

Ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL

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August 1974
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The Gay Life In

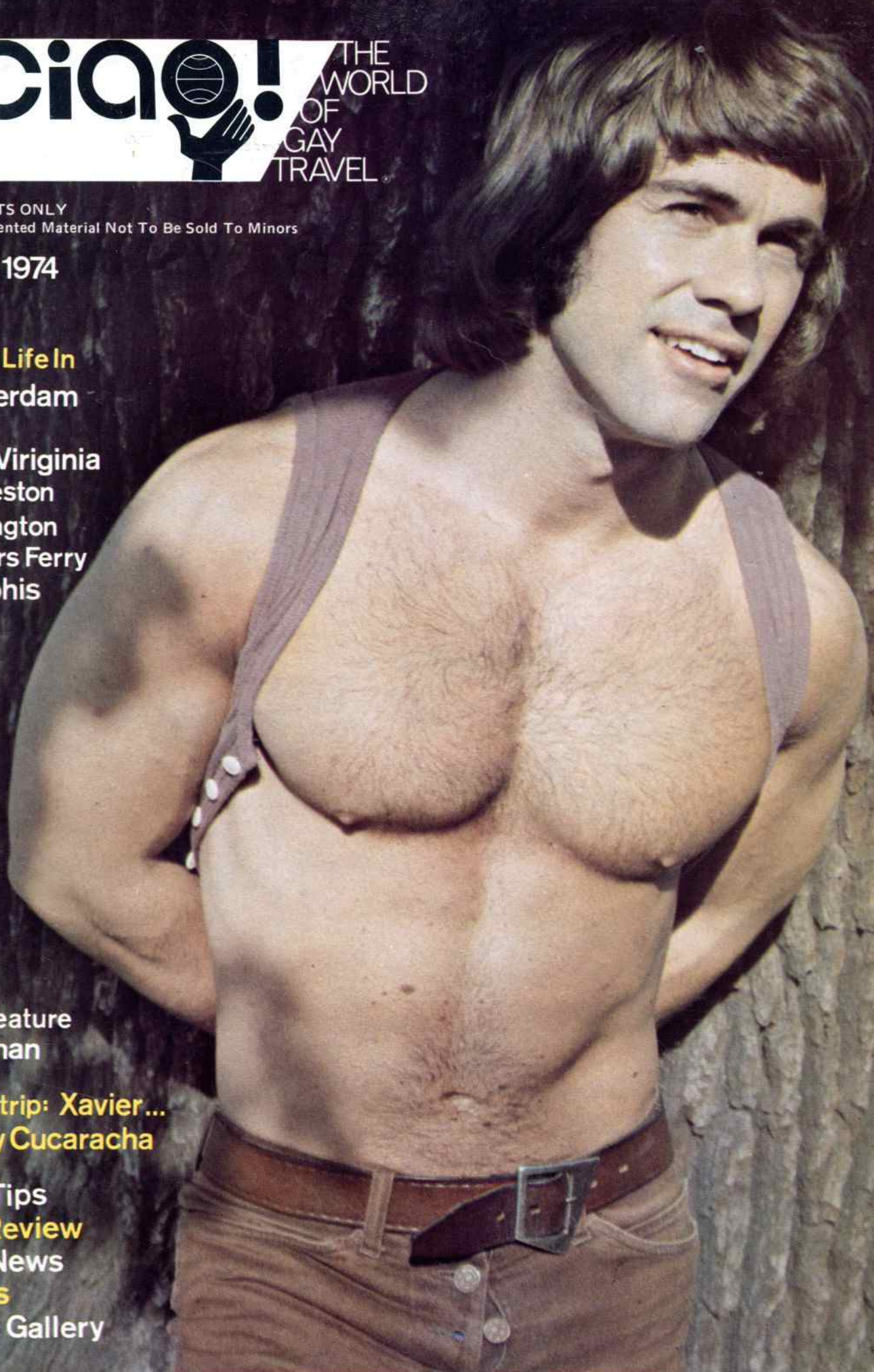
- Amsterdam
- Haiti
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Indian Hotel

Photo Feature
Superman

Comic Strip: Xavier...
The Gay Cucaracha

Travel Tips
Book Review
World News
Recipes
Picture Gallery





JULY/AUGUST 1974

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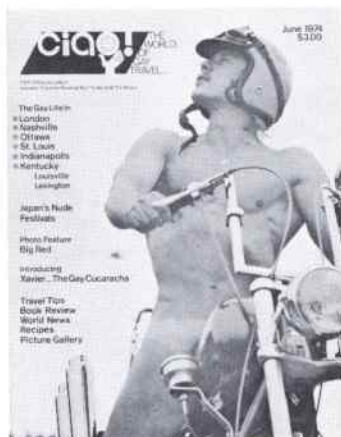
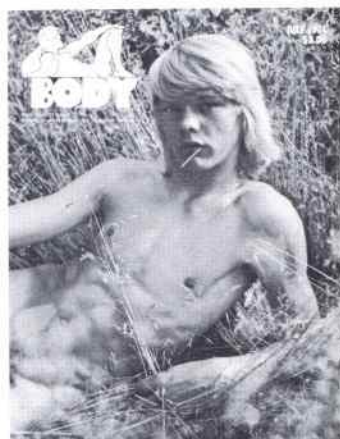


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Editorial

A Change of Cast

By Jon Lorrimer

Through a flaky freak, and faster than a 'streaker', straight society has been undergoing a sex change. Our own gay world stands agape at this phenomenon . . . marveling that as now-committed gay guys dash out of the closet in growing numbers they find that formerly die-hard straights are queued up outside to greet them, and to peer inquisitively inside, as if wondering what took them so long! Here are some explanations.

With any social change we first ask "Why?" So in this play with many cast changes, the reason is not 'sexual confusion', nor 'loss of sexual identity', nor is it that classical psychiatric theorem of 'an altered state of consciousness'. The fact is that straight people are **transsexualizing themselves** in response to one of nature's oldest urges: competition—or 'keeping up with the Joneses'. It has simply become **chic** to make it with one's own sex, and heaven forbid that any of us should be thought 'chicless'! A recently transsexualized straight friend puts it this way: "I never thought I could make it with guys, but since it has become the 'in' thing to do I've come to discover pleasures of male symmetry in ways I'd never thought of before . . . as well as little 'othernesses' of gay sex that I really dig." So **mazel tov** with the **bigger 'othernesses'**!

How did such transsexualization come about? Who made it chic? Who declared it 'in'? Not gay people. In all the huge cast of this play about sexual crossing-over we have played only bit parts. On the contrary, if a gay guy has sometimes done a straight for trade, he has left him unscathed . . . not sexually confused, nor set sexually adrift . . . nor has he lost his sexual identity.

For one thing, it is because TV films and documentaries have unwittingly made it glamorous, and we tend to ape what we see
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on the tube. Since the basis of glamor is as much 'doing the unthinkable' as it is 'attaining the unattainable', this obviously has had much to do with crossing over. For another, the 'with it' magazines which, although geared for the heterosexual public, have so consistently **toyed** with the idea of bisexuality as to make it a **challenge** (at first lesbianic, and then—with 50% of their readers bored—all the way with G-A-Y).

For example, in *New York Magazine* of April 1, 1974, in an article **The Bisexuals** by Judy Klemesrud, the sub-heading reads ". . . A blurring of sexual identity was obvious at several New York parties last fall . . ." Then, buttressed by columns of pictures of such past-and-present figures as Tallulah, Janis Joplin, Joan Baez, David Bowie, Napoleon, Lord Byron and Alexander the Great, the message comes across clearly and challengingly. If they . . . why not I? With glamor dripping bisexually through so many exciting professions by so many of our stars and idols, the urge to experiment takes on great immediacy. Like first-time pot.

Another issue of *New York Magazine* devotes its cover to **The Couple That Has Everything. Is Everything Enough?** The couple are Prince Egon von Furstenburg and his wife Diane. This young Austrian prince is almost unbelievably handsome with a beautiful body. In a story done photographically with come-along-with-me captions we learn that they are the parents of two also-handsome youngsters; have pots of money; each has a successful business; and they are quoted as not being averse to crossing. One quote. **Anything Goes.** Egon is not in the least self-conscious. "You live just once," he says, "and I'm getting the most out of it. After a while, passion—you know—cools. So a little here, a little there at three in the afternoon. What harm?" Egon admits that were he to meet an attractive man he would not be loath to experiment. Diane says "Butch dykes upset me. A pretty, attractive woman? That's different." This is also the view of great masses of people in Middle Europe

where Egon has his roots. **Ciao!** visitors will discover that to the people of Southern Germany, Austria and the upper Dolomites, love is a very light thing, to be savored without attenuations.

Finally, teen-age America is discovering the cross-over. In one area where bisexuality seems to be very 'in' among students, one long-haired sixteen-year-old nominally straight youth from Long Island explained it this perceptive way: "Everywhere you go, everyone looks the same. They're all wearing the same long hairdos, same clothes, same eight-inch platform shoes; they're all taking Quaaludes and listening to the same transvestite rock groups. Soon everything is a sexual blur and everyone seems to meld together, and any body that feels good is all right!"

The 'safety' of the bisexual cross-over to gay life is but one way. There are many others. Not-yet-gay people usually seek the most compatible. All it takes is just a little scratch in the right place. So if at home or abroad you meet someone who looks straighter than a flagpole, invite him home for a Martini. He may stay for the marathon!

Mirage in Marble

India's Enchanted Lake Palace Hotel

By David Bartel

Who of us has not at some time wished he might live in a palace? The storybooks of childhood instilled this desire . . . the prince and princess who lived happily ever after . . . castle turrets, the golden trappings of royalty . . . panoply . . . all this strongly affected us as children. And while we have outgrown such fantasies, still a ruffle of drums and a fanfare of trumpets can set us a'dreaming. We're children again . . . for the moment.

If you will include India in your vacation plans you can quite easily relive the dreams of your

childhood . . . you can live a royal life in a royal palace—surely the most beautiful in the world—and have something exquisite to remember the rest of your life.

If you read **Mango Suckers**, about the gay sexstyles of India, in the April 1974 issue of **QQ Magazine**, you will recall that we touched on the anniversary celebration in New Delhi, marking the twenty-fifth year of India's independence from Great Britain. In that issue we also explored at some length the many other festivals held annually in other cities of India, and urged you to find some place in your Far Eastern itinerary for one or more of them.

If you should decide to go, may we suggest that you make a special effort to visit Udaipur, which is just two and a half flying hours from New Delhi (so many of the festivals we mentioned take place in or near Delhi . . . moreover, the Taj Mahal, which you will likely visit, is but a short flying distance from Delhi). Udaipur is also two and a half hours by air from Bombay, so if you happen to be on this leg of your trip you can just as easily reach this fabled place. Be sure to ask your travel agent, or the India Government Tourist Office, to secure a reservation at the **Lake Palace Hotel**.

Far from the hurly-burly, the screeching Indian noise, the long queues for everything, and the traffic jams—that bedevil all large Indian cities, this place is almost celestially quiet. But what is even more celestial is the hotel itself which lies in the middle of Lake Pichola, the bluest lake your eyes will ever see. Glimpsing it from a distance one can see its reflection in the lake and at first glance it appears to be a mirage.



The Lake Palace seems to float in the air, suspended . . . like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon—its white columns slicing prismatically into the water. ♣ All around is

blue sky, clear air, brilliant sunshine and the sound of birds. As one draws nearer, the pages of storybook history open once again, and as the two-minute trip by motorboat from the landing in Udaipur proper brings you still nearer, that palace of your dreams is right there, bigger than life, and welcoming you with open arms!

The Lake Palace was completed in 1757 as a summer palace for the Maharanis of Mewar. Of course in India today, with royalty more or less obsolescent, and with palaces being luxuries even the rich can't afford to maintain, the choice to be made was to convert it either into a museum or a hotel. Since the latter produces needed revenue which the former could not, happily for all travelers and lovers of beauty it has become a luxury hotel. The present Maharani lives in a smaller palace across the lake in Udaipur.

An American artist was brought in to make the conversion—Delia Contractor, who has lived in India for many years. She decided to change as little as possible, keeping the original mosaics, paintings and mirror-encrusted rooms and collections of historic miniatures, while installing comfortable bathrooms and all the other amenities of the finest, most sophisticated European resort hotel. At this writing the price for a single room at the Lake Palace is only \$9 per day! Surely true luxury never came so inexpensively.

In bringing this magnificent experience (for truly that is what it is) to the attention of **Ciao!** readers, we do so without making any notation of a busy gay life in Udaipur. Certainly there is some, as there is anywhere. But we recommend it more as a calm oasis in the midst of a hectic world . . . a place to unwind and relax for a few days. And we recommend it even more if you come with your lover. It will be an experience neither of you will forget. It's a place to reassess the values of your lifestyles, and for a genuine love affair to deepen.

By government edict Udaipur is off limits alcoholically to its natives, as is the case in certain other states in India. An All-India Liquor Permit, available from

Government Tourist Offices, permits you to buy and consume liquor here provided that you do not expect to stay longer than thirty days.

Moreover, you are forbidden to buy anyone a drink who also does not have a Liquor Permit. So whatever drinking you do will, of necessity, be in hotel bars and permit rooms. Rather than the imported Scotch, which is expensive, you may prefer to try a bottle of local Indian red wine, which is excellent . . . or any of the local beers, also excellent . . . or **feni**, a drink made from cashews, and which is very potent . . . but above all, do try a **Lassi**—a very special Indian drink which is like a sour milk shake. It's delicious!

Hindu cuisine (Udaipur is mostly Hindu) is something you will never experience in such excellence anywhere else in the world. It alone is reason enough for making this pilgrimage.

Udaipur has no tennis courts, no noisy tourist shops, no golf courses. It is simply peace . . . heavenly, heavenly peace . . . and utter beauty. And that is such a rarity these days it gives urgency to a visit soon.

Haiti

By George Desantis

When Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier ruled Haiti up until his death three years ago it was with an unyielding hand. He was suspicious of Americans and discouraged tourism by rejecting outside developers and creating a "police state" which only frightened prospective visitors.

We supported Duvalier in 1957 when he came into power—and in fact created numerous "aid programs" which were designed to make Haiti self-sufficient—much in the manner of "Operation Bootstrap" in Puerto Rico. But President Duvalier resented Americans staffing the various projects (he was particularly bitter about American employees receiving part of the loan money

CIAO!

allocated for the projects, for salaries; to him it was only putting American money right back into American hands) and systematically replaced them with Haitians who had neither knowledge nor skill to keep things going. We reacted by withdrawing aid in 1963.

Haiti became isolated and increasingly impoverished in the 60's and Papa Doc spent most of whatever money was left in the government till repelling a series of attempts to overthrow and assassinate him, which he believed we were trying to do. (We—the U.S. Government and Big Business—probably were!) He shook up the Garde d'Haiti—the military police—which was trained and supplied (we still supply it) by the U.S. Marine Corps by ousting American advisors and officers and transferring power to a triumvirate of military chiefs at odds with one another, in an attempt to 'divide and conquer'. The arsenal was moved to the Presidential Palace compound in Port-au-Prince and compliance was secured through secret police, known as Tonton Macoutes (Creole for 'bogeymen'). A genuine transfer of power was effected and it was completely controlled by Papa Doc. His mean plainclothesmen and their unorthodox methods for maintaining law and order terrorized Haitians and discouraged tourists from venturing in. This image was beautifully melodramatized in the book "The Comedians" by Graham Greene, later produced as a movie; it also helped immortalize the colorful old Grand Hotel Oloffson.

Now the elite Mulatto population (descendants of the French landowners who married blacks) was no longer in control; the predominantly black middle class was in the saddle. Schools where the student population had been 90 percent Mulatto or white became—and still remains—well over 50 percent black. A similar shift occurred in the non-Catholic priesthood.

Since Papa Doc's death things have changed for the better in Haiti. His anointed successor, his son Jean-Claude, appears to be a popular hero to Haiti's four mil-

lion elite (comprising less than 10 percent of the population, and for the most part light skinned) and the peasants who are predominantly black. And there are now about 3,000 permanent white residents of varying nationalities who live in Port-au-Prince and environs for the purpose of running businesses.

Jean-Claude Duvalier is plump and looks older than his 22 years. He's well liked. It isn't uncommon for tourists to see him driving his own automobile, unguarded, stopping here and there to talk to peasants in the street about their problems, and promising to help. If he hears there is a shortage of a certain commodity in a certain district he will import supplies and see that they are distributed free of charge. He welcomes Americans and calls them his "friends." Big stateside companies are being encouraged to come in and invest; just outside Port-au-Prince on the way to the beaches you will see a vast parcel of land called "American Park"—which will soon accommodate dozens of American factories.

Jean-Claude Duvalier appears to be a "mama's boy" to many—and it may be that the real power is in the hands of his mother, who has numerous holdings in the U.S. and is a shrewd businesswoman. Certainly, he does not make important decisions without her knowledge—and as happy as the people seem to be with "Baby Doc" one only wonders how the tide may turn if mama were to die and leave behind a weak ruler. Perhaps Jean-Claude will gain stature by that time; right now his age is the only thing Haitians resent. They know him as the boy whose growth they have actually seen. There are even whisperings that he is gay, but no one knows for sure.

The secret police are still in control of keeping peace and they do it well. They are conscious of the importance of tourism—and heaven help the Haitian who steals even a quarter from a tourist! He is punished without mercy. An outspoken and too cocky taxi driver and guide, Albert, who hangs out in front of the Oloffson, boasts of the time he was caught

trying to steal something and survived the usual punishment... a severe beating with 2x4's across the head and body. He willingly drops his pants to show the long scar across his midsection. It is this "fear of the stick" that gives the tourist a sense of safety. This is especially true of white Americans, who—because of an unfortunate "conditioning" of sorts which has come about as a consequence of race riots and the like—feels immediately uncomfortable in a country where white tourists are decidedly in the minority and stand out like a grain of rice in a field of raisins.

Haiti is aware of the benefits that come from tourism and the people are hopeful that Jean-Claude will continue to make the right moves to encourage it. In addition to police protection of tourists (the average visitor is not aware that he is being protected, but he is aware of a sense of safety in the streets even after dark) dozens of hotels have been built or are being constructed—including a few lavish tropical resorts in Port-au-Prince, and on the coast. Last year a new casino opened in Port-au-Prince—bringing big-time gambling to Haiti for the first time ever. (It is reputedly run by the syndicate—which absolutely fascinates the average Haitian, particularly after seeing "The Godfather," which was playing there around the time of the opening.)



The Casino

But people are still not coming in great numbers, perhaps because seeing the crowds of poor people in the streets is a turnoff; perhaps because Port-au-Prince isn't a typical resort town. It just ain't laid out that way.

The town is old and teems with humanity. Everybody is selling,

selling, selling—like one big outdoor bargain basement. Mostly cheap stuff—lots of gaudy plastics and inferior merchandise; side by side for blocks and blocks it all looks the same. One wonders how anybody can make a living. Here and there are better shops—selling electric appliances and jewelry (bought and used by the better classes who live in the hills above Port-au-Prince). The old Iron Market, an ancient building constructed of iron and covered with tin, is a colorful sight when viewed from a distance, but its interior is dirty; lots of stalls laden with fresh fruits and vegetables and commodities and souvenirs—each vendor vying for your business.



The Iron Market



Everybody is selling!

