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GAY
TRAVEL

April 1973
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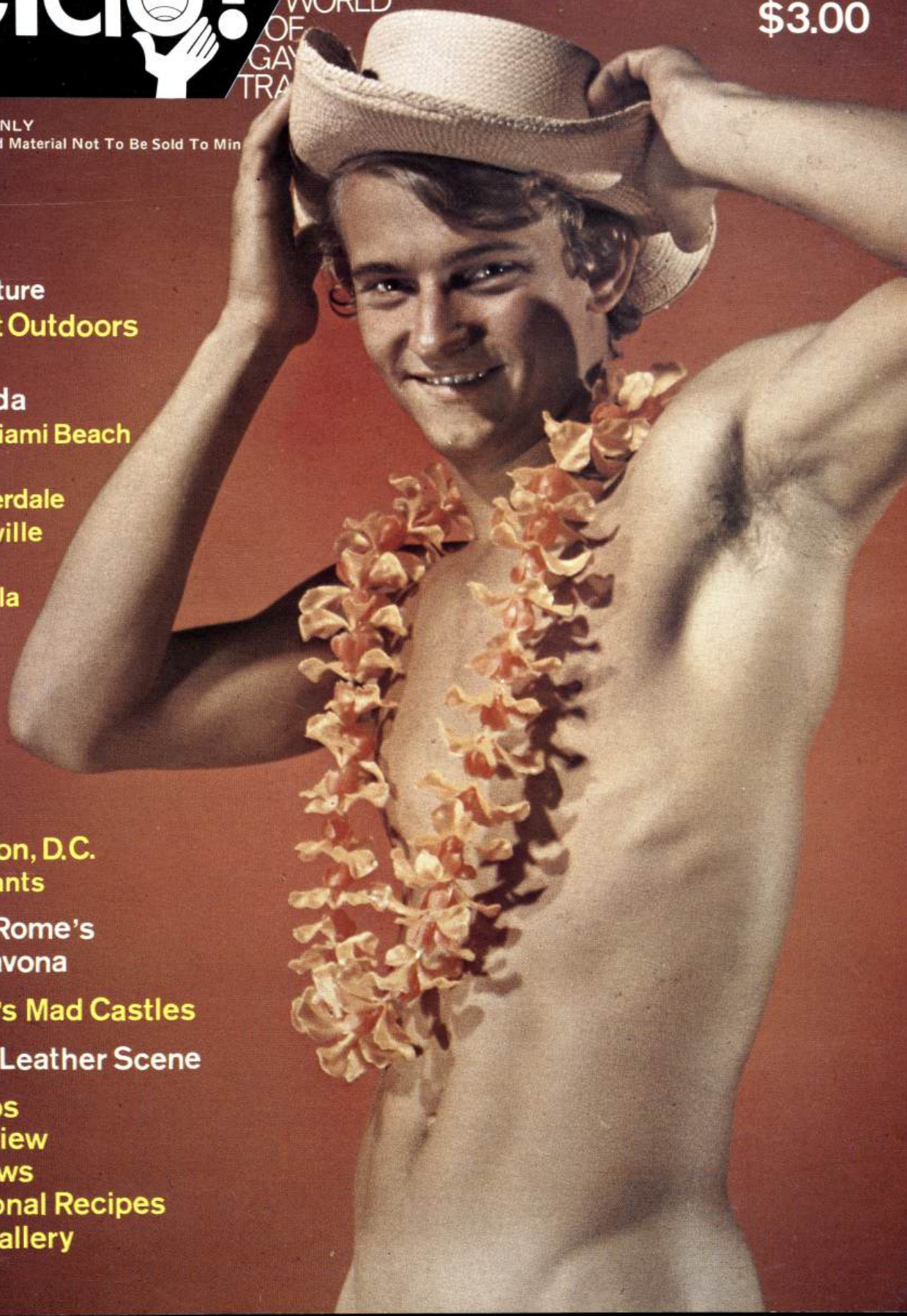
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Bruce of Los Angeles



Ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

MARCH/APRIL 1973

VOLUME 1/NUMBER 2

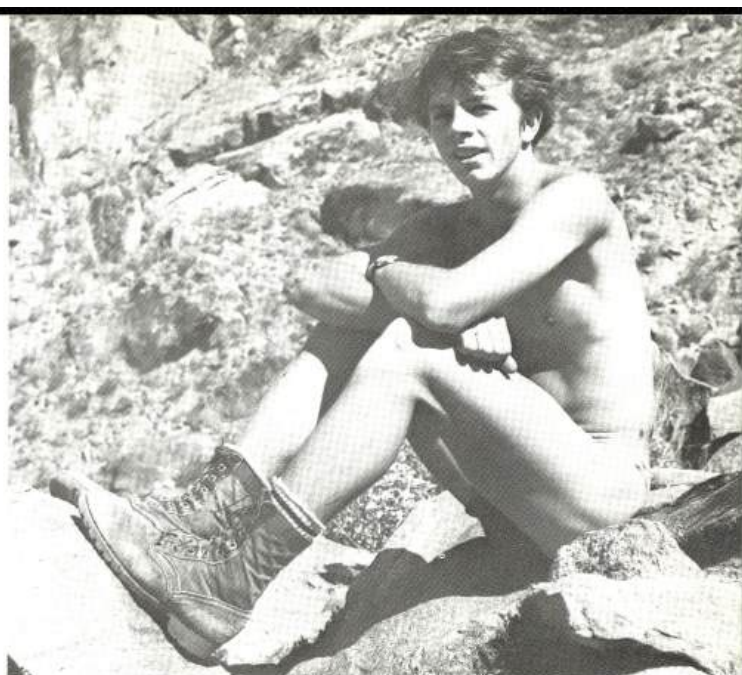
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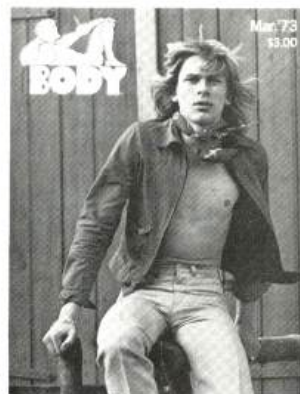
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Editorial

Ciao! Puts It All Together

By Jon Lorrimer

You should plan your vacation abroad as you would a battle—with everything tightly organized, and then checked and rechecked against all the latest available gay information, leaving nothing to chance—lest something that seems triflingly trivial **now** may turn out to be totally traumatic **then**, wrecking your plans and ruining your vacation.

For example, someone just back from there may tell you that London is really swingaying right now, and that you should go like **presto**, remembering to cruise **here** and booze **there**; to 'tinkle' in this john and 'twinkle' in that bar... not missing this **absolutely fabulous** or that **absolutely must place**, because "If you do as I did you can be sure you'll have the most sexed-up vacation of your life." Fine... love that BOAC!

But it wasn't. It was simply awful. Everything he'd enthused about was a bomb, and London not Fundon but Dulldon. So what did you do? So what else is **nouveau**? Dejectedly you headed back to your hotel each night, patriotically ran up your lifesize Mark Spitz poster, gave it a kissy salute, climbed into bed and got on with your 'handiwork'.

Trés familier? Très.

What went awry? Perhaps it was just one 'triflingly trivial' factor you disregarded, or weren't aware of... perhaps it was simply a matter of gay **timing**.

Quite likely every place your friend recommended was exactly as he described... but only at a **particular** time of **afternoon** or **evening**. While such-and-such a place may be large on love in the afternoon, it can also be about as kinky as cruising the Catacombs at night. Or vice versa. Or perhaps the time fraction should be still further reduced for action/satisfaction since a particular bar or john or whatever may be heaven at seven but a midnight March/April 1973

blight.

Or, since all London bars (other than 'fully licensed' after-hours clubs) close at eleven, you found that your planned theatre-now/bar-later evening didn't come off. No time. Had you known in advance you could have stirred up a little high-tea/cocktail-hour action and then made an evening with Sir Laurence Olivier the high point of your London day. Or you could have switched it so that you had a go at Sir Larry at a matinee performance and then pubarubbed it around the town for a briskly cruisy evening.

Planning, according to **their** customs/time... however quaint they may seem... is what makes any gay vacation abroad such a love. Fitting the pieces together is then fun, because—in knowing how to put it all together—you have greater mobility... skipping from here to there and getting the most out of everything and everyone.

This is something formal guidebooks, or even gay guydebooks, don't tell you, and it's where **Ciao!** comes in. We're going to 'split hairs' with you, for not only are we going to tell you where it is, and like it is, but **when** it is... **when** the best action is likely to take place—on what days... whether morning, afternoon or evening is best... and, as nearly as possible, help you make your grand entrance on the split second of **now/wow!**

It should be mentioned that sex abroad never reaches the quantity nor rarely the quality of sex at home. Thus it will help if you arrange to do some sight-seeing just like all tourists. Fitting this in the 'gray areas' of non-sex can round out your vacation and make it all the more satisfying and memorable.

For this, of course, one or more of the standard travel guidebooks will be of immense help. All deal with getting you there and getting you about in the easiest way in order to help make your visit abroad as pleasant and carefree as possible. Any of those recommended in the previous issue of **Ciao!** will come in handy. With their stress on pure culture and **Ciao!**'s on pure sex, everything should dovetail beautifully.

That's our plan and hope for you.

Pride of Empire

By Walter Norris

Surely all of us have occasionally wished we could have lived in another place, at another point in time. Nostalgia for a world that was but can never be again is a powerful emotion. The fantasy may be so poignant that the utter hopelessness of its recreation can be shattering to the very sensitive. Who of us has not ruefully wished he might have lived in the golden Edwardian era of dashing lovers, beautiful manners and elegant fashion... and sex that in many respects was freer than it is today?

One amazingly gifted young man, however, did recapture the world of his dreams. He was Ludwig II of Bavaria—called by his detractors The Mad King and by gay and loving others The Dream King... a man so handsome he looked like a composite of Horst Buchholz and Rock Hudson... and because of his imagination and daring we are all the richer. His legacy of three fantastic castles in Bavaria, built during the early to mid-nineteenth century, are astonishing reminders that man often really does have the ability to seize the time and remold his world in his own image.

Some say that Ludwig was ambivalent about which period he wished to identify with. Others claim that, like Picasso, he was just having a 'Blue Period'... seeing beauty and life in a different perspective.

If you, like so many other **Ciao!** readers, are planning to add Munich to your vacation itinerary this summer, you will surely want to extend your stay in Bavaria by a few days and visit the castles of Ludwig's creation. The castles—Linderhof, Neuschwanstein and Herrenchiemsee—seem such fantasy creations, particularly Neuschwanstein, many actually feel that they don't really exist except in fantasy or Disneyland. And so **Ciao!** hopes that in this brief

précis we can dispel any mystery and insure the opportunity of seeing treasures of beauty not equalled anywhere else in the world.

LINDERHOF CASTLE

This magnificent castle began as a simple hunting lodge . . . an idea Ludwig had for a country retreat. But like Topsy it just grew and grew and grew! Ten years of construction and altered plans expanded it into a rococo castle of the highest embellishment . . . it became a sort of stage for Ludwig (who was always on stage!). The castle is heavily ornamented . . . great encrustations of gold leaf in many colors and shadings . . . replete with mirrors, crystal, marble pillars, magnificent fireplaces, a most elaborate Moorish pavilion, an absolutely awe-inspiring Sèvres porcelain peacock, the famous Peacock Throne . . . a rose salon whose priceless silks would drive any modern interior designer mad with envy . . . and a rococo mirror room that only the most artistic of gay kings could have dreamed up.



Linderhof Castle

It is said that while Ludwig needed servants, he hated to have them in sight, so he invented the world's first dumbwaiter. The dining room table at Linderhof was so constructed that it could be lowered through a trap door to the kitchen, to be returned completely set . . . and not a servant in sight! In spite of this excess of decoration somehow it all seems to go together. There is a feeling of homogeneity and totality so typical of the gay artist, that this

alone is enough to establish his homosexuality.



Bedroom at Linderhof

A guided tour through Linderhof Castle lasts 2 hours. It is open from April 1 to September 30 from 8:30 a.m. until 10:30 p.m. From October 1 to March 31 the hours are staggered . . . from 9 a.m. until noon, then from 1 until 4.

The tour is arranged so that midway—on the hour—you will have a chance to see the fountain blast off in a spectacular display, and from the rotunda of the Temple of Venus (the Tannhauser influence of Ludwig's 'Wagnerian' period) you can see the formal gardens, a vast horticultural expanse of beech hedges and boxwood bushes arranged in pyramidal shape . . . still more beauty to marvel at. The cost of the guided tour is 2.80 Deutsche marks . . . less than \$1.

NEUSCHWANSTEIN CASTLE

This, of course, is the most famous and familiar to TV viewers as the 'trademark' of anything Disney. A theatrical designer, not an architect, created this incredible castle. It, too, has its Wagnerian overtones . . . this one, Lohengrin. The Great Chamber is an entire quotation of Lohengrin in the endless repetition of the 'swan motif' . . . a procession of swans after swans after swans. The castle bristles with towers and pinnacles, yet when seen from a distance it looks like a beautiful pendant in a priceless necklace.

The castle is open from April 1 to September 30 from 8:30 a.m. until 5:30 p.m. From October 1

until March 31 the hours are from 10:30 a.m. until 4 p.m. The tour rate is 2.50 Deutsche marks.



Neuschwanstein Castle



Throne Room at Neuschwanstein

HERRENSCHIEMSEE CASTLE

This beautiful castle represents Ludwig's post-Wagnerian period when he turned away from the rococo of Neuschwanstein to his earlier love of French architecture and design. Herrenchiemsee Castle is almost a complete replica of Versailles and the interior design is pure Louis XIV.

Herrenchiemsee Castle rests in beauty on a lovely island (Herrninsel) in Chiemsee (Lake Chiem). Work began in 1878 and continued for 20,000,000 marks and 17 years. Ludwig lived in it only a week before his tragic death by drowning put an end to his dream. The similarity between Herrenchiemsee and the Palace of Versailles is striking.

The fountain is surrounded by gardens in the French style; the facade is decorated with columns

CIAO!

and is covered with an Italian-style roof, and the focal point of the interior is the Hall of Mirrors—absolutely magnificent. In making your tour of the castles you should reserve Herrenchiemsee for last, and try to arrange it for Saturday.



Herrenchiemsee Castle

At that time—7:45 p.m.—the ravishing music Ludwig loved—his 'dream music'—is played by an ensemble. How strongly he must have been affected by it was suggested in the film **Something For Everyone** starring Peter York and Angela Lansbury. Do you recall the scene in the Great Hall of another castle where, surrounded by a thousand blazing candles, Peter York sits contemplating the newly-won luxury of his castle as waves of Wagner's music thunder around him?



Staircase at Herrenchiemsee

One has much the same feeling of Ludwig's pride of empire in listening to the concert at Herren-
March/April 1973

schiemsee Castle . . . it is the high point of the entire tour of the castles.

WERE LUDWIG AND WAGNER LOVERS?

What was the true relationship of Ludwig to Wagner? Historians maintain that it was the deep, long-lasting love of a younger man for an older—thus either platonic or sexual, depending on how you inject your own thought into it. However, in view of the known fact that Ludwig, throughout his life, had countless affairs with men his age or much younger (he was always flushing some young woodsman—hunter—son of gamekeeper from the trees), it would seem that *l'affaire Wagner* was more of royal patron to great composer.



Ludwig had a string of lovers but he did have favorites—like Kainz, a young Hungarian actor. Note that Kainz is seated next to his King. The photograph touched off much hot gossip throughout the world.

Wagner's music was part of the dream. Ludwig loved to sit in his royal surroundings and have various musical groups brought in to play it over and over. Even Wagner himself came often to play it on the piano. Ludwig sponsored many performances of the Wagner Ring cycle, *Tristan and Tannhauser*. The world is tremendously in his debt for this because without his zealous sponsorship of Wagner and underwriting the expense of such great

performances of his operas it is unlikely they would be heard today, except retrospectively, but stored as dry pen-and-ink scores in some dusty museum.

If Wagner was the creator then Ludwig was his Merlin. Thus with Wagner's **commercial** as well as creative need to be heard, and Ludwig's need for his music as an extension of his dream, the relationship seems all the clearer.

Historians also take out of context the very flowery ascriptions/salutations of Ludwig to Wagner and Wagner to Ludwig . . . "yours until death" . . . "my love and my life." Like Ludwig's castles and Wagner's music there is a strong hint of more grandiloquence than sexual love.

Ludwig subsidized Wagner for life . . . saved him from debtors prison . . . and only became disenchanted when Wagner's meddling in politics created a sticky situation he could not resolve. Even so, never one to forget a friend, lover, or favor, he was financially faithful to Richard Wagner until Wagner's death.

HOW TO GET THERE

Don't try to 'do' the castles in a day. Take your time. Allow three days, or you'll find yourself just 'giving them a lick and a promise'. It is more interesting to take them in order of their relation to Ludwig's life.

From Munich go first to Linderhof, 55 miles south of Munich. If you don't have a car there are daily train-bus sightseeing tours (you can use your Eurailpass), but these are such hurry-through affairs one gets only glimpses of a beauty that should be drunk to the fullest. You can rent a Volkswagen in Munich for \$7.15 plus 8 cents per mile plus some minor local taxes, per day.

Come back after your Linderhof trip and stay overnight in Munich. Next day drive about 65 miles southwest to Neuschwanstein. Make this a big day by also visiting Hohenschwangau Castle nearby (both are in the same town, Schwangau) in which the young Ludwig spent his formative years. After touring Neuschwanstein, return to the parking lot and follow the footpath up to Hohenschwangau Castle.

Then on the third day drive to Prien, 60 miles from Munich, where there is a portage to Herrinsel—the island on which Herrenschiemsee rests, surrounded by ravishing beauty.

The castle tour will give you a greater joy than anything you may see during your entire vacation. It is something that you will treasure all your life.

Washington, D.C.

By Ralph W. Davis

Washington is a city of such far-reaching dimensions that just the mention of its name evokes images of heavy decorum and real power. In spite of its spectacular impression on the world and tourist, Washington is a small town, charmingly filled with famous buildings and monuments, broad avenues and many parks. Shaped like a diamond—and with all its glitter—this conservative city on the Potomac provides enough nocturnal activity to satisfy the most sophisticated gay guy.

The recent ruling forbidding police to harass gays has lifted pressures. Now sex between consenting adult males (or females) in private is no longer punishable. Most of the credit goes to the gay community for finally organizing. Consequently, visitors to Washington can experiment with parlor games of all varieties and not fret about unexpected arrests.

Washington has a little something for everyone. For the churchgoer, there is the Metropolitan Community Church at 9th and E Sts. and Maryland Avenue, NE, where services are held every Sunday at 3 p.m. The Gay Liberation Service House at 1620 S St., NW has a roommate referral and help service, and on Sundays at 5 p.m. in the Chapel of St. Francis and St. John there are gay services. The Mattachine Society (phone 363-3881) offers much help to the community, from legal to personal, as well as up-to-the-minute reports on what's happening in D.C. V.D. is a problem

everywhere; there is the Public Health Clinic at 14th and Upshur Sts., NW, and the Washington Free Clinic, 1556 Wisconsin Ave., NW—for checkups and/or treatment. And there are plans to start a 24-hour gay switchboard service in the near future.

JOHNS AND PARKS

Although the following places are active, please use common sense. The D.C. police aren't patient with extravagant behavior in public—which is still illegal here as elsewhere.

Georgetown area. Over the years the Black Forest has been extremely popular with people who like to meet in bushes, but because of its popularity, the police have begun to raid it, sending many of the regulars to other places. The usual number of muggings and robberies occur regularly. So be careful. To enter the Black Forest use the path at 26th St. under or next to the M Street and Pennsylvania Avenue Bridges, NW. This path extends for several blocks and runs alongside a creek. During the summer, and when the trees are full, action abounds... especially at night. If you follow this path to the end, you will come to the P Street Beach. This isn't a beach, but instead a large area for sunbathing during the warmer months.

Dumbarton Street (just around the corner from the Georgetown Grill) is very busy. Follow Dumbarton to 30th, turn toward N St., then take N St. to Wisconsin Ave. This large rectangular area is busy with car cruising, streetwalkers and a fair share of police. It is an affluent and conservative area which is generally safe night or day. Don't behave foolishly. The residents are growing weary of the gays.



