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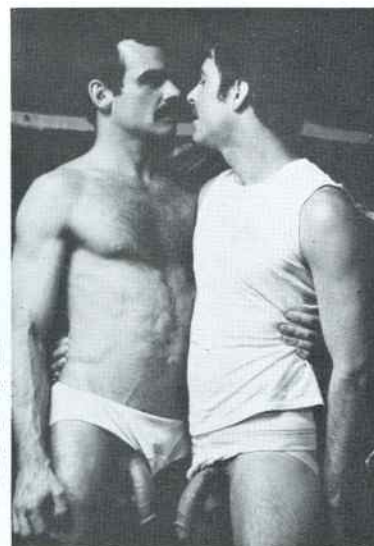
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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1978

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# Type Tanning

## Golden Glow Tips For All Seasons

By Roger Watson

Just the memory of the cruel winter so recently past is like an icicle in the heart, yet the prospect of an even longer and harder winter is being predicted by meteorologists. Some called it the "endless winter." We were immured in our national deepfreeze for months on end. Gay guys, especially, vowed they'd never be so shortsighted again . . . that they'd never put all their vacation eggs in a one basket of summer, but set aside a dozen or more for the hard-scrabble days of winter.

This year—and already this early—travel agents are busy lining up islands in the sun for us: for a month or more, or a few weeks, or—what may prove more practical and interesting for many—planning 'junketing' or staggered **long** weekends in the tropics which make it possible to soak up sun and sex—all winter long—returning home each time looking more godly than ghostly.

As gay eyes cruise the Caribbean, scientists and dermatologists warn of a particular hazard in tropical tanning: an ecological hazard that few of us have been aware of. Many vacationers, however, have been puzzled by the phenomenon that with each successive tropical-vacation year we burn faster, and more severely. As a consequence, we tan less because we lose so much time doctoring our burns. Now the experts tell us why. It seems that in wide, open spaces, such as in the Caribbean islands where the sun's rays are not deflected by tall buildings—as they are in large metropolitan areas—the **natural** protection of the earth's ozone layer (O-3), about 20 miles above the earth, is being eroded in measurable amounts.

The reason: huge skybirds, namely 747s and super birds  
October/November 1978

such as the Concorde, are ripping off big chunks of our precious ozone, allowing the sun's UVB rays (the ultraviolet rays that cause painful sunburn, and sometimes skin cancer) to strike the body with full penetrating force, coming on stronger than the UVA rays (that produce a tan by action on pigment). With ozone (and artificial) barriers present, the skin normally gets the full benefit of the UVA tanning rays with only minimal mayhem by the UVB burning rays. Now, however, with less protection, what results is more burn than tan. So each time a big skybird takes off and lands in the tropics, the nude sunbather actually experiences a little Hiroshima. So forget the danger of fluorocarbons in your aerosol hairspray; sonic boom is the **real** Catch 22!

### SPF . . . THE SUN PROTECTION FACTOR

Dr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, head of the department of dermatology at Harvard Medical School, says that "People seek the sun for its tonic value." But, he further notes, "The sun is destructive to our bodies, but good for our psyches. When people have a healthy appearance they feel great. And they may not have to sacrifice that feeling of well-being for the preservation of their skin, if they'll take time for some pre-sun exposure precautions. With proper protection, the sun can be good for your skin."

With Dr. Fitzpatrick's admonition in mind, and the knowledge that not all of us tolerate the sun equally well, or tan equally easily, smoothly and/or deeply, the Food and Drug Administration has found favor with the scientific suntanning experiments at Harvard, and so the addition of special screening factors in certain new kinds of tanning products is going to make a deservedly big splash. By the time your tropical vacation rolls around you'll find built-in 'sun insurance' in sun-screening lotions and creams for **several different skin types**.

### TYPE TANNING

The Harvard experiments

'slot' individuals into six specific classifications of skin types. If you've always thought that dark-haired people tan easily and deeply; or that redheads burn, and never develop a tan, but bushels of freckles; that blondes (the 'unClairol' kind) are 'iffy'—some tanning gorgeously, while others burn to a charbroiled crisp—you may be interested in seeing how you 'slot' in with the Six Harvard Skin Types.

**Type I.** Unusually fair skin; red or blond hair; blue or hazel eyes. You tend to burn quickly and severely; you peel after you burn; and if you tan at all count it a miracle—even though it's minimal. Although hair and eye colors don't determine skin types, we mention them in this Type I because they are so characteristic of it.

**Type II.** Fair skin that burns easily, but tans gradually, although never to the point where it's a knockout tan.

**Type III.** You burn easily on the first 'take' because you also have a fair skin. On the second, third and succeeding exposures, however, you find that you're tanning smoothly into the 'golden' stage.

**Type IV.** Light olive skin that may burn a little, but tans easily and deeply from the first couple of exposures.

**Type V.** Deeper olive skin . . . typically Mexican, Arab or Asiatic skin. The skin almost never burns, and becomes quite bronze-like even from minimal exposure. The tan goes deep, and lasts and lasts.

**Type VI.** All Blacks, whether of African or American Negro origin, and Aborigines of Australia and New Guinea. Those with this kind of skin are impervious to the UFB(urning) rays, due to the deep skin pigmentation.

The Harvard experiments prove that those who slot into Types III or IV can tan relatively harmlessly. Also, that until now, repeated efforts of Types I and II to coax a tan from the pigment cells was nothing short of self-destruction. But with the addition of the SPF in sun-screening lotions and creams, Types I and II need no longer despair of tanning . . . need no longer fear



severe burning . . . need no longer huddle under a beach umbrella. And no matter that your skin may be slotted into the slightly-heavier pigmentation of Types III and IV, you can get a still deeper, safer tan than you've ever had, by pre-protecting your skin with the particular SPF sunscreens applicable to such types!

The sunscreen products will be grouped in classes, according to their SPF number-rating. According to their screening strengths they are: **SPF 2** (minimal screening strength—for those who tan quite easily and burn little, but who will always need some screening protection); **SPF 4** (moderate screening strength); **SPF 6** (maximal **normal**), as differentiated from **SPF 15** (ultra protection for specific hazards, other than suntanning, such as mountain climbers essaying the Swiss Alps, who are exposed to direct sunrays for quite long periods).

The significance of these SPF numbers (as differentiated from Skin Type numbers) is that, for example, a suncreening product bearing SPF 4 on the label will be strong enough to permit you to stay exposed to the sun **four times longer** than you could without its protection. The numbers, therefore, do **not** indicate sun exposure in terms of precise minutes or hours. They're printed on the label to help the purchaser quickly determine whether there is sufficient sun-screening effectiveness in it for his particular needs.

#### PABA

What the Harvard experiments and FDA collaboration basically mean are that even the fairest, most transparent skin (such as Type I) can fight sunburn if it has the right weapon. To narrow this a bit, it means that the best sunscreen lotions and creams will contain para-amino-benzoic acid (PABA, for short . . . it's a member of the Vitamin B family), or a closely-related compound. Some brands contain esters, and more complex ingredients (the European brands are quite complex). One brand has the additional

soothing ingredient of extract of the aloe plant. These specific ingredients will be listed on labels along with the SPF number. If, in the past, you've relied on a particular brand-name screening product and found it fairly protective, look at the label this year and you'll be surprised at the goodies that have gone into it. It goes all the way! This is something that cannot be said of cosmetic 'bronzing' preparations which (a) offer only a 'wash-off' tan, and (b) do not protect the skin against harmful UFB rays.

To simplify the matching of your particular skin type with the most effective current sun-screening product now available, here is a rough breakdown. (Sunscreens for Type V and VI are not needed.)

#### SKIN TYPES I & II

**Presun** (Westwood, U.S.A.) and **Pabanol** (Elder, U.S.A.). These are clear lotions and the sunscreening agent is PABA. **Eclipse** (G.S. Herbert, U.S.A.). Also a lotion. The sunscreening agents are two PABA-based compounds. **Piz Buin Exclusiv Extrem Cream** (Greiter AG, Switzerland). The sunscreening agents are unpronounceable, but are you ready? Ethyl-hexyl-metho-zycinnamate, + 2 hydroxy 4-methoxybenzophenone, and 2-phenyl benzamidazole-sulfonic acid G-6). Got it? In spite of the jawbreaker names, this is a fine product.

#### SKIN TYPES III & IV

Three excellent brands which use both esters and derivatives of PABA are **Block Out** (made by Sea & Ski); **Paba Film** (Owens, U.S.A.); and **Coppertone Super Shade** (Coppertone, U.S.A.). A fine European brand, using the same screening agents, is **Spec-traban** (Stiefel of Great Britain and West Germany). All are clear lotions.

Using a different suncreening agent (Padimate-Escalol 507) is **Sun Guard** (Dome Laboratories, U.S.A.); also **Sundown** (Johnson & Johnson, U.S.A.) which uses Octyldimethyl PABA in ammonium acrylate polymer. **Uval**, made by Dome

Laboratories also, uses a non-PABA sunscreen. It is also a jawbreaker: 2-hydroxy 4-methoxy-benzophenone 5-sulfonic acid. By the way, **Sundown** is effective for Skin Type II as well as Type II. You might try it if you don't have much difficulty tanning.

Finally, an excellent and growingly popular suncreening product containing aloe extract is **Hawaiian Tropic Aloe Paba Pre-Tan**. PABA base with aloe 'soothiness'. You might wish to keep this list handy when investigating suncreening lotions/creams for your skin type. It will serve you well.

#### OTHER TANNING NEWS

Dr. Fitzpatrick believes that soon we'll be able to actually **bathe** in a sunscreen (perhaps adding it to the tub, or applying it while showering), thus assuring a film of sun-screen protection all day, all over!

And at present some physicians are prescribing certain pills containing a vegetable iodine that, taken internally, stimulates pigmentation reaction, making tanning beautifully possible for very fair-skinned people of Types I and II, while enabling others to acquire even deeper tans. If you've despaired of ever working up a suitable tan, you might ask your regular physician about it. It should be taken under his direction, rather than on one's own initiative. This is important if you are taking other—and essential to your health—medications. You could get reaction. Specialists in tropical medicine look with favor on these 'tanning pills', since they help safeguard patients who will—of necessity rather than choice—be in the tropics for long periods. Thus they provide a protection far beyond just tanning **per se**.

Judicious use of type tanning can make your vacations—tropical or sunny 'anywhere'—more rewarding. And you'll be godly, not ghostly, forevermore!

**HELP US HELP YOU** by sending us the newest bars, meeting places, action spots, etc., in your town so that we may include them in our 1979 Gay Travel Directory!



# Cinderella Town

## Exciting NEW Atlantic City!

By Jon Lorrimer

Atlantic City, New Jersey was on its declining way to becoming Tombstone, Arizona East until Governor Brendan Byrne signed a bill that legalized gambling in the state. From its turn-of-the-century elegance as the summer watering place of America, Atlantic City had begun to fall out of favor with vacationers. Like an impoverished dowager whose last good dress falls apart by thread, dart and seam, Atlantic City had fallen victim to a kind of civic erosion. First, its once-elegant Hotel Traymore was seen on television as it slid to its death like a gunned-down elephant—demolished by a one-blast implosion. Then the equally famous Marlborough-Blenheim was boarded up—too few guests. To its enormous Convention Hall (41,000 seats, and the world's largest pipe organ) no longer came the big national conventions.

Atlantic City came to fitful life only when those who couldn't afford to go anywhere else came here to revel amid the salt-water taffy, Planter's Peanuts shops, the souvenir stands, and for a few dips in the briny. Even its famed Boardwalk was eroding—nail by nail, plank by plank. And when the annual Miss America pageant had crowned its winner, Atlantic City rolled in its sidewalks and battened down for the winter. Property values, naturally, declined: it became virtually impossible to find buyers for property. Much of it was abandoned by landlords who saw no future for the city and refused to pay taxes on a white elephant. This crippled the city further. Like Tombstone, of another century, Atlantic City seemed on its way to becoming a ghost town.

**Some ghosts, though!** For all its modest size (its resident population was never more than 50,000), Atlantic City is beloved

by its native citizens—straight and gay. It has long supported the nucleus of a vigorous gay life, and this—expanding twice and more during summer seasons—made it swing all the more gayly. Even at the lowest point of its fortunes the city has had its staunch, stay-here gay contingent. Loyal guys and gals of whatever sexual persuasion got together to work out plans to resuscitate the town. They believed that if they could just help Cinderella find her glass slipper, Atlantic City would once again become the true 'princess' of American playgrounds.

They saw how Prince Rainier and Princess Grace had wrested control of Monte Carlo's Casino from Aristotle Onassis and his wealthy friends who had made Monaco their private preserve, and how, once the exclusive Casino was thrown open to average people who could chance only a few dollars at the gaming tables, an almost unbelievable prosperity from heavy tourism had accrued to this tiny principality. And how an empire of almost Arabian Nights opulence had been created in a stretch of Nevada desert called Las Vegas. The townspeople rightly concluded that 'Cinderella's slipper' was gambling, and they promptly set out to fit it on the neglected foot of their languishing 'princess'. The chore was in running interference through the New Jersey Legislature. With that accomplished, however, the rest is recent history.

### PLACES TO SEE— THINGS TO DO

With the thought that gay guys might like to spin the wheel of fortune in Atlantic City (after all, aren't we gamblers . . . weren't we born to take chances?), we should like to give you a short guided tour of Cinderella Town as it now appears—telling you about the Casino and casinos-to-be . . . hotel accommodations in various price ranges . . . places to dine . . . the myriad forms of diversion one can find nowhere else in this country, and bringing you an update on Atlantic City's gay



Chester Inn



KPG Fraternity House



Lyle's



Lark Inn



Rendez-vous



life, and how it views the future. Since gambling is the city's foremost draw (having upstaged the ocean!), let's begin by describing its sumptuous

### RESORTS INTERNATIONAL HOTEL AND CASINO

It dominates the city's architectural skyline, just as it did when it was a famous hotel known as Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. The sporting group that now operates it spent \$50-million on a facelift (also a complete 'bodylift', since the hotel's once cavernous guest rooms have been modernized). The Casino is so huge it boggles the mind. Think football field . . . even Astrodome! It has 1200 slot machines. By law, 10% of them must be nickel machines. The rest are about 50% quarter and 50% silver-dollar machines. Since slot machines everywhere are programmed to pay-off at varying intervals (at so many times a day/week), if you happen by the **right** machine at the **right** time, you win. In a sense you're betting that the machine you've selected is the **right** one, and that the **right** time is **now**. So you're really gambling with yourself. You can win a burdle . . . or you need lose only a modest amount (if you have sufficient self-control).

There are 100 gaming tables in the Casino and they are given over to five games of chance: Blackjack, Roulette, Craps, Baccarat and the Big Six Wheel (Wheel of Fortune). There are 3 of them here—each standing an imposing 8-feet high. It takes a ballsy guy to chance the Big Six Wheel, so bring courage (and money). Here's a brief rundown on how each of the five games is played:

**Blackjack:** If you've never gambled, begin with this game. It's fun, and the one casino game in which mental recall and natural skill can tilt the odds in your favor. About 60 Casino tables are reserved for Blackjack. To the novice it seems very fast at first. The technique is this:

Blackjack is based on accumulating cards that total 21 points. Picture cards are 10; aces count

either 11 or 1—without exceeding that total. A blackjack is 21 points made with 2 cards: a 10 (or picture) card, and an 11-point ace. If you're dealt a blackjack you receive a 3-to-2 payoff. Dealers deal from a 'shoe' containing 1, 2, 3, or 4 decks of cards. But the casino in Atlantic City can opt for just a single deck. This will help the novice more since he can more easily remember just which cards have been played (as in bridge). The dealer must draw on 16 and stick on 17, which means that if his cards total 16 he must take a card, but if his cards total 17 he's prohibited from taking another card. A special New Jersey option, the 'Surrender Clause', makes it possible for you to drop out of a particular deal after having been dealt your first 2 cards, and lost only **half** your bet. Keeps your courage up, if you're a bit fainthearted at first.

**Roulette:** For a straight bet on a particular number, if the ball falls into that slot the payoff is 35-1. If you split your bet on 2 numbers, the payoff is split proportionately—17 to 1. In similar manner, a bet on 3 numbers yields a payoff of half the preceding payoff, and so on. A bet on a column of 12 numbers pays 2-1. A bet of all red, all black, odd, even, high or low numbers pays even money. This is slightly different from Las Vegas: Atlantic City's Casino has the option of a double-zero instead of just zero. The advantage to the novice player is great. If he has bet on double-zero and the ball goes into it, he will collect 35-1. And if he has bet on any **other** number (or all black/red) and the ball goes into double-zero, he loses only **half** his bet! The minimum bets at roulette during peak hours are \$2 at two tables and \$5 at eight tables.