If you are romantic you can look at the old buildings and imagine the times gone by, when slaves were marketed and elegant ladies with parasols walked the streets. But it isn't like walking around in Hamilton or Old San Juan. There are broken sidewalks here, where they exist. Except for colorful paintings in a sprinkling of art shops there just aren't things you want to buy. There are no luxury hotels on the water with sandy beaches and palm trees. There are no cool breezes. But there is a lot of noise and everybody seems to be moving,

moving, moving . . . working, working, working. And there's color—lots of it—in the pastel buildings; in their bright clothing; even in their buses (converted from small pickup trucks) which are painted red and have murals depicting local scenes along the sides and across the back.

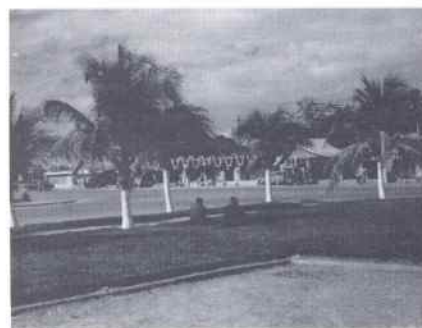


Downtown Port-au-Prince

This is all fun to see, but the average tourist prefers only a single afternoon of it, followed by the comfort of his stateroom aboard one of the luxury liners that dock for the day and then sail on to more affluent islands. Of course one never gets to really know the people that way—but few want to.



Many of the luxury liners dock for a day, giving their passengers only a few hours to see Port-au-Prince.



Dockside Exposition Grounds

This atmosphere—so reminiscent of so many small towns in Africa—coupled with the relaxed

mood of a colorful hotel like the nearby Oloffson and its convivial bar; shopping for local art (Haitian paintings are now the rage); good food; and a nightly toss in the sack with a black beauty may be all you want out of a vacation on a tropical island . . . but most people—gay guys included—much prefer a place where beautiful beaches are handy and where you don't have to pay for sex (more about this later). If you want to go sunning or swimming in Haiti you must drive over a dirt road for over a half hour, and then take a boat ride five minutes more to the nearest beach . . . the alternative being a dip in the swimming pool at your hotel.

No matter where you stay in Haiti—in "downtown" Port-au-Prince, in the hills above, or even at a beach resort miles away—you will quickly realize that you must depend on taxis to get from here to there. The streets aren't laid out in a gridiron pattern, and many entrances to stores and bars are down dark alleyways off dirt paths. You simply don't go looking for these places at night unless you are very familiar with your surroundings and are completely comfortable in them.

But taking taxis is not objectionable to most people, provided that you are able to get one at your hotel, or hail one wherever you happen to be. It's not that simple in Haiti; every taxi driver wants to be your personal guide, and while a ride might cost 50¢, his services—if accepted—can cost you \$5 to \$50. The drivers apply constant pressure to get you to accept their services—particularly if you are gay and they spot it . . . waving promising plums of ecstasy in front of your eyes—which have a handsome price tag. They make you weary and break down your resistance with their circular reasoning and big smiles. You're hooked—and you pay . . . but you usually have a good time in spite of it all. In any case—don't go thinking you'll be able to take a simple taxi ride or travel by bus; but I will point out an alternative later in this article and hope that you will benefit—as always from CIAO!—the magazine which helps pave the way for

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you . . . saving you a lot of time finding places—and money too by telling you what to expect.

THE LANGUAGE

If you understand French you may find it easier to understand what people are saying. Everyone in Haiti speaks Creole—a conglomerate language the basis of which is French. It is spoken rapidly, however—making it difficult even for Francophiles to grasp. English is spoken by most of the taxi drivers and guides as well as hotel personnel. Sign language does nicely in the gay bars. At times you might have need of a translator—when bargaining for souvenirs or setting up a lay.

THE PEOPLE

I have read that the elite Mulattoes in Haiti are among the most beautiful people in the world. I don't doubt it—though I don't know first-hand simply because I have never mixed with them. It is possible to socialize with the upper crust—but in order to do so you must make an effort to patronize such enclaves as the Hippopotamus I discotheque at the new Habitation Leclerc. You must go where the very wealthy play. If your stay in Haiti is short you will undoubtedly spend your daylight hours doing what most tourists usually do—and your evenings setting up a lay at one of the gay bars . . . where you are not likely to encounter the “better classes.”

I can comment only on the majority—the Negroes who make up the working class—and they are among the most beautiful blacks in the world. Handsome. The beautiful ones are outstanding. Their skin is very dark and has the feel and sheen of satin. For the most part the men have very little body hair. If you are white and prejudiced you will bite your lip to admit what I am about to say—but black man for white man, Negroes do have bigger cocks. Haitian men will convince you of this if you don't already know it.

The people are gentle. They speak softly. They are not violent. They have a wonderful
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sense of humor and they smile and laugh all the time. Moreover, they are not prejudiced and really are not aware of the color hatred we know in this country. I grieve to think that they will come to know it as tourism increases and they themselves begin to travel to the U.S. For now they are innocent.

The black guys you will encounter in gay bars are good people—mostly young. They are genuine in their love-making, and appreciate any gifts you bestow upon them. They honor your presence—not because you are white but because you are a guest in their country who has traveled a great distance in their honor; you have come because you want to get to know them.

But they are poor. Haitians who go to gay bars—like all young people everywhere—want to fit in. This requires presentable clothes and some pocket money for drinks. They work hard by day but make only enough to pay for essentials. The average per capita income in Haiti is about \$75 a year. A private in the Garde d'Haiti makes \$21 a month plus \$6 for board and clothing, and an allowance of \$7 for mess allotment. The young gay guy has but one alternative—selling the only thing he has to sell . . . sex. He is aware that you can afford to pay (usually about \$10) and he will not make an exception—not even if he is unattractive. Charging is accomplished unashamedly. It is a simple formality and their love is none the less sincere—in contrast to what commercial sex has become in this country and Europe.

Many lovers will go out for an evening at a gay bar together—and never have second thoughts about separating if one meets a foreign trick for a few hours. The money earned will be shared later—perhaps for some finery or a meal at a good restaurant, or still another evening at a gay bar.

Haitians can live cheaply—but if one wants to be fashionable or buy such “luxuries” as a radio or stereo it requires a considerable income because such items have American price tags. They pay nearly three times as much for

automobiles—and Haitians are all “car crazy.” They can be licensed at 15 and they all want to drive. You have never seen so many people (Haiti has 300 to the square mile, and in town the population density looks more like 3,000 per square block!) and so many cars—all careening wildly through the streets. Drive outside of town and you'll be amused by the numerous drive-in theatres—one after the other . . . testimony to all the wheels on the road.

If you can come to understand how gay guys think in Haiti—that you have indeed come from a place where the streets are paved with gold (judging from what you spend on your hotel room and souvenirs!) you will come to accept still another form of giving love . . . by saying it with a few dollars that will buy much happiness. If paying for sex—and no matter how young and beautiful you are yourself, you will have to pay for tricks in Haiti . . . if paying for sex is a turnoff then do not go to Haiti unless it is to shop for art or do whatever ordinary tourists do.

Obviously, my remarks thus far have been confined to one nighters—the kids you are likely to meet in a bar and take back to your place or a rented room for a few hours . . . and perhaps never see again. There is an alternative—and it is related to avoiding taxis . . . which I refer to above. It is this:

Instead of spreading yourself thin, limit your vacation in Haiti to the company of one guy. Meeting someone is very easy—and if accomplished the first night of your stay he will happily be your lover and buddy for as long as you like. You can then rent a car from Hertz or Avis for \$45 a week—and he will serve as your driver and guide by day and lover by night. Your wheels will take you wherever you want—and you will avoid costly taxi rides and guides who will try to milk you for a lot more than their services are worth. If you are sincere your lover probably won't even mind your working up an occasional threesome or even a foursome—adding someone new to your bed

every night . . . because (and here comes the best part!):

Very unlike his contemporaries throughout most of the Caribbean—he has no **macho**. He is a man and feels no compulsion to prove it. He is as willing to get fucked and suck as he is to have it done to/for him. He kisses passionately—and he has no reservations or embarrassment about having a local friend share you; it will not inhibit him because sex comes naturally in Haiti—and he is too mature to be concerned about what his buddy might say about him to others later on. There are exceptions, I'm sure—but if you meet a bum, toss him right out and start over again.

Instead of paying your companion \$10 a night, simply share your vacation with him. Live with him if it is possible (please refer to the hotel section below). Dine together. Go on excursions. He will have a wonderful time showing off his island—and you will see so much more. Buying him a gift now and then won't break you . . . perhaps a shirt or some jeans—and it will make him blossom with love. When you leave thank him with some cash—and be as generous as you can. And most of all—give sincerely.

ARRIVING IN HAITI

When you arrive in Haiti you will be issued a tourist card which must be carried on your person. (Only proof of citizenship is required to enter Haiti.) On the back of the card you will find all kinds of useful information concerning taxi rides; destination charges within city limits as well as for excursions are listed. Taxi drivers seethe when they ask a lot and a tourist pulls out his tourist card; you needn't pay more than the rates the government has established. But you would be wise to establish charges before you get in and drive off. This is particularly essential if you ask to be taken to one of the gay bars—which usually commands a higher charge because the driver feels he is providing a service by revealing the whereabouts of these "secret" establishments. If you want him to wait for you or pick you up later, you're talking about

more money. Rudeness will get you nowhere—but do establish charges before you accept such services. If it helps—I'd say most drivers expect at least three times more than ordinary charges to go a similar distance. This means about \$5 to go from a hotel in town to the gay bar in town—and perhaps \$8 to the bar which is just outside city limits. Rates apply for one or two persons.

The established rate from the airport to any hotel in town is \$3.50. If you stay in the hills above it is \$5.

When you arrive you are advised to enter the hotel quickly and get settled before venturing out—for on your doorstep you will encounter a barrage of propositions from the drivers and guides who size you up in a flash and start with the offers. Do not weaken and choose the wrong driver. Be selective, because they all charge about the same—and you might as well settle for someone pleasant to deal with who knows the gay scene. Once you decide on a driver/guide he will pressure you to use his services for the duration of your stay. Forsaking him for another will send him into a tirade.

THE HOTELS



Grand Hotel Oloffson



The lush entranceway and pool of the Oloffson create an oasis-like setting for hotel, which is in the heart of town.

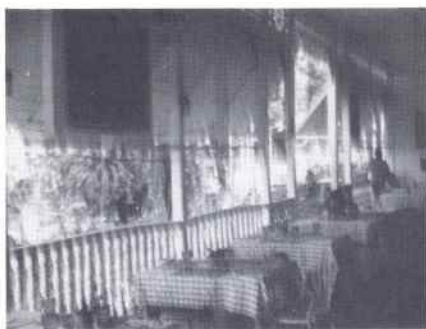
The "darling" of the artsy set is the **Grand Hotel Oloffson**, P.O. Box 675 (phone 2.0139). It's in town—just a few minutes from the hub of the business district. The hotel is set back off the road and has a circular driveway in front that is heavy with tropical greenery—so once you enter it you feel as if the city were miles away. It's a kind of oasis.

The hotel is old. It looks like a Victorian cupcake festooned with gables and balconies and turrets and parapets iced over with filigree and lattice. Sadie Thompson is the only thing that's missing. The main entrance—a double set of steps which lead up to the front verandah where you may have breakfast and lunch if you wish—opens into the hotel proper. The ground floor is a cluster of rooms which all open into one another—and there are no doors on anything. To the left is a large bar room (the bar itself is an old pool table). Directly ahead is the dining room. Here and there are small sitting rooms. Much rattan furniture. On the right you will find the owner's office—his old wooden desk piled high with papers. There are more papers tacked to the wall and all over the floor. Instinct tells you this is where you register. You stand around for five minutes and someone finally shows up—a Haitian, to ask if you have a reservation and a voucher. You give him your voucher and a boy carries it off to the house next door—where owner Al Seitz spends his day. In twenty minutes the boy comes back and you are told everything is in order.



The Main Entrance

CIAO!



The Front Verandah

Seitz has been known to turn people away if he doesn't like their looks. He favors theatrical types—but he himself looks like a garment boss. He's a big man who seems terribly disorganized. In the morning his little boy runs through the hotel with his pet dog—stopping to splash in the pool to the right of the hotel out front. Seitz never keeps enough cash on hand to exchange your \$20 traveler's checks—and when you're lucky enough to get him to make an exchange he usually gives you old \$1 bills (though the *gourde* is the monetary unit, U.S. dollars are used everywhere). In the evenings he and his wife—an attractive blonde—man the bar and chat with guests.



The Bar



There are inviting nooks everywhere you look on the main floor of the old hotel. Much rattan furniture.

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Now you are taken to your room. If you are lucky it might be one of the two units which are next to the swimming pool. These rooms are the only ones that lend themselves to possibly sneaking in an overnight guest—provided you get him out before daylight; Seitz is well aware of what goes on with his gay guests, and has told more than one person off about bringing in young Haitian boys.



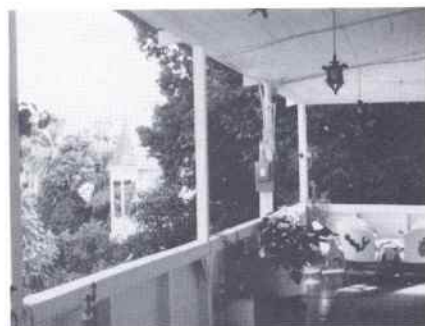
Two rooms are next to the pool, on the left. The others are in the main building and its annex.



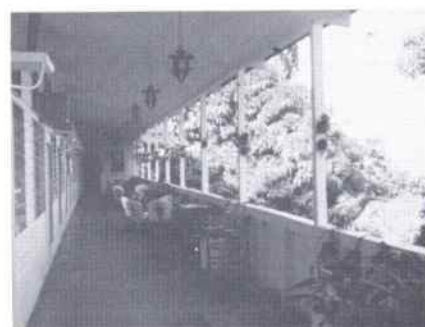
The open-air hallway outside the suites on the second floor.

There are a few suites in the hotel, which are quite small but considerably larger than most of the singles. Some rooms have been named after people who've stayed there . . . such as Charles Addams, Truman Capote and John Gielgud. The steps going up creak and as you wind your way around corners you will see all kinds of little touches—a coconut planter here or a filigree lantern there. Most of the rooms are off the upper verandah which has a commanding view of the

town and harbor beyond it. You are high up—perhaps two stories—and you look into the tops of palms and mango trees. The verandah is quite wide and makes for pleasant lounging.



The Upstairs Verandah



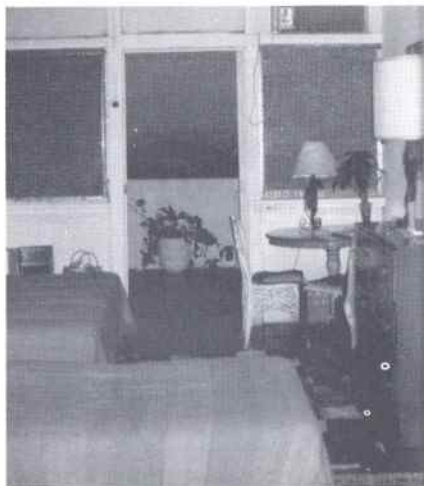
The upstairs verandah and guest rooms afford a magnificent view of the city.



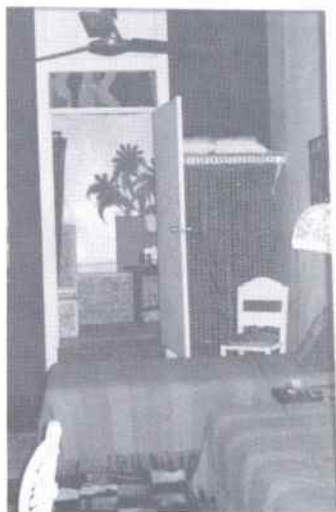
Port-au-Prince from the Oloffson

The rooms themselves are just large enough for a couple of twin beds and a dresser. In the corner is a small table which must be moved if you want to use it. Up a few steps in the back is the bathroom. Everything is old and in need of repair. The walls are paper-thin and the front door and windows are opaque and have no shades. As soon as the sun comes up light comes in. The individual air-conditioners which have been installed recently are at least cool and mask some of the city noise outside. In the evenings the maids come by to turn down the sheets and leave a pitcher of cold water—

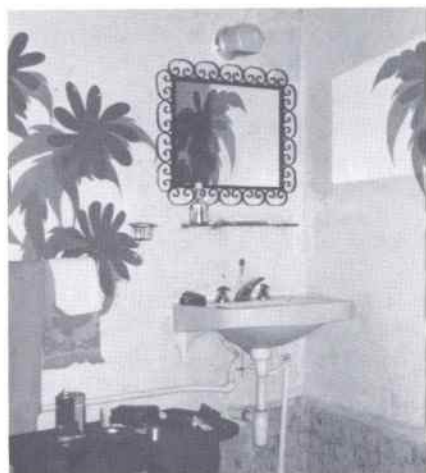
which is the only pitcher you'll get. There are no phones and no room service.



A typical room, looking out on the verandah and the city beyond.



Window air-conditioners have replaced the ceiling fans, but their presence add color to the small rooms.



The bathrooms are simple and in need of much repair.

Worst of all—the resident roosters fly into the trees at night with their hens, and crow and cackle incessantly. Dogs bark. Neighbor pigs that run the grounds at night—looking for leftovers near the pool—squeal. It's damn hard sleeping.

But there are some advantages at the Grand Hotel Oloffson. It is strictly casual. In all other hotel dining rooms you must dress; here you may enjoy dinner dressed in jeans and a tee shirt. The guests are generally unpretentious too. And it is here that you are likely to encounter other gay guests—as well as other gay people in town who frequently stop by for a drink at the bar. All the hotels rotate their entertainment; once each week—usually on Monday—it's the Oloffson's turn to provide a show . . . and this gets everybody in town over to the place. The following nights the other hotels have a show—thus insuring maximum crowds at every establishment. At the Oloffson the shows are presented in the dining room after the tables have been cleared—and there is no formality ever; you simply stand in a doorway or swing in a suspended loveseat and enjoy. Interestingly—some of the theatrical lights used to illuminate the makeshift stage were left by the crew that filmed "The Comedians."



Dining room at the Oloffson

Is the colorful atmosphere with all its informality worth the petty annoyances of not being able to cash your traveler's checks—or being able to sleep in peace? Is the fact that the taxi drivers and guides who hang out in front of the hotel are all wise to the gay scene and afford the fastest route to action worth the absence of most hotel services? I don't know.

Many gay people are fascinated by the place. Others look around and ask, "Why in the world would any gay guy want to stay in this dump?"

I'd say that it is such an unusual place with such a colorful past that you should go at least once—even if for only one night. Rates in season (Dec. 15th thru April 15th) are \$24 to \$26 for a single; \$34 to \$42 for a double; and rooms that are specially situated—and suites—go up to \$60. In the summer the rates drop down only a few dollars. Breakfast and dinner (the food is excellent) are included but drinks are not.

It is in front of the Oloffson that you're likely to meet Patrick. He's only 15 but terribly aggressive. Patrick has a driver's license (so he says!) and he will try to get you to take him as your guide and driver. He knows where all the whorehouses are, and though I didn't ask him I'm sure he knows where the gay action is too. He keeps telling you how very trustworthy he is because he is the only guide who lives on the hotel grounds; his father is one of the carpenters working on the new rooms now under construction. The older guides shoo him and after a couple of swings of his fists he walks off. In five years he will be a lifetime wiser and beat off new young lions.

