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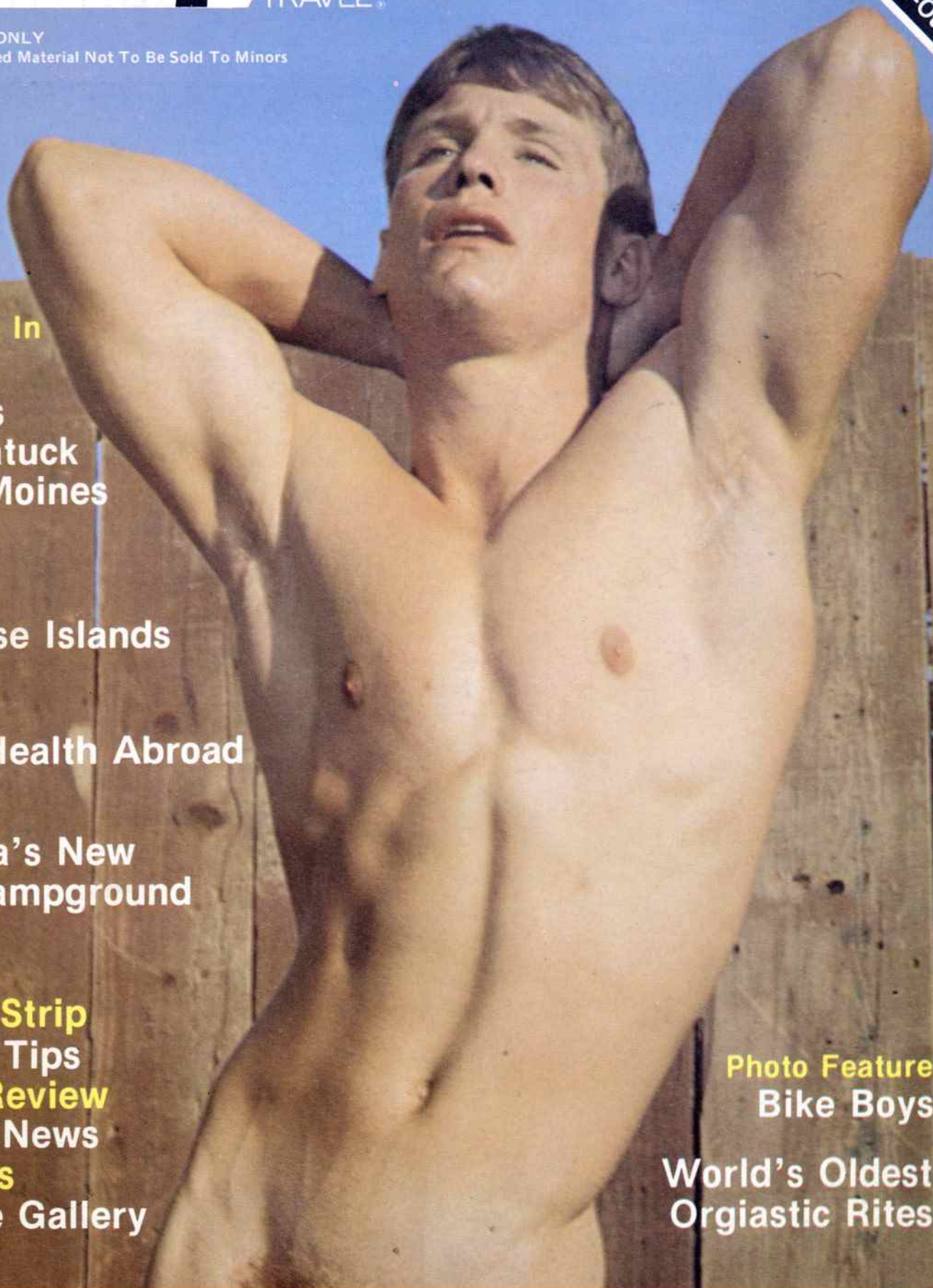
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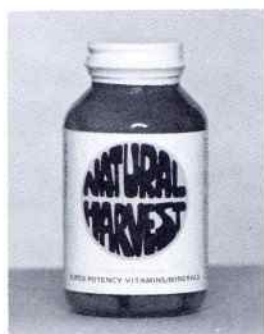
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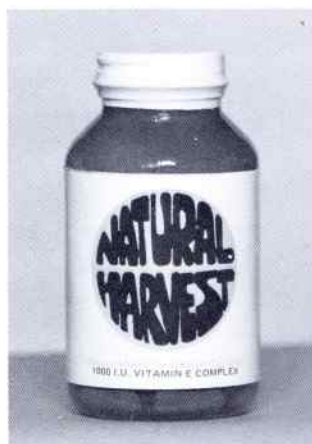
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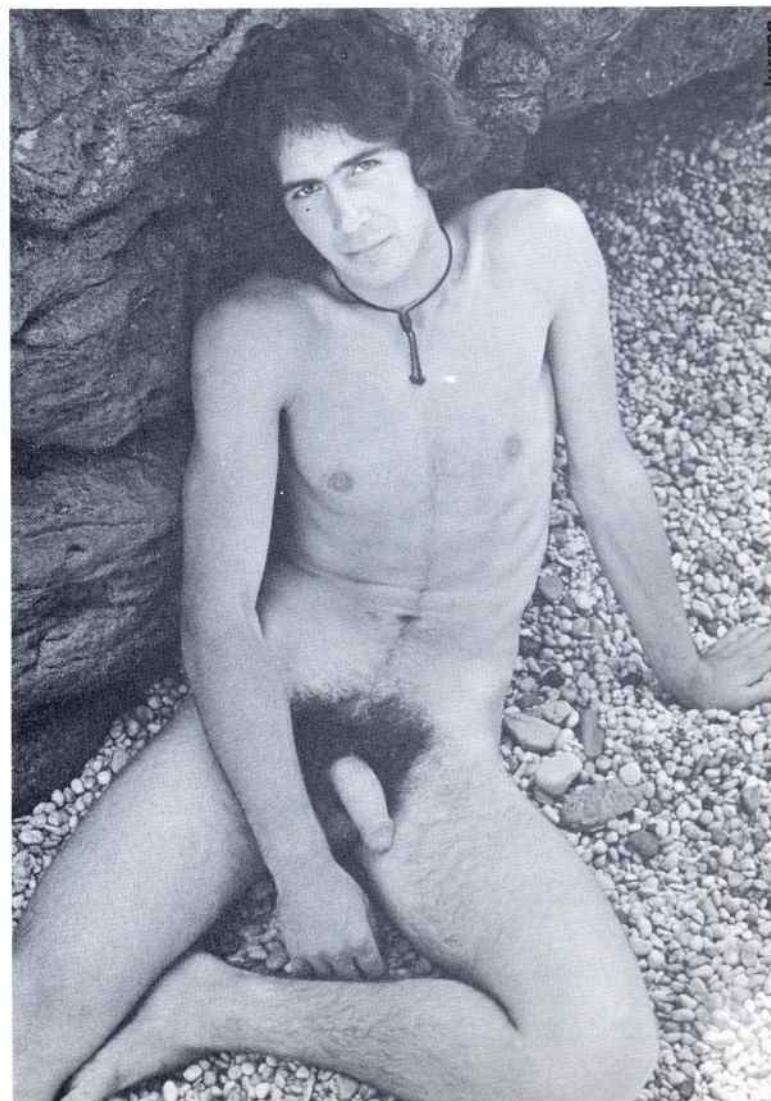
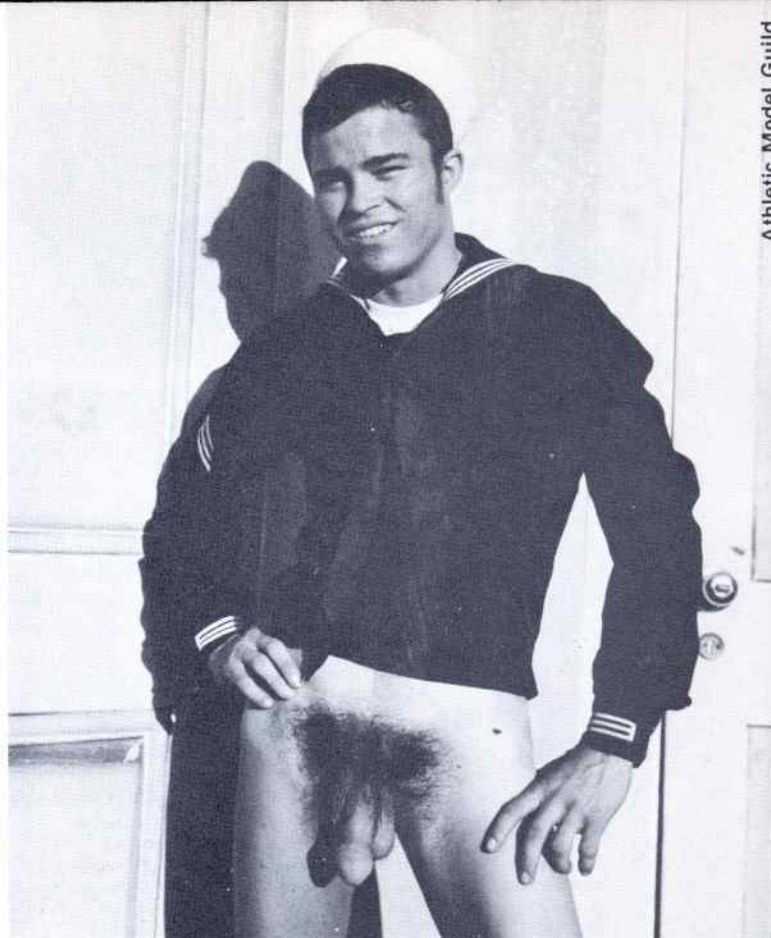
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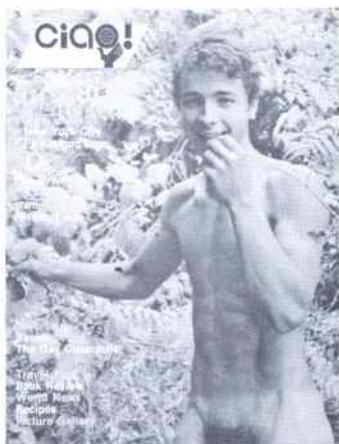
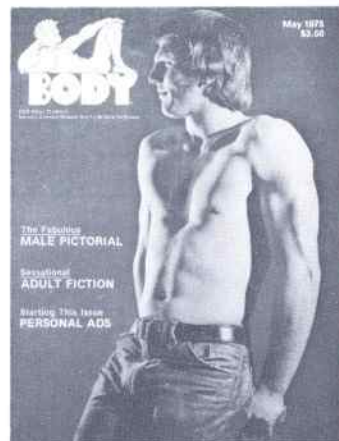


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Editorial

Abroad At Home

By Jon Lorrimer

To paraphrase Dickens's lines in **A Tale of Two Cities**: "In the worst of times it was the best of times." Certainly this sentiment will be echoed by any gay individual who, in these grim times of our national depression-alienation-recession, finds that his vacation wallet just won't stretch all the way across the Atlantic, and who has begun to discover that here in the United States and Canada we have gay **everything** . . . and lots more of it, to boot. Look around, guys—you will find that **serendipity** is really our Gross National Product.

What makes it serendipitous is that Europe, North Africa, Mexico and the Caribbean have come to **us**—such humpy numbers! In every city of size, plus many smaller towns, gay life is simmering in a huge melting pot, and this summer is a simply wonderful time to sample it. You'll find it **good**!

As we have suggested at other times, it's a good idea to see America first, however much a cliché that has become. Gay life is really bustin' out all over here—it's a wonderful time to see this great country of ours, not only for its unparalleled scenic wonders, but to see how much gay life is expanding . . . how open and free it is becoming. Even in the smallest communities the volume of gay life is just incredible!

We have frequently pointed out certain ethnic areas of American and Canadian cities with enclaves of exciting people we might never otherwise meet . . . who speak a different language, have a different culture, and whose gay lifestyles move to different rhythms. We should get to know these people right now.

Of course it is disappointing to miss the glories of the Old World, but they've been there for centuries and will be there centuries longer. We have so

much here that is undiscovered and just waiting to be enjoyed. Everything . . . giant mountains, endless miles of golden beach, the salubrious climate of the desert, exotic tropicalia, the open country . . . and the best food in all the world. Most important, we have the highest standards of sanitation. Here's an example of why you may be glad to bypass older civilizations this year:

Gay people who have been vacationing in Mexico have been coming back with a gut full of worms of one kind or another—as well as blood-sucking amebas (which is worse because they invade the bloodstream and damage vital organs and muscles). This is not the result of sex as much as it is due to the low standards of sanitation and food handling in even the best hotels. Finally it got so bad, and after so many visitors to Mexico had complained bitterly, that a law was finally passed last February in sophisticated Mexico City—that spectacular place—requiring all bus drivers, policemen, and all handlers of food (cooks, waiters, busboys, and so on) "to take a complete bath **once a week**!" At least in rural areas of Europe dirt is an honest and visible thing easily dealt with via soap and water. But south of the border the '**mañana**' of hygiene courts the risk of hidden dirt in which parasites breed. It is easy to bring back home a case of amebas or worms by just nibbling at a buffet of fresh fruits or salads in the most luxurious Mexico City hotel!

Those who have joined our ethnic melting pot have, at the same time, acquired our own love of hygiene. But in the tropics one must be eternally vigilant. It is not the most pleasant memory of a trip south to have plunked down your hard-earned dollars, only to spend an equal amount (or more) on treatment for intestinal diseases upon your return. Truly we have the best, and now—in these months of our national gloom—is the time to enjoy the bounty that nature has generously bestowed upon us.

A Day With The Druids

The World's Oldest Orgiastic Rites

By Terry McWaters

A few millenia ago—give or take a thousand years—the Druids of Britain were at the height of popularity. The Welsh, particularly, regarded them with a Robin Hood admiration because the Druids could literally scare the hell out of kings to get money for the poor. If a real cheapskate king were on the throne they would give him the Druid 'horse laugh' . . . the Glam Dichinn, or Satire from the Hilltops. It went this way: Standing with their backs against hawthorn trees (they couldn't work their magic with their backs against any other kind of tree) the Druids would sound off with their deadly laughs causing them to grow in force and volume. If the king didn't get the message, or if he refused their demands, they'd laugh all the harder until the earth cracked open and swallowed the miser monarch.

Druids are still very much alive and well and living in London. So if you are in London next June you will have the opportunity of seeing them celebrate the summer solstice, beginning with a midnight vigil on June 21 and lasting several hours into the 22nd. Once again in their white robes, blue tabards and headdresses of golden wreaths, the Druids will encircle that mysteriously magical monument known as the Stone of Free Speech, and in a quiet ritual/pageant they will recite their ancient verses and toss flowers around the Stone and to the assembled audience. You, as a visitor, can either just watch or perhaps participate in a small way with some flower-tossing of your own.

It's a beautiful—if puzzling—ceremony, and the world's oldest on-going orgy (although sexual it is not). The precise time of the vigil is forty minutes past midnight of the 21st until dawn

breaks (nearly 5 a.m.) on the 22nd. The reason for such precise timing is that it coincides with, and marks the changing angles, of the sun . . . bringing in summer. But perhaps more important to the Druids, it is a time for recalling certain ancient Druidic holidays, exploits and traditions.

The Druids of yore could have been called the 'conscience of Britain'. They were part prophet, part judge, part jury, and often executioner. They had judicial powers in various kinds of legal processes . . . lawsuits about property, inheritances and murder cases. Midsummer Eve then was a time of ritual sacrifice as well as solstice-watching . . . Druids took part in the sacrifice of animals and humans (only the baddies, though).

Today they are quite mild and meet primarily for remembrance of their heritage, and to just thank the sun for continuing to shed its heavenly light upon them and the world. Druids have also gone contemporaneous. They now hold monthly meetings (listed in the *London Times*) where they get 'into' spiritualism and certain latter-day religions, although they do not hold religious services. At these meetings no one is barred, whatever his faith. Perhaps you might wish to attend a service. It may leave you not quite as you were before . . . and we can all stand a change of pace.

SOLSTICE PROCESSION

The ceremony is held in that district of London known as Camden Town, in Highgate. First a herald will step forward at the vigil and announce "We are gathered upon this place of light, and have left outside all disturbing thoughts. Let us consecrate our every thought to the uplifting of humanity and the attainment of knowledge." Then a trumpeter sounds a fanfare, turning to each of the four directions, after which the herald cries "Hear the call of the Gorsedd (ritual)!" As he speaks he draws his sword halfway from its scabbard . . . and at the choral response of the audience, "Hear!" he returns it.

Now here's where **you** get into the ceremony. When the herald

calls "There are those who approach our circle of mysteries." And at this point you will announce yourself by name. Next comes the most beautiful part of the ritual . . . an entire concert of harp playing and poetry reading. After the concert/reading a bard holds up a sword before the chief Druid and his two helpers, and calls upon them to swear the Druidic oath: "Whilst this sword is unsheathed, promise you all that England, our home and mother, shall be illuminated by the swords of our spirits and that to the true spirit of England we shall ever be true." The three reply "We swear it" and all grasp the sword. With the words "Let us withdraw in peace, and may there be peace outward and inward until we meet again," the ceremony ends.

The processional re-forms and moves down the hill to the keeper's house where everyone takes off his robe and talks about the next Druidic seance . . . whether it is to be a meeting in London, or one of the other eight public vigils and ceremonies that occur on various Druidic/solstitial days. But the summer one is the most colorful one and makes an ideal variation in your vacation schedule.

If you should be in England at another time than the 21st of June, and would like to participate in one of the other vigils or rituals, here they are in chronological order. With the exception of the All-Night Vigil on Glastonbury Tor (in West England), all are held either on Parliament Hill or in rented halls in London. Notices of specific times and places appear in several issues of the *Times* in the Public Notices pages.

The Festival of Brighid (or The Washing of the Earth's Face), February 2.

Vernal Equinox, March 21.

All-Night Vigil on Glastonbury Tor, in May.