**Craps:** This is played the same the world over. The dice are rolled. A pass of 7 or 11, or the making of a point pays even money. Side bets on a "pass" or "don't pass" will also pay even money. Side bets can be made either by the roller of the dice or anyone else at the dice table. A

"come" bet (a bet that the person rolling the dice will throw either a 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10 before making his point—whatever number the person rolls on his **first** toss—will also pay even money, as will a "don't come" bet (betting **against** the person rolling the dice making his point). Place bets on specific "come" numbers have different odds: a bet on a 4 or 10 will pay 9-5; a bet on a 5 or 9 will pay 7-5. The payoff figures are indicated. "Hard way" bets (that is, making **even** points of 4, 6, 8 or 10 with **doubles** of dice—such as two 2s, or two 3s, two 4s or two 5s) pay higher odds. For example, "Hard way" 4 or 10 will pay 7-1; "Hard way" 6 or 8 will pay 9-1. There are many other possible bets that you'll be aware of. But Craps is a very fast game, and is really for those with great power of shut-out concentration. It's a casino game that one really must work into. It's no fun for the others if you slow things down while you 'ruminate'.

**Baccarat:** This is a 'James Bond' game, very exciting when played for high stakes. It relates to Blackjack. Here, however, the player competes with the 'bank', —the house—to get as close as possible to a total of 9 (instead of Blackjack's 21). The bets are a minimum \$20 or in excess of \$2000. The card values are confusing to many, at first. An ace counts 1. Picture cards have no value. A 10 is only a 'subtractable' card—having no value since it is more than 9. (For example, if dealt a 6 or 9 the total is, of course, 15. But if a 10 is dealt, 10 is subtracted from the 15, and thus you have only 5. Another card would then have to be drawn. If a 3 or 4 is drawn, this, plus your remaining 5 (after the subtracted 10), gives you a 'natural'—8 or 9. But if you're dealt 10 again, you lose. There are two versions of Baccarat (following its European tradition). **Chemin de fer** is a version in which players play against another player who is the 'banker', and who pays the house a 5% commission for as long as he deals. **Punto banco**, the other version, means that players play

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against the house. In Atlantic City you have a choice. In either version the odds are even.

**Big Six Wheel.** Beware! Winning is really an accomplishment with the Wheel of Fortune (Wheel of **Misfortune**, some call it!). The three wheels of fortune in the Atlantic City Casino are divided into 54 sections, 52 of which display American greenbacks under glass in denominations of \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20. The other two sections are for a Joker and a Casino symbol (flag). On the table in front of the wheel are spaces for 7 different bets, which correspond to the wheel symbols. The dealer spins the wheel and pays off on the bill the indicator points to. The payoff, therefore, equals the denomination of that bill. Thus the \$1 space returns \$1 for each \$1 bet. The \$10 space returns \$10 for each \$1 bet, and so on. The biggest winners are the Joker and Resorts symbols—they pay \$40 for \$1. What makes this a bit discouraging is that the odds give the house an edge—ranging from 11% to a whopping 24%. Therefore, your chances of making a 'killing' are not as great as they are at other gaming tables. By comparison, the house edge in roulette is only about 5%.

Casino hours are 10 a.m. until 6 a.m. on Friday, Saturday and holidays; from 10 a.m. to 4 a.m. on all other days. The minimum age for admission to the Casino, and to drink, is 18. There is no admission charge—come and have a free look, even if you don't care to gamble. While gambling, the management will serve a complimentary drink on request. And if you run short of cash, but have bank references that can be immediately verified you can be extended a line of Casino credit for as much as \$1000.

#### WHERE TO GO WHAT TO SEE/DO

Unlike Las Vegas, there's as yet no Strip in Atlantic City—no cluster of Arabian-motif extravaganzas, each more phantasmagorical than the other. But then, neither does Vegas have the entire Atlantic Ocean at its

front door. Also, the Boardwalk has now been restored to the very last plank, and shops and boutiques selling fascinating things are in business. So we'd like to give you a brief picture of the layout . . . telling you how to get to Atlantic City, where to stay (expensively and non-), where to eat (gourmet vs Big Mac), to tell you of some things to see that may greatly interest you, and give you some information about current gay places.

#### HOW TO GET THERE

Atlantic City is an island. It's reached by bus, car, more distantly by plane, but has no train service. The trains stopped running years ago. A plane is too expensive for most (four people can fit into an Island Helicopters Corporation chopper, from 34th Street on Manhattan's East Side . . . the cost: \$550 for the four, one way!). Or you can fly to Newark, then to Teterboro (New Jersey) Airport, and a Cessna will speed you to your destination in about 40 minutes. Cost \$160 for four persons.

By car, take the Garden State Parkway (New Jersey) south from New York City to Exit 38; turn into the Atlantic City Expressway for the city. Time: 3 hours. By bus, take either the Transport of New Jersey; the Lincoln Transit; or Trailways, from the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York City. Bus fare one-way is \$6.25 . . . \$11.90 round-trip. Once in Atlantic City you can rent a car (although parking space is quite expensive, and growing moreso . . . something like \$3 an hour).

But getting around town without a car is easy, what with 300 or more taxis. There are also city buses operating on the main streets. And there are jitneys that stop at nearly every block on streets paralleling the Boardwalk, taking riders to within just a few steps of hotels, motels and the Casino. Both buses and jitneys are widely used and very convenient. Unless you plan to drive out of town you don't really need an Avisbird.

#### WHERE TO STAY

In addition to the **Resorts**

**International Hotel** (\$70 single; \$100 double per day), there are: **Howard Johnson's Regency** (425 rooms at \$42 single; \$54 double) . . . **Holiday Inn** (390 rooms at \$50 to \$65 single . . . \$61 to \$76 double) . . . **Sheraton Seaside** (300 rooms at \$34 single to \$52 double) . . . **Sheraton Deauville** (380 rooms at \$36 single and \$64 double) . . . and **Ramada Inn** (258 rooms, also \$36 single/\$64 double). All these hotels are in the main swing of things, on streets either running parallel with the Boardwalk—one or two blocks away—or streets running into the Boardwalk. Somewhat less expensive are the **Pageant**, the **Algiers**, the **Midtown Motor Inn**—each costing about \$32 single to \$50 double.

#### WHERE TO EAT

Beginning with the fantastic **Le Palais** in the Resorts International Hotel and Casino, which offers both French **haute cuisine** and hearty American food—and where the fixed-price dinner for two is \$50, most of the other good restaurants charge about \$8.50 to \$10 for a full dinner. Since Atlantic City has always been noted for its seafood, expect the best in **Captain Starn's**; **Dock's Oyster House**, and **Hackney's** along or near the Boardwalk. Great steaks at the **Knife & Fork Inn** (a beautiful Tudor-style decor); at **Little John's** (a 79 year-old converted Presbyterian church with an unusual "Sherwood Forest" motif); and **Casa del Sol** (atop the Holiday Inn). There are still many family-style restaurants, continuing the custom of lots of good food at lowest possible prices, and among these you will want to visit **Zaberer's**, 10 minutes from the Boardwalk on Black Horse Pike. Better prime ribs are not served anywhere (\$12.50) and their specialties are German dishes. A party of four can dine for about \$40! Don't miss it. New restaurants are sprouting like spring flowers, so look around. You'll find them varied and delightful, and certainly not as expensive as restaurants in New York City and other large cities.



## THINGS TO SEE

Atlantic City's famous **Steel Pier** has an aquarium with a "Jaws" exhibit, featuring a live shark. If you like carnival, county-fair atmosphere (New Yorkers, think Coney Island) there are fantastic rides and amusements. The **Million Dollar Pier** has much the same kind of giddy fun. All along the Boardwalk—as noted on your TV screen—all kinds of 'fun palaces' are opening, and it is livelier right now than it ever was in its heyday as a summer resort.

There are discos at Little John's—mentioned in restaurants; and a gay disco, which we'll cover in our gay-places' notes. And there are tennis courts, also 5 golf courses—off the island. And touristy sights such as Louis Tussaud's Wax Museum on the Boardwalk. The Steel Pier has—as always—the biggest in name attractions, so you'll get faded favorites such as Eddie Fisher, and fading Eydie Gorme/Steve Lawrence, as well as whoever is tops on the rock scene. So you won't lack for diversion whatever your preference. You may also rent a bike and just ride up and down the Boardwalk to your heart's content from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Or cruise it. Or dip in the ocean, or at one of the many pools—the gayest stretch of sand being in front of the Claridge Hotel.

## THE GAY SCENE

We have noted that there always has been a vigorous gay life in Atlantic City. Even in its most woebegone/Cinderella-sweep-the-ashes period there has been some new gay bar taking off . . . some new meeting place discovered . . . or the emergence of a new fun restaurant or after-hours snacking place.

But the Resorts International Hotel and Casino is not the only 'Resorts' deal in Cinderella Town. The **Grand Central Resort** is a complex for gay people, and unique in its way. Located at 149 South Kentucky Avenue it is wonderfully gay in every way: in its **Club Baths** (so you already

know what to expect in the sud's 'n tubs department); in its **M&M Disco**, and gayer there ain't; in its hotel of 200 rooms with the hottest sheets on the Boardwalk. Ther there is its **After Dark** piano bar and showbiz cabaret. If you'd like to have a brochure describing this unusual gay complex, write Grand Central Resort, 149 South Kentucky Avenue, Atlantic City, N.J. 08401, or telephone (609) 344-1922.

Also catering to gay guys is the **Chester Inn**, 132 South New York Avenue. Not large, but very homelike; no phones; bath in every room; television. A long-time favorite. You can also bring in guests with no questions asked. There's also a sauna to make things steamier, and the **Chester Lounge** is open all night long. Disco music, good bar, friendly gay crowd. Very relaxed and casual.

Also long a favorite as a club-type place to stay is the **KGP** (Kappa Gamma Phi) **Fraternity House** . . . a gay fraternity house. Located at 159 South Westminster Avenue, this is a charming, weatherbeaten kind of 'sea townhouse'. Very reasonable rates. You'll need to apply for membership before coming to Atlantic City, however. The clientele is mostly past college age. Also **Ocean House**, 123 South Ocean Avenue. Small, gay and good. Gets a youngish crowd. All these places are near the Boardwalk, making them convenient to gay meeting places. With the influx of tourists—gay, by the dozens—you should reserve in advance of arrival.

## RESTAURANTS

Atlantic City is in a state of flux with the hundreds of thousands of new arrivals every weekend. By the time this gets into print there may be many new gay restaurants opened . . . or restaurants where there is a large gay clientele. Dear to the hearts of long-time visitors to this Las Vegas-on-the-Atlantic are **Lyle's**, 120 South New York Avenue. Lyle's Dish Palace, is its full name, and lots of gay guys come here to dish. Open

from 7:30 a.m. to twilight. Very popular; very make-out. Also **Mama Mott's**, 151 South New York Avenue. Great Italian food. It's not all gay, since many straights love Mama's great food. But call it 'essentially' gay.

## BARS

In addition to the After Dark and the Chester Lounge there are these still-famous gay bars: **Brass Rail/Top of the Rail**—bars downstairs and upstairs at 12 South Mt. Vernon Avenue. Open 24 hours. Dancing, entertainment, food (snacks) and a young crowd. Very popular. Also **Ceil's Saratoga Bar**, 205 South New York Avenue. Also dancing, also young, also food, also very popular. **Chez Paree**, 183 South New York Avenue gets Blacks and lesbians. The dancing is hot, the music loud, the food good, and everybody's young.

Blacks come in force to **Chez Paree Disco**, 245 South New York Avenue, and there's dancing, as the name implies. The bar at the **KGP Fraternity House** gets the same people who stay there, and is club-type. The **Lark Inn**, 174 South New York Avenue is Atlantic City's principal leather bar. Very macho. Some S&M, denim/Western. Very popular. Also, don't forget the **M&M** at the Grand Central Resort. It really swings. Fun. The **Ramrod**, 174½ South New York Avenue is also leather/Western. The **New Rendezvous**, 137 South New York Avenue, has dancing, entertainment, and is very popular. **QQ Magazine** and **Ciao!** and our popular updated-every-year travel guidebook for gay guys—**Private Stock**—will keep you informed of the new gay gathering places that are sure to spring up by the dozens.

Before mortgaging your cockrings, your **Accu-Jac** (with Buddy T) and hocking your jewels to pay for a European gay vacation, why not give a thought to Cinderella Town? There's so much going on, and so much more expected, it can be the most treasurable vacation of your life, since you may come home richer, by far!

CIAO!



# A Guide To Gay Rio de Janeiro

By Bill Miller

If lovely Latins appeal to you, hurry to Brazil. There are 115 million of them at last count and among them are the most attractive and charming people on earth. And of the six million who live in Rio, nearly all of them, young or old, married or single, appear to be ready, willing and available for action.

The natural beauty of the "Cariocas," as the natives of Rio are affectionately known, and their attractiveness are no accident. They come that way and they work at it. Though most are white, many are an appealing blend of black and white—coffee with a touch of cream—a handsome mix of African or Indian with Spanish, French or Italian and generally Portuguese. The country is vast—larger than the continental U.S. and fifth largest in the world, and statistically the population is 60% white, 10% black and the rest in between.

They are an outdoors people. They work to keep trim and in shape. They exercise without end and their bodies look like a David by Michelangelo. On Copacabana Beach, generally considered the world's most beautiful, they jog, swim, play soccer or relax in the sun. And at night they dance and stroll and make love.

Rio's sub-tropical climate helps. It is soft, sultry and sensual. Sex is ever in the air and available at the drop of a bathing suit or zipper. And the "suits" are little more than a pouch held in place with string, surely the world's briefest and most revealing swimwear. They're rather a pleasant anachronism in a Catholic country of Portuguese origin in which all forms of pornography are strictly banned.

But sex is another matter. Whether or not legal, it is rampant and everywhere. And it appears to be the God-given prerogative of every Carioca, young or old, married or single, gay or

straight, with any partner of his choice, social or moral custom notwithstanding.

But hurry—for the word is spreading and competition can prove ruinous and spoil the fun. Meantime, here is where the gay action is, some favorite prowls and hideaways to see, and to be seen in, and when.

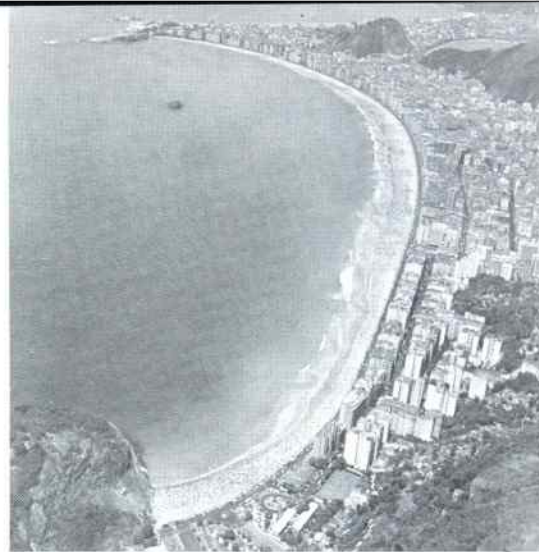
## THE BEACHES

If Rio had only Copacabana Beach among its natural assets and nothing else, it would still rank as one of the world's most fabulous cities. The beach is considered one of the most beautiful anywhere. It is an almost perfect crescent, with a wide, broad, white stretch of sand extending for over three miles from Leme to Ipanema. The beach, generally kept immaculately clean by an army that arrives with rakes and baskets morning and night, is widest at the Leme end to the east, and narrowest adjacent to Ipanema—where the surfers have staked out an area to do their thing.

The almost exclusively gay section of the beach is almost dead center. It extends from the front of the Copacabana Palace hotel, past the Excelsior hotel next door, to Maxim's restaurant and sidewalk cafe, facing the beach on Avenida Atlantica. It is at this section of Copacabana Beach that daily and Sunday from December through March with extra crowds on weekends, during Carnaval and holidays, that non-stop action takes place. The sunbathers, swimmers, surfers, kite flyers, soccer players, weightlifters doing their 'gymnasticas' and other exercise freaks, are all here.

The natives come early. At 10 in the morning the action begins and continues—a hornet's nest of activity—until the sun sets and darkness ends all beach activity. After dark it is dangerous, deserted and best avoided.

Many spend the day here. Stretched out on beach towels or rented chaises, the gay crowd plants beach umbrellas or "parasols" to ward off the scorching afternoon sun. They sunbathe



Copacabana Beach



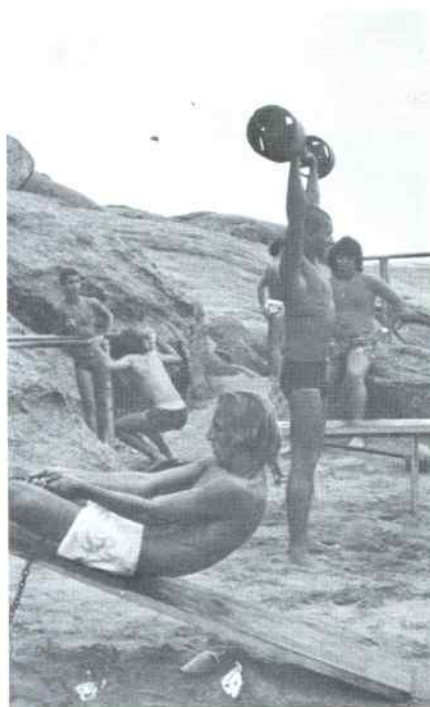




Ipanema Beach



Cruising Ipanema



The Boys from Ipanema

and swim, gossip and relentlessly shop around.