It is in front of the Oloffson that you are likely to meet Fleury Joseph. He's an older man who appears to be calm in every situation. I am told he refuses to take people to gay bars. Very straight—but reliable if you want to pay an acceptable amount for ordinary sightseeing.

Avoid Albert. He's cocky. A real wise guy and he will not hesitate to insult you. He will also talk about you to the others. Jacques, who claims to be the resident masseur (though he hides every time he sees Seitz coming), will contact you at poolside. He's in his forties and balding. I think he's a closet case who gets his kicks from rubbing nice bodies. For \$5 he gives an ordinary massage; for \$10 he gives a greasy "hand job" with coconut oil. He's sloppy and gets the stuff all over the sheets. But worst of all—

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he will insult you if you happen to give him a smaller tip than your buddy if he happened to have just massaged him. If cigarettes are left lying around he will help himself to the pack on his way out. And he talks, so that in no time at all the guides out front will know about you—from his point of view.

And you will meet Peter Paul—an attractive young guy who might be the biggest Wheeler Dealer in Haiti. He's as wise as they come—but not once will he attempt to sell himself; he is more interested in playing Dolly Levy—setting up lays with young Haitian boys . . . driving you around . . . renting seedy hotel rooms for you to use with your pickups for a couple of hours. All for a fee, of course—and the bigger the better. In all fairness, however, he is not demanding and will accept reasonable payment—and if there is gay sex in town he's the guy to take you right to it.

Peter is pleasant. He's always laughing—and as far as I can tell he's sincere. He will arrange for anything. If you want a threesome he will get two boys and deliver them to you or set them up in a room somewhere in town. If you want to be the central figure in a voodoo orgy with ten or more young guys he will set it up. If you would like him to meet you at the airport when you arrive he'll do it. If you want him to find you a small guest house where you can go and come as you please and live openly with your lovers—he'll do that too. (He tells me he knows of nice guest houses that charge \$10 a day with meals.)

I must admit—I came to like Peter. He's a very accommodating guy—and reliable too. Even if you get lazy about cruising—he'll have you wait in the car outside a gay bar . . . go in and one by one bring guys out for you to see and approve of. A nod of your head and it's all arranged. If paying your trick embarrasses you—just give Peter the dough and he'll take care of that too.

You can meet Peter most any evening outside the Oloffson. However—if you are a subscriber to any one of our magazines I will

be happy to send you his address so that you may write him even before you go. Sorry . . . I will not give his address to anyone whose name I do not have in our files—as I have no way of knowing who you are.

You have guessed by now that I have stayed at the Oloffson. I will not repeat the experience, thank you! Here's a rundown of some other hotels:

Practically behind the Oloffson and up a very steep hill is the **Castelhaiti** (P.O. Box 446; phone 2.0624). It's a bland hotel but quite big and has standard services. Singles in season range from \$18 to \$35; doubles \$30 to \$55. The pool is high up and affords a fantastic view of the town.



Castelhaiti



Poolside at the Castelhaiti

Still within city limits is the newest hotel complex in Haiti—the **Habitation Leclerc** (represented by Robert Reid Associates, Inc., 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020; phone (212) 757-2444). Reputed to be the finest—and most expensive—hotel in all the Caribbean it encompasses the estate that Napoleon built for his sister Pauline Bonaparte after he banished her from France for posing nude for a sculptor. Her statue now serves as the club's logo. The place boasts 38 villas with private

patios and a swimming pool for every two villas. All set in a tropical garden, within an imposing stone wall that protects its 15 acres. Every villa comes with a butler and two maids to serve you on command. There is also a large swimming pool, a grand dining room (suit and tie are a must), a discotheque and all other hotel services. All meals are included—and every villa comes with a fully-stocked bar. Rates are \$150 to \$200 a day and higher. No tipping allowed.

Just outside the main wall is a voodoo arena which is actually part of the complex but open to the public. For \$3 you see a voodoo "demonstration" including music and the ceremony which is narrated. Animals are not sacrificed. It is not at all authentic but is interesting—and unless you make friends with Haitians who consent to admitting you to a real voodoo ceremony this is where you will probably come to learn about the ritual. (Catholicism has all but taken over the country.) Drinks are about \$1.50 each.

In the hills above you will find a number of quality hotels. The suburb of Port-au-Prince known as Pétion-Ville is about 15 minutes away from town by car. Because of the elevation the evenings are cool. Two of these are:



Pétion-Ville

El Rancho (Avenue Pan American). A beautiful hotel that rambles. Somewhat formal. The pool is beautifully situated in the rear. Rates are from \$45 to \$95 for a single; and \$60 to \$120 for a double in season. Some "very special deluxe suites" for \$200. Breakfast and dinner included.



El Rancho



Pool at the El Rancho

Ibo Lélé (Box 1237). Best view of all the hotels in Pétiön-Ville because it is the highest. Its adjunct resort, Ibo Beach (see below) allows guests to split time between the mountains and the seashore. Rates in season average \$40 to \$50.



Road to Ibo Beach



Dock on Cacique Island

Ibo Beach (P.O. Box 1237) is an island resort more than a half-hour away over a dirt road. The

last leg of the trip is a short speedboat ride to Cacique Island. There are a lot of wise kids on the mainland who will actually take out their cocks and wave them as you pass—in a bid to get you to blow them, or whatever, in the back seat of your car for perhaps \$3 to \$5. (In all of Haiti—as here—you will find that as soon as your eyes lock with a young guy looking at you he will automatically assume you are interested in buying his services—and he is anxious to sell (sometimes for as little as \$1; but don't trust such pickups!).

The Ibo Beach complex comprises a central bar room on a beach clustered with small A-frame cottages. If you go for the day there are changing rooms for a small fee and you may take lunch on the beach under the trees. If you stay at the Ibo Beach you will find that you are too far from town to go back and forth easily—and your evenings will be spent here. Local kids come over and are available. And you will find that the place is reasonably popular with gay tourists—particularly Europeans who are usually as glad to see you as you are them. Rates are \$40 to \$50 in season. You must be a beach type to enjoy this place.



Ibo Beach



A-frames at Ibo Beach

There is another beach resort called **Kyona Beach** (P.O. Box W-47) which is about an hour away from town by car. You are completely isolated here—but the local kids are available. Rates are \$40 to \$50.

Still another beach resort is under construction. It is the **Kaloo** (P.O. Box 603), also about an hour from town.

There is a big drive to make Haiti a popular winter retreat—but thus far the crowds are sparse compared with other Caribbean islands. Nevertheless, you should book hotel space before you go. It just isn't the kind of place where you can walk around and find something; there is no "hotel row." Either work something out with Peter in advance, or write directly to one of the hotels mentioned above. It's not a bad idea to telephone even before you send a deposit. The Habitation Leclerc must be booked through Robert Reid. Other hotels may be booked through American-International Hotel Representatives, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036 (phone LO 5-3811). The latter will instruct you to send a deposit directly to the hotel and they will send you a voucher—which you should take with you as proof of your reservation. Very busy times in Haiti are from Christmas to New Year's Day when everyone fills the streets in celebration; Mardi Gras, three days before Ash Wednesday, when there are the usual parades, etc.; and Carnival of Flowers, July 1st thru the 15th, when they are still whooping it up.

GAY BARS

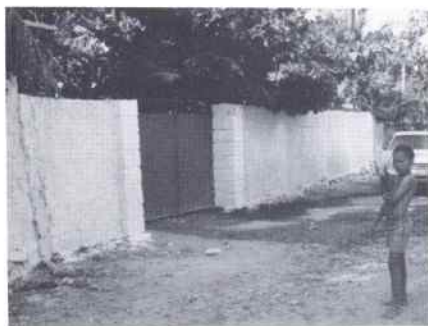
It certainly does not qualify as a gay bar—but the best place to meet gay tourists is at the bar of the **Grand Hotel Oloffson**.

Haiti has only two gay bars and they are "secret." Both are located in private homes and admit people they know. If you go with a taxi driver who is known you will have no trouble getting in. If you look all right at the door you will be admitted. Neither place looks like a commercial establishment and there are no addresses or signs. You must be taken there by a taxi driver. They

CIAO!

are so difficult to locate that you will have to go at least three times before you come to know how to get back on your own after dark.

The place that is right in town is called **Freda's** (it's a fun name for the owner—a gangly guy in his sixties who camps up a storm; he's all over you and loves dancing with the kids between serving drinks out of his kitchen). The entrance is down a dirt alleyway. You go through a wooden gate and find yourself in a tiny greenless backyard. Two tiny rooms without doors face this courtyard; one is used for dancing, and the other is a small kitchen where drinks are mixed by Freda. Outside there is also a picnic table—and the night my friend and I were there we were made to feel like celebrities as soon as we walked through the door—being the only whites and obviously tourists. A bottle was brought out and served at the table and a few of the guys came over and joined us. It was simply a matter of picking the ones we wanted. The place swings every night but it's best on weekends. Mostly young, mid-teens to late twenties. You might be interested to know that Freda belongs to the secret police. That makes him a double camp!



Wall surrounding Chez Guy

The other bar is called **Chez Guy** (pronounced *shay gee*—as in geese)—because it's owned by a young fellow called Guy. He uses his house, which lies on the outskirts of the city, as a bar after the sun sets. The house is also down a dirt alleyway behind a tall gate. It's quite nice—simple but a very attractive house surrounded by a tropical garden. The room that is used as a bar and dance floor opens onto a patio. In another part of the garden there is a voodoo arena (a circular area

about the size of a room); it's used for voodoo shows whenever the mood strikes Guy. This is where your voodoo orgy will take place if arranged for through Peter Paul or Guy. Right above the arena is one small upstairs room (it sleeps two) which Guy rents to tourists. For \$8 you get a comfortable place to stay plus meals. How convenient—what with all the tricks right downstairs! Needless to say—there is complete gay freedom here.



Bar at Chez Guy

Guy teaches school and does not want his address given out freely. However, if you care to stay at his place—Peter Paul will make the arrangements (please refer to my remarks concerning Peter, above).



Peter Paul goes into a laughing fit every time he sees the mahogany dildo bookends in the guest room at Chez Guy.

When the room is not rented out it is used all night long for quickes—in which case the rental, for a couple of hours, is \$10. The boys like getting \$10 too—which I have already indicated—but they will take \$5 if they like you and truly believe that is all you can afford. One cheap tourist who happened to be there one night about the time we arrived was hunched over behind the house getting screwed by a kid he had paid \$3; that's all he got, too,

because he was an obnoxious character. The kids in the bar gathered round to peek at the action—but it infuriated Guy who felt the whole thing was very uncouth.

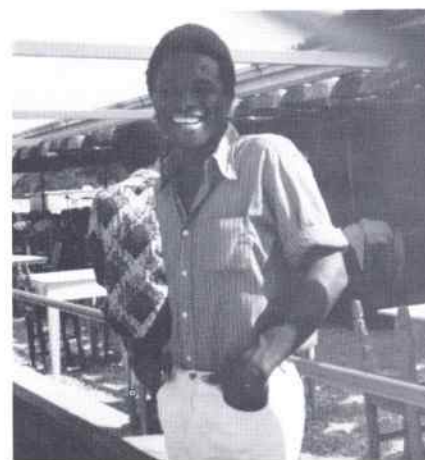
Chez Guy is busiest Friday and Saturday nights. Go around 10 p.m. Occasionally it gets crowded weekdays too—but sometimes no one shows up.

RESTAURANTS

The food is excellent at the **Grand Hotel Oloffson**. Count on at least \$10 for two. Other outstanding places are **La Lanterne** in Pétion-Ville; **Chez Gerard** which is also in Pétion-Ville; and **Le Lambi**, on the water just outside of town (patio dining and you may swim here; mostly Haitians and very active Sunday afternoons). French cuisine as well as Creole cooking are specialties of Haiti.



Le Lambi



Peter Paul at Le Lambi

SIGHTSEEING

In addition to suggestions already made—if you drive to the very top of the mountain where the TV station is located above Pétion-Ville you will be rewarded

with a panoramic view of Port-au-Prince and the shore for miles and miles.



Panoramic view of Port-au-Prince

For \$7 you can board a yacht to the left of the gambling casino off Blvd. Harry Truman; it goes out to Sand Cay—a coral reef miles out where the water is shallow enough for you to stand upright. You don snorkel masks and float face-down on tire tubes watching the sea life beneath you. On the way back there's a lot of time to stretch out on the deck for some sun. Drinks are sold. Departs 10 a.m. daily, returns 1 p.m.



Returning from Sand Cay

The old Exposition Grounds on the water—where the tourist ships dock—makes for interesting strolling on a cool afternoon. Be sure and see the primitive murals in the Cathedral of Ste Trinite in downtown Port-au-Prince. And stop to look at the old houses all of which are covered with intricate carvings that echo a rich past.

If you like soccer, games are played regularly in the big stadium in town. Haitians are fanatic about the sport—and after a big game the fans line the roads for miles, waving to their heroes as they drive by, and shaking tree branches at the losers or opposing team. We've seen nothing like it

since the days of Babe Ruth!

If time permits, visit the imposing ruins of the palace Sans Souci in Cap Haitien—200 miles away. People also go to see the Citadelle—a mountain-top fortress which is a monument to its builder, Henri Christophe. He was a mad monarch; once he ordered an entire platoon of soldiers (the fort contained a garrison of 15,000) to march off the end of a parapet as evidence of their devotion. You go up by donkey.



Beach near Cap Haitien

The best hotel in Cap Haitien is the **Mont Joli** (P.O. Box 12), where rates average \$25. There are irregularly scheduled planes from Port-au-Prince, and it takes about eight hours to drive—mostly over dirt roads. If you go by car allow at least four days—two for travel, one for viewing the ruins, and one for the beach. Peter Paul has contacts in Cap Haitien so you can arrange to have a lover waiting for you; he will also arrange to take someone along if you prefer.

Perhaps you might enjoy visiting Santo Domingo. There are flights that return the same day. Fare is \$31 round trip. When you get to Haiti phone 2.1070 for information.

SHOPPING

Outstanding in all of Haiti is primitive art; folk art which has become so famous in recent years and which is currently the rage among collectors. Buy what pleases your eye—but do not buy until the last few days of your visit. By then you will be able to distinguish the better work—just by comparing even if you have practically no understanding of art. Top galleries are **George Nader's**, 104 Rue Bonne Foi (downtown); and **The Red Carpet**, in Pétion-Ville. Average price for

a good primitive is about \$100 to \$200. Of course, famous artists command thousands. You can't buy a more beautiful souvenir anywhere.



Outside the Red Carpet

Haitians do a lot of wood-carving—mostly of mahogany. As good a factory outlet as any is **Ce Nou**, 20 Rue Dr. Audain. Items are generally overpriced and you should bargain.

Above Pétion-Ville on the way to the top of the mountain there is an interesting gallery operated by the **Haitian Artists Co-Op**. Some excellent paintings and carvings—but they tend to be less primitive (which is really characteristic of good Haitian art) and more European in style. For this reason—as excellent as they are—I do not like what is sold at this particular gallery. But you should stop in and have a look for yourself. Prices are high.



"L'Arche de Noe" by Andre Normil



"Dance" by Robuste Franck

On the way up to Pétion-Ville

CIAO!

you will pass vendors selling goat-skin rugs. Do not buy one. Recently the U.S. Board of Health urged owners of untreated Haitian skins to destroy them because of possible anthrax contamination.



Roadside Vendors

You would be wise not to buy things you can't bring back with you on the plane. There is no duty on art—but if you have huge paintings and sculpture shipped to you, you will have to pay all kinds of charges on this end. Sometimes the price practically doubles.

This then is Haiti—a magical island where voodoo lives. The tempo is fast and the people ooze sex; it is animalistically exciting. If you go I hope our experiences will help make your trip tremendously enjoyable. If you are not going I hope you have enjoyed the journey you have just taken!

West Virginia

By Ralph W. Davis

L'il Abner is alive and doing well in West Virginia. Why not plan a weekend trip to this scenic mountain state and see for yourself? Although West Virginians have been called everything from hillbillies to rednecks, I have seldom heard them called men. Yet they are men—virile, masculine men at that. And friendly too.

West Virginia is probably one of the most scenic mountain states east of the Rockies. There are so many parks, recreational areas, resorts and natural wonders. To add to the state's attractions there is just enough gay life July/August 1974

spread over 'them thar hills' to make a visit exciting.

CHARLESTON

Charleston is the capital and trade center of the Great Kanawha Valley. Brine, natural gas, coal and oil are the important natural resources found here. The city is simple and unpretentious, and a pleasant change from the prosperity of other American cities . . . the perfect place to relax after romping in the backwoods.

Greek Downstairs (upstairs entrance), 617 Brooks St. This is the most popular gay bar in Charleston; in order to serve hard liquor the bar must operate as a private club. There is a \$1 membership for out-of-towners (good for one year). All types here . . . **everything!** In West Virginia police can't enter a private club unless invited, or with a warrant. So anything goes inside. Food from 75¢ (hamburgers) to \$3 (for a seafood dinner). The show is held downstairs, but you must enter through the upstairs. Dancing upstairs and downstairs. Shows on Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. Hours: 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 a.m. except Sunday (then from 1 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.). The drinking age in West Virginia is 18 . . . so bring your favorite chicken!



Greek Downstairs

Tradewinds, 500 Carolina St. (near the Capitol building). Once the gay bar; now not so popular. Girls and boys mingle here. Open from 8 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. daily . . . depending on business. May suddenly decide to close. Hard liquor. Membership available for \$3 for everyone. Members, however, can bring in a guest free. It has the largest dance floor in town. Food from 60¢ (for

sandwiches) to \$6 (for steaks). Barbecue ribs and chicken are the specialties here—at about \$3.50. Game room and TV.

Tap Room (below the Quarrier Diner and in the rear), 1022 Quarrier St. This nice, conservative bar gets the college-type crowd. Gays normally sit at the bar. Mixed/gays and straights. Best from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Closed Sundays. Beer only.

The cruising area at night is **Quarrier to Capitol to Lee to Hale Sts.** A lot of young hustlers cruise along these streets and wait for the right car to stop.



Quarrier and Hale

The **Daniel Boone Hotel**, at Capitol and Washington Sts., has a little activity on the corner. Most of it drifts down to the john in the hotel basement. It is best to be careful here; there is a house detective who checks it out once in a while. Incidentally, this isn't a bad hotel to stay when visiting; singles are from \$8 and doubles from \$13.



Daniel Boone Hotel



Public Library

The **Public Library** (Capitol and Quarrier) attracts a lot of hustlers. The john can be cruisy, as well as the second and third floors.

HUNTINGTON

Huntington was founded by the millionaire president of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, Collis P. Huntington, as a rail and river terminus. Today commerce and industry have made it the largest city in the state. Like Charleston, it is physically unpretentious; a very comfortable city to relax in. Here are the places in Huntington:

Château Club, 1121 Seventh Ave. Private. Guests are admitted free with members. Membership is now \$5 a year, but will soon be reduced to \$1. This is the oldest and most popular bar. Some girls, mostly boys. Many types. Hard liquor. Dancing. Hours: 5 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. daily except Saturday and Sunday—then from 1 p.m. Food. Shows (about once a month). Game room.



Château Club

South Seas (First St. at Fourth Ave.), 105 Fourth Ave. Hours are the same as the Château. Mostly girls, but many boys come here. Food (sandwiches). Shows once a month. Not as large as the Château but as nice.