John at Dupont Circle

Dupont Circle area. There is some cruising at the Circle, but not as much as before—since the invasion of hippies and drug addicts. The john on Massachusetts at 20th St., NW, near the Circle, is cruisy when open. The mirror facing you at the urinals is 2-way; sometimes the police are on the other end. This applies to other public john mirrors as well.

Iwo Jima Memorial area. The woods behind the Carillon Bell Tower at night during the summer is another outdoor area, like the Black Forest, which enjoys great popularity. But this area too has its share of grave problems. The police recently raided and photographed and hauled in large numbers of gays. Arlington police tend to be a little more physical in their handling than D.C. police. I would advise extreme caution here.

Downtown area. In Franklin Park, between 13th and 14th Sts., and I and K Sts., NW there is a busy john which is favored by blacks. This also applies to the park itself. Be careful, though, it can get rough. PMI parking lot, after closing, at D and 9th Sts., NW was once very active on the lower level. Regular police raids, though, have slowed activities here considerably. Lafayette Park (across from the White House) is a pleasant place for an evening stroll. The park and the john here, though, are very carefully watched. But if you just want to stroll and look, this is a comfortable place to do it... night or day! The Greyhound and Trailways bus terminals are always active (johns as well as area). Other johns of interest are those in the Woodward and Lothrop Department Store downtown, and the Harrington Hotel, E and 11th Sts., NW.



PMI Parking Lot

MOVIES

The twenty-five cent movie houses on 9th St. between Pennsylvania Ave. and G St. NW are good places to stop, if you like skin flicks. There are several more between 12th and 13th Sts. on I St., and on New York Ave., NW. The **Mark I**, 1222 H St. NW and **Village Books**, 819 13th St., NW are good places to head if you want gay books and movies. For full-length movies there are now two movie theaters in D.C. The **Janus II**, at 1660 Connecticut Ave., NW was once a straight theater which recently went gay. It is a nice theater in a good area, and very popular. The **Metropole Cinema Club**, 411 L St., NW is a private theater club with membership at \$1.00 for the year. Proper identification is absolutely necessary for membership. This theater, which seats only 100 people, has been very successful and offers some of the best films. Movies cost \$4.00 usually, and since it is a private club, your activities are not curtailed. The area isn't very good, though. Be particularly careful at night. The **Mark II** at 808 K St., NW has turned straight and has lost its popularity with gays. Of course, if you like to be teased by straights I couldn't recommend a better place to visit.



Ninth Street Movie Houses

BARS

For those who prefer bar cruising, there are enough in D.C. to satisfy. If you like them small and intimate or big and brassy, Washington has them. The most popular are:

Georgetown Grill, 1329 Wisconsin Ave., NW. This bar is small, active and in the heart of Georgetown. Food is served; nothing special, though. It is open every day from noon to 2 March/April 1973

a.m., and on Sundays from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m.



Georgetown Grill

Pier Nine, 1824 Half St., SW. This is one of D.C.'s super-bars. It is open every day except Monday from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. No cover charge. There is an excellent menu which changes with the seasons. Waterfront atmosphere, with fish nets and lobster cages and the like. Very butch! Dinners range from \$4.25 to \$7.95 and are quite good. Dancing. The music is selected by a disc jockey for better variety. No entrance fee. Young, fun-oriented crowd. Three service bars. Dress should be in good taste, but casual.



Pier Nine

Lost and Found, 56 L St., SE. This is the other super-bar in the city. Occasionally there are live shows. And there are plans for expanding it (hotel facilities, a swimming pool, theater, and the like). Dinner is served, price ranges from \$3.95 to \$8.75; a large menu. Dancing under a spray of colored lights. Three bars. Dress presentably; coat and tie occasionally seen. Two dollar minimum on Sundays toward drinks. It is open daily from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sundays from noon to 2 a.m. Very big, very brassy.

Plus One, 529 8th St., SE is a bar which has lost some of its following. Since remodeling, the bar has taken on a rather cold and sterile look. Dance floor. Food

ranges in price from about \$3.25 to \$3.95. Dancing. Closed Mondays. Other days open from 7:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.



Plus One

Life Raft, 369 Pennsylvania Ave., SE. Drag shows every Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday (call 543-8900 to verify time). Small, but nice. Dancing. Friday and Saturday nights (early morning) breakfast is served. A minimum of \$2 on show nights; part of the minimum goes toward one drink.



Life Raft

Dolly's, 1215 New York Ave., NW. Seven days a week Go-Go boys do their thing on the stage from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. There is a fifty cent entrance charge on weekends. The usual bus station types frequent here.



Louis

Louis Cocktail Lounge, 305

9th St., NW was once very popular with the leather crowd, but now most of them go to the Eagle. Louis is open every day from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Above Louis is the Barn. Same hours, but closed on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Eagle, 904 9th St., NW, open seven days a week. Saturday and Sunday from noon to 2 a.m. Other days from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Very popular with the standing-alone-in-the-corner, super-butche-looking guys.

Hideaway, Pennsylvania Ave. and 9th St., NW. The Hideaway is inside and below the Hickory House restaurant. Popular with the young. This is partly because the management doesn't check cards often here. The hours are 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. every day.



Hideaway

BATHS

In Washington there are two members-only baths. The most popular is the **Club East II** at 20 O St., SE which is part of the national chain of Club baths. Your membership card from any branch is honored. On Mondays and Wednesdays there is dollar night. For \$1.00 you get a locker or for \$3.00 a room (plus \$1.00 key charge, refundable on departure). If you don't have a card, sponsorship is necessary. The **Regency**, 413 L St., NW is easier to join, if you have proper identification. Monday is dollar night here also. The yearly fee for membership is \$15.00 at the Regency, and \$5.00 at the Club.

HOTELS

There is no gay hotel in D.C. The **YMCA**, 1736 G St., NW has some gay activity but it isn't "like others" across the country. Nevertheless, I recommend it because it's inexpensive (about \$6.50 per

night for a single) and nicely located (practically at the White House). The **Harrington Hotel**, E and 11th Sts., NW is more popular with gay guys and its rates start at \$12 for a single. Its **Pink Elephant** bar (open from noon to about 11:30 p.m.) is cruisy, as is the john in the basement.



Hotel Harrington

Life in Washington is never dull. Whatever your pace you'll find it here. So plan your next visit to the friendly city on the Potomac.

Editor's note: D.C.'s gay restaurants are featured on page 31.

A Burst of Gay Light on The Eternal City

By Jon Lorrimer

So instinctive is the spirit of togetherness among American gay guys traveling abroad that any long-familiar gay spot soon looks like roundup time in the old corral.

Of course, because of the very singularity of our life, togetherness is only natural, but in the too-muchness of the same familiar faces popping up day in/day out in spot after gay spot, in city after European city, it's difficult to shake the feeling that you've really never left home, but have simply made Europe an extension of your home cruising base—like just where are all those gorgeous gay^{other} guys you came over to meet?

When the concept of **Ciao!** was gestating, the idea of its founding fathers was not only to spice up the travel scene with tips on new

places, but to blow the whistle on some hitherto overflicked gay spots that had had their day.

That's what we're doing about Rome, for we want to tell you about an exciting new gay area in The Eternal City, while debunking the myth that only along the Via Veneto is where it's at. It is our hope that in passing along this information it will help you in revising your travel plans (if, of course, they include Rome) so that you won't be disappointed/disillusioned/defeated if you pop in at Doney's, excitedly expecting all those liquideyed, tightpantsed, bigcocked, Romanrolled, hotassed young Italian studs to be standing there with their tongues hanging out for you, only to come face-to-face with the grubbiest hustlers this side (or even *that*) of Times Square.

As far as gay sexual reciprocity in Rome is concerned, think of Via Veneto as 'Via Vanish'. Rome is not all that 'eternal' and those tawny tigers of the Tiber have moved on to the Piazza Navona—and you'll just love it, too!



You'll especially like the safety of it all. In contrast with the dangerous cruising around the Colosseum, or the hustler-infested Spanish Steps, or Piazza della Repubblica (where the Stazione Termini—the main railroad station—is), or the Via Veneto (where tourists *think* they're safe) the Piazza Navona is something out

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of Dante's *Paradiso*!

Big, wide, open, free, breath-taking in its magnitude, still dripping with the opulence of its historical panoply (one can almost hear the sounds of trumpets in the distance), the Piazza Navona combines the grandeur and richness of Rome with a kind of Greenwich Village folksy atmosphere where actors, Roman TV celebrities, show folk of every persuasion, artists, musicians and everyone gayly bohemian come together to make a joyful noise! Given the latent/overt homosexuality of many or most of these show people—or their very sympathetic sensitivity—within this friendly enclave, it is at once evident why it has become such a magnet for gay people.



The Piazza Navona lies in the very heart of Rome, nearer the Tiber, just outside of the din and hustle bustle of the shopping district. For all its central location it is a peaceful place—an elegant oasis—that dates from the first century A.D. when the Emperor Domitian built his *circus agonalis* (a place of contests) here—big enough to hold 30,000 spectators. Although the stadium, unlike the Colosseum, has long since vanished, its elliptical shape determined the size and shape (an elongated horseshoe) of today's Piazza Navona. The word 'Navona' is anagrammatic, utilizing the syllable 'ona' in 'agonalis'.

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Along the piazza's ellipse are the magnificent Church of Sant' Agnese in Agone, and here the 'Agone' refers not to 'contest' but to the very real **agony** of St. Agnes **who**—legend has it—as a teen-aged girl was forced into a pagan bordello, mocked and stripped (but whose long hair grew miraculously even longer—just in time—to cover her pubes), tortured and finally martyred by the pagan barbarians. Canonized by Pope Innocent X, the church was built in her honor and named for her. As one walks today down along the crypt of the church one can still see the place of her martyrdom in the still-remaining mosaic pavement and the still-discernible and still-dramatic **fornices** (fornication arches) of the bordello, as well as some parts of the stadium's foundation.

Directly in front of the church is the Fountain of the Four Rivers, the largest of the three widely and beautifully spaced fountains in the piazza. It is a fun place in summer when it is populated by beautiful Italian boys who fling themselves (often bare-ass nekkid) into its cool, splashing waters to swim like goldfish.

The Fountain of the Four Rivers is important to gay guys as a very active cruising area, so don't miss the opportunity of trying your luck.

The fact that the Piazza Navona has become the meeting place of those in the Rome entertainment orbit, as well as those active in art and music, and a trysting place for lovers, seems a logical continuation of its original importance as a center of life and entertainment . . . through the Renaissance when there were regular Sunday-evening water festivals . . . jousts . . . plays and **commedia dell'arte** presentations given on portable stages . . . until today. Who can say that the ghosts of these early Roman entertainers are not

smiling delightedly on their gay 'progeny' of today?

The Piazza Navona is free of automobiles—a pedestrian mall for leisurely strolling and cruising. This freedom from vehicular traffic, however, had a sinister side last year. Because of the mingling of increasingly large numbers of people on Saturday and Sunday, police surveillance had become well-nigh impossible (definitely impossible by police car, and by foot patrol with great difficulty), the hippies arrived, and on their heels the drug-pushers. But finally, with enough enraged strollers pointing out the pushers, they were caught and jailed or banished. In their place on Saturday and Sunday, however, have come the vendors of bubble-gum, sticky sweet **gelati**, 'click-clacks' and a dozen different kinds of noisemakers . . . balloons . . . and, worst of all, those totally untalented but never-give-up 'painters' one sees everywhere, who line this beautiful piazza with their deathless 'works of art'. Weekdays are perfect—really wonderful times.

Of course there are hustlers here—where does one **not** find them? Yet they are not the seedy sharks of the Spanish Steps and other places in Rome. Generally they are handsome, humpy guys of great charm. If this aspect of gay life interests you particularly, you may well find your conquests along the Piazza Navona the most exciting of your entire European vacation.



Remember **The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone**? The handsome hustlers depicted were the prototypes of those you'll meet along the Piazza Navona.

You might arrange a day's visit to the piazza like this: cruise both sides of the ellipse until lunch time—about 2 p.m.—noting the tremendous numbers of show people (you'll be surprised at how many of your favorite foreign film stars are enjoying the piazza as much as you are!). Lunch in one of the excellent restaurants along the way, keeping an appreciative eye open for some promising trick to carry on with.

Return around 7 p.m.—just before sunset—while the teenage kids are still splashing in the fountain, again cruising both sides of the piazza. Then drop in at **Tre Scalini** (very gay at this time of day) for a **Campari** or a cocktail. Just let yourself 'merge' casually with the crowd. It's all so friendly. If you like, stay and dine here or walk directly across the piazza to **Mastrostefano** which is just about the friendliest ristorante in Rome and peopled with gay guys on the make who are also connoisseurs of good food, and who appreciate the warm friendliness of the host, Signor Mastrostefano, and the special attention he and his assistant, Ennio, lavish on their guests.



If you should catch the eye of someone who interests you, fine. A smile will hold your option until after dinner. Or, if you

don't see just what you want, return to **Tre Scalini** for a **Strega** or an **espresso** and very likely what you missed across the street will be waiting for you here.

There are many streets close by the Piazza Navona . . . not more than a block or two away. For instance, vary your cruising timetable so that you can lunch under the plane trees along the charming little Piazza Febo. You may dine here, too, if you like. There are any number of interesting places along the piazza where you can catch up on culture while catching a trick.

It's all done very casually—no hurry-scurry . . . nothing frantic. And it will be such a refreshing change from the more hectic cruising elsewhere in Rome. It will not only provide a superstage for the fulfillment of passion, but will give you contentment, great peace, beautiful memories and a desire to come back again and again.

The New York Leather Scene

By Louis Jekyll

It's a pretty safe bet that 1972 will go down in the sexual annals as the year of the Leather Renaissance—or perhaps Revolution is more apt. We had a hint of it a few years back when leather hit the world of fashion in a big way. Now, for better or worse, leather seems to have come into its own.

Having been very much involved in the New York leather scene for a number of years, I can recall only too well the good old days when we crowded together in one bar, in an out-of-the-way section of town which was busy by day but pretty well deserted by night, leaving the leather jackets to come and go with relative freedom. And heaven forbid that the bar should be raided, because if it were, there was no alternative and we were left homeless. Now the leather crowd has a few bars to choose from—depending on what your bag is and just how involved you care to get.

I remember, too, tramping up 42nd Street to buy my first leather jacket at a sporting goods store, because they weren't sold anywhere else. If you were one of the lucky ones who did a lot of traveling you could easily pick up your leathers in London or Berlin, or, if you wanted to chance getting a good fit, from one of the mail-order houses on the West Coast. Now, depending on how much time you have and how much dough you have to invest, you can select from any number of good leather-crafters in the city for a good custom-made job.

Toys? Oh, the hours I used to spend scouring the hardware and marine supply stores, the drug stores and yes, even Woolworth's, in search of inspiration. You got your leather skins and tools from Tandy's on West 14th Street, and spent many an evening designing and creating this gadget or that, to lure the "m's" to your door with the promise of sexual exotica. Unless you're a die-hard independent and rugged individualist, save yourself all that sweat. There are now several sources in town for just about every gadget conceivable, if your wallet allows.

Following is a baedeker for the leather enthusiast, whether local gentry or just visiting. We hope you'll find it of help in your journey through the Big Town.

THE BARS

Happily, leather is no longer a dirty word in gay circles, and the enterprising bar-owners have now begun to realize that there is a built-in attraction in a place of this kind. In the last few months we've had a plethora of entries in the leather sweepstakes and here are this writer's impressions of the candidates.



The Barn

The Barn, 232 Park Avenue So.

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The newest entry. The decor is definitely the most elaborate of the bars mentioned here, concentrating on wooden shingles and planking (even on the ceiling!), stained glass, wagon wheels and an old wishing well . . . even grain sacks rather picturesquely stacked against one wall. The place is enormous (living up to its name) and features a 50-cent stein of beer.

Ty's, 144 Christopher St. They tell me that Ty's never meant to be a leather bar, that it was originally intended as a neighborhood watering hole. Then a few leather types discovered it and word got around and for a few weeks it became popular with the leather crowd. Somehow, though, it never quite got rolling leather-wise and now it's attracting a middle-of-the-road type crowd. But the ambience here is decidedly masculine, with its model ship and deer heads mounted on the walls. A small, cozy place, and popular on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

Keller's, 284 West St. The bar that used to pack 'em in a few years back is still holding on. Keller's is the oldest leather bar around, and if the crowds now aren't what they used to be, Arby (the owner) and Tony (the bartender) still make it a pleasant place to drop in for a change of scene.



Keller's



The Ramrod

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The Ramrod, 304 West St., between Christopher and W. 10th. A life-size cardboard man in full leather at the front door proclaims this bar as being leather-oriented but truthfully you could have fooled me. As of this writing the crowds are still very small.

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. Not a leather bar per se, but an interesting amalgamation of some leather, some drag and even a few women. While it's not a dance bar, some dancing goes on. If you're pub-crawling in the neighborhood it's worth a visit for at least one drink.



Peter Rabbit

The Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. At one time very popular with the leather crowd, this bar underwent a drastic change after the demise of The Stud, when the crowd from the latter moved up and took over. It can't really be classified as a leather bar any longer, but a swinging mod-type club for the younger set.



The Meat Rack

The Meat Rack, 500 West 14th St. When it originally opened as Danny's, this place was something of a disaster. Now it has had a facelifting and a change of name and is aiming hard at the leather boys. The atmosphere is good, with its lofts and crates stacked here and there. The big gimmick is the "show," featuring a little exhibition of belt-whipping which

lasts a few minutes about every half hour between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. on Friday and Saturday.

The Spike, 120 11th Ave. Riding on the coattails of The Eagle (see below), this bar originally opened as the Big Dollar and didn't make it. Then the management stepped in, did a little renovating, and christened it The Spike. It's now established as a leather bar and, while the crowds are not exactly beating down the doors during the week, it does well on the weekends.



The Spike

The Eagle, 11th Avenue and W. 21st St. They said it couldn't be done, but over two years ago five leather guys got together and decided it was time that New York had a leather bar that would stay leather, resisting the nelly crush that flocks to these places once they become "in." This policy has apparently paid off and The Eagle, well into its third year, has become the No. 1 leather bar in the country. Considered the headquarters of the leather crowd, the bar proudly displays banners of clubs from all over the world. The ambience is just plain groovy here and the crowds even groovier, but don't hassle yourself or the management by turning up in a lavender sweater—leather, western and rubber are the order of the day.



The Eagle

PRIVATE CLUBS

The Nine Plus, West St. between 20th and 21st Streets. Since they've moved to their new location the Nine Plus has taken on a groovy new look. Definitely a private club, you won't get in unless you're taken by a member, and you can join if you're sponsored by two members. No over-the-bar sales allowed—you bring your own booze.

BATHS

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th St. Believe it or not, the best thing that could have happened to this old institution was the fire that gutted it a few months back. It's made a terrific comeback, all spruced up and clean, and has suddenly become very popular with the leather crowd. It's not unusual to lift up somebody's robe and find a leather belt or jock. Some of the guys have even taken to wearing their caps and boots while patrolling the halls. A single room costs six bucks but it's a good investment.



Everard Baths

LEATHER STORES

The Pleasure Chest, 152 7th Ave. South. The first real leather-oriented shop in town. You'll find everything here from dildoes and restraints to aphrodisiacs. And if waterbeds are your thing they can provide that, too. Up-town branch at 248 E. 50th St.

The Leather Man, 85 Christopher St. A good place to browse for leather clothes. Some off-the-rack items but mostly custom-made. Be prepared to wait a few

weeks for your order.

Hernando's, 9 Christopher St. Success is the name of the game and Hernando has just moved up the street to this bigger location. Many off-the-rack items as well as custom-made. You'll also find a line of non-leather items such as sport shirts from Spain, etc. A fun place to shop.

Marquis de Suede, 20 W. 22nd St., Room 804. A very wide selection of leather clothes (mostly custom-made) and toys, including restraints of all kinds, weighted tit clamps, ball weights, etc. The Marquis specializes in mail order and his catalog is available for 25 cents.

Kauffman Saddlery Co., 139 E. 24th St. The best-equipped store in town for the "horsey" set, Kauffman's is a good place to look for your western supplies, such as hats and shirts and levis. Don't overlook their riding crops and horse bits—and you **don't** have to own a horse to use those particular items!

Ron Alter Designs, 167 8th Ave. Ron will make up just about any sort of toy your evil brain can devise, as well as a few others you've never dreamed of. His leather-studded collars are unreal, and he does a specialty number with a metal vest that will dazzle 'em at the bar. By appointment only.

Jorge Menendez, 444 Central Park West. Jorge is one of the most talented guys around with a needle and a piece of leather. His service is fast and his prices reasonable. He'll also bring your fondest fantasy-toy to flesh-and-blood reality. By appointment only.

Eagle Leathers, P.O. Box 441, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013. Ray and John are the newest contenders in the world of leather fashion and they are very good indeed. Their specialties are leather toys of their own devising (or yours) and leather fashion items such as studded wrist bands. Excellent work and reasonable rates. Their first catalog should be available soon.

So there you are, guys. Do your thing!

The California leather scene is covered in the current April 1973 QQ Magazine.

Sex By The Barre!ful

Ciao! Looks At Prague's Gay Life

By David Bartel

Do you still have your college-student International ID Card stashed away somewhere? Look it up and take it with you when you go treckatricking abroad this summer. While it is not necessary, of course, it can come in mighty handy in opening many doors, especially in Eastern Europe and particularly in Czechoslovakia.

If you're on the shady side of twenty, or even the sunny side of thirty, or if—like so many gay guys—you are ageless, your IIC may be all you need to pierce the sexual Iron Curtain in Prague at many interesting points.

Now that the Russians have Czechoslovakia sewn up like a glove, tourism has been so heavily encouraged that in midsummer hotel rooms are at a premium. So if your travel agency has not secured a firm assurance of a room for you when you arrive in Prague in half-past July, don't despair . . . rejoice! It may be the luckiest break you ever had.



Take yourself and your ID card to **Pragotour**, U Obecního domu 2, near the Powder Tower. This fine organization specializes in doing the impossible . . . finding inexpensive rooms or accommodations for college students (and after all you can be doing post-graduate work, can't you . . . like 'boning up'—or down—on some special 'subject?') either in hotels no travel agent ever heard of, or

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in one of the many converted warehouses where huge beer casks have been split down the middle to make two comfortable beds—side by sexy side—for two guys who want to split each other down the middle, and where—when curfew sounds and all the group-groping in the communal shower is over and the lights go out—such rockin' and threshin' about shakes the building to its sturdy Czech foundation. Such heaves 'n groans 'n sighs 'n moans. Baby, they ain't dancing the Beer Barrel Polka!

It is the clandestine aspect of sex, like this, that points up the vital signs of gay life in Prague. While the Russians have driven it underground, this has had the obverse effect of making it all the wilder . . . not just because of the fillip of danger involved, but because it gives the Czechs a chance to work off in sex their sense of frustration and hostility toward the occupying Russians.

(A tip here: if you're Czecha-tricking and don't speak a word of Czech but do know some Russian phrases, don't even say so much as a *da* or *nyet*. Instant turn-off. What's worse, your trick may suspect that you're a spy and flee the encounter before you can get in another lick . . . and that's baa-a-ad!)



It should be noted that the idea of 'beer-barrel sex' is such an intriguing one, and has caught on so quickly, a few small hotels and motels on the outskirts of Prague have 'converted'. One of these is the **Vlachovka Motel**, run by a very pleasant woman who 'understands'. Although it is commonly known as 'a motel for lovers' it is March/April 1973

by no means wholly gay, being patronized by gay and straight couples alike who love to do a little 'barrelhousing' of their own in beer casks of 140-gallon capacity that were once used by the original Budweiser Brewery in České Budějovice. The interesting thing about this is that the 'barrel beds' offer fewer opportunities for the installation of hidden Russian mikes and infrared cameras.

GAY BARS

One Prague bar has remained staunchly gay since long before the Russian takeover. Then, of course, consensual sex between gay guys over the age of eighteen was legally permitted. Technically this is still the law but the hardline-hardnosed Russians have imposed their own sense of Victorian 'morality'. Worse, being specialists in entrapment, they have—in many instances—turned gay against gay to further their own political ends.

This has only strengthened the resolve of one gay bar particularly to remain loyal to our Czech brothers, and it was from here—the **Globus** at Ulice 28 Vřigna No. 11 near Wenceslas Square in the heart of Prague—that on the night the occupying Russians celebrated the fifty-first anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, all the gay guys inside rushed out as one, dropped their pants and pissed away gallons of good Pilsener beer on the Soviet tanks panzering through the Square.

"My . . . what big cocks you Czechs have!" one Russian called in fractured Czech.

"The better to fuck you with, you bastards!" a Czech answered back in flawless Russian. Brave lads, those!

The **Globus** attracts a younger gay crowd, and while a few lesbians show up here it is really the most popular wine restaurant and club for gay guys in Prague.

Sometimes, however, all that bottled-up gay passion so fiercely needs expression it is carried on openly in the first floor balcony of the coffee house in Prague's **Hotel Europa** at 29 Wenceslas Square. This place swings from 3 to 11 p.m. each day.

The **T-Club** (or **T-Bar**) near the

Globus in the lower part of Wenceslas Square also attracts a very youthful crowd. Gay guys predominate at the **Film-Klub** at 40 Národní. This bar lies between the Czech National Opera House and the **Laterna Magica**, that unique Czech entertainment that utilizes mixed multi-media (films, sound tracks, lights, lantern slides, living actors, mime, ballet and modern dance) and which made such a hit at New York's City Center two years ago. This show is something you must see on your visit to Prague. There is nothing like it in the entire world of showbiz.

Older gay guys might also investigate the beery charm of **U Fleku**, 9 Kremencova, and the **Olympia Bar** of the **Hotel Jalta**, 45 Wenceslas Square, a new hotel. A very elegant gay crowd of all ages comes here later in the evening until 3 a.m.



GAY BATHS

Don't expect anything so gayly fancy and mod as our American 'Spas'. Still, for really okay make-out purposes you should like **Na Slupí Lázně**, 8 Na Slupí in the Nove Mesto district. Very popular and busy.

Gay guys of all ages haunt the sauna/shower rooms of the **Podolí** swimming-pool complex, just one street in from the right embankment of the Vltava (Moldau)

River in the Nusle district. Also the famed **Karlovy Lázně Sauna** (Carlsbad Sauna) at 1 Smetanovo Naerezi on the right bank of the Vltava.

MOVIE HOUSE CRUISING

Just one place, at present. The **Cinema Čas**, 41 Wenceslas Square. The cruising area is both the john and the last few rows of seats in the theater. Leather guys of Prague also make this their rendezvous.

OUTDOOR CRUISING

Vrchlického Sada, a park in front of the main railroad station, is the most frequented outdoor cruising area. Also the comfort station across from the **Smetana Theater**, Vinohrady; **Vítězného února 8**. At times the small park across from the **Concert Hall** on Krasnoarmejsu Street is cruised. And there's strolling cruising behind the old town hall, **Staroměstská Radnice**, famous for its Clock Tower of the Twelve Apostles, with the skeleton figure of Death striking the hour.

If you are familiar with that cruising maze in Vienna's **Opernpassage** you'll happily identify with the underground walkway/walkthrough of Wenceslas Square and Jinkrisska Street. New, modern, sparkling clean.

If you've been considering having plastic surgery done, but have balked at the extraordinarily high prices American surgeons charge, why not wait and have your nose bob, or a complete face lift, done at the world-famous Prague Institute of Cosmetics? If you'd like to know more about this and the fees charged (until recently a complete face lift cost less than \$400!) write **ČEDOK**, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. They can give you exact information that can save you hundreds, even thousands, of dollars!

At the same time ask for descriptive folders of things to see and do in Prague and Slovakia, as well as in the provinces of Bohemia and Moravia. Prague is an old world city of a 'hundred towers', beautiful castles and magnificent rococo churches. It is something to see and explore and treasure every moment you're not otherwise 'engaged'.

If you don't care for the spartan simplicity of the 'barrel bed' bit, you will find these hotels of supreme elegance and comfort, ranging in price from \$27 daily (single) and \$50 (double) with, believe it or not, **three full meals**—the new **Inter-Continental**, the **Jalta** (mentioned earlier), the **Esplanade** and the **Olympik**—to budget hotels like the **Pariz**, the **Palace**, and the **Zlata House** where the rates are \$15 daily for a single room—\$29 for a double—also with three absolutely calorie-packed Czech meals.

Czech food, in any restaurant or hotel dining room, is on the heavy side. Lots of dumplings you slice up and dunk in 400-calories-per-cup soup . . . roast goose and roast pork . . . the best gingerbread in the whole world, and the most fattening desserts. They simply don't know what 'non-fattening' foods are in this exciting city! So check your weight every day so that you may trim your portions accordingly.



A noted travel writer has said "If any European country should be visited now it is Czechoslovakia and especially that beautiful woman with the sad face and tear-stained smile—Prague."

Ciao! agrees, and hopes you'll include it in your summer vacation tour.

Gay Florida

By George Desantis

Once upon a time, when the Orange Blossom Express streaked its way southward, Florida was where northerners went to sit out the coldest months of the year. They still do, but now they go by plane—and not only in winter. Florida is a fun place to visit any time of year.

As far as gay guys are concerned, however, the three least desirable months to go are June, July, and August—when colleges are out. Not that there aren't plenty of humpy Floridians to keep the action going any time of the year, but a lot of studs who study in Florida go home in summer. Their return is anticipated by the natives and their presence completes the scene for a gay guy who insists on total action.

I don't know what's going on in Florida these days concerning the fuzz, but it's obvious that there must be greater collusion than ever between the syndicate and the cops. Gay bars are flourishing. Cops patrol but turn their heads. General harassment is down to a flutter. And I suppose it will last as long as the money does—and that looks solid. Take advantage of it while the going's good.

It is regrettable that most gay publications coming out of the south—Florida included—are now jammed with bar ads and local gossip in which drag queens are featured. After a while any outsider begins to wonder if **drag** isn't synonymous with **south**, and guys who dislike drag as far as sex is concerned (and most of us do, I think) give second thoughts to vacationing in the south, and in Florida in particular. Performances by drag queens are held in high esteem by the gay community down south, it is true, but the queens themselves are absent from the sex scene, and represent such a small part of the overall gay picture that you aren't even aware of them once you're there. The publicity they receive in gay magazines and newspapers can be attributed to three factors, all

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unfortunate: (1) Scarlett O'Hara's spirit still lives in the south, and flamboyant gays love performing or watching others perform with a sprig of mint in their jowlips; these people are in a minority, however; (2) publishers and editors seem to have Scarlett O'Hara Fever and find great pleasure in publicizing the most outlandish drags around; gossip was born in the south and writing about drags makes good copy; (3) many but not all of these publications are syndicate vehicles whose purpose is to carry bar ads; whether they make a profit or not is unimportant (they are often given away free at local bars) because they mainly publicize gay establishments (owned or controlled by the syndicate) in order to generate new business—and as long as drags help draw crowds they will receive the lion's share of space. But all this isn't important; what is important to you is that Florida's gay sons are masculine and humpy and among the most attractive in the world—and that's why you should go down . . . to enjoy them in beautiful tropical surroundings.

Now if you were going to move down you would consider many things besides just having fun . . . things like business opportunities; once settled you could easily take weekend trips to other cities if neighborhood action was dull. But for gay vacationers it's different; you want to go where the most fun is without having to drive great distances. It is with this thought in mind that I rank Miami/Miami Beach and vicinity the gay capital of the state.

About a month ago one of *Ciao!*'s correspondents who lives in Florida sent us a comprehensive report on gay things to do there. Unfortunately, he isn't a photo buff and failed to send pictures and had difficulty in securing them from generally uncooperative bar owners. Once we have an article in hand we then contact about a dozen friends in the city we are about to feature—in this case many cities. I am happy to say that most of the people we wrote to responded beautifully—not surprising of friendly Floridians. But this was to be our main feature and I felt that someone on

our staff should fly down personally in order to check our information out and at the same time get pictures of some of the bars and local stomping grounds. I know most of the state well, having spent half my childhood in Tampa, and having visited Miami and several other cities nearly every year for the past six or seven—so I thought I could best accomplish the job in the time available. I flew down to Jacksonville, made some fast stops between there and Tampa, crisscrossing east-to-west, lingered in Tampa, and then spent most of my time in the Miami-Ft. Lauderdale area. The result of our correspondent's work, the beautiful letters and information that our friends sent, and my trip, is detailed here—and it is our hope that this article will inspire you to go down soon . . . y'all hear?

THE MIAMI BEACH GAY MINI-HOLIDAY

If all the time you have is a weekend then don't think about where in Florida you will spend it because there is only one place—Miami Beach on or near 22nd Street. First choice in accommodations is the **Holiday Inn** at 22nd Street and Collins Avenue right on the beach. The entrance faces 22nd Street and if you turn left as you leave and walk a few feet you will be on a small strip of beach which is only a block long but which has been for many years the local gathering spot for gay locals and visitors. During the day when the sun shines (and that isn't always) it gets crowded, especially on weekends. Lots of regular cruising plus a heavy concentration of young hustlers, most of whom are University of Miami students and Cuban (uncut meat!) refugees—and all beautiful. It's referred to as the **21st Street Beach** but is actually part of Collins Park, a small patch of green (mostly parking lot) directly behind it, bordered by the Holiday Inn on the north, the Sea Gull Restaurant and a hotel on the south, and Collins Avenue on the west. The small john which is practically on the sand is cruised all day long and is where nighttime activity centers. Starting just after dark but becoming

more and more active as 1 a.m. approaches, and then tapering off until dawn, the area is cruised—half by gay guys (locals and vacationers) looking for fun and half by hustlers looking for fun and money. Cars pull up and park and wait for someone to get in (much subtle cruising). Others on foot lean against the low wall which separates the beach itself from the green lawn on the park side. Most guys move on after meeting (cops ride by every couple of hours) but if the tide is low you can walk a few feet down towards the water and have sex in a dark corner behind the Sea Gull Restaurant, which is on the ocean at the base of 21st Street. Still others who want it on the spot will get into a car and park in the lot on the square, or in the alley on the west side of the Sea Gull.



Part of the Gay Mini-Holiday. The 21st Street Beach is behind the camera. To the left, the Collins Park parking lot. To the right, Holiday Inn. Cross Collins and you're at the Stonewall (high, dark awning). Within 3 blocks are 3 more gay bars and a gay movie house.



The road through Collins Park is heavily cruised at all hours, but mainly at night. On the left is part of the Holiday Inn. On the right, a corner of the 21st Street Beach john.



21st Street Beach and John. Holiday Inn is almost on this famous strip of gay beach. See article for cruising details.

If this kind of cruising isn't your bag then walk to the corner of Collins and 22nd, cross Collins, and just a few feet in on 22nd at 211 is the **Stonewall**, a disco where there's loud music and too many drag queens. You may like it, but if you don't keep walking west on 22nd a block and a half to Park Avenue. Diagonally across the street, to your right, you will find the **Pin Up**, at 2228. A small bar and very friendly. Mixture of locals and tourists and easy to make out. Right next door, and connected in the rear, is the **Nite Owl** (2234). Rougher types here, including some lesbians, and okay for snacks.



The Stonewall, a gay discotheque on 22nd Street. The Holiday Inn is on the other side of Collins Avenue.



Pin Up/Nite Owl

Go back to the corner of Park and 22nd and continue west on

22nd for a half block. You're now at the **Ambassadors III** (427). Very popular, and especially with young guys. Dancing and there's a drag show. Like all other bars in this city and throughout the state things get started late. Closing time in Miami is 5 a.m. so don't plan on arriving until midnight or later.



Ambassadors III

At the corner of Collins Avenue and 21st Street you'll find the **21st Street Adult Theatre**. The place isn't new—but the hard-core gay flicks that are shown just came into being. Blatantly advertised on billboards for all to see. Admission is \$3. Hot films but nothing spectacular. Some seat action occasionally but mostly very old men jerking off. The john setup is bad.



21st Street Adult Theatre

Directly across the street is **Wolfie's**, a Jewish delicatessen (full meals are served) which is known throughout the world (the food is GREAT). The main restaurant is at Collins and Lincoln Road but this branch is open all night and draws an interesting crowd of everything from tourists to nightclub entertainers (you just might make it with one of the humpy male leads from a local burlesque show) to drag queens who frequent the Stonewall to

gay guys like yourself who come in to eat and perhaps leave with someone destined to make your vacation memorable. If he happens to be sitting across the counter or at a distant table you might lead him up to the john—in case you want to check the bulge before saying hello. Or let him follow you over to the beach wall if that's more exciting.



Wolfie's at 21st Street

So, as you can see, the mini-holiday centers around the Holiday Inn—a great place, I feel, because it is modern and comfortable, reasonable (by comparison with other good hotels; \$20 average), does not employ nosey bellboys (making it easy to get in and out—even with bizarre types), and convenient (it's where the action is). Even if you remain in this area you'll fill your weekend well but if you have itchy feet and a hot tongue and want MORE then expand by taking in the rest of

GAY MIAMI BEACH

Take a bus or taxi (or drive if you've rented a car; free parking at the Holiday Inn) up Collins Avenue to 73rd Street. At 7321 you will find the **Adult Mini Theatre** where hard-core gay flicks are screened. Similar to the place on 21st Street. Still better, go the other way, down Washington Avenue (it runs parallel to Collins, but traffic runs in the other direction) to 5th Street where at 550 you'll find the **Paris Theatre**. It's a big place that also features gay hard-core movies—and because the theatre is big the house action is better. If you're in the neighborhood in the daytime walk on over to Ocean Drive, a short road running between Biscayne Street (the street below 1st Street) and 15th Street, on the ocean. There

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is a beach john at 6th Street. The stall on the end nearest the urinals has a glory hole between it and the next stall. Mixed crowd all day long but you might be lucky and cop some young stuff.



Adult Mini Theatre



Paris Theatre



6th Street Beach John

For a better chance at young guys walk down to the very end, past 1st Street, to the **Municipal Pier**. There's a john right on it; two stalls connected by a glory hole that sees a lot of action. Here's where surfers (many bisexual college students) come to get their rocks off with no strings. Also, young Cuban refugees who, like most Latins, stick it in anything. On a quiet weekday (after 3 p.m. is best) if you sit two hours you'll land two super studs and two average ones. There'll be about a dozen you won't like; they'll come and go. If you want to be done for trade and aren't particular it'll take you about five

minutes. Naturally, weekends are heavy.



Municipal Pier John

Now, let's go back to the Holiday Inn and start out again. About twelve blocks away (but difficult to get to unless you take a taxi) is Alton Road. There are three bars worth visiting between 16th and 18th Streets; **Basin Street**, at 1610 is small and very friendly and worth checking out. The **Alley Room** at 1685 is actually on an alley that runs parallel to Alton Road. You can get to it by going to the corner and walking the length of the buildings on Alton and then into the alley, or by going through the South Wind bar at 1685 (same management), out the rear door, and then into the Alley Room. Very small but very popular with tourists. The **Mayflower Lounge** at 1716 is popular with Cubans. Great if you like the Latin beat. **Neil's Restaurant** is a "greasy egg" place at 1675 but it's where gay guys in the area go to snack after the bars. Hence, it is listed as being a gay place in many gay guides. It isn't, but it sometimes appears to be.



Basin Street



Alley Room



Mayflower Lounge



Neil's Restaurant. The South Wind Bar is up the street (black awning with the curved white stripe). You enter it to reach a gay bar, the Alley Room.

If you're going to be in Miami/Miami Beach for a week or longer you will probably want to rent a car as a matter of convenience. Having wheels will enable you to visit many other bars in Miami proper, as well as neighboring Coral Gables—not to mention certain gay beaches in the area. Moreover, you will be able to drive to nearby Ft. Lauderdale. But if you are going to drive get a map and expect to get lost; some streets have two names plus a number and the traffic pattern is a maze. Before going anywhere study your map and plot your route—and then go directly to your destination. Here are the most interesting places in

MIAMI/CORAL GABLES/ COCONUT GROVE

Bachelor's II is at 2847 Coral Way. There are two bars and a

restaurant which are tastefully decorated. Dancing too. The day after I took the picture accompanying this article someone set fire to the place but everything's okay now.



Bachelor's II

Cactus Lounge, 2041 Biscayne Boulevard, used to be very popular but has slipped lately. Dinners are served.

Club Baths, 2991 Coral Way. Part of the national chain. Membership is required to get in so you must have a card from another branch or contend with sometimes difficult clerks to gain admission—for a fee. It's busy weekends and sometimes gets a beautiful crowd but isn't worth the hassle weekdays, when after getting in you may find as few as a half dozen unattractive guys. Gay movies Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9 p.m.

El Carol, 930 Le Jeune Road. One of Miami's oldest bars. Popular with motorcycle types.

Fox Hole, 2000 N.E. 2nd Avenue. Beer and wine and some good tricking at times. There's a pool table to make things easier.

Hamlet, 3416 Main Highway. It's best on Sunday afternoons. Beer, wine, and sandwiches. In Coconut Grove.

Leprechaun, 7305 Bird Road. Quiet and pleasant. Nice people and there's organ music.

Mermaid, 101 N.W. 2nd Avenue. Here's the spot if you like hustlers.

Nook, 255 Minorca. A very nice place in Coral Gables. Quite friendly and popular with University of Miami students.

Regency Baths, 5 S.W. 2nd Avenue. It isn't as grand as the Club but a lot of people prefer it. Less difficult for a visitor to gain admission (about \$7 for a temporary pass).

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Stepmother, 820 S.W. 42nd Avenue. A dance bar that is gaining in popularity.

Warehouse VIII, 3604 S.W. 8th Street. This is Miami's most popular bar complex (there are three separate bars). It's huge. No dancing but there are drag shows on Thursday, Friday, and Sunday nights. And on Sundays you can have all the beer and food you want for \$2.00. The **Tool Room** is part of this complex, a separate bar with its own entrance in the rear which caters to leather types. The big parking lot in the back is heavily cruised.



Warehouse VIII



The big parking lot that is behind the Warehouse VIII is heavily cruised. The **Tool Box**, a leather bar which is part of the complex (small awning on right) is entered from the lot.

YMCA, 40 N.E. 3rd Avenue. Usual facilities and action. Surrounding area (including bus station) is cruised but it's thick with hustlers.

Here and there: You might be interested in cruising the University of Miami campus and Johns. Groovy types who can also be cruised anywhere in Coral Gables. And don't forget the beaches. Not too far from downtown Miami is **Virginia Beach**. You take the Rickenbacker Causeway as if you were going to visit the Seaquarium. Just before you pass it, turn left on to the garbage

dump road and take that to the end. Park. (Don't leave anything of value in your car, and it's sometimes best to leave the car unlocked to prevent a thief from breaking windows to enter—but take your keys with you.) Walk to the right along the water for some distance until you come to a cluster of cypress trees on the beach. By then you will have passed other gay guys but this is the central cruising area—and also the mangrove behind it, which is a wild meat rack. Lately there have been occasional muggings by toughs and straight blacks who have a thing for gay whites; be careful. There's safety in numbers so go weekends if you're squeamish. You can also get to this area by parking at Virginia Beach itself (the main area) and then walking left for a considerable distance. It's a beautiful spot and you shouldn't miss it. Some nude swimming.

Another beach which is cruised is **Matheson Hammock Park**. The place is especially popular with gay and bisexual university students who like sunning nude and getting blow jobs in the bushes. When you get there go over the rocks and walk away from the crowds. You'll find plenty of action.



Villa Viscaya

Apart from the gay scene the only worthwhile sight in town—I think—is **Viscaya**, an opulent estate built by James Deering, a bachelor (judging from what I've heard about him, and from his taste, the man must have been gay), and co-founder of International Harvester. He hired 1,000 artisans in 1912 to build Viscaya at a cost of \$16 million. The palace is of the 16th and 17th Century Renaissance period and beautifully furnished. It's on Biscayne Bay, off Federal Highway, just a short distance south

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of the entrance to the Rickenbacker Causeway. Just wander and let your imagination make you feel like a gay king.



Viscaya Courtyard

And now, let's move on to
HALLANDALE

This small town is only 20 minutes from Miami Beach, if you take U.S. 95 to the Hallandale exit and know where you're going. What's the attraction here? A complex of bars called **Keith's Cruise Room**, 813 S.E. 1st Avenue. There are all kinds of social activities, including dance contests, a dating game, and good cruising. There's also good music (disc jockey) and even better food. On Sundays (you guessed it!) the drag queens take over, not only on stage but also behind the bar. Make sure you visit. It's on your way to

FT. LAUDERDALE

Again, if you know where you are going and drive the limit on U.S. 95 you can go between Miami Beach and anywhere in Ft. Lauderdale in less than an hour. If you stop at Hallandale go back to U.S. 95 and continue driving north to the Griffin Road exit. Go a short distance east to U.S. 1 and turn left. You are now driving north, parallel to the ocean. U.S. 1 is also known as Federal Highway and S.E. 6th Avenue; at 2417 you'll find **Adult Books**.

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The usual selection. Right next door at 2415 is the **Zodiac Cinema** for gay movies.

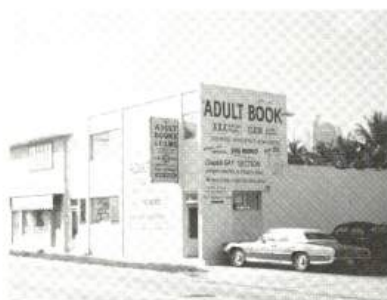


Adult Books/Zodiac Cinema

The **Everglades Bar**, 1931 S. Federal Highway is the most popular gay watering hole in town. It's big and gets a good crowd (mostly young). Packed every night. On the same block, at the other end, is **Adult Books & Films** (1915). There's writing all over the small building blatantly advertising "a complete gay section . . . live models . . . body painting." Porno films can be rented for home use and there is a good selection of reading/looking material. Open late.



Everglades Bar



Adult Books & Films

Continue driving on U.S. 1 (dozens of motels in case you've picked someone up and need a place to go). Turn right on to E. Las Olas Boulevard and take it to the ocean at Atlantic Boulevard

(E. Las Olas is cruised its entire length). The Holiday Inn is at the corner of Las Olas and Atlantic and the patch of beach right in front of it is the gay section, similar to the 21st Street Beach in Miami Beach. Mostly young stuff and very humpy. The entire length of beach is popular with young guys of every persuasion and if you have a glib tongue it isn't difficult making out with most guys these days—who are heavily bisexual. Naturally, the Holiday Inn is a convenient place to stay. Up the road a piece Atlantic becomes N.E. Ocean Boulevard. At 3811 is the **Galt Riviera Motel** which attracts gay guests.



The section of beach in Ft. Lauderdale at E. Las Olas Boulevard and Atlantic Avenue is gay. It's directly in front of the Holiday Inn. Note the small john on the left.

Go back to U.S. 1 and continue north for two blocks to E. Broward Boulevard. Turn left and drive until you reach the **Gallery**, a small bar at 2889 W. Broward. The bar is good after 2 a.m.



Gallery

Return to U.S. 1 and continue north to the Coral Ridge Shopping Center (at Oakland Park Boulevard). **Ruthie's Golden Garter** is a new bar at number 15. Dancing. Crowded. Beer and wine only.

Other places of interest in Ft. Lauderdale include the **Saloon**,

219½ S.W. 1st Avenue. Beer and wine bar that gets its share, but which has a parking lot that's frequented by cops making arrests as patrons leave the bar. A threat to business. And . . . **The Gym**, 901 S.W. 27th Avenue. This is a private baths. Popular with young guys but difficult to enter unless a member brings you. Pool and sauna and the usual camouflage.

But best of all (I particularly like the beach and sex outdoors) is **Dania Beach**—one of the few gay beaches around that you get to by first walking through its meat rack.



The meat rack at Dania Beach. Go left and right for hot action, or wade across the inlet for sunning in the buff.

If you start out in Ft. Lauderdale drive south along U.S. 1. Go past the Ft. Lauderdale/Hollywood International Airport (keep Dania Beach in mind for the day you leave; it's only a few minutes from the airport), drive into Dania over the canal and you'll soon reach route A1A (you'll see an old building on the southwest corner, the Cultural Center). Turn left and drive east to the ocean. When you reach it you'll pass over one bridge as you bear left, and then another (there is a food concession on the right, on the beach). Drive north on the narrow road that parallels the ocean for about a half mile. You'll notice paths breaking the thick pine trees on the right. Soon you'll see parked cars on the road. Park yours and follow the path in. This is part of a vast meat rack, and as good a place as any to start. It was crowded when I was there (most guys were fully dressed) but if it isn't when you go then strip down to your bathing suit and wade across the shallow inlet to the beach itself. It's beautiful. Lie in the sunawhile, or walk south

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and get away from the crowds. Some nude swimming. Beach cruising and you can go back to the pines all along the way. Or, go back to your car and drive to the next parking/path and try the next clump of pines. This kind of cruising is what suits me best in Florida . . . try it, you'll like it.

Like Miami the Ft. Lauderdale area can be confusing. Get a map as soon as you arrive. A free one may be obtained from any branch of the American National Bank. Maps are not generally available at service stations. Yes, though I have implied it . . . let me say definitely that you will need a car to enjoy Ft. Lauderdale and vicinity.

My next choice in gay holiday cities in Florida is

TAMPA

I half grew up in Tampa (all my relatives, on my mother's side, are Tampans) but I never cease to wonder at the changes the city has undergone in the last ten or fifteen years. Tampa sprawls now and even cab drivers have difficulty finding their way around some of the newer residential areas.

My grandfather settled there at the turn of the century. He was in real estate and did so much to help get the city started that a section of the state encyclopedia recognizes his achievements. An uncle is a famous politician who has several landmarks named after him, and who—I'm sorry to say—was instrumental in helping bring about some of the blue laws which still exist.

I recall how innocent Tampa was when I was a kid. It was winter warmth when blizzards blew up north. Happiness was a big frame house surrounded by sabal palms and hibiscus. We spent most of the winter at nearby Treasure Island, then a relatively undeveloped stretch of beach on the Gulf of Mexico (it's now packed end to end with neon signs and motels). I remember Ybor City when it had Old World Charm, not unlike Royal Street in New Orleans, but with a Cuban flavor. Those days are gone and Tampa has come of age—and so have I . . . and as far as gay life is concerned Tampans have never

had it as sweet as it is today.

One of the biggest attractions is **Tampa International Airport**—until Dallas outdoes it, the most modern in the country. It's a treat just going through it. Within minutes after landing you board a rail bus at the arrival gate and whizz into the main terminal. Its vastness and attractive shops are so inviting that many Tampans come here to relax. It's cruised too. Walk the upper level and check out the john next to the Terrace restaurant.



Tampa International Airport is the most modern in the country. Here you see the rail buses which shuttle passengers between the gates and main terminal (background).

As far as a place to stay is concerned, the **YMCA**, 314 Zack Street, affords the usual opportunities.

Outdoor cruising within city limits includes **Tampa Municipal Beach**, which has an active john. Airmen from MacDill AFB are known to frequent it evenings. **Ballast Point Park** (also known as Jules Verne Park) is sometimes good for pickups; some T-room action. Also, the john in **Rowlett Park**.



Tampa Municipal Beach. The john is on the right. It's especially popular with gay airmen from MacDill AFB at night.

The block surrounding the **Federal Building** in downtown Tam-

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pa is cruised at night. So is the stretch of **Kennedy Boulevard** in front of the University of Tampa, from the main entrance to the drawbridge. And, naturally, outside the **Greyhound Bus Station**.



Federal Square



The section of Kennedy Boulevard in front of the University of Tampa down to the drawbridge is cruised at night.

As for bars . . .

Carousel, 1806 W. Platt St. Until recently this was considered Number 1 in Tampa. It still gets a big crowd but the dancing/loud music/go-go boys/disc jockey and strobe lights make it a poor make-out place. Young guys. Some cruising in the parking lot.



Carousel Lounge

Cucujo's, 1725 W. Kennedy Boulevard. Now has drag shows to help draw a crowd but it's not the most popular place in town—except for lesbians.

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Cucujo's

Horny Bull, 1100-A Florida Avenue (downtown). This is a unique "bar" which does not serve alcoholic beverages. It caters primarily to gay guys under 21. There are drag shows on weekends (even the mayor of Tampa sometimes entertains his guests here) and dancing every night. Also a pool table and it has the distinction of being the only "late bar" on the west coast—closing at 5 a.m. (all others close at 3 a.m.). Friendly management and an attractive bunch of kids. You'll especially love it if you dig chicken.



The Horny Bull is a unique "bar" that caters to those under 21. It has the endorsement of Tampa's mayor, who frequently brings his guests to see the drag show. The exterior shot was taken by the author. Bull manager Chic Hodges was kind enough to provide the picture of the happy group.

Kikiki, 723 Morgan St. (downtown). Like all gay bars near bus stations (this one is across the street from Greyhound) the Kikiki gets a very mixed crowd—including rough trade. In describing its atmosphere one of our friends says its men's room is always "ankle-deep in piss."



Kikiki

Rene's, 2605 W. Kennedy Boulevard. This is Tampa's most popular bar, as far as serious cruising is concerned. It's new and its rapid rise in popularity caused the Carousel to do some fast remodeling. Overall crowd is not quite "as young" as the gang at the Carousel (that means they're in their twenties and thirties here) and making out is easier. Go-go boys and silent movies. Small dance floor. Friendly. Parking lot is mildly cruised.



Rene's

I've already mentioned the **University of Tampa**. Some cruising on campus. Johns have "warning to trespassers" signs on the doors and aren't worth the bother. The principal building—Henry Bradley Plant Hall—is beautiful and you should take a look when you're downtown. It was originally the Tampa Bay Hotel, built in 1891 at a cost of \$3 million. Its Moorish architecture is outstanding. Check the john here if you must. The **University of Southern Florida** is a \$6 or \$7 cab ride away

(near Busch Gardens) and has better cruising and john action.



University of Tampa



The "front porch" of Henry Bradley Plant Hall (University of Tampa). The building was originally the Tampa Bay Hotel and has a very colorful history. Teddy Roosevelt and his troops stopped here on their way to Cuba during the Spanish-American War.

If you're the religious one then attend services at the **Metropolitan Community Church**, 2904 Concordia Avenue. If your soul needs more than cleansing go to the **Club Baths** (part of the national chain), 215 N. 11th Street, New. Raids have hurt its popularity.



North of Tampa just 5 miles from Tarpon Springs there is a nudist park which incorporates a gay "daycamp." It's popular with locals. See comment in article.

Just north of Tampa, not too far from **Tarpon Springs**, there is a famous nudist colony—which includes a small "daycamp" catering to gay guys. The manager is a Tampan who is extremely uptight so please inquire among friends you make at the bars in Tampa.

Over in **St. Petersburg** and vicinity cruise **Pass-a-Grille Beach**. **Jack's 809 Club**, 809 Gulf Boulevard, is very popular. It's at the beach. The beach in **Clearwater** is mildly cruised. In **St. Petersburg** proper try the **Sherwood**, 7 N. 1st Street.

My next choice in gay vacation cities in Florida is

DAYTONA

A rundown of bars here includes...

Bull Pen, 516 Main Street. This is a beer/wine/snacks after hours place.

Chuck's Atlantic Club, 44 N. Atlantic Avenue. It's popular.

Hollywood Bar, 415 Main St. Drag shows on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. Sunday buffet too.

Keith's Daytona, 703 Ridgewood Avenue. The most popular place in town. There are go-go boys and dancing. Also a private key club. Shows too.

The **Sea Mist Motel**, 2657 S. Atlantic Avenue, encourages gay guests.

And a city I like as well as Daytona is

JACKSONVILLE

There are six Navy bases here—and that means seafood everywhere. Try cruising **N. Hogan Street** down to **Adams Street** and the four adjoining blocks. The bus station johns are also cruised (there are two downtown—**Greyhound** and **Trailways** and one at Jacksonville Beach). Also, the john in the **Floridian Hotel**. And one more—the john in **Friendship Park**.

As far as bars are concerned... **Commodore**, 102 E. Bay St. This is the only gay bar downtown and one of the best around.

Inferno, 8836 Atlantic Boulevard. Its shows draw a good crowd—mostly young. Visitors like this bar best.

Knight Out, 9876 Atlantic Boulevard. The drag shows have

ceased and the crowds are thinning out.

Reef, 8606 Phillips Highway. Some distance from town and not especially popular. Generally an older crowd.

Top of the Tides, 411 First Street) on the boardwalk at Jacksonville Beach). Very good on Sundays, when it opens. All age groups, all types. Easy making out.

For gay books and magazines, as well as flicks, visit the **Fountainhead News Centre**, 8 E. Bay Street. Friendly management.

And now let's move on to

ORLANDO

Walt Disney World packs them in and where there are tourists there is gay action. **The Palace Club**, 1000 Humphries Street, is a private BYOB club that is so popular guys from Tampa make weekend pilgrimages to it. You can join at the door.

Also try the **Cactus Room**, 60 N. Orange Avenue. Shows every night. And, **Odds & Ends Tavern**, 4910 Edgewater Drive. Go-go boys, dancing, shows, slides.

And finally, let's take a look at places

HERE AND THERE

Cocoa Beach. Visit **Annie's Oar Room**, 44 N. Banana River Boulevard.

Gainesville. Try the **Melody Club**, 4130 N.W. 6th St. Dancing. Shows. Also, the john on Interstate 75 has glory holes. And cruise the **University of Florida** campus and johns while you're at it.

Hollywood. **Silver Fox**, 2333 Hollywood Boulevard.

Key West. Visit **Lou's** on Duval Street.



Robbie's Yum Yum Tree West

Pensacola. There are seven naval installations here—and sailors everywhere. The **YMCA** is at 400 N. Palafox Street. The **U.S.O.**

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branch is at 25 S. Spring St. And there's a fabulous bar here—**Robbie's Yum Yum Tree West**, 3006 E. Cervantes Street. Worth a trip to Pensacola for this alone. Top drag shows.

Sarasota. Visit the **Body Shop**, 14 S. Lime Avenue, and **Kork 'n Kettle**, 7603 S. Tamiami Trail.

Tallahassee. Try **David's Den**, 116 E. Call Street, and **Elsewhere**, 503 W. Gaines Street.

West Palm Beach. It's the three Turf bars—**Turf North**, 1901 Dixie Highway; **Turf West**, 823 Belvedere Road; and **Turf South**, 221 Datura Street.

By no means is this a complete list of gay places in Florida—but there are few I have omitted. However, because major cities have been covered you will be near somelistsings no matter where you stay. Go down soon. The gay life is good down south and I can't think of a more beautiful place for making beautiful friends.

Seattle

Gateway To Gay Pleasure

By David Parker

Seattle, a city that has changed from a pioneer outpost to a modern metropolis in a few big leaps, is a cosmopolitan seaport and gateway to Alaska and the Orient. A hundred years ago women were so scarce that an enterprising civic leader named Asa Mercer went east to recruit brides for locals, but there were not enough to go around and homosexuality flourished, if not openly at least acceptably, and without the usual hangups. The spirit has survived the coming of females, and the gay community of rugged men are mentally 'with it'.

Seattle is rugged too. It's built on hills and ridges, some of them 500 feet high. Towering over them are the Olympic Mountains to the west and the Cascade Mountains to the east. Mt. Rainier is visible in the southeast. The city lies between two famous March/April 1973

waterways—Puget Sound, an arm of the Pacific, and Lake Washington, making it a haven for sportsmen and an area base for servicemen (there are two Army bases and four Naval installations within 100 miles of Seattle).

Winters are not especially cold but are wet. Most tourists prefer July, when the weather is mild and when Seafair is held. The event brings in thousands of people—including servicemen who are easy makes. Parades are held and the waterfront is jammed. You can buy everything from candlesticks to dried rattlesnakes at the colorful bazaars in the Public Market (on the waterfront), or cruise gay guys and bisexuals in and out of service.

Most tourists enjoy riding the Monorail which runs between downtown and Seattle Center, site of the 1962 World's Fair, in 96 seconds. Many of the features of the Fair have become permanent, the most famous of which is the Space Needle, a 600-foot spire which has a snack bar and restaurant at the top that slowly revolves, thereby giving diners a panoramic view of Seattle and environs.



Focal point in Seattle is its 600-foot Space Needle.

But let's get down to gay specifics. What in particular does Seattle hold in store for gay guys on the prowl?

HOTELS

There are no gay hotels in Seattle so the **YMCA**, 909 Fourth Ave., is favored by gay guys. (The Armed Services Branch is at 320 Marion St.) Typical action.

Though they are old and not gay some guys like staying at the Olympic Hotel (its Marine Room bar and lobby john are cruised) and University Towers (because its downstairs bar is a popular meeting place).

BATHS

Some guys prefer to check their luggage at the bus station and staying at baths. **Dave's Steam Bath**, 2402 First Ave., is the most popular. Young crowd. **Atlas Baths**, 1318 Second Ave., is in the heart of the downtown business district and seems to be a mixed bag where anything goes on. Check the fourth floor. **South End Steam Baths**, 115½ First Ave. So., is old and lacks the polish of modern tubs. It caters to an older crowd but its asset is that it is action-oriented... a "let's get down to business" place. **Crystal Steam Bath**, 722 Broadway, is another old standby.



Dave's Steam Bath. The entrance is behind the street sign.



South End Steam Baths

STREETS

Most infamous is the corner of Second and Union (referred to as "Penny's Corner," because J.C. Penny is here). A hustlers' meat rack. Pike St. is cruised. So is First Ave. Car cruising on Broadway in the Capitol Hill area; friendly hitchhikers.

PARKS AND JOHNS

Seattle's police chief is a tough cookie when it comes to cruising or having sex in public places, so do so with caution. The most

popular spots are:

Alkali Beach (West Seattle). The beach house john.

Clark's Circus, a restaurant at the Northgate Shopping Center, has a can that's cruised.

Cowan Park. Men's room.

Greyhound Bus Station. Usual john activity.

J.C. Penny. Active john.

Loshi Park. The can.

Madison Beach (Madison Park). The gay section of the beach is to the left of the Guard Station. Warm weather only.

Olympic Hotel (already mentioned). Lobby john.

Ravenna Park. The john.

Seattle Center. John activity.

University of Washington. The downstairs john in Smith Hall. Students.

Volunteer Park. Outdoor cruising plus action around the water tower at the entrance to the park. John cruising too. Best in summer.



Volunteer Park Water Tower

Woodland Park. Check the john.

THEATRES

There is one house that shows the latest gay flicks. It's **Sultan's Cinema** (and Book Store), 1313 First Ave. Usual audience participation.

PEEP SHOWS

The police chief has been cracking down on peep shows, and has even resorted to entrapment of customers. Not recommended at this time, but for the record they are:

Amusement Center Arcade, 1416 First Ave.; **Champs Adult Movies**, 1413 First Ave.; **High's**, 1411 First Ave.; and **Lou's Arcade**, 1406 First Ave.

BARS

Keep three things in mind.

First, bars close at 2 a.m. except on Sunday, when they close at midnight. Next, cocktails—mixed drinks—may not be served (it's a state law) in establishments which do not serve food, so mix your stops depending on what you feel like drinking. And body contact dancing is permitted between members of the same sex in Seattle.

Most of the gay bars are presently in a skid row section that has been declared an historic area. This has brought much reconstruction and preservation of certain landmarks—not to mention boutiques in hopes of making it another Cannery Row a la San Francisco. Gay bars are not being pushed out in the usual sense, but are being forced to move elsewhere as leases come due because the property has been sold and earmarked for new construction; i.e., a new dome stadium. The economic slump has not helped business either. As bars close or move elsewhere nearby establishments benefit from patrons who have become used to making the scene in this part of town. But it looks as if the gay community will soon lose its centralized bar district as more and more bars are unable to renew their leases because of increased taxes and rents. They will simply scatter. However, this list should be good for some time:

Blue Moon Tavern, 712 N.E. 45th St. A hippie bar in the university district where bisexuals abound.

Columbus Tavern, 167 South Washington. Rough trade. Rather seedy.

Doll House Tavern, 119 Yesler Way. Go-go boys and dancing. Pool table. Some lesbians.

Doubleheader Tavern, 407 Second Ave. A dive. Some like its very raunchy atmosphere. Rough trade.

Eleven Eleven Tavern, 1111 E. Pike St. A "sometimes piss elegant" place that draws a generally friendly crowd. In the Capitol Hill district. Dancing. Pool table.

Golden Horseshoe Tavern, 207 Second Ave. So. Young crowd. Collegiate and hip. Seattle's most popular dance bar.

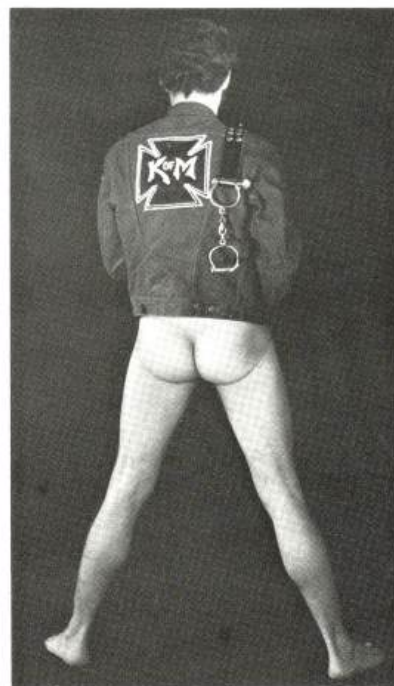


Golden Horseshoe Tavern

Greek Torch Lounge, 103 1/2 Prefontaine Pl. Bar and restaurant. Just changed hands and now has a great chef. Friendly waiters too.

Macombo Lounge, 203 Yesler Way. Bar and restaurant. Plush. Food is good and reasonably priced. Enter through Don's Oyster House, next door.

922 Tavern, 922 Third Ave. This is Seattle's only leather-levi tavern. It serves as the home base of the Central (JET) Chapter of the Knights of Malta (leather guys) and features an annual slave auction and Mr. Seafair contest (held during Seafair). Very popular.



Professional model Tony Russo is an officer of the Knights of Malta. Here he is in his club jacket.

CIAO!



922 Tavern (behind street lamp). The big building in the background is the YMCA.

One-O-Seven Club, 107 Occidental Ave. An after-hours spot referred to as a "last chance" place. Minimum age is 18 though liquor is not served. Dancing. Cover charge.

Regent's Roost Tavern, 1404 Seventh Ave. Plush show bar (drags). Pool table.



Regent's Roost Tavern

Silver Slipper Tavern, 210 So. Jackson. A lesbian bar, and you won't get in unless one takes you. Pool table, what else?

Silver Star Tavern, 173 So. Washington. Not the greatest. Some lesbians.

611 Tavern, 611 Second Ave. Older, friendly crowd. Quiet place.

Spag's Tavern, 926 Pine St. Twenties age group and very popular. Pool table.



Spag's Tavern

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Trojan Shield Lounge, 111 Occidental Ave. New. Good food. Entertainment (not drags). Nice decor.

Zach's Key Lounge, 2620 Third Ave. A girl's bar. Some guys. Nice decor and good food.

RESTAURANTS

Seattle has many fine restaurants, but if you insist on dining gay then try one of the places already mentioned. In addition there are a few after-hours places for snacks that are popular with gay guys:

Chicken Coop, 411 Second Ave. Coffee—and all the "chicken" you can cruise.

Clark's Around the Clock, 1001 Olive Way. It's near Spag's so it gets a gay crowd after 2 a.m. weekdays.

Thirteen Coins Restaurant, 125 Boren Ave. No. Not exactly gay but open 24 hours and most of the waiters are young and gay.

ORGANIZATIONS

There are three worth noting:

Gay Women's Resource Center, 4224 University Way N.E. Open 9-5 Monday thru Friday. Limited value to men (they sell "Gay is Good" T-shirts, etc.).

The Metropolitan Community Church, 16th and E. John.

Seattle Counseling Service for Homosexuals, 1720 Sixteenth Avenue. Personal counseling, etc. Crisis telephone in operation 24 hours a day. EA9-8707.

Seattle is more than just a gateway to gay pleasure. Make it your scene soon.

Buffalo, N.Y. Country-Fresh Studs By Fred Lyndell

Show up a couple of minutes before takeoff at any major airport and your seat will have already been sold to a standby going to Buffalo. That's just how crowded planes flying there get, especially around 6 p.m. when businessmen are returning home after a conference in New York or Chicago. Corporate heads and salesmen are constantly flying in

and out of Buffalo, wheeling and dealing there or making it a stop-over point enroute to New York or Chicago and Cleveland or Montreal.

There's a lot of student traffic too. Young stuff from the State University of New York at Buffalo. Not to mention roadsters tooling down from Canada on their way to Fire Island or Provincetown.

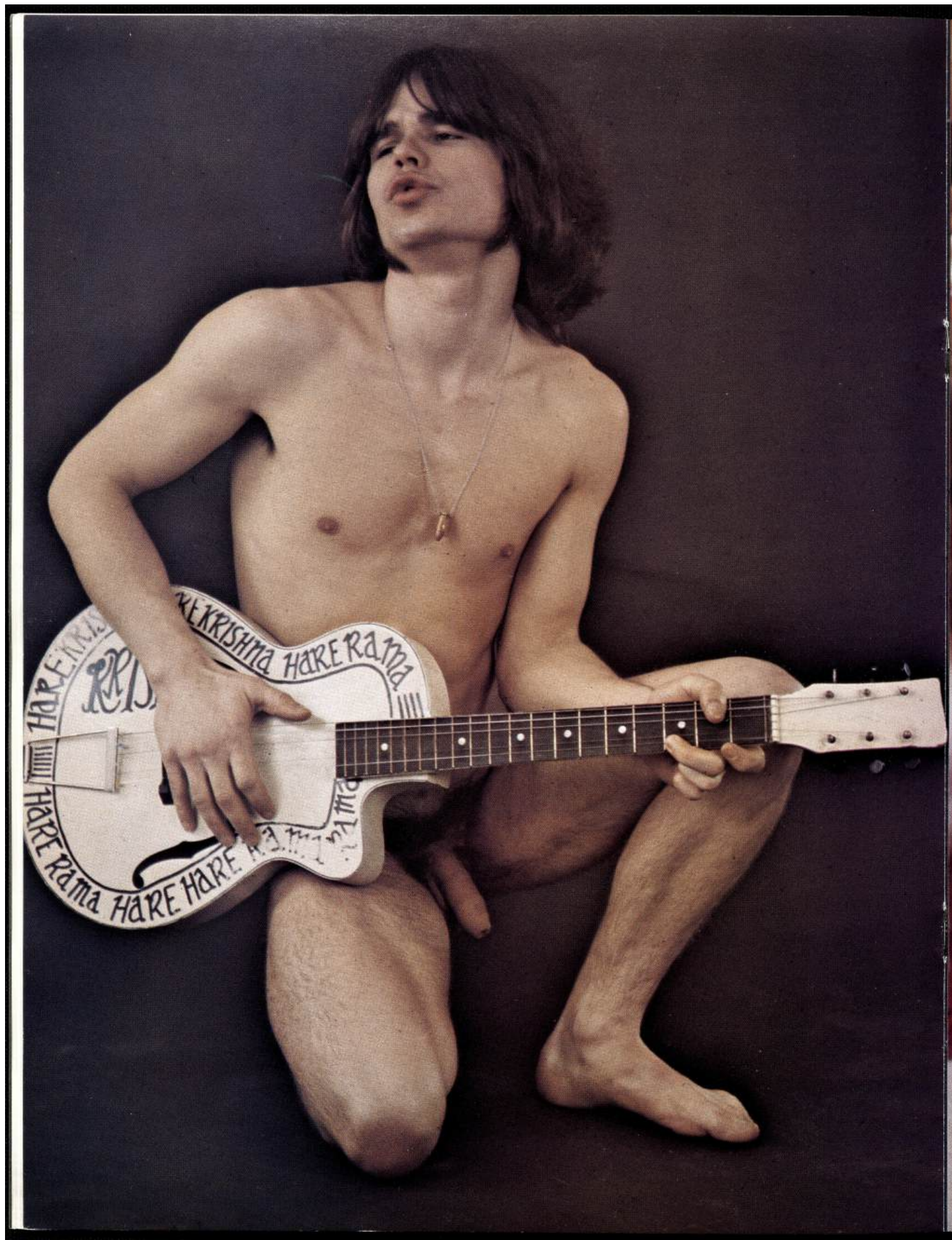
Which all goes to say that Buffalo is one of those big small towns that make a refreshing change from big city life without sacrificing action. There are plenty of guys around. Businessmen. College students. Studs fresh off the farm in town for a weekend.

The **YMCA** (main branch), 45 W. Mohawk St., is centrally located and big but affords only limited action because its security is high. Elevator keys and locked corridors. Nevertheless, opportunities are possible about once out of every six times you stay there. Most gay guys prefer to stay at the **Holiday Inn**, 620 Delaware Ave., or at the **Royal Anne Motor Hotel**, 516 Delaware Avenue. They are both comfortable and afford anonymous entry. Also they are in the downtown area and within easy walking distance of the **Greyhound Bus Station** (the usual hustlers), the porno book stores on E. Chippewa St., a gay baths, and three gay bars. This part of Delaware Ave. is cruised too.



E. Chippewa St. Book Stores

Just up the street is the most popular bar in this part of town, the **Stage Pigalle**, 291 Delaware Ave. A wide assortment of types, including some leather. Big and





usually crowded on weekends. Recent conversion of a straight bar (**Big Daddy's Country Store**, 716 Main St., a couple of blocks away) and the establishment of a new gay bar (**Satan's Corner**, 68 Memorial Dr., a \$2 taxi ride away) have prompted the management to lower prices and give free food in order to hold customers. Big Daddy's is making a hard play for gay guys. Satan's Corner is packed to the rafters most nights with young stuff. Dancing. (Satan's "closed party" sign on the door is used to screen customers; you'll get in if you look all right to the guy on the door.)



Stage Pigalle

Also downtown is a john in **W.T. Grant's** department store. Glory hole, and always crowded. Caution is advised because store detectives make occasional crack-downs and names are published in the local newspapers. Of interest is that harassment has not deterred the flow of traffic.

The **Open House Restaurant**, a coffee shop which is part of the Royal Anne, is a favorite after-hours meeting place for gay guys in the area. Check it out when the bars close. The third bar downtown is **Villa Capri**, 937 Main St. It's straight during the day but turns gay as the evening wears on. Just average.



Open House Restaurant

Practically across the street from the Greyhound Bus Station is **Morgan Baths**, 655 Main St. (ring bell, up one flight). The crowds are sometimes thin weekdays (though almost always rewarding) and usually heavy weekends (twice as many customers as beds; there are no private rooms). It's old and isn't plush by any stretch of the imagination, but neither is it pretentious. A "let's get to it" mood prevails. Its raunchiness is reminiscent of a vanishing breed of baths which have given way to plush "clubs," and it is exactly this kind of atmosphere that most gay guys find especially exciting. All types, all colors. Strangers in town usually stop here (as opposed to going to another baths, some distance away) so you're likely to find a mixture of salesmen and vacationers along with locals and college students. Not to mention entertainers who happen to be in town. Low admission. No steam but a good sauna. Friendly management.

That other baths is a branch of the Club chain, the **Amherst Club**, 44 Alameda. The building is next to a shopping center and looks like a private frame house. Nice decor. The clerks are extremely uptight and will not admit strangers who do not have membership in the Club (any branch). To join you must go during the day and see the manager. This turning away has the negative effect of keeping the crowds down and causing cliques to form among the regulars; a common complaint by newcomers is failure to score with "cool" members (who are actually inhibited by their "sisters"). It's not far from the University but it does not get a heavy concentration of college students simply because they cannot afford it.

Students prefer to stay on campus or make it in one of the nearby coffee houses. The basement john in the main library (enter via the Main Circle off Main St. and park) used to be great up until a little over a year ago. That's when a moralist cleaning man took it upon himself to "rid the establishment of vice." He'd come in and stand around for hours, rattling his keys

and harassing cruisers. "Shit or get off the pot!" he'd yell. The basement john in Crosby Hall is swinging right now. The authorities know about it and make periodic checks, which generally result in a warning to students and the arrest of outsiders. Action on the spot and in the quieter johns upstairs. Great if you can avoid running into guards.

Especially popular with college students is **Cole's Restaurant**, 1104 N. Elmwood Ave. It's mixed but the food is good and it's where you'll make it with handsome closets and bisexuals, if you're 'with it' conversationally and have lots of patience. If you do it's worth the effort because the merchandise is superior.

Going from the Amherst to the University to Cole's, we're now headed back downtown. On the way is the **Shamrock Bar**, 535 Elmwood Ave. In the afternoon you'd never guess it was a gay bar. Old straights sitting around gumming beer. But come nightfall and it gets gayer and gayer.



Shamrock Bar



Denny's Place

Headed in the direction of the airport is Satan's Corner (already mentioned), and a small bar called **Denny's Place**, 814 William St. Just average.

CIAO!

Over in nearby Lackawanna is the **Red Spot**, 14 A St. It was once the best bar around but has given way to Satan's. Dancing and a young crowd. Still lots of action. Difficult to find (it's on a country lane opposite factories).

In case you're interested, the swinging lesbian bar in town is the **Crescendo**, 166 Elmwood Ave.

In summer Buffalo has its version of the Fire Island meat rack, **Woodlawn Beach** on Lake Erie. Park and walk to the left for what seems forever. You'll go over a small stream and you're there, as if the stream somehow marked the end of the straight section and the beginning of gay heaven. Sun on the beach or cruise the woods behind it. Some harassment a couple of seasons ago (caused by old ladies who claim they could see "vile things" happening from factory windows quite a distance away, through their telescopes!), but **pieciful** now.

Cruise **LaSalle Park** in summer. Or for a change try the **Erie Steam Baths**, 216 Jarvis St., in nearby Ft. Erie, Ontario, just a short driving distance from downtown Buffalo (including toll, it's about \$7 by taxi). Only problem is that Customs will sometimes question where you're going, or where you've been on the way back. This place packs 'em in from all over. There are sometimes long lines on weekends.

Regarding more or less straight amusements there's nearby **Niagara Falls**. It's best viewed from the Canadian side, especially if you're dining in the **Skylon Tower**, a 775 foot spire that has a revolving restaurant at the top. Magnificent views. For superb dining in downtown Buffalo, almost across the street from Stage Pigalle, is **The Cloister**, 472 Delaware Ave. Celebrities abound. Many think it's Buffalo's finest restaurant, and it has won awards to substantiate the claim. Drinks and a steak dinner with all the trimmings will run about \$15 a person, high by Buffalo standards but about what one expects to pay at a comparable restaurant in Manhattan. For casual meals I suggest the **Swiss Chalet** on Main St., a few doors from the Morgan Baths, for great barbecued chicken (\$2 average).

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A telephone number which is of special interest to you is (716) 684-5315. It belongs to a 24-hour gay-help answering service, in case you have a brush with the fuzz. But it's a hundred to one that you won't run into problems, just lots of fun and sexy guys who are so **fresh** many of them still haven't heard about cock rings and poppers. That kind of guy has feelings that are **alive**. And that kind turn-on should be enough to make you call American Airlines now!

Gay Dining

This Month: Washington, D.C.

By Ralph W. Davis

Washington, D.C. has "opened up" considerably for gay people in recent years, but it is still more or less conservative and change takes time. While there are plenty of gay bars and even two action baths there are no exclusively gay restaurants (excepting bars which serve food, and which are named below). Restaurants per se which are popular with gay guys because they are tastefully and/or imaginatively designed, and have good vibes, include:

The **Town House**, 506 8th St., SE (really two townhouses joined together by a passageway) is a rustic-looking restaurant with a mixed (but heavily gay) crowd. Exposed brick walls, wrought-iron fixtures and chandeliers help to create a comfortable intimacy here. Dress is casual; consequently coat and tie are rare. Pat White, the Town House's Roberta Flack, sings and plays the piano daily. On Mondays the restaurant is closed for dinner, but open from noon to 2 a.m. for drinks. Lunch is served daily during the winter from noon to 3 p.m. Price range is \$1.25 to \$1.95 for such things as **crêpes**, eggs Benedict, bacon and eggs, omelets, etc. Dinner menu runs anywhere from \$3.25 to \$7.25, and includes the usual fish, meat, fowl. There are

three specials each night and five on weekends. Price is about \$5 for the specials.



Town House

Michaelangelo's, 506 8th St., SE (same address and management as the Town House, next door). The decor is Italian—picture windows, wine bottles and checkered tablecloths and candlelight. Juke box. Hours are 6 p.m. to midnight for dinner. Bar is open until 2 a.m. daily. Closed Sundays. Menu, of course, is strictly Italian and runs from \$2.50 to \$4. Both the Town House and Michaelangelo's are connected, and patrons can go from one to the other without stepping outside. No lunch is served here during the winter months.



Michaelangelo's

Paramount Steak House, 1519 17th St., NW. This is the original of the two Paramounts; the other is in Georgetown at 1227 Wisconsin Ave., NW. The restaurant on 17th St. is very earthy, and the waitress-customer relations very undiplomatic (every now and then there is a good argument). Management prefers the shaven, decent look in dress; anything else is unacceptable. Steaks are chewy

and tasty. Hours at 17th St. are 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Monday through Friday; Saturday from 4 p.m. to midnight, and Sunday from 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. The Georgetown branch is open Monday through Saturday from 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. and closed on Sunday. This place is a little more elegant and conservative, but not coat-and-tie elegant and conservative. The 17th St. restaurant draws a gayer crowd, but the Paramount in Georgetown is still popular with gay guys.



Paramount Steak House

1832 House, 1832 Columbia Rd., NW. This is a comfortable bar-restaurant (with a very gay patronage) which has none of the frantic excitement of the big, brassy super-bar-restaurants. A nice change. On one long wall are works of prominent D.C. artists. The paintings sell anywhere from \$25 to \$600. The menu is fairly complete. It ranges from fried chicken at \$2 to lobster and filet at \$5.50. On Sundays there is brunch from 3 p.m. to 9 p.m.; all you can eat for \$2. Very popular and good. Hours are 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily; Sunday 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Mondays.

Mr. Henry's, 1225 Wisconsin Ave., NW. It was at the original Capitol Hill Mr. Henry's (now under different management) that Roberta Flack got her big break. Stained-glass windows over the bar, glass-shade chandeliers, shutters on the window give Mr. Henry's a nice informal atmosphere. Dress is casual but stylish. Hours are noon to 2 a.m. daily. Showtime from 9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Wednesday through Saturday; from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Sunday. Call for entertainment information (337-4334). The menu ranges from \$1.50 for sandwiches to \$3.95 for steaks.

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Three other popular-with-gay-guys restaurants are **Plus One**, **Lost and Found** and **Pier Nine** (they are listed in the bar section of the D.C. article, in this issue).

Bon appétit!

Recipes From Around The World

Gathered By The Editors

Gay guys love to entertain, and since most do it with pazazz and panache everything comes off well.

A gay dining table, for example, invariably impresses as a banquet of delights, although the meal itself is usually quite simple. The reason is that so much individual flair and genuine love have gone into the preparation of the meal it just can't help turning out to be something quite special.

The secret of any successful gay dinner is—in addition, of course, to careful cooking—how artfully it's put together. Generally it is more international in its make-up than others. A soup from here, a meat course from there . . . a German/Italian wine, a French dessert. While this may look 'hodge-podgy' on paper, it will be an absolute delight from start to finish.

This month **Ciao!** begins a regular column showing how individual foods which may, at first, seem capricious, can be happily mated with a sagacious choice of wine(s), making the simplest meal a four-star production.

For our first menu the appetizer is a delicious soup prepared according to the prize recipe of Herr Alfred Walterspiel, the famed chef of the noted Munich establishment that bears his name.

POTATO SOUP WALTERSPIEL

- 3 large potatoes, sliced thin
- 4 slices lean bacon, diced
- 6 leeks, sliced very thin
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 4 cups bouillon

- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 tablespoon minced chervil
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- Butter for sauteing
- Thinly-sliced rolls

Saute bacon in a deep saucepan 5 minutes. Add leeks/onion and saute 5 minutes. Stir in flour. Slowly blend in bouillon, stirring constantly. Now add potatoes and simmer 1 hour. Blend egg yolks/sour cream. Stir into soup. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add parsley/chervil; now melt butter and let it cook slowly until it is a rich golden brown. In the butter saute thin slices of the rolls until brown. Serve with the soup. Serves 6.

DEVELOPED CRAB

From the handsome old Bird & Bottle Inn (it dates from 1761) in Garrison, New York, comes our main dish . . . a recipe for (of all things) a glorious Creole variation on this favorite seafood:

- 1 pound lump crab meat
- ¼ cup minced celery
- ½ cup minced onion
- ¼ cup minced green pepper
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- ½ cup butter
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- ½ cup heavy cream
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- 1 teaspoon white wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- Tabasco sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt

Saute onion, celery, pepper, garlic and parsley in 6 tablespoons of butter 10 minutes. Cool. Combine 1 cup bread crumbs, cream, raw and cooked eggs, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, thyme, a few drops of Tabasco and salt with sauteed vegetables. Add crab meat and toss lightly to mix. Spoon into 12 scallop shells (you can get these in your fish store or cookware department of a supermarket or department store) or individual baking dishes. Melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter and toss with remaining 1 cup of bread crumbs. Top crab mixture with buttered crumbs. Place shells in shallow baking pan. Put

CIAO!

¼ inch water in bottom of pan. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees) for 10 minutes or until browned and hot. Serves 6.



Bird & Bottle Inn

With the Deviled Crab you'll be wise to serve a spikey salad (no other vegetable) that not only provides an intriguing counterpoint that makes it seem all the more festive. The salad is a prime favorite at Charley O's, that joyous, rollicking restaurant in New York's Rockefeller Center. It's guaranteed to make the taste buds of the most jaded gourmet sizzle like a Geiger counter. It's Charley O's

TOMATO AND ONION SALAD

- 3 large tomatoes
- 1½ large onions
- Oil and vinegar dressing
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 2 teaspoons cracked pepper
- 3 basil leaves

Remove stems and make a shallow cross in the top of each tomato. Place in boiling water for 10-12 seconds and peel. Cut tomatoes into big chunks. Also cut onions in big chunks. Toss tomatoes and onions in oil/vinegar dressing. Sprinkle with parsley and cracked black peppercorns and toss again. Place basil leaves in center of salad and chill in refrigerator before serving.

With the Deviled Crab and the Tomato and Onion Salad the sophisticated gay host will serve a white wine with a 'bit of bite'. Not a too-sweet nor too-dry wine which can instantly 'disasterize' the Deviled Crab, but one that has a bit of the character of each. Our recommendation is any good German Riesling *naturrein*. All *naturrein* Rieslings—no matter what vintner's label—come in green bottles even if the word *naturrein* does not appear on the label. March/April 1973

Green bottle—dry; brown bottle—sweet (the brown bottle will be labeled *spätlese*). The dry Riesling has a 'flinty-heartedness' that tames the too-richness of any dish or gives it a more noble character, or both! Your wine merchant will be glad to recommend one of his good Rieslings. They are not expensive in comparison to other imported wines.

You may, however, prefer to serve a good chilled pink wine such as Almaden Grenache Rosé, a California wine.

If your guests are not charter members of Weight Watchers give them this very special dessert, accompanying it with a very special dessert wine—*Château d'Yquem*, a premium wine and thus on the expensive side at \$16 minimum per bottle.

However, when you see your guests' eyes light up when you wheel it in with a flourish you'll know it was worth every penny you paid for it. The dessert . . . just as served in Dublin's elegant Hotel Russell . . . is

CHOCOLATE CAKE RUSSELL

For the sponge:

- 5 eggs
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¾ cup flour
- 6 tablespoons cocoa
- Sugar syrup
- Garnish
- Kirsch or rum
- Powdered sugar or
- Chocolate curls

For the syrup:

- ½ cup water
- 1 cup sugar

For the garnish:

- ½ cup cream
- 7 ounces melted chocolate

Preparation of sponge:

Put the eggs in a bowl and whisk with the sugar until smooth. Add flour and cocoa and mix. Put in a buttered and floured 10-inch baking pan and bake at 350 degrees until done, about 30 minutes. Remove sponge from oven and let it cool. When cold, cut the sponge into 3 layers. Moisten them with syrup and a bit of either the kirsch or rum (not both!), then spread garnish over them and join them. Put garnish around sides and on top of the

cake. Sprinkle either your powdered sugar or chocolate curls on top.

Preparation of syrup:

Boil water and sugar for 10 minutes. Let cool.

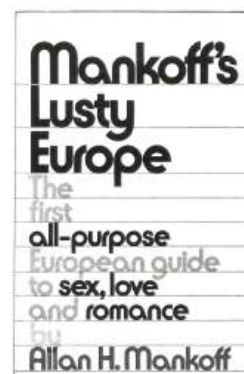
Preparation of garnish:

Bring cream to a boil. Add melted chocolate. Whisk cream and chocolate until thick, then cool.

Hosannahs all around!

Book Review

By The Editors



Thanks to the sustained thrust of Gay Lib on the Establishment the lifestyle of the gay guy is now less and less maligned. It is now half-past the point where he was, at best, just tolerated. In the groundswell of increasingly frequent instances (notably on TV and in films) he has actually come to be regarded almost benignly by quadrangular straights!

Now if you think this the wildest statement of all time, may we invite you to read a fascinating new travel book—*Lusty Europe* by Allan H. Mankoff (Viking Press, \$10)—in which you will discover to your happy surprise that while the author has not been so rash as to give the gay guy star billing in the burlesque of European travel-life, at least he lets him play second banana with reckless abandon.

Whether he has been influenced by the New Directionalism, or by Gay Orientation, or by the New Morals Of The Young, everything Mr. Mankoff writes is from such a fresh viewpoint, and—what is per-

haps more uniquely important to gay guys—is so cleverly integrated (side-by-side with the Establishment view of sexual mores on the travel scene that one switches categorically from one to the other as though it were the most natural thing in the world (which, of course, is as it should be).

If there is more 'tit' than 'tat' this is understandable . . . after all the author is writing primarily for the larger audience. It is sufficient and praiseworthy that—to a quite laudable extent—justice has been done to us . . . possibly for the first time in an essentially Establishment book.

Mr. Mankoff does not take sides. He 'plays it as it lays' . . . writing with wit and warmth and understanding. Especially when reporting on the more chilling facts of European travel his concern for us almost literally spills from the pages.

For example: in *Gay Vienna*, an article appearing in the April 1973 issue of *QQ Magazine*, we stress the fact that Austria is so strongly dominated by a monolithic religious sect that overt homosexual acts are punished severely as state crimes, just as they were in medieval times. In *Lusty Europe* Mr. Mankoff not only supports our observations but adds these trenchant comments to further help us:

. . . on cruising: "'If you are homosexual, stay away from this country. The best meeting places are the jails.'"

. . . on group sex: "'The only thing we are allowed to do is masturbate in front of each other,'" laments a dapper businessman, typical of the regulars at *Die Alte Lampe* (the cafe-restaurant written about at some length in the article just referred to).

. . . on updated gay bar info: "'The Piccadilly Bar . . . was one of the funniest nightspots in town. Now, like all homosexual rendezvous (here) it is pitchblack from the outside, nearly so inside. Since the bad gangland shooting here, the (homosexual) ambience is neatly summed up by Fritz the bartender's dour response to your 'Guten abend.'"

"'Forget me.'"

As counterpoint to *Ciao!*'s article on Munich (*Bavarian Cream* in

the previous issue) Mr. Mankoff points out two interesting side-lights about *Mrs. Henderson*—Munich's very popular gay night-spot. One is that *Mrs. Henderson* is a man . . . the other is that the bar is designed as a double horse-shoe "so that fashionably turned out hot young bloods and dark-suited executive types can get a good look at one another before dancing cheek to cheek on the tiny dance floor."

More gay counterpoint. *Ciao!* was the first to alert gay guys about the unique Sylt Island in the North Sea between Germany and Denmark (see previous issue). We explored this most remarkable island with its nude beaches from tip to tip, and from 'stem to stern' (especially that!). Readers became enthused and wanted to know still more about Sylt. As if by magic Mr. Mankoff's *Lusty Europe* has materialized to give us two interesting tidbits. On page 184 under the heading *Nudism And Sylt* we learn that "in 1971, 60-percent of Sylt's summer visitors bathed in the nude, a 10-percent increase over the previous year." Using this rate of increase as a yardstick one may reasonably assume that this figure rose to 70-percent in 1972. But how now, *Ciao!*? What of 1973? Our guess is nearly 100-percent, and won't that be just peachydandy!

Lusty Europe's author tosses off a neat line about Sylt that our readers might bear in mind when heading for the island from Hamburg. "Inquire in the Main Station about the 'discotheque-train' to Sylt." Now doesn't that sound intriguing! It's rather like the gaywayward bus that leaves New York each summer weekend for Fire Island!

In his hilarious Foreword the author teasingly 'threatens' us with what's in store. For example, would you like to meet the fabulous inventor of the 'electric penis' . . . or the gentleman who operates an S&M 'marriage bureau' as a hobby . . . or 'The Love Doctor of the Black Forest' . . . or the Cambridge engineer who creates 'electrical sexual flying machines' (shades of *Barbarella!*), among countless other eyepopping sexualists and sexotica?

In chapter after unbelievable

chapter Mr. Mankoff tunes us in on the vagaries of sex life in Paris, Amsterdam/The Hague, Munich, West Berlin, East Berlin, Hamburg/Frankfurt/Hanover, Madrid, Barcelona, Prague, Rome, Copenhagen, Stockholm and London, as well as Vienna/Salzburg.

While each chapter has its own special section entitled simply *Homosexuals*, it should be made clear that gay life, per se, is not explored nor written about in depth, as it is in *Ciao!* and *QQ Magazine*. It is Mr. Mankoff's impressions of certain facets of gay life in each of these cities that make his book so interesting and valuable to us.

The author notes that his book makes a valuable adjunct to both Fielding's *Travel Guide To Europe* and Frommer's *Europe On \$5 A Day*. We'll go further. Have them all as ready reference works on European travel in addition to *Ciao!* and *QQ Magazine* to get the greatest possible satisfaction from your trip abroad.

Lusty Europe is so chock-full of sexinformation of every conceivable kind—both pertinent and 'impertinent'—that one can only admire Mr. Mankoffextravagantly as well as what must surely be a dedicated staff who presumably helped assemble this valuable material.

Grab it while it's hot. It just may be the best \$10 you've ever spent. Or almost!

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

Here's where it's happening around the world:

Washington, D.C. . . . The U.S. Senate's Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Laws and Procedures has come up with a draft revision of the federal criminal laws. One of its major features is the incorporation into Federal law of the state laws on homosexual conduct which pertain wherever a Federal case is being tried. Homosexual rape would also become a Federal crime. The draft calls for the federalization of anti-obsceni-

CIAO!

ty statutes which would be stronger than the various existing state statutes.

Los Angeles . . . A new non-profit foundation has been set up in L.A. to defend anyone charged with consensual sex offenses. If you need help call (213) 431-3980. A similar foundation exists in San Francisco; call (415) 346-7929.

Cincinnati . . . The Nixon Era is taking its toll and things are bound to get worse. Local courts are setting new records in punishing pornographers. A manager of an adult bookstore was recently sentenced to a year less one day in jail and fined \$20,500. The company was fined \$205,000 and suffered a police raid in which more than \$1,000,000 worth of films, records, books and magazines were seized. The action raises the question of freedom and whether basic rights as guaranteed by the Constitution are being threatened.

Paris . . . Recent French version of the Kinsey Report found only 15 percent of men to be gay; but 11 percent refused to answer either way.

Nova Scotia . . . Acadia University has expelled a number of students for trying to form a gay lib group on campus. Two of the students are taking their case to the Nova Scotia Human Rights Commission.

Gay Lawyers . . . Gay law students and lawyers are getting it together in a new group, the National Gay Law Conference. They will put their efforts into all areas of the law that involve gay people. If you want to work with them write Bob Brosius, c/o Fifth Freedom, P.O. Box 975, Ellicott Square Station, Buffalo, N.Y. 14205.

Peru . . . Local pressure is easing up and there seems to be less harassment of gays in general. Safer for vacationers but still expensive (hustlers).

New Orleans . . . City Attorney Blake Arata is taking advantage of the recent U.S. Supreme Court decision holding that the state can close bars featuring nude and sexually indecent performances. He wants to somehow extend the law to obscene books and films. His office will decide what is obscene

and what isn't.

New Zealand . . . In spite of recent election upsets ushering in a more liberal government and possible law reform making it easier for gay guys in general, the country is still primitive in its outlook on sex. U.S. publishers are receiving warnings from their local postmasters to cease mailing "obscene literature" to customers in New Zealand. The complaint is first initiated by the Post Office Headquarters at Wellington. They examine all "suspicious" mail and then confront the recipient with it. Blackmail is rampant. The QQ Publishing Co., Inc. has cancelled all subscriptions going to New Zealand after receiving notice that such mail (any one of its three magazines) is undeliverable under Article 38 of the Universal Postal Union Convention. Australia is not much better.

Washington, D.C. . . . Nationally syndicated columnist Jack Anderson reports Federal government snoops recently filed secret reports on Joe Namath's favorite Manhattan hangout and Rock Hudson's sex life. The gossip hounds are trying to sniff things out.

Los Angeles . . . A blind gay guy is forming a national group of blind homosexuals in order to deal with problems they and others like themselves face. On the agenda is getting the Library of Congress to translate books on homosexuality into Braille. It seems the Library has 18,000 Braille translations but nothing on homosexuality. If you have any blind gay friends have them write Mike Nordstrom, c/o MCC/LA, 2201 S. Union St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90007.

New York . . . Of all things—S&M liberation groups are forming. The program of events reads like that of a ladies sewing club . . . seminars, dances, et al. True leathermen are becoming infuriated. "These guys even use seersucker whips in hot weather!" one toughie complained.

Manitoba . . . The government has denied private club charters to two homosexual groups because it "doesn't want to encourage the proliferation of homosexuality," according to Attorney-General Al Mackling. Club

heads are fighting the decision.

Rome . . . Recent knife slashings at night in the vicinity of the Colosseum have made the area unsafe to cruise. Danger from whoever is doing the cutting and the police who are trying to catch him.

New York . . . A special task force to insure New York City will be getting its full share of taxes from porno films has been set up by City Finance Administrator Richard Lewisohn. They're going after massage parlors, prosties, and porno bookstores.

More hot flashes next month. See you!

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

Here are some special tips for the gay traveler:

- A publisher in Frankfurt has just brought out "sex maps" for Frankfurt, Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg and Munich. Düsseldorf and Paris are in the works. The maps are color coded so you know exactly where to go according to individual pleasure. For example, gay streets, bars, baths, etc., are tinted yellow. Most German bookshops, and particularly those near the railroad stations and at leading hotels, carry the Duell sex guides.

- Students at the State University of New York at Binghamton are getting ready for another season of swimming nude at nearby Lake Empire. The lake is owned by the University and has become popular with college guys and gals and their friends. Bisexual action is heavy in the surrounding bushes. The area is not fenced in and is accessible to anyone.

- Gay guys usually contract hepatitis by rimming someone who has the disease. It's easier to get where sanitary conditions are below U.S. standards (Mexico, for example). Before vacationing in such places have yourself inoculated with gamma globulin; this protection will minimize the ef-

fects of the disease should you contract it. Even if you don't rim the problem still presents itself. Sucking someone who has just fucked an infected guy and has not washed thoroughly can do it. So can eating fruits and vegetables grown in soil which has become contaminated by human excrement where modern toilet facilities do not exist.

- Freedom does not exist elsewhere as it does in the U.S.A. Homosexuals in particular are not respected in many countries and this gives license to locals to commit acts of violence with impunity. If you're planning to buy a vacation home somewhere in Europe or want to move to an exotic island investigate carefully. Punishment for sodomy could be years in prison and government confiscation of your holdings. With this advice in mind if you are interested in foreign real estate send \$5 to Previews, Inc., 49 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, for a catalog of properties for sale around the world. Descriptions and small pictures included. The catalog will give you some idea of what is available and at what price.

- Gay guys traveling to Honolulu are advised to linger only a few days and then travel to the other islands. Fewer hustlers. Nude beaches. Mainlanders as well as islanders inhabit many of the quiet beaches and welcome the opportunity to talk to strangers. In some places clothing is not worn at all. Many of the guys are from places like Chicago and Pocatello who have become tired of struggling for a living and have given it up for the simple life. They're healthy and beautiful and their personalities contrast greatly with the studs (also beautiful) who hustle Waikiki.

- Most people brush up on foreign languages before traveling abroad. Gay guys should also psyche themselves up so that it comes as less of a shock when money is asked for. American gays in their teens and twenties who are physically equipped to sell themselves at home if they wished to are sometimes jolted when they are asked to pay someone older than themselves when

cruising in foreign countries. Even those that are not hustlers expect small presents from their American friends who have come from a place where "the streets are paved with gold." A request for money is not an insult but instead an accepted part of the gay scene outside the U.S.A.

- Americans are suckers. Almost everywhere else gay guys are big on fucking. Perhaps it has something to do with cleanliness; we use more soap than all other countries combined. Going down on seasoned cock or nosing a dirty asshole even turns foreigners off on each other; fucking keeps the nose a safe distance from the cheese. Oral guys who are unable to adapt abroad suffer numerous disappointments. So condition yourself to anal sex before leaving and you'll be a lot happier once you get there.

- The newspapers have already reported dozens of scandals concerning people who have been fleeced by "travel clubs." Licensing is not required and a lot of gay travel clubs are now being formed. Some are good and others are crooked. Investigate carefully before plunking your money down. More than half of all money spent by gay guys for special services is lost. Experience has taught us this. Be careful.

And on that final note . . . we leave you until next month.

Letters From Our Malebag

A MATTER OF OPINION

Gentlemen:

Your article "Festival Of The Phallus" in your first issue was welcomed and interesting. All too often articles on such celebrations are omitted from travel publications because of hangups. It is therefore unfortunate that Mr. Norris has ruined his otherwise fine article with bad taste because of misinformation on the size of the Japanese genital and

his sexual techniques.

I am an American of Japanese ancestry and find Mr. Norris' remarks totally derogatory. Having traveled extensively throughout Japan, I can assure you most Japanese men do not have less than five inches.

Whereas there are just as many small genitals in America by percentage, here the emphasis is to advertise only the larger ones. In Japan where there are just as many big genitals, it is not a particularly important attribute. The performance is the prime factor, hence, the many volumes printed throughout the ages in Japan on the finesse of sexual pleasures.

As far as Mr. Norris' knowledge of the Japanese male sexual technique is concerned, it is so ridiculous it hardly deserves comment. Knowing of the many small genitals in America it must be presumed from Mr. Norris that they would also have to be 'Woddy (sic) Woodpeckers'.

Yours Sincerely,
R.A.

Los Angeles, Calif. 90068

POSTOFFICE FOUL-UP

Dear Editor:

I can't tell you how pleased I am with **Ciao!** Never did I believe you'd top **QQ Magazine** but you have or have at least matched it. Thanks.

But I was disappointed that my subscription copy reached me about a week after **Ciao!** was placed on sale at a couple of stores in town. You usually deliver before outlets get them. What happened?

Sincerely yours,

J.P.
New York, N.Y.

Editor: The first issue of **CIAO!** was promised for delivery by December 21st. To insure this we mailed on Monday the 11th. Never did we guess that the post-office would get so fouled up with Christmas mail, but the very weekend we mailed we learned that there were some 500 trucks jammed with old mail (some dated early November) in New Jersey alone. We sincerely apologize to all our subscribers. Next Christmas we will mail very early to beat the rush.

CIAO!

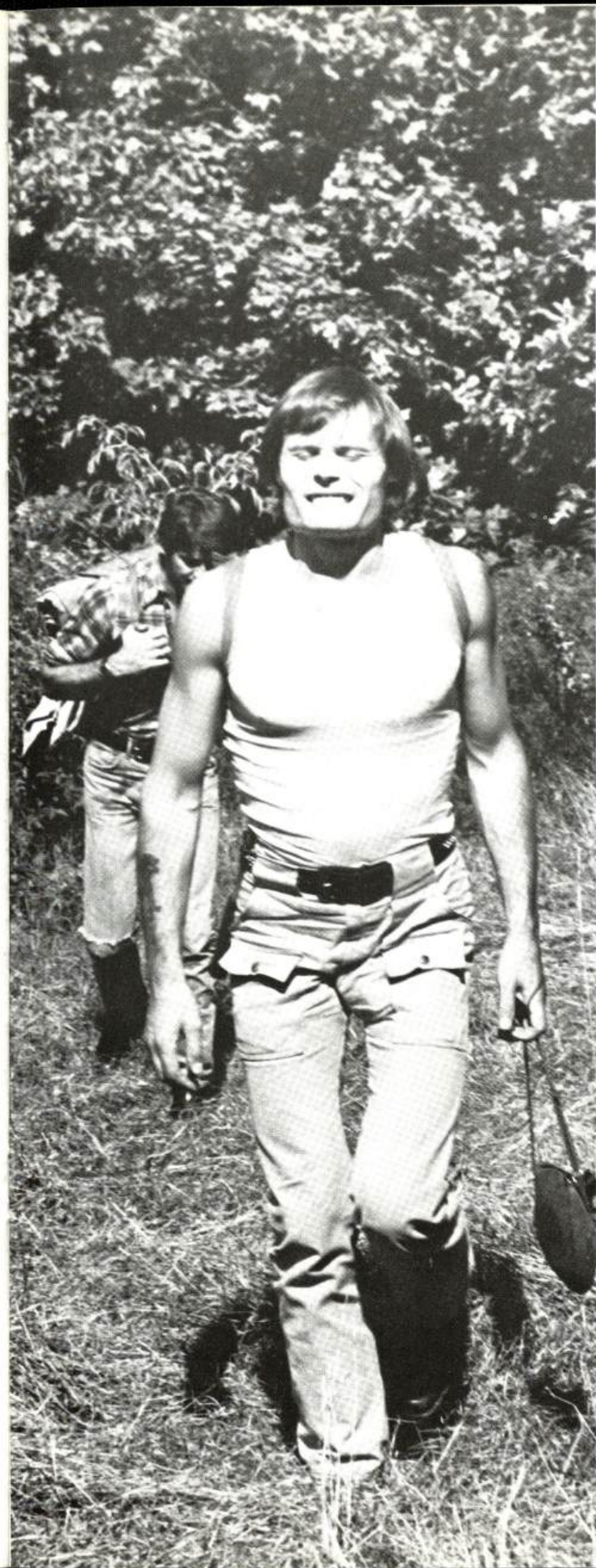
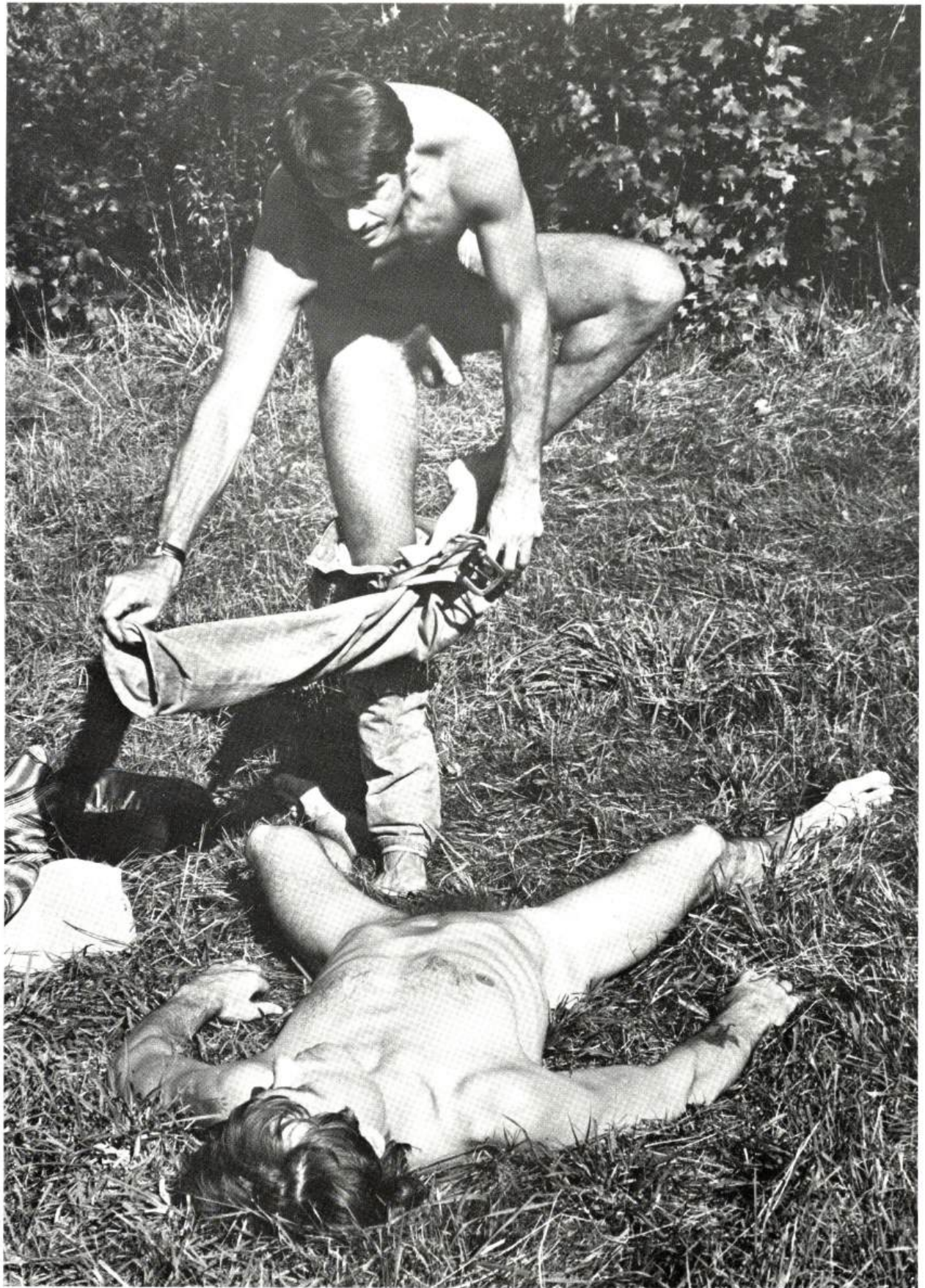


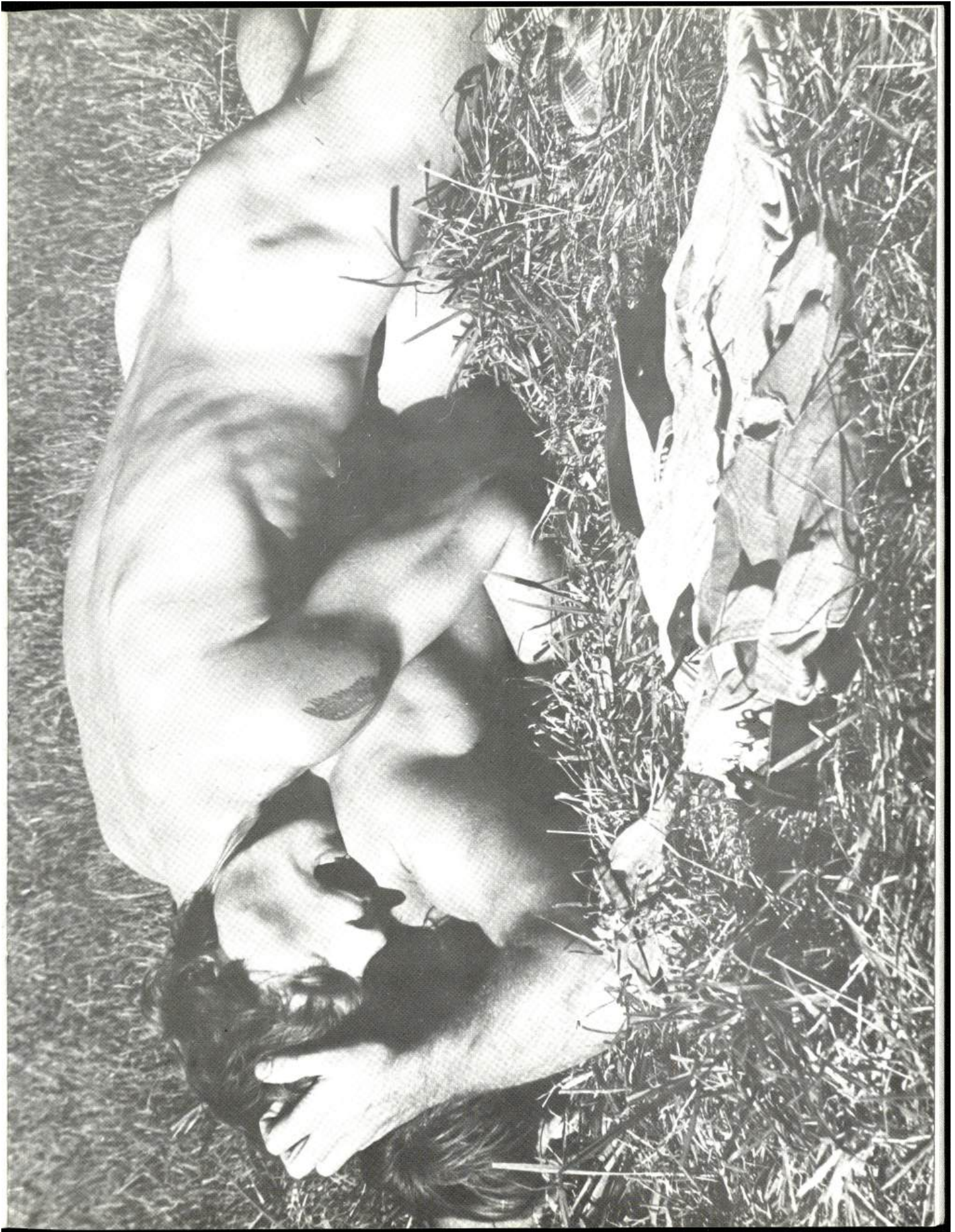
Photo Feature
Of The Month

The Great Outdoors

Selected by The Editors







Ciao! Gallery

Super Studs Of The World

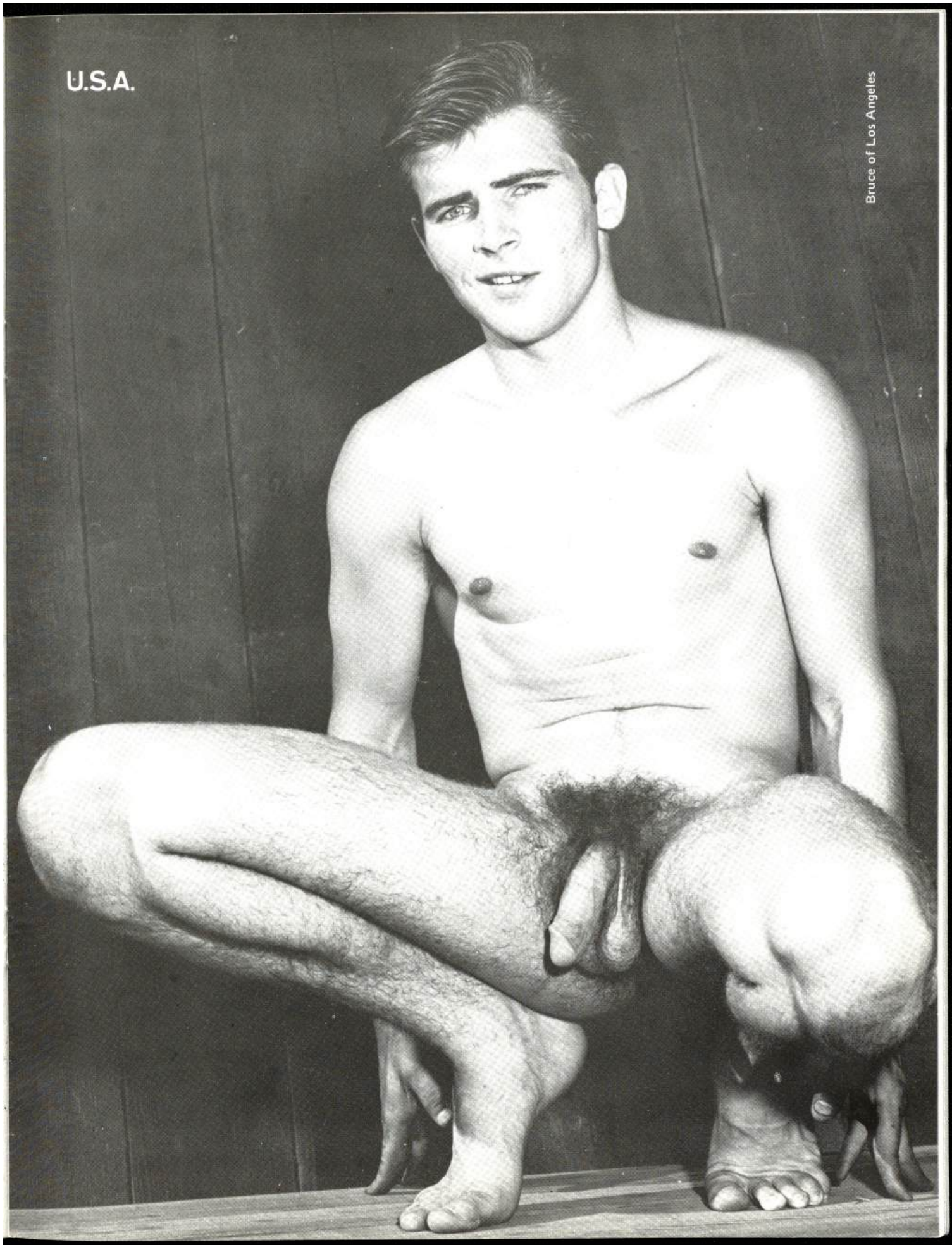
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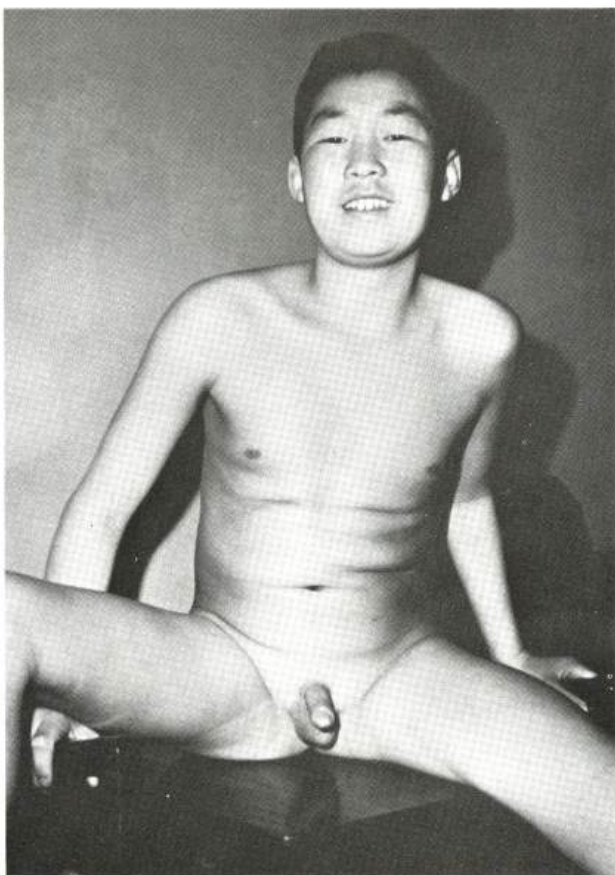
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Bruce of Los Angeles





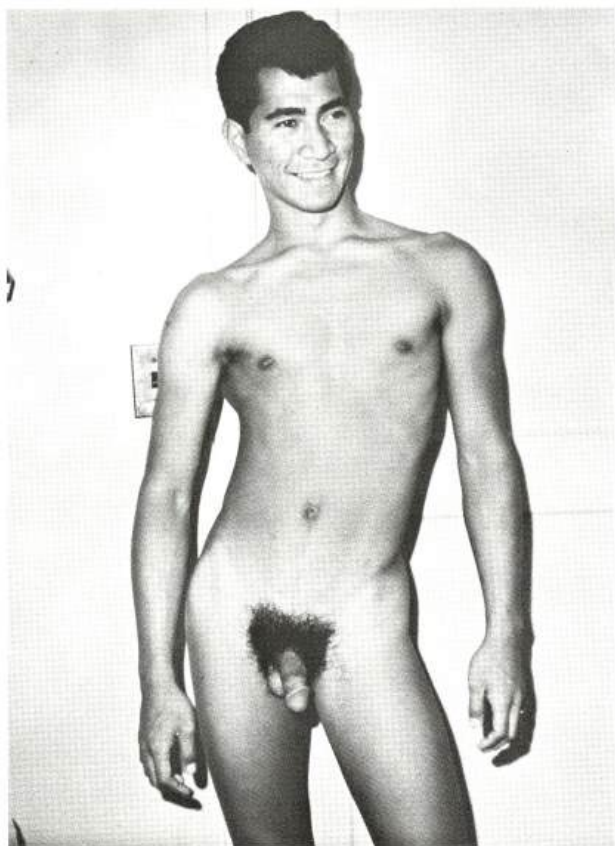
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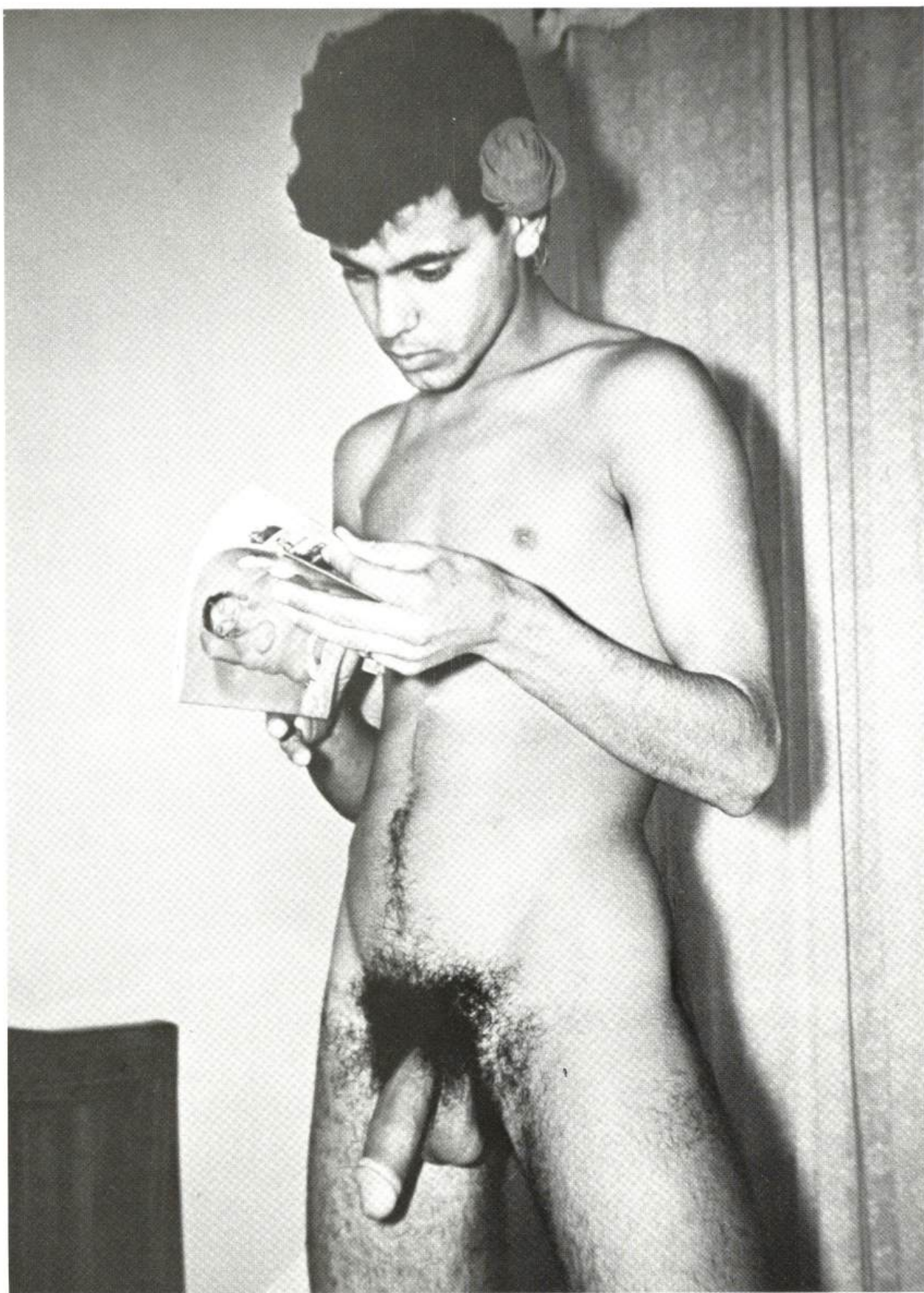
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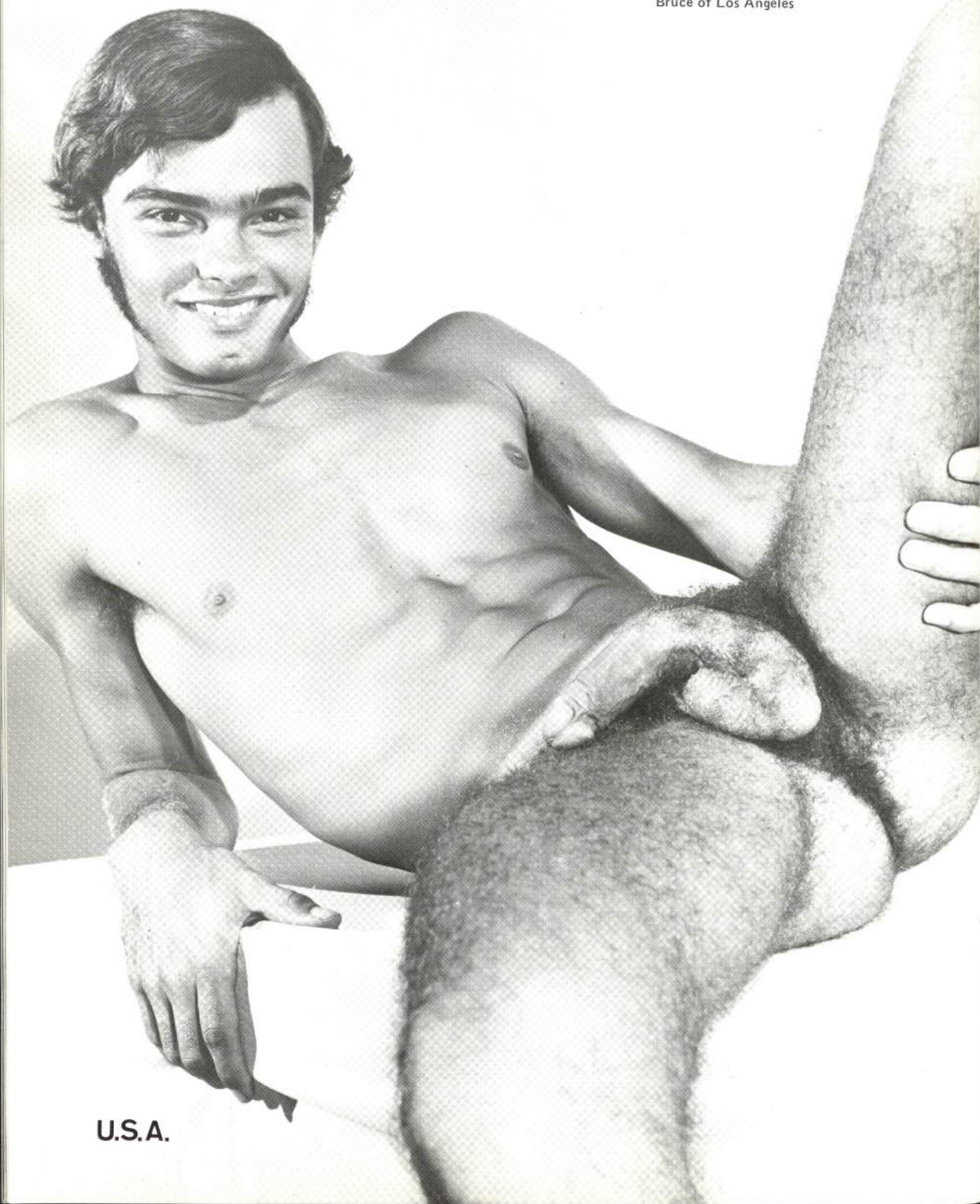






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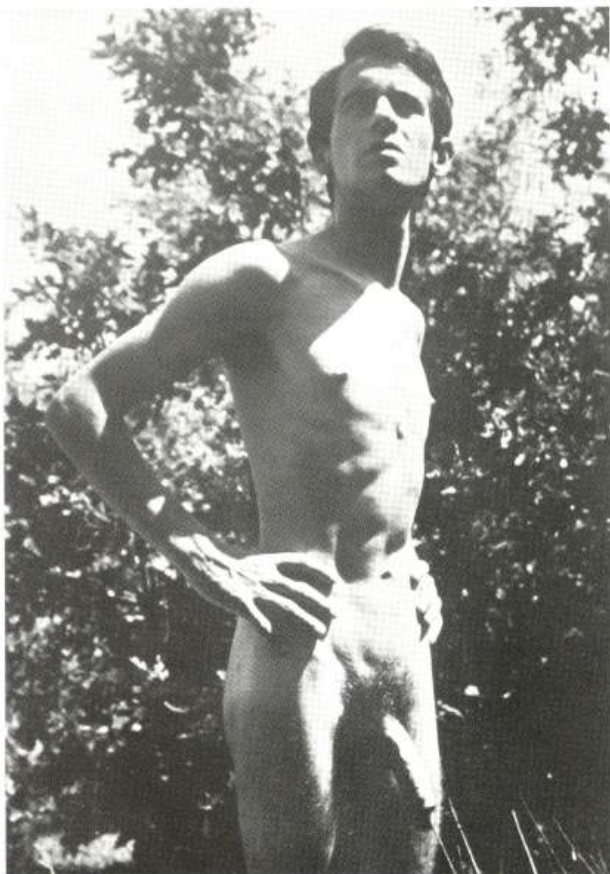
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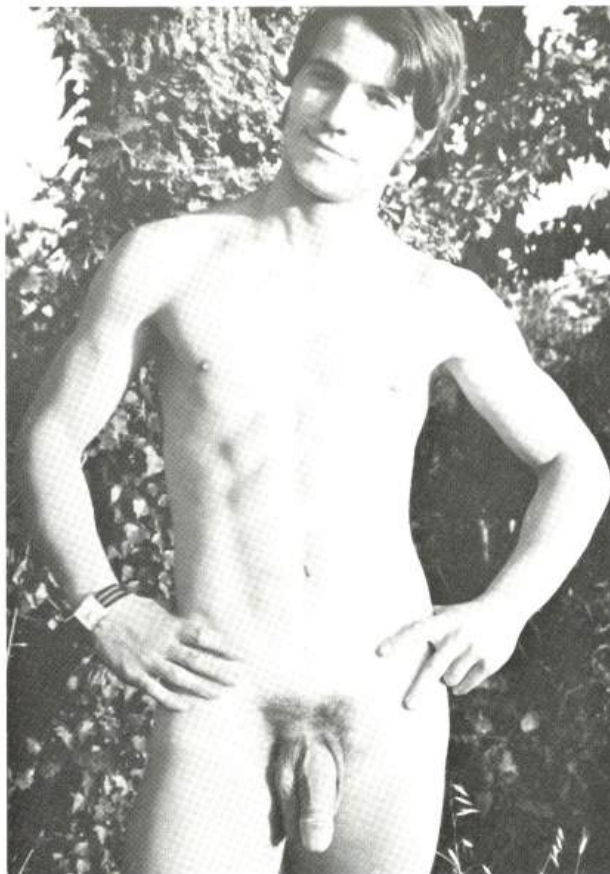
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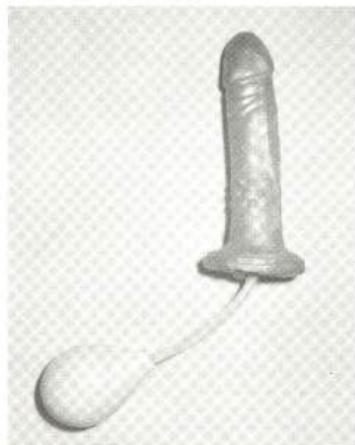


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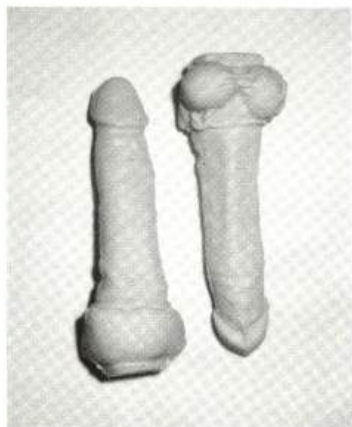
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Shack
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Scottsdale, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA

Adonis
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The Bayou Lounge
1640 Main St.
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Brunswick News
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Jason's Adult Books
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Hollywood, Calif.

Le Salon
1118 Polk St.
San Francisco, Calif.

The Locker Room
1951 University Ave.
Palo Alto, Calif.

Newsboy
7540 Topanga Canyon Blvd.
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Pete's Magazine Shop
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Boston, Mass.

Nini's Corner
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Uptown Bookstore*
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Detroit, Mich.

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St. Louis, Mo.

8th Street News
119 No. 8th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Magazine & Book Exch.
1900 No. Union
St. Louis, Mo.

Olive Street News
3608 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.

6th Street News
208 No. 6th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Time-To-Read News Co.
7 West 12th St.
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707 Washington Ave.
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New York, N. Y.

Legend Gallery
152 Seventh Ave. So.
New York, N. Y.

Midtown Bookstore*
138 W. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

News Stand
SW Corner
42nd St. & 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Oscar Wilde Mem. Bookshop*
291 Mercer St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
500 Hudson St.
New York, N. Y.

Studio Bookshop*
166 W. 72nd St.
New York, N. Y.

Village Variety
3 Horatio St.
New York, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Parker's Newsstand
117 E. Green St.
High Point, N. C.

OHIO

Fantasy Bookstore
113 N. Erie St.
Toledo, Ohio

Paperback Book Store
10200 Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA

Adult Book Shoppe
942 Market St. (2nd Fl.)
Philadelphia, Pa.

PUERTO RICO

Lion of St. Mark's Baths
152 Tanca St.
Old San Juan, P. R.

TENNESSEE

Commerce Street News
609 Commerce St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Gentleman's Bookstore
2612 Franklin Rd.
Nashville, Tenn.

Market Street News
929 Market St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

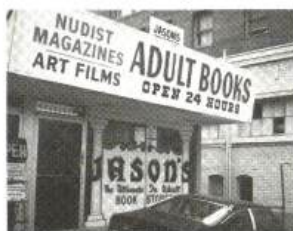
Music City News
105 Fifth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

Swinger's World
400 Broadway St.
Nashville, Tenn.

Time to Read
226 Fourth Ave. No.
Nashville, Tenn.

TEXAS

Commerce Street News
1513 Commerce
Dallas, Texas



Jason's, Hollywood



Fountainhead, Jacksonville



Esplanade, Boston



Midtown, NYC



Oscar Wilde, NYC



Studio (Downtown), NYC



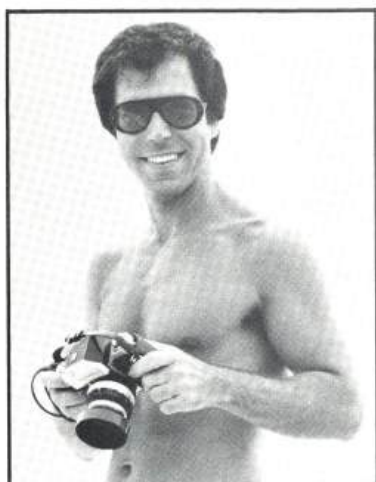
Legend, NYC



Commerce, Nashville

"Let me welcome YOU to Fire Island!"

Says George Desantis Publisher of QQ Magazine, BODY, and CIAO!



George Desantis at Fire Island

Just think of it! This summer you can be on Fire Island—Mecca for thousands of gay guys the world over. Just 2 hours from New York City lies the prettiest little island you have ever seen—where there is so much sex it has actually driven some guys right out of their minds . . . too much! But if you are a powerful love machine and think your body can stand marathon sex—you'll get the bonus of being on the ocean in a country setting and the most fabulous gay nightlife found anywhere. (Please refer to the article on Fire Island in the Jan.-Feb. '73 *Ciao!* magazine, available from the QQ Publishing Co., Inc., for \$3.)

DECIDE NOW!

As soon as we receive your reservation I will send you confirmation of your dates as well as detailed information concerning your vacation. You will receive additional literature prior to your departure, to help you plan your stay. Arrangements will be worked out by mail so that you may time your arrival, thus enabling me to personally meet you.

DAY 1

I will personally meet you anywhere in New York City if you arrive by bus or train. If you arrive by plane I will pick you up at the airport. Then I will personally drive you to Sayville, where we will board the ferry for Cherry Grove—the wildest gay community on Fire Island. If you drive you will receive information enabling you to reach the ferry, where I will meet you and escort you the rest of the way. (Free parking for the duration of your stay, at the Sayville dock, in lieu of transportation furnished for those who require it.) On the Island there are no worries about your accommodations, no check-in hassle . . . all of the details are handled by us. I will see that you're settled and then give you a walking tour of Cherry Grove. The tour will terminate in the Daytime Meat Rack, where you may linger until dusk if you're in an especially horny mood. Cocktails and dinner at 8, and you will be the guest of honor at the Summer Headquarters of the QQ Publishing Co., Inc., in Cherry Grove. Afterwards, your first drink at the Ice Palace—a mad discotheque—is on us. Stay and dance, or cruise—but if you decide not to go home

with anyone I will meet you at 2 a.m. and escort you to the Nighttime Meat Rack—and deliver you to the dozens of tongues awaiting your bod in the bushes.

DAY 2 'TIL END

Brunch is at our place the next morning, and then a walking tour of the beach and the second gayest community on the Island, The Pines, about a half-mile away. Afterwards you are absolutely free to do as you wish the duration of your stay—but we will not desert you at this point. If you need assistance with a problem, or advice, we will be there to help.

TOUR COST

The tour price includes all the services outlined in this ad—including accommodations. It does not include drinks and meals (allow \$10 per person per day if you do your own cooking, if you rent the cottage; or \$15 per person per day if you stay at the hotel). Nor does it include personal needs such as laundry, sundries, etc.

HOTEL OR COTTAGE

Hotel. We have reserved space at the Cherry Grove Inn, in the heart of the Grove. The rooms are simply furnished but are modern and comfortable. They are also clean. Bathrooms are shared (doors may be locked when occupied, for privacy). Linens changed weekly, towels available as needed. Free continental breakfast served in the office (coffee and sweet rolls).

Single room per person, weekly . . . \$200.00
Double room for two, weekly . . . \$350.00
 (Note: These rates include the tour as advertised; they are not the actual hotel rates. Available June 1 thru September 28, Friday-to-Friday rental only. No exceptions. Weeks of June 29-July 6, and August 31-September 7 not available. No pets.)



The Cottage

Cottage. A small but fully furnished two-room cottage in Cherry Grove. Large day room with full kitchen/dining area at one end. Couch converts to sleep 2. Working fireplace. Electric heaters, radio, clock, etc. Linens and towels. Large bedroom with two twin beds. Complete bathroom with stall shower. Front and rear sun decks.

Single occupancy, weekly \$300.00
Double occupancy, weekly \$350.00
Three persons, weekly \$400.00
Four persons, weekly \$450.00
 (Note: Friday-to-Friday rental only. No exceptions. Available June 1 thru September 28. Add \$50.00 for weeks of June 29-July 6, and August 31-September 7. Four persons maximum. Pets permitted if arranged for in advance.)

GENERAL CONDITIONS

A deposit of one-half the total tour cost must accompany the reservation. Depos-

its are non-refundable regardless of circumstances. Balance must be paid by check or money-order 2 weeks prior to arrival. No exceptions. Non-refundable. The QQ Publishing Co., Inc. assumes no responsibility whatsoever for inclement weather. Nor does it assume any responsibility whatsoever for personal injuries and sicknesses incurred. All services and accommodations outlined in this advertisement and paid for are unconditionally guaranteed. **Please do not write for additional details. Only persons making reservations will receive further information.**



The Cherry Grove Inn

BOOKING ACCEPTABILITY

Please book early. There is limited space at the Inn and only one cottage. List alternate dates if possible. If alternates are not possible please state so when sending your deposit, and your check or money-order will be returned promptly if we cannot accommodate you. All arrangements are to be made through us only (not the hotel). Those wishing to book hotel space privately should not contact us. No reservations accepted after May 31, 1973.

WEATHER

June and September are pleasant months at Fire Island. Cool days but usually warm enough for sunbathing; evenings are chilly and require light jackets or sweaters. Rain is unpredictable in this area. July and August are very pleasant, sometimes hot. The evenings are usually warm enough for t-shirts. A list of suggested clothing will be sent to those making reservations.

RESERVE NOW!

Reserve now—but only if you are sure. Send to: **George Desantis, QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** (Make checks payable to "QQ Publishing Co., Inc.")



"Downtown" Cherry Grove