Most Americans and Europeans show up around noon and nearly all, tourists and natives alike, leave the beach between 4 and 6 and head for **Maxim's**, a sidewalk cafe across the street. Here, over a Brahma Chopp, a fine lager beer, a Coke or a Batida, a dynamite concoction of rum made from "cachaca" (sugar cane) with lemon or other fruit juice, plans for the evening are made and cruising continues from table to table on a scale even more serious than at the beach. For since it is often awkward if not impossible to entertain guests in many hotels after dark, while there are still daylight hours, there is a special urgency in the air. This could be the "last chance."

As at all large beaches and in cities the world over, Copacabana has its share of hustlers. Most are young and exceptionally attractive. They are not necessarily Brazilians, Cariocas or "taxiboy" (who accept money "for taxi"—but never for favors received or services rendered). Some are unemployed or models on vacation or actors from Paris, London or Frankfurt and other major cities, hoping to extend their holiday by practicing the world's oldest profession. Going rates for hustlers is a modest 50 cruzeiros (about \$2.50) and up to \$10.00.

Other gay sections of Rio's many beautiful beaches and one for nude swimming exist, but they are not easily or conveniently reached. At Ipanema, next to Copacabana, the so-called "gay" area of the beach is at the foot of Rua Montenegro, directly opposite the new high-rise Ipanema Sol hotel. This is easy to reach by bus or cab.

Although the section would appear to be a haven for "jocks" only and is rampant with sexy girls from all over clinging to the beach bums, surfers, soccer players and sun bathers, don't be fooled. They put on a good show. The beach for nude bathers is further along, beyond Leblon and Gavea. A car is necessary to reach this secluded strip for "bare bottom bathing" and

exact directions are best obtained from the natives. Weekdays are best. But caution, should someone appear, dress at once. You can get arrested!

### SIDEWALK CAFES

Charming and attractive sidewalk cafes decorate Copacabana Beach from Leme to Ipanema and Leblon, providing generally welcome shade from the blazing sun by day and ideal and inexpensive cruising by both day and night. They're delightful places to sit and watch the world go by. Of the hundreds of cafes, four are chiefly "gay" though all are rather pleasantly "mixed," never occupied exclusively by either all straight or all gay people.

**Maxim's** (mentioned above), near the Copacabana Palace and next to the Excelsior hotel, is by all odds the most popular daytime watering spot for the gay beach gang (especially tourists), from December to March, between 4 and 6 p.m., and the activity often continues, although on a lesser and more discreet scale, until the early hours of the morning.

The most popular late-late sidewalk cafe is the **Acapulco**, on Av. Atlantica, a few blocks west of the Othon Palace hotel and not far from the Galeria Alaska. Adjacent to the "Galeria" is the **Rio Jerez** and the **El Faro** sidewalk cafes that have the questionable distinction of attracting the largest number of hustlers to be found anywhere on the beach. The tables are generally SRO after 11 p.m. and it is busy, busy. The Galeria itself is a raunchy promenade, not unlike the stretch of West 42nd Street between Broadway and 8th Avenue in New York. It is hardly a place to loiter and caution is recommended at any hour. Not recommended for non-commercial rendezvous.

### BARS AND DISCOS

Most of the city's gay bars and discos are in the Copacabana area, almost all within walking distance of one another. Their nearness to each other encourages the busy patrons to visit often as many as three or four in

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a night. The usual time to begin the rounds is 10 p.m. and the place to begin is **The Club** (Travessa Cristiano Lacorte, 54), one of the first gay bars in Rio. American-owned by an attractive and amiable native of Philadelphia, it is easily Rio's favorite bar, with an international gay crew as well as upper-class Brazilians. Most everyone speaks English as do the attractive, friendly and attentive waiters. The music is good and not too loud to preclude conversation. While there is usually no dancing or live entertainment, the place is dark, comfortable and offers an assortment of chairs and tables as well as the bar for making friends. Drinks at The Club begin at around \$1.50 and there is rarely an admission charge. Sunday buffet \$5, from 8 p.m. on.

Nearby and just around the corner is **La Cueva** (Rua Miguel Lemos, near Av. Copacabana), a typical basement disco very popular, especially on weekends after midnight when, as a rule, a \$5 minimum admission charge provides you with two drinks. It is noisy, busy, but cozy, with two small dance floors with tables and chairs stretching out in all directions. The help is patient and courteous. A favorite with Brazilians, it is a no-nonsense, fast-action establishment. Established over 15 years ago, it is the oldest gay disco in Rio and still going strong.

The **Sotao** (Attic) in Galeria Alaska, is generally the next stop on the nightly rounds. It is Rio's best-known and easily its most popular disco. It is also dark, smoky, noisy and very crowded. Don't come to talk. After midnight, it gets going full blast and never seems to stop. Its clients are a young mix of Brazilian and international beauties. It's worth the price of admission just to watch the dancers. There is generally a \$5 admission tab on weekends. Lines outside form after midnight. Best to arrive early. Lately, it has become a tourist attraction as well.

Other gay bars, but no match in popularity to the big three listed above, are the **Zig-Zag**

(Rua Bartolomeu Mitre), a mixed bag, at the edge of Ipanema and the beginning of Leblon; the raunchy **Tabu** (Rua Raul Pompeia near Cinema II), and the **Gaiavota**, a substantial and handsome cafe bar and disco in Barra La Tijuca, a more distant beach. A new addition to the gay group, **226 West**, opened earlier this year at 226 Avenida Copacabana, diagonally across from the Copacabana Palace hotel. There is a good-sized bar and dance floor, and a dark secluded balcony provides a fine place to perch, watch the dancers, other customers and whatever. Prices are fairly high with a \$5 per person minimum admission charge on weekends.

### TURKISH BATHS

Rio now has two excellent Turkish baths, with a third (with excellent advance reports) under construction. One of these, the **Thermas Leblon**, is the most popular and is a fair match in clientele and equipment with the Club Baths in New York and elsewhere in the U.S. On Rua Carlos de Goes, the Leblon establishment is easily reached by bus or cab from Copacabana. It is busy at any hour and is packed from 7 to midnight. It is kept spotlessly clean. There is a small swimming pool, two sizable steam rooms, a sauna, plenty of showers, color TV and two very active and friendly dormitory rooms. There are also massage facilities and a barber shop should you require a professional rub, a haircut or a manicure. If baths are your thing, go, for it is easily the best and most popular in South America. Admission is about \$6 and well worth the price. Open from 9 a.m. to 6 a.m.

The **Thermas Unycus** (Rua Barque de Macedo, 51) in Flamengo, an easy bus or cab ride from Copacabana and halfway to the center of town, is Rio's second most popular Turkish baths. Its clientele is largely native and it offers most of the usual amenities: a small pool, good sauna and steam rooms, a bar, color TV and two almost too-dark dormitory rooms. Admission is about \$3.50.



Maxim's



Entrance to Galleria Alaska



The Club



Zig-Zag



Cafe Amarelinho





San Jose Cinema



Carnaval in Rio



Also in Flamengo is the **Thermas Glameno** (Rua Correa Dutra), a block from the Unycus. This is best visited between 6 and 8 p.m. when it is usually crowded with office workers and businessmen on their way home. Group sex is rampant.

## HOTELS

Rio is not Amsterdam or London with its small hotels catering almost exclusively to gay guests, and where to stay can be a problem. There are no essentially "gay" hotels, guest or tourist houses, or motels. Furnished apartments can usually be rented on a temporary basis, but they are sad at best, high in cost and impractical for short stays. Worse, most of the small and medium-size hotels strictly prohibit entertaining guests after dark and some do not allow guests above the lobby floor in the daytime.

Among the exceptions, and with a little bit of luck there are others, there are four hotels conveniently located (all within a block or two of the beach) and all chiefly occupied and managed by Brazilians. The largest and newest is the **APA Hotel** (Rua Republica de Peru, 305) with singles from \$25 and doubles from \$38. The **Hotel Biarritz** (Rua Aires Saldanha, 54) directly behind the Rio Othon Palace; the **Hotel Acapulco** directly in back of the Hotel Meridien; and the **Hotel Toledo** near the Othon Palace are in the same price range and do not overly concern themselves whether or not a room rented as a single is briefly used as a double.

All Rio hotels with automatic elevators are ideal—the **Rio Othon Palace**, the **Meridien**, **Rio Sheraton**, **Inter-Continental** and the **Nacional-Rio**. Wherever you stay, advance reservations are essential and during Carnival should be made with a substantial deposit. There is just not enough hotel space to go around. Rooms at the latter hotels, Othon Palace, Meridien and others in the five-star category, are expensive. Singles are rarely less than \$40 and doubles \$50.

In the downtown area there

are two or three hotels for "quickies" or short visits with new friends whom you would prefer not to take to your own quarter. The best of these are **Hostal** and **Meio-Dia**, both at Gomes Freire (first and second block, on the left). Although by no means deluxe, the rooms are safe, clean and feature black lights and psychedelic walls. Rates are \$4 for a two-hour visit: \$8 for overnight.

## RESTAURANTS

Unless you are really into Brazilian foods and cooking, and most Americans cannot handle the spicy Bahian dishes, eating in Rio and elsewhere in Brazil can be a hassle, especially for those on a limited budget. If cost doesn't matter, there are some fine French restaurants—**Le Mazot**, **Le Moal** and **La Popotte** to name but three—all in the Copacabana and Ipanema area. Two elegant hotels noted for their gourmet restaurants and internationally famous dining rooms are the **Ouro Verde** and the **Hotel Meridien** (both Avenida Atlantica) with the **Cafe de la Paix** and the **Sainte Honore** restaurants.

While there are also no strictly "gay restaurants" as such in Rio, the famous **Columbo** coffee shops and restaurants (Rua Goncalves Dias, 30) and in Copacabana (Av. Copacabana at Rua Barao Ipanema), with food of the same high quality; the **Rian** (Rua Santa Clara, 8) and **Lucas** (Av. Atlantica next to Luxor Regente Hotel) with an attractive outdoor dining area, are all especially popular with gay visitors. They are reasonable to expensive.

Fine seafood restaurants downtown include the **Albamar** (Praca Marechal, 184, near the Niteroi ferry) and in Copacabana, the **Principe Real** (Av. Atlantica, 974). There are "churrascarias" (restaurants featuring barbecue foods) everywhere and among the best are the **Churrascaria Copacabana** (Av. Copacabana, 1144), and the **Churrascaria Leme** (Rua Adolfo Dantas, 16B). The restaurant at the **Museum of Modern Art** (Av. Infante D. Henrique, 85) downtown, offers superb dishes and much cruising

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goes on in its handsome main dining room. Finally, **Le Jardin** (Republica de Peru, 225) is a garden-type barbecue, highly popular with both international gay visitors and the local beach boys. Prices are modest; food ample, and service excellent.

The restaurants of the gay sidewalk cafes mentioned earlier, the **Rio Jerez** and **El Faro** (on Av. Atlantica) also serve excellent food at reasonable prices. If you are driving, the **Lamas Restaurant** (Rua Marques de Abrantes) in Flamengo, is a good bet for late-night supper. It caters to theatre people and artists and attracts a large gay following. For a good sandwich, plus late-night cruising, try **Zero's** or **Gordon's**, both on Avenida Copacabana. Both are open until 4 a.m.

#### DOWNTOWN OR "CENTRO"

Downtown Rio or "Centro" as the business or commercial center of the city is known, is less than 20 minutes by bus (10¢) or cab (\$2) but another world in feeling and generally best saved for a cloudy or rainy day. It is a big, noisy and busy metropolis. And like most large cities, the downtown metropolitan area has its share of hustlers, rough and otherwise. Their favorite playground is in front of the sidewalk cafes on the big square on Avenida Rio Branco, next to city hall and the Municipal Theater (opera house). The gay sidewalk cafe here after dark is the **Amarelinho**. Hustlers usually walk by, but rarely sit to drink. Caution is the word, as it also is on the Avenida Copacabana after midnight.

For cruising downtown, there is still some action late at night in the Centro side streets and near the Santos Dumont airport. It is unwise to travel alone, far better in pairs and best with a native friend who can show you the safe (and dangerous) areas. In general, Cariocas are gregarious and friendly, and will enjoy showing you around.

There are several movie houses or "cinemas" in Centro and elsewhere, well-known for fantastic, non-stop action. The busiest and most famous is

probably the **San Jose Cinema** (Praca Tridentes) opposite the park. This is a low-grade theater, famous mostly for its gay Carnival balls on Saturdays, starting from New Year's until Carnival. (Warning: Do not take a camera to capture memories of the balls with you . . . the management will snatch your balls and camera!) On weekdays it is best to go at lunch time. Pick an aisle seat or sit far back in the balcony. The **Iris Cinema** (Rua Carioca) is generally filled with younger guys on the prowl at any hour, and the **Marrocos** (around the corner from the San Jose) usually attracts an older group. The **Cine Hora** (Avenida Rio Branco, 156) is wild on weekdays until 8 p.m. Wherever, wear jeans, hide your cash and don't worry about the film—there is no porn in Brazil.

In Botafogo, other usually lively theaters are **The Scala** and **Opera II** and in Copacabana, the **Roxy**, the **Alaska**, **Art Palacio** and the **Copacabana Cinema**. Nearly all cinemas in Rio, and especially these, have discreet cruising in johns.

#### CARNAVAL

While Carnival is celebrated all over Latin America and in the Caribbean, nowhere is the pitch as pure nor the beat as powerful as in Rio. It consumes the city totally for four days before Ash Wednesday (in 1979, Feb. 24-27), following months of samba school practice sessions, rehearsals and preliminary parades. Business ceases. Some streets are closed to traffic. There is an endless din and succession of parades, street dancing and costume balls. (You will probably spend much time at the San Jose Cinema, already mentioned.) It is wild, boisterous, garish, noisy, organized pandemonium and intoxicating. It is also expensive and not for everyone. Reservations are hard to come by and should be made weeks or months in advance. A best bet to insure transportation and hotel space—and also save money on group fares—is to book an organized tour through your travel agent. Such tours permit independence once you

are settled, but eliminate the hassle of getting there and finding a hotel. Prices have gone almost out of sight, with tickets for the fanciest balls (at the Gloria and Copacabana Palace hotels and the Municipal Theater) beginning at \$100, with bleacher tickets for the parade now as high as \$50 and up. (Again, when you book a tour, parade seats are often part of the package.)

Carnaval or not, Rio is a city without hangups, equally comfortable for both day and night people. For most tourists and Cariocas too, Carnival can be a state of mind and, whatever the season, it would be difficult for anyone, gay or straight, not to fall in love with Rio.

## Sao Paulo: The Gay Scene In South America's Biggest City

By Vincent Synge



If Sao Paulo, Brazil has more gay people than any other city in South America, it is only because the big, sprawling industrial city has more people than any other city on this continent. Take away the Portuguese language (Brazilians do **not** speak Spanish) and you'd think you were in a Chicago-like Los



Angeles. Sao Paulo is also the richest city in Brazil. The business headquarters of all the multinational companies are located in Sao Paulo and not too far away from the city's center is the giant Volkswagen plant that now produces more Volks than Germany.

People from all over Brazil, especially the poor interior and northeast sections, flock to Sao Paulo seeking work in the many plants and factories in and around the city. The last time I checked, the population was around seven million. If we do our usual optimistic estimates, you can come up with a nice, juicy figure for gays living in this city. Unfortunately, Sao Paulo suffers the fact of most large (over four million) cities—crime, crime and more crime. One has to be careful, especially if one is a foreigner or looks invitingly wealthy. The numbers range from hungry, looking-for-a-place-to-stay-for-the-night, to the well-off social climbers who are just doing all they can to get ahead.

Cruising outdoors is pretty tricky if you don't know the language, or the cheap hotels where you can take a certain trick you'd pick up but couldn't take home—or to your hotel. Life could be made a lot simpler by having your new gay Brazilian friend show you the ropes to such outdoor cruising places as the cross-sections of Avenues Ipiranga, Sao Luis, Calcao and Largo do Arouche. The scenes are 24 hours a day, with hustlers in all age groups and colors. The current price for encounters depends pretty much on what the number feels he can get, ranging anywhere from \$5 to \$15.

During the day, the following restaurants and luncheonettes are favorite places for those who cruise, and those who just want to see who's cruising:

**Bar do Jeca**, at the corner of Avenida Ipiranga and Sao Joao (Times Square-like area of the city), is a good place to put yourself to take in the scene as you watch the busy turmoil of people milling about, and hustlers looking leisurely into store

windows. This place stays open until early in the morning.

**Salada Paulista**, is also in the busy center city area, in between the Ipiranga Cinema Theatre and the Hotel Excelsior. It is an excellent observation perch and also stays open until after midnight.

**Caneca de Prata**, Avenida Viera de Carvalho, close to Praca de Republica (a hustlers' and criminal hangout). This restaurant caters to the business executive who eats lunch here, and after work may let his hair down and cruise. It is a wonderful place to make a social or sexual contact since so many business people in the city speak English. Sex-wise, the English would eliminate embarrassing pointing and pantomime in the bed.



**Di Voce**, in Largo do Arouche. The gays and hustlers who cruise this area often come in to have a snack or drink and take a load off their feet. (I said their feet.)

**Planetas**, at the beginning of Rua Augusta. This is a student and artists hangout that has some cruising going on although it is not an out-and-out gay place. It is open until the wee hours of the morning too.