South Seas

Fourth Avenue, between Greyhound and Continental Trailways

Bus Stations, is cruised—especially in the alley which runs parallel to Fourth behind the bus stations. This stretch is wild at night. Some john cruising in the bus station; nothing to write home about.



Alley Behind Bus Station

Park Ritter is cruisy, especially in the johns.

HARPERS FERRY

The abolitionist, John Brown, made Harpers Ferry famous when he and 18 men raided it in 1859. Located at the foot of the Shenandoah River, and about an hour and a half drive from Washington, D.C., this pre-Civil War reconstructed town is the state's leading tourist attraction during the summer.

Another popular attraction is the **SJ Ranch**. It's advertised as a "private place in the mountains for S&M, leather, bikers, cowboys, muscle studs and all butch guys." For information write to SJ Ranch, P.O. Box 301, Harpers Ferry, W. Virginia 25425.

Li'l Abner types are alive and doing well in West Virginia . . . and waiting for you!

Amsterdam

By David Parker

Gay libbers readily condemn the "gay ghetto"—any area of any city which for one of numerous reasons has become heavily populated by homosexuals. It is in fact a condemnation of straight society for having forced gay people to isolate themselves in certain areas—usually by denying them housing in other sections of the city. In time, cause and effect

become muddled and homosexuals live in gay ghettos by choice—simply because everyday life is so much easier when you are among your own kind. For one thing—cruising is less complicated when all you have to do is go downstairs and take your pick from the passing parade.

The gay ghetto is one of the reasons Amsterdam has become the unofficial Gay Capital of Europe. The city center is small to begin with, and is so greatly populated by gay people—residents and tourists alike—that it might even be considered a gay center of sorts in its entirety. But there is an even greater concentration—a focal point whose heart is but a single street. Gay life thrives in **Leidsestraat** and every cross street as well. Bars are side by side and there are more gay hotels in this area than any place else in the world. The streets and adjacent square are cruised night and day. Adjoining the ghetto is a park which has an active meatrack. It's all so convenient for the tourist who wants to come and enjoy without running all over town for amusement.



Looking down Leidsestraat from the square called Leidseplein. This is the heart of the "gay ghetto."

Amsterdam center—which encompasses the gay ghetto—is built on concentric canals which give it an orderliness. The gay section generally lies between the innermost canal called **Singel** and the outer ring of water called **Singelgracht**. These concentric canals are all semi-circles whose ends meet the harbor—and it is within the boundaries of Singelgracht that you will spend most of your time. You will venture out if you are staying at a hotel away from the center and also for sight-

CIAO!

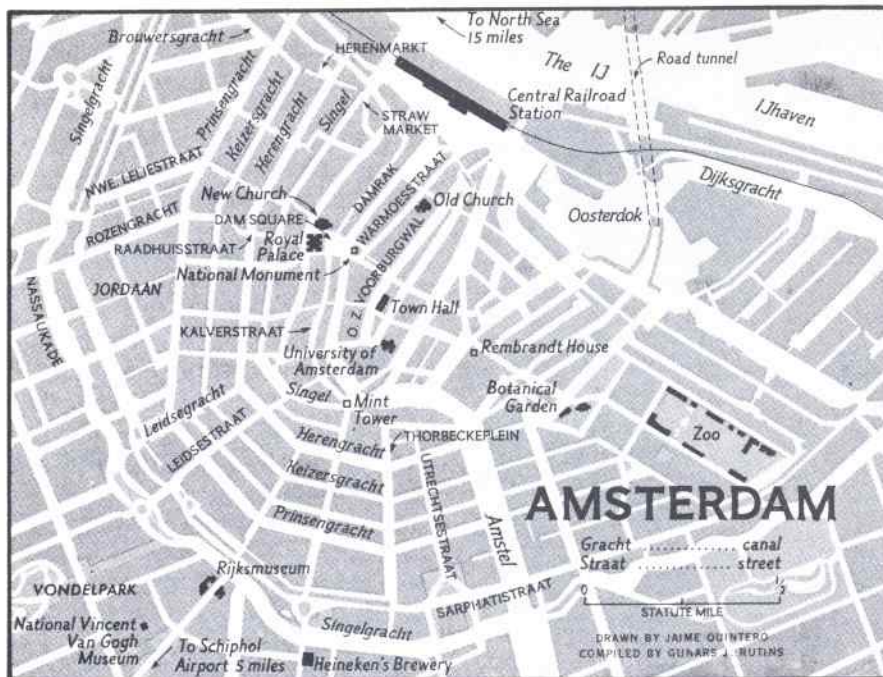


Fig. 1
This map of Amsterdam center encompasses the "gay ghetto"—the heart of which is Leidsestraat (lower left section). Note the concentric canals that cross the main thoroughfare, and also Vondelpark (lower left), which is discussed at length.



Aerial view of Amsterdam center. Mint Square/Tower straddles the concentric canal called Singel. The john under the tower is cruised when open.

seeing.

Leidsestraat begins at a square called **Leidseplein** and runs in the direction of the most congested part of town—the area in the vicinity of Amsterdam's main square—**Dam**. Fig. 1 will help orient you with Amsterdam proper; Fig. 2 is a "closeup" of the blocks immediately flanking Leidsestraat.

Still another reason why Amsterdam has become a favorite of gays everywhere is that the Dutch are extremely tolerant; homosexuality is an accepted lifestyle throughout the Netherlands. The July/August 1974

age of consent is 16—and while Amsterdamers tend to be somewhat reserved concerning public display of affection they are otherwise among the most liberal thinkers in the world.

The city itself is quite beautiful and a favorite of all travelers. It is wonderfully Old World and modern at the same time. There are new facades on narrow cobblestoned streets—alongside old narrow houses with steep gables which lean forward almost as if ready to topple. The canals are lined with shade trees and crossed by small bridges with high humps.

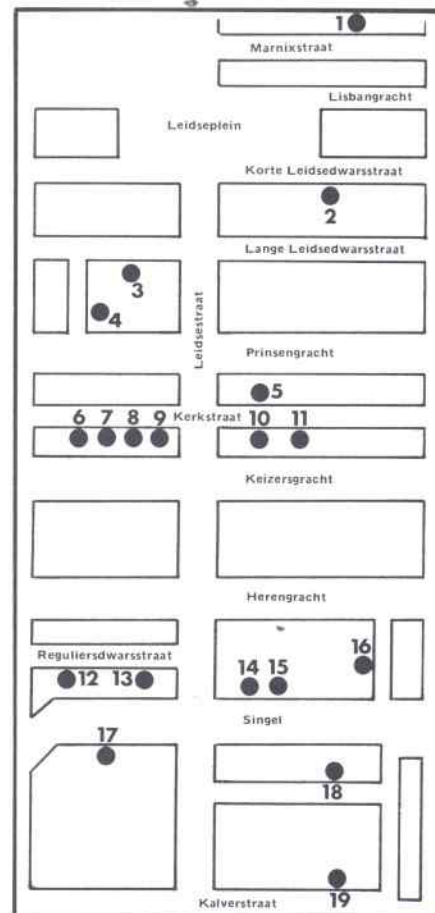


Fig. 2
This closeup of the Leidseplein/Leidsestraat area reveals the close proximity of homosexual establishments in the "gay ghetto." Key as follows: 1. Hotel Tabu; 2. C.O.C. Club; 3. Le Fiacre; 4. Hotel Orfeo; 5. Cosmo Bar/West End Hotel; 6. Incognito Bar; 7. Club Lord; 8. Aero Bar/Hotel/Restaurant; 9. Taverne De Pul; 10. Honed's Bakhuis; 11. Hotel Unique; 12. Coffee Shop Downtown; 13. Mac Donald Bar; 14. D.O.K. Club; 15. Hotel Come Back; 16. Queen's Head; 17. Wolf's Inn; 18. Jamaica Inn; 19. American Book Store. Please refer to article for street numbers and full descriptions.

Barges slowly make their way along the waterways and bicycles outnumber the cars.

Look at the drain pipes. No ordinary drainage tubes these; they are decorated with fanciful statuary. Look at the windows. White lace curtains everywhere—and no shades. See the cranes on the tops of the old buildings. They're used to hoist furniture in and out of the windows because the staircases are too narrow and steep for ordinary moving. Amsterdam is to everyone "typically" European; that which we believe all of Europe is but which so

often is not.

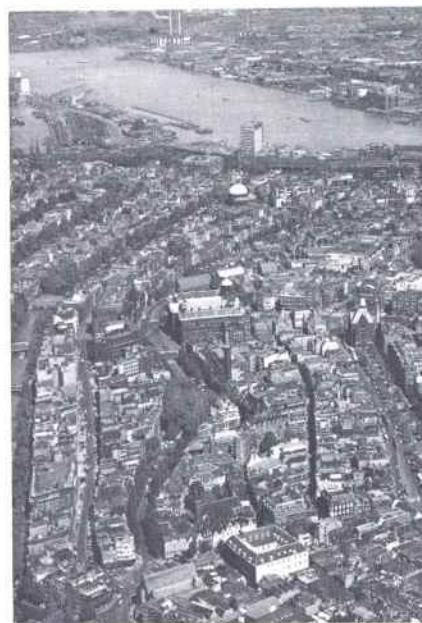


The Keizersgracht and Reguliersgracht canals meet at a junction known as the "seven bridges." Note the barrel organ on the bridge. They can be seen and heard throughout Amsterdam.



Typical canalside houses (these are on Prinsengracht). Note the cranes at the top of each building. They are used to hoist furniture in and out of windows because the staircases are too narrow and steep for ordinary moving.

To simplify matters all the gay listings in this article are within the confines of the gay ghetto or a short walking distance from its heart which lies along Leidsestraat. Those places lying outside the area bordered by Singelgracht are noted.



Amsterdam Center

HOTELS

Amsterdam's most luxurious hotel is the **Amsterdam Hilton**. It is situated on the Apollolaan—a long walk or short taxi ride from Leidseplein. Rates start at \$25 for a single. Provided you are not obvious about it there is no problem getting guests in and out.



Amsterdam Hilton

Also in the deluxe category is the **Okura**, Jozef Israelskade 46. It's even farther away from Leidseplein. This is an Intercontinental hotel and similar to the Hilton.

A new Marriott is under construction on Stadhouderskade—a main thoroughfare bordering the far side of Singelgracht. It overlooks Leidseplein and when completed it will probably be very popular with gays who prefer staying at a better hotel on the outskirts of the gay ghetto as opposed to stopping at one of the modest gay hotels within the ghetto itself.



The Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky is on Dam Square. It's seen from the rear in this photo (the building with the flags in the lower right).

Two hotels in the \$15 category are the **Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky**, overlooking Dam Square, and the **Carlton**, Vijzelstraat 2015, not far from the Krasnapolsky. The Krasnapolsky is very much Old World and somewhat stuffy; the Carlton is reasonably modern

and liked by gays who want something more than a simple room in one of the smaller gay establishments.

Those hotels which are strictly gay and are in the gay ghetto or very nearby follow. Rates average \$10 for a single. Some rooms have tubs and toilets but most do not (community johns in the hallway can be quite cruisy). Being gay—hall cruising is part of the scene and entertaining guests is expected. You are advised to make reservations well in advance because space is limited—particularly in summer.

Aero Hotel, Kerkstraat 49 (phone 22 77 28). There's a gay bar downstairs.



The Aero Hotel has a gay restaurant and bar. Right next door is another gay bar, the Club Lord. Just this side of the Aero (behind the camera) is the Taverne De Pul. Up the street (dark round sign) is still another gay bar, the Incognito. They're all in Kerkstraat.

Albany Hotel, Pieter de Hoochstraat 86 (phone 6 75 19).

Hotel Athletic, Nieuwendijk 100 (phone 23 41 44). Situated on one of Amsterdam's pedestrian shopping streets not too far from Singel. A "mostly gay" baths is located here.



Hotel Come Back (note dark sign in window). The building in the foreground (parked bike near open door) is the famous D.O.K. Club.

CIAO!

Hotel Come Back, Singel 458 (phone 6 75 19). Convenient because it is next to the famous D.O.K. Club.

International Travel Club I, Frederiksplein 22 (phone 22 27 37), is a short distance from the action. Nearer is the **International Travel Club II**, Prinsengracht 1051 (phone 230 230). Toilet and shower in every room.

L.J., Elandsgracht 31 (phone 22 04 75). A small pension that attracts leathermen because it is next to a leather bar. (The best known leather hotel in town, the Argos, closed permanently early this year.)

Hotel New York, Herengracht 19 (phone 24 30 66). Near Central Station and harbor.

Hotel Orfeo, Leidse kruisstraat 14 (phone 23 13 47). Near Leidseplein.



Hotel Orfeo

Hotel Prinsen, Vondelstraat 38 (phone 16 61 12). Near Leidseplein.

Hotel Tabu, Marnixstraat 386 (phone 22 75 11). Right off Leidseplein.

Hotel Unique, Kerkstraat 37 (phone 24 47 85). Midway between the C.O.C. and D.O.K. clubs.



The **Hotel Unique** (small dark sign over the entrance on the right) is directly across from the **Hotel West End**.

Hotel West End, Kerkstraat 42
July/August 1974

(phone 24 80 74). There's a gay bar on the ground floor.



Hotel West End/Cosmo Bar

BARS

Most bars open at 10 p.m. but don't get going until much later. Many close at 5 a.m. The "clubs" require identification, so take your passport.

Aero Bar, Kerkstraat 49. The building houses a hotel (see above) and a restaurant (see below).



The **Aero Bar/Hotel/Restaurant** has a prominent sign. Just this side of the **Aero** is the **Taverne De Pul**. Beyond the **Aero** is the **Club Lord**. Up the street is the **Incognito** (round sign).



The **C.O.C. Club** is just off Leidseplein. It's the building with the folding doors.

C.O.C. Club (Club de Schakel), Korte Leidsdwardsstraat 49.

There is a small membership fee; be sure and take your passport. Dancing and popular.

Club Lord, Kerkstraat 51. It's sometimes campy.

Cosmo Bar, Kerkstraat 42. Very comfortable. It's in the **Hotel West End** (see above).

D.O.K. Club, Singel 460. The most popular bar in Amsterdam. It overlooks a canal and is next to the **Hotel Come Back** (see above). Very large. Dancing. There's a small membership fee. Take your passport the first time you go.



The **D.O.K. Club** is the large building. Right next to it, on the right, is the **Hotel Come Back**.

D.O.K. II, Leidsegracht 88 (the "floor through" building has another entrance in its rear at Raamstraat 21). Open weekends only from 6 p.m. to 5 a.m. Two bars. Dancing. All new. Use your **D.O.K.** membership card for admission.



D.O.K. II

Incognito Bar, Kerkstraat 59. Popular.



Incognito

Jamaica Inn, Voetboogstraat 4. Open weekdays 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. and on weekends until 3 a.m. Sundays from 3 p.m. The unofficial center for hustlers.



Jamaica Inn

L.L. Bar, Elandsgracht 29. The only established leather bar in town. It's next to the L.J. pension.



The L.L. Bar (dark facade). On the right is the L.J. pension.

Queen's Head, Beulingstraat 19. This one opens at noon and closes at 1 a.m. Snacks available.

Le Fiacre, Lange Leidsdwaarsstraat 19. Nothing special.



Le Fiacre

Mac Donald Bar, Reguliersdwaarsstraat 11. Young crowd.



Mac Donald Bar

Taverne De Pul, Kerkstraat 45. Open in the daytime too.



Taverne De Pul

Wolf's Inn, Singel 449. It's a restaurant too.

RESTAURANTS

First, the gay—or "mostly gay" restaurants.

Aero Night Restaurant, Kerkstraat 49. It's on the second floor (hotel and bar in same building;

see above). Good food in pleasant surroundings, and it's casual.

Coffee Shop Downtown, Reguliersdwaarsstraat 31. A very charming corner restaurant for casual dining. Great for a late breakfast or early dinner. Very gay. It closes at 10 p.m.



Coffee Shop Downtown is one block from the floating flower market on Singel (at tree).



Flower Market on Singel

Honed's Bakhuis, Kerkstraat 39. Not a gay establishment but you wouldn't know it from the looks of the clientele. Strictly casual and as good a place as any for a simple meal. Closes at 9 p.m. sharp.



Honed's Bakhuis is next to the Hotel Unique and across from the Hotel West End.

New Side, N.Z. Voorburgwal 78. Not gay but conveniently located and popular with gay guys. Very good food at reasonable prices.

The following restaurants are internationally famous for their

CIAO!

fine food. They are not at all gay but sooner or later everybody in town dines at one of these outstanding establishments. Jackets required unless otherwise noted.

The **Bali**, Leidsestraat 95, and the **Indonesia**, Singel 550, specialize in Indonesian cuisine. Both are world-famous. Moderately expensive.

De Boerderij, Korte Leidsewarstraat 69, occupies a converted farmhouse. Very atmospheric and the food is excellent. Moderately expensive.

De Oesterbar, Leidseplein 10. A great place for lunch if you like fish. Large fish tanks line the walls where they serve as storage containers to guarantee freshness. Strictly casual—even at dinner-time. Open until midnight. A few doors from the C.O.C. Club. Moderately expensive.

Die Port van Cleve, Nieuwe Zijds Voorburgwal 178. Famous for pea soup in winter and thick steaks all year round. They've sold so many steaks that they are numbered. Very good. Reasonable.

BATHS

Sauna Bath Athletic, Nieuwendijk 100. This baths is in the same building as the Hotel Athletic (see above) and is mostly gay. It is open Monday thru Friday 12 noon to 10:30 p.m. Then it closes for an hour and a half and reopens at midnight and closes again at 8 a.m. On Saturday and Sunday it opens at noon and closes at 6 p.m.



Sauna Bath Athletic

De Prinsen Sauna, Prinsengracht 381. This is another "mostly gay" baths. Hours are Monday thru Thursday 12 noon to 10 p.m., Friday and Saturday 12 noon to 10 p.m. and midnight to 8 a.m. On Sunday, noon until July/August 1974

6 p.m.



De Prinsen Sauna

Thermos Sauna I, Egelantiersstraat 246. This is Amsterdam's "original" gay sauna. It is open every night except Sunday from midnight until 9 a.m.

Thermos Sauna II, Raamstraat 33. This is by far the best gay baths in town and features the "works." Open Monday thru Friday 12 noon to 11 p.m. On Saturday and Sunday the hours are 12 noon to 6 p.m.



Thermos Sauna II

The owners of the Thermos establishments are renovating a building at Prinsengracht 370. It may be open by the end of the year. Three lively bars are promised—along with many "attractions" to draw the bar set. It will be called Thermos Club.

OUTSIDE CRUISING

Streets and squares in the vicinity of the bars are heavily cruised.



John in Rembrandtsplein

The only really active john in town is in Rembrandtsplein. You can practically see guys pissing inside the enclosure from the street (so do your urinal cruising on the hidden side; use the ones on the right as you enter). Lots of cocks hanging out but don't attempt anything on the spot. Choose and leave.

The john under Mint Tower used to be great but it's been locked up for some time. If it's open when you are in Amsterdam check it out—especially at night. Most gay guides list many other johns—but pay them no attention; you'll find that most of them are simple sidewalk cubicles just big enough for one to take a leak—and you can see everything from the knees down. At best all you can do is get a quick look at his meat and invite him home.



