

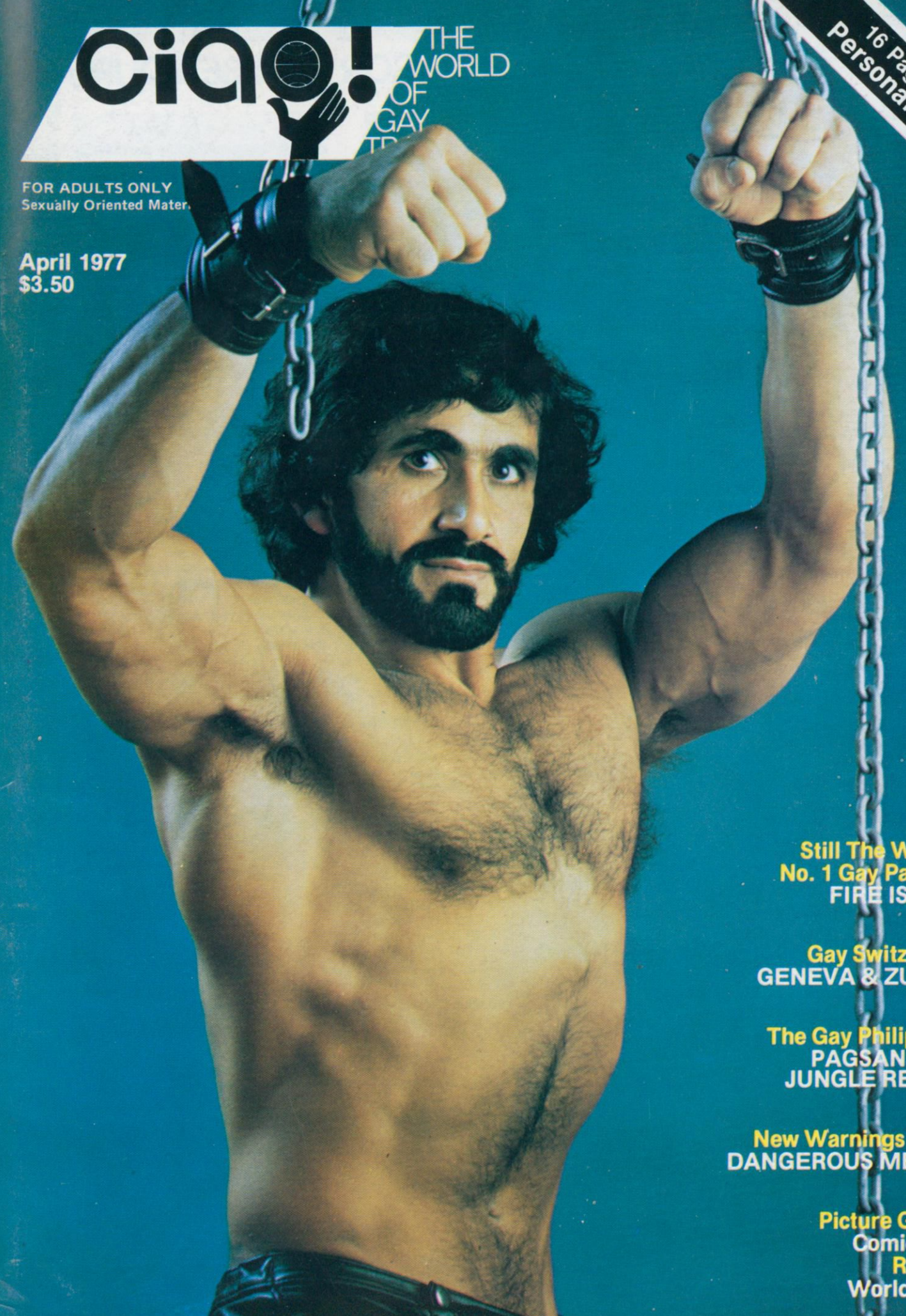


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April 1977
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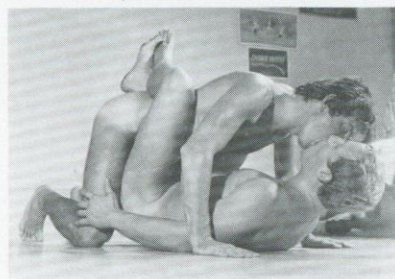
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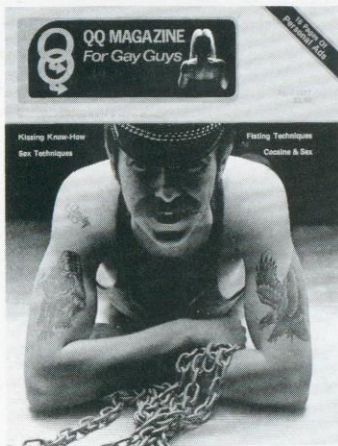
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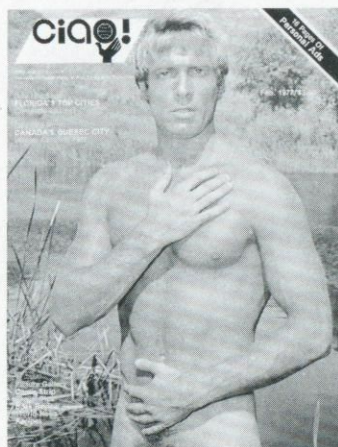
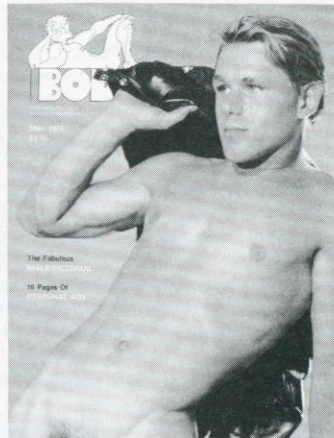


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Hang-Ups And Hang-Ins Tips On Travel Photography

By Dory Cavanaugh

Thanks to hijackers and other aerial ripoff artists, taking your camera with you on vacation is not the casual thing it used to be. No longer is it possible to just lay in a supply of film, sling your camera around your shoulder and be up, up and away... reveling at the thought of getting some really great pictures, without the slightest trouble (it never even entered your mind) to warm your nostalgic heart on winter nights.

Thanks again to government regulations that mandate the search of your luggage and personal belongings—you too—you have some pretty nasty hang-ups in store if you're not prepared for them. So here are some practical things you can do to smooth the way before you leave. By knowing what to expect you'll fly off in a happier frame of mind.

Whether your plane is to straddle the continent here at home, or the Atlantic to Europe, be sure that your camera is in topnotch condition. And if you are buying a new camera, don't make the mistake of doing 3000 miles of picture-taking as a 'dry run'. That's **real** optimism! Make a preliminary test. Shoot a few rolls before you leave—have them developed and check the results carefully for signs and portents of a possibly troublesome trend. No matter that your camera has an all-embracing warranty. For what does a warranty mean (except in the nitty-g of dollars and cents) when you are 3000-plus miles away? Or to paraphrase G. Stein: there's no **here** there!

If you're traveling abroad don't depend on the quality of film purchased there. Even though the brand names on a dealer's shelf may as identifiable as Wheaties and Rice Kris-

pies, you may be thrown for a frustrating loss. For example, if you're in the Caribbean the climate is already a film hazard. If warm and humid, the dealer's film can be 'pre-fogged'. So take along all the film you will need... plus a few extra rolls, just in case.

Take along an extra battery or two for your built-in light meter. These can't always be picked up abroad as easily as at home. It is a minor point, true, but it can be a nagging hang-up when you can't find one. Also take along some lens tissue, particularly if you rent a car abroad—or are driving cross-country—the dust factor is greater. Also, if driving cross-country, place your film supply on the floor of your car behind the front seat—on the **opposite** side from the exhaust pipe.

If your camera takes an ultra-violet (UV) filter, keep one on. Not only will it protect your lens, but cut down haze.

As a matter of commonsense in traveling to/behind the Iron Curtain countries, check the Intourist people before you leave the United States to find out **precise** restrictions and allowances. You can do this when gathering brochures/literature for your trip. The Soviets take a dim view of cameras in no-no zones: military installations, docks, railroad stations... even crowds. It's okay in big cities—no problems, usually. But it's best to be sure. A 'detained' camera is sometimes a 'lost' camera... spelled **'stolen'**.

The biggest hang-ups, however, are caused by those annoying (though reassuring) pre-flight searches. The scanner can ruin your trip before you even get on the plane. For example, film stored in **checked** luggage is going to get the double-whammy via X-ray and/or fluoroscopic equipment, so if you simply **must** pack film away, be sure to notify airline officials (also Customs, if going abroad) while you're checking in. But here is a 'hang-in' that will be of considerable help in this respect. You can purchase an X-ray-proof foil bag, holding about 20 rolls of film, for less than \$10.

If you carry film aboard the plane, keep it away from the luggage-scanners as you pass through security. Although some claim that film can be passed through the scanners as much as ten times and not be damaged, why take a chance? Keep your film with you. Kodak is reassuring that the magnetic scanners used to inspect **passengers** will not damage film... yet they can set off an alarm, and this can give you an embarrassing moment.

In going through Customs you may have an agent ask to photograph your shoulder bag. If you're carrying film **in** it insist on a visual inspection. Else carry it **separately**. The latter is no problem.

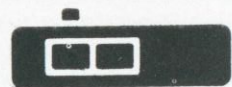
Also, if you've bought a camera abroad you'll have to pay duty on it. And if you take along a foreign-made camera you should also take along your sales slip proving the domestic purchase; or you can register the camera with Airport Customs before you leave. Don't, however, wait until the last minute for this... there'll be a queue, and you'll get all uptight and frustrated-like. Allow plenty of time.

Gay guys, especially, must be a little more foresighted than straights on camera safari. Of course we like to photograph beautiful people in delightful situations... like kinky orgies, or water sports, or nude voodoo, or scat seances, or just simple nude gay togetherness. The problem abroad is in getting such pictures developed. Some developers will turn you down flat, once you've explained what they're about to see (naturally, you do this as an act of consideration... to cushion against a shock that might lead to a heart attack). Or if you don't tell them, and having seen the results of their handiwork (and yours) they may give you (a) a hard time (in some countries, such as Spain and Portugal, such developers are empowered by law to destroy this 'wickedness' at the source), or (b) rip you off for more dough ('because of the delicate nature of this film'). There are, however, those gayly

wise who will gladly accept the task, yet finding out just who they may be can result in a king-size hang-up.

Also here in the United States you'll find that while Kodak will now process simple, nude, non-hardon film, orgies are out. Some gay newspapers carry advertisements for such developers, but here you run the risk of losing your films if they are 'exceptional'. "Lost in the mail" is a foolproof excuse. So the do-it-yourself of taking/processing via Polaroid is your best bet. If you have an in with a good developer, however, you may be happier with some other type of camera—mini or maxi—and here is a brief guide to what's available to you.

110 CARTRIDGE CAMERAS



These pocket-size cameras are ideal for travel, using drop-in cartridge film for easy/speedy loading. Moreover, the list of accessories is growing. **Disadvantages:** Their lighter weight makes it difficult to steady the camera for well-focused, sharp pictures. Small negs may not make for quality enlargements. Such cameras cost from \$20 to \$300. Some popular brands are Argus, Canon, Fujica, GAF, Keystone, Kodak, Minolta. Also Minox, Praktica, Ricoh, Sedic, Vivitar. There's also a new Rollei A110. Minolta's new 110 zoom SLR is excellent, at about \$265.

126 CARTRIDGE CAMERAS



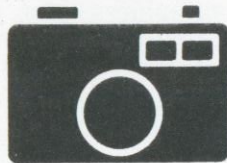
The larger-than-110 negative will make for easier and possibly better enlargements. Uses easy loading cartridges. **Disadvantages** are (a) that it's bulkier than the 110s, and (b) that it's not being updated... some think the 126 is already a bit obsolescent. Some of the popular brands are Arugs, GAF, Keystone, Kodak and Rollei.

THE 35mm HALF-FRAME



This camera uses standard 35mm film, but you get twice the number of pictures per roll, because of the half-frame setup. For example a 20-exposure roll will give you 40 half-frame pix. So you can carry less film, get more pix, and have to load less frequently. The disadvantages are the limited choice of models and accessories. Also, half-frame negs may lower the quality of enlargements. A popular brand is Olympus. Others from \$100 to \$120.

35mm RANGEFINDER AND VIEWFINDER CAMERAS



Framing/focusing are via the viewfinder, unlike the single-lens setup, the mirror of which permits you to see through the lens. Also it's lighter, often cheaper, and because many are automatic all you need do is aim and shoot. Its disadvantages may be that looking through the viewfinder, rather than the lens, you won't be able to see precisely your 'target', especially at close range. Also, many cannot accommodate interchangeable lenses. And if your camera case or lens cap blocks the lens... tough! You can't depth of field. The price range is \$200 to over \$550. The more popular brands are Canon, Chinon, Fujica, GAF, Konica, Leica, Minolta, Minox, Miranda, Olympus, also Praktica, Ricoh, Rellei, and the Japanese Yashica.

35mm SINGLE-LENS REFLEX (SLR) CAMERAS



Very accurate. As you look through the lens you see precisely what you're shooting, including full depth of field. A very sophisticated camera that comes in a great variety of models, lenses, and accessories. The disadvantage is that it's heavier and bulkier than the types just mentioned. Some of the newer ones are about a third more compact, being a little smaller, and correspondingly lower in price, as witness the price range of from \$120 to \$1300! Canon, Chinon, Fujica, Konica, Leica, Mamiya, Minolta, Miranda, Nikon, Nikkormat, Pentax, Praktica, Ricoh, Rollei, Topcon, Vivitar, Yashica... a wide choice range.

MEDIUM/LARGE-FORMAT 120/140 FILM CAMERAS



The big advantage in such cameras is in the larger negatives (2 1/4 x 2 1/4 or larger) making possible quality enlargement. Widely used professionally. The disadvantages: The camera is larger and heavier and more expensive, and that one gets fewer prints per roll. About \$700 to \$1700, and the popular brands are Bronica, Cambo, Hasselblad, Kowa, Mamiya, Pentax and Rollei.

INSTANT-PICTURE CAMERAS



These camers are self-developing, and are good for close-up work, quick portraits, and party hijinx. The disadvantages are two: Although do-it-yourself processing is fine (and indispensable for the questing gay guy), the film is expensive, and you get fewer shots per roll—and no negatives. Such cameras range

CIAO!

in price from \$25 to \$200. Popular are Kodak, Polaroid and Keystone.

Dandy Brandies Tips For Easy Evaluation

By Jon Lorrimer

As a socializing drink, brandy-and-soda is rapidly gaining favor even among the Martini mavens and those staunchly 'Scotch'. One reason may be, that however light the Scotch, or dry the Martini, brandy-and-soda is lighter and drier. Also, in view of the increasing interest in wines (and brandy is a distillation of wines), there is a natural follow-through of the 'happy hour' brandy-and-soda into a dinner in which there may be as many as three wines served (if the dinner is quite elaborate), into a post-prandial cognac or liqueur with a brandy base. There is thus no zonking mixture of alcohol types, such as grain spirits with fruit spirits; it's actually 'wine all the way', and so one may sail confidently from the cocktail hour to and through the orgy and never bomb out... no small consideration.

Mention 'brandy' and many will automatically think 'cognac' and they'll also simultaneously think 'expensive' and turn off. While it is true that cognac is brandy, brandy is not necessarily cognac. Because brandy is distilled from wines of other fruit origin—cherries, pears, peaches, plums or apples—it can be produced in greater quantities (the potential juice-yield of a pear being greater than that of a grape), with less expense to vintner and buyer. Many believe that a fine brandy ranks with a noble cognac, and indeed, if chosen wisely after a personal evaluation (ignoring advertising claims) it can be equally a delight to the palate and a solace to the soul (not to mention being

March/April 1977

easier on the pocketbook). There are some simple, foolproof ways by which one can make this personal evaluation, and in this article we should like to demonstrate them, while listing some of our own favorite brandies, to see whether—once you've put us to the test—you'll agree.



THE KING OF BRANDIES?

Connoisseurs generally agree that cognac is the king of brandies. Certainly at upwards of \$15 per four-fifths quart it has a royal price! So what gives it such regal snoot and why should it be so expensive?

First, for a bottle of cognac to be labeled as such, the French Government requires that it be distilled only from wines grown in the Cognac region of France. So right away you get **exclusivity** which is never cheap. Next, there is **never** an overabundance of cognac grapes (the grape-growing area of Cognac is not all that large), thus **low yield/high price**.

Another production price markup occurs because of the fact that **it takes 12 barrels of wine to produce 1 barrel of cognac!** Moreover, these are **never premium wines**, even though derived from cognac grapes (which are often as disappointing as any other grapes). To use his **premium** wines (which may sell over the counter for even **more** than the cognac) would be folly for the vintner, thus the wines used in cognac production are almost **undrinkable** as wines because of their high acidity and low alcohol yields. If the finest wines were used the cost of cognac would have to be computed not by the bottle, but by the **drop!**

The almost arcane method by which cognac is produced is what runs the cost up still higher. As it was in the twelfth

century, cognac distillation is achieved via the **pot-still** (as opposed to the modern **continuous-still** methods, and although the pot-still has had some modernization it operates not unlike the Kentucky moonshiner's copper still by producing moderate amounts at a time—and slowly. Or to put it another way, it's more 'teakettle' than clothes boiler.

Smaller amounts of wine are distilled, then the 'teakettle' is rinsed and the same laborious process is repeated until all the wines have been put through. Say what one will for modernization, this old method renders an unfailingly pure, clear brandy which is then placed in wooden casks to age for four years; to take on some of the color of the wood (although color is later added to assure a product uniform in appearance); to mellow; and to acquire its own 'personality'. We love it as, first choice, **Remy Martin**; next, as **Courvoisier V.S.O.P.**; and then as **Martell's**; then as various other brands.