**Xereta**, the corner of Rua Augusta and Praca Roosevelt. A luncheonette that is a hangout for the younger set. It's not a late-night scene.

All the above places are not gay places, as such. They are just used by gays to carry out their interesting deeds. Citizens of Sao Paulo (Paulistas) consider the following places gay:

**Ferro Bar**, Rua Martinho Prad

near Rua Augusta. A restaurant that serves lunch and dinner with drinks.

**Lady's Bar**, Rua Major Sertorio near Mackenzie. This is really a bar that opens at about 9 p.m. from Tuesdays to Sundays. You'll find gay males and females here.

**Lanchonete 77**, Largo do Arouche. A daytime place where gays gather.

**Esquinao**, Largo do Arouche. Yes, another gay luncheonette on this cruisy Largo.

Nightplaces in Sao Paulo usually open at 9 p.m. If you want to make a dramatic entrance, arrive at 10:30 or 11 p.m.

**Dinossauru's**, Rua Major Sertorio. One of the biggest nightspots in town. You'll find both gay men and women here.

**Big-Boss**, Largo do Arouche.

**Improviso**, Rua Frederico Steidell, near Largo do Arouche. Here they have a cafe theatre at 9 p.m. from Friday to Monday, with a revue at 1 a.m. Tuesdays to Thursdays. The Sunday show is at 2:30 a.m.

**Nostro Mondo**, Av. Consolacao near Ave. Paulista. They have shows here too, along the same lines as Improviso.

**Medieval**, Rua Augusta near Rua Paulista. It is considered one of the better, although somewhat subdued, gay places in town, by the natives.

**Gay Club**, Rua Santo Antonio, 1000. Mainly for the younger set. It has shows also. Could you have missed it with a name like that?

**Vira Safado**, Rua Frederico Steidell, near Largo do Arouche. They have good shows and lively music here.

The best baths, similar to the Club chain, is the **Thermas for Friends**, Rua Morgado Mateus, 365. It is in the Vila Mariano section, a \$2 cab-ride from downtown. It's excellent.

No, I haven't forgotten to include the beaches. The city has none, since it is inland. On weekends people drive (3 hours or more, depending on the traffic) to the sea resort cities of Santos, Sao Vicente and others, to enjoy the beach, or they hop on a plane (45 minutes) or train (5 hours) and go to Rio.

CIAO!



The following story is another first for Ciao! It is a red hot tale with a travel theme. From time to time, whenever we come across good fiction suitable for Ciao! we will publish it for your enjoyment—a diversion from our usual fare of informative travel articles. We hope you like it... next month we resume our usual presentation of more places to visit.

## Stranger On A Train

Fiction by John Castledine

Paddy glanced at the brochure the Tourist Office had given him. York. Ancient walled city; old arts and crafts. Sounded interesting—maybe he could get some nice pictures. Nearly time to leave. He looked out the train window but the platform was almost deserted and he had the compartment to himself.

Then he saw the tall young man hurrying down the train, peering in the windows. The whistle blew just as he reached Paddy, and he opened the door, tumbled in, bright eyes sparkling.

"You almost missed it," Paddy laughed. "Were you looking for someone?"

The English boy smiled impishly, eyes flicking over the camera around Paddy's neck. "More or less. You're American?"

Paddy grinned. "I guess it's the accent—and England's full of tourists now."

"Yes, God bless 'em. We'd go broke without their dollars." He had a pleasantly rough voice: a country drawl of log fires and thatched cottages. "Where you heading?" the English boy asked.

"York," Paddy said, surprised at his friendliness. He'd been told the English never speak to a stranger on a train.

"Good! So am I—although I'm not one of the idle rich. I have to **work** there." He held out his hand. "Mark Sanders."

"Paddy McGuire," Paddy said. How warm, rough his hand.

"My God, you sound like you're from the ould counthree," Mark said, taking the window-seat opposite.

"My grandfather was," Paddy said. "Then he went to the States and made a fortune."

"Bully for you, chum," Mark said, the faintest trace of envy. The Yank was nicely made—football shoulders, thick curly hair. His eyes slipped to the slim waist, the thighs in gold corduroy. "How long you staying in York?"

"Just the day," Paddy said. Their eyes locked for a moment. A strange intensity about the English boy, a feral sharpness—"Then it's back to London and home to the States next week." He turned to the window again, saw Mark's staring reflection, and embarrassed, tried to see through it to the green flicking trees, the meadows of England.

"Well, Yank," Mark said, leaning back, closing eyes. "It's a long way to York, so wake me when we get there. I've had a hard day." He stretched his legs so they almost touched Paddy's, slumped back and was almost instantly asleep.

Covertly, Paddy studied him. A blond sheaf of

hair over his brow, softening the strong features; powder-blue shirt, suede jacket, tight pearl-grey slacks. **Very** tight. He looked away.

Would he **never** be able to control the impulse? On the sidewalks, the stores, theatres. Always like a magnet his eyes drawn to—and the sailors when they were in town, tight pants stretched over curving buttocks, the swollen bulge of their masculinity in front... His eyes crept back from the window, down to the rounded—By God! It had grown larger, swollen. He was **sure** of it! Mark—in his sleep—the erection growing, thickening.

Paddy couldn't take his eyes off it. The English boy's thighs were spread wide and inviting, his juicy balls swelling under the thin material. And every movement of the train swayed their knees together, nudging, touching, nudging again.

He wanted to reach out, tear those pants down, handle and love and caress that throbbing cock that slept along Mark's thigh. Paddy drew back but his thighs edged forward, easing round the other boy, enclosing him. He watched Mark's face but the boy was sound asleep.

His hand crept down to his own engorged penis. He **had** to masturbate; to play with his own cock while he stared at that beautiful meat so close to his own fingers. His hand eased inside the gold corduroy, found his cock, rock-hard, slippery with love-juice, fingers softly pulling the foreskin up and down. And his other hand—oh God!

Creeping out against his will, tipping along the moving thigh to that forbidden ridge. His fingers **touch**ed it! Smoothed along the bulging giant on the sleeping boy's thigh. He could hardly breathe, his throat tight and dry. God, what an experience! Feeling up a sleeping boy on a train while he jerked himself off.

"Why don't you go all the way?"

Paddy leapt back, heart thumping, and Mark's eyes were smiling at him. "Well—you **do** want to play with it, don't you?"

"You don't mind?" Paddy gasped.

"Good God, why did I **pick** this compartment? You're young and gorgeous and—" he glanced down at the thick wedge spearing from Paddy's pants, "—you're built like a stallion. How big is it?" he asked, eye-measuring. "Eight inches?"

"I've—never measured it," Paddy blushed.

"Balls. There's not a man alive who hasn't measured his cock. I've got nine and three quarters," he said flatly. "And don't forget the three quarters."

The guy was overpowering. "Well," Paddy grinned at Mark's exaggeration, "mine's eight and a half."

"Then I'm still king," Mark said, "and you must do my bidding. We've got twenty minutes to the next station." He grasped Paddy's hand, shoved it down on the massive bulge. "You're the slave. Unzip," he commanded.

These English! Trembling with an incredible pleasure, Paddy drew down the zipper; felt inside, through the crinkling public hair, found the thick butt of Mark's cock. **Oh God!** His hand on a thick



horny tool, a dripping fuck-weapon that throbbed in his fist like a pulsing engine. He drew it out and gasped with amazement.

Mark hadn't been kidding! The weapon was magnificent. Thick fuck-veins ridged the broad white column, building to an incredible head, like a torpedo. Paddy's knees turned to water. He knew whatever Mark ordered, he'd obey. He slipped to his knees before that might weapon, pressing Mark's thighs open with his shoulders.

Delicately he pulled down the foreskin. The magnificent rosy head unveiled in a pink granite column, the crown flaring with bursting pressure. He couldn't stop himself. Knew he was going to suck it; take it in his mouth, love it and gorge it into himself. He leant forward, kissed the ruby eye that gaped at him.

He drew back in sudden revulsion.

**A cock in his mouth?** For the first time! It **couldn't** be true! Then he felt Mark's hands under his arms, drawing him up. Paddy stood in front of the English boy, his penis leaping with blood, and Mark's face came forward, lips closing over Paddy's tool, gently at first, then sliding down the cucumber shaft with hot sucking lips.

Paddy groaned with ecstasy. God, he'd never felt anything like it. He gasped, hip-thrust into the sucking mouth. The hands loosened his belt, his pants were pushed down over his hips, then his brief, and Mark cupped the hard flexing buttocks, running fingers into the burning ass-crack between as he sucked the virgin tool.

He withdrew it and looked up at Paddy. "You see? Easy, isn't it, virgin-boy?" He leant back, thighs gaping. "Now do it to me."

Paddy was on his knees in a flash. His mouth closed over the delicious fat cock-head, forcing it deep into his throat. Oh man, man! He was sucking on a big spuming cock. It was true! A thick horny fucker gouging his mouth. His lips and tongue lashed the column and his hands came up and dragged down the slacks and tiny briefs, forcing the hairy thighs to open wide, groping those gorgeous hairy balls and the thick-forested pubic bush above.

"Oh God," he gasped, snatching air. "I can't get enough of it." His fingers were everywhere; cradling the massive balls, poking in between the bulging ass-cheeks seeking that hot winking hole. Mark began to groan and suddenly he slipped back in the seat, cupping his arms under his knees and raising his ass-mouth to Paddy's lips.

"Suck me, Paddy," he begged. "Suck my delicious hole."

For a second Paddy stared at the winking pink rosebud cradled between the bulging buttock-cheeks, swollen fuck-balls hanging above, then he swooped and glued his lips to the crack, darting in his tongue, reaming and sucking. To his amazement it was fresh and sweet, a subtle male scent of balls and man-sweat. And knowing what he was doing gave him a bursting cock-hardness. He grabbed his own tool, began masturbating frantically when Mark abruptly rose, grabbed him and threw him back on the seat. He straddled Paddy's chest, head down in his groin, sucking

madly on the pulsating cock, his ass-cheeks raised up and begging. Paddy groaned again, saw the massive swinging balls that seemed to drag that pink rosebud open for his kiss; glued his mouth to that delicious hole and suddenly he knew he was shooting; spurting great uncontrollable jets of foaming cum right from the bottom of his spunky balls.

Paddy moaned with delight, grabbed Mark's throbbing tool again and sucked on the monstrous engine. Heard Mark groan with ecstasy, felt the cum shoot into him, tidal gushes of hot boy-sperm thudding joyfully into his throat. He swallowed, gulping the youth's cock-juice, felt his own cream jetting into mark's mouth.

They fell back exhausted, moaning with the gasping joy of total fulfillment, and Mark felt the train slowing. He sat up. "For Christ's sake, we're in Morecombe already. Get dressed. Quick!"

They were fully clothed in seconds, hanging from the windows to discourage any other traveler. The only person on the station platform was a thin small man, bowler-hatted, a briefcase under his arm.

He glanced up and down the train, then made for the boys' compartment. "Shit!" Mark snapped. "A bloody empty train and we've got to share with an undertaker."

They sat back, dismayed, and the man arranged himself fussily in the other corner, zipping open his bag to extract a newspaper. He glanced briefly at the boys. Their faces were flushed, hair in disarray, eyes sparkling feverishly. He looked at the dust smudges on Paddy's knees, the wet stains on Mark's fly, then rose to put his briefcase on the rack. It was still open and the contents fell and scattered on the floor. "Oh dear, oh dear," he muttered. "Now look what I've done."

Paddy bent to pick them up, stopped, staring. "My God!" he gasped.

The cover of the first showed a naked man clapsed beneath a donkey, his ass speared on the beast's monstrous penis. Another showed five men lined up around an Arab boy on the sand, playing with each other and cock-sucking as they waited their turn to fuck the kid silly.

"Gracious me," Bowler-hat said. "You must think I'm awful."

Mark had grabbed a magazine. "Where did you get this stuff?"

"I travel in it," Bowler-hat said. He tittered. "I suppose you'd say I'm a traveling salesman. My name's Simpkins. Cedric Simpkins."

"You're kidding," Mark said. "No one would go through life called Cedric Simpkins and not have it changed."

"Well, I am," Cedric murmured with dignity. "But do help yourself. I'm sure you lads will find them interesting." He moved closer to Paddy. "That one's particularly interesting." He giggled. "Two thick young boy-cocks thrusting into one mouth at the same time." He rolled his eyes. "Oh, the nightmares I've had about it. How dreadful! Two juicy boys, spunking at once, spurting their awful cum into my—oh, I mean, into whoever was being attacked."

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Paddy glanced at Mark, saw him loosening his belt, then suddenly grab Cedric and strap his arms behind his back. Cedric squealed in terror as Mark ripped open the black pants. "I thought so," Mark said. "Look at this."

Cedric's cock was up like a randy horse, thick and juicy for a small man. And his underwear? A lacy nylon, with hand-stitched butterflies.

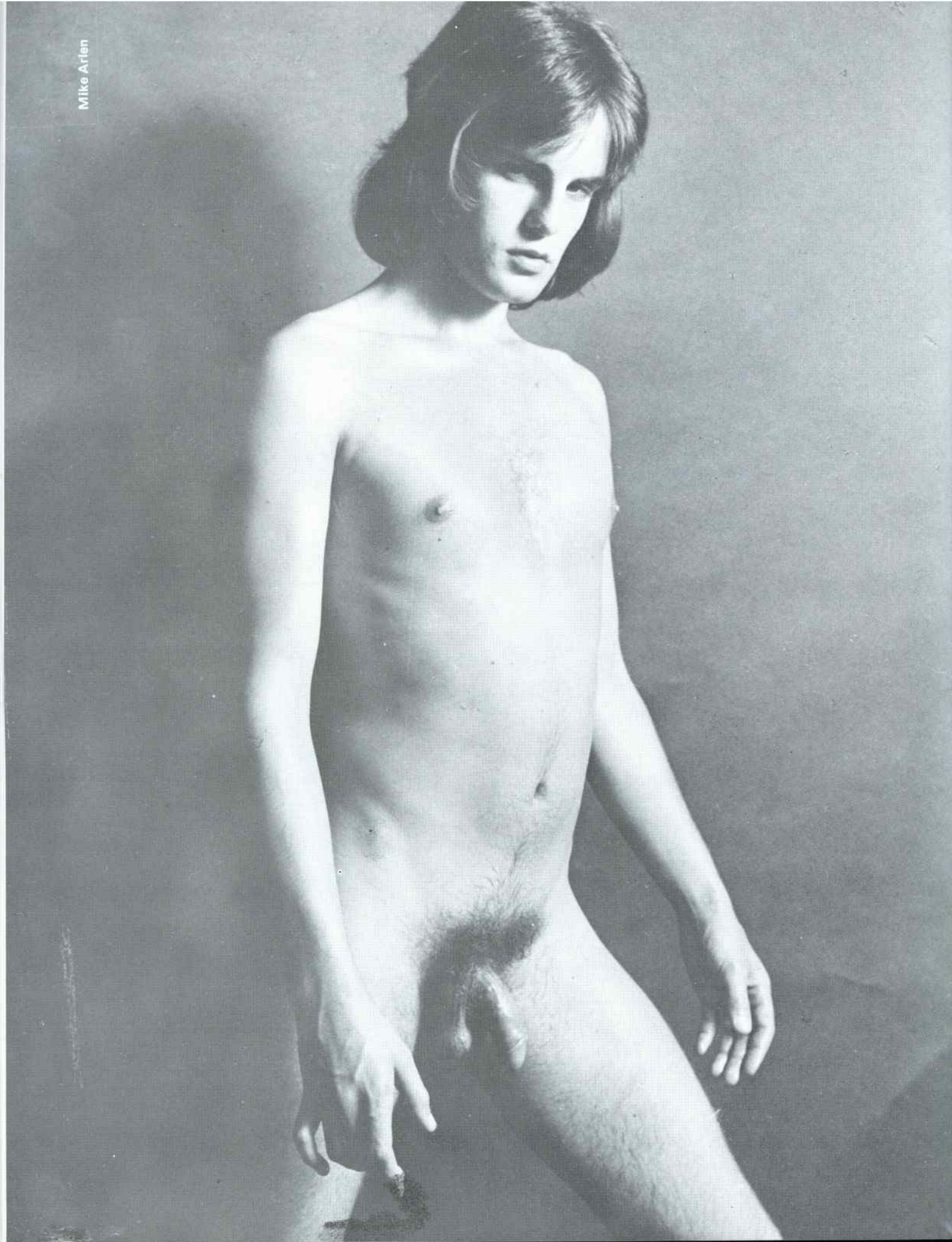
"**Butterflies?**" Mark gasped. He hauled out his own dong and Cedric's eyes popped in horror.

Mike Arlen





Mike Arlen





"Open up, cocksucker!"

The little man squealed again. "Oh please, boys, don't—"

Mark gouged into his mouth, plugging it with his massive prick. Paddy whipped his out and Cedric's eyes widened in silent horror. He jerked his head back. "Oh no, boys, please. Not those monsters."

Mark rammed his cock in again. "Shuttup and suck!" Paddy shivered. There was something vaguely sinister about Mark mouth-fucking the helpless little man. A savagery that was wildly exciting. He angled in the tip of his tool and shoved, and the two boys pushed down each other's pants, playing with their balls and fingering their holes.