Cubicle at Prinsengracht and Leidsestraat



Meatrack in Vondelpark

A short distance from Leidseplein, if you walk along Stadhouderskade, there is an entrance to Vondelpark. This particular entrance leads to a narrow bushy area that comes alive at night. There is also cruising in Vondelpark proper—in and around the lakes—but the strip off Stadhouderskade is where it's happening.

I suggest a stroll through during the day to familiarize yourself with the layout and its various exits. In recent years cruising has become a little difficult because of all the straight hippies in town who camp out in sleeping bags. Give it a go anyway.

Zandvoort Beach is about a half hour away by train from Central Station. When you arrive walk to the left (facing the water) to the last pavilion on the beach—called Zee Zicht; from the time you leave the train to the time you get there will take about a half hour. There are changing rooms here and you can also rent beach chairs. Now continue walking left through the dunes for about a half hour more. You'll come to a nude sunbathing area and lots of gay action. (If there is a wait at the train station in Zandvoort when you return, note that there are two bars in town to help you pass the time. They are the Adonis, Tjerk Hiddestraat 20, and the Bang Bang, Stationsstraat 17.)

OTHER DIVERSIONS

There's a "house with boys" at Raamgracht 9. It is operated out of a photo studio called **Firma Roma Fotostudio** which is open from 2 p.m. until 10 p.m. Don't go, however; phone 6 78 17 for information and arrangements.



Firma Roma Fotostudio

Walk the streets called Oude Zijds Achterburgwal and Oude Zijds Voorburgwal. Lots of

straight sex shops as well as movies and shows. On these main thoroughfares (which flank canals) and in the many side streets you'll see female prostitutes on display in shop windows. This is how they sell themselves; if the customer sees what he likes (and if you look interested and stare hard enough they'll even raise their skirts for a peek at cunt—right in the window!) he simply walks in and does it in the back. Wide open and fascinating—and the area is packed with young guys who are hot and horny—and surprisingly bisexual if you have the right words. The area is very near Dam Square.



Oude Zijds Voorburgwal

Also near Dam Square, at Warmpjesstraat 57 (the Krasnapolsky is on this block) is the **Mona Lisa Sex Shop**. Mostly straight stuff but a selection of old gay magazines and travel directories—in case you need one in a hurry.



Mona Lisa Sex Shop

The **American Book Store**, Kalverstraat 158, is a big place where a handful of "mild" gay

publications are available.



American Book Store

GENERAL SIGHTSEEING

Amsterdam will keep your gay itinerary filled—but you should take the time to do a little general sightseeing. I particularly recommend the following.



Mint Tower



Central Station



Sightseeing in Amsterdam

A sightseeing tour in a glass-roofed canal boat. Several companies run them from piers in front of Central Station, and alongside the Damrak, along the Rokin and the Stadhouderskade

CIAO!

(near the Rijksmuseum). The ride lasts a little over an hour and you'll see plenty. The guides are helpful and informative.

A visit to **Rijksmuseum**—mainly to see Rembrandt's huge painting, "Night Watch."

A visit to **A. van Moppes & Zoon**, a diamond-cutting factory.

A visit to **Anne Frank's house** at Prinsengracht 263. This is where she and her family took refuge from the Nazis during World War II. You enter their garret apartment by way of a secret passageway. Mementos made famous by her diary are everywhere. It's a moving experience.



Anne Frank's House

A visit to **Alkmaar**—the Friday-morning cheese market (between May and October). Very colorful. Not far from Amsterdam; check any hotel desk for details.

If you happen to visit in spring be sure and take a tulip tour. The fields are ablaze with color. American Express has convenient tours. Ditto for visits to **The Hague** and **Rotterdam**.

USEFUL INFORMATION

Finally—in case you need legal help for whatever unforeseen reason, then go to the **C.O.C. Club**. These are the people responsible for much of the sexual freedom gay Hollanders enjoy. They are political—and the club is a social July/August 1974

center.

If you look down and discover you have a chancre—you can be treated for VD free at **Binnen-gasthuis Hospital**, Dept. of Skin Diseases, **Grimburgwal 10** (phone 6 22 23, ext. 166). Take your passport for proper identification. Treatment is confidential.

And on that unpleasant thought—we wish you a most pleasant holiday in this beautiful City of Canals!

Memphis

By Jerry Daniels

Memphis is an old city, a big city, a tough city.

Most of the popular bars are in midtown, with one exception—an after-hours bar which is located near downtown. Here's the rundown:

BARS

George's, 1786 Madison Ave. East. This is in the midtown area and is a nice bar with about 30 percent straights (but the no-problem, broadminded types). It gets the "nicer" crowd, like no hippies or pot-smokers . . . just the "straight" gays. There is a live band on Monday and Tuesday from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. No food. Dancing, of course. From Thursday to Sunday there is a show at 10 p.m. and on Wednesday at 9. Cover charge of \$1 on Monday/Tuesday; \$2 on Wednesday. All beer and set-ups are free on Wednesday. No hard liquor, but set-ups at all times. From Thursday to Sunday there is also a \$2 cover charge, but you must buy your own set-up.



George's

Entrée Nuit, 265 S. Cleveland.

There is a mixture of types here; sometimes hustlers and rough trade appear as well as girls. Generally older types, though. Many interesting men. Set-ups and beer. Hours: 3 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily.



Entrée Nuit

Psych-Out (this is listed as the Chase Lounge in the telephone directory), 76 N. Cleveland. Very close to the Entrée Nuit and can be easily walked from there. George's, though, requires transportation unless you enjoy a good walk! Psych-Out gets a young, with-it crowd; also some girls and hustlers and roughs, as at the Entrée Nuit. Hours: 3 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily. No food. Set-ups and beer. It is located in a small shopping center and is the building with the shingle front.



Psych-Out



Closet

Closet, 114 Jackson Ave. (near St. Joseph Hospital). This used to be called the **Zodiac Club**, and the sign outside still identifies it as such. Private. Out-of-towners must be sponsored. The best

crowd arrives here from 1 a.m. to 4 a.m. Bring your own. Set-ups are 50¢. Good crowd of all types. Gays start pouring into this bar after 10 p.m. Open Wednesday through Sunday. There's a \$2 cover charge. Opens at 8 p.m., and is closed on Monday and Tuesday.

Carnival Room, downtown in the Sheraton-Peabody Hotel, 149 Union Ave. This was once very popular during the cocktail hour. Now only occasionally. Mixed, of course.

Oasis Lounge, behind the Hotel Tennessee, facing Union Ave. This bar is very close to the Greyhound Bus Station and gets roughs, hustlers and the like. Mixed and dangerous! Oasis is a block from the Sheraton-Peabody.

RESTAURANTS

Ohman Inn Restaurant, 2158 E. Union Ave. This midtown restaurant is a nice place to eat, and is popular after hours with the younger, hippie crowd. Not too much activity here, but enough, especially on weekends. Full menu.

OUTSIDE CRUISING



Cleveland at Madison



Union at Main

Cleveland, from the Psych-Out to the Entrée Nuit, sees a lot of cruising at night. Sometimes it can be rough; of course there are

many types—young, old, black, white, hustlers, and the like. Best at the corner of Madison and Cleveland.

Downtown, from Main Street to the bus station on Union is where to head if you like it violent. The area is heavy with the vice and crime.

Also downtown, at Court and North Main, is **Court Square**. This small square in the shopping area attracts the worst Memphis has to offer. Heavy with the vice, crime and hustlers. Dangerous. Take care.



Court Square

Overton Park is good wherever you see cars parked. This indicates that something is happening in the woods. **Riverside Park** is good everywhere. The usual Memphis problems in the parks—the vice and crime.

JOHNS

J.B. Hunter Department Store on Poplar Street has an upstairs john in the rear of the store which gets some action. This is true also of the **South Brook Mall**. The john in Sears is especially popular. And finally, the two johns at the airport. The best of the two seems to be the second-floor john.

MOVIES



Adult Movies

Adult Movies, 12 N. Cleveland in midtown. This peep show house is close to Psych-Out and

the Entrée Nuit. The usual activities. Their downtown location, across from the bus station, was recently closed.

There are some beautiful guys in Memphis—and we hope we've made finding them easier. Have fun!

Gay Dining

This Month: "Chuckwagon 1974"

By The Editors



In our overall plan to make gay travel over the world zing along on a split-second, up-to-that-very-minute timetable and, withal, as pleasant in every way as we can, the editors of *Ciao!* have felt from the beginning that our readers would also like to know about some of the unusual, interesting (and often gay) restaurants in cities here and abroad they might happen to visit.

In describing some of them we have introduced you to the raffish charm of **Juanita's Galley**, near San Francisco . . . **Joe's of Reading**, Pennsylvania where every dish is built on or around King Mushroom . . . and together we have visited that wacky architectural maze with food for the gods—the **Chalet Suzanne** near Lake Wales, Florida, as well as gastronomic surprises such as "**Feet in the Water**" in Paris, and a fabulous steak house in Kobe, Japan whose beef comes only from hand-massaged cattle.

But this time, for a switch, we'd like to talk about a restaurant that comes to you . . . the **Amtrak Restaurant**. It may be

CIAO!

coming your way right now. The new Amtrak restaurants have nothing in common with those mercifully forgotten one-arm lunch counters on wheels of recent date with their plastic flowers, their paper napkins and vending-machine food. Congress is pouring millions into better passenger train service on main-line railroads—particularly on speedy Metroliner service between large cities such as New York and Washington (by which one often arrives at one's destination more quickly than via plane—considering the vast waste of time getting from city to airport/airport to city, plus pattern-holding time).

Now the dining service on these trains lightens the heart with its sparkling crystal, expensive china, real silver service, and fresh flowers. But more important is that these Amtraks have gone back to well-preserved recipe books and are again delighting travelers with the dishes that caused railroad gourmet Lucius Beebe to say that in his day dining car service was the equal of Maxim's in every way.

So many of these recipes were enjoyed by those going cross-country via the Santa Fe Railroad. Such things as Fred Harvey's **Little Thin Orange Pancakes** . . . **French Toast Santa Fe** . . . **Sopaipillas** (fried pastry puffs) and **La Fonda Pudding**. Of course no modern Amtrak rolling restaurant would serve ordinary store-bought bread. Instead, in many one is greeted by the soul-stirring aroma of the heavenly California **Sourdough Bread**. Gay people who have made the San Francisco scene are, of course, familiar with this unique bread that can be made only from a continuously-rising 'starter' of sourdough yeast.

Other famous train recipes now dusted off and come to vivid new life via Amtrak are for such things as **'Hearts of Everything' Salad** (hearts of artichokes, celery, palm and iceberg/Romaine lettuce that is served with a good, spiky French dressing) . . . or **Beef Kebabs 'Forty-niners'**, a Southern Pacific Railroad favorite (a recipe brought to the West by Russian emigrés in Gold Rush days, con-

sisting of man-sized chunks of lean beef marinated overnight in red wine, then skewered with par-boiled onions, mushrooms, cherry tomatoes and red-and-green pepper slices, and broiled over an open flame) . . . or wine soups—long a delight on Eastern railroads—such as **Sherried Crab Bisque** . . . **Turtle Soup Madeira** and (you won't believe!) the New York Central's old recipe for **Champagne Pea Soup** (made fresh on special order with green peas, fresh mint, heavy cream, plus a full cup of champagne!).

If you plan to take a leisurely vacation, why not 'train it 'n plane it', doing it both ways? You can make it a far more memorable experience. If this isn't feasible, however, you might like to try some of these delightful recipes at home. There is a splendid book just out called **A Treasury of Great Recipes**, compiled by none other than the gay guy's favorite villain . . . the man you love to hiss—Vincent Price—who, when he is not 'Draculating', is also a railroad dining-car buff. Many of his recipes are real treasures, as the title of his book indicates . . . forgotten recipes of the great railways that we've long been the poorer for not having known about. Get it and cook with it. And this time you won't hiss . . . but applaud!

Recipes From Around The World

Gathered By The Editors

In this issue **Ciao!** tells more about Haiti than any standard guidebook has ever ventured or bothered to do—and more about its native gay people and their lifestyles than any gay guidebook with its ticked-off alphabetical gay listings will ever do—it is because the editors believe that the only penetrating way to write about a country and its gay people is to go there and stay awhile . . .

not only following-up every word-of-mouth lead, but doing a lot more exploration of our own.

It is the hope of both **Ciao!** and **QQ Magazine** that we shall visit many other black countries about whose gay life nothing—or at least very little—is known. We believe it will be a journey of fascinating discovery to share with you, and from what we have learned so far about the emerging African nations it would seem that blacks all over the world, although differing in tribal customs, have a common language . . . cooking. Blacks in the United States call it 'soul food' or 'compassion food', and its origin is a study of the Afro himself, no matter his country of adoption. As in his native rhythm and folklore, there is a soaring spirit that makes African cuisine so creative and varied and so internationally delicious one believes it truly 'black magic'.

Haiti's cuisine, of course, while basically African (its origins are in Dahomey, Senegal, and what are now Liberia and Ghana), has picked up French overtones in its translation to this continent, and is called Creole. Yet it differs greatly from the Creole cooking one enjoys in Louisiana—also black in origin and French in translation, but French with a different accent. For example, the Haitian peasant dish called **diri et djondjon** is—to oversimplify anything so soul-filling—rice with black mushrooms. Yet the dish bearing the same name and prepared identically—except that blackeyed peas are substituted for black mushrooms, is enjoyed daily in Creole Louisiana. And still prepared this latter way has made its way north to Manhattan's Harlem where it bears the jazzy name 'Hoppin' John'.

Because we like to do a companion food piece to the principal article of whatever country's gay life we may be exploring in depth each month, and because in **QQ Magazine** (October 1973) we had gone into some detail about Haiti's magnificent cuisine, we thought it might be appropriate to build a menu around the dishes of those countries in which Haitian cooking has its origins. Inasmuch as we expect to be exploring





their gay life in future issues, we hope it may be a 'foretaste' of things to come. Thus we shall have as our main course the robust Chicken Stew of Ghana . . . Rice with Turnip Greens from Liberia . . . Senegal Squash with Peanuts . . . Beet and Red Onion Salad from South Africa, and our dessert—Baked Bananas, from Dahomey.

They are all easy to prepare, and you can really surprise your guests with your expertise at 'black magic'.

GHANA'S CHICKEN STEW

Cut a 3-pound broiling or frying chicken into serving pieces. Brown the chicken on both sides in a large kettle using $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of oil. Add 1 cup of chopped onions and cook for 5 minutes, or until tender. Add 4 cups of water, plus 2 large tomatoes, coarsely chopped, plus 1 coarsely-chopped green pepper and 1 teaspoon each of curry powder and salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of crushed red pepper. Cover kettle and simmer over low heat for about 20 minutes. Now gradually add 1 cup of water to 1 cup of creamy peanut butter and stir until perfectly blended. Add this to the chicken and simmer another 15 minutes, or until the chicken is tender. Serves 6.

LIBERIAN RICE

Add 1 cup of long-grain rice to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water, plus 1 tablespoon oil, and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover pot and simmer for 10 minutes. Now add a 10-ounce package of frozen turnip greens and simmer for another 10 minutes. Also serves six.

SENEGAL PEANUT SQUASH

Simmer until tender (about 8 to 10 minutes) $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of zucchini-type squash, whole and unpeeled, in 1 cup water plus $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt. Drain. Mash with 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine. Top with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsalted peanuts, chopped coarsely.

CAPE TOWN BEET SALAD

Slice thinly 3 cups of cooked and peeled beets. Mix with 2 sliced medium red onions $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of crushed red chili pepper and salt . . . and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

each of red wine vinegar and beet juice, and 2 teaspoons sugar. Chill. Also serves six.

BANANAS DAHOMEY

Into a shallow baking pan put 6 large firm bananas. Bake for 20 minutes at 350-degrees. The skins will turn black. Now make 2 lengthwise slits about 1 inch apart in the skins. Remove the strip of skin between the 2 slits. Into this opening spread a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar and 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine. Garnish with toasted coconut. Again—for six happy diners!

Book Review

By The Editors



With his godlike strength, his incomparable grace and muscularity, his divine symmetry and, particularly, his handsome head, Michelangelo's David has come to represent to gay people the idealization of beauty and its relation to homophile love. But few of us, perhaps, realize that this great sculptor left us another gift of love—the 'other' head . . . that of Bacchus the wine god. One senses that in its way it is meant to convey a very special message of its creator . . . that wine is almost as much a part of life as love.

As one perceives the head of Bacchus with his parted, sensuous

lips, his nostrils slightly flared . . . the look of wild, orgiastic abandon in his widespread eyes and, especially, that gay Michelangelan touch of the grapes entwined in his hair, Michelangelo's message seems all the clearer . . . that all the senses relax, unfold and give themselves to wine, as to love.

In his most remarkable and comprehensive book about wine—**The World Atlas of Wine** Hugh Johnson has utilized the glorious head of Bacchus as the beginning of a fascinating wine Odyssey, creating from it, and upon it, a kind of Surrealist module to show how wine, first perceived by the tongue as merely sweet or tart, is then vaporized and transmitted to the thought processes through the nostrils . . . the sense of smell evoking memories of past things beautiful, and then, almost aphrodisiacally, stimulating new desires, suggesting new pleasures, hinting at new delights.

This is but one of the countless joys of a fine book which is surely the largest (9"x12"), the most comprehensive and most colorful of its kind. Of its 265 pages, 143 are devoted to the most beautiful color pictures. The publishers, Simon and Schuster say "It takes one on a journey in wine discovery from one end of the wine-producing world to the other." But that is really an understatement. It is many books—an unequaled reference work . . . a fully-mapped travel guide to every great wine area . . . a magnificently illustrated course in wines and wine making, and with its 80,000 words of easy-to-understand text it is an absolute joy to read. It is a source book of such treasure that one will return to it often for an infinite number of reasons . . . information, recommendations, comparisons, places, vintages, and just for sheer fun. One look at **The World Atlas of Wine** and you will understand why it took eight years to produce.

It is Mr. Johnson's belief that most good, even most great wine is wasted . . . that it flows over tongues and down throats of people who are not attuned to it; who are not receptive to what wine has to offer. It is his hope—

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and his project—that we shall get to know and love wine so that we do not drink it when preoccupied in conversation, or after we have had stronger drink that numbs the sense of taste, preventing Bacchus from transmitting his invitation to pleasure. As he says “It is often remarked how smells stir memories more rapidly and vividly than all other sensations.” This is why a knowledge of wines and an appreciation of their sensuality can make us not only better friends, but more caring lovers.

The World Atlas of Wine is divided into seven magnificent parts, each worthy of being considered a complete book in itself. In Part I we are introduced to the wines of the Ancient World . . . and in the Middle Ages. And we see how wine is made today; how grapes are chosen; and in detailed pictures and sketches we are taken almost anatomically through the chateau of a wine-making area and come to know, almost intimately, those who perform the special duties of wine production.

In Part II there is a chapter on **Tasting and Talking About Wine** that, along with the author's diagrammatic analysis through the Surrealist head of Bacchus, is alone worth the price of the book (\$25, and when you see it you'll wonder how it can be sold for even that price!). And then, in the chapters following, the author resolves all those nagging doubts and puzzling problems that beset so many of us when we must choose wines for certain occasions and for particular foods . . . as well as how to serve it.