The great difference between cognac distilled by pot-still and continuous-still methods is that the frequent rinsing of the pot also **removes** the residue of alcohol, whereas in the continuous-still process, distillation continues without interruption and so there is a **buildup** of alcohol. Cognac, therefore, will have a more developed personality... being mellow, without a great alcoholic content, and steadfastly so; continuous-still brandy, on the other hand, will always 'prove' at a great-to-greater alcohol content, and will be lighter and leaner in taste, and usually very dry, which makes it such a wonderful part of a brandy-and-soda. The 'mellow-er' brandies are a product of mixing and mating—thus the need for barrel-aging to produce mellowness is obviated. And so, because (1) brandy can be distilled from wines derived from fruits other than a 'cult' grape... which are 'bumper-crop' nearly every year... and can be more expeditiously distilled; and (2) which requires no aging; and (3) can, if desired, be

reduced in alcoholic content from 170-proof to 100-proof, or lower, through the addition of deionized water, the price per bottle begins at around \$5 (although brandies can be quite expensive) and is far less than the \$15-upward one pays for cognac. But best of all, there are some magnificent brandies of high individuality and we should like to mention them by country of origin.

France: Here the 'cognac that is a brandy' is **armagnac**. It is also distilled from thin, acid wines from grapes—this time, from the Armagnac region. Although less well known than cognac, some brands are in every way the equal of excellent cognacs. Three notable brands appear in all good French restaurants in the United States, and you can't go wrong with **Marquis de Montesquiou**, or **Marquis de Caussade**, or **Larresingle**. Prices begin at less than cognac tariffs—at about \$12 a bottle.

A word of caution. 'French Brandy' is never cognac and never armagnac. It is a mass-produced brandy, often of obscure origin, and many such-labeled brandies are quite raw and not very kind to the throat. No matter that the bottle is attractive; that it's bristling impressively with stars; that the French flag is brandished like a priapic hard-on; and that there are all sorts of (fake) 'official seals' and 'diplomatic ribbons' affixed . . . **beware!**

Spain. Next to French cognac, the Spanish brandies are highest in world popularity. They are usually sweeter (the grapes are much like those used in California wines and brandies), and the alcohol content is higher. These brandies are a **mixture** of pot-stilled and continuous-stilled spirits, hence the higher alcohol 'proof'. Pedro Domecq is the leading Spanish winemaker, and you'll like his hearty **Fundador** (about \$6 to \$8). The Sandeman **Capa Negra** is lighter and less sweet. About the same price. Still lighter and drier is the Domecq **Three Vines**. Domecq also produces a premium brandy at a premium price—**Carlos I**,

about \$20.

Germany. Our brandy connoisseurs choose **Asbach Uralt** over every other imported brandy except those of French origin. It rounds out to perfect taste . . . good body, dryness, and has a unique character. For \$10 you can't beat it. Excellent in every way.

Greece. The popular **Metaxa Five Star** (around \$10) is a different kind of brandy in that it is **flavored** . . . it has a very exotic bouquet. For some Metaxa is an acquired taste. It may be your thing; maybe not. Some attribute aphrodisiacal powers to it since the grapes are grown on Mount Hymettus—the 'love mountain'. So give it a try and see if it raises your 'spirits'.

California. All American brandies are produced in California; 80% of all brandy consumed in the United States is California-bottled. It is pointless to compare California brandy with cognac/armagnac inasmuch as California vintners have never attempted to **duplicate** the French product. It is produced for a different **kind** of consumption, and as such is **not surpassed**. Unlike cognac, the California brandies are distilled from wines **low** in acidity (where the French are high), and **high** in alcohol (where the French are low). Since the wines are 160- to 170-proof, the distilled brandy emerges as light, very clean and lean in taste, and acquires most of its flavor through aging in oaken barrels. But within this general framework some quite different and wholly delightful brandies are produced. The great names are Christian Brothers, Almáden, Beaulieu, Korbel, Cresta Blanca and Paul Masson. If we have a favorite among all these excellent brandies it is Christian Brothers **XO Rare Reserve** (about \$7 to \$9). But because there are so many California brandies, and they're so widely and inexpensively available, you'll surely want to evaluate them yourself. If you'll use our evaluation tips you'll come up with your **own** winner.

FRUIT BRANDIES

All brandies mentioned so far

are of grape origin. But some, from other fruits, are just as full of character. A very popular brandy from France is **Calvados**, the base of which is apples. Or to be specific, it's a distillation of apple cider, rather than wines. It is 'sniftered' and sipped like any fine cognac, and the French also find an unusual way of using it. They serve a shot of Calvados in the middle of a big meal to give the guest a 'second wind' . . . like the sherbet of a **releve**. They call it a **trou normand**—a 'hole'. Although produced in Normandy, it is so popular that it 'outdrinks' cognac by ten-to-one even in Cognac. It's especially favored by the Basques, too. Of interest is the fact that each afternoon when chefs of New York City's **grand luxe** restaurants gather at the little bistro Du Midi, Calvados is the favorite of those who want something a little wilder than an **apéritif** such as Ricard or Berger and grenadine.

Cherries are used to produce **kirsch**. To us, the absolute greatest cherry brandy is **Black Forest Kammer Kirschwasser**. It's a 100-proof brandy that is a finished product when it leaves the still. It needs no aging in oaken barrels. This brandy is distilled in the Black Forest, at Karlsruhe, near the spa city of Baden-Baden.

Pear brandy is also a great favorite of the cognac-loving Frenchmen and pops up in such posh New York French restaurants as Lutèce and La Caravelle. The best brands, such as the pear brandy of Ova and Rathaus, require 25 pounds of Williams pears to make 1 bottle!

Also, 40 pounds of raspberries go into the distillation of 1 bottle of **framboise**—raspberry brandy. Framboise of **Massenez** is a much-favored brand. The Swiss also make cherry and apple brandy, while the Czechoslovakians distill wines from plums into **slivovitz**. None should be confused with mere flavored brandy. United States law requires that such brandies be labeled 'flavored', so you really can't go wrong if you check the label. The best fruit brandies run upwards of \$12, but since

most register alcohol at 100-proof, a small amount, equivalent to that of a liqueur glass, will be quite enough to make an 'impression'. So no matter what the cost, it's more economical because one drinks far less of it. Don't select brandy because of its higher price, however. Read the label closely and you may come up with a real treasure for less money.

EVALUATING BRANDY

Because brandy has such a higher alcohol content than wine (40% to 50%, compared to the 12% to 20% of wine), the **wine-tasting** approach of sipping a little of this or that will get you nowhere, except swozzled. To enjoy brandy fully it should first be judged by its bouquet, and then tasted. You can't get a good 'fix' on it otherwise. So here's a way to do it on the cheap.

When you visit your friendly gay bar, from time to time take the friendly gay bartender into your confidence. Let a little lovelight shine in your eyes and ask him—along with your regular drink—to give you a few drops of a particular brandy we've mentioned (or any other) in a shot glass. Place a couple of drops on the palm of each hand. Rub in well. Sniff. The bouquet rises quickly and (one hopes) beautifully.

If the bartender senses better things to come, and throws caution to the winds, he may suggest that you sample his entire stock of brandies (along with himself). If you luck out this way, rinse (not soap-and-wash) your hands, and repeat the process with each brandy. It's of inconsequential cost to the bar since, if you become enslaved by a particular brandy (or the bartender), you'll be back for more. When sniffing, make a mental note about each of the brandies sampled . . . special characteristics . . . anything that especially pleased you. Then jot it down in your memoirs for reference/comparison. This is a time-tested method still used by Norman distillers to test the bouquet and characteristics of various batches of Calvados.

Here's another. To the brandy

in a glass, add an **equal** amount of water. This instantly decreases the alcohol content to 20%, just the same as that of certain wines, such as sherry. Having thus diminished the clout of the alcohol makes it easy to not only sniff it, but also 'winetaste' it. And if you'll use warm water this so intensifies the bouquet (if you doubt your nose) that you can't miss. You have a whole orchard in bloom right under your nose! This evaluation also brings sharply to your attention any flaws the brandy might have—an oftaste, any oiliness, and artificial flavoring, perhaps . . . something that might be difficult-to-impossible to detect just by sniffing the brandy head-on. This is a very good method to use when testing an inexpensive brandy and and you'd like to know **why** it is. The test will make everything perfectly clear. In this way many brandy connoisseurs have found 'treasures in trifles'. Sometimes it's positively serendipitous!

Finally, having decided on a brandy because it has pleased you in every 'snifterable' and tastable way, don't make the grandiose mistake of sipping it from a large cognac inhaler. Unlike cognac, which has a lesser alcoholic content, if the glass is too 'roomy' the bouquet of even a noble brandy will seem too alcoholic, and you'll find yourself enjoying it less. Also, if the brandy is not of the noblest, the excessively roomy area of the glass will point up every defect. Use a brandy glass that's about the size of a small orange, at most. Smaller is better, and you can warm and sniff with far more satisfactory results.

Fire Island Still The World's No. 1 Gay Paradise

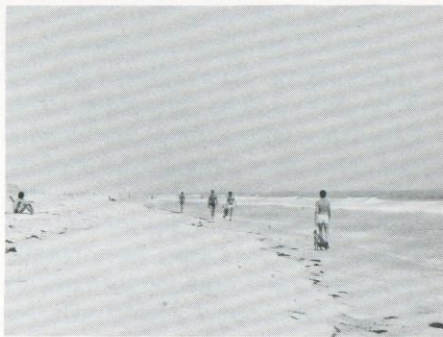
By Gregory McTigue

Fire Island is many things to

many people. To TV watchers across the country it's the brunt of gay jokes. To straight families from the bowels of New York City it's a summer place for the kids and close enough for hubby to commute to his job and avoid city living altogether, for four or five months a year. To straight singles it's a place for group living and group fucking. To the chic set—gay and straight alike—it's a place for sporting and smoking and popping. To those who have owned homes there many years it's a summer of peace and quiet away from the teeming city. And to gay guys it's a place for baking under the sun by day and fucking under the trees by night. It all depends on who you are and where you go on Fire Island. Let's get down to specifics.

Fire Island is about 32 miles long and about two city blocks wide for most of its length. There are different communities for different people—the largest and straightest being Ocean Beach; it has lots of small beach cottages jammed up against one another, paved walks, a lot of stores and bars and restaurants—even a movie house . . . and lots of screaming kids. Most gay people who do the Island every summer have never been to Ocean Beach—and prefer to keep it that way.

The gayest community—Cherry Grove—is three miles east of Ocean Beach. It's about a mile long, or seems that way, and about a block wide. The ocean is on one side, the bay on the other. It's an old community, so most of the houses have a traditional look, though a few are quite modern. Here, as nowhere else on the Island, the houses have amusing names (i.e., Of Inhuman Bondage; Wounded Knees; Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman—many with a gay theme) and fly colorful flags. Here, as everywhere else on the Island, there are no automobiles; one gets from here to there on foot along narrow boardwalks. There are a few novelty and clothing shops; a general store that carries magazines and newspapers, as well as a laundry service; a



Gay Fire Island



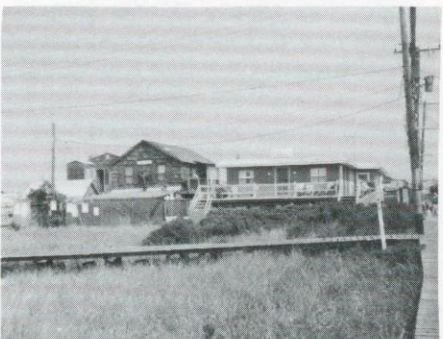
Grove's "Bridge of Sighs"



Cottages in Cherry Grove



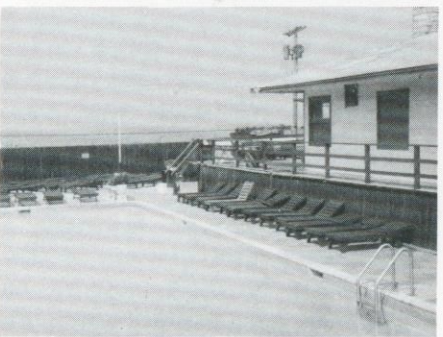
Daytime Meat-Rack



Cherry Grove Inn (rt.)



Dunes Path to The Pines



Grove's Hotel Complex



Nitetime Meat-Rack



Dock area in Cherry Grove



Sunset on Fire Island

flower shop; two liquor stores; an ice cream counter; a couple of deli counters; a grocery store; a post office; several restaurants; three bars and two discos; several hotels and inns and lots of guest houses.

You either come every weekend, or for a couple of weeks on your vacation if you don't live in the City; or for a season of four or five months if you rent a house. If you stay out of local politics and concern yourself with having fun—lying on the beach by day, strolling occasionally into the meatrack for quickies, or over to bayside for a quiet day of clamming; doing discos at night and then spending an hour or two or all night in the meatrack doing numbers under the trees—you'll have the time of your gay life. If you allow yourself to get involved in community hassles your time will be spent dishing him and bitching her, and you'll find yourself going to meetings and parties you'd be better off passing up. Some residents who really would prefer anonymous nights in the rack get so involved in politics and social activities that they actually end up feeling awkward about being seen by their friends in the rack—so they avoid it altogether and have a miserable time, or do the closet scene by tucking themselves away in very dark spots and even wear wigs to disguise themselves. It's all so sick.

What kind of politics exist? All kinds. One jealous bitch is bothered by the extra room his wealthy neighbor has added to his house—so he makes an anonymous phone call to whatever legal agency licenses such things and they send in an inspector who fines the violator, who, in turn, is so angered that he makes an anonymous phone call about another violator . . . and it goes on and on and on. A couple of years ago a single phone call led to dozens and dozens of fines and community unrest all season long. Last summer the daytrippers—mostly straights, who come over for the day to use and abuse the beach and gawk at the gays—had the residents in an uproar

CIAO!

(unbelievable as it seems, a lot of seasonal renters, weekend regulars—who themselves are tourists in a broad sense—join the homeowners in fighting daily transients). Committees were formed and meetings were held. Discussions carried over into the bars—when, in fact, those who got involved really would have preferred to enjoy a quiet evening of lustful cruising—and everybody was in a tizzy. The business establishments that sell goods and services really want the daytrippers and weekenders; the homeowners like them well enough if they are humpy and fuck up a storm in the rack—but want to keep them from cluttering the beach and hogging the tricks on the dark boards at night (it's not unlike screwing with a beauty at a baths—who drops you like a hot potato as soon as a new trick comes along . . . leaving you by your lonesome, with hatred bubbling up in your bowels—at that moment wishing that you could somehow close down the baths altogether).

Politics in Cherry Grove even carry over into the meatrack. A handful of resident cocksuckers who are too ugly, or old, or both, are forever badmouthing it—living only for moonless nights when they can sneak in and fill up until another new moon comes along. How fortunate it is that the majority want the rack; it gives purpose to the Grove and is endeared to many who lovingly call it "The Judy Garland Memorial Park." But it is being abused; every season sees broader and broader paths as the trampling hordes break more and more trees. Every morning sees tons of shitty tissues, crushed poppers, beer cans, cigarette butts, and even juicy condoms all over the place. And if you stroll through the rack on a sunny day right after a rain, you can smell human piss coming up through the sand. When a guy is hot he thinks not—flinging used poppers here and there and cluttering the area with paper towels he's used to wipe his shitty ass or cock after a fuck. It got so bad last year that groups of regulars got together and

March/April 1977

formed a sanitation squad—taking turns going in with baggies to clean up the mess on a daily basis (it was quite amusing to see some gingerly picking up the trash with gloved fingers—and others enjoying a vicarious orgasm with each found condom). There has always been an official sign at the entrance to the rack; the paths are actually considered highways on this Federal land (Fire Island is part of the National Seashore) and littering them can net you a fine of up to \$500. But the threat has always been ignored because it has never been enforced. Last year a new sign appeared, nailed on a tree by a benevolent queen—warning litterbugs who discarded their 'trick rags' that they'd get poison (misspelled 'poisen') ivy. The sign caused a lot of laughs but didn't solve the problem. Still others have littered the rack in another way, by painting white bands on the trees to help guide cruisers through on dark nights (banging up against trees is commonplace before your eyes get used to the dark). A nice gesture, and a helpful one too, but it doesn't do very much to preserve the natural woodsy setting of the rack.



Entering The Meat-Rack



The Signs

The rack at the east end of Cherry Grove isn't only used by Grovers; the gays in The Pines—the gay community a mile east of the Grove—help fill it every night. Just past this "nighttime rack" (which is used, to a limited extent, 24 hours a day) is the "daytime rack"—larger in area and a little closer to The Pines. Because it is so vast it is difficult to get around easily in the dark—so it is here that one goes for a wild afternoon of sex in the bushes. Guys are continually coming and going between stretches of sunning on the beach . . . and there's always a lot of cumming going on. It's busiest about 3 p.m. on Sundays when weekenders want to get in their last licks before returning to the City; it's not unusual to encounter several hundred different faces in any single weekend afternoon in July and August. The paths in the dunes beyond the daytime rack and The Pines are also active—mostly chance meetings by those going back and forth between the two communities during the day.

When you reach The Pines there is another meatrack—at its west end; it is used late at night only. Also at night, the beach itself—particularly the area in the vicinity of the condominiums—is cruised/used (though it is possible to make it anywhere along the beach between the Grove and The Pines any night). The walks here, as in the Grove, also see action. At the east end of The Pines (which is a considerably larger community than the Grove) is another rack—in the bushes and along the paths flanking an old service "road" (actually a sandy path) referred to as "Burma Road." It's mostly used during the day.

The Pines is a relatively new community so there are lots of modern houses of the "House Beautiful" type. Many, but not all, of the homeowners are wealthy; the majority are at least financially comfortable. Wealth has always attracted beauty—so it is here that the cute showboys and other chorus beauties, who haven't got a pot to piss in, come. They shoot a load into

their host—and in return get a nice place to stay and a weekend filled with disco dancing and fun on the beach—making cautious strolls into the meatracks possible. There are usually a lot of parties (the uglier the host, the more he wants to show off his latest “catch” to his peer of trolls)—and these draw not only gays of every description, but also hip straights who come to The Pines by the hundreds on the weekend. The Pines is a place for swingers, gay and straight alike, the Beautiful People—the Show Folk and their satellite No Folk. Their suitcases are filled with bikinis (if they wear anything at all; nude sunning/bathing is legal anywhere on Fire Island), uppers, downers, pot, coke, poppers—turn-on things of every description. Of course, what exists in The Pines is also true of Cherry Grove, but to a lesser extent. The people in The Grove are far less pretentious; they prefer the dungaree/bearded look—in contrast to The Pines where the groomier appearance is more appropriate. In terms of actual good/bad looks—stroll along the beach any busy afternoon and you will clearly see that, stripped down to their bathing suits, without the glamor of Gucci duds or the sizzle of Marquis de Suede leather gear, they all look alike.