Cedric thought he'd die with ecstasy. Two naked bare-assed boys, their pants around their ankles, balls swinging against his cheeks, cocks pumping into his mouth, pubic hairs crushing his lips. He smothered a groan, sucked madly, the two thick fuckers stretching him wide. Paddy could feel Mark mouth-fucking furiously, felt the urgent pleading of the finger reaming his hole; knew, with a shiver of excitement, what the other boy really wanted!

The thought sent a rush of spurting desire through him, and Cedric felt it begin. Mark first, then Paddy, a shooting bubbling gush of boy-cum spurting into his mouth. He gagged with ecstasy, gulping down the wonderful pearly curds the two boys shot into him, their buttocks jerking frantically, their lips pressed to each other as they spurted into the gaping mouth below.

Slowly the tools subsided. They released him and Cedric mopped his face, gasping with pleasure. "Oh God, I've dreamed of that." He fell to his knees again, pushing open the boys' unresisting hairy thighs, licking the last drops from the flushed rosy tool-heads.

Paddy closed his eyes; let the little man tongue into his crack and nibble at his hole; knew that this day, this journey had changed his life.

No more dreams.

I was real. **Real!**

The York station was busy with people milling about. Mr. Simpkins darted off at once, and Paddy handed in his ticket-stub, then hesitated, waiting for Mark.

"Well—I guess this is goodbye, isn't it?" Paddy asked. Why the feeling of anguish, of loss? The guy was just a stranger on a train. Nothing more. Yet there was a fierce strength about the Englishman that made Paddy want—

"I guess so," Mark shrugged. "Who knows?" He felt in his pocket, drew out a card. "This is where I work. Drop in some time." Then he was lost in the hurrying crowd.

Paddy watched him go, a crazy nutty **idiotic** mist in his eyes.

The folk-museum was like stepping into the past . . . little candlemakers' shops, apothecaries and lacemakers just as they were two-three hundred years ago. Yet Paddy hardly saw it. There was  
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only one thing he did see—and that was everywhere. The posts holding up the little balconies, the ancient cannons thrusting forward, even the organ pipes proudly soaring—all of them became thick throbbing engines, foreskin-lips drawn back spurting ropy cum into his avid mouth.

If only it wasn't a daytime visit!

He **could** have found a hotel; didn't **have** to get back to London. He paused, unseeing, in front of a lacemaker's shop. **Why Not?** He could buy a cheap razor and toothbrush—and he slept bare-ass.

"Why not?" he said again, and the couple near him glanced up.

Honeymooners. The girl pink and fluffy; the boy protective, gruffly masculine, pants jutting even now as he held his arm around her.

"Oh Lennie, isn't it darling," she said, staring at the lace.

"Ah, c'mon Cissie. Let's go back to the hotel. I'm—ah—tired."

Paddy's eyes dropped automatically. Wow! No wonder he wanted to get back to the hotel. What a beauty! A box like a horse's feed-bag and a stiff whang that could flatten the Tower of London.

"Oh, Lennie dear, not yet. We've only just got—" She saw Paddy's fascinated eyes. "Well!" she said archly. "**You've** got an admirer."

Paddy blushed but the young man was pleased. He pulled Cissie against him so his cock juttet stiff and big. "He's only young like us, luv. He'd just like a little bit o' what I'm going to get—and right soon, too."

"Oh, Lennie Cole, you are awful," Cissie giggled, and they passed by, giving Paddy a warmly understanding glance.

Damn it to hell, he'd stay! Where else would he meet a guy like Mark? And those fingers, begging, secretly pleading with him to . . . But where to find a hotel in this crowded season?

"Well really, if it isn't my young friend."

He turned and Mr. Simpkins was there, briefcase under his arm. "Mr. Simpkins! I didn't know you were a museum fan?"

"I'm not, dear boy," Cedric whispered confidentially. But you'd be surprised how many single men take tours and end up in museums looking for something—ah—a little removed from the ordinary." He giggled. "And I'm always having accidents with my naughty little briefcase." A tour party approached and he turned to the shopfront. "Charming, isn't it. Sixteenth century, I believe." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Are you staying in York?"

"Seventeenth," Paddy said loudly, then: "I want to, but I don't have a hotel and I'd never get into one now."

"Leave it to me, dear boy, I know just the place." Cedric scurried away to the phone in the lobby, returning a few minutes later. "All fixed. You are to stay at the 'Regent's Arms'. A friend of mine—er—a **good** friend runs it." He jotted the address. "Now I must be off," he trilled. "Busines calls."

The hotel was mid-Victorian, maybe a little



more early than mid, judging by its seedy appearance. A little old-fashioned building with a threadbare carpet at the desk and plump comfortable armchairs spilling their stuffing in the lounge.

"Of **course** we have your reservation, Mr. McGuire," Mr. Doughcraft beamed. He was as round as Cedric was thin; plump and balding like his armchairs. "Mr. Simpkins is a **really** good friend of mine." He smiled secretly. "He travels in **objets d'art**," he said with a toothily French accent.

Paddy had to smile. "It's very kind of you."

"Not at all, sir." For a second Mr. Doughcraft's face showed anxiety, and his little pearly teeth rabbitied at his lower lip. "There **is** just one thing, however. We **really** didn't have a vacancy, but we've put you in the ah—well—special room. You see, this hotel was built many years ago and the rooms are simply **huge**. We've subdivided one of them but the soundproofing is—well—not the best, so you'll have to be most terribly, terribly quiet while you're in there." The smile flickered back. "You **do** understand?"

"Of course," Paddy said. "I'll even breathe softly."

"Oh, you dear **dear** boy," Mr. Doughcraft beamed. "I'm sure we'll be able to make your stay **most** pleasant."

The card was gold-lettered, ornate. 'Thirty-one Albemarle Crescent'. And underneath, 'Antiques and Rare Books. Josiah L. Crumley, Prop.' Mark? In an **antique** shop?

Paddy opened the window-paned door and entered. It was dim inside, light coming from two pink-shaded Edwardian hall sconces. Carved furniture littered with books and brass lamps seemed to fill the salon. Hardly a place for the vigorous youthful Mark. Against one wall a tall rosewood cabinet held delicately coloured porcelain, the soft green and gold patterns gleaming. Paddy studied it with interest.

A soft footfall behind him. "Sir is interested in the Sevres? They're very beautiful, aren't they?"

He turned. A tall aristocratic-looking man with a drooping white moustache, a diamond pin in his cravat. "Oh, yes—they are," Paddy said. No sign of Mark.

"Can I show Sir?" He opened the cabinet. "Very rare. Very rare indeed."

Paddy handled the piece carefully. "I spoke to your—your assistant about a piece I wanted. He's—not here?"

"Mark? He should be back any moment. But I warn you, sir, these pieces are **very** expensive." He paused. "You're—American?"

"Yes, Just over for a holiday."

"Ah. Then Sir can probably afford it. I fear these pieces are far beyond the pocket of my English colleagues."

The door opened suddenly and Mark stood there. He stared at Paddy, eyes wide—then: "You didn't go back to London?"

"No, I—decided to stay a while." They stared at each other. "I was—just looking at the Sevres

porcelain," Paddy said. "Mr. Crumley was showing me some very beautiful pieces."

Mark glanced at the cabinet, then quickly at his employer. "Oh, but—" He stopped. "Yes. They are—beautiful."

Mr. Crumley bowed to Paddy. "I'll leave you with my assistant. I'm sure he'll satisfy you." He moved back through the shop and Mark collected his packages again.

"I'll take these out and be right back," he said awkwardly, following his employer. Paddy was examining the green and gold rosebowl when he returned.

"God, don't drop it," Mark said. "It's worth five hundred pounds."

"Really?" Paddy said.

Mark nodded. "Genuine Sevres. One of their earliest pieces. The factory was established in 1740 and this piece dates from about that time." His voice became confidential. "I could probably get the old man to let you have it for four-fifty."

"Four hundred and fifty pounds," Paddy mused. "It's—rather a lot of money, isn't it?"

Mark smiled and his hand touched Paddy's. "Not for you, mate. Your granddaddy's a millionaire, remember?"

Paddy looked down at the rosebowl again. "I'm staying at the Regent's Arms," he said quietly. "Would you like to box it carefully and bring it round tonight? I'd hate to break anything so precious."

"You're really **taking** it?" Mark's voice was surprised. "I thought you were kidding." He looked round. "Maybe—maybe this jewel box—it's only thirty-five pounds?"

Paddy ignored it, took out his chequebook. "You'll take a Barclay's cheque? You can ring today and verify."

Mark's face was faintly dismayed. "You—really want it?"

"I really want it," Paddy said. "Very much." He walked to the entrance. "Then I'll see you tonight?"

"Sure—the Regent's Arms," Mark said absently. He watched Paddy move to the door. "Paddy—"

He turned, hand on the knob. "Yes?"

The English boy sighed. "Nothing."

"And don't forget," Mr. Doughcraft whispered, handing him his key. "Absolutely no no no noise while you're in your room."

"I'll be a mouse," Paddy breathed into his ear.

"Oh, you absolute **darling** boy," Mr. Doughcraft fluttered. The stair-runner was a good match to the carpet—still working when it should have retired years ago. Paddy slipped the key in, entered quietly.

Really an odd room.

Small. Hardly big enough for the bed and locker. Through the one tiny window he could hear traffic noises from the street below. He stretched out on the bed. A couple of hours sleep and he'd be in fine shape for Mark tonight. In shape for **what?** For whatever comes, nutty boy. He closed his eyes. Slept.



The voice was familiar. Half-dreaming, half-waking. He'd heard it before. **Somewhere!**

"Oh, Lennie darling, not straight **away**, luv. We've only just got back."

"Ah, c'mon Cissie. I'm sick of piddling round museums. My nuts are aching like I don't know what."

"Well, it's your own fault, luv. An' I saw you showin' yourself off to that young man. I thought you was done with all that now we're married?"

"What's a boy or two, Cissie? Anyway, you fancied him a bit yourself, didn't you, eh?"

Cissie giggled. "Well—'e was 'andsome. An' he did look like he had a lot down below. If you know what I mean."

Paddy struggled to wake up. A dream? Yet the voices—almost in the room with him. He looked at the side paneling. Oddly finished off. Jointed with decorative beading. Soundlessly he felt along the edge. Nothing. The next one—a tiny gap for his fingernail. He hooked it out, gasped with excitement.

He was looking into the next room through a glass screen. On the large double bed directly opposite, Lennie was trying to coax Cissie down on top of him. "Please Cissie," he begged. "Feel me. I'm hard as a rock."

"Oh, you're awful, Lennie Cole." She sat up. "Well, do let me get my things off first, if you **don't** mind." To Paddy's horror she walked straight towards him and seemed to be staring in his face. A two-way mirror? She slipped off her dress, undid her bra, keeping her back to Lennie and her big booby-orbs fell out and ogled Paddy. "I do wish you'd turn the light off, Lennie. I always feel someone's staring at me."

Lennie pulled off his shirt. "Who cares? It's all sex."

Paddy could hardly breathe. Lennie unzipped his pants and kicked them off. He left his briefs on and Paddy could see his stiff cock jutting inside them. Lennie reached into a drawer, drew out cold-cream. "Want me to grease you up, luv?"

Cissie stripped her panties, lay back on the bed, thighs gaping, and Paddy could see every little curling hair nestling round the pink lips. "Oh, Lennie Cole—" she giggled.

Paddy was dying to see Lennie stripped, to see that lovely cock unveiled, see the ass-cheeks, just faintly veiled by the nylon see-throughs, start humping and pumping into that delicate curly nest.

Lennie dipped his fingers in cream, began to play between her legs. "You sure you want me, lovey, or do you want that pretty boy?"

Cissie arched her back and groaned at his teasing fingers, and suddenly Lennie ripped off his briefs and jerked his hand up and down, greasing his cock-head with her love juice.

Paddy gasped with delight, his own cock thudding erect. The tool was beautiful, sticking out from Lennie's forested gut like a stiff rolling-pin. Lennie's fingers drove into her, bringing her on, knowing he'd spurt at the first plunge.

Paddy felt wild with need, whipping down his

own pants and briefs, grabbing his dripping leaping cock and masturbating frantically as he watched the couple about to fuck not ten feet from his staring eyes.

Cissie was frantic with his torturing fingers. "Oh, Lennie, Lennie," she moaned. "Please, please put it into me. Now. **Now!**"

Lennie mounted over her, his knees wrenching up her thighs, lifting her juicing cunt ready for the kiss of his rampant cock. She reached down suddenly, grabbed the leaping tool, tried to stuff it into her hot cunt-mouth, and Lennie groaned, lunged forward, shoving it deep deep **deeper** up her cunt at the first raping plunge.

Paddy, crouching behind the glass, watched the plunging buttocks grinding and shoving; loved the tight hard ass-orbs bucking and thrusting, the dark hairy ass-crack leaping and bounding like a fucking stallion on a mare.

How he'd love to suck his lips into that hairy crack, suck down among those dangling balls that bounced and slapped against her fanny as she bucked. Oh, to poke his finger up that hot man's hole, then shove his cock, stiff and dripping into the burning crack, and lunge forward, fucking the guy as he fucked into his wife.

He heard Lennie groan, saw him shudder convulsively, knew he was sperming and spurting into his wife as she was wracked by her own juicing spasm of ecstasy. Almost suffocating as he watched, Paddy shoved a stiff, hairy finger up his own asshole and shot a burster, pumping gushes of hot cumcurds splashing against the wall.

God, it was so beautiful, beautiful.

To share it with them, their love, their incredible passion.

On the bed, the couple relaxed, the girl quietly moaning and Lennie gasping with the exertion of his fuck. Softly, Paddy closed the panel, leaving them together.

Funny.

It would be obscene to watch them **now**, in the tenderness of their after-love.

You really are nutty, boy!

Paddy shaved carefully in the huge bathroom down the hall. These crazy Victorians! They must have all liked washing together. He patted on the after-shave, enjoying the tangy sting. Stupid to want to please Mark so much.

Mr. Doughcraft sat at his usual place behind the desk, the **Evening Standard** propped in front of him. "I'm expecting a guest, Mr. Doughcraft," Paddy said. "When he comes, would you send him into the lounge?"

Mr. Doughcraft bounced up. "My **dear** boy, I **insist** you use my private parlour." He held up his hand. "No no **no!** I simply won't take no for an answer." He took Paddy by the arm, led him down a shabbily carpeted corridor at the rear, flung open the door grandly. "Be my guest—as you Americans say," he giggled. "Drinks in the cabinet and—" he closed an eye, "a bed in the other room . . . if you need a little nap."

It was like being inside a Victorian jewel box. Red velvet draperies covered the walls, and tiny



lamps with tear-drop crystals shed a soft glow. The bed was enormous, big enough for an army, Paddy thought, and again, red velvet draperies on every wall.

He'd just mixed a gin and tonic when the soft knock came and Mark entered. Oh, the sharp hard look of feral expectation, the urgency of his glance, his reaching hands. Mark placed the package on the ormolu table and crushed Paddy in his arms. "Oh God, I've been waiting for this all day," he said huskily. There was a force and vigour in his kisses. He drove his pointed tongue into Paddy's mouth, groping his buttocks, fingers shoving up into the crack of Paddy's ass.

"Take it easy, man," Paddy gasped, his cock leaping.

Mark's lips were hungry, his hands seeking everywhere. "Oh, Paddy love, you know what I want, don't you? You'll let me, Paddy. Sweet Paddy, please say it. You'll let me do it, won't you?"

Paddy felt his breath constrict. "I—think so." He turned to the cabinet, mixed drinks. "But I'm not sure I can. I've never—"

Mark grabbed Paddy's hips from behind, pressing his huge stiffness into the applecheeks. "Trust me, love. I'll be gentle. I swear it." His lips came down on Paddy's neck, tonguing, kissing. "God, Paddy, I've got to strip you down. Fuck up into those lovely bum-cheeks. **Please**, Paddy. Please let me, love."

He remembered the giant penis he'd sucked on the train and shivered. Yet—it had to be. He turned quickly. "When?"

Mark knelt suddenly burying his face in Paddy's throbbing crotch, cupping and cushioning the tense buttocks with his hands. "Now, sweet love. Oh, let me take you. Now, **now!**"

Paddy's eyes rested on the package Mark had brought. The Sevres rosebowl, circa 1740. "You really think something of **me?**" he said quietly. "I mean, of me—of myself, not just—"

A fractional hesitation. "Are you crazy?" Mark whispered. "I've thought about nothing else all day." He took Paddy's hand, led him toward the bed. "I'll show you," he breathed. "Don't be afraid."

At first they explored each other's naked bodies, marvelling in the dewy curling hairs that clustered their nipples, the wonder of a swollen buttock and the delicate hair-fringed crevice between. Mark was gentle, kissing his lips to Paddy's ear. "You're afraid, love. Relax. Just let me love you, make you know what it is to feel complete, to be joined to me, **part** of me . . ."

Amazingly, Paddy felt tears in his eyes. "God, I want you so much," he whispered, and Mark saw the tears and licked them out, kissing and crooning over his face, his lips.