Part III takes us to France, and as Mr. Johnson says “When the last raindrop has been counted, and no geological stone is left unturned, there will still remain the imponderable question of national character which makes France the undisputed mistress of the vine; the producer of infinitely more, and more varied great wines than all the rest of the world.” And we learn why French wines are the most sensuous (because they are painstakingly made with just that in mind!). Every wine district of France is pinpointed on a beautiful color map (as is

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every other wine-making country in the world), and every wine is discussed with such simplicity of detail that what we read is not just instructional, but something to savor, almost as much as wine itself.

In Part IV we are in Germany to learn why their best wines are so full of character and charm. The secret, as Mr. Johnson points out, is “the balance of sugar against acidity . . . for sugar without acid would be flat; acid without sugar would be sharp; and in good years, when the equation works out right, the two are so finely counterpoised that they have the inevitability of great art.” And then follows a detailed analysis of every German wine . . . those from the Mosel, the Ruher, the Saar, the Nahe, Rheingau, Rheinpfalz, Rheinhessen, Franconia and from Baden-Wuerttemberg . . . all lovingly praised.

Part V takes us to Southern and Eastern Europe and the Mediterranean, and we have a total of 27 chapters dealing with every wine from every district in Italy, through those of Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Romania, Bulgaria, Greece, (even the wines of the Soviet Union are analyzed), and so on to North Africa and the Far East.

One of Mr. Johnson's most interesting observations appears in this division of **The World Atlas of Wine**. In writing about Italian wine he says “The Greeks called Italy Oenotria—the land of wine, and as the map will show, there is little of Italy which is not more or less wine country.” But there have been so many laws and restrictions made over the centuries, and so many abrogated and then ‘re-lawed’ that Italian wine has often suffered, to the dismay of its devotees. But, says the author, “Generally in Italy the red wines are best. They have such qualities of their own that they range from the silky and fragile to the purple and potent. Above all . . . Italian wine is the simplest and most sensuous.” Which is where, of course, Michelangelo fell under its spell and created Bacchus . . . The Boy With The Grapes In His Hair.

In Part VI Hugh Johnson deals with the **Wines of the New World** . . . Australia, California, New York state, South Africa, South America, England and Wales. He speaks glowingly of California wines in particular. “The best California wines today are among the world's best. But more important, California has discovered how to make **good** ordinary wine **cheaply** and **consistently**. With both top-level and everyday wine outstanding in any comparison, and a rapidly growing market, there seems no doubt that this will be one of the great wine countries of the future.”

The last division of this great atlas is devoted to **Spirits**. How are cognac, Armagnac, Scotland's whisky and Kentucky's Bourbon made . . . rum, Calvados, Kirsch? There is more information about what we make and drink in our own country in this chapter than this reviewer has ever known about or read about in any other treatise on wine. It's an eye-opener and should be studied by anyone who is ‘into’ the pleasures (and problems) of Spirits.

Paul Zimmerman, in **The Wine Reporter** in the **New York Post**, has this to say about **The World Atlas of Wine**. “Wine encyclopedias are a dime a dozen, and when you look at a few of them, side by side, it seems that they are all copied from the same original material. And beware of wine guides written by people who also own particular brands. Alexis Lichine, for instance, who has an encyclopedia on the market, devotes more space to his own Bordeaux wine than to others. But try Hugh Johnson's **The World Atlas of Wine**. It's all of \$25 but it's something you'll keep coming back to again and again.”

It's just that kind of a book . . . we recommend it unreservedly.

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

Washington . . . It was reported

in our last issue that a group of psychiatrists were up in arms over the decision by the American Psychiatric Association last year to drop homosexuality from its list of mental disorders. The membership opposing the December vote claimed that it was taken in the absence of a majority and that those who did vote were pressured by various gay organizations. Just as we went to press a final vote was taken to either cancel or approve the first decision. The result was an approval to delete the classification of homosexuality as a mental disorder. The association's new position, in effect, says homosexuality is a condition that needs to be treated only if the individual wants to change; its list of mental disorders now includes the term "sexual orientation disturbance," which refers to individuals who are actually disturbed by what they are doing. The new classification is a giant step forward for us.

New York . . . Famous dress designer Mollie Parnis has disinherited her son, sometime play producer Bob Livingston. It's a direct result of his having supported gay organizations in recent months, once using his mother's party list to get a bunch of celebrities to attend a bash thrown for people active in the gay rights movement. A lot of big names attended but Mollie wasn't among them.

Manchester . . . William Loeb, "flag waving" publisher of the *Union Leader*, is mustering all his forces in a determination to get rid of all gay students at the University of New Hampshire. The battle was touched off by Wayne April, a student at the university who founded the Gay Students' Organization in early 1973. Public outrage was instantaneous but died down over summer vacation. Things started popping again when the students returned in the fall; the trustees of the school and the governor of the state, as well as Loeb, launched an all-out verbal attack which was at first generated by a gay dance on campus and then some weeks later by a performance of a play produced by Boston homo-

sexual groups. The student body in general fears a cut-off of all funds received from alumni and other benefactors, as a result of the controversy. Student leaders are therefore supporting the denial of school funds to all minority groups on campus that "represent a viewpoint." Some say it's the only way to keep the school from falling apart, and many straight students are predicting violence on campus if gay students protest when they return in the fall.

More hot flashes next month.

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

- If you usually stay at big hotels when you travel and suspect that the management might be uptight about visitors their guests are likely to bring in at all hours of the night—then make certain you arrive and check in during the day. In this way you are likely to encounter desk personnel whose workday ends at 6 p.m. or thereabouts. The night staff will not be that aware of you and probably won't have any way of knowing that your companion is not checked in with you. Never leave your key at the front desk when you go out for the evening. When you come back, simply let it hang from your hand, noticeably; it will keep the doorman or clerk from asking you and your friend to identify yourselves.

- If you will refer to the shopping section of the Haiti article in this issue you will find a notice on page 16 pertaining to goat skin rugs. Untreated animal skins brought into this country are potential carriers of disease and you would be wise not to buy them wherever you travel. Rugs especially, since guys are apt to have sex on them, and diseases—if present—are more likely to be transmitted when bodies are hot and wet from sweat.

- Harrod's, the famous department store in London that speci-

alizes in culinary delights, has opened two new eating places on the premises. One is the "Green Man Tavern," a Jacobean-style pub; the other, the "Upper Circle," is a cafeteria. Please refer to the June *CIAO!* for complete information on London.

And on that trendy thought . . . we leave you until next month.

Letters From Our Malebag

LONDON LEATHER

Dear Editor:

Your article on London in the June *CIAO!* was great. We look forward to seeing our American friends in great numbers this summer.

I must inform you of a new leather bar here. It's in the basement of the Bedford Head, a pub in Maiden Lane in the Covent Garden area on the north side of The Strand, just behind the Adelphi Theatre. The Cellar Bar is open from 9 to 11 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. It seems to be catching on.

Sincerely,

R.G.

London, England

HONOLULU HOTS

Dear Editor:

I'm writing to renew my subscriptions to your fine magazines, and also to tell you how pleased I am with the Vitamin E capsules and ginseng I purchased from you recently. The stuff must really be working. Comes up at the most awkward times! Gadzooks!

Also want to tell you your Honolulu article in the February 1974 *CIAO!* was excellent. But you didn't mention the nudist beach we servicemen have here at camp. It's like Waikiki but totally nude. Mostly straight families but enough local and military trade to make it interesting.

Sincerely,

H.J.

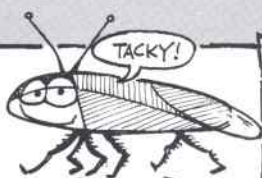
Fort Derussy
Honolulu, Hi.

CIAO!

XAVIER[®]

THE GAY CUCARACHA!

BY SPREAD EAGLE STUDIO



THE QUESTION THIS GAY STORY ASKS: CAN AN ACAPULCO CUCARACHA FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE DONKEY TRACKS FIND LUV 'N HAPPINESS WITH PISSPOT PINCUS... ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S HOTTEST HUSTLERS?

CHAPTER 2: SETTLIN' IN..

WHEN LAST SEEN, PISSPOT WAS HEADING HOME AFTER A SUPER SUCK-SESSFUL TIME IN MEXICO. XAVIER, MADLY IN LOVE WITH THE BOY, HAD HIDDEN INSIDE P.P.'S POPPER BOX...

I WONDER IF DA' WORLD IS READY TO ACCEPT A ROACH BY DA' NAME OF MRS. PISSPOT PINCUS?



AT THE S.F. AIRPORT, THERE WAS ONE SMALL HURDLE TO OVERCOME...

U.S. CUSTOMS

NEXT!



PISSPOT PLAYED IT COOL SINCE HE HAD STASHED HALF A KILO OF GRASS... 'N POPPERS IN HIS DIRTY, DAMP JOCK-STRAPS!

SCRAM

DIS PLACE SMELLS LIKE A DONKEY FART!



PISSPOT HAD HIS BIKE AT THE AIRPORT... AND FOR A MOMENT XAVIER THOUGHT HE WAS BACK IN MEXICO!

¡MALDITA SEA! AMERICA IS SURE BUMPY!



THE VIEW FROM P.P.'S PAD WAS SUPER SPECTACULAR... (WHEN THE SMOG CLEARED!)



I GOTTA PEE SO BAD I CAN TASTE IT!

OYE CHIHUAHUA



PISSPOT'S TRICKS STARTED RINGING THE MINUTE THEY ARRIVED... SO XAVIER DID SOME EXPLORING!

I CAN SQUEEZE YA' IN ON TUES.



XAVIER DISCOVERED THAT PISSPOT WASN'T EXACTLY FASTIDIOUS... IN FACT HE WAS A SUPER SLOB. BUT SINCE MOST CUCARACHAS ARE SLOBS TOO, XAVIER WASN'T UPSET!

FUCK.. A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



SUDDENLY XAVIER MADE A HORRENDOUS DISCOVERY!

EEEK!



TO BE CONTINUED!



Photo Feature Of The Month **SUPERMAN!**

"Reefer" is what his friends call him and we think you'll agree he's the greatest ever! What's more, he's personable and intelligent. Add that to good looks and you've got a sure winner!

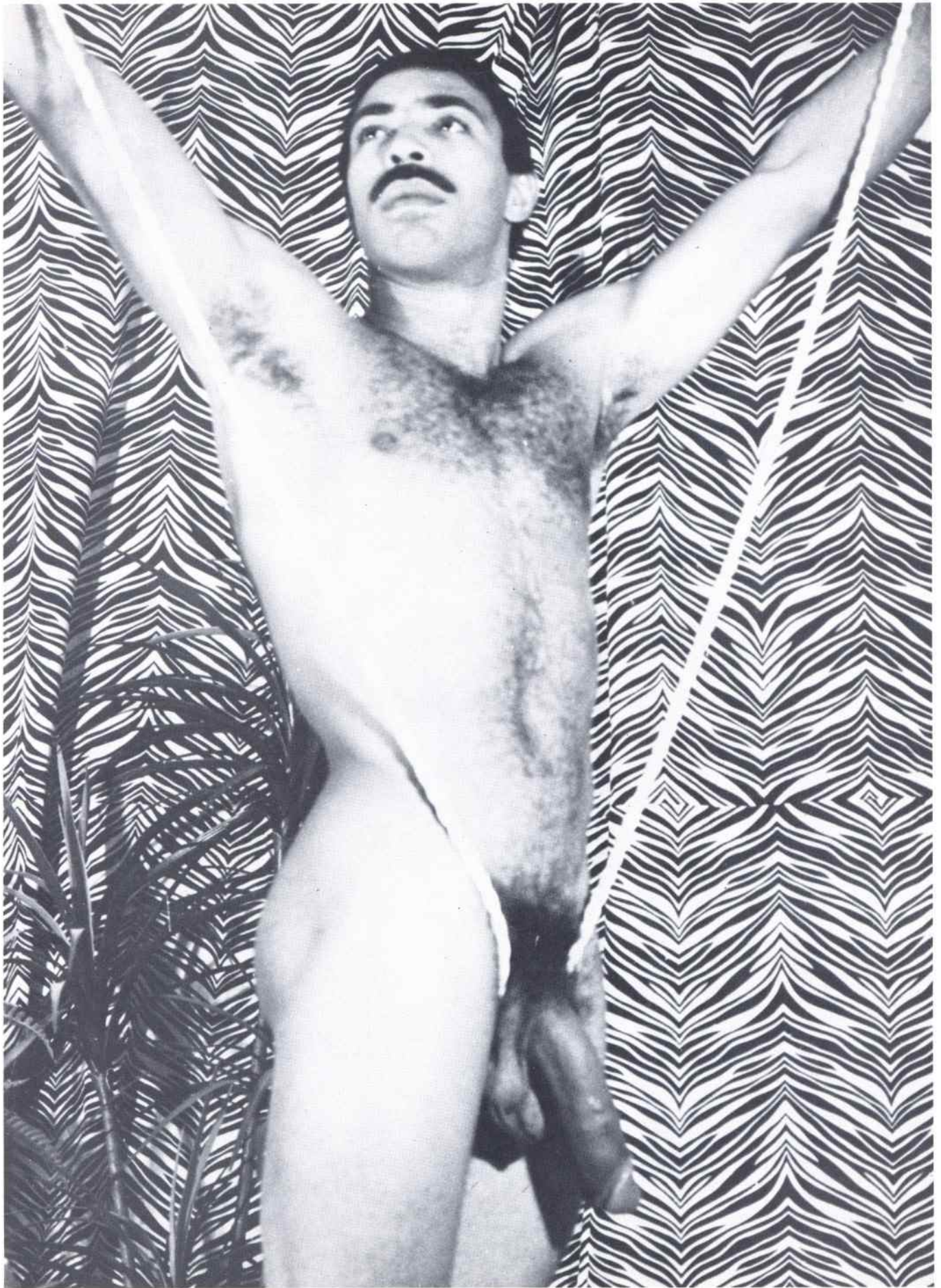
Reefer is very hopeful of becoming a model and we'd like to help by passing legitimate offers on to him.

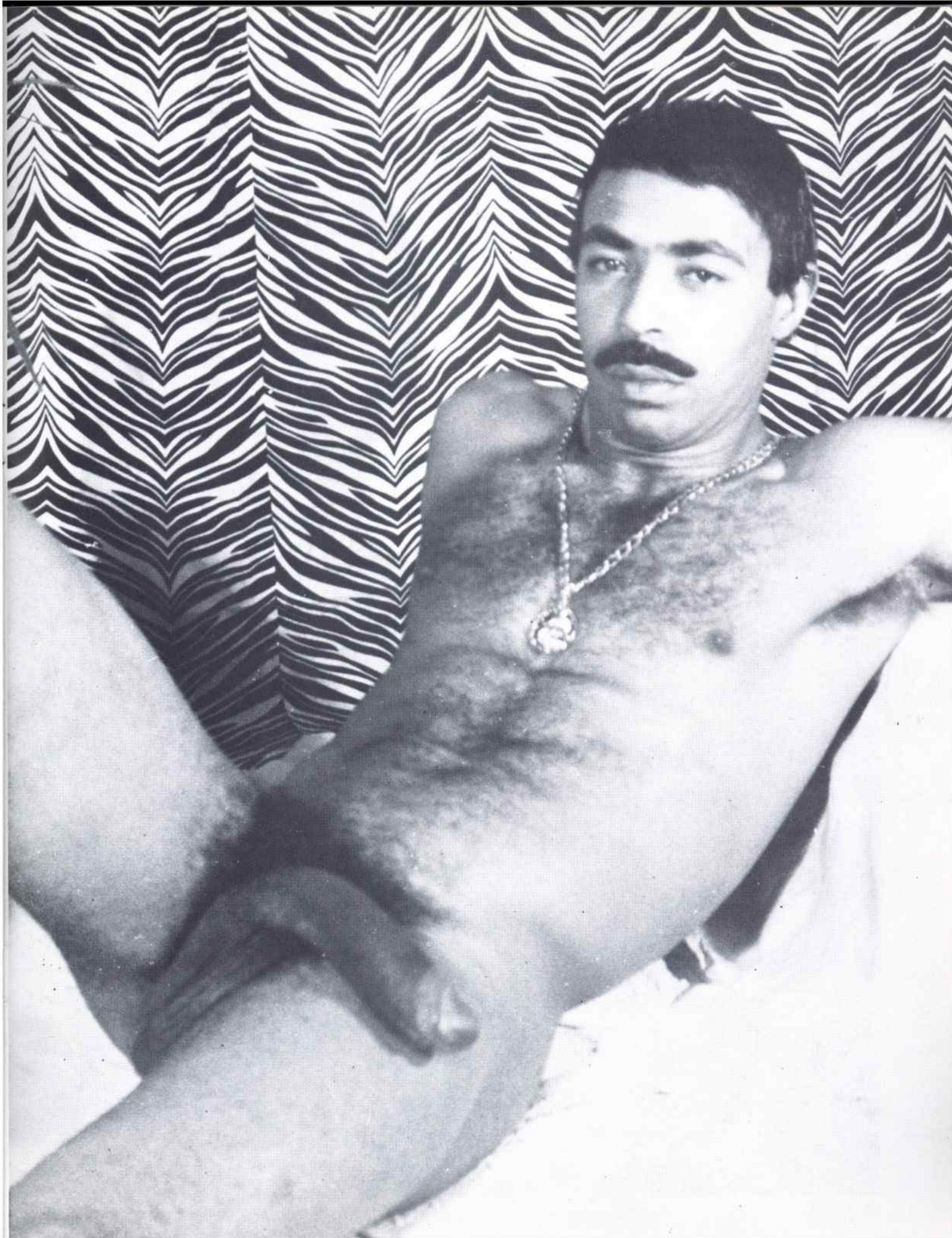
The photograph on the left is so great we're repeating it in the current August-September **BODY** (that's the first pictorial we've published with **sexsational** book-length adult fiction . . . be sure and take a look). And in the September-October **QQ Magazine** out in July we present the best photo of Reefer yet . . . it's sure to blow your mind!