Lughnasadh (Harvest Festival), August 1.

Autumnal Equinox, September 21.

Samhuinn (All Hallows—or All Saints as we call it in the United States), November 1.

Winter Solstice, December 21.

Although the celebrants usually wear colorful Druidic costumes (white lacy caftans might be a fair description), others may dress hippie-style. So as far as the visitor is concerned it's 'come as you are' . . . and you'll love every minute of these strange festivals.

Gay Paris

By Ralph W. Davis

Paris has become outrageously expensive. The Frenchman's fascination with the franc has literally stripped him of any desire to price goods sensibly; they are now charging prices for goods and services that shock even New Yorkers. Tea, for example, in an ordinary cafe runs close to \$1 when service is included. Drinks in gay bars soar to \$8 each (\$3 each being average), and then, if you give the bartender a large franc note, he will usually short-change you and even become annoyed if you question him. Paying so much for a drink seems incredibly extravagant, even if a lavish show is included to justify the charge.

The obvious solution is to avoid Paris and select some less expensive city to spend your vacation. This, though, takes greater strength than most travelers have. Paris is such an extraordinarily beautiful city, such an elegant showplace, that to vacation elsewhere instead would be to deny yourself one of the great pleasures of life. Consequently, the only solution to such irrational pricing is to learn to manage your money wisely.

Perhaps the two biggest expenses of any vacation are food and hotel. Yet both can be had in Paris at reasonable prices. Food, for the most part, is still inexpensive—if you avoid restaurants such as Maxim's—and it is still **quite** good (although some restaurants are foregoing quality for McDonald's efficiency!). Yet

CIAO!

I ate well and cheaply (at fixed prices) for about \$3.50 (service and wine included). My most extravagant meal was **bouillabaisse** which cost \$6 (half-bottle of wine included). Eating reasonably can only be done if you search out those five- or six-table restaurants which extend like spokes from the main **quartiers**. If you are really cutting spending, you can go to the market and buy what you like and take it to your hotel room and have a feast. You will find that for just a few dollars you can buy all sorts of delights and still have food left over for a later meal—providing you stay away from places like **Fauchon's**!

Although hotel rooms can cost a lot, there are still many available at budget prices. I managed to find one (without bath) in the exclusive Place de la Madeleine area for \$10 a night with breakfast and service. It was only a two-star hotel (three and four being popular tourist hotels), but it was quite charming—one of those small, pleasant, family-operated hotels that every **quartier** seems to have in abundance. There are many. Finding them is easy. All you do is walk around your favorite area and inquire at each small hotel you see about price and facilities. If you choose this method, and I do recommend it, don't hesitate to examine your room before accepting it. There are some Frenchmen who will gladly rent you a closet and charge you Hilton Hotel prices if they think they can get away with it.

There are a few hotels that may be of interest which attract gays. But because they are gay, don't assume that you will get any better treatment or service than elsewhere. Some gay establishments can be nastier than any straight establishment ever would dare to be. Of these hotels, the most popular with Americans is **Le Montana**, at 28 rue St. Benoit. This two-star hotel is only a few doors from St. Germain and Le Flore café. Other hotels are the **Hotel La Kanal**, 9 bis, rue La Kanal; **Star Hotel**, 87 Avenue Emile Zola; and **Hotel Pax**, 30 rue St. Andre des

Arts. Since these are small hotels, they fill up fast. If you can't get space at any of them, don't fret. Paris has many hotels, and if you arrive in early morning you shouldn't have any difficulty finding a room—even during the season when space is scarce.



Le Montana

Frenchmen come in all types. The most popular type (the type most tourists talk about!) is the nasty franc-grabber. He will overcharge you whenever he can by adding days to your hotel bill (always check it carefully) or pocket francs when you cash traveler's checks . . . and then kick you in the ass as you leave. You can find such Frenchmen everywhere, from taxi drivers to store clerks. A wise traveler always checks all money transactions and learns the current exchange for money. If a bank or hotel charges you more than 20 cents to change your traveler's checks (some banks charge nothing, while others expect \$1.10!), take your checks back and tell the banker no. If enough tourists do this it may stop this profitable racket. France is expensive, and I have made it a policy not to give my money to anyone who can't offer me service with a smile. I strongly recommend that you do the same. Some French seem to gain a sadistic pleasure from taking advantage of tourists, and if enough take advantage of you, you can get pretty bitter.

Yet for every nasty Frenchman there are many nice ones. They smile and point the way when you're lost . . . and even give you correct change! They don't look at you impatiently when you speak French with

anything less than a good Parisian accent, and they can be very comforting when everything seems to go wrong. Paris, like most cosmopolitan cities, has a variety of types. It seems unfortunate that the type which most tourists meet and remember is the nasty franc-grabber. If you learn to avoid such Frenchmen you will soon find that life in Paris can be reasonable and fun.

BARS AND RESTAURANTS

For your convenience I am listing the bars by *arrondissement* simply to make locating them easier. (Each *arrondissement* is indicated next to the street sign.) Before mentioning the bars, I would like to suggest traveling by metro. It is probably the cheapest and most efficient transportation in Paris. For \$1.50 you can buy 10 tickets which normally cost 25 cents second class (don't bother to travel first-class unless you want to throw francs away). Also, I would like to repeat! Bars are expensive. Before buying any drinks, check out the prices. Some bars list prices on the outside with their menu (if food is served). When the prices seem unreasonable to you, don't go inside. If you feel you must, buy a coffee or something cheap and nurse it along. I am personally opposed to the scandalous prices and don't feel one needs to pay them to have a great time in Paris.

Now for the bars in the first *arrondissement*. Most bars, incidentally, open in the early evening and remain open until dawn. Since many are private, it is a good idea to take your passport. It will simplify entry.

Le Vagabond, 14 rue Therese (rue Therese and Ste. Anne extend from the Avenue de l'Opera and intersect). This bar-restaurant opens at 6 p.m. (closed Monday) and stays open until everyone leaves. Prices here are fairly sensible. Drinks like Cokes cost about \$1.50 and hard drinks cost about \$2 or \$2.25. Fixed-price dinner averages about \$6.50. The crowd is friendly and older. A com-



Le Vagabond



The Bronx



Club 7



Sidone Baba



Le Cesar

fortable, internationally popular bar-restaurant.

The Bronx at 11 rue Ste. Anne is around the corner from the Vagabond. This is another popular bar, especially with Americans, and attracts a young crowd. All types here, from heads to leather. Like the Vagabond, it is interestingly decorated. Here, though, it is more mod . . . brick walls and foggy red lighting. Its main attraction is that it's a hot sex bar—plenty of sucking and fucking on the cots in the darkened rear. Since it is a private club, it takes your passport to enter. The prices for drinks start at \$2.50.

Club 7, at 7 rue Ste. Anne is next door to The Bronx. This bar is also private, and it attracts the elegant of the world (some a little too limp-wristed for me). It is probably the "in" gay bar in Europe, and those who find this important visit it regularly. Unless you are known here, reservations are necessary for dinner. Drinks are about \$4.50 Monday to Thursday; Friday, Saturday and Sunday drinks cost about \$5. Dinner (à la carte) is about \$12.

Sidone Baba, 32 rue Ste. Anne, is strictly a bar with prices much more reasonable than the others mentioned. It claims to attract a rough, for-sale crowd, but on the night I was there the crowd seemed to be tame and domesticated. (You must keep in mind, though, that I was in the Mideast before I arrived in Paris. After the Mideast and my adventures with **those** men, everyone in Paris looked fem by comparison.)

Le Brignolet, 20 rue Montpensier. On the street level there is a very charming restaurant which is mixed (straight and gay). The food here is good, and the service is swift. Unfortunately, though, it isn't a bargain. Prices can soar. Below is a discotheque which is stylish and small. The discotheque is very popular with a young, carefree crowd. Drinks start at about \$4.50. The restaurant, incidentally, opens at noon.

Le Belvedere, 5 Place du Theatre France, is another ele-

gant bar-restaurant which gets a mixed crowd, usually for dinner. Hours are from about 7 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Club 18, 18 rue de Beaujolais, is popular with the elegant hairdressers who come here for dancing and drinks. Drinks start at about \$4. The bar opens about 10 p.m. and closes at dawn.

In the second arrondissement there are two of importance: **Le Cesar** at 4 rue Chabanais (near square Louvois which faces rue de Cichelieu), and **Le Scaramouche** at 44 rue Vivienne (at the corner almost of rue Montmartre). The former is closed on Tuesdays and during August, and is a typical bar/night club. The latter is a bar/discotheque which is private and attracts everything from the young, for-sales to the older buyers. Le Cesar is open, incidentally, at 4 p.m. on Sundays for those who like to get started early.

In the fourth and fifth arrondissements there are five restaurant-bars. **Christopher** at 11 rue Beautreilles is quite probably the best. The others are **Le Bistro du Port "Notre-Dame,"** 13 quai Montebello; **La Mendi-gotte**, 80 quai l'Hotel de Ville; **Le Demode**, 21 rue Frederic-Sauton; and **La Licorne** at 4 rue Maître Albert. The latter is also a show-bar which features Lady Jane, who is quite good. Closed Sundays. Open from about 8 p.m. to dawn.

In the sixth arrondissement there is **Le Flore** at 172 Bd. Saint-Germain. During the daytime, Le Flore attracts a straight crowd, but at night the mood turns decidedly gay. It is a great café to sit (outside, of course) during the summer and watch the parade pass on the street. Your coffee here will probably be the most expensive cup that you have ever had, but if you're smart you will nurse it along and watch the parade on the street and listen to the conversation at the nearby tables. The overflow of customers goes across the street to **Aux Deux Magots**.

Le Nuage, 5 rue Bernard-Palissy. This is a popular bar with a vain, good-looking crowd, al-

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most a little too snobby for my taste. Yet the mood is upbeat and with-it, and occasionally some very nice men pass through these guarded portals. Drinks begin at about \$3, and the bar opens at about 10 p.m.

Also on Bernard-Palissy (at number 4) is **Le Bureau**. This is a nice restaurant which has a discotheque bar. The restaurant, of course, is mixed (family-type place) and the bar is strictly gay. Soft drinks are about \$1.50. Hard drinks are about \$2.50.

At 4 rue des Canettes, there is an elegant private bar called the **Speakeasy** (next to a woman's shop). This is also a discotheque which attracts all types . . . some are even for sale. At 3 rue St. Gregoire-de-Tours, there is **La Boite aux Chansons** which is also a private bar-discotheque. A satisfactory restaurant in the \$4 and \$5 category is **Au Vieux Casque** at 19 rue Bonaparte. It is open from noon to about midnight. Those who like their boys come to the **In Club** at 16 rue des Grands Augustins (closed Tuesdays). These young darlings, I understand, can get rough . . . so be careful!

There are four very popular cabarets in Paris. Two of them are located in the sixth arrondissement (Le Carrousel and L'Alcazar). The other two bars (Madame Arthur and Michou's) are in Pigalle in the 18th arrondissement. **Le Carrousel** at 29 rue Vavin opens every night at about 9 p.m. and the drinks at the bar cost about \$5 each and at the table about \$8 each. Since the show begins at midnight, if you are trying to conserve money, it is best to arrange for a late arrival.

A most extravagant and exciting show is put on at **L'Alcazar** at 62 rue Mazarine. Incidentally, the bar is on the second tier of this two-tiered show-bar-restaurant, and the view of the show from the bar is poor. Since the show is fun and dazzling, you may want to spend a few extra francs and get a table. Dinner runs about \$15 with drinks extra. One drink with the show costs about \$14, and each additional drink runs about \$8

each.

A very nice restaurant in this arrondissement is **La Boudiniere** at 2 rue Gregoire-de-Tours. The meals are quite good and run about \$10, à la carte.

At 8 rue des Ciseaux, there is a discotheque bar called the **Cherry Lane**. Everyone comes here—straights, gays, lesbians, young and old. Drinks are about \$3.50 at the bar and \$4.25 at the table.

L'Infini at 9 rue Guisarde; **L'Attrape-Coeur** at 9 rue Christine and **Gli-Gline Saint Germain** at 66 rue Saint Andre-des-Arts are bar-restaurants. Gli-Gline also has another location in Montmartre at 88 rue Lepic. **Plat du jour** costs about \$3.50 while a dinner with a choice of main course runs about \$4.50. The food at both locations is tasty, although not always excellent.

In the eighth arrondissement there is **Le Bistrot de Paris** at 3 rue Quentin Bauchart (a good, but mixed restaurant-bar); **Chez Germain** restaurant-bar at 19 rue Jean-Mermoz (mixed for lunch and gay for dinner, with meals costing from \$6.50); **Le Chelem**, 24 rue Pasquier; and a mediocre show-bar, **La Grande Eugène** at 12 rue de Marignan. **Le Festival** at 22 rue du Colisée is probably the most recommended in this area. All types . . . Americans, Parisians, foreigners and provincials come here and mix easily. Lots of goodlooking young men. Many of these lovelies are for sale. Drinks are cheap here—from \$1.25.

In the ninth arrondissement there is a popular American bar—**Le Petit Robert** at 10 Cauchois. The theatre crowd usually goes to **La Rose Bleue** at 15 rue Choron where they can eat well at reasonable prices. And finally there is **Le Potet** at 3 rue de Bruxelles (a mixed bar-restaurant).

In the fourteenth arrondissement there is **L'Envolée** bar-restaurant at 25 rue Vercingetorix; and in the fifteenth arrondissement, **L'Entre Acte**, 73 rue St. Charles; **L'Ange Bleu** (Chez Aldo), 50 Boulevard Pasteur; and finally **Le Croquant** at 28 rue



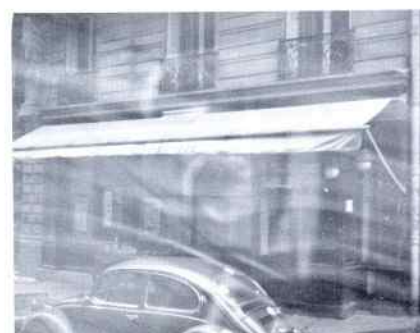
Le Scaramouche



Cafe Le Flore



Le Nuage



Le Bureau



L'Infini



W.A.F.



Au Pere Louis



Madame Arthur



Michou

Jean Maridou.

In the seventeenth arrondissement the most popular bar-restaurant is the **W.A.F.** at 35 rue Davy. This bar attracts a respectable and discreet crowd of regulars. Newcomers, although not completely ostracized, are not admitted into the mainstream of action right away. The long bar here is usually always filled, and on Fridays and Saturdays the discotheque is filled with men. Drinks start at \$2 and soar to about \$40 (if you buy a bottle of liquor).

Au Bistrot du Roy at 4 Villa St. Michel (a short distance from 46 Avenue de St. Ouen) serves very good food which runs about \$5.75 to \$7.50. This price includes wine, food and service charge. Two other bar-restaurants in this arrondissement of interest are **La Marotte** at 4 rue de Parne and **Dinette Club Orchidee**, 8 rue Logelbach.

In the eighteenth arrondissement (Pigalle), there are two rough, at-your-own-risk bars: **La Nuit**, and directly next door, **Au Pere Louis** at 30 and 28 Boulevard de Clichy, respectively. I wandered into Au Pere Louis for a tea (about 50 cents here) and was cruised by three very virile-looking men in the first fifteen minutes. This was particularly encouraging since there weren't more than seven people here at the time. Caution is recommended at this mixed, rough bar. These men look as though they really play hard. Pity!

If you like shows, the two very popular places to visit in Pigalle are **Michou's**, and **Madame Arthur**. Madame Arthur at 75 bis, rue des Martyrs (within arm's reach, it seems, of Au Pere Louis) is the place to go if you want a vulgar and obvious show. It is expensive and not worth the \$8 drink price. There are two shows nightly; one at 11 and another a 1 a.m. Personally, I don't understand its popularity.

At 80 rue des Martyrs, there is Michou's which has a better show than Madame Arthur's, and it is a charming, intimate mixture of gays and straights. The musical parodies are on-tar-

get and penetrating. Although the restaurant-bar-theatre is a bit small, the atmosphere is warm and friendly. Prices rocket here. Drinks are about \$8 each with meals starting at about \$12. Reservations are necessary.

Other places of interest are: **Gli-Gline** at 88 rue Lepic; **Au Fin Bec** (in 1900 style) at 69 rue Damremont; also **Au Clocher de Montmartre**, 10 rue Lamarck; **La Table d'hôte**, 8 rue Cavalotti; and finally **Au Pierrot de la Butte** at 41 Caulaincourt. Au Pierrot and Au Fin Bec are nice restaurants at fair prices. If you are in the area, it may be worth your time to eat at one or both.

OUTSIDE CRUISING

The outside cruiser has a choice of many places in Paris. If the budget prevents drinking at the expensive bars, there are still many streets and parks where cruising is possible. It is a good idea to be careful, though. The Paris hustler is tough, and can become quite violent if his appetite for money isn't suitably satisfied. Nevertheless, if you are a smart operator, you can save many francs by cruising outside and still walk away with your wallet intact.



Blvd. de Rochechouart

A very dangerous strip, but satisfying for those who like Algerians with large cocks and healthy bodies are the **Boulevard de Clichy** and **Boulevard Rochechouart** in Pigalle. This area is cruised both day and night and can be a good meeting place for roughs of all colors. Over the years I have seen some sordid acts during day hours on some of those side streets, and I can only recommend the area for those who really know how to handle themselves. Another area which

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attracts roughs is the **Allée des Cygnes** (near the Eiffel Tower, at the middle of the Seine between Grenelle and Bir Hakeim Bridges at night). Most Parisians classify this area as **very** dangerous. If knowing this becomes an instant turn-on, well, baby, this is where to head.

Also near the Eiffel Tower, directly across from it and to your left (if facing the Seine) is a park which has always been a busy area. Since it is close to the Allée des Cygnes, it can get rough. There were once many bushes and trees here (years ago!) where one could go for privacy. Now everything is wide open and public.