Gently, he turned Paddy on his belly, tenderly spread his legs wide. "Relax, sweetest love." His hands caressed Paddy's buttocks, massaging them until Paddy thought he'd go mad with the beauty of it. He felt Mark's hands spreading his cheeks wide, felt himself open and exposed, then

felt the tongue, velvet and caressing, probing into him.

He gasped with sudden ecstasy and arched his back, his buttocks opening to the kiss. Mark's fingers were in him again, coated, lubricated, deliciously widening him for penetration. Felt his tension melting, his ass rising like a flower to the smooth, exquisitely smooth tip, the smooth hardness easing in. He tensed for the agonizing thrust, the sharp stab he knew Mark longed to give. But it didn't come. Slowly, exquisitely slowly, he was widened, enlarged, penetrated slow slow slowly, and with a thrill of exhilaration, he felt the shaft in him, knew he'd taken that magnificent weapon into his body up his ass, deep, deeper, a loving deliciously slow thrust of penis.

"Oh God, Mark, it's so beautiful. So beautiful," Paddy groaned. He arched again, loving the weight of the man on his body, forcing open his legs, his buttocks stretched wide.

Behind him, Mark gasped, holding back until Paddy could take his stabbing thrusts. "I can't hold back much longer, Paddy love—soon I'll have to—stab, stab." Paddy felt the pressure change, the gentleness vanish. "God, Paddy," Mark groaned suddenly. "I can't hold back." The cock became a sudden bayonet, raping up between his black-haired ass-cheeks. "I'm sorry, love," Mark groaned. "Sorry, sorry." Paddy gripped the mattress, felt the huge spike hammering into him, sodomizing his asshole. He thrust his face into the pillow, screaming with silent agony, yet craving it, begging for the angry cock that lashed furiously into him. Heard his own voice begging, pleading to be sodomized by that rampant bugging penis.

"Fuck me, Mark," Paddy groaned, lust and pain and ecstasy rushing through him. "Fuck your huge pole into me." His cries became wild and excited, incoherent pleadings of desire. He lifted his ass to the monstrous cock, impaling himself on its spike.

"Split me, Mark. Fuck my ass and flood me with your hot bubbling cum. Oh love, force me to take that huge fucker up me. Rape me, **rape** me!"

**He was being fucked in the ass!**

All his dreams, his fantasies . . . all **real!** A huge cock fucking his ass and him loving every tearing moment. He heard Mark cry out, felt him shudder and knew the cum was spurting, flooding and gushing up his asshole and into him, and at the same time his own cock erupted, spitting creamy jets of thick boiling sperm even as he felt the last ramming plunge of Mark's prick filling his hole with throbbing man-meat.

"Oh God!" Paddy groaned, as Mark collapsed on him. "Oh God, oh God!"

They lay gasping, skin and mind leaping with feeling, then Paddy heard the curtains rustle and suddenly they weren't alone.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful," Mr. Doughcraft sang. "**Never** have we seen such a performance. Don't you agree, Mr. Simpkins?"

Cedric's eyes were starry. "Absolutely, Mr. Doughcraft." His hand touched his breast. "It











reminds me of when I lost my virginity." He blushed. "You remember, Mr. Doughcraft?" He reached behind. "And now for the champagne."

The two boys giggled. "You've been there all the time?"

"All the time," Mr. Doughcraft agreed, dragging an ice-bucket and frosted bottles from under the bed. Both men were stark naked, and Paddy was surprised at the meat that pronged from Mr. Doughcraft's belly.

"Why, you dirty old men," Paddy laughed. "It's as bad as the room upstairs."

Cedric giggled. "So you discovered it? Oh dear, the movies we've taken up there. You just wouldn't believe the things people do in bed. I'm constantly being shocked. Here's to the lovers," he said, handing a glass to Paddy. "May they live happily ever after."

Something touched Paddy's heart. "No such luck. I'm due back in the States at the end of the week—but I've found something wonderful to remind me of my stay."

"Of course you have," Mr. Doughcraft said, looking at Mark's nakedness stretched temptingly on the bed.

"No, I mean a Sevres rosebowl Mark found for me," Paddy said. "It's very beautiful—and terribly valuable. 1740."

A shadow passed over Mark's face and he seemed about to speak.

"You were going to say something?" Paddy smiled. Mark shook his head. "Nothing. You must show me this room upstairs," he said, changing the subject. "Maybe we could join them?"

Mr. Doughcraft clapped his hands. "Oh marvelous! And we can watch from next door." He drained his glass. "Do hurry and get dressed, lads. I'm just dying to see that darling Lennie Cole in action."

Paddy would remember the next three days forever. Mark was a wonderful and forceful lover, tender, understanding—and Lennie Cole, fortunately, was bisexual. Cissie didn't care as long as she was in the middle.

It developed that what she liked most was Mark stuffing her from the rear, while Lennie fucked her in front and Paddy buried his prong up Lennie's bucking tail, a process involving no end of acrobatic maneuvering. The only thing that spoiled it, she felt, was the honeymoon couple in the tiny room next door making such an awful noise with their gasps and groans of ecstasy. One would think they were witnessing an orgy.

On their last night alone, Paddy took Mark's face in his hands. "Has it really meant anything to you—more than just sex?"

To his surprise, Mark screwed his eyes shut suddenly, not quick enough to catch the crystal sparkle of tears. "You'll never know how much. When it started, you were just—just someone to fuck. Now—I can't bear the thought I'll never see you again." He rolled suddenly on his belly and hid his face, and Paddy saw to his amazement, that Mark's body was trembling with emotion. His voice was muffled. "But I don't deserve the love of

someone like you. I'm just—just a shit."

Paddy's hand crept out, touching the trembling shoulder. "It's I who don't deserve your love, Mark."

The waiting lounge at Heathrow Airport was crammed. Paddy sat with the package on his knee and waited. Ten minutes. Ten little minutes left. Was that all it really meant? There was a flurry of activity on the stairs; reporters dashing, flash bulbs popping and a film star, looking at least ten years older than his pictures, grinning down at his fans. He turned away and Mark was there, standing awkwardly before him.

Mark's shoe scuffed the carpet. "Well—hi!" he said stiffly. Paddy smiled. "I hoped you'd come."

The English boy sat next to him. "Paddy—" "Yes?"

Mark twisted the tiny package he carried. Looked out over the crowded lounge, hands fumbling. "Paddy—oh Paddy, I love you," he burst out suddenly. "Oh, I love you so much." His face crumpled and Paddy saw he was going to cry again. Mark suddenly thrust the tiny package into Paddy's hands. "I want you to have this—please—to remember me."

Wonderingly, Paddy opened it. Inside was a little porcelain figurine, an exquisitely delicate cupid, its soft green and gold colours glowing like jewels. Automatically, Paddy turned it over to study the mark.

"It's—it's Sevres," Mark faltered. "Genuine Sevres." He looked away, blinking tears.

Paddy nodded. "About 1790, I'd say."

Mark didn't hear him. "That rosebowl," he burst out suddenly. "It's a fake." He handed Paddy the cheque he'd written out that first day. "I made Crumley give it back. I—I'm sorry."

The tears were running unheeded down his face now, and Paddy reached out, touched his arm. "I know, Mark. Grandfather made his fortune in porcelain and ceramics. He's got one of the best collections of Sevres in America."

Mark stared, gaping, and Paddy added: "And this year I completed my Ph.D. on the history of Sevres porcelain."

"You're kidding!" Mark gasped.

Paddy grinned. "You really should check your dates, Mark. You couldn't have a rosebowl made in 1740—they didn't establish the factory until 1756."

Mark groaned. "Christ, what a fool I've been."

Paddy took the cheque and tucked it in the English boy's pocket. "I want to keep the bowl, Mark. It's very precious—to me. And the cheque's for a one-way air ticket." He handed him a card. "That's my address. I'll be waiting for you."

The clipped English accent of the announcer making the last call for Flight 507 echoed through the hall, and latecomers hurried to the departure gate.

Mark's eyes were blazing through his tears. "You really mean it? Oh Paddy, you really mean it?"

"Sure," Paddy said. He smiled gently. "And it's the genuine article."







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**WANTED, TO PURCHASE:** Copies of Kent Masters films. Lollipops—2-3-6-8-10. B-82

**WILKES-BARRE, PA.** students: Will share my home with from two to four G/W, discreet students, no feds. Write for particulars. K-41

**W/M, 35 and 31** would like to get into hiking, camping with other couples or singles with similar interests in B.C. or Pacific Northwest areas. R-40

**FLORIDA KEYS.** Latin, 27 yrs. old, brown hair/eyes, 5'10", 180 lbs. Wish to hear from guys my age to 40. Love French, no S&M or drugs. F-31

**TEXAS:** Muscular, slim, smooth body, Leo, coll. grad, 5'11", 170, 40, dark hair/eyes, mustache. Loyal, sincere, discreet, affectionate, non-smoker. Uninhibited active/passive togetherness. No feds, drugs, drunks. Nice home. Love, peace! B-53

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

**LONG BEACH, CAL.** Mid-40's, slim, hairless body & rear wanted for Greek on young w/m 18-30. Interested in young, discreet COP. Safety assured. Have films. Call (213) 427-2607.

**CENTRAL NEW YORK W/M, 21** would like penpals from anywhere, for friendship and/or possible meeting. Sincere only, not prejudiced, all letters welcomed. W-60

**W/M, 28, 170, 5'11",** hairy, masculine, intelligent, honest. Many interests, particularly sex with men. Welcome meetings in Boston area and correspondence from anywhere. Will answer all. Photos welcome. P.O. Box 184, Reading, Mass. 01867.

**CHICAGO:** Professional w/m, mid-30's, 6', 158 lbs., blue eyes, seeking GWM, 20-40, interested in sincere, intimate relationship. I enjoy music, plays, entertaining, swimming, hiking, especially with someone else. Please write, photo appreciated. W-57

**TRAVEL.** World-wide arrangements by 15 yrs. travel agent, no charge to you. Specializing in discreet personal travel reservations. Call Jim days, (213) 681-3533; evens, (213) 796-2667.

**SPAIN.** Professional GWM, interested in travel, theatre, art, antiques, good food and music (especially zarzuelas), wants to hear from gays in Spain and Mexico for friendship and sharing travel notes. R-38

**SUBURBAN CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.,** mid-50's, retired, professional, likes music, art, travel, conversation, good food and good living. H-44

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

**BIG HUNK STUDS** wanted for heavy oral and greased manual mirror action with goodlooking blind/blu narcissist, 38, 5'10", 155, into heavy w/s, true fantasy scenes, leather & toys for using slavemen or joining other Masters in mutual body trips. This man wants w/m, built, heavy-hung men! Write with photo. Miami. B-42

**ALTOONA, PA. GWM, 30, 5'6",** 135 lbs., discreet, sexually versatile, has own place. Looking for discreet gay friends for sex and mutual interests. Ages ? to 35, trim guys preferred. No feds, feds or blacks. M-76

**BAKERSFIELD OR SAN LUIS OBISPO:** Truckers, studs, travelers, must be under 30, clean shaven, trim firm body. Overnight hospitality offered by discreet versatile college type. Mark Zill, Box 1124, Bakersfield, Ca. 93302.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Attractive W/M Gemini, 37, 6', 158, sensitive, stable, affectionate, discreet, seeks stable guy(s) 38-55 for friendship plus! Visitors, married o.k. Call (415) 431-3282 after 6 or write Richard. R-32.

**OTTAWA, CANADA:** Two serious-minded, well-educated lovers (mid-30's) with a summer cottage near Kingston are anxious to expand their horizons through social contacts with other married lovers of similar disposition. B-22

**SAN DIEGO, CA. AREA W/M** interested in swimming, reading, etc. Marines, uniforms, levis, denim. Nude photos a must. D-29

**STOP BY** on your way through. Write and let me know when you're coming. Holmes F. Gibson, 146 E. Maple St., York, Pa. 17403.

**OHIO: W/M, 30's, 5'8",** 175, br/br, interested in meeting masculine guys in Youngstown area or anyone passing through on I-80. Photo appreciated but not necessary. All answered. Write: John, Box 173, Youngstown, Ohio 44501.

**CHICAGO:** 35, 5'9", have good W/M friend with talented mouth who gives fantastic head. Would love extra head. Would love extra person at same session wishing same long velvet oral service. Photo, please. S-104

**LEATHERMEN:** A/P, F/G, pot, poppers, cock rings, br/br, 5'8", 135, mild S/M, B/D, love giving/getting head. Be hung. Nude picture. S-51

**MONTANA:** Would like to hear from gays in Montana, Idaho, and Alberta. Am 33 years old, no drugs or feds. A-13

**SENSUOUS** senior citizen, lives alone in rustic retreat, wishes to exchange letters and photos in friendship with all ages and races, broad interests and sympathetic ear. Visitors welcomed. L-19

**MONTREAL:** Novice, 28, 5'9", 140 lbs., wishes to meet other guys 20-35, any race, for sex and good times. Photo appreciated. S-96

**CHICAGO W/M, 30, 5'8",** 145 lbs. Interested in corresponding and meeting masculine males under 40 for fun and games. A revealing photo would be appreciated but not a must. S-32

**W. CENTRAL OHIO:** Mid-40's, average looks/build, desires contacts with mature, masculine, discreet, into theatre, antiques, sports. Would love to hear from same. Picture gets prompt reply. Hairy chests more than welcome. S-43

**MICHIGAN:** Professional gay couple wishes to meet other couples in area, or when traveling through. In early 30's. Have own home, sincere, discreet, into theatre, antiques, sports. Would love to hear from same. Picture gets prompt reply. Hairy chests more than welcome. S-43

**I AM 28 YEARS OLD, 5'5"** and lift weights. Have solid, compact body. I am turned on by great bodies. Bodybuilders preferred. Hackensack area, near N.Y. N-7.

**CHUBBY.** 6', 300 lbs., 40 yrs., seeks Chasers. Am active/passive French, active Greek. Preference to hairy bodies but not a must. Will answer all, those with photo (nude) first. H-71

**NORTHERN OHIO** male wants to meet same age 18-30 for friendship and good times. Permanent relationship possible. I'm 5'9", 135, 30" waistline, blue eyes and brown hair. Write Bob, Box 44242, Cleveland, Ohio 44144.

**N.W. MO., E. KS., S. IA:** Young men, teens-21, footballers, wrestlers, athletes in jocks, bikinis, desired by 28-year-old coach for love, other sports. Trim modish non-athletes too. C-42

**BOSTON AREA.** W/M, 43, 5'11", 165 lbs., attractive passive, interested in bondage, ws, toys, Greek, threesomes, not into pain. Write with details. Travel frequently. S-107

**SO. CALIF. "INLAND EMPIRE," 6'3",** w/m, 35. Well-traveled airline employee. Seek U.S./foreign correspondents for future "meeting." Well-endowed, enjoy varied experiences, photography, nudism, j/o. Enclose photo, please. B-40

**WASHINGTON, D.C.** For trim youth, room/board, salary. Learn our straight business; become our heir. Dignified, exciting, lifetime opportunity for happy gardener, cook, housekeeper, artist, nudist. K-39

**SINCERE, STABLE,** white male, 33, 6' 175, straight appearing, wishes to meet/correspond with Oriental/White, 21-35, cut or natural. No feds or feds please. All answered. Photo appreciated. S-106

**EUROPEAN W/M, 20's, 5'11",** 165, athletic student, brown hair/eyes, moustache. Circumcised. Gr./Fr. active/passive. Seeking w/m 18-35, trim build, metro. area. Tonnchen 57 Third Ave., Nyack, N.Y. 10960.

**AIRLINE** employee, masculine, gentle, seeks slender, smooth-bodied young men for fun times in So. California area. Can visit or accept visitors, any race. No drugs, feds, hustlers, pref. teens. F-28

**NYC: 6'2" BLOND/BLUE,** 170 lbs., hung, athletic, likes skiing, swimming, outdoors. Has extra room for young guy, runaway. Box 535, Elmhurst, N.Y. 11373 or (212) 699-8017.

**VIRGINIA.** White, discreet male, 38, desires companionship of white gentleman over 55 only. Especially interested in someone retired who could relocate. Photo appreciated. Will answer all with same. M-78

**TEACHER,** straight rural area, w/m, 40, 5'8", 140, likes backpacking, body hair, briefs, jockstraps, photos, j/o, men 35-55. Frank letters w/photos ans. first. M-67

**RHODE ISLAND WHITE,** slim, hairy, handsome, 26. Can take big equipment. Front/rear receiver. No rough stuff; under 45. Will worship your body. Possible permanent relationship or just fun. Photo. L-59

**LONG BEACH/Orange County, Cal.** White professional, 40, overweight, FA, GP, wants to get it on with discreet guys under 22. Any race. Others wanted for social friendships. All answered. M-74

**NYC VIGOROUS,** attractive, 47, 5'9", 175, Fr-pass, Gr-act., likes being serviced by big, hunky mature ex-football player types. Have talented neighbor to service you Fr., front/rear after/during. W-55

**L.I., N.Y. W/M, 28, 5'7",** 138 lbs. Active Greek, looking for passive Greek guys, teens-30. Tel. (516) 742-2984.



**MANHATTAN:** Attractive, tall, thin, young w/m likes lots of oral sex, nudity, masturbation with young, thin, good-looking guys. Likes classical music. Show you the West Village. Photo please. B-77

**MELBOURNE, Australia:** Two guys like contacts with others in other states or countries for exchange visits, or house exchange, or whatever. Both in mid-40's, presentable, erotically-minded, into international relations. R-27-F

**UNLIMITED** reciprocal friendship to those seeking mature sincerity and honesty. Have many cherished friendships to share with love. Married contacts especially desired. M-9

**AUSTRALIA:** W/M, 6'2", good looks, 8" cut, 40, wants very hairy, well-hung musclemen, w/only. Navy, Marine, police, etc. Love to hear from and see you. Tony, P.O. Box 365, Tom Price, W. Australia 6751.