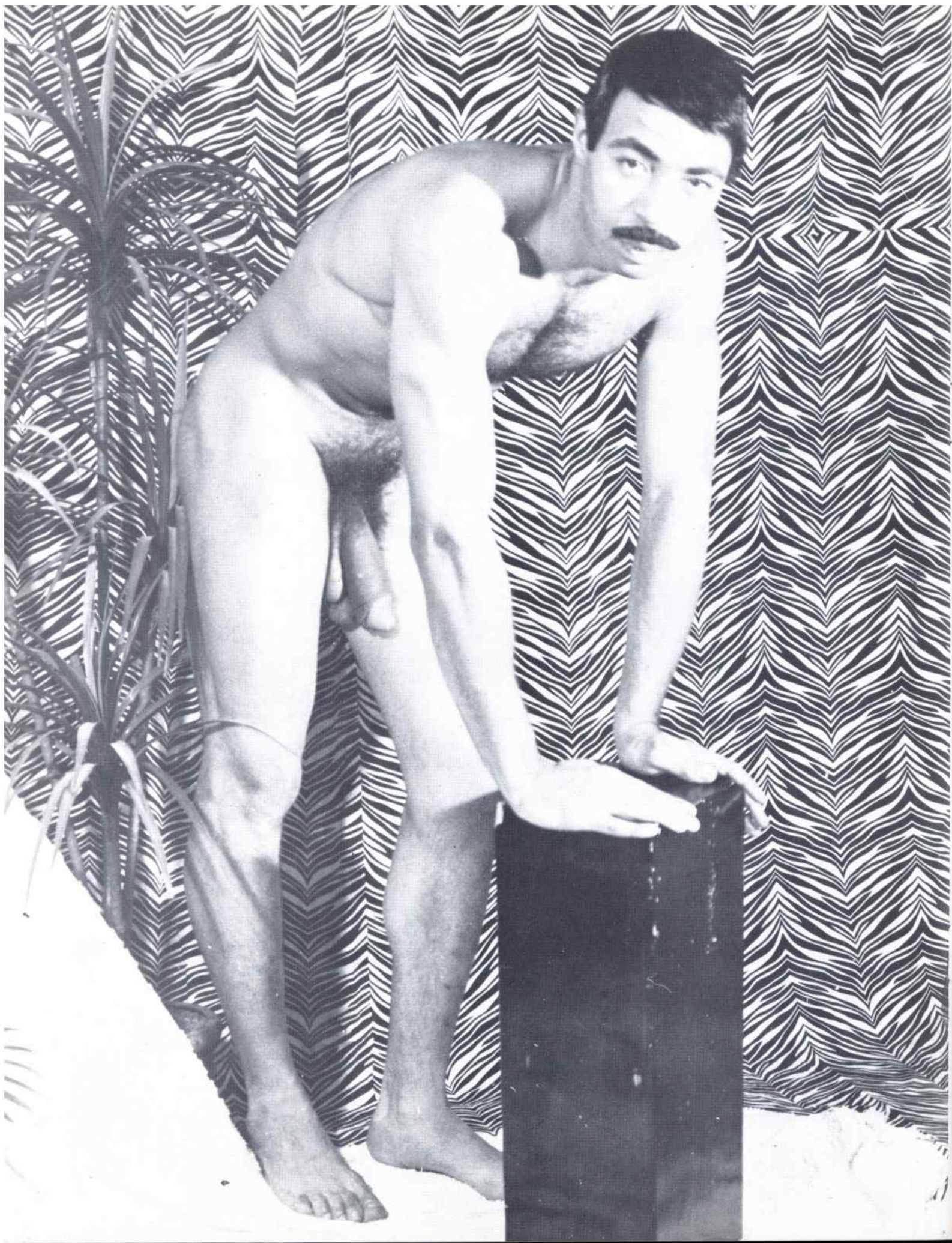
Reefer will be selling photos of himself soon; watch for his ads in all three of our magazines.

July/August 1974

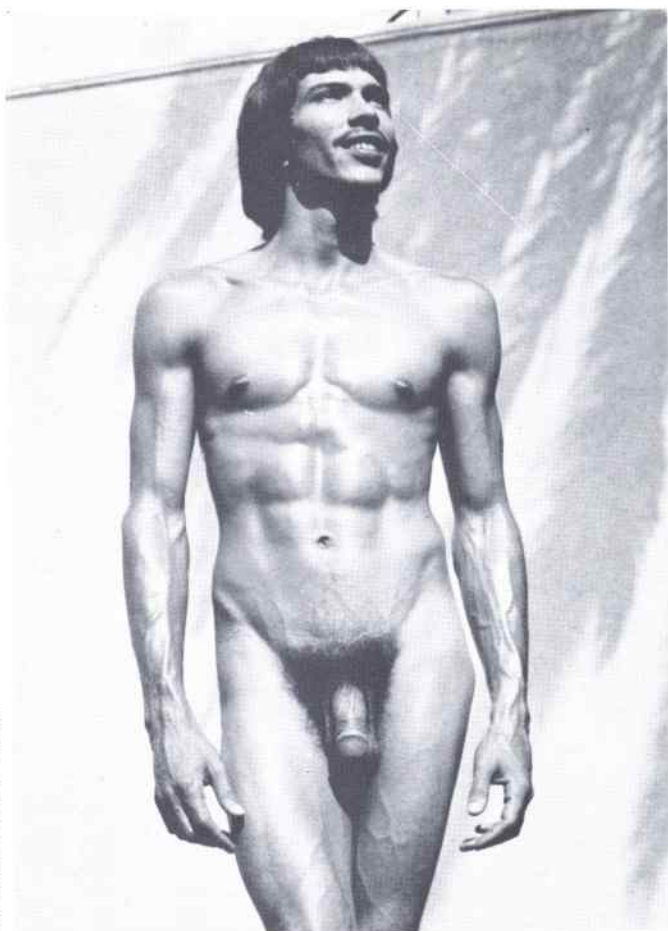








Mexico

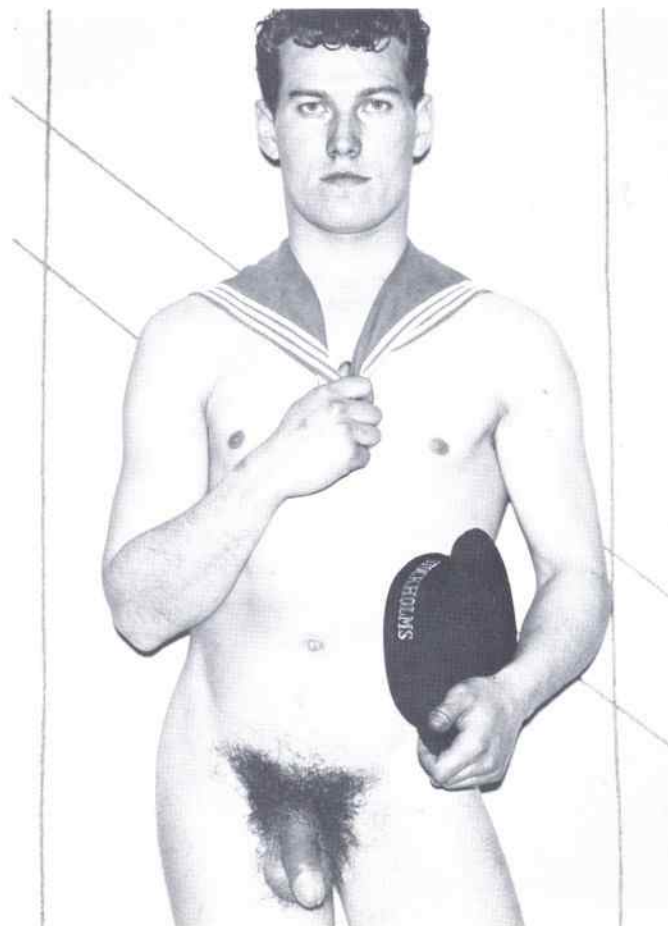


Athletic Model Guild



Canada

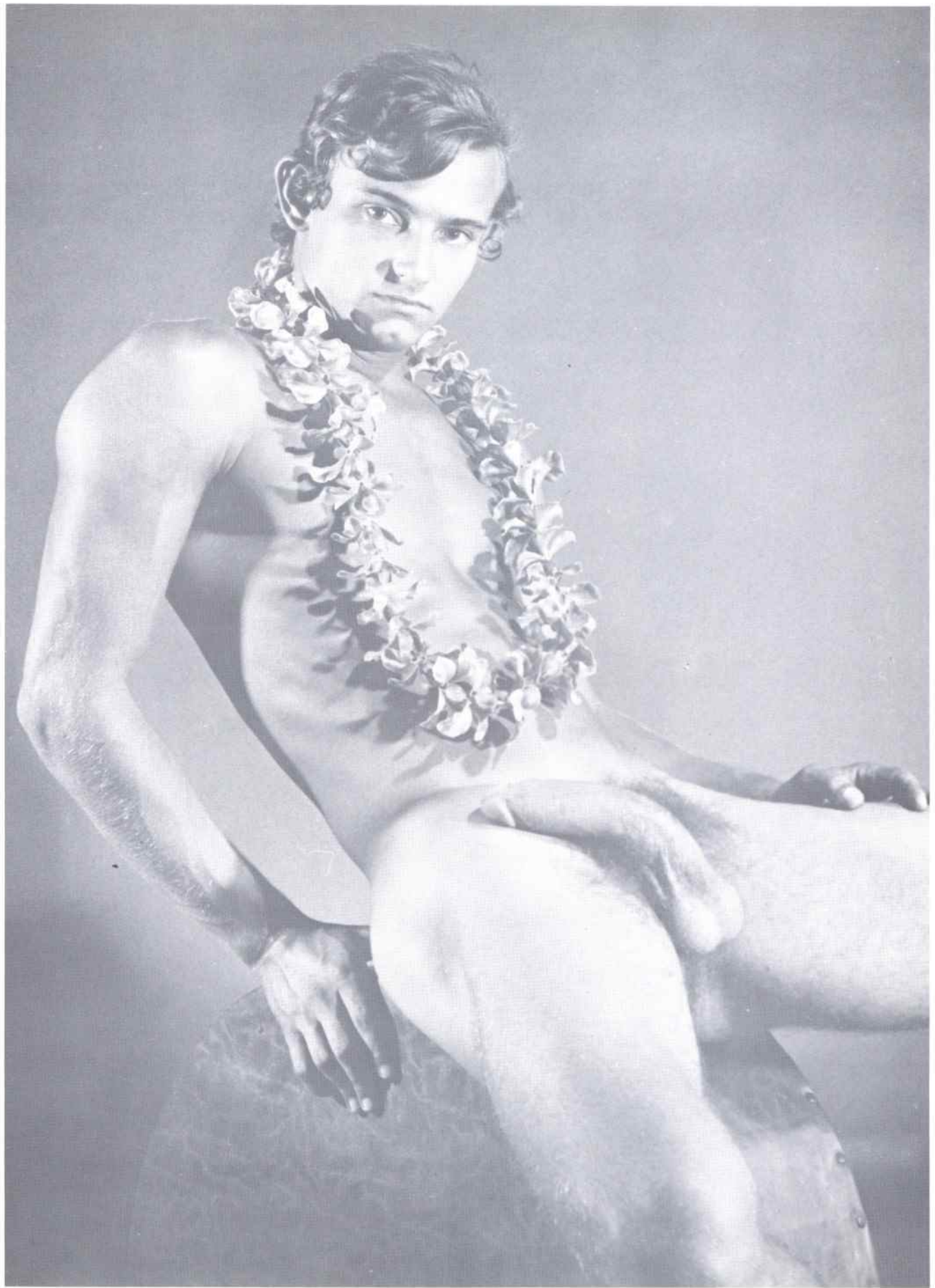
Ciao! Gallery
Super Studs Of The World
Compiled by The Editors



Sweden

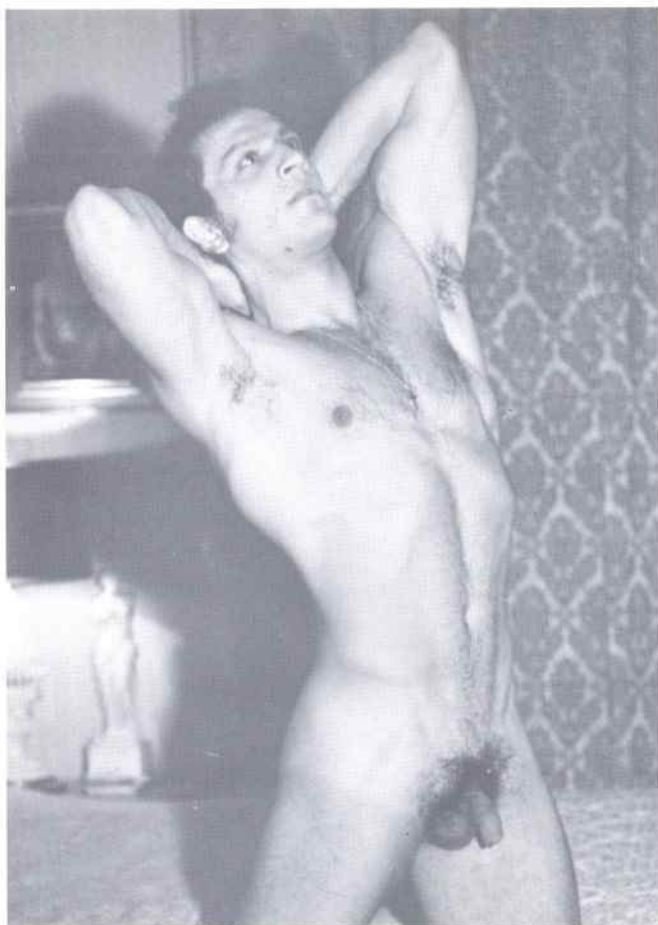


Austria

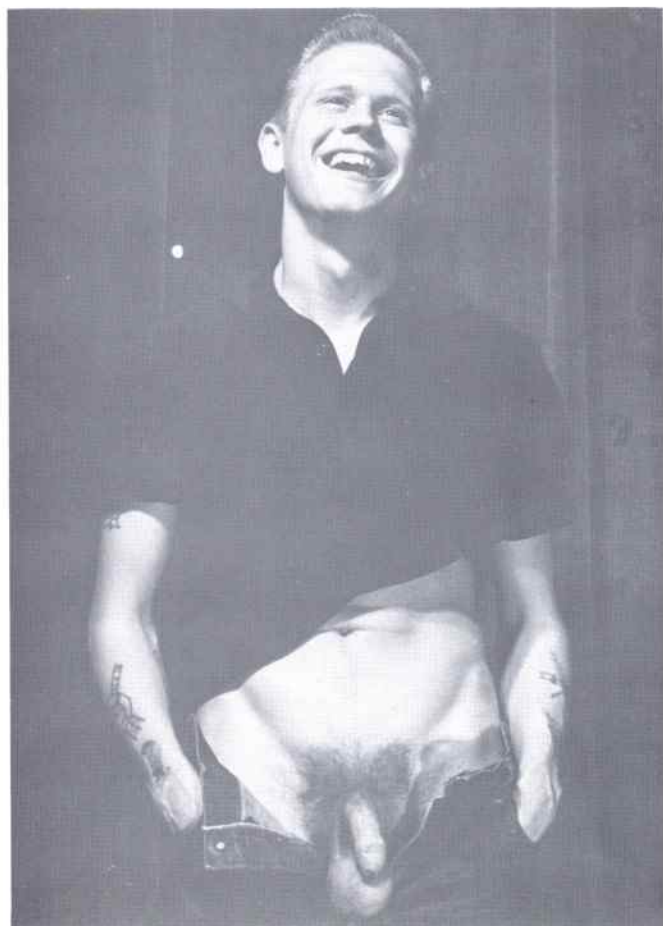


Greece

Robert of Australia & Film Associates

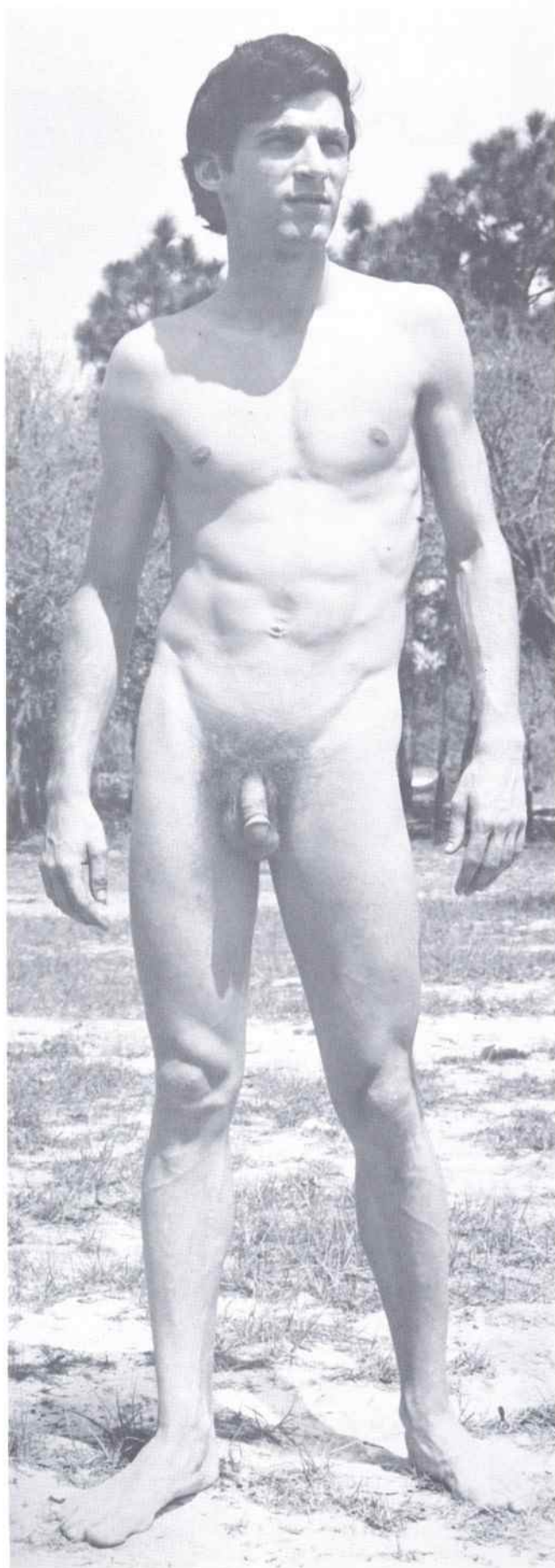


Norway



July/August 1974

Spain



U.S.A.