The **Bois de Boulogne** is enormous and cruisy for those who like parks, and can get rough. The park is large and everyone in Paris thinks its entirety is gay and swarming with hustlers. If you follow Route de Suresnes to the small lake and remain on the left side of the water by the towpaths, you will find your heaven. Also cruisy is the **Bois de Vincennes**.

Perhaps the most popular outside cruise area for more genteel types (in comparison, that is, to Bois de Boulogne and Bois de Vincennes) is the **Jardin des Tuileries**. The cruisy area is along the quai des Tuileries inside the garden, of course, and around L'Orangerie (the building facing Place de la Concorde). The urinal by the entrance from the Place de la Concorde is usually active day and night. It is one of the few outside urinals which hasn't been removed. Many gays and hustlers linger and eye each other here. The Tuileries, though, is best at night.

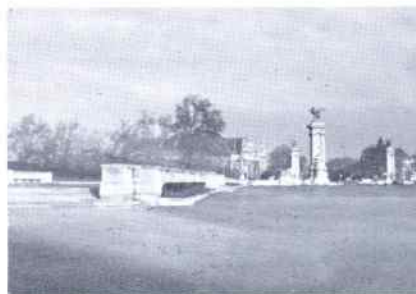


Tuileries near L'Orangerie

During the day, the area on

the left bank **along the Seine between Pont du Carrousel and Notre Dame** can be cruisy when the bookdealers are here. A daytime area which I remember from my student days in Paris is the **Cimetière (cemetery) du Montparnasse**. This is the place to go if you like mausoleums and tombstones for witnesses.

A very interesting area is the **Esplanade des Invalides**. This is particularly cruisy at night around the Gare des Invalides. The john in the aerogare and the john by the trains (entrance on the side of the aerogare facing quai d'Orsay) can be cruisy. But watch yourself here. It is closely watched by the police. **Sacre-Coeur** in Montmartre, the stairs leading up to the church) as well as the area around it) can have some attractive men looking lonely and ready.



Gare des Invalides

Other places to consider are: **Porte de la Chapelle** for truck drivers; the **Porte de la Villette** for butchers; and the area around the **St. Louis Hospital** for trash. **St. Germain** by Café Flore and Aux Deux Magots gets everything. This is also true of the park off the **Champs Elysées**. The parking lot by **Notre Dame** is popular with those who like their action in cars.

MOVIES

On Boulevard de Clichy, there are a lot of sex shops (book stores). The most popular with the gay is at 29 Boulevard de Clichy. I personally found it dull, and the movies in the back (very well-lighted area, too) were very expensive for a quick flick (\$1, expensive!). I didn't bother looking to see if the movies were worth it since I don't feel a few minutes of action was worth that

much. I guess I'm accustomed to the 25-cent movies in the States and find anything more unreasonable.

The **Cinéma Pathé** at 6 Boulevard St. Denis, is a small movie house which attracts gays. Admission is about \$1.50. The **Cinéma Cinex** on Boulevard de Strasbourg off St. Denis (a block from Pathé) is better. The john here is very cruisy. Algerians visit this one, as well as Parisians, and the price of admission is the same as the Cinéma Pathé. If you really want to have a few Algerians and you like the movie house setting, head for the **Trianon** at 60 Boulevard Rochechouart. It costs about 60 cents to enter, and it may be a very good investment of your francs. Outside this theatre, directly in front of it, is an outdoor urinal which you may enjoy visiting. Another movie house in this area is at the Place Blanche (very close to the famous Moulin Rouge). It is called **Cinéma Le Colorado**. It is very good. This also applies to the **Cinéma Bosphore**, 37 Boulevard St. Martin, which is very close to Pathé and Cinex.



Trianon

BATHS

The best baths in Paris is **Sauna Milan** at 22 rue de Milan (metro: Ste. Lazare). It costs about \$7 to enter (pay for a vapor), and closes early (about 9 p.m.). But if you go in the early afternoon and remain until closing, you will certainly get action enough to satisfy you for quite awhile. The orgy room upstairs is wild, and the Frenchmen are beautiful and mostly young. Also very good are the **Sauna Guillaume-Tell** at 23 bis, rue Guillaume-Tell (metro: **Pereire, Champerret**); **Sauna Elysée** at 12

rue Miromesnil; and **Le Poulbot Sauna**, 10 rue la Condamine.



Sauna Milan

If you are in Paris during the summer, head for the **Piscine Deligny** (pool, open from April to September) for an afternoon swim. They float the pool on the Seine by the Concorde Bridge, and it is **the** cruise area for swimmers.



Piscine Deligny

JOHNS

Several johns I have already mentioned . . . the one in front of the Trianon Cinema and the two by the Aerogare des Invalides. Others worth a visit are in the **Gare du Nord** (very good); **Gare St. Lazare**; **Gare Montparnasse**; and that by the **Arc de Triomphe** (side of the Belgian Embassy). These are the main ones, but Paris is such a large, fascinating city you shouldn't have any trouble finding more. This applies to bars and baths as well.

Although the prices in Paris are unreal, and the French are sometimes impossible, if you are a smart traveler and know how to watch your spending, there isn't any reason why you can't plan a Paris holiday now. So go . . . Paris is wonderful. It is the most beautiful city in the world. Honest! I've been to many. I know!

Big Dallas

By Jerry Daniels

Dallasites are unpredictable. They seem to be either very hospitable or very cool, depending on the occasion. Recently, for example, in a crowded cafeteria I selected a table occupied by a dazzling brunet. Smiling cordially, I asked if I might join him. He nodded indifferently, then looked away and sipped his coffee. Since I was impressed with his looks I began to force conversation, but he merely acknowledged my questions or statements with perfunctory remarks. Discouraged, I decided to forget him and gobbled my lunch.

Halfway through the lunch, a hunky-looking blond spotted us and descended, out of breath and full of conversation. The brunet immediately became all gaiety (pun intended) and charm upon seeing his friend. After the excited "It's so nice to see you again!" exchange, the brunet then turned to me smiling, and introduced me to the blond. The blond had no sooner spread his firm buttocks on the chair than we were all talking, trading amusing experiences. I don't remember how long the conversation continued but it ended several hours later comfortably over drinks in a downtown hotel.

Dallasites, I fear, like my example, can respond to strangers with discouraging coolness. But I believe this is because they think that being "cool" in such instances is sophisticated and **de rigueur**. Since they are basically warm-hearted people, they can unexpectedly shed the "cool" facade and be quite charming.

If you want to get involved in a heated argument with a Texan, simply mention how much nicer Houston is physically (or for that matter **any** way) than Dallas, or vice versa. You will quickly learn by his hot response that there is a strong rivalry between these cities. Each resident is stubbornly convinced that **his** city is best!

Dallas is older, and according to its citizens, the best city with more money and power and chic. This is probably quite true, although it may seem doubtful on the surface. That's because Houston is still working hard at beautifying its image to the world in order to overcome a feeling of inferiority that Dallasites' feelings of superiority over the years have created. Dallas, on the other hand, like big and important cities everywhere, is living off its past reputation and has, consequently, lost some of the spirit which once gave it so much sparkle and glamor. It now seems content to enjoy the reputation it worked so hard to earn, and leave the image-building to Houston.

Perhaps the most important observation a northern gay will make of ultra-conservative Big D is that the police are very watchful of activity both outside and inside bars. It isn't unusual to see the police enter a gay establishment and create a feeling of tension by their presence. Since they have been known to arrest gays for very minor offenses, it would be smart to be careful about one's behavior.

You will also learn that Dallas is big and spread out. Without a car you can feel stranded, even though transportation is regular. The gay area isn't concentrated; yet there are several areas which have more interest than others. On Live Oak and Skiles Streets there is a small cluster of gay establishments which are popular. I don't like the area, though, because it's rundown and very rough, but I haven't heard anyone say anything bad about it, so it may be safe. Since the three bars and a baths are next to each other, you won't have to wander dark streets to find anything. I will warn you, nevertheless, to avoid walking down Hall Street. It is very rough even during the day.

The **Entre Nuit** at 3116 Live Oak, attracts both boys and girls, and its entrance is in the rear of, and under, the Bachelor Quarters Baths by the fire escape. It is a friendly bar where both sexes mix easily. Most of

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the boys visit here to socialize with the girls. It is open from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily; on Saturday and Sunday from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing. On Thursdays there are amateur shows.

Villa Fontana, 1315 Skiles, is popular with the older, conservative crowd, both black and white, and is decorated attractively in the 50s style. The owner claims that it's the oldest gay bar in America, which is doubtful since it's only 25 years old. Nevertheless, it is a nice place to take your lover and quietly spend a romantic evening on the patio. There are shows on Sunday at 9 p.m. On that night a \$1 cover charge is made. It is open from noon until 2 a.m. No food, but there's dancing. From 3 until 7 p.m. Monday through Friday, there is a happy hour. On Sundays from 6 to 8 p.m. draft beer is free.

Act III at 3115 Live Oak is the third bar in this area, and it attracts a butch crowd. Some **real** truckers are supposed to drop in here. But normally they get all types. It is a very hard bar to classify since it is very popular with everyone. Hours are from noon to 2 a.m. Specials on Monday through Friday from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. on all drinks.

The **Bachelor Quarters Baths**, 3116 Live Oak (entrance on Skiles) is a clean, pleasantly-run baths which is private. Membership is \$2 for the year and membership at Frizby's of Houston is honored here. All an out-of-town needs to join is his driver's license. Rates are \$2 for lockers and \$4 for rooms during the summer; during the winter it's \$4 and \$6 respectively. From midnight Monday to midnight Tuesday, there is a \$1 special. Rates are for a 24-hour period.

Also nearby on 2616 Swiss is the **Club Dallas**. Like all the eastern Clubs, this one is clean and well-equipped. A swimming pool is under construction at this writing. Membership is \$4 per year with lockers going for \$4 and rooms for \$6. There is a \$2 youth locker rate for anyone from 18 to 24 with I.D.

A very nice place to stay, if you want to be in this area, is the

Travelodge at 4001 Live Oak Street. Singles about \$12; doubles about \$15. Across the street from the Travelodge is the **Toddle House** at 4010 Live Oak. After hours, the gays in the area stop here for food before heading home.

The only movie house for hardcore gay "action" films is **Studio 9** at 4817 Bryan Street. Admission to this small, cruisy theatre is \$4. Bryan, incidentally runs parallel to Live Oak a block away.

Another popular area for gay activity is near Oak Lawn. This is a comfortable, middle-class, and very nice area. There is a variety of places to visit near Oak Lawn, although they are spread out a bit. All types visit this area, from the pointed-boot-cowboys to the Neiman-Marcus-smart types. A comfortable hotel in the area is the **Melrose** at 3015 Oak Lawn. Rates about \$12 for a single, and \$18 for a double. The hotel is within walking distance to Maple Street where the four leather-western bars are.

The most popular leather and western bar is the **Sundance Kid** at 4025 Maple. It's the home of the Wrangler Club, the local S&M bicyclists. Hours: 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily. Happy hour from 4 to 8 p.m. On Wednesday there's free beer. In this building there is the **Eagle Leathers** store which is open from 10 p.m. daily, and Sunday from 7 to 10 p.m. All types of leather goods can be bought here. (Special orders as well).

Terry's Ranch, 4117 Maple, is a popular cowboy bar in a long rambling building. Hours here are from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. On Friday and Saturday it is open after hours until 4 a.m. (Soft drinks and coffee served then.) Special beer bust on Sunday at 5 p.m. and 11 p.m. (until the beer keg runs dry) and Thursday at 11 p.m.

At 4006 Maple is another country/western bar whose slogan is: "We may be the butchest bar in town, but we try not to act like it." This bar, **The Swinger**, isn't as popular as the above two, but it does draw an interesting crowd of "semi-butcht"



Entre Nuit



Villa Fontana



Act III



Bachelor Quarter Baths



Toddle House



Studio 9



Machine Gun Kelly's



Sundance Kid



Bayou Landing



Terry's Ranch



Cedar Springs & Hood



The Swinger



Trio Coffee Shop



Marlboro



Movies

cowboys. Hours: 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily. After hours on Friday and Saturday until 4 a.m. No dancing. Happy hours is from 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. daily.

The **Marlboro** at 4100 Maple is the fourth western bar in the area. Although this isn't the busiest of the four bars it does a satisfactory business. I found those present during my visit a little too conscious of their masculinity to relax and enjoy themselves, but I generally find this true of most gays in such bars. Hours are from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily. No dancing. Impromptu entertainment. Every night there is a balloon drop with a \$1 bill in one balloon. The dollar should be held for the once-a-month drawing. Then the lucky guy who holds the dollar that matches the serial number gets \$25 in cash. Each Sunday at 6 p.m. there is a free chicken dinner, and each night from midnight to 1 a.m. there's free draft beer.

A fifth western-leather bar that opened last summer is called the **Sundowner Saloon**, 2822 McKinney. Hours 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. It's too early to know for sure what type of crowd this one will get.

Machine Gun Kelly's (formerly called the Mark Twain) at 4015 Lemmon Street tries to attract all types—straights and gays (girls too), hippies and businessmen. This is a huge discotheque bar and restaurant with a piano bar upstairs for those who like quiet. From Thursday to Sunday at 10 p.m. there is live entertainment. On Fridays and Saturdays, it's after hours with entertainment continuing until 4. Food from \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Nearer downtown Dallas at 2609 N. Pearl Street is the very popular **Bayou Landing**. The crowd is young and dresses Neiman-Marcus-smart. At 9:45 on Wednesday and Sunday there is a show. Also, on show nights there is a \$1 cover charge. From 3 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily; open after hours on Friday and Saturday. Food from 6 until midnight; weekends until 3 a.m.

On McKinney there are two

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bars besides the Sundowner Saloon. The **Encore** which is like the Bayou Landing in popularity, attracts an elegantly dressed young crowd. It's the farthest out—at 4516 McKinney. Hours from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Not after hours. No food. Dancing.

The other bar is the **Owl's Nest** at 3236 McKinney. An older crowd of mixed types here. Hours: 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. There are half-priced drinks and a free buffet on Sundays. During the week between 4 and 7 p.m. they have a happy hour. Another popular bar with the older crowd is the **Crew's Inn** at 3220 Fitzhugh. Hours: 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing. Happy hours from 5 to 7 nightly.

In "Homo Heights," the Oak Lawn area, there are several cruise areas. The best is **between Cedar Springs and Maple, and between Welborn and Hood** (off Oak Lawn). This area at night is alive with movement. Gillespie, Congress and Brown are especially busy, though I doubt anyone will have difficulty finding the right area. The movement of cars and feet are too heavy to go unnoticed.

Reverchon Park is the other very cruisy, but **very** hot area, especially by the parking lot and john by the circle. Cops sometimes sit on the hill near the john and watch. So be **very** careful here!

Near the Maple Street bars and Machine Gun Kelly's is **Lucas' B & B Restaurant**, 3520 Oak Lawn. Usually at night gays head here when they want something to eat. It isn't popular as once, but it still attracts some loyal gays. At 3541 McKinney is the **Trio Coffee Shop**. This also gets gay traffic late at night.

In downtown Dallas there are only two bars. **Gene's Music Bar** at 307 Akard Street is the oldest of the two. This one attracts the butch \$5 and \$10 hustlers, both black and white. Since it is a rough bar, there have been some beatings of some gays who took this rough trade home.

The other downtown bar is the **Lasso** at 215 Akard Street. The same crowd as at Gene's. In fact, they drift back and forth

between the bars. Lasso has dancing.



Gene's Music Bar



The Lasso

Outside cruising downtown is usually around the **Greyhound and Trailways Bus Terminals**. The same types who visit Lasso and Gene's cruise here. Near the Trailways there is a popular 25-cent arcade that gets a heavy black crowd. It is called, simply, **Movies** at 308 Ervay Street. It can be lots of fun if you like such places. There are private rooms with hooks to lock the doors.

A very cruisy triple-X movie theatre is the **Art Flick Theatre** at 1226 N. Industrial Boulevard. They show only male-and-female films.

A distance from the city are two favorite cruise areas: **Lake Dallas**, which is sometimes referred to as "Queen's Point" (near the dam on the lake, both night and day), and **White Rock Lake** (near Garland Road, by the picnic area). For truckers try the **Mid-Continent Truck Stop**, which is supposed to be the largest in the world; can't be

topped. It's on Big Town Boulevard off 1-20 and just east of 1-30.

For a great selection of gay magazines, be sure to visit the **Dallas Literary Shop**, 4934 Maple Ave. Friendly management... browse around and ask about the latest in Dallas.

In closing I should like to repeat: **Be careful!** The police of Dallas have a reputation for being hard on gays, but if you watch what you do and where you do it, your trip to Big D will be both relaxing and fun.

Good luck!

Gay Reno

By Bill Josephs

On the surface, Nevada is Playboy Country with Las Vegas as its capital. Super-butth dealers and waiters and buxom show gals and waitresses, sensually dressed, stimulate lust, creating for Las Vegas and—to a lesser degree—Reno, a sexy atmosphere of **Playboy Magazine** heterosexuality. Beneath the surface, though, moving counterclockwise to the super-butth atmosphere, is an established gay community.

As in gay bars everywhere, the conversation in Reno's runs the gamut of extremes, with gambling never quite fitting into either extreme. Gay life is home-town simple and direct... nothing splendid or conspicuous. Many of the waiters and dealers, the manly image-builders for heterosexual Reno, use these bars as their escape from the artificiality of the city. They frequent them in an effort to make new friends who, like themselves, want to forget temporarily the entrapments of the city, and relax. Out-of-town gays with similar interests, are, of course, taken into the inner circle with a swiftness that is almost unbelievable.

The big difference between Reno and Las Vegas is the

people they attract. Las Vegas is popular with high rollers—the big-time gamblers with a huge bankroll. Reno, on the other hand, gets a larger variety of types . . . from the factory worker to the businessman. Most of them are **serious** gamblers who, in my opinion, are losers that, because of some personality fault, are unable to attain the semblance of wealth in any other way. Many of these inveterate gamblers live for that big payoff, but when it comes, they always lose it in a frivolous effort to break the bank. Winning or losing, they seem hooked on the game, without any inner strength to free themselves. And when they are finally penniless they drift about the city lost, the disappointment like broken icicles disfiguring their manly features. Yet there are some, like the Texan who recently won a half-million dollars, who can walk away from the tables without any desire to return. There are also some, like me, who can lose a pre-planned amount, then go to a bar and have a good time without any regrets.

Because gambling is such a big business, everything else is inexpensive to enable the gambler to chance his money away. Good food is cheap; good liquor is cheap (**especially** in the discount liquor stores!); and good entertainment is cheap. Hotel rooms were once cheap, yet I was chagrined to learn that my favorite hotel, the Riverside, has shot its weekend single rates to \$18 per night. I used to stay there not long ago when I grew bored with San Francisco, for about \$8 to \$10 per night.

There aren't many gay bars in Reno, but then Reno is a small city. The **Jade Room** at 214 W. Commercial is the only downtown bar. Because of its location it gets all types of older gays, as well as straights. Unfortunately, the police watch this bar because of its proximity to the major casinos. Reno police are very concerned about maintaining a straight-looking downtown, and so they are less concerned about the fringe areas of the city.

Hours at the Jade Room are from 4 p.m. to 4 a.m. (or until the last customer leaves).



Jade Room

About a three-dollar cab ride from center city is the **Trapp**, at 5201 W. Fourth Street. Located in Tred's Motel (it's basically straight), the Trapp is a nice place to meet all types—gays and straights. The straights who visit come to have a good time, not to gawk at the gays. There are slots and dancing and a good balance of gay girls and boys.



Trapp

The Number One spot is **Dave's V.I.P. Lounge** at 3001 W. Fourth Street in the rear of Dave's Westside Motel. This is only a short drive from the Trapp and a couple of dollars in cabfare from the city. All types—butch cyclists, queens, gals, drags, cowboys, gamblers and the like. The average age is about 22. Although it isn't a large bar, it can get very crowded at night. There are shows, dancing and beer specials. (The beer is only 15 cents on Wednesday from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.) Incidentally, some of the friendliest and most beautiful people in Reno go here.



Dave's V.I.P. Lounge

Since Reno is only about 4 hours and \$11 away by Greyhound, many San Franciscans spend their long weekends here. The most popular place to stay is the **Westside Motel**, which, like the V.I.P. Lounge, is owned by Dave's of the California chain. Although this 20-room motel is quite small, it has everything from swimming pool to sauna. Rates are cheaper here than in the city, with weekday rates starting at \$14.70 and doubles at \$15.75. On weekends and holidays the rates go up about \$2. For a few dollars more, you can have a room with a water bed. Since the motel is very popular, reservations are a must on weekends especially. The number to call is (702) 322-4403. If you should call, I would suggest that you have them confirm your reservation in writing. It is always a good policy to protect your reservation like this. All major credit cards are honored.



Westside Motel

Within walking distance of downtown Reno, for those who prefer to stay in the city, there is the **Club Baths** at 1030 W. Second Street. Inasmuch as this is not affiliated with the eastern chain, membership is not necessary for admission. Located in a white house hidden by trees in a residential area, it can easily be missed if you aren't alert. On weekends, when the city is overflowing with out-of-towners, a nice humpy crowd comes here. It is also a great place to stay if you don't want to pay the high hotel rates. Room rent for 24 hours is \$5 on weekdays and on weekends it is \$6. Locker rates are \$2.50. The club accepts Master Charge and BankAmericard (the two **most** popular cards in the West and Southwest). Incidentally for gays who like

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glory holes, there is a room on the second floor with sexy pictures pasted on the wall and a huge glory hole about two to three feet from the floor. There is also a small, but comfortable sundeck for sunworshippers.



Club Baths

As far as parks are concerned, there are only two to cruise, **Wingfield** and **Idlewild Parks**. Wingfield, being downtown, attracts the greatest variety of types who casually stop at the john or sit in the small park area, day and night, to eye each other. Both parks, whether cruising the john or the park itself, are dangerous. The police are particularly watchful during the summer because of all the children in the parks.



John in Wingfield Park

A visitor will discover that the majority of gays he will meet in the bars are usually those who want to escape the super-butth put-on of the city. If meeting this type of gay interests you, you can't select a nicer place to visit than Reno. The weather is always pleasant and the people are always friendly. And if you don't get upset about losing a few dollars you can have a great time gambling. So go to Reno. You'll like it!

QQ now honors Master Charge & BankAmericard . . . see page 54!

Saugatuck

The Midwest's Gayest Resort

By Ralph W. Davis

Saugatuck over the years has become synonymous with raw sex among Midwestern gays. The heavy availability of no-pretense, quick sex, so favored by the promiscuous, and the high tolerance of the residents towards gays are largely responsible for this.

Physically, Saugatuck looks superficially like so many other resort towns spotting the banks of Lake Michigan. There are the usual number of gift shops, ice cream parlors, antique shops, as well as a modest sprinkling of Cape Cod-like buildings. During the summer weekdays the Michigan resort town looks respectably quiet. Fading-gentry-type men and women with children and working-class college students give the town a middle-class, staid tone. But on summer weekends—from Memorial Day to Labor Day—this typical anonymity of Saugatuck miraculously changes. It is then that the town swells with horny gays who give Saugatuck its reputation.



Butler St.

The gays come from everywhere in the Midwest and empty onto Butler, the main street of Saugatuck. During the day and evening any type can be found here, milling around, browsing in shops or eating in restaurants. There are the heavily-jeweled queens in short shorts with lots of mouth and legs and arms, as well as the leather types who wear their masculinity uncomfortably. There are the handsome guy-next-door types, and the elegant, Max-Factor-young types. There are

the alcoholics, heads, hippies and the just-plain-nice guys. It is a confusion of gays, a kaleidoscope of color, with the variety and excitement of a circus.

There is only one bar in Saugatuck. It is called **Toadville** (and sometimes **The Blue Tempo Bar**), and it's located at 349 Culver Street, downtown. When the gays aren't prancing, cruising or screwing, they gather here for drinks and loud music from noon to 2 a.m. Although the building is being made into an inn (**Singapore Inn**) and the name of the bar may change, a bar will always remain in the basement.



Toadville

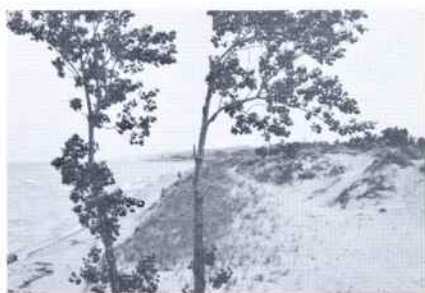
By day, after the gays have had enough of drinking or stalking Butler, they sun or screw in the **dunes**. A ferry at Water and Mary Streets shuttles the non-driver for 25¢ to Oval Beach. Other ferries also dock at Mary and Water; these ferries can be rented hourly by groups, or can be part of a regular schedule cruise.



"Island Queen"

The dunes from the ferry stop is about a six- or seven-block hike from the beach entrance. North of the parking lot, rising like waves, sprinkled sparsely with vegetation, lies the area favored by the gays. For \$1 during weekends gays can enter and wander freely, unharassed by straights or police, and indulge outrageously in sex. There is nothing subtle or

coy about behavior here. The restless glances and the huge erections tell the entire story. On a holiday weekend the beach and hills are overlaid with thick deposits in every possible position who sun, or screw, or watch with passion.

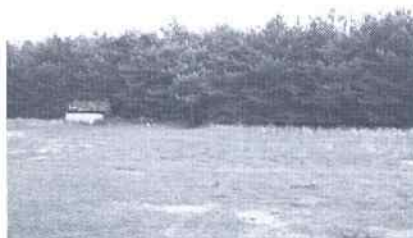


Cum-stained Dunes

Another favored orgy spot for gays are the woods behind the **Saugatuck Motor Lodges** at 3291 Blue Star Memorial Highway. Bush parties are held here on weekends from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. These parties are nothing but huge orgies in a five-acre setting of woods. Admission is \$1 per carload for guests of the Norbart Incorporated complex (i.e. Saugatuck Lodges, Blue Star Motels, Singapore Inn, Edgehill, and Berry Cove) and \$2 for non-guests. Free beer around a bonfire and sex in the bushes in time to wild sounds from the stereo unit keep the atmosphere charged. Both the dunes and the bush parties are what give Saugatuck its reputation. Yet in spite of all this body contact, few real friendships blossom. It is as though each gay comes to Saugatuck only for sex and deliberately shuns any meaningful contact. Sexually satisfied, gays return home alone when the weekend ends. If an address or phone number is exchanged, a friendship seldom develops. Memories of marathon sex feverishly pester them and keep them emotionally discontent.

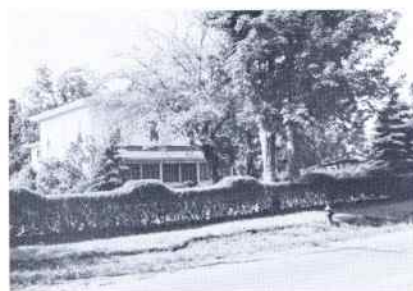


Saugatuck Motor Lodges



Woods at Saugatuck Lodges

There are six gay lodges and rooming houses in Saugatuck. Five of them are run by Norbart Incorporated, and the other, the **Frolic**, is independent. Although the Frolic hasn't any private baths, all the rooms have basins and are carpeted. It isn't elegant . . . there isn't anything elegant about Saugatuck . . . but it is very comfortable and clean. The beds all seem firm, and the rooms are spacious. Unfortunately, there are only 11 units, so reservations are a must during weekends and holidays. Singles are \$8 per night and doubles are \$10. During the holidays the rates are \$12 and \$15. Prices remain the same regardless of number in the rooms. There is always someone at the Frolic all year. The telephone number is (616) 857-9964.



Frolic

The **Edgehill**, like the Frolic, is downtown and located at 312 Francis Street. The 11-unit, sharing-bath facilities here are less desirable than the Frolic; not only does the rooming house need painting and spackling; it can also use some major carpentry. The rates here during the week are \$8 for a single and \$10 for a double; during the weekends the rates are \$10 and \$12, and during holiday weekends the prices soar to an outrageous \$15 and \$17. There is also a charge of \$3 for each extra guest. A room, called the **Body Shop**, is used as a TV lounge and

showroom. The Body Shop can be rented by groups for parties up to fifty. On weekends, during special-event nights, they have drag shows, contests and entertainment. (Incidentally, the beds here are like Salvation Army rejects . . . at least mine was; therefore it is always wise to check the mattresses before agreeing to a particular room.)



Edgehill

Singapore Inn is another downtown rooming house, but it was not ready for inspection during my visit. It is going to be rustic, so I was told by the management, and have about 19 units with shared bath.

There are three facilities on Blue Star Memorial Highway. Each requires private transportation to reach. The **Berry Cove** at 64th Street and Blue Star Memorial Highway will probably be the best when it's finished. Presently it has 8 units with kitchenettes, and enough space for sunning and parking. There is a five-year plan to convert this location into a complete 32-unit complex with sauna, swimming pool and private party room. By writing Frank X. Cuddy, Jr. (zip code 49453) or phoning him at (616) 857-9983, you can make reservations. For reservations at the other Norbart Incorporated complexes, you may write Saugatuck Lodges, Box 406, Saugatuck, Michigan 49453, or phone in Chicago (312) 929-0001 or in Saugatuck (616) 857-4269 (specify location).



Berry Cove

The **Saugatuck Motor Lodges** at 3291 Blue Star Memorial Highway is probably the most popular of the other on-the-highway facilities. Behind the cabins are the bushes where weekend parties are held. There are only six cabins here, though, but each has private shower and toilets. It is nice and comfortable, but again nothing special.

The **Blue Star Motel** is about a mile north of the Saugatuck Lodges. There are ten individual units here with bath and toilet; it is a typical motel with nothing to distinguish it physically from thousands of others throughout the country. Prices at the Blue Star, Saugatuck Lodges, Berry Cove and Singapore Inn are the same as at Edgehill, and reservations are usually all handled by the Saugatuck Lodges.



Blue Star Motel

Since Saugatuck doesn't have taxi service, and transportation to Saugatuck is limited (car-ferry from Milwaukee and Greyhound from Chicago and other cities), it is wise if traveling by public transportation to rent a car in Holland, Michigan, then drive the 12 miles to Saugatuck. Transportation is necessary for those who are accustomed to mobility and independence; otherwise you will be dependent on acquaintances or your feet to get around. Either can be extremely inconvenient.

Besides the bushes, the dunes, and the bar, there are only limited activities here. They include bicycling, tennis, miniature golf and boating. The Red Barn Theatre on Blue Star Highway has professional summer stock. A few nice restaurants like the **Tara** or **Il Forno** are around, but none is anything you'll write home about. An afternoon in nearby Holland might be fun for

those who like visiting quaint Dutch village-like sights.

In packing for a holiday in Saugatuck, take only your cruise and swim clothes. Saugatuck is a sex resort!

Canada's Gay Campground

A New Idea In Gay Holidaying

By Jerry Roberts

In the finest tradition of Canada's staunch pioneers, a group of gay guys have trail-blazed another North American 'first' . . . a gay, open-air campground. True, in the United States we have our Fire Island and other partly- to mostly-gay beaches that make our summers so memorable. But Quebec's new **Domaine du Gay Pleins Vents** (Gay Outdoor Campground) emphasizes the all-around aspects of gay holidaying rather than just beaching-by-day and meatracking-by-night.

Simply said, this campground is run by gay guys for gay guys on a simple, friendly, inexpensive basis, and in this short piece we'd like to brief you on just **how** gay, friendly, simple and inexpensive it is.

First, its background. Pleins Vents—the short form is used—opened in 1973 on a site formerly used as a camping ground for families. (It is still visited by some of its former vacationers—married couples as well as some straights who came to make it with single girls, and who like the place so much they won't go anywhere else.) The gay guys who took it over had such a successful first season, and an even moreso second, that plans are under way to expand/improve Pleins Vents for 1975 in the hope that **you** will come up and join in the fun. Although French is the working language, French-Canadian gay people are

bilingual, so if your French is presently in a state of disrepair, fear not. You'll have no difficulty making yourself understood.

Next, **how to get there**. Keep this issue of **Ciao!** at the ready because, understandably, Pleins Vents is not indicated by "Welcome, Stranger!" signs with flashing neon lights. So without this information you will be in the middle of nowhere fast. Our gay Eden is just 46 miles from Montreal. From Montreal, take Highway 20 eastward to Exit 90. Head south on Highway 32 for 5.7 miles and you will reach the little town of Upton. Continue through Upton—still on Highway 32—for 3 miles, and make a right turn, going straight for 1.8 miles to the end of the road. Turn right on the gravel road and go for 0.6 mile and you will arrive at the gate of Pleins Vents. **Welcome, stranger, really.** But stranger no more!



What facilities are available at Pleins Vents? Everything that is similarly available at any other campsite in North America . . . space to accommodate 50 trailers; good water; electricity and waste disposal. In the administration building there is a restaurant that serves coffee, snacks and full meals from 7 a.m. to 3 a.m. daily. If you don't have a refrigerator in your trailer you may keep your beer cold in the restaurant's refrigerator . . . just check it in and one of the staff will give it to you whenever you want it, without charge.

Other facilities are (1) a large dance floor with juke box, adjacent to the restaurant (orchestras play for dancing on weekends) . . . (2) a swimming-pool with diving board (swim nude or swimsuited, as you prefer) . . . (3) a volleyball court with non-stop action all day long

... (4) shower and toilet facilities ... (5) tents that can be rented at \$2 per day (if you don't have a trailer, or if you'd like space for a small orgy—**tres intime**) and/or rooms at \$5 per day. Because tents and rooms are in great demand all summer, it is wise to reserve well in advance whatever you think you will require.



Varied activities. On each weekend of the season there's a special activity planned. Last summer there were a Go-Go-boy contest; a costume ball; a Mr. Pleins Vents contest (some really nice bods here!); a theatre night; Christmas in July (everyone gets presents); and because gay guys are invariably super-talented there is a frequent 'do your own thing' one-man show ... musical, dramatic, vocal, travesty, and so on. Then there is at least one corn roast. This latter is pure Canadian. Pleins Vents is in the heart of the corn country and the Canadians have always made the corn roast something home-like, such as our American clambake, wienie roast or picnic. Fun.

Age groups. Although Quebec law makes 18 the legal age (21 in other provinces), and there are many teen-agers here, there are also men of every age group. It is of special interest that men of older years love to come here. Men 50 and beyond. So there's someone for everyone, which makes it all the nicer. Don't let a page of the calendar keep you from coming to Pleins Vents!

Also, the law regarding sex in Quebec is extra liberal. Although Dominion law permits sex between consenting males of 21 or over, the Province of Quebec, by lowering the legal age to 18, makes it possible to have chicken delight whenever

you like (if you consider 18 'chicken'). Moreover, there is no hassling by police. **Public orgies** on the grounds, however, are not permitted. Nor are drugs. Also, why not bring along your dog? He'll have fun, too. He's welcome.

Rates. Because Pleins Vents is near Montreal, many gay guys park their trailers here, or maintain tents all summer long and drive out from Montreal on weekends. If you choose this **seasonal** plan, the charge for 6 months (May 1 through October 31) is \$72.50 for trailer space, plus \$60 membership. Or you may have the **weekly** rate of \$18 or the **daily** rate of \$5. And if you'd like to come up just to see what Pleins Vents is all about—and whether it's your thing—a one-time, one-day visit costs only \$3. Also, if you do the trailer bit you can get groceries and supplies in nearby Upton. No problem.



Ambience. The friendliest gay guys in the world come to Pleins Vents. Most are from Montreal, of course. Everything is casual: jeans **et al.** Brief shorts—certainly for volleyball—are fine. However, Pleins Vents is **not** a nudist camp. If you see someone you think you'd like to know better, go right up and say "Hi!" No one stands on ceremony. It's just too friendly a place for formality. Cruising is just as casual as the life here. But more than anything, Pleins Vents is a gathering place for outdoor fun and the good gay togetherness of healthy, extroverted people. It is this that makes it such a joy. So if you're up Montreal way, why not drive out and look it over? You just may wind up spending the entire summer here!

For reservations and/or other

information, write **Domaine du Gay Pleins Vents**, Box 219, Upton, Comte de Bagot, P.Q., Canada, or telephone 549-4711 in Upton.

Gay Des Moines

By Bill Josephs

Iowa men (sometimes called Hawkeyes) are healthy-looking and strong with interesting faces and solid character. Since Des Moines is the state's largest city and the gathering place for gays, all types converge in the 64 square miles of city. Contact is usually direct and uncomplicated. If Hawkeyes are turned on, they say so. There are seldom coy games. Sometimes their directness leaves the visitor with the impression that they are prying; for it is not unusual for them to approach a stranger, if he's doing something out of the ordinary, and ask personal questions. Visitors who are accustomed to such directness may respond easily, but one not accustomed may at first feel uncomfortable. But this directness, visitors will soon find, is their charm—a natural and healthy curiosity which is the result of an uncomplicated lifestyle.

Since there are not many amusements in Des Moines, the mind often idles. Therefore, it isn't at all difficult to pick up a straight who is just a little bored and curious, and expand his experiences. Because the motto of Iowa is "Our Liberties We Prize and Our Rights We Will Maintain," there are seldom any complications from straights or the fuzz. Perhaps the most exciting single event in Iowa is the State Fair which is held in late August at the Iowa State Fair Grounds at the east end of Grand Avenue. Inasmuch as Iowa has one-fourth of the best farming land in the States and provides one-tenth of America's food supply, this annual fair is

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big and exciting. Beautiful corn-fed boys and men come from everywhere in the state to participate. Alert and very wise, these healthy specimens are ready. Many are starved for physical contact and come to the city with the same eagerness for action that a gay person does in going to a bar. The slightest suggestion, therefore, will often bring on a visible response. I have heard several Des Moines gays brag about their romances on the Fair Grounds during the event.

Usually, though, the activity centers around bars and private parties. Admission to parties is generally easy because of the basic friendliness of the Hawkeye. Crime, not being a major concern, there are no big-city fears of inviting strangers home. Because the drinking age starts at 18, many of the university students from Drake or the other local schools and colleges in the area frequent the bars. Consequently, there are two things a Hawkeye learns early in life: how to screw/how to drink. So even though the boys seem a little young, they are usually quite versatile.



Menagerie Club

The newest bar in Des Moines is the **Menagerie Club** at 5810 Second Avenue. Once a month they have shows, and charge \$1 cover charge then. There is an outdoor patio, which is a pleasant place to sit and drink with your lover. All types head here, but mostly couples. Hours are from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Monday through Friday; on Saturdays from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. (All gay bars are closed on Sunday, because none serves food. According to the state law, only bars which serve food may remain open seven days a week.)

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Of course there is dancing. Because it is some distance from downtown you will need a car (no public transportation goes out this far), or you may take a taxi (about \$2.75 one way).

The roughest gay bar in Des Moines is the **Blue Goose**, 208 Third Street. All types go to this downtown bar, from rough trade to young college students. Generally, though, the crowd is made up of window washers and janitors and other such butch types, and it can be mixed with straights and gays. The time to go for socializing is in the evening when the bar fills with interesting-looking men.



Blue Goose

The **P.S. Mailbox Lounge** at 311 Second Avenue is probably the best downtown bar for gay activity. It gets a large variety of types, in age from 18 to about 40. Most everyone is friendly and nice, and there are shows on special occasions. It is open Monday through Saturday from 3 p.m. to 2 a.m., and there's dancing.



P.S. Mailbox Lounge

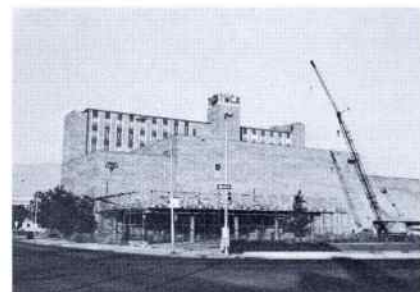
Another downtown bar that's popular on Sundays when the gay bars are closed is the **Franklin Hotel Bar** at Fifth and Locust. During the week the bar is straight, but on Sundays the gays predominate. Since this is a comfortable hotel it can be a nice place to stay. Rates for rooms

begin at \$9.50.



Franklin Hotel Bar

Personally I think the **YMCA** at 101 Locust Street is the best place to stay. The Franklin is just a hotel, but the Y is a Y, which means it can be cruisy. It is not only inexpensive, but also very new and clean; and it is so conveniently located near downtown Des Moines. As if this weren't enough, it has another plus. The mirrors in the room are placed against the walls wisely so that anyone looking into a room that has the door open a crack can see what's happening on the bed at the opposite end of the room.



YMCA



Margo Frankel Woods State Park

The parks are very cruisy in Des Moines; what the city lacks in bars it makes up for in cruisy parks. The one is the **Margo Frankel Woods State Park**. It is across the street and a few blocks north of the Menagerie Club. The woods to the right of the Second Street entrance is

dense, and busy from about 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Also the johns in **Union** and **Grandview Parks** are busy. The **Greenwood Park** at Grand and 45th Street is cruisy during the summer when the students are on vacation.

The circuit downtown is **Fifth to Grand to Sixth to Keo Way**. At night from about 9:30 this area gets the usual heavy car cruising and walking. Some nice types usually work this area, including many bored salesmen and visitors who stay at the nearby hotels.



Fifth & Grand

There is only one downtown arcade. It is called the **Red Eye** at 205 Fourth Street, and it shows the usual X-rated films. This 25-cent arcade can be cruisy. Many straights go here for a quickie, so it can be a great place to stop for a little amusement.



Red Eye

Although Des Moines has only a few bars, as we mentioned, it does have enough cruisy areas to make a visit, long or short, worthwhile. So if you are driving through the state, don't forget to pause in Des Moines. Those Hawkeyes are great people!

QQ now accepts Master Charge & BankAmericard for merchandise orders totaling \$30 or more . . . see ads in this magazine and coupon on page 54!

'Gare' Fare Don't hurry to catch a train!

By Jon Lorrimer

The French will modestly tell you that their cooking is famous for good reason: the standards are so nationally high that you can get an inexpensive good meal anywhere, and a really sumptuous one for a reasonable price if you know where to go. "Fine," the American traveler may say, "but how does one go about finding such restaurants . . . trust to serendipity?"

No need to, because they are right in front of the traveler's eyes . . . the **tristesse** of it is that he has come face-to-face with them but didn't recognize them. As in Poe's **The Purloined Letter**, the safest point of concealment is always the most obvious place: a point where one's eyes are frequently focused—so frequently that they are blinded by familiarity. Of course the French don't want to conceal them, although in their way they are a national treasure. It's just that they expect the traveler to know that the railroad station buffet will be—especially in smaller cities—the best place to get an often superb meal for a reasonable price.



Gare de Lyon, Paris

For example, almost everyone visiting France will make a pilgrimage to Dunkerque on the Normandy coast, where so many brave soldiers were killed on the beach during the initial invasion of Hitler's 'Fortress Europa'. **There** in the **gare** is the **fare**! The buffet is a quite spacious **salle a manger**. Draperies of beige and gold hang in gracefully-curved folds around the room. The generous tables with their spotless damask cloths are spaced comfortably apart. The room is softly lighted by beautiful chandeliers that add richness to the design. Already one hopes the train will be late so that more time can be idly spent in this handsome, restful room.



Dunkerque

Because Dunkerque is on the English Channel, the fish is fresh. The sole really **is** Dover, and caught that very morning. And because the city is near the countryside, wild game is a daily **specialité de la maison**. Jean Bertogli, the manager, is an avid hunter, and so one would be wise to try his roast pheasant when dining in his Richelieu buffet restaurant.

Very likely the visitor to France will be in and out of the Gare de Lyon frequently . . . particularly if he has cannily invested in a Eurailpass that permits him to travel anywhere, and as often as he wishes. So if you have a train to catch from this station, don't hurry. Allow plenty of time to dine in the splendor of this opulent buffet, popularly referred to as "Le Train Bleu." It is so magnificent that it has been declared a national art monument, and if you don't dine here just once you simply will not have seen Paris

CIAO!

in full perspective. The design is **fin de siècle** and the first wonder that catches your eye is a huge curved window, around and above which are rich sculptures (lots of 'nubility' and gold-leaf carvings in several shades), with an enormous seascape rising nobly above. The window draperies are a rich red, and the entire effect of the design seems to warm the stomach before a bite has been eaten. Needless to say, with all this opulence the food is equally superb. And for all its excellence a complete meal in "Le Train Bleu" will not cost and arm-and-a-leg as it would in more publicized Parisian restaurants of equal grand luxe eminence.

If you are traveling north to Belgium, even the isolated little town of Millau on the River Tarn in the Province of Languedoc has an excellent station buffet. Or if you are reliving medieval history and are in Arras, the capital city of ancient Artois province, you will find a beautiful Louis XVI dining room in the station.

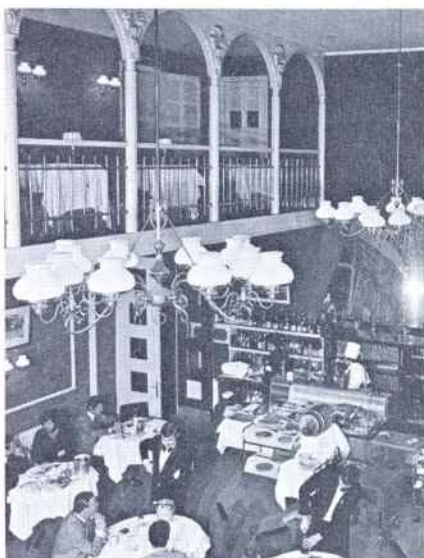


Millau

Moreover, in smaller towns it is the custom to have, in addition to the buffet, a **buvette**—a kind of snack bar/apéritif bar—where the townspeople come for a drink and a chat, beginning in early morning. In this way gay people meet gay others, and the stopover can take on an even richer meaning. Of course not every small town served by the French National Railroads is blessed with such sumptuous 'gare fare'. Some buffets are quite plain. But even so, the food will be good and not expensive; usually the plainer the establishment the heartier

and more generously-portioned is the food.

Lest you think that the French National Railroads, being—as are all railroads, to some extent—bureaucratized to such a point that each buffet in each station in each city hews to a front-office-planned menu, bear in mind that each buffet is operated under individual franchise, with the franchise-holder paying 10% of his annual gross receipts as rental. Hence there is total individuality in menu-planning, and each buffet builds its menu around what is locally good and indigenous to the area . . . then the imported goodies make up the rest.



Valenciennes

These excellent railway station restaurants try very hard to please, and their job is not an easy one, catering to the gastronomical whims of assorted travelers. But they are successful and should be patronized by anyone who appreciates good food, and wants the best wherever he goes. You will find excellent buffets in such tourist places as Le Havre, Nice, Strasbourg, Rouen . . . and in small places like Valenciennes, Besancon, Tarbes, Montpellier and Metz. If you are flaunting your Eurailpass throughout France on your vacation, take advantage of these fine buffets. You'll save lots of dollars; you'll dine in high style; and you'll meet lots of gay guys you might otherwise miss.

Waterlines

How To Stay Healthy Abroad

By Roger Watson

Blessed is the man who can travel anywhere in the world and never be systemically upset by local drinking water. Yet for each individual with such an iron constitution there are dozens who will invariably feel the wrath of Montezuma wherever they go . . . the first few days of vacation being spent breaking the track record from bedroom to bathroom, rather than seductively and productively on the cruising range.

The trouble is that we have come to take drinking water for granted—ours being, in national scope, the purest in the world. Our nation is the youngest, our plumbing, therefore, the newest, and our sources of supply virtually unlimited. Yet it is a fact that the United States Public Health Service has found that 41% of our larger cities now have persistently inferior-quality water. While this 'inferior quality' has less to do with actual pollution (as it does in other countries) than with taste characteristics (these usually stemming from chlorination or other disease-preventative methods), it is driving us to the bottle (water, that is). Our readers in such diverse places as Houston, Chicago, Rochester, Cleveland, New Orleans and Miami/Fort Lauderdale will attest to this as their own status quo.

Some local water is simply too brackish, generally because of too much of one kind of algae or too little of another. Some contains too much iron. (In San Diego and Phoenix, for example, iron constitutes 700 parts-per-million, when 100 p.p.m. are considered hard enough. Thus a gay guy's teeth are as horny as his horn!) Still other water has a positive lead taste—so characteristic of European drinking water. While in the United

States this is usually the result of factory wastes being dumped into feeder streams, in Europe it is principally due to ancient water mains long corroded . . . also because the bombs of two World Wars have cracked or fissured the mains. In turn this has permitted the in-seepage of pollutants which, in many areas, cause the water to not only taste unpleasant, but make it unsafe to drink. The difference between the Europeans and us—as visitors—is that over the years nature has given them an immunity or tolerance to the pollutants, while we—not so conditioned—fall victim to them.

BOTTLED WATER

But for whatever reason, the trend to drinking bottled water has created a billion-dollar-per-year business. Such bottled water is most appreciated if it is **natural spring water** (the label must specify this). It may also be identified as **natural mineral water**. However the label reads, water in either category must flow out of, or bubble up from underground sources without any pumping or drilling to speed the process. It must take its time, according to Mother Nature's time plan. Then, too, it must be bottled at the spring. And there can be no additives, nor anything removed. The only filter is the **earth**. It cannot be 'reconstituted' as is orange juice or skimmed-milk, to which are added vitaminic factors and certain solids.

The natural spring or mineral water you buy may be either 'still' or 'sparkling'. In the latter case there is a natural carbonation that the hand of man has not supplied.

SPARKLING WATERS

European sparkling waters, such as **Vichy Celestins** and **Perrier**, both French; **Apollo-naris**, from Germany; **San Pelle-grino**, from Italy; and our own **Saratoga Vichy** are the very best. All these sparkling waters have a clear to slightly saline taste except Saratoga Vichy, which is more alkaline and somewhat metallic. But health-

ful . . . all. And you can get them wherever you go throughout the world. No need to take them along.

'STILL' WATERS

The very best—hands down—of still waters is **Mountain Valley Water from Hot Springs National Park**, Arkansas. It is such a clear, good-tasting, light-textured water that one is tempted to drink and drink and drink of it. It is sold in glass bottles (never plastic) in food stores throughout the country. It is said that ex-President Nixon took cases of it along on Air Force 1 wherever he went, which is probably the poorest recommendation the water could have; and that Secretariat drinks it exclusively, which—considering his horny fecundity—is possibly the best (if they would change the name of Mountain Valley Water to **Stud** it would seal out and the spring run dry in a week!).

Another excellent American still water is **Deer Park Mountain Spring Water** available in grocery stores for about 80 cents per gallon. It is bottled at the source by Nestle (the chocolate people). Also **Blue Rock Mountain Spring Water** from the spring owned by none other than Bob Hoffman of barbell and **Strength & Health Magazine** fame. Very good.

Great Bear Natural Spring Water used to taste good when it was sold in bottles. But one can often taste the plastic from the container now, and it is no longer as consistently pleasant.

Of the European still waters, the famous **Evian** from high up in the French Alps is superb. It is probably the best-selling still water in the world. And **Fiuggi**, the same water Michelangelo drank, is equally fine. It has a slight mineral taste but it is absolutely pure, and if you are in Italy you can rely on it to keep your tummy out of trouble.

Beware of 'purified waters' or 'spring-type' waters. These waters are usually municipal tap water that has been deionized or distilled. In the distillation process, of course, not only are all

impurities removed, but all taste as well. So what you have is just 'neutered' water or 'wetness'. Not very inspiring. Distilled water is 'hospital pure', since it is used in newborn babies' formulas, but for human consumption on a regular basis it lacks such character that one is not tempted to drink it . . . which, of course, is not systemically wise inasmuch as each of us should drink several glasses of water each day.

TRAVEL TIPS ABOUT WATER

There is an old traveler's maxim that warns us to "drink only water that has been boiled, and food that has been cooked." It's sound advice. However, although one is careful to **drink** either bottled or distilled or boiled water, there are other 'unthinking' ways to consume it and thus render oneself prone to any discomfort such as the runs, to actual disease, such as hepatitis.

For example, if you go to a bar in a foreign city and have something like Scotch and water . . . if the water is local tap water you're risking contamination just as though you had consumed it sans booze. Ask that your drink be made with Perrier or some of the recommended still or sparkling waters we have mentioned. And further . . . see to it that the bartender opens a fresh bottle right in front of you. This may add a slight charge to the price of your drink, but it's worth it, hygienically. (The reason for asking that the bottle of Perrier—or whatever mineral water—be opened at the time, is that too many greedy places fill the Perrier bottle again and again from guess where—the tap!)

Also, if you'd like a lemonade or some other kind of fruit drink requiring water as a constituent, have it made at your table with freshly-opened cold bottled water. If mixed with local tap water, again you risk the rising wrath of Montezuma. And remember, too, to ask for it **un-iced**. No restaurant, to our knowledge, has ever made its ice cubes with expensive bottled water!

CIAO!

And be sure that you do not have an uncooked vegetable or fruit salad. The ingredients will certainly have been washed in the native water and even a few drops of this alien and possibly-polluted water remaining on the leaves or fronds or fruit skins can throw you for a loss.

Most good department stores, specialty shops, or hardware stores now carry small portable water filters. Some of these can be attached to a spigot . . . some work on the charcoal-filter principle . . . others have still different filters. Investigate them. Read the literature. Find out how effective each is in purifying water. Then find a small space in your traveling bag for it. It will be worth its weight in gold (even at today's gold prices!).

Failing this, carry along with you a small sauce pan in which you can boil water. Boil all drinking water and any water you will otherwise utilize, such as in brushing your teeth, or in preparing snacks. Pollution will be destroyed if you boil water for about ten minutes. Then you can pour it into a jar or other receptacle and cool it for later use.

Finally, before leaving on your trip abroad, check with your physician. Ask him for a prescription for purifying water quickly in an emergency. There are several effective tablets and elixirs that are available. With these wise precautions you can make every moment of your trip a pleasure, with never a worry about mean ol' Montezuma!

A Paradise Pad

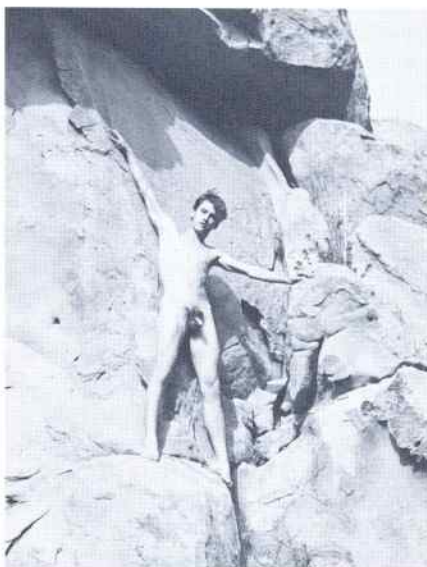
An Island Of Your Own

By Terry McWaters

Christopher Columbus had a thing about islands. So did Henry Hudson. And Ponce de Leon. Each in his own way. Yet May/June 1975

in searching for virgin land all were disappointed because each managed to do **another's** thing. Columbus had a passion for small, sexy islands, yet so insistent was Isabella that he open up new trade routes, and so often maladroitness was his steersman, that he usually blundered into huge unexplored continents. "**Yekkh!** North America . . . who needs it?" he exclaimed as he dutifully ran up the Spanish flag. And another time when gale winds blew the **Nina**, the **Pinta** and the **Santa Maria** into Cartagena, "**Oi, Gott . . . South America yet!**" Only once did ChrisCo connect with an island he really cared for—Puerto Rico. He and his gay crew fell in love with it and decided to stay for a time. As we know, they left it sizzingly gay for us.

Henry Hudson was cast in sterner mold. Big continents were his target, yet he invariably had to settle for an island he didn't care for. Imagine his surprise when he sailed up the North Atlantic and bumped into the sandbar we know today as Fire Island. Stepping ashore to explore what he thought to be a new continent, he was back within an hour reporting to his crew. "Would you believe . . . an entire island of nekkid guys humping each **other?**"



Off again he sailed, before the horny gay guys of his crew could go ashore and explore this intriguing place—to get the lay

of the land, as it were. This time storm winds drove **The Half Moon** ashore farther down the coast where Hudson and his crew were met by some curious Indians whose chief told them that the island was called Manhattan. Since this was the nearest thing to a continent HH had run into, to save his wounded pride he offered to buy the island from the Indians. As history affirms, he got it for \$24, and when this paltry sum could not be raised in gulden, the gay contingent of his crew chipped in with their slave bracelets and golden popper necklaces—even sacrificing their precious **macho** cockrings—plus a case of rum. The Indians left forthwith for Euphoria and Swozzleville, and the gay crewmen set out to cruise what is now known as Greenwich Village.

Poor Ponce de Leon, however, was 'Mr. In-Between'. Not cool like CC, nor heroic like HH, he couldn't have cared less whether his discovery turned out to be island or continent, if only once there he could find the legendary Fountain of Youth. Being then old enough to have diapered the infant Moses in the bulrushes, and having had **hard-none** for so long, just to have **hard-one** would have seemed instant priapism. Unfortunately, while he searched many undiscovered islands in Florida, his will o' the wisp venture failed to lead him to where the Fountain of Youth really is—what is now Tampa, the city of gayoungguys . . . like **really** young . . . like chicken. But so much for a little history-bending.

Who among gay people has not dreamed of having an island of his own? A place 'that dreams are made on'? If stolid straights like Jackie O and Daddy O can have their dreamy Skorpis, far from prying eyes, why can't a gay couple have their own Greek island and call it by the more beautiful name **Phallos**—that Greek word-picture so expressively symbolic of the male body's handsomest adornment?

Or perhaps just a small 'week-end' island nearer home where the pent-up hostilities of the

work-week ebb with the tide . . . and one returns to the city on Monday, refreshed, renewed, and looking ten years more youthful. Or an island where one can whisk away a new lover for a more extended period, to become united more intimately and deeply, having the relationship take on beautiful hues and reveal nuances of expression that could lengthen/strengthen it with a special mystique that might be evoked in no other way.

Or a larger island to which one may invite gay others—affording a chance for big-scale, open-throttle lovemaking. Or, one might establish one's own **Île du Levant**—activating it as a more commercial nudist camp. This might also be a corporate venture with several paying their fair share. A loan could be arranged to build small primitive cabins or A-chalets, and equip them with simple basics. Fees could be set that would enable each to quickly recover his investment. It's more practical than one might initially think.



Island ownership can run from the (1) inexpensive (usually for some abandoned or discover-it-yourself island more than twelve miles off the continental limits of the United States) . . . through (2) the moderately-expensive obtained, often, from couples who have become disenchanted with each other/the island/both, and who want to unload it cheaply pronto/presto . . . to (3) the 'ghastronomic' millions (such as

the young Aga Khan's famous Costa Smeralda, an island complex off the coast of Sardinia that represents an investment of \$168 million!).

In discover-it-yourself islands one must keep an eye out for signs that the property is no longer inhabited by its owner. For example, two years ago the island Tago-Mago off the coast of Ibiza (which is the 'in' gay center of Spanish Europe today) was bought for just \$1 per square meter, while land on Ibiza proper goes for \$15 per square meter! The lucky buyer had noted that the recluse owner had recently died. He searched out the three heirs to the island. One lived in Barcelona, another in Madrid and the third in a remote mountain village. They were unaware of just how valuable their inheritance was, and so the buyer struck at the right moment, and now has an old farmhouse that he has reconstructed to some extent . . . a well with the purest drinking water . . . and 110 acres of tillable land! And if he should sell it now he could get 20 times the price he paid for it!

In the domestic moderate-price class, Cow Island, off the coast of Maine (a heavenly summer vacation spot), was recently bought for only \$40,000. A good-sized island, this was a great buy. It will be wise to remember that no matter what you pay for an island it is an excellent investment, for in just the short span of five years its value may have doubled/tripled . . . even quadrupled.

If you spot some uninhabited or unused island, investigate it. Inquire about it from the County Clerk of the county nearest the island. You will learn who owns it (if there is an owner), and much about its vital statistics: size, tax-assessability (if any . . . probably none), as well as what it is worth. If the island lies in a river or lake, the state/county will have jurisdiction. But if the property is within twelve miles off the continental limits of the United States you should contact the Department of the Interior in Washington about the possi-

bility of acquiring it. You may be able to get it without cost (as were whole farms during the Land Rush), or at a low, federally-determined fee according to size and location. If it is farther out, you may be able to move in—just like Columbus—hoist your own flag and claim it for your own . . . with no one to say you nay. In any case, by following these guidelines you will know how to proceed with legal safeguards, and without going to needless expense of having an attorney look into it for you.

If your quest for an island leads you far, far away from these shores . . . if you have something like Tahiti in mind, or the Seychelles, or perhaps a small island off the coast of Italy . . . or an abandoned monastery off the coast of Spain or France, or high in the mountains of Greece (and there are more of these than one might imagine, inasmuch as the monastery business is not as flourishing today as it was in medieval times . . . all the monks are coming out these days), you may be glad to know that there are several enterprising firms of daring young men—Columbuses all—who have the world at their fingertips, and who will know just the property you may be seeking, and how to get it for you. Such firms advertise frequently in **The New York Times**; in **New York Magazine**; in **The Saturday Review**; and in **The New Yorker**. Also in **The Times** of London; in **The Illustrated London News**; in **Britain**, and various continental publications that your local library might have.

Their fee for finding island property is usually about 5% of the purchase price. If you are in the bucks, however, and want to buy either a very big island, or a special kind of island, their fee is scaled **downward** as the purchase price rises. Although they are out to make money, they're also out for the fun of Columbus-ing and not to take advantage of you. So if you're not as adventuresome as CC or HH or P de L they'll do your exploring for

CIAO!

you. It's an easy way to get what you want, where you want it.

What you'll get will really be a 'Treasure Island'.

Gay Dining This Month: Lhardy of Madrid

By The Editors

The gay visitor to Madrid who treasures his trim waistline must be something of a hero, come lunch or dinner time. Considerable belt-tightening is in order to resist the culinary blandishments of any Madrid restaurant—particularly its **tapas**, or endless variety of Spanish hors d'oeuvres one nibbles of, and on, and then some more—before tackling the monster lunch or dinner.

Generally this custom of working oneself into a lather before a principal meal is done in a kind of cruisy chain fashion . . . stopping in at several little tapa bars along the way for a mini-beer, a mini-nosh, and a mini-cruise for a possible lover for **la hora de siesta**. But to devotees of **Lhardy**, a Madrid institution since 1839, one begins and ends here and wouldn't dream of stopping at any other place beforehand.

Americans who know Lhardy well may be a little shocked, and then, on reflection, somewhat amused, by the suggestion that Lhardy invented the Automat. Yet, fundamentally, this now-famous establishment and its upstairs (once secret) dining rooms began as a kind of automated **pâtisserie**, with all kinds of little calorie-laden goodies exposing themselves shamelessly behind small individual windows. One didn't drop coins in slots, however, and have the little windows fly open brazenly-automatically. The procedure was far more elegant . . . to lift this or that window, remove what one craved (which was

everything) and—only after having consumed the very last crumb of the delicacies—pay for them at a 'confessional booth' at the door . . . whispering to the great Monsieur Lhardy himself the extent of one's gluttony.

Emile Lhardy was a young confectioner from Switzerland when he opened his expatriate establishment at 8 Carrera de San Jeronimo in Madrid in 1839. At first it occupied only part of the street floor of a large building. But right from the first M. Lhardy went completely ape, decorating the two large display windows with smart black borders **à la Suisse**, and wildly-expensive gold filigree lettering. Later, when his **pâtisserie** had become the most popular place in Madrid—and everyone called him, deservedly so, **Don Emilio**, he took over the rest of the building and converted the upstairs into a several-rooms restaurant, the entrance to which was by a discreet side door . . . discreet, because it had to be so in those days when a lady couldn't dine in public—even with an escort—if she were even remotely distinguishable. Since this reconstruction, Lhardy looks exactly as it did in 1840.

Until 'tapa time' at half-past noon, the big windows of Lhardy are tightly shuttered. But when the moment of the nosh is at hand they rise on what might seem to be a Broadway production. Shining brass **étagères** filled with gastronomic delights tempt the window-gazer. In a matter of moments the place begins to fill.

Inasmuch as the Madrid custom at tapa time is to stand, there are no places to sit. Most of the Lhardy clientele first gathers around the huge steaming urn from which cups of hotter-than-hell bouillon, like no other you've ever tasted, are dispensed. This works especially well for the cruising Weight Watcher for it is easy on the waistline.

Then, and reminiscently of the 'Automat', a silver and crystal dispenser begins to drop thin sandwiches onto plates. These, incidentally, are all 'hand' sand-

wiches in the sense that they are not 'mayonnaisey' or otherwise drippy-goopy, and there is no need for constant mopping of the mouth and fingers. It's all very genteel and casual. There are most courteous attendants who assist in this 'tapa-placental' delivery, and selections are visible through the same ornate engraved glass panels installed by Don Emilio.

Then you will likely be intrigued by a silver carousel that carries the famous Lhardy hot chicken croquettes (very tiny). And decanters of wines, arranged with great taste, make a beautiful picture on a damask-covered table in the rear.

Because of a later (and profitable) addition to Don Emilio's enterprise—catering—one's eye is caught by the handsome vitrines filled with samovars in various sizes; urns great and small; platters of the finest china; Champagne buckets of ornate inlay; presses and wine coolers . . . all the paraphernalia associated with the art of catering. Inasmuch as Don Emilio catered the affairs of the Spanish Court, his gold service has graced the tables of Alfonso XIII, Queen Victoria, high ministers and ambassadors (once, even Mata Hari!) this display has an almost museum-like ambience. One somehow seems transported to the late nineteenth century . . . the Art Nouveau movement . . . the Belle Epoque.

But the Lhardy tapas are what one returns again and again for. Actually, anything that can be eaten quickly, in quite small, non-messy amounts while standing—without serviette—may be considered a tapa in Madrid. Tapas can be broiled or baked, fish or fowl, meats or vegetables. And in Lhardy, even pastry. These are varied each day of the year, and because of this each visit is a new and special occasion.

If you and a friend would like to lunch or dine in the upstairs restaurant you will find this a memorable experience, too, because there is no more gourmet-inspired food in all of Europe.

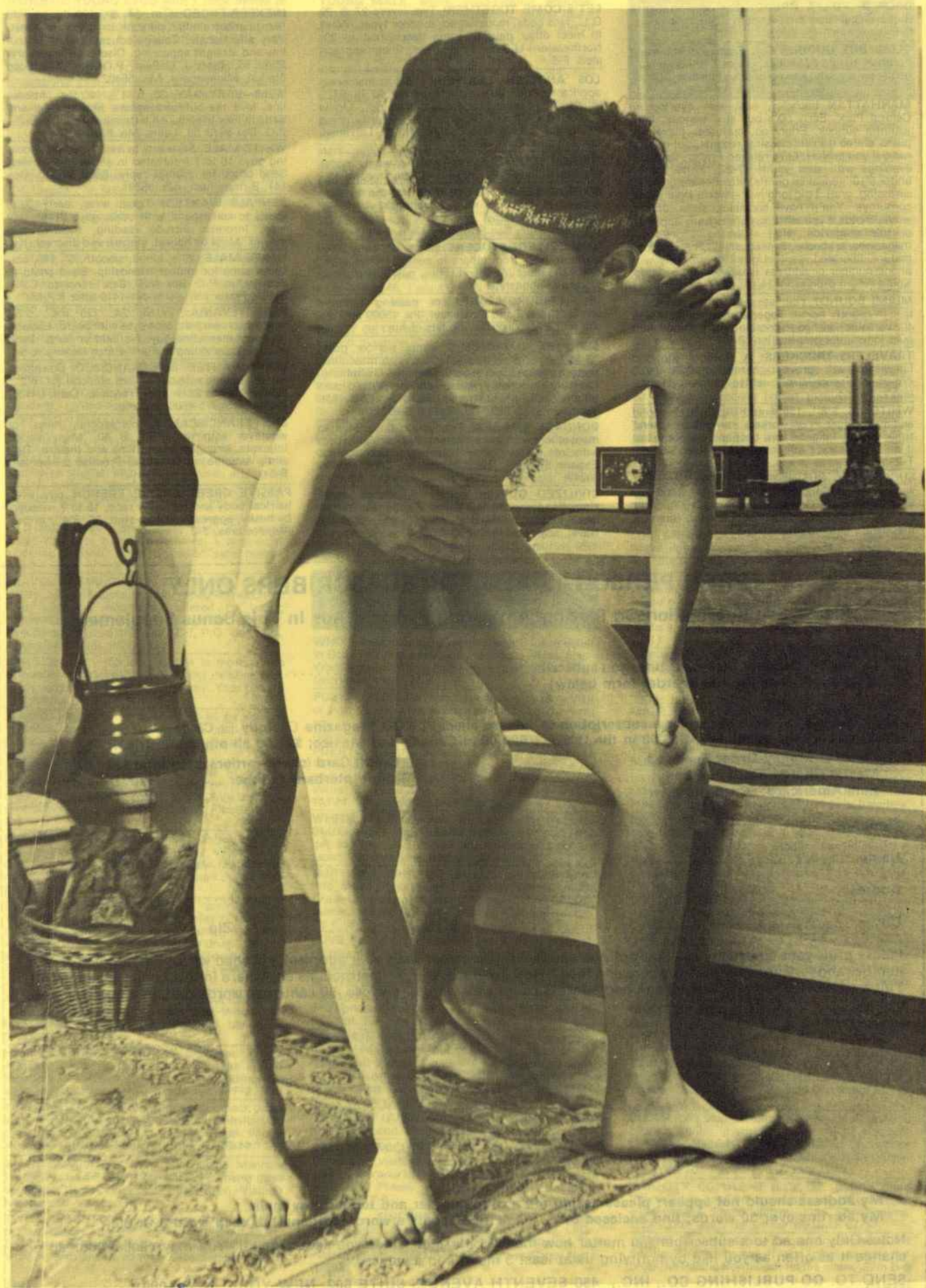




Jurgen

Personal Ads

Bonus Pull-Out No. 1
May/June 1975





Come first into the downstairs area . . . have some bouillon; a cress sandwich, wafer thin; perhaps a brioche filled with *pâte*; or even just a slice of the wonderful Lhardy bread with butter. Then up you go to Lucullan heights that will etch your visit to Madrid forever in your memory.

Recipes From Around The World

Gathered by The Editors

It stretches the imagination to a degree, but it just may come to pass that we shall all look back on the times of sky-high food prices and shortages of this and that and say, "Really, it wasn't so terrible." Certainly this may prove true if, during meat shortages, one discovers the nutritional wealth and mouth-watering goodness of yogurt in its many variations.

If by abstention from meat (supermarket variety only!) a few days each week, and by substitution of yogurt as the principal protein of the day, one notes a firming of the body (perhaps the loss of a few unneeded pounds) and—certainly the most visible characteristic after a few weeks of this—an improvement in the skin tone of the body (particularly the complexion), so that it is no longer a depressing bone gray, but newly radiant and pimple free, then surely yogurt in some form will continue to be the high point of one's diet.

When made of fat-free milk, yogurt is total protein. The carbohydrate content of the milk is changed into lactic acid and has no caloric value, and so—minus both fat and carbohydrates—the yield is 36 grams of pure quality protein. Calorically a quart of fat-free yogurt yields 360 calories. This very low yield makes it the nutritional equal (even the superior) of a half-pound serving of

sirloin steak (460 calories, even if mostly lean).

Yogurt is the gay guy's friend in another special way. Not only does it help keep his waistline tamed, his skin tone radiant, and his complexion flawless, but it deodorizes bad breath stemming from foul intestinal gases.

The healthful bacteria of the yogurt strain/culture has the effect of setting up a Vitamin B factory in the intestines . . . its clean, fresh flora replacing the 'dirty filters' in the intestinal wall. Anyone who is troubled with bad breath that turns away trick after possible trick (and who, therefore, rarely experiences the joy of deep mouth kissing) should check with his dentist to see if there is some evidence of tooth decay. If this is ruled out, obviously the source of the trouble is in the gut.

By eating yogurt every day this intestinal flora is maintained and the breath is pure. (Of course there is always the possibility of some kind of stomach or intestinal dysfunction . . . certainly we are not suggesting that yogurt is medicinal and will correct such a condition.) There is such comfort in knowing that one's breath is irreproachable and one need not be eternally dashing into the anti-halitosis pills.

EASY-TO-MAKE YOGURT

Unfortunately so many of the commercial yogurts one finds in the supermarket are 'additived' . . . a small container (one cup, 8 ounces) will often have a quarter-ounce or more of gooky jam of one kind or another sunken like a stone in the bottom. Of course as this diminishes the protein content of the container, it increases—through the added carbohydrates—the caloric content.

Fortunately there are several excellent home yogurt-makers on the market (*Yogurtera* . . . *Salton*, to name but two), and by following the simple directions one can have fresh yogurt all the time, with no more trouble than by simply pouring fat-free milk into the heating containers, stirring in a tablespoon of a good plain yogurt (*Dannon*, *Colombo*, *Lacto*, are the best name brands), turn-

ing on the switch, and letting nature work on it for a few hours. Overnight you'll find that your fat-free milk has been magically changed into a taste delight that will enslave you!

There are so many uses for yogurt that we should like to give you some varied recipes that will perk up your tastebuds and make them cry out for more. Like . . .

ORANGE YOGURT DELIGHT

Mix 1 cup of plain (unflavored) yogurt with 2 tablespoons of toasted sesame seeds and a teaspoon of Grand Marnier liqueur. Peel and section 4 oranges. Now alternate layers of yogurt mixture and the orange sections in 6 parfait glasses. Chill well. Serves 6.

RASPBERRY YOGURT FLAN

Dissolve 1 (3-ounce) package of dietetic raspberry-flavored gelatin (made with saccharine instead of sugar) in 1 cup of boiling water. Pour into an 8-inch baked pie shell. Chill until ready to serve. Serves 6. If you'd like to make this a little 'raspberrier', add 1 teaspoon of pure raspberry syrup to the yogurt.

STRAWBERRY-YOGURT AMANDINE

Combine 1 pound of frozen unsweetened strawberries which have, of course, been thawed, with 1 cup of plain, unflavored yogurt, ½ cup of mayonnaise and ¼ cup of light honey, plus ½ cup slivered almonds. Spoon into a quart-size mold. Freeze until firm. To unmold, let stand at room temperature for a few minutes. This will serve 6.

SALAD DRESSING NEW DELHI

To one cup of plain yogurt add ½ cup each of diced fresh cucumbers and diced tomatoes, plus ¼ cup freeze-dried chives and ½ teaspoon curry powder. Makes a generous two cups of delicious salad dressing.

CREAMY YOGURT MUSHROOMS

Clean and trim the stems from 1 pound of small mushrooms (chanterelle type). Sauté the

CIAO!

mushrooms with 1 cup of sliced green onions (the fresh garden type) in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter or margarine until tender. Now slowly blend in 3 tablespoons of flour. Lower heat. Add 2 cups of plain yogurt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried dill. Stir until the mixture is thick and creamy. Spoon over hungrily-waiting toast points. Serves 4.

'APPLE-CADO' SALAD

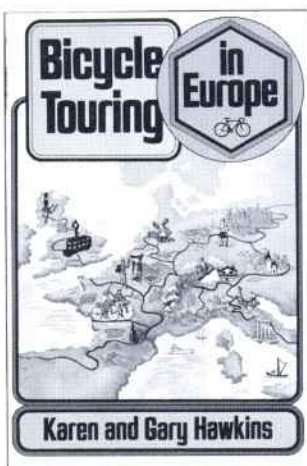
Sprinkle 1 tablespoon of lemon juice over 3 apples and 1 avocado which have been cut into wedges. Add 1 cup diced celery and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped walnuts (you may use almonds if walnuts are not available). Then combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of plain yogurt and mayonnaise. Sprinkle in $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of salt and sugar. Toss with the fruits. Serves 6 happy diners.

LAMB CHOPS INDIENNE

Make a mixture of 1 cup plain yogurt, 2 tablespoons of grated onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon each of thyme and garlic salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Spread on both sides of shoulder lamb chops (this mixture will cover four generous chops). Chill for one hour. Broil on greased broiler pan for 5 minutes; carefully turn chops and broil 5 minutes on the other side. Garnish with flakes of fresh parsley.

Book Review

By The Editors



It may surprise many of our readers to learn that the largest convocation of people—and of course gay people—in Europe this summer will be right in the heart of Paris (as it was last summer) in the **velo** (bike) camp in the Bois de Boulogne. If viewed in the perspective of sheer **density** of humanity in a given area, as differentiated from population by actual **numbers**—the campground of the Bois will be more crowded for three months than the cities of Singapore, Hong Kong, plus London's Cheapside and New York's Greenwich Village combined. And you know what all **that** togetherness can lead to!

With the cost of gasoline climbing higher every year, only the very rich or the devil-may-care will tour Europe by automobile. Thus King Bicycle will reign, deposing Hertz as Numero Uno, and Avis (no matter how much harder it tries). But what we have noted about the Bois de Boulogne can be said with equal truth about bicycle campgrounds all over Europe and the United States, and the growing popularity of this mode of inexpensive travel has given rise to several excellent books about biking, the best of which we believe is **Bicycle Touring in Europe** by Karen and Gary Hawkins, a paperback volume by Pantheon Books (Random House); 180 pages; \$2.95.

This timely book is much more than just a compendium of biking facts and figures. Its authors—who travel throughout Europe on bicycles, and who know by heart every biking joy and ploy—have the gift of enticing the reader out of his armchair to come along with them. Because biking is so 'in' these days, with almost everyone on wheels—either from economic necessity, or just for the exhilarating fun of it—you can tour Europe rock-bottom inexpensively, camping along the way with dozens of gay others; or luxuriously, staying in hotels and taking yourself and your bike by train over the rougher spots.

In a special section of their

book the authors outline nine of their favorite European tours, and while all are fascinating, gay people will find three of compelling interest because we have described the gay action areas of Holland, Denmark and Munich/Bavaria in previous issues of **Ciao!** and **QQ Magazine**. Take them along and see how much more fun you have in **A Town and Country Tour of Holland; Castles and Cuckoo Clocks . . . The German Romantic Road and the Black Forest; and Fields and Fortresses of Denmark**.

From the practical point of view, the authors take you even further into their confidence as they tell you how to choose and buy (or rent) a bike; how to dress for your trip; what to take; how to prepare easy-does-it meals along the road; how to pack a bike; and the easiest ways to pedal and ride in comfort while traveling long distances. Since this latter has given the might-be distance-biker pause for reflection—all of it seeming somehow tortuous, involved, and/or difficult—you will be pleasantly surprised as the authors outline the simple techniques they have evolved to make the going great (and easy) **all** the way. And this alone may convert even the most skeptical individual to biking . . . both abroad, and far more often (and to more distant places) at home. Of great value also is the fact that the presently-uninitiated biker will discover how getting so easily from 'here' to 'there' makes possible, in turn, a more complete and leisurely traversal of the broadest spectrum of gay life . . . something he might never experience any other way.

In addition to explicit directions/instructions (plus illustrations and simple maps) of everything one needs to know about bicycle touring abroad, the book includes many practical appendices listing important information—plus addresses here and abroad—about bicycle touring organizations in every major country of Europe.

For example, such information could be used this way. Recently in our **QQ Magazine**

(October 1974) an article **FKK Your Way Through Yugoslavia** focused on four of the twenty-eight popular nude beaches along the Dalmatian Coast. We took them from the point of rent-a-car travel. Yet if you were biking through Yugoslavia, by simply contacting the **Federation Yugoslave de Cyclisme**, Hilendarska 6, Belgrade, you would have quickly available the most complete information on cycling campgrounds near each nude beach, and thus explore all twenty-four others at your leisure . . . and what fantastic stories you could bring back to us, and through us ultimately to our readers. That's really sharing the wealth! **Bicycle Touring in Europe** is crammed with interesting and helpful information for both the would-be and experienced biker . . . whether one is planning to do the European scene on two wheels or just spin off on a gay jaunt some distance from home. It's well worth every penny of its modest \$2.95 price, and **Ciao!** recommends it unreservedly.

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

Miami . . . This city continues to be a best bet for gays taking wintertime vacations in the U.S. Though temperatures occasionally drop it is usually sunny and warm—and has in town and vicinity dozens of gay bars, baths, movie houses, johns with glory holes, gay beaches, etc. Until recently it was relatively free of police harassment of gay haunts in general. Thanks to its new police chief the city is no longer all that comfortable for gay residents and vacationers. Just recently the Club Miami baths was raided and loitering charges were brought against 67 men—15 of them being charged with performing illegal sex acts, and 5 with possession of narcotics. What the remainder of this season holds in store for

gays and how it will affect gay vacationers planning trips next winter remains to be seen.

Denver . . . A gay guy, 27, whose name is being withheld by police until investigations are completed, was sexually assaulted by two women, according to the victim. The man accepted a ride from three women while hitchhiking. While being driven around two of the women raped him in the back seat and then kicked him out, half nude, and sped away.

Veracruz . . . Lige Clark, former editor of **GAY** newspaper, was shot and killed by bandits in Mexico. His companion was hit three times but survived.

Atlanta . . . The bluecoats are acting up again. In an obvious attempt to harass the gay community the entire cast of the gay play "And Puppy Dog Tails" was arrested for indecent exposure. The play involves a love scene between two men, and while not explicit, it is said to have outraged the community in general.

Rio de Janeiro . . . This year Carnaval gave a few gay visitors somewhat more than a hangover. Several young gays sporting long hair were arrested and detained for questioning in order to harass them and discourage any future visits. Commissioner Moacir Bellot publicly stated that long hair is a byproduct of homosexuality and that permitting gay vacationers to flaunt themselves in Rio is a dangerous influence on young men who associate with them.

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

- The tropics breed diseases which thrive in such climates and many organisms are becoming more and more immune to many antibiotics previously used with success. If you go you would be wise to avoid eating raw fruits and vegetables. Drink bottled water. Avoid sex if you

can. If you do have sex have your trick shower beforehand, if possible, and do not rim him. Take a supply of antibiotics along and double up on the usual dosage if you have sex with the natives—no matter how clean they appear to be on the surface. Flagyl is a drug which combats numerous organisms, including amebas that plague travelers in Mexico. Consult your doctor before leaving and insist that he prescribe an antibiotic that can be taken along for such a purpose. He may argue that taking any drug in this manner is not advisable—but do not let him talk you out of it. Should your body build up an immunity against a particular drug a substitute combatant can be used for treatment later on if you do come down with something. On returning home if you feel ill and suffer cramps and the like have your stool checked for possible worms.

- If you crave adventure you might contact SAS and ask about their gold mining tours above the Arctic Circle. You'll fly to Oslo and then to Lakselv where you will board a bus to Karasjok. A long boat ride through wilderness on the Lapp River is next. You'll sleep in a tent or a hut, help prepare meals over an open fire, and dig, dig, dig by day. Enough gold is being found to keep the SAS tours booked. For more information write: Gold, SAS, 138-02 Queens Blvd., Jamaica, N.Y. 11435.

- Now you can book any hotel in the Bahamas by calling toll-free 800-327-0787 in the U.S. (not including Florida; there dial 800-432-5594). In Canada dial Zenith 9-9110.

- Opera buffs might delight in taking the "Opus VI" cruise offered by Holland America aboard the Rotterdam on May 31st. Met stars including Jan Peerce will perform on the cruise which departs New York for Nassau and Bermuda. Judging from what has always gone on in standing room at the Met for years (it's where zippers in the seat of the pants first made their appearance!) the passengers on the cruise could be more interesting than the performers!

CIAO!

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BY SPREAD EAGLE STUDIO

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CHAPTER 7:
**LIGHTS...
CAMERA...
ACTION!**

IN THE LAST BIT, FANNY FOO, A TRANSVESTITE WATER-BUG HAD PERSUADED XAVIER TO ATTEND THE GALA OPENING OF A GAY FUCK FILM AT THE TOM KAT CINEMA NEXT DOOR! THE NEW FLICK WAS STARRING NONE OTHER THAN PISSPOT PINCUS... XAVIER'S ROOM MATE... AND SECRET LOVE!

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TONITE ONLY
A FREE
10LB. CAN
OF
CRISCO
WITH EVERY
TICKET!
GALA OPENING

OH...
DAT EXPLAINS
IT!

LET'S HUSTLE IT...OR WE'Z MIGHT MISS DA FIRST ERECTION! I'Z WANNA GET ME SOME CHOICE VIEWIN'

LADIES FIRST...

SNIFF... SNIFF... I'Z THINK WE'Z GONNA GETS US A CONTACT HIGH!

SNIFF...YEAH FANNY FOO...THIS CROWD IS PUFFIN' SOME GOOD WEED TONITE!

WATCH MY SEAT, AMIGO. I GOTTA PISS!

WATCH YOUR TUCKUS, HONEY! I'Z HEAR DAT TEA ROOM CROWD CAN GET MIGHT-EE ROUGH! I'Z USE DA LADIES FACILITIES, MYSELF!

YEAH!

OYE CHIHUAHUA... SOMETHIN' TELLS ME FANNY FOO WAS RIGHT!

FUCK ME...
FUCK ME!

INSIDE.

TAKE THAT
LOAD, MAN!

WOW...
HOW MACHO!

I WANNA SEE ALL THIS HOT
ACTION FROM A
GOOD SPOT!

BE STILL MY
CHICANO
HEART...IT'S
PISSPOT..IN
THE FLESH!

LET ME TAKE
A WHIFF...

OYE...I'M
GETTIN' FUCKIN'
DIZZY FROM
ALL DIS...

I'M NEXT
ON THE
POPPER,
PISSPOT!

SUDDENLY...

EEK...
A BUG

PIOP!

WHO ARE YOU
CALLING A BUG...
COCKSUCKER?!

BUT...
BUT...

TAKE THAT!

10 MINUTES LATER...

XAVIER.. YOU
DONE MISSED
DA' BEST PART
OF DA FLICK!

DA FLOOR SHOW
WAS BETTER,
AMIGO...SIGH!

PW...
BIFF...
BANG!

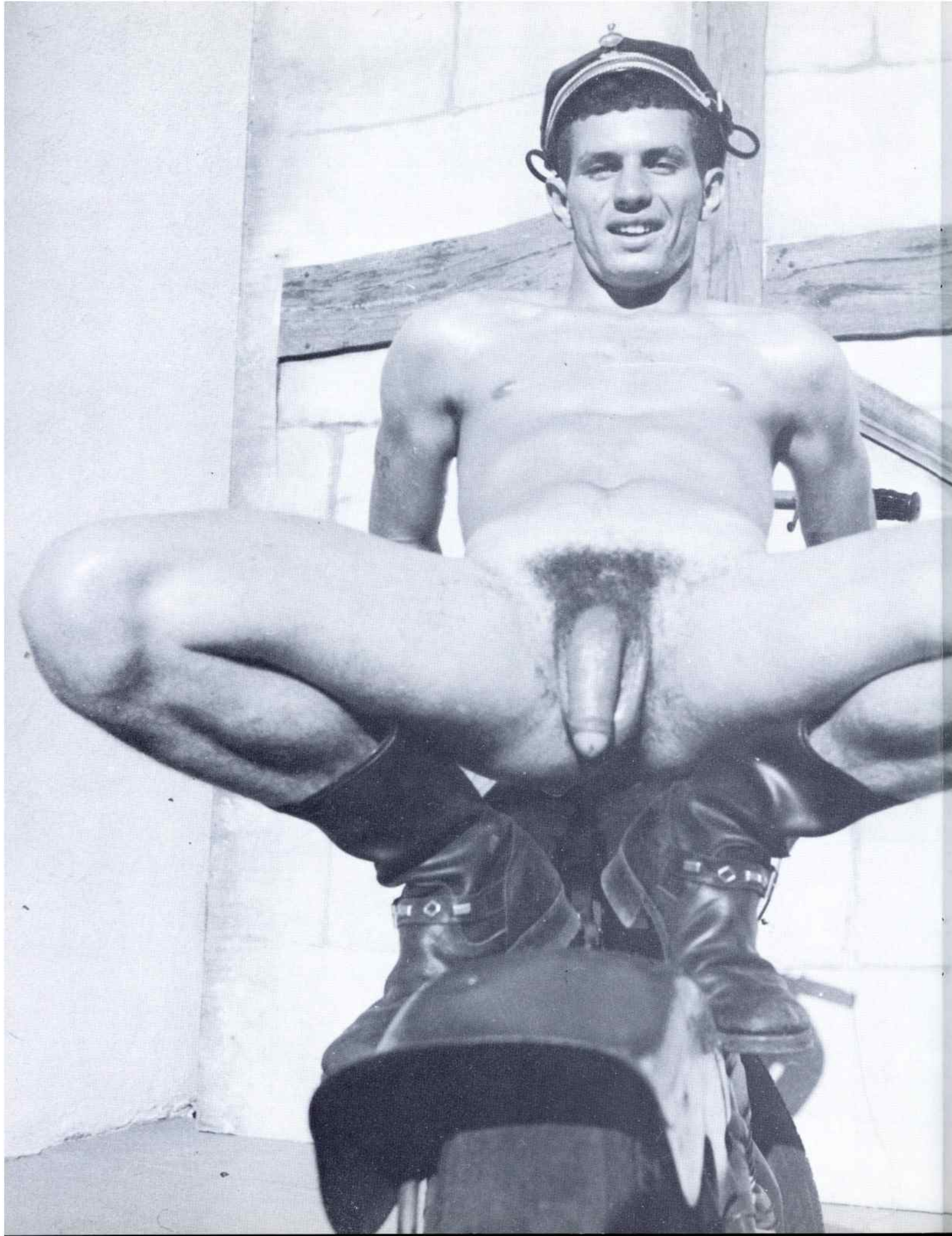


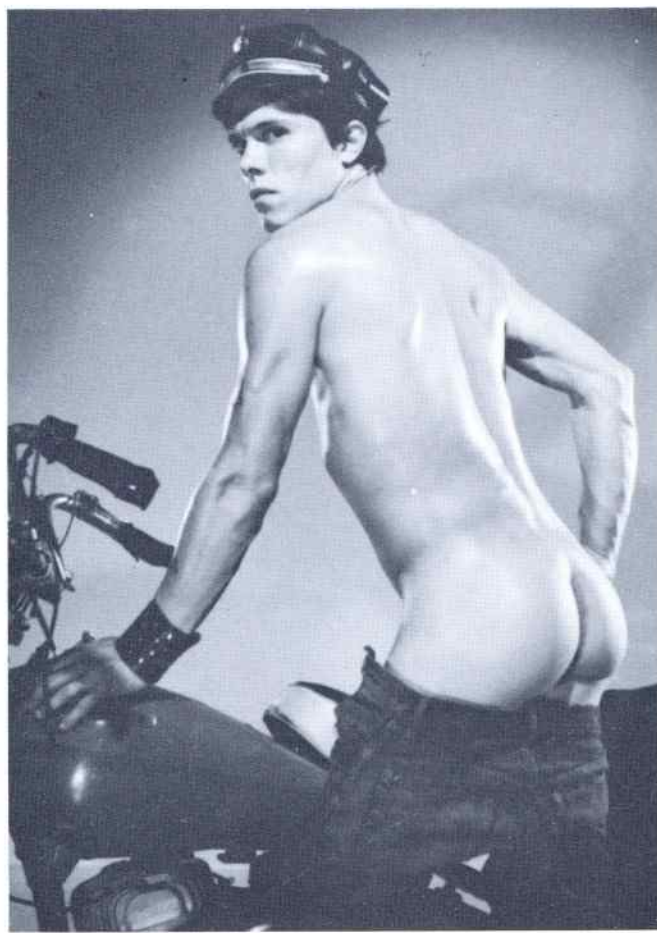
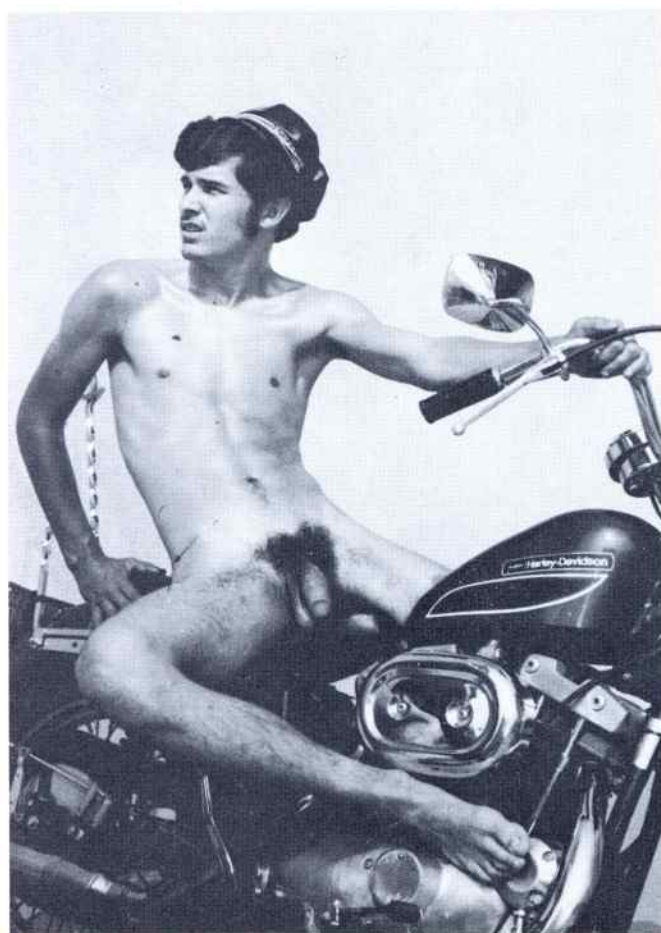
Photo Feature of the Month
Bike Boys

By Athletic Model Guild













Canada



Spain



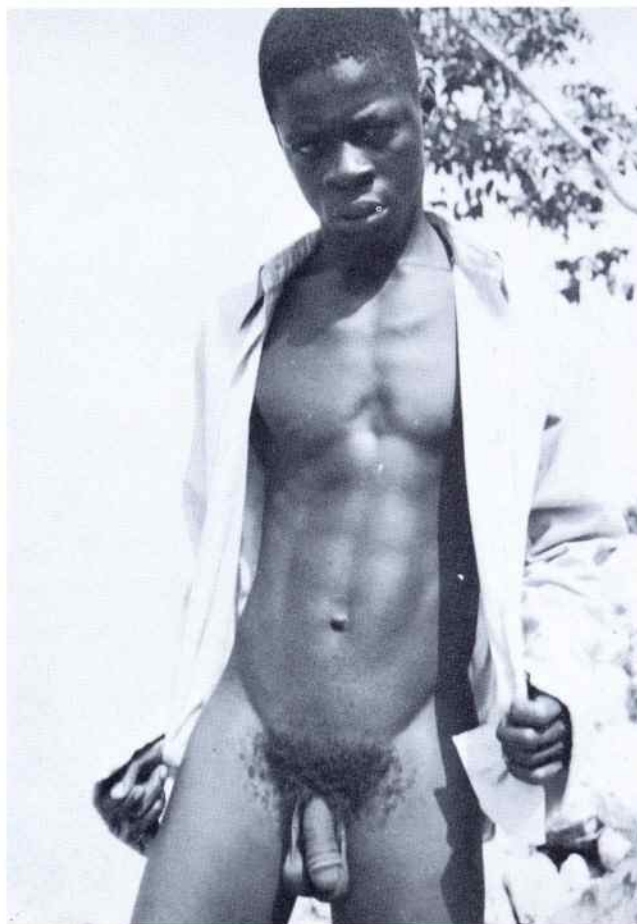
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Super Studs of the World
Compiled by The Editors

France

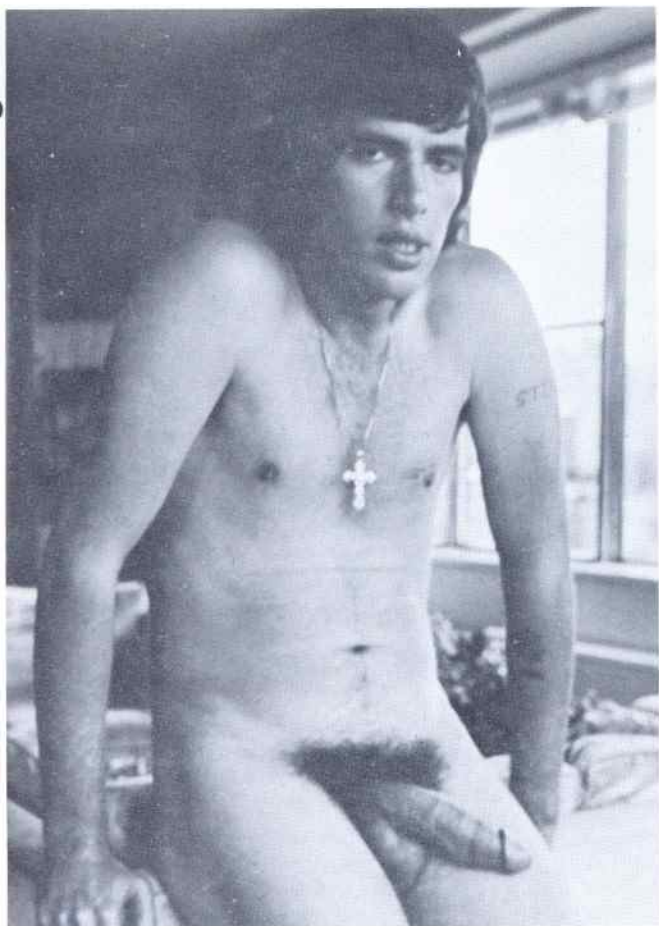


May/June 1975

Haiti



England



Germany



Holland



U.S.A.

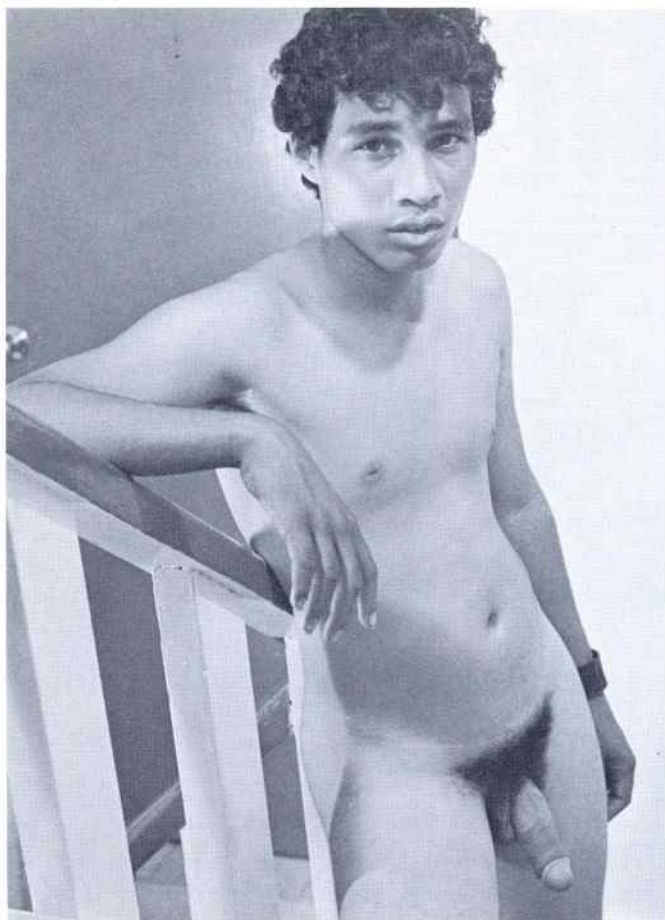


Jorgen



Puerto Rico

Jurgen



Western Photography Guild

U.S.A.

Italy



Denmark

Manila

is the big feature in the coming August 1975 QQ Magazine, out in May wherever you buy this magazine. We have a fascinating article that provides tremendous insight into its people and bares all about its fabulous gay life. You'll enjoy it tremendously even if you aren't planning a trip there. Read it and see.

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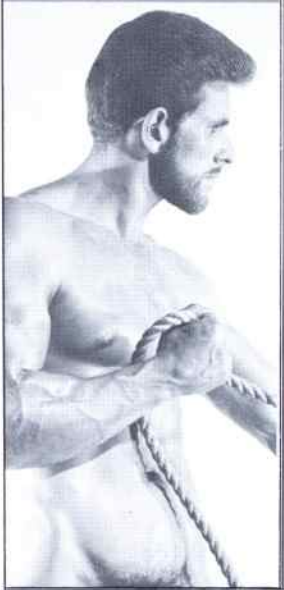


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S-E-X! IN A BOTTLE?

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

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

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



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

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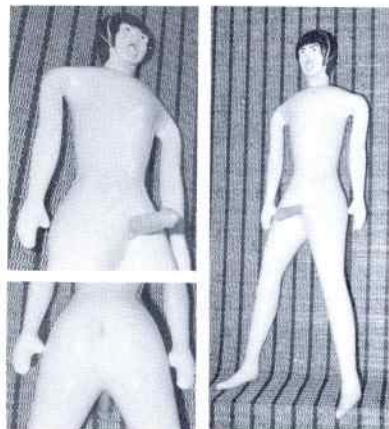


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Nearly all existing gay travel directories are "rip-offs" of guides published years ago—providing information which is no longer valid. The editors of our gay travel magazine span the world—constantly gathering information for Ciao! They have prepared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

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

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

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QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001

Please check:

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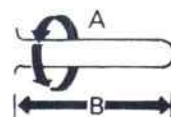
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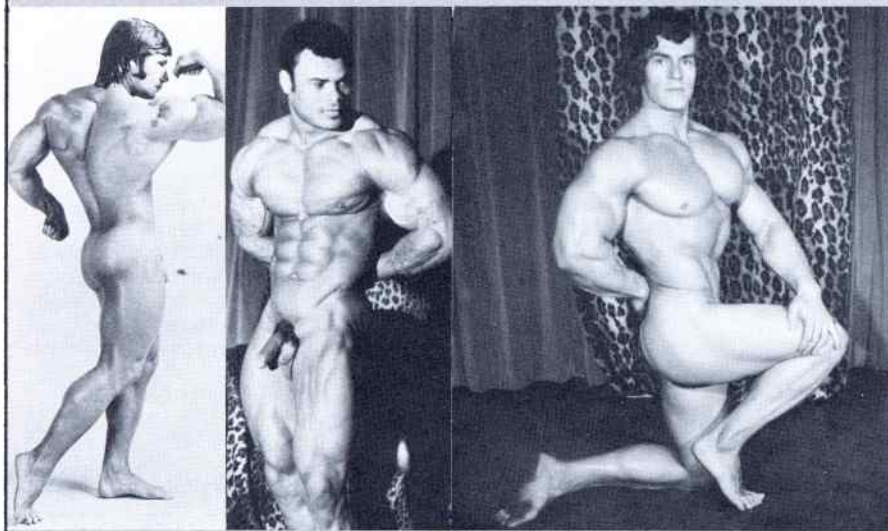
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FROM ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD

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

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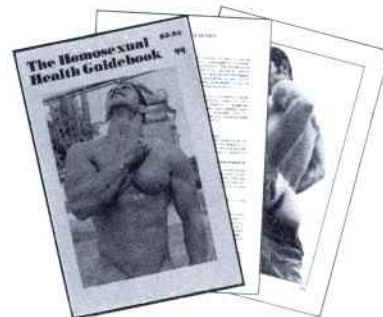
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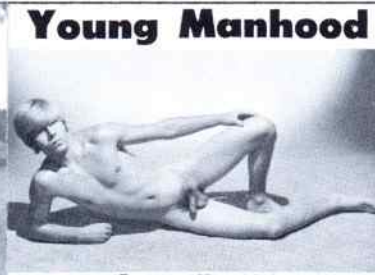
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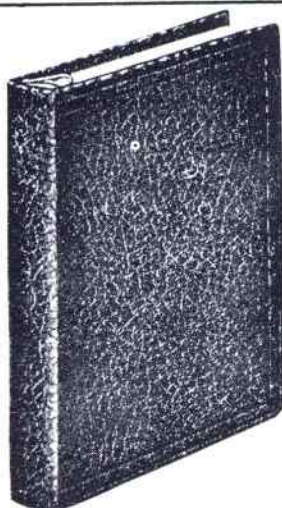


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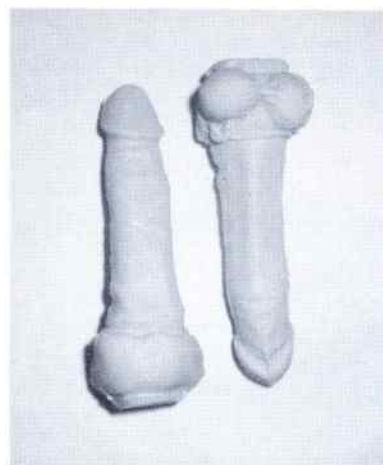
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No. 2



No. 3



No. 12



No. 13



No. 4



No. 5



No. 14



No. 6



No. 7



No. 8



No. 9



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No. 11

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is the big travel feature in the June 1975 QQ Magazine, currently available wherever you buy this magazine. In keeping with our democratic policy of "equal time" both Beirut and Cairo will be featured in Ciao! soon—along with other Middle Eastern delights like Istanbul. Your newspapers tell you about bullets being shot off in that part of the world . . . we tell you all about launching much hotter payloads!

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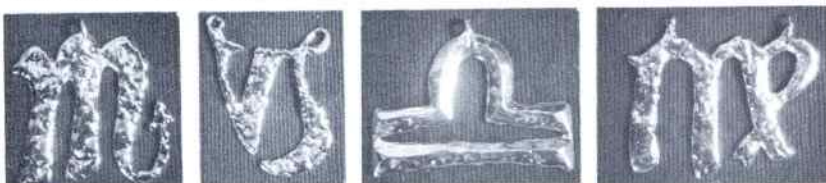
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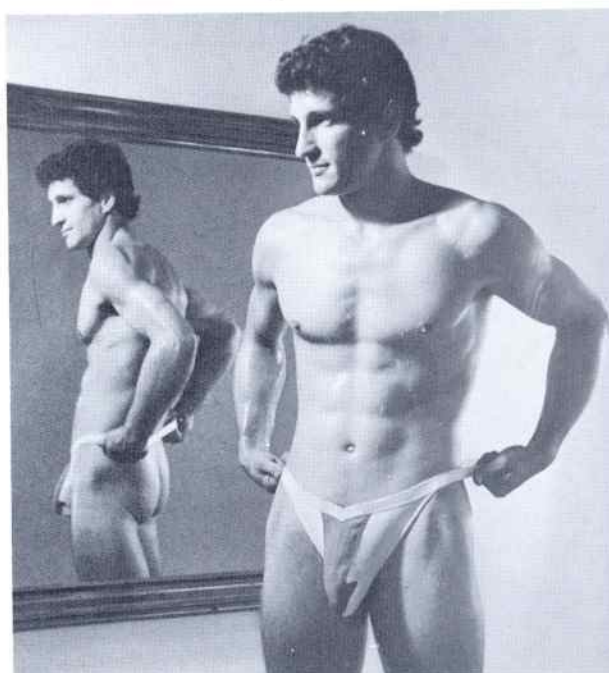
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