If you weekend with a lover or a buddy, or vacation with a friend with whom you'll be spending most of your social time, then it doesn't matter which community you choose to settle in. The beach is all the same and in the meatracks it makes little difference who's staying where. But if you want to mingle with strangers and become part of their social scene you'll probably be happier in The Pines if you like to Gucci up—and in the Grove if you want to get into leather scenes. The Pines has a swinging disco and their Sunday afternoon Tea Dance is more popular than its counterpart in the Grove. The shops, the bars, etc., that exist in the Grove also exist in The Pines. The politics too—which you're advised to stay out of. On

busy weekends in July and August (the best months to do the Island—because the weather is usually perfect) there are about 3,000 people in The Pines of which 80% are gay; in the Grove there are about 2,000 people, of which 95% are gay. Lesbians make up a small segment of the gay community on the Island, and you are likely to find them in the Grove.

Fire Island—more specifically, Cherry Grove and The Pines—is where gay people are a majority; gay life predominates and heterosexuals are misfits. We gay people dislike conformity—but, if only for its novelty, it certainly is comforting to be among one's own kind. If nothing else you will sense a free spirit you have never known elsewhere—for it is here that you can truly be yourself as nowhere else on earth. There are other gay communities—but they are pale by comparison with Cherry Grove and The Pines. If you are gay, this is your kind of place—something you will never match anywhere else at any time in your life.

To reach Cherry Grove and The Pines you ferry out of Sayville, a small town on Long Island about 60 miles from the heart of New York City. There is bus service, but the most convenient way of getting to Sayville is via Long Island Railroad. Service is good and fast, and taxis that run between the railroad station and ferry dock meet all trains. The train ride takes a little over an hour; the taxi ride about two or three minutes; and the ferry about 20 minutes; count on a two-hour trip. About \$15 round-trip is what it costs. There is also plane service from New York City; small seaplanes touch down on the bay just yards away from your house. Service is expensive and unreliable in bad weather.

If you're planning to rent a house, by yourself or with friends in a share arrangement, count on spending about \$4,000 for the season (four or five months, beginning May 1st)—though you can find places for much less . . . and much more. You should go out in April and

walk the paths and ask around—and once you do land something then rent at the end of each season for next year. You can also book seasonal rooms at the various hotels/inns/guest houses. Rooms are usually available, even on weekends—except holiday times, such as Independence Day and Labor Day. From the standpoint of comfort and cleanliness the most pleasant place in Cherry Grove is the Cherry Grove Inn (phone 516 597-6162). Space here is limited, so a lot of guys end up staying at the big hotel where rooms have few creature comforts (phone 516 597-6600) and the smaller guest houses (a very friendly place is the Carousel Guest House, phone 516 597-6612). In The Pines, it's the Botel (phone 516 597-6500).

If you like a variety of amusements to fill your hours—sight-seeing and such—then Fire Island is probably not your kind of place. It's hell when it rains; when the sun shines—as it does most of July and August . . . and it can too in May, June and September—the beach is beautiful. You can walk its length in either direction and spend your afternoons doing the meatrack. Or hang around “town” eyeballing humpy numbers or gossiping. Walk down to the bay and dig for clams. If you have a rubber boat go out on the bay—perhaps “landing” at the daytime meatrack! Dinnertime can be pleasant at one of the restaurants—if you have a companion. The discos don't really get going until midnight (they swing until 4 a.m.)—and the nighttime meatrack starts jumping about 1 a.m. (though it reaches its peak of activity between 3 and 4 a.m.). Life here is lazy and sweet—with nothing to worry about except your next trick . . . and there's always enough for everybody. Everybody makes it here—even the ugly . . . especially if they have big cocks. And . . . that's really what it's all about.

If you are planning to reserve a room at one of the hotels listed you are advised to write and not phone prior to May since switchboards are not usually staffed until then.

Mexican Alert Danger Lurks At Every Turn

By Mark Robine

Everybody already knows that Mexico is the filthiest country in North America. The Mexicans themselves are dirty—not in the usual sense, but internally (they bathe regularly and those who live near the water are frequently in it; as far as external dirt is concerned they fare better than Europeans). Their bodies are filled with parasites; this poses no danger to their fellow Mexicans—but to the **turistas** whose bodies cannot cope with these foreign organisms, and who end up with “turista” after having had a drink of Mexican water, or being too intimate with Mexicans themselves. Yes, everybody already knows that you put your health on the line when you go south of the border.

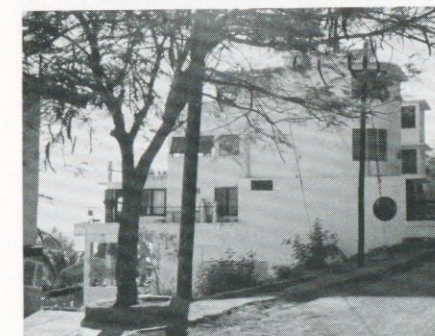
What everybody doesn't know is that you also put your life on the line when you go to Mexico. Their roads have always been dangerous—and all good travel books warn vacationers not to stop between major cities, and never to pick up hitchhikers; bandits are everywhere. The situation has worsened in recent months—to the extent that the American Automobile Association has issued new warnings against traveling some Mexican roads. But things have gotten even worse—because danger now lurks in resort cities where it remained pretty much under control in the past.

A year ago a group of travel agents on holiday from the Midwest were shaken badly in Acapulco when two young members in the group disappeared. The man's mutilated body was later discovered in an automobile trunk, and the woman has never been found. Several people have been arrested and it was learned that the woman was raped and probably killed later by others—and that at least one police officer was involved in the grisly murder. The police force

throughout Mexico is corrupt; recently, in Acapulco alone 15% of the force has been jailed, and 15% fired, and the remaining cops are being retrained. You see them walking the beaches with rifles—wondering if they're there to protect the tourists or rob them. Go up to Acapulco's only gay bar, the **San Souci**, on a hill in the residential section of town, and if you have the misfortune of being passed by a police van on your walk down, you'll be frisked by as many as six cops and either let go, if you're lucky . . . or taken to the station house for questioning, if you aren't as lucky . . . or possibly mugged and robbed if you have no luck at all. It's happened in the past—and it will probably happen again . . . because gays are easy marks and likely to keep their mouths shut after having had such an experience—for fear of bringing on worse things.



Acapulco's Gay Beach



San Souci

This past Christmas Day bandits shot an Illinois minister and his daughter to death in their car on the popular Mazatlan highway. Not unlike what happened to Lige Clark and his friend a few years ago; Lige was riddled with bullets and died instantly, but his friend lived to tell the tale.

You may recall having “known” him through his articles in the now-defunct **Gay**, one of the first gay tabloids which was published by the people who still put out **Screw**. According to official records it happened on a darkened road, after the couple had parked and locked their car before taking a nap; nothing has even been said about the possibility of gay circumstances—but one can only wonder.

Regardless of what really did happen that terrible night—gay travelers are aware of the extraordinary risks they take when cruising foreign places. We all do things when we travel that we wouldn't dare do at home—where it's safer because of familiarity and better police protection if and when it comes to that. When we travel we simply refuse to believe that strangers would do us wrong—benevolent, generous cocksuckers that we are . . . we simply refuse to accept human nature and utterly dismiss the possibility that a cute trick might be bubbling over with jealousy and envy.

This is not to say we must all play Father Monk when we travel—but only that we really should pack some common sense in our ditty bags. Throw caution to the winds—and you throw yourself to the sharks. No matter how generous you might be—unless you are extravagant and place no limit on what you spend on your tricks—you are bound to stir up envy . . . you must remember that what **you** paid to get there is probably more than **his** father makes in a year. Never forget that . . . because he **can't** forget it.

Mexico is in the news these days because they have had a big drive on for tourist dollars—pouring millions into beautiful new resorts . . . and they suffered this past season because the tourists stayed away. Stories of violence kept a lot of people from going—and we are so glad it did . . . because it might shake up the government to make the country safe for the travelers who support it. Perhaps a few public executions might help; most people who are no damned

good can relate to a dead body hanging from a rope.

Until the situation changes in Mexico we suggest you stay away and travel to other warm places in the winter. Whatever dangers exist for ordinary travelers are intensified for gay vacationers—simply because we put ourselves in dangerous situations . . . and in Catholic countries where homosexuality is a dreadful sin in the first place—snuffing us out is like killing a snake . . . worthy of congratulations by the **policia** and the blessings of the **padre**.

Gay Switzerland Zurich/Geneva

By Scott Young

It is often said of the Swiss that they're alchemists . . . they know how to turn everything into gold. Certainly they've turned their spectacular scenery into gold . . . and their ski slopes . . . and tourism. But if some say the streets of Zurich are paved with gold, don't believe them. That's just going too far. True, if you should dig deeply enough under the Bahnhofstrasse you'd strike gold, but it'd only be someone's secret stash in a numbered bank account.

It's also often said that it takes more money to live in this country than in any other in the world—including the U.S. of A. Again, don't believe all you hear. True, you may have to deposit an arm or a leg when making your reservation for such swank hotels in Zurich as the Dolder Grand and Baur au Lac—or the Richemond in Geneva, but there are inexpensive hotels just as comfortable and as spotless and well-run, where they tuck you in on a winter's night in one of those huge feather comforters, and give you a piping hot breakfast next morning, with real honest-to-William Tell Swiss chocolate

(with clotted cream) and a rasher of **bündnerfleisch** (the famous air-dried beef of Switzerland) and **rösti** (golden brown potato cakes), and then a pot of rich Swiss coffee . . . all for about \$25 for the overnight stay. One thing often said about the Swiss, and this time you can believe every word, is that they don't have such a thing as a bad hotel.

The trains run on the split-second; in winter the snow comes at just the right moment and never wears out its welcome . . . leaving precisely on schedule with the arrival of late spring/early summer, except, of course, in higher Alpine locations where it obligingly stays all year long; and the St. Bernard dog is there with a little brandy handy just when you're sure you can't ski another inch.

With everything so at-one's-fingertips—and so in sync—one may wonder if all this perfection isn't a little boring . . . and if there is **anything** lacking, **anywhere**. Many gay guys who've toured all the Swiss cantons often say, "Well, if anything, there **could** be just a weensy more sex." But that's just quibbling. Take Zurich, for example. For all its gilded reputation it is a city of less than a million, so one can't expect a meatrack to be in 24-hour operation at each end of the Bahnhofstrasse. What sex there is—and there **is!**—will tide you over nicely until you stagger on to Amsterdam. In this recap of Swiss goodies we should like to get it all together for you . . . beginning with **Zurich**.



Zurich

A PLACE TO STAY

If you want to posh-it for \$50 a day at the **Dolder Grand** or the

Baur au Lac, have your travel agent get cracking on reservations well in advance. The Baur is the most popular hotel in Zurich and is always jammed throughout the year. The Dolder is easier to reserve because it is a few miles outside-and-up from the city proper and doesn't have the easy access to civic (and for gay guys, sex) life. Nevertheless, it is a beautiful old hotel in the grand tradition, with limousines that simply lie in wait to whisk you into the metropolitan area—and whisk you back if you'll phone the office. Far less expensive than these luxury hotels are the **Eden au Lac** and the **Storchen**—each about \$10 less.

Top medium-grade (luxurious by other countries' standards) is the 1000-bed **Nova Park** in Badenerstrasse. It is Zurich's largest. Knock off about \$5 more. Cheaper still is a favorite, for men only, the **Pension St. George**, Weberstrasse 11. Although it's not gay, things **do** go on! A very comfortable hotel, with TV and game room downstairs. Singles cost 23 Swiss francs—about \$11—and doubles go for 34F (figure \$17) with a good breakfast. This is a much-favored-by-students hotel, and you can be delightfully surprised. If you'd like to YMCA-it, the **Glockenhof** offers simple rooms at about \$7.50 single to \$12 double. A good, inexpensive cafeteria with excellent food, too. Also typical Y action . . . not as heavy as one might find at Chicago's Lawson Y, or New York's Sloane, but enough. And for those who'd like to get right into action there's a

Gay Hotel.

The **Schwarzer Kater** (Black Tomcat), is totally gay. The address: Seefeldstrasse 188. The hotel also has a gay disco and you simply can't miss. Also, because it's not far from Tiefenbrunnen Beach—by no means an all-gay beach, but gay enough for you to make a point—you can scoot back and forth with trick after trick.

Bars/Clubs.

Barfüsser (Barefoot), Spitalgasse 14. This is a double-bar establishment. It's not a really

CIAO!

happy combination, though. One bar is lesbian (and they often do take over the joint); the other has a predominance of leather. Too often the gals win. Give it a try. Iffy though it is, it may be just what you'd like.

Moulin Rouge. A men's club at Magazingasse 10. Opens at 5 p.m. and closes at midnight. The kitchen stays open until 11 p.m. and the food is Swiss good. Each Thursday is 'spaghetti day'. Take along your passport or ID, just in case.

Old Town, Rossligasse 5B. A favorite with Zurich's young gay guys who pack the place and dance to its swinging disco from 8 p.m. to midnight on Wednesday and Saturday.

Pussy Cat, Josefstrasse 25. Another gay/young bar. Open from 4 p.m. until midnight.

Schwarzer Kater. This is the bar/disco in the gay hotel of the same name. The drinks are generous and not expensive, the guys are friendly, and those who come, stay, rather than make the rounds. The crowd is mostly young.

Baths.

Adonis Sauna, Mutschellenstrasse 17. Open from noon until 11 p.m. Good especially on weekends. It gets a generally young-guy crowd, but all ages come. Food/snacks. Almost anything groovy and sexy goes. But since it's a club-type baths, take your ID and dues money.

Alexander Sauna, at Konradstrasse 17. This is the largest and most elaborate baths in all Switzerland. Just 3 minutes from the train station in the heart of town. Solarium/pool/all amenities, including TV room. Very steamy sex. Mostly young crowd. Very popular. Take ID and dues money.

Apollo Sauna, Seilergraben 41. Open from noon until midnight, Monday through Friday; and from 3 p.m. until midnight on Saturday and Sunday. Popular with all age groups . . . steamy sex! Food. Take ID and dues.

Sauna Sonegg, Weinbergstrasse 71. Gets a somewhat older crowd; few young guys. A busy place, and very popular. Club-type, of course, so take ID

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and dues.

Cruising areas.

Landesmuseum Park. An excellent cruising area, but Zurich now knows about hustlers, and so should you. At night this can be risky. The best area is up as far as the Platzspitz.

Sonnenbad Zurichberg, Krahbühlstrasse 90. This is for sunbathing, and you'll meet some fascinating types here. It's not primarily gay—straights here in force; also bisexuals; also hustlers, but mostly young crowd. ID not necessary.

Johns.

The john in the underground shopping mall at the **Bahnhofplatz** is busy/busy. But be careful of the fuzz; also hustlers. Also the john in the train station (**Bahnhof**) is likewise busy, is likewise patrolled, so likewise take care. Lots of action.

It would be impossible in one article to list all the great restaurants in Zurich. But one that is a super must for anyone who can afford it is the **Veltliner Keller** in the old part of town. The address is Schlussegasse 8, and there's really no way to tell you how to get there. A taxi-driver will know instantly, of course, or you may ask directions if you have an Avis-bird. It's a huge, carved-wood dining place, with the waitresses in costume, and the food like none you've ever tasted; all the regional specialties of all the Swiss cantons are served. Go, at least once. Your wallet and waistline will complain, but live a little!

Under the Bahnhofplatz and the train station is something unique in food service . . . the dial-your-order automat in **Shop Ville Plaza** as this area is called. Hearty food, and inexpensive. Also dine in any of the **Migros Markt** chain stores. These are grocery super-markets, but each has an inexpensive (and good) cafeteria/lunch counter where you can get breakfast for \$1 (and plenty), lunch for less than \$2, and gooey-gloppy-gooood Swiss pastries anytime for 30 cents. You won't go hungry in Zurich (or anywhere else in Switzerland) and you will find food less expensive there than anywhere

else in Europe, including Portugal, if you'll just be selective. So, looking at it from a quite practical view, as the Swiss do, you can stay in a costlier hotel and eat inexpensively in a Migros to create a balance. Don't think 'Woolworth' and 'dime store' food . . . think 'thrift', and 'gourmet'. Thus when you tot up your expense sheet for your entire stay you'll find that you are far ahead of what you'd be in any other country!

GENEVA

Where Zurich is all Germanic drive, Geneva is all French nuance and understatement. The cultures of two different countries could not be more unlike than the lifestyles of these two cities. Zurich is an all-year city. It goes boom-boom 365 days of the year. Geneva comes to glowing life in summer when it is a sea of flowers. It is the 'Sleeping Beauty' city . . . the city of Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley . . . and The Prisoner of Chillon . . . and everything cultural and political. In this city, half the size of Zurich, there is a symphony orchestra equal to the best in the greater cities of the world—l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Its records sell in the millions. Geneva is the seat of the World Council of Nations . . . here the League of Nations was formed. But for all its culture and sophistication it warmly welcomes visitors. Its gay life is strong, although it has neither the volume, nor is it expressed as carefreely as Zurich's.

WHERE TO STAY

It is folly to stay at such de luxe hotels as the Intercontinental when Geneva abounds in small hotels—many facing the lake, and, on a smaller scale, as luxurious and/or comfortable as the giant hostleries. Moreover, the charm of so many of these hotels is that each has a kind of breathlessness about it, as if it couldn't wait to welcome you! Before getting into the precise 'fix' of gay life in Geneva we should like to select some of

these small hotels and give you a brief rundown.

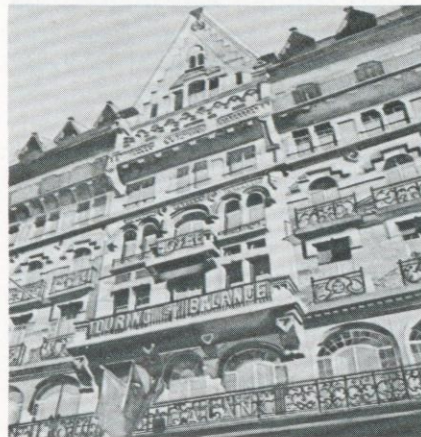
Hotel Touring-Balance. A old-fashioned hotel in the grand manner at 13 Place Longemalle. This is on the left bank of the lake, in the center of the city and shopping district. Yet in just minutes one can have left downtown Geneva behind for the lake and the Jardin Anglais. Its blue-shaded windows seem to billow out with greeting. It has 58 rooms . . . there's a bar, an elegant dining room, and a flowering terrace restaurant. Modern in every way, including individual television. A double is \$37 . . . far less than a lesser-sized room at the big hotels.

Less expensive by \$7 is the **Hotel de Strasbourg et Univers.** Not quite as grand as its name, but you'll be supremely comfortable and well taken care of. Just across the street from the train station at 10 rue Pradier.

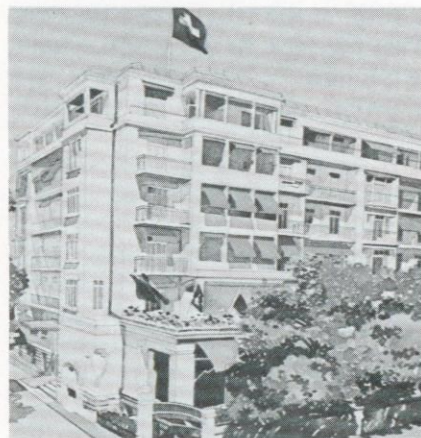
The **Hotel Le Clos Voltaire**, rue de Lyon 45 bis, is actually—or was—the home of Voltaire. It seems to sit, untouched by time—lofty and green in the middle of town. An oasis in a small park, it's just around the corner from the Institute and Musée Voltaire, and just ten minutes from the lake. There are 40 rooms, no lobby, only a foyer with beautiful antiques and paintings. Although the rooms are plain, they are very comfortable and a little nicety is that breakfast is brought to your room each morning. Less expensive still . . . how about \$20?

Our favorite, although more expensive, is the **Hotel La Résidence**, 11 Route de Florissant. This unique place has 125 rooms, but what you get for your \$44 double is not to be believed! The bathrooms are larger than most hotel bedrooms; each bedroom has a balcony from which you can either yodel or be struck speechless by a breathtaking view of the Swiss Alps and the **Jet d'Eau**, that colossal fountain that orgasms 400 feet in the air. Two tennis courts, a garden terrace, bar, lounges, convivial breakfast room and a haute-cuisine French restaurant. There isn't a major hotel in any country that offers so much . . . plus a

lot of love. If you plan to visit Geneva, stay here, and you'll never regret/forget it.



Hotel Touring-Balance



Hotel La Résidence

THE GAY GENEVA

One should think of Geneva as being caught in a constant flow in and out of the city by young diplomatic assistants attached to embassies, legations, et al . . . and seasonally—spring/summer—by young people attending seminars or concerts or such annual festivals as the Lucerne and Montreux. All come to or through Geneva and this yearly influx gives it some of the urgent ambience of Fort Lauderdale at Easter. Thus there are no gay roots in Geneva like those of Zurich and other cities of Europe. This is why certain gay places are only open at night. Also, because lesbians outnumber gay guys and have more venues open to them, we shall steer you clear of their haunts to mention only those places that are all gay, and all guy.

Bars.

There are two you'll like very

much. One is the **Embassy Bar** at 20 Passage Teraillet. Don't look for it as a street-level bar or you'll miss it. It's a little difficult to find, but well worth it. It is reached by the stairs in the Passage. This bar gets a very big play. It's open from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m. And a young, with-it crowd makes it gayly cosmopolitan. You should make a special effort to visit the Embassy.

The other is the **Hippocampe Bar** at 47 rue des Paquis, and this gets older gay guys—something for everyone, as it were. It's open from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. As you see, the gay bar is not the all-day affair it is elsewhere!

Baths.

Again, two. One—I'll **Institut Carol**, is located at 8 rue Pradier and is open on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. (You'll have to swill in your own crud the other days.) A very active place with groping/sex, even some hustlers. The other baths is the **Sauna des Eaux Vives** (but by 'lively waters' they don't mean the golden stream!). The address: rue des Paquis 6. Straights come here as well—but they're wise, so no problem. Also some bisexuals. There's groping/sex, and it's best on weekends.

A favorite meeting place is the **Quai de Mont-Blanc**, but watch out for muggers if you're here at night. Hustlers.

There are five favorite action spots. These are: **Parc des Bations** . . . a nighttime meatrack (it's not practical in daytime) . . . the johns in the **Parc des Basions**, busy/busy day and night . . . in the **Place de la Navigacion**, also busy, but keep an eye out for the fuzz . . . in the **rue de Mont-Blanc**, opposite the **Hotel Des Postes** . . . much action and look out for cops. The most popular is a nighttime-only action spot—the john at the **Ronde de Carouge**, behind **Tram 12 terminal**. This gets a very young crowd; there are some hustlers; and fuzz is often on the prowl. But it sizzles!

This doesn't seem to be a great deal of gay activity, but when one remembers that Geneva has only about 200,000 resident population, it's really quite

CIAO!

a lot. What Geneva has that Zurich doesn't, however, is a greater number of beautiful parks, and here you may easily find someone you'd like to know better. And if you get homesick for an American face, go to the **Mr. Pickwick Pub**, 80 rue Lausanne, adjacent to the United States Mission to the United Nations. All Americans come here for a drink and a sandwich, and in the process you're sure to find someone you'll like very much. It's a very 'go' place—though certainly not obviously gay. It's open from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., then from 5 p.m. to midnight. Sandwiches (huge) run about \$1.60, and meals (also generous) from about \$2.75.

You'll also like these young-guy places. The **Brasserie Landolt** at the corner of rue de la Candolle and rue du Conseil-General (opposite the University). This is a student Mecca and the cruising via eye can be frantic. Also drop in at **Le Clemence**, 20 Place du Bourg du Four. It's a small pub and very popular. Open from 7 a.m. until midnight, and gets a big foreign-student draw. Another gay possibility.

The liveliest part of Geneva is the **Vielle Ville** (Old City). And the **Place Molard**, below the Vielle Ville is filled with outdoor cafes, and your chances of scoring are all the better.

There are all kinds of excellent restaurants in Geneva, and the price range is about that of Zurich. Now are you ready? Geneva also has the **Migros Markt** chain. It's called **Migros Marché** here, and you get the same hearty food, and inexpensively.

There is so much to see, so many fascinating places to visit in this wonderful city.

New Places In New York

By Walter Norris

In addition to our regular

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coverage of the gay scene in New York City we like keeping our readers informed of new, interesting places and things to do—though not necessarily gay—in The Big Apple. You aren't likely to find these listings in a gay directory simply because they don't belong there—but they certainly will help give your trip more meaning.

In the midtown area, why not dine—or have after-theatre tiffin—at **Backstage**? This very 'caught-on' place is at 318 West 45th Street, off Eighth Avenue—a relatively new place (it was Terry O'Neill's last year), peopled with actors from two dozen neighboring legit theaters. It's so crowded at times (most times) you may find yourself elbow-to-elbow (or otherwise joint-to-joint) with the famous. Gay guys show up in force here. The food is good; the prices not unreasonable; and well worth a visit.

The **Chelsea district**, a little farther downtown, takes over from the midtown area and is becoming more 'Villagey' than Greenwich Village of an earlier time. The thrust here is, in part, the **Roundabout Theater** (a theater-in-the-round) which is infusing new blood in the neighborhood with old to Miller/Williams-contemporary plays performed by 'now's our chance' young actors . . . and in part to **Dance Umbrella** (which shares the building)—a collective term for numerous modern dance groups . . . Paul/Merce/Twyla-like . . . each of whom does a one-week gig. In turn, this has created other venues, some of which are gay—and mostly so—others making a pitch for—or where gay is simply honored, often loved, and always welcomed.



Roundabout/Dance Umbrella

One of these is the **Empire Diner**—surely the most elegant diner one is likely to see . . . authentically Art Deco in black, white and silver, and a delight to both eye and palate. Excellent food; a fixed-menu dinner costs about \$8 (cocktails about \$2) and is gourmet inspired. It's a 24-hour establishment—dinner until 1 a.m., then snacks until 7, breakfast 'til lunch and lunch 'til dinner. It's located on Tenth Avenue between 22nd and 23rd Streets, a block and a half from Roundabout. The oddity of this interesting place is that it neighbors with the leather bars a tad to the west, and when leather comes to breakfast here 'push doesn't come to shove' . . . all meeting happily. Across the street is a small park, quietly cruised during the day by seminary students reading their breviary; and at night by quiet others. At night, however, cruise with caution—as one should anywhere in New York.



Empire Diner

Another new Chelsea venue . . . just a block north, at 24th Street and Tenth Avenue. A charming new place that opened in December—**Chelsea Commons**. What was a dismal, boarded-up building has become a tastefully decorated (with real hanging plants and exposed brick) bar/restaurant with tables for games, such as backgammon. Opens at 5:30 p.m. each day. The Commons took off right from the start and gets lots of gay guys, some straight Chelseans, and others who catch a glimpse of the friendly interior from the wide, uncurtained windows and just can't pass it by.

Still in Chelsea, but further down, on Eighth Avenue and 17th Street, is a wonderful

trompe l'oeil bar/restaurant that's been hiding from queuing eyes for too long. Why **trompe l'oeil**? Because it really does fool the eye. One walks by what seems to be an antique shop—and never knows! The name of our discovery is **Chelsea Place** . . . a bright yellow building on the west side of Eighth Avenue. An additional dining room floor is being added because so many have also discovered Chelsea Place, its friendly atmosphere and good food. Lots of gay guys come here . . . lots of others, too, once they've found out how charming it is. Make a special effort to go. Unfortunately, Eighth Avenue is a little seedy, so be extra careful at night. So far, no ripoffs, but it's always wise to have the possibility in the back of your mind.



Chelsea Place

In Greenwich Village there's a new 'in' place—**Alfredo's Settebello**, a fantastic place that's restaurant/bar/cabaret. If you remember Your Father's Mustache of a few years ago, this is the same place, but done over so you couldn't possibly recognize it. The location is at Seventh Avenue South at Tenth Street, near cruisy Sheridan Square and Christopher Street. It's elegant and fun and you shouldn't miss it. It gets quite a varied clientele, but don't let that stop you.



Alfredo's Settebello

Also in Greenwich Village, the new **Star Thrower Café**, at the corner of Greenwich Avenue and Bank Street, has caused quite a sensation. The site was occupied by an old drugstore for years—and while area residents were saddened to see it go, they are now raving about the attractive facade of the Thrower; big storefront windows that allow casual diners to see out and cruise, while enjoying a delicious quiche (there's a variety of them), or Amaretto mousse, or carrot cake. At this writing the Thrower did not have a liquor license, but diners can stop in at a nearby liquor store and pick up the wine. The place is certainly Villagey, with no shortage of characters, and the ambiance is quite gay. Opens early for lunch and dinner.



Star Thrower Café

Farther down on Manhattan Island is the showplace of them all, and it may be the crowning achievement of your gourmet life . . . the fantastic (there's no other word for it) **Windows On The World** at 1 World Trade Center . . . Manhattan's tallest buildings. Critics laud WOTW unreservedly, saying there's no better food in the world. And you can't 'top' this place for 'tops'. It rises 110 stories into the air for an unparalleled view or the Hudson River, Long Island Sound and the New York skyline. There is such a clamor for reservations that one cannot be accommodated earlier than six weeks! Our friend, A. Jay, the Harry Chess-man, found a way, however . . . trust his conniving little soul. He simply cabbed down to the World Trade Center, 'flew' first-class 110 stories heavenward, and asked for a drink at the bar! What

chutzpa!

For the price of a Martini he dawdled at the handsome bar . . . drinking in the glamor on the cheap, regarded with awe this eyefilling spectacle, and had everything except the dinner. He didn't go hungry, though. Not that one! After all, they ply one with hot **hors d'oeuvre** at the bar—and for free!

So connive a little yourself. Try this little trick . . . maybe it'll work for you. While having a drink at the bar, casually ask a passing captain if he has a cancelled reservation. If so, you may be in. (For some, just the fillip of asking/getting a reservation is food for the ego . . . once they've nailed it down they couldn't care less, sometimes not even bothering to call and cancel.) So with a drink in one hand, and a little 'balm' for the captain in the other—if karma is kind—you'll very likely make it. For after all, what is management going to do with a table that's eating up expensive space . . . drape it in black, light a candle and whirl the beads? Bloody unlikely. Obviously such a **grand luxe** place as Windows On The World is going to get the cream of every stratum of society . . . the famous/infamous . . . the gay/straight. So every night is like a celebrity ball. **Rotsaruck!**

UP BLOOMIE'S WAY

By now, everyone knows that Bloomingdale's on East 60th Street and Lexington/Third Avenue is wildly gay . . . moreso on Saturdays (it's **our** day!), and the ads seemingly do everything but pimp for gayday. Bloomie's now has an interesting new snacking place called **Forty Carrots**. But for less than forty carats (though not much) you get delicious health-food meals—and the chance to elbow 'n joint-it with exciting others. Don't miss it!

A new love of ours. While in this area you might like to try what must surely be the most elegant Art Deco restaurant in New York (different from the Art Deco of the Empire Diner). Every bauble, beadle and bangle is authentically **period** Art Deco,

and it's hard to think that, with respect to perfect taste, there's anything left to be desired. It's on the site of the former Passy at 28 East 63rd Street . . . it's called **The Grand Café**, and you'd better believe it. An interesting feature of this fine French restaurant—in addition to prices that won't send you thumbing a ride back home—is that the menu of the day is 'cooked' in both French and English, which is an oblique way of saying that whatever entrée one may choose is written in French, then across the page in English. If you don't like the French style of preparation (which the waiter will helpfully describe), tell him "à l'Americaine." It will be done to an American turn, as though the chef had lived here all his life.

This is not only a supremely elegant restaurant, but a really **care** place. Snooty it ain't. You'll be solicitously treated. And there's a beautiful Art Deco salon where you can relax until your table is ready. Naturally it has rapidly become the 'in' place of the Jackie-watchers, for where this aging and tiresomely-exposed Swan Queen goes, the Ugly Ducklings are quacking not far behind. Lots of elegant gay guys come here, but as noted earlier, it makes no thing of it . . . it's an 'everybody' place. But this, and the other places we've mentioned, will do much to put fascinating touches on your vacation and make you glad you came.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Two things worth mentioning. One is the new **Tavern-on-the-Green**, the project of Warner Leroy, who also owns Maxwell's Plum on the Upper East Side. It's so gorgeously decorated you don't mind the less-than-gourmet food. Reservations are an absolute must, and when we went on two occasions the help and service were, to put it mildly, harried. Presumably there is more order now, so when you come to New York, try to make a point of going. It's a designer's orgasmic dream!

Also, New York's old-time hansom cabs have long been a

fixture in front of the Hotel Plaza. But to ride in one was surely the more 'touristy' thing one might do. Sophisticates avoided them. Now, a new-style cab has been produced . . . smaller . . . with much flowers decorating the body . . . and with courteous (and humpy) young guys (surprisingly, sometimes a gal) driving. So do what you'd never dream of doing before. See New York from a clip-clopping hansom cab . . . it's unforgettable . . . especially in winter when the snow makes picture postcards of Central Park.

In this article we've tried to give our readers some insight into many of the new places that are of special interest from the gay point of view. There are others, and we shall review them in a later article. The newly-published international gay travel directory, "Private Stock," has complete listings of all gay and gay-oriented places in The Big Apple (as indeed in cities and countries around the world). You should have this handy compendium of gay information . . . it can help you get the absolute **most** from your vacation—wherever you go. It's now available from the **QQ Publishing Company**, an advertisement in this issue will tell you more about it.

Come and stay a spell!

The Gay Philippines Pagsanjan

By Crichton Stenhouse

If you love youth you will find heaven on earth sixty miles from Manila. It's a village called Pagsanjan on the famous river where one shoots the rapids—although they're no Niagara, I'll have to admit, but you'll be so busy shooting more intimate objects that the rapids will be of no great concern except that you should do it, just to be sure, you know, that there **are** some rapids up that sweetly flowing stream of muddy composition.

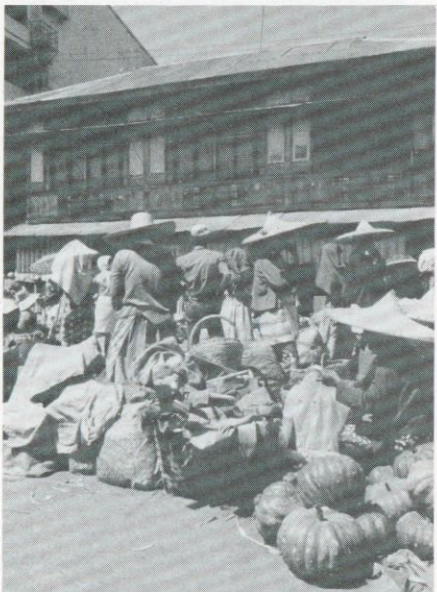
A Manila resident once said to me (she wasn't gay, however), "You'll be bored to death with Pagsanjan," when I was talking of visiting the place. I stayed a week. The only others who do are those who share my enthusiasm for the immediacy of contact, beauty of companionship and the extra bonus of the utmost tranquility with which the place is drenched (if you discount the daytime hours between 10:00 and 3:00 when 89 million Japanese tourists arrive in their air-conditioned buses in which they are safely antiseptized from having any contact whatever with the natural environment of land and people). But such trade is highly susceptible to change, and by the time you come perhaps the Nihonjin will have transferred their interests elsewhere. There's no harm in hoping, although they are effectively destroying the ambience of the place as long as they patronize it.

Pagsanjan is an extremely old Spanish town which still retains great charm though the fathers and uncles of the self-same tourists did their best to lay it flat during the war, and now, in effect, the resultant overgrown and bejungled devastation adds a certain charm to the place. Ruins, they say, can be charming. But the town is never seen by tourists because no one has ever written about it. Only the inevitable Falls of the Pagsanjan River claim the attention of the daytime visitors each day, who are usually whisked back to suitably antiseptic hotels in Manila and are gone from the scene by mid-afternoon. It is early morning and late afternoon which give the greatest charm to the place and there's no one there at such times 'cept you and the natives. What happens at night can be intriguing too, but that is a choreography of which you're in charge of the disposition. It's quite utterly delightful.

But—to start at the beginning—you will get to the BLTB Bus Depot in Manila (everyone knows it, even the taxi driver, and after some days in town this fact will surprise you more than anything else). But you will



The Joys Of Bus Travel



Binan: Halfway To Pagsanjan



Moving Day

probably have connected with a devoted young companion in the Metro area who will want to accompany you to Pagsanjan; and I suggest you take him along even if it's only doing the favour of supplying the chance for a holiday which he, otherwise, could never afford (which does not mean it is expensive, but that he is poor). He will help you connect with the locals if you have chosen the right companion as I did (with several hundred magnificent photos of fine young specimens of manhood to prove it). But taking a boy to Pagsanjan for sex, as such, is like carrying coals to Newcastle. To myself, a contact has (twice; the same boy) proven an open sesame, but it isn't necessary, so don't labour the point. For, on arrival at the inn of my recommendation you will be inundated with companionship as I shall explain it—but I have been greatly helped by a proven mentor, so read on and judge for yourself.

The bus will break down once or twice, but never mind—you will arrive sooner or later at the town of Santa Cruz (about 3 miles short of your destination), after having probably wished you'd flown instead (there's no actual air connection) for the bus rarely seems to connect with the asphalt road surface except at its bumpiest points. On my last trip the labours of the tightly-trousered young driver were infinite reward for the delay as he struggled and strained to get his engine into order. And so we all merrily careen along those occasionally surfaced and usually pebbled roads of the republic in the direction of bliss itself. That the 60-mile ride takes 3 hours will give you some idea of the circumnavigations necessary from time to time. It would surely tax the patience of any North American, but not a Filipino. He adores a challenge and the roads are surely just that but—nothing daunted—on we go; hens, baggage, loudly speculative passengers and—you. Outside of Manila, Filipinos are nothing short of adorable (most of the time) and you'll be well advised to enjoy it, no matter

what difficulties. Everyone expects and **wants** you to enjoy it, as the ultimate experience, so, for God's sake, look as though you are in seventh heaven, for at journey's end you **will** be. What is three hours in a man's life, I ask you? There's one reward in that this is a short journey. If you'd held onto bus-sides for a 12-hour cross-country trip as I have—nursing your head from its frequent contact with the roof—you'd consider this nothing. Seeing an aging crone with her two hens on her knees crossing herself when the journey commences might tend to put you off. Don't let it; it's all in the spirit of investigation, after all. And sheer joy.

As Manila and the extremely questionable aspects of civilisation and (for the sake of a joke) comfort, recede, **you** are venturing into the great unknown, after all. You have, I assume, a sense of balance? And humour. You'll need the second more than the first and it will never let you down. A sense of humour will be more deeply rewarded in the Philippines than in any country of the many I have been in during my brief lifespan. There aren't any particular dangers along this road except from the other drivers, all hellbent on getting to wherever they're going regardless of whoever shares this (so-called) thoroughfare. No vast precipices; you won't have to look into the jaws of death in a 3000-foot drop and reflect that the last accident along that route took 88 lives—no survivors. Oh no. You're all right here—so long as you don't mind the speed, the bumpiness and the **time**. In the Philippines you must absolutely forget time. That exists only in Western lands. There's no time here, as such . . . just departure and (eventual) arrival. If the bus is delayed 2 hours it might yet arrive before its original schedule, so never fear. Just hold on. That's solid advice. Remember the ultimate reward (not Heaven, we hope). If you've lived in a sterile western location all your life you'll appreciate the reward for it is worth some suffering to attain.

There are a number of inter-

esting towns along the way but you won't see anything of them. However, on the return trip you might feel more inclined to break the journey to explore ancient Spanish houses or colourful markets, and this way limit the time you spend on the bus. They aren't like Greyhounds, except for one thing—the speed they accomplish. Santa Cruz, on arrival, has many redeeming features and a fascinating market where you can, for one thing, buy excellent coffee beans and give them to your boy to prepare for your breakfast at the Lodge. I carry my own grinder with me! Otherwise it is the inevitable, ubiquitous 'instant' kind you will drink for it is all that is ever served in restaurants anywhere in the country, according to my own experience. Why should you part completely with the good things of life when they are within reach, as they are here?

At Santa Cruz will be many little three-wheeled passenger scooters which your companion will assure you operate only within the town precincts but, telling them where you want to go, they'll take you anyway. Never take anything at face value in this country. The additional trip to Pagsanjan will take about another 15 minutes and it is a pleasant ride through suburban areas and the charming rice paddies which separate the town from Pagsanjan itself. An old Spanish arch is sped under at the inception of Pagsanjan and at some point in history an enlightened town councillor, or such, has had inscribed some inane welcome message which wasn't meant to be there and you with the tourists weren't either.

There are three hostelries you might stay at, all on the river. They are in such competition with each other, to a degree so outrageous that the manager of the first said to me, "Of course the boys at my place can be fucked but you can't do that with the boys at the Lodge where they have no organised policy."—or such. Don't be foiled, friends. Proceed through the town to the Pagsanjan Lodge.

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So now—to unfold the afore-said events. At Pagsanjan Lodge you will tell the management that you want the boathouse (unless I am there myself, that is) or the Green House. Don't go in the rainy season for the boathouse may be nudging or floating on top of the Green House and—I assure you—I am **not** joking. For seasonal information consult your local friendly neighbourhood travel agent if he knows. July/August/September are a no-no. The boathouse has 3 cubicle rooms and a shower room as large. You might have to share. I never have.

But to me the boathouse is the Lodge. If it wasn't available I'd go upstream to the next cottage colony (which the Lodge is too) so take it as you find it. People come here only for weekends anyway, and usually, as I've said, don't stay overnight at Pagsanjan. There is a pretty new place next door so you won't go wrong. Don't worry, and never mind. But a gentleman in charge of the complex, called Amador (and quite a beauty himself for those who like studs in their 40's) gets the word out that you are there and that you just love young boys in their such-and-such ages (whichever you've advised him) so that within 20 minutes there are 20 such waiting for approval outside your place (whichever it happens to be) so you see that your welcome is not less than I am suggesting.

Amador claimed my affection when I first met him because, although he isn't gay as such (no one is in this Catholic country, but all happen to be anyway) he said that "the gay folk give us their business and we want to make them happy." How happy can you be, is what you have to ponder. In physical terms I am a perfectionist, for I am looking for models and I had no trouble in finding 30 suitable entrants in Pagsanjan. Not all prepared to go as far as physical sex, but nearly all. That's enough, isn't it? If you do have sex with a boy give him from U.S. \$3 to \$5, and he is delirious because this is about five times the amount he could earn in a day working for his local masters. And, generally



Town Traffic



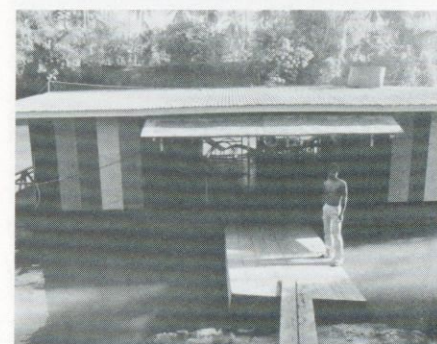
Pagsanjan



Pagsanjan



The Lodge: The Greenhouse



The Lodge: The Boat House



The Lodge: Friends At Poolside



The Lodge: Comradeship



Boatmen's Canoes Seen From The Lodge

speaking, they will love you . . . really **love** you. In fact, it gets to be too much.

The boat house is very fine because you are there, anchored out in the mainstream of the river, and the only sense you get of the tourists' presence is that you see and revel in their temporaneity as they sail past you in their strung-out series of boats taking them up to the Falls during midday hours each day, to be photographed on the way up and collect the copies on the way down for friends back in Kanagawa, Osaka and Tokyo to wonder at, with a background of verdant foliage and muscled boatboys so near at hand. The boatboys are something else. Most will make themselves available for your divergent interests at a price (not much) and then go home to their wives downstream who collect the fees for future requirements and grocery purchases. No one minds. So why should you? The wives are happiest of all. And since hauling those boats over shallow spaces in the river gives the boatboys big muscles they are visually the types you can only realize in America. Nearly all are available and make it abundantly evident if you are a single male (you can hire a boat by yourself and it makes it more obvious).

I'll give you an example of the type of experience you may find will apply to yourself. As an illustrator I had to do some work for a major hotel in Manila so off I went to do it at the Lodge. Any relief from Manila is a pleasure for me, but don't mistake me—as a visitor you will **love** Manila. But I live in Japan, so Manila isn't my idea of heaven. As my major model and procuror of others, I took Eduardo along with me. Two running days he and I had a series of delectable beauties and we splashed our way upstream to enact a series of glorious photos in the jungle with boys in all states of undress, down to complete nudity, and each one so capable of captivating our senses that one of these simple lads had been taken to Australia by a sponsor who considered him worthy of

such monetary outlay.

Remember that these boys are not gay—hardly any of them. But they acknowledge what gay people want. They see in us a source of revenue and manage to be rather loving about it. Noël Coward would have loved Pagsanjan because he loved "the boys" but he did so realistically. You must, too. Realistically. They are **not** gay. They have to live in a small society in a virulently Catholic land where the Church (of churches) captivates all, so—be realistic about it. You'll fall in love with every lad you meet but realise the limitations of the circumstance. If you take them back home you'll either lose them sooner or later, or ruin their lives. They aren't gay. Only they know what to do to please you—the visitor; and they do with seeming willingness. Pay them the going rates and leave them there with the folks who love and understand them, and if you want to establish their undying love, send them a gift afterwards. So many complained to me about being used by visitors. Don't, please don't, spoil things for the rest of us. If payment for services seems outrageously cheap by your standards, just accept that this is the established rate and be happy it is so low because the other conditions of life (except hotel rates) are similar in proportion. Don't go overboard because you have come a long way, to upset the scale of things.

In Pagsanjan you may enjoy the town, the mountains and the jungle and I urge you to explore all. And take only the memories home with you. You, at least, can afford to come back again, and you may well want to.

At my last visit to the Lodge the rates were about U.S. \$10 for a night per room, but nothing is getting cheaper and I expect increasing rates all the time. But that is reasonable by your standards, for the return.

The Lodge is some distance through the village and up-river so that it boasts that it is nearest the Falls which are the source of all the tourist trade and much of the town's economic raison

CIAO!

d'être. But, as I mentioned, there is a newer colony slightly higher up the river now and it does look attractive. Many of the cottages at the Lodge used to be in an appalling state of disrepair but there were recently signs of considerable refurbishing going on, so it may be that the general standards of the place are now considerably improved since my visit nine months ago. It is a longish establishment, strung out along the river, but commencing in a main, open-air, but covered, eatery—with long tables and various tourist-goods shops. The office is at the entrance here so that after you register you walk through the building onto a terrace where there is a children's swimming pool, and down a flight of steps to the boathouse, which is neighbored by the Green House.

Behind the latter is an extremely pleasant kidney-shaped swimming pool with flowing-through, constantly changing, warm fresh water. The village lads swim here as though owned the place, but not to the exclusion of yourself—they might not be on Amador's recommendations list, but they are aware, nonetheless, of your orientation. There are other cottages here which were being improved, and they needed it.

The road along which you came passes the Lodge and runs uphill into a forested hilly region I urge you to explore. The area at the very top and adjacent to the Falls, but looking down on them, is a delightful nature reserve managed by a sort of Philippine 'Tarzan' of dedication to his job, and whose wife will accept your small fee for entry therein or, if she isn't there, you can leave the coins on a small table. It's a splendid backdrop to natural photography. The town, anyway, is totally surrounded by such locations and there are other neighbourhood hamlets worthy of exploration, even if only to meet those who live there. Everyone acknowledges you on the street and you are made to feel naturally a part of the scene.

I use the place to unwind. A typical day starts around 6 a.m., March/April 1977

for the sun rises early and you step outside your sleeping room (which is only large enough to hold a bed and a small closet for clothes, which you never lock) to the roomy central lounging area of the boathouse, sit yourself down with book on the rattan chair, and greet your houseboy who has become aware that you're awake, and arrives with coffee. Across the slowly moving river a villager is chopping coconuts, and a column of smoke lazily drifts up through the jungle where someone is making breakfast. Very nearby, a muscled boatman is preparing his boat for the day's work and the rising sun reflects brilliantly in the moving waters so you don your sunglasses and enjoy the utter peace of it all. A second coffee comes, and you order breakfast for half an hour later. Your companion now has left his room and lazily goes for an early dip in the pool. A boat comes by and the boatman chats for a moment with you or with someone walking past along the Lodge waterfront. Breakfast is voluminous and good: bacon and eggs smell so fresh in this setting, and you will learn to enjoy chipped potatoes at this early hour too, generously cut, fat and delicious.

Around 9:00 or so your first pals show up for a chat and then the boys who are to model for you that day come alongside in their canoe. So five or six of you bundle into the swaying craft and you are off upstream to a point just where the rapids commence. The canoe pulled ashore, you form a column and begin to penetrate the jungle. Staring caribou watch your advance and allow you to walk up and pet them for a moment. Tree-cutters are the only men you will see here in the sunlit forests. Returning to the boathouse, stepping directly into your sitting room from the canoe, you order your first pre-lunch gin. Coming back downstream you have nudged alongside the first of the canoe caravans with its load of straw-hatted tourists and you now contemplate more of them being towed up by a motor boat, 10 canoes strung out behind



Midday Invading Army Of Tourists



Headed Downstream Past Tourists



Getting Ready For A Jungle Foray



Foray Into The Jungle

each other, and you giggle as the sellers of godawful wooden carvings close in on their prey, gliding alongside to commence some hard bargaining, with water-borne, trapped customers who cannot escape. The lads have gone to the pool and return as lunch is brought on a tray by your boy who puts the cold beers in a bucket behind the large serving bar which flanks all of one side of the boathouse. I must tell you that the food here is another reason I am addicted to the place in a country where good food is not plentiful (the native food is good but you'll get the runny runnies).

Like the embellishments of the place, the food, also, is simple—usually cutlets of chicken and shrimp and such, but so nicely cooked that you truly won't mind eating the same thing each day. Twice. You can go into Santa Cruz to explore food in the markets there, too. The afternoon sees a bunch of lads and you bundle into a hired bemo (small bus-like truck) to go to the top of the mountain and photograph more. You emerge where an old bus wreck that took the lives of all passengers stands in desolation at the roadside.

Precipices are not really necessary for such accidents, you see. This one saw everyone roasted alive in another variety of mishap. Another possibility is the chance of the bus turning over as it swerves to overtake and then has to pull in too quickly and a tire bursts. But, naturally, you should brush such thoughts out of your mind as being overly negative. I recommend you don't put anything of value on the floor beside your feet against the wall of the bus, however—I almost lost a valuable art volume that way, through the rusted, gaping side of the bus which I had failed to notice, but fortunately another passenger did.

After the pleasant afternoon session in such verdant splendour you will either have asked the bemo to return at a given time (which I do not recommend) or simply start to walk since it is all downhill and the road winds through jungled

hillsides all the way, making an extremely pleasant walk. The only time we found ourselves setting out in this way we were speedily picked up by an open-back truck and entered the village holding on for dear life and trying to smile and acknowledge greetings at the same time.

There are many things to do in this charming small town which must have been a joy before it was the scene of street fighting. There are many explorations in all directions so long as you are inventive and enjoy a bit of physical exertion. It won't be so very hot in springtime, and you'll enjoy walking about or exploring by bemo or tricycle with the driver either waiting for your return or most likely coming along with you after the point where his machine cannot progress beyond. Everyone is friendly but don't expect them to indulge fluent English for you are in for a big letdown; as different tribal folk don't even understand each other, far less English—quite apart from what the official Philippine Tourist Office may encourage you to believe. There are about 100 dialects in the countryside but the friendliness is what is nice. It's very disarming and you don't actually **need** to be disarmed, do you?

You'll meet people everywhere you go; on all your explorations, even if it is only the barboys at the bigger of the three hotels (a four-story monstrosity) who will readily make a date to meet you after hours **if you are not assuaged** by that time and are actually wondering how to **avoid** new contacts. I speedily reach this point when I am in the Philippines (especially Manila) for people simply will not believe you really want to be alone.

Travel light, friends. You will not need anything more than slacks and shirts. It is a hot country all the year round. Your evenings will start with the gins and a book or chatting with visitors who seek you out so often that I made it known which hours I was available and which **not**. For the evenings are poetic just as the mornings are—the

sun going in the opposite direction with every bit as much glory to record in your vision. Peace sets in over the river and you listen to your pals splashing around in the pool or join them for a pre-dinner swim. Lanterns glimmer across in riverside villages and cooking smells pervade the air so that your nostrils commence to twitch in anticipation of that delicious roasted chicken, etc. But another gin first. The houseboy—a walking doll, himself—sits and chats with you, tells you of his life, his wife and two children, while he might just agree to slip back to sleep with you after eating. It's up to him. Don't press the point beyond telling him you wouldn't exactly mind.

Your pals you have brought up from town (Manila) return, looking as fresh as life, and dinner arrives too. Then, afterwards, a couple of boys come in to chat and one seems to linger as though he doesn't wish to leave, which is exactly the message that your partner for the night has arrived, and your two Manila pals turn in together and peace embraces all. Maybe a turn around the town would be in order first, and a drink at one of the small roadside stands, chatting with the assembled throng, and perhaps agreeing with a couple of them to work with you the next day, or a bunch of local lads are chatting in one of the raffia-roofed open huts here and there in the Lodge grounds, so you sashay over and are invited to chew the cud with them for a while. It is a peaceful and very relaxing atmosphere and you forget about the pressures of outside life. Do you know, I think the experience could do you a whole lot of real good.

Gay Dining

By The Editors

By tacit consent, Saturday is Gay Day on New York City's posh Upper East Side—the day

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on which gay guys from all over town (and out of) converge first on Bloomingdale's to cruise the humpy goodies in the packed/stacked men's shop on what is called the **métro** (subway) level. (They **do** get very continental at Bloomie's.) Later, like homing pigeons, many will streak across Central Park to the less-posh Upper **West** Side to cruise for a bit, finally stopping at Zabar's for some of this unique delicatessen's goodies of the edible kind (but then, aren't we all?).

The foods at Zabar's are all take-out, but so many are freshly prepared 'offstage' just minutes before—such as their delicious gefilte fish—it's easily possible and quite practical to have a gourmet spread with a minimum of 'do' (especially if one is bringing home a teasy trick from posh-East or lessposh-West).

For example, one might pick up either a simple country-style **pâté**—coarse-grained and spicily aromatic—or (if he's something far-out to bionic) an elegant **terriner** of duck, for an appetizer.

This might well be followed by a main course of thinly-sliced Westphalian ham (Zabar's 'surgeons' at the meat counter can slice a ham so razor-blade thin Paul VI would give it his papal blessing for Good Friday). To accompany this, one of Zabar's prepared-on-the-spot salads, such as their French Bean Salad (which is droolish and would turn Fauchon of Paris green with greed!). Put it all together with a special bread: something **light**, such as their baked-that-morning French bread; or **medium**, perhaps the famous San Francisco sourdough (flown in fresh) . . . or **heavier**, such as their incomparable pumpernickel with the world's fattest raisins actually exploding the loaf. Then top with an exotic fruit for dessert—Zabar's imports the best from all over the world.

One might prefer a simpler collation, however . . . and one easier on the wallet, such as a **kaffee klatsch**. Again, this is **the** place to pick up the makin's, because Zabar's imports the world's finest coffees, and is the **only** licensed importer in the United States for Jamaica Blue

Mountain coffee. Zabar's coffees may now be ordered by mail (send for an order form). At this writing the price of Jamaica Blue Mountain was \$4.98 per pound, with Hawaiian Kona (the real thing, and impossible to obtain anywhere except on the West Coast in a few shops) going for \$3.25 . . . with all other coffees priced at \$2.69 per pound, plus shipping costs.

For the 'cake' part of the **klatsch** there is just no superlative for Zabar's. It's an authentically Russian coffee cake baked in the old way in a four-foot-square shallow pan, and comes loaded with pecan halves and drenched with honey. It's sold by the pound according to your specifications. Figure 200 calories per crumb.

Cheeses from every nation are to be found here. Choose from Welsh Caerphilly, Austrian Emmentaler, Dofo St. Paulin, or perhaps French Gourmandise, Italian Teleggio, Swiss Gruyere, or from dozens of other international cheeses . . . or maybe settle for good ol' Wisconsin cheddar.

Seeing Zabar's windows for the first time, one might mistake the establishment for a dried-fruits store and/or coffee-making machine shop. It has every known coffee-making device—also grinders—at prices less than half that charged by New York department stores. The store is comparatively small and nestles about mid-block along Broadway from 80th to 81st Streets. It's packed from midmorning until late at night (midnight Saturday) and you may need a Geiger counter to tot up all the celebrities who know this place, come here, and love it. Actually, every night is 'Oscar' night here. There's no pushing or shoving, no matter how dense the crowd. Everyone understands that Zabar's is unique and so a big department-store ambience is not expected. If you, as a visitor to New York, will stop in for something you'd like to take home, you'll find the experience unforgettable, and come back again and again when you're in The Big Apple.

Tip: If you're a devotee of fine

art as well as fine food, come once during the day. Just around the corner at 81st Street and West End Avenue you'll find a breathtaking collection of genuine Tiffany glass. **All Angels Church**, an Episcopal church that was **the** fashionable church when the Upper West Side was **in**, has huge windows and beautiful chandeliers and other art works designed and crafted by Louis Comfort Tiffany, who was a member of this parish. The entrance during the week is through the church offices on 80th Street.

The church has seen better days, and is now the Haitian religious center of the West Side. In addition to English services, masses in French are offered for the Haitian community, just as in the **Cathedral of Ste. Trinité** in Port-au-Prince. Once inside, with the sun breaking through those glorious windows, turning everything Tiffany to even greater beauty, it is an experience you'll never forget. Come first to All Angels . . . get the guided tour, and please leave an offering straight from your heart for the church's work with the poor of this area, as well as for the maintenance of this incredible ecclesiastical art museum. Then, like Faust, on to Zabar's . . . selling your soul to the Devil!

Recipes From Around The World

By The Editors

In the June 1975 issue of **QQ Magazine** we gave our readers a guided tour of Israel's gay places, also including a few recipes for unusual Israeli socializing drinks. Since then letters continue to arrive for more, and we are glad to list some of them here.

Some of these drinks require an ingredient not familiar to most of us. It is the traditional

Sabra, an orange liqueur that is distantly related to **Grand Marnier** . . . the principal difference being that the former is made from the famous **bitter** oranges of Israel. If you live in a city of some size, or in a community with a large Jewish population, you will find **Sabra** in most wine shops. If your dealer doesn't have it he can quickly order a bottle or two for you. Or you may substitute **Grand Marnier**, using just a smidge less. And if you don't care to go to that much trouble you can still wish your gay friends "Kol Tov!" ("All the best!") . . . or "L'Chaim" ("Good health!") with the many Sabra-less drinks given here.

For a starter here is

HADERA (The Room)

Into a highball glass filled with cracked ice put 3 oz. **Calvados** (or a good apple brandy); add a jigger of banana liqueur; fill to the top with ginger ale; stir lightly and serve.

HA TAPUA

('Tapua' is Israeli for apple)

Put two cubes of ice into a Collins glass; add 4 oz. **dry** vermouth; stir. Fill to top with tonic water and serve.

SHTA ISH HA ROVEH

(Rifleman's Punch)

This is a great punch for groups of ten or more. It saves a lot of kitchen work and gives you a chance to become better acquainted with your guests. Into a giant punch bowl place a big chunk of ice. Pour in 1 full bottle of Southern Comfort and 1 full bottle of white rum. Add 2 oz. Angostura bitters and lightly stir the mixture. Now fill with 2 one-quart or family-size bottles of ginger ale, plus 6 to 8 **individual** bottles of Schweppes Tonic Water. Top with ½ bottle of **Sabra** liqueur and 8 ounces of Rose's bottled lime juice. Garnish with fresh fruit slices and serve it in double Old Fashioned glasses.

TAT-ALUF

(General in the Israeli Army)

Into an Old Fashioned glass filled with cracked ice, pour a jigger of any good brandy and a

jigger of rum. Add a splash of club soda, garnish with a twist of lemon peel, and top with a tablespoon of **Sabra** liqueur.

HA OR

(The Lamplight)

Put 1 jigger of vodka and 1 oz. peach liqueur into a cocktail shaker. Strain into a Whisky Sour glass filled with crushed ice. Add a cherry and serve.

There is another Israeli greeting—said more often now that the Mideast is on a war footing—it is "**Sim lev!**" ("Stay alert!") So if your guests are a little bombed out from your hospitality . . . or if too sleepy for good sex and you'd like to get them in good working order for bed . . . here are some Israeli pick-me-ups:

LA ALOT LEMALAH

(Climb up.)

Put 1 oz. dry gin, 1 oz. Lea & Perrins sauce, 1 tablespoon bottled lime juice and a pinch of salt into an 8-oz. glass. Fill with club soda and serve.

YOM HA SCHACHOR

(Black day.)

Into a highball glass put 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon of **Sabra** liqueur. Add 8 drops Angostura bitters, fill with bitter-lemon soda and serve.

"Kol tov!"

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

Copenhagen . . . The novelty of freely available porno seems to have worn off. The Danes aren't turned on by hot magazines, films, etc., and the export market has died because so much of the stuff is being produced and sold in so many other countries. The one edge the Danes had in the flesh market was their legalized sex shows—but they were outlawed about a year ago and simulation is not enough to interest

tourists. Generally speaking, the Danes do believe that the legalization of pornography was good and they are happy with existing laws—even if sales are low. Attitudes concerning sex in Denmark are mature and healthy.

San Francisco . . . In a recent street interview conducted by the San Francisco Chronicle, most people who were asked, "Ever wish the Gays would relocate?" expressed a live-and-let-live attitude, though many added, "... as long as they don't get in my way." Nevertheless, people who live in San Francisco, gay and straight, have a pretty liberal attitude about everything.

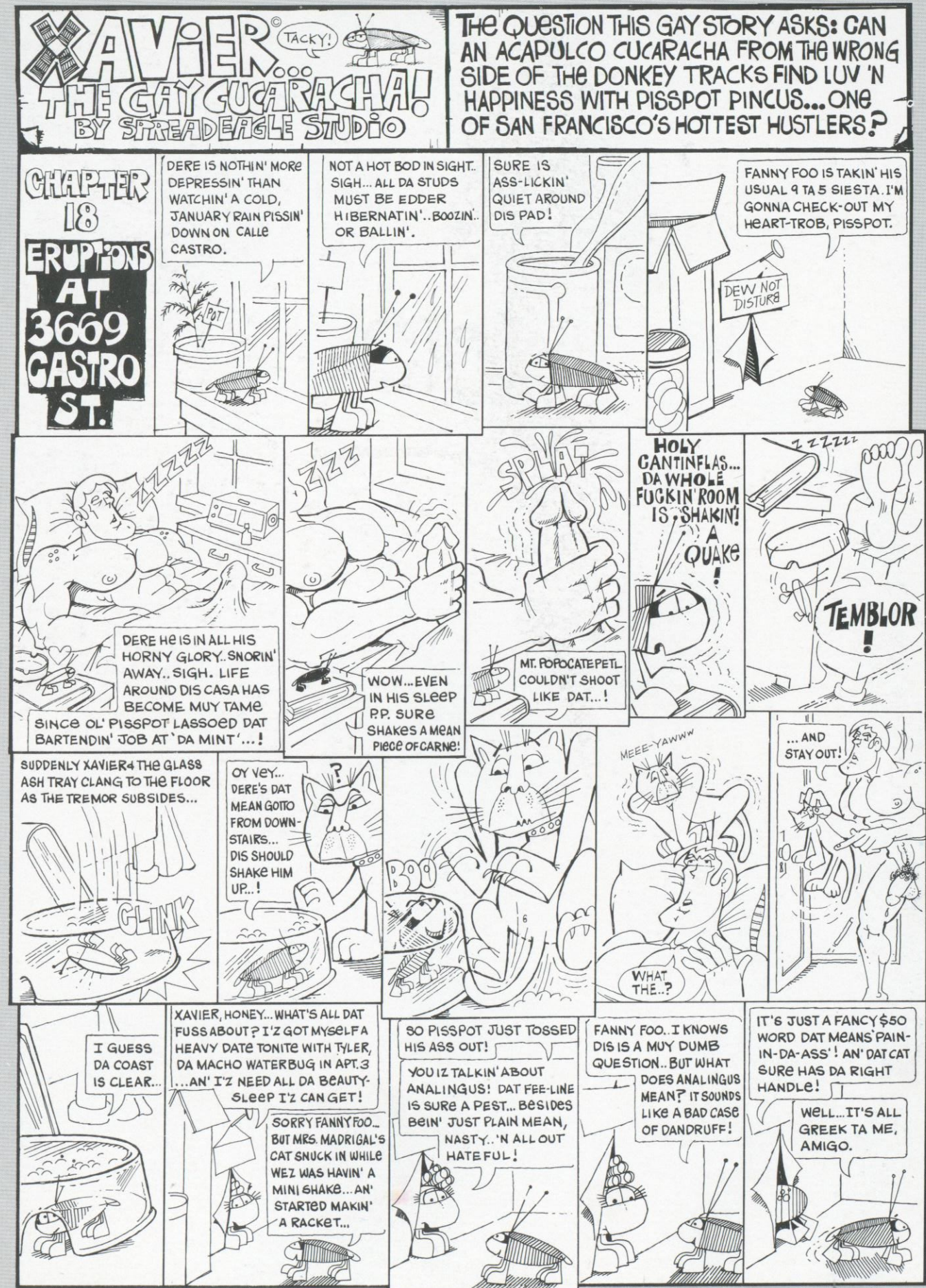
TVland . . . Without question, the sexiest actor seen on TV in years was Marc Singer, as Petrucio in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." San Francisco Chronicle reviewer Terrence O'Flaherty pretty much said what most other reviewers and viewers said or thought or felt about Marc: "Marc Singer's body is perfect for one of the greatest stud roles in the theater and he uses every inch of it. And I mean it just that way." Don't miss seeing "Taming of the Shrew" when it shows in your area. It will repeat from time to time, mainly on public access channels.

West Berlin . . . The Germans are bored with porno, and shopkeepers are tossing out the dildos and installing slot machines—because everybody is gambling these days. In the first four weeks of operation of a casino in Hanover more than 20,000 players registered to gamble (registration is a legal requirement). In large cities sex showplaces and nightclubs are quickly being converted into gambling houses.

Atlanta . . . The National Center for Disease Control here has confirmed 31 cases of a new strain of "super-gonorrhea" which destroys the penicillin used to treat it. New drugs are being used to combat it, but a "sure killer" of the new bug is not yet known.

That's all this month . . . more news in our next issue.

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Bonus Pull-Out No. 12

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Non-subscribers may now place personals. General instructions above apply. Rate is 50 cents per word (name and address count as 2 words) on a 1-time basis only. Specify which of our 3 magazines you want your ad to appear in when you write. Send check or money order to: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.

NEW YORK: 37, 5'11", 180 lbs., white, sincere, discreet, wishes to meet gay males 21-45 (your place). Enjoys nudity, j/o, wants to save water and shower with you. **M-24**

L.I., N.Y. B/M, 6'5", 185 lbs., 38, professional, athletic versatile. Desires B/Puerto Rican 20-?, versatile, mature, wants a good home life with honesty. No fats, fems, S&M or heavy drugs. F-18

INDIANAPOLIS: Interested in getting together with those who are turned-on by excellent photography and models of Sierra Domino. **S-84**

NEW YORKER can relocate for right guy. Affectionate, considerate, educated. Likes nudity, travel, classical music, books, photography. Sexually uninhibited; not promiscuous. Prefer to share total personality and sex including scat and w/s with one person. Am white, 5'8", 155 lbs., age 58. **H-48**

JAPANESE GUYS, NYC: Are there any? Tall as possible. Age unimportant; I'm 37. Skinnier the better. Full relationship, others welcomed. (212) 929-2933 noon, weekends. Cameron, Box 337, GPO, NYC 10001.

GWM ENGINEER interested in music, opera, photography, horticulture (especially roses), and men. Prefer quiet masculine types 30-55 interested in mutual love and esteem. Travel limited. Answer all. **H-15**

WHITE ST. LOUISIAN, 35, into leather/rubber, SM/BD/WS, travel. Let's discuss interests and get together in detailed letters and/or cassette tapes. All answered, photos get same. **E-1**

KANSAS CITY, w/m, 30, 5'6", 140, mustache, butch, a loner, dig buttonfly levis, cowboy boots and hats, leather, light S/M, versatile. Looking for same anywhere. Letter and photo. **T-5**

HOT BUNS WANTED, 18 years up for Greek action, also French culture active and passive. I'm a very hot, passionate Italian, 34, 5'8", 155 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, who likes to make love. All answered. photos first. **B-16**

W/M, 48, 6', 178, married—wants discreet relationship S.E. Florida. Prefer white, slim guy, no drugs or S/M. R-24

IN DETROIT, somewhere, is "my guy." He's about 33 to 45 years old, keeps in shape, dreams of the future, but can face reality. He's masculine, as I am, w/o making an issue of it, and wants to build with one guy, me, for our future. He has trust, honesty, sincerity, hopefully a sense of humor, and likes to be leader in a relationship (no S&M implied). I'm 39, 5'10", 165 lbs., and believe I have a lot to offer the right guy. Jim, P.O. Box 5176, Dearborn, Mi. 48128.

VISITORS TO NEW ORLEANS, 18-25, welcomed as my guests. Especially foreign students. Write beforehand. **E-5**

NORTHERN NEW YORK: Handsome, muscular, 47, 5'7", 145 lbs., desires sincere friendship with good-looking, muscular, well-built male (21-40) interested in mutual French, etc. Photo please. **C-44**

PHOENIX: W/M, 32, 155, 5'9", desires to meet or correspond with Chicano's & Whites 25 to 35(?). Be sexually active & discreet. I'm hot & ready. Photo w/letter requested. **W-37**

ROBERTO OF PUERTO RICO. Remember Nov. 1975? Met you at 21st Twin Cinema, Miami Beach, Fla. Like to hear from you. Paul Ray, 10681 Wesch Rd., Brooklyn, Mich. 49230.

AM WELL HUNG. Would like to exchange revealing photos of yourself for mine, for my collection of nudes. **P-19**

COLUMBUS, OHIO: White male, 44, butch, seeks gay contacts 150-mile radius Columbus. Any race and age to 45. French and Greek active and passive. No hangups. Write! **E-8**

COLUMBUS, OHIO w/m, 50, 5'5", 140, likes better things in life, esp. opera, travel, nature, nice home. Seeks similar for friendship, etc. Photo appreciated. Nial Kent, where are you? **M-18**

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Masculine male, 35, 6', 165 lbs., good build, desires to meet same for friendship. P.O. Box 42053, Cleveland, Ohio 44142.

MASCULINE DIVORCED W/M, 45, 165 lbs., 6' good body, hairy chest and abdomen, well-hung, low-hanging balls, uncut. Digs getting head from masculine men by the hour, smoke, amyl, dirty talk, movies, travel, making friends, hearing from dudes along routes 40 to Memphis from L.A., 59 to New Orleans, 10-45 to Houston/Dallas, 20-10 to L.A. In L.A. call (213) 652-9798 anytime and leave message on machine if not in or write to: **T-12**

ANTIQUE BUFFS or not, Pa./Md./N.J./N.Y./Del. area. YWM antique dealer, Greek active, into Gay Erotica, etc. Write me. Will contact you when doing shows in your area. **F-21**

ATLANTA: 30's, lovers, seek same for threesomes and foursomes. Enjoy music, nudity, clean & enjoyable sex & general good times. All with photos answered first, but all answered. Boxholder, P.O. Box 77174, Atlanta, Ga. 30309.

HORNY AND READY for a good time? So am I! Attractive New Jersey 30-year-old looking for same and plenty of action. Also threesomes. Very versatile. **W-6**

5'9", 160, BLOND/BLUE wants slender guys, 18-35 for permanent relationship with masculine, mature male. Likes music, dancing, swimming, football, baseball. Race, endowments, looks unimportant. All answered. Jack, Box 346, Mt. Vernon, Ind. 47620. Tel. (812) 838-2983.

HI! LITTLE ROCK, ARK. Like to meet friendly guys with sense of humor. Professional, 30 yrs. old, 5'10", 140 lbs., good-looking. Interested in similar type. Send photo. **K-15**

N.Y. CLEANCUT, young looking, down to earth, discreet w/m, 50, 6', 150, red/br hair, grey eyes, seeks average guy for get-togethers. No wilds. **M-32**

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Good-looking w/m, age 40, 5'11", 165, brown hair, blue eyes, wishes to meet discreet males 25-45, for friendship and sex. Am Greek passive, French active/passive. Photo would be appreciated. **E-9**

UPSTATE NEW YORK: Hunky Italian grad student seeks friends 18-40. Prefer slim, well-educated types into film, photography, friendship, and sex. No fems or weird scenes. **L-48**

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY: Handsome w/m 6', 165, bearded, wants to meet others for group sex & 3-somes. I like men's games with men. Photograph helpful. Box 236, Kingston, N.J. 08528.

NYC—YOUNG gay white guy, 150 lbs., 5'10", 30 years old, brown hair/eyes, slim build. Wants to meet affectionate hairy-chested men from late 20's to 40's for fun, sex and love. Have own pad. Size of equipment not important (no Blacks, fems, fats or S&M's). Please enclose nude photo if possible (will return if requested) when writing. Include phone number. **M-64**

SAN FRANCISCO AREA. W/M, early forties, 5'11", 165, seeks top man. Am recent arrival here, looking for new associations, especially people who enjoy arts, theater, opera, literature. **S-86**

SUBURBAN BALTIMORE. Late 40's, foxy, stocky, warm guy who likes kissing, embracing, body contact. Dislike bar scene. Like literature, arts, am French active/passive, Greek passive. Live alone. **S-8**

NEW YORK. W/M, 43, blond, 5'8", seeks meeting leather/levi guys, no hangups, wrestler, bodybuilder. Photo and number gets immediate reply. **C-49**

R.U. OVER 50, retired, healthy, honest and need to share mature affection, quiet living, country summers, possibly winters south? I've an Oregon home and heart to welcome you. **B-18**

WESTERN CANADIAN, 38, Aries, seeks gentle, honest, professional mate/correspondents. Am tall, slender, hairy, average equipment. Interests: traveling, fine arts, beaching, sunning. Greek action preferred, but not exclusively. **O-4**

NEAR ERIE, PA. Personable, affectionate, dependable fellow, 35, average looks, 5'5", 120 lbs., desires young, trustworthy, sexy friends—especially muscular or tall, any race. Mostly oral but versatile. **B-67**

N.E. OHIO, 30'S. Sagit. Versatile. Seek real men. Into travel, photography, sports, cycles, rock/jazz. Permanent relationship or friendship. Close I-76 and Ohio Pike. Photo, will reciprocate. 55 Fir Hill - 12A1, Akron, Ohio 44304.

NEW YORK CITY: Horny, attractive white professional—40, 5'6", 135 lbs. Seek others 18-60 for blazing sex. Active/passive French and Greek. Own pad. Phone (212) 643-1212 or write **P-9**.

BLACK MASTER, moderately aggressive, desired by w/m. Enjoy b/d, mild S&M, w/s, scat (licking/eating), leathermen, boots, mounted policemen especially delicious. Photo preferred. Dr. Bergmann, 55 W. 14th St., NYC 10011. Tel. (212) 691-3797.

TEXAS, white male wants to meet hung, good-looking studs 16-? Likes to have sex with straight, bi, athletes, students, bodybuilders, servicemen, married or single. Photo, phone to **H-50**.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS BLACK. Prof. man, 5'10", 175 lbs. Early 40's, look late 20's-early 30's, solid prop. body. Looking for action. Love arts, sports, camping, hiking. Ages 18 - ? All races. No fats, fems, hard drugs. S/M. Have space for visitors. Have car, will travel. Visit Colorado, Utah often. P.O. Box 1632, Decatur, Illinois 62523.

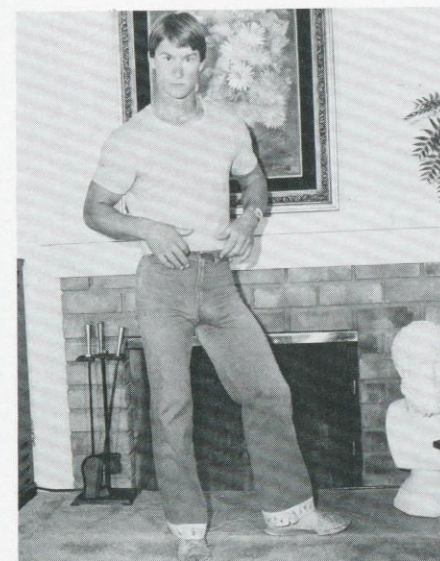
FRIENDS WANTED: Age, race unimportant. Living along, versatile, SWM, like to receive company and able to travel. Replies from within 100 miles Albany, N.Y. area invited. **W-46**

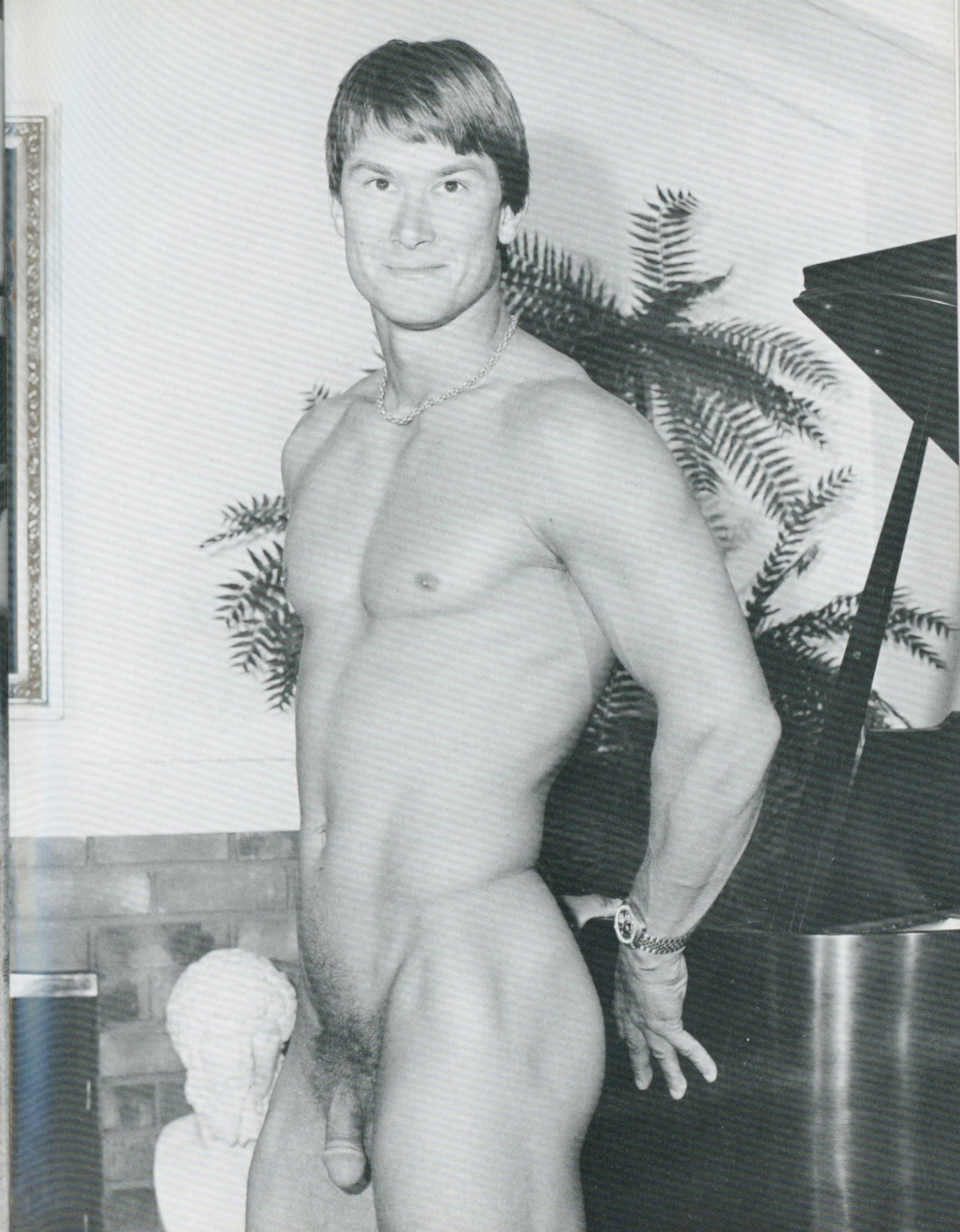
MANHATTAN: Virile and versatile Paul Newman type seeks singles/couples for M/S (Master/Slave rather than S/M). Send desires and details for Fantasy/Reality. Travel possibilities. **B-39**

Photo Feature Of The Month The New Scotty

By Kensington Road

The two photos on the left were taken only a few years ago—when we thought Scotty Cunningham had reached his peak of perfection. We were wrong—as you can see from the photos on this page and those that follow . . . the NEW Scotty is bigger 'n better than ever. It's easy to see he's been hitting the weights—and it certainly has paid off in solid muscles. He looks great—and we thank Kensington Road for the beautiful pictures of The New Scotty.

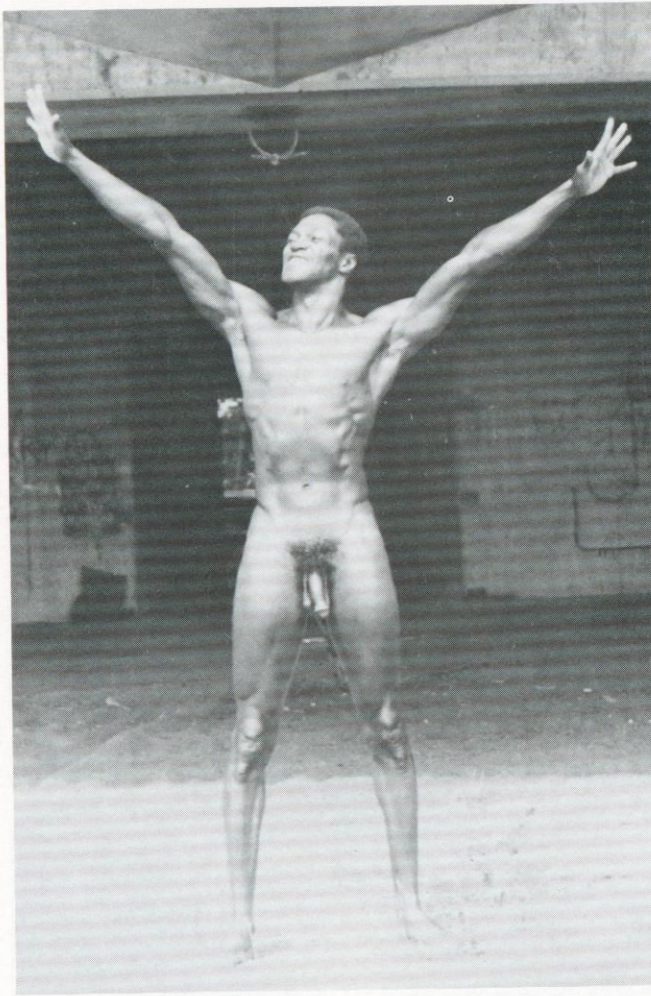




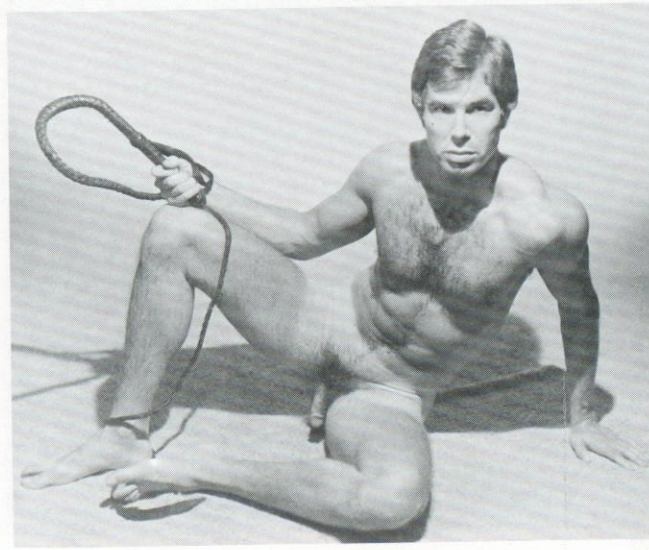




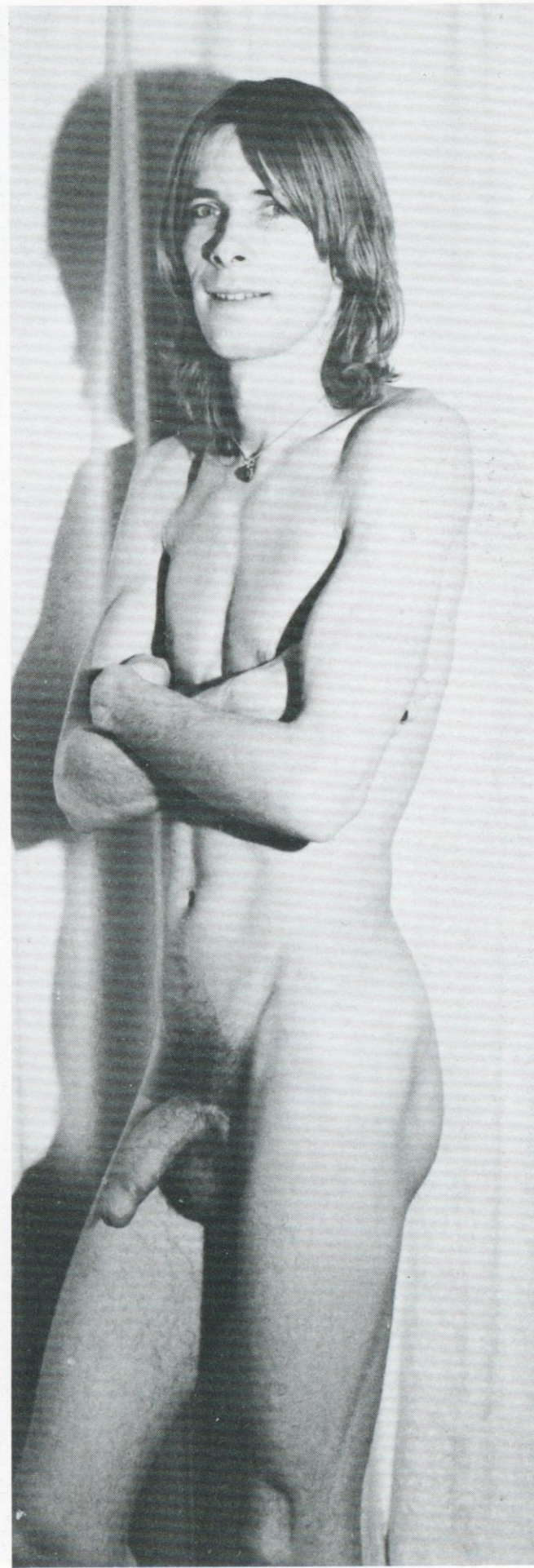
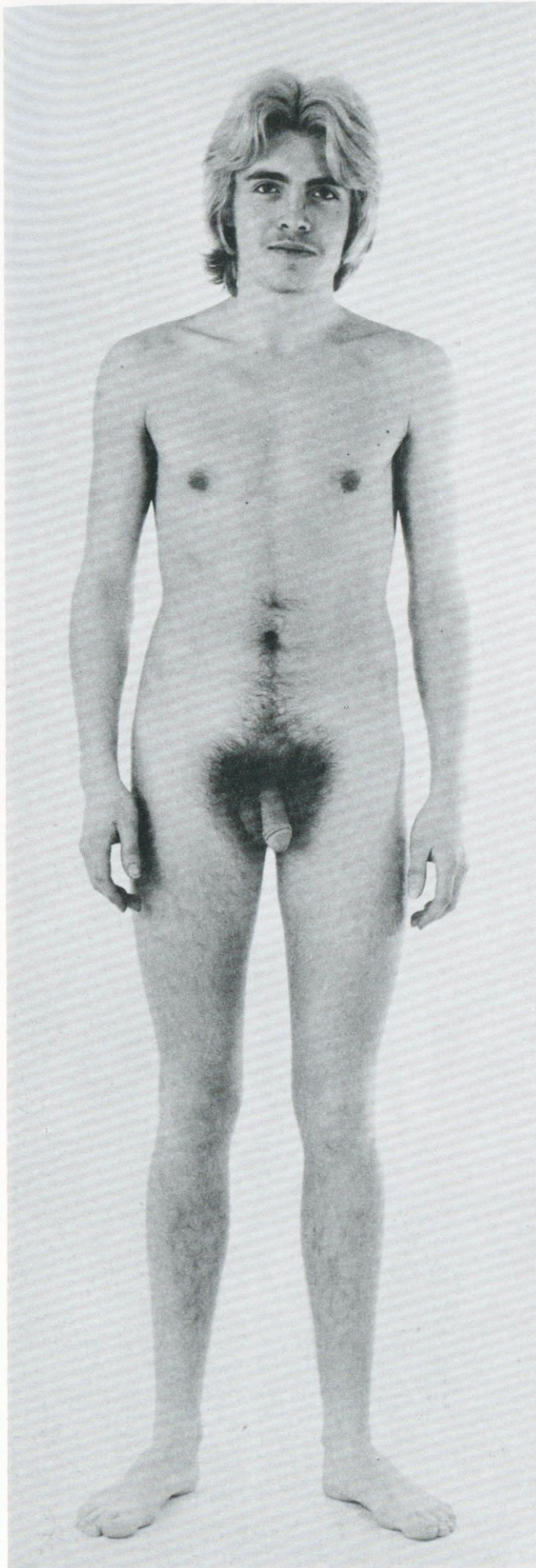
CIAO!



Sierra Domino



Western Photography Guild





CIAO!



March/April 1977

U.S.A.

Athletic Model Guild



Malaysia

Poland

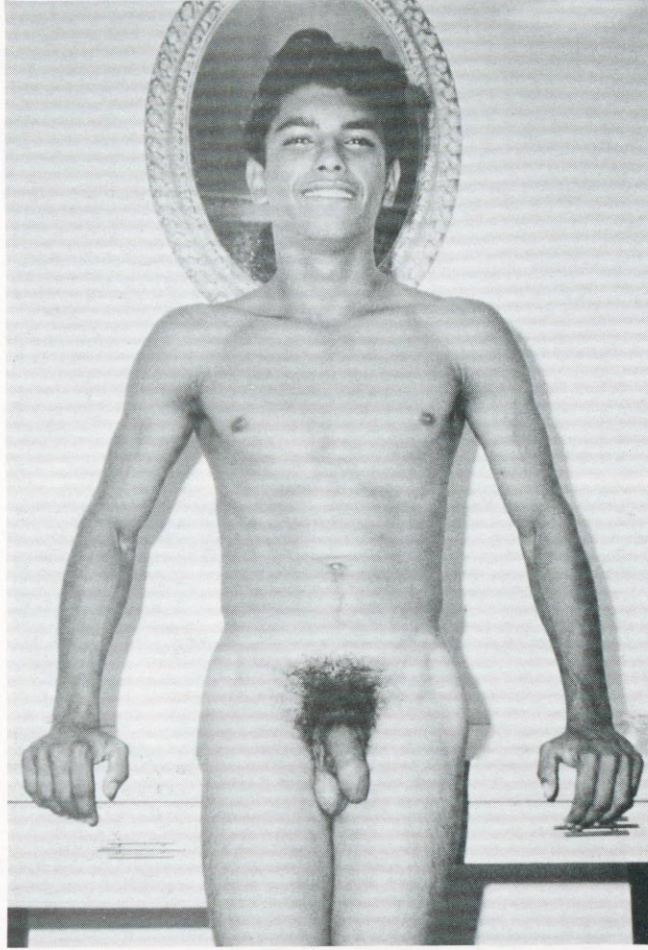
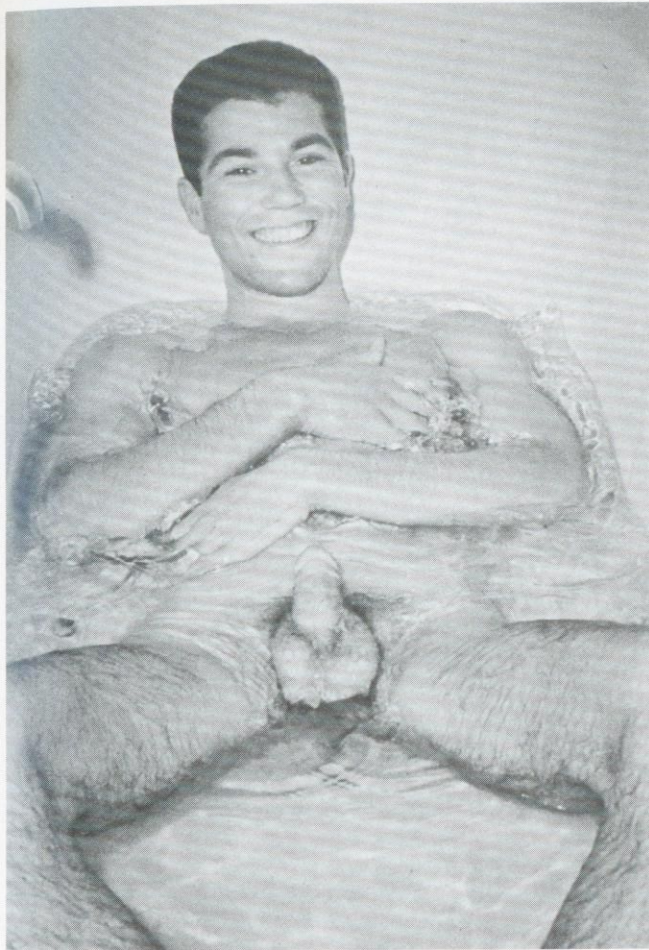


U.S.A.

Alexander

CIAO!

Israel



India

U.S.A.



Alexander

March/April 1977



U.S.A.

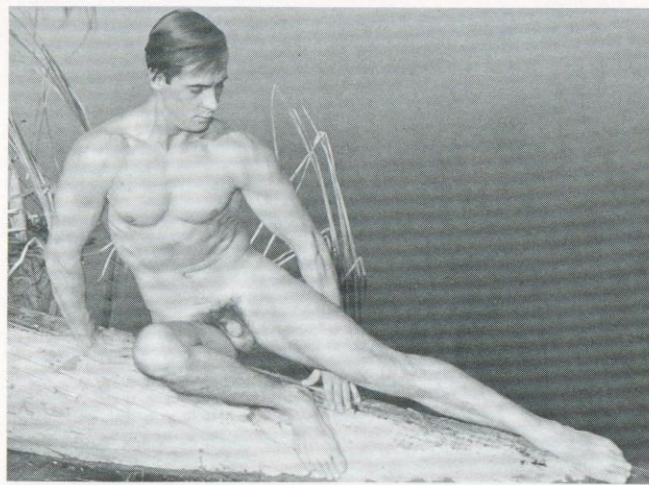
Athletic Model Guild

U.S.A.

Western Photography Guild

Sweden

Mexico

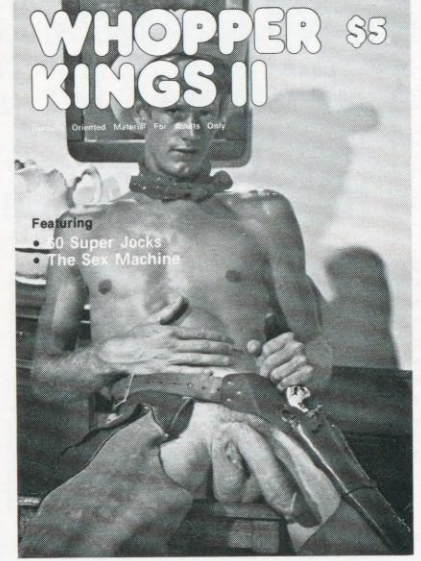
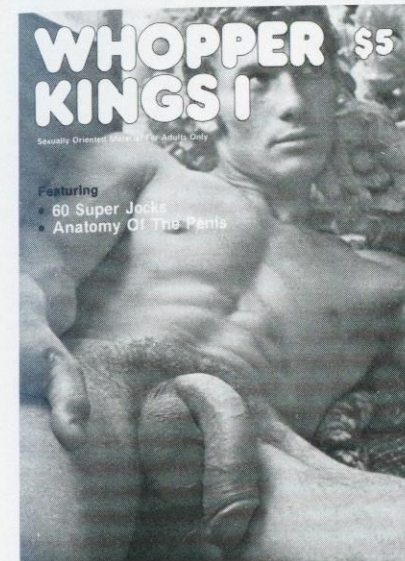


Greece

Germany

CIAO!

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Each magazine is packed with over 60 Big Guys (over 120 in all in both magazines)—no two models alike. Big full-page pictures—some in color. If you like SIZE these Whopper Kings will wow you! We bring them together in these jumbo pictorials featuring Big Guys only . . . each and every model is hung REALLY HEAVY!

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With meat prices soaring these days—these magazines are the greatest bargain going . . . pound for pound you won't find better anywhere. Top choice. Yes sir, we do it your way!

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The Big Hole



Bottoms up! If that corny expression makes us look like assholes—sorry, guys . . . but our new toy has our imaginations running 'fuckamuck'. This one's made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) which leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" in diameter, 6" deep, stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere (legs, etc.). Sold strictly as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG HOLE \$10.95

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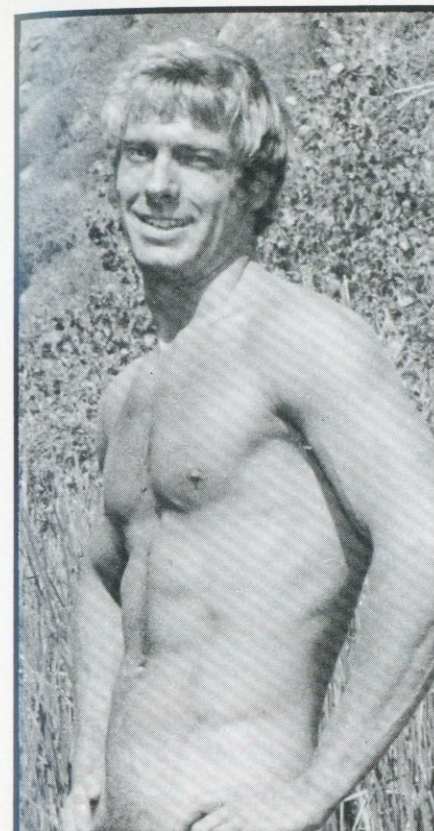
Bottoms Up!



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

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Tell me what you
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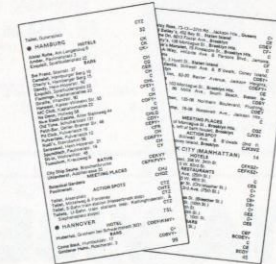
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Pucker up for some deep throat action. These lips and deep mouth complete with realistic tongue are made of soft, flesh-like, flesh-colored (lips and tongue are tinted pink/red) rubber (washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" diameter, 6" deep, also stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere. (Similar to the toy we used to carry called "Hot Lips" but much improved.)

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A & AA



B

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Put tingle in your dingle with RINGMASTER—a snap-on ring with lightweight vibrating capsule. Rheostat control is separated from unit by a thin 24" cord and permits the mildest to the wildest vibrations by simply turning a knob. Ring is 1-3/8" diameter but spreads to fit all. Takes penlight batteries (included). May also be attached to many toys (shown here on the El Perfecto I, which is not included in your purchase). Sold only as a novelty to adults over 21.

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EL PERFECTO III \$12.95
ALL THREE (SAVE \$3.90) \$28.95

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Here's a great toy that not only vibrates but rotates too. ROTA-VIBE is 8" long and averages 1 3/4" in diameter (perfect size). Its flange base allows it to rest upright on any flat surface and its switch permits instant reversal of the rotating action (clockwise and counter-clockwise). Soft flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber. Batteries included. Sold as a novelty to adults only (state you are over 21) and sent in a plain carton via insured parcel post.

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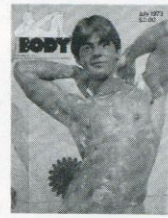
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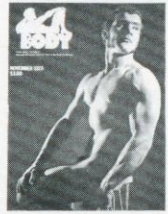
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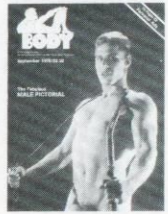
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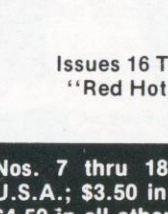
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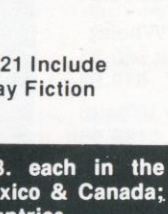
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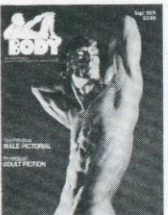
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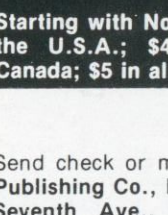
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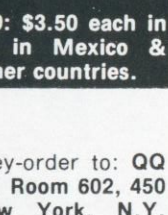
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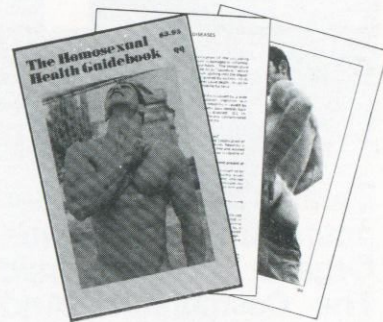
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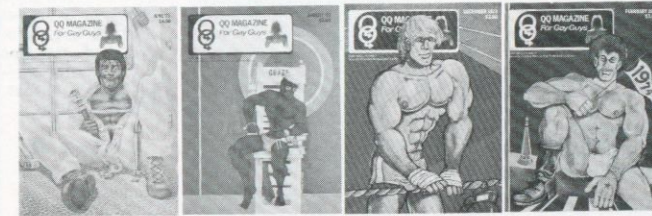
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A black and white photograph of a shirtless, muscular man with dark hair, posing in a dynamic, slightly crouched position. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The lighting highlights his physique. The background is dark and indistinct.

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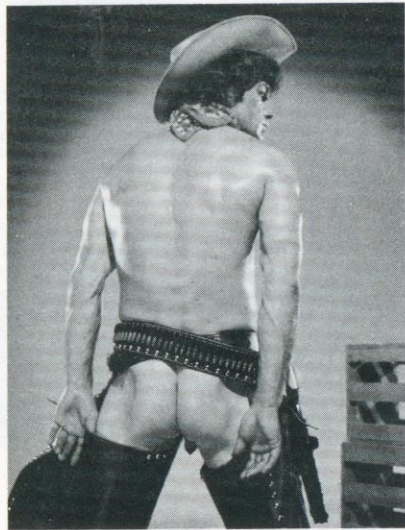
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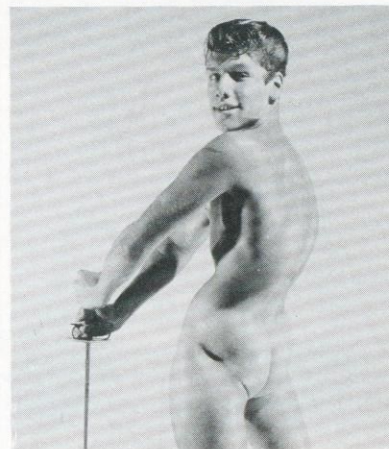


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100 All-In-One/60 Aquatabs/42 Bio Slim Plus\$12.35
250 All-In-One/120 Aquatabs/84 Bio Slim Plus\$27.85

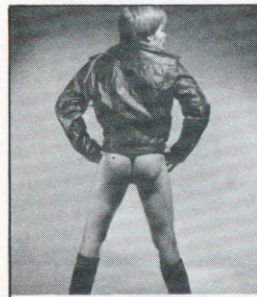
#950: WINTER WOES DELIGHT
You get 1 bottle each of Formula VM-75 (#75) and Super-C Complex (#310). By buying the combination you save \$3.00 on the 3-month supply; \$5.00 on the 8-month supply; and \$10.00 on the 17-month supply.
3 Months\$17.90
8 Months\$50.85
17 Months\$99.75

#975: GRAY-HAIR-AWAY SURPRISE
You get 1 bottle each of Folic Acid (400 Mcg.); Pantothenic Acid (200 Mg.); PABA (100 Mg.). These products are not sold separately.
3 Months\$7.50
8 Months\$16.50

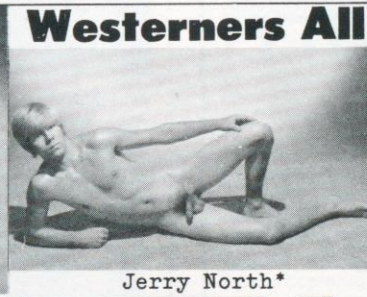
BONUS DISCOUNTS
You receive a Bonus Discount Certificate with every purchase . . . to save you money on every order thereafter. Act today!

Send Order & Payment To
GOOD LIFE PRODUCTS, INC.
2 Penn Plaza (Rm. 1500)
New York, N.Y. 10001
Master Charge Users
Send Card No./Interbank No.
Expiration Date/Signature

Westerners All



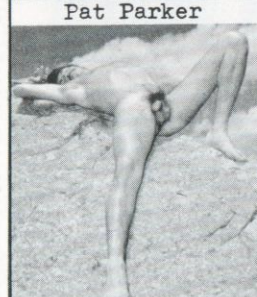
Pat Parker



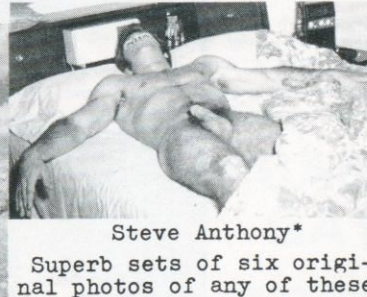
Jerry North*



Tim Love*



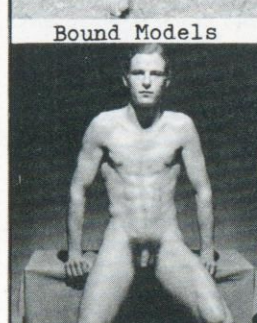
Bound Models



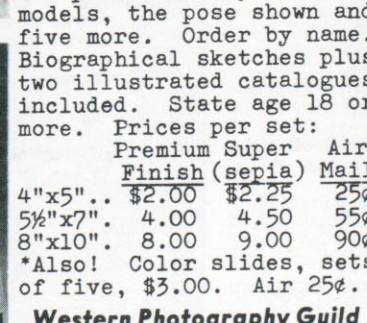
Steve Anthony*



Carter Lovisone*



Don McKenna



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Dennis Andre