Athletic Model Guild

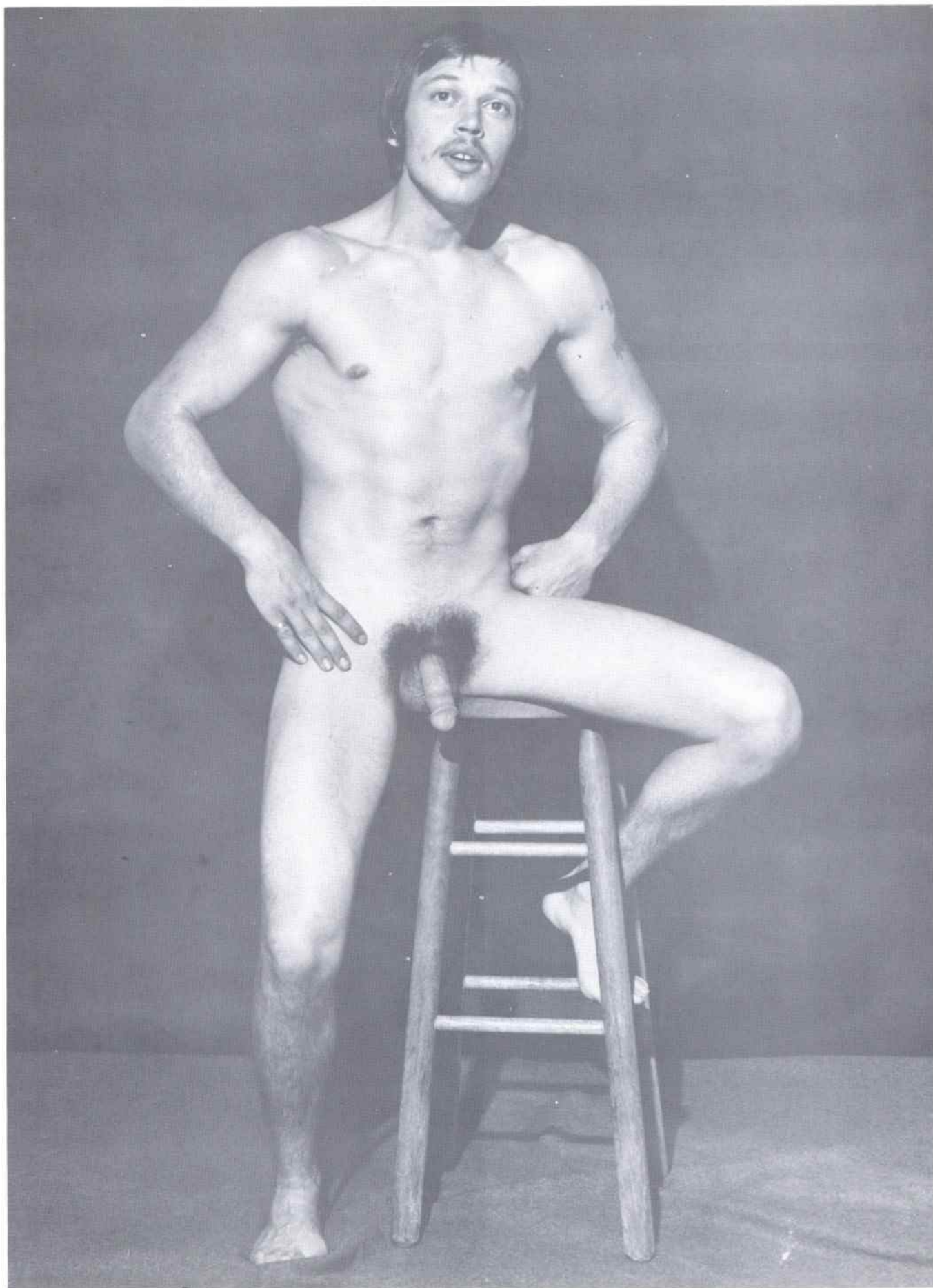


England



Italy





Germany



Poland



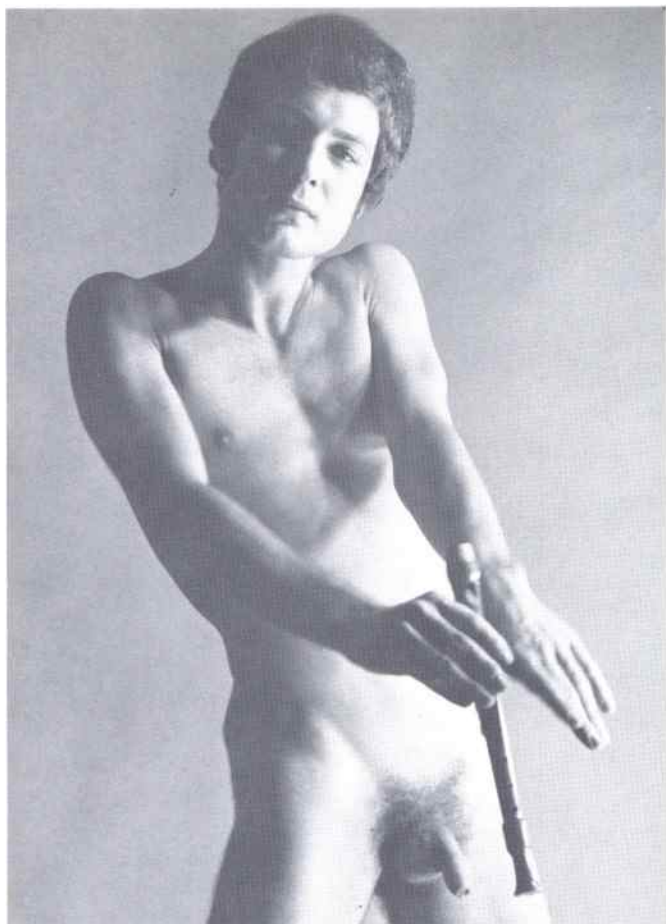
England



Hungary



France



Finland



Sweden



Holland

GAY SEX TECHNIQUES



Now—a book on **EVERYTHING** you've wanted to know about gay sex techniques. And if you already know it all—you're still bound to learn a few tricks to make your sex life even more exciting. Everything's covered—increasing phallus size, masturbation, anal and oral sex, sex variations, etc. "Gay Sex Techniques" is the most comprehensive, scientific, humorous, and downright horny book on gay sex ever written. **Fully illustrated so we cannot sell it to minors. Sorry. Only \$3.95.** Sent in carefully sealed heavy manila envelopes, via 1st class.

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ERA

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Of Physiques

Gerrit Bishop

Jim Stryker

Dakota

Mark Nixon

Richard Bennett

More... Plus The
Greatest Photos
Of The 1960s



COLLECTORS' EDITION

Hal Warner, the celebrated editor of **The Young Physique**, now presents in a single issue a nostalgia-filled photo essay magazine featuring the greatest bodies the world has ever known... **ERA—The Golden Age of Great Physiques!**

Models include Stryker, Bishop, Nixon, Wengryn, Bennett, Wayne, many others—PLUS a few frontal nudes. **ERA** is a big 8½x11—printed on heavy glossy stock. It features 8 pages of color. Magazines are sent in plainly marked, extra-heavy "glazed" manila envelopes which are individually sealed. Limited edition—only \$5 a copy!

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BACK ISSUES QQ Magazine



More and more guys are collecting back issues of **QQ Magazine**—the world leader in gay literature. A full set of magazines affords a handy library of information on every subject of interest to gay guys—and every issue contains an index of past articles to help you locate the subjects you are interested in easily and quickly. Be sure and see a current issue of **QQ Magazine** for a complete list of back issues which are still available. Or send today for a free catalog of merchandise offerings, which also lists back issues. You must be 21 or older. Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., 450 Seventh Ave. (Suite 602), New York, N. Y. 10001.**

THE HOMOSEXUAL HEALTH GUIDEBOOK



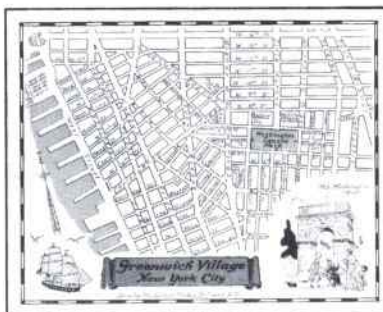
Another **FIRST** from QQ Magazine—the **most valuable guidebook ever published.** **HUNDREDS OF QUESTIONS ANSWERED** covering every aspect of gay health. **FULLY ILLUSTRATED** to help you spot ailments and cure them or aid your physician in his diagnosis. Typical subjects covered are syphilis, gonorrhea, crabs, hepatitis, circumcision, aphrodisiacs, drugs, exercise, diet, hygiene—all covered from the gay point of view.

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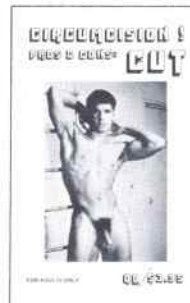


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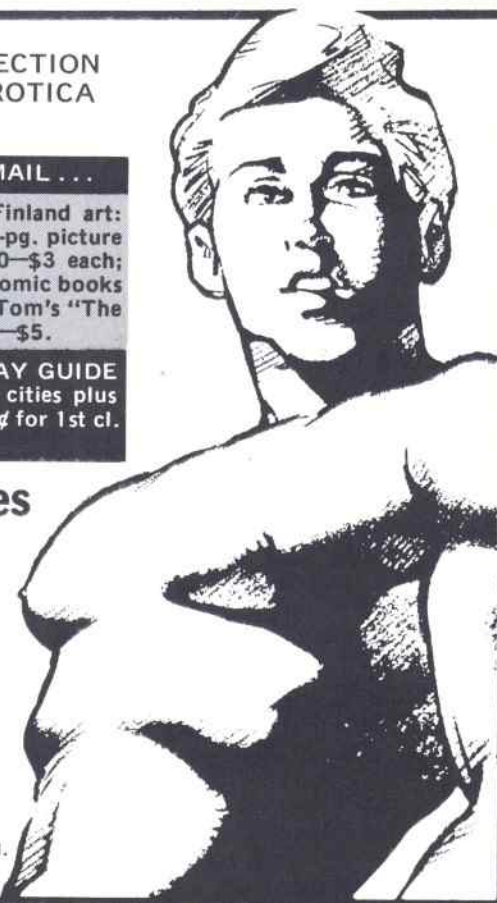
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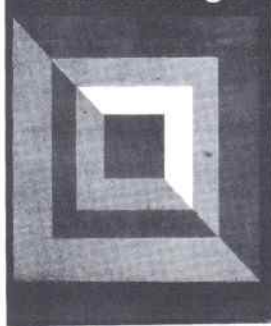
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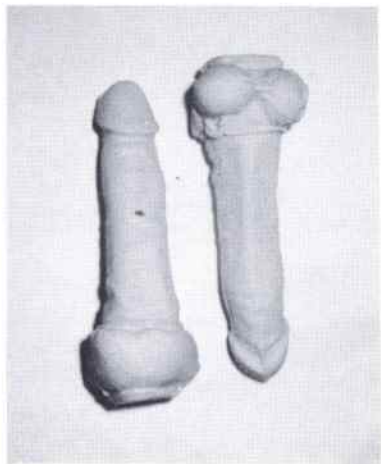


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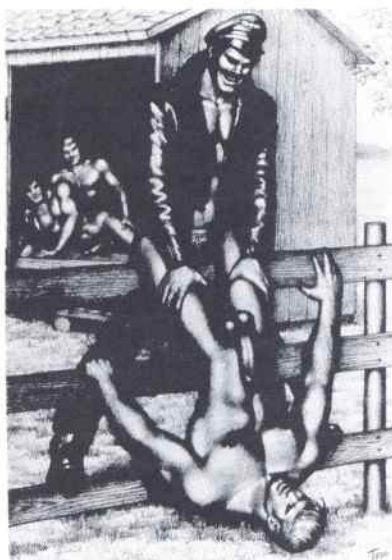
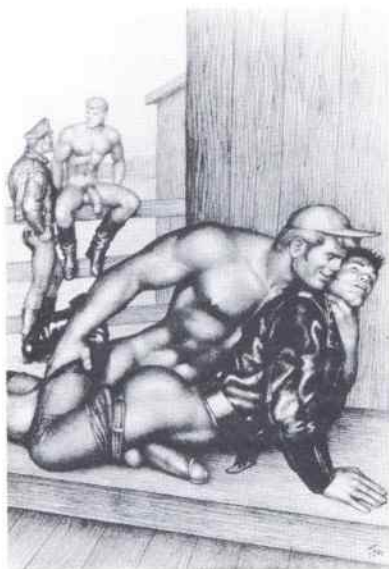
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No. 9

No. 2 (March-April 1973): Germany's Mad Castles; Washington, D. C.; Rome's Piazza Navona; New York Leather Scene; Prague; Florida (all major cities); Seattle; Buffalo

No. 3 (May-June 1973): Stockholm; Baltimore; Italian Riviera; Provincetown; Portobello Road; Montreal; Acapulco

No. 4 (July-August 1973): Pompeii; Albany, N.Y.; Toronto; Atlantic City; Providence, R.I.; Bucks County; Boston

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No. 6 (November-December 1973): Las Vegas; New Orleans/Mardi Gras; Rio de Janeiro/Carnaval; Quebec City/Carnaval; 4 S.A. Cities; Detroit; Rome's Hotels

No. 7 (January-February 1974): Hawaii; Ohio (Cleveland/Toledo/Columbus/Cincinnati); Phoenix; Rochester; Atlanta; Baton Rouge; Sicilian Palace

No. 8 (March-April 1974): Hong Kong; Istanbul; Chicago; Savannah; Pittsburgh; Birmingham; Milwaukee; Gulf Area (Mobile/Biloxi/Gulfport/Pensacola)

No. 9 (May-June 1974): London; St. Louis; Ottawa; Nashville; Indianapolis; Kentucky (Louisville/Lexington)

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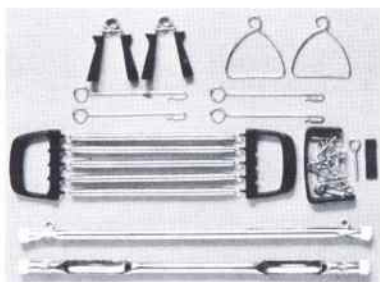


We now make available potent 0.5g capsules (1 or 2 a day suggested) of highest quality Korean Ginseng. It has been processed and packaged in Korea under the Quality Control Procedures prescribed by the Office of Monopoly of the Republic of Korea from roots which are 6 years old. Each bottle bears a distinctive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

50 CAPSULES \$10.95
100 CAPSULES \$19.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

Deluxe Home Gym



This exerciser will get the job done even if limited space is your problem. Stores in any drawer and travels well... it's light and compact—but tough and just what you need to help work off that fat and get a trim physique that'll really turn 'em on. You get a pair of heavy-tension hand-grips; 5-spring chest-pull; top and bottom bars (foot-bar has recesses for easy gripping); 4 extension rods (when converting the chest-pull for vertical use, as in arm-curling and squatting motions); wall clamp; and a pair of foot stirrups. Plus complete instructions.

DELUXE HOME GYM \$24.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Rm. 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

Executive Dumbbells



Just 15 minutes each day with your EXECUTIVE DUMBBELLS will help you get—and keep—a trim physique. If you think your body is less than tops now and cruising the beach and baths are situations you avoid—here's a great opportunity to change your lifestyle. These vinyl-covered, bronze-colored solid dumbbells are a joy to use. They come in pairs only—5 pounders and 10-pounders. Some guys like using the heavier set at home and taking the lighter pair on trips. Beautifully boxed. Instruction booklet included.

EXECUTIVE DUMBBELLS

Per Pair

5-Pounders \$13.95
10-Pounders \$18.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

EXER-GYM



Here's the big-name exerciser so fantastically compact that Apollo astronauts use it on moon voyages, as well as in the NASA gym. Fun to use, completely portable and stores anywhere. Especially great if you know you should exercise but don't want to get into rugged stuff. Simple workouts with your EXER-GYM will help shape up that bod and give you lots of sex appeal. Comes with an extra nylon rope plus carrying bag and instruction manual.

EXER-GYM \$33.95

Send check or money-order to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

GOOD HEALTH & SEXUAL VIGOR CAN BE YOURS

Vitamins are substances which are required by the body if it is to function properly. They are normally provided by foods but not always in sufficient quantities. This is particularly true of processed foods which have been depleted of their vitamin content.

When extraordinary demands tax the body its nutrients are drained and must be replenished. We do this through proper nutrition; by eating good foods and supplementing our meals with vitamins and minerals. Those of us who have sex every day are especially concerned about the ability to perform successfully and safeguard against impotency—a condition which may be aggravated when certain nutrients are lacking—particularly those vitamins associated with sexual potency.

We are now making available to our customers a superior line of natural and organic health aids which the publisher and editors of QQ Magazine, Body and Ciao! personally use. We urge you to read about each of the items we have specially selected so that you may decide for yourself as to their value to your health and sex life.



HIGH POTENCY MULTIPLE VITAMINS & MINERALS



This food supplement by Natural Harvest is a super high potency multiple vitamin, mineral, amino acid and lipotropic formula so essential to good health—particularly if you are sexually active. A single tablet once daily provides more than twice the potency of most other vitamin/mineral tablets, and far greater quality. Derived entirely from natural and organic sources.

EACH TABLET CONTAINS:	MDR
Vitamin A (Palmitate).....25,000 USP Units	625%
Vitamin D (Calciferol).....400 USP Units	100%
Vitamin C.....150 mg.	500%
(From Rose Hips and other organic sources)	
Vitamin B ₁₂ (Cobalamin Concentrate).....	50 mcg. *
Vitamin B ₁ (Thiamine HCl).....	25 mg. 2500%
Vitamin B ₂ (Riboflavin).....	25 mg. 2000%
Vitamin B ₆ (Pyridoxine HCl).....	15 mg. *
Niacinamide.....	50 mg. 500%
Calcium Pantothenate.....	12.5 mg. *
Vitamin E (d-α Tocopherol Acid Succinate).....	12.5 Int'l. Units *
Inositol.....	250 mg. **
Choline Bitartrate.....	150 mg. **
Betaine HCl.....	25 mg. **
Para Amino Benzoic Acid.....	15 mg. **
Rutin.....	5 mg. **
Citrus Bioflavonoids.....	15 mg. **
Biotin.....	1 mcg. **
Desiccated Liver.....	50 mg. **
Bone Meal.....	162 mg. 60%
Iron Gluconate.....	50 mg. *
Copper Gluconate.....	0.25 mg. *
Magnesium Gluconate.....	7.2 mg. *
Manganese Gluconate.....	6.15 mg. *
Zinc Gluconate.....	2.2 mg. *
Potassium Iodide.....	0.1 mg. 100%
Calcium (from Bone Meal).....	53.5 mg. 7%
Phosphorus (from Bone Meal).....	24.3 mg. 3%
Protein (from Protein Coating), Alfalfa, Watercress, Parsley, Kelp, Lecithin, used as excipients.	

MDR—Minimum daily adult requirement

**Need in human nutrition undetermined

*MDR not established

MULTIPLE VITAMINS/MINERALS
100 Tablets (3 Months) \$6.95

VITAMIN E



Natural Harvest's natural Vitamin E-Complex capsules contain a massive 1,000 I.U. of mixed tocopherols (d-alpha, d-beta, d-delta, and d-gamma) in precise combination derived from natural vegetable oils in a base of wheat germ oil. Vitamin E helps utilize oxygen in the body and thus acts to curtail fatigue. This vitamin is necessary for reproduction in animals and is closely associated with sexual potency (severe Vitamin E deficiency in men irreparably damages the tissues in the testes where sperm is produced). Many men who are sexually active take Vitamin E but usually in concentrates which lack essential potency (usually 100 or 200 I.U. per capsule). It is our belief that such potencies contribute little if anything at all to sexual prowess. We therefore offer this super concentrate—a formula containing 1,000 I.U. per capsule, which is not readily available on the market.

VITAMIN E-COMPLEX/1,000 I.U.
100 Capsules (3 Months) \$19.95

VITAMIN B-12

Natural Harvest's natural Vitamin B-12 tablets contain 250 mcg. of power. This vitamin keeps nerves from degenerating and forms a cure for pernicious anemia. Helps combat fatigue and provides an uplifting system. Its effects on the nervous system help minimize tension and thereby relieve debilitating stress which is so often associated with impotency.

VITAMIN B-12
100 Tablets (3 Months) \$3.95

BEE POLLEN

This wonder food is gathered from the bee colonies and unsprayed flower fields of Southern France (where it is believed that bee pollen has aphrodisiacal properties). Naturally dried, these tablets contain precisely the amino acids which our systems cannot manufacture. Rich in vitamins of the B-complex variety. Gram for gram more protein than meat, eggs or cheese. Each Natural Harvest 100% pure natural BEE POLLEN tablet contains 500 mg. pollen.

BEE POLLEN
100 Tablets (3 Months) \$5.95

SEX COMBO...SAVE \$5

Each of these supplements is essential to good health and an active sex life even if taken individually. But so convinced are we of the benefits they afford when taken in combination that we are offering ALL 4 (when purchased at the same time) at a SAVINGS OF \$5 OFF THE TOTAL PRICE. You receive 1 bottle of each supplement—each containing 100 tablets/capsules (a supply which will last more than 3 months).



SEX COMBO

You get 1 bottle of each supplement—each containing 100 tablets/capsules (3-month supply). If purchased separately the total price is \$36.80... you save \$5. Offer good only when all 4 supplements are purchased at the same time.

All 4 Supplements \$31.80

Sold to adults only (please state you are over 21). Specify which item(s) and quantity desired. Shipped via insured parcel post. We pay all postage. We do not accept returns.

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