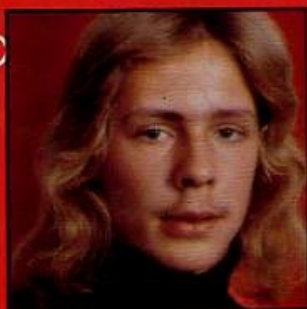


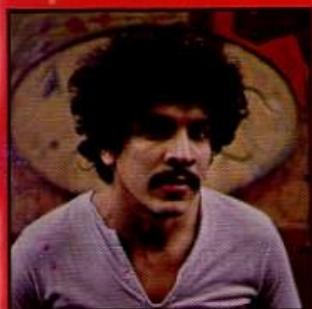
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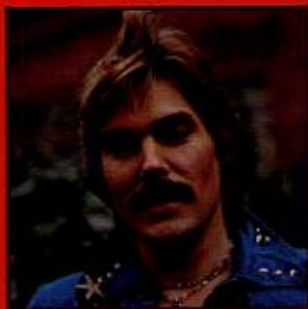
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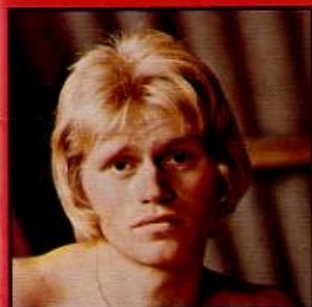
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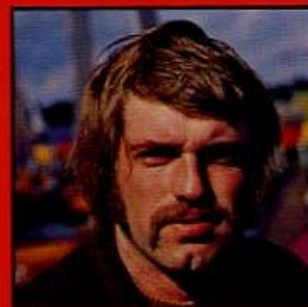


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- Ohio
- Cleveland
- Toledo
- Cincinnati
- Columbus
- Rochester
- Baton Rouge
- Phoenix
- Osaka

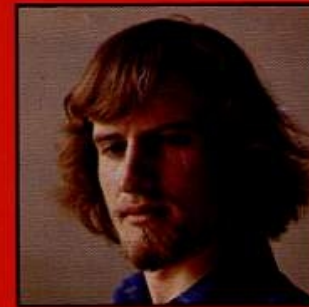
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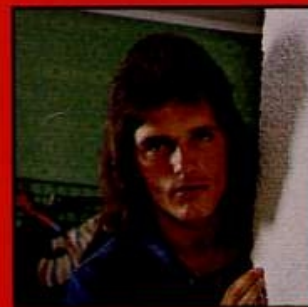
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Photo Feature American Dream

Travel Tips
Book Review
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Bruce of Los Angeles

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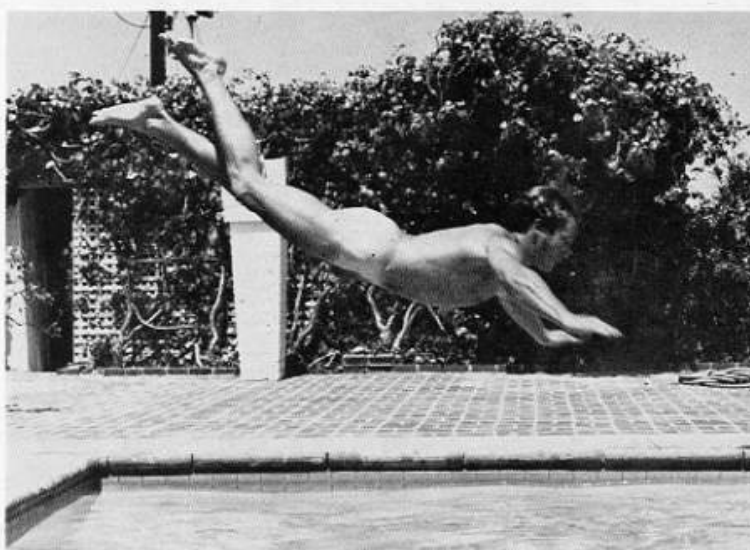
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Editorial Primrose Paths

By Jon Lorrimer

The strangest anomaly of travel in America is that for one who lives east of the Mississippi the cost of a one-way airline ticket to Hawaii is greater than a round-trip, six-day tour-package to London, with theatres, hotels, restaurants and nice, jolly Robert Morley thrown in to boot. Small wonder that many who know Hawaii only from technicolor travelogs or the Honolulu of *Hawaii Five-O*, and who want to go so much they can taste it, have so far been unable to outwit the budget.

Adding salt to the wound may be the excellent article on Hawaii in which the author takes us on an exhilarating tour of the islands, describing the gay nude beaches, and giving us an irresistible picture of those humpy guys who surf 'n swim it, or hustle 'n make it, until one aches to reach out and touch them. And so you look sadly at your piggy bank on the mantel and say, "Sorry, baby... but ya gotta go!" Unfortunately after you have sacrificed your penny porker you discover that you're still only half way to Honolulu (sob!).

So here are some budget tips on transportation and accommodations—not only for Hawaii, but wherever you go in Europe, South America or Mexico—that should help make your vacation possible financially, and strew your path with primroses to make it more delightful and memorable.

First, your own magic carpet—your private plane. Contact your gay acquaintances: have them contact others; or advertise discreetly in your local newspapers, or run an ad in *Ciao!* or *QQ*. Then when your roster is filled, call yourselves *The Michelangelans*, which legitimizes you as a society of art lovers/teachers/students on pilgrimage, and makes it easier to deal with a major airline in chartering a special plane over and back. Have someone in your group bargain for the best price

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for an every-seat plane-load. This is attractive to airline companies who don't groove to planes with empty seats, especially in view of the current fuel shortage, and you'll find that individually you can save at least \$150 above the cheapest tour on one of those rickety-rackety, clackety-clackety 'charter lines' which are often so fraudulent you get stranded in Kathmandu and have to apply to the American Embassy for money to get home on. Deal only with name airlines which serve the particular area you wish to visit.

Secondly, there is the matter of inexpensive accommodations. Read *Rome's Small Hotels* in the December 1973 issue of *Ciao!* (Paris, London and other swinging cities are coming up.) Then write—not cable—whichever hotel, inn, or pension that suits your fancy (whether it is in the quiet area around the Vatican, or in Old Rome—around the gay Piazza Navona—or near the busy Spanish Steps, or the hustlers' haven on the Via Veneto. Enclose with your inquiry two International Reply Coupons (about 20¢ each at your local postoffice) which will get you a quicker response and a possible group discount. In this quiet, discreet way you can save from \$8 to \$10 above the name hotel costs!

For Honolulu and the islands, send \$2 to the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* for one or two air-mailed issues and note the many columns of ads for furnished apartments that can be rented by the month. A luxury apartment (bedroom, kitchen, bath—all you have to do is perk the coffee/fry the bacon) costs as little as \$230 a month. Compare this with those \$30-a-day beach hotels and you'll note a saving of \$670, not to mention what you can save on food!

In Acapulco a local realtor is your best bet when you are apartment hunting. Refer to the June 1973 issue of *Ciao!* which gives detailed information on apartment hotel rentals, and why such places are superior to the luxury hotels. If you'll follow these tips you can save a lot of loot and have a nest-egg for next year's vacation. It's all so easy to do, and you'll have so much fun.

Ciao!

Ferdinando's Hideaway

Another 'Dream King'
And His Castle

By Walter Norris

Readers of *Ciao!* will recall that in the issue of April 1973 we told the story of Ludwig II (1845-1896), the handsome young King of Bavaria, and how his homosexuality was expressed in two ways: first, openly, with every young woodsman on his vast estates, and with young recruits to his armies and, some say, with the composer, Richard Wagner. Secondly, artistically... as the creator of the magnificent castles of Linderhof and Neuschwanstein (the most picturesque, and most familiar since it has served as the locale of various motion pictures), and finally, in obeisance to his first love, French architecture, in designing Herrenchiemsee Castle—an exact replica of Versailles—on Herreninsel, the lovely little island in Lake Chiem.



Ludwig was called "The Dream King," and by an odd coincidence, although it occurred almost a century earlier, another 'Dream King' had done much the same thing in Italy. He was Ferdinand IV, King of Naples and Sicily in the late 18th century, who, in 1798, took refuge from the army

of Napoleon who was then bent on conquering all of Europe, and was, at that moment, advancing into Italy.

Some interesting parallels may be noted in the socio-sensu-sexual behavioral patterns of Ludwig and Ferdinand. One, of course, was Ferdinand's lusty bisexuality; his was not the overt homosexuality of Ludwig. Ferdinand had what the Italians call *fascino carnale*, which means something more forceful than just plain *attrazione sessuale*. While almost any Italian man one meets has sex-appeal by the barrelful, some have it right through the gut, and thus the carnal fascination of the popular Ferdinand was irresistible to men and women alike. He was rarely idle for a sexual moment . . . which proved unfortunate since it kept him from minding the store, and so his failure to read Napoleon's stormy smoke signals soon drove him into exile.

In Palermo he built a perfect jewel-box palace . . . not on such a grand scale as Ludwig's, but conceived with that good taste, imagination, and artistic flight of fantasy that almost exclusively inhabit the homosexual mind.



Where Ludwig's architectural tastes were expressed more heroically, Ferdinand was more of a miniaturist with a passion for anything Chinese, and so his palace in Palermo is an exquisite example of that beautiful ornamentation known as *chinoiserie*. *Chinoiserie* charms because it is so gayly ambivalent—a kind of 'bisexual' ornamentation in that

it is adaptable to more than one style of decoration. It does not copy the Chinese right down to the last pagoda, but to suggest or hint. *Chinoiserie*, being playful rather than pragmatic, has wit and warmth, charm and coolness . . . and sheer enchantment wherever one finds it!

Like Ludwig, Ferdinand was an escapist, and his palace was his 'castle of dreams'. It is essentially Italianate in architecture. The ground floor is given over principally to one huge ballroom, while the adjoining room is done in magnificent *trompe l'oeil* to make one feel as if one were inside a Pompeian ruin. The ceiling that he visualized is painted to make it seem as though it had been casually flung open for a look at the stars. Blue *trompe l'oeil* birds can be seen flying lazily across a summer Italian sky.

There is another Ludwig and Ferdinand parallel in the dining room. In our *Ciao!* article we mentioned that the dining room table in Ludwig's Castle Linderhof could be lowered like a dumbwaiter to the kitchen below by means of a trap door, and be returned completely set. It was purely selfishness of Ludwig and was designed because he disliked coveys of servants bustling about. On the other hand, Ferdinand did the same thing to delight his guests. Although he was sexually occupied most of the time, he was in fact a master chef, and it amused him to whip up a tasty dish below and surprise his guests. At a given signal Queen Maria would set some hidden pulleys in motion and the table would rise magically . . . like one of the stages at Radio City Music Hall!

Through all this enchanting palace the colors are subtle, and so harmoniously blended that the eye is never attracted to the singular. It all makes a beautiful picture, and while there are such diverse art treasures as Turkish ottomans, Moorish stools, French chandeliers, Etruscan chairs, rugs from Persia, as well as pseudo-Egyptian columns and trellises of growing flowers *alla campagna*, the effect is so pleasing that nothing seems even minutely out of its element, period or style.

The little jewel-box palace was deserted by Ferdinand once the news of Napoleon's defeat had reached Palermo, but loving hands have kept it alive and fresh and and just as beautiful as when it was created. If you have Sicily on your tour-itinerary this year, try to visit the palace. It is an oasis that refreshes the spirit and gladdens the heart.



Phoenix

By John Roberts

The Phoenix of a couple of years ago is a lot different from the Phoenix of today as far as gay life is concerned. This largest city in the state is just about the only place you'll find action, other than Tucson, and it's rapidly growing in terms of gay spots and activity. Granted, it's got a long way to go to catch up to the nation's other large cities, but for gays traveling and visiting Phoenix it does offer a wide range of activities and quite possibly satisfactory action.

For those who reside there, it's primarily a town of lovers—for obvious reasons. Going out in constant search for sex partners is often frustrating and a waste of time, and then, too, it's still a small town for gays and everyone knows everyone. Lovers who do trick out are hard-pressed to keep

CIAO!

it a secret. And at first glance it would seem that most of the groovy numbers are settled down or between lovers. But for the out-of-towner, the city might just be interesting. For one thing, you're certainly a new face in a town where you can tell the visitors from the locals, and that makes you instantly popular, and sought after. And the town now offers several spots to visit for those who may have certain preferences—that is, collegiate, older, leather, cowboy, etc.

A few days stay is more than sufficient, in fact a weekend will do nicely. In the summer, which is not considered tourist season, it's very hot—often rising above 105—and by day you'd might as well stay at the pool. You can survive because most everywhere you go is air-conditioned, including everybody's car. But the sun's good for a tan in this town where practically everybody looks like a Coppertone commercial. And you can wear most anything at night—from shorts to T-shirts. If you visit in winter (tourist season) you'll find the temperature cooler, if not exactly cold. In fact, you'd never really need a coat.

You'll need a car to get around. If you fly in, you can rent one and be glad you did. The town's spread out and taxis are too costly. Don't count on buses. No suggestions on where to stay. Motels and hotels abound and none is considered gay. If you want elegance and can afford it, stay with the rich tourists over in the suburb of Scottsdale where the resort hotels are (especially if you like golf). But otherwise you can find a nice motel at reasonable rates on most any large street.

The first thing you'll learn is that in Arizona the legal age is 18 and teens can drink at 19, so you will find several "under-age" numbers in the bars. For those who dig chicken it might be paradise. And considering the fact that Phoenix's suburb, Tempe, is home of mammoth Arizona State University, you'll be likely to come across several college students during the regular school season. But more about ASU later.

Another thing you'll no doubt

discover is that Arizona is a conservative state. Not everyone is Goldwater, but the residents are certainly less liberated than those in California or New York. The gays who live there are not really into heavy drugs and most still get high drinking. You'll see a few freaks and longhairs, but not an abundance. Dress is mostly conservative and traditional.

Phoenix also seems to produce less "butch" types than other large cities. This is not to say it's a town of queens, but the heavy masculine image is not generally what you'll find. Sometimes affected, but not totally. At most places if you wore levis, boots and a jacket, you'd be the roughest, toughest looking thing there. This may be frustrating for those who want to see real "men," but with a little searching they're around.

Phoenix has drastically changed in the number of gay bars it boasts, as well as adding its first gay baths and gay restaurants as well. A couple of years ago if you had hit two bars in one evening you'd seen it all. Not so now. For your information brief listings of gay places to go follow:

GAY CLUBS

DL's, 3025 N. 24th St., actually Diamond Lil's, is one of the oldest establishments. It used to be the only place to go, but now it attracts a smaller and older clientele. Drinks and dancing.



DL'S



Casa de Roma

Casa de Roma, 4331 N. 16th St., is one of the most popular

spots in town for dancing and drinking. Packed Tuesday nights when \$1.25 gets you all the beer you can drink.

Sportsmen's Lounge, 4622 N. 7th St., is the place to go after hours (which is 1 a.m. in Phoenix, by the way). Dancing, drinking, pool. Gets lots of freaks and girls too, but all types after hours when admission is charged.



Sportsmen's Lounge

Nu-Towne Saloon, 5002 E. Van Buren, on the way to Tempe and ASU, has a western decor. Pool and drinks, and 15¢ beer on Monday night.



Nu-Towne Saloon

Junior's, 4125 N. 7th St., has recently opened to great success as a place to go to dine and dance and drink. Features Chinese cuisine, which is better than the service. Pool too.



Junior's

Valli Revue, N. 16th St., just below Indian School Rd. Dancing, dining and shows.



Valli Revue

Sugar Shack, 4211 N. 7th St., is best Sunday afternoons for themed buffets/entertainment... get there early.



Sugar Shack

307, 307 E. Roosevelt, gets the hustlers and the older crowd. Near downtown and one of the oldest gay bars, if not the oldest.



307

Hideout, 35th Ave. and W. Buckeye Rd., is harder to find, but designed for those who want western-leather.

Ramrod, 395 N. Black Canyon Highway, is another cowboy spot for butch types and those that dig them.



Ramrod

CRUISE AREAS

First and Pierce Sts. (downtown) not far from the 307 Club, is cruisy at night, but caution urged. Also hustlers. Try after 11 p.m.



Papago Park

Papago Park, just north of the city zoo, is open until 12:30 at

night. The john near the lake is busy day and night. Use caution after dark for cops patrolling the area for straight muggers.

Roadside Rest, on Tempe Highway near Papago Park. A john that looks like an outhouse used to be more popular than it is since police sometimes patrol the area.



Roadside Rest

Arizona State University, in Tempe, is getting more active and cruisy every year. Try the eye contact on the main mall near the fountain and the library. One out-of-state student referred to it as "GaySU." Several johns on campus see action too, particularly the Student Union upstairs.



ASU's Library

ALSO OF INTEREST

Gay Lib Arizona Desert, 1430 S. McAllister in Tempe, across from Kappa Sigma Fraternity, meets Wednesday evenings for coffee and dancing for those who want to get involved.

GAY BATHS

Club Baths, 1517 S. Black Canyon Highway, just off the city's freeway, is the town's only and first gay baths. Located in slum town. Prices: \$4 for a locker and \$6 for a private room. Open 24 hours. Wednesday is student night.

BOOK STORES

For a great selection of gay books and magazines be sure and visit **Paris Book Lounge**, 315 E. Washington Blvd., in Phoenix; also

The Shack, 3024 N. Scottsdale Rd., in nearby Scottsdale. Friendly management at both places.

STRAIGHT BUT POSSIBLE

Casa Loma Hotel, in downtown Tempe on Mill Ave. has a bar (The Cave) which attracts young hip types from the University, including bi's. Spotty action.

Minder Binders, 715 S. Hayden Rd. (at University) is so wild on weekends everybody gets drunk and dances on the bar. For those who want to work, maybe action from bi's.

Brookshire's is a coffee shop at 1602 E. McDowell (16th St.), not far from most of the gay bars and gets a good number of stay-up-laters after hours.

Safari Hotel, 4601 N. Scottsdale Rd. (Scottsdale) has a frequently cruisy coffee shop open 24 hours. Try very late, if you happen to be in the area, but don't go out of your way.

That's about it for Phoenix. The city's obviously growing and as it does the gay life gets better. Still, it's not paradise, but worth a visit if you're in Arizona. Would you believe no smog?

The recent Supreme Court ruling re: obscenity/pornography is forcing some porno bookshops and movie theatres to close. All the listings in CIAO! are updated as we go to press—but since police raids are a daily occurrence it is likely that several places discussed in this issue have been closed since publication.

Ohio

By Ralph W. Davis

The Buckeye State isn't the "typical" state so many travel books label it. Any state that manufactures such a variety of goods—from cheese to Bibles, from soap to farm equipment—in such quantity can't possibly be typical. Yet Ohio isn't just smokestacks, factories and furnaces that gush pollution. The major single industry is still farming. And it can't be considered just a farm state either. There are too many important cities, too many important universities for such label-

CIAO!

ing.

Ohio is a mixture of so many things that to call it typical is to ignore its varying moods—from the silent dignity of an Amish farmer harvesting crops with his team of black horses to the jagged sandstone cliffs and caves of the Hocking Hills, from the heavy barges carrying iron ore on the Erie to the whistle of the Delta Queen Steamboat on the Ohio River. Ohio is the Midwest—friendly, comfortable and America, without the glitter and with-it look of the East.

CLEVELAND

Cleveland is all muscle. The great fortunes which were made on the edge of Lake Erie, rolling steel and casting iron, required men, strong men, more men than the United States could once provide. They came from sixty-three different nations, bringing with them a wide variety of customs, foods, religions and languages, and giving to Cleveland a unique culture, more European than American, with its vitality and strength.

The many university students from the fifteen different colleges and universities add to this heterogeneous blend, but essentially Cleveland is a city of brawn with more mixed than gay bars.

One word of caution. Most of East Cleveland has a reputation as being rough. Prospect Street isn't safe at night as once it was, although many gays still go. With this warning in mind, here are the bars.

Downtown

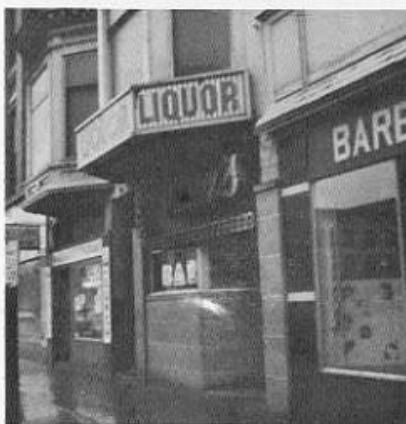


620 Club

620 Club, 620 Frankfort, is a January/February 1974

private club which isn't private. The "for members only" sign is only to keep out straights. Hours are from 7 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily. Shows occasionally. Dancing. Huge bar. Good range of ages. No women allowed. Weekends and Wednesdays best. One of the nicer bars, very close to Public Square.

Glen's Cafe, 2164 East 9th St. Mostly black. Mixed (straights/gays). Older crowd. After 6 p.m. best. Drags, hustlers and the like. No dancing.



Glen's Cafe

East Cleveland

Leather Stallion, 2203 St. Clair St., is within walking distance of the Greyhound Bus Station. To enter this bar, go through the wooden gate. Strictly gay; some serious leather and some "camp-it-up" leather.

Twiggy's, 2537 St. Clair St., also near the Greyhound, is popular with the young. A mixture of types. Some feminine teens—very active. Hours from 7:30 p.m. to 2:30 a.m.



Twiggy's

Jo-Ann's Lounge, 1632 Payne

St., is behind the Greyhound. Mixed types; rough trade to lesbians. Some under-18-years-of-age boys can be found here. Legal drinking age in Ohio is 18.



Jo-Ann's Lounge

Brick Lounge, 2163 Payne St., is also near the Greyhound, and is one of those at-your-own-risk bars. Hustlers, mixed and the like. Very close to the city jail. Open from 10:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.



Brick Lounge

Tool Box, 3232 Lakeside. Here are mostly girls, but enough gay boys to make it a place of interest. Band on weekends. Hours: 7:30 p.m. to 2:30 a.m.

The bars mentioned as being on Prospect Avenue are also very close to the Greyhound—also they are close to each other. But they are south of those mentioned earlier.

Empire Bar, 1862 Prospect Ave., is rough. Hustlers. Mixed.



Flair Cafe

Flair Cafe, 1212 Prospect. Very rough! Black. Gay. Hustlers. Dancing. There have been shootings here, so be careful.

Change, 1512 Prospect, is the up-and-coming bar in the city. Black and white, eighteen and over. It hasn't any sign; only purple curtains in the window. Hours are 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m.



Change

Circle Pub, in the Commodore Hotel. Although the marquee still says Commodore Hotel, the new name is the University Circle Apartments, 1990 Ford Drive—corner of Euclid and Ford. This is on the campus of Case Western Reserve University, and is now being remodeled. It is difficult to know what the Circle Pub will be like in the future, but at this time it is mixed after dinner hours. Age group is in the thirties. Pseudo-intellectual types in a wide variety from the long-hair to the conservative. Serious, but not Greenwich Village intense. Food served.

West Cleveland

Egg Palace, 5107 Detroit Avenue. Mixed after hours. Weekends best. Hillbillies and motorcycle crowd. Be careful here. There have been several shootings, of late. Greasy-spoon-type food. Open 24 hours.

Nantucket Lounge, 11624 Clifton. Nice place to relax. Casual or tie. Mixed. Dinner hours are best.

Pickwick Lounge, 11633 Clifton. Older crowd. Again a nice place to relax. This is a gay, tie-and-coat lounge with a piano bar.

King's Room, 2172 S. Taylor, has a young crowd (from 25 up). Dancing. Nice, friendly neighborhood bar. New bar in the basement will be open soon.

Baths

Club Baths, 1448 W. 32nd St., in West Cleveland. Semi-private. Club membership required, however. Membership available with usual identification. Lockers run \$4; rooms \$6. There is an under-24-years-of-age special (lockers only \$2). Free buffet every Monday and Tuesday at 8 p.m. Pizza and beer every Thursday night at 9.

Sixth City Sauna, 1293 W. 9th, practically downtown, is owned by the Club Baths, Inc. Name will be changed soon, but the address will remain the same. Lockers are \$3 during the week and \$4 on weekends. Rooms during the week \$5; \$6 on weekends. Free buffet at 8 each Wednesday night.

Movies

New Era Cinema, 1614 Prospect, near the bars and close to the Greyhound Bus Station. Six shows daily of the female-stripper variety. The theater is popular with the gay crowd; gay films are shown occasionally. Good meeting place. Show time is usually 11 a.m., and 3, 7, 9 and 11 p.m.



New Era Cinema



Paperback Book Store

Book Store

Paperback Book Store, corner of 102nd and Euclid. The address is 10200 Euclid. Books, peep shows for 25¢, and a good selection of magazines. This is in East Cleveland near Case Western Reserve University.

Outside Cruising

Edgewater Beach Park in West Cleveland, at the lower section of the park near the monument. It is usually safe and good during the day; at night it gets rough; the usual beatings and robberies.

Downtown Mall, near Public Square and in front of the fountain. This is a very cruisy area on weekends and it is only a few blocks from the 620 Club. Gay. Hustlers. Young crowd. And of course there is the police. So be careful!



Downtown Mall

Euclid Creek Reservation Park in Richmond Heights is good by the Clifton Cove area on nice afternoons and weekends.

Rocky River Reservation Park near the boat docks and riding stables. Very cruisy. Usual park activities.

John

The best and busiest is in the downtown May and Company store, on the fifth floor.

TOLEDO

Toledo, known to the world as the Glass City, does an over-a-billion-dollar business yearly producing and distributing a wide variety of glass. In spite of its heavy industry and its busy ports, Toledo has a small-town friendliness with none of the strong characteristics of its nearby neigh-

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bor, Cleveland. Most of the residents are home-owners who spend most of their idle hours inside. Consequently Toledo's nightlife is only adequate, but sufficiently so to keep a restless gay content.

PRO/Toledo

The Personal Rights Organization (known as PRO/Toledo) is Toledo's gay organization which is actively striving to change discriminatory sexual laws and legal practices. PRO also provides legal, medical advice as well as personal consultation to any gay who requests it. Their number is 243-9351.

Bars

Scenic Bar, 702 Monroe Street. This is the oldest gay bar in the city. Usual mixture of types, from extreme fems to semi-butche. Dancing. Game room. Sandwiches at 75¢. Hours are from 10 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.



Scenic Bar

Adventurer Lounge, 419 Jackson. A nice mixture of black and white, girls and boys. Hours: 10 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.



Adventurer Lounge

Celebrity Bar, 422 Main Street. Cross the Cherry Street Bridge and continue straight ahead until you come to the 400 block of Main. January/February 1974

It is only a few minutes from downtown Toledo; also Cherry Street runs right into Main on the other side of the bridge. This bar doesn't have any image; so the motto here is "create your own." Mixed types. Hours: 5 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Incidentally, east-siders don't like gays, so be careful on this side of the bridge.



Celebrity Bar

Shamrock, 831 Woodstock, is popular with the older, factory crowd. Not strictly gay, but fast becoming the "in" place at night for local gays.



Shamrock



Bourban Street Show Bar

Bourbon Street Show Bar is at 1803 Jefferson. This is probably the nicest gay show bar in Ohio. Charming, Bourbon Street-looking and strictly gay. There is a large, elegant crystal chandelier

over the stage, and through the center of the bar is a long runway where the Go-Go boys do their thing every night at 9. On Saturday nights female impersonators from all over the country appear. Showtime is usually at 9:45 p.m. and 1 a.m. There is a \$1 cover charge for these shows. This bar is a Toledo must!

Country Palace, 725 Jefferson. Once known as the Peppermint Lounge and Peppermint Pussy Cat, some of the Peppermint gay crowd still visits here, but not in heavy numbers. Popularity is declining. It's now strictly country type.



Country Palace

After Hours

Fascination's Penthouse, 814½ Summit (second floor). This is an after-hours coffee house. The entrance is under the Coca Cola sign. Same management as the Bourbon Street Show Bar. The hours are from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. on Friday and Saturday.



Fascination's Penthouse

Casa Mio Restaurant, 828 Monroe Street. After bars close the gays head here. Rough crowd. From 12 a.m. to 3 p.m.



Casa Mio

Baths

Club Steam Baths, 902 Jefferson. The Club is building a new baths in Toledo at 1122 Monroe Street. It isn't definite when they will be moving into this new address. Their new baths will be the nicest in the Midwest. It will have sun deck, restaurant, whirlpool, exercise and game rooms. Week-day rates are now \$5 for a room; \$3 for a locker. Weekend rates are \$6 for a room; \$4 for a locker. Again, this is private; usual identification is necessary for membership. Discount night is Monday. Then the lockers are \$2 and the rooms \$3.

Book Store

Fantasy Book Store, 113 N. Erie. Open from 11 a.m. to midnight. The selection of magazines is great. Peep shows also for 25¢. Friendly management.



Fantasy Book Store

Movies

Gayety Theater, 322 Summit. This has the wildest john in Toledo.



Gayety Theater

Esquire Theater, 209 N. Superior St., shows films of gay interest at midnight on Saturdays occasionally. Call for showings.

Outside Cruising

Ottawa Park is cruisy almost everywhere, but the police are out in numbers here. The usual park problems. Once this was very wild; now rather calm. May soon pick up, though, so the talk goes.

On **Ontario Street** between **Washington** and **Adams**, especially between **Monroe** and **Jefferson** after dark until about 3 a.m. The usual hustlers. Police cruise this area heavily—about six to every one gay.

CINCINNATI

Located on the southern tip of Ohio, Cincinnati looks over the Mason-Dixon line and the busy Ohio River to Kentucky. While the steamboat era is gone (with the luxurious and historic Delta Queen the only vestige of its existence now), the Ohio River remains the most important inland waterway in the world, and riverboat watching Cincy's most popular pastime. Soap is the city's big industry, and at the Procter and Gamble plant in Ivorydale a determined visitor with a little cleverness may succeed at unraveling the mystery of the unsinkable soap.

Cincinnati, known to the world as the Queen City, has lost some of its queenliness to many gays now that the famous gay "party boat" has run into legal problems and is in (permanent?) dry dock. In spite of this tragedy, Cincinnati still offers enough gay diversion to warrant a visit.

Bars and Restaurants

Badlands, 419-421 Plum Street. This bar has the tallest bartenders (over six feet) in the city and each can view the action over the bars with ease. So be good! There are two bars—the front, which is an off-the-street bar with a mixed boy and girl crowd, and a back-room bar which is all male and open only to members. Dancing in the back room. In order for non-members to enter you must be screened at the door. Admit-

tance is then possible for out-of-towners. Also, if you should be unlucky for some reason at getting in by yourself, make a friend in the front bar and have him sponsor you. Drag queens are discouraged here. The police make it difficult for any bar which serves them. Food includes pizza, cheese plates and snacks. Hours: 7 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily.



Badlands

Golden Lions Lounge and Restaurant, 340 Ludlow Avenue, is located in the heart of Clifton and very close to the University of Cincinnati and Xavier University. There is a piano bar, and the age of the crowd ranges from 20 to extreme. Conservative types. Gay from 8:30 p.m. to closing. Food runs from \$1.95 to \$6.25 and is served until midnight.

Capitol, 819 Vine Street, is popular with hustlers, mixed, as well as rough types and trade. Food is of the hot-dog, steak-sandwich variety. Pool table. Hours: 7 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.

Stage Door, 807 Vine Street. Same type as the Capitol. Business here has dropped because of problems with police. This once was popular with drag queens who, according to the law, can't be served in bars. The future of the Stage Door is pending now. Closed Sundays.

Commodore Cafe, 815 Vine Street. Again, same type as the Capitol.



Commodore Cafe

226 Bar, 226 E. Fifth Avenue, is directly across from the Greyhound Bus Station. Gay. Trade. Hustlers. Rough!



226 Bar

Busy Bee Restaurant Lounge, 316 Ludlow. This is a quiet, nice lounge which is visited by some local gays at night. Mixed crowd.

Greenwich Tavern, 2440 Gilbert, is a nice mixed restaurant that usually gets a quiet crowd during the day. **Coach Room Cocktail Lounge**, 1047 E. McMillan, gets a mixed crowd. Both have a little gay traffic—nothing conspicuous. **Cricket Tavern**, 6th and Vine, gets some gay traffic, but **Wiggins Rathskeller**, 5th and Vine, of all those just mentioned, has the most traffic, particularly at the bar after dinner hours. A good place for eating, also.



Wiggins Rathskeller

Minute Chef Restaurant in the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel, 425 Walnut Street, is probably the cruise place after the bars close. It is then usually packed and overflowing with traffic. Sometimes there is even a waiting line. All types!

Johns

The **Greyhound Bus Station**, January/February 1974

Fifth and Sycamore, has a busy john. Also the johns at **Mt. Airy Forest** are good.

Outside Cruising

Eden Park, off Victory Parkway at the Ohio River Overlook, can be cruisy, but the vice keep an eye on this area. Incidentally, the view is spectacular. **Burnet Woods** by the lake, however, is better for cruising. This is where to go for young things. **Fountain Square** on Fifth near Vine can be good in the summer. **Fourth Street** between Main and Sycamore has the usual car cruising and walking. Rough. Dangerous. Vice. Usual types on Fourth, from super-fem to semi-but!ch!



Fountain Square



Fourth & Main

Peep Shows

Adult City Book Store, 721 Vine Street and the **Vine Street News**, 823 Vine, have some action. Nothing special. The rough gather here.

Accommodations

Stouffer's Cincinnati Inn, 5th and Elm, is a very nice place to stay. Many out-of-town gays stay here. Rates are high. Singles are from \$19 to \$22 and doubles are about \$25. The **YMCA** at Central Parkway and Elm Street is a good

place to stay if you are on a budget. Nothing happens there, to my knowledge.

COLUMBUS

Nearer the center of the state is Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Friendly, pleasant to walk, Columbus doesn't have the decaying look of other highly industrialized American cities. Instead, Columbus is a robust city with pleasant-looking buildings (especially the limestone capitol) and an inviting, 'how about staying a little longer' appeal. For the gay, this is particularly tempting, because of Ohio State University, and the overflow of voluptuous-looking students everywhere.

Bars and Restaurants

Kismet Lounge, 232 N. Third Street, is the biggest and nicest of the three main gay bars in Columbus. It gets a good, all-around crowd, and it is the oldest gay bar in town. Dancing. Three serving bars. Mixed, boys and girls. Occasionally there is a food spread. Hard liquor on Sundays. College crowd usually on Friday and Saturday nights. Two pool tables are always busy. Parties and band (with a cover charge) occasionally, and once a year, usually in July, the bar sponsors a picnic. Hours: 1 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily.



Kismet Lounge



Cat's Meow

Cat's Meow, 129 E. Naghten Street. This is very close to the Kismet. Some college on weekends. Dancing. One bar. Occasionally 18 through 24 age, but mostly over-24 age group. Open daily from 7 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Another popular gay bar.

Tradewinds Bar, 300 N. High Street. This is the bar with the broken canopy. An older gay group goes here—the pseudo-elegant, ribbon-clerk type. Hours: 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m.



Tradewinds Bar

Jack's A-Go-Go Off Broadway Lounge, 2210 Summit Street. Only a few blocks from the Ohio State University campus, this bar gets mostly girls, but some boys visit.



Clock Restaurant



Spotlite

Clock Restaurant and Bar, 161 N. High Street, is cruisy, although it isn't gay. It is an old, established place and enjoys some popularity with gays.

Spotlite, 40 E. Rich is cruisy, if you like rough trade and hustler types. Mixed, of course.

The cocktail lounge in the very new **Greyhound Bus Station** gets the usual mixed crowd.

Jack and Benny, 6 E. Broad Street, is a 24-hour restaurant that sometimes sees action. Once it was popular after hours; now that popularity is fading. But a few regulars still visit.

Movies

Towne Cinema, next to the Trailways and in the Southern Hotel Building on Main, and off South High, has a cruisy john.



Towne Cinema

Hudson Theater, 369 E. Hudson, is good for adult films. Occasionally gay movies are shown.

Outside Cruising

The john near the Nelson Road-Broad Street area is cruisy. But watch out for the police.



High Street

The opposite side of Ohio State University on High Street, from 11th Street to Patterson; especially good on weekends after 10 p.m. This is a long stretch, so walk slowly, starting at 11th Street. The area around the **Greyhound Bus Station** is good, between Third and Fourth on Rich Street, and up and down Third and Fourth to Chestnut. The usual types are out in this area, and around the three gay bars in the Chestnut area (Cat's Meow, Kismet and Tradewinds).

Ohio may not be the gayest state in America, but it certainly isn't the dullest. So come to Ohio—be a Buckeye for a few days. Enjoy the friendly, comfortable atmosphere of America, Midwest America. You'll love the change!

The recent Supreme Court ruling re: obscenity/pornography is forcing some porno bookshops and movie theatres to close. All the listings in CIAO! are updated as we go to press—but since police raids are a daily occurrence it is likely that several places discussed in this issue have been closed since publication.

Rochester

By Paul Damon

You have missed the Lilac Festival, Arthur Treacher, and Benny Goodman, but there's still a gay old time awaiting travelers to Rochester, N.Y. Although Buffalo and Syracuse can bring at least a flicker of recognition to the minds of most gays, Rochester has somehow been ignored in the past—a shame, because the home of Kodak and the Instamatic is the home of a few other "insta's" also—insta-cruise, insta-fun, insta-sex!

If you've heard former Rochesterians call their native city a typical Republican-conservative, middle-sized American city, don't believe it. Rochester is middle-sized (pop. approx. 300,000), and it definitely is Republican and conservative, but it is not at all typical. And the difference is a very important one to the gay

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scene if you happen to be looking for fun, sex, and a generally good time.

Basically, Rochester's distinction lies in its great wealth, due largely to Eastman Kodak and Xerox. Because of these giants Rochester enjoys an economy that can support far more leisure time activities than its sister cities. So it can offer diversity enough to satisfy a die-hard urbanite while avoiding the ennui which often accompanies big-city sophistication.

Money and opportunity also keep the young people here more than other upstate cities of comparable size, and it is not uncommon for gays in their twenties to own their own homes, or an apartment house, for instance. Rochester gays travel frequently but usually return home. They entertain frequently and expansively and, in general, dedicate themselves to having a good time. *Dum vivimus, vivamus* is the watchword of the day—"While we live, let us live!"

Culturally, the jewel in Rochester's crown is, naturally, the Eastman School of Music and the famous Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. But there is much more also including a new resident Shakespeare company, a host of interesting art galleries and museums, summer concerts in the large parks, and numerous local play productions. The Eastman School presents an "Opera Under the Stars" program in Highland Park each summer, complemented by the Hochstein Music School "Concert on the Lawn" series in the same park. And the International Museum of Photography at the George Eastman House in Rochester is a full-day affair in itself.

Added to the regular features, Rochester also hosts numerous guest appearances, such as Benny Goodman's concert at the East Theatre in July, as well as Arthur Treacher who appeared with his double-decker English bus to help the English people in Rochester celebrate their Dominion Day.

A kind of "joie de vivre" prevails in gay night life here that is difficult to match in other upstate New York cities. Buffalo, for instance, close to twice the size of Rochester, has one gay bar

worth mentioning, while Rochester has at least three or four, plus several others not so active. Several of the bars here provide live entertainment and dinners, and there is a general attitude of "Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do tonight—because if you like it, you can do it again tomorrow!"

OUTDOOR CRUISING

Rochester has some very pretty parks, including Highland Park where the annual Lilac Festival is held each April. But for gays, the real action is either in the **Genesee Valley Park** in the southwest corner of the city, or **Durand Eastman Park** to the north, on the edge of Lake Ontario. Durand Eastman sees more action more regularly, and is very popular during the summer months with gays and young, aware straights.

To get to the cruisiest section of Durand Eastman take Culver Road, turn into the park and follow it until you come to a triple fork. The middle tine of the fork is where most of the action is. Wherever you see a line of empty cars, pull over to the side and join them—it's a good bet they're all in the woods troling. All along this strip are narrow paths leading off the road and into the thickly-wooded surroundings, generally leading to a small clearing. Take a nature walk on one of these paths, and don't be surprised at what you might see *au naturel*. Gays also gather in groups along the road, as well as cruising the road on foot, so keep your eyes open.



Durand Eastman Park

And if you don't find what you're looking for in the park, work your way back out to the lake and visit **Sea Breeze**, a public beach directly across from the

park on the shore of the lake. Although there is no one gay section of **Sea Breeze**, brothers and sisters abound here on the weekends, and if outdoor cruising is your scene, you'll find them quickly. And by the way, stop at one of the neighboring refreshment bars and practice on a "white-hot," a large, thick pork hot dog with a taste you'll enjoy!

Another popular outdoor cruising area is in the heart of downtown in the **Court, Broad, and Stone Street** area . . . especially popular for car cruising, even more so after the bars close (which, incidentally, is 2 a.m. in Rochester and all of Monroe County). I have heard of cases of trouble, and one of police entrapment, and I do not recommend it, although police harassment here is generally nil.



Court & South

Midtown, an enclosed shopping mall in the heart of Rochester, is thickly cruised, most notably on weekends and during lunch hours. The **John in McCurdy's**, one of Rochester's largest department stores and one of the entrance stores to the inner mall, is very active, and the entire mall offers cruising advantages. Midtown is not easily recognizable as a mall, however, and the easiest way for a stranger to enter is through McCurdy's from the Main Street entrance. While you're there, walk across Main to Sibley's, another large department store and also cruises.

Late reports indicate there is more police harassment and entrapment than was first apparent. There is particularly heavy surveillance and arrests in the Court Street Bridge section mentioned earlier. Reportedly, the chief of police has publicly admitted keeping an active list of suspected homosexuals, obtained through

the license plate numbers of slow-moving vehicles in the area and the questioning of "suspicious" persons. There is still no evidence of police interference with the bars, however, but a closer watch is being conducted on the downtown baths.

(Incidentally, no matter what you're doing in Rochester, make one of the Marine Midland Bank offices in the city one of your first stops. They have an excellent street map of the city which makes any area easy to find, and they're free for the taking.)

GAY ALLIANCE

The Gay Alliance of the Genesee Valley may well hold a unique position in gay organizations in New York State. Only recently formed, the group has acquired a building with comfortable, spacious quarters (including a 2,000 square-foot dancing area) which promises to house a very active organization. Key to whatever success the group will enjoy is strong financial support from well-to-do gays. Renovation is currently under way, for instance, to the healthy tune of \$15,000, according to a spokesman for the GAGV. Reportedly, an average of about 250 new faces are seen each month, and membership is climbing steadily.

The group meets regularly at 7 p.m. Sundays, and is involved in a number of activities "to gain public acceptance for gays," including a monthly gay newsletter, support of a lobbyist in Albany, library facilities, counseling, and active participation in public affairs. A hot line operates 24 hours, and information on gay activities can be obtained by calling (716) 436-7670.

In addition to its financial support, the group has the advantage of including professionals in key positions, such as an MLS as librarian, and professionals in the publishing field who produce the newsletter.

BARS

If you're coming to Rochester for a gay old time, don't miss the bars; they play a very important social role in Rochester. There are several popular places, some of which feature dinners plus live

entertainment, and there seems to be virtually no harassment by local police or State Liquor Authority officials. These places are usually active, especially on weekends, and there is much traveling from one to the other during any given night.

With regard to your conduct, don't be too shy. There are loose cliques here, but strangers are welcomed rather easily. The first night I was in the city, for instance, I was not in my first bar more than a half-hour before a man seated near me asked, "Excuse me, but my friend and I couldn't help hearing you talk to the bartender, and we have a little debate going. Are you from Syracuse or New York?" Bingo! A helpful hint, whether in Rochester or any other city, is always to get familiar with the bartender. Let him know you're gay and from out of town without being obnoxious about it, and you'll generally get an introduction and some quite up-to-date information. Something like, "I'm new here . . . is this the only bar in town?" is usually a good ice-breaker if you can't come up with something spontaneous.



Jim's



"Ducky," at Jim's

Jim's, 109 North St. This is probably the most active bar in Rochester, and the only one so far with a dance license. As a result it's a big hit with the younger set. Active practically all week long, Jim's also serves dinners from 6 to 10 p.m. every day except Monday. There's a nice selection on the menu, but call ahead for reservations if you are going with a large group. Jim's consists of three large rooms, including the original barroom, dining room and the largest of all, the dancing area, with a bar of its own, pool table, and a disc jockey on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights. A go-go boy entertains on weekends, and Wednesday night is two-drinks-for-the-price-of-one night! Generally a late crowd, with nothing much happening before 11 p.m. despite the 2 a.m. closing time.

Red Carpet, 430 Main St., across from the Eastman Theatre. Features live entertainment from Thursday through Sunday nights, with higher prices during the show (Scotch, for instance, jumps from 90¢ to \$1.25). During the summer the entertainment was Jerry Scott, New York soloist and pianist, who was much loved by the patrons.



Red Carpet

Bachelor Forum, 1065 Main St. E. (corner of Main and Goodman). Formerly Fernand's this bar is only recently gay. Now owned by three gays, the two-room bar and dining room is becoming very popular. Dinners are served from 6 to 10 p.m. each day except Sunday and Monday, and are excellently prepared by Vicki, great cook and sometimes bartender. The menu is heavily Italian, but there are also seafood and steaks on the menu, and the prices are more than reasonable. Dinners include the entree, salad bread, wine, and coffee, and the

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portions always generous. Warm and friendly, Vicki, a former entertainer, will make you welcome and introduce you around, so ask for her when you come. Or ask for Pat, one of the owners. The Forum has an early dinner crowd Wednesday and Saturday, and as with the other bars, serious business at the bar begins to get heavy around 11 p.m. There has been live entertainment here, and plans are underway to initiate it again, but at the moment things are quiet. Entertainment may be Rusty Nicols and Nicky Nilsson who did a hilarious spoof of Totie Fields and Carol Burnette and Julie Andrews for the three-day Grand Opening of the Forum this July. The opening was a big success and so is the business here, so don't miss it when you come to Rochester.



Bachelor Forum



Etienne, at Bachelor Forum



Dick's Lounge

Dick's Lounge in the 40s' block of State Street. This is the latest bar owned by Dick and Martha who ran the only gay bar of any note in Rochester for many years. January/February 1974

The present bar has a cocktail lounge atmosphere, with mostly an older, more sedate crowd. It is not a suit-and-tie place, however, and although business has slowed, it's not a wrinkle room yet.

These are the most popular all-gay bars in the city, and those where the serious action is. Yet there are a few others worth mentioning also.

Bullwinkle Cafe, 618 Lake Ave. This is a popular spot with gays on weekends, and although mixed, is wont to be more heavily straight at any given moment. Still it's easy to have a good time. Good drinks and fun entertainment are what make it enjoyable. Betty, the owner, plays the accordion during weekends and is accompanied on the piano. There's also an amateur night free-for-all kind of thing on weekends when anyone who cares to can get up and do his thing.



Bullwinkle Cafe

Lost and Found, 104 Platt St. Another recently-opened place, this bar is also mixed and heavily straight. Subdued atmosphere with taped music, and generally nice and restful. Good taste prevails and jacket-and-tie are not out of place. Gays frequent here, but there's no camping . . . no obvious cruising; nothing you wouldn't do in a straight bar.

Bazaar Lounge is one block north of Dick's on State Street. At one time actively gay. Now considered a wrinkle room and generally avoided. Out of the mainstream of gay activity.

And if girls' bars interest you, there are three:

River View, 242 South Ave.

Silver Fox, 470 Main St. E.

Club 212, 212 Colvin St.

BATHS

The **Roman Sauna**, 109 North St., next door to Jim's Bar, is popular with those who like the baths. Prices: \$3.50 for a room—

\$2.50 for a locker, and the place has a dry sauna, showers, TV lounge, and sunlamp and "game" rooms. It's clean and active, particularly in early evenings.



Roman Sauna

The **A.M.—P.M.** just opened across the street from the Roman at 92 North Street. The new baths contains a TV lounge, sauna, and an exercise room. Completely renovated, the A.M.—P.M. drew healthy crowds for its opening, and promises to catch up with the baths set, although it is open only to private members. Prices: Weekdays—\$3 for a locker; \$4 for a room. Membership is \$3 and cards from the Club Baths chain will be honored.

Both baths are on the second floor, and there is no conspicuous advertising for either, so look carefully for them when you're in the area. The name of each baths is on the door leading up from the street, but don't look for any neon signs or block-long banners.

A LAST NOTE

If for some reason you're planning a move to Rochester, or if you're going to be in town for any extended period of time, or even if the bars don't interest you, check out the **twelfth ward section of the city**, the area between Park and East Avenues including the side streets with college names such as Vassar, Cambridge and Oxford. They are thickly settled with young professionals, many of whom are gay. As a result, the area is heavily cruised, day and night. In good weather you can see almost as many bicycles on the road as cars, ridden generally by humpy, tanned bodies in cut-offs. And at night much car cruising takes place, particularly on Park and East Avenues, so don't overlook the area if you're at all into outdoor cruising.

(There's also a current rumor about a certain tree on East Avenue near Vicki Park A and Vicki Park B. The branches hang low to the ground, and the tree is full and thick. I leave the rest to your imagination, but if the rumor is true, it should dispel some doubts about how Republican-conservative Rochester is!)

HOTELS/MOTELS RESTAURANTS

If you're going to be getting around on foot while in Rochester, probably the best bet is the **Holiday Inn** at 120 East Main St. It's a short walk from here to the Red Carpet and Jim's, the Eastman Theatre and the Roman Sauna. It's also near State Street, Dick's Lounge, and the Bazaar. Otherwise, if Holiday Inns turn you off there is an entire strip of motels on Route 15, West Henrietta Road, which is the road you turn onto from Thruway Exit 46 to reach Rochester from the south. There is little difference between them, and if you select one of the popular names you'll get as good service as you can expect. The **Flagship Rochester**, 70 State Street; the **Rowntowner Motor Inn**, 800 Jefferson Road; and the **Inn on the Campus**, 175 Jefferson Road, all have a good reputation, but are slightly high.

Many straight restaurants serve good food, if you don't mind that scene. And live entertainment is not unusual. While you're picking up your map of the city, also get a copy of **Rochester After Dark**, a local guide to the night spots available all over.

A few places I will recommend personally are:

The Depot, 41 Main St. N. in Pittsford (a suburb in the southeast of Rochester but very close).

The Buccaneer, 1385 Empire Blvd., on Irondequoit Bay.

Eddie's Chop House, 367 Main St. E. (This place, in the heart of the city, is very popular but high-priced and noisy.)

Glen Edith, 1078 Glen Edith in Webster.

Mamma Mia's, 1046 East Main, (directly across the street from the Bachelor Forum). This place has a good Italian menu and delicious food at moderate to moderately-high prices. I enjoy it, but I also

enjoy Vicki's food across the street, and I'm not alone.

Park Avenue Pub, 650 Park Ave. This is a new place which was opened in July. The food is delicious, prices are moderate, dress code is liberal (practically anything other than levis and sneakers), and it's also in the heart of the cruising section I mentioned earlier. Since this area is heavily-settled with gays, I expect it to become a popular place for local gays, so give it a try. You'll at least get a good meal at a fair price.

And if you like something simple such as a submarine sandwich, try **JJ's Grinders** at 580 Lake Ave. Both hot and cold grinders, submarines, and torpedoes served by two nice guys, John and Joe. Their unofficial slogan is "Our meat is hard to beat." (But try, anyway!)

Rochester is not New York City. But, outside of Sin City East, it's one of the best for gays in the state. The atmosphere is liberal, and there's a variety of entertainment possibilities open to the traveler. Compared to Buffalo and other upstate cities there is little police and no political harassment. The bars are not raided. As a result, Rochester is a very popular spot for traveling Canadian gays also, particularly from Toronto. So if you're traveling, come over to Rochester, Lilac capital of the northeast in more ways than one!

The recent Supreme Court ruling re: obscenity/pornography is forcing some porno bookshops and movie theatres to close. All the listings in CIAO! are updated as we go to press—but since police raids are a daily occurrence it is likely that several places discussed in this issue have been closed since publication.

Hawaii

By Chris Stirling-Smith

Of course Hawaii is beautiful; the most lasting impression after having absorbed all the sights, sounds, and feelings is the clear air. We who of necessity live in

cities with their ever-present air-pollution forget how blue the sky can be; how gloriously deep blue the ocean; how white those lazy floating clouds; how magnificent a golden sun setting across a coral reef. Well, Hawaii has it all. And the clean, clear air makes it difficult to come back to our industrial waste-land.

So if it's real visual beauty you're after, Hawaii is your place. The temperature is a mild 75. Usually a light rain falls in the early morning, cleaning the streets and making everything sparkle. Casual dress is the mode for all occasions, as well as a way of life. I've never seen a Hawaiian hurry.

Honolulu is a bustling city of 800,000, and it's where the action is. But for scenic beauty and a taste of Pacific Paradise, head for the outer islands.

KAUAI

Kauai is a short 20-minute flight from Honolulu but looks as if it's 100 years away. It is lush and green, with high mountain areas receiving over 250 inches of rainfall a year. The beaches here are magnificent, and in summer surfing is really excellent. A drive around to the north side of the island brings you to Hanalei Bay. One of the most beautiful places in the world... this is where the film "South Pacific" was shot. Many young people—especially surfers—camp out in Kauai during the summer. And you see them hitching rides along the only road around the island.

We found the surfers lots of fun. Those camping out on the beaches are grateful for a hot shower at your hotel. And with a nice meal and something to smoke they will reward you with their charms. We were shown some of the secret spots by two such delightful surfers we met hitching through a sugar-cane field one afternoon. They spent a couple of days with us, showing us such places as a beautiful secluded stream with a 20-foot waterfall complete with slide-off into a deep pool, totally surrounded by banks of ferns where you swim as nature intended. Of course, while on Kauai one must make the drive up through Waimea Canyon. This drive takes you up 12,000

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feet to view the canyon below; similar to the Grand Canyon except the valley floor is lush and green, with rivers. They told me that the wilderness area below is inhabited by black boars that roam wild. The action on Kauai is all out-of-doors, and where you find it. A beautiful place to take your friend, get back to nature, and really know each other.

MAUI

Maui, a short 15-minute flight south from Honolulu is entirely different. Maui is warmer and dryer. Not as green as Kauai. There are, however, some very lush areas such as Iao Valley Park at an elevation of 2,250 feet, and then around on the east side of Hana. But for the most part Maui is warm beaches facing west. The big resort hotels are up around Kanapali, three miles north of Lahaina. They are beautiful, with green lawns, golf courses, beaches, and yachts cruising off shore. But full of tourists and very expensive. The place to stay for action is Lahaina. One probably should stay at the Pioneer Inn. It is right in the center of town; an old hotel for whalers built 100 years ago, now restored; very reasonable—\$16 double per day—and within walking distance of everything.

Lahaina is an old town which was built in the 1800's. It was the first capital of Hawaii, with a small harbor and pier. The whalers put in here during this era. Along the five blocks of the main street are shops, bars, and restaurants—all quaint and nice. It is warm at night, so a stroll along the ocean walk is a must. There you see people sitting on benches, or on the sea wall. It is a very slow and quiet place. But be sure to wear your old Levis and a T-shirt; do not carry a lot of money or look obviously rich because you will get ripped off. There are many young surfers who live on Maui with no visible means of support. So be cautious. But you can meet some nice guys who are cruising on this evening walk.

The place to meet people who are rugged, good-looking, butch, and "worldly" is the Lahaina Yacht Club. It is a private club

right on the main street; nice bar and deck for dining, looking across toward the island of Lanai. You have to be a guest to get in, or know someone. This is not too difficult to arrange. Our friends in Honolulu provided us with introductions to several people in Maui, and to the Yacht Club. However, we found that if you are not a typical mainland tourist and dress down, the locals are very friendly and eager to get to know you and exchange views and news of the mainland. It was here we met a rugged Capricorn who is the skipper of a sleek 60-foot yacht. We spent several days sailing with the warm trade-winds off Lahaina in the Auau Channel under a brilliant sun and warm blue waters.

The scene here is very butch but not pretentious; very much bi. And you can have a lot of fun if you are cool.

By the way, the food at the Yacht Club was some of the best I have had any place, and priced very reasonably—\$4.50 for a meal, compared with \$8.50 for the same in Honolulu. One of the best beaches in Maui, or anywhere, is Makena Beach. Located about 30 miles south of Lahaina, facing west, is a long white sandy beach hidden from the road by trees and bushes. For years this has been the nude beach. Don't miss it.



Makena Beach

No stay on Maui is complete without a visit to the Haleakala Crater. The big thing here is to

take your lover and drive up the night before, camp out and watch the sun rise. You are up 12,000 feet, above the clouds spread out across the Pacific below. You can see for 100 miles in any direction. The crater itself is a vast lava flow and looks, really, like the other side of the moon. It is some 10 miles across and a three-day hike without water if you are crazy enough to try it. When the sun does come up—through the clouds below, it is Richard Strauss, the Dawning of Creation, and the glory of God all rolled into one brilliant moment. And if you were not in love before, you will be now. The night is cold, so take a jacket; it even snows up there sometimes. Be sure that whoever is driving is a good driver because the road up and back is winding, twisting switch-backs, with 5000-foot dropoffs; a real thrill. I would suggest on the drive down that you take the dirt road cut-off to Makena Beach. You go from 50-degrees of barren lava to 85-degrees of beautiful beach in less than an hour.

HONOLULU

After all this you are ready for Oahu and Honolulu. Honolulu is the only place where there is any kind of organized gay activity, and this is divided into what they call the two B's—beaches and bars.

First the bars.



Gay 90's

The biggest and perhaps best bar is the Gay 90's. Located at the corner of McCully and Kala-kaua Boulevard in the Waikiki area, it has two bars; a large front bar in the back next to the dance floor. They usually have a good rock band playing nightly and the dancing and dancers are good. There is a pool table and the

action here is very lively. On a weekend night there are about 300 groovy good-looking guys and lots of fun. This comes closest to a mainland bar—the West Hollywood or Village type; all kinds here, elegant and butch.

A more intimate bar, but good for meeting people is **The Apartment**. Located in the Park Shore Hotel area, corner of Kalakaua and Kapahulu in Waikiki. It is nicely decorated and quiet; a first-class crowd comes here.

Another bar, not too big but one more casual and more fun, is the **Cocktail Center**. On Atkinson Drive next door to the YMCA. This is north of Waikiki near Ala Moana Park. It is a little hard to find the entrance, but there is a sign at the street.



Cocktail Center

House of Charles, a bar and hotel located in the Waikiki area at the corner of Kuhio and Seaside has a peppy crowd and some butch service types. Very easy to make a pick-up here.



House of Charles

Another casual fun bar is the **Question Mark** in the downtown Honolulu area on Fort Street Mall near Bertania Street. It has a pool table and jukebox. The crowd is pleasant, easy to meet, and goodlooking, but it is not as elegant as the Waikiki area. This

is like any city downtown after night falls, so be cool and don't take any chances; but by all means include this bar in your visit.



Question Mark

A straight bar which we were introduced to proved to be one of our favorite spots. It is the **Rose & Crown** located in King's Alley in Waikiki. An English pub type, it gets mostly service men from New Zealand and Australia, Canadians, and merchant seamen, sailors, and Marines. At night there is a lot of singing around the piano, much drinking of dark beer, and fun. You can meet guys here and get to know each other. Again, coolness prevails here, but everyone we met was very warm and friendly. Naturally, some of the best-looking guys in the world are to be found here. We got to know an Australian lifeguard who has been around the world many times—and many ways.



The corner of Ohau and Kalakaua is good cruising . . . easy pickups.

Another area one should not miss, where the cruising is fantastic, and the guys all outstanding, is the **International Market Place**

on Kalakaua Boulevard in the heart of Waikiki—a large outdoor shopping area, rather like a bazaar. Lots of guys come here to cool off under the large banyan tree after a day on the beach. Some hustlers also, near the curb, but mostly just guys cruising.



International Market Place

The bar action is mostly at night, while during the day the action shifts to the beaches. Here you meet a lot of the guys who work at night as waiters in the big tourist hotels and restaurants, so they all make the beach scene from about 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.



Waikiki Talent

The main gay beach is **Queen's Surf Beach** located just south of the big Waikiki hotels. It is an area next to the **Kapiolani Beach Center** between the snack bar and what is called "The Bomb Shelter." This is the sort of gay beach you might find anywhere: white sand, a bit littered, crowded, but nice—facing west. Behind the beach is a grass lawn area where there is always a volleyball game. There are public showers and johns in the **Kuhio Beach Center**

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nearby. And some shade trees, picnic tables and park which make it a pleasant place for getting off the hot, crowded beach. This beach is where you'll meet everyone sooner or later. Be sure to find Florence, who will read your palm and knows all. She's on the beach every afternoon around five.



Queen's Surf Beach



Kuhio Beach Center



Outside the Reef Hotel

Up from Queen's Surf are the big hotels with their tiny beaches, jammed with people from Iowa and Oklahoma. However, the beach just outside the old **Royal Hawaiian Hotel** is a little bit of January/February 1974

Hollywood. Here you see the johns and their numbers with big sunglasses and only the best in beach wear. Muscle numbers at \$50 a day, and elegant queens. Fun to see and visit.

A further walk up the beach at Waikiki brings you to the **Reef Hotel** beach. Here are all those hunky guys, surfing, riding the outriggers, and lots of heavy cruising. I wanted to spend more time here but was hustled on by my companion.



Jamie, the author's companion, outside the Reef Hotel.

In the midst of all this, Waikiki Beach is the great dichotomy of **Fort Derussy**, a military reservation located right on the beach. There are no restrictions that we noted, and anyone can walk to the beach here. If military types are your cup of tea, here's the place. There are showers and johns, and you'll have very little difficulty meeting people.



Ft. Derussy Beach

All the beaches listed above are within easy walking distance of one another. Now if you want to go over to **Ala Moana Beach Park** you have to go back to Ala Moana Boulevard in order to walk around the Ala Wai Small Boat Harbor. The Ala Moana beach is like Coney Island or Santa Monica State Beach. It is a big sand beach

backed up by a park. Lots of kids and families on weekends. But it has public showers and is near the YMCA. It is a beautiful beach and park, and while the action here is not overt like Queen's Surf, it is still here.



Ala Moana Beach

These are the most heavily-populated beaches. Now if you want a secluded quiet beach try **Diamond Head Road Beach**. You drive out Diamond Head Road 'til you come to a white lighthouse. Park and walk down the cliffs to this public beach. The waters are clean turquoise blue with surf, off a reef break about 100 yards out. The water is warm and waist deep out to the reef. Because it is backed up by the cliffs, privacy is assured, and for years this has been a popular spot for nude sunbathing. The farther up you walk the more guys you will see and meet. It is quiet and not crowded. Don't miss it . . . it's part of the real Hawaii.



Lighthouse on Diamond Head Rd.

Naturally, there are beaches everywhere. The North Shore of Oahu has some of the most beau-

tiful beaches in the world; Sunset Beach, Pipeline, and Haleiwa. And to a Californian it was rather delightful having the sun at your back. Take a supper and some friends and sit on the wide, white shell beach near Waimea Bay and watch the sun set. This is a very romantic experience—never to be forgotten. The warm tradewinds, the blue ocean, the bronze beautiful bodies . . . and no one ever heard of "Watergate."

We met and made a lot of friends on the islands. The older Hawaiians are most friendly; the younger ones who see their islands polluted by tourists are not so friendly. But who can blame them! All the mainlanders now settled in Hawaii are very hospitable. We received many invitations to parties in the Waikiki high-rise apartments and lovely homes in the green hills back of Honolulu. It is easy to make friends here. We even met two beautiful surfer types who make their living conducting personal tours for guys who come from the mainland.

But see Hawaii now. Because, I am afraid like the rest of this small planet of ours, this island paradise won't last forever.

Aloha!

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Atlanta

By Bill Josephs

The South is going to rise again!

Progressive, modern, interesting Atlanta is leading the way in this reconstruction. Elegant buildings like the Regency Hyatt House, with its 22 story lobby and "glass bubble" elevators, and the charmingly unique Underground with its gaslit streets and cobblestone alleys, are some of the gimmicks the New South is using to attract

tourists and guarantee its rise to economic heights once again.

As most gays are fast discovering, Atlanta's attractions aren't limited solely to tourist trade. Not anymore! Alive and vibrating with excitement, Atlanta is becoming the city for the restless gay in search of a pleasant life-style.

Before I mention the places to visit, I would like to warn you about Peachtree Street (often called P Street). It is probably the most confusing street in Atlanta. This is because there are so many. A tourist would be wise to study a map before wandering Atlanta alone. In general, the main street of Atlanta is W. Peachtree, and it divides Northwest and Northeast Atlanta in halves. Peachtree Road becomes an extension of West Peachtree in upper Northwest and Northeast Atlanta, and Peachtree Street, N.E., curves away from W. Peachtree Street at about 19th Street and runs parallel to W. Peachtree Street (only a few blocks east in Northeast Atlanta) for several miles to about Baker Street (downtown), where it once again joins W. Peachtree. Some of the other Peachtrees are Peachtree Hills, Peachtree Valley, Peachtree Park Circle and Peachtree Circle Avenue, to mention a few.

Now for places of interest. All bars are closed on Sunday, and drinking age is from 18 up. The following are within walking distance of one another.

BARS AND RESTAURANTS

My House, 774 W. Peachtree St. (N.W.). Near the Sheraton-Biltmore. This former southern mansion has been converted into a huge gay bar. Open from 4 p.m. to 4 a.m. every day. There are three shows nightly at 10:30, 12:30 and 2:30. Very popular, but segregated. Whites only!



My House

Grapevine (in the same building and above My House). This is the Black and Tan Club. It is for blacks and their friends. Dancing. Disc jockey.

Garage, 1 Armstead Place, N.W. (This is just behind My House. All three bars have the same management.) The butch types go here. No drags allowed. Segregated, for whites only. Pool tables. Young hustlers (from 18 to 21). A gay cruise bar. Jimmy is the friendly bartender. Sunbathing is permitted on Friday and Saturday (trunks, though) outside the bar in the walled-in area. Hours are from 4 p.m. to 4 a.m. Friday and Saturday from 1 p.m. to 4 a.m.



Garage

The Prince George Inn, 114 Sixth Street (N.E.), right off Peachtree, N.E. Coat and tie crowd. Mostly gay restaurant. Dinners served from 6 p.m. to 10 (\$2.50 to \$4.95), and lunches from 11:30 to 2 p.m. (50¢ to \$2). Over-35 crowd. Best hours 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Lunches served only Monday through Friday. Saturday dinner is served only from 5 p.m. to 2:55 a.m. Cocktail lounge. Piano player.



The Prince George Inn

The Armory, 836 Juniper St. (N.E.). This is around the corner from The Prince George Inn. Incidentally, 834 is a furniture repair shop. It isn't another entrance to The Armory, though in the same building. Older, but nice

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crowd. Well-dressed businessman types. Best during cocktail hour from 5 to 7 p.m. Hours are from 4 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Esperando, corner of Sixth and Cypress (N.E.). Young crowd. Mostly under 21. Go-go boys. Hours 4 p.m. to 4 a.m.



Esperando

Club Three, 1139 W. Peachtree St. (N.W.). Newest bar. Not noisy, but nice. Dining room with good food. Dancing. Casual dress.

Pleasant Peasant, 555 Peachtree St. (N.E.). Mixed restaurant. Nice place with good food (about \$5). Newly opened at this writing. Cocktails. Dinner. Midnight-supper.

The Blue Room, 76 Cain Street (N.E.). Across the street from the Greyhound Bus Station. Seedy, rough hustlers. Usual bus station types.



The Blue Room

Red's Cameo Lounge, Williams and Cain Streets (N.W.). Also across from Greyhound. Like The Blue Room, with the same type of crowd.

Onyx Lounge, 341 W. Peachtree Street (N.W.). Dancing. Very close to the Regency Hyatt House. A friendly downtown bar. Nice crowd.

Ponce de Leon Avenue which runs east of Peachtree Street (N.E.) has a few places within hiking distance of downtown. This is an all-right avenue. Not January/February 1974

the best, not the worst. Use your instincts.

Mary Mac's Tea Room, 224 Ponce de Leon Avenue (N.E.). Usually gets a gay crowd from 5 p.m. on. Mixed restaurant. Cheap and nice (usually under \$2). Not a campy atmosphere, though. Quiet, pleasant place.

Mrs. P's (in the Ponce de Leon Hotel), 551 Ponce de Leon Avenue (N.E.). Oldest gay bar in Atlanta. A special for out-of-towners, so announce yourself! Food is reasonable and acceptable. Live shows Friday and Saturday nights. Every Tuesday at 10 p.m. there is a drawing for a free \$20 tab. Not as popular as once. Too much competition from the other bars.



Mrs. P's

Dupree's Tavern, 715 Ponce de Leon Avenue (N.E.). Dancing to records. Two pool tables. Mixed gay guys and gals. Not the best crowd; tends to be rough!

In the Piedmont Park area are several places of interest. This is a pleasant, middle-class area with a fairly large gay population. To get to these bars you will need transportation. Unless, of course, you really enjoy walking.

Gene and Gabe's Restaurant, 1578 Piedmont Avenue (N.E.). Mixed. Popular. Good food. The waiters will make anyone gay feel at home. Prices around \$5.

The Cove Tavern, 585 Worcester Drive (N.E.). Packed on weekends. All types. Cruise bar. Mostly neighborhood crowd. Discotheque. Usually at night it does an excellent business. Very popular.



The Cove Tavern

The Silver Grill, 900 Monroe Drive (N.E.). Mixed. Nothing special about this one.

El Matador, in the Ansley Shopping Center, Piedmont Road and Monroe Drive, N.E. The bar is inside the mall. Nice people. Mixed gay boys and girls.



El Matador

Sweet Gum Head, 2284 Cheshire Bridge Road (N.E.). This is some distance from Piedmont Park, but it is well worth the trip. Humpy, under-35 crowd. Very popular. Drag shows. It has everything!

HOTELS

Ponce de Leon Hotel, 551 Ponce de Leon Avenue (N.E.). Not gay, but reasonable. Fair area. Mrs. P's is in the hotel.

YMCA, at 145 Luckie Street, (N.W.), has pool, sauna and sun deck and can be cruisy. Air-conditioned, but not the best. It can get quite hot in those rooms (no pun intended) on a summer evening. But it is cheap and worth it if money is scarce. Quiet cruising in the lobby and halls.



YMCA

King's Kastle Inn, 2140 Peachtree Road (N.W.). This is some distance from town, but worth it if you want a country-club atmosphere. Everything is here—pool, tennis courts, golf course, four bars (upstairs) and two private bars (one for boys and another for girls); both, though, are open to hotel guests. Club David is here. A full-menu restaurant serving three meals daily. Hotel rates are: single \$15.60; double \$17.68. There are special, by-the-week rates which are \$52 for a single and \$62.40 double. This is for seven days of occupancy. **The place to stay!** Call for reservations (404-351-8020). Very popular.

OUTDOOR CRUISING

Piedmont Park is probably the busiest spot in Atlanta. This is good near the greenhouse (for sunbathing). The john near the tennis courts has the usual activities, and the road and walkway near the baseball diamond (the side closest to Piedmont Road) is very cruisy. Cars, hustlers and walkers. All parks close from 1 a.m. to 6 a.m. Hustlers get rough here at night, so do your cruising during the day. Police watch the area.



John in Piedmont Park

Winn Park is cruised by car mostly at night. Some walking.

Grant Park is cruised near the zoo. A rough area. Be careful. Mostly rough hustlers here.

Luckie Street is interesting at night. This is the area near the YMCA.

Ansley Mall Shopping Center has some cruising. Same is true of **Lennox Square Shopping Center**, but Lennox isn't as cruisy as Ansley.

Near the Sheraton-Biltmore, the famous area is **Peachtree Drive (N.E.) to Peachtree Street (N.E.)**

to **Fourth Street (N.E.) to Cypress (N.E.) to Peachtree Drive**. A nice crowd cruises this area at night.

In front of the **Greyhound and Trailways** (johns included), there is the usual. Particularly in front of the Greyhound.

The **Public Library** at 126 Carnegie Way, N.W. also gets a little hustling after hours.

Some claim that the hitchhikers near **Georgia Tech** and **Georgia State** are available.

MOVIES

Walton St. Art Theater ("Gay Paree"), at 90 Walton Street, N. W. Very close to the YMCA, Greyhound and Trailways. This theater shows gay films and is cruised. Admission is \$5. Opens at 10:45 a.m. and the last show is at 11:30 p.m.



Walton St. Art Theater

JOHNS

Those in **Trailways** and **Greyhound**, of course.

The library johns at **Georgia Tech** and **Georgia State** are busy. Watch out for security, though.

Davison's Department Store, mezzanine, downtown, and **Rich's Department Store** in the Lennox Square Shopping Center. Cruisy, but not as cruisy as once. Security keeps an eye on activity here.

BATHS

Club South Baths, 76 Fourth Street, N.W. Near the Sheraton-Biltmore. Weekends are best. Membership only. Trial membership is \$1. ID and screening (so know your gay places in Atlanta) are all it takes to get in. Lockers are \$4 and rooms \$6. Weekdays from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. rooms are only \$4. Sundays from 4 to 7 p.m. and Wednesdays from 7 to 9 p.m. rooms are also only \$4, but on Wednesdays and Sundays free beer is included during those hours.

Club David (in the King's Kas-

tle). This is a small version of **Club South** (same management), but without the rooms. No membership. Price is \$5 for everything.

European Health Spa, at 3517 Northside Parkway Drive (N.W.). Can't do anything here, but it's a good place to watch others work out, I suppose. Very mixed.

With this list and a lot of time Atlanta will prove to be a fun city you'll love. Go on down, ya'll hear?

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Osaka

By David Bartel

If you trip lightheartedly to the gay jack-o'-lantern mood of Tokyo this year—with perhaps a scattershot pilgrimage to one of Japan's many seasonal festivals, such as the famous Festival of the Phallus—why not make your entire vacation all-Japanese, or at least mostly-Japanese, with side excursions to gay Kobe and/or Osaka? In the July 1973 edition of **QQ Magazine** we explored Kobe's gay life almost block by block, and in this follow-up issue of **Ciao!** we should like to do the same for Osaka.

Osaka is an overgrown tomboy town with which a gay Chicagoan would reach an instant rapport. There are striking similarities that foster this feeling. As Japan's second-largest city, now nearing four million population—roughly equaling that of Chicago—it has that same brisky-frisky brashness of our own second city. Like Chicago, Osaka is a big-hearted, big-hardened giant. It's especially big-busy . . . a hardheaded business megalopolis whose money-minded citizens always greet each other with a big-business expression instead of just plain 'hello'. Let us clue you in on a simple

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phrase that is the key to all communication—sociosexual as well as commercial—in Osaka.

If you find that you can sail through Tokyo conversationally with just a few words of Japanese, such as *hai* (yes) . . . *arigato* (thank you) . . . and ('arigato' to Marlon Brando) *sayonara* (good-bye), you should learn two more that will earn you smiles of appreciation and approval (if not giddy gales of giggles). The Osakan expression "*Mokari makka*" (it often comes out "moke makka") works like a charm. It's the civic salutation and means "Are you making money?"



WHEN 'YES' MEANS 'NO'

Try it on an interesting stranger and you'll find it has the almost instant effect of making the sex scene projectible. First, because it establishes a common beach-head of conversation that—in this country's beautiful etiquette—obligates him to continue the conversation (even if it devolves into point 'n poke).

Then too, because the Japanese are so very polite and kindhearted they find it extremely painful to give anyone a negative answer to anything . . . and so they rarely do, and then only with very grave misgivings. So you see that such a 'with it' expression as "*Mokari makka*" used when cruising provides a legitimate introduction and works wonders. Indeed one would have to be chairman of the Fag Hag Convention (Senior Division) to get less than the politest turndown, and even then the distraught Japanese would probably go to his shrine for a week to do penance for such a dereliction

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of his usual good manners.

"*Mokari makka*?" works with special effectiveness when you come to grips with a Japanese hustler. In this case the phrase becomes a quirky kind of **double entendre**. Ask him if he's "making money" and he'll say, first positively, of course, then negatively, that "**yes**" but "**no**" he's not making it, and would indeed like to "money make," (and all the traffic will bear). He, too, is caught up in the thrust-and-parry of Osaka's style of etiquettezized big business. This kind of verbal sword-play sparks the sex scene as well, and the resulting encounter will prove all the more interesting and stimulating. It's guaranteed to keep you on the cruising *qui vive* throughout your visit, and you'll find that your adventures in the land of "*Mokari makka*" will goggle-eye your gay friends once you have returned home. **Raconteur!**

TOPOGRAPHICS

A little geographical putting you in the picture is pertinent here. There is frequent plane and train service between Tokyo and Osaka. A plane will whisk you there in just under forty minutes. There are many trains that run the direct Tokyo/Osaka strip of 400 miles in a flat three hours. These trains—the world's fastest—whoosh along at speeds of up to 160 miles per hour (never less than 120). A 'speeding bullet' has nothing on a Japanese train. Then, if you are including Kobe in your itinerary—and you should—it is only thirty minutes by train from Osaka. Both Kobe and Osaka are in the Kansai or West Central area of Japan . . . Kobe on the Inland Sea, with Osaka just a little further inland.

WHERE TO STAY

Since Osaka was more than one-third destroyed in World War II (Hiroshima is not very far from here), it is understandable that this now-bustling moneyopolis, having literally arisen from the ashes, has a look of shining newness. You will notice this the moment you arrive at the brand new Shin Osaka Station, which is—to most Japanese (and certainly to most gay guys)—"where

it's at'.

The main post office is here . . . the subway begins here and then spreads out all over Osaka, making the city easily accessible . . . the famous **Hankyu Department Store** is here; its basement is the most fascinating place in Osaka. Then, with more than a million commuters daily arriving/departing Osaka Station, gay guys will appreciate the fact that the johns are the best and have the fastest action in Osaka . . . so fast, in fact, that some say it looks like a sexual assembly line.

It will be quite a wrench tearing yourself away from all this, but you really do have to find a place to stay. If you don't have a hotel or *ryokan*—a Japanese-style inn—already booked, the **Japan Tourist Office** in Osaka Station will see that you get located, and in just the type of accommodation you desire. (A description of the Japanese *ryokan* was given in detail in *QQ Magazine* already mentioned.)

Although most mid-city hotels are in the luxury class, this is not expensive by American and/or European standards, thus you will like the 211-room **Hotel New Osaka**, or the nearby **Hotel Osaka Grand**, or—if you can hardly bear to leave Osaka Station—the 623-room **Hotel Hankyu**, just behind the Station a short walking distance. Rates for any of these will usually not exceed 4000 Yen (about \$12.50 in devalued American money).



Hotel Osaka Grand

Although the ryokans in Kobe and other Japanese cities are less expensive than Western-style hotels, and are charming in every respect, you may do better to stay in one of the hotels mentioned, because the ryokans in Osaka are newer and fewer, done in jazzy 'moderne', unlike the older or more rural inns, and are more expensive since they are in great demand by Japanese visitors who are accustomed to sleeping six on the tummy on the tatami.

You'll be wise to tell the Japanese Tourist Office exactly what you have in mind (well-I-I... maybe you shouldn't go that far!), otherwise you may get what you don't. After a night of heavy cruising/scoring, just when you think one more trick would drive you bonkers, you may wake in the middle of the night and find that the "make mokka" management has placed five other sudsy boys fresh from the ryokan communal bath right beside you... a ready-made gangbang all squeaky clean for action. Now that's real empathy for you. Of course, if you don't think this is bad at all, press on with the ryokan bit.

Around **Dotonbori** near the center of Osaka's nightlife area—are some relatively inexpensive ryokans. The **Yamatoya Honten** (telephone: 211-3587) gets its share of gay guys, although it is in no sense patently gay. Also the **Osaka Kanko** (telephone: 211-3508) is quite good and cruisily convenient. Rates run between \$9.50 and \$12.50 per single. It should be noted that both hotels and ryokans impose a 10% tax, and in some a 10% service charge is added. Although this does run up the bill somewhat it is by no means exorbitant.

A new breed of hotel has surfaced in this area of Japan and it is run not by a Japanese, but a Chinese. The **Amagasaki Hotel**, whose brochure at hand describes it as "A Businessman's Hotel for Homosexual Congenial People," features a sauna bath center and (sic) "Dark Joint Used Room and Accommodations for 1,000 Yen Per Night" (one is left in the dark as to whether it is a 'dark joint', or if 'dark joint used room' is only for gay guys with dark joints, or whether the inference is a dark

room used jointly by those with dark and light joints).

Is everything perfectly clear? Obviously to many of us it is not, so when you are in Osaka telephone (06) 412-2442 or (06) 412-2443 between 1 p.m. and midnight and ask for Mr. K.S. Huang, the Chinese proprietor who "also conducts psychological advices and analysis upon request" and who, quite likely, can clarify this intriguing matter. The **Amagasaki Hotel** seems to be a worthy enterprise of great hospitality. The brochure further states that "Congenial Male Mates Party will be held every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday from 1 p.m. to midnight for 1,500 Yen, including wine cocktails, sauna bathing and accommodation." (Especially the latter!).

The **Amagasaki Hotel** is in the government district of Hyogo, as are Osaka and Kobe, and thus is not centrally located. It is, according to the sketch map sent us, nearer Kobe. The precise address is: **Amagasaki Businessmen's Hotel**, 115 Showa-Minami-Dori 5-chome, Amagasaki City, Hyogo Prefecture, Japan.

Give them a ring when you arrive in Osaka and see what's cooking (hopefully more *suk* than *sukiyaki*). We are sorry that we did not learn of this place until just after our spies had left Japan, and that we have to do the Agatha Christie bit of leaving you dangling on tantalizing threads of mystery. Needless to say, we hope that anyone who investigates this hotel locally will bring us up to date so that we can, in turn, pass the information along to you.

THE GAY SCENE IN OSAKA

The hub of nightlife in Osaka is that section around **Namba Station** in the Minami or southern part of the city. There is much gay life here, and as much, if not more, in the northern district whose addresses end in *ku*. In the Minami area are the fabulous and cruisy **Takashimaya Department Store** and **Osaka Stadium**, also a much-cruised area. Two principal streets run parallel into this section: **Mido-suji** and **Yotsubashi-suji**. The really stun-

ning one is **Mido-suji** which is at least 150-feet wide, and whose elegant length is lined with ginkgo trees for which Japan is famous. This lively area, called **Dotonbori**, from one of the many canals in Osaka, is where people come from miles around to watch the spectacular lighting displays... the flashing signs that blast off in myriad colors. Those who have been privileged to see the famous **Kabuki** theater players when they toured some of our larger American cities a few years ago, will be delighted to see their friends again right here... Japan's biggest **Kabuki** theater is a focal point of this area. Great art in a magical setting.



Also cruised along here is a very long, brilliantly lit, covered arcade called **Shinsaibashi** with shops that have everything you could imagine, and then some. In this area are two very gay clubs, the **Club Saga**, 5 Bancho Nanbashi-chi. No. 72. In a building six stories here there is a complex of 16 bars of gay interest. Don't bother with the one on the ground floor—it's straight.

Just two blocks from the **Club Saga**, in a downstairs location, is the **Stork Club South**, a branch of the **Stork Club** in the north end of Osaka.

There are these popular

NORTH END GAY BARS

Stork Club, 65 Takagaki-Cho, Kita-ku. In the Fukuda Building.

Club Tokiwa, San-yo Kaikan Building, 89 Dozan-Cho, Kita-ku.

Kuro, OK Building, 1F, 37-1 Dozan-Cho, Kita-ku.

Villa Ranmaru, 39 Dozan-Cho, Kita-ku.

Saga, 33 Dozan-Cho, Kita-ku.

CIAO!

Trevi (Torebi), 85 Tagaki-Cho, Kita-ku.

Yuri, 24 Chaya-Machi, Kita-ku. This place also has a few rooms where you can take a trick or three. Or you can stay here as a vacation guest, or just rest for a few hours. Nice thought . . . much appreciated by the Yuri's patrons.

Ran, 51 Chaya-Machi, Kita-ku.

Cambridge, in the San-Yo Kai-kan Building, 89 Dozan-Cho, Kita-ku.

Bambi, in the basement of the Leisure Center Building, on the south side of Hotel Hokke-Club, Kita-ku. The Hotel Hokke Club, by the way, is a so-called 'businessmen's hotel'—a good-sized hotel of about 450 rooms. Of special interest is the baths in the basement . . . separate for men and women and much cruised and made-out in.

GAY MOVIE HOUSES

Koma Gold and Silver Theaters in the Koma Stadium Building. The johns are madly cruised.

GAY HEALTH CENTER

Umeda Health Center, near the Sonezaki Police Station.

GAY JOHN CRUISING

In addition to the fast and furious cruising at the Shin Osaka Station, mentioned earlier, the Hankyu Umeda Station john compound is busybusybusy. The Umeda Station is close by the Osaka Station, so if you don't find just what you're looking for in one, switch to the other for a spell. You can keep this up all day, and miss neither stitch nor zipper. Also, for a different trip, try

GAY TRAIN-JOHN CRUISING

The first and last coaches of the Osaka Loop Line Trains during the morning and (especially) evening rush hours. (These Osakans are unbelievable . . . they never let up for a moment!)

Also, the first and last coaches of the Mido-Suji Subway trains during the rush hours.

DINING IN OSAKA

Food is by no means inexpensive in Osaka, yet there are ways to eat inexpensively because

of restaurant volume and locale. One of the best places is the basement of the Hankyu Department Store, opposite the Osaka Station (where you came in). Fantastic menu . . . every conceivable kind of fruit, vegetable, piroshki, Chinese dumplings, meats, fish, pastries and salads. Quite inexpensive for such a variety and for such excellence in preparation. You just may not wish to eat anywhere else.



If you grow fatigued from too much cruising/scoring along and around and in Bambi, drop in on a simple restaurant just one block away (turn right at the corner of the Hotel Hokke Club, go one block) and dine at the Isomura. Very low prices for such good food.

If you crave good ol' American hamburgers, better than the best are at the Gourmet, a tiny cafe hidden among dozens of other eating places around the Fukoku Seimei Building, also opposite the Hankyu Department Store. Very popular . . . it's down in the basement. They specialize in 'world' sandwiches, too . . . fried lobster sandwiches; crab and bacon; pineapple and chicken, and the familiar cheeseburger. Inexpensive.

The most elaborate dining is, of course, at the luxury Western-style hotels. The dining rooms are incomparable and the prices, though steep by Osakan standards (about 800 Yen) should be considered in terms of American exchange . . . something like \$5. Not bad, is it?

For at least once, snack it at the Asahi Beer Stand, not far from the Umeda Station, beside the busy Umeda-shinmachi intersection. A glass of glorious Asahi beer, plus cheese-and-crackers, or breaded prawns—a huge portion—will cost only 240 Yen . . . about 75 cents.

PLACES TO SEE

So much of Osaka was destroyed in the war, and while much has been replaced/restored, there are not so many things of historical interest remaining. But do go to Osaka Castle, just east of the Ote-mae streetcar-bus stop. It was built in 1586 by Hideyoshi Toyotomi, then military ruler of Japan. This fortress is constructed of immense granite stones—the largest in the world—on a scale of overpoweringly magnificent grandeur.

The Castle has a fierce history, having been partially destroyed many times, but those huge stones have resisted all destructive force, including bombs! It towers 137 feet on a stone rampart that is itself 46 feet high. From here you have a most breathtaking view of the entire city. You will also want to inspect the interior with its various exhibits of historical interest that represent much of what remains of Osaka's historicity. The rest will be found in the Municipal Museum and the Hokoku Shrine, both of which stand around the Castle, and which at night are all brilliantly illuminated, making this area a must-see for anyone who visits Osaka.

You will enjoy your visit to Osaka in countless ways. It would be a pity if you limited your vacation to Tokyo. Japan is not all tea and cherry-blossoms and sex along the Ginza . . . there is a rich and vital culture throughout this land of extraordinary beauty . . . particularly here in West Central Japan. You will find that gay life here is a wholly new experience, so come on over and meet your gay brothers on the other side of the world . . . and empathize!

Baton Rouge

By Ralph W. Davis

Small, quiet Baton Rouge sparkles just enough at night to make it a perfect stop enroute North or South. Home of two universities—Louisiana and Southern—Baton Rouge has enough youth—black and white—to make it worth a





long visit. Besides the universities, it is the petrochemical center of the South, state capital, and an important world port. In short, there is enough variety of types in this sleepy-looking Southern town to make any gay guy happy.

Besides having a good gay life, it is only thirty miles south of St. Francisville, an historic town which has six famous ante-bellum plantations near its perimeter. Many of these plantations are as beautifully kept and furnished as they were when built. Plantations like Rosedown are virtually an interior decorator's dream because of magnificent antique furniture and restored rooms. Almost half of America's millionaires in the 19th century made their vast fortunes in this rich valley which stretches from St. Francisville to New Orleans (about 110 miles south) by growing crops such as cotton, tobacco, sugar cane and indigo. Over a dozen plantations—all different in their unique way—are open to tourists who have time for the slow drive.

Baton Rouge, of course, is the perfect rest stop after or before St. Francisville for those who want to break up their tour of these fabled old plantations with a carefree romp in the sack with some southern beauty. Although there aren't many places, there are enough to please anyone just passing through.



The Dock

The Dock, 111 Riverside Mall. This street was once called Third, and many still refer to it as such. Management allows a few hustlers to visit, but there is an understanding with the hustlers and management that if any hustler causes problems for the customers he won't be allowed to visit again. So if hustlers turn you on, this is the place to bicker over a price. Dancing. Full bar. All types, and some very attractive types at that.

Pizza and sandwiches are served. Each night there is a special on some drink at 50¢. Newest and largest. Drag shows are planned as soon as a license is acquired. It is closed on Sunday. Hours: 4:30 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily. Popular place. Young crowd.

Mirror Lounge, 311 North Boulevard. This is strictly a bar for the older, over-35 crowd. Nice, quiet. A good place to relax and meet new friends. Hours are from 6 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily except Sunday. Dancing.



Mirror Lounge



George's Place

George's Place, corner of St. Louis and South Boulevard. This bar, unlike the above two, isn't downtown. It is about six blocks from town. To get there take St. Philip past the old Capitol, past Greyhound to Steinbergh's. It is across the parking lot from Steinbergh's. Mixed. All types. Boys, girls, blacks and whites. This is probably the most comfortable bar in the city for blacks. They seem to like it and make up a big percentage of the customers. You

will find very friendly types here. Very busy parking lot. What you don't find inside, you should find outside. Dancing. Hours are 3 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily except Sunday. Pool table. Very popular.

Den Again, 1886 Wooddale Court. This bar is about 7 miles from town, and is a little difficult to find without a car. (Of course, taxi is the alternative.) Business, so I understand, hasn't been great since the management moved to this location, but it does have many loyal customers, and can be worth your time. Some blacks at this writing, but not many. Drag shows occasionally. Popular on weekends. Pool tables. Dancing. Separate area for boys and girls. Special during the week on drinks (35¢ for beer; 50¢ for hard liquor). Hours: 6 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. daily except Sunday.



Capitol Building

The old Capitol building which is squared off by St. Philip, North Boulevard, S. Front and America Sts., sits on a hill (at least at S. Front St.) like some Gothic castle and has become the center of some good night cruising—either by car or by foot. The corner of St. Philip and North Boulevard in front of "Train de Reconnaissance Francaise" is where the hustlers linger.



St. Philip & North Blvd.

Downtown at night is busy, especially on weekends; cars and walkers. This includes the area by the Dock and Mirror, and North Boulevard and Riverside Mall.

CIAO!

The inexpensive place to stay (about \$10 a night for a single) is the Capitol House Motor Hotel. It is only a few blocks from the Mirror and Docks, and right downtown. Another place to stay, but out of the way is Bellemont Motor Hotel and Restaurant at 7370 Airline Highway. The lounge, incidentally, has some activity. Mixed, of course. It is casual and attracts a nice crowd, and isn't too far from the Den Again.

Although Baton Rouge won't win any awards for its gay life, it does deserve honorable mention. A visitor will find this hospitable, southern town refreshing and charming, and a great place to relax for a few days and forget the mad pace of big city life.

The recent Supreme Court ruling re: obscenity/pornography is forcing some porno bookshops and movie theatres to close. All the listings in **CIAO!** are updated as we go to press—but since police raids are a daily occurrence it is likely that several places discussed in this issue have been closed since publication.

Gay Dining

This Month: Juanita's Galley

By The Editors

She looks like a hefty Betty Grable . . . or a Merle Oberon whose diet went thataway. A still pretty face, a still youngish woman in spite of her 200-plus pounds and the tippytoeing years—once a vamp and now a camp—Juanita is the guiding spirit, den mother, Druid priestess, lady guru, major-domo, and—it is said—she has on many occasions doubled as bouncer of her establishment (a poor word to describe what the first-time visitor is letting himself in for at Juanita's Galley).

If you are making the San Francisco gay scene soon, don't consider your trip a complete success until/unless you've spent the night, or dined, or both, at Juanita's . . . a combination hotel,

motel, restaurant, bar, aviary, zoo, antiquary, museum, and—what might seem to the uninitiated—the Cecil B. DeMille Warehouse Number 4, wherein the sets, costumes and props for **The Ten Commandments** and **Samson and Delilah** are stored. The only missing parts of this picture are, of course, Cecil B. himself (now up there somewhere counting the stars in his crown), and Samson (and you know what happened to him after he gave up his beautiful long hairstyle for a brush-cut). But Delilah we've got . . . Juanita, and she's a real charmer. Somehow Juanita's Galley without Juanita might seem like some bit of Americana from the days of the gold rush. With her, it's an experience you'll never forget. Total!

In **Ciao!** for many issues we have made a point of recommending a unique or very special-in-some-way restaurant where gay people love to go. Few of these restaurants are either gay or gay-operated, and neither is Juanita's Galley. But surely this amazing woman who has personality for the poor could not have had gay guys very far from her thoughts when she assembled (designed is just not the word!) this California phantasmagoria. It's a trip from the moment you arrive.

Here's how you get there. Drive 50 miles up from San Francisco to Fetters Springs on Route 12. About 5 miles beyond Sonoma, in the wine country of California, you'll find Juanita's. If you are expecting Howard Johnson's, or maybe Disneyland, forget it . . . it's the 'uniqueness' of the unique. The improbability of it all will seize you the moment you turn off the highway into the faded grandeur of what were the broad, spacious front lawns of the Fetters Springs Health Spa and Resort Hotel. But that was back in 1906—at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. You'll swear the quake must have been felt right here because everything seems so topsy-turvy and wholly implausibly arranged (or disarranged, as you prefer).

In the quiet lobby as you step through the door, everything is apparently quite normal . . . it's a genuine, elegant, old-fashioned

hotel lobby. But in the vast, vaulty stillness you hear the crowing of chickens. That's your first clue to the craziness of it all. Chickenshit 1 and Chickenshit 2 are the names of the fowls and they act as sort of unofficial greeters. Just take it all in stride. Then over the clerk's desk hangs a dusty artificial parrot . . . but while you realize at once it is artificial, you are driven quite daft by an echoing parrot in the distance. This one is the real thing and he's also saying hello from somewhere out on the balcony. Then, too, the ancient pigeon-holes that once held mail and keys for the Spa's original guests are now filled with miniature china animals . . . cats, squirrels, elephants . . . even a reclining cow.

Once registered, you may stroll into the bar, and here the animal motif is carried out again . . . this time no porcelain but the real thing. Don't feel in the least disconcerted if, while having a really great Martini, a monkey comes up and sits beside you. Buy him a drink, too . . . it's quite all right. But he prefers 7-Up, however . . . you see, he's an 'Un-cola' monkey. He'll sit there quite contentedly, holding his drink in a paper cup in both hands, chattering away for dear life . . . quite as though you and he had been bosom companions for years.

The new barroom (the original hotel barroom has been converted into one of the many dining rooms) is a very relaxing, socializing-type place, filled with chairs and divans grouped around tables or old Saratoga trunks that double as tables or comfy hassocks for tired feet. At one end there is a pool table, and at the other are a grand piano, a jukebox, and a cigarette-vending machine which also carries out the animal motif . . . this time a stuffed alligator hungrily eyeing a Christmas tree that's never taken down.

Juanita has the most crotch-conscious piano. Atop it is a kind of upside-down sculpture . . . a birch tree upended whose arms suggest a torso with very inviting thighs. Camp!

The former Hotel and Spa's parlor has been transformed into

a dining salon also, and over the archway opening onto the dining room are more than 30 setting hens and fighting cocks in china and glass. As you see, Juanita really has a thing about chickens. Even beyond the parking area are hens cackling like crazy with their boon companions: a gaggle of quacking ducks, white turkeys, pigeons, peacocks not to mention a hutch of mating rabbits (surely a redundancy, for what else can rabbits do?) . . . sheep . . . two donkeys . . . and an Arctic fox. Then as you take a pre-prandial stroll along the hotel's broad veranda you will discover at one end some guinea pigs rustling on beds of chewed-up newspapers; also another setting hen and little chicks from a previous marriage a'peep-peeping. In still another corner are nesting doves and pairs of prize poultry—first cousins of Chickenshit 1 and Chickenshit 2.

This feeling of utter improbability extends into the dining rooms, in which you will come across such unrelated things (or, on second thought, are they? . . . this—being Juanita's handiwork—everything is more jingle than jangle . . . kooky but cozy, like a friendly old grandfather clock whose chiming of the hours is a little out of tune). There are pots and pots of red geraniums . . . dusty, musty, and bored-with-it-all palm trees . . . a tiered fountain (dry, of course, what did you expect?). Also bouquets of once-proud peacock feathers, and a spittoon of purest brass that once served beside a dentist's chair as a receptacle for extracted molars . . . and—a real trove—a bedpan filled with delicious pink and white mints (no chocolate) which rests on the buffet (no charge). But perhaps the most incongruous is a manikin all dressed up to go to a party in a beautiful gown . . . but whose head, tragically, has been severed.

However, the real experience—as if what has gone before is not enough to scare the hell out of even the most devoted Charles Addams fan—is the opportunity of meeting the fabulous Juanita Musson herself. Her boudoir is just off the lobby at the end of a short passage . . . a few paces beyond the men's room.

The first thing that catches your eye—unless Juanita herself is reclining on it—is an enormous carved walnut bed upon which are mounds 'n mounds 'n mounds of pillows, dolls, quilts, comforters, scarves, Christmas tree trimmings and magazines/newspapers (let's see . . . did we miss anything?). Oh, yes . . . a stuffed gamecock perches on the footboard. The boudoir is jam-packed with boxes, cabinets, chests, bureaux, bric-a-brac, boxes of bedding . . . not to mention a pot-bellied iron stove with old-fashioned isinglass windows, plus a feathered Indian headdress hanging on the wall along which picture postcards and tinted photographs of babies. The sign over Juanita's bed reads "Bless this mess."

This is your chance to meet this remarkable woman who is really all heart as well as all business (a helluva combination, to be sure). She it is who supervises a huge staff of two dozen waitresses, pony-tailed busboys, bartenders, office workers and general help. It is she who sets each day's menus and who supervises the cooking right down to the last ladle of delicious soup. She doesn't miss a single trick that would make the most finicky dinner guest happy. But how could one be less than enchanted? No matter the shock of her unique decor(!), her food is no less than divine!

Ms Musson's (she's divorced) restaurant-hotel-motel establishment should not be regarded as a 'theatre of the absurd'. It is not gimmicked to attract guests. It is her home, and it is among these collectionst of the *outré*, the outrageous, the familiar, the kooky, the comfortable, the wild . . . the fun-pieces . . . the Americana, and the beautiful and comfortable, the warm and winning, that she finds heartsease. That you happen to be her guest . . . and that you happen to enjoy the food, is wholly incidental. Juanita Musson is one of the last of that breed of Americans of fast-extinction—the rugged individualist.

A visit to Juanita's Galley can easily be the high point of any gay guy's trip to Sex Francisco. One last thought: stop a moment and have a look at her guest book.

Famous names appear almost like computer printouts, and among some of the encomiums are "They almost don't make 'em like you anymore, dear!" . . . and "Vulgar!" . . . and "What a gas!". Perhaps the one she treasures most, and which any gay guy will likely reproduce in fine Spencerian script . . . "God bless you, great lady!"

Recipes From Around The World

Gathered By The Editors

Customarily in this column *Ciao!* offers selected recipes from famous chefs of the great restaurants and hotel dining rooms throughout the world. We have made a point of arranging them in complete menu form—stressing their simplicity of preparation and, by reason of this, allowing the host to devote more time to 'hosting' and less to slaving over a hot stove.

Most of these menus were arranged with summer in mind, and your letters have told us how well they've worked. But with the advent of colder weather we thought it a good idea to let you get back again into your normal company cooking cycle, preparing the heartier goodies of your own special recipes . . . and calling your attention to a variety of tea recipes that you will find not only easy to prepare, but which your guests will enjoy as much as—if not even more than—the usual Martinis, Daquiris, Manhattans, and Margueritas.

These tea recipes, which are alcoholic too, will—first of all—make quite interesting conversation pieces. They will also be quite as effective socializers, and with the thought that your dinner will have heartier, meatier courses as well as more of them—with which you will probably want to serve appropriate wines—these 'tea cocktails' (for basically that is what they are) will not numb the

tastebuds of your guests for the gustatory delights you have in store for them. Try Ciao!'s

CHRISTMAS EVE PUNCH

This is a delicious punch, and immensely practical for 'open house' when your callers arrive at various times, and when you are having a buffet supper, rather than a sit-down dinner. Your guests will want to circulate, or 'cruise', if you like, so pour 2 quarts of freshly brewed ice tea into a pretty punch bowl; stir into this 2 cans of frozen lemonade . . . 2 cans of frozen limeade . . . 2 cups of cranberry juice, and just before serving, add 2 28-ounce bottles of ice-cold ginger ale and spike the whole deal with a quart of a good 90-proof vodka. Either Smirnoff or the popular imported Finlandia are excellent choices. The vodka, of course, will not alter the flavors of the other mixed ingredients, and instead of a bombed-out dinner group you'll have gay guys all the more eager to sample the buffet delicacies (among, of course, any other delights that may come to mind!). Inasmuch as this recipe will serve 40 guests and there are just 40 jiggers of vodka in a quart bottle, you can see that nothing will go amiss alcoholically.



NEW DELHI DELIGHT

Squeeze the juice of half a lime into a highball glass, add 1½ teaspoons of sugar (using level measurements), then stir until dissolved. Fill the glass with cracked ice, plus 1½ ounces of white rum . . . filling the glass with iced tea, and 'sprig' it with a hint of mint. Of course you can make this single mixture for any number of guests by repeating the procedure in proportion to need.

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GAY GROG

Combine 2 cups of strong, hot, freshly-brewed tea . . . the juice of 3 lemons (use fresh lemon juice, not the frozen) . . . the freshly-squeezed juice of 6 oranges (not Tropicana-type juice) . . . and ½ cup granulated sugar . . . all in a saucepan. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then add a quart of good 100-proof Bourbon whisky (Old Granddad or Old Forester are ideal '100-proofers'), and add 2 ounces of curacao. Heat just to the boiling point . . . don't boil. Serve at once. If, however, there is the possibility of guests arriving later, keep the grog hot on a low flame. Serves 15 happy, delighted people.

COOL YULE

In an Old Fashioned glass mix 1½ ounces of 100-proof vodka, the juice of ½ lemon, and 1 rounded (not level) teaspoon of sugar. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add crushed ice and pour in ¼ cup of cold tea. Garnish with mint and serve with short straws. A most delicious cocktail for a winter dinner . . . you don't have to wait for either a cool Yule (or a cool tool), either.

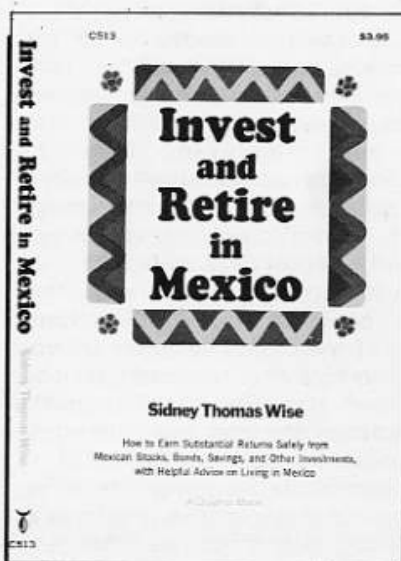
AROMATIC TEA

This is an almost non-alcoholic tea cocktail and is perfect for the guest who—for whatever reason—just doesn't drink and hates to be obvious about it by continually

sipping orange or tomato juice while everyone else is having a simply marvelous time with your otherwise giddy drinks. Mix 1 teaspoon of fresh lemon juice . . . ½ teaspoon of sugar, and add 2 dashes of aromatic bitters in a tall glass. Fill glass with ice cubes and pour in 4 ounces of cold, very strong tea. Then add just a few drops (not more than a teaspoon) of Bourbon whisky to give it an alcoholic aroma if not taste, and garnish with a lemon slice and a sprig of fresh mint. It's a really delicious drink . . . try it yourself at times when you want real refreshment . . . and without bombing yourself out of your mind.

Book Review

By The Editors



"Summertime . . . and th' livin' is easy!" These words from that lazy/happy song from *Porgy and Bess* somehow seem a *propos* this brief review of a new paperback just released . . . *Invest and Retire in Mexico* (Dolphin Books No. 513; 200 pages; \$3.95).

While to some with hearts of stone Mexico is wholly without allure—a kind of *Paradise Lost*—to most gay people who have at least spent a weekend in Acapulco or Puerto Vallarta, or who may have ventured into cities with a brisker sexual climate, such as

Tacoma . . . Pierce County Superior Court Judge James M. Ramsdell recently ruled that the schools in Washington have the right to dismiss homosexual teachers. Case in point involved James M. Gaylord, a teacher who was dismissed by the Tacoma School District on the basis of Gaylord's sexuality.

More hot flashes next month.

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

- Don't tote your camera where it's unwanted. This applies to churches . . . and meatracks too. Guys having sex behind parked trucks or in the bushes don't want to be photographed—particularly without their knowledge and by strangers. This summer a visiting twosome on Fire Island was seen regularly in the daytime meatrack secretly taking pictures of guys having sex on the other side of a bush. Although these Snapping Toms were probably preparing for a winter of isolation somewhere in the boondocks—such pictures can prove embarrassing and even dangerous for the "models" if they were to be seen by the wrong people (sodomy is still a punishable crime in New York and in most other states as well). If you see a camera fiend snapping away while others are having sex in your local rack, ask the photographer to cool it and warn the principals as quickly as possible so that they may demand that the camera be emptied and the film destroyed. Such "souvenir snapshots" are a bit much—even for Fire Island.

- Afro-Americans find Rio de Janeiro a particularly friendly place to visit. The natives—the *cariocas*, nearly five million of them—range in color from black through every shade of brown to *café au lait*, to olive, yellow and white. It all adds up to absolutely no color prejudice—so evident in many other places where gay sex is concerned.

And with these brief notes . . . we leave you until next month.

January/February 1974

Letters From Our Malebag

THE BATHS OF MOROCCO

One of the strangest things about Morocco is the steam baths or *hammams*, as they are called in Arabic. Here is a country where the males are very proud of their phallic equipment, are beautifully endowed, and usually willing to exhibit it, but certainly not in the *hammams*.

There are quite a few *hammams* around, especially in the cities. I was told about one by some friends, and had visions of a crowded hot room filled with horny males with their dongs swinging to and fro. I proceeded through the doorway up to the desk and was told to undress. There were perhaps 25 men of various ages in the lobby cooling off prior to dressing. I took off my clothes and started to go into the steam room when I was abruptly halted and told to put on some underwear. I did not want to wet my boxer shorts, so I was handed a pair of ancient jockey shorts several sizes too big, but I put them on and proceeded into the heat. Imagine my disappointment when I arrived in the sauna with about 50 males and all wearing underwear!

However, all was not lost. In spite of the heavy percentage of oldsters (they looked like something from an El Greco painting), there were a few horny ones, who after being cruised by me began washing their privates with a resulting improvement which was very satisfactory. Some would even slide down the garment in order to better wash the genitalia and expose an ample piece of meat. The whole experience was pleasant, although frustrated by the underwear bit, but was worth going back for a couple more times, and appointments were made for later activity.

This description applies to the baths in El Jadida, about 60 miles from Casablanca. There is one in the medina at Marrakech, but this was very expensive, and there

were only about 6 people in it at the time I went.

Sincerely yours,
Edward Pope
Boston, Mass.

QUEBEC—MORE LORE

Thanks for your wonderful article on Quebec City in your last issue.

You may be interested to know that the opening day of Carnaval de Québec has now been fixed at the first Thursday in February of each year. It will always last 11 days and end on a Sunday.

Please tell your readers too that the small square in front of City Hall is cruised in the summer. Also, *Le Gaulois Brasserie*, a pub which is behind this little square, has a bar that gets quite gay. *Le Cour*, a bar at 1117½ Rue St. Jean, is where young guys gather after midnight, looking for good conversation—and perhaps other things. At this same address you'll find a bookstore called *Librairie Pantoute*, where some gay literature is sold. The management welcomes visitors and will advise on the latest gay places.

Finally, Quebec City's first government-chartered center for gay people has just opened. Called *Centre Humanitaire d'Aide et de Liberation, Inc.* ("CHAL" for short), it's in the basement of a church just in front of 283 Rue de Franciscains. It's open from 7:30 to 11 on Wednesdays and Fridays and is a fun social club.

Sincerely yours,
Jean Grenier,
Quebec City, Canada



Quebec is waiting!

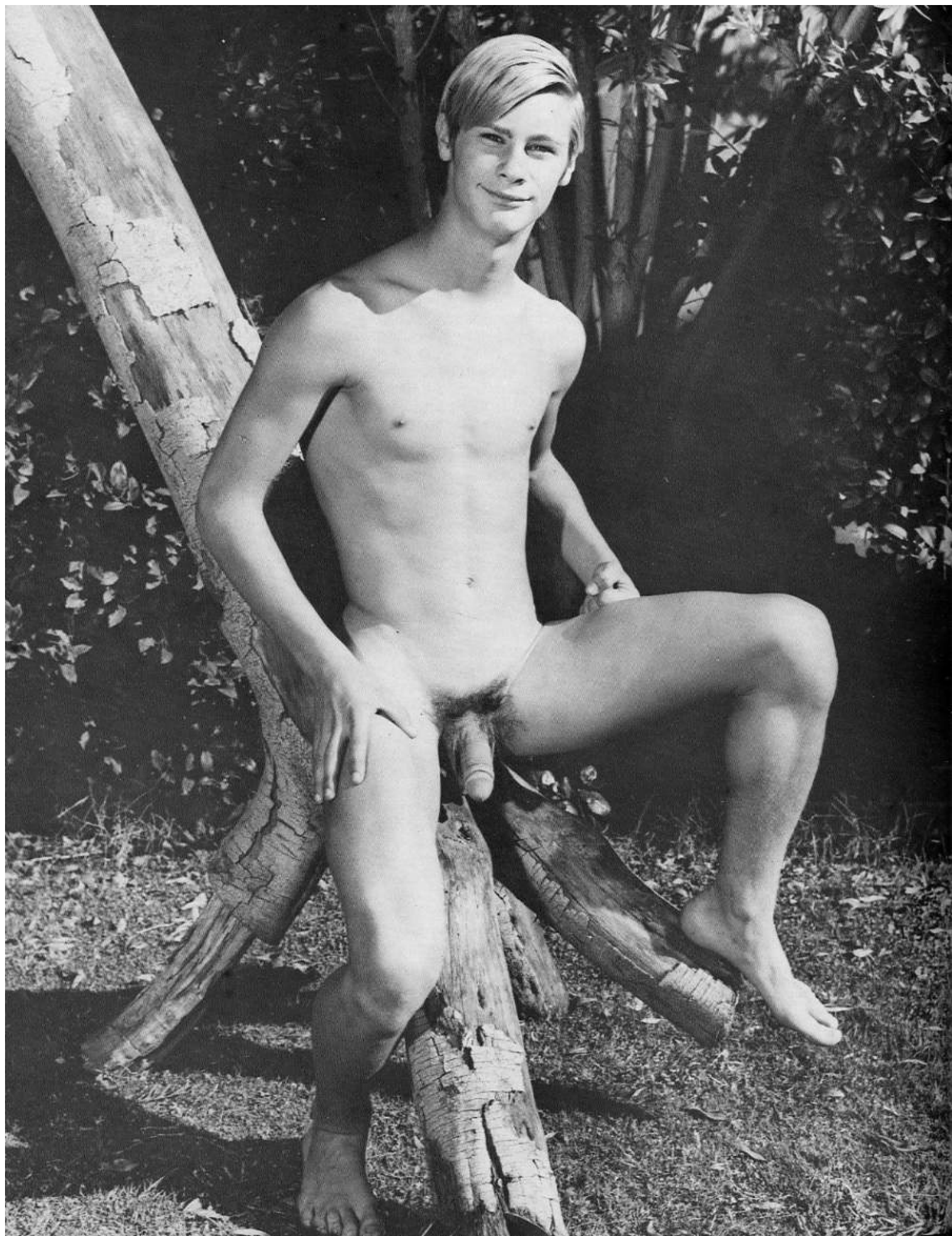


Photo Feature
Of The Month

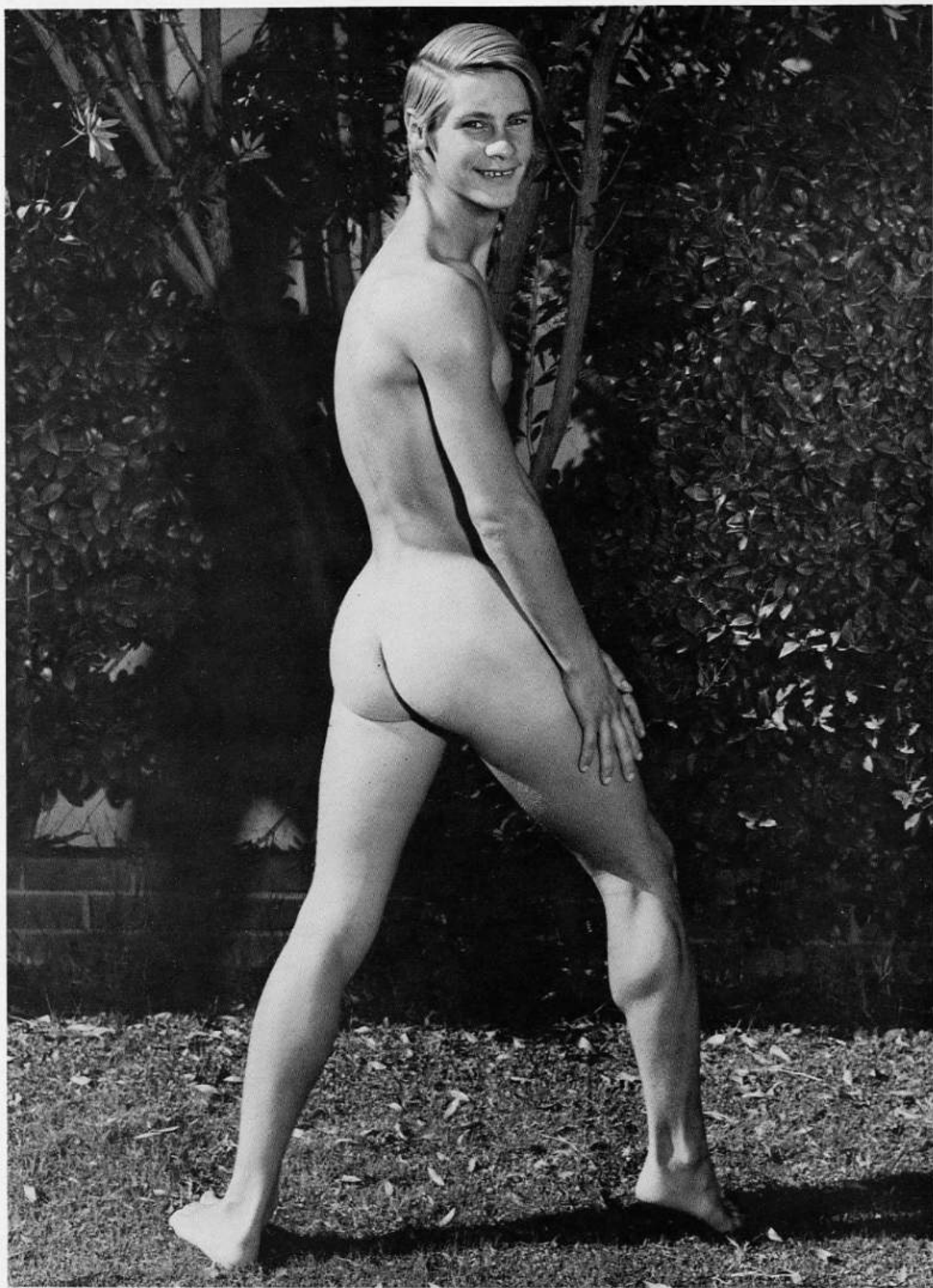
The American Dream

By Bruce of Los Angeles



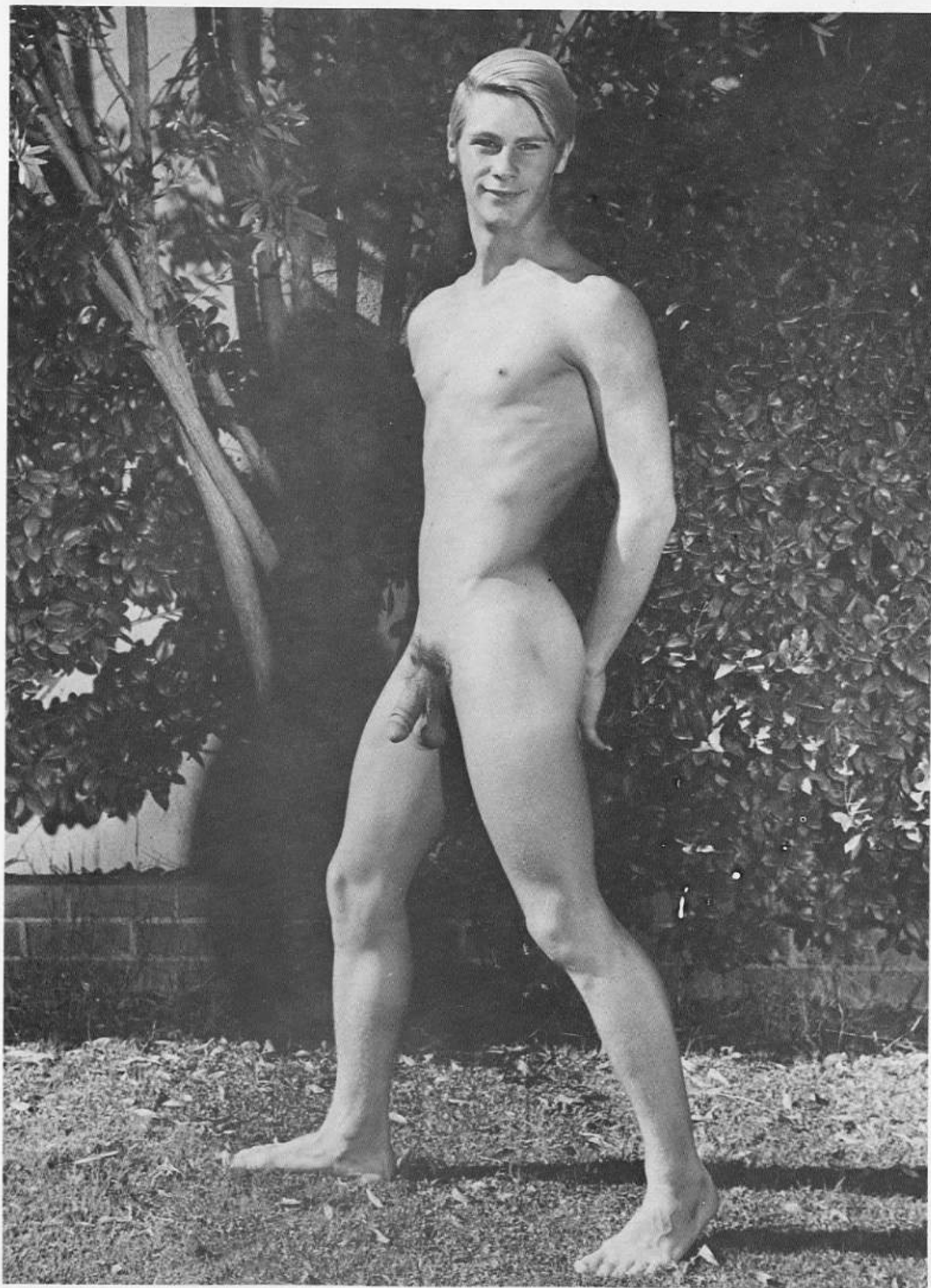
January/February 1974



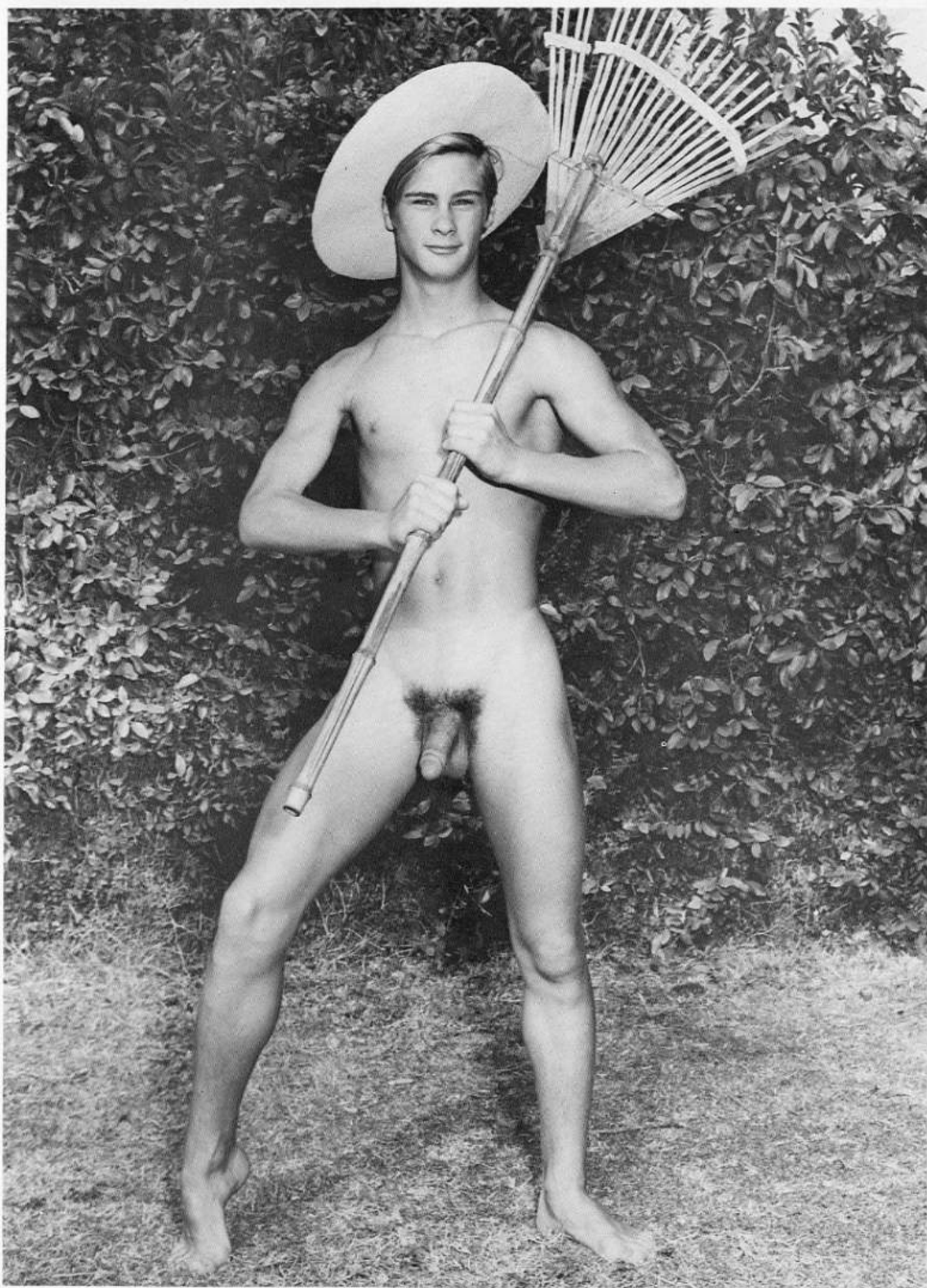


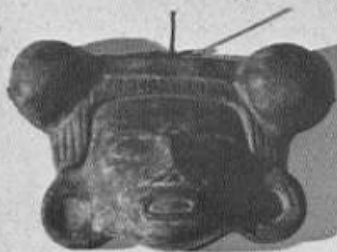












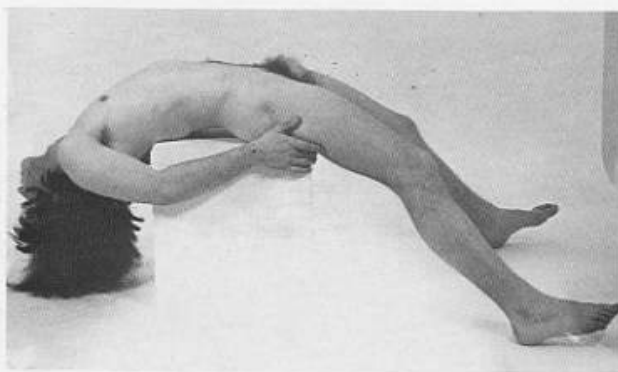
U.S.A.

Pisces

Sweden



France



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

England

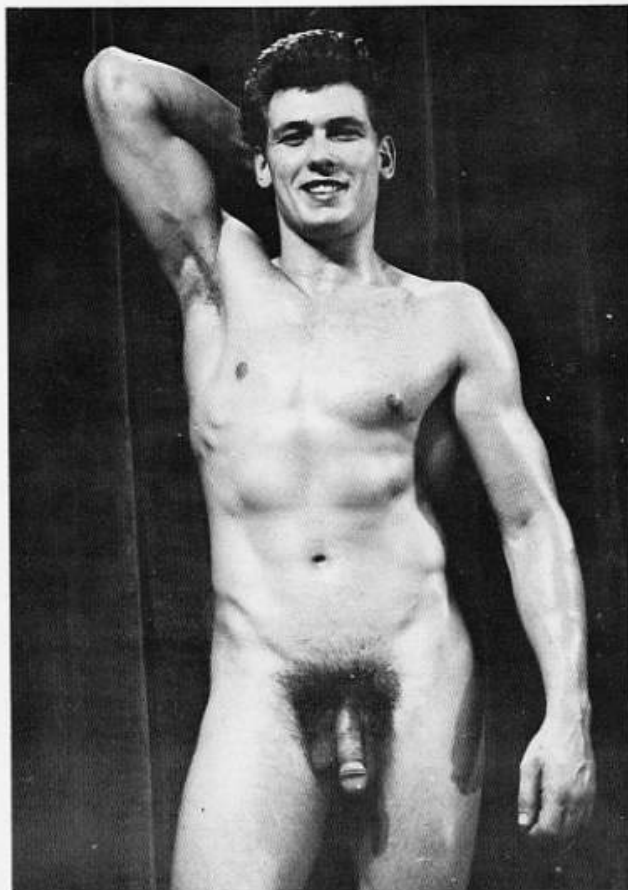


Ghana

Germany



Finland



U.S.A.

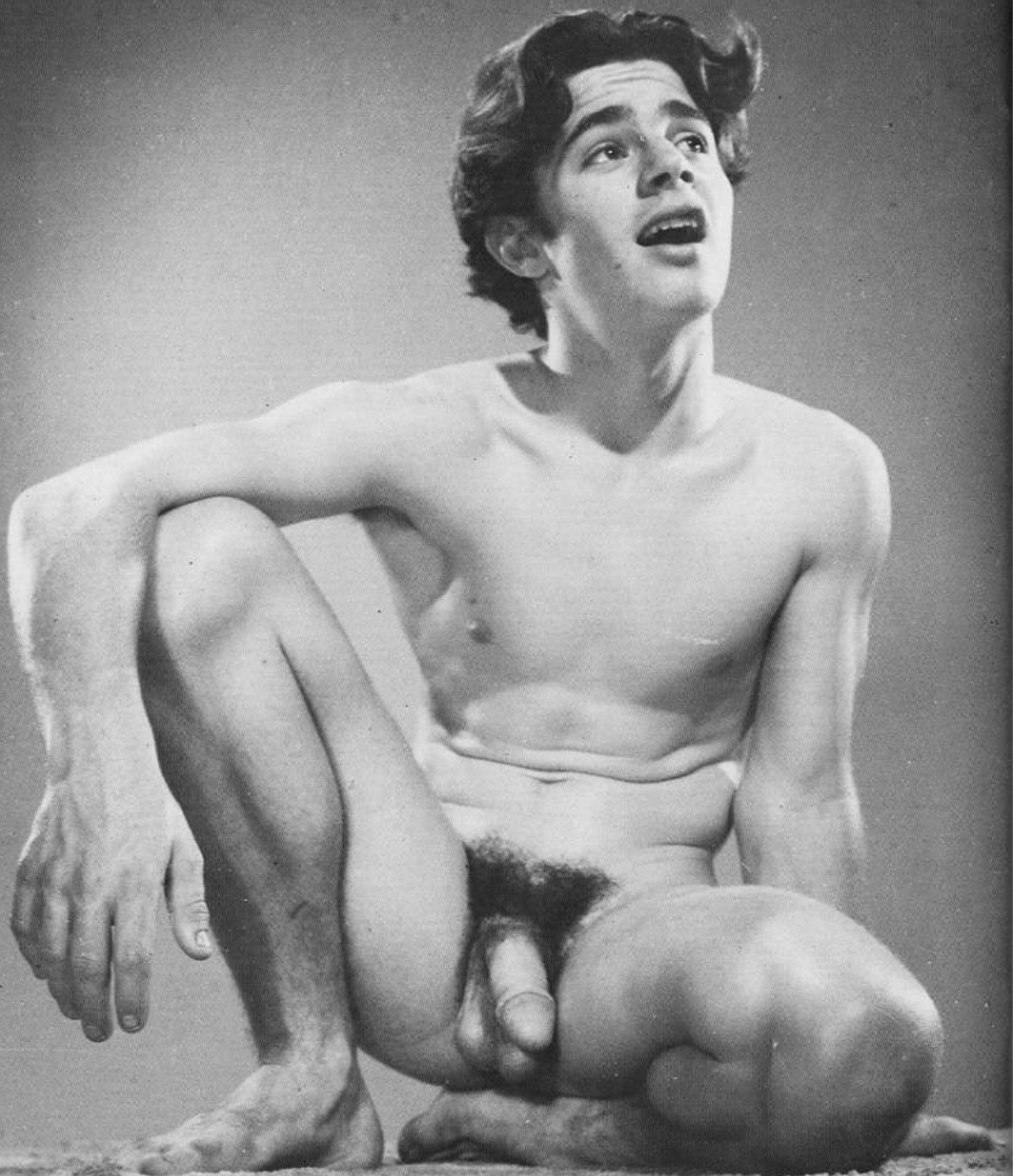


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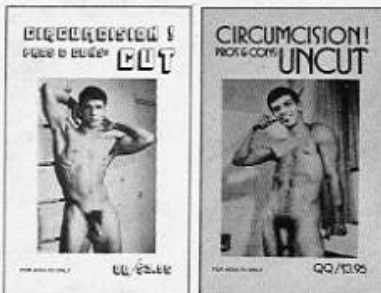
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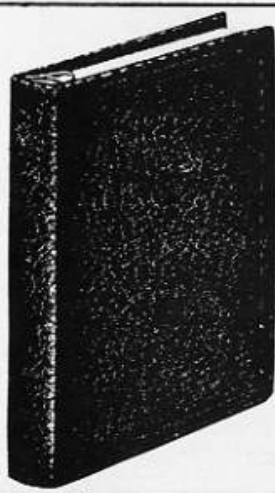
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No. 1 (January-February 1973): Munich; Japanese Phallus Festival; Gay Islands—Manhattan, Fire Island, Sylt Island, Ile du Levant, Puerto Rico, Capri, Mykonos; San Francisco; Turkish Wrestlers

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

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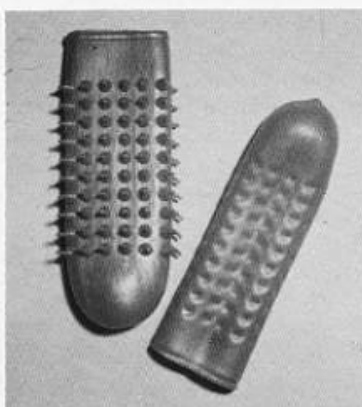


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GAY SEX TECHNIQUES

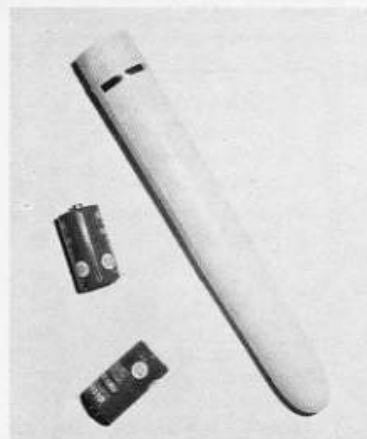


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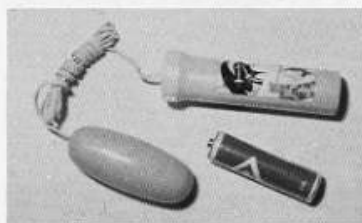


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The Gemini 18

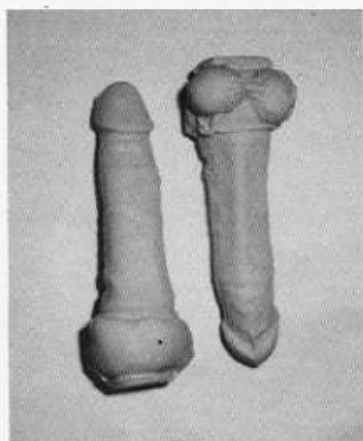


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The Titanic

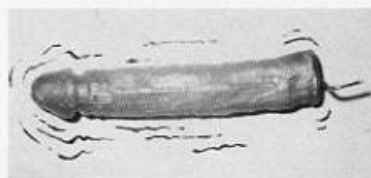


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The BIG Tornado

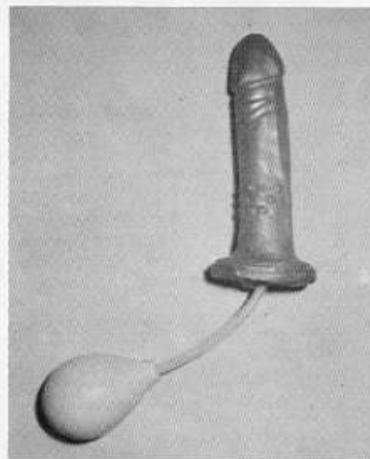


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The Big Hole



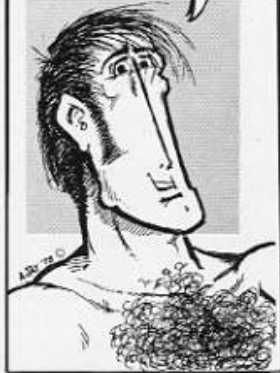
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