**VERY HORNY ORIENTAL** guy wishes to exchange hot letters and photos, especially with well-hung studs. Enjoy hairy chests and enormous endowments. Will answer all replies. Q-1

**TORONTO LOVERS,** 20's, seek guys for three-way, or just a meaningful friendship. All scenes, no extremes. Both attractive, easy-going. Pen pals welcomed. Will travel or accommodate. Sincere. B-33

**LOS ANGELES:** GWM couple 30, 39, seek 25-40 (singles or couples) for threesomes or foursomes. Secluded home with pool. Into French, porno movies, inhalers, smoke, tr. making friends. Informative letters with photos answered first. No S/M, fats or fems. S-95

**MOROCCO, PORTUGAL, Spain & Egypt** late. Address hotels and meeting places not listed in gay directory wanted by 2 guys. Will report to you after return. Thanks much. W-19

**WASHINGTON, D.C.** Husky, attractive Black professional, 30, 6'3", 220 lbs. (football player build). Not well endowed. Wants to meet uninhibited Blacks for casual and discreet action. Photo please. P.O. Box 50286, Washington, D.C. 20004.

**YOUNG GUYS.** Under 23, slim, hard, smooth-bodied, blond preferred. So. California Fox, W/M, 6', hair, 165 lbs., will show you around. Must be self-supporting, sincere, loving, affectionate. Fast reply. B-78

**LONELY W/M,** hairy-chest, blue eyes, black-brown hair, 30, 5'9", 170 lbs. Into levis, cowboys, truckers, muscular. No rough sex. Looking for right person to share my apt. Mike Stowell, 612 W. Patterson, Apt. 705, Chicago, Ill. 60613.

**EASTERN CANADA.** W/M, 45, 140, brown hair, discreet professional wishes to hear from other masculine guys. Interests: travel, theatre, outdoors, etc. No S/M, fems. Photo appreciated. D-43

**W/M, 41, 5'8", 175 lbs.,** fair. Enjoy outdoors. Like to get letters from guys. No fats or fems. I'm a straight-looking guy, a clean-cut all-American. Will try to answer all. C-74

**BLOND BACHELOR,** 57, 5'11", 155, uncut, likes classical music, painting, photography, sewing, floriculture, travel, wants 35-50 slim, refined, aesthetic, gentle, financially independent guy to share home, life, love, happiness. Let's not keep going alone. Revealing photo, please "Al" in Tarpon Springs. (813) 937-0147. Or write W-30.

**BEVERLY HILLS,** 37, important personality, good-looking, well-endowed, needs muscular bodyguard and companion over 25, excellent salary, must live-in. Fringe benefits. Send photo and resume. D-52

**CENTRAL ILLINOIS,** 5'9", 160 lbs., white. Interests: friendship, real pals, French love, young men to 48. Hope to find area men without hangups. Non-smoker, moderate drinker a plus. Send photo for prompt reply. F-29

**C.B. FREAK** would like to know how to contact gay guys and recognize them on mobile citizen-band radio. Any good suggestions? Write me. All answered. H-31

**DETROIT:** Front and rear receiver to age 35 wanted by slim, muscular GWM, hung and hairy. I like long, deep French sessions by knowledgeable giver. No fats, fems or blacks. Prefer macho and muscular. C-40

**SO. CALIFORNIA GUY,** white, masculine, sense of humor, nice appearing, interested in sports, bridge, entertainment, photography. Interested in meeting/corresponding with masculine guys for versatile relationship. Exchange photos. Jerry White, 11325 Blix St., N. Hollywood, Ca. 91602.

**HOUSTON:** W/M, 23, 5'9", 185, brown hair/eyes, seeking sincere penpals and friends, local or elsewhere. Please, no fems. Write Bill, P.O. Box 61293, Houston, Tx. 77208.

**NEW YORK CITY:** White European, 42, Virgo, 5'9", blue eyes, young looking, slender, versatile, Greek passive, non-smoker/drinker, likes tall 6' or over Blacks, masculine, slender, versatile, hairless body, no beard, Greek active, compatible Zodiac sign. D-26

**FREE 5,000-WORD S/M STORY** exchanged for ideas for S/M-based stories: your true experiences or wildest dreams. Ideas must be accompanied by sender's photo. Perhaps continued sharing? C-7

**NEW JERSEY-MANHATTAN** area 40-year-old man, 6'2", would like to meet or correspond with man same age or younger. H-5

**SEEK YOUNG LAD** with slim, smooth body, long mod hair, who is interested in learning electronics. Offer home with fatherly love and mutual French fun. Send photo. L-7

**NEW YORK** professional, 55, seeks companion-secretary. Compensation commensurate with time. Age 25-35 with resume and photo. E-12

**COPENHAGEN:** Two butch guys, 36/37, well-endowed, amateur photographers with great collection of pornophotos and drawings seek leather and bodybuilding guys for correspondence and meeting. J-12-F

**N.B. CANADA** seeks to correspond with New York City, 1114, Camp

world-travelling, Hispanic, lucky films, horny, 145, Cock rings,

either white or black, hard-bodied, young-thinking, Greek, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038.

**CALIFORNIA:** Professional man, 38, white, would like to meet student for companionship and good times. Assistance possible. Also, would like to correspond with friends abroad; frequent visits to foreign countries. Q-6

**CARACAS, VENEZUELA** botanist seeks uncut, handsome, slender, 19-24 who enjoys sex, movies, and outdoors. No drugs. Include photo. S-42-F

**TRAVEL.** Exp. travel agt. automated agency. Specialize in gay travel and resorts. Call Charlie (212) 685-5833—9 a.m. to 5 p.m., M-F. A complete travel service and more. O-10

**HORNY AUSTRALIAN,** 30, 5'5", 120, brown/blue. Like to meet, correspond with ? - 35. Photo appreciated. Good masseur. No fats, S&M, drugs. (03) 94-5822 or write Box-Holder, P.O. Box 187, St. Kilda 3182, Australia.

**LOVE** sailing and chicken. Own a 40-ft. sailboat usually sailed in the Tampa Bay area. Let's get acquainted. W-2

**OLDER GAY,** 66, seeks others any age for mutual French and perm. relationship. Clergy welcome, no drugs or rough stuff. Be my house guest for a weekend or a few days. Schenectady, N.Y. area. M-14

**EASTERN EXEC.** 31, blond, 6' 170 lbs., travels U.S. east Rockies. Desire meet males 24-33, dinner, shows, companionship when in town. Exchange photos. D-11

**BOSTON GWM,** 46, 5'7", 135, straight-appearing seeks males 18-50 for occasional sex sessions afternoon or nite. No hassle or expense. Beginners welcome. M-8

**WHITE,** 33, 5'6", 145, wishes correspondence with men 21-45. Possible meeting. Prefer Greek active, French active or passive, all races. Prefer recent photo: P.O. Box 16138, Minneapolis, Mn. 55416

**MEMPHIS, TENN. AREA:** 44 year-old hefty, but losing, interested in meeting new people. Travel frequently U.S. and Caribbean islands. Many interests. Answer all. J-8

**TEEN—OLDER,** sincere, regular guy; hesitant but interested in knowing attractive, genuine, understanding, friendly guy for ideal relationship. Write from anywhere, exchange photos. Your concerns always considered! I care! Orange Cty, Calif. G-5

**OKLAHOMA CITY** w/m, oral expert, wants uncut w/m for French sessions. No fats, fems or blacks. Call BJ, (405) 681-7010. Military, truckers and cowboys especially welcome. L-55

**TWO PITTSBURGH** lovers visiting San Francisco and Palm Springs, October 1978, would like to meet or hear from other gays in area staying at Fairmont. Tom, R.D. #1, Box 154, Leechburg, Pa. 15656.

**SO. CALIF. AREA:** W/M, 39, trim 6'4", wants to service your stud equipment, my apt. only. You must be white, 18-45. Look over my male porno while I relieve your hard problem. No fats, fems or S&M. W-47

**JAPANESE-AMERICAN.** Handsome, with dazzling skin, 35, 5'11", 160, 7" would like to meet w/m. Looks more important than endow. Send photo and reply to: Edwin, 6333 Canoga, Apt. 284, Woodland Hills, CA. 91367.

**POLISH ITALIAN AMERICAN,** 23, 5'11", 165 lbs., blue eyes, slender build, blondish afro, sensual, mature, sensitive. Unitarian Universalist. Masculine men, 25-38. P-20

**S.E. PENNSYLVANIA.** GWM, 48, 5'11", 175 lbs. Professional, handsome, fond of arts, good living, seeks young man as companion or more (18-40). No restrictions-racial-financial. Nude photo required for answer. M-77

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**Photo Feature**  
**'Piece Pipe'**

**By Mike Arlen**

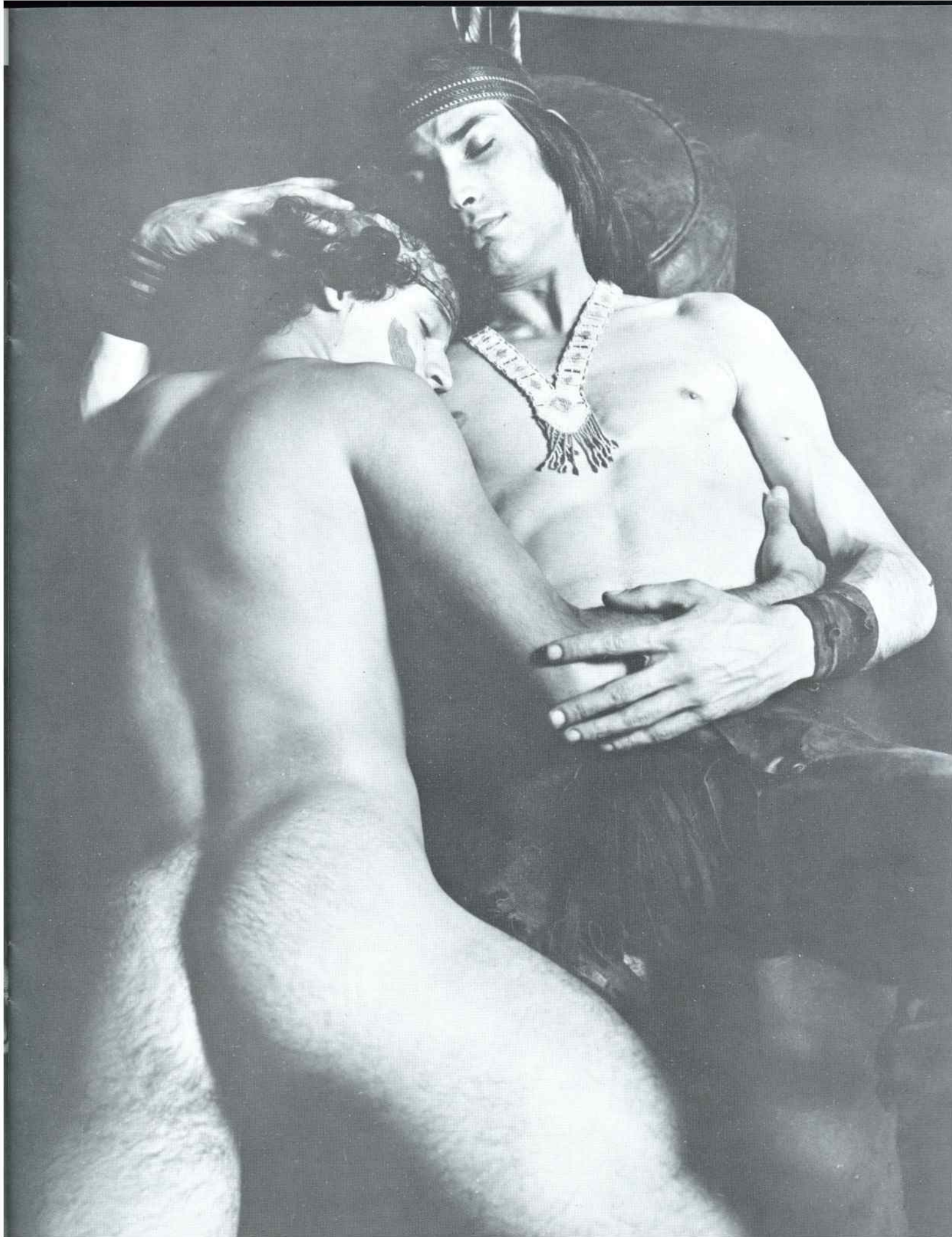
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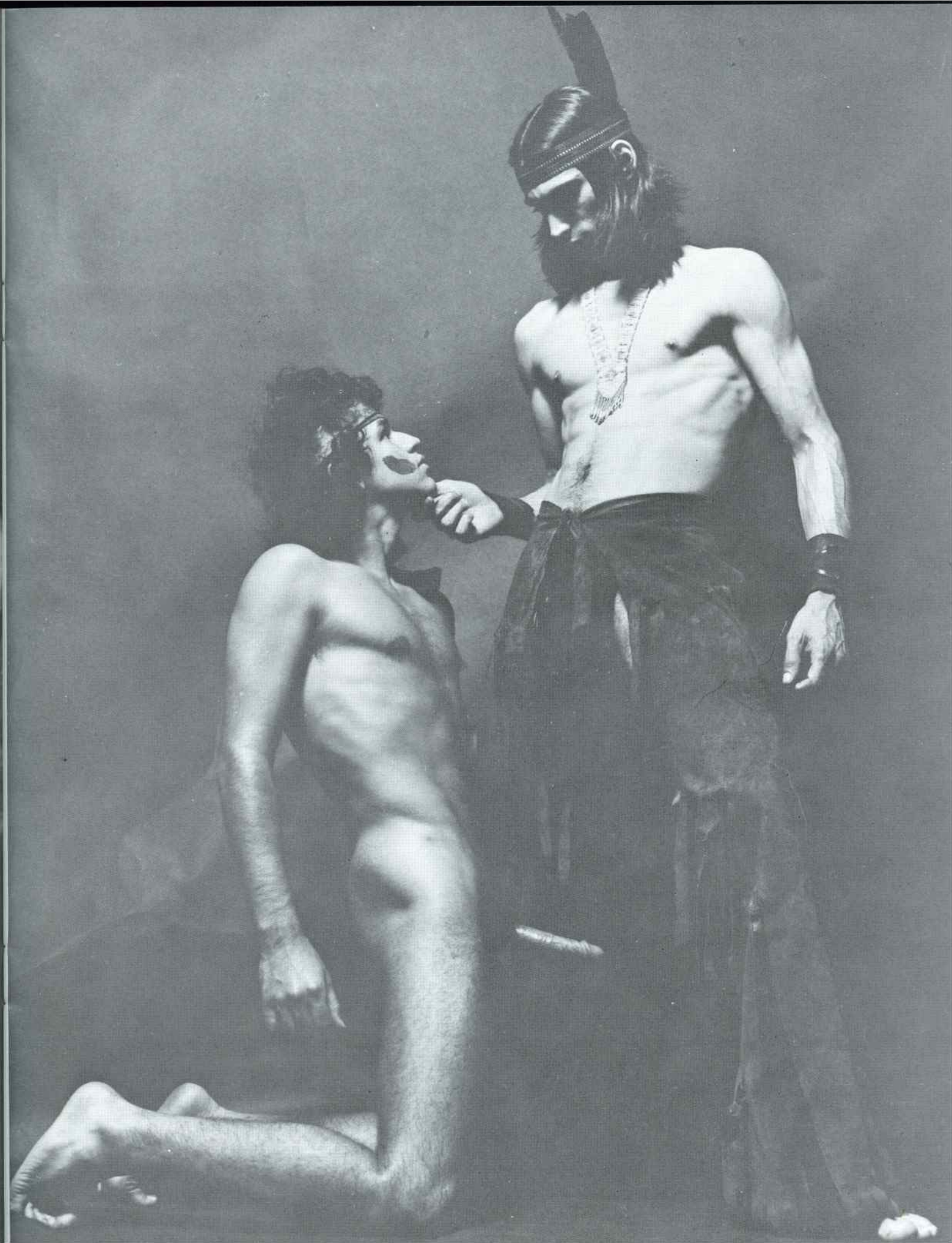


















Philippines



Canada

## Ciao! Gallery Super Studs Of The World

By The Editors

U.S.A. "Bill"



Egypt



Panama



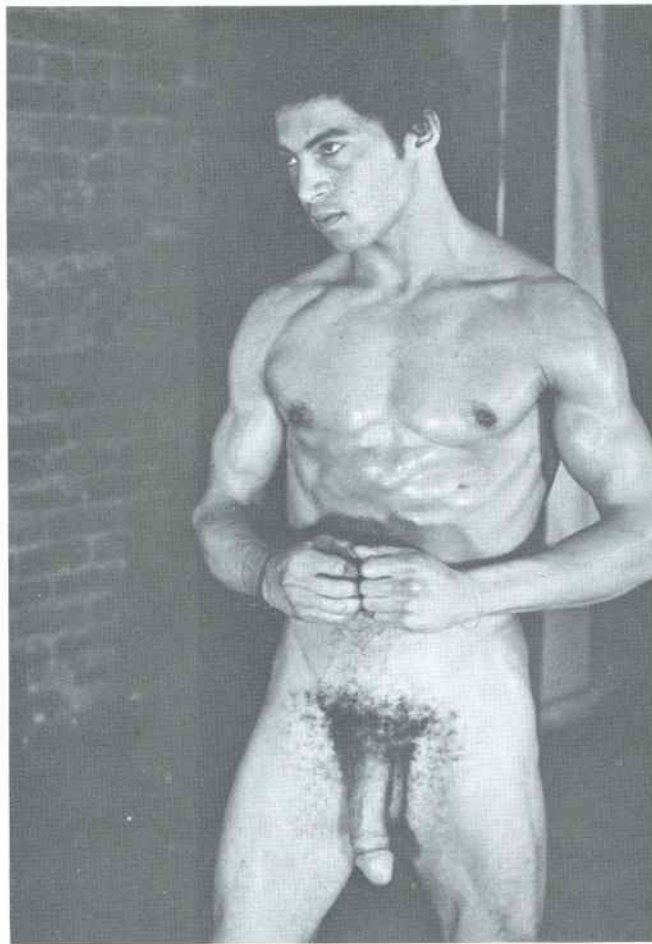
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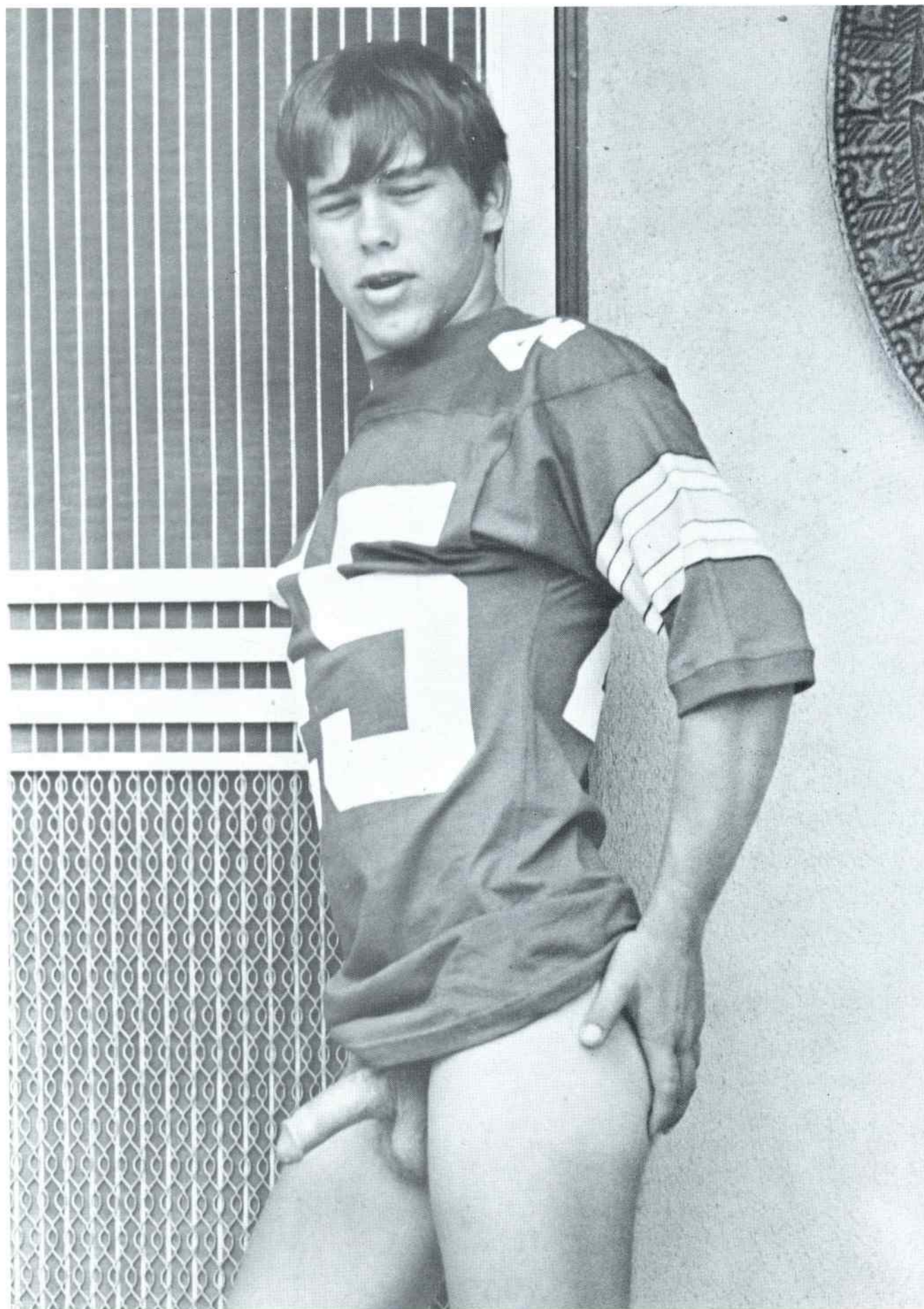
Puerto Rico



Alexander

CIAO!

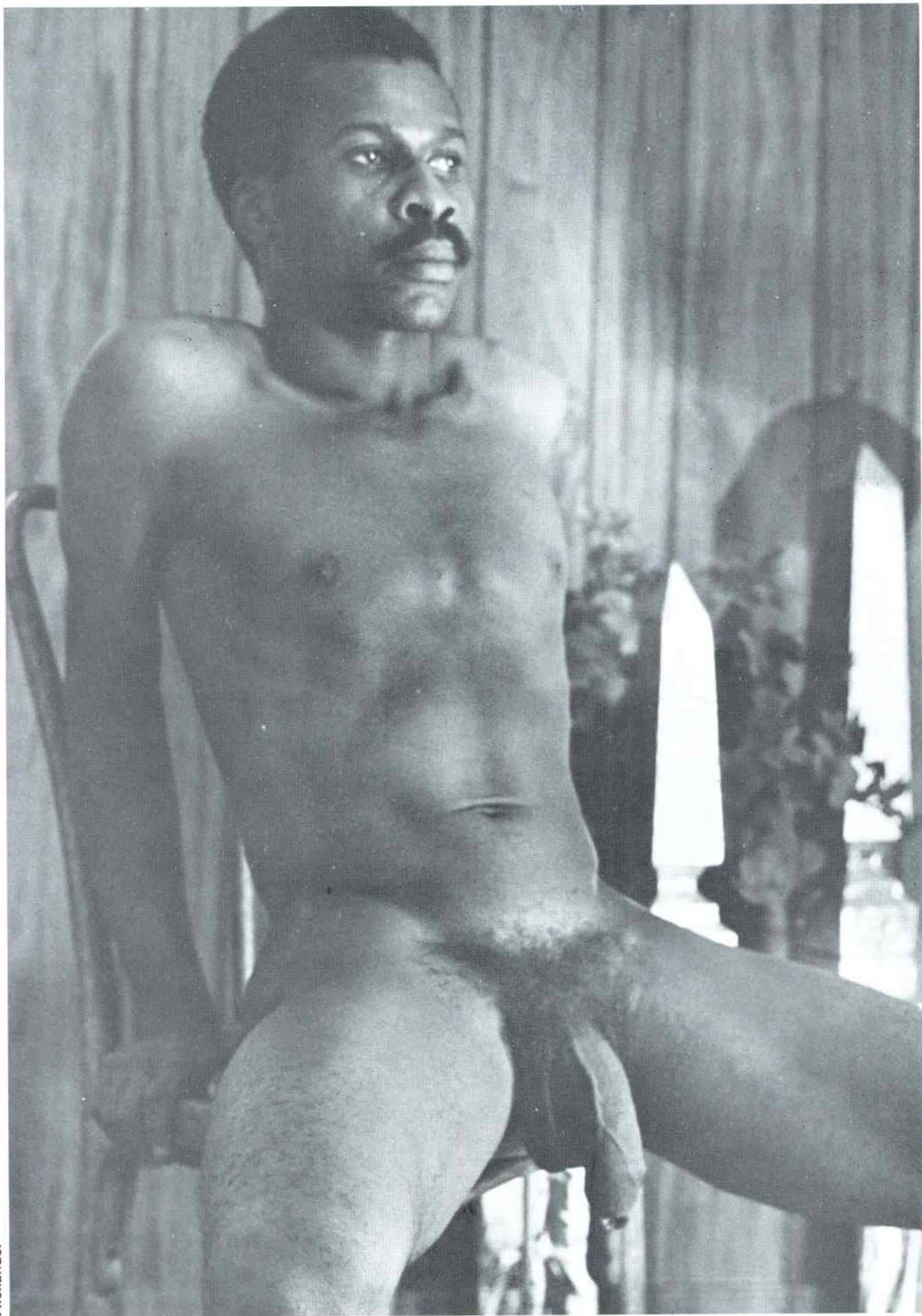




U.S.A.

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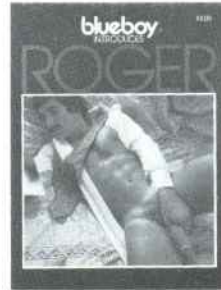
Muscle guys, nude, hung. Text on making muscle guys, plus personal ads. **FLEX** .....\$5.00



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Macho, superhung and hot handling himself. Terrific photos. Color. **ROGER** .....\$8.00



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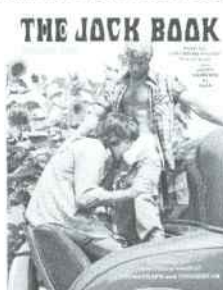


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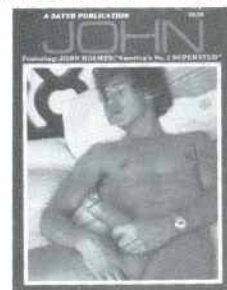
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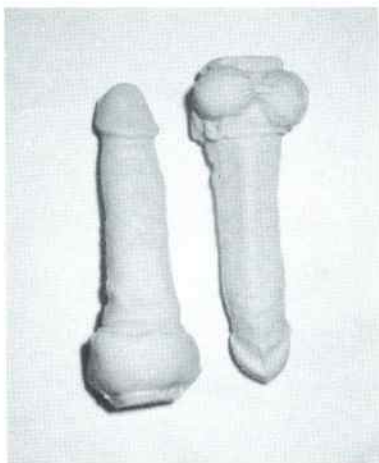
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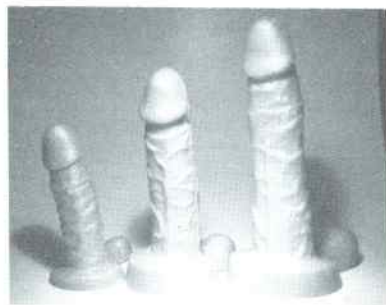


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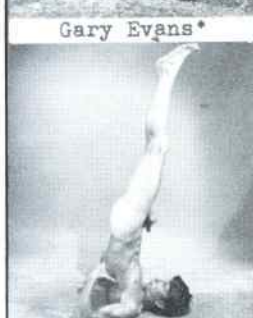
Gary Evans\*



Tim Love\*



Lynn Finney\*



Harry Fisher



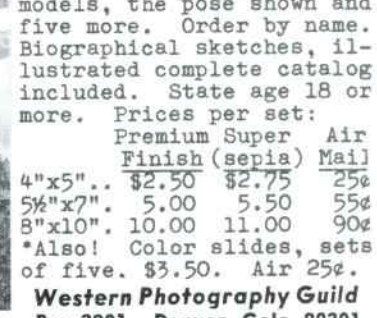
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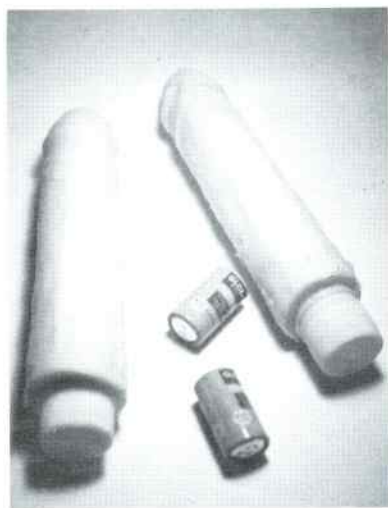
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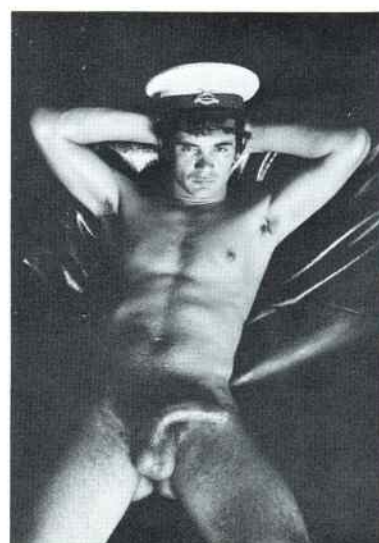
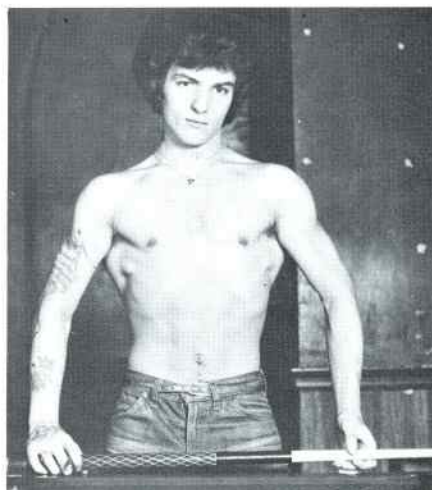
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(PRINT all information. Form must be signed. Photo must be signed and inscribed "Stars" on the back.)

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Please list my ad under the Town heading \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ \$3.00 (ad + photo) / \_\_\_\_\_ \$5.00 (ad only)

\_\_\_\_\_ Cash \_\_\_\_\_ Check \_\_\_\_\_ Money Order

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_ AD HEADING \_\_\_\_\_

AD \_\_\_\_\_

Use separate sheet for more space

#### Release form:

I the undersigned, hereby represent that I am at least 21 years of age. I further state that the photo accompanying my ad is of myself and that the data included is true to the best of my knowledge.

I hereby give my consent to "Stars" to publish my ad and photo in Stars or any affiliated publication.

It is understood that my ad may be edited and neither Stars nor its assignees bear any responsibility for transactions between myself and correspondents contracted through same.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**IMPORTANT:** Your name and address will never be printed. You will be assigned a code number for identification purposes.

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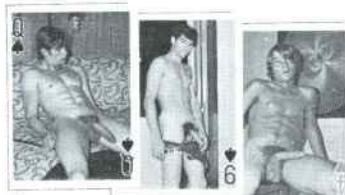
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A & AA



B

Here's somethin' that'll perk up your poker(!)—**HARD CARDS**. Three decks now available: **A. Delicious Duals** (our first deck) featuring humpy twosomes; **AA. Ram Deck** also featuring action guys; and **B. Swinging Singles** of loners with lots of meat. No two pictures alike . . . 52 cards in each deck plus wild jokers. Color pictures; backs of cards have same design. Specify deck(s) desired and age. Sold as a novelty to adults over 21 only.

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# The Big Hole



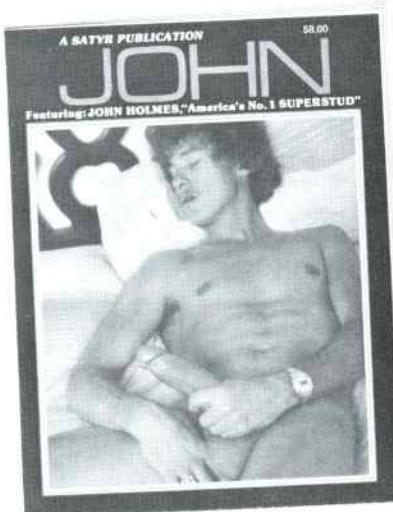
Bottoms up! If that corny expression makes us look like assholes—sorry, guys . . . but our new toy has our imaginations running 'fuckamuck'. This one's made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) which leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 1/4"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

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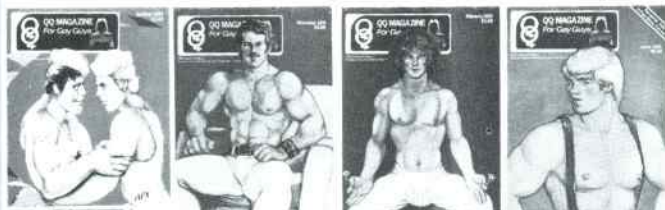


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