What?"

"Your back!" Steve repeated, now excitedly. "Turn around."

Edwin paused, then turned. "Oh, that?" he said. "I hurt it a little. It's nothing."

"How'd you get all those scratches, Edwin?"

"It's nothing. I fell."

"You what?"

"I just . . . slipped." He laughed nervously. "Don't worry."

Steve commented, as though the matter were closed, "I've never had much use for women with way-out fetishes. How about you?"

Edwin looked up, surprised, then slowly shook his head.

"There's just one basic thing men and women were meant to do, and that's fuck."

"Edwin turned his head slightly backward, almost jumped, the word startling him. "Oh," he said. He looked back down at the paper and started reading.

It was five minutes before either said anything, then Edwin asked, out of the blue, "Do you remember when I first came to live here?"

"Sure. Why."

"Well what did you think of it? Did you have any say in it or did they just make you let me stay here?"

"What?"

"I said, do you remember when I first came to live here."

"Christ! You said that before! I don't mean 'what' as in what did you say, I mean 'what' as in what the hell brought this up."

"Nothing. I'm just curious."

Silence.

"Well?" asked Edwin.

"Well, what?"

"Did they make you take me?"

"Why?"

"I just want to know."

"What does it matter? That was nine years ago."

"So it was nine years ago! Will you tell me?"

"Man, you're crazy."

"You must remember. Don't you?"

"Remember?" asked Steve, as though he didn't know what Edwin was talking about.

"Do you remember when I first came to live here?"

"Oh, Lord. How many times are you going to ask that?"

"Until you give me a straight answer. Do you remember?"

"I remember."

"Well, they made you take me, didn't they?"

"No."

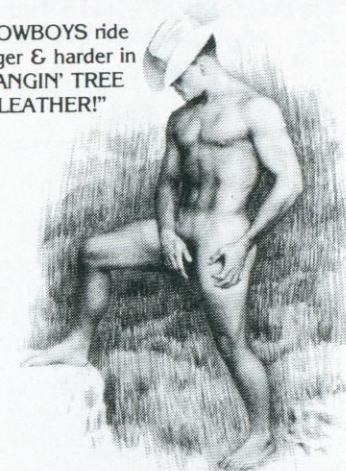
"They didn't?"

"No they didn't."

"They gave you a choice, then."

Steve shrugged, then went back to

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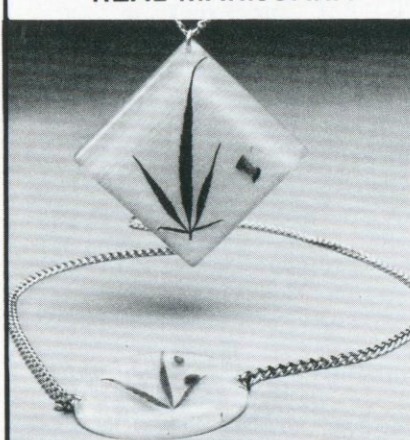
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reading.

"I'm not finished," said Edwin.

"Hey, what is this. You taking notes or something?"

"You wanted me to come here?"

"Yes."

"Oh. Okay. It took me nine years to ask you that."

"What?"

"Why did you want me to live here?" Edwin asked then.

"Oh, Lord! Read your paper. Go in the dining room and eat something." Steve laughed. "Just leave me alone."

Edwin turned over and lay on his back now, looking at the ceiling for awhile and then turned back on his stomach.

"Edwin."

Edwin looked at Steve. "Hmm?"

"If you hadn't come here they would have sent you to an orphanage. You were thirteen, and if I kept you for five years you wouldn't have to go to one. They weren't going to ask me because they didn't think I was responsible enough, but I put on a big show for about two weeks and it worked. I didn't want you to have to spend five years in some orphanage, so I found a way to keep you myself, all right? Is that all you wanted to know?" For the first time since Edwin had known him Steve looked embarrassed, averting his gaze. "Wasn't I a lot of trouble?"

"I got used to it."

"You never wanted to change your mind?"

"No, look, man, why don't you just read now, all right?"

They stayed as they were for a time until there was a sound at the door—a faint jingle. They both looked at it, startled, half-thinking it might be another door on the floor, until they heard the lock turn . . . the first lock, a pause, then the second lock, one more pause, then the door was slowly pushed open. Steve stood up and was facing it and Edwin was still on the floor, staring up fearfully, his fear deeper than his uncle's, more haunting.

The door remained slightly ajar for a few moments, then opened the rest of the way. A figure entered, shabbily dressed, overcoat pulled haggardly on. He held something on one arm—another coat. He looked first at the uncle and gave some gesture, some nod of the head as if to say, "I beg your pardon, but I've business to attend to." He then looked at Edwin in the middle of the floor and held the coat out to him, smiling as though they were old friends. "Sorry to barge in on your cozy setting like this, but . . ." he smiled even wider now, and held the coat out further, as though expecting the boy to come and get it.

"You forgot your coat. I reminded you before you left, but you didn't seem to hear me. You wouldn't want to leave your coat, now, would you?"

Steve stepped in front of him. "Now wait just a goddamn minute! Who in hell are you?" He saw the keys still in the man's other hand, and grabbed them. "Where'd you get those keys?"

"Why, from the coat. But ask Edwin over there. He can tell you more about that." Then looking at the boy, he added, "I told you you were good for me. I'm not about to let you go."

Now they were both looking at the boy who had come up to a half-sitting position, eyes glazed, terrified.

The man continued. "You left so fast I had a hard time catching you. The car wouldn't start right away, but luckily I got here all right as you can see. Luckily I didn't have to try too many doors before I got to this one . . ." He turned back to Steve. "Edwin didn't tell me he had a . . . lover. Do you live here?"

"Say what?" Steve made a move as though ready to fight. "Listen, faggot—"

The man looked venomously at Edwin, then back to Steve, and asked, "Do you call him that too? Or do you have nother pet name for him?"

Steve knocked the coat out of his hand. "Whoever the hell you are you got some damn nerve. You want to get out now or shall I beat your faggot ass first and call the cops?"

The man looked again from nephew to uncle and back again, still saw no resemblance. Then he asked the boy, "Does your friend know where you were last night, Edwin?"

For the first time since the stranger had come, Steve looked at Edwin, although still not getting the point. "Edwin do you know this freak?"

No answer. The skin of the boy's face was beaded with sweat, his breath quick, raspy. The floor tilted beneath him, rocking him, and a buzzing sound began to ring in his ears, heightening until he could hear nothing more. He saw them talking, both of them facing him now, their mouths moving, but the words were drowned out by the loud, incessant buzzing sound in his ears. Steve's voice was getting louder, Edwin could tell from the way he was acting. The man was still looking from one to the other, smiling that venomous, satisfied smile. Edwin saw Steve as through a haze . . . wanted to reach out, to explain. Finally the boy felt his feet pick him up and carry him quickly, recklessly, to his room.

When he emerged again, dressed and carrying a suitcase, he saw that the man was gone. Steve was sitting

back on the sofa reading his newspaper. He seemed so relaxed and comfortable one would assume that nothing had happened to upset him. Edwin stopped at the edge of the foyer, in confusion. He wondered whether his actions had had any weight on their relationship after all. He walked into the living room, as though trying not to be heard or noticed. When he got near the door he wondered why Steve gave no acknowledgement of his even being in the room . . . not a word, a gesture, nothing. He felt a chill run up his spine. He paused again and said quietly, hesitantly, "Steve?"

Steve turned around, eyes expressionless. All the friendliness, the laughter, the warmth that once was in them had gone now; the eyes were not hateful—Edwin longed to see hate rather than the even crueler expression that glaced them now . . . that cold, casual, careless gaze. He looked at the boy as one looks at a stranger on the street. When he finally did speak, the cool, reserved tone burned in Edwin's ears; the words cut through him like knives. "Goodbye, Edwin." After saying this he turned back to his paper, picked up the cigarette and took a puff on it. All was lost.

"I'll call you," Edwin said, in a last groping effort to reach out.

No answer. To Steve he was now a non-person, Edwin thought. He did not exist.

There was so much he wanted to do; to run to Steve, drop to his knees, plead, beg his forgiveness. He wanted to ask if he could share the Sunday paper as he always did . . . share it until they'd both read all of it. He wanted a chance to explain, to win back the warm, friendly gaze Steve often gave him; he wanted . . . so much.

But that one mechanical half-glance told him this would be useless. So the boy turned, unlocked and opened the door, leaving the keys and shutting it behind him as he left.

• • •

MAKE MINE MANILA

(Continued from page 17)

HOUSES

Houses are just that. There are several scattered around Manila that are open for the exclusive purpose of providing young men for sex. The oldest and most convenient is a rickety old wooden building called "Casa" at 1014 Tambacan. It's downtown and near Chinatown. At the top of some steps you think might

give out any minute you'll be greeted by a rather lecherous old auntie who takes you into the TV room to show you what's available for that evening. Some nice looking kids here, but most tend to be a little heavy for my liking . . . too much San Miguel beer while they're waiting. There are exceptions though, and if you like the rough types there are always a few here. The boy's fee is about \$2.50 (20 pesos) and the room about the same. If you want the boy to come to your hotel you pay 40 pesos, or about \$5.

There's another house called Mario's in the Quiapo area and several around Manila. I didn't have time to get more details on these, but you can always ask at the bars.

THEATERS

Many of the theaters in the downtown area are cruised, and there's always business boys hanging around the front of the *Ideal Theater* on Rizal Blvd. in the late afternoon and early evening.

If you don't mind roughing it, the *Katubusan Theater* (called *KBS*) in Tondo, one of Manila's worst slum areas, is an experience that has to be seen to be believed. The kids here range from about 14 up and the back of the theater and balcony are packed, with anything and everything happening right there. Some really beautiful people here, but I just don't dig doing things in public, so usually arrange to meet them later. Tickets to the theater cost about 20 cents. It's located on Moriones Street, within walking distance of the Tondo Cathedral. If you go, dress down.

CRUISING

Really just about everywhere from the YMCA at 1068 Concepcion, a village in itself, to the coffee-shops, bars and lobbies of all the best hotels. *Rizal Park* is big and beautiful after the sun goes down; it's packed with students and young workers. One of the easiest places in the world to meet and make new friends.

The big new *Harrison Plaza Shopping Center* is another place you'll enjoy. Near the culture center, this air-conditioned building houses 140 stores and shops ranging from a grand supermarket to small record shops, bookstores and boutiques. Patterned after American shopping centers, it's spacious and very well done. High ceilings, natural woods, bricks, Spanish grillwork, fountains, plants and courtyards make this one of the nicest shopping centers in Asia. It seems it's always full of students and young people killing time and looking for something to do. Open cruising is common and no one seems to mind.

November/December 1976

PAGSANJAN FALLS

An absolute must . . . this beautiful resort a few hours out of Manila is Paradise. Get a cottage or a room on the boathouse at the Pagsanjan Lodge. Early in the morning choose the boatman of your liking and take the dugout canoe up to the Falls. Ride the rapids back, swim in the huge natural pool and enjoy it all. Plenty of activity all day and all night, and just no end to beautiful people here. I guarantee you'll never want to leave. This place really has to be experienced to be believed.

You can make your booking and transportation arrangements in Manila through Benji Zaguirre, 635 General Malvar Street. His phone number is 50 92 24. Benji runs a small tailoring shop and can also make anything you need in a few days at very reasonable prices. In addition, he is a great help on learning all the latest places and happenings on the Manila scene.

PHILIPPINE TRAVEL TIPS

- Take in a few inexpensive gift items . . . American T-shirts (small or medium) or swimpants (size 28 to 30 inches) are much appreciated. Or just a couple of cartons of cigarettes, and give them away pack-by-pack. Why not an inexpensive little transistor you can use until you leave and then give it to your newly-made friend? Little things mean a lot here.

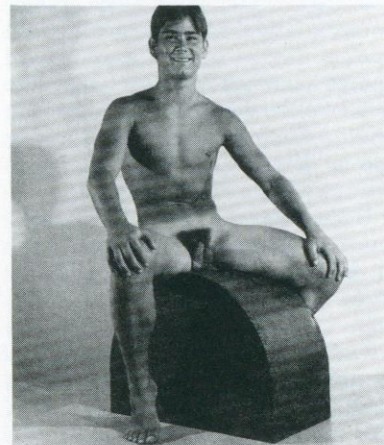
- Taxis are quite inexpensive in the Philippines. In fact, you can get just about anywhere in the Metropolitan Manila area for a dollar. However, to avoid problems, make sure the meter is put down and working when you get in. Some of the drivers forget, or carelessly hang a shirt over the meter. No big thing, but taxis are metered and you pay what's on the meter, and if you want, a small tip.

- Most foreigners visiting the Philippines give the guys there about 20 pesos (less than \$3), and considering the average income of the working man, this is quite reasonable. A man with a family makes between \$1 and \$2 a day. The gay Filipinos get paid even less, but Filipinos—like most people—think all tourists are rich, and compared with what they make, we are. I think when you travel you should always think about these things. They know your airline ticket costs as much as they make in a year or so, and a hamburger in one of the better hotels costs as much as they or their fathers make in two days. It's wise to keep these things in perspective.

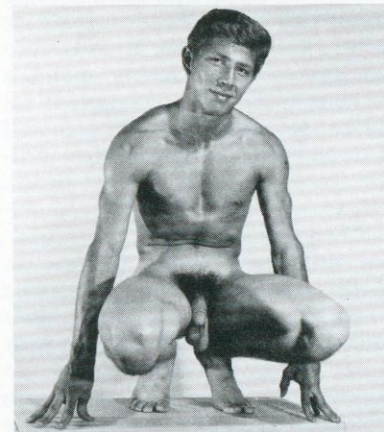
- During your stay in the Philippines you will hear many stories like, "I'm a student and need help

KENSINGTON ROAD

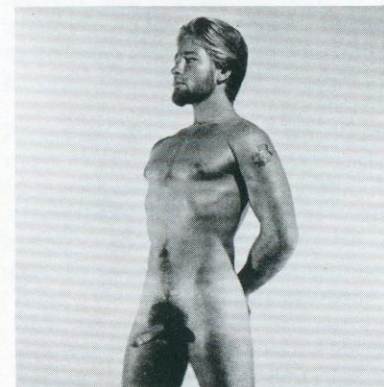
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with my registration fee (or my books)." "I'd like to join the R.O.T.C. but can't afford the second-hand uniform." "I've found many times the stories really are true. Once again, how can a father who's making about a buck a day to raise a family (and Filipinos have big families!) afford to buy books or a uniform? More than once I've shelled out \$5 or \$10, really made a friend, and honestly, felt much the better for it.

• Under martial law, which really doesn't affect the tourist at all, there is a one o'clock curfew, and unless you want your friend to stay, make sure he'll have time to get home before one. The curfew ends at 4:00 a.m., and there are many who stay in clubs around the city that are open all night. Hotels are quite lenient, and one seldom has trouble bringing his friends in if it isn't too late. Since many of the homes have no bath or shower, your Filipino friend—who loves water—will probably spend a good hour in the tub or shower. It's a real treat for many of them. I should add that, considering facilities, Filipinos are among the cleanest in the world.

• When you're visiting the Philippines, or anywhere for that matter, take the common-sense precautions all travelers should take. Don't leave cash or expensive jewelry around your room. Store it in the hotel safe or safety deposit boxes. If you place temptation in front of your new friends, and lose something, you have only yourself to blame. I also suggest you never carry too much cash, or wear expensive jewelry. It's foolish to flaunt your possessions in front of those who have so little.

With these things in mind, I strongly suggest you contact your local travel agent, and plan your next holiday in the friendly Philippines. It's a wonderful country, full of beautiful people, and I guarantee you the vacation of a lifetime.

• • •

TURN BACK THE COCK

(Continued from page 12)

The low colonic should *not* be equated with either the *full enema* or the practice of frequently taking a laxative. It is common hygienic knowledge that when a laxative is taken too often, normal peristaltic action is thrown out of kilter. This vicious cycle continues when one comes to depend on milk of magnesia, or something similar, to do what nature would take care of in due course. The difference is this: peristalsis ceases

before waste buildup occurs in the rectum. After that, evacuation is more or less 'count down'. Either it occurs by the automatic opening of the anal sphincter, or when it is forced by 'pushing down' to effect evacuation. It is in this specific area that the low colonic works so well, and is quite harmless otherwise.

Certainly gay guys who are into heavy anal sex, particularly those who take the fist, and who've been douching daily in this 'hospitality center', know how *goo-o-od* they feel *all* the time. While they may attribute this feeling of overall well-being—or euphoria—to the frequent fuck or fist, more likely it is that by regularly expelling these pesky poisons many intestinal and, ultimately, glandular disorders have been prevented.

So don't denigrate the daily doucher. Although he may use it just to prevent a 'sticky wicket'—rectal ooze-buildup that can be sexually defeating (or is at least unesthetic)—it may help him to live well past 80, too, and—through better glandular health—fuck up a fuschia fog every glorious day. Although this has not been previously touched upon in any magazine—gay or straight—we have 'La Source' herself as absolute proof that it really works!

'C' AND 'E' AND THEE

The health-foods industry cannot calculate its debt to Mae West. Bearing in mind that she has been youthfully around for more than three-quarters of a century (before health foods, as such, were even thought of), she was already on a high-Vitamin C kick. Those humpy guys who toured with her in her spectacular nightclub show will tell you that it was her custom—it still is—to begin her day with an orange-juice breakfast. At whatever hotel she might be staying she would insist that her orange juice be squeezed right there, at just that moment—before her eyes—for which service she invariably tipped the squeezer \$5 for just this special service. None of that 'reconstituted' vitamin-depleted stuff for her!

Today, of course, we do it with 1000-milligram tablets of rose hips. Such a vitamin authority as Dr. Linus Pauling—the Nobel prize winner who has proselytized so enthusiastically for natural Vitamin C in massive potencies for the prevention of the common cold, boosts this daily intake by 3 or 4 times that amount. It is clinical *fact* that such high potencies of Vitamin C, taken daily, act as a kind of 'muscle cement' . . . toning/firming the muscles throughout the body; strengthening the capillaries; and acting tonically on the glands—

sex glands equally—to create a more youthful, or youth-extending skin texture from within.

It was also Mae West who early discovered how high-Vitamin E could keep the sex glands in a state of the highest tonicity. Of course, in her 'pioneering' days she had to do this with wheat germ (itself new then). Today we may sprinkle wheat germ on cereals, but not much, because it is high-carbohydrate and therefore fattening. Instead we know that we can be even *more* glandularly stimulated and reinforced through the 1000-IU capsule of natural Vitamin E drawn from all four tocopherols: d-alpha, d-beta, d-delta and d-gamma. If these sources are not indicated on the label of the bottle you are about to purchase, don't buy it because it is virtually worthless.

The best, and most potent Vitamin C/Vitamin E products, we have found, are those of Good Life Products, Inc., Two Penn Plaza, Room 1500, New York, N.Y. 10001. More about these, and other high-potency vitamins, can be found on the inside cover of this issue, and by writing for a brochure to Good Life. It will pay you youthful dividends to keep informed about these amazing vitamin products.

There is one more thing that has been found of immense help in turning back the clock—and thus the cock—to the floods of springtime youth. That was Cornell University's noted biologist, Clive McCay's discovery of a way to prolong life and its usefulness and youthfulness.

By feeding rats on a diet exceedingly low in fats/carbohydrates, the diseases of old age were postponed. Some of the rodents lived twice their normal life span, with practically non-stop proliferation! Of course, like the 'natural' discoveries of Mae West, this should not have been surprising inasmuch, as did hers, it followed laws of nature.

It is now common knowledge that in communities of long-lived, long-productive people—particularly the Hunzas, and certain tribes of Indians in Ecuador, and some nationalities in the Caucasus—the practice of following a strict diet, almost free of carbohydrates and fats, has extended life to almost unbelievable year levels. Try a 2300-calorie diet (or a bit more or less) of mostly proteins, with the barest minimum of fats and carbohydrates. It will keep you young . . . your figure just where it should be . . . and your health will seem indestructible! And so we have the simple, natural procedures of expelling toxic wastes from the lower colon and rectum . . . we know the supreme importance of vitaminizing the diet

QQ

with high potencies of Vitamins C and E from the best natural sources . . . and we have the good example of the Hunzas, and other fats/carbohydrates abstainers, to keep weight under control and the glands a'zingin'. So what else is new?

L-DOPA

L-whatta? Bear with us a moment longer. The search for the Fountain of Youth did not end with Ponce de Leon's failure to find it in Fort Lauderdale. Laboratories have been working steadily for years to come up with a youth drug with no side-effects to throw off the body's mechanism elsewhere. They believe they have found it in L-dopa. Mae West and pioneering others will be elated to learn that it, too, comes from the very same source as Vitamin E—the wheat germ! It is also derived from what, in the South, makes the finest cattle . . . the velvet bean.

L-dopa was first used on mice because mice react in a most 'human' way to stimulants. Their systems are much like our own, only, of course, differing in longevity. Sixteen months for a mouse is a lifetime. He's got to do a lot in a short time. L-dopa is helping him get more out of life. Like more sex. Where before L-dopa the mouse couldn't procreate after a few months, he's in the saddle every night, fucking his way to Mouse Heaven and delirious with orgasmic joy.

The amazing thing about L-dopa, as we understand it, is that it is not so much life-extending (although it does that by reason of creating better glandular interaction) as it is life-enhancing. Right now there is a drug said to be able to extend life in man to 200 or 300 years, but this drug does nothing to *enhance*, or make productive, those in-between years. Essentially they make long life a statistic—they would be 200 to 300 years of senility, and who needs that? Quite understandably this particular drug is being closely guarded. It will remain in the lab until its efficacy can be modified for *commonsense* human use.

It is now widely believed that aging and the attendant non-enjoyment, non-productiveness of advanced life begin in the brain and the endocrine and immune systems. The pinpointed sources are first the brain, then the hypothalamus and pituitary gland. As aging proceeds, there is a decline in the levels of a principal brain chemical: the neuro-transmitter *dopamine*. Apparently this lack/change gets the signals of the hypothalamus crossed, and this, in turn, fouls up the pituitary gland. What seems to occur is a feedback of pituitary hormones into

the brain. The pituitary triggers the release of thyroid hormones, which, in turn, influence both the development of brain cells and most other body cells. When all this gets fouled up it's much like actors who have missed their cues on stage, and everything is at sixes-and-sevens. Unable to freely function in such a 'climate' the thymus begins to shrink and the aging process is on.

L-dopa, as we understand it, acts as a regulator of these glandular functions—perhaps as a substitute. Once functioning in good order, there should be a return to productiveness and enjoyment of life, and—through continued use, if needed—this happy state of affairs can be continued until one's number is up. It should be understood that L-dopa is still more or less in the lab stage. When it does 'come out' you may be sure it will be more precious than diamonds, gold, or the many forms of hard drugs, with respect to price. But surely it will be worth it. There are just too many wonderful things going on even in this tired old world . . . we don't want to miss 'em. So continue with the *natural* youth-extending practices discussed earlier in this article; they're worth *their* weight in gold, too.

• • •

OVER THE HILL

(Continued from page 9)

to delude myself that 35 was the perfect age to be. Old enough to buy whatever I wanted, to give out sage but generally unheeded advice—but young enough to fuck like a snake and suck like a vacuum cleaner. I was *thirty-five* enough to get lots of tricks, so many I can't recall them all. Today I don't even want to because I remember certain embarrassing moments . . . like the night one horny, vernal colt was running hot hands through my hair. In the heat of the climactic moment of truth he accidentally ripped the toupee from my head, a rape of the pate, so to speak. That's a lot worse than loss of face, for instance. It so startled him that all aim was lost and even today there is a tell-tale stain on my farside bedroom wall.

Or the time I got busted. I was applying for a passport, planning to spend a little time in Holland where older men are sought after and rightfully respected by the *knaben*. But Americans aren't all that popular, so I had gotten my passport in the name of Khriststönhenyn von Olderngscht. The passport man became suspicious when I wouldn't pronounce

it! My lawyer got me out of that; and certain other scrapes I refuse to relate. So I was stuck in the good ol' USA, condemned to a country that wanted to roll me up like a rug and stack me in the basement along with other dispensables.

I began to think things over a bit. About time, don't you think? I really did look a bit silly in platform shoes and mod glasses that would've made even Elton John envious. Most Americans think old age begins when you reach 65 and the Social Security checks start reaching you, along with weekly checkups to keep you alive. I had to admit that 65 was, well, at least somewhat far away. Then Sinatra's song magically came to mind, like a distant reprieve haunting my brain . . . *I'm in the autumn of my years, and I think of my life as vintage wine, from fine old kegs; It pours sweet and clear, from the brim to the dregs; It was a very good year . . .* I was comforted, and just a bit chagrined, by an article I read about Sean Connery. He had just come to grips with his 46 years, realizing he was no longer young enough to play James Bond anymore. Bond had been the super stud of the cinematic 60's and the most fertile masculine iconography of that decade. When he exploded onto the screen in '62, Hollywood's heroes and screen traditions seemed to be dying off like fruit flies swimming into sticky paper on a summer porch. His creation of the James Bond mystique captured mass imagination like nothing since Johnny Weissmuller's *Tarzan*. So potent was the connection between star and image that the public refused to accept Connery without his Bondface. Removed from that specific framework, he was considered simply decorative, a sexual frivolity. Even though he tried to get out of the Bond bag by making more serious films, he just did not go over as anything but Bond. He retired and withdrew into fighting the foibles of the male menopause like the rest of us mere mortals. Finally coming back to reality, he has recently re-emerged as one of the leading actors, the star reborn. It all had to do with making the decision we must all face sooner or later. None of us can really remain a permanent 35, and the quicker we realize it the better.

"Frankly," Mr. Connery concedes, "image isn't of genuine concern to me now. It just so happens that the scripts I've recently read and liked require older men. To may way of thinking, not only are these roles marvelous written, but also, if a character is 50, there are greater chances that more interesting things have happened to him than a guy

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who's 30. I'm now actually playing characters that are *older* than I really am." And what happened to that James Bondish Beatle bush head of hair, Mr. Connery? "Taking off my toupee and playing older, not younger, doesn't seem to me to be particularly courageous, just honest," he replies—as emotionally detached as a funeral director. He concludes: "We've all got no choice about growing old. *Everything*, whether you like it or not, evolves. Not to acknowledge it indicates standing still. I can't stand still."

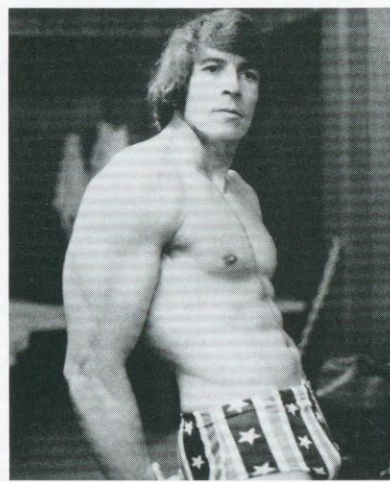
Neither can I, Mr. Connery. Nor can anybody, without withering on the vine. Not even our youth-oriented society, which becomes less so lately. Whereas the 60's was a period of flower children and adulation of youth for youth's sake, the 70's have brought a sort of question and distrust, a disillusionment toward youth and phony glamour. It's ironic that not only Connery, but other old men are *au courant* and timely in their new acceptance. Jack Nicholson, for example, has made *no* effort to cover his balding dome. And nobody faulted Bertolucci for a credibility gap when he paired and aging, thickening Brando with a nubile Maria Schneider in *Last Tango in Paris*. More recently, the way Arthur Penn's camera focuses on Brando's 275 pounds of nude flesh sloshing in the bathtub in *The Missouri Breaks* tells me that if the two of them secretly think aged fat ain't all that beautiful, they *also* feel that the Brando presence can transcend such doubts.

George Burns, Walter Matthau and Art Carney may not cause Robert Redford any sleepless nights, but they have all collected Oscars in the past couple of years. And Redford is not exactly a Spring Chicken anymore. Unlike Cary Grant and Clark Gable, who used Hollywood magic and loads of plastic surgery to look the everlasting 35, Redford will hopefully be honest and accept the fact that now, age, even with its attendant sagging, creaking, widening and thinning, is crawling onto the screen—and spilling over into our lifestyle as well—with a dashing new flamboyance, and almost defiant visibility.

I had not failed to notice the women's movement—how could anyone? One great thing it accomplished is that it began to seriously demystify youth and glamour as the sole standards of feminine worth and attractiveness. And I started to think it not all that farfetched that bald-can-be-beautiful. Toupee-burning, if you will, could become the masculine response to bra-burning. The new "honesty" spawned by Esalen, encounter therapy and Age as a function

of Ego seemed, well, how shall I put it? Yes! More *honest*! And Ugliness as a function of Ego as well. Love me *and* my bald head. Love me *despite* my bald head. Love me *because* of my bald head. Love my bald head. Love me. Going natural began to seem more attractive than affected phoniness.

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The very last straw was at a party, when I heard Lenny Bruce doing a bit on a recording. I was laughing loudly until he said, "There's nothing sadder than an aging hipster." I knew he was talking to *me*! So-o-o-o, I collected all the adages about oldness: "You're only as old as you feel;" "Life begins at forty;" "Think of it not as 40 years but as 40 carats." I thought over all the shallow, empty relationships, the phoniness, the hypocrisy of it all. There was no *there*, there, as Gertrude would have summed it up! I found comfort in the fact that I openly accepted my homosexuality without a tinge of guilt; none of the maybe-I-shouldn't-have-done-that self censure I've often noticed in younger people.

The head is an all right place, but not always right. I decided mine had been wrong and that it was past-time to do something about it. I gave all my platform shoes to a struggling young

rock band. I bestowed my girdle on my mammy maid, who needed it far more than I. And next I called all my friends and acquaintances together, cocksmen and cronies alike. We had a neat bonfire that night with the wigs . . . and the hash.

In no time at all I *looked* 40. Actually, before that night was over. One young stallion, obviously zonked, told me that my age lines gave me "character." "Flattery will get you everywhere," I replied, and it did. I had to literally kick him out a week later.

Soon I noticed it had become "in" to be "out"—if you follow. One close friend, formerly a good candidate for the best-dressed list—he could've graced the cover of *Gentleman's Quarterly*—now wears faded levis, chews tobacco and sets his own poems of radical theology and homoerotic love to music. He has more followers than Rev. Billy James Hargis. Another acquaintance, formerly always properly into the latest in fads, now pays them no mind and does what he wants to. He claims he's happier than before. Such interesting and individualistic individuals help us all ward off the ill-effects of our cookie-cutter culture.

Myself? Well, I grew a small beard and went back to more moderate gold-rimmed spectacles. I exercised to get rid of the pot belly, and I began to dress more comfortably. Earthy. I quit being a phony. I became myself. Now, I am what I am and that ain't all that bad. In fact, I like me better. My motto is "Take me as I am or leave me alone!" I am seldom left alone. Kids tell me how intelligent I look and flock to me for advice. And I must admit I like it. I still prefer to undress—with my eyes or otherwise—a humpy twentyish stud than a quishy quinquagenarian. I still like firm flesh and hard hard-ons; suppose I always will. But no longer will I parade or charade to get it. And perhaps I don't get as much now . . . but the quality of what I do get is better.

I feel as if I've left the physiological phoniness behind and entered a new era of metaphysical nirvana. When I was young—I mean, like a chicken—I wondered why older people talked all the time about when *they* were young. Did they dislike being old? Did they have less to look forward to than backward on? Was it nervous nostalgia? Those seemed at the time logical conclusions.

Now I realize they are not necessarily true. My ferocious and fearful, yet kindly and compassionate contradiction of a grandfather, the sage of the family, used to declare grandly: "The first forty years is planting and growing, pruning and weeding; the

next forty is harvest time. Let me die at eighty!" He lived to reap a hundred and two years, and since he believed in a hereafter, he told me near the end, still mentally strong, that: "If life is true to nature, after the harvest there can only be another Spring."

Well, today I'm harvesting. When I do look back to youth it is not any longer from dislike of my present age, but more for the same reason I retrace a road map while driving at night: to know for sure where I am right now! It has taken a great deal of tribulation and meditation to recognize the true meaning of these accumulated years. They are nothing but the dying, cracking, peeling skin of the old caterpillar giving way to the new thing within it—the thing for which it was made in the first place. The harvest.

If one of the reasons for looking back is to tell me where I am now, a second one is to realize that in many ways I seem to be returning there as well: the more distant youth becomes, the more I seem to find myself back there, for the first time since I lived those years. I agree, sort of, with the British dramatist Dwight Macdonald, who said: "We should all remain perpetual children; clean, happy, epicene Peter Pans." I don't think he meant we should limit ourselves to *See Spot Run*, but rather that we should not get mentally all mixed up forcing ourselves to be always-adults, serious, worried, tired and grouchy. One way I rediscover myself as the eternal boy is my sense of curiosity, my eagerness to understand things more fully. I hear myself asking very much the same questions about being and becoming, wherefor and why, now as then. During those intervening, silly, semi-stable years, these same questions would often nudge me. I would reach for an answer already on the shelf of knowledge, provided by others before me. Today, I reason out the answers until they arise from within myself. Sometimes they resemble some of the answers already on the shelf, but I *experience* them as totally new and unique revelations, most likely because I feel they are my own. Self-sufficient at last! At this stage of the game, nothing but my own seems to suffice.

Another way I manage to feel young is with a sense of humor. I have been told that it is sarcastic, warm, interesting, and irreverent. Good! If I keep myself and my friends laughing, there won't ever be time for crying. I don't recall much crying as a boy. But don't get me wrong. I can take the bitter with the sweet. And in all this returning, I don't *really* mean I'm going back. Life has revealed itself to

me, not as a cycle, but a spiral. The spot on which I now stand may seem similar to the one I stood on then, during those dumb years, looking down instead of backwards and forwards at the same time, but it's at least one round higher up.

Not that anyone cares, but; Would I change anything? Well, if I could do it all over again, I'd do it all over you . . . and you . . . and you. I'm sure there's a lot of you out there I missed the first time around. Maybe it's not too late for us to get it on someday, who knows? Another thing: I'd probably read more philosophy and less pornography, more economics and fewer comic strips. I might eat less placque-forming foods, but I know damn well I'd drink more whiskey. I'd buy more stock in General Motors instead of Peruvian Service Stations. I'd try to be kinder and I know for a certainty that I'd fight harder for my rights. And as the fleeting days flew towards the fatal forty deadline, I'd be more prepared. I'd try to find me a steady lover and settle down. A farm perhaps.

I'd change little else. Now that I'm at peace with myself, I kinda like me the way I am. (I don't think that sounds conceited.) That's one thing neat about being an antique. The flash is gone, but the patina remains.

One last fling back to my wasted youth, just in passing. I hastily mention that I never gave tomorrow a thought in those days. It never dawned on me that there would be a tomorrow, merely one everlasting day. If you're under 35 and still reading this, may I give you one slice of unsolicited advice? Never believe that, my friends. Today ends . . . and tomorrow you'll be forty! So be kind to your elders. Open the door for a D.O.M. tomorrow. Flip him over and fuck him silly. And when you kiss him goodbye, don't lie and say you'll be back. Cruelty is unforgivable.

And if you think I'm over the hill, well, I am; going down on the other side. But the older I get, the younger I think, and I think, "Well, thanks, for the downhill ride." Cause all the way up was an uphill fight, of burning and yearning and learning; of not knowing always what to do; of sometimes and more often than not making a fool of myself; of getting busted, being disgusted. Now I'm old enough to know where it's at, and you'll see that I'll be right in there for my share!

So don't think I'm too pooped to pop, because I'm not. I'm poppin' out at the seams and can't stop. As I get older in the hips, I get younger in the lips and fingertips. And even if I might some night be too tired to cut the mustard at all, I've still got the strength to lick the jar!

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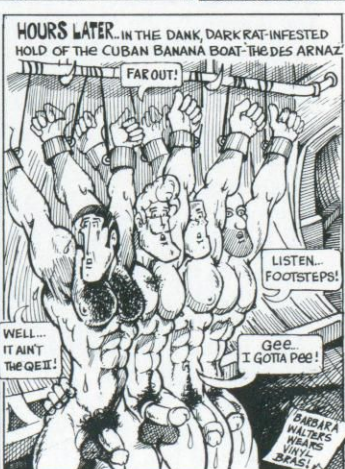
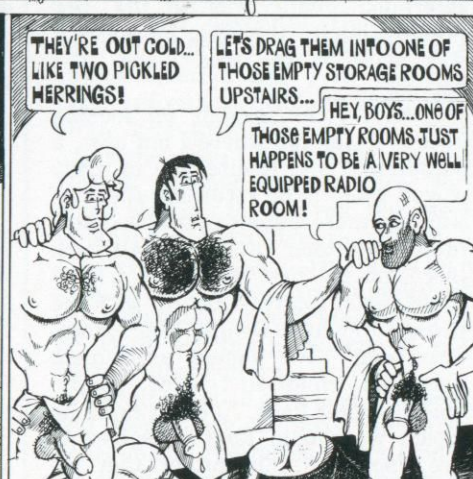
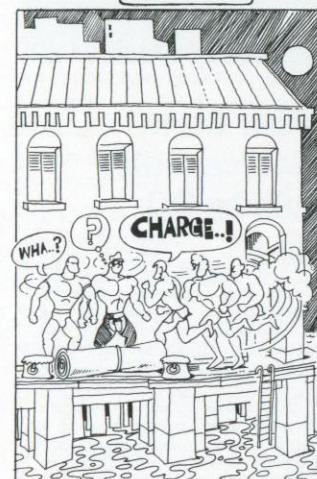
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WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR:
OUR FUGG ACES... ALONG WITH THEIR NEW RECRUIT, BRENDA SHAPIRO... THE WORLD FAMOUS BOY PHOTOGRAPHER, WERE ON THE EVIL TRAIL OF SOME PRO CASTRO-CUBAN NASTIES AFTER MICKEY MUSCLE WAS SNATCHED BY TWO OF THEM. A HOT LEAD SENT OUR THREE SOME TO THE NOTORIOUS WATERFRONT LEATHER TUBS - "THE ANUS" WHERE HARRY CHESSE, OUR HERO, ALMOST ENDED UP A CHARRIED BIG MAC WHEN THE MASSAGE TABLE WAS SET ABLAZE! BUT RANCID AGNEW CAME TO THE RESCUE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME...!
MOMENTS BEFORE, HARRY HAD ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD TWO OF THE TUB'S HEAVIES TALKING... AND LEARNED THAT A LAUNCH WAS TO PICK UP A MYSTERIOUS RUG 'N TRANSPORT IT TO A HAVANA BOUND BANANA BOAT... "THE DESI ARNAZ".
HARRY'S KEEN, RAZOR-SHARP BRAIN INSTANTANEOUSLY DEDUCTED THAT (1) MICKEY WAS STASHED INSIDE THE RUG... (2) THE FUGG TEAM HAD TO ZAP THE TWO HEAVIES BEFORE THE LAUNCH ARRIVED!!! WHEN LAST WE LOOKED—OUR BOYS WERE ABOUT TO SPRING